

OKan, Illinois
Oct. 21st 1859

My Dear Father

It has been some time
since I have written to you now,
and this morning as I am staying
at home I think this is a fit oppor-
tunity to write to you. Ma has recei-
ved letters from you very regular
now for some time and in all of
them you say you very ^{seldom} get a letter
from her and she writes every week.
Aunt Maggie is still here and thinks
of going in a week. Nucle Cis is all
the time waiting for her to come home
she is making a very pleasant visit
Nucle Sam brought me down from
Chicago a splendid full bred pointer
he is black all over and a nice dog
Mr McKee says he will take very little

training to make him a nice hunting
dog and I hope by the that you
come he will be sufficiently trained
to go hunting with. We had quite a
little accident happened on the
Rail Road, about three miles north
of here. The early Passenger Train
Ran off the track and smashed the
engine all to pieces and turned the
Tender and the baggage car up side
down on the track and all the trains
for that day were stopped and it
being so near our house we had quite
a sight, and very fortunately no
one was injured. Every one around
our house says that Caddie is more
many Brubank than any two persons
they ever saw. Grandpa and Grandpa
both have taken a great fancy to
her. I have not been to the woods

to gather nuts but once and then
Uncle Maggie and all hands and
staid all day we got a wagon load
of walnuts and we could find no
others they had all been gathered
Ma bought two some chickens from
Mrs Phil - the first we have had since
we left home. Ma has found a tailor
and is making me a pair of pants
Okar is improving every day some body's
building all the time!

Your affectionate son
G. A. Spawer

Dear Father.

I have written the letter to Mrs Miller that you wished
me to, and I send it to you with Mother's letter. If you think it
is fit to be sent to Mrs Miller I would be very much obliged to
you if you will send it, if not you can do what you think best.
I was all yesterday morning writing it and have been all the morning
copying it, it is now a quarter past eleven. Dear Father you must
forgive my writing you only these few lines, but as I am very tired I will

write you a long letter, telling you a hundred little matters in
which a letter ought to be concerned. Give my love to all inquiring
friends. And bless me as ever, Your affectionate daughter

Annie B. Sharrow