the sitting-room, and had just commenced getting breakfast, when some one came up the front steps. I went to the door and had to welcome another lady. I was sick all day, but there was no one else to do anything, so I had to keep up until dark, then I went to bed.

Mr. Stevenson has taken the office of Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, and expected to have started to-day, but the wind was blowing so hard the boat could not go. We shall stay alone while he is gone, but I think he will back by the last of November. As soon as the building is obtained, I am to commence school, and take charge until he comes back. The people and scholars are so anxious to have school begin, I hope we shall not have to wait much long.

Love to all from
Anna.

Galveston. Oct. 31st. 1871.

My Own Darling.

Your letter of Oct 26th came yesterday. How very quick the mails speed over the distance, seeming to bring us nearer together. I think I have received all your letters now, the first one that came after you went to the Seminary was dated Sept. 27, and you told me in <u>that</u> about your visit at Harvard. Most of my letters pass yours before they (mine) leave Galveston. The boat reaches here in the morning, and leaves about two o'clock, but Mr. Stevenson usually takes our letters when he goes down town, and we do not get our mail until he comes home to dinner. Perhaps I was selfish and inconsiderate when I asked you to write once a week, as usual, knowing how much you would have to do, but your letters are about the

only gleams of sunshine that penetrate my clouded sky just now, and <u>that</u> must be my plea for my thoughtlessness. Do not write so often if you have not the time. I shall be glad to welcome the letters when they come, but will not expect them every week, and then shall not be disappointed. I was very glad to receive the letter from Father, and have written him a half-sheet this evening, but perhaps you may as well send this home too, for both letters together I think will hardly equal one whole one. A "Norther" has been blowing to-day, so that we have had to sit out in the kitchen by the stove, and with my eyes full of smoke, together with the talk that is kept up constantly, I hardly know half the time what I am writing.

I have been writing to Gen. Williamson to-day, to ask him about Haidee. I want to hear from her so much. If you hear anything more about her, I wish you would write and tell me, if you can.

Is Hattie Foote teaching, or has she been at home all the time? Is Lucy Smith back at the Seminary, this year? Have you any new teachers? how many in the Senior class? Is Miss. Anthony there?

We have had our usual number of travelers or rather visitors during the past week. Last Friday morning, Mr. Peebles came, a gentleman who was on his way to Indianola; he was intending to go on, that same day, but the boat did not go, so he had to stay here until Saturday afternoon. Miss. Nichols was sick, and I only slept four hours Friday night, then I had every thing to do, Saturday, and sat up late to fix some clothes for Mr. Stevenson, as he expected to start away Monday morning; and when Miss. Nichols called for me before I was dressed Sunday morning, I was almost ready to give up. After waiting on her, I arranged