Patterson Female Institute.

Only Heaven means crowned, not vanquished, when it says "Forgiven".

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Dont forget

Prof. J. T. Patterson. Lou Sudie
N. M. Town Sudie

Patterson Institute.
September 13th 1875.

C Cornie

Monday. Cornie Penthelowered.

I find myself gently lowered from the towering heights of young-lady-hood, into the more common-place position of a school-girl. After a most delightful vacation, I have returned to the dear, old Inst. to measure my intellect, my determination and my powers of endurance against the girls of my class. I have come with but one aim, and that is not to be excelled by any, if it is in my power to prevent it. If diligent study, and strict obedience to the rules of school, will win the honors of my class, I am resolved to be the victorious one. C C Cornie P.

I reached North Middletown Saturday afternoon, in good time for tea. As we drove up to the Institute, I saw "Aunt Lou's" (Bless her!) kind face benevolently beaming upon us. I was fearful we would smother her with our embraces, but she stood it "right manfully", and gave all of us a hearty, affectionate welcome. I think she is rightly named, "the school-girls friend". Prof. met us in Paris. Of course, we were all

was known

Don't forget

very glad to see him. I bestowed upon him my sweetest smile, and did my very nicest, but I will confess a little policy was lurking behind the whole of it. I had a dim idea that if I made a very favorable impression at the beginning of this ten months, it might, with some exertion on my part, be lasting, but I am rather fearful of my success.

I have established myself in No. 11. I like the room very much. Celia returned yesterday, and is, of course, my room-mate. Miss Lee arrived to-day, and brought a new boarder with her. I do not think we could possibly get along without Miss Lee. We had no school to-day, as the girls have been coming in, and several of the teachers have not yet arrived. Prof. gave Mary Walden permission to go home with Florence Berry, and spend the night. I am confident she will enjoy herself. I gave Mr. Patterson a letter to mail this morning. I felt rather "curious" when I handed it to him. Miss Anna Kagan is here, and is making herself generally useful. I am in hopes it will be a long time before she will think of leaving us.

Remember your friend Lillie S.

September 14th, 1875.

Tuesday.

My writing genius has not yet made its appearance, but Prof.'s word is law in this domain, and when he speaks, we all hasten to obey. He has decreed we shall all write journals, therefore I will postpone this rather disagreeable task no longer.

We all gathered into the chapel this morning, and Prof. gave us a code of laws, which, he said, he would enforce to "the letter." In the evening he examined a portion of the new pupils. Almost all of them are very well advanced. Journal, I have some splendid news to tell you. Miss Joe returned on the stage this afternoon. We were all delighted to see her. I do not think the old Institute would look like itself, without her. Tommie went over to Paris for Brother Lard, but he (Tommie) came back alone. Mr. Lard came a little while afterwards, and brought Anna with him. Messrs Lard and Sweeney commenced a protracted meeting here to-night. I do not know whether I will go this evening or not, but I suppose I will.

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I changed my seat at the table this evening. Prof. said he wanted the larger girls to sit at the lower end of the table. Messrs Hill and Lunce Tabbott are here, calling on Miss Anna Bagan. I suppose they will stay for tea. I fully intended writing a letter home to-day, but have been so busily engaged with my other duties, that I have not had time. Mr. Patterson's niece, Miss Lura Allison, is here on a visit. Of course, as she is a relative of Prof.'s, we all like her ever so much. Journal, I forgot to inform you we have a new plank walk over to Miss Sue's school-room. It is so convenient and nice. Celia has a fit of the "blues" this evening, and it is natural I should feel a little depressed. I dislike so much to see any of the girls home-sick; for, I think, it casts a gloom over the whole school.

September 15th, 1.75.

Wednesday.

One more day has come and gone. One more day nearer God. This, as all others, has brought joys to some, and to others, sorrows and disappointments. Some have gone to the festal

board, when joy and gladness rules the hour, and others, alas! have followed to the grave some loved one, have seen them hidden forever, from their sight, heard the clods fall heavily upon the coffin lid, bid them one long, silent farewell, and have tried to say, even with a breaking heart, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Such is life. Journal, I suppose you think I have made rather a glorious commencement this evening, but it is only in accordance with my spirits. I have not cried yet, but I feel very much like it at present. Prof. Gard has some very good advice to-day, and, I think, that had something to do with my feelings. I am in hopes he will not be as strict, as he declares he will.

I have been writing almost all day. I have written two letters. One to Sister Anna, and the other to Mr. Charlie White, editor of the "Rambler." I sent him a piece to publish, which was written by Mr. Lard, about one school. I decided to go to church last night, as Miss Anna Rogers excused me from the tea table, to get ready. I walked with Miss Sallie Smith. She suffered very much from the tooth-ache. I myself enjoyed

with her very much. She is a great deal better to-day. Prof. Sinclair arrived this afternoon on the stage. I have not seen his face yet, but had a splendid view of his back. I have often heard that a good many persons backs were decidedly better looking than their faces, but, of course, I do not say that about Prof. Sinclair until I have seen his face.

Prof. Ellis on the other day that "Order was Heaven's first law"; as we have concluded to move our trunks into another room, and try and have a little order in our room, although it is not quite a little Heaven. Mr. Patterson received a letter from Brother John this evening. He does not wish me to take music lessons the first five months.

September 16th, 1875.

Thursday.

The heavens are all overspread with clouds to day, and there is a promise in them that the parched and thirsty earth will be refreshed by a fall of rain. Forward. The above five lines are the composition of Mrs. Patterson. I cannot say I wish for rain. Nothing gives me the blues more-

er than a dark, gloomy, disagreeable day.

Tommie left yesterday for Lexington, where he expects to attend school for some time. We will all miss him very much; for he was so kind and obligeing. Our room is now full. Miss Hattie Garrard came last evening, and "Aunt Lou" put her in our room. She is quite small, but, you know Journal, "The most precious articles, are done up in small packages."

Lizzie Masterson is quite sick to-day. I am in hopes her illness is nothing of a very serious nature. I would like so much to go in and see her, but that is, of course, impossible. Lilla Fabbott and Cattie Gerdy came up to the Institute this evening. It seems quite natural to see them here again. I only wish they were school-girls again. I received a letter from Lula Fant this afternoon. She will start for Harrodsburg Saturday. She send me the notices which Messrs White and Ashton had put in their respective papers in regard to my absence. I was also informed by the same source that my old friend, Dr. Logan, was quite ill, and his recovery very doubtful.

I went over this afternoon to Cof.

St. Clair's room, to have me a lesson assigned me in Algebra and Geometry. Taking me for mere children in the Algebra class, he told me to go out, as I would be a "little one" of six years, but when the Geometry class made its appearance, he seemed to be breathing another atmosphere. The only manner in which I can account for this sudden metamorphosis is, that he thought even young ladies. Rather a rapid growth from childhood into young-ladyhood. Don't you think so, Journal? Prof. told me I journals to-morrow. I would give anything in reason, if I could get a perfect mark, but, I suppose such a thing is impossible. I know I have studied hard enough this week to secure two good marks.

Sabbath.— I have just returned from church. Bro. Sweeney preached a splendid discourse. His subject was "Faith, Hope and Love." I never heard a better sermon in my life. Liggie Brown took membership with the church to-night. Prof. was compelled to remain at home, as he was some what indisposed. Franklin Hamilton was there, looking as sweet as ever.

September 17th 1875.

Friday.

This is just the day to make a poor boarding-school girl home-sick. Dark, rainy and disagreeable. O, it is almost unbearable!

We have not recited any lessons to-day, as it is Friday. Prof. organized the Society this evening, and, as a matter of course, appointed me to write Chronicles. I think it is real mean in Prof. to make me write Chronicles the first one; for I wrote them more than any girls in last year. Lizzie Dobyns and Mr. Henrie Walden have to edit the "Basket" for next Friday. Emma Snoddy is President, and Anna Lard Sec. for the insuing four weeks. Prof. said if the pieces we wrote for the "Paper" were not acceptable, he would give us a discredit mark. I think he is a good-deal harder on us than he was on the Senior class of last year, but I suppose it is all for our good.

All the girls have gone to church to night, except a few. Zelia and my-self, being among the ones who stayed at home. We have been having a jolly time, &c. We sent down to town, by Lizzie

Dobyns, this afternoon, and brought some-thing to eat. Some of the most delicious cocoanut candy I ever put in my mouth, also, some splendid chocolate drops.

Lizzie Masterson is a good deal better to-day. I am in hopes we will soon have the "exquisite" (à la Mr. Fleming) pleasure of seeing her bright, happy face in the school-room again. I regret very much to have to chronicle the sickness of Miss Sallie Hoover. She has been out of the school-room all day. She has some-thing like Rheumatism. Gelia and I went down to her room, and made her a call. I like all of the Nicholasville girls very much.

I wrote a letter to Brother Jimmie this after-noon. I am in hopes he will soon respond. The evening mail consisted of only three letters, and I was so unfortunate as not to be the owner of any of the three.

I sent by Lizzie Dobyns to-day at noon, for a box of plaid writing paper, and she could not get it, so she brought me two boxes of lovely French paper. I could not decide which of the two to keep, &

as I concluded to take both of them. I dislike so much to write on inferior paper.

Miss Anna Ragan went to Mt. Sterling early this morning, accompanied by Mr. W. B. Talbott. She came home late this evening, after every one had gone to church. She sent me down stairs, to Mr. Talbott, to get her keys.

Emma Scott and Fannie Hedges came up to the Institute a while this afternoon. They are both looking as well. I love Emma Scott dearly. All of the family were so kind to me the week I spent with them, last Christmas. Emma gave Celia and my-self a very pressing invitation to make her a short visit, while we are here at school.

Clifford made us a call to-night; for the first time this year. I think so much of the dear little fellow. Several of the girls went home this afternoon. It made me full sad "blue", to see them start.

I full very much like writing a letter to-night, but I have no one to write to.

September 18th, 1875.

Saturday.

Rain! Rain! Rain! It has been raining incessantly all day. I have heard as much about being in want of rain, that I am real glad to see it; for people will stop talking now, for a little while at least. One often hears persons speak of the "cheerful pattering" of the rain. Now I think that is all nonsense! I think the most doleful sound imaginable is to hear the rain going drop! drop! and never stopping. Nothing gives me the "jigits" evenings.

Journal, I have some splendid news to tell you. This eve four additions to the church last night, - and one of them was Emma Scott. O, I was so glad when I heard it! I had not the slightest idea she thought of such a thing. She was to have been baptized this afternoon, but, owing to the inclemency of the weather, they were compelled to postpone it indefinitely.

The mail came just a moment ago, and, of course, I was compelled to listen to the tantalizing reply, to my eager inquiry, "No letter for you". I think

it is too bad.

There was church this morning, but only a very few of the girls attended, as it was raining. I expect the baptizing will be delayed. I do-not expect I will go to church to-night. I think I have become completely demoralized here lately.

We have a new room-mate. She is Miss Lizzie Horton, from Mt. Sterling. I think I will like her very much. She is down at Miss Bettie Huffman, who is a cousin of hers. Melia Kavanaugh has returned. Her Brother, Archie, brought her this evening.

Hattie Garrard and my-self sent Ike down to town, to buy us some eatables. He brought us some very nice candies, nuts, cheese and crackers, to which we did full justice, and enjoyed hugely.

"Uncle Levi" opened the box, which contained my feather bed, and I had it put on the bainsters to air. A short while after it commence raining, but I did not once think of the bed. The consequence was, it was ~~thou~~ drenched.

Sept. 19th, 1875.

Sunday.

The weather has been rather changeable to-day. The morning was beautiful, but the evening was dark and cold. I dislike, as much, to see cold weather make its appearance again.

I attended church this morning. The house was crowded. We were compelled to sit on the gentlemen's side of the church. Prof. took us in the ladies door, marched us in front of the pulpit, and over in the "amen" corner, on the gentlemen's side. The subject of the morning discourse was "Faith". I did not like the sermon, as well as the one which was preached on Thursday night.

Lizzie Masterson is a good deal better to day. I went into her room this afternoon, to see her a while. She said I had about disturbed her, but she knows my reasons very well, why I do not come often.

Sallie Howard is no better. I am fearful she will be sick some time.

We have a splendid joke on Kate, but I suppose I had better not write

it in my Journal.

Mrs. Savanack's left for home this morning. Melia did not cry near as much, as I thought she would. I supposed she considered it above the dignity of a Senior to indulge in any such folly.

We will have to recite Geometry to-morrow, and I dread it as much. I have studied it a good deal; but do not mean know it. I wrote a letter to Bro. Charles and Sister Mc yesterday. I am in hopes they will answer soon. I am so hungry. I wish I had some thing to eat.

Later.— I have just returned from church. Ella Glover, Anna Van Deusen and Gertie Hopkins joined the church. Words inadequate to express my feelings, when I saw them make the confession. It has not been decided yet, when they will be baptized.

We again occupied the seats on the gentlemen's side. Kate saw a "friend" from near home to-night. Prof. gave her permission to speak to him,— she seemed to enjoy it hugely, which, I have no doubt, she did.

Sept. 20th, 1875.

Monday.

"The day is done, and the darkness
Drops from the wings of night,
As a falcon is wafted down the wind
By an eagle in his flight."

It is almost time to dress for church, but I am going to have a little talk with my Journal, before I do any thing else.

Lizzie Reid and Mrs. Billie came late yesterday. I do not think Lizzie has changed a particle. Mr. Billie went to Cairo to-day, to attend court. They will return to Owingsville, to-morrow.

Lucy Talbott entered school to-day. She will stay with me, and go to church to-night. The mail came a little while ago, and I was not fortunate enough to receive a letter. I was very much disappointed; for I fully expected a letter from home. I surely will receive one to-morrow. Lucy Talbott gave me some such nice candy this afternoon.

I have not written my Chronicles yet. I know, when I do write

them, they will not be fit to read.

Mr. Patterson asked for the pieces for the "Caper" this evening. He said those who did not have them ready by to-morrow, would be compelled to recite on the board, before the entire school. I am of the opinion, that all of the girls will have their pieces.

Later—. I have just returned from church. Anna Laird joined,— she was the only addition. Mrs. Stone and her daughter, from Bear, old Flemingsburg, were at church to-night. Mary Walden, Belle Summers and myself, went over and spoke to them. I am always glad to see any one from home.

I thought I would die, laughing at Kate to-night. She is the greatest "addition" I ever saw in my life. I do not think one could possibly survive either of her. Just say "Geranium leaf", and I am confident she will blush.

Were all the girls 5 went to church to-night them overall.

September, 21st, 1875.

Tuesday.

The dark curtains of night has been once more drawn around us. This is a time suitable for contemplation. It is now that we must ripen the passing events of time. Tonight, I have been thinking of my school-life at dear old Flemingsburg. I love the old familiar College grounds. Them are even them that are dear to me. I think of the little children that go there now, that are strange to me. The teachers are strangers, and so many things have changed since I left, although it has only been a few short years. When I look back upon things that are passed, that were once so dear to me, it just impressed the more forcably upon my mind the fact, that we are being swiftly borne along the tide of life, and that soon we must all part to meet no more, until we meet around the throne of God. Teachers, pupils, friends and relations, will soon be separated from us, by that inperable monarch, — Death. Contracts will be if no avail, prayers will be useless, — he will continue his relentless

sway, unmineful of the shrieks and groans of poor fallen humanity.

We recited Geometry, the first thing this morning. I am most happy to say, my portion of the lesson, was perfectly recited. I wish I could like the study of Geometry; for I think it is too bad to be compelled to study a book you do not like. This is the first lesson I have ever recited to Prof. St. Clair, although, I have been in his room before. I went, the other day, to have lessons assigned me in Geometry and Algebra.

Mr. Billie and Lizzie Reid went home this morning. It does not seem at all natural to see her (Lizzie) leaving.

The sick are all better to-day. Lizzie Masterson is sitting up. I wish I could go in and see her. Mr. Catterson said she would be able to walk around to-morrow. Sallie Hoover is decidedly better. Some of the girls came into the chapel, a while ago, with the intelligence, that she had smiled. I am in hopes, both of our patients will be in the chapel soon.

Miss Anna Ragan and my-self "struck a bargain" to-day, a little while before dinner, which was quite satisfactory to both parties I was to let her wear my diamond ring, for a double portion of pie. I enjoyed the pie, and, am in hopes, she is enjoying the ring.

Prof. had a long talk with us girls to-day at noon. I dearly love to hear him talk, any thing but "plain English". He was telling us about the different gentlemen music teachers he had employed at various times.

