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Letter from Eliza S. Hendricks to John Muir, 1900 Feb 1 .

Eliza S. Hendricks

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1127 N. Meridian Street.
Indianapolis, February 1, 1900

My Dear Mr. Muir: —

I feel impelled to write a few lines to you this morning. I wish to tell you that the "white grandmother" — the "Libby grandmother", as you, tenderly and poetically have designated her in your letter, has gone away. At six o'clock January 29 — two days ago, — she passed into the "Silent Land" after eight months of illness. Her death, at the very last — after much weariness, and at times acute suffering, was peaceful and painless — like a sunset. I need not tell you that through the long sickness, she was patient, cheerful, heroic. Her two daughters — Mrs. Victor Hendricks and Miss Anna did most of the nursing which was faithful — untiring.

02657

When "The Indianapolis Journal" asked for a brief memorial
of our departed friend, it fell to my lot to write it. Her pastor
wrote me for another of our city dailies - both of which I enclose

E. S. H.

They, with my brother - all of them good friends
of yours - wish me to convey to you kindest
regards. And now my dear friend, what of
yourself? Are you still busy, welding ~~thought~~
to thought ~~to thought~~ in book shape, or are you
resting after work? Sometime, when you are not
harassed with literary work, or any other
engrossing occupation, can you not send a few
lines to me. "Many a year is in its grave" since
^{we} happened upon each other in the foothills of the
Sierra, and in the same party visited what you
have termed, the grand reception hall of the
Sierra - the majestic Yosemite.

Very sincerely your friend
Elihu S. Hendricks.

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