

Home, 100 11th St., N. E., Washington, D. C.,
September 20, 1898.

Dear, Dear Will:

The saddest words I have ever had occasion to write you or any one else are---Henry is dead. Over in Arlington, with a beautiful evergreen at his head and one of the great oaks at his feet, he sleeps until the great reville shall call him to say, "here."

I will give you in detail all that took place, praying that Jesus will be father and mother, brother and sister to you and help you to bear the grief that must come to your heart away from the consolation we have had from friends.

The regiment left Santiago on the transport Hudson on August 20, 1898, and on the 26th it reached Montauk Point, Long Island. Henry was well all through the campaign, and worked hard to get the men on the transport. On going up the steps he hurt his back and complained of it all the way, and after reaching Montauk. On the transport he volunteered to care for the sick and was with the surgeons and others on the upper deck. He was taken with a chill when two days out and could not eat the stinking meat and musty hard tack, and as he wrote me, "lived on four ounces of hard me outs from the pantry---starved, as he said, so when he reached Montauk he was very weak. On going ashore on the 27th, he was so weak that he was relieved from duty and a doctor called. One A. P. Everett, a contract surgeon attended him from August 27th to Sept. 4, and treated him for malaria, while all the time he was suffering from typhoid fever. He lay in his tent on the ground all this time. He wrote me several letters, but each time concealed from me that he was very sick, else he would have been seen to at once. His pride I well knew, and I did not wish to do anything to humble him before his men. He wrote very cheerfully, saying that in a day or two they would be home. The regiment did come home on the 9th. On the second he wrote me that his diarrhoea was so bad that he could hardly walk, but that the doctor said he would be able to stop it by next morning and that in 48 hours he could have some solid food. Poor boy was getting nothing he could eat.

Well, on Sept. 5 Dr. Cox, the assistant surgeon of the regiment, who had been sick, came on duty and at once said, typhoid. He was ordered to the hospital, but it was 24 hours before he was taken, as no ambulance came for him. The special correspondent of the Star telegraphed that he had been sent to hospital---suspected typhoid---and it appeared on Monday, the 5th. At midnight mama started. She arrived at Montauk the next day about two in the afternoon and began a hunt through the hospital, for they kept no record as to where a man went. Not finding him she went over to the camp, two miles away, and then found he had just gone. She followed up this clue and found him. Since leaving Santiago he had not had a change of clothing nor a bath. On approaching him, he put out his hand and said, "Oh, mama, why did you come up here?" He did not want to be thought a baby. But ten minutes after he said, "mama, I am so glad you came." She gave him a

bath and he went from it quite strong. She was not able to stay by him that night, though she might have done so had she known. He went to the commode eight times. In the morning a Dr. Hancock made an examination, never used a thermometer, and said, "malaria, go to the New York hospital", and pinned a tag on his blouse. In the afternoon he was put into a cart and hustled to the transport, the mule driver running his team part of the way. On the transport he seemed better, and mama went with him by insisting that she had a right to do so, and was finally overlooked and stayed by him. She had a cot beside him. He was delirious during the night and would call "attention company", and call the roll from memory, the only sergeant that could do so in the regiment. They first went to N. Y., then back to Brooklyn, where they landed in the afternoon. Mind you, he had no medicine up to this time. He was put in the bottom of an ambulance and jolted over the rough cobble stones to St. Peter's Hospital. That last word should be spelled "Hell". Here mama sat by his side for two hours and no one came near him. Finally they undressed him and put on underclothes. At five o'clock they ordered her out of the building. She protested and said she was his mother and had special permit to stay with him, but they said she could not stay and that she could call in the morning at ten and ask how he was, and at three in the afternoon might see him for half an hour if he was able to be seen, of which they would be the judge.

