

Our mourning was turned
into joy last Monday by
the receipt of a letter from
Mr. It was indeed a pleas-
ant surprise. The letter was
directed to S. but as I
was first to lay hands on
it I opened and read.
We had another little
rain Monday night. Yester-
day I gained my first
clear view of the Blue
Mts. I went up onto
the roof of the Seminary
building. There is a little
platform around the cupo-
la without a little railing
around it. The mountain's
rose in angular buttresses
sloping back and gathering in.

to a ridge. They were
higher to the North, great
backbone with sheets of snow
on them. The snow
was newly fallen, the
latter must have been
30 or 40 miles off. They
looked about as far as
Gale's Peak. To the top
of the mts at the nearest
point they ^{is} are 12 or 14
miles. The rolling
hills rolled away in
sunlight.

It is now very sickly
here. A funeral or two
occur almost every day.
Yesterday there were two.

There is a Preacher, Boyd,
a Presbyterian, who is going
to attend Presbytery at Mr
Rope's church. He may go
to the Grove. We commended

you ^{him} to you: asked him to
call on you. He is a very
common-place-some, sort of
a man. Hope that he
will see you, Youngish.

Father bought two little
bushes of apples. ^{the got}
six or eight. ^{apples to these} Apples are
quite scarce. You might
send us some. If you
sent a box containing 1 1/2
bushels, freight would be
about 2 dollars, I suppose.
It would be the cheapest
way to get them. You might
put in some of the bald-
wins and bell-flowers,
and a few blue peonies
if they should come
safely and not cost too
much you could send more.
Let me, let me see.
Teacher. "Who has been mis-



placing the drinking cups?"

Scholar - "It was 'Hoony Howard'"

T. "Are you sure?"

S. "I saw somebody doing something with it, it was either him or me, I came to think about it, I guess it was me"

T. "Ah"

The above never happened, so far as I know.

I feel exceedingly stupid, I take kind of a semi-nap between each sentence.

Sleep, slept. There are visitors here, a number of babies are annoying them
So! Gaginga road.

Took a walk last evening, Lill Baker girl gave me some grapes, comes and talks to me at naps, liable to become a bore.

Ida M. Stone, Eng. Dep.

Rosema E. Allen, Eng. Dep.

Charlotte L. Moore, Eng. Dep.

Edna L. Reese, Primary

you mean little pet, what
are you squealing about? Go-
ing to the door seeing Dep's
white feet over the gate and
hearing her encouraging, hope-
ful whinney; moulding
bread and remarking to
Gennie who is washing dishes,
that it seems as if it were
going to rain: looking
through the night to see the
leaden light shimmering from
the stars, shimmering far, shimmering
far, but nevertheless near

Friday 1

Oh sweet bird of dawn
and bird of stars and
moon. That singeth still
and ever singeth, not know-
ing why or when, to
whom the nature is to
sing and be nice and do
beautifully, thy letter in
which there was no word to
me, is even now in my
possession. I can well
imagine how you look
going around and cooking,
beating an egg, then
putting more wood in the
stove; now looking at the
pies which are just sputter-
ing in the oven, the red
juice exuding through the
crisping crust and blacken-
ing on the oven floor, whilst
with haste you turn things
around; again saying "Killis

If there be such let him be
put into the darkest dungeon
of forgetfulness where the sulfured
ashes and carbonic acid of the
ancient fires engulf his ^{benign} ^{Primary}

- Jessie M. Sargent, ^{Primary}
- Maggie Welch, English.
- Dora & Small, English & ^{Primary}
- Grace L. Gore, ^{Primary}

I protest before the sun, whose
eye ringed in smoke, even
now casts his ^{into} bright up on
our floor, and on your floor,
that I am not the man.

No! I open all the sky-
lights and windows and doors
and cracks of my mind; nay
even I throw down all the
walls and roofs and stand
bare in the winds that
blow from the islands of
the past; breathe scented with
the perfume of lilies and
roses and glad flowers that
have been thine happy in

become it shines into you
 Well I must not dwell
 on this strain too long,
 or I will so get my mind
 onto the things at home
 that I will feel the dispar-
 ity. There is this evil in
 putting yourself into a place
 by an act of imagination
 (a pleasant place). You see the
 place, rather than feel it. So
 there is a seeing there and a
 feeling here; a condition
 calculated to stretch the fi-
 bers of the soul in two diff-
 erent directions. But yet
 who would yield up the clear
 eye that can overlook the part,
 all its mountains and valleys
 and pleasant trees and the
 sweet beauty and joy that
 a fully comprehending and
 comprehended other soul gives.

depend upon needs of the people
mass psychology, in front of our
yard, of man to heart from
of the work of the democracy

