

THE JOHN GRIER HOME,

February 15.

*Dear Judy:*

We arrived in a snow-storm at eleven last night, Singapore and Jane and I. It does not appear to be customary for superintendents of orphan-asylums to bring with them personal maids and Chinese chows. The night-watchman and house-keeper, who had waited up to receive me, were thrown into an awful flutter. They had never seen the like of Sing, and thought that I was introducing a wolf into the fold. I reassured them as to his dogginess; and the watchman, after studying his black tongue, ventured a witticism. He wanted to know if I fed him on huckleberry pie.

It was difficult to find accommodations for my family. Poor Sing was dragged off whimpering to a strange woodshed, and given a piece of burlap. Jane did not fare much better. There was not an extra bed in the building, barring a five-foot crib in the hospital room. She, as you know, approaches six. We tucked her in, and she spent the night folded up like a jack-knife. She has limped about to-day, looking like a