

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 - & so  
 was Mrs. Morris -

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