

Kenia, B., Tues., Dec. the 29th., 1891

Dear Father:

Your letters reach you rather irregularly now, don't they? For my part, I have no idea of when I ought to write, so I just do it "when the spirit moves", and, alas, the spirit doesn't move very often. I don't really think that it has today, - it is rather a case of "duty calls." So don't look for a very interesting epistle this time.

And of course there isn't any news, and I don't feel equal to keeping my promise of telling you more about Christmas. What would be the use, anyhow, - Halley described it all, I guess, and it wasn't interesting enough to bear repetition, methinks.

Let me see. There is last night's Sunday School entertainment. Every thing went off very nicely there. I went over in the afternoon and helped pack up the candy.

Kenia seems to be getting sicker and sicker. Is it so everywhere, I wonder? Halley and I are a little "under the weather" today, - I caught some cold last night, I guess, - but our names needn't be put on the sick list. Saturday night Don, as he came home, stepped on the grating of a cellar window, and it gave way under him, so he is somewhat

lame, although not laid up.

We are afraid that you are sick; for you said you were not well last week, and we have received only the envelope of transfer paper since then. I wish you could come home.

Yesterday it was beautifully fair, but now it is snowing. I woke to the sound of rain this morning, at noon the rain turned to sleet, half an hour later to great soft flakes of snow, and now ^{to} the hard little round snow-balls - no, as I look out I see that even that has stopped.

Truly, I would write more if I could think of more to write, but I cannot, so, with much love, I must say goodbye,

Your daughter,

Bessie.

We have not sent you the December Harper yet because we have not found out how much it ought to cost. I weigh a pound and four or five ounces, - how much postage should it take?