

that caused Will's words.

with very much love

to all,

Em.

Friday morn.

Dear Sisters:-

Under the plea of his wife's sickness my cook has been making money elsewhere, drawing pay here, and letting me do the work. He is willing to return now, - more willing than I am to have him. Will has just shown me his letter, and gone to College, and there is not time for a long letter, so I have left my cooking to write you a short postscript.

I am very sorry indeed that he has written what he has. He would not have done so under ordinary circumstances, but the excitement of the fire and subsequent events made him a little hasty, I think. You did not imagine us the victims of such a sudden misfortune, but imagined us

us with all the comforts which you have, and many that you cannot have, as is usually the case. I think it almost impossible for those at home to understand just our situation here. We have everything in the line of worldly possessions that heart ~~could~~ wish. It is the never going to Boston, never seeing anything new, or having new people to talk with, or a new subject for conversation that we lack. We want ideas more than anything else, an advertising sheet or card, or any of those knick knacks out of a five cent store give us more pleasure than you can well imagine.

Baby Ray is screaming, and I must feed her; please forgive my haste, and don't take the matter to heart: you have no more failed than we; and it was only a little upsetting of ourselves