

To Grandma.

O. N. C., Nov. 2, 1898.

DEAR GRANDMA:—

My letter will be very short this time as I am tired, having just taught a lesson to the senior first class of ——— Public School by the analytical-synthetic, discriminatory-unifactory, interpretatory-assimilatory, particular-universal, step-by-step-and-step-after-step method, which I am convinced they thoroughly grasped and appreciated. This method is much in vogue here, and very powerful with the junior pupils.

I am in fine health, for every day I run up and down the mountain a few times to get exercise. I can go right up to the top now without losing my breath. When I get up to the top I distend and toughen my *pharyngeal aponeurosis* by reciting in this rarified atmosphere (you know the atmosphere is very rare on very high mountains) those beautiful lines from "The Waterfowl":

"Whither midst falling dew,

While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Through the rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way."

Besides this I take my tonic *sol fa* every Wednesday afternoon.

I put up a notice for a meeting to organize a court to chastise the boys that are bad. The men all squashed the idea and we can't have any court this year. The boys don't like to be courted. I think the project would be a success among the ladies.

We had a fine reception the other night. I came early to get my programme filled ahead of that committee that wore blue badges, and got all the nice girls picked out. One of the girls said when I asked her for a number that she was sorry to inform me that she had her programme entirely filled, but hoped I might be able to get it filled with far nicer girls than she was. I said I thought I could easily do that; then she got mad and left me, and I have been trying to think ever since what she was mad about.

I asked one of the men the other day if any of the men were married, and he said, "Yes; Carson, Hinch, Roland, Burchill, and Sifton were married." They don't bring their wives and families to the receptions and concerts, and do not like them very well for that.—Your loving grandson,
WILLIAM.

P. S.—The boy in our boarding house used up all the pills you sent me in his pea-shooter. W.

* *

To Willie.

SONDAY, Nov. 6th.

DEAR WILLIE,—

I was very glad to get your letter yesterday. The boy didn't go to the Post oar we would have got it a Monday. I am glad you set on those boys like that. I am sure you never would consent to be a hypocritick. The old cow that you always milked died this week. She ailed and pined away ever since you left. Do you think they will start that student court. Those sinfull men you spoke of as wouldn't go in for the court ought to be thrown out of the school. I believe the collars court would be a fine thing to keep boys from dancing and playing cards and smoking. I hope you go regular to church or the army. They say the Salvion Army does a great work in large cities. That's right, don't you take a back seat for any b. a. or ma iether. No ma neednt crow over you that's got a grand ma alive yet and aighty years old at that. The folks dont know how to do without you to lead th quire and pump the horgan. They cant find anybody who can do boath at onct. If they ever want you to be a hypocritick again you just tell them what you think off them for a lot of heathens and say you holed by that which is against Phari-seas and hypocriticks. I think you are right about those college preceptions. Do you like those married men Corson and Hunch and Roland any better now?