My dear Ernest:

Why in the world don't you write to me? I am going to write to you to remind you of what I want for a Christmas present. You don't have my slightest idea how much fun I could have with a pair of snow shoes.

Grace and I could go out to walk every night there and it would be lovely.
We could go to places we were sii before and as there are other girls here who use even shave we could have an awful good time. Now you see it is really necessary that I should have something of the sort for without them I should play indoors most of the winter in account of the bad walking on the streets.

Having thus set forth my argument, I will leave you to decide for yourself. I am hoping that a bond to the mill will be sufficient.

Have you seen Carry since she came me here? Did she have a good time? I am so afraid she did not.

I have got a muskra baby as my horse and I suppose almost tad a cliff Blanche.
Ernest Osgood Sweetser.

I heard that he was going to 
land going into school 
when I am home 
next term if he does 
not get a few words 
about teaching that 
subject. What is going on at 
home? What will 
there be next Saturday 
or Friday night? 
Probably there will 
be nothing to go to 
while I am at home. 
How do you get 
along with the Prof. 
I hope she joins yours.
that red headed fellow that was home with Percy. Thanksgiving Term went to school with Mr. Willcocks. He is not a realวรรณิ, but he preached at a M.E. Church at one time. Didn't I tell you he acted just like an old Methodist minister.

There is a girl here who knows Lucie and she told us all about Lucie. I guess he was a queer fellow.

I have just finished dinner and am nearly ready to eat so much. We had oyster stew for dinner.

Well I think I can't stop to write any more this time.

What are you going to give them Christmas? I don't know what to give Lucie. I just know of something to give Harriet.