

Louisville Ky July 21. 1891

My dear little Pinkiewunkie.

How you was? Have you upset any sheds, bitten any pups. or stepped on the warm end of any "bumble bee's"? I heard the "cow-tender" worked all right the day you started from home so that no bull, billy-goat or the brute was able to stop your head long career to the village with the scotch name which is the Capital of Boone County. but that so gently and rapidly you rolled over the rocks and the rills, the vales and the hills" between this place and your destination, that you were not sufficiently fatigued to prevent "Bascinski" from writing a note to the little Mamma to inform her of your delightful ride and safe arrival, not even omitting the "postscriptum" which seems to be the necessary caudal appendage to a woman's letter if it be only a line and two thirds in length. We (mamma, the "little man" and I) wish you may find great pleasure in this your first visit to your Glasgow kin. also that you may return in due time ruddy and robust, brown and bright eyed, full of health and happiness, feeling too that it may have been some pleasure also to those who have kindly invited you to their homes and so hospitably entertained you. We miss you very much especially at dinner and breakfast, and our little three-cornered, household seems very small, but we are trying to have a little fun ourselves. We took the usual trip to Parkland Sunday, saw Grandma Dr. Mrs Hayden, uncle Jim and "Karl". Sunday night we went calling. Monday we had company and about 7.30 o'clock this morning Mamma and I had fun with a mouse (the mouse did not have any) that captured

himself in the scrap-basket in our room. We were both awakened by the little burglar, and as Maamma was more afraid ^{than I} to get up and see what it was that made the peculiar noise we heard, though I encouraged her to get up, I lighted the gas and looking into the basket saw the little fellow flying around like he was crazy, but he was unable to jump out. As the pistol was not loaded and I did not know where it was. I asked Maamma to provide me with a weapon with which I might destroy the invader. She brought me a "gouge" from the drawer of tools, and rapidly retreated to the bed, where she rolled the covers tightly around her, shut her eyes and her mouth and held her breath while I was to vanquish and overcome the midnight marauder. But whenever I jabbed down in the basket at him, he immediately was not there, and I suspected from his manoeuvres that he was planning to escape from the basket by using my shirt sleeve as a flume. So rolling up the gouge in a piece of paper, I held a short council of war with Maamma and we agreed to drown his mouse-ship in the bathtub provided I could get him there without spilling in the way. I proposed to light the gas in the bath room before attempting to carry the basket there, but my valiant spouse was unwilling to carry the basket after the light was made or even to remain in the room with the dreadful beast if I went out to make a light. I therefore sent her as advance guard to make a light and then retreat to her former place of security before I began my march. As she left the room I covered the top of the basket with the Sunday Courier and would have sat on that had the basket been frail. ~~Then~~ Maamma made a flank movement into the bed having announced "in the ring" that the light was burning, and I proceeded with care to the bathtub and dumped the basket in just before the mouse jumped out. He did not have on his skates and could not make much headway over the smooth lining of the tub, and when I turned the water on, he imagined it was Niagara after him and almost fainted with fear. So to end his misery as soon as possible, not having any apparatus convenient to electrocute him, I clapped him gently with the small end of a broom-handle and he at once "turned up his toes to the deities". I left him in the morning when "Red the Rigga" received him from Hank as a plaything while Hank goes black-berrying with Lena and Coley Gray, to the bushes back of the work-housed quarry, where Mr. a. Pandley expects to meet them. We have had more fun than this but it takes

me so long to tell it that I get tired writing. Maamma was in the office a few mornings ago. She had been making calls, attended Miss Carrie Curran's wedding and then took dinner with Mary Abraham at the hotel. She said Hank received you and Sister Alice this morning. I may not write to you often as Maamma and Aunt wish to write some days so you might keep track with a few days after you had read it and then read it backwards on upside down and you will probably about as good as new. Give my love to Emma A. D. & C. So good girls don't eat any dirt and eat one of the letters when write to Hank be for your loving Dad

FROM
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
KENTUCKY,
VILLE, KY.

DISVILLI F
JUL 21
10PM
KY.



Miss Mattie Pettus

Glasgow,

Ky.

Wm. Carter



HON. CHARLES D. JACOB, PRESIDENT,
WM. W. MORRIS, SECRETARY.

ORGANIZED, 1866.