The girls were baptized this afternoon. Prof. drove them, in the spring wagon, as there was too many of them to go in the carriage.

I received three letters this evening. One from Sister Anna, one from Mr. White, editor of the "Rambler", and the other from a friend of mine. Sister gave me all the news of the neighborhood. I answered one of the letters to-night. The girls have just returned from church. They report four additions. Mr. Minnie Moore
Clay, Hattie Garrard, and Willie Worthington. I heard that Mr. Patterson was over-

joyed to see the latter join. He was so overcome, that he did not see poor, little Hattie, but passed by her to kiss Mollie. The girls who joined before, felt very badly about it; for he did not even say a word to them in good to it. I wonder if Mollie will get the ten pounds of candy, which she won off of Sallie Smith in regard to joining the church. I think Prof. can say no longer, he shows no partiality.

Lizzie is suffering to-night from the tooth-ache. I am in hopes she will be better in the morning. I "hope to goodness" Gelia will not be inflicted with the tooth-ache while she is here; for I would just as soon undertake to soothe a "grizzly bear" as to wait on her.

I have been studying Geometry; for I would not go over to Prof. St. Clair's room, and miss a question for any thing imaginable. He fairly scars the the little "wits" I have away from me. I expect we will wait Prof. Sallee (if we did slander him last year) before school is out.

Em honored us with a call to-night.

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September 22nd.

Wednesday.

I have just returned from Prof. St. Clair's room, where I have blundered over a lesson in Geometry. He is the only teacher I was ever afraid of. Some of the girls told him this morning, that he looked at her so, that she could not answer at all, and he coolly informed her, he would look any way he pleased. Prof. will have all the Senior class converted into lunatics, before we complete Geometry.

Our new music teacher made his appearance this after-noon. I think he is real good looking for a dutchman. I regretted exceedingly he did not delay his coming until after Friday; for I had dwelt upon his non-appearance considerable, in my Chronicles. I can say with Hilda:-

"O, ever thus, from child-hoods hour," &c.

Lilla Talbott and Lida Letton, were up to the Institute some time this evening. I believe they came with Lizzie Bean.

I think I will go to church to-

D.

night. Celia says she is not going to church to-night, but I am of the opinion she will. I think I can produce her to go.

I received no letters this evening, - confess I felt rather disappointed. Miss Sue is rather indisposed. I am in hopes she will be better to-morrow.

Thursday, September 23rd.

I do not feel at-all like writing, but I must write a few lines at-least. The very best thing I can possible tell us is, Prof. St. Clair was in a remarkably good humor this morning. His smiling visage, beamed benevolently upon us. He told us he did not want to frighten us so we could not recite the lesson. I recited my portion perfectly.

The girls all seem delighted with the new music teacher. Miss Joe took Celia and my-self into his music room to hear him play. He was very pleasant, and accomadating.

He did not receive any

mail this morning. The North Middletown mail was put in the wrong bag. I expect I will go to church to night.

Friday. Sept. 24th.

Good news, Journal! I recived one hundred (100) on my Tuesday's journal. I never was as agreeably surprised in my life. I would give almost any thing in reason, if I could do that well all the time. I am determined to aim high, and, then the fall will not be as great.

Prof. made the Senior class correct the Diaries of the other circle. I tried to make the girls justly. I did my best to satisfy both Prof. and the young ladies.

We did not have the Society this afternoon. The girls did not have their duties ready. I suppose we will commence next Friday.

Lizzie Hartzell received a new trunk this morning. I did not go to church to night. I am all alone. Belle, Lizzie and Kate all went. I had some Magazines, with which I entertained

myself. Miss Lou was so kind as to loan them to me. I think a great deal of Mrs. Frankie Hamilton. (Bless her soul!) I came home with some of the girls to-night. She has just left our room. She is just the same old Frankie. Lobas Cain and several other persons joined the church to-night. They will be baptized Sunday afternoon. I have studied very little to-day, but, I intend to make up for it to-morrow, and Monday morning.

Saturday. September 25th.

While all the girls have gone and are at church, and very thing is quiet, I will record the events of the day, or rather will repeat the same things, I have recorded in all of the preceding journals.

Celia and myself did not attend church to-night. I did not feel very religious inclined, and she was, I think, afraid she would join. Lewis is a Baptist, and, of course, she could not even think of differing with him in the slightest degree. The Bible says "Thou shalt have no other gods

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We did not have the Society this afternoon. The girls did not have their duties ready. I suppose we will commence next Friday.

Lizzie Horton received a new trunk this morning. I did not go to church to-night. I am all alone. Belle, Lizzie and Kate all went. I had some fine Magazines, with which I entertained

my-self. Miss Sue was so kind as to loan them to me. I think a great deal of her. Frankie Hamilton (Bless her soul!) came home with some of the girls to-night. She has just left our room. She is just the same old Frankie. Lolla Paul and several other persons joined the church to-night. They will be baptized Sunday afternoon. I have studied very little to-day, but, I intend to make up for it to-morrow, and Monday morning.

Saturday. September 25th.

While all the girls are at gone to church, and every thing is quiet, I will record the events of the day, or rather will repeat the same things, I have recorded in all of the preceding journals.

Zelia and my-self did not attend church to-night. I did not feel very religiously inclined, and she was, I think, she was afraid she would join. Frank is a Baptist, and, of course, she could not even think of differing with him in the slightest degree. The Bible says "Thou shalt have no other gods

before tea." I think I shall read that passage to Celia.

Miss Lee is not at all well to-day. She thinks she has the chills. I can sympathize with her, if she has; for I had them two years, ~~ago~~.

Misses Minnie Stone, Ella Clendenen and Minnie Hinton came up to the Institute yesterday to see Belle Summers, W. Hennie Walden and my ~~self~~. Minnie Stone is going to return home Monday. She thinks something of coming back to school, in the course of a week or so. Frankie Hamilton is still here. She had quite a "chat" about one of our friends in "Providence". I was considerably amused at her account of her "trials and tribulations". Miss Annie woke me up about 12 o'clock last night. She said she would haunt me forever, if I did not give her some of my cream. She would haunt me, until the day of my death. I dreamed all night about "hobgoblins" and ghosts catching me. I have nothing of importance to write.

Sunday. September 26th, 1875.

"Now twilight tears are sparkling
On blossom, leaf and stem,
Wreathing Nights ebon tresses,
With a jeweled diadem".

Yes, it is now twilight, misty, dewy twilight. All discord in Nature's great work-shop has ceased. Nothing is heard to break the stillness of this sacred Lord's-day. The lowest of God's creation seem to understand, that this day is set apart, for holy things, and serious contemplation.

The greater portion of the girls went to church this morning. I fully intended staying at home, and studying my Geometry, but Prof. said he wished all of the girls to go. Bro. Sweeny delivered an excellent discourse. He took his text from the ~~first~~ 1st chapter, and fourth verse of 1st John. The church was crowded.

I have been quite busy all afternoon studying Geometry and Algebra. I know what to expect if I go over to "Ah Sins", alias, Prof. St. Clair's room with an imperfect lesson.

Ida Bean was over at

Lizzie's to-day. She says she is not certain whether she will return to school or not. I am in hopes she will; for she is quite a favorite of mine. I would like to have gone over to have seen her, but that is against Prof.'s rules.

Mrs. Jones, (the lady Principal of the female school in Paris) dined here to-day. "Aunt Lou" took her through the house. She (Mrs. J.) looks like she is "awfully" strict. I would dislike very much to go to school to her. Prof. and Miss Anna went out to Mr. Dinner Talbott's for dinner. I think Prof. ought to go out every Saturday and Sunday, or send in Mrs's board-bill.

Miss Lee is sick in bed to-day. She has the chills. She is a good deal better this evening. I heard that the pre-tracted meeting would close to-night, if no one joined. Zelia came home to-day very much impressed by the sermon. I told her she could say with King Agrippa:- "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian". Alas! how many have thought of this expression

when it was too late. Some are stricken down in the vigor of man-hood and woman-hood. They defer taking this step, wishing to enjoy the ways of the world a little longer. I am fearful many of those, who intend to obey the blest command at a "more convenient season" will hear that heart-rending cry

"Too late; too late,
Ye cannot enter now".

Miss Anna Ragan speaks of going home in a day or so. I will regret very much to see her leave; for she seems like one of the family. I am confident Mr. Talbott will mourn her loss, with sincere regret. Miss Anna's place at the table will be vacant, and Mr. Talbott's, also; for I believe he is a regular boarder. If I were Mr. Patterson I would send in my bill.

Lolla Paul was baptized this evening. Prof. took her to the creek, in the buggy. Bro. Sweeny took Hattie Garrard, as he was in ~~the~~ his buggy ~~by~~ alone ~~him-self~~. So many of the girls were anxious to go, I wish they could have been gratified.

Monday. September 27th.

"'Tis' sweet to remember: I would not fore-go
The charms which the past, o'er the present
can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy can
weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to
deceive.
We know not the future, — the past
we have felt,
Its raptures come o'er us, — our pulses
may roll
When thoughts of the morrow, fall cold on
our soul."

Yes, it is a blessed gift, —
that of memory. If it were not for that
we would lose all traces of the past,
It would be numbered among "The
things that were". In our hours of
sound and gloom, Memory, with her
soft and healing touch, comes to us,
and back to our minds glides thoughts
which have long lain dormant in
memories all. What have I been writ-
ing! I will take a good-deal of that
back; for memory is some-times very

unpleasant. Prof. always wishes us to give an example, so I will take this morning in the Geometry class. Prof. Sinclair (no longer "Saint") requested me to demonstrate a theorem backwards. I arose, and with all the dignity I could possibly assume, approached the black-board, although I had not the slightest idea what I was required to do. I drew the figure, and then asked him to tell me what his wish was. He went through with a somewhat lengthy "rigmarole". I made a most profound bow, and, although I did not know any more than I did at first, and proceeded to tell all I knew about it. But it did not suit his Majesty at all. I then repeated the theorem as it was in the book, and then as I said it first. After I had finished, he curtly demanded why I had not said that at first. I tell you Journal, it was just "one too many" for me. I couldn't help crying. Now then, if my memory would retain no recollection of that event I would feel decidedly more comfortable.

I take a music

lesson this morning, - am delighted with Prof. McRath, as a teacher. He conducts him-self in such a manner, that we could not help giving ~~him~~ the respect, which is due to him as our teacher.

Miss Allie Talbott, and Miss Horton took dinner here to-day. I think so much of the former. I had quite a long "chat" with her after dinner. Miss Anna Ragan is going home to-morrow. I do not see how "Aunt Lou" can possibly get along with-out her. Miss Sue has been in bed all evening. I am in hopes she will be better to-morrow. She looks very ~~badly~~ thin, indeed. Lizzie has been suffering from the sick head-ache almost all day. She feels better this evening, so she says.

Another new people came this after-noon. A Miss Smith, from Canada. I have not seen her yet, but am very much in hopes we will all like her. I do hope she is not a Senior, if she is very intelligence.

Sister sends me a paper from home. I received it this

evening. It spoke of Lula Fant's departure for Harrodsburg. She left home last Saturday week. I expect I will receive a letter from her to-morrow.

The protracted meeting closed last night. I believe twenty three (23) joined. Kate was going to join last night, but, on account of the absence of one of her friends, she defered it, until some other time.

We are having chapel hours to-night, for the first time since school opened. I wrote a note to Bro. John about my taking music lessons, to-night.

This after-noon Prof. gave Lizzie Masterson and ~~my~~ me ~~self~~ permission to accompany Lucy Cassidy home on our birth-day, which is the 5th of December. Lucy and ~~my~~ I ~~self~~ will be six-teen, and Lizzie will be seven-teen. I think it is real good in Prof. to let us go.

Miss Joe and ~~my~~ me ~~self~~ had such a nice walk this afternoon. I enjoy her company so much. She is more like a school-girl, than a teacher. She will never die of dignity.

Sep. 28th, 1875.

Tuesday.

Journal, I fain would turn from your pages this September evening, and take a walk to refresh my confused mind, but, my unaccomplished duties loom up before me, almost like the "giant of dis-pair", and puts all such thoughts from my mind. Each task demands its dues, - so I must put forth desperate efforts; for what must be attained. There are some-things that can be delayed, but not one can any of the duties that devolve upon a school-girl, who is trying to get a high standing, be defered for a moment. She must be "up and doing", from sun-rise until sun-set. I think the person who would not sympathize with that portion of "suffering humanity", known as a school-girl should be, - well, I can't think of no fate bad enough for them. "Eating our white bread", indeed! Well, all I have to is, I pity what those persons would "black bread." Thank Goodness! this year will be my last as a school-girl, and I will then be - what? A young lady.

I have a most fragful head-ache this evening. I do not know when I have suffered as much, as I have for two or three hours. I recived a letter from Lockwood. I do not know when I will have time to answer it. "Aunt Ann" went some place this morning, and did not return until evening. Miss Anna accompanied her. Lizzie is still complaining with her head. I am in hopes she will be decidedly better in the morning. The mail Journal's have not come yet. So many of the girls do not have to write at all. How I envy them!

Miss Lee is sick in bed to-day. She looks rather emaciated from the effects of her chills. Laura Embry is, also, sick. I do wish all of the girls would get well, and stay well.

We had such an interesting Lesson Lesson. I wish I felt well enough to write some thing about it, but my head is aching so, that I can hardly see

Sept. 29th, 1875.

Wednesday.

"Gone! Gone forever! Like a rushing wave;
Another day has burst upon the shore
Of earthly things,— and its last low tones
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo."

Yes, the "Last low tones" are now "Wandering in broken accents on the air"; and swiftly and silently the day is departing,— it has been full of joyous light and sun-shine, but darkness, with her sombre mantle, has now shadowed all, and we will soon emit the god of Slumber. So it is with life. Only for a little while will we enjoy it, and then, the narrow tomb is our resting place.

Prof. has been airing the Senior class quite a lecture to-night, on "Maniacs". He said if a young man would come out as a "walking advertisment" for a "tailor shop", and drive a fine pair of horses, he could marry any girl (whose age was from fifteen to seventeen) he wanted, even if his mind was a vacuum, and he was

as ugly as Vulcan. The susceptable school-girl eagerly grasps at the bait, and it is as eagerly swallowed, — she is caught, — and by what? An infidel, and a "dunce". She lives in affluence for a few years, and is then lowered to the most abject poverty. He also said, if she had a daughter, he would greatly prefer that she would come to him, and take him for the money that might she could which the man owe to the altar, whom she married, than to marry a man like the one I have spoken of above. He would prefer her commencing life in a "two faced tent," than otherwise to commence in a palace, and perhaps, at the expiration of a year, she would be able to move into a cabin. He said we "civilized people" hold up our hands in holy horror at the women, who are sold in the public-market to the "turbaned Turks", and the very same thing is being enacted here every day, only under a little different aspects. Fair and beautiful women, in our own country, are selling themself for gold. If he were in

the place of some of these women he would tell his parents, that he did not wish to "sell out." He told us a great deal more. I wish I could express myself better, and give all of the lecture in his own language. I cannot say that I agree with him in every thing he said; for instance, about buying the boots for a man, before you could marry him. I would let him work, and make the money for the boots, and the other necessaries of life, first. "Love goes out at the window, when poverty comes in at the door," is a somewhat trite, but, is nevertheless, a very true old adage. I am of the opinion any "that poor people are a great deal better off single than married.

Miss Anna went home this morning. "Aunt Lou" went as far as her uncle's with her. We will all miss Miss Anna's bright, sparkling ways, and her gay repartee.

Liggie is sick in bed to-day. She seems to be suffering more with her head, than any thing

else. I am in hopes she will be able to enter the chapel to-morrow. I was suffering with such a severe head-ache last-night that I did-not come into the chapel at-all.

Miss Sue is a great deal better to-day. She is going home Friday, but will return Monday I suppose. I do-not know who is coming after her.

Prof. McRoth remained in the music room all day, to hear us practice. He is very attentive to his peoples, and if we do-not learn, it is not his fault. Zelia received a letter from her very dear friend, Miss Rusha Duisenberry. Of course, her cup of happiness is full to the brim. I declare Journal, if I had such a name as Duisenberry, I would change it sure. If by no other means, I would apply to the legislature. I had such a nice walk with Miss Mary Barkley this evening. I love her dearly. She is just dignified enough, to be lady-like, and not enough so to be "stiff" in her manners.

