

Friend Ada
 excuse all
 mistakes
 knowing they
 are small by
 that, incoherent
 little sketch,
 large, being
 people are very
 poor & and often
 believe in such
 things for some
 years ago
 I have a long letter
 follow for you
 if he is not to
 old, I have
 never heard
 from Mrs. Lam
 but don't believe
 I want to.
 Adieu one day

"follow eight angles out" of a week
 "more or less", I don't know how to dis-
 cribe this country - the land is level
 without any stones the houses are
 most all frame & every man has
 enough to do to tend to his one business
 Ade I know you think I am rather
 long winded to day, and I shant get
 mad if you do. (Its a family bailing)
 but must close this horrid letter
 with a "very loving adieu" - thats the
 way I write to my fellow
 Give my love to all from your old
 Schoolmate and Friend Angus
 P.S. Please burn this before you read it.

Sheffield Ill
 Nov the 13th

Miss Ada Saunders

Dear Friend:-

I received your kind letter one
 day last week, it was a pleasant
 surprise I assure you.

Ada it has been so long since I
 first wrote you that I have quite
 forgotten what was in it, but in
 regard to what that was you gave
 me the day I left - it was nothing
 more or less than a little note, Lilli
 gave me one at the same time, it was

in the Hall going to the Schoolroom
perhaps you remember it now.

Willie & Charlie are both living
near Charlie is married and a very
pretty smart wife he has they are in
state one home and doing nicely. They
are called a handsome couple. (Ada
you know I always was proud of her)
And Willie has grown to be quite
a young lady "she thinks" is now
sixteen, she goes to school will not
graduate till year after next, she
has improved ever so much, is taller
than anyone in the family. I won't
just say here that I have grown so
home by that my friends talk of
disowning me. I will be twenty
the 22nd next July.

Will Ada I guess Jimmie & Georgie
and yourself, have all changed for
the better or worse, you did not
speak of your Mother last letter.
What are you doing at present?
Ada you just bet this is a lovely
place. I am so glad the election
is over, and Ill is the best state
in the Union according to my
notion, there are lots of young little
fellows here too, and if you really
want one you must send me your
photo and tell me your age, this is
the best place to make money
but religion is rather scarce there
are too many other things to think
of. Why Ada give don't think any
thing of keeping company with a



Miss Ada Sprouden
Hollidaysburg
Blair Co.
Pa.

Hollidaysbury March 10th

My Dear Little children

I received your Letters
and am always Glad to hear you are
well and enjoying yourselves
your Aunt mill Georgie and
Myself was out at Aunt Martha
we was away five weeks and
when I came home your Letters was
waiting on me your Grandma
Lunden was here Last week she is
as well she got adas Letter she did
not say when she would go to see
you the small pox has been in
town and some hoe died with it
but there is none that you know
I believe there are some cases in
town yet Last week there was
three days of very cold weather here
we could hardly keep war in but
it has got warmer now
well Jimmy you boyan to tell me

about christmas night but you
did not get very far somehow
you stoped of very short I will
look for the rest in your next

Letter Jimmy I am going to send
you a piece of poetry it is Learning
to pray I think it is so pretty you
must learn it and tell me if
it isint nice tell your sister I
will answer her Letter soon and
send her some poetry

I will close for this time remember
me to your teachers and all the
children with much Love I am
your affectionate Mother

Sarah Lunden

THE HEN AND HER CHICKENS.

BY JULIA A. SHEARMAN.

Mother hen is gone to roost
In her snug, warm bed ;
But she twists her pretty head aside,
And keeps one eye still open wide,
So we must softly tread.

Mother hen, oh ! tell me why
You so proud have grown.
Since those seven chicks were born,
Which was but last Wednesday morn,
You seem the roost to own.

Mother hen, I know they're sweet
As chicks ne'er were before ;
But still I cannot quite see why
You watch me with so fierce an eye
When I step within the door.

Not a feather will I harm
Of your precious brood.
Can't I look awhile at you,
And just ask how your babies do,
And if they're growing good ?

Oh ! how snug they all must be
Under your soft wings !
Not a single head is peeping ;
I suppose they all are sleeping,
Pretty little things.

In the morning mayn't I come,
When you take them out ?
I know they'll look so very cunning
At your side when they are running
And pecking all about.

You will teach them how to scratch,
Won't you, mother hen ?
Oh ! what fun you'll have together,
This nice, warm, sunshiny weather,—
You'll grow young again.

You'll have pleasant dreams to-night,
Mother hen, I think.

Let me see you smooth your brow,
Say "good-night,"—I'm going now.

She only gave a wink. [Independent.]

