

her another Saturday
Friday night if that
is her cooking day.

The girls have gone down
into the kitchen to pop
some corn and Grace
is writing a letter & Miss
Murdoch is reading.

Miss Murdoch is very
pleasant and I like her
very much. She is two
years younger than
Charles but she looks
very much older.

We had a grand clearing
up here in our room
last night. We washed
the floor and cleared
up every thing in

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Gorham, Maine
February 7/1900

My dear Mamma:

This
is rather a stormy day
here and Grace & I
did not go to church.
Miss Murdoch Charles
Lucind did not go
either. It has been
snowing ever since
I got up and the
walking is very bad.

Last night we had a
whist party in Grace's
room. There were fourteen
of us girls and we had
a great time.

I received your letter
and Herman's Friday

and I think that you must have had more rain than we did Monday although it was dreadful here.

Grace and I are reading Richard Carvel to-day. We started it something ago but never finished it. I think you would like it.

We are having something a little extra to do now. Our class has to stay after school every night now. Miss Cloudman from the Primary School is teaching us how to teach the sentence method in reading. It takes so much more of our time you see so we have less time to go out of doors.

Grace & I went down & called on Mrs. Parker Friday night & she was just making some cookies. She had one of your recipe books and was making some by one of the recipes in it so we had some good cookies. We think perhaps we had better call on

Put in some chopped
walnuts if you want
something extra fine.
Let it cool a little and
then cut it and put
it in an awful
cold place to
harden. I tell you it
is awful good & awful
easy to make.

Walnuts make it dandy.
Well the girls have
just found out what
a joke we played
on them last Monday
night about being
away on Sunday.

One of the girls who
didn't know we were

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general so we feel very
clean. The floor don't
look a mite cleaner
but I think it must be.

The sleighing is lovely
and I would not
mind riding home
some pleasant day.

Oh! if we only had a
chance to go ride
or go sliding or
something else we
here there might be
some fun but staying
in the house and
seeing the every one
else having so good
time there not so much
fun in it.

We can't as much as look at anyone
who is sliding without getting a
lecture for it.

We watched these race horses
down on Main St one night as
we were out walking. That was
the most exciting thing I have
seen for some time.

It seems to me it is the best
sleighing I ever saw.

Well here is a recipe for "Fudge"
and if you want something good
try it.

2 cups of sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ " " milk,
small piece of butter.
a sq of chocolate or
if you use cocoa use enough to
make it dark brown.
A little vanilla.

Beat this together. Boil hard
for three minutes.

Put on buttered platter to cool.
It wants to be quite thin.
Perhaps about like this

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11/11/14

Mr. Corthell said yesterday
that we must pay a
part of our board by
the first of this week
so I guess you had
better send me some
money I don't care
how much. Just enough
to pay some. We have
got to pay our entrance
fee's also (\$2.50).

Tell Ernest to write.

fooling them told 207
them that we were
here now Sunday
and then someone
else told them all
about where we hid
and every thing.
They have not said
any thing about it
to Grace and I yet
but probably will
when they come up
stairs.

Sunday Evening
Well I have just got
home from the evening
meeting. Charles, Miss
Murdoch met. It
stopped snowing

about four o'clock and so we
decided to go although the
snow is quite deep.

I have an awful lot of studying
to do tomorrow more than
usual so I guess I shall not
plan to do anything else.

Tell Herman I was awful glad
to get his nice letter and that
I will answer it before long if
I can find anything to write
about. Well the clock has just
struck nine and I have got to
go into my room, I am in
jacket now, or Miss White will
show me the way there so I
think I cannot stop to write
any more to-night. I guess
I have told you every thing there
is to tell any way.

Good night with love to all
Harriet S. Norton.

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