September 30th, 1875.

Thursday.

'Tis sweet at nocturnal hours, to sit and muse upon the past, the present and the future. To think of the things that have taken place in the past: those that are taking place at present, and hopefully dreaming of the future. Through the imagination, we picture to ourselves a bright future, and think it so,— what folly! We know all about the past; partly realize the present, but, 'tis all a dream, when imagination, with her bright lucid wings, tries to contemplate the future. It is good that such is the case; for time may bring for many of us sore trials, and why should we, in the innocence of youth, become stricken with the sad intelligence, that our faith is to be tried by many sore trials? God, our Father, does all right, and will be good and kind for ever.

Lizzie Bean and myself, went over to Prof. St. Clair's school-room to-day at noon

875.

and asked him to give us our standing in Geometry. He would not consent to let us see it, until we had gained the permission of Prof. Patterson. After he returned to the chapel, I asked Mr. Patterson, and he gave his consent. Immediately after school was dismissed, we went to Prof. McClain and informed him, we had obtained the desired permission. He looked rather surprised, but he could do nothing, but tell us. Our standing was just the same, ninety-nine and a half. (99 1/2). I think that was very good. But I hope mine of the girls record any better. Not that I wish them to receive low marks, but I do not want them to get "a-head" of me.

Miss Lura Allison gave me a silver half dime this evening for a "kup-cake". She, also, gave one to Amelia Kavanaugh and Julia. I expect to keep mine a great while.

Hannie Burroughs came to-night. Of course we were exceedingly glad to see her.

Patterson Institute,
October 1st, 1875.

Friday.

"Old Sol" in all his glory and grandeur is taking his departure, with slow and dignied tread. How swiftly we are being borne along the busy, happy scenes of our school-life! Almost before we are aware of it, weeks come, and hurry out of existence. I am, indeed, fearful that some of us are not conscious of the importance of improving the golden moments of youth. Yes, giddy school-girls scarcely ever know what they are about. If they did, they would exercise more discretion in a great many acts which they perform.

I have not recited any lesson to-day, as it is Friday. Lucy Cassidy and I took an example over to Prof. St. Clair's room this morning, and gave them to him. I think I am getting along a little better in Algebra this year, than I did last.

I regret to say I did not receive a perfect mark on my journal this

morning. I tried very hard, indeed, to write a perfect journal. I expect to try, if possible, a little harder next week. I am confident the road to success is steep and rugged, and that I will often feel discouraged, but I do not expect to give up, but to keep on trying, even if I fail in the end.

We had a very good Society this afternoon. I thought all of the girls did well. Willie Stapleton and Hallie Worthington are Editresses for next week. We have made a good start in the Society, and if we will only keep it up, we will do very well.

O, how I am longing for December to come! I am going to Mt. Sterling on the fifth, and then home in a few days afterwards. Won't that be splendid!

Mr. Patterson is going to take Lizzie out of our room, and put Hattie Garand in her place. I regret very much to be compelled to give Lizzie up. Mr. P. said he wanted to see what kind of a step-mother I would make.

October 2nd, 1875.

Saturday.

Well, I declare Journal, I have no time to think of a "flowery" commencement to-day; therefore you will be compelled to excuse me.

This has been a beautiful day. It looks as if it were spring.

Several of the girls went down to town this afternoon. Miss Mary Barkley acted as their "chaperon". I thought some-thing of going, but when the time arrived I changed my mind.

Lizzie moved out of our room this morning. I disliked so much to see her leave. Hattie has not come in yet.

Rev. Land did not come to fulfil his appointment. He is sick. I heard the other day that Mrs. Land was in very delicate health.

Kate's father and three sisters came this morning, and have just left. The smallest sister is very pretty indeed. They brought her some shoes, apples and a little candy. She was very liberal (?) with the latter.

1875.

Mr. Detwiller came up last night to hear Kate's French lesson. She seemed to enjoy it hugely. I think she has almost persuaded Celia to study French. I have no doubt if Mr. Detwiller continues to teach, he will soon have a large class. I expect he would prefer just the one pupil.

It has just been three weeks to-day since I came back to the old Institute, and I declare, it seems like an age. I believe Christmas will never come. President Cattell says he thinks he can talk the girls into not having any holliday Christmas. If he were to talk to me, from now, until then, he could not diminish my desire to get home as soon as possible, and stay as long as I can.

Mrs. Masters came to-night to see Lizzie. I am so afraid she will take her (Lizzie) home. I think it will be too bad, if she does. Lizzie is so sweet, - we will all miss her very much.

I have not studied a lessons to-day. Really I don't know what is to become of me!

October 3rd, 1875.

Sunday.

I know President Patterson will not correct this journal, so I am not going to try to write a commencement. Some of the girls are such hypocrites! They talk about their "dear Journal" and their "sweet Journal", — now it is my private opinion, that there is not a girl in school who likes to write Journals. I know I dont, — it is simply because I am compelled to write, that I keep it up, for a moment.

Mr. Patterson compelled us all to go to church this morning. Mary Kenrie and my-self were sorely tried to stay at home. I felt as if it would almost kill me to listen to Brother Jones for an hour or two, and besides, we did not know a one of our lessons. At last, after due consideration, we concluded it best for us to go, — so doning one of our nicests suits, we sallied forth. Every thing seemed to work harmoniously, and for our pleasure. Bro. Jones did unusually well! All of those who took member-s

joined the church at the late meeting, took membership to-day. The girls all looked "mighty" neat. After church Emma Scott, Frankie Hamilton and Annie Wilson came over and spoke to us. Emma is just as sweet as ever. She had on a beautiful lavender silk. She is coming up to the Institute this evening, to stay all night with me. I will be so glad to have her come, for I have not seen any thing of her, since I returned to school. The last thing Frankie said, was to be sure and call for her. I did not make her any promises, for if I do any talking, it will be for myself. Anna has not changed a particle. She called out to me to "kiss" her cheek. I think she is just as sweet as ever. She said she was going to come up, and see us soon. I wish she would, for it does not seem at all natural here, without the old girls.

Lizzie Bean came over to see us a little while this afternoon. She is one of my favorites. I think so much of her.

I have just written my piece for the "Paper", and have taken it down to Willie. I am in hopes she will consider it worthy of a place in the "Basket". I know a splendid joke on Prof. Wm Potts. I am going to fix it up as a "local item" for the "Paper".

We have had a good many calls to-day. Miss Mary Barkley among the rest. I enjoy her company so much. She is very pleasant.

Mrs. Masterson is going to take Lizzie home to-morrow morning. I dislike so much to see her go. She looks so bright and sweet. I went down to call on Mrs. Masterson, and found her just as pleasant as ever.

I commenced a letter to Sister Fred evening, but do not expect I will have time to finish it, I am so busy.

Emma Scott has come, so I will be compelled to stop, and entertain her.

October 4th, 1875.

Monday.

Of all days in the week Monday is the most detestable! I never have as gross recitations on that day, as any other, — Prof. St. Clair is always cross, and even Prof. W.C. Roth was not in the best possible humor this morning. I always look for a storm on Monday.

I think Prof. St Clair must have regained all of his old "crabbedness" this morning. He scolded some of the girls "awfully". Thank Goodness! he did not send me to the board. I was so glad that I did not know what to do; for I was very much frightened. I firmly believe he will make us all go crazy. "Aunt Lou" and Mr. Cattleson look on with perfect complacency, and will not allow us to resent as they say. Truly the cares of school girls are great!

I wrote to Lizzie this morning. I do not think she ought to wait for me to write. I am confident if she had any idea how busy I am, she

could not.

The mail came a few moments ago, and, of course, I did not receive a letter. I should not complain though, for I have not answered any of the letters I have received since I have been here. I promised Lizzie Reed to write to her, and think I shall to-morrow if I have time.

Mr. Detwiller gave Kate some French exercises to translate. She could not translate them correctly, so she did it to suit herself. I was considerably amused at the manner in which she did it. I am of the opinion she is a marvel any way.

I took a music lesson this morning. Prof. Mc Roth gave me a portion of a new piece, called "That little church around the corner". I think it is very pretty, but rather difficult. I am going to try and learn "one" first in music this year. I think I have a splendid teacher.

October 5th 1875.

Tuesday.

Death's path, though dark with shadows,
At a golden gate will end;-
Opening to a land of sunshine,
Where all joys to gether blend."

Blessed thoughts! Glorious consolations! It supports the drooping form of the heavy hearted man;— it gives him strength to cross the mythological Styx, to endure the sight of Hades, and to view with calmness the fearful visage of the infernal god Pluto. After these frightful scenes, the anticipation of all his dreams,— his paradise,— his all. The Elysian fields, in all their beauty and brightness lay before him, one vast expanse of lovely verdure, and waving flowers. The gaol of earthly wretchedness is left far behind, in the dim, misty past, and directly in front is happiness so great, that mortal mind expires of ecstatic joy, were he but to experience one half of its delights.

Well, Journal, I feel in quite a communative mood to-night, and feels like I can tell you all of gossips at any rate, if nothing else.

I awoke this morning, after a night spent in dreams, in which Geometry's, Bro. Jones last lecture and my unwritten journals were indiscriminately mixed. After making a hurried toilet, and armed with the formidable Geometry I sallied forth. Journal, if ever a school-girl studied, I did until breakfast. Prof. St Clair had given us a theorem to bring in on paper. Lucy Cassidy and my-self demonstrated it to our satisfaction, and then copied it on a piece of paper to present to Prof. I heard this afternoon that almost all of girls had made some mistakes in spelling. Although neither Lucy nor my-self consider our-selves the champion spellers of the school, yet I think I can be confident in saying our theorem was spelled correctly, at any rate.

We had a very interesting lesson

in Testament. It was Christs sermon on the Mount. After we had finished our recitation President Patterson made rather a startling announcement, in regard to the last verse of our lesson, which reads as follows:- "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." He said it was his firm belief that when Christ gave that commands, he knew it would not be obeyed. Of course, we were all infidel at once, and ready to censure the President for making a remark, which we considered in direct contradiction to the Bible. He then proceeded to say, that a perfect author could give nothing but a perfect law. Christ was perfect, and his his law was, of course, perfect. If he had known fitted us to have done the best we could, it would have given us too many liberties. If we do our best and fail, then we should go to Christ, in the proper manner, and he will verify his promise,- "Ask and it shall be given you".

In a lecture this evening Mr. Patterson said he wanted to give a

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in Testament. It was Christs sermon on the Mount. After we had finished our recitation President Patterson made rather a startling announcement, in regard to the last verse of our lesson, which reads as follows:- "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." He said it was his firm belief that when Christ gave that command, he knew it would not be obeyed. Of course, we were all infidel at once, and ready to censure the President for making a remark, which we considered in direct contradiction to the Bible. He then proceded to say, that a perfect author could give nothing but a perfect law. Christ was perfect, and so his law was, of course, perfect. If he had known that us to have done the best we could, it would have given us too many liberties. If we do our best and fail, then we should go to Christ, in the proper manner, and he will verify his promise,- "Ask and it shall be given you".

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Well, Journal, I feel in quite a communative mood to-night, and feel like I can tell you all of gossips at any rate, if nothing else.

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In a lecture this afternoon Mr. Patterson said he wanted to give a

little consolation to the girls who would be disappointed at the close of the term, when the honors were awarded. He said he would greatly prefer, if he were the girls, to be pointed out, by their President, as the good girl of the school; rather than the Valedictorian. In the former, is erected in his heart a monument, which will last as long as life, - to the latter, a monument is erected of earthly fame, at which strangers will give a passing glance. One may read the Valedictory, and yet not possess the virtues, essential to happiness. I am in hopes I possess the virtues: for it would be quite gratifying to me, to be considered one of the good girls, and be looked upon as such by my Principal.

I received two letters this evening. One was from Sister, the other from Carrie Clarke. They were both very highly appreciated.

A new boarder came to-night, Miss Alice Jones, from Clark County. I have not seen her yet, but if she

is any thing like her sister. I am confident, we will all like her.

Kate ~~was~~ is some-what indisposed to-day. I am in hopes it is of rather a trifling nature, and will not be of very long duration.

President Patterson received a peice of music, entitled the "Star of Bethlehem". That star shone forth in the stillness of the night, — it came not to the proud and haughty, but the humble sheperds were the first to see its brillant light. Trustfully they followed it, and it led them onward, and onward, until they reached they place where the Savior lay, — the one who had been promised many years before, had come at-last, and the beautiful star had led them to his resting place.

Mr. Detwiller came up last night, and heard Kate's French lesson. She says that is, by far, the most interesting ~~lesson~~ study she has. I wonder why?

When I am gone Wind

"Q"

October 6th, 1875.

Wednesday.

"The day is done. The twilight gray
Has closed the eyes of gentle day.
A silence o'er all nature creeps;
And shadows play, where softly sleepeth,
The great, wild, restless world."

One more Wednesday has been brought round, by old "Father Time", and the evening shadows are fast gathering around us. Night, with her mantle of darkness, has made her appearance, and we are shrouded in ~~xxxxxxx~~ and gloom. Dark clouds overspread the blue vault of heaven, this morning, and the day has been very disagreeable.

I have been afflicted with the "blues" to-day, - rather disagreeable company I know, but they "sticks" so closely, it is impossible to throw them off. I believe I feel more homesick to-night, than I have done, since I have been here. I would give anything in reason to be at home!

Journal I have no news, of

importance to impart to you.

I read a very interesting story in Scribner's Magazine, (which Miss Sue was so kind as to let me have) entitled, "The Story of Sevenoaks". I liked it very much.

Lelia received two letters this afternoon. One was from Mrs. Tabbott, the other, from Mrs. Devine. I was glad to see her (Lelias) face brighten; for it has been unusually long for several days.

The mail came some time ago, but "nary a letter" for me. Uncle Live says "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed". I almost know I will get a letter to-morrow.

I knew my Geometry splendidly this morning, but, of course, Prof. St Clair did not send me to the board. He never does when I know my lesson, — but when I am a little doubtful, I am sure to be sent. I believe I I was born under an unlucky star, which contained a mountain of Geometry's in the center.

October 7th, 1875.

Thursday.

The little stars have become visible, one by one, and the blue vault of heaven is studded by these bright little "twinkler's". For one just to look at them, they would imagine they were only for ornament, but this is not true, each one of those far off stars, is a planet or sun. Each moving in its orbit swiftly, and silently at God's command. It makes us feel our own insignificance, when we think of the many world's which claim a share of the love and protection of God. My woman's curiosity here asserts its self, and I wonder if those distant world's are inhabited, and if so, by what kind of people. We know they are not like us, if they were, they could not live at all, for the temperature is so different, on our planet from what we know there's to be.

To-day with its trials and vexations; joys and sorrows, has about passed, and with its going, pass out the petty trimbles of another day, but they

will be again renewed with the rising of to-morrow's sun.

I did not recite my Geometry lesson very well this morning, although I knew it perfectly before I went to the class. I became some-what confused, and, of course, could not demonstrate my theorem as well as I would like to have done.

President Patterson came into the chapel this afternoon, with his hair cut. We all noticed it instantly, and made many remarks about his personal appearance and the improvement thereof.

Some of the girls informed me that Prof. W.^c Roth was not in a very good humor to-day. I never have seen him angry yet. He was very pleasant, when I took my lesson, this morning.

I received a letter from Brother Jimmie this evening. It is the first letter he has written me since I returned to school. I appreciated it very highly.

Our Testament lesson was quite interesting. It was the continuation of Christs

sermon on the Mount. Mr. Patterson asked us, if we did not consider it very strange that people who had seen as many miraculous evidences of God's power as the Israelites, should, after their deliverance from bondage in Egypt, worship other than the true and living God, — that they would bow down and worship a god of their own handy-work. We, of course, replied that we did. Then he said not so strange as that we should worship idols at the present day: for we were enlightened by the gospel truths. We all denied very vehemently having idols, but he told us, that the generality of women worshiped the god Fashion, and many of the men, in our country, looked upon Mammon as their god, — the almighty dollar, — the medal, the money. The prayer of the parsimonious man, when he retires at night, to his god, is the counting of his days gains. He said that Satan visited for no better thing, than we comprised of the "filthy lucre", with which to lead

mortals on earth, and at-last to lower them into Hades.

I think I will sleep in the morning until almost breakfast-time. I have been rising so extremely early every morning, that I am "awful" sleepy.

I received a discredit mark in department this afternoon. It is the first I have received since I returned to school. I was so in hopes I could get a "star" in department this year, but, of course, such a thing is impossible.

