



Forest Grove, May 24<sup>th</sup> 1883.

My Dearly Loved Father

I am

afraid you will think I am not as good about writing as I used to be, I know it has been a long time since I have written, but I have been unable to do so on account of such a crowd of things. Mr Plunk has been very sick for several weeks, and died last Tuesday. I have been over there so much trying to help them, that it has taken all my time. The girls took his death very hard, and I have felt so sorry for them, that I have stayed there now all the time I could spare away from home. I am sorry, so sorry, that you have had

so much trouble about the land.  
I hope you can still hold it.  
You must not worry about <sup>it</sup> and  
make yourself sick. We are all  
well here and getting on nicely.  
It is not long now before Sam.  
I hope you can be here by that  
time. Did I tell you in my  
last letter that I had ceased all  
part in the P. T. School, It is even  
so. I could not make any very  
satisfactory arrangements, so I  
concluded to cut short the agony  
and resign. I think it is much  
better that I did so. They wanted  
me to put in my time in the  
school room sewing room and it  
took eight hours per day. Sat. includ-  
ed. I found it was altogether too  
hard and wearing for me, so I  
thought for a change that I  
would take music lessons. I am

taking of Sarah Coplen. I do enjoy  
it so much. I thought I might  
get kind of a start in music this  
summer, and see how I got on  
with it, and then next winter, if I  
found it possible, I might pursue  
it further, if not, I could get  
a school and teach somewhere.

I can learn considerable just during  
the summer about music. I  
find it very delightful to have a  
little time to myself again, and  
not be in a perpetual hurry  
all the time. I have been  
trying to get things straightened  
a little about the house, also.  
Rev Mr Maresh has departed and  
Mr Rosworth has been preaching  
now several times. He is an  
exceedingly fine man. The church  
has been conferring with a minister  
by the name of Miller, a friend

of Mr Bosworth's whom they think  
may possibly come. He is said to  
be a very fine man. It is cer-  
tainly to be hoped that they may  
find some one before long, who  
will be what is needed in this  
place. Every one is interested in  
knowing when you will return.  
None however more so than  
your little daughter. I send  
buckets of love.

Your own <sup>little</sup> Mary.