

Columbus Miss Apr 12th '16

My dear niece

I was due my sister a letter and had just seated myself to write to her when your letter came. Glancing at the post mark and the return address I saw that something was wrong. I had never dreamed of such a thing as her death. I had very little actual acquaintance with her. I left home when she was 3 or 4 years old and only saw her about twice, ^{afterwards} till she was grown. Then when I was visiting in Minn. she was home a few days before I came away. I became more acquainted with her during the last three years of our correspondence than in all our previous life. She was a nice lovable character. I get but little time for writing and then it is in short snatches; I have worked for the same establishment for 28 years except about two years that I was unable to work. Since then I have for 12 years

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enjoyed the best health possible. I belong to that large class which Abe. Lincoln said the Lord had a special regard for. He said the "Lord certainly loved poor people or He would not have made so many of them". But I was not always that way. I once owned a good home and had a surplus for old age, but the sickness I have referred to cleaned me out financially. The doctors I have employed were better at collect^{ing} their fees than at curing the patients. At present I do not own a shingle or a square inch of the "footstool" I have a comfortable income but my good wife don't wish to leave anything for the next generation and manages to use it all. There is plenty in the bank to meet our funeral expenses and we don't worry. But though lacking in coin, we have more friends than any body. Some time ago I was disabled by accident and lay in bed for two weeks. We had an innumerable number of callers. My room was a perfect bower of floral offerings. All the church, city hall, and courthouse officials called. One lady of 87 years walked a mile and up the stairs to bring me a hot house bouquet.

and a man over 101 years of age walked a quarter of a mile and up a flight of 22 steps to spend an hour with me. While there he met an old acquaintance whom he had not seen for many years, and he repeated the poem "John Anderson my Joe John

When we were first acquaint
 Your locks were like the raven
 Your bonnie brow was brent,
 But now your brow is bald John
 Your locks are like the snow
 But blessings on your frosty pow
 John Anderson my Joe."

We do not know what a day may bring forth
 but I have the promise of an unusually long
 life. In a few days I will be 83 and I am as
 young and active as I was 40 years ago.

My father in his prime was a fine scholar in
 languages and mathematics but when he arrived
 at my present age he was mentally a bankrupt.
 His mathematical mantle fell upon me and I still
 delight to tackle a tough problem.

I have some hobbies which I moust in season and

out of season. One of them is that practically all the ills of old age arise from failure to eliminate mineral matter from the body. The blood gets charged with it and seeks an opportunity to dump it.

The particles are too large for the kidneys to strain out and it accumulates somewhere, and the doctors name the disease according to its location. Eventually it kills.

In your mother's case the mineral lodged about the heart and did quick work.

I suffered the tortures of the damned for two years and cured myself permanently with two cents worth of diluted Nitro-Hydrochloric acid. If I were to relate all the wonderful cures made by that acid, you would classify me with Gulliver & Munchausen.

No more at present from

Your Uncle

C. W. Shedd