

Boncourt July the 12

Again I take my pen in hand  
to write a few lines to my  
ever Dear Father and tell  
you we are settled in our new  
home I suppose you had heard  
long before this I was in hopes  
they would go east this morn  
but it seems not I think Boncourt  
is a very pleasant place but it does  
not seem as though it would  
ever be home oh this moving  
among strangers every year  
or two I think every time this  
will be the last I told them  
I could not think of going back  
to Ohio again I had got perfectly  
sick of being fagged round and  
would not do it but I came on these  
conditions that I should go to Ohio  
and visit my friends as soon as we get  
settled.