June 23rd 1887

Dear Mother once more I seat myself to write to you we are not well last Sabbath Joe had A bad spell if any thing it was worse than common he was not well that morning but thought it would help him to go to preaching after we had been there awhile he got to warm & him & Bill went to their house when Sabbath school was over I went down there we got dinner over when he took bad he had three spells one right after the other we sent after the Doctor but he was better when he got there he rested good that night but was very weak next morning has ~~been mending since~~ that is A right smart ~~better today~~ we are at Charlies now ~~it is~~ just

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after dinner Lillie is ~~lying~~ on the bed
Charlie & Joe out under the wagon well
Mother I am going to write some good
news we expect to start home next
Monday night at 11 o clock if nothing
happens more than we know of now
we want Gilbert to meet us at
centralia wednesday. if we make
connections all right we will ~~be~~
get there at 12 oclock wednesday
& he had better go in the wagon
so we can take our ~~things~~ boxes out
as we go we hav'nt sold our
relingnishment yet but we will leave
it any way the Doctor is going to
write out a certificate for Joe stating
why he has to leave he says Joe
must get away from here as
soon as possible for the air is to
light & is to hot here for him
we thought we were going to start
last monday for home so we packed
up our ~~things~~ things last friday

& now we have to stay here & at
Bills till we get off for we dont
want to unpack we were at home
yesterday we have got enough of Kan
I tell you we have been trying to
sell for about 5 weeks I wouldent
tell you before for I thought it
would be such a disappointment
if we dident get off but we
have to get away now we will
start to Garden City between
midnight & daylight monday morning
for we have to take Joe while
it is cool as he cant stand the
hot sun I tell you it seems
a long time till monday but
I will wash & iron & that
will help to put in the time
I guess we can put in the
time easy enough when we
get home O how our tongues
will rattle off the talk we wont

have to scratch a few lines on
paper then now you'ns must not
fix up any thing to good to eat
or we will founder but just
wait till we get there & I can
tell you better how we live out
here than I can write it it
is getting awful dry here every thing
is drying up fast well what is
the use of me writing when I
can soon talk to you if nothing
happens I hope this will be
the last time I will have to
write to you for I would rather
talk & if I get back there I
dont intend to leave again if
I can help it unless it would
be like it was this time well
I will quit for this time hoping to
see you all soon I remain your
loving child Good bye Glorida to Mother