

Kenia, G., Dec., Dec. 23rd, 1891.

Dear Father

Yes, I am deeply repentant! I cover my face with my hands! Truly, I never beheld one so absent minded as I!

It was not forgetfulness last week. I was too busy then to know my own thoughts. And Galley wrote them, also.

But now! I blush with shame! Yes, my lack of memory covereth me with confusion! To forget to write to mine own father! Where is some hiding place that I may conceal myself? for verily it is true and I blush to reveal myself to those who know it. I crave pardon. I implore thee, O my beloved father to forgive me! How may I atone for my fault? yes, how may I erase the record of mine absent-mindedness?

But even now I lack time. Truly, my forgetfulness hath caused me to have no leisure wherewith to tell you all that I should. Alas is me! However!

Donald wishes me to tell you that he has an "application" from "the darkey" (whoever that may be) for the other telegraph instrument. What is the price with two cells of battery, and what with three?

The receipt from the Accident Insurance Co has come safely. Mr. and Mrs. Graham were here (separately) this morning to look at the house. They seemed very much pleased, and we hope that they will buy. They will probably decide about it soon.

I enclose the receipt for Herschner's Horse Liniment.
A second Christmas present came to me today. The first,
you know, was a five dollar bill; the second a note from
Miss Oxton, which I enclose for your reading, - or no, I will not
- the substance of it is that she has not forgotten her promise to me,
and has sent me her picture, in return for which I am to send
mine. Isn't that nice?

I think Xenia is almost as sick a place as Gattanooga. I
don't know of a single family that has not had some sick-
ness, - ours only excepted. I suppose you heard how all the
minister's family except the older son fell sick at once, - well
that seems to be the way with every family, - to be ill "all
at once and no one first" - if Holmes will permit my change
in his remark. We are sulphur-ing vigorously, and I
guess that helps to keep us well. Anyhow, as the slang
goes, "we're all right."

Deary me! Isn't there any thing else to say? Did
Halley tell you of the "bargain" she got for our gift to Mary Mil-
ler? A copy of Mrs. Browning's poems, bound in blue cloth, - you
know the style, - for fifty cents! And yesterday she found a
lovely finger bowl at Looley and Holzapple's, which she & I will
give to Grandma, for only a quarter. This completes our chop-
ping for Christmas. I really must stop with my
paper, for I have told everything.

Your loving daughter,

Dorothy
DVED

Here is another instance of my absent-mindedness; I
didn't mean to use such poor paper!

The address on my en-
velope will show you the state of the weather.