

Burlington, Iowa
September 18, 1889

Dear sister,

I suppose I shall hear from you today in answer to what I wrote Saturday. Well, I don't know just what to say now, only just this - that I believe I am not long for this world whatever others may think and that it would favor in the end that I was just as well off by taking it easy as fretting and dragging myself around as I feel compelled to do here. Now Aunt [ed. David McDill's wife, Lydia McDaniel] tells me to rest the best way I can always and will do anything for my comfort in fact, they all let me do just as I think best. Yet, I do not feel as if I am rightly understood or anyone knows how hard it is for me. It has come to the old fight of last winter. Anna, I just have to make myself become a bulldog to get through the day and certain duties. Heavens, I pray God to help me and he has and is doing so from day to day. How foolish we are to wander away from the best friend we have and the only one who can really help us in this world.

I just received a letter from Harry and he wants you to write him. His address is Rio Vista, California and he writes very cheerfully. I sent Frank the letter and you can get it if you write him as I do not think he knows yours. Frank is at 821 [illegible], [ed. St. Louis, works for the Wabash Railroad] . Harry's address is Rio Vista California.

The weather here has turned very cool and it is very hard on me besides. I have rheumatism now and sometimes it hurts pretty bad in getting around and makes me slower than ever. Frank Ross [ed. Lydia Martha McDill, sister of Anna Farnan's mother, married Robert Ross in 1850, relation to Frank not known] was married in Fresno California on the 29th of last month and are to be in Monmouth this week. Aunt and I may go over there but I can hardly see how I can stand the trip. Uncle Dave talks as if I would go to Chicago alone and, at night, and I would go now if it killed me if he said so. I don't know about your coming on a visit it is [illegible] and it is only a question of time where you will have when where you will have to come anyway. Do not worry about me, Anna. I have faith in God and time is short, very short indeed. I wish you would write to Frank and Harry. I hope Mr. Ayres is in good health and that business is good with him.

With love to all,
your brother Dave

[ed. David died 28-Nov-1889 and is buried with the McDills in Monmouth, IL]