

WOODSTOCK INN,
WOODSTOCK, VT.

Sept 27th 1899

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My darling Woffie,

I miss you so
much every day. I wish
you were here, you would
love to drive in the carriage
& to play with the children
in the music room & to have
walks by the pretty river
Duchek. We have had so
much bad weather that I
have only one sketch to show
you, but perhaps I may
get another. No run for
Bernard to get pictures by
either. Perhaps tomorrow the
good warm sun will show
out-again.

I wonder if the sunsets
on the mountain are turning
red they are like crimson here

With love
M. M. M.

There are also many linden
trees, full of nests, we see them
as we drive by, but there are
very few apples, for the cater-
pillars have eaten the leaves
so badly this spring, that the
apples could not grow.

We see very pretty little
melons in the shop window &
we had them one day at the
hotel, one for me & one for Ber-
nard & they were very good
indeed, much better than the
big ones.

This letter sh^d have been
posted last night, it was
all written & ready. I am
sure you are a dear good
boy, & I want to hear of you
again when I get home, I hear
you are getting on so nicely.

Have you been for many
nice walks -

With much much love
for my darling dear Poppo
from
Mother.