

Oenia, Q., Jan. 21st, 1892.

My beloved Father:

All day yesterday it seemed Saturday to me: whenever the bell rang I started to get a butter crock, and I was much surprised that the Gazette boy did not call. But (so brilliant are all my faculties nowadays) I have conceived this to be Friday, instead of either reckoning on and calling it Sunday, or making myself understand it to be Thursday. Friday it is, and Friday will it remain to me.

I am sorry that my last letter was so brief and unsatisfactory, and I have been racking my brains to devise some plan for stretching out my news and making a longer-appearing letter,—my theory being that you take the number of pages, rather than the matter therein, to indicate the length of the letter. Perhaps this may be the best plan, after all, for I can certainly make a larger number of pages, although I can not increase the amount of what I have to say. Now, my arrangement for making my letters

seen longer is twofold: first, to run into details; second, to "pad" my pages. The second is to be accomplished in three ways; first, by writing a large hand (which you see I do); second, by making frequent paragraphs (which I am always prone to do); and third, by using big words (which I am always prone to do, and which you see I do here). Be prepared.

The epistolatory capacity of the inhabitants of this ancient domicile is becoming enormous. (You may stop and take breath if you want to). Upon the nineteenth of January, which in this present year occurred upon the third day of the week, namely Tuesday, three missives were conveyed from the afore-mentioned residence to the post-office, and thence to their respective destinations, while upon the preceding Friday the youth of the domicile dispatched nineteen postal cards. The three letters previously mentioned were as follows:

1st. One from Mary Leslie Newton to her father relative, which he doubtless has received.

2nd. One from the afore-mentioned M. G. N. to
her cousin (removed by one degree) the other M.
J. N.

3rd. One from Miss Elizabeth Halley, spinster, to
her brother, William Halley of Chicopee Falls.

I think we both need to take a breath
— and a long one, too, — after that, — I, because
the numerous polysyllables which I have emitted,
and you, because of that most recent fragment
of information.

Them. What else is there which I may-
herein relate and expatiate upon? And as I
utter this query, echo answers, "Nothing!" (You
see that the acoustics of this edifice ~~and~~ are ex-
tremely peculiar and remarkable)

Truly, lieber Vaterlein, there isn't anything
else to write. And all my long words, para-
graphs, details, and sprawling hand have
brought together only a beggarly three pages.
How is me! But with nothing to say. I must
not begin a fresh sheet, so goodbye,

Your very loving daughter, Leslie.

Postscriptum: No youthful acquaintance has yet vouchsafed to offer me a sleigh ride.

Postscriptum: Yesterday exceeded in cold all others for this present year, or (according to the milk man's statement) all for one fifth of a century.

Postscriptum: The swelling of my pedal extremities is considerably reduced, and at the present writing they (the feet) are encased in a remarkably close-fitting pair of five-and-a-half.

Postscriptum: We enjoy excellent health and hope that you also possess the identical blessing.

Postscriptum: We enjoyed a cat-pugilistic encounter (or should it be paw-gilistic?) last evening; the participants being our beloved Koko, Pitti Sing (not beloved), and a spotted stranger. The combatants were with difficulty separated, but the intruder alone suffered injury, one paw bearing a considerable incision.

Postscriptum: The postscript system of paddings works excellently: I shall take the adoption of it into serious consideration

Leslie

Postscriptum: After a brief interval I am again reduced to envelopes bearing an advertisement.

Postscriptum: Have you received the Harper?

Postscriptum: If you can't read, — pardon me, — are unable to decipher my chirography, ascribe it to the destruction of my mental abilities by the pain consequent upon wearing shoes, which, although they cannot properly be described as diminutive, yet are not of sufficient capacity to afford convenient accomodation for those members to clothe which they are destined.

Postscriptum: My time piece has made but two failures, one of five, the other of fifteen minutes, since January 1st, and in both cases it proceeded voluntarily and without any compulsion.

Postscriptum: We have \$41.49 in bank.

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