

little, simple faux pax, and had been corrected by her grandma. I had tried to make it as easy as possible in regard to the little girl, and after dinner I was sitting in another room, and she came in and tucked her little red head into my neck and I never have forgotten the warmth of my affection for her. She died quite young.

Another lot contains the remains of my grandfather, Collins Gowdy, for whom I was named, who died at our home, and later we moved from Western Kansas the remains of his wife, my grandmother, who died in 1878.

Then we have our own lot where my son, John Louis, lies beside his mama, Gertrude. This lot also contains the remains of my oldest sister. A distant grandfather of Gertrude's is also buried in Oak Hill, so far as I know, being the only soldier of the War of 1812 to be buried in the cemetery.

In the cemetery at Shawnee, Kansas, between here and Kansas City, I buried Gertrude's parents, a sister and a brother. The mother and sister were especially dear to me. The last years of their life were spent in our home in Lawrence, and during all of the time of my acquaintance with the family, there has never been a single moment when anything unpleasant came up to temporarily mar our love for one another.

I am rambling along here, and you must forgive me. Between now and Thanksgiving, I shall place wreaths upon more than a dozen graves. To be exact, I think 14 wreaths will be required. Gertrude was always so thoughtful in caring for the graves of members of my family, some of whom she had never met, but there is nothing that I can do now that could equal her love and thoughtfulness in caring for the graves of the members of my family. It will be three years on the 30th of this month that Gertrude passed away. I have continued to occupy our large home in the southern limits of the city. One after another, I have had a husband and wife with me. The husband has been a student at the University, and the wife continues to make my house a home for me.

I am so sorry that you could not have stayed over and spent at least a night or two at the home, giving you an opportunity to see more of your old friends. You were a mighty sweet little girl when you were a member of my Sunday School class, and I am sure that Nate will be in full agreement with this statement. When you write to the other members of your family, kindly remember me to them, and the next time you come to Lawrence, try to stay longer. With the kindest regards to you and Mr. Downes, I remain,

Your friend