

Xenia, O. Wed Sept the 23rd, 1891
Dear Father:

Be prepared for a stupid letter today
Whether it be long or short I cannot tell yet; it
all depends on how my "feelinx" hold out. Just
now I think most likely it will be short, but time
only can tell.

As for news, there may be a plenty, though I am
rather doubtful, but if there were barrels on bar
rels of it, I do not think this letter would con-
tain any. Because my head is going around so like
a buzz saw this morning that I have very strong
suspicions, as did Mr. Dick, that they have put a
little of --not King Charles' but Seattle's--dif-
ficulty into me. You see, I have a cold, and that
unfortunate old nose of mine is swelled up twice
as big as usual (which is saying a good deal), I
sneeze regularly every five minutes (with here or
there an extra sneeze thrown in, like a sort of ~~g~~
gracenote), and the faries are ringing their bells
in my ears so persistently that they do not give
me time to think of anything to say --excuse me,--
write.

And worse than that, my memory is so short that I
can scarcely remember a thing that happened last
week. Let me see, I begin with Wednesday, don't I
(Please understand an interrogation point there.)

§ SKIPPING THIS LINE WAS ACCIDENTAL.

Hm. Well, I went to prayermeeting in the evening.
I was rewarded (or the other-thing-ed) by being
introduced to the minister's son, and by having
the pleasure of introducing myself to the minis-
ter, who inquired whether I was the daughter of
Samuel or Chauncey Newton, and when I told him,
said "then I was the sister of that young man he
met Sunday! But although he remembered Don, I was
forgotten by Sunday morning. Sich is life. Thus
are the worthless preferred before the worthy!

I met Mr. Luke Connable at prayermeeting. He enquired how you were getting on and wished to be remembered to you.

Thursday evening Mr. Snively came in and took Helen away. Also Uncle Allen and May got back. And to the best of my knowledge and remembrance, nothing else happened that day, only that I pickd a most superfine basket op grapes to send out to Miss Bonner the next morning.

Friday evening we all went over to see Uncle Allen, but you have been told of that.

Saturday, nothing particular happened,—just the usual work. Sunday I went to church and Sunday-School, but my cold was just coming on and I was sneezing so hard in the evening that I didn't dae go out. But Sunday's great event was Uncle Allen's going. His visit was no longer than yours.

I had said I would begin to study Monday, whether or no, and so I did, but my hed was so buzz saw-y that I didn't do much. Ditto Tuesday. Ditto (so far, at least) Wednesday. But Monday I went to Gatch's gallery and to Hutchison and Gibney's. No hope, at present at any rate, at Gatch's. And none at the other place but they will "remember my name". I guess I shall go today to Jones' and the Gazette office. Is there any objection to my trying the "Fair"? If you have none I will go the And I suppose I might as well go to Hook's also.

I told you to expecta stupid letter, so I suppose you are not disappointed. And it has turned out short, too. Well, better luck next time. I did intend to give you a long one today, but you must blame Seattle. Next week you shall have a splendid one.

And now I must say goodbye.

Your very loving daughter,

Mary Leslie Newton.