



1876

Henrietta feb 11<sup>th</sup>

My Dear Little Georgie

why is it that  
I dont yet a Letter from one  
of my children it is almost  
two months since I had a Letter  
from the homestead the last one  
was from jinnie what has  
become of Adda I wrote to her  
some time ago but have not  
received an answer yet why  
is it is she cross at me for  
getting Married or what I  
think I have bettered myself  
I do not have to work so hard  
I have been waiting to hear  
from you I thought I would





Make up a nice little box  
for you now Georgie do write  
to me soon and tell me every  
thing you know  
Harry King Delia and Mary have  
gone to Spelling school to night  
and there is no one up but  
Auntie and myself uncle  
Frank & the little ones are in  
bed snoring away  
Georgie tell Ada & Jimmie to  
write to me soon if they dont  
I will get sick and then what  
I will close with Lots of Love  
to my own three little darlings  
from your own Mother  
Sarah Henry





Master George W Lunden  
Orphan's Homestead  
Gettysburg  
Pa

Herrick  
2/19/76



1876

Henrietta July 27<sup>th</sup>

My Dear Children

Ade I received your letter some time ago and should have answered it sooner but have been very busy and have had a great deal of company since I came home well Ade Dear this is your sixteenth birthday when you write tell me how many bumps you got I will send you a little bouquet of flowers in this I will put sixteen in if I can Georgie is well he has been over and spent a week with Grand and Mrs Henry he had a real nice time he sends Love to all I got your pictures

16 years old

Ade

963



I think they are very  
good the girls are very much  
pleased with them and frankie  
says it is splendid  
when I came home uncle frank  
was in altoona to meet me  
and Mollie was in holidays  
bury was tending for me your  
Cousin George Martin his wife  
and two children was here they  
came in june was with us a  
couple of days then went to  
the centennial was there till  
after the fourth came back  
stayed a few days with us  
then left for home then  
Mrs Garrett came out was with  
us a week her and I had some  
nice drives we enjoyed them  
Ada tell Mrs Carmichael  
I will come prepared to  
bring you home with me

if I have to come and  
if not I will send for you  
ask her if she will please let  
me know when the time  
comes for I will not like to  
be at such expence for nothing  
Mr Hevry thinks if they with  
draw the suit that they would  
not be obliged to pay my  
Expenses there and back ask  
her to please let me know all  
about it I will close with  
Lots of Love to ada and jimmy  
your own Mother  
Sarah Hevry





Loose Item



# FARMER AND HOUSEKEEPER.

## THE SHEEP, CAT AND HEN.

I.

As I walked over the hill one day,  
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say:  
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet  
As my little lammie with his nimble feet;  
With eyes so bright,  
And wool so white;  
Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight."  
And the mother-sheep and her little one  
Side by side lay down in the sun,  
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,  
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

II.

I went to the kitchen and what did I see,  
But the old gray cat with her kittens three?  
I heard her whispering soft; said she,  
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,  
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world,  
The bird on the tree,  
And the old ewe,—she  
May love her babies exceedingly;  
But I love my kittens there,  
Under the rocking-chair.

I love my kittens with all my might,  
I love them at morning, noon and night;  
Now I'll take up my kitties I love, [stove"  
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm  
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,  
While my darling lies here on my arm.

III.

I went to the yard and I saw the old hen  
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.  
She clucked, and she scratched, and she bustled  
away,

And what do you think I heard the hen say?  
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine  
On anything like to these chickens of mine!  
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you  
please, [these.

But you never will find ten such chickens as  
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,  
Come, nestle now cosily under my wings."

So the hen said,  
And the chickens all sped  
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.  
And there let them sleep in their feathers so  
warm,

With my little chick lies here on my arm.

*Woman's Journal.*