

Kenia, Ohio, Thursday, April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1892.

My dear, dear Father:

A whole week since I last wrote to you! When have I been so neglectful before? But as Don and Halley have both written between-whiles I guess my letters have not been missed.

It seems as though with such a long interval there ought to be plenty to say; but I do not want just to repeat what the others have said, so I am short of material after all. I shall follow the plan of making a brief remark about each day and then giving you all the miscellaneous information I can think of.

Friday: - I don't remember.

Saturday: - In the evening Ernest came up and we played Crokinole till nearly ten. The Porters have lots of games.

Sunday: - It was Communion at Trinity, and we had very large congregations, both morning and evening. There were six tables in the morning. The "slidin' elder" preached, - a terribly long sermon, and a very poor one. He affirms that the three great (the only three great, mind!) church-organizers who have ever lived

It seems that  
Halley and Aunt  
Lizzie have not  
written after  
all. Poor Papa!

were Moses, Paul and Wesley! What does he do  
with Luther, pray tell, or Calvin, or Knox, or the  
other apostles? But then I suppose we couldn't ex-  
pect any more of him!

Monday: - Nothing in particular, I guess.

Tuesday: - This was an eventful day. In the mor-  
ning came your letter: in the afternoon May Miller  
came over for her drawing-lesson and Halley and Tante  
went off down down, did half a dozen errands, and  
called at the parsonage, where they met not only Mr.  
and Mrs. Sance and Marshall, but also Mr. and Mrs.  
Mounts, just back from Florida. Aunt Lizzie is delight-  
ed with Mr. Sance, as indeed every one is. May  
and Ernest and I played croquet, too: six games, - he  
won in three, she in two, and I in one. But as each  
of them was white-washed once, and I wasn't, I  
guess I was not much behind. Then Mrs. Porter came  
out, and she and I played partners against Ernest  
and May, - oh! how we whipped them! Then she  
had to go in, but Mr. Porter came out, and we had  
another game, - he and May against Ernest and  
I. Now Mr. Porter is a "crack player" and

The cows are  
certainly a  
great deal of  
fun.

It is very  
cold and "wintery"  
out.

The Republic-  
can did not  
come last week.

- well, Ernest and I certainly are not; - but as  
he and Mrs. Porter had whipped us outrageously  
Saturday night we were determined to have our re-  
venge. And we did: our side won, and Mr. Por-  
ter was farthest behind of all!

Sat Tues-  
day evening was the time set for the Presbyterian  
club, but when Don<sup>ny</sup> & I went down we found that  
it was re-deferred.

Wednesday was again uneventful.      And  
Thursday the same.

Miscellaneous Information: The cacti have  
not arrived, nor your catalogue. The earth is round  
and like a ball hangs swinging in the air. We  
think of expressing P. D.'s family down to you. The  
western Roman Empire fell in 476 P. D. It rains  
hard here today. A door may be defined as an  
orifice in an edifice for the purpose of ingress<sup>o</sup> & egress.  
We are all very well indeed.  $\sqrt{x^2 + 2xy + y^2} = x + y$ . This  
letter is longer than it looks.

And now, with lots of love, I am,  
Your daughter,  
Mary Lellie Newton.