

Xenia, O., Thurs. July 21st, 1892

My own, dear Father:

I think of trying the journal-letter plan again this week: whether it will succeed or not I cannot tell, but at any rate, I want to be sure to get today's "compartment" in, because I am afraid I should forget it if I should leave it till next week, and I hope perhaps it may give you a laugh.

First of all, there was a shower yesterday afternoon. It was a hard shower with a strong north wind. And we forgot to shut the back hall window. I wish you could have seen me an hour later, mopping down the back stairs. There was an extensive lake in the upper hall, a pond on every step, and a veritable sea, two or three inches deep, at the bottom. After this, I arrayed myself in white and departed on my errands. I continued departing ^{and} returning (with one interval to set the table, eat dinner, and clear it off again) till half past seven, when, hearing the church bells, and thinking it eight o'clock, set off to prayer-meeting like a good

with you, but I wasn't right on lock, ^{any}
I did not want to wander back past the
long array of people on porches, who had
just seen me go. So, more virtuously still
I spent my half hour with Jennie Conwell.
Finally I got to the church. It was a very
good meeting, all but the end. And the
end was at least interesting. Sister Baylis
got up to speak. You don't remember her, I
suppose, although you have seen her. She
always reminds me of a wooden image,
very badly painted, with some automatic
contrivance inside. Not that I mean any
disrespect to Sister Baylis, for some day
I may look like an automaton myself,
and I certainly should not be such a
distinguished looking one as she, - for Sit-
ter Baylis certainly has an "air". Well, as
I said, she had risen to speak, - indeed she
had come to that pitch of excitement where
her voice had ceased the high, chanting,
monotone that she always accompanies
by swaying back and forth, and stiffly
beating her breast with her hand, like the
pictures of orang-outangs and gorillas.

She had reached this point, I say, and all the people around me were politely suppressing their smiles, when the crisis came. The crisis came suddenly ^{and} vigorously, and struck me on the back of my neck with the peculiar buzzing sound that crises of that sort always have. It was a pinching bug, and I was not expecting it. Luckily, I had sense enough not to scream, but I think I gave as effective a jerk as Sister Baylis could have done. And Miss Stiles, who sat next me, and I, did not suppress our smiles any longer, neither did we get much more good out of that prayer meeting.

July 22nd, 1892.

I went to the reception last night ^{and} had a very pleasant time, of course. There were a great many there, and some that ~~are~~ not Trinitarians. Mr. Spahr ^{and} Miss Lemon came in in the midst, quite unexpectedly to all but Emma ^{and} Alberta. Even Mrs. Davidson had not known of it. I can't think of anything else about it that would interest you, for I don't sup-

hope you would care to hear about
the magnificent cat to whom I was in-
troduced there.

It is the hottest day of the season to-
day, - enough to almost melt one down.

Saturday

Your letter has arrived. Have sent the letters
& soon will the diploma. Is there really
danger of losing the school? I feel very
badly over it.

Lillie

I can write no more now, but will
try to put a note into Don's letter tomor-
row.

Halley is about as well as usual, but
has not been to Dayton yet, on account
of the extremely hot weather. She bears
the heat very well indeed, though.