

Dennmark April 1. 1872

Dear Daughter

The mornings are so short now that I cannot depend upon the morning for writing my letters. I must do the chore at the barn now before breakfast, in order to have milk for breakfast. So of course hereafter I must write now as I can catch up the time, usually the day before the letters are mailed. I wrote Ab. this morning, but it was sunrise before I got done. Did you get out going to C.? Did you get to the depot comfortably from Mr. Still's? It rained very hard here after about 4 pm, till we went to bed. I thought I might have quite like midsummer. The darkness was fearful, so much so, that little birds would fly against the windows where there was light, for fear of you shulter. These little ones lit upon the path where I was reading & I opened the window & two flew right into the room, I caught them, & mother got a box I've put them into it till morning ^{the day} & let them go. The snow was about 2 inches deep in the morning. Was there snow in Ottumwa? Did you get home safely & comfortably. Was there a heap at the Depot? Yesterday I felt poorly, I did not go to

Alia Equith
asked Darwin
Saturday
she was going
to board the
train. C. at home
she asked if
Mr. DeWine
his home? &
I got up a
big laugh.
I don't
hear it, one
great fool.
Just on down
Cathryn

Yesterday p.m. We had planned to go over & see
auntie & mother, if she had been at home I
took auntie to Mr. Davis' in the p.m. Now
we are all alone except our boarders. We have
not heard from W. yet, expect a letter today. I shall
expect one from you tomorrow. Mat. is so near
that we can all see the letters you write either
of us. It is a beautiful morning. Spring
like. The birds sing very merrily. I heard a lark
yesterday. I guess Spring has come at last. For
all there was so much rain on Sat. so much
that it filled our empty cistern basin full.
There is almost no water to be seen on the
surface now. The frost must be out. If the
roads will soon be good again. Mrs. Brock
is much better, so that I did not see her yester-
day. If Holland had attended her & some of
his friends had been the nurses, there would
be a thundering effort to make it appear a
miracle of a cure, - she would have been rescued
literally from the jaws of death. What a pity I
have not got the faculty of blowing my own
horn. I have not a big lot of friends to blow
horns before me & behind me, & every where, in my
praise. If I should show myself a fool, no matter,
blow the louder. I have no news to write. All well & quite