

we ball

Santa Clara

Oct 18/88.

My Dear Niece.

Well Em as I have
disappointed you a good many times
in different ways.

So I will try and keep my
promise now. You may take either
one of those verses you wish.

I know you are something like
myself very hard to please so
I send you 2 or 3 to pick from.

Mamma wrote to me saying she
was sick that is about all
the news she wrote the rest is all
trash. I have not heard from
Grandma lately. Well I have
washed and I'm very tired so
I will have to close hoping that
the baby feels better now.

To Em

Be thy path with roses strown
And thy hours to ease unknown
Sorrow cloud thy pathway never
And happiness be thine forever

Ever your friend

Kate Prob.

Santa Clara

Oct 18/88.

Friendship is a golden chain
That binds hand^{and} heart together,
And if you never break that chain
We will be friends forever.

Your Aunt

Kate.

Santa Clara.

Dear Emma.

We may write our names in alums
We may trace them on the sand;
We may chisel them in marble
With a firm and skillful hand.

But the pages are soon sullied;
Soon each name will fade away
Every monument will crumble
And all earthly hopes decay.

But dear Emma there is a Album
Full of leaves of snowy white,
Where no name is ever tarnished

But forever pure and white
In that "Book of Life" - Gods Album
May your name be penned with care
And may all who here have written,
Write their names forever their

As the wish of your Aunt
Kate Brob.

Jan 2
Feb 8. 88.
Casa

It isn't very warm here now.
I got home save Lu came to
the Depot I pretty nearly got
left how did Rosa get home?
Well I had to run so and the
window was open in the car and
I have a terrible cold in my head
ever since. Tell Rosa to write.

Well I will now close
hoping to hear from
you soon
Your loving Aunt
Kate L. B. Prob.

Santa Clara
California.