Altoona

July 12

My Dear
Grandson

it was my intention to come
and see you before you would
leave for the west: But now
I find I cannot: as I promised
to go and stay a while ~~at~~ with
your Aunt Rachel: and she
wants me to come at once: two
of the boys have gone to the cone
to harvest she is very lonely:
and needs me more now than
any other time:

I thought it would be best to
write you a letter: and send
my good by in it with a
Grandmas Blessing: with it
and remember: I pray for you
every day and will as long as
I live.

I would feel very sorry that
you are going so far away if I
did not think you would be well
cared for: and can learn a useful
trade I may not live to ^{see} you
become a great and good man
you have the chance as well
as any other boys and hope you
will improve it; I hope to hear from
you and some time will write
you; I want you to write when
you write to us direct to your
Aunt Lucy Althorn: if I am
not here she can send it to me
I pray that the care and blessing
of the Father of the fatherless will
be with you every day of your
life: trust in him and serve
him all your days: he will
never leave or forsake you
but will guide you safely
through this world then take

you to a world of rest and
peace: ~~do~~ read your Bible and
pray: if you follow those two
rules you will not go astray:
I wish I could think of something
as a keepsake I could put in
this letter but cannot: perhaps
hereafter at no distant day I might
send you one all the way to
Kansas: I will not forget you
and hope you will not forget
me: I will now close -

May God Bless you
is the prayer of your ever

Affectionate
Grandmother:

Jane Londen

Give my Love to all

1908 Pattenhouse Square.
or 1901 Locust St.

Dear Ade.

I thought I would write to you,
and tell you I could not go home with Kate.
Did you receive the Keraminus
I sent you, if not I will send you some more,
please let me know.

Mary Robb and I, go
to the same ^{Bible} class, Miss Lotimer teaches, also
Montague Wallace you remember him?
please don't forget Lizzie West's direction.
How are
Jimmie & George?

When I saw Emma Sobbe
she asked me about you.

Montague don't look
like himself except the eyes.

It is getting late
affectionately
Belle.

Good Night sweet repose
Half the bed and all the clothes.

P.S. Ade. I have lots of fun here, I am going to
get my Photograph taken, I will give you one
I am getting so fat you wouldn't know me.
I don't look much like myself changed for better.

Please send me your Photograph.
do you remember last Halloween? Belle Hunter

Deate Carter

Adda Gaudin George Gaudin
Delia Henry Jimmie

They all tell me I am heartless &
mine here I feel so young again
I will never settle down to a quiet life.
fun is all I want.

Brain on hollow eve.

Original

To Adda London, By J. Gil London

Life's flowers are bright along thy way,
And blue the skies above thee,
And may you find where'er you stray,
No one but what will love thee,
Will love thee; with an honest heart,
While God is watching o'er thee.
And may your footsteps never depart,
From those who would adore thee,

I've wandered far north, across
And would full oft be near thee
But I am born to destinies
That never could endear thee,
So pure, so beautiful, and fair
No best no cloud surround thee,
But breathe sweet virtue's summer air
Like flowers that breathe around thee

Respectfully

Dedicated

To

Adda London

By

J. Gil London

The

"Springtime Poet"

My Dear Little Sister and Brother

I am well only I had the tooth ache yesterday but it is better to day sister we have sutch a nice cat and we call her tabby she is your cat she has four Little kittens o they are so nice if you could only have one down there Mother is coming down to see you and I am coming with her o ada and jimmy but I will be glad to see you tory and I have nice times o Jimmy I sutch a nice fishing rod Joe Jones gave me the rod and Mother gave me the Line and hook and Mr Rollin took ~~the~~ our Sunday school a fishing to the Reservoir we had a nice time I careght five fish I guess I will close my Letter with Lots of Love to My Dear Little Brother and Sister from your Little brother Georgie Junden a kiss for ad and Jimmy

a kiss

a kiss

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands or breast and brow
To keep the thrilling love-cords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet towards slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips to theirs the sweet words lending.

What would the ladies do for work
Were there no pants or jackets tearing;
No tiny dresses to embroider;
No cradle for their watchful caring;

No rosy boys at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting;
No merry shouts as home they rush;
No precious morsel for their tasting?

Tall, grave, grown people at the door;
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman;
And men to stoic coldness turn,
And women would be less than women.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.

my Dear Little Sister

I was glad to get
your Letter ada I guess I was sorry
when ypp died I was sorry to hear
Jimmy had a cold I hope he is well now
I am going to send you and Jimmy
a card and I want you to learn
the verse that is on them I get them at
Sabbath school ada have you got that
whistle for me yet I go to school and
I can read in the first reader and am
learning in the mental arithmetick
ada your little teeny is as nice as ever
I send my Love to all the Little boys

and Girls and a good share of Love for
you and Jerry
from your Little brother

Georgie Lunden

Sarah Lunden

Hollidaysbury Dec 21st

Hollidaysbury

Pa

my Dear Little ones

I will express
your box this evening hoping you
will get it for christmas I could
not get it ready sooner you
must write and let me know
if you get the box I have not time
to write more now as I am very
busy we all send Love to you
both from your ever loving mother

Sarah Lunden

P.S.