October 8th, 1875.

Friday.

Again I have proffered my-self to perform the unpleasant task of writing my journal, but I feel my-self incompetent to the task, never-the-less, a journal must ~~must~~ be written. Yes, a journal must be be written, and not a thought have I to write, — no, not one. Mr. Patterson requires so much of our class this year, and we must meet his expectations, or he will give us a very low mark,

I have a perfect horror of being marked lower than my class-mates. Is it true that I am eating my "white bread"? They tell me these are my happiest days, but I am strongly inclined to doubt it. Well, all I have to say is, that I dread the time, when I am to partake of my "black bread". I think the bread is both black and bitter now.

I feel like I did-not have "Two ideas above my ~~nose~~ nose" to-night. I do-not expect to make any excuses, even if my journal is full of mis-takes. I don't think we ought to be compelled to write journals except when we take a "writing spell". I am confident I haven't one at present.

The Society convened this after-noon at the usual hour. The two duties were all well performed. They was very good indeed, but contained a little to much about the Profs. They ignore the Society, and I think we should ignore them. Neither Lelia nor my-self are on duty for next week.

"C."

Very few letters came this evening. I did not receive any. I am in hopes I will get one to-morrow.

Ella Glover and Lizzie Horton went home on the stage this afternoon. Of course, they will have a splendid time, as they were going home.

President Patterson had Wednesday's journal corrected, and, of course, I had to have two or three mistakes. I quoted old "Uncle Levi" some-body, for the Bible. The President laughed immoderately over my mis-take.

October 9th, 1875.

Saturday.

I have been resting sure enough to-day. I haven't studied a particle, but have been lolling around generally.

Mary Walden honored us with a fashionable call this morning. I like her so much. I have long since resigned all thoughts of the Valedictory to her.

It has just been four weeks to-day since I returned to the Institute, and I can add, I wish I had never come.

I have arrived at the firm conviction that it is useless for me to try for a high standing in my classes. I have often heard that God has a purpose for every thing, but what this purpose was in bringing me into this world of "trials and tribulations", I have never been able to ascertain. A "dunce" is a stumbling block to other people, and one huge block which lies in the way of my class. Enough of this, — more for other things.

The greater portion of the girls went grape hunting this afternoon, — chaperoned by Misses Sue Burroughs and Joe Catchings. I suppose I had better add an appendix to this paragraph and say when they returned home, they were minus the grapes. In the place of its being a "grape hunt" I am of the opinion it was a "wild goose chase".

To-day has been more like spring than autumn. The sun has been shinging brightly, and the foliage, is still a beautiful green. I had better be careful, or I will write an essay

upon that never-to-be-extinguished theme "The Beasons".

Maggie Arnett is our only invalid at present, and she is considerably better to-day. I am in hopes she will soon be restored to health.

I declare Journal, I know something on Kate, which is almost too good to keep, but after all my promises of secrecy I suppose it would not do to divulge it to you; for you know Journal, you are something of a "tattler".

I heard to-day that Ida Bean was going to return to school Monday. Of course, I will be delighted to see her, but then, (as Mark Twain says) "Alas, - Alas, - Alas", - she will be a member of the Senior class. I know Ida of old, and am aware she will be a dangerous rival. A certain quotation from "The Fire Worshipers" would be very appropriate here.

Sallie Hoover received a box from home this evening.

I have been reading one of Dickens works, called "The Pickwick Papers". I liked it very much.

October 10th, 1875.

Sunday.

Well, I supposed it is scarcely necessary to write a page or two, and discourse largely upon this "Lovely Lords-day" and speak of its being sacred and so. I will plunge into the events of this day at once.

The decree went forth this morning that every one of us must go to church. Now I had made up my mind, to stay at home, but the "black marks" which I was confident I would receive if I was guilty of such an atrocious crime, loomed up threateningly in the distant, like some rapturous specters of despair. Putting on an unusually long face, I sought "Aunt Lou" intending to lay my complaints before her, but before I could utter a word she enquired if I wanted to remain at home too. I humbly replied that I did, when upon we entered into a some-what lengthy debate, at the close of which I was victorious. "Aunt Lou" said it was a shame and a sin for a member of the church to not to go to church every Sunday, and I

take the Lords Supper. I replied that I considered it no more of a sin than to be forced to go, and then partake of it. After talking for some time, I at last persuaded her to allow me to remain at home, upon the condition that I would not plead for said permission again. I made the promise, relying upon that passage of Scripture which say, — O, I forgot! The President marked me for mis-quotation the Bible, and this might be a mis-quotation too.

Mary Halden is very sick. She was walking across the room, and fell over one of the girls feet. She has been cramping ever since. I expect I will sit up with her to-night. I am so afraid we will be compelled to lose her from our midst.

Mr. Will Talbott started south this evening. Gertrude Hopkins seemed to take his departure very hard. She said she loved him better than any one in Kentucky. I heard that one noble (?) Prof. St Clair told her that her sweet heart would leave her, all things to the

"Aunt Lou" started to Lexington this afternoon. Mr. Talbott took them as far as Mt Sterling, where they will both remains all night. "Aunt Lou" will return Wednesday.

A new boarder came to-day. Her name is Miss Belle Wright, from Covington. Miss Sue took me in her (Miss B.'s) room to see her.

I wrote two letters this morning. One was to Sister Anna, — the other to Brother John. I expect I will receive a letter from Sister to-morrow.

Lelia wrote the last page in her Journal to-day. I wish I could finish mine like hers; for I am quite anxious to commence a new one. I suppose I will write things only one more Journal after this one.

Prof. Macnutt came very near passing the day, minus his breakfast. He found upon inspecting this morning, that his clothes were buttonless. Prof. St. Clair loaned him a needle and thread with which to refasten them.

Monday, October 11th, 18

"Night, beautiful star-gemmed night! How my soul revels in wonder profound, and adoration great, as, looking into thy depths, I see thy jewels sparkle in the coronet with which God has crowned the universe! Say not to me, O, thou callous, heartless, and soiled-warped infidel, that grandeur, symetry and order such as this is the work of mere chance. An infinite mind alone could devise this; and, he who stubbornly to gather wisdom from these sublime manifestations, is the man whom the sweet singer of Israel might, when he said, 'The fool hath said in his own heart, there is no God.'"

I did not recite Geometry nor Algebra this morning, As I sat up with Mary Walden, last night, Mr. Patterson excused me. The President is so kind and thoughtful about the girls. Some of us can ever repay him for half he has done for us. I suppose the best method we can adopt for that purpose, is, to always try and conduct ourselves in such a manner

as we know will be in accordance with his feelings and desires.

The girls informed me the Geometry was a failure, and the Algebra,—O, how can I express it! Prof. St Clair threatened to send the young ladies over for President Patterson to lecture and chastise. I think it would have been too ludicrous for any use to have seen the class, headed by Nannie Piper's tall form, and terminating with the stout little figure of Lucy Cassidy, marching slowly into the chapel, and forming a semi-circle around the President's chair. All with their hankerchiefs covering their faces, (that is all who were so fortunate as to possess those useful appendages to the toilet) and scrubbing away as fast as possible.

Journal. I am called upon to record, with feelings in which is mingled both pleasure and pain, the fact that Ida Bean returned to school this morning. I was very, very glad to see Ida, but I could enjoy her company so much more, if she were on a

visit, as parlor boarder or any thing in the world but a Senior. A Senior! How that word sinks a chill through my heart, and how apprehensible I am, at the sight of every new boarder until I hear the welcome news that she is not a Senior. How anxiously I used to looked forward to the time when I would be a Senior, and now, how longingly I look back upon the time when I was a Senior. Then I had time to breathe freely, and even to play a joke on my neighbor or to get into a little mischief "on my own hook", — then I could lie in bed until the rising bell rung, and always know my lessons. Now, — O, now! Long, long before the sounds of the bell reaches the ears of the inmates of the Institute, I am compelled to arise, and commence the unpleasant tasks of studying. This is only a sample of the pleasures (?) which the Seniors enjoy, and then upon the whole of this, I never know my lessons after all my studying.

I was not so fortunate as to receive a letter this afternoon.

October 12th, 1.75.

Tuesday.

The labors of a weary school-girl will have close, when the lines which must appear upon the pages of to-day's journal shall have been written. I am almost heart-sick. I am mad,— ill humored,— home-sick, jealous. Yes, all of these qualifying epithets are not near enough to just exactly discribe my feelings. Geometry! O, my! how my soul riles under the thought of my failure. Just to think of it! I actually failed. No little insignificant failure,— a unison of a word, or bisecting an angle where it ought not to be. No indeed! It was a grand,— a magnificent failure, and mid blushes that thrilled my body, and went tingling to the ends of my toes, I took my seat. For very shame, why did I thus fail to be my-self. I went to the chapel, sought consolation, but finding none. I abused the Geometry,— I— yes— I said I did-not— not— love Prof. St Clair, and worse than all I even turned my battery upon President

Patterson. I accused him of partiality, and even insinuated that he liked me as well as some others in the house.

I have often heard that "Misery loves company", and if that be true, I was gratified this morning in Geometry. Only a very few of the girls recited perfectly. Poor Zelia! She says she never can understand the "old thing", and has been insisting upon the President's letting her drop the study, but his law is like that of the "Medes and Persians", and he says "Go on". If the river of Lethe flowed around Prof. St. Clair's school-room, and we were all compelled to take a drink of its waters before entering, we could not be more oblivious of the lesson.

I received some very good news to-day. A young gentleman sent me word, if I would get the Salutatory, he would have it written for me. I am very much obliged to the gentleman, but I would not read any one else's production for my own. I think every young lady should write her graduating essay.

I received a letter and postal-

card this afternoon. The letter was from Hannie Sinclair. It is the first one I have received from her since I returned to school. She told me some "awful bad" news. The postal was from Sister. She is going to Cincinnati next week.

October 13th, 1875.

~~Friday~~ Wreath.

Wednesday. Evening.

Journal. I am "awful" sleepy; for I arose this morning about day-light, so that I might have a perfect lesson in Geometry. I never studied as hard on a lesson in my life. and, after all I was not sent to the board, but, of course, that is always my fate.

"Aunt Sue" came home this evening. She came into the dining room just as we commenced eating supper, and we made her kiss every one of us before we let her sit down. Miss Anna Ragan is coming to-morrow. We will all be forced to see her. I am in hopes she will remain some time. Tommie is coming home Saturday, and

is going to bring Maggie Lard with him. I am in hopes Tommie likes his school. I know he must like his boarding house, as he is staying at Brother Lard's.

A piano tuner came this morning. He has spent the day, in repairing the instruments which belong to the Institute.

To-day has been "fearfully" dull, and my journal will, of course, be in the same condition. I would give considerable to have some-thing startling, romantic or interesting to record upon the pages of my journal every day, but the poet tells us that "Some days must be dark and dreary" and I am of the opinion that to-day, is both dreary and monotonous.

I wrote my piece for "The Basket" to-night. Mary Walden gave me some assistance. She is very kind about helping the girls.

President Patterson says he always likes for the journals to have "a thought" in them. Although I study a great-deal over every journal I write, for me just to read them, they would not think so.

October 14th, 1875.

Thursday.

The god of day has long since departed, leaving his golden foot-prints on the west; and, the gentle dews, like pearly tear-drops, are stealing down the cheek of Evening. Long since Night has kissed her sister Day farewell. Night! Majestic Night! With her jewelled diadem, has once more made her appearance.

This day in the school-room, has gone by rapidly to me, and, I hope, it has been a profitable one. This much I do know; I have not been idling away its short stay. I generally make the best of time, for I once had a teacher to tell me,

"For remember, young and old,
Moments are like grains of gold.
Spend them wisely,- spend them well,
For their use no man can tell.

Journal, I have quite a startling announcement to make to you,- I actually demonstrated my theorem in Geometry correctly this morning. After I had performed this wonderful feat,- that is, wonderful for

just, I was compelled to "pinch" myself, to see if I was really awake; for, in the last few nights, my dreams have been of Geometry's angles and triangles. President Patterson honored Prof. St Clair's school-room with his presence while our Geometry class was reciting. The moment he made his appearance, I felt perfectly at ease; and, like Alexander, longing for more worlds to conquer, I longed for more theorems to demonstrate.

Miss Anna Ragan and her sister, Mrs. Jones, came this afternoon, to make "Aunt Lou" a visit. I think Miss Anna is as sweet as ever. Mrs. Jones resembles Lizzie Reid very much; apropos, I expect Lizzie will come down Sunday, with Mr. Billie and Miss Nettie.

This is the last night of active labor for this week. How we poor tired school-girls long for Friday to come! We can enjoy ourselves without the harassing thought that in a few moments, we must recite a lesson, which is somewhat imperfectly prepared, even with all of our hard studying, or if we do know it perfectly,

will make its appearance
some unexpected question, or knotty problem,
of whose existence we were perfectly un-
conscious until then.

M. Henrie Walden and I wrote
a parody to-night. It was about the same
old thing. I suppose it would be an easy
matter for you to guess what that is.
We are now in the chapel all alone, finishing
our journals. If the President should happen
to correct this journal, I think he ought
to give us a very high mark; for the sac-
rifice we have made. We could have been
in bed snorning away; for this last half hour,
if our intruding Journals had not made
their appearance.

Journal, I have a Bible picture
to present to you. Away back in the misty
past, a small fishing vessel was seen
sailing over the blue waters of the Lake
of Gennesareth. Among the crew was one
whose noble countenance, seemed lighted
by a spiritual calmness. He took his
station at the helm, and spoke to those
who gathered around him. Grandly and beautifully
he taught the untutored minds, which
were wholly dependant upon him for that

knowledge, which, in after years, was to be their staff and stay upon earth, and was at last to lead them upward, to wear upon their glorified brows, a martyr's crown. At last he seemed wearied, and leaving them, he went a little distance, and lying down sank into a slumber, as calm, and peaceful as an infant's. For a short while dark clouds were seen to gather in the west, — rapidly they spread from horizon to zenith; and, in a short space of time, nothing could be seen as far as the eye could reach, but towering, thickening (dreadful) columns, piled one upon the other. Across this gloomy waste flashed a brilliant light, and far in the distance was heard the low rumbling of hoarse artillery. The placid bosom of the lake was agitated as by a mighty wind, and the little vessel was tossed to and fro, a mere plaything of the winds and waves. An awful stillness reigned supreme. For the crew of the little ship, revealed by the vivid flashes of lightning, could be seen, a groups of pale, frightened faces, cowering in their abject terror, and fuling

this our insignificance, when compared with the raging elements. At last one more courageous than the rest, arose, and, going to the side of the sleeping man, said in a voice, in which both awe and reverence was mixed, "Master, save us; we perish". Slowly he arose, — the serenity of his countenance not being for a moment disturbed. Walking to the vessels side, he stretched forth his arm, and said, "Peace, be still". Instantly the clouds dispersed, — the blue vault of heaven was once more visible, and the waters rocked the vessel upon its quiet surface.

October 15th, 1875.

Friday.

Journal, I have for a long time been promising myself that I would write the history of one day at least, that, for in the future, would be interesting to read. but I always have an excuse, which I think is plausible. Now, my excuse for to-night can readily be seen, after my journal for to-day,

has been finished.

I have been thinking because I am a Senior, I should write one of the most interesting journals in school, but after a little meditation, I have come to the conclusion that probably I am expecting a little too much of myself. I know other people expect a great deal of me. When my teachers require me to perform any difficult task, I will always say, with a cheerful countenance, "I'll try"; for, I know, it is not for their good, but for mine, that they require it.

The Society convened as usual this afternoon. All of the duties were very well performed indeed. Miss Mary Barkley and myself, edit "The Basket" for next week. I am in hopes our Paper will be as well gotten up, as those which have preceded it.

Maggie Laird and Jimmie came this afternoon. I had made up my mind to give Jimmie a sisterly kiss, but when he came, he looked so tall and manly, that I had to be satisfied with a warm "hand shake". I think he has grown so handsome, and just like Mr. Billie.

Misses Jessie Lovely, Mady and Kate Barkley went out to Mr. Clay's this afternoon. I suppose they will return Sunday or Monday. Gertrude Hoskins went home with Carrie Berry this evening. I wish I was little, so that I could go visiting too.

I received a letter from Lizzie Reed to-day. It was written on the 8th of this month. I think it surely must have been mis-carried. I am going to try and find time to answer it to-morrow.

Hattie is looking for her mother to-morrow. I suppose she will remain over night.

