

Langose

Jan 25 1881

My ever dear daughter
I have been looking anxiously
for a line from you but thus
far I still look hoping for the best
I wish you could look upon us
this beautiful sabbath day every
thing bright and green grass and
grain 3 or 4 inches high the
trees beginning to bud quite
a number of varieties of flowers
are in blossom.

The farmer rides his gang
plow turning up furrows of black
earth which waft a fragrance of
perfume as you pass by