



To spare me a thought, and  
the time to send those lonely  
messengers. You will be glad  
to know that she is much  
sublime as I was feeling ex-  
hausted from one of my severe  
headaches, and was just enough  
better to thoroughly enjoy their  
aroma. When and how to have  
that promised visit I wonder.  
All our busy work is done.

The dress-making was finished  
last week and last night  
the seamstress took her  
departure leaving only the  
little work that we shall be  
fit to do. If possible I want  
to get home last dress cut and  
made this week, as only the  
cutting and fitting is my part.

But now comes the sad part  
of my story. My mother is  
an invalid, and we have scarcely  
any hope of her being any better,  
and yet the doctors agree with  
us that to let her know her  
true condition would only hasten  
her departure - so only bright  
and hopeful faces are carried  
into her room - even when the  
subjects are alarming. To be  
truly she does not suffer very  
much, usually except from rheu-  
matism and what she terms "neu-  
ralgia," and though she usually  
lies on the lounge in her room  
can walk about on this floor a  
little. She enjoys company and  
as we have not been alone for  
the past month, and need much  
we expect a relative who will  
probably stay as long as we need



her, I would she does not worry  
Mother. She was very decided  
ideas as to nursing but I shall  
keep the care of her and simply  
have her executed, and wait on us  
both, sit in Mother's room and so on  
I dare not think of the future only  
live one day at a time, thankful  
for every comfortable day and praying  
that neither courage nor strength  
may fail I is possible that she  
will get around the house again  
but neither the doctors nor we who  
are watching her closely expect it  
nor do we anticipate any sudden  
giving out unless she overtaxes her  
strength and then "heart failure"  
would naturally be the result the  
doctors say. Dear, Precious Mother  
I dare not think of the future. But  
God is good and I can leave it all to him.  
Come here and make that long talked  
of visit, we shall be glad to see you  
and I'll not burden you with my  
troubles. Our next door neighbor died  
a few days since with heart disease.  
All our family are usually well and



Mrs. W. H. Barber

Burdett

P. Jersey