She went over to the Chief Surgeon, Major Appel, and he gave her an order to the imps of St. Peter to let her remain by his side or else he would be moved. They pocket the order and ignored it. Then she went back to Major Appel, and he said that order was good and to act upon it. About half a block away was the Long Island College Hospital, she went there and Uncle Henry, a gentleman from Canton, O., a friend of the President and others went with her to the hospital and when the door was opened, they rushed in. Mama said she had come for her son, and her spirit of defiance won. They took him gently from his bed on the stretcher, went down the elevator and as gently took him to the other hospital. Here he was placed on the first floor and mama allowed to stay with him all she wished. He was not hurt by this removal. Was conscious, but was very sick. It was soon seen that he had typhoid and that the jolting to hospital at Montauk, from it to transport and then to St. Peters in Brooklyn had done him irreparable damage. On Friday he seemed no worse, but on Saturday morn mama sent me a message at six o'clock, reaching me at 9:30, that his temperature was 103.6. I started at once. Paul took me to cars. He had brought the message to me, as Dot was at her gym. I missed the ten train from B. & O by one minute, so took the 11 train from B. & P. Sent for Dot, but she got to gate as we moved off, so I went alone in the go-cart to Brooklyn where Uncle Henry met me. Took carriage to hospital. Got there at six. Henry delirious. Did not know me. Would put out his tongue to doctor and also take hold of dish to drink. Called out attention company, and then would call different members of it. About nine that evening after some stimulant

mama stood feeling of his feet and holding his right hand. It seems that he could not see when one was close by. He recognized her and spoke mama, as well as he could. She asked if he could squeeze her hand and he did so several times. I had his left hand, sitting close to him. I bent down and called him twice just as if he were in bed up stairs, and then said, papa has your hand do you know it? He nodded his head and made a sound to indicate yes, and squeezed my hand several times. Then he went off into delirium again. He knew me but did not appreciate why I was there, nor where. About ten minutes later as I sat on the side of the bed fanning him, he raised up, caught my fan and began to struggle with both hands as though running and fighting. I called out to quiet him, when he fell back and asked, "did the guard get us?" I said no, and besides, papa is here, so they cant get you, Henry. He smiled and tried to say something, holding my hand closely all the while, but went off into another delirium. I knew by this struggle that he could not live, and told mama he would not live the night out. Mama was so completely exhausted that I compelled her to go to the parlor and lie down on a cot provided for her. The head nurse, tho off duty, volunteered to stay with him and to call us if any change came. I had not slept a wink for anxiety the night before and could not keep awake, besides, it is always the way when one of the family is sick, I am sleepy at once. So I lay down on a sofa beside her. At one o'clock the nurse opened the door and said come. We went and I thought he would live but a few moments. He was quiet, apparently very little pulse, and slow breathing. I asked for a doctor. He had left at midnight. I asked could she give him hypos she said she would do anything I said. So he had several nitroglycerine and strychnine injections and two ounces of whisky by hypo. By three o'clock he was sleeping as though perfectly well. Pulse strong. Then a perspiration broke out. His temperature was 105 when we began to give hypos, and they bathed him in ice water. At three a. m. it was down to 103, and all the nurses were smiling, hoping that the crisis had come and that he would live. I said he might if his temperature went no lower. At 3:30 it was 102, with the profuse perspiration, so I knew that collapse was coming. A few moments after came a hiccough. That told the tale, but still the poor boy fought the enemy with great and wonderful strength. He was not conscious. At 9:15 he began to moan. Had not moaned before. My mother began to moan just before her death. Hands and feet were cold, and breathing became just bronchial, simply artificial. Sometimes he stopped so long that I thought him gone, but I could hear the heart just running rapidly and he would breathe again. Finally came a long interval, then a struggle for breath. He drew his face as though he might have a pain and was bravely going to resist it, but in a second it became calm, and just as they rang the bell at the Sunday School in the Eastern Presbyterian Church, at 9:30, Henry went to Sunday School, and saw the Master face to face.

