

Xenia, O., Thur., May 28th., 1891.

My dear Father:

I am afraid that the news this week is rather scanty, as usual. I have been trying to think what I can write, but so far I haven't found a single thing. So if my letter is short you mustn't blame me.

I believe I finished my last one Thursday night, so this should begin with Friday morning. I think it was hot. I know it was Thursday, because then I spent my afternoon in the opera house at that old U.P. convention; but somehow I have forgotten all about the weather Friday except towards evening I remember there was a bad looking cloud passed over us while May Miller and I were up at the end of Second street (on an errand for Grandma) and we were dreadfully afraid we couldn't get home before it burst. But it went around, after all. This, and the fact that I helped May begin her letter to Uncle Allen, is all I can remember about Friday.

Saturday when I woke it was raining, but after a while it stopped, and a dreary, unhappy-looking sun shone out. In the morning I ironed; in the afternoon, about three o'clock (you know what the crazy old typewriter means, I guess), I went over to Grandma's to try my hand at quilting. I had just started on the block I promised to do when in came another quilter, — Mrs. Kinney. I thought I never would get that block done. And when I did finish it May was away and I had promised to wait till she got home, and meanwhile in came Mrs. Fulton. At last May did get back, and I went off to help her finish the letter. I suppose Halley has told you of that, — how Uncle Allen wrote a letter to May in rhyme, and all four of us (Don, Halley, May and myself) resolved to pay him back in his own coin, so each one wrote a rhymed note, which May sent off Sunday. Hers was the longest, of course, since it stood in the place of her usual letter; so it took quite a little time to get it up. We told her to put them all in the envelope pinned to a piece of paper marked "Have the camphor bottle ready". I hope he will obey, for those letters were enough to make anyone faint. Well, May and I finished hers up Saturday afternoon, so you see, what with it and the quilting I had rather an exciting time.

Sunday was a little chilly, if I remember rightly. I went to church and Sunday-school in the morning, but didn't

hear any exhortation afterwards like you did. I made up for that, though, by being at Young People's meeting, which was crowded, (There were a great many strangers there who seemed to be left-over U.P. delegates, -at least the majority of them wouldn't sing hymns, but joined in the only psalm in the book which was duly announced for politeness' sake.) I went to church, too, and heard a sermon by the Rev. W.W. White, on the text: "The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way." He says that if a lion was in the streets here and a man was to go out and face him he would slink off to his native jungle. Quite a little way to slink.

Monday was cold and nothing happened.

Tuesday " " " " " "

Wednesday would be ditto, only I went to prayermeeting in the evening and worked a long problem in Partial Payments (Connecticut rule) for Halley and May in the afternoon. I had a cent too much, but then I had kept all my fractions, and the book kept no farther than mills.

Oh, I forgot! What made me say nothing happened Tuesday! Halley and I went over to help Grandma quilt, -and so did Mrs. Jobe. Mrs. Phelps and old Mrs. McEervey came in, but didn't try the quilting. May took a part though, and we gave Grandma a big lift. She took the old thing out of the frame yesterday.

This positively winds up the news, and so, with a great deal of love, I will close;

Your daughter,

Mary Leslie Newton.

Please don't put any more of my things in the Ooltewah paper. I sent them just to amuse you, and I don't want to have them printed. I sha'n't send you any more, for fear you will put them in.