

Denmark, Dec. 28, 1871

Dear Daughter,

It is cold & I have bothered half an hour to make the fire burn, & behold the damper was turned in the pipe. The fire burns now, but I am cold. I now, usually, write all my letters, mornings before breakfast. Making & firing & doing the other things necessary, with a long letter usually takes the morning. I get up about 4 1/2, go to bed usually by 8. Yesterday I cut up my pork, salted it & prepared the lard & sausage meat, & stood on my feet, in the cellar, about 8 hours. & my feet & legs ached so in the evening, with the standing & rheumatism, that I went to bed still earlier. Am all right this morning. I have got quite well now, - have not as much strength & endurance as years ago, but feel pretty well, if I keep within proper bounds. Uncle Curtis is quite well again, as far as I know, it is very healthy, now, at least I have no patient I don't know of any. Mary Ingalls begins to walk about the house, 1 two weeks from a night & we hope to see you. If it is slipping Mattie will go over with Charlie, with the sled & can bring all the "gals" & trunks that want passage. If we are obliged to go on wheels, it will be more difficult to put so many, with a trunk or two, into any buggy. By taking a large waggon & putting in a large lot of straw & sitting on that, we can bring a "lot" of this

will be the warm way to ride, just as in a great sled, but not so easy, if the roads are rough. We will fix it some way. If Charlie & Nat, dont go over I can get Mr. Tuttle's buggy perhaps, & one seat for the ladies on that & I ride on the trunk. If it is very rough & not too cold, that may be the best way. We count the days, if there is any danger of your forgetting the time, all of you I mean, it is 2 weeks & one day from this morning. Perhaps you can remember it from this, or keep this letter, & occasionally look at the date. Aunt Porter is going to Aunt Laurie's (this writes but is waiting for you to come first. Auntie is very well, wonderfully so for so old a person, & hearty to eat, give her something that she is particularly fond of to eat, such as a boiled dinner or baked Sparrib. & she will eat like a man. It does no good to sulk her so hearty, but we sometimes almost tremble at the sight. Nat, has come down stairs, & says I wake from 6 night & Mary is to be at home. she dont want you should forget it, you will try not to forget I know, for it might bother us some if you should forget the time. Well I guess I have mixed up nonsense enough in this letter to make a "hash". It may not be so palatable, but a change of diet is good sometimes. I have no news to write or any thing else. Nat, is going to write & may have something to say. Probably some of your correspondents, at least writers of "occasional notes", may take more pains than I do. Well so be it. As ever, L. B. Atter