

you a miss.
 you had have
 not been able
 to get me - so
 if you will
 accept the miss
 on the steel I
 will try & bring
 you a nice one
 when I
 come home.
 Please
 give
 my love to
 her & to
 Father
 & see
 at home
 as often
 as you can
 dear old
 your loving
 daughter
 and
 Mother
 Dear Mother
 I want to wish - but you
 believe don't what to be so very
 I'll only wish that you may have
 fifty days
 of the day - I think ever
 dear old
 your loving
 daughter
 and
 Mother

Behk. Turkey
 December 2^d 1876

precious Mother.

The letter I wrote you

last evening I think you will find is any thing
 but cheerful so now I want to write you one
 to let you know that I am feeling somewhat
 more like my self tonight - I do not however
 indulge myself much of the time in thinking
 of how much I would like to see you, else I
 am afraid the consequences would be
 some what disastrous - However much one may
 be enjoying ones self or however busy when
 one comes to sift the matter down one finds
 it is pretty poor living without a mother, yet
 I don't really think I am homesick - but I have
 a feeling all the time that I have never had
 before. How I have wanted you to ask how
 to make things for Eeie to eat, I must tell
 you some of the things I have made - I have
 made wine jelly three times - I have had two
 calves feet to make up - I boiled them &
 made a sort of gravy for them & distilled Eeie
 ate the meat. (What a trouble it is to cook
 calves feet) I have made chocolate more times

than I could count — also beef tea — broiled mutton
 chops — sago & tapioca puddings — Then she has had
 boiled rice & suinalua — stewed chicken — tea —
 bread — crackers — grapes — etc — etc — Don't you
 think she lives nicely? It seems to me I am cooking
 all the time for Elsie has to have food every two
 hours & never wants the same kind of food two
 hours apart — It keeps one at any time from
 morning till night & night till morning to know what
 to get for Elsie to eat — She is very easily suited
 & has a good appetite — two grand helps for one —
 Elsie comes to her babies as naturally as if she had
 used to having infants to call her "precious ones" — her
 darling baby — "her beautiful — beautiful baby" —
 etc — etc — I suppose you did the same to me —
 almost twenty years ago — Oh! Mother dear
 is it not dreadful to think I am so nearly
 twenty years old? I am even more sorry to be
 twenty than I was to be nineteen — only four
 more days & I will be twenty years old — I think
 it is exceedingly silly to dread so to grow old, but
 I am sorry to say I do dread it very very much.
 It is just ten o'clock & I would go to bed, only
 that I don't look forward to going to bed in
 this country with as much pleasure as I used to
 get home — You only go to bed to be eaten up by

I have never seen a young girl so young to
 have such a large family
 I have never seen a young girl so young to
 have such a large family
 I have never seen a young girl so young to
 have such a large family

what you modestly call "b'is" I have gotten
 so that I can say the words without a blush.
 Last night while William was writing to you
 a great bed bug crawled up & lodged
 its self on his blotting paper — & there
 met a sad end — William was so disgusted,
 This is a disgusting house — I would be ashamed
 to write to you all the disagreeable things about
 it, & almost ashamed to tell — & yet it is won-
 derful how comfortable we are able to make
 our selves — My room since the babies came has been
 used for a dining room — as well reception — dressing
 — bath — & sleeping room — On one side of the
 room is a bureau & the bed — Here is the bureau
 This end holds
 things
 This end is a book case — The wash stand has
 the bowl & pitcher & comb & brushes —
 Now since William can't have his own room
 he sleeps part of the time in my room, & part of the
 time in a little back room — I have said with truth
 that we have "all things in common" — In the morning
 first I wash & dress in my room — Then Mrs. Pook
 washes & dresses in my room — Then William takes
 his turn, until I am out of my room & afterwards
 cannot set the table for breakfast — But it is
 really foolish for one to try to give you any idea of

This end holds things
 This end is a book case
 the bowl & pitcher & comb & brushes
 Now since William can't have his own room

how we live - I don't believe it can be done so that
you will sufficiently admire the beauties of the
place - Constantinople is rather disappointing I
think, I feel as if I should like a talk with you - I
am sure I must be doing things all the time that if
I were at home you would correct me for - or talk to
me about, I think Ellie would tell me if I do any
thing wrong - but naturally she has not the same
care over me that my darling little Mother has -
I should like to have a letter full of advice from you,
When I do things I almost always ask myself -
"Would Mother like that"? I suppose if I pray & pray
& pray all the time, & try and live as I pray I will
with the devout prayers that you are I know offering
for me be kept from doing any thing very bad - Ellie
& William don't seem to have much fault to find with
me - how if I could only brush your hair this
morning we could have a real nice little improving
talk - Couldn't we? Friday morning - I had in-
tended to write much to you but I had forgotten or
not thought of the mail going this morning & so neg-
lected it - You are the only one that I will write
to (at home) till I get some letters, for I have an-
swered & more than answered all my letters - I
have not had a letter from home since three weeks
ago today - If I don't get one today I shall feel that

I am quite forgotten - Tomorrow will be the sixth of December - I am
quite anxious to know how the day will pass - I want to go to know
what Jennie will in the third - I want to wish you Mother dear a