

poor brother has so true and affectionate a help meet in his wife. I have been greatly tempted to go down and see you but it was not convenient for me to leave home. Your sister Fanny received your letter telling her of the looked for visit to your Mother the last of next week, she immediately wrote to your Brother asking him to go this week or to put it off until week after next. But as she received no letter she concluded that it was probably not convenient for him to change and she now expects to meet you the latter end of next week. Her reason for asking the change was that our communion season commences on next Wednesday evening and she would prefer being at home at that time. She is exceedingly anxious to see you. We, that is a number of our ladies met at her house last evening to make a carpet for Mrs Mc Eroy which we finished about 5 o'clock when all the ladies except our family left but we stopped until bed time. Miss Eliza the only ailing member is better and seems much stronger, she rode out with me on Monday afternoon and after our return she walked up to the house unassisted.

Mr Blaetterman, Phoebe Lottie and myself went to the cemetery on Sunday afternoon, attending the funeral of

D<sup>r</sup> Mc Granaghan's child. Mr Mc Eroy preached an excellent sermon at the house and at the grave when the coffin was lowered into the ground he offered an appropriate prayer and pronounced the benediction when the grave was closed all of which must have been very gratifying to the parents. I have always admired the Episcopal burial service on that account, the minister does not consider that he has buried a person until he pronounces the benediction at the grave. Our cemetery really looks like "the city of the dead" now, it is so spotted with monuments that is interesting to an old citizen to pass from one to another and call to mind the dweller beneath these marble coverings. You remember George Ann Gulick who married Scherby Anderson. He has just had a very unique at the same time a rather singular monument placed over his wife and little daughter. It is a large cross 3 or 4 feet high standing upon a large block of stone without any positive shape, the whole being covered with ivy leaves wrought in the marble. It forms an attractive feature as much from its peculiarity as any other season. I suppose you have heard of the death of Carrie Peckers oldest daughter. She was buried here last week. There is a good deal of scarlet fever through the town and its vicinity though <sup>there</sup> has not been a case among our friends.