

Sanctov. Bulgaria.

Nov 14th - 1880.

My darling Mother,

It does not seem possible that another birthday has almost come around, but, as it is a fact nevertheless, I want to wish you a very happy one. May this be the very pleasantest birthday anniversary that you have ever spent, & may the coming year be the brightest & fullest of joys & blessings to you, of any year that you can remember. May you be kept in health & light heartedness. May the cold of winter & the heat of summer alike be enjoyable to you & may each season as it comes seem pleasanter to you than the last.

May your duties be made light
& pleasant to you. May you have
not a moment's cause for misappre-
hension in any of your children
— or grandchildren, but may
each of us give you perfect &
uninterrupted pleasure & confidence in
us. May you be spared to ~~us~~ ^{us} a
long time if it be God's will.

To make a short story of my
devoirs for you, let me simply say
that "I wish you all the joys that
you can wish".

The handkerchief enclosed is one
that I bought in Constantinople
last summer & as I have had no
time to make you a birthday re-
membrance, will you accept this,
knowing that I would like to have some-
thing much nicer, & much more ac-
ceptable.

Before this letter reaches you I will
be truly one year old. I remember
about my eighteenth birthday how we
were talking of the way it would be
nice to spend my truly first birth-
day, but it is just possible that
it will not be spent as I then
expected to have it. How little
one can tell what a day may
bring forth. Who ever thought
that I would be living in Belgium?
Even at this late date I find my-
self wondering how it ever came
about, that I should be the one to
come, instead of Lulu or Jenny.

We are all pretty well & enjoying
comfortably good spirits.

Please give my love to all the dear
ones at home, & again my darling
Mother wishing you a very happy
birthday, I am most affectionately
Your daughter Caroline.