

Tuesday 12-23-19.

The day opened up Cloudy
 & misty - as heavy frost
 as ever fell, lay on the
 ground -
 Mr. News - All quiet.

Rec'd from Sonera a box of
 Stationery & a hand bag
 Lick - from her & Paul -
 otherwise, nothing doing.

Yesterday about 4 p.m.
 the old man Morris
 died - from Gnevy of the
 right - side of his face -
 to-day taken to Sallisaw
 to be buried beside his son
 John -

He suffered long & patiently
 & at last with George, Charles,
 L. C. & Mrs. Pellicord with
 him & by his bedside, he
 passed into the beyond -

The home route will
 all travel in the Sweet -
 by & by -

Mrs. Morris was an
 extraordinary man -

Not a Modern man but
 pretty well up to & learning
 Modern life -

The last I saw of him was
 early last fall when we
 together walked from the
 Garage Corner to the Logg Mews
 bench at the bank - always
 the same old man - & I
 was Mrs. Morris -

Such a life, henceforth we
 know not - where we go
 or where we land -