Dear Harry,

I do not think for a moment my precious boy, that I neglected you or have forgotten you far from it then is no day passes, that I do not think of you all & wish I could look in upon you & see how you are getting along these stormy times, we have read so much about the Western Storms that I have felt worried about you all. I am so thankful you are getting along so nicely & your father is doing so well with his cold & other things, I hope when warm weather comes his trade will increase.

The write me he was going to Chicago, has he been & if so what success did he have? I think we have great reason to thank God for his kindness & mercy in giving you all health when there is so many sick & so many sudden deaths, & we as a family all spared. Tell your father & mother that Horace Harrison is buried at St. Esther's, brother he died
with congestion of the lungs was sick but a few days. Diphtheria in North gay & Rheumatic fever in one village. Some very sick with it but as yet none have died. Uncle Woodward has been very sick but is better. Other friends in Hattington well. Uncle Gibbs family all well. Jerome & others are all well. I have decided not to go back.

West-Aunt Ethel & family all well. Frank & Ilia & little ones well. Baby grows finer & is nearly well of whooping cough. Little darling escaped & did not take it. She is a big large Baby never has been sick a day. weighed the day she was five weeks old 13 pounds we with expected them down, but as they did not come I think they could not cross the ice. The last time Frank was down he had labor with him & going home, the horse broke through the ice & it took him & two teams & quite a while to get him out. The slave crosses the broad lake on the ice & considers it perfectly safe, but I rather be on solid land. We have had a stormy day. It has stopped but does not look like fair weather yet. Uncle Clarke is here. He had a letter from Matt B. He is crazy & go west thinks of going to Denver.

Monday morning A fine day quite mild. We left just heard of another sudden death in gay. Old Ore. Bonntron John the father of Edward Stratton & W. Bontron. He was 84 & well & smart until Thursday & died Sunday. I believe he had a stroke of pneumonia. Probably beginning to break down. I was glad we have come down yet but see traveling. They begin to long for weather warm enough to get out doors, & begin to work in the garden. I have but little strength I can take but little exercise before anything is pulsating so. I can hardly get my breath. I think there is some trouble with my heart, besides weakness. When I cough hard it will beat & thud as though I had been running. I don’t know how to handle it. I will not write in this writing. I don’t know I am in God’s hands & that he doeth all things well. My daily prayer is for all my loved ones who are all dearer to me than tongue can tell. May be prepare to meet me in the better land. Where all trouble & sorrow is done away for then is no sin there. There is no suffering & I pray when I am called to go. I can say truly & heartily. Thy will be done. Mine O God be done.
You should read some portion of the Bible each day and keep yourself familiar with it. God will guide and direct you in all your ways. I have an impression that there is more sickness around than usual both lungs and cancer of the lungs. Rheumatic & Rheumatic.

D. You are in a great many sudden deaths among old people & do you realize how much my seventy-fifth year is coming? It is hardly possible but is even so - you don’t know the dear toy how you are such a comfort & blessing to your parents & have been all these years kept from temptation & have formed no bad habits. Be sure you love, & you will reap your reward. For God knows and sees your heart & your thoughts.

Give my love to your father & mother. Write to me perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps.
Master Harry B. Pierce
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T. P.