

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 outAtthe cars there, met Miss Hays and her sister from Plalnfeld, who were also going shopping. I got one a pair of red and white stockings for 75 cents and^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 backwiz by Wednesday night but Thursday was a wretched day for we had'nt enough to do to keep away home sickness. I am glad regular work has begun again. Z believe I told you that on Thursday morning I went to tha 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'nt 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- Freem[an?] 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'nt 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.