The individual is everything,
the ^{real} all is, of itself, nothing.
Institutions, customs, laws,
all the outside of souls, are
bridges built from ^{one} soul
to another. The earth, ^{and stars} are the
web woven from the pillars of
eternity, even as the nests of
caterpillars are woven among the
branches of trees. God is the
weaver of that. Institutions
and all other their kind, are
woven by the young larvae
of the ^{humanity} race, for the sake of
looking into each others souls.
If there is progress in the race
as a whole, it is simply be-
cause more and better bridges
have been built. But surely
the object, ^{of all things} is not to weave a

silken ^{web} ~~rope~~ of bridges. Where
were the need of bridges if
souls no longer walk on them?
Hence falls ^{they} I were good for
nothing but to be burned in
by the mouths of devils,

Public Progress, Progress of the
Race, are expressions needing
to be used with great exceptions,
as are else entirely empty of
meaning.

You have the Constitu-
tion to bear.

It has just occurred to me,
W. that you are rather a
curious compound. You
^{begin with} ~~arrive at~~ an atheistic principle
and close with a christian
lymn, and at the same
time are consistent throughout.

You take a poetic pleasure
both in atheism and christi-
anism. But I know positively

that your polished mirror has
caught the divine ray. I be-
lieve that you walk while you
have the light. I don't know
what the reason is but it
seems as if we did not come
together soul to soul as much as
we used to. It may be
that your soul has slid out of
your views more. Perhaps
mine has out of mine. We
squabbled over our views, while
the life was out of them, and we
did not come together. You
spoke about my seeming dif-
ferent when you came back,
You did to me. I know
that I seem different to you
still. You do to me still.
Not that I think any less of
you, because I do more. Or
that I understand you any
less, or are less able to per-

elude the workings of your heart,
And I know it is the same
way with you respecting me.
It may be that the orifice
for expressing the soul wire
has been stopped up. Or that
we two cannot make cause
an electric shock at the same
time. It may be that we
are men and don't know
how to express to each other
what is deepest in us. Now ^{with} to
the sweet child M. P. I can
make ~~an~~ a mutually under-
stood psychical connection at
any time, so can you.

Perhaps she lives in all the
rooms of her house. We
may find in only one, and
that at various times. We have
to knock at all the doors be-
fore we can find where the
other is. I say this because
it is at least an interesting
experience, and one that we have

the blessed presence of yourself,
 and sweet to me because they
 drew their sweetness from thy
 sweetness. This may
^{seem} like hyperbole but I avouch
 before the moon, whose cum-
 bling orb still lingers near
 the sea, that it is not.

No willywilly, wally, I would not
 love one letter of ~~the~~ our post, over,
 for a ~~drop~~ ^{large} piece of money.
~~as~~ large as a bean. I have
 been trying to get off of this
 subject for some time, but
 as you are the subject in question
 I find it impossible, so I will
 not get off of it at all. I will
 merely close doubling ink over
 it.

Well our school. We have
 47 names on the roll. There
 are a number of large ones.
 I have a class in Greek, one in

Rhetoric, philosophy, 2 in Latin, and
two in geometry, besides two in gram-
mar, ^{and} one in geography. So I have
my hands full. I feel more

Harry Reynolds.

Eugene McShonnell,

George D. Stone
Lincoln W. Kennedy,

William M. Baker.

James B. Coyle.

spirited tonight. Last night
I felt as if I had lost all my
electricity. For the two days
my mind kept bumping a-
long on the same road, the
scenes of the school-room com-
ing up; involuntarily imagining
other scenes and possibilities.
And in sleep it was worse
yet. There was a fibre of school
faces and dead faces and all

7.

sorts of tedious Trans-
actions.

Philosophy was nothing



Baker very frightful,

Boyle however, and

M. Gales it was all, ^{owing to} the

new situation, and the feel-
ing of responsibility. The
average soul shrinks from re-
sponsibility.

I think it will work
pretty well to enlarge occas-
ionally. In physiology,
on the bones question, I gave
some account of the relation-
ships of bones, and about papulae,
shown by seeing a tooth one
might make a picture of the an-
imal etc. This seemed to ex-
cite considerable interest.

This is Saturday now.
It is cloudy and a few drops
of rain have fallen, but it
may not, and yet it may,
rain any more. The weather

has been exceedingly upsetting
for a few days. In addition
to the dust which is wafting
over continually, there is a
rust canopy of smoke, as bad
as it Geometry, Book Fifth
ever had. Mac Goe has been
in the Lee. A. Wilson W.
valley. Byrt Boyle the
mountain Miller Boyer as on
fair out back of Weston. I
have a large stone which I
practice with. This in addition
to walking will give me
exercise enough. I guess. We
had a Geometry, Second little
of a Baker. Lisa-
greenle F. W. Waidenagle time
going through the process of ac-
climation. We were all of
us more or less disturbed.
We are now restored.