

Genia, Q., Thur., May 5th., 1892.

My dear, dear Father:

This letter is written in a hammock in our porch, a most delightful spot on a warm day like this, but one, nevertheless, which may make my words rather incoherent, as my paper is given to blowing away frequently, and my ideas are getting mixed very rapidly with those of Miss McLaughlin's school, which is camping on the campus to study and recite. I wish I belonged to a school with the delightful habit of holding sessions out of doors, but as I don't belong to any school at all I have to content myself by sitting out of doors alone. If my words fail to make connection please charge it to the two facts mentioned above, and also ^{to} the bird-music that is distracting me.

I really do not think I am capable of letter writing to-day anyhow: for I feel decidedly "disinclined", and my paper is limited, so that when I finish my tablet I finish my letter also. And the sheets in my tablet are very few, so I fear my letter will be brief. Another and a still more potent reason compels me, — time is "skurse": Mary Miller is coming over today to take a walk and afterwards spend the evening discussing Marie Antoinette, and also it is drawing near the time when I must mail this. Why, despite all these disadvantages, do I

write today? Do you not know, O my father? It is in order that something, however little, may reach you tomorrow. I wish I could give you much, - there is nothing too good, or good enough for you, - and I wish we could be with you. But I can give you nothing but my best wishes and my dearest love, which you have always; and perhaps you may be less lonely if a word comes from us to remind you that we have not forgotten you on your birthday. God bless my dear, dear father!

I received a letter yesterday from Mr. Meredith - or rather, a note, - simply saying that my letter had been received ^{and} my application would probably be considered at a board-meeting next week; and enclosing Prof. Cox's letter. Mr. Snively will help me in any way he can.

The political convention has not yet adjourned, but the S.S. one has, and I only could be present part of the two ^{day} meetings yesterday. Grandma was much pleased by a call from one of the political delegates yesterday - Grew Sweet; and - by the way - she spent the whole afternoon here yesterday and did not say one word about her affairs.

I am such a miserable, absent-minded, forgetful, old thing that I have missed telling you that the Porters have

gone and that Mrs. Butler, the authoress, has moved in. She is a curiosity indeed. I will tell you more about her some other time but now I must stop.

With my dearest love again, I am,

Your daughter,

Mary Leslie Newton,