

Sherman, Texas
Sunday night, Nov. 19th/ 76

My Own Loved Darling,

For want of something better to do, I will write you on this Sunday night or at any rate begin a letter to be finished when I know where to send it.

I am satisfied that my dear absent boy has thought of his little pet today, and perhaps written her a good, long, loving letter, just such letters as she dearly loves to get. I think it absolutely wrong to be glad when the Sabbath ends, but I do get so lonely on Sunday, having to stay at home all the time, and being deprived of the society of my darling husband. That Monday comes as a kind of relief and gives me something else to think about. I can then go to work and forget to some extent how much I miss you darling. And after a while, when something else must occupy my time, perhaps I won't miss you at all. What say you to that, dearest? Don't you entertain great fears on the subject! What must I write that will be entertaining to you? I believe I have nothing to say of myself except to say that I am well and have been tolerably smart since you left, having made a finish of several garments. I want to get a great deal done before you come home, for I get so terribly lazy then, that it is quite alarming. Wasn't it too bad darling that you had to leave so soon after having been gone than two weeks, but they say we must "make hay while the sun shines", and "our darong" must have something.

Willie telegraphed for his mail to be sent to Galveston. Mother got a letter from Charlie Cooper the day after you left stating that little Lulia died on the 5th inst. - a sever trial to them. The day after you left, a letter came from Mr. Straus in regard to the Felker case, with a letter from Mr. Felker to them enclosed in it.

I was down at Ada's late this evening. She is going to have two boarders come tomorrow, a Mr. Summerfield and his sister. I did not think she would be willing to put anyone on her new carpet. She thinks she would rather cook than sew. Strange idea to me. I had Mr. Jeter to get me Scribner's Monthly from the bookstore to read today to pass off the time, and I had read everything in my political paper. Mother and I went up to Mr. Eppers last night and staid awhile. She wanted to see him about wood.

It is getting nearly bedtime and I guess I had better quit right soon, and go to be to rest for tomorrow's work. Does my darling really know how anxious his little girl gets to see him when he is gone? Well it looks like he ought to, for he hears the same song over and over again every time he goes off. But you don't get tired of it, do you dearest? I don't mean to hurry you home or make you neglect your business.

Good-night my darling. May God bless and carefully protect my sweet, precious boy.

Your own Pet.

Monday night

Your letter came tonight, and was much appreciated as is everything that comes from my absent precious darling. 'Tis sweet to know that, though you are far away, you do not forget your own little pet here at home, whose heart is always filled with sweet thoughts of the absent one.

I have been busy all the day, though I have nothing of interest to tell you. Late this evening I went over to see Mrs. Byers a few minutes, and to see the baby who is doing(?) quick(?). And afterwards I went to Mrs. Heatons a little while. I wanted a little exercise. It seems too late for a letter to reach you at Huntsvills so I send this one to Gatesville.

I think it best perhaps to enclose a letter rec'd tonight from your house with a note on some parties. Be sure to acknowledge its reception.

Miss Corsie(?) is with us tonight and run me as usual from Mother's room. I am looking anxiously for my Sunday letter which I know you wrote if you could. I hope you wil have a safe successful trip and not be absent too long. Though I want you to attend to all the business you can now.

It is late again darling, and I must to bed and sleep. We are all well. Take good care of yourself and don't eat too much. Mind the colic.

A living goodnight, and God bless my boy

^f
From his own sweet pet wife.