

good turn to my friend, by the way, during the earthquake and thus repay some of his to me.)

Archie is well and cheerful. Isn't it like the Winter temperament to lose its melancholy in such horrors as we have seen? Archie is distinctly happier since he came to California. As for Janet and Rupert—oh, well, my dear, you and Johnny *know!* The house has been full of people, and we have had several friends of our own for a day or two. I got a recipe for a delicious tea-cake¹ from Mrs. Wigglesworth of Boston. She didn't save anything but her furs and her kimono and a bridge set, besides what she had on; she packed her trunk with great care and nobody would take it down-stairs. Of course she saved her bag of jewels, which reminds me that poor Mr. Keatcham left Janet some pearls—that is, the money for them. He was very much attached to her.

We buried him on the crest of the hill; later, when more settled times shall come, he may take another and last journey to that huge mausoleum where his wife and mother are buried. Poor things! it is to be hoped they had no taste living or else that they can't see now how hideous and flamboyant is their last costly resting place. But