

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1870.

We have made very good progress in our feeding operations the last few days. The fine weather still continues although there are many threatenings of a storm. If it continues fine we will finish up next week. D. W.

In going over the field back of the barn today I found a couple patches of St. Augustine. I have never known it before this fall. But now that we have found it out I intend to do my best to keep it out of the ground. It is said to be a very noxious weed.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1870.

I had to go out to Doc's this morning. Doc is Doc or for my mother. She has been unwell for some days, such as far as we know we judged the fever which is so very fierce about now was getting hold of her. The Doctor said that if we had waited a little longer sending for him we could not, in all probability have saved her life.

I have spent a very precious assurance that all, all! is well in the hands of Jesus. Let us see in the desert are ^{our} delights full seasons to my soul. Good-bye to you, and