

[1884?]

April 29

Dear daughter
being alone this afternoon
I will try and pen a few
lines to you it is almost
impossible for me to write when
Eddie is here

my health is no better than
when I left your place last Dec
my right arm is getting
weak the same as the left one
was last fall I have done very
little since I came home only
a little sewing I live in hopes
when the weather gets warm I
shall be able to help myself
I dont expect to ever be well