

J.M. Pease  
10 Feb. 11-

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My dear Sister,

I have just finished a letter to Papa and have nothing in the world to write you. After reading that sentence of course you will wonder what incites me to write. I do not know what does. Only I do not feel like doing anything tonight, and it is not yet time to go to bed.

Why did you have your hair cut? If I were with you now I should give you a most terrible scolding and would do so by letter, only if my letter should not reach you safely but fall into the hands of someone who does not know me. I might acquire the reputation of a "scolder" and that would not be nice. Your hair looked so nicely curled and it could not have been a great deal [?] to put up three or four paper each night.

Your song "Castles in the Air" is with my music. Also since the songs and some of the pieces of often played most. I'm (?) so sorry for they are of no use to me. If i had any way of doing so I would send them to you but cannot at present. I will copy the words and put them in the envelope with these (?).

The bell has rung for nine o'clock and I am sleepy enough to go to bed now. A (?) ten before seven is early at this season of the year for breakfast. pity me for I have to breakfast at that unsuitable hour. My letter to Papa ends so abruptly it made me laugh out. I fear this was as badly.

Lovingly,  
Julie