

Vassar.

Nov. 8- [1874]

Dear Mamma,

Clifford and I are trying to write letters while one of my precious parlormates is amusing herself by talking to us, so you may imagine my thoughts will not be very connected ones.

Something must be the matter with the Po'keepsie mail arrangements, for this week your letter has not come. I have no patience with the mail, for if your letter can come one week by noon of Saturday, it surely can another, and there is no use in my waiting until Monday for it. This morning we had an exceedingly dull sermon from a missionary from India, and this evening he will give a talk in the Religious Inquiry meeting, at which I think from my present feelings I shall fall asleep.

We have begun to practice in the Laboratory and find it very pleasant. Aprons are necessary and we are making them ourselves. Many of them are done, but mine lags. Perhaps this week I will finish it, and then make a fine appearance. This last week has been a very busy one. Miss Kapp thinks that we Seniors have nothing to do, and so does her best to occupy our time, to save us from "ennui" she says. Essays without number she would pile on us, if we did not sometimes rebel.

German this year is our hardest study, and as I am decidedly lazy, I think I shall not take it next semester, especially as it is all literature and essays, and little reading.

The Museum and Art Gallery are nearly finished, and ready for the specimens and pictures. They will be so very fine when done, and I know you will enjoy them next summer.

As I seem to have no mind today for writing, I think I shall stop and take my usual Sunday afternoon nap -

With love,
Julie