

Stedmen, Jan 26, 1854.

My Dear Mother:

I am a
gonter write you a short
letter this evening. The reason I
did not write to you sooner
this week was because I was
in carpentry what I mean
by carpentry is a boy that
behaves bad and dont get his
lessons and gets them ~~over~~
I was ^{not} put in for either
but I was put ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ for
loud talk and when
a boy is in carpentry
he can not talk to any of
the boys nor go in the
play house nor on the play
ground so that is what
carpentry ~~means~~ means. I
~~can~~ cant think of much
more this evening but I gess

I can write a little more to
you. The first thing that comes
in my mind is I hope you are
better and well and have not got
any more face ache and I hope
Anna is better too and ~~sister~~
sister Emma and I hope Frank
is not been sick since I left
Rome to come to school. I
think the days are a flying
it seems so to me only look
we have been three weeks here
a ready but the first week goes
slower than the others because
we don't get started on our
lessons but when we get
started on our lessons the
days go like two forty
on the plank road and
the term will be ended
before you know it.
one of the teachers said

that we went home on
the tenth of April and I
~~guess it is ^{right} if it is not I~~
guess it is right but if it
is not right I will tell
you in a nother letter
this is all I can think of
this evening so I will say
goodby my Dear Mother and
~~father~~ and Father, and all
in the house good by once
more all in the house good
by ~~ga~~ good by good by good by
all in the house. I ~~remain~~
remain as ever,

Your affectionate son
to Fred Weed.

A letter to
My Dear Mother
from Alfred Ineed.