

Jan. 10, 1875.

My dear Mother,

What have I got to tell this week? so far

not a single idea has occurred to me. I had a pleasant enough time of

in New York, and getting out. At the cars there, met Miss Hays and her sister from Plainfield, who were also going shopping. I got one

a

pair of red and white stockings for 75 cents and a pair of white for forty I think – I tried to get some cheap lead pencils but to my

disgust had to pay ten cents. All my parlor mates were back by

Wednesday night but Thursday was a wretched day for we had't

enough to do to keep away home sickness. I am glad regular work

has begun again. I believe I told you that on Thursday morning I went to the

hoped

German table. I had to slink down to the foot of the table, but I was the

only girl there, and had to sit by Miss Kspp of course. I could't talk

any more than I could eat and was glad enough to hear the bell it was the longest

fifteen minutes I have ever spent at dinner the table was full and I was somewhat

encouraged to find others as bad as myself: it isn't so hard to talk but to know

what to say though as Miss K. says we are not expected to be very profound.

My trunk came Friday: I wish it could always come the second day as it used to. We have been enjoying the down, it is a perfect blessing. I wish I had thought of it before Evie's shams look very pretty, all the prettier for covering most of the bed. the girls like my Christmas presents very much. Polly– Freeman had a set of Shakespeare just like Carrie Loomis. My cold is getting better slowly: the ride from N.Y. chilled me through and through. I forgot my rubbers. Will you send them with my dress like wise some fools cap paper if we have any. This reminds me of the William Henry letters, it is so jerky. The girls are pitching in the fruit cake while I write, it is a great success. I hope Evie will have lots of sleigh rides this week and tell me all the news. I have't heard from home yet. You see by this paper that I forgot to get any yesterday. My next will be written on respectable paper. Good bye,

Your loving daughter,

Mary.

[Mary E. Gaston, ex-'78]

I got a very nice knife in that dirty hard ware store for 63 cents.