I thought my heart would break as I looked at the dear boy I loved so well, and for a minute I did not know but I was going too. I could not breathe, I was in a convulsion which alarmed all about me, but it passed away, and I am still here, though longing to be with him. Mama, dear mama, sat at his feet while I was trying to rouse him, and for two hours she prayed for the life of her boy. It was enough to melt a stone, but her prayers fell on deaf ears, and he was taken. I cannot see any providence or justice in it now, may be I will sometime, but why one so fair and true as he should be taken when he could be of so much good, and those saved who are a curse to the world and always will be, I cannot say.

We had the body embalmed, and sent home. Uncle Henry gave us much assistance. Mama and I went home at 3.05 that Sunday afternoon, as it was best she get where she could rest and sleep. We got home at 8.30. I had a chill on the way. It was a cold night. Mr. Street, Carolle and Dot met us. We took a carriage, mama and I and got home to find aunt Helen had come. Carolle had been with us from Monday before, when mama went away. On Tuesday morning the body came and lay all day in the parlor, so Henry did come home again. I said when he went away that he would never return, but he did, though he could not speak. All day people came to see him. On Wednesday morning at ten o'clock his funeral took place from the Church. His company came in carriages and brought their guns. The church was packed from gallery to pulpit. Not an eye was dry in the house. The Y. P. S. C. E., Ladies' Aid, Easton Literary Association, Patent Office, Pay Division, and others sent flowers, and his company gave a broken wheel. It was more than we ever dreamed of. We did not know that we and he had so many friends. The Pay Division sent me a letter, and hundreds of friends sent letters to us. I enclose the sermon. After the sermon, we could not open the casket owing to the bad way the embalming was done. You know harpies and buzzards are ready to feed on dead soldiers, so did that fellow who called himself an embalmer in Brooklyn. Never filled the cavities. We went to Arlington, and there, in a beautiful spot we laid him, his company under command of his captain firing three volleys over him. Then the musician sounded taps, almost breaking down on the last note, for all loved the youngest first sergeant in the regiment. All the time in Cuba he was well and he became known as the handsomest boy in the regiment. Almost the first thing he said to mama was, "I have tried to be so good to my men that the cross wrinkles have all left my forehead," and sure enough, it was as smooth as a baby's.

I send you some poor phos taken on Sunday, of the spot, and will tell you how to find him. His grave is number 5835 A. Go into the grounds until you come to the Hawkins monument on the left hand, almost opposite the mansion. It is the tallest, finest monument in the grounds, the hand pointing upward. If you stand your back to it lines drawn parallel with its sides will embrace his grave, but a few rods southwest.

Close by him rest five other boys. Maupin, Griffiths, Maddux, Gaskill, and first sergeant Jost, only a year older than Henry. Near the entrance, on the left, is Ferree. Others will soon be there, for death is after them. It is awful.

In the phos are Dot, Marion Yoder and Mabel Webb. Her address was the only one in his hat. She loved him dearly, and he thought much of her. She is a fine girl and I would have been glad to have such a lodestone about him all his life.

When his company marched around him in the parlor, some of the men stooped and kissed him, others patted his cheek, and all went out with tears in their eyes.

Captain England, who says he knew you and Alle, and who took Alle for you on the street, came to see me. He was the senior captain in the 2nd Battalion, and said he often commanded the Battalion. He knew that Co. D. would be ready all right, for he never saw men handled better than Henry handled them. Said Regulars often stopped to watch him, especially when he called the roll from memory.

A man named Nichols, of a firm, here was the undertaker. He did well. Casket cost \$90. It was a white one, I forget what they called it. Funeral cost in all nearly \$200. Of this, Henry had \$90 in his pockets, having just been paid. When he handed it to mama, he said, take good care of it mama, it is my hard earned money. Poor boy, he did not know then that his life paid for it.

Henry wrote me when he first came to Montauk, but his ambition to march up the Avenue with his regiment, and at the head of his company, made him conceal his real condition. He deceived all and even himself. No one thought him so ill. On the day he went to hospital he wrote me that a day or two there with good food would make him all right. On the transport coming down, mama said she was writing to me, and he said, "I want you to impress it upon papa that I am well."

