G

355 H. St. Washington
26th Sept. 1867.

Dearest Mother,

It is so long since I wrote you that I announced to write now. The fact is that in the midst of answering daily letters I got to putting off & off the occasional ones, thinking that mother knows what I am about and that all is right. Well; five minutes ago two young ladies rushed up to me in the street as I was crossing the corner & shouted out "Uncle George, Uncle George, what time is it" at the same time putting up two small mouths to be kissed. Mind You, I would not tell any body but you