ago; she asked about you, said she had just received our class-letter which had been on the way eighteen months, before it reached her.

Mr. Stevenson has not had his pictures taken yet. He spoke of going down Saturday, but he wants me to go with him when he has them taken, and I want to go, but am afraid I shall have too much else to do this week.

Wednesday Eve.

I intended to finish and send this, this morning, but Frances was sick, and I had the dishes to wash after breakfast. It is not much of a letter anyhow, but such as it is, it will have to do for this time.

Much love for all.

Anna.

Galveston. Texas.
March. 18th. 72

My Dear Sister.

Your letter came this morning. I kept thinking all last week that I must write to you, but was at work on my merino wrapper, and was anxious to get it finished before the weather grew any warmer, for I shall not be able to wear it very much anyhow, but my old black dress is beginning to look rather rusty, and I want a change. You asked what I wore in the way of collars — almost anything, or nothing. I have never made any since I came from home; the tatting collar you sent me is my best one, that is beautiful enough for anybody's best one, and I only wear it on extraordinary occasions. Then Carrie sent me one;

last week, made of linen lace and blue ribbon; it is very nice and pretty. I made me a woolen sack out of half of my blanket shawl, last fall, and cut it so as to have the fringe for the bordering of the sack, and sleeves, and collar around the neck; when it is cold I wear that, and do not need any other collar then.

You proposed saving your rags for me. Certainly! do so by all means; and then if you should happen to need them first, I will <u>refund</u> them. I may have the opportunity, <u>perhaps</u>, or there will be time enough, at least, for me to set you up in house-keeping before <u>our</u> home is ready, but I hope that you will be in no great hurry, even after you leave school, for I wish we could be at home together <u>as much</u> as one year, or longer, if possible. Please, Father, do not let any one read my letters only yourself and Mother, and then I can feel free to write anything that I want to.

Tuesday Evening.

I agree with you, Minnie, in all that you said about my coming home. I am glad that you want me to come so much, and for aught that I know now, I can and will come. I wish we <u>could</u> reach there in time for Anniversary, but probably can not, for it is a long journey from here. Mr. Stevenson thinks some of closing school the middle of June, but even if we do that, we shall not be able to leave here much before the last of the month, for he will have so much to do, to settle up matters permanently. Miss. Nichols is going home too.

I am sorry Lucy's health is so poor. I should think she would go home to her brother in Beloit. Do you know where Katie is now? I had a letter from Fannie Huggins, a few days