

Vassar. Jan. 10, 1867?,

My dear Carrie—

At first I thought I would write to Abbie this time, and to you  
Neta next, but find hes been answering her letter, so now I want a little  
chat with you— Mr. King still remembers you, and always asks when  
I have heard, how you are fee— Do you think it will be impossible for  
Po'keepsle people to forget the four "light sacks" that promenaded Main  
St. not many months ago? Didn't we have a glorious time, that day?  
Never shall I forget it— I suppose you had many Christmas presents—  
The prettiest which I received was a watch and chain. Neta and I work  
together like oiled machinery this term— She is my "all in all"— there  
is such a queer set here now— Just think two girls are in the Infirmary sick  
with the scarlet fever, and one with mumps— Isn't it awful?

There's the belli Am going to write you next—

Accept much love from,

F.

^Frances Elisabeth Brown, spec.

Jan. <66–67?

To Caroline E. Slade, spec. '65–66.