It has been raining almost all day. I just think, — well, Journal, I believe I have expressed my-self often enough, in regard to rainy weather.

I suppose Sister will start for Cincinnati next Monday. I wish she would come to see me, as she returns home, and I expect she will, if her health will permit. I would give any thing in reason to see any body from home. We are looking forward with great pleasure to our holliday Christmas.

October 16th, 1875.

Saturday.

I am confident the President will not correct this journal, for he corrected Saturday's diary last week.

I have not much news to communicate to you this evening, as the day has passed away, without any very startling event transpiring.

Mrs. Hare, (Hattie's mother) came early this morning. I think she is an fascinating, - I am perfectly delighted with her. She brought Hattie a splendid box, and, I can assure you, Journal, she was very liberal with its contents. I never enjoyed any thing more in my life. I know Zelia will be dangerously ill to-morrow, and I am confident she will not be able to recite Geometry Monday. She has retired some little time ago, and such unearthly groans I never heard. I used to think old Aunt Lizzie Hord, could beat any body groaning, but, Zelia far surpasses her. I think she (Zelia) has reached the height of perfection in that "art". Mrs. Hare will return home to-morrow.

Bro. Lard did not preach to-night, as his health would not permit it. He does not look at all well. He thinks of going to Mo. soon on a visit. He said he would stay only a month or two. I hope he will not go. Mrs. Jones and Miss Hunt went home this morning. I was in hopes they would stay some time, as I liked them both very much.

Belle Summers went to Mr. Sterling in the carriage, as Mr. Patterson sent for Mr. Billie and Miss Nettie. I am almost "crazy" to see Mr. Billies baby. About the only thing that Lizzie said wrote about in her letter, was the baby.

The stove in No. 12 fell down this morning. Ida put her foot on it, and over it fell. They say Ida was as white as a sheet.

Lelia went down to Miss Bettie Hoffmans this morning to have her dress fixed. By-the-way, I forgot to tell you Lawrence, it was so small for Lelia to get into. When she (Lelia) returned, Miss Bettie sent me a splendid tomato.

October 17th, 1875.

Sunday.

Well, Journal, allthough I am real sleepy, I will be compelled to hold a short conversation with you.

I went to church this morning, as usual. Bro. Lard preached an exellent discourse. Mr. Patterson organized the Sunday School. I am in Mrs. Davis' class, and think I shall like my teacher very much. Our lesson for next Sunday morning is the 1st, chaptir of the Acts of the Apostles. I am going to try and always have a good lesson.

Mrs. Moore left for home this morning. I liked her so much, and, I am in hopes she will return soon. The contents of Hattie's box is fast disappearing. Of course, one could not expect it to last long, when four hungry school-girls once get a look at it.

Mr. Billie and Miss Hettie came this morning bringing the baby and a new pupil. I think Miss Hettie is just as sweet as ever, and looking so well. Willie Reid is "just the sweetest thing that that ever was," of course, in the

eyes of both teachers and pupils. I think he looks just like all other babies, but nothing could induce me, to run the risk of mortally offending his parents, by telling them so. Every mother and father always thinks his or his child is sweeter and prettier than any body else. It seems so strange to think of Mr. Patterson as a grandpa.

The new pupil of whom I spoke is a Miss Allan from Owingsville. She is a sister of Miss Nettie's. I think I shall like her very much.

I did not go to church to-night, but was compelled to stay at home, and study Geometry. We finished the first book last Thursday, and have it all for a review to-morrow. O, how I do dread it! I am so fearful I will miss.

Melia Kavanaugh was quite sick yesterday. Mr. Patterson sent for Dr. Davis last night, but His medicine had such a powerful influence, that she is up now. She came up a few moments ago, and made us quite a little call.

October 18th.

Monday.

I was called from the delicious embrace of Morpheus this morning, some time before Aurora had opened the gates of Day, for the King of Morning. Not still swayed supreme control, and the shadow of her dark mantle, was cast over all things. At last night was chased away by Dawn, with her fleecy robe, glistening with its thousand dew-drops. She came airily and gracefully,— at first she could only be dimly discerned, but after a short time, her approach was more clearly visible. Morning! Beautiful Morning! was upon us. She was bedecked with more gorgeousness, than an eastern monarch could ever have dreamed of. Jewels, rare and rich jewels, more precious than can mines can afford. Helios now made his appearance, like some gallant old cavalier, but modest, diffident Aurora, fled at his coming. He was now sovereign of all, and his rays scintillating from his fiery chariot, gilded the eastern hill-tops.—

Journal. I have some splendid, — yes, joy-
ful news to impart to you. We finished
the 12th book in Geometry this morning. I
demonstrated my theorem, without mak-
ing a single mis-take. Now, as the
President would say, "I think that is real
clever".

I received a postal-card from
Lisle this afternoon. She starts for Chi.
Wednesday. She wrote me word that
Bobbie Kendall did-not go to Bethany
College this year; but is going to stay
at home and farm. Cousin Rawlings
Hart left home for school last Mon-
day. He is attending school at Lexington.
I wish he would come home with
Mr. John Talbot some-time. for I
would like to see him very much.

I have not received a single
piece for my Paper yet. I am fearful it
will be rather a poor affair, from the
appearance of things, at present.

Belle Summers returned from
Mt Sterling, accompanied by her mother,
sister and cousin. I went in the reception room
this afternoon a little
while after dinner to see Mrs. Summers.

as I expected she had seen some of the "home-folks".

Lucy Cassidy gave me a most delicious treat this after-noon, or rather just before dinner. It consisted of cakes, candies, nuts, apples and raisins. I think I can say with veracity, I never enjoyed any thing more in my life. Bro. Tibbs sent this box to Lucy. When I go to W.V. Sterling, if I do not get in the good side of Brother Tibbs, it will be because I don't know how.

Bro. Card, Maggie and Tommie all returned to Lexington this morning. I did not get to tell them "good-bye."

Journal, I have another few pictures to present to you. It was contained in a chapter, which the President read this morning. I don't believe I will tell the chapter, but will leave you to guess at it. Many, many years ago, a group of men and women were gathered upon one of those eminences which over-look-ed the city of Jerusalem. Standing in the center of this throng, was one whose gentle, though dignified mien, gave him a look of superiority, which the others

did not possess. His face was pale and haggard, and he looked as if he could not long stand the pressure of the crowd. As his disciples gathered around him, words of wisdom and truth, like rare jewels, fell from his pale and trembling lips, and a smile stole slowly over his care-worn face, lighting it up, until it looked Heavenly, - yea, sublimely grand. The time in which this scene was enacted was the harvest of the year, - the golden autumn. As the eager crowd, stood with their faces upturned to their Master, the brown leaves came rustling to the earth: The trees were beginning to lose a portion of their gorgeous dress, - it seem but the significant of the great loss which these trusting people were soon to experience. The autumn wind, as it sighed through the rustling foliage, sound as a funeral dirge, and all nature had assumed a melancholy aspect. After he spoken had finished his address, a hush fell upon them all, and, as they were contemplating the words which he had spoken,

their eyes turned, as if by some irresistible power, and they beheld their Shepard, — their Leader, — their Lord, being caught, as it were, by the winds, and lifted from the earth. Slowly and majestically he continued his aerial flight, until his disappeared from their astonished gaze, and in his place stood two bright-winged spirits, — commissioners from the unseen world; — who came to answer the question which was eagerly depicted upon each face. Their shining garments seemed to partake of the Heavenly, and around their faces shone a halo of eternal light. From their parted lips issued the assured of that promise, which in long future years, was to cheer many a drooping heart, and bring consolation to many an over-burdened heart. When they had finished their mission, they seemed to grow fainter; and more shadowy, and to recede into a mist; and then disappear altogether, in the grand expanse of the heavens. Still the multitude continued to gaze, until the rain-drops came pattering upon their upturned faces.

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The wind still sighed through the branches,- the sombre hued trees were still casting their leaves upon the ground.- the olive grove was just the same, but to the disappointed and wandering groups, all was darkness: for their grand luminary had disappeared. and as they thought so. forever.

October 17th, 1875.

Tuesday.

To day has passed quite rapidly, and while it going, comes the "ever-lasting" journal to write. I do not feel in a writing mood to-night, consequently my diary will be devoid, of what little interest it usually possess. I fear if our duty did not compell us, we would often neglect the holding of our usual conversation, with our little friend, Journal, although we are well aware, it always terminates in our gaining more knowledge, "This knowledge" we should treasure, as rare jewels in Memories casket. I have no doubt, but that in ten years, our minds will revert with joy, to the time when, we

performed, which we now consider are exceedingly unpleasant tasks. We think our school-path is a rugged one, and that the hill of Science, if a steep one to climb, but the "Old Folks" tell us these are our happiest days, and verily, I believe they speak the truth.

I was quite disappointed this afternoon, when the mail arrived, and I did not receive a letter. It is the first Saturday that has passed, with out my receiving one from some body. I must answer some of the letters, which I have received, and I will not get any more soon.

Lucy Cassidy received a splendid box from Bro. Libbs yesterday, and I was made most happy by her presenting me with a portion of its contents. She has been very kind to me, and when I receive a box, I can assure you, Journals, she will not be forgotten. I am anticipating, with a great deal of pleasure, my visit to Mt. Sterling, in December.

Our Geometry lesson for this

morning, was the commencement of book 2nd. I knew my lesson very well, and when I had finished demonstrating my theorem, Prof. St Clair said, "Very well done, Miss McClure". I never felt better in my life. I wish I could go through the entire book, and each morning, as I took my seat, hear those same words repeated.

I had quite a long walk with Miss Linda Allan. I am perfectly delighted with her. I do not know when I have seen a young lady, of whom I thought so much, upon such a short acquaintance.

We had quite an interesting Testament lesson this evening. It was the 9th chapter of Matthew. I would write you some thing about the lesson, but I do not feel at all well, and I fear if I were to undertake a description of this lesson I could not finish my task, in a manner which would be at all creditable to my powers of composition. I can only write when the spirit moves me, and not much then.

October 20th.

Wednesday.

Miss Mary Barkley and I commenced writing the Paper this morning, and I can add, I never saw a poorer assortment of pieces in my life. We will be compelled to compose almost every thing that we read.

I recited Geometry this morning at the usual hour. I am most happy to say, I demonstrated my theorem correctly, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, received a perfect mark.

I requested Prof. St Clair to write me a piece for my Paper, — he said he would if he could find time. I wish I could get a contribution from him, as I know it would be well worthy, of a conspicuous place in "The Basket".

Melia Kavanaugh and Nannie Robbins are both considerably indisposed to-day. I am in hopes their illness will be of short duration. I made them both a call to-night.

Zelia was very much disappointed this after-noon. "Aunt Lou" send her word she had a box, but, upon inquiry, it was found to be a mistake.

"O."

October 21st, 1875.

Thursday.

The day is done. The journey of life is one day more its conclusion. How very solicitous we should all be about the future! How we should endeavor to live such a life as will permit us, when we shall have bidden adieu to the fascinations of this earth, to enter the kingdom of God, and dwell with Him and His holy angels! In this life, we have many trials and tribulations, but when we enter the Heavenly Land, all trouble ceases, and we shall never again know what it is to sorrow, but shall live in a state of perfect bliss.

Swiftly.- O, how swiftly the time is passing! School-days are almost ended, so far as I am concerned, and how anxious I ought to be to improve myself! The infinite value of time is not realized. It is the most precious thing in all the world.- "Save only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous, and yet the only thing of which men are prodigal". Time is so precious, that there is never

but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away, before another is given.

I have not recited any lessons to-day, except Geometry. I fear I did not demonstrate my theorem, as well as I might have done, but Prof. St Clair, was so kind as to give me some assistance. I never was more amused in my life than I was this morning in the class. One of girls became rather confused, at the board, and got the angles confounded with the sides. Prof. told her their way infallible rule, and if she would follow it, she could always distinguish an angle. He said it was quite simple, and merely consisted in the definition of an angle. The manner in which he defined it to her was as follows, "Miss Talbott, it is simply a sharp-pointed concern". Of course, it produced a general laugh.

Zelia and I had quite a nice walk this evening. We wanted to go up on the hill, but had no one to accompany us, consequently we were compelled to defer our ramble, until a more favorable opportunity presented its self.

My Paper is almost finished, but

it is not as well composed I would like to have had it.

My mouth is "dreadful" sore. I can hardly talk, and you know Journal, that is a dreadful calamity to me.

Carrie McClure. October 22nd, 1875.

Friday.

The day that is always hailed with a welcome shout by the weary school-girl's is rapidly drawing to a close, and the stupendous task of writing a journal, still lies before me unfinished. I suppose I ought to feel encouraged, and undertake it with a lighter heart than usual, this evening; for the President said, as he handed me my Diary this morning, "Carrie, I am very proud of your Journal." I do-not think he could possibly have said any thing that would have given me more pleasure.

Taking the day as a whole, I have enjoyed it hugely. I slept until the rising bell rung this morning, which is some-thing very unusual for me. Not that I do-not love to sleep, for verily, I do-not think there is a girl in school

who likes to court the drowsy god, better than my-self, but then I always try to remember the old adage, which says, "Duty before pleasure". I never retire at night, feeling confident that I know my Geometry.— So I am compelled to arise very early to resume the unpleasant task of studying. Some girls say they love to study, but I regret to say, I hold my text-books in any-thing, but a pleasant light. My sturdy Welsh pride, and McClure ambition, is all that makes me struggle on. It is perfect torture for me to see other girls passing me in the race, which I undertook with such a light heart. I do-not see why I should not get a high standing at-least; for I have pleasant surroundings, and excellent teachers, and I am almost confident in saying, not a girl in my class, applies her-self with greater diligence than I do.

President Patterson gave me the letter "C", in Thursday's journal. I would give considerable to know what those "Egyptian Hydroglyphs" mean, but, of course, the President would not tell us for any

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thing imaginable. While we puzzle our poor brains, trying to find out what those "hateful," misterious marks stand for, he, complacently sits and smiles down upon us, as much as to say, "Don't you wish you knew"? Mr. Patterson can be so tantalizing when he wants to. Here-after I am going to look as unconserned "as you please", for I do-not want to gratify him by letting him think for a moment I have any curiosity, even, if I am one of mother Eve's own daughters.

Miss Sue, Burroughs and Anna Lan went home this morning, and Lucy Cassidy and Lizzie Horton this after-noon. Bro. Libbs came for the latter. Belle Summers fully intended go to Mt Sterling, but owing to some mis-understanding, in some way, she did-not get off. She seemed greatly disappointed.

Lommie came home to-day. It was very unexpected; for we were not looking for him. I suppose he will return to Lexington Monday.

I have had a delightful time this after-noon. Zelia and my-self changed

dresses, and went into the chapel. I asked the President how he liked my costume. He replied that I resembled an own-grown baby. I was flattering my-self that I was acting the role of a bad school-girl to perfection.

Journal, I know a secret, - yes, a "real" big secret. The first one I have had in my possession since I return to school. but, (as you are not a decendant of mother Eve's) I suppose you do-not care to hear what it is.

The Society convened, as usual, this evening. Prof. St Clair honored us with his ~~appearance~~ presence, and, by so doing, frightened me so that I could hardly read at-all. He did-not write me any thing, for my Paper, but I suppose he did-not have time.

Journal, I am fearful my standing in "Leary-writing" is almost ruined; for the President gave me "O" one week, and I have cause to think, that is not a good mark, by any means; for one of the girls ~~made~~ had nine mistakes in her journal to-day, and she received that mark, and it must be almost zero.

D

October 23rd, 1875.

Saturday.

"How sweet the evening falls,
Advancing from the west.
It ends the weary days of toil,
And brings the hour of rest."

The "Hour of rest" is very sweet to four tired school-girls. Even Saturday is not free from toil; for numerous little tasks which have been accumulating all the week, lay ready for our weary hands to perform. I have heard that "Every dog has his day", so, I suppose, my good time is coming, by and by.

I have been quite busy today, doing a little of every thing, and not much of any thing. The day has not been a very profitable one, although I have worked rather hard.

I wrote two letters this morning, - one to Lizzie Reid, and the other to Hannie Sinclair. I am in hopes they will both respond at an early period. I am very fond of reciving letters, but dislike, so much, to answer them.

Sue Ayres brother came this afternoon very unexpectedly, I believe. I shook hands with him. As he is an old friend, I did not suppose Mr. Patterson would object.

