

Vassar, May 8, 1869.

My dear Harry,

Yours of the 4th is duly received. It was so long since I had seen your dashing penmanship, that I could hardly recognise it.

I have been to town to-day having my teeth filled and I have got to go again next Saturday. Don't you pity me? My mouth is full of creosote now, and the nerves are all dying by inches.

College life is getting to be decidedly pokey. We have not had any exciting meetings, or anything else of any interest for the last week. We have only three more weeks before our senior vacation.

I have just been appointed to have another essay on Commencement Day. It will be a good deal of work to write it and I don't really think it pays, but I suppose I shall make the attempt. We seem to have changed places lately. I am getting excessively lasy and you are growing altogether too busy for any comfort.

Our gas has met with aa accident, which only just escaped being a terrible explosion. It is perfectly amusing to see everybody going around with a tallow candle in her hand. The enormous white spots that appear on dresses the next morning are not quite so funny.

The light is too poor to write any longer. Good night and pleasant dreams. How do you amuse yourself Sundays? Your affec. sister

Christine Ladd.

[Christine (Ladd)-Franklin, '69]