

Xenia, O., Wed., July 15th., 1891

Dear Father:

I daresay that this letter will be written rather scrappily today, for in a little while I must take an examination, and I will just have to use my scraps of spare time. Not that it matters, for there isn't anything to tell anyhow; news is even scarcer this week than last. We haven't heard from you yet,—didn't you get time to write on Sunday? The mailman passed us by all three times yesterday, but I look for a letter from "Colt Noah" this morning.

If I was with you I would have ever so much to write to the folks at the Xenia end of the line, for I could tell about the scenery and the wildflowers and the powder mills and all the other new things in the sunny south: but I am up here in a place you know all about, and you wouldn't care about descriptions of such things at any rate, so I have positively nothing to say. I think it's real mean that I can't be with you,—own father!

It is nearly noon now,—when I began to write this it was only eight o'clock, Your letter has come and we have taken three examinations meanwhile, Grammar, History and Geography. We are to have more this afternoon. I am afraid I didn't shine this morning,—but at least I beat my last record on History,—for I did answer one question straight,—about the French and Indian war. Grammar was considerably harder this time than last,—could you define adjunct, complement, and reflexive pronoun (and a dozen other similar things), tell the difference between sex and gender, write a letter of application to the schoolboard and diagram a great long compound sentence correctly on the spur of the moment? Please, what and where is the capital of south Dakotah?

My map drawing is booming (of course). I drew the western hemisphere so well the other day that after only half an hour's careful study Aunt Lizzie was able to give a guess as to what it was meant for. Which shows great improvement.

But a truce to my studies!

I am forced to repeat that there isn't any news. Maybe if I repeat it time enough it will serve to fill out the letter. There isn't any news. There isn't any news. There isn't any — it sounds too much like "and another locust came and carried away another grain of corn" — I sha'n't go on with it.

The man after the school returns was here just now. Don gave them to him and has mortally offended Halley by entering her simply as Halley Newton, instead of Frances Halley Newton. And he couldn't remember my age either!!

I went to church only three times last Sunday, omitting the evening service. I shouldn't think those two evangelists at Ooltewah would work together well, — or for ~~the~~ that matter would agree with the Baptist minister. Is it much of a revival?

Here I must stop, for really "there isn't any news. I've never saw such a dull week.

With much love and the best of wishes, I am,
Your daughter,

Dorothy Q.

P.S. We had a call from Scotta Brundage night before last. We are all well and able to make way with our rations (as usual).

Mr. Granville is very anxious to know how you are getting on. Hadn't you better come home and call on him?