Bettie Hamilton's father and little sister came to-day. She went away with them, — visiting some of her relatives, I believe.

Kate gave Celia and myself such a delicious treat of cocoanut candy. I enjoyed it hugely. I think I will try and find enough money for a treat next Saturday.

Belle Summers went to W. O. Sterling on the stage this evening. She intended going yesterday, but did not get off. I suppose she will return Monday morning.

I rec'd a letter this evening from Bro. John. I was considerably amused when I read it.

Gertrude Hopkins is going to sleep with Hattie to-night. I look for nothing, but Mr. Patterson's having to come up and settle them. I pity Kate, from the bottom of my heart.

October 24th.

Sunday.

Swiftly we are being borne down Time's turbulent stream, and in long our little bark, so lightly rowed, will be carried into that "Harbor of Rest", for which our souls are sighing. Perhaps not many more Lords-days will pass over our unhallowed heads, before we will be called before that dreaded tribunal, from which all must shrink. It makes no difference how much we may long for a sight of that glorious Heaven, of which we have read so much, when the day arrives we will all shrink, more or less, from crossing the cold waters of the Jordan.

This has been a lovely day. God has sent the mandate forth, that the heavens shall array themselves in all their glory, accordingly we see the gorgeous robes of the skies displayed to the very best advantage.

I did not attend church this morning, and, for my shame, I had no plausible excuse for remaining at home. The President gave Zelia and myself

a good scolding, which we richly deserved. He remarked that some-one asked him where all of his girls were. He replied that they could not attend church for various reasons. One had no shoe polish,- another had no shoes to polish. One ate too many oysters,- another was angry because she had no oysters to eat. One had worn fall hat,- another girl, hadn't enough sense to wear hers. and so on. He said if he had questioned them right closely they would have gone straight the hold category. Mrs. Davis (my Sunday-school teacher) came up to the Institute this afternoon, and told Miss Lettie to give us a lecture for her. I think I will have to attend church next Sunday. I had no idea, I would be missed, at-all.

Journal, I have some splendid news to tell you. Jennie White (bless her soul) came this evening, to make us a visit. She looks perfectly natural, and is just as sweet as ever. I suppose she will remain with us some time.

President Patterson assigned the Commentaries for our Testament class.

He wrote my name beautifully in mine.- also a verse of poetry below.

Fannie Hedges came up to the Institute this evening. She is looking very well, indeed. It is the first time I have seen her since she returned from Louisville.

Ida came home this evening, on horse-back. Miss Lura Allison and Zelia took a ride around the yard. Ida brought me a splendid slice of cake.

I felt this evening like I would like to do some-thing unusual. I told Mr. Patterson, and he proposed taking us all a walk. We, nothing loth, readily consented, and were soon equipped for our ramble. We went into Mr. Neale woods. As Mary Walden says, the dignified portion of the crowd, sat down upon a large rock, and listened to the President talk. I soon found ~~found~~ my assumed dignity growing burdensome, so leaving the "starched up" Seniors, I went over to another "gang", and had almost enough fun to last me a week. I yelled just as loud, and jumped just as high, as I possibly could. I declare, I was real hoarse when I started

for the house. Belle Wright, Willie Shropshire and myself strayed off a little from the rest. The trees looked as if they had decked themselves for our especial benefit. One was arrayed in various shades of crimson, others were tinted from a delicate yellow, to the deepest golden, while some carried on their waving branches, all of the hues of the rainbow. But, alas! they work of decay had commenced its fatal march. The more sombre colors were mingled with the gay. It seemed rather typical of this world, in which we see the gay and the sad mingled. — The mourner and the joyous walk side by side. Here one place a majestic elm, with its foliage of crimson and gold, lifted itself up, and seemed to return thanks unto the All-wise, and by its side was seen the towering oak upon whose branches were scattered a few brown leaves. Ever and anon, as a gentle breeze rustled the sear foliage, one would be wafted to the earth. Over the ground was strewn,

"Autumn leaves; sad autumn leaves",

and as we meditated by and musing by

walked along, our feet pressed them into the earth.

October 25th.

Monday.

The cares and anxieties of another week, though bright, day, has been wafted away on the wings of Time. The Geometry class, no longer awaits, in breathless suspense, the ringing of the bell that summons them each day to go through with the dreaded ordeal of answering questions about all sorts of angles, and various shaped figures. It is all over for to-day. The last class has recited, and we now see the face of one girl who has been fortunate enough to get a perfect mark in all of her classes, all radiant with smiles, which is indicative of a happy state of feeling; but another comes slowly towards us, who has failed to answer the numerous and perplexing questions that were propounded to her. — Behold the tears that darken the face and the traces of recent tears upon her cheeks! If we should question her with reference to her views about the happiest

period of life, she would, no doubt, response that truly it is not our school-days, as our friends and teachers would have us think. She tells us, alas, that there is but little real happiness in this world. Poor deluded school-girl! She has not yet learned the secret of true happiness; but she is not alone in her trouble; for the world is full of the anxious, the weary, and the disappointed. Millions are running over the earth, toiling along, under the great burden of life, and wrestling in mental conflict, with imaginary monsters, - striving to solve the awful mystery of the universe; and to finds rest for the soul, - all to calm down the hostile elements of care and anxiety in their hearts. They go too far, and work too hard. The frailest flower that blooms, - the feeblest blade of grass that grows, unfolds the grand secret of happiness, and directs the weary heart to the only source of rest. It is trust, - calm unwavering confidence, that our heavenly Father is caring for us every moment, and that he is fully able to make the greatest trial, the greatest blessing. To learn this lesson, we have only to consider with what glory he clothes the

lilies of the field, and much more He must care for us, than for the things that bloom and die in a day.

Journal. I never was more amused, although I was considerably annoyed, than I was last night. Gertrude Hopkins slept with Hattie last night. They made such a "to do" that Kate was compelled to arise and make a bed upon three chairs, upon which she spread her weary limbs until morning.

I rec'd a letter this evening. I suppose it is not necessary to state who it was from.

Miss Lee returned this morning, looking quite invigorated from her trip home. I wish I could get a peep at home, now and then.

We have been studying Geometry just a month. We tried to persuade Prof. B. to begin to give us our standing, but he was as immovable as the Medes, and as firm as the Medes and Persians. He said he had often known girls could not learn Geometry, but we are almost as sprightly as boys.

Oct. 26th. 1875.

Tuesday.

The fairy like hosts of heaven are again sparkling, like little gems, in the sky. The bells of the greater portion of persons have ceased, while I, a poor school-girl, am still bend[illegible] unfinished tasks. We consid[illegible] we can not enjoy[illegible] in which we are others[illegible] must remember that[illegible], that our friends [illegible] to receive a good [illegible] which we receive du[illegible] "classic halls" will fil[illegible] years.

[illegible] during the dining [illegible] the breakfast bell rang, the students compelled us to form in class order on the porch. After we had arranged us to his satisfaction, we proceeded into the dining room, — the smallest going first. After we were seated, Mr. Patterson walked around the table, to see that we conducted ourselves in the proper manner. When we had finished our meal, he gave us a short lecture on table etiquette.

NB: Homesick (again)

She never mentions her parents/family. Except to exclaim on Birthday —

Oct. 26th, 1875.

Tuesday.

The fairy like frosts of heaven are again sparkling, like little gems, in the sky. The toils of the greater portion of persons have ceased, while I, a poor school-girl, am still bending over my unfinished tasks. We consider it rather hard to think we can not enjoy the various privileges, in which we see others participating, but we must remember that it is for our good alone, that our friends seem so anxious for us to receive a good education. The knowledge which we receive during our stay in these "classic halls" will fit us for usefulness in future years.

We have a new way of entering the dining room. This morning when the breakfast bell rang, the Preceptress compelled us to form in class order on the porch. After we had arranged us to his satisfaction, we proceeded into the dining room, — the smallest going first. After we were seated, Mr. Patterson walked around the table, to see that we conducted ourselves in the proper manner. When we had finished our meal, he gave us a short lecture on table etiquette.

I fear some of us are sadly negligent upon that subject.

The most amusing thing that happened this morning, was Miss Doi's version of the changes in things. She said when the President had seated the girls, she requested him to allow her the privilege of occupying her old chair, by me, but, in the place of him making a reply to her, he merely pointed to the other table. She concluded by saying, she had'nt felt as small since the last time her father boxed her ears.

The Testament lesson was not at all interesting, therefore, I will write nothing more about it.

Journal. I neglected to mention the fact that Mr. Patterson offered a prize to the young lady, who conducted herself in the most lady-like manner at the table. I do not see why I should not win the prize; for (in my opinion) I am extremely dignified. Now, the only difficulty will be in my impressing the minds of the President, with this important fact.

October 27th.

Wednesday.

Journal. I feel unusually dull and uninteresting to-night, and, of course, my diary will partake, in some measure, of my lethargic state of mind. It is quite pleasant to write in one's journal, when one feels in a writing humor, but when one feels otherwise, I can conceive of nothing more disagreeable.

Zelia and Edna have been quite busily employed all day, writing the "Paper." They informed me the productions which were handed them, were very poor, indeed.

We finished the theorems, in book 2nd, in Geometry this morning, and will take a general review, of the whole, for to-morrow. Oh! how I dread it!

Bettie Hamilton is very much indisposed to-day. I am in hopes she will soon be in the school-room again.

Dear, old Franklin Hamilton was up at the Institute a short while this evening. I love him dearly, although he

has been the innocent cause of a good deal of trouble to me.

Mr. Billie, Miss Hettie and little Reid went home this morning. We were all very sorry to have them leave us, but, of course, it was impossible for them to remain always.

Journal, I have some very sad news to impart to you. Zelia received a letter from her pa this evening, saying her Uncle Theodore married yesterday. Now, Journal, I am going to tell you a little secret, if you will make promises of undying secrecy. Zelia and myself had considered that self-same Uncle, my especial property for some time past. You cannot imagine how that news affected me, — my hopes were banished, — my "home over the river" disappeared, as in a mist, and now can only be numbered with "The things that were", and all of my bright air castles lay, an unsightly ruin, at my feet. Alas, — Alas, — Alas (à la Mark Twain) the woes of the human family are real.

Oct. 28th, 1875.

Thursday.

Journal. I come crossly, fretfully, angrily, ill-humoredly, madly, bluely and finally to record a word or two upon your fair pages. I am sick, blue and home-sick to night.

Mary Walden's mother came this afternoon on the stage. She will return home to-morrow morning. I went in to see her a short while this afternoon, as I used to know her when she lived in dear, old Flemingsburg.

Lizzie Reid also made her appearance this evening. We were all very agreeably surprised to see her. She says "Owingsville" is very well, indeed.

I received a letter from Lula Fant this evening. I think she writes a splendid letter, only I can't say I admire the manner in which she crosses her lines, so that one can not read it, without the utmost difficulty. Daughters College has between seventy (70) and eighty (80) boarders. I wish we could say as much for our-selves.

October 29th. 1875.

Friday.

Journal, I do not feel at all like becoming poetical or sentimental this afternoon, so I will be compelled to confine myself to a bare recital of facts.

I recived "G" in my Monday's journal this. We do not know what that means, but I am of the opinion it is rather good; for when I have no mistakes, I generally recive that mark.

Mrs. Walden left this morning on the stage. I felt really sorry for Mary Hennie, although she took the parting "right manfully". I am doubtful whether it does much good for the girls parents to visit them; for all the time they are here, they (the girls) are looking forward to the when their friends will take them.

The Society convened as usual this evening. Lola's and Zelia's Papers were very good, indeed, as were all the other duties. I am on duty for next week, — it is a Leaf from my Journal. I believe I would prefer performing that duty to writing a piece for the Paper. Lucy Cassiday and

Lena Simble edit the Basket for next week. Prof. St Clair was up to the Society again this evening. I saw the manner in which he acted. I am fearful he did not approve of every thing which was contained in the Basket. I am in hopes he is not offended for I, for one, am going to keep in his "good graces".

Zelia and myself went down to Miss Bettie Huffman's this afternoon. Zelia had a sague which she wished Miss Bettie to make.

Miss Lida Litton came up to the Institute this evening. She tried to persuade Mr. Patterson to let Belle Summers go home with her, but he was as inexorable as the Fates.

This morning when the President was correcting Journals, Zelica fixed up a stick of candy, and I took it to him, with her compliments. He laughed considerable, but would not eat it.

Prof. Detuillon is here giving Kate her French lesson. They both seem to be enjoying themselves very much indeed.

October 30th, 1875.

Saturday.

I have actually abt too much to write a very long journal, but I will do the best I can, under the circumstances.

Last night we had a fearful storm. I know it must have been terrific, or I could never have wakened; for I sleep extremely sound.

Celia veiled her sague this morning, but it did not fit at all, so she was compelled to send it back. Connie brought it over to her again, a few moments ago, and it fits her beautifully.

I wrote a letter to Lulu Gant this morning, and crossed every page. I fancy she will have a good time reading it.

Mr. Patterson made us a call today. I asked him to direct some envelopes for me. He addressed fifteen before he completed his task. I would give almost all I possess to write like him.

Mrs. Howes and Mrs. Smith came this evening, and Mrs. Paul, Mr. and Miss Shropshire this morning.

I went down to town this afternoon, for the first time this year. Mr. Patterson acted as my escort. I had a splendid time, although I was visiting the President. We first went to the store of Mess. Davis, where I purchased a motto and some gaphyr. We then proceeded to the confectionary store. I bought quite a supply of oysters, crackers, &c. I then went to Mr. Dobyns's store, but the auction was over. Mr. Patterson left me there, and I went up to Mrs. Beam's to buy and try to buy some milk. I remained a short time, but did not get any milk. I afterwards purchased some from Mrs. Mitchell.

We had a fine time in our room to-night eating oysters. The President came up and gave us some assistance.

Journal, Liggie Beam sent me such a nice supper to-night. I tell you, I appreciated highly. Lelia received some ice-cream and cake, but Liggie did not send it.

I have some very sad news to relate to you Journal. Lelia saw in the news-paper, where her home had been burned down. I felt very sorry for her.

I have a very sore finger, so my writing is excusable.

Oct. 31st. 1875.

Sunday.

Day of rest! Day of peace! but, ah, it is some times truly vexatious, when we poor school-girls want to remain at home and take a good rest. Sunday is also a day on which we display our finest clothing. We may then hear the expression "Sunday's best" applied to ones nicest, newest dress, and handsomest hat, and neck-tie. Why is this? Think you, Journal, it is with God's approval, that we enter His sacred house, thinking not of the mighty truths which will then be taught us, but only of the apparel, with which we are clothed? Nay, it is in His eye a sin, almost unpardonable.

I attended Church and Sunday-school this morning. Our Sunday-school lesson was the latter portion of the 1st. chapter of the Acts, - it was quite interesting. I think I shall like Mrs. Davis very much as a teacher.

Ida Bean, Lena Cassidy and myself, have been solving Algebra examples to-night. I never enjoyed any

thing more in my life,— that is, never enjoyed getting a lesson more.

Prof. St Clair and Maccarthy went to Paris yesterday. While there, Prof. St Clair, underwent a complete . . His purchased a new suit of clothes, and had his hair cut. It improved his appearance greatly.

Mary Walden and Mrs. Smith made us a very fashionable call to-night, and found us all in evening costume. I was really ashamed of my appearance, but then I could not help it.

Laura Emery's father came this afternoon. She was very much surprised to see him.

O, Journal, Geometry is "awful hard" for to-morrow! I have studied it an hour, and do not know one word of it. I will be compelled to arise before day in the morning.

I have a very sore foot.

Patterson Institute.
November 10th, 1875.

Monday.

"When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of ever-lasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,
When ruin triumphs, and when nature dies;
When shall above the wreck of worlds survive;
With falling spheres, immortal man shall live."

Blessed thought! It should inspire man to live a better life. The chief difference between man and the lower order of animals consists in this: the former has reason, whereas the latter is controlled by instinct. Man has a soul which is immortal, and when this body of ours shall perish, the soul will soar away away to a realm of endless day.

Geometry was extremely difficult this morning. I arose some time before day, and studied by lamp-light, until Aurora resigned her reign to the mild and gentle Dawn. After all of my study, I could not impress the fact upon my dull cranium, that it was necessary to draw my problem by certain rules, before I could demonstrate it correctly. Prof. St Clair seeing my distress, came to my

assistance just in time to save me from a most ignominious failure. I believe, after considerable delay on my part, and quite an exhibition of patience on his, I at last succeeding in recovering myself.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Howe left for home this morning, taking with them all the sunshine, as far as the two ballots are concerned. Willie Thompkins and Lilla Paul were also under the painful necessity of seeing their friends take their departure. Their joy was brief, but gratifying, during its existence.

