

Paris Book Store,

M. Troy, Manager,
213 N. Main St.

Paris, Texas,

April 18⁷

1899.

My Dear Sister,

We have gone through
a war so horrible in its experiences
I shudder when I think to write
of it. I suppose our little boy
was no more dear to us or treas-
-ful in our sight than are all
other children to all other parents
but it seems to us that he would have
been. It does not seem possible
to us that any other child could
have had so many ways of
making himself loved as he.
Dad was a little joke to everybody.
Nobody saw him without smiling.
He warmed the heart of every one. When
we went even among perfect stran-
gers it was the same thing. I remem-

ber when he was a little bit of
a tot in dresses at Eureka
Springs he never went down
the street but his funny ways
or funny sayings would call
forth vociferous laughter from
those who heard him.

Last September he was with
me in Kansas City for a day
or two. He made friends with
the elevator boys knew the law-
br maids & the office folks &
took charge of the trimmings
in the sample room. He had
no self consciousness & did not
hesitate to ask questions of any
one, anywhere. He investigated
the cable car system as well as
he could, would stop in the middle
of a crowded street to look down
in the trap & always got a civil
answer to his friendly question
of the attendant. On the train
the porters seem to think he had

Paris Book Store,

M. Froy, Manager,

213 N. Main St.



Paris, Texas, 1899.

Found a prize, he was liked to
both boys but we remarked, Maty
& I, that all his questions were
found at Dan & he would read of
his original answers.

So it was always. He got on
the soft side of everybody's heart.

I say it looked to us ^{as if} no such
one had ever lived before & the
loss to us seems irreparable.

Mattie says I must tell you all
about his sickness & the beauti-
ful funeral. How I would
have liked to have had you see
the last & how thankful I am
that you escaped the first!

Poor little Dan. Easter they
had such colds we did not

let them go to church or Sunday
School because their cough
wd disturb the services but they
were well enough to play as
they pleased about the house
& yard. Monday however
Dan did not feel well enough
to go to school & as we have
never put them where they felt
the least under the weather. As our
idea has been to develop their phys-
ically as much as possible
now, especially as they easily
kept up at the top of their classes.
Well, Mr. soon found it necessary
to call the Doctor & he thought it
ought as well not have been
done but he kept him in
~~time~~ ~~an~~ under treatment all the
time. Friday night we sat up
all night working with him
until four o'clock when I
went for the Doctor. He reassured
us as much as poss. but I do
not believe now either of us expected
him to get well from the beginning.

Paris Book Store,

W. Gray, Manager,

213 N. Main St.



Paris, Texas, 1899.

Friday morning, just a week
from the bad night he began to
sick. We sat by his bed all
day & far into the night expecting
the end any moment. I never
saw such vitality - as I supposed - and
I grew almost frantic that so much
life & strength should not be given
every chance to pull him through ~~and~~
we sent runners for the doctors and
soon had them back, they had only
gone for a few moments they explain-
ed, for the whole town proved sick,
but I have been told since that it was
not his strength but the effect of the
strongest stimulant. probably it
would have been a mercy to have let
him go sooner. certain it is I

thanked God from the bottom
of my heart that he was at rest
at last when the evil did come.
O the agony of that night! What
must it have been to have made us
glad to see him die!

I have not told you what was
the matter. Both boys were sick
just alike. Nat's turned out to be a
good case of Muscles. Sam came out
poorly & his lungs became involved.
At the very first his head was so heavy
he could not raise it & until the
end it was the same thing. His
heart was threatening to give away
all the time. I have never known
such an exhibition of great helpfulness
as he gave us. Medicine fairly poured
into him & it was painful to be moved
as he hurt in every part of his body.
Still he never refused to take anything
& his sweet little "How then" after each
dose & his "Thank you" that came oc-
casionally will live in our
hearts forever. Friday Morning

Paris Book Store,

M. Frog, Manager,

213 N. Main St.



Paris, Texas, 1899.

just before the Sunday spell he
was suffering & his mother was
tending over him, he said "Mother
take your precious baby boy
in your arms & hug him tight"
She folded her arms about him but
fearing to left him on account
of his heart did not try to
warm him, he no doubt think-
ing she was not strong enough
said "father help mother carry
her boy".

