

19 1859-01-01: Letter

Grinnell, 1 January 1859

My Dear Sister

It is with much pleasure that I now take my pen in hand to converse awhile with you but it would give me far more pleasure to sit down with you and talk fact to face but that happiness is not mine to enjoy and so I will try to be content with writing to you and let you know that I have not forgotten you and that I still love you very much and wish to suu you very much. I often think of you and wish you were here with me. I would put you to pressing hats as I have had all the pressing to do that has been to do in the place and had
???? dress making to do shall not have much more to do this winter. I have had a few silk hats to make and have one green sattin in the house now to make this week.

Perhaps you would like to know what I have got new. Well I will tell you for myself. I have nothing but too night dresses. That is all.

Tell Mother that I like her have not got any new hat and doo not expect to have but I have a good black walnut table and a nice lounge a good rocking chare and a good cow and they are all mine as I paid for them. All but the cow and I have paid out for lard and butter and eggs and milk and other groceries enuff to pay for the cow. George thinks the cow is justly mine and so do I. I got George too pair of over alls and too neck clothes and that is all he has had. So you see I have been up and dooing and this is my excuse for not writing to you. I trust you will forgive me. Do not think I have spent all for I have not.

I will tell you about Chrs? Barber. She has 2 cows, 3 boys, and a plenty of eggs and lard and beef and pork and potatoes and turnips to eat. Now should you think she was very hard up now I think she is not. She is no help to Barber and I feel very sad when I see him and do not have anything to do with her. She is a poor stick but let no one hear this from me.

Well (Will?) you say Mother would like to know how Father and Minira? gets along. Father is very feeble. He as about done with this world. I do not think he will live threw the spring if he should as long. We did not think he would live through last summer but he is still with and God only knows what will be. We do not think Minira? will ever get well. She thinks she will die in of these spells she has.

Well now I will tell you what that boy of mine has been doing. He has been picking fun of my writing and spelling and he did of yours to. Now is he not smart fellow. Well I told him he could kiss my foot. Do you blaim me for it. You can see for yourself that it is good writing and spelling.

I have not so much to write so I shall say good by for this time.

Your sister, Electa.

Give my love to all. Tell Lyda I will write if she will tell her to kiss that boy for me. E.
Please write to me often and tell me all.