just a week from the time she was here she died. She left a little girl about to years old.

Mary and Ida was over last week one day. Her sister fails slowly. They think she can't live much longer. I wish you and Father and Mother would come out here and stay all Summer. Now write to me as soon as you get this, and send me some seeds, and if you send me a box, write when you send it. I'll bet that agent won't cheat me out of another one.

I have not seen Almon's folks since I was up there. But Jeff stopped there two week ago, said they were all well.

Well I have filled my paper, not written any news either. I will try to think of more to write next time.

Ellen

How I would like a piece of new maple sugar from there. It don't taste as good here as the sugar made there does. Give my love to all the folks.

Eau Claire, June 6th, 1876

Dear Sister,

I received your letter and seeds, also the box. They come through all right. I got the letter the 25th of May and the box the next day, 26th. The bulbs and all that had roots are growing finely. The slips are all alive, but two Fuchias and one bogonia. I think the rest will all live. I feel awful proud of them I tell you. Mary was over here the
next day after I got them. She said she was in hopes they
would all live so she could have some slips, when they rooted.
She was almost sick when she was here. They buried her sister
the Monday before. She had been up so much with her, she was
about wore out. They buried her down in Gilmanton where her
mother was buried. And it is quite a journey down there. They
were gone three days. Charles and Mary just called here
Friday, said she was feeling better. We are all well. Jeff
was out last night, played all night for a dance on the north
side. He feels pretty sleepy to day.

Jeff went up to Almon's Sunday. They think they will surely
sell their place soon, and go to Florida. They intend to stop
there and take Father with them. Lizzie said that was their
intention now. We can't find out who talks of buying their
farm, and I for one don't care, hope they will sell. They
want to bad enough.

Charles and Mary talk of coming down there in September.
Mary says that Charles can't get leave before that time.

We have funny weather this Spring. The first of this
month it was cold enough to have a frost. For two nights I
thought we surely would. It rained and hailed like fun, but
crops and every thing looks promising.

I sowed all of my flower seed. They are just coming up.

There is a family just moved next door to me where that
woman died I wrote to you about. The woman was out in her
yard sowing flower seeds. I stepped up to the fence and said Mrs. Elliott what kind of seeds you planting. She said I don't know Mrs. Miller what are they. They are some Hattie gave me (that is her sister in law). She said do you know what they are. I took the paper and looked at them and told her they were sun flower seeds. How she laughed. There she had planted her beds and mounds full of them. She had a whole hand full she said and put them all in but the few she had in the paper. I told her she could get some chickens this fall and fat them on sunflower seed. She thought her yard would look gay by and by. Well Birdie I have filled my paper with nonsense. But I can't stop to write more this time. It looks like rain and I must go and set out some tomatoe plants. I have written this in a hurry. Write soon. Give my love to all.

Ellen

Eau Claire, July 7th, 1876

Dear Sister,

Well Birdie I guess you think I am not agoing to write again. But I did write just as soon as I got the box, but neglected to send it to the office. Jeff would forget it every day. I thought I would write to day a tell you how we all get along. The folks are all well, that is for ought I know. Have not seen Almon's folks since you wrote to me. I am not feeling very well