

West Boylston, Mass.
Wednesday, Aug. 12th, 1868

My Dear James,

I wish I could see you tonight, but as distance still separates us, I must use my pen for a medium of communication.

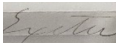
We've had a beautiful cool day today; had some thunder showers last eve. & they refreshed the air beautifully.

We, the returned tourists, are all feeling quite nicely tonight, but if ever there was a tired child, it was me, last night. I was so tired, I suspect I had a little touch of the sick headache. Charlotte laughed at me for being sick at my stomach, after having been to see Mr. C.  disgusted me so much, that I think it did me good. She told me she thinks I do get the "con" first, after all.

I suppose you did get my letter this P.M., telling you that we were near home. Father met us at the P.O.

I was very glad to get home so were Grant & Becca. They are well.

I brought the mail along with me—a letter for father, another from you, also one for Matilda from you. I received one from Smith.

Mr. is married to a Miss Thomaston, and from , that Becca saw a notice of his marriage in a paper, & Smith writes me that he had been in HRV and was married.

Callers have come in, & I must leave this for now.

Thurs. Eve,

The day has passed without giving me a chance to finish this, so I take this time when some half dozen are talking & I may not write very clearly.

I purchased me a nice dress in the city & I send you just a bit of it—all wool poplin, very handsome we think, in the price.

I've just received your letter; the bearer was "Betty."

You say you don't know who would be your wife—I don't if you be gone all the time.

That trip you proposed was a nice one, but I've got to think it over before I write my plan about starting, but it is for you to say when you get ready for me to come.

Becca thinks she cannot think of coming, as it will cost so much.

We've been to the school examination this P.M., great affair.

Lottie sends you a new neck tie tomorrow.

It is her birthday & she wants to celebrate it some way.

I got that ten dollars you sent me, & I thought I had written about it. The grass I mowed about twice that I sold it to Mr. Stiles & had got my pay.

But these two letters you never read I suppose, as I mentioned other things for which you've never replied.

I can't write decently amid such uproars, but I'll write you a good long letter sure & tell all I know.

Good night.

Ruth

First morn. All well. Gracie sends love.

R.