

*Nov 21*

Bridgeton, New-Jersey.

JAN 21 1888

*Dear friends:*

*Wishes from*

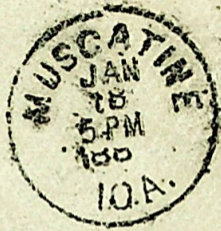
*me in B-.*

*Yours*

*W. H. Belders*

*Bridgeton*

*New Jersey.*





Muscotauqua  
Jan. 18. 1888.

Mr. & Mrs. Belden  
Wilmington N.J.  
Dear Mr. Belden:

Excuse the pencil,  
so<sup>e</sup> below your finger the ink,  
but not dear remembrance of you,  
though it has been a long time  
since I have written, so long  
that I have lost the place,  
as school boys say. Will begin  
with last spring, which <sup>promised</sup> so much  
for the natural good of farmers  
but ended in a disastrous  
drouth, leaving us but little to  
winter on, especially live stock  
and we could hardly <sup>sell</sup> at any price.

Then I was under "enforced  
leisure" as you used to say  
for six months, caused mainly  
by irritation of the lining of the  
stomach, this brought on  
disarrangement of the Bowels,  
Liver, Kidney, and Lungs -  
had two pills, pills for  
me, did me more than being  
a temporary relief I fear, as  
I have daily warnings of a  
fresh attack, am unable to  
do any but light, and little  
of that.

I suppose Minnie has told  
you about her sickness of last  
summer - her general health  
is poor, wish she could be  
under Dr. Strat's care again;  
we would be willing to make  
great sacrifice, to see her

have the splendid health  
with which she returned to us  
nearly eighteen months ago.

My dear wife had a hard  
time of it, with the work and two  
sick ones to wait on, but that  
was not enough, but she  
unfortunately fell down the  
cellar stairs - I thought she  
was dead, had not strength  
to lift her up - called Charlie  
to help me - she soon revived  
but the injury received was  
quite serious - has been under  
medical treatment for some  
time.

Just now we are all  
feeling comfortable, but like  
the people of Charleston, in the

late Earthquake shocks, waiting  
to see what will come next,  
and while waiting, trusting  
and hoping - trying to enjoy  
the little good we have.

Then, it is not good to write  
too much about ourselves, or  
come here to think too much,  
so I want you to tell the little  
ones how often - in imagination -  
I visit Bridgton - make an  
informal call on the Pastor  
of the West Presbyterian Church -  
rush into the nursery like  
a western Cyclone - catch up  
and kiss the first one I come  
to - but stop! how about Ellen  
and Mary - "which is which" -  
The old man might have a  
large job on his hands. Well,  
if I ever do come, I fear you

will all be shocked, we  
have lived on the borders so  
long, feel almost incivilized.

My paper, which are  
but broken bits, fails me  
to enlighten, or guide by, with  
love of me all, to all.

Would be glad to have  
you write us, when duty and  
straight pursuit

Hoping to meet you  
"Over there", if not in this world

I am, yours in love.

J. Worcester.