

Sharon, Texas.

Sunday night - Nov. 19th/70.

My dear love 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 job today - and perhaps
written her a good long loving
letter - just such letters as she
dearly loves to get. I think it ab-
solutely 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 awhile
when something else must occupy
my time - perhaps I won't miss you
at all. What say you to that - dear?
Don't you entertain great fears on
the subject? What must I write
that will be interesting to you.
I believe I have nothing to say of
myself except 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 more than two
weeks - but they say we must

"make hay while the sun shines." and
"our darling" must have something.
Willie telegraphed yesterday
for his mail to be sent to Galveston.
Mother got a letter from Charlie
Cooper the day after you left
stating that little Jellie died on
the 6th inst. - a severe 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 Adair's late this
evening - she is going to have two
boarders come tomorrow - a Mr.
Sumnerfield and his sister - I
did not think she would be
willing to put any one on
her new carpet. She thinks she
had rather cook than sew. Strange
idea to me. I had Mr. Jellie to get
me Scribner's Monthly from the
bookstore to read today to help

pass off the time - and I had read
everything in my political paper.
Mother and I went up to Mr. Elter's
last night and staid awhile - she
wanted to see him about wood.
It is getting nearly bed-time and I
guess I had best quit right-
soon, and go to bed to rest for tomor-
row'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
most precious boy. your own Mtr.

Monday night
your letter came tonight, and
was much appreciated as is
everything that comes from
my absent, precious Darling.
I'd never 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. Bayers a few minutes -
and to see the baby - who is
doing fine. And after wards I
went to Mrs. Heaton's a little
while - & wanted a little exercise.
It seems too late for a letter to

reach you at Huntville as I
send this one to Palestine

I think it best perhaps to
enclose a letter ^{very} tonight from
your house with a note on
some paper. Be sure to
acknowledge its reception.

Miss Corrie 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 will 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 loving
good night - and God bless our boys -
from his own father's wife.