This is a cold, windy day near the fire side. I have been to church, but at home by the fire side, thinking it a favorable time to write something to you. I fancy to myself how you look there in your strange home. Have all the surrounding pictures set in my mind. I received your letter of the 20th and one from Thebe last week. She had not received yours at that time. I presume she has written before this time and given you the details of the singular disease which caused the death of your Uncle Cotton. It was a terrible one, and must be very distressing, but seldom proves fatal to life, as the uncle writes that he was prostrate almost from the first attack. They had a serious time taking care of him 3 weeks, but they said he was patient through it all. They were feeling anxious about Frank, had not heard from him since the last battle. I begin to think more about going to see my folks, but life and all earthly things are so uncertain we can know but little beyond the present.

Now I would say something about the shocking event which has brought sorrow and mourning to so many hearts, but words seem to weak and insignificant to express our individual feelings and when we think of a nation bereaved of such a friend as Abraham Lincoln! A father to his country, a true friend of humanity, we may only commune with our own hearts and be still. Yet there have been efforts made here as in other places to manifest the sincere love and great respect that is justified due to so noble a man as our late President. Last Sabbath an appointment was given out for the people to...
to meet at 3 o’clock at the Methodist Church, from thence they marched down to the Depot grounds where some preparations had been made; the three ministers were present and each made a speech appropriate to the occasion. It was truly a solemn time. The old flag appeared impressive, draped in black, almost every house was the emblem of mourning. — On Wednesday the Baptist house was crowded. The rain prevented many from attending. Elder Lamb gave a discourse as well as he was capable of doing. In the evening Mrs. White spoke at the Schoolhouse on the same subject. She had lectured here the Friday before, and could not then stay when she would come again. On Monday afternoon I received a letter from her stating that she would be here Wednesday evening, the time was short to get notice circulated, no concert, so there seemed to be no chance to publish the appointment; a donation for Elder Dusty was to come off that afternoon and evening under such circumstances we could not expect much. — However, to our surprise, the house was crowded, more than could be seated, a very respectable and attentive audience. Even Mr. & Mrs. Phelps, some of the Whites and many other church members were there. I believe all were astonished. The discourse was splendid. Some said she had her subject well studied; she solicited aid for the poor soldiers, took over twelve dollars, and nine dollars on Friday evening. Now it occurs to my mind I must tell you of another death: Isaac Tallis’s wife, the gay and musical woman has passed from earth to the Spirit world.
It is now getting late in the evening. I shall not be able to finish my letter tonight, my eyes are quite weak. They were very sore when my cold was so bad, my health is pretty good again, my ear has come to its heading again. Carrie has been over to see me since I commenced writing. She is very kind and attentive since you left. So is Mrs. Cooper and all the folks, I have not seen any time to be long with.

Mr. Ward has bought a cow. I have all the milk that I need, and Saturday Carrie cleared, got a fine roll of butter. They intend to sell the milk in future. Last week was a busy time with me. I had visitors withal. Old Mrs. Vance from Branson stayed with me 3 nights, Mr. Gates one day, Carrie in the morning, and Mrs. Perry part of two days, I had overnight, but not with me. I find it rather difficult to get up a meal of ritual in order in my little cluttered room, but make out to get along somehow. Went over to Ward's to bake bread and pies. Thursday I got time to sew some on my dress, for the first time you left. Friday it is a large washing (for me) Saturday finished the dress, it looks nicely. To the ladies now and I think it is too. Now with all the excitement and doings that transpired last week, Sarah Jane was married to Perry. The wedding came off Thursday morning, and they started on the road for a wedding tour, like other folks.

Winston of the Colb made quite a spread. They invited Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. Parker and their daughter, Mrs. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Elden Davies, and lady. Of course, Ell Clarke and his lady were appointed to wait on the bridal pair, stand up with them. Mrs. Clarke was invited, she says everything was very nice indeed. But there seems to prevail a general feeling of pretty for this thoughtless girl.
I do not think of much more to write just now.
I read your letter to Father & Mother Botto. They seemed to feel some better about you. I was not surprised that you had rather a bad time of it at first. I expected it would be so, but were glad to hear that E tty's eyes are well. When I heard they were sore thought probably it would result to the benefit of his general health, as I think mine did. Tho I pitied him and you too, I heard from you so often the time did not seem long since you wrote to me. Write when you can conveniently. Father Botto talks of sending a bottle of ink, because you write with a pencil every time. Charles was at home yet the I heard the children don't mind this cough much. I believe it is not the right as whooping cough. Now I think of a little more to tell you the not very interesting George McMillin was married week ago last Sunday to Mrs. Burnam's daughter. Also Mrs. James daughter to Jake Whitman. Thus we here of deaths and marriages. Yet the world moves on in its course.

We think that Aena has got into the element that suits her pretty well at last. She appears quite a woman. Has plenty of work, employs 3 women besides herself. Mary Ann Weaver got hurt badly by falling, was not able to do anything the last I heard from her. It is now about 10 o'clock, have not had my breakfast yet, you will think it is time for me to stop writing. I hope you will try to be more careful of his health, and not work himself all up, be more patient all things will come about in due time. Your in love of & I want to say to Everett. We better get a few more hours up in the air, I want to hear something. Harriet Farley's about Mrs. Botto next time you write.