I will put 25 cts a piece in
this letter for ada and jimmy
Grand pap sends you for a
christmas gift he says it is
all he has to send you

Sarah Lunden

I have very dear friends living in
Dorra, and one was at Grenell during
that terrible storm, where so many
lives were lost. I feel uneasy about
them all the time. You would not
know Mill she has grown so much
do you remember when as a "skinny"
little kid she used to be, she is growing
to make a nice looking woman. She
will graduate year after next.

Charter is still on the Rail Road
he has grown fleshy lately, and is
just the daisy brother. Mother is quite
well for her. I guess I told you about
our new home, well but I must
close ^{for} to night as it is so late I guess
you will be tired before you read
this all. Now write soon. Love to you
concern W. I would send him a look of my
hair, but can't tell which is switch. Alice

catcher nurse teacher here. shall⁸
I tell him to come to see you he is
coming to Penn. in a few weeks
Perry Co. let me know and I will
get him all solid for you.

I am glad you are getting along so
nice with your trade do you like to
sew? I cant stand it to sew long, it
just kills me to set steady. I think
I shall die of convulsions someday

Oh! dear I wish I could see my baby
but dont suppose I ever shall.

Havent we had some dreadful
storms this summer, do you feel
afraid? I am afraid everytime
I see a cloud coming in! though
we have had nothing to complain
of here excepting rain. the crops are
very late but look better than any
thing around here. south and west.

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Where Eltha is I expect she has mar-
ried a nobleman. She was nice enough
I think. I would like to see Lilla's No.
wouldn't you? I always liked her
do you ever hear from Bella? I do
not. Aha you must not get scared
I know my cards are small, but I
shall write close so you will have a
long letter after all. if you can read
it you are all solid.

My sister Emma was married two
weeks ago to day her husband's name
is Somelson. "Short the name" he has
the stamps though, he's only worth
about fifty thousands. I wish I had
about three thirds of his disease. I
would start an old madie hall, only
you join Aha. Where did you spend
your forete. My friend Martha & I
took a jump on the cars to Avesee as
a distance of about fifty miles we

had just a slasher time too, were dressed alike in cream colored lace hunting's suits, trimmed in silk lace of the same color. They showed up big, say how what kind of a picture have you of me is it one of those little buttermilk looking ones, if it is send it back I have several new kinds and you can have one of them though they don't look like me. I would like your photo & Jimmie or G.'s for my new album it is very large and there is plenty of room,

Have you heard from Walker yet? he said he was going to write. I guess he has and was so taken with you he has forgotten to answer my last letter. he is a nice boy & I think any woman could be proud of him and not half try. There is an old

Dear George, or Mr Fairbanks I mean
well I can soon tell you. He got mad
because I went with another fellow
while he was in Indiana, I couldnt
help it he had no business to be
so jealous. I never dared to look at a
fellow while he was going with
me He is married now. so I suppose
he dont care and I am very sure I
dont, only I did want to see you so
very much. but never mind Honey I
am thinking very strongly of coming
east as far as my sisters in Indiana
this fall, and if I get that far I
shall soon work my way to see you

I have just been talking about
Gettysburg, have you ever been there
since you left, I would like to see
the old Homestead once more. if
I did get my daily frogging as Mrs.
C. used to tell about. I wonder

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Sheffield Illinois July 12

My dear Little friend Ada -

If you will excuse me for writing with pencil, I will try to answer your kind letter for it is so late and I must not make you wait any longer, I intended to write long ago but time fly's so fast with a girl like me that I can't seem to accomplish anything. Well how are you flourishing anyhow. I am just as bad as ever made just the long wash on the 4th and dont you forget it. His name is Harry, and he is Conductor on a Freight, thats all I know about him but he is just a daisy. I made two more but dont care for them. Oh! Ada you should come west for this is the place for long boys.

You wanted to know the "particulars" I suppose you mean about any

DECORATION DAY.

The Blue and the Gray.

BY F. M. FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;
Under the sod and the dew ;
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat ;
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laid with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lillies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Broidered with gold, the Blue ;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Wet with rain, the Blue ;
Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of years now fading,
No braver battle was won ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Love and tears for the Blue ;
Tears and love for the Gray.

