

1237 Arch Street,  
March 2nd 1884.

My Dear Carrie,

I was so glad to receive your letter yesterday; it had seemed so long since I had heard, I was really worried. I am delighted that your [price?] was so highly praised; with whom did you play? I [imagine?] [...] McMillan.

Well, the immortal Thomas left this charming abode this afternoon at three, and is now presumably amusing himself in New York. He did not say a word to Grace before he left but she says he looked at her in a [meaning?] way. I only hope that he will write for if he does not at some time offer himself to

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her I shall consider that he has behaved in a very ungentlemanly manner. When he left he said he should write to both of us. He is a perfect enigma but the way he has kissed Grace has been enough to make one sick. I think he feels that she has been flirting with him, and has treated him the

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graduated on Friday evening; as soon as the exercises were concluded we came home, and he soon followed and brought us a basket of flowers which he had received for one of his presents. He came in and kissed Grace, giving her the flowers, then he turned to me; I put out my hand and congratulated him, and [would you believe?] it, he

just stooped down and kissed me! After he went Grace said she was very much annoyed at his kissing me because there was not the least occasion for it. I feel just so myself but was ugly enough not to acknowledge it. She feels, as I am sure, that he does not care at all for me but yet fears that he might if thrown in my

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way. I resolved to say nothing more about it, for fear she [would?] be [jealous?] and that I don't want. But it has amused me intensely to see how always and undeniably she always has the seat between us. Usually they have been one side of the table and I the other. And if he tried to talk with me, she always had some long discussion to enter upon

with him. Now I beg you to burn this letter as soon as you have finished reading it, for I fear I am a little mean in confiding this even to you, my dear Carrie, but it has seemed as if I must unburden my mind to some one. Annie Cecil is too thoroughly selfish to be seriously attached to anyone but herself, [but] I had always thought Sara was different and cared

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a great deal for you. Did you not write of Mrs. [Cantrell's?] having a baby? I have not been out of the house since Friday; then I did not get home from school until five o'clock, so yesterday spent my time resting and today it has been snowing all day. Does Will [Caldwell?] still spend his Sundays at Vassar, and is Sam studying in Vienna? Is Jessie Smith doing anything at all?

Vassar must be in an entirely different state now from what it was [two?] years ago. With so many new teachers there ought to be new life and activity, but I doubt if it so is in reality. Have you read Mr. Isaacs? I have been looking it over this afternoon and think it the strangest conglomeration I ever came across. The hero seems to think that in

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order to carry on an agreeable conversation he must be constantly asking questions, and you may think I write my letters on the same plan. It is late, so I will stop and [...] go to bed. [Twice?] January I have not been in bed before twelve, and usually it has been after one.

With a great deal of love Your friend  
Flo.