

Vassar.

June 19. 74.

Dear Carrie,

I am ashamed of myself for not writing to you until so late in the week; there has been nothing in particular to prevent my writing you, only that it is hard to get about it generally when I do not write Sunday - Two other letters had to be written then, and these took sway my time usually given to home letters, and there were interruptions the rest of the time. I am just through with my last examination, and you may be sure that I am happy, though I should have been more so if I had done better in the last one. I am utterly discouraged and never want to see a book again. In spite of all Papa may say to the contrary, I do not like to graduate without an honor, and it is a hard pill for me to swallow daily, in perceiving how utterly beyond my grasp one is. I wish you could all be here now, we might have such a good time, but as it is we girls who have no company will wander restlessly and forlornly around until next Thursday when we start on the Geological trip. Then we anticipate a very line time.

We are all in excitement trying to get furniture for our next yearrs parlor, as nice and at the same time as cheap as possible, of course at second hand. Our parlors when we are Sealers we want to have as line as possible. Curtains, cornice and sofa we have procured for fourteen dollars, and other little things we have ourselves -

Please excuse this stupid little letter, but really I em in such a whirl that I can think of nothing to write. All my parlormates but one are leaving, which creates some excitement and the thought that there is no more study

Froggy, Agamemnon we have named him seems pretty well. But just now I think he is suffering from colic, the effect of cream which Dr. Webster game him. She thought I was starving him, but he really will not eat the most tempting morsels with which I try to dine him.

Good bye.

dearest love to all