DAVID MERIWETHER, TREASURER.
W.H. BOLLING, MEDICAL DIRECTOR.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Ky. July 30th 1891

My dear Chick,

Knowing how pleasant it is to receive letters from home, when one is absent, without having anything special to write, I will write just for the sake of letting you have a letter. Your postal was duly received and the answers to my inquiries noted. I trust you will continue to be as good a girl as you can, and take care not to get sick. Ash is "keeping care" of Maamma all right, with the assistance of Niggwad, and I help when I am at home. We were having a good time about 7 o'clock P.M. yesterday flying Harry's kite the first time he has been able to get it up, but I had to go to the spray-miting and in order not to get the string tangled in the trees and telegraph wires, we hauled in the kite and wound up the string before I left home. If the breeze is good we may try it again this afternoon. The Misses Bennett have in addition to the little white dog another pet, a black cat, "with white toes and a white neck" "not a very fat cat but such a dear little slim cat." It was run off our front steps

RETURN TO

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF KY.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

If not delivered within Ten Days.



Miss Mattie Pettus

of
Mrs Dora Terry

Glasgow,
Ky.

Fillison L. Spidern.



THIRTY-FIFTH

⇒ Annual ◦ Commencement ⇐

OF THE

LOUISVILLE MALE HIGH SCHOOL

AT

AUDITORIUM

ON JUNE NINTH,

1893.

Commencement Louisville Male High School,

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1893,

AT 8:15 P. M.

△

MUSIC.

PRAYER,

By REV. DAVID MORTON, D. D.

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY AND ORATION—"Genius in Disguise" CHRISTOPHER HEFT
ORATION—"Best Study for Mental Culture" CHARLES NEWELL WARREN

MUSIC.

ORATION—"Time" FILLISON L. SPEIDEN
ORATION—"Success" J. SLAUGHTER CARTER

MUSIC.

ORATION—"Julius Cæsar" LEWIS L. DINKELSPIEL
ATHENAEUM SOCIETY ORATION—"America's Position among
the Nations" EDGAR GRAHAM

MUSIC.

ORATION—"Bismarck," with Valedictory Address CHARLES JOHANBOEKE
ALUMNI ADDRESS CLINTON KILPATRICK
Class of '90.

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

ALUMNI PRIZE, SHAKESPEARE PRIZE,
GERMAN PRIZES, GREEK PRIZES,
LATIN PRIZES, ENGLISH PRIZES.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

By J. T. FUNK,
President of the Louisville School Board.

BENEDICTION,

By REV. DAVID MORTON, D. D.

Candidates for Degrees.

o o

THOMAS BOHANNAN BULLITT.	HENRY B. MANLY.
J. SLAUGHTER CARTER.	JOHN G. MILLER.
WALLACE B. CLORE.	MARMADUKE B. MORTON.
JOSEPH EMMET CONKLING.	OTIS RUSSELL.
LEWIS L. DINKELSPIEL.	JOSEPH T. RIVERS.
EDGAR GRAHAM.	JOSEPH SELIGMAN.
HARVEY DUNCAN GORDON.	FILLISON LATHAM SPEIDEN.
THOMAS FLEMING GORDON.	SHELBY FRENCH STROTHER.
CHRISTOPHER HEFT.	HENRY C. UHLER.
CHARLES JOHANBOEKE.	WALTER LEWIS VAUGHAN.
WILLIAM A. JONES.	CHARLES NEWELL WARREN.
WASHINGTON IRVING KAUFFMAN.	GEORGE LARUE WELLER.
HENRY B. KIEFER.	HERMAN WISCHMEYER.
JOHN M. LETTERLE.	ARTHUR F. WULZEN.



1893

The Graduating Class of the
Louisville Male High School

request your presence
at the

Commencement Exercises,
Friday evening, June ninth,
at eight o'clock.

Auditorium.

Louisville, Ky.



HON. CHARLES D. JACOB, PRESIDENT.
WM. W. MORRIS, SECRETARY.

ORGANIZED, 1866.

DAVID MERIWETHER, TREASURER.
JAMES B. STEEDMAN, MEDICAL DIRECTOR.

THE
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF KENTUCKY.

