

My throat is a little better. I have commenced to doctor with Dr Cornish, and his medicine helps me. It is not the Diphtheria, but a chronic disease of the throat and lungs.

Oh alas my <sup>breath</sup> that everlasting Frank Bourne, has left me and gone to the war. What shall I do?

This is certainly the loneliest spring that I ever knew. What with sickness, and this war business, it is terrible.

Mother is worrying herself to death, for fear you will enlist. So you had better not. We have heard several times that you had enlisted, but we knew that it was a mistake.

I have not succeeded in finding the gun yet. It certainly is not in the pantry, but I will make diligent search for it.

Did you find a note in the Memorandum, that Pa gave you. It