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Home, Fla. Sept 5th 1883.

Dear Maria,

I will try and write you a few lines this morning. I feel better than I have done since I had the fever, Hettie & Clara are as well as could be expected, Clara's school will be done in two more weeks I will be truly thankful when she gets through with it, Brock Hall is hauling in the corn we made in their field, Clara rented the land from them, Mr McCook's wife is dead she was buried yesterday, Margaret has a fine boy, they intend to name it for Nat Marion, I have not seen it yet, it was born on the 2nd of this month Mary is much better in health now. she had a bad spell for a while, Margaret has Miss Carrie Lankford staying with her at this time, the Old Lady McLeod was with her when the baby was born I recd a letter from Emma a few days ago, they were all well when she wrote, she said W. H. Hoane had been gone a month on the Tampa Road with John Reynolds, I am glad he has got a place so that he can support his family, Nat Marion & Mr Sweet are going to take Mr Morgan's store at the Station and carry on the business that Morgan had there, they have not fixed the bargain until Mr Morgan comes, he is on the Road that John Reynolds is on, we have not seen Rufus since the time

he first called on us, he was married on last Sunday evening to Mrs Mary Taylor, she was Bud Taylor's widow, Mr Nixon married them, they are kin I hope they will do well, I think it was a quick courtship, there has been a great deal of sickness in this part of the country this season, the mornings are cool but the other parts of the day are very warm, we did not have any peaches this season they rotted and fell off the trees, some of the orange trees have a good many oranges on them your Aunt Maria is on a visit to South Carolina at this time, she has her daughter Maria Griffin & her two little girls with her, Barkley Johnstones wife lost her little baby & she had been quite sick herself, I recd a letter from Cousin Clara Stewart, she wrote me the news. I have not had a letter from Sarah in some time, John writes to Clara is the only way I can hear from them, I wrote to Sarah but I have not recd an answer yet, I think I will write again Mrs Flemming's little baby died last week, it had been sick for a good while, the catterpillars are in the cotton. I can smell them now as I write, I have written all that I can think of now. Clara & Lettie join me in love to you. Alick & children, Lettie says she will write to you before long, write soon I am always glad to hear from you, your Mother, Mary A. Robinson