Louisville, August 10th 1894

My dear daughter

I had your letter for breakfast yesterday morning and when I came to the office mailed as an answer to it one your sister had written the day before. but forgot to mail in the hurry and excitement of preparing to go on the extended journey of three or three and a half days. I saw her safely seated in the car, on the sunny side, with the window up, and your uncle Tom as company. I suppose she is now showing off before the Bagdaders or the Emuencers. We shall expect learned dissertations on the horse, as a troter or a saddle animal, styles in equestrianism, the essential points of a good mule, all about cattle and possibly a few hoggish remarks, when she returns. I judge from your letter that you are trying to become a condensed milk establishment. Do not make too heavy demands on the cows, this hot weather you may discourage them. What a delightfully novel sensation it must have been to you to see the sun rise. I hope you will never forget it, but keep it as one of the cherished mementoes of your sojourn ah. (or near)

Prospect. I wish you had drawn me a charcoal sketch of it with a small girl in the foreground looking ~~at~~ it over the rim of a cup of milk - not less than a quart - and in the distance the beautiful Ohio running, one way and a peck fawn the other. I think it would do to preserve with Edmunds' great picture "The cuspidore of Mansions Park". Your brother finds much consolation in delivering groceries, yet which compensates somewhat for that feeling of exceeding weariness which still over him when the "little mother" needs something from the grocery. He also soaks the street in front of our house quite regularly, every afternoon, rain or shine! Let an impression not strictly correct should be made by that statement I will qualify it by saying it has been all shine this week, but the regularity must not be lampshaded with, unless indications in the sky make it necessary, this afternoon. Edmunds being off on a fishing excursion in Canada farm on, not exactly, double duty, but say one and a half and charge the other half to your cousin "William the Silent". The dear little woman in the world has not been very well since you left. She had a severe headache two nights and a day, and though she was able to attend the regular meeting of the C. W. B. M. Tuesday afternoon and then make a call the same evening with me, she is not yet in the "pink of condition" as the race horse editors say. But as I said of the young lady whose veil blew off, she smokes up in sweetness what she lacks in strength." Now there remaineth only, Wiggins to tell of. What a pity he was not named Meathmorency. Or something "real nice" as I am going to put him in my letter. Well he is the same little yellow sneaking pug, the same "darlingest puppy dog", he was last Monday morning unless it be that a catastrophe which happened at the grocery of Waller's, to him, may have taken some of the conceit out of him and increased his bump of caution or perhaps cat shun would fit the case more snugly. Wiggins looks upon Waller's cat as "disreputable party, with whom he prefers not to associate, and considers her impolite (black as she is) to strangers, though they be regular customers, or candy and cake consumers at the store. Mamma will give further particulars if you will address her at #2007 North. We gave wig the freedom of the house last night as it was somewhat warm behind the kitchen stove. He exhibited his good taste by choosing the parlor for his bedroom then we withdrew the freedom to some extent drawing the line at the south edge of the hall. Only once during the night did she imagine something

awful was happening in the street, and to maintain his reputation as guardian of the place (though disturber of my peace) he came up the steps, two at a time, even raising his bristles so he would get up sooner, and defiantly informed a colored gentleman, who sneezed as he passed, in choicest dog Latin that such conduct would not be tolerated by him, and it must not be repeated. There was not a strap or a switch or stick near, so I had to bear it, though I assure you I did not grin. Susie's companions are the hose (for the street sprinkling purposes) and Punky Ky dood dle for no purpose at all, but because he insists on helping her to miss you. Copey has a gumbo shooter - your imagination should supply what ever more is required. It would give me pleasure to say more of the events transpiring about our home

but there is a request from the head of the office that I proceed
to attend to some business matters which require me to leave my
desk and the office for the greater part of the remaining portion
of the afternoon. With the hope that your stay at Prospect may
be as beneficial as I know it will be pleasant and with
kind regards to Mrs Annette I am

Your ever only papa

J. P. Jones

P.S. When you get "broke" and need any cash, state amount and terms as to date
of delivery &c and I will try to comply promptly

