

25% COTTON



2 weeks after giving birth,
Sarah (Sally) is sick, weak -
willing to give 'youngster' to
her sister for a birthday gift.
'The poor, wee thing' 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs

Princeton Oct. 27th.

My Sister,

I now seat myself on this your birthday, to have a chat with you by letter.

I will give you the "youngket" for a birthday present, if you will come for her. "I'm not joking," I get better very slowly. My appetite was quite good for a few days after I was taken sick, but now I have none at all, consequently I feel weak & bad. Horace went to town the other evening, saw the doctor & got some medicine for me, but it does not seem to do me any good. The youngket is well & grows fast for such a poor, sick thing. There must have been some mistake about her weight the first time, for Horace weighed her last

Sunday morning & she only weighed
5½ lbs. & she was nearly two weeks old
then too. Tell Mac I wish every day
that she was here to take care of it
for me, because she likes to "fuss"
with children, & I hate to take care
of them. I ~~have~~^{been} out doors every day
this week but am too weak to
walk far.

What do you
think of Mr. Jeff? Give my
love to all of Uncle David's folks,
& tell them to write me some
of these ~~long~~ evenings. Say "How
say you sir" to Uncle Dave for me.
Tell Hattie Sherman to have patience
& I will pay her the letter I owe
her. I owe quite a number of letters
but mean to pay all, if ever I get
well. The most of my correspondents can
hear from me at any time from
some of you, & I hope they won't scold
me for not writing ^{them} oftener. I must
close. Tell mother to write, the rest
must write too. - As ever yours,
Sarah.

Mrs. Ann C. Jeff,

6-9



Miss Ann C. Jeff,
Kingston,
Washington Co.,
N. Y.