

Xenia, O., April 30th., 1891

My dear Father:

The news here is getting very scarce, and the only way that I can remember to tell all the little there is, is to begin with last Friday and go straight through the week, taking each day separately. But before I start this I must unburden my mind of something I intended to tell you three or four weeks ago, but have forgotten every time I have written since then. Namely, Somebody drew that stenography book out of the library, and it hasn't come back yet, and so I must say goodbye to my hopes of learning from it. Such is life.

And now let me see what happened Friday. To begin with the weather was fair;—the paper said that the warmest spell of the spring was coming on, and in consequence a slight frost came that night. It was Arbor Day, and almost every room at the school building had some exercises or other. I don't think many trees were planted. They let school out at three in the afternoon, so I marched for almost the first time this year. Oh, the number of people that had come to see the exercises and stood in the hall to watch us go out! And that was all that came to pass Friday.

Saturday was duller and dryer and more uninteresting still. Beyond cutting the grass of the rosepatch (which is,—no was,—so high that the mower wouldn't run over it and it had to be done with the scissors, since one of the grasshooks is dull, and the other missing) I didn't do a thing worthy to be chronicled all day. I forgot to tell of Poonban's hunt, but you heard of that from Halley. The chicken didn't belong at Moore's, either, and we thought we should have to bring it up "by hand", and Mrs Jo Gargery did Pip, but the poor little thing died that night, and escaped all the "pompeying" in store for it. For Saturday's weather, repeat Friday's, leaving out the frost.

And for Sunday, ditto. We didn't go to walk, nor do anything else, that day, except going to church a few times. Halley was there twice, Don thrice, and I four times. I went to Grandma's, too, and in consequence of my call Don made another in the evening. And before I forget it,—should I go to Lucy Paine's again, or wait a

while longer? Spring isn't over yet, you know.

Monday I didn't go to school, on account of examination. If I had thought in time I think I should have taken arithmetic, but instead I went into Roberts' pasture with May Miller, and gathered spring-beauties. It was rather windy out there, but quite warm, for the papers were prophesying a cold spell, and of course it turned out to be a warm one instead.

Tuesday was fair and warm again; but Aunt Lizzie was down with sick headache, so I wasn't very bright inside the house. Halley had to stay at home and work in the afternoon (morning too, for the matter of that) so I went over to hear May's lessons. We skipped grammar and geography and didn't do much Botany, spending most of the time on arithmetic. I quite shone in Partial Payments, even if I have scarcely done any ciphering this year. Here I must put in another "before I forget it!" I set the croquet up Saturday night, have played six games and only been beaten once, - and then two people were against me, playing partners.

Wednesday was (by the paper) to be warmer, so it was quite coolish. Positively nothing happened, save that we discovered that someone had come in through the back gates, and broken the big lilac which stands by them dreadfully. Leaves and blossoms from it were scattered all through the churchyard, and on Monroe street too, and one of the main stems of the bush was broken halfway down. The other big bush is just full of bloom, and the white one has a good many clusters, too, - all up at the top, as usual. The broken one wasn't nearly stripped, either, though so much was taken from it.

We had a shower this morning of just a drop or two. Most likely it fell to prove the paper wrong in saying, fair and warmer. Now it is as clear as can be. Tonight the Epworth League meeting, announced for a week ago, ~~is~~ comes off. I suppose we will all three go.

And now again my news and my sheet are running out together, so I must say goodbye, for lack of anything else I wish that next Thursday, or rather next Wednesday, you would be here. Can't you, possibly? You know what for.

And now, with heaps and heaps and heaps of love, I am,
Your daughter, Mary Leslie Newton.
The old typewriter still has bad spells, as you see. A letter came today asking address of Mr. Stine, Paper Co.

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Friday mornings:

Aunt Lizzie bids me say that she has seen young Mrs. Ambuhl, who is very anxious for the sale to go through, as Mr. Ambuhl says he will not buy the place unless he can get the stable, and she doesn't want to move away. She (Mrs. A.) suggests leaving an alleyway out to Monroe street next the churchyard. (They will move the stable some anyhow, you know.) On that basis what would be the price?

Don and Halley and I all went to the meeting last night; it went through very nicely, but New Jasper and the two Xenia churches were the only ones represented. The lower church had a report from Anna Scott, a paper from George Hadson and an address from Dr. Pearne. Trinity, a report from Don, a paper from Miss Buckles, and a short talk from Mr. Spahr. New Jasper only indulged in a paper from a Mrs. Bootes. Alberta Spahr presided, and Addie Garfield read the Scripture lesson. Mrs. Pearne made the prayer. There was a cornet solo from Mr. Garfield, a quartette from four Trinity young folks, and a duet from (we supposed) the First Church. Aunt Lizzie says one of them was a Baptist,—I don't remember the name. Halley will tell you what it was all like, for I must go and cut grass now. I am around at the rosepatch again.

Your loving daughter,

Leslie.