1871

Tuesday Evening. Nov. 14th.

Dear Ones at Home.

We have washed and ironed, to-day, so I am pretty tired this evening, but wanted to write you as usual, for I delayed Minnie's letter, last week until Friday, and if I begin delaying I am afraid the right time for writing never would come.

Mr. Stevenson came home very unexpectedly, this morning. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him coming, and almost need to look up now to assure myself that he has come. There was a severe storm, Sunday evening, which filled all the bayous with water so that he could not go on any farther for several days, and he thought, in the meantime, he would run down here and see what was going on, but the boat was

wrecked on Pelican Island yesterday, and they feared they would have to stay there several days with nothing to eat, so this morning Mr. S. with two others got into a little row-boat, scarcely large enough to hold them, and in that, almost at the risk of their lives they came to Galveston, over ten miles of rough sea.

The law-suit regarding the school-house was postponed, last Friday, on account of the opposing party declining to appear, but I suppose it will come off to-morrow without fail. I had hoped that I could write you good news, this week, but we must wait a little longer.

Your letter, Minnie, came yesterday morning, and was very welcome. I walked down to the post-office, and should have been sadly disappointed if I had not found it there.

Much love for all, the more love, because my letter is so short.

Your own Anna.