

This is another  
letter from  
Chas. K. Adams  
He refers to John  
when John was  
a baby.



Mrs. Will Scott  
Ashland  
Nebraska

If my memory is not at fault, your little boy is one year old the present month, that is the age little ones begin to toddle about alone, If John should happen to tumble over, as others have done, I think he would roll over much like ball if he is still as fat as his picture represents him to be, We hope the little one will continue to be healthy, and escape the trying, critical time of teething, Your brother, it seems has quite a stack boys, - now we hope the next three will all be girls, and all live to grow up and be a blessing to their parents, and a blessing to the world, Young people should raise up children, and train them up better than some we have seen, When we see a little one <sup>in</sup> its mother's lap, we think of the possibilities that may be concealed in the helpless one, - who knows that a Washington or Lincoln, or a Florence Nightingale is not there, The great & the good rose once like your sweet boy, My paper is full of how writers write little that I thought of when I began, Wife writes in much love to yourself & to all. Caldecott

P.S. Alice Andrews with her husband is expected here in a few days on their way to Remy N.Y. where the Dr expects to begin his practice as a M.D. writes when you can

Am Arbor Oct. 9 1879

My Dear Mrs. Scott,

Your good letter of Aug. last has not as yet been answered, I beg of you, not to think my slackness is for want of interest in your welfare, by any means, - it is simply the inconvenience and pain it gives my poor eyes to confine my sight to any object for any length of time, The change in my sight is not rapid, but a gradual dimness is constantly coming over my vision, For this reason, I have been obliged to change the shade of my ink for a more distinct color, For the above reasons, my letters have dwindled down to a few choice correspondents, It is still a mystery, why your father

does not write me, — for, aunt Lizzie writes, that she receives frequent letters from the Dr., — during her long circuitous journey, To my mind, it must be something which I have written, or — something which has not been written.

The shades Autumn are spread over our beautiful city, from many of the trees the bright leaves are falling, on some the leaves are still green, and all the hues of color are seen in every direction. The University is now more crowded than ever, It is a sight to behold the numbers on the Campus & on the streets, Every house that ever takes roomers is full, the students mostly board in clubs from 10 to 40 each, Over front chambers are occupied by two young men from New York, your chamber over the kitchen is filled by two from North Carolina, one of them a Quaker — the other a Presbyterian, — all fine gentlemanly fellows, For the past three months, not

less than 75 men have been at work on four new buildings on the Campus, — Where you to be here next summer you would look twice before you would recognise the place, — or nearly so, There has been more building in town this present season than for seven previous years all put together, Main street looks very fine, — all the best stores have their fronts taken out and large plate glass put in, The past summer has been a warm one, — some frost in Sept, but for ten days past it has been fully up to summer heat, — money is going in the shade — very uncommon for Oct, — The season — a production one, apples an exception, Peaches very abundant, one of our neighbors has sold & shipped 900 baskets of that fruit, Business of all kinds has revived, every one is hopeful for the future, Wheat last spring was only 86¢, now \$1.20 with a large yield on hand, —