

Xenia, O., Mar. 6th, 1892.

My own dear Father:

If I had not promised to write to you today, I do not think that I should. For, as usual, I am exceedingly "disinclined" to work - it was so natural to say "diseinclined to work" that I forgot I meant "write" instead. You see I am growing into a forgetful old lady. But it seems to me that when I do not want to write at all, then I waste most time in preliminaries: so I will take warning, and get to my work, - excuse me, - my writing.

I cannot do justice to moving. I do not think any one could. It is (as the preachers say) a comprehensive subject. There is no place to begin: there is no place to end. It is all one horrible jumble. Confusion - and despair: - I think those words

describe it better than any others.

But you, I suppose, want no general view:- you wish me to say as well as I can the order - the way - the success. I will try.

First, then. Aunt Lizzie and I spent Thursday in drawing tacks, while Morgan cleaned the college parlor. Friday was the worst day. Early in the morning Morgan took up the parlor carpet - carried it up, I mean, to the "other end"; then he and we two spent the time till the draymen came in getting the furniture "handy." There were two drays at first: one of them was loaded with the parlor things, the other was for the piano. The next two loads were also mostly furniture; no pictures were sent. The black book-case would not go out through the door (do you remember how it came in?): the glass had

to be taken from the hall windows to let it through. Before I forget it I must add that Morgan was very nice about things, turning his hand to whatever came up. He took down all the curtain poles just by "odd jobs", when there was nothing else he could do; and when he was idle and Aunt Fizzie or I was doing anything, even to taking down a bracket or a bunch of cones, he would "take hold" and do it instead. Nor did he complain at the hardest of work, and, as I told you Friday, insisted on staying to clean a carpet after we told him to go. In a word, he earned his money, and, as we say, "did more work in one day than Jenkins would do in seven." Do you recognize the (mis)quotation?

Here was I when I left off for this dissertation upon Morgan. Book-case, - hm, - yes, I have fairly come

to that awful subject, books. Books, books, books! Nothing but books! Volumes to right of us, volumes to left of us, volumes in front of us, stacked and thundered! Here lay books, there lay books. Box after box we filled, only to find that only one case was emptied! The hall was crowded: boxes of books lay heaped one upon the other. Yet we had only emptied two cases. Books, books, books: the hall was overflowing: yet we had only finished the six cases in the library. The yard, too, was strewn with book boxes, - pile after pile of magazines we carried out. Gone at last! we cried. No, - there were the Harper's Weeklies. Let me draw the curtain there; I weep to think upon our feelings — and our words.

Books, books, books.

There were, as I said, four loads beside the piano. Then the day was done.

Saturday morning the five front rooms were empty of all save the pictures and the mirror over the mantel in the sitting room. Liebe had an awful struggle to get the latter down. It seemed as if there were but two alternatives, - to smash the glass or burn Aunt Lizzie. She wants to know which would have been better? The dress was burned. We are in a pretty bad mess, now, but are slowly progressing.

Grandma got a letter from Harry last night, dated Cincinnati. He is getting on nicely, "advancing in favor" with the Company, he says, and has a good prospect of selling a \$6000 plant at Newark, which will help him on still more. Guy, too, is doing nicely, and has good prospects. Aunt Louise, he says, seems very happy at Buchtel. Harry's special reason for writing just now was that he is

planning to join in some invention
(with the inventor) and needs some \$350
more than he has: therefore wanted the
address of Aunt Emily's executor, to
try and get that \$300 legacy. Guy,
he says, is six feet one; - then he goes
on to ask about "the children", saying,
though, that he supposed we have grown
out of that name. He asks specially
after "Fesly", and says he supposed
I have "grown out of knowledge." He
also wanted to know what Bon was
doing. And he promises to come to
Kenia soon. Now I think I have
told you all about that letter.

Kelley is delighted with her gum, ^{and}
threatens to become a confirmed chew-
er. She thinks it does much good.

I have been to church four times to-
day. That seems to be doing pretty well
after three days of moving. There were
one hundred and sixty at Sunday School

this morning: forty-eight at Young People's meeting: the church was packed in the morning and three joined; while in the evening we had a congregation which, six months ago, would have been large for morning service.

I neglected to tell you last Friday that your pension papers did come the very mail after you went. I forwarded it at once, - I suppose of course you have it now.

I know no more to tell you, unless I enlarge more upon the moving, - I guess I had better not do that.

And now goodbye.

Your very loving daughter,
Leslie.

Your letter came duly, and was very gladly received. May be at this moment (it is nine o'clock) you are writing to us.