Dan was a boyish boy & not a baby
& he did not like baby talk except
from his mother, he used to say he
liked for her to call him her baby.
but it was only in their hours of relax-
ation, so I felt that God had been

Paris Book Store,

W. Troy, Manager,

213 N. Main St.

72

Paris, Texas, 1899.

good to her in giving her with this
very last concerted speech an ap-
preciation appeal & in the very form
& tone of their closest intimacy.
How our dear little man did love
his mother. It was always beau-
tiful to see it. Our friends & that
seems to mean the whole population of
Paris, have been good to us.
Charley Rayland has always been
very fond of Dan. The Monday
he was taken sick, he had started
to the Choctaw Country to hunt.
My next door neighbor ^{Brother} is a great
hunter & probably knows his
way about through that wild coun-
try better than anyone else, Volun-
teered to go to bring Charley back.

Paris Book Store,

M. Troy, Manager,
213 N. Main St.



Paris, Texas, 1899.

He went by train to Antlers forty miles
north of Paris then he was found a
buggy waiting for him (he had
telegraphed for it) & at nine o'clock
at night he drove out into the
darkness & the wilderness. Most
of the way was through the woods
the only trail being one wagon
track that had gone through a
wood before. He forded the river
where the banks were so steep the
poories simply squatted upon their
haunches & slid down into the
water. The water came into the buggy
but fortunately did not get deep
enough to get the team to swimming.
He got to camp about eight in the
morning. Fortunately Charley had

Paris Book Store,

M. Frog, Manager,
213 N. Main St.



Paris, Texas, 1899.

just returned to camp so in a
half hour they began their return
trip. He & that little pair of Choctaw
ponies made that seventy mile drive
in sixteen hours of almost con-
tinuous driving & so far as the
ponies are concerned with out
being fed except a little grass they
were allowed to nibble
Rayland says no one can begin
to understand what Mr Smith has
done for us unless they go over the
ground as he did though even then
being in company & in day light he
were cannot realize it fully.
Such streams of people as called all
the week & such worlds of beautiful
flowers as they first touched us very

Paris Book Store,

W. Troy, Manager,

213 N. Main St.

Paris, Texas, 1899.

much. Mattie said Dan liked
pretty clothes so much & will be so
pleased to be dressed up beauti-
fully, she had him dressed in
a beautiful white flannel suit
one of the ladies near us made
& then the flowers! They came from
every body & they seemed to have
tried their best to attain perfection.
The casket was white & the under-
taker received that morning a
white horse & hurried to unload
it, sending me word he did not
think he would have done so for
any one else as it was raining
& very muddy. With the sur-
roundings so beautiful we found
some comfort. He was so pretty &

Paris Book Store
213 N. Main St.
Paris, Texas
1892
+ loved pretty things so much
our parents hearts warmed to
see these things.

Since it is all over, people have not
forgotten to be kind to us.

Mrs David one of our nearest neigh-
bors + who by the way is Charley's mother
in law, said to me yesterday, "Dixie
didn't it seem as if the whole town
loved you".

At a time like this one finds him-
self bustling about mightily for
consolation. I did not find that
in my religion that I had hoped
but I did find that I must lay fast
hold upon Christ + live close to
him or throw away all anchors
& drift away entirely + I pray God
for strength to prove him true if
I cannot find any man. Frustrations
of his mercy now.

