

San Jose Dec 30th 1883

My Dear little Katy

Your kind letter was received a long time ago and you will pardon your old uncle Ed. for not answering before but the facts are it is the hardest work I do to write a letter of friendship for I have so many business letters that I cant hardly switch off now Katy this is the last Sunday in the year and it is warm as a May day with the grass green and occasionally a rose in bloom in the yard which will not correspond hardly with your surroundings in Cambridge for I can imagine just how old Mansfield looks with his nose frozen and his skin covered with snow and the Hill sides covered with their white mantles but yet I would enjoy