

Jeffersonville W.  
April 22<sup>nd</sup> 1871

My Dear Sister—

I think I have waited long enough to write. I have been sick for two days and could not go to school as usual. My neck is stiff yet and I have to carry it as straight as a poker but I go to school. Papa is going to Hyde Park next Tuesday and will bring up your dress. Mamma has papered the kitchen and <sup>Papa</sup> whitewashed the kitchen. We've got the paint to paint. Have you told Miss Bartons that