My dear Mama:

I have written four letters to you but I guess I will write you a few lines. Just right Charles and I had a fall when we were dancing. Charles marched her knees. She fainted away she had to go to bed and stay there all the rest of the evening. She had to stay sick today so Grace and I have not been out to day. She is all right now only her knees is a little sore. I did
not hurt myself at all for a
wonder. There is a good deal of sickness
in the school. Seven or eight
girls have gone home and
some more are going to go.
Three of the teachers are sick
and I don't know how many of
the girls, but Mr. Cottrell is 
very glad to keep the school going.
I wish he would let the girls all go
home tomorrow.
I wrote to Mattie Blanchard to
today.

We had a blizzard here Friday
now you better believe. I rode
awful. To-day is awful cold
and the streets and fields are
just a glare of ice! We tried to
walk down Third street Saturday night
after school and it was awful.
Well the clock is striking six and I
must not stop to write anymore
for if I do my light will not be
out at quarter past. We had a
lecture at the foot of the stairs
this on what subject it was