

Xenia, Sept. 30th., 1891.

Dear Father:

Last week/ I promised you a long letter for this time, but

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

—and so it was with mine. I must confess to having forgotten to keep any diary, and my memory seems as short as that proverb of shortness,—the rabbit's tail. So, although it is possible (barely) that there may be a plenty to say, I am sure I shall forget it all.

But first let me unburden my mind of my message. Mr. Will T. Perkins, a business man of Cincinnati, who has been speaking on political matters in the neighborhood and has stopped with his cousin, Mrs. Shugert, sent word through her that he wished to be remembered to you, as he is an old friend of yours.

Last Wednesday night I ought to have gone to ~~ff~~ prayermeeting, but I didn't. For why? Cold. And here permit me to say that I do not see why you charge me with having many colds,—I have only indulged in two this year. To be sure, two is a good many for me, but not for most folks.

Thursday nothing happened that I can remember, except that I sneezed all day long. But my cold was then much better.

Friday I was still in such a state of mind that I could not study (my eyes ached with the cold) so I was lazy another day.

But Saturday I said I should be all right, and so I was. To be sure, my nose was still suspiciously large and I wept bushels (excuse me,—gallons) during the day, but then those slight defects were nothing. Aunt Lizzie and I ironed;— that is to say, she ironed and I helped,— she did the starched clothes and the particular ironing and I the plain things. Also I gave May her music les.

son. So you see Saturday was quite busy.

Sunday I went to Sunday school, of course, and was given a new scholar, @- Eva Noah. Also I was at church,-- we heard an excellent germon on the text "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Young People's meeting was in the lecture room, it was quite full and a good meeting. The evening sermon wa~~k~~ not quite so good as the one in the morning, but it was a great improvement on Mr. Spahr. The minister's folks are sitting now on the other side of the church, and the Thralls have adopted the pew in front of us. Don says he is sorry because Mr. Thrall is not transparent,-- that certainly is true. Last night, however, the Thompson family was in it, -- I shouldn't wonder if they tried to get hold of it,--so Clara and Mary came into our pew. The Ebright pew was full too, so May and Emma cameto the same place. It is a long while since our pe-w has been so full of girls before, or indeed so full of any kind of people. I went over to Grandma's in the afternoon to take a little rhymed note for May to put in her letter to Uncle Allen;-- he had written us to ~~pl~~@ send him some "poetry". It is not of any account, but I will enclose it, --or no, I won't either,--good reason,-- it is sent away.

Monday was the dog show, but of course Don has told you of that. I must acknowledge that I cried because I couldn't go,-- but then I didn't cry very hard, and even if Aunt Lizzie had said I might I don't think I should have wasted the money, so you see I wasn't very badly disappointed. We had a cabl from Mrs. Matt. Connable in the afternoon, and she told us how Mrs. Sherman was so very ill that she had come here, which we had not heard of before. I saw her Tuesday, she and Mrs. Connable were out riding and stopped before our gate. She is very much changed, it seems to ma.

Yesterday May and I walked out to the cemetery. Both Monday and Tuesday I worked hard at my Stenography. Today I have not had any time so far. I put on my watch for the first time Monday. It had been keeping perfect time, but that evening between four and eight o'clock it lost an hour somehow. I wound and set it at just three minutes of eight, but yesterday morning it was standing at five minutes past and didn't need any winding. so I suppose it just got an obstinate fit then. It has gone all right since, but I don't put much reliance in it. Just when I need it (if I ever do) it will be sure to go wrong.

And now about that school. Is there but one room, or are there more? And about what age are the scholars? And do you think we could run it. If there is just the one room, I do not see how we can both ~~we~~ work at it, but if there be more and if you think we can manage it, I should like it.

I was introduced to Mrs. Vance on Sunday. Her visiting days are Tuesdays and Thursdays, but I shall not call this week, because the cold wave has come and I have no warm dress.

I really cannot think of any other scrap of news, however small, so I must say goodbyet, promising a longer letter for next week.

Your loving daughter,

Mary Leglie Newton.

I forgot to say that Wednesday I went round to all the rest of the drygoods stores (excepting Jobe Bros.) and to the Gazette office. No chance anywhere. I will try the Fair now. If you get us the school, I will take to school visiting, I guess, and find out the ways. And now, adieu. Leslie.

The address on the envelope is a mistake, but once begun, I had to do it throughout