I was very much disappointed, this evening when the mail came, and I received "nary a letter". I don't suppose Lizzie has gotten home from Cincinnati yet; for she promised me a long letter, as soon as she arrived at dear, old Flemingsburg.

Zelia received a letter from Miss Letta Elkin, in which she found a confirmation of her worst fears, and the statement in the Democrat. Mr. Fords house was nearly burned to the ground.

President Patterson informed us this afternoon, that he would have assistance in correcting our journals this week.

I suppose they will fall to the lot of Prof. St Clair or Miss Sue. I believe I will use a little policy, in regard to these two people, and flatter them in every journal I write until the fatal Friday, but, I fear, despite all of my efforts, a dearth-knell will then be sounded to all of my hopes, and I will be roused to stern realities, by seeing the tip of Miss Sue's nose, take and upward curve, or that cool, sarcastic smile playing around the mouth of Prof. St Clair, and more-over to see my poor little friend journal marked up, and hear it most shamefully brow-beaten.

Mary Thomas returned this afternoon on the stage, looking quite happy from her trip home.

Mary Walden received Maggie Lards picture this evening.

President Patterson organised the choirs to-night. I am a Nightingale again this year. I think we have several very good (~~teachers~~) singers.

November 2nd, 1875.

Tuesday.

The last lingering rays of an autumnal sun are shedding their mellow lustre over the calm and serene face of Nature, giving to all things a peaceful appearance. The wind sighs gently through the sound branches, casting, ever and anon, a brown, lustreless leaf upon the already leaf-strewn ground. The songs of the merry little warblers are more seldom heard; for they are fast leaving our country with its chilly blasts, for a more congenial clime. The soul reviving little messengers,— the bright flowers, have fulfilled their mission, and are now drooping and dead;— killed by the Frost-king's cruel touch, and even the golden glories of autumn have departed, with their rich foliage of yellow, brown and golden, leaf by leaf till the earth has been covered with its varied beauties, and the branches have been left bear and bleak. This reminds us of the shortness of life. Life! How brief! How transient! Here to-day!— gone to-morrow! The aged sire, as he takes a retrospective view of the past, can hardly realize, that it has been

more than yesterday, since he played around his mother's knee,— that mother has for many long years been slumbering in some antiquated church-yard; forgotten by all except that hoary haired old man, whose memory will ever retain a vivid recollections of her. The young lady in Society does not note the flight of time, as she glides along her rose-strewn path. As she passes some tottering dame, she never for a moment entertains the thought, that she too, will become old.

I have tried in vain to become poetical, and, Journal, I suppose you have witnessed my ignominious failure. I have worn the few ideas which I possess thread-bare,— have arranged white-headed drawing thin bust breaste old men, the setting sun, and night, in every conceivable form. There is an old adge which says, "Poets are born, and not made", but I believe I will agree with St. Elmo in saying, "Pegasus has an antipathy for side-saddles."

I have been snugly ensconced in my room this evening holding delightful converse with one of Bath Counties fairest daughters, Miss Lizzie Reed, who has

been on a brief visit to the Institute. Lizzie and my-self reverted to the happy days of yore, when other voices than these, made the walls sing with joyous laughter and song. Alas! The many changes that have been wrought in a few short years. The ones who once gathered with-in these "classic halls", to cultivate and expand the intellect, and prepare themselves for future usefulness in life, have been severed, and each sent upon her different mission. Some have gone where the ice-clad hills bound them on all sides,- where there is no summer to gladden the heart, but where the ice-king reigns supreme. Some make there homes upon the rolling prairies of the west;- while yet a few live amid the tropical glories of the east. Others have sought the balmy air, and ever blooming flowers, which alone can be found in the far distant south, and one lies in your little church, gard of a broken heart. But away with such thoughts; I had rather dwell on the

"Pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
While Memory stands sideways, half covered with flowers,
And reveals all the rose, but secrets every thorn.

Sallie Smith and Miss Joe have been having private minstrels and theatricals for my express benefit to-night. Never since the "Swedish Nightingale" returned to her northern home, has such strains of melody been awakened on the American shore. Even the rats stood still to listen, while Bettie Hamilton sat in breathless suspense, until the performance was over.

Willie Thomas remarked this evening, that since the mail arrived, and she received ~~scared~~ a letter from Lexington, she had'nt "Two ideas above her nose." Letters! Those white winged messengers that come to cheer the soul. How anxiously they are watched for, and how eagerly grasped, - especially the kind like Willie received.

November 3rd, 1875.

Wednesday.

"O, blessed night! that comes to rich and poor
Alike; bringing us dreams that lure
Our hearts to One above."

Night is a beneficent provision in the economy of nature. It comes with its blessed rest, to refresh and tone up the wasted energies of both body and mind. It brings timely

balm to the worn and weary of earth. Heaven indeed would be life lost if there were no intervening nights of rest and repose between its duties and responsibilities. Most beautifully has it been said, of the kindly office of night, that

"It comes calmly forth,
Bringing sweet rest upon the wings of even;
The golden chain with which the silver north
And earth is slumbering 'neath the smiles of heaven."

Night, in its suggestive silence and solemn grandeur, is the peculiar season for moral reflection and thought. The myriads of worlds studding and garnishing the heavens, reveal the immensity and boundlessness of the works of the Creator, and show the infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, which have scattered them so profusely through the fields of space.

Night is the season for memory and introspection; and in this respect its occurrence is most opportune. It calls for the review of the day and history of the day closes; and hence for approval or disapprobation. In the calmness and silence, we can better sift the actions of the day, and the motives which influenced them. If they stand the test of honest scrutiny, this approval will bring

balm to our spirits, and refreshment to our pillow. The great heathen philosopher, Pythagoras, counselled thus, even in his day: "Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes 'till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day".

Bro. Walden came this morning to see Mary. I did not know he was here until some time after his arrival. After a while he sent for me, and I enjoyed his society every so much. He is just as full of wit and humor, as ever. He left this afternoon. Poor Mary Hennie! Her joy was of brief duration. [illegible]
She might exclaim with the poet,
"I'was bright, 'twas beautiful, but now 'tis past".

Journal, if I do not entertain you, as well as you would desire, do not attribute it to a want of respect or confidence; for indeed, such is not the case. I am suffering very severely with an extremely sore foot. I have not felt so badly since I returned to school.

No letter from home to-day! Surely Sister has returned from Cin., by this time.

November 4th, 1875.

Thursday.

The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity — the workings of mighty ~~migh~~ passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy — the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy — the bloom and buoyancy and dazzlings hopes of youth — the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth — these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys.

Mrs. Worthington came this afternoon, on the stage, to see her daughter, — whose birth-day will be tomorrow. She has about passed the dreamy, misty period of ~~sweet~~ "sweet sixteen", and the long vista of seventeen, lays before her.

November 5th, 1875.

Friday.

"Again the brown leaves fleck the wood
With fading glory;
We read in their calm solitude
The old, old story."

I feel "blue" and home-sick this evening, - like I could write at least two pages on the "golden autumn", the "beauties of nature" and the "sighing wind", but I will try and turn the channel of my thoughts, into another course.

I had quite a cry this morning, and you, Journal, although you pretend to be my friend, was the cause of it. Miss Sue corrected Wednesday's Journal, and, to my shame, I am compelled to record the fact that I ~~had~~ made several mistakes. The President gave me the letter "U", - for ugly, I suppose. All of the girls made some mistake.

I went to my Algebra class this morning, as I did not have to correct Journals. I think I recited a perfect lesson.

My foot is still quite sore. I do not see any improvement in it.

I received a letter from Sister this afternoon. She writes as if her trip to Cincinnati was quite beneficial to her. Journal, don't you think she had the audacity to write about how many good things she had to eat! I am going to tell her in my next letter, not to send my any thing, I am simply going to write, school-girls are always hungry. I am in hopes this gentle hint, will have the desired effect. Sister wrote me a good deal of news, about my Poplar Plains friends. She said that Mr. Sam Walton, of Germantown, was quite devoted to Annie Armstrong.

The Society convened, as usual, this evening. The duties were all very well performed. I am not on duty for next week.

I have a great deal to do to-morrow, but, I suppose, at the close of the day, I will "Come forth wanting." Saturday slips away, before one is ~~a~~ ~~wan~~ aware of it.

I wrote a letter to-night, but do not expect to put it into the office until Monday.

November 6th, 75

Saturday.

"The reign of the flowers is over; they are faded and shriveled in the garden; on the hill-sides, frost-touched, their heads are to the earth. The summer has glided away like a pleasant visit from one you love; the flowers have budded, unfolded and alas! are faded."

The day has passed, as I prophesied yesterday, in my accomplishing the wonderful feat of performing nothing. I never spent so long a day, and accomplished ~~as~~ so little during my entire existence.

Nothing of any importance has taken place to-day, therefore I will be compelled to record some very trivial events.

Misses Combs and Lomson and Mr. Thomson came to see Kate to-day. They left only a few minutes. When they came I was in Deshaville, but, ~~after~~ the girls brought me my dress, and I made my toilet in No. 10 and then went in my room to see the ladies.

Lelia and my-self, ~~after~~ after many broken resolves, commence the stupendous task

I cleaning out the wardrobe. Judging from the contents one would have imagined it was a modern "Noah's ark". Various articles, which I had given up in despair, and the remembrance of which had sunk in Oblivious ness, came forth once more to human gaze, and the light of day. I also found Gertie Hoskins's apron, one of Emma Brudley's shoes, Mary Walden's handkerchief, and Lucy Cassidy's nickel. I found belonging to myself, eight pairs of stockings, five handkerchiefs, three cuffs and various other articles too numerous to mention. We appointed Hattie to return the things not belonging to us, but, sad to relate, the poor child, became more ill before her task was completed, and we sent Kate to come finish it. As the door of the wardrobe stands open, it looks like some mighty cavern, or some huge beast of prey, seeking whom it may devour, and to relieve it of this frightful appearance, I feel sure, she will fill it again, as soon as possible.

I received a paper this evening, which had a piece of poetry marked in it. I have an idea who sent it, but it is based on little more than supposition

Miss Joe went home with Lizzie Wilmott yesterday, — Miss Sue went to her sister's, — Miss Mary to Mrs. Clay's, — "Aunt Lou" is visiting some relatives in Nicholas Co., — Prof. Maccroth is sick in bed, and Prof. St Clair is squirrel hunting. I proposed, to some of the girls, the brillant idea, of locking Mr. Patterson in his rooming, and having a good time generally, but the girls did'nt seem to think my proposition as brilliant as I did, and it was not received with general favor, and one insignificant little Sophomore, had the audacity to tell me. I did not act much like a Senior.

I received a splendid treat, — (some such nice cake) tonight, and, journal, it came from what I thought for some time, quite a misterious source. One of the girls came to the door, and one handed it to me, and then went away so quick, I could not discover who it was. I afterwards found out it was Jessie Lovely. The cake was just splendid!

Lucy Cassidy and I are going to work a motto, — "Thy will be done."

Sunday, November 7th 1875.

"Autumn days! November days!
What memories do you bring to me,
Of tender words, and fond replies,
And joys that nevermore may be."

It is a glorious evening. The sun is about an hour high, and the few fleecy clouds that spot the heavens hang like blessings over the western horizon, as if to soothe the last moments of the dying day.

Although the day has been so beautiful, I did not attend church, on account of my foot being so sore. Ida Bean came up, and stayed with me while the girls were at church, as she was too much indisposed to attend. I believe we were about the only girls who stayed at home.

Mr. Patterson came up to my room to make us a visit, but thought it advisable to remain only a few moments, as we were not attired in our "evening robes". He said he would return when we were dressed for visitors.

I wrote to Lizzie this evening.

Really Sunday has passed with out one thing transpiring worthy of relating in

to my Journal, but some thing has to be written, even if I have to "manufacture" it.

Ella Glover's brother came to see her today. Of course, she was truly glad to see them.

Journal, you know school-girls are always hungry, and, although there are exceptions to all rules, I am no exception to this one. Lucy Cassidy and myself went into the dining room, and afterwards a prolonged search, at last succeeded in finding a loaf of bread. We took about half of it, and molasses to correspond. I tell you, Journal, I enjoyed it hugely. We ate it before Lelia and Kate and would not give them a particle.

Miss Sue returned this evening from a visit to her Sisters.

I made Lelia furious to night! She cried awhile, but finding that it had no effect upon me, she commenced scolding, but seeing I still immovable, she concluded to go to bed, ~~which she~~.

Now Journal, as I want to fill up three more lines, I will say, I am going to bed too.

Monday, November 8th, 1875.

One more day has come and gone. One more day nearer Heaven. How many can say, they are prepared to go? Echo answers, "For one!" We are all standing out upon life's great plains, and looking back upon what has happened in days "Lang syne"; we are often reminded of the fact, that we are so ignorant about what is to fill up the record of the days, lying yet far in the future.

A day gone! gone, to fill up the ocean of years past! — gone, with its weight of joys and sorrows! — gone, and gone from us forever!

O, for an item! O, for an item! I might sing this forever, but alas! no item will make its appearance, for today has been horribly dull. Not one thing of any importance has taken place. I suppose I had better commence, as I generally do, and go through the regular old "routine."

Today has been one of cloudless sunshine, but it looks extremely stormy tonight. I would not be surprised if it did not rain before morning.

Laundry was exceedingly difficult.

The wanderers have all returned. Miss Sue came home yesterday, looking as fresh as a rose. Lizzie Wilmott and Miss Joe came a few moments ago, bringing with them Miss Anna Harp and Delia. Miss Joe has been assuming a great many "airs", since her return, and telling about the splendidly dressed people whom she met Sunday. "Aunt Lou's" arrival was hailed with delight by us. She had quite a time giving us each a kiss. "Last, but not least," Prof. St Clair returned from his hunting expedition, and we had a splendid treat of squirrels for breakfast this morning.

Mrs. Worthington returned home this morning, on the stage.

Misses Joe Catchings and Anna Harp went out to Mr. Goff's to spend the night. I think Miss Joe is getting to be quite a "run-about".

Mr. Patterson is reading "David Copperfield", and consequently, is in a very bad humor. But I cannot censure him very much; for a few moments ago I took a peep over his shoulder, and discovered he was reading a "hateful, old "Mundstone".

Tuesday, November 9th, 1875.

No commencement for today's journal; for I am not going to puzzle my poor, tired brain to think of one. Facts only will be included in this journal, — no "sprouts" of a budding intellect will appear.

I am going to record something, which is quite a ~~no~~ novelty, that is, for me. I received a letter this afternoon, or rather three letters in one envelope. Now, I think my receiving one is quite marvelous; for it has been "an age" since I wrote any.

Kate was taken quite sick at the dinner table, and was compelled to leave the room. Prof. St. Clair remarked, that it was a queer time to get sick, — that he was always well as long as any thing to eat was in sight.

The President reprimanded several of the girls at the table to-day at noon. I am most happy to inform you, Journal, I was not among the unlucky number.

The Algebra lesson was very difficult for to-day, and is still worse for tomorrow. I was so amused at Ida Bean. She informed Prof. St. Clair, that the lesson

was so difficult she could not possibly learn it. He very coolly replied, by letting her to remember those famous mottos of hers. But I remember mine, "Thy will be done". Ha! Ha!

Our Testament lesson was tolerably interesting this evening. Zelia was compelled to answer all of it by herself, and she did it very well, too. Thursday the lower portion of the class, will question the upper.

David Copperfield is still here, making it generally disagreeable for all around him, although he is considered such an exemplary character.

An old man came up to the Quest. this evening, with chestnuts and apples. We all gathered around his wagon, and had quite a chat with him.

Wednesday, November 15th, 1875.

I am going to try and get through with this very unpleasant as soon as possible; for I donot feel at all like writing.

When I awoke this morning was raining very hard, but by the time the sun made its appearance, it had stopped raining, and the day has been beautiful.

I regret to say, I fell into disgrace again in the Geometry class. We will have to give another "oyster supper", and send Prof. some thing nice to eat.

I received a letter from Lelah Hart this evening. It was very interesting; as her letters generally are.

Miss Sue is going to correct our Journals again Friday. I am in hopes I will get a good mark; for I am striving very hard for a good standing in Journal writing.

Thursday, November 11th, 1875.

