had thought you could write such a good letter and write
plain, I would like to have you write often. I will write
more often than I have lately. Well Birdie we have not named
our baby yet. We like the name of Dewitt but not Edson. We
have thought of calling him Addison Dewitt and call him Addie
but we can't decide upon any name yet. Write to us as soon as
you get this and let us know how you get along. Do you make
sugar this Spring, and tell me all the news. Give my love to
Maranda and all the rest. The girls have had their letters
written ever since we got your letter and Carrie's got awful
dirty. So she thought she would copy it and she has made it
look about as bad as the first one. She can write real good
but she has written with a book in her lap and it don't look
very nice. Well I commenced this Sunday and if I don't send
it off pretty soon you won't get it this Summer.

Ellen

Eau Claire, Wis., June 27th [1877]

Dear Mother an Sisters,

I received your card an also the box all right. Many
thanks for them. They are all growing but the fuchias. I
could not make them live. I am agoing to send Mother some
after the Fourth. I want to get a spotted lily for her. I
wish I knew if Mother had a white double fuchia (white center)
and scarlet outside. I have one. I thought I would not send
any fuchias. Mother has so many kinds. But I could send ever
so many kinds, the dwarf one the flowers about one inch long.
Write and tell me.

I can't write much to night for it is almost dark now and
I want to send this out. I have been washing to day and am
very tired. We have been alone all this week. Jeff went up
the river to the upper dam to work, he be gone all the week.
He wanted me to send you the baby's pictures. Last Sunday
after I got him washed and dressed, he put him in the carriage,
said he was going a little walk. I supposed he was going up
to Den's and thought no more about. Then in a little while he
came back with these two pictures. I was so provoked I
wanted to pound him. He had nothing but his every day dress
on. I asked him why he didn't comb his hair, said he did run
his fingers through it. The one in the chair looks just like
him when he is mad, and he was mad because Jeff took him out
of his carriage. They are not good pictures, but Jeff wanted
me to send them. Keep the one you like best and let Mother
Miller have the other. In a few weeks I will send you some
better ones. All well. Write soon, a long letter, all the
news.

Ellen

Eau Claire, Feb 24th, 1879

Dear Mother and Sisters,