

Nantucket: July 30, 1882.

My dear dear Carrie

I imagine that when you wrote last you had not received my letter written last Sunday. I hope it has not gone astray for I assume it was valuable. This past week Miss Whitney, the music teacher has been here. I did not hear of it until last Thursday. I called on her immediately and [...ed?] to have been able to show her some attention, but she went today, as the friend with whom she came was summoned home by her mother's death. She told me that Mrs. Backus was suffering from a cancer, which she had had for several years and that she had an operation performed [upon?] [...] so she

was under the influence of ether and never roused. It does seem very sad indeed. How much you must have enjoyed your visit in Franklin. I hesitate to think of you coming here for it would be quite the reverse. Last Monday I went to quite a large party and enjoyed a very [stupid?] time until I was asked to take a hand at whist, after which time passed very pleasantly and rapidly. Thursday I was away to tea after spending the afternoon at Surf Side. Friday morning I went out to Surf Side again to a dance in the dipot. Does

that sound funny to you? It was a very select few invited by the daughter of the Superintendent of the railroad, and we had a delightful time. About 60 were there and at least one third of them were gentlemen - a most marvelous proportion for a Nantucket party. We started come back at half past eleven [...] [...] train ran off the track and delayed us for [...] an hour - nothing serious, however, no one was hurt or very much frightened. It was an elegant night - the surf was running quite high, and we saw the whole

[Ki...?] together with some of the side [...s?] of a large vessel was washed upon the beach. There was a Mr. [Willard?] there from Washington, a graduate from Yale '79. He is very pleasant [but they fear?] has softening of the brain from being thrown from his horse last winter in Colorado.

Indeed I did receive the [head?] [fixing?] and thanked you for it in my last. I think it is very pretty indeed and had an opportunity to wear it last Friday night. Not a word [that?] any of the teachers - in - [e...bry...s?] heard [from?]

Dr. Caldwell. I am really getting very nervous over it. [...] postal card is the extent of my [Stamford?] correspondence and [Sallie?] has not vouchsafed to send over as much as that. I haven't heard from [Fr...lli...?] since she left [Colonel?] Parkin's.

Tuesday Day.

I meant to have finished and sent this Monday but Sunday evening I had callers, and last evening I was out with Henry [Wy...?] -- you remember he is the one who came to Vassar this spring. As usual he has come down without his wife. She always

waits until he has been before she [comes?]. I never knew them to come at the same time. It is very queer for they seem to be very happy together.

Ella Gardner of '77 is to return to Vassar next year as a [post?] to take Professor Backus' department. I am anxious to know how [...ightly?] she will [thrive?] in Rhetoric.

Tomorrow evening and all day Thursday, the Unitarians have a fair and I am going to help Lib [Defing?] at the refreshment table and expect to have a very jolly time.

Carrie dear, I feel absolutely homesick every time I think that I am not coming back to dear old Vassar. I would give a good deal to have my Senior year over again. A week ago had a letter from Mabel Pratt and she hadn't heard [from?] Nellie since Commencement. I think she treats her rather shabby now considering how devoted she was to her in '88.

I presume you will be in Meadville when this letter reaches you but as I did not know your address there, I am obliged to direct as normal.

Give my kindest regards to all your family, and kiss [...annie?] for me, as I know you need an excuse for so doing.

Lovingly
Your friend
Flora Easton.

For
Caroline F. Griffith.
[M...?]
[P...a?]