

Friday, October the 23rd. I intended to tell you of
last night of yesterday's occurrences, but was too lazy, and
today I don't know that I shall have time. Never-
theless I will make a beginning, at least. In
the morning I went to school: chiefly to see Miss Wilgus
and return her books, as I despaired of ever finding her
at home. I went to her room first and had quite a
little talk with her, during which she gave me her photo-
graph (you will remember that she got mine a year ago).
This was very good, but it has the dark background, which
I don't like. Then I went into the other room, spoke
with Prof. Graham and was seated. The first lesson I
went into was History, in Miss Pearson's room. Here some
very astonishing facts were developed; for instance, the
question was asked, "How was Nineveh destroyed?" The an-
swer given was, "By the fall of the empire." Do you
suppose the empire fell on it and crushed it? Again,
"Describe the Assyrian religion." The first statement of
the answer was "The Assyrian religion was due to the
Lusadae." You may imagine that I was greatly
edified by the recitation! Next I went to Miss
Wilgus' room to hear Physics. It seemed good to

hear a class recite to her again, and I enjoyed that hour. The next hour I listened to Prof. Graham's Physiology class, which certainly is unusually stupid! Finally there was a half hour of drawing and then I had the supreme pleasure of marching out.

In the afternoon I didn't go back, as I had to give May her music lesson. Also I didn't find myself so in love with the school as to wish to stay there.

It was about three o'clock that we had a call. Hearing the bell and thinking May had come for her lesson, I went to the door in my blue gingham dress and big pink apron. Lo, it was not May, but Mr. and Mrs. Vance! You may judge I was surprised! Now Son had just gone down street, Aunt Lizzie wouldn't come in, and Halley (being in even worse state than I) had to change her dress. Consequently I, poor I, alone and unassisted, had to entertain them for from five to ten minutes. We discussed you first. Do you know that you are acquainted with Mr. Vance? You are. Then Mrs. Vance

asked whether we had been ~~walking~~ going outting
much this fall. I informed her that we went after
beech nuts the day before. Mr. Vance said that there
were plenty of beech nuts at Wilberforce. I answered
that we had gone there. Then he remarked that he
had been surprised to see such hilly country round
Wilberforce. That brought on a discussion of the country
there, leading to some interesting remarks upon springs.
We then "jumped over" the springs (of conversation) a-
bout Belbrook, To-wawa, Yellow Springs, and all the o-
ther "watering places" in Greene Co. Just as we had
exhausted these and I was wildly trying to recall the
whereabouts of the field where Simon Kenton ran, May
and Halley arrived simultaneously. They only stay-
ed a moment longer, so you see I got the brunt of the
talk. Ah well, maybe it was good practice!

Saturday: I seem to be permanently behind hand
with my writing so I shall make a short matter of
yesterday, and try to catch up. I swept upstairs
Friday morning; - Halley and Lon must both have told
you of the doings of the afternoon, and as I feel lazy
I shan't say anything more, - only, - we had a lovely

walk! This morning I have been ironing; this afternoon I went over to see Grandma, who firmly believes in the "painter" stories and tried to scare me about the creatures. She didn't succeed, as you may imagine. And this is all, so good-bye again

Wednesday.

Three whole days since I have written!—Sunday, Monday and Tuesday! Well, if you but knew how busy I have been you would excuse me. What have I been at? Ah, that you shall't know till Sunday. Then you shall see! Possess your soul in patience. I guess I will make short work of what I have to say this morning,—I have so much ahead of me to do.

Ahem. Sunday, went to church four times.

Monday, stayed at home and worked.

Tuesday. " " " " "

Is that full enough for you? Well, there is positively nothing else to say. News is "dreadful scurse". The coming of your letter, the falling of the leaves, the talk about the panther,—that is positively all of interest that has happened in this week. Oh, no, I forgot. Aunt Lizzie went to see Grandma Monday night and heard from May that Emma Ebright had asked her to go down to the store and apply for a position, as they were pretty busy in the afternoons and were beginning to need another clerk. Naturally I went down the next morning, but they don't need a clerk yet.

Stenography is getting on slowly.

And as this is all, I really must go to my work, so good-bye.

Your very loving daughter,

Mary Leslie Newton.