If I had known anything about his condition, even that he was off duty, I should have sent mama at once and had removed to the hospital, but we did not know, and it seems to me that I am to blame for it all. I can never get over that feeling.

Half a column was devoted to him in a Galesburg paper. Post, Star and Times had notices. His was the largest military funeral seen for some time. Since Ordway died. But he is gone, though I cannot make him dead. I go out to Arlington, but I cannot make it that he is buried at my foot. It will always seem that he is coming home for as we did not have him with us to wait on, we cannot realize the loss. I am so glad of the testimony he gave me as you will see in the sermon. On reading over his last letters, I see now that I should have taken the alarm and sent some one to see him, but it is too late to mend it, and I can only think that I did the best at the time.

Alle has been with us, and a great comfort to us. To-day, 21st, he went back to his business. We hated to let him go, but he must.

Henry sent home a box from Montauk containing souvenirs of some of his men, and some of his clothing, and the day he went to the hospital sent one of his own, saying he would tell us all about them when he came. Had not Greene, one of the company, packed the box for him, and so knew all about the souvenirs, we should never have found out anything about them. I will tell you of some of them. He had Mauser bullets and old shells, a belt of Krag-Jorgenson cartridges, the key to the San Juan block house which was captured by the Rough Riders, and wood from it. He had rapid fire cartridges, Spanish Buttons and shrapnel. A gold compass set in a steering wheel of a yacht that was taken from a dead Spanish officer, and some other things. One day he found two men in the bushes dead, who had not been discovered, and Barghausen and he took the belts and Krags and took them to camp, then he took a file of men and buried them. They brought the guns home, and Barghausen gave me the one Henry had. I gave it to Alle. It is stained with blood on stock and barrel, the life blood of two gallant 6th cavalry men. The gun is sighted to shoot 1800 yards. It takes six shells at a time. If there is anything of his you would like me to send you, tell what it is and I will do so.

He had been paid \$90.00 at Montauk, his hard earned money, and that and his clothing money and pay to date of death and commutation of rations while in hospital, make some \$34.00 more. This almost pays the expense of his funeral. The rest will come out of the life insurance when paid. His life was insured for my benefit for \$1,000 in the Metropolitan Company of New York, taking effect June 2, last. I propose to give him a fine head stone, to pay expenses, and the balance will go to educate Dot in her line of work, and to help support her. I cannot use a cent of it for myself. Dear boy, he did the best he knew. We could not expect sound judgement in one so young, especially when weakened as he was by the campaign. The doctor at the hospital said that if he had strength, he would pull through, but he was weakened.

Friends from all over the land are writing us to condole with us. It helps to make the burden lighter.

He said to mama that he would never be content to stay at home any more, thinking he would get here. He wanted to get into the regular army and had made application for appointment but was too young to take the examination. He would have got there some way, I have no doubt. He was different from you and Alle. He never had the interest in home that you and he had. He would stay up till midnight and was slow to respond to anything. But take him in anything in which he was deeply interested and he was quick and alert. I could always appeal to his honor, and that was the only way I could control him many times. He despised mean things, and I never knew him to do a mean act. He is missed and mourned by his companions.

Your last letters came all right. You were then at the Portugese Miaco. Glad that you had such a nice time wheeling about and that you succeeded so well in the hospital. You spoke of the postage on the photographs. It was the fault of the post office as it was weighed and they were told it was first class mail matter for China. I am sorry that it cost you so much. I will insist that they be sure about things hereafter. I find that many of the phos have faded. If you will give me a list on a separate slip, I will send you new ones. I sent one of Henry in his uniform, taken the day he went away did you get that all right. The trouble was with that idiot at Brown's who put up my material. He put hypo instead of sulphite of soda. So you see that it ruined all I had.

