

Vassar.

June 7, 1894.

My dearest Mamma:

You worried, I fear because you did not get my Sunday letter on time. I was so sorry about it, but not until it was too late. In my hurry to get over to my exam Monday morning I forgot all about letters and everything else. Now I can begin to collect my scattered senses again, for I am almost through. I had my fifth exam this morning and now have only one more to take. I am so glad. I hope I am through in everything tho' I fear I have not done very well in all. But it is too late for regrets now, so did the best I could. Lu came this noon and I am so glad to see her – and she so glad to get back. We look for Ethel to morrow –

Friday. Tomorrow has come you see, I am waiting for the breakfast bell to ring. (Please take note of the fact that I am waiting for the bell). Yesterday afternoon I let "cramming" go to the winds and accepted an invitation to go with a party (18) of girls into one of the girls homes. She lives just out of Po'keepsie in a most beautiful house, full of rugs and jardiniers and window seats and pillows– The drive is a long way to the house from the gate – and the trees arch over it beautifully. We had a little luncheon out on the porch and then our ride back in the barge. We had such a fine time. Will tell you more about it next Thursday. With very much love

Yours

Nett.