

Tarrytown, N. Y.
June 17th 1889



SHR

My dear Alice, Perhaps you would like to get a letter from somebody, so I will try to write a short one, about as long, perhaps, as the story of Penny-penny, or the old woman and her pig. I often think of the nice times we used to have - you and Nanie and I - after you went to bed, telling stories. I suppose you have some one now to tell you stories, and that you will learn some new ones to tell me after you come home. It seems a little queer to not have any little girl asking for stories, for I have not seen such a girl since you went away. Bessie Stevens comes over here nearly every day, but she never asks for stories. Bessie and I took a walk together last Sunday afternoon. We went up on the hill back of the school house. Bessie was having a nice time picking daisies,

But presently she saw two men with a dog, a long way off, and she was^{so} afraid they would hunt her, that she couldnt pick any more flowers, and I had to come down the hill and go somewhere else. I do not believe that you would have been so afraid of that dog. I suppose you get a great many beautiful wild flowers in the fields and woods. How I used to love to go in the woods for wild flowers, and what pretty bouquets can be made of Wild honey-suckles, Foxgloves, columbines and Adonis vernalis. But I can no longer see to pick flowers, for it is about all I can do to see a tree, and then cant tell one kind of tree from another.

Papa told me about your pet chicken - Well how nice it must be to have a chicken all your own. I hope that chicken will live, but hope she will be wiser than that foolish old Penny-penny that ran to tell the King the sky had fallen, and after all her trouble, got eaten up by Mr Fox. Mens and little girls should be very careful when they go away from home, or they will get into trouble.

We are having very quiet times at home. Papa
sings opera music occasionally, but he can't
make half as much noise as a sand-piper can.
Grandma is well, but she is very lame, and
would like to have a little girl to help her now
and then. She has put some new clothes on the
man and little darkey that belong with the wind-
mill, and they are now working hard to get
their ax ground. I am glad that you are
so well and happy, and hope you will not get
hurt or get sick. If you always do as Mama
wants you to do, you will not have much trouble.
I suppose Nanie is having a good time somewhere,
but I am not sure that you took Nanie with you.
If she is stuffed into one corner of the bureau ~~or~~
drawer at home, what a dreadful lonely time she
is having. If you see Goosey Goosey, ducky lucky
and Turkey-Lucky, tell them that Uncle Johnnie
knows all about their Grandfather. Give my love
to Mama and Sisters and Henry, and always
try to do just what Mama says is best.



SHR

Alice Townsend.

Your affectionate Uncle,
Johnson M. Mundy.

[995thw]