Eau Claire, Nov 23rd [1872]

Sister Bertha and Adie,

I suppose Adie thinks it's some thing great to have a beau. There was a nice young girl wanted an introduction to me last night. She thought I was single. She said I was handsome. She thought I was about twenty two. I don't want Ellen to know anything about it, nor your Mother. But you have one consolation. Almon says he is a goin' to see that Ellen is cared for so you may not worry. My Lord, if you knew the kind of care she has had from all of them, you would think the less of it the better. If she was ever accused of being a lyer or stealing or being nasty or keeping bad company, it was not untill after she came here. Ain't it strange how quick some will change. They dare not say any more to me abot it.

Let us have peace. Have you heard from Greeley lately. How is that Greeley blub of Randolph. Has Rodney started for Albany yet. Tell us all the news. You can bet I am feeling cross to day, played all night and worked all day. I tell you I make things snap around when I get a goin'. But when I think of that girl and my farm, it makes me all right again. So I will close while I have a clever streak on. There Cary has tiped the ink over. Now I am cross again. Oh if you could see me now. I must go to band practice, so good night.

Jeff

[In Ellen's handwriting:]
Well I declare. I believe Jeff is crazy. He is full of the old ned all the time, teases the girls life out of them. Carrie wants me to lock him out doors. He make a practice of working the next day after playing. But then he ain't out all night, only until two and three and some times gets ______ half past twelve. But last night they were out all night, they had so far to ride.

Oh: say Birdie have you ever written to Ida. Write and tell me. Tell Mother I have just been twisting some of my yarn I brought from home. I think I shall make a short piece of rag carpet this winter. I made twenty seven and a half yards last fall. But I have not got enough to cover my two bedrooms and spare room. I guess you will not want to write me again for six months. Tell Father and Mother I have sent them our last papers to read.

Mira says oh Ellen don't write any more, I have got sick of seeing folks write. Good night.

Ellen Miller

Eau Claire, Jan 5th, 73

Sister Bertha,

Ellen has not written all the news. She and the baby is as well as can be expected. It is the smartest little thing you ever see of its age.

Ellen is just as mad about them pretty girls as she can