J. P. Jones

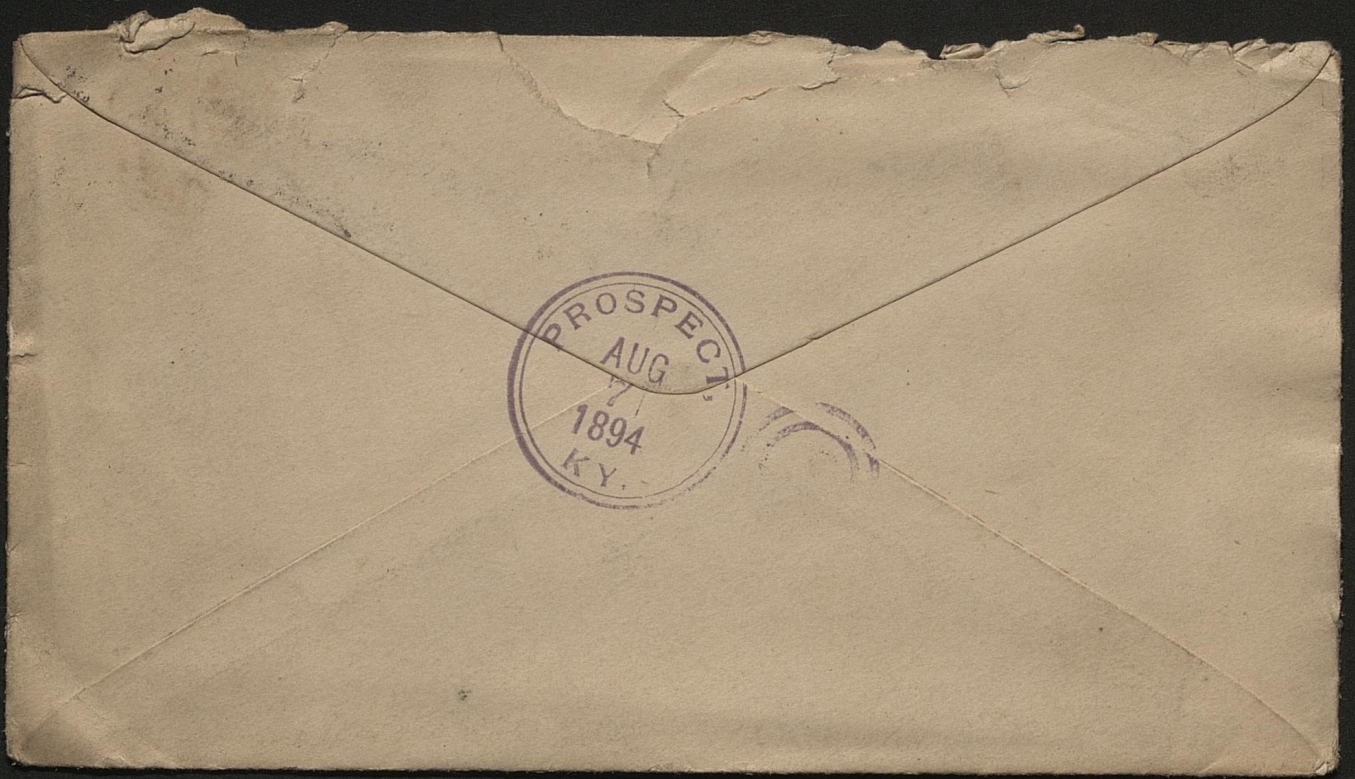
RETURN TO
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF KY.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN FIVE DAYS.

HP

LOUISVILLE
AUG 6
5 PM
KY. 94



Miss Harriet Tetkus
Prospect
Ky-





HON. CHARLES D. JACOB, PRESIDENT.
WM. W. MORRIS, SECRETARY.

ORGANIZED, 1866.

DAVID MERIWETHER, TREASURER.
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THE
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF KENTUCKY.

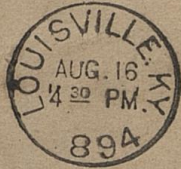
Louisville, Aug 16 1894

Dear Chick

I do not remember to have seen in any of your letters a statement in regard to the time when you are coming home. If you have come to any conclusion in regard to that matter and will let me know what it is without delay, I will send you by mail the amount required to pay your board. Your letter to Gertrude came yesterday morning. None came today by the morning mail. Your sister and brother went to the Highlands yesterday. Wiggins went away early Sunday morning and we all went to the Highlands while he was gone. He came home about noon but could not tell where he had been. Mr Gray opened the gate for him to go in and as soon as he was well rested he howled to get out again. Mamma is well as usual and so is your loving father

