

Loyal, Clarke Co., Wis.
Tuesday, March 17, 1886.

My dear Fellen;

I was very sorry, indeed, not to see you again and to come away from Clifton Springs without seeing you. And almost every day ever since I came away I have thought of you & said to myself, "I must get time to write to Fellen today."

And now your dear little letter of March 6 (my Father's birthday!) has come and I enjoyed every word of it & felt almost as if I could see you as I read all the interesting things you tell me.

I am here with the little John I used to tell you about. You may remember how I used to say how I should like to see little John's white

teeth biting into those apples! He is
a very dear little boy, & he is just
about as large as you I think -
He was five years old the first day
of February, but is large with bright
very cheeks (only that lately he has
been quite ill with "epif") blue
eyes & hair like yours. One day
when he got on a certain cap I
said; "Why John, you reminded me
of my little friend Seldon!" -
Several days after that he hap-
pened to get on the same cap
& came to me asking: "Would I
remind you of your little friend
Seldon?" - John has three
sisters, Eva is eight years old,
Ethel was three on John's eighth
birthday (& it is their grandmother's
birthday too!) & Baby Foma May is
sixteen months old. Their Mamma
went to the Beautiful Home just

the day before New Year's day and all the little ones, especially John, Miss has very much - I have been staying with them all these weeks trying to take care of them the best I could until their Papa could think what to do. I should love to stay & take ^{care of} them always if my head did not ache so hard all the time. Now they are all to go & live at Grandma's house while their Papa goes away to another place for his business, so that I may not remain here among uncles long.

The day I came here it was very cold (-25° !) but since then it has been quite warm sometimes as well as cold. I wish you could see the great woods that are here right across the road; they will

be beautiful when the leaves come out
 & the spring flowers are in blossom.
 But the funniest thing about
 the woods now is the squirrels -
 They seem to have finished all
 their winter stores & almost every
 day we see several of them coming
 to the granary & then running
 back along the fence & across
 the road each one carrying an
 ear of corn in his mouth! The
 corn often looks larger than the
 squirrel himself. There are the
 cunning little reddish brown
 squirrels, & larger ones that are a
 pretty gray, & sometimes there
 comes a handsome black one. While
 I am writing John saw two red
 ones racing toward the granary &
 he rushed out to the door & clapped
 his hands & called out so that the
 little creatures scampered back
 as fast as they could & disappeared

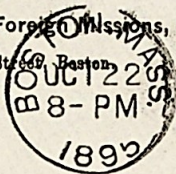
in the woods. There is a large
cocker dog here who sometimes
catches the squirrels if he can
overtake them between the grass
& the woods.

When I came there was no
kitty at the house; but one very
cold day we kept hearing a mew
& finally when we opened the door
recalled there came in a kitty, the
handsomest one I ever saw, I think
all fine speckled yellow & black. John
& Ethel had great fun playing with
this cat, but they were rather afraid
of it. Scarcely the large handsome cat
from the barn is coming in
occasionally. — John has been
writing this letter to you while
I am writing, & I wish you could
hear all the pretty & interesting
things he is saying. — He does not

go to school yet - I wish he could
 go to a nice kindergarten & learn
 nice things as you do. - John can
 say the first half of the 23rd Psalm
 & several other verses, & always
 loves our time of evening prayers
 as I am putting them to bed -
 all the children are fond of Lutterick's
 cradle hymn: "Away in a manger,
 no crib for his bed, the little Lord
 Jesus laid down his sweet head" &
 "Jesus tenderly slept in his arms",
 there & other little hymns we sing
 nearly every bedtime - I shall be
 very sorry to go away & leave the
 children for they are very bright &
 interesting & I love them very much.
 Please give my warm love to your
 Mamma & Papa, to the girls & Willie.
 & remember that I love you always
 & shall be happy to have a letter from
 you every time you can write - Thank
 you for writing for me -
 Your friend,
 Miss Mulling.

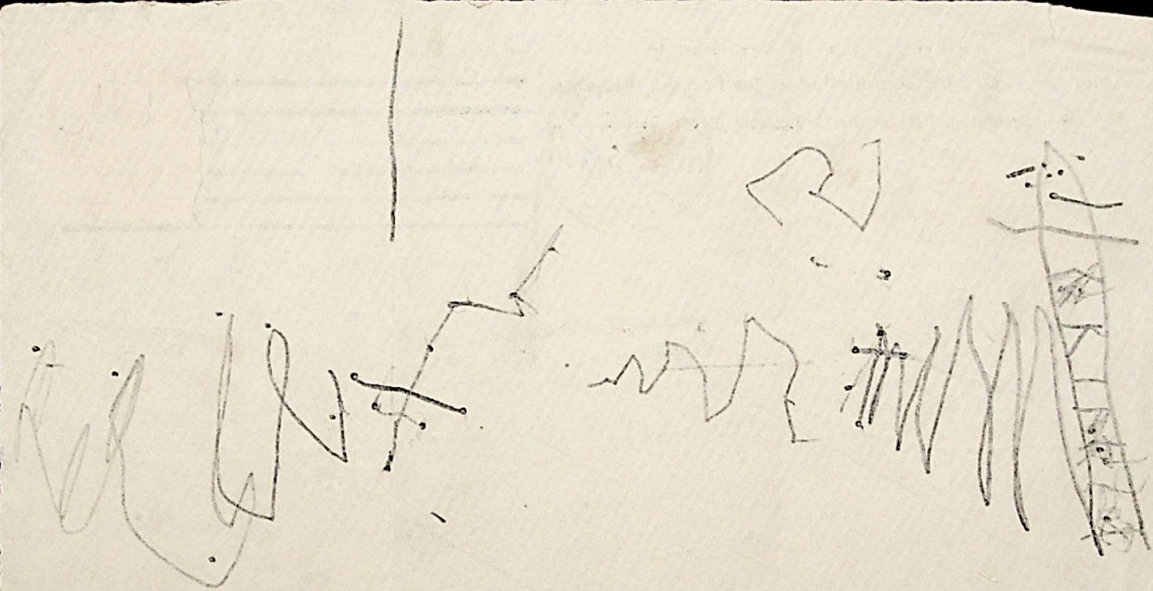


If not delivered within five days, return to
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Miss Maria G. Nutting,
Clifton Springs,
N. Y.

*No delivery
from Boston*



1896



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