

sound of the bells, every few minutes,
I run to the window.

Lak Has Mr. R.

taken you sleighing yet - do you still
sing "The Gipsy's Warning" for him?
How is Miss Hollie? I hope when I
next come to Annapolis she will be
well enough to arise in the morning
before twelve o'clock. Father has just
received a letter from Will. Poor,
dear boy! he is racking his brain
with those horrid studies. The
semi-annual examination is now
going on, and it takes all his time
to study and prepare for it.

Mr. Farnigan spent last evening with
us; he started this morning in the
4 o'clock train by way of Washington
for home. He requested me to give
you his regards when I would write;
his photographs are not yet finished.
He deputized me to send you one
when they are ready.

Trace has had a cold since she came
home; she says you owe her a letter -
she will write to Nan soon. Will. has
sent my pictures up, but the folks
do not think they are good; they think
I look cross-eyed. This one I send
in for your ma; it is the only one I
have unengaged; I know by sending
it to your ma, that neither you nor
Nan can feel slighted. I wish you
would get some taken, I would like
very much to have one - also one of
good-for-nothing Nan's. Perhaps, I
may have some better ones taken, as
all who have seen the enclosed con-
sider it a poor representative of your
charming friend; yet I think the
Artist's camera flattered quite extensively,
but we never see ourselves as others
see us.

Tide is at low tide up here, so I
will bring this dull scrawl to a
terminus by obeying the commands