D. Steedman

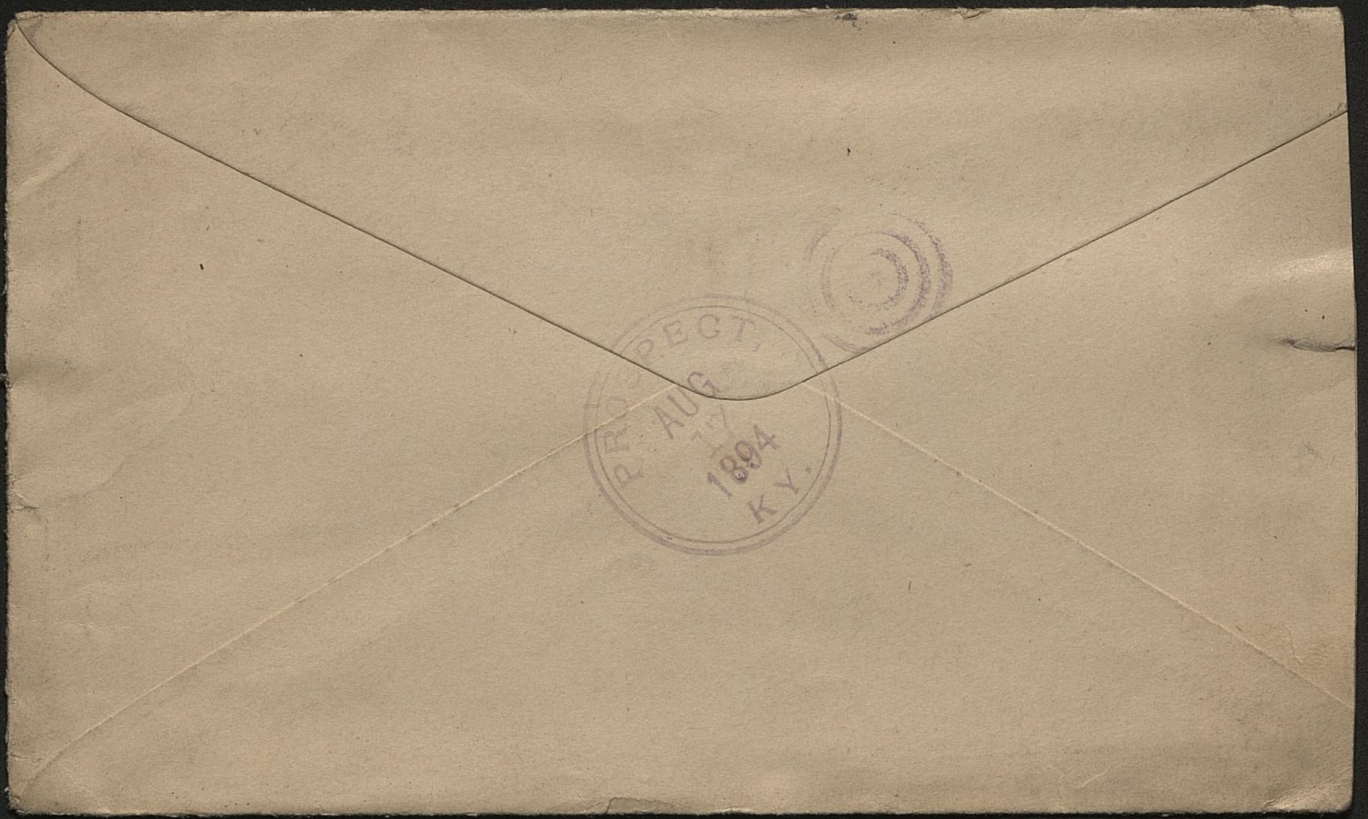
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LOUISVILLE, KY.
IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN FIVE DAYS.



Miss Harriet Pettus

Miss Annette Sitzler

Prospect Ky.



Scottsville Sept 15th

My Dear Hattie

I recd: your nice letter same time ago, and have waited longer than I intended to answer it.

But I cannot write much more an account of my eyes. They are weak, and begin to pain me before I have written a page. I regret this more than I can tell you, for I enjoyed writing and getting letters from you all more than any thing else. So you all must write often, and not wait for an answer every time.

We had a big rain last week, which was very much

needed, but it has turned
very warm again. We are
all well here. But there is
same sickness in town.
several cases of fever.

Asher Spillman has moved
into his new house. also
Mr Spillman and Angie,
they are going to live with
Asher and Sophia. Their
new house is quite nice,
but they spoiled ^{it} by setting
it so close on ^{the} ground.
Sophia would have it that
way.

I wrote to Jimmie last
week. and told him I did
hope he would take his trip
down to Lookout Mountain
this fall. as he spoke of doing
and came by to see us.
and bring your mother

(2)

with him. she spoke of it
in the Spring when I was
in Louisville. we would
be so glad to have them
come. Try Battie and get
them to come. I believe
Gertrude and you, could
keep house very well for a
week or two, I would
enjoy it more than I cou-
ld tell you. I sent your
Mama a receipt for mine
in your grandpa's letter
a few days ago. also sent
a receipt for Sweet pickles
to Emma. that I had.
it is a good one if you all
want to make sweet pickles.

