

Stringtown, Ind.

Sept. 20th, 1869.

Dear Henry:

I embrace the present opportunity of writing you a little letter that you may know that I get do, be and suffer if not exactly a verb. I commenced to write to you yesterday, but was prevented from doing so by a chill. Although I am rather cadaverous looking I think that my health has been improving for three or four days past and if I can get free of the ague I intend soon to be

as blonzy as ever and may
probably set myself up
as ~~State~~^a Champion fighter

So you see with such
prospects ahead that it is
very thoughtless of you to
play sulky with me - won't
write, etc.

I hope that you haven't
forgotten your sage resolution
about - always being well;
to believe that you will
not fall from grace is
a great source of pleasure.

There is no news of
interest unless you wish
to attend a picnic ^{Saturday} meet^{ing}
to be given somewhere.

Twice here and yonder

Then I suppose that you
are not aware that Capt.
Jones was recently united
to a lady living in
Pinecrest. I imagine

that you admire clisnaxes
therefore have reserved the
heaviest item for the last.

Glad I've come to it - at least -

Well, I've got a new pet -
a small chicken with a
very large head. I have been
teaching it to sing. It is
making rapid progress and
bids fair to become quite
a prodigy. I am lonesome
today and don't know anything

~~thing~~ to tell you. If you
 were here I would have you
 to sing Joe Hanker, or make
 Gub scratch you. Goodbye for
 the present.

Your humble servant
 Mollie.

P.S.

If I am well enough
 I will add another sheet tomorrow
 in the meantime I'll
 attend to taking the medicine
 the dr prescribed is i. genuine
 tonic and a bottle of four
 doses to be taken alternately.

Tell me if you are
 getting very wise for next week
 which I believe you told me
 would be com- week, one to none.



Capt. - H. Pecknangh
Leavenworth,
Indiana.