

I have been romping with Albert but finding ^{it} unprofitable, though most pleasant pastime, I put him in the crib to play while I write. He was not satisfied though, for he can climb up to the sides of the crib ^(not on his feet) and lean over, so I must hold him and amuse him with one hand. I cannot leave him any place long without watching. He can roll off the bed in a few moves. On the floor where I occasionally put him for a few minutes, he will roll towards the stove which he has long desired to take hold of. In his high chair he will slip from under the apron unless he is tied tight with ~~something~~ something else, and then he rocks ~~the~~ ~~rocks~~ the chair so

that we have to tie it to the machine or bedstead which we think he cannot pull over. He & his chair fell once and bruised his nose, and scared him and his mother very much since which time we tie him. Albert has a very thoughtful mind which is plain to us, however others may say "of course". He studies the motions of our fingers and his, not as ~~a~~ he did when a young baby, just admiring it, but carefully examining one ^{hand} while he holds it with the other. I have seen his attention fixed on the notes that appear in the rays of sunshine in the room; and again upon the breath passing from our mouths on a cold morning. He is going to be very mischievous, so