

July 11th 1874.

My dearest darlingest duckiest dearie dear

Ahem!!!! I had not ventured to hope that you would find time in the midst of your fun and frolicking to write me a postal card, much less a letter, and so I was surprised and delighted when your nice long gossipy epistle came so soon after your departure. You dear old girl. It was lovely of you to remember poor lonesome me in the midst of your pleasure. I am so glad you are having a nice time, but I cant help longing for you here, I went out to your house on 4th of July with Papa and you may imagine I missed you. Papa hardly seems to gain at all. He is very feeble and miserable. Some one has to be with him all the time and stay up with him every night. I sat up with him a few nights ago, and it was dreadful. All the rest of the house so still and the stars shining down dear and quietly, when I stepped out on the little balcony for a breath of air, and then in the room all dusky shadows and poor Father's dreadful coughing and groaning. I expect to sit up with him to night and I dread it. After this however we will all be relieved some what, for my Aunt Sarah Stanton has come to help us take care of him, and will be a great comfort. Poor Mamma is almost worn out, and dear Millie I can't help being blue and discouraged. It is all so dreary and there doesn't seem to be any help anywhere. But I must'nt trouble you with my complainings in the midst of your pleasure, must I? Only please think of me a little. I have seen quite a little of Alice Hoag, but almost nothing of Lucy [C?]. since you went away. Lucy comes down sometimes in the evening with George, but I have not been inside her house since Commencement. She told me the other evening that your Cousin—that Miss Campbell was visiting at Mrs Benjamin's and Park was home. Raymond was down a little while last Monday night and told me about leaving you at Cohoes. It appears that he and his friends had a very lively time up at Amsterdam at that school celebration. I believe Kline, Swinburne, Serviss etc. joined their party. I did not go, neither did Alice Hoag. Brockelmann is still here and takes me out rowing occasionally, as we have nothing else to amuse ourselves with this hot weather. Why did you say in your last letter ^in speaking of him you were sorry for me in any way? I did not know what you meant? He is very nice and kind to me in these sorrowful days. You have been gone a week already little girl, do youknow it? When are you coming home? Bring me something nice when you come, won't you please? because I am being a good child. It is nice for me to think—when I am feeling glum and dismal, that you are enjoying yourself. I hope everything will be delightful all through your visit Thank Miss(?) Tim for remembering me and give her my love please and with a large share for your own dear self. Think of me as ever
your Katie

[Katharine (Stanton) Griffis, '77,
To Mary Grace Toll Hill of Schenectady]