



1875-02-09

Letter from Mrs. Muir [Louie Strentzel Muir] to Mary, Feb 9

Louie Strentzel Muir

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Feb. 7.

Your welcome letter was duly received and I fully intended to answer it just as soon as the dismal fog should take its departure and ~~leave~~ allow ^{us} clear daylight enough to write by. That did not occur until Jan. 30 and then I was so intent on being thoroughly thawed out, and so glad to behold again the blessed sunshining that I forgot all about your writing, ^{on work of my kind} but I did not forget you, for I wanted you here to climb hills, and gather moss and hunt ferns ect. and more than that we all wanted you here to ^{after} talk! Even papa. Your conversational powers would ^{know} be appreciated to the extreme - I must warn you though, against our next meeting, that I expect this winter's rest ^{will be} able to talk nearly as fast myself. Then too I kept thinking of those Oakland hills ~~and wondering~~ but no I am going to be patient until winter is over and then, look out for my coming! Since I found you to be so good a mountaineer I have planned ~~3000~~ ³⁰⁰⁰ ~~Planner~~ exploring expeditions, and you will need all your strength to resist my unrelenting expectations.

As for B & B roads at present "Mud, mud, mud" explains all. Papa and I have managed to ride to Northridge about once every week, ^{and} we have had several visitors from S. S. and the neighbor children have frequently ^{er} ^{as} ^{all} ^{over} ^{to} climb the hills with me. ~~our~~ ^{and} ^{we} all have attended ~~but~~ ^{but} five meetings of our range so we have not had any chance to be lonesome Mother, though was very unwell all the ^{exactly} month of January.

Father ~~has~~ ^{has} taken a fancy for big blazing logs in the Chimney, says he is old enough now (62) to stay near the fire; he reads and writes, ^{much} of the time and it really seems very odd and also very comfortable so see him taking so long a rest. ^{But} ^{he} ^{will} ^{go} ^{to} ^{work} the same as ever, I fear, when ^{winter} ^{to} ^{my} ^{weather} is over. The said storm ^{is} ^{to} ^{be} ^{reported} to

Department of Public Instruction
stay awhile for the murky clouds are growing
darker and darker and the rain beats
torrents against the windows, its most awful
as a flapping and the wind's voice is
piteously wild

Alhambra, April 6th 1879.

Dear