

Genia, Q.: July 8th, 1891.

My own dear Father:

Don wants the typewriter to-day, and so, as you see, I am driven to using a pencil instead. I suppose I might take pen and ink; but I have not written with ink, except in a few examinations, for four or five months, and I feel too lazy to go upstairs for my pen. All my letter paper is upstairs, too, and this is my only ruled tablet, so for once you must bear a letter written on "lotus leaves." Laziness is rather uppermost in me this week, for I have managed to get a little cold, and haven't done anything at all since Sunday. But today Aunt Fizzie says I must buckle on my armor again, and go back to my studies. So I must hurry through this letter and get to my work. Get me see, what news is there. May's party Don must have told you about, - poor Don, the only boy among six girls! It all went off very nicely, and the girls seemed to have a good time. But after all, I think I should have enjoyed myself more at home with just the home folks.

Fourth of July has been written about, too, I suppose, and as you know just about what

I think on the fire-cracker question I guess I needn't say any more.

Sunday I was banged up enough to stay away from church part of the time. I went to Sunday School and Young People's meeting, though. The latter was an unusually good meeting, - probably Fred Merrick inspired it, - you know he was here over Sunday. It was to be Consecration night (being the first meeting of the month) but it was not announced in the morning, and Alberta said she thought it would better be put off a week. I was glad, for Don was under the weather and didn't go, and I would have had to call the roll.

We had a visit yesterday from Miss Mark. She came at four o'clock intending to stay only a little while; but a storm came up, - oh how the rain did pour down! - and she had to stay to dinner and till traintime, when Don got her a hack. They got heaps and heaps of Yellow Springs news from her, which Halley will retail to you. I would, only it is all about people I don't know, and I would forget and get it all mixed up. They looked for Don and Halley at Commencement time and Mrs. Tully was sure they

would be up.

Monsieur de la Granville has begun bringing apples. He inquired after your whereabouts and your health very anxiously. To tell the truth I scarcely ever speak to a darkey but I have to tell all about you.

I mustn't forget to tell that I don told me that Grandma told him to tell me to tell you that she was very glad to get your letter and wanted another.

Aunt Lizzie had us write out some of those examinations that Prof. Cox gave me a year ago. The first was Geography. I got on very nicely as long as it related to zones, ocean currents and so forth, but woe is me! when it got to bounding countries, locating cities and telling about rivers, then I fell. History had eight questions, seven of them I managed to answer (wrong probably), but on the other I failed. Grammar was easy enough to make up for my other failures. - I think I distinguished myself there. By the way, we discovered a treasure yesterday, - 1001 Questions & Answers on the Theory and Practice of Teaching. We have the grammar too, in that same set, and Aunt Lizzie ~~has~~ has a question book.

of Geography. Wish we had History as well!  
Then labor is might might we get ourselves,  
and so, ~~Confusion~~ Confusion.

Drum Drum Drum,

Drum Drum

In Baton Rouge the capital of Louisiana?  
Mr. Man is getting too tall. He hit his head on the  
hall gasfitter this noon and got quite a little  
cut on his forehead.