

CHAPTER XIX

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

From Mrs. Rebecca Winter to Mrs. John S. G.
Winslow,

Fairport, Iowa.

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And it was delightful to discover that you were so distressed about me. I must be getting a trifle maudlin in my old age, for I have had a lump in my throat every time I have thought of Johnny and you actually starting out to find me; I am thankful my telegram (Please, Peggy, do not call it a *wire* again—to me! I loathe these verbal indolences) reached you at Omaha in time to stop you.

Really, we have not had hardships. Thanks to Israel Putnam Arnold! I have a very admiring gratitude for that man! In these days of degeneracy he builded a stanch enduring house. With union labor, too! I don't see how he contrived to do it. Generally, when they build houses here,