

Kenia, O., Monday, March 28th, 1892.

My beloved Father:

As you can see, I have turned economical, and am saving my paper by writing such a fine hand, — be sure you understand that "fine" in the right sense, — so consider that, if you please, in counting the length of this letter. I am not sure that there is much to say, though.

And that reminds me! I should have begun with an apology. I wrote last Thursday, I believe, — four whole days have passed since then. But Lon wrote Friday night, so, "What is the use of writing Saturday?" quoth I, — "tis just as if I should do it three days in succession." So I put it off until Sunday. But Sunday Lon intended to write, so I left a clear field to him. He didn't, after all, I believe. At any rate I am overwhelmed with remorse that I have been so neglectful. I would have written earlier today, and put my letter into the three-thirty mail, but I have been too busy. "Busy!" I hear you exclaim in astonishment, — "Busy! — what can she have been doing!" I will tell you there.

I had an engagement at half-past eight this morning.

You probably can guess where. There is a sort of sameness about all my engagements lately. It was not a very pleasant session this time, — it isn't generally, — but it had one redeeming feature: — it was the last. For the present, that is. I am under promise to go back in five or six months and have my two upper front teeth filled, — for the fourth time. Maybe you begin to agree with me that it is not much use to doctor my teeth. I had three cavities filled this morning: and each one was in a tooth which had formerly been filled, but had de-
cayed in a new place. Five out of the six teeth he has filled for me have been of that character, and the sixth was that one which had been filled three times but was so sore that the old filling had to be taken out, and new put in. Odd that one was so far gone that he had to pull it, and you have rather a pleasant report to meditate upon. And within six months at the farthest I have to return, and (probably) have three or four more attended to, — two certainly. Which is encouraging.

But to go on. When I came home it was half past ten: Mrs. Prader came in to call: lunch was at eleven, and the morning was gone. Till two o'clock I

was mainly occupied in washing dishes. That interesting task completed, I went over to Grandma's to get May to go into the country on an errand with me. The errand was to go to Mr. Richard Galloway's to get some cider for Halley. We got it, - two quarts, - price, seven cents, - and, as we afterwards discovered, it was excellent. On the way home we stopped to get some water crosses, and when May finally went home it was half past five. You see my time has been full.

But if I intend to say anything, I must not dawdle so.

Halley is much better: today it has been sunny and warm, and she has seemed almost well. But last week she had a pretty bad time. The rest of us are all well, of course.

Friday I heard (through May) that Mr. Ganby was advertising for help in his gallery at \$2 a week, "apply only by letter." I applied ~~that~~ night, but I fear I only wasted two cents, for nothing has yet come of it.

You ask about our household arrangements, and I suppose I can do no better than to go, room by room, through the house, describing.

There is yet no change in the front room, excepting that the best bureau is now in the south west corner.

In my room the yellow bureau and bedstead are against the north wall, the wash stand in the north west corner by the bed, and my bureau just south of the door. The other arrangements there I have already described.

The parlor and poor Mr. Man's room are still in a mess.

The hall is now fairly clear, except for plants, and Aunt Lizzie is laying assorted kinds of matting in the front of it, so that it looks quite nice even now.

But the kitchen is "gorgeous." There is white matting on the floor: the old cabinet, full of the pretty dishes, is south of the door, and the old red case, with commoner dishes, is north, - both against the west wall. North, against the edge of the closet, is the kitchen table; south, near the cabinet, your wash stand, and "catacornored" ^{in front of} ~~across~~ this is the dining-table. But the crowning glory is the fact that here are a few pictures: - six, with four mirrors in a row on the south wall. The last feature is

Tuesday Morning.

It is cool but spring like again today,
and Kelley is still much better.

very ornamental.

I think that now you know almost as much about our "fixins" as we do ourselves: I hope you like them as well.

They have already cut a front door in the old house. I presume they will make many more changes.

Frank Shearer died Sunday morning.

We had such a queer little thunderstorm Saturday. Almost before we knew there were clouds the thunder began, and it was gone as quickly. But oh! how the hail did beat down!

It is getting quite late, and I must close. I flatter myself I have written an extra-long letter, and you must be satisfied with it. I hope that tomorrow morning we may get one from you. And now, with unmeasured love, I am,

Your daughter,

Mary Lillie Strout.

Soko is perfectly contented here.

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