One more task to perform, and then I will be through for Friday.

Sadie and Mary Cassidy came this morning to see Lucie. She returned this afternoon taking her (Lucie) with them. She will return Monday.

Brother Libb sent Gertrude Hopkins a nice box of eatables. I know she enjoyed it.

This morning in Geometry, Prof. St Clair sent me to the board to demonstrate a problem, but I only had

time to draw it. While we were waiting for the Algebra class to make their appearance, I was telling Lucie Cassidy about, and quoted,

"O, ever thus from child-hood's hour",- and Prof. St Clair hearing me, said in quite a laconic style, "The next time, I won't let your "fondest hopes decay'".

I received another letter this afternoon. It was from Mamie Sinclair. She speaks of spending her Christmas in Fleming County. I am so in hopes she will; for I want to see her so much.

Miss Sue is in the chapel tonight, correcting our Journals. Mine has been corrected, and I received "L". I cannot be a very good mark; for I had four mistakes; therefore, I didnot deserve a very good mark.

The President is going to have the choirs practice tomorrow morning; that is why he is correcting the Journals tonight.

Friday, November 12th, 1875.

An air of gloom has pervaded the whole house today, and nothing seems natural; for we are all generally so merry and light-hearted. Journal, I think I can tell you the cause of the darkened appearance of the day; the President came into the dining-room this morning, with a long face looking very much like we were going to have a thunder-storm. Of course, when Mr. Patterson's face does not look all right, we don't feel like we could be enjoying ourselves.

Mr. Patterson explained, in a very satisfactory manner, how he was marking us, - he showed us that he could not possibly make a mistake. He said that some of the girls had been talking too much, about him showing partiality. I told him one day that I thought him partial, but didn't dream it would give offence; nor do I suppose it did; for I don't think he was speaking of me, but I intend to be very careful, in the future, to avoid the subject.

The Choirs have been practicing all morning. Mr. Patterson has very laboriously, been trying to instill some music into our unpoetical souls. Our main Choir faithfully, but, I fear, didn't meet with any extraordinary success. I think Choir No. 2 is the best. I like Sallie Smith's voice very much.

Journal, I have rather an amusing coincidence happened this morning. Nannie Piper, Lizzie Bean and my self had quite a little romp over the Piper yesterday morning, and, unfortunately broke the handle. We all went down to Dunn and bought one w piece, and presented them this morning. We, I mean, knew nothing about what the others had done.

The Society convened, at the usual hour, this afternoon. I am not on duty, for next week. New officers were elected, — my little cousin, Ella Lever, is President, Lelia is to fill the highly responsible office of Vice Pres., and Annie Jane Lewis is Sec.

I recived a letter this evening. I have been quite fortunate this week. I have been the recipient of a "while-ringed messenger" every day, this week, except one. But then, as Miss Jay says. "It never rains, but what it pours".

Mr. Billie Patterson came a short while ago. I suppose he is on his way to Paris to make final arrangements for the removal of his family.

Lucy Talbot brought me such a nice dinner today. I enjoyed it "hugely".

Mrs. Tyrrel, and two daughters, came to see me this evening. She gave me some splendid cake.

Saturday, January 13th, 1875.

The school-girls day of rest has about passed, and we will soon have to resume our labors in the school room again.

I have not accomplished a thing worthy of writing in my Journal, today. I generally spend Saturday in taking my rest, and enjoying myself.

Today has been very disagreable. It has not rained enough to do any

good, but just enough to be disagreeable.. I do detest such days!

Mr. Patterson, Mr. Billie and Miss Sue went to Paris this morning. Miss Sue is not going to return tonight, but is going to remain, and visit some friends.

Two of Alice Jones' cousins,—Messrs Louis Woodford and Perry Browning, came to see her today. Zelia is well acquainted with both of them, but as she could not ~~enjoy even~~ "conjure" up, even a cousinship, she was compelled to remain up stairs, and take a peep at them as they left the yard.

I spent the greater portion of the fore-noon with Miss Joe. She gave me some assistance on a letter, which I wrote today.

Messrs Willie Bean ~~and~~ Alphonse Dettwiller and Prof. St Clair, went a hunting today, but, sad to relate, Prof. St Clair, left his game at Mrs. Bean's; so we will be ~~were~~ compelled to do without any squirrels for our breakfast in the morning.

Sunday, November 14th, 1875.

Days come and go, — busy years pass away, and, as the days glide quickly onward, our minds undergo certain changes, — our thoughts change, and yet we still bear our personal ~~existen~~ identity. All things are subjected to the relentless monarch, — Decay. In traveling along this way, faring road of life, we meet a few persons whom we love, — whom our very hearts go out to in sympathy and affection. But alas! these persons are few in number. The poet ~~said~~ exclaimed truly when he asked

"What is friendship, but a name?". The weak, vacillating minds, of poor, depraved man, cannot sustain the colossal pillars upon which friendship, — true friendship must be based.

Zelia and myself crimped our hair last night. This morning, donning our new lustres, and primping to our hearts content, we put on our hats for church. But the bell failed to sing, and we thought we would be compelled to stay at home, as President Pattesson was too much indisposed to venture forth, but "Aunt Lou"

took pity on us, and told us she would act as our escort. He went in on the ladies side today, and sat on the back seats.

Mr. Martin came to see Kate this morning, as he heard she was sick, but he went home before dinner. Hattie, Zelia and myself went into the reception room (this) to see him.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovell, who came yesterday to see Jessie, returned home this afternoon.

Miss Lee came home from Paris this evening. Mr. Bob Porter brought her.

Tonight Hattie and Kate went down for "Aunt Lee" to give them some thing to eat, but not finding her, they concluded to see if they could find any thing in the dining room, but, Mr. Patterson divining their motive, informed them, the bell had not rang. I never was as much amused in my life.

I have been in Miss Bertha Smith's room calling tonight. The young ladies are all very pleasant and agreable.

Monday, Nov. 15th.

Detestable Monday has about passed, and, I dont suppose, there is a girl contained within these ~~worlds~~ walls, ~~but what~~ that did not, utter~~ed~~ a fervent amen, as the ~~slow~~ slow and triumphal march of "Old Sol" ~~brought~~ carried him over the western hills.

Well, I have known all of my lessons very well today. Geometry was quite difficult, but, I think, I demonstrated my theorem correctly. I dont know thought for we are never certain about our marks.

I ~~didnot~~ did not receive a letter ~~today~~ to-day, and, I suppose, this will be my fate, all week, as I was exceedingly fortunate last week.

I walked over to the fence, and had a long talk with Lizzie Bean. She gave me an account of the ~~excentricities~~ eccentricities of one of her guests, whom she entertained a few days ago.

I have blotted this page until I am really ashamed of it. I wish I could cut it out, but that would make things worse than ever.

Bertha Smith ~~came~~ around to our room this morning, long before day, and

awakened us
woke us up. I felt very much inclined to turn over and take another nap, but, remembering the unlearned lessons which I had before me, I, with a mighty effort, shook off the drowsy god, and arose, and prepared my lessons by lamp light. I really don't know what I will do, when it gets too cold for me to get up before the fire is made. I expect I will almost freeze.

Tuesday, Nov. 16th, 1875.

Journal, I don't feel at all like writing a composition, so hoping you will excuse me, I will proceed without further parlamenarius, to state the facts of the day.

The mail came a few minutes ago, but I don't know whether I received a letter or not. Mr. Patterson received an invitation to some bodies wedding and made any "nice" faces over it. I wish I knew whose wedding it is. I would not be surprised if it was Lizzie Walton and Mr. Maupin. I suppose it is a "moral certainty" about their marrying.

I got through with Geometry

"all right" this morning. I always feel a great pleasure in recording this fact. Prof. St Clair became quite angry in the Algebra class. I was so frightened I contemplated ~~my~~ making my escape through the window, but, after a little consideration, I concluded to stand my ground. "I felt like saying, "Don't let your angry passions rise."

I neglected to relate in yesterday's journal, that Lucie Cassidy returned Monday morning. Brother Tibbs brought her. He came, as usual, ladened with "good ~~good~~ things" for Gertie Hoskins. I am going to try and court his favor; for I like to eat, ever so much.

Prof. St Clair did not come to the supper table tonight. I suppose he is trying to calm his spirits, and smooth his ruffled plumage, after today's conflict.

Miss Alice Talbott gave me a very cordial invitation to eat "Thanks-giving" dinner with her. Nothing ~~willing~~ give me more pleasure than to accept, if it is the Pres.'s ~~is~~ will.

Our Testament lesson was unusually interesting this afternoon. My portion of the class question the lower portion. The subject of

the lesson was Christ's Transfiguration. If I had the time I would write a Bible picture about it. Mr. Patterson is going to question us next Thursday. I expect he will be pretty severe, but I am going to try and recite a perfect lesson.

Lucie Cassiday and myself are trying to learn how to write a back-hand, but we, - or at least I, am meeting with very poor success.

Mr. Patterson is reading "Pickwick Papers". I am exceedingly glad, the book is full of more cheerful characters than "David Copperfield"; for it made him so morose and unsociable, that I felt like I was making a visit to the polar regions, when ever he made his appearance.

Clifford is trying to write a letter to Tommie. He wants some of the girls to copy it for him, but they all put him off with some excuse. I would do it myself, but I am really too busy.

Miss Joe received her new dress this evening. I think it is decidedly the prettiest dress, I have ever seen that Miss Sid Evans made.

Journal, dont you think Brother Gibbs had the audacity to say "sweet-sixteen" was the "green-apple" age of a girls existence! He must have said that to dampen Lucie's and my pleasant anticipations of what next month will bring.

Wednesday, November 17th, 1875.

Today has been beautiful. "Old Sol" seems to have been in an unusually good humor, and to have had an unbounded desire to repay for his former unsociable manner.

Prof. St Clair came very near making me break some of the good resolutions which I have formed made. Mr. Patterson is going to intro-cede in my behalf, and, I think, I will be the victorious one; for, as the President says, he (Pres.) "is the Legislator at this establishment.

Lizzie Bean says she has been pondering, for some time, upon a very serious topic. She has been trying to define the word "Love", and has come to the conclusion that the word can be better defined by the single word "Constancy" with any other. Lizzie must have been thinking deeply on the subject, to have defined it so accurately.

I am at a perfect loss to know what to write in my journal. The same monotonous events transpire, day after day, with out the slightest alteration. I will be really glad when we commence the study of Moral Philosophy; for, I know, we will always have something to write about them.

The President has just presented me with a new bottle. I am going to try, and

keep a neater journal here-after.

The President is in a splendid humor today, but I regret to say I felt a little "blue." Now, journal, I would not confess this to many, but knowing you to be a "true and tried" friend, I would devulge to you many things, which I would not entrust to a less worthy confidants.

Bertha Smith and Sallie Hoover commence writing the Paper today. I am confident their effort will be crowned with success; for they both have very superior minds.

I have just been engaged in a "pitch battle" with Em and Dulah, over the comforts. I am not able to state which of us ~~was~~ was victorious.

Nannie Piper's third finger is "indisposed", therefore, she is unable to write her journal. My finger used to get sore, right often, when I didn't have to write journals, but now, when a sore finger accessably would be hailed with delight, no such good luck happens.

Zelia was very much disappointed, when the mail arrived, and she did not receive a letter. I admit I also felt a slight pang, but I am used to disappointments, and have learned to bear them with fortitude. "Man is doomed to disappointment", — so says Mr. Haggard.

Thursday, Nov. 18th, 1875.

I commence writing todays journal, with a sigh of relief, for I will now be free, for a short time, from the irksome task of studying.

Messrs Ayres and McClintock arrived a few moments ago. They called for all the persons, who lived in Wittersburg or vicinity. I, not coming from said place, did not get to see the gentlemen, although I am acquainted with both of them.

I am going to tell you journal, some thing more about Prof. St Clair. Now I dont want you to imagine, for a moment, I am going to allow him to monopolize to much of your attention, nor must you think I am a going to let his name spoil the appearance of your fair pages. But I think I am deviating from my subject; therefore I will "begin at the beginning". Nannie Piper was demonstrating her theorem in Geometry this morning, and Prof. St Clair corrected her. Her face flushed, and her eyes filled, but she did not say any thing. After she had finished, Prof. informed the class, that tears had ceased to make any impression on him. The cruel monster! To think a womans tears, would not move him. He must, indeed, have sunk low in the scale of humanity.

Our Testament lesson was exceedingly for to-day. I was correct.

Friday, November 19th, 1875.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness, in which to hide my self from the light of day. I am actually so ashamed of my self that I don't know what to do. But knowing my friend Journal is not altogether devoid of that feminine weakness, which is known by the appellation of curiosity. I will explain the cause of the "out-burst" which is recorded above. My Journal was handed in for correction, as usual, this morning. The President announced in a sonorous voice that the journal, which we poor, unlucky school-girls had written on Monday, would, by the scrutiny of Miss Dues searching eyes, be subjected to a severe criticism, and then to be passed to his falcon look, and receive his "Probatum Est." My heart sank within me, when I heard this; for, although I had but a faint remembrance of what Mondays journal contained, I knew it was far from good. I wandered about like a "forsaken spirit" until now. Every time the clock struck, it seemed to my bewildered senses, like the funeral dirge, of all my fair hopes and etherial fancies. "All things must come to an end", so, at last, the morning wore away, and we were allowed to take, in our trembling hands, our Journals, but it was with great "quaking and shaking" that we turned to the fatal journal. My worst fears were confirmed, — my hopes shattered, — my "air-castles" destroyed, by stubborn facts; one of which is shocking to

stated my diary was only a page and a half in length, and more than this, it was covered with blots, and contained six mistakes. But to think of me, — a Senior, who, at the expiration of two months, will take my departure from these halls of "classic lore", never more to enter them as a student, would be guilty of making as many outrageous mistakes, as perfectly "awful", but I suppose this best thing I can do, is to promise to make all due amends in the future for past delinquencies, and take for my motto "Nil Desperandum".

This morning I informed some of the girls that I was confident I would have a letter this evening. Some of them asked me why I thought so, and I told them I dreamed it last night. They laughed at me considerably, but told them "dreams were funny", and to wait until this afternoon. Sure enough when the mail came, I received a letter from Sister. I was so glad to hear from her, as she had not written to me for some time. I judge, from the tone of her letter, that her health is generally improved; for her letter contained little else, than a description of her winters wardrobe.

"Aunt Lou" went to her sisters, Mrs. Everetts, this morning. I believe all of her sisters met there to-day. "Aunt Lou" will return in the

morning.

I suppose I will have the pleasure of greeting Mr. Ford and Miss Susie Fox to-morrow. Zelia will be greatly disappointed if they do not come, but I suppose they will "put in their appearance" at the appointed time. I hope Mrs. Ford will send me another jar of pickles.

Melia Kavanaugh received a letter from her Sister to-day, setting her to start home Monday. I think it is too bad! She is getting along so well in her studies, and is very much beloved by all of the girls and teachers. Her room-mates seem disconsolate, and go about looking as if their last friend had disappeared from their gaze. I think Melia seems to take the coming separation better than any of them. Surely the poet speaks correctly, when he says.

"'Tis a time for fond regrets,
When school-mates say the word good-bye."

The President has just informed Zelia he wants her to write an extraordinarily good journal to-night. She says she fears it will be a most outrageous failure. I think she puts too low an estimate upon her merits. Although I consider my self no connoisseur , yet I think she writes very good journals, and that is more than I can say for some of us poor unlucky girls.

The President gave us some very good advice

to-night. If we would all follow it, I have no doubt, but it would cast many shadows from our path-ways, and relieve our minds of many of its perplexing doubts.

I commenced writing a letter to Lula Fant, but did not get to finish it before the chapel bell rang; therefore I will be compelled to delay its completion until tomorrow. I always try, and am a little more careful, when writing to her than to the most of my correspondents; for, dear journal, she will graduate at Manodsburg next June.

Nannie Piper's face was bedewed with tears this morning, when she discovered her journal contained several mistakes. Poor girl! She shows her emotion, entirely too easily. Me thinks in future years, as she treads life's thorny paths, she will find far greater afflictions*, than a few trivial mistakes in a journal. But here I am, prophesying with the utmost gravity, like I, a mere school-girl, knew any thing about the trials of life. I think I had better desist writing upon subjects which are as yet, far in the future.

The Society was not very good this evening, although the Pres. and Sec. performed their part exceedingly well. I am to write a Pandy for next week.

Ida Bean and my self are going to try and write four pages on every journal this week