

Dear Mother  
Dear Daughter  
Dear Sister  
Dear Brother  
Dear Nephew  
Dear Niece  
Dear Grandchildren  
Dear Friends  
Dear Neighbors  
Dear Acquaintance  
Dear Strangers  
Dear All

Apr. 15, 1872, Mon. P.M.

Thought this morning, at sunrise, was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen - not a cloud upon the whole sky, & the earth though <sup>not</sup> still looked clear & green. Yesterday about 3 o'clock p.m. it began to rain with thunder & lightning & continued with short intervals till into the dead of night. This morn. the ground was full of water, parts of its surface being covered. We sat down to breakfast & remarked favorably upon the clear sky & the beautiful morning. Very soon the heavens were overcast with clouds. The wind blew cold & soon it began to rain. I drove a while & got very tired. This p.m. I dug up a few currant bushes I quit & went to the tree. It is cold & I am too lazy to work & so I sit down to write my daughter. And what shall I say? I think of no news to write. But for this rain I could have plowed my garden & planted it. I have a great deal that wants to be done - currants, raspberries, & flower shrubs to take up & put out in another place, besides the ordinary plowing & planting. I cannot do it all myself. Still I feel much better to work what I am able to do & shall live longer for so doing. I cannot loaf.

Dr. Wright came over yesterday from the Alley.  
He says he does not believe Mr. & Mrs. Stiles would  
believe any person living or any number of them  
in any statement against Darwin. If Darwin  
should contradict it, says if the parents shall ever  
be compelled to believe Darwin in the wrong while  
shown at school it will all be blamed upon Mr  
Edson. Says he should not dare to tell them any  
of the facts he knows. I have been mixing  
some black & thick ink with the pale & thin  
to see how it will work. It is about time to  
go to the barn for my chow. We are waiting  
a moment for supper & so I write again. I forgot  
to send you your photo, by the last letter. Will try  
to think of it in this. Mother says she will write  
some tomorrow morning. I rec'd a letter from Mr.  
Charles last Thurs. He is planning to come down  
with his wife perhaps go down to Miss to visit their  
son there. He writes in fine spirits. Says they board  
& work or play, read or rest, as they please. I get some  
spending money. I have written to him to be here  
at our anniversary. Folks are at work upon  
the church, painting the outside. The Baptists  
commenced their house to day, I mean the plas-  
tering. Your letter of Sat. has just come in. Our  
new boarder is one of the very best we ever had,  
quiet, nice, clean, & respectful. A robin is  
building a nest in the spruce east of the house  
between it & the office. I can see it at work as I  
write & look out. Folks all come now for supper.  
Good night & ever  
Father