FARMER AND HOUSEKEEPER.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Thou little brook, so silver bright,
Thou wanderest onward day and night;
I think and think and fain would know
Whence comest thou? where dost thou go?

In th' cold rock's gloomy lap I lay.
But now 'mid flowers and moss I play;
Into my mirror, clear and mild,
The lovely face of Heaven hath smiled.

And happy child-thoughts have I there,
As I wander on I know not where;
Who from the cold rocks set me free,
He forever my guide will be.

Rural New Yorker.

EATING BREAD AND MILK.

BY FLEDA.

The daintiest, prettiest picture
'Twas ever my lot to see
Was one of four beautiful children,
On a door stone *vis a vis*;
With eyes as bright as diamonds,
And hair as soft as silk,
Out of an old-fashioned porringer,
Eating bread and milk.

In the background, near the door,
Sit the father and the mother;
And when the laugh goes 'round,
They glance at one another.
What need is there for speech,
The eye so much hath said,
As they watch the little children
Eating milk and bread.

The household pet, old Bounce,
Is sleeping in the clover,
And in his dreams again
The hunt he's living over;
When'er the spoons click on the dish
He lifts his shaggy head,
And seems to say, I envy you
Your sweet new milk and bread.

Through the trees, the low sun-shadows
Were shifting here and there,
Lighting up each winsome face
With a beauty almost rare;
While the tired birds came trooping
To their leafcots over head,
Softly twittering, good night,
To the girls with milk and bread.

What artist hand can catch
The smile-light coming, going;
Or tint the restless tresses
On the dimpled shoulders flowing;
Or give the arching lip
So fine a shade of red,
As it takes a sip of milk
And then a *bite* of bread?

Oh, happy little dreamers!
Upon that doorstone step,
No shade of care has crossed
Their sunny paths as yet.
Oh, would their lives might ever be
So free from care and dread
As now, while twilight gathers,
Eating milk and bread.

Rural New-Yorker.

THE FAMILY.

MY LITTLE LABORER.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender,
 As any lady's fair;
 Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender,
 And curls of sunny hair.
 A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty,—
 Yet with each rising sun
 Begins his round of toil,—a solemn duty,
 That must be daily done.

To-day he's building castle, house and tower,
 With wondrous art and skill;
 Or labors with his hammer by the hour,
 With strong, determined will.
 Anon, with loaded little cart he's plying
 A brisk and driving trade;
 Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow is trying
 Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little beast of burden,
 He drags himself along,
 And now his lordly little voice is heard in
 Boisterous shout and song,—
 Another hour is spent in busy toiling
 With hoop and top and ball,—
 And with a patience that is never failing,
 He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover,
 And on his mother's breast,
 Joys thrown aside, the day's hard labor over,
 He sinks to quiet rest;
 And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,
 I think, 'mid gathering tears,
 Of what the distant future may be keeping
 As work for manhood's years.

Must he with toil his daily bread be earning,
 In the world's busy mart,
 Life's bitter lessons every day be learning,
 With patient, struggling heart?
 Or shall my little architect be building
 Some monument of fame,
 On which, in letters bright with glory's gilding,
 The world may read his name?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation,
 But shared with sweet content;
 Perhaps a life in loftier, prouder station,
 In selfish pleasure spent;
 Perchance these little feet may cross the portal
 Of learning's lofty fane,
 His life work be to scatter truths immortal
 Among the sons of men!

N. Y. Evening Mail.

Hollidaysburg

Oct 26th

My Dear
Granddaughtee,

Abba I heard you were coming
to town last week: and hoped
to see you: I told Mr Loyd if
you came to tell you to come
and see me at Mr John Caldwell's
I intended to come to see you
and George two weeks ago
But could not get away
Mrs Caldwell went to Philadelphia
and came back very sick is
quite sick yet so that I
cannot leave: But will
come as soon as I can I want
you to write me a letter and
let me know how you are
and if you heard from
Jimmy I have been to

Mr Loyds to hear About him
j would like to have his
Adress: that j could write
to him j want him to
write to me: j do not want
you Dear Children to forget
me: there is no freind can
Love you more than j do
j mean no earthly freind
and do pray that your

Heavenly father will
keep you safely each day
that you live! give my
Love to Geargie tell him
to be a good Boy: and then
he will Always have
freinds in this world:.

j know your Uncle is
very kind and good to you
and feel sattisfied while
you are with him and
his family!

your Aunt Lucy was
sorry she did not get to
see you when she was out
there: she has gone to Althoona
again: j will now Close
by sending my Love to
all the family

and remains your
Loving Grandma
Mrs Jane Landon

please write and Direct in care of
Mr John Caldwell



Miss Anna J Lander
Flowing Springs
Pa Blair Co