nothing for it but poor Ned must go to work.

Another June.

I have been so happy, and life has been so satisfactory that I have not written in my diary for many months. I believe it is only when one's heart is so sorrowful and distracted that it must overflow somewhere, that one pours it into a diary. I have so much to say now that I scarcely know where to begin.

Well, to begin at the beginning, one night Uncle Theodore asked Doctor Graham to dinner, along with Professor Ballington, and another gentleman. After that Doctor Graham began to call quite frequently evenings — he seemed to enjoy grandmother's company so much, and I am sure she enjoyed his.

Well — Oh, I never can tell how it