

Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1914.

Dear little boy:-

It is my bed time right now, and I have been writing the whole evening, so that my arm aches. Consequently this will be quite a short letter. Besides my tablet is all gone to Chicago, before this instalment.

Our nurser has finally put in an order for our maple sugar. I shall be just awfully disappointed if we can't get it. But I suppose it can't be did if the sap won't run.

I made a couple of calls after school to-day, at Mrs. Frasher's and Mr. Baker's. Anna was not home, so I visited with