That is getting well again + his unself-
ishness + his efforts to comfort us with
his love is beautiful. He + Dan always
sleep together. To keep him from being
so lonely some as well as to keep him

Paris Book Store,

M. Troy, Manager,
213 N. Main St.



Paris, Texas, 1899.

covered up at night one or the other of us sleeps with him but he always protests. Begs to sleep by himself so that neither of us will be alone. If he sees any tendency toward emotion in either of us he is there on the instant with his arms about our neck & saying such things as he can to comfort us. He is a very appreciative child & a very high character but quiet & un demonstrative usually. The boys at school this year have played marbles a great deal & Dan was a first rate player. They all played for "keeps" & it was very very hard for our boys not to do it Dan did once or twice fall thro

Paris Book Store,

M. Frog, Manager,
213 N. Main St.



Paris, Texas, 1899.

but it shows the stuff that was in
him he quit right short off, came
& told his mother of it & said he
was through with it. Nat has
never done it at all though he
says it is mighty hard.

We have never told them they must
not, but we told them we thought
it starting wrong & hoped they
would have the prudence not to
do it. Dan nor Nat has ever in
their lives told us a story, or as
we think best now, done any
of the bad things boys do sometimes.
Of course they ~~are~~ men not perfect
but they were boys to be proud of.

Yours

Matt.

Write Dan. I don't know his address.

PARIS BOOK STORE,
M. TROY, MANAGER,
213 N. Main St.

Paris, Texas, April 18th 1899.

My dear Sister,

We have gone through a week so horrible in its experiences I shudder when I think to write of it. I suppose our ~~littles~~ boy was no more dear to us or beautiful in our sight than are all other children to all other parents, but it seems to us that he must have been. It does not seem possible to us that any other child could have had so many ways of making himself loved as he. Dan was a little joke to everybody. Nobody saw him without smiling. He warmed the heart of everyone. Wherever we went even among perfect strangers it was the same thing. I remember when he was a little bit of a tot in dresses at Eureka springs he never went down the street but his funny ways or funny sayings would call for the volleys of laughter from those who heard him.

Last September he was with us in Kansas City for a day or two. He made friends with the Elevator boys, knew the chamber maids & the office folks & took charge of the drummers in the sample room. He had no self consciousness & did not hesitate to ask questions of any one, anywhere. He investigated the cable car system as well as he could, would stop in the middle of a crowded street to look down in the trap & always got a civil answer to his friendly questions of the attendant. On the train the porter seem to think he had found a prize, he was kind to both boys but we remarked, Matty & I that all his questions were first at Dan & he would roar at his original answers. So it was always. He got on the soft side of everybodys heart. I say it looked to us as if no such one had ever lived, before & the loss to us seems irreparable. Mattie says I must tell you all about his sickness & the hateful funeral, How I would have liked to

have had you see the last & how thankful I am that you escaped the first! Poot little Dan. Easter they had such colds we did not let them go to church or Sunday school because their caughs wil disturb the services but they were well enough to play as they pleased about the house & yard. Monday however Dan did not feel well enough to go to school & we have never sent them when they felt the least under the weather. As our idea has been to develop them physically as much as possible now, especially as they easily kept up at the top of their classes. Well, we soon found it necessary to call the Doctor & he thought it might as well not have been done but he kept him in under treatment all the time. Friday night we sat up all night working with him until four o'clock when ~~we~~ went for the Doctor. He reassured us as much as possible, but I do not believe now either of us expected him to get well from the beginning.

Friday morning just a week from the bad night he began to sink. We sat by his bed all day & far into the night expecting the end any moment. I never saw such vitality--as I supposed--and I grew almost Frantic that so much life & strength should not be given every chance to pull him through. We sent runners for the doctors and soon had them back, they had only gone a for a few moments they explained, for the whole town seemed sick, but I have been told since that it was not his strength but the effort of the strongest stimulant, probably it would have been a mercy to have let him go sooner. Certain it is I thanked you from the bottom of ~~my~~ heart that he was at rest at last when the end did come. O the agony of that night! What must it have been to have made us glad to see him die!

