

Samokov. Bulgaria.

January 2^d - 1881.

My dear Father,

The very welcome letter that reached me from you on New Years eve, I want to thank you for, & answer at once.

It is not too late to wish you a very happy & prosperous New Year, and it is a great pleasure for me to be able to do so. I hope that it is for the best that you may have an easier twelve months than the last five times twelve have been.

When I see you again dear Father I don't want you to be looking all worn out & tired & filled with care & distress. because I am expecting to see you & Mother with very few more gray hairs than when you were on the "City of Berlin" saying good bye to me. What a pleasure it was that we all could sail away together. It fixed you all so firmly in

my mind to see you all on the
yacht "Promise". Dear little Mother,
I can see her as distinctly as if it
were but yesterday. She looked too
lovely in her black silk dress holding
up a fan to her eyes, that I think were
not quite dry. You Father looked
so big powerful. I have hardly seen
such a big man since I saw you.

When Mr Locke came back here from
America he looked perfectly immense
but he is not more than six feet tall.
It used to make me real homesick to
see him going around with his little
girls holding his hand, for it made
me think so of when I used to go
around with you. It often comes to
my mind how you & I used to sing
together as we came home from some
place up the valley. It seems a long,
long time, since then. What a lovely
happy childhood I had. It is not very
long since I used to wish you a "Happy
New Year" with little more idea what
it meant, than, that if I was up early
in the morning I could say it first-
how though I would like to feel myself a
child. I am conscious that likely one third of
my life is spent.

We are all so sorry that you did not see the House before they went west. William had a letter from the House last week, in which he spoke of your having written to Mrs House.

You may not be able to see it yet, but perhaps after a while, you will be able to discover that I am schooling myself to write more distinctly. I find I have grown so very careless, from having so much writing to do, & so little time to do it in.

Ellen just came and crept up to my side & caught hold of my dress to help herself up by, so I helped her a little by taking her on my lap, I said to her "Ellen I am writing to your Grandpa, what shall I tell him for you?" Ellen said as she looked up - "Ba-ba" - "Any thing more," said I. Again & more impressively - "Ba-ba - Pap-pa - oo - oo - Pap-pa". From her answer you ~~no doubt~~ will no doubt will see that Ellen is a very intelligent child.

I am afraid it will be of no use to

write any thing about introducing new tools into this country. The carpenters are well suited, with an adze which they use for all sorts of purposes, as, ax, hatchet, hammer, plane, saw, etc.

These people use the saw, not as we at home use ^{it} them, but draw it toward them, making it look decidedly awkward, but there it is not more odd than to see the women saw cut bread, iron, etc, with their left hands, ~~And~~ we have a good deal of fun in shaking our heads for we shake our heads yes, as the Bulgarians shake no, but more striking still they shake their heads yes as we shake our no.

Sometimes I ask Elsie something & she begins to wag her head in a sad, reproachful way at me, which leads me to believe that she seriously disapproves but all at once I remember that it is Bulgarian yes.

We spent a very pleasant time at Mrs. Soles yesterday, where we were invited to dine.

With your consent I will enclose a letter for Mother in your envelope.

With much love to you, and all at home, I am
Affectionately &c. your daughter
Caroline.

2-11-80



Mr Charles Scranton
Lyford. Warren Co, New Jersey
United States of America
America.



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