Galveston. May. 14th.

My Dear Sister.

Your letter came, quite unexpectedly, last Sunday; you have not written very regularly lately you know, so I do not expect a letter until it comes, and when one does come, I consider it that much gain.

I received our class-letter Saturday morning. It has learned the way now, and is going quite speedily on its second course. Mollie Brown's having been written the 18th of March I believe, and I am the fifth one you know. I got up early yesterday morning and wrote mine, and sent it on, so that it would not be delayed any.

Saturday evening, Mr. Stevenson, Miss. Nichols, and I, went to see De Castro, a performance of wonderful things done

nobody knows how, — by sleight of hand I suppose. We had complimentary tickets, but I did not think of going until about eight o'clock. Mr. S. spoke of it, and I was so tired I thought perhaps it would do me more good to go than to stay at home and work; so I left everything and went. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and he was a Ventriloquist too, so that I felt repaid for going; besides, it was in the Opera House, and I was glad I went to see the building.

You asked me Mr. Stevenson's age, Minnie. I told you in our letter home that he was 30. I suppose you have forgotten it. The 10th of next month will be his 31st birth-day. No time for comments at present, more anon.

Love for Father, Mother, and Sister.

from Anna.