I hope you are pleased with
the High School. Battie I was
so much obliged to you for
those nice under skirts you

sent me. They were so nice
and just what I needed.

Jay and Ebbie always send
much love to you all.

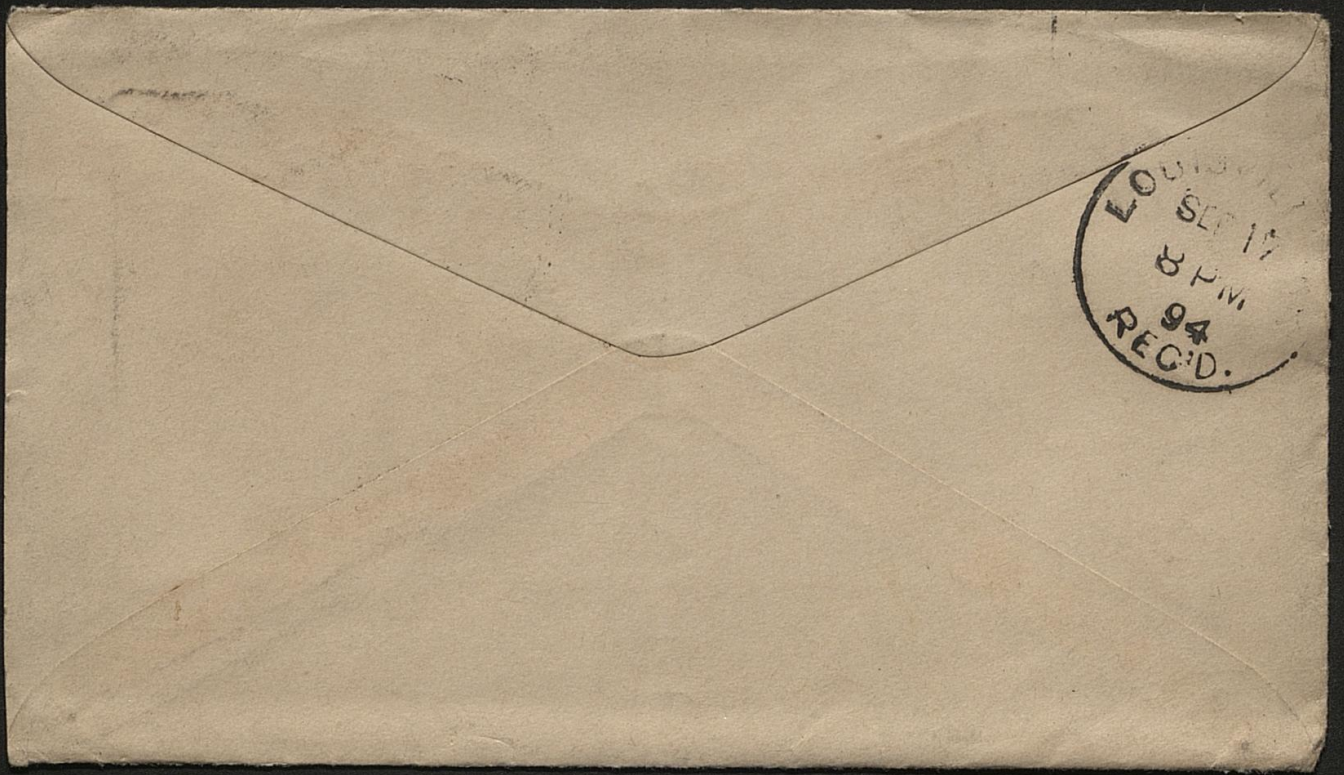
Ebbie had a friend in Bow-
-ling Green not lang ago to
send her a pair of the
Langshan chickens. They are
very black. and so gentle
they will come and eat out
of your hand. How is
Wiggly, tell him to be a good
daddy. and not run away
any more. I would love
so much to see you all
this evening. give my best
love to all the family, to
Emma and Stuart. Write
as often as you find time.
affectionately your grand
ma.

Nannie Mitchell

Poor old Jim bird.
I felt real sorry to hear of
his death, I know he had
a sad funeral. Well he is
gone where the good birds
go, and you will never
see him any more —
grandma —



Miss Harriet Pettus
2007 Brack Street
Lawisville
Ky



LOUISIANA
SEP 17
8 PM
94
REC'D.