

Jeffersonville, Dec. 18. 87

My dear child,

I've tried to get papa  
to write you to night but can't  
get him; so I will; he will try and  
go over the Lake, before long; perhaps  
the last of this week.

Mrs Jones sent me  
a postah saying your dress was  
finished, and that we could have  
it whenever we wanted.  
They are going to have a Christmas tree  
here Saturday eve, we shant do much