

if she did not wish to write a letter quite so quick on her return. Do I expect she will come down tomorrow night (if such a remarkable thing can happen) and visit.

Presume Mrs. Palmer is very much gratified now Di has come back. I do not blame her if she does. To-day is a meeting at the Methodist Church and I imagine Di will enjoy it. don't you? I generally attend such meetings but it is so pleasant to-day I thought I would stay, <sup>at home</sup> and talk with you - but you cannot answer me now, and that is not quite so pleasant. how I wish you were here to-day - I am all alone - can't hear nothing, but the loud ticking of our old clock, which is very good company, however, for it tells me long stories of my childhood and of other, happier days, than those of the present. I go to school - and like it very much indeed. How I laughed when Di told me about Mrs. Marsh's sister that lives near

you, when she came "creeping in", as Diemthe says, when she was alone. I should think you would be afraid of her. Our Mr. Marsh that teaches here, is so good, and kind we all think every thing of him, and consider him just about perfect. Well, there is no twitch to his face, either, somebody told Di there was, for I have looked at him enough to see it, <sup>if</sup> there was any; if there is a twitch, it is only when good and noble impulses, crowd his heart so full, that they are obliged to rest on the outside of his face, because there is not room in his soul that so? Why, Di tells me that the woman who lived in the house with you is dead. are you not lonely? I should think you would be, you have to stay alone so much! Last night Maria and her father returned from Ohio, they having been absent about two weeks I believe - to her brother's - Mrs. Benty's people have moved away from the village, two or three miles, up by John Thaw's, up the "Dewey road", you know where that is - speaking of Dewey - reminds me of the marriage of Parsons Dewey. do not know who he married, some sprightly dame I presume.