

Kenia, O., Fri. Apr. 8<sup>th</sup>, 1892.

My dear, dear Father:

"Pursuant to promise" I write an addition to my letter this morning. But really there is nothing to say, for I have not time to describe the parlor "fixings," as even now it is almost eleven o'clock.

Lon has gone back to the store today, and Galley is still better. It is a miserable, drizzly, gray, and dismal day; enough to make a body shiver even if it were warm, which it isn't. (I am not very well able to parse that sentence, I confess.)

When I came home yesterday afternoon there were eight cows in this yard. I think I could write a very good article upon the habits of cows now, for I have excellent opportunities of investigation, as there generally is an assortment of them here. The eight were presently

driven out: I don't know who did it all, but I saw Mr. Stokes after four or five of them. Mr. Stokes must have been built for chasing cows: I never saw anything equal to the way he can head them off. I only wish you could see him going after one: you would have enough to laugh at for a month and a day.

Cows don't stay driven, though: there soon were five more browsing over our croquet ground. They were urged to try another pasture, too, and the gates were shut behind them, but as night came on I saw the dim figure of a red cow loom up in the dusk, push over the middle gate, cross the ruins, and fall to discussing some of the dower. And the last I saw of that cow, she was careering madly about this yard with Kate Swabb, Billy Longhead and Mr. Stokes heading her off at every turn.

Alas, poor cow!

Mrs. Porter is taking music lessons,  
but, as she has yet no piano, she uses  
Mrs. Walton's, and I have asked her  
to share mine while she is here.

I must stop, so goodbye again,  
Your loving daughter,  
Leslie H.