

*Dearest Judy:*

If you expect a cheerful letter from me the day don't read this. The life of man is a wintry road. Fog, snow, rain, slush, drizzle, cold — such weather such weather! And you in dear Jamaica with the sun shine and the orange-blossoms!

We've got whooping-cough, and you can hear us whoop when you get off the train two miles away. We don't know how we got it — just one of the pleasures of institution life. Cook has left,—in the night,—what the Scotch call a "moonlight flitting." I don't know how she got her trunk away, but it's gone. The kitchen fire went with her. The pipes are frozen. The plumbers are here, and the kitchen floor is all ripped up. One of our horses has the spavin. And, to crown all, our cheery, resourceful Percy is down, down, down in the depths of despair. We have not been quite certain for three days past whether we could keep him from suicide. The girl in Detroit,—I knew she was a heartless little minx,—without so much as going through the formality of sending back his ring, has gone and married herself to a man and a couple of automobiles and a yacht. It is the best thing that could ever have happened to Percy, but it will be a long, long time before he realizes it.

We have our twenty-four Indians back in the house with us. I was sorry to have to bring them in, but the