I have not told you what was the matter. Both ways were sick just alike. Nats turned out to be a good case of measles. Dans came out poorly & his lungs became involved. At the very first his head was so

heavy he could not raise it & until the end it was the same thing. His heart was threatening to give away all the time. I have never known such an exhibition of sweet helpfulness as he gave us. Medicine fairly poured into him & it was painful to be moved as he hurt in every part of his body still he never refused to take anything & his sweet little "Now then" after each dose & his "thank you" that came occasionally will live in our hearts forever. Friday morning just before the sinking spell he was suffering & his mother was bending over him, he said "Mother, take your precious baby boy in your arms & hug him tight" She folded her arms about him but fearing to lift him on account of his heart did not try to move him, he no doubt thinking she was not strong enough said "father help mother carry her boy."

Dan was a boyish boy & not a baby & he did not like baby talk except from his mother, he used to say he liked for her to call him her baby. But it was only in their hours of relaxation, so I felt that God had been good to her in giving her with this very last connected speech an affectionate appeal & in the very form & tone of their closest intimacy. How our dear little man did love his mother. It was always Beautiful to see it. Our friends & that seems to mean the whole population of Paris, have been good to us. Charley Ragland has always been very fond of Dan. The Monday he was taken sick, he had started to the Choctaw Country to hunt. My next door neighbor who is a great hunter & probably knows his way about through that wild country better than any one else, volunteered to go to bring Charley back.

He went by train to Antlers forty miles north of Paris then he found a buggy waiting for him (he had telegraphed for it) & at nine o'clock at night he drove out into the darkness & the wilderness, Most of the way was through the woods the only trail being one wagon track that had gone through a week before. He forded the river where the banks were so steep the ponies simply squatted upon their haunches &

slid down into the water, the water came into the buggy but fortunately did not get deep enough to set the team to swimming. He got into camp about eight in the morning, fortunately Charley had just returned to camp so in a half hour they began their return trip. He & that little pair of choctaw ponies made that seventy mile drive in sixteen hours of almost continuous driving & so far as the ponies are concerned with out being fed except a little grass they were allowed to nibble.

Ragland says no one can begin to understand what Mr. Smith has done for us unless they go over the ground as he did through even then being in company & in daylight he even cannot realize it fully. Such streams of people as called all the week & such worlds of beautiful flowers as they sent touched us very much. Mattie said Dan liked pretty clother so much & will be so pleased to be dressed up beautifully, she had him dressed in a beautiful white flannel suit one of the ladies near us made & then the flowers! They came from everybody & they seemed to have tried their best to attain perfection. The casket was white & the undertaker received that morning a white hearse & hurried to unload it, sending no word he did not think he would have done so for any one else as it was raining & very muddy. With the surroundings so beautiful we found some comfort. He was so pretty, & loved pretty things so much our parents hearts warmed to all these things.

Since it is all over, people have not forgotten to be kind to us.

Mrs. Daniel one of our nearest neighbors & who by the way is Charles' mother in law, said to us yesterday, "Dixie didn't it seem as if the whole town loved you."

At a time like this one finds himself casting about mightly for consolation. I did not find that in my religion that I had hoped but I did find that I must lay fast hold upon Christ & live close to him or throw away all anchors & drift away entirely & I pray God for strength to serve him even if I cannot find any more festatious of his ~~mercy~~ mercy now.

Nat is getting well again & his unselfishness & his efforts to comfort us with his love is beautiful. He & Dan always slept together To keep him from being so lonesome as well as to keep him covered up at night one or the other of us sleeps with him but he always protests. Begs to sleep by himself so that neither of us will be alone. If he sees any tendency toward emotion in either of us he is there on the instant with his arms about our neck & saying such things as he can to comfort us. He is a very affectionate child & a very high character but quiet & undermonstrative usually. The boys at school this year have played marbles a great deal & Dan was a first rate player. They all played for "Keeps" & it was very very hard for our boys not to do it Dan did once or twice fall thro but it shows the stuff that was in him he quit right short off, came & told his mother of it & said he was through with it. Nat has never done it at all though he says it is might hard

We have never told them they must not, but we told them we thought it starting wrong & hoped they would have the firmness not to do it. Dan nor Nat has ever in their lives told us a story, or as we think back now, done any of the bad things boyd do sometimes. Of course they were not perfect but they were boys to be proud of.

Yours

Matt

Write to Dan. I dont know his address.