

Transcription\_HSP\_17184

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North Mountain.  
August 21st

My belovedest boy-

This is the very first Sunday since I have been here that has seemed at all [humidified?] to me, and it is only on account of a certain indescribable feeling in the air that it does seem so, for we have had nothing approaching a [service?], far from it, for this morning Mr. Ricketts, or some one was

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playing the Lancers on the violin! We have at last accomplished our Sickler's Branch expedition, congratulate me- we all started yesterday morning, except Lulu and Howard, at nine o'clock and had the most glorious walk first down the road in front of the house for two and a half miles, then through the woods for a couple miles when we struck the stream down which we clambered to Kitchen's Creek Bridge, we passed the most beautiful falls, I did wish for you so often, the whole stream was far more beautiful than the one we took for our Coles expedition- at Hacker's we found Lulu and Howard who had driven there, and refreshed ourselves with delicious rich milk- Mr. Leavenworth drove down for some of us and the rest counted upon going back in the stage, when what do you suppose? That horrible old Leonard refused to let more than ~~any~~ one get in, said the horses we tired, (altho' he fairly ran them up the mountain) so there was nothing to be done but

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foot it home, that part of it was fearful, it seemed like climbing up a straight wall, we are all pretty well tuckered out to-day, everyone gapes at everyone else. I finished my dear Henry Esmond to-day, read Helen Troy all thro' (most unmitigated trash) and have begin "The Chaplain of the Fleet" besides at last answering Anne Smith's letter, don't you think that was doing pretty well? Three lovely letters arrived from my dear boy yesterday, the Wednesday one having probably detained in Shick

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shinny where the stage came up on Thursday. Monday morn. The stage is going right away only 8.15 so I haven't tried to write half I intended to dear and as it's not going down on Wednesday I'll have to wait until I see you- if you write to me tho' just the same dear I'll get the letters in Shickshinny. It's splendid that my lucky little boy has another case.

Your loving,  
Daisy,

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[Postmark Shickshinny Aug 22 PA; postage stamp for 3 cents]

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[Two postmarks Philad'a. PA. Aug 23 10AM Rec'd.]