

607  
I want to write you another letter long  
Walter Brown  
January the 2<sup>nd</sup> 1886.

Dear Pap and Mother

I seat myself to write you a few lines, But O I cant hardly see for the tears, death has visited our little flock and took away our darling little Anna, Oh it looks like I cant bear it, but she is gone, but there is one great consolation I know where she is gone to. Christmas Morning she was well, and went to church with us, and at three O'clock in the eve was prayer meeting and we was nearly ready to start When Anna took a chill, Billie was nearly ready to start to Fort Smith I told him I thought Anna had a chill and of course he didnt go. Anna was not sick long she died Tuesday Morning between 5 and 6 O'clock, she got wild two hours before she died we could hardly hold her ~~for a minute~~ <sup>for a minute or two</sup>, but when we would talk to her she would answer, she would think that she was falling she thought I was falling, she would say get up Mamma then she said I want to kiss you Mamma. I kissed her ~~and~~ and she would smack her lips when they was cold, Oh if ever I felt like I wanted to die it was then. Oh you dont know how we miss her, she could talk just as plain as I could, she had been so healthy all the year she was very fleshy, and she was every bodys pet, Mother I want you to take good care of her picture for it is just like her. I want you to write soon, from, Billie