My dear Mamma:

Here it is Saturday and you may like to hear from me. Well to begin with I cannot tell you that next Thursday we are to have a cologne back here. We are all supposed to arrive out of fashion dressed but I don't see how I can. They are going to have quite a time I guess. It is going to be as much like the falls of Washington as possible. In the afternoon there are to be public exercises here in the school building. I have got to be in a hurry.

Charles went to Portland last night and attended the cadets ball. She came back this morning. Trulette is enjoying not going to night to spend Sunday. I have not heard from Emunice yet since I got back. Do you know when she
is coming back.
To tell the truth, I am going now. Mr. Charles has begun his teaching. He is down at Miss Cloudman's school. The primary school. I begin my term's punishment at the grammar school next Friday so don't worry if you don't hear from me again for the next three weeks.
On yesterday I found that my green skirt is about done for until it had some more patching done. There was a big hole through the knee. I tried to mend and red. I had done it. I made it to get it out to move to school but shall have to.
Nothing going on as usual so there is nothing new to write about.
Will close now love to you
Harriet

Did.not we have a snow here last Tuesday? We had to go to school of course but it was almost impossible to get from the house to the school building. I guess it was very slippery. All the teachers had Mr. Beale must only me excuse that he had one of his
 crunchy fits and so we had to go back to the room.