

Brooklyn, N.Y.

December 6, 1878

Dear Boy.

When I wrote you last I considered all the children well. That night Linda came to me sick and I took her into bed with Emma and I. Next day (yesterday) she complained of her throat and shivers up all day - had a headache looked miserable and finally went to bed in my bed - with Emma and Gray. I thought it one of her usual bilious turns, at the worst mumps - This morning when I saw her. I sent for the Doctor and sent the children down stairs. Dr Johnson said at once it was scarlet fever. You can imagine my feelings. I don't know where

wild talk. Mother continues to improve and expects soon to be down stairs. In all events you remain where you are and turn that honest penny to take us back with. I am so sorry I am well. Love his school.

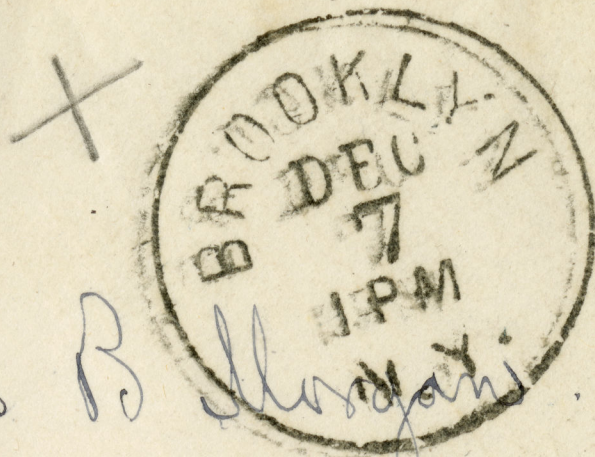
7th morning

Daddy sends her love to you and says "Ask him how he is?" - She is like a bold Soldier. I hate to leave her now instant. Doctor Johnson says she is doing all right if she don't take cold. - He comes twice a day. It's a consolation to me, that there is more money to take care of her here than there would be if I was in Oakland. The others may come down tonight but as far they appear well. I've no money but I'll have to ask

Father for some to buy medicine, now
that Mother is well enough she has
the house money so I can not miss
any - I can't send you anything for
Christmas that is decent - so I may
send by mail to save Expressage.
if so don't open any parcel you
may get until Christmas - It is
provoking that this fever spoils our
Christmas time - as Dad can't
go out for five weeks at the best
and it would not be safe for Indian
children to come. I am sorry for
Mother her heart was so set on
having them all together - Tell Ray
write me as cheerful letter and much
much love believe me your
sincerely.

she got it. Johnson says it's all over
Brooklyn. The others have probably
all got it and will break out
between now and eight days. I
will as you know do my best and
if they die it will not be for doing
all I can. Pam cries and says he
is afraid of it, and he don't want
to have it. I'm very sorry but he
is none too well now and I've
no hopes of his escaping. I can't
send him to Julia and there is
nothing I can do now as he was
vink. Dudu yesterday - Dudu is very
sick and too good - I will write
you how she is tomorrow morning when
I mail this. It's almost twelve and
I am going to lay down a while
after I land her. You could do
nothing if you were here - more
than I. So don't borrow me like such

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Mr Charles B. Morgan.

Care of W W Montague Esq,
San Francisco
California.