

My Dear little Cora
 This is Friday
 afternoon in the
 City of Cleveland
 17th day of
 Second month A.D. 1860



"PROTECTING THE FARE"

Cora, when will you write me a letter - I cannot see you - and I would very much like to - and as soon as you can write I wish you would and tell me all about your little playmates - do you have Mary Wood or Sally Simppins to set up your baby house - Blanche & Ella got two boxes, and their mother papered them - and I made them chairs and tables, just as I did you - and the boxes were filled with presents - and what a nice time they had - would you like to see Lotta's baby - Oh, he's a good little fellow and knows enough to cry for food when he's hungry and if he can't get it - suck his thumb, but for all that - he'll be a man before his mother and that is as much as can be expected of him - Good bye Grandpa