Doctor Herr sent me copies of your letter and said he would send me others this fall when printed. He wrote me when he heard of Henry's death. We had letters from Tampa, and from Huntsville, Ala., and from all over the land from friends he had made. One fellow in this neighborhood tried to say something against Henry while he was in Cuba. He has had a hard row to hoe, and the only thing he could say was that some of the men did not like him for he prayed too much. Did not gamble nor swear, but prayed. Thank God that the evil one is obliged to testify to his faithfulness. He and Brewer and several others had a C. E. Society in the company, and often the tent would be surrounded by men of the regiment as they held their Sunday evening services. I have just cleared out his desk which mama is to have for hers now. He had kept all our letters and those from his girl friends but I could not find any of his letters received while in the army except one from me, the last he received in Cuba. ~~Some~~ Some of the letters from girls show up a side of his character that did not come out very often to us, his honest, honorable side. One girl tells him he is the most honorable young man she ever met and begs pardon for doing something he denounced, and promises to do better if he will only help her.

I gave Alle the wheel and he had it fixed up and cleaned. He did not take it with him, but will when he comes next spring. Mr. McBride and family are in Owensboro, Ky. He wrote us a nice letter.

I met my old comrade Ferree. He had two sons, one 1st and the other duty sergt, in the same company. Newton died just after they got ashore, and before his father and mother could reach him. The two boys were very much alike in everyway. Carolie knew them both, and says that it seems strange that two boys so alike in mind and sentiment should die as they did, from neglect. Sheridan Ferree, his brother, paid five dollars for a little brandy on the transport, as the doctors had none, and it was necessary for him. I tell you, many of the boys were simply murdered by neglect and ignorance of so-called surgeons. I shall always say that Henry was murdered. Aunt Em is at Sistersville. She is going to stay away from home all winter. Will come here sometime during the winter, I think. Pearl and Lou were in camp beside the hospital at Dawson City the last heard. He built two good boats and they took them down to that point.

Henry
T. Hewitt

H I found all his letters later.

from which I said

Cousin Lib Newman was married last month and they came here and stayed a week. He is an old soldier of the Engineers, and is 62 years of age. She is fifty. Girls pleased with the match. Linda wrote me regarding Henry's death, and in her letter said that she had finally broken with Frank Young and was happier than she had been for years. Nothing but Henry's death could have made her feel so downhearted. She gives me the credit of breaking it off. I sent her a letter last fall which I said I would be a father to her for the purpose of giving her advice. I told her to get Titcomb's Letters and read certain chapters. I also told her mother that I could not look on the photo we took of the sitting room at the house without thinking, "beauty and the beast." I had nothing against him except his apparent want of refined soul.

I see that there is very much trouble in Hainan. I am so glad that you did not go there. All over China is discontent and trouble as we get the news, and this is going to make us very much worried for your safety this winter. If you had only arranged a code word for your address, I should have telegraphed you the sad news. However it will travel fast enough. Another boy gone to-day. Corporal Shilling, the brother of the Captain. Typhoid at Montauk. Jacobson died yesterday. Brother of Lieut. Jacobson, or Corp. as he went out to Cuba. That makes about twenty-five in all, I think. Captain Hodges wrote me this morning that Henry was liked by all the company, and he thought it strange for he was the executive officer of the company who executed to the letter all his orders, and some of them were necessarily not agreeable. It would seem that his discipline took the course of showing men that it was for their own good, and that they acquiesced in it for that reason without much kicking. But, O, Will, it is so hard to let that boy go. If I could have talked with him about the campaign, walked by his side, listened to his descriptions of the scenery and sunsets and the many things he had to tell us, it would not have been so hard, but to die just as he gets in sight of home, as it were, it breaks me all up.

