

Vassar,  
Wednesday morning  
Apr. 11, 1894.

My dearest Mamma:

Will dare to resort to pencil again for I've left my ink bottle in Delia's room. I might use Marie's, I suppose, but pencil goes so\_ much faster. If you can only read what I write with It. I see you have been worrying a little, as I feared you might, if I did not write more, and still I thought you would not mind if I did not write at great length, at first, for I have times of hating to write as much as you do, and especially since I have lost the pen out of my fountain pen. I'm sure my lengthy epistle of Sunday must have put your fears quite at rest, unless perhaps you fear for the stability of my mind after such a spout. I sent off six other letters with yours, but none of course of the length of yours. I wrote to Cousin Nettie, just a note. I tho't perhaps she was the one to write to this time, as hostess. I also wrote quite a letter to Cousin R. She, too, wanted to hear of my visit at Cousin G's. They have a lovely home- Every thing very nice. The table setting was what pleased me most, of course. At the three meals which I ate there we had a different centre-piece each time, and such lovely ones too. Her sister embroiders a great deal and that is about all she does do, I guess.

Sunday ended about as usual. We went to prayer meeting or rather to Bible Lecture and then staid to hear Mr. Monroe from away somewhere, talk on missions. He shewed us some curiosities. Monday I had my usual walk with Kate. She has been very worried about her father, who is quite ill but is better now. It is almost time for me to go to Latin so must stop. I'm just as well as can be- Why can't you believe it? Do you think I am getting proficient in prevarication along with my other accomplishments ? Love to all  
---Nett

(Nettie (Brand) De Witt, ex-'96)