

Actually  
1892

Xenia, O., Feb. 19th., 18

Dear Father:

There! I have dated my letter 1891 again! My memory is in very poor condition. Like the Echo dwarf, it is getting lazy. Well, you can understand that I mean right, at any rate.

This machine has not been used since I printed the last Round Table (which, by the way, you have not yet acknowledged), and it seems to be too ink and works somewhat stiffly, so that my arm is already tired. But maybe that is because I am out of practice both on it and the piano (for since Halley has been sick and nervous I have not used the latter). I wouldn't be using the typewriter, but I can't find my pencil, a pen is too much trouble, and I am driven to this.

One more apology and then I will begin business. The one is for my lateness. But I have a valid excuse for once. Although Thursday is my day, and today is really Halley's, I could not do my duty because I had a near errand, and you know the old saying, "Doesthe nexte thyng". What was my "next thing"? To amuse my cousin Mabel. The Farmers' Institute has been meeting in the Opera House, you will remember, for the last two days, and yesterday morning (no, day before yesterday) Mr. Snively and Frank came in, bringing Mabel and leaving her with us till last night, when (ought I to say "Cousin Aaron" as Mabel says Cousin Sam?) he and Littell took her away again. And weren't we glad to see her, though, and wasn't she sweet! But as my respected sister had suffered a relapse (mainly, I think, from the effects of smashing in another door with her head) I had the care of Mabel, and you know when one has to watch a grasshopper she doesn't get much time to write. Mr. Snively brought us some lovely apples and some hickories that are a dream of goodness yesterday,



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and he has invited May and myself to be ready to go with him some Saturday, and spend Sunday there. I don't think there is much doubt but that we will be ready and willing. ~~There~~— They are going to tap sugar maples soon, and make syrup. What Halley thinks best of all remains yet untold, — they brought her the clay that Miss Hand sent her, and of course she is delighted with it. Cousin Mary has not been very well this winter, but the others are all well. Mabel has grown so large that she scarcely seems the same; she ~~weighs~~ weighs fifty two pounds,—with that heavy red "toboggan" cloak on. She was seven years old on the twenty sixth of last December, and she has read her primer, two first readers, and a dozen lessons in her second reader, which is doing wonderfully well in these degenerate days when a child is not expected to learn to read till it is six years old. She really is "as bright as a button" as they say, and sweet —and extremely pretty, too.

But a hruce to all this, — I have news more interesting for you. Don brought home the word at noon yesterday that the pension is allowed. Three cheers and a tiger! I don't know enough about pension to know how much you know ("I never knowed a man know as much as he knows") so I suppose it will be best for me to tell you all I got to hear about it, for fear I should leave out anything I ought to say. But as Mabel was with me so continually I only heard that it was twelve dollars, which most likely you know.

I am very sleepy, —please excuse me if I am incoherent.

My feet are about well, still very sore but reduced (my, how I divided that word!) so that I wear shoes about all the time. Halley is about the same and the rest of us are as usual all right.

We were promised a cold snap yesterday, but it has not yet arrived. Today it is damp weather, as



the typewriter proves: indeed it has been pouring down rain steadily all day. (I meant to spell steadily all right,— charge it to the typewriter)

I have been to meeting once this week and once only. I have thoughts of going tonight, but I don't yearn particularly after a walk in the rain, so I may fail up. Donald is going out tonight, to a gingerbread reception at the Y.M.C.A.

I enclose a letter received this morning from the Insurance company.

I am, as you know, taking drawing lessons again, and am getting on very nicely.

My father, it is dreadful the way people mix up Halley and me. Even Mr. Snively called me Halley yesterday, and the other night I could scarcely convince Mr. Vance that my name was Leslie. And the other day May Miller had a struggle over it, and Grandma calls me Habley half the time, and yesterday Aunt Lizzie appropriated my name to Mabel. I don't like to go shares on names.

I had some wild hopes of finishing this letter for the mailman to take, but he has just passed by on the other side, and unless I can persuade some good Samaritan to go for me I will be forced to carry it to the office myself.

Just as now I am forced for lack of news to bid you goodbye.

Your very loving daughter,

Mary Leslie Newton.

I am very, very sorry about the Harper .