



Mayville,

Aug. 11th. 1868.

My dear Mother,

It is almost dinner time and they are hurrying us down stairs, so I have but time for a few lines as I want to send it up ~~tomorrow~~ after dinner.

Cousin Phoebe says won't you please write to Mr. Evans and tell him if you are not under obligations to him, she would rather not get a lace sacque. She has done without it so far, and it is getting so late that she will not need it. She would rather save that money towards getting her a winter cloak.

I am afraid Muek will write about going home, before I can write for her to go to cousin Annie, so I am waiting