My foot is healing slowly. It must get well for Henry prayed with dying breath that it might, and it seems that God may answer that much at least. I walk about the hall a little to see how it will go, but the hole is a big one yet. I was asleep at the office from exhaustion three days ago, when I heard Henry speak at my side just as plainly and as loudly as ever he spoke to me, "Why, papa, I prayed that your foot might get well." I awoke with a start and looked to see him, and could not believe that he was not there until the sense of loss came and then I cried. If the dead are permitted to come to us in any way, then I have seen mother and Fred, and have heard Henry's voice. Since that moment I have no doubt of the cure of my foot. George Williams is here. He came to get the affidavits of the undertaker and minister to proofs of death. He mailed a letter to you via the Peking, as I did a small one. This will go by Vancouver.

mail came
 I suppose that a letter will come from you by the Vancouver route, but the mail closes here before I can get yours. So questions remain unanswered. * I am getting things into shape. I have made application for the remainder of his pay, and to-morrow will file the proofs of death.

I have been closing up the desk, taking everything out of it. Dot gets the desk, and mama takes hers. Auntie sleeps in that room as Grace and Dot have the middle one. Mr. Le Duc has sold out and moved down into city. Got a house on 17th street, and \$1500 to boot. Likes his house. Auntie to trade her wheel with Miller for something she can ride. Think chainless not a very big success. Your life premium for October is here. I will pay it. That idiot of Basset's does not seem to be about anymore. Money and sympathy thrown away. Street was home thirty days with children and had a good time. Is well. Learned to ride wheel with one lesson. Mc Bride wished to be remembered to you. Also uncle Henry. Villa is better. Had same operation that Kit did. Has one of her little sisters there with her. Aunt Aruba is dead. Only Aunt Susan, aunt Polly, Uncle Henry and Jacob left. Jacob is Villa's grandfather.

Grace is with us yet, but I guess she will go soon. Is not of much use, and worries mama. She has very little sense, and not a particle of appreciation. Never thinks to jump up and do a thing which she sees mama about to do, but would sit and see her do it.

Dot begins her music with Bischoff next month, also begins gym with Prof. Joyce and with Friends School. Alle is to have a new district and may have to keep bachelor's hall this winter. He will be back from the river at a station. He is a dear good boy and the R's love him about as well as we do. Mrs. R. is some better. She was talking with mama, saying what should she do but die when Alle took Carolie away. Rose said she ought to be thankful that so nice a man as Alle Dobson took her and not to repine. The boys think Mr. Alle is perfection. Well, he is splendid. No boy could be kinder than he was to me. Just think of his carrying me up all those steps at the Union Station, Georgetown, so I would not have to change cars in getting home from Arlington. We had been to visit Henry. Hummer has a new house just up, next to where the doctor lived on Mass. Ave., west of Hattons. They are closing us in gradually. Guess Roosevelt will be governor of New York, or receive the nom.

While in Landers' barber shop getting my hair cut to-day--the 24th I saw the band master of the regiment. He told me much about Henry. Said that no one thought that he was very ill. Complained that he had rheumatism, but thought that he would be able to march up the Avenue. He said that, as he was at headquarters most of the time, he knew how Henry was regarded, and that he was to be promoted the very next vacancy. He had heard Col. H. and others talk about him, and had heard him called the best soldier in the regiment. So we hear

men talk of him, and it makes us feel more deply the loss. It was the terrible will, such as I have had all my life, not to give up, that warped the boy's judgement and kept him from going to the hospital. Then Phillips said that he sent one of his men to the hospital who, when he left the band quarters had no fever. He was jolted over that rough road as Henry was and when he arrived at the hospital his temperature was 106 and the boy unconscious and remained so with temperature at 106 until he died. Was emphatic that more men were killed in that way than fell at Santiago.

It will haunt me all my days that I did not send mama as soon as the boat landed. Then we might have saved him. I ought to have known that he was ill from what he wrote. I knew his disposition was not to be known as a baby, but as a man, and as I had said to him that unless he took good care of himself he would not come back with them, he kept it from me lest I might think him a weakling. So, what I intended for his good, resulted to his hurt. Well, I think if the boy could come and see me now, he would forgive me.

Mama calls to mind that I spoke to him when he was lying on the bed in the hospital and told him he was going home, when he tried to speak, and then I told him not to fear that he was going to Jesus and would not suffer more. I remember his efforts to speak in reply, but he could not. Dear boy, I have watched him so earnestly all his life and hoped that when old he would be with us, but he goes in the flush of his youth. Alle calls to mind that he had his boyhood and young manhood without a care until he took it upon himself, while he and you were deprived of much of yours. I feel this. I am glad that we placed no burdens on him. He did not like his place in the office, though he would have stayed there until he could have got into the regulars. He felt proud to tell mama that he would give her \$10 every month, and gave her \$5.00 of his first payment, as he had some debts which I told him he should pay first. Poor boy had no other pay day except to take it to May 12, for he went into service May 13. Just four months a soldier.

If you could hear people speak of him, now, before they forget him, I would be glad. When you come to this city, eight years or seven years from now, few will say much about him, but you will go out to Arlington and stand by his grave. How he gazed at you thro the car window that day you left here. I saw him and will never forget it. We cannot make him dead, and I do not thin k we ever will.

Sept. 27, 1898. Your letter of the 24th of August, addressed to Dot has come. It came by Empress of India, and this will go back by the same boat. As I sent one by the Peking, and as George sent one, you may learn the sad news before this reaches you. We are so glad to get the photograph. You never looked so well before. If you can only keep in good health, what a power of usefulness you may be in the world. You have the physique, you have both moral and physical courage, and your judgement is growing, so that you should be able to meet anything bravely.

Poor Henry had the courage, but of course had not the judgement of a man. George Haldorn, one of his company went to Garfiend yesterday. We tried to get him home to care for him, but he got off before we could get to him. He said that the last time he saw Henry was about two o'clock ^{one morn} at Camp Wikoff. Henry called him, and on looking out of his tent saw Henry shivering with nothing on but underclothes. He was very sick and Haldorn wrapped his blanket about both and went to the sink with him and then tucked him in his own blankets. Haldorn was himself ill, but not so ill as Henry. Mama was willing for that to take him home and care for him for he has no home, having come from Oregon here. So many of the men are bitter against Hodges. It can never appear right to me that he should take Henry off duty and not compel him to go to the hospital. Dot has a letter from a Miss Scott at Tampa, who had written her to know if the name she saw in the paper was really Henry. She tells us of his struggles against the temptation to let things go as they might in Tampa, as so many of his men had given themselves up to temptation. She is librarian of the C. E. at the Y. M. C. A. rooms. He came there, came again, and each time received help and strength and spoke well in the meetings, telling of his trials. She saw him just before he sailed away and said he was happy, having conquered and had organized a society of C. E. This was kept up all the time. It was a pretty hard place for a boy like him, but thank God he withstood all and is safe now. While we miss him and mourn him, we know that sin and crime will never claim him, and as for us, his father and mother, we have two boys left us and a dear daughter, and shall not be forsaken, and besides, it is only a little way down, now. Only a few years.

You spoke in your letter of my being morbid. That is what I have fought against all summer, but the truth was burned into my soul that Henry would not come back to us alive. It was not morbidness but a premonition amounting to certainty. I knew it when I lay down at night, when I awoke in the morning, every hour I thought of it, just as every hour I now think of if I had only sent mama when he first landed I might have saved him after all.

On Sunday I put two pieces from Dot's leg into my heel and both are firmly in place, so I hope that I shall soon be able to walk again. Mama and Dot are bound to have Mr. LeDuc's horse and carriage. He lets it for keep, an Ellis has a stable. They want to try it for a month, and I guess the only way to let them have enough of it is to let them try it.

I fear that you are to have trouble in China this winter. There is so much unrest, and war is raging in so many places, that I fear you will not escape. Sell your lives dearly as possible if it comes to that. I should be ready for them. Alle reached home all right. Every one I see asks about you and sends love and best wishes.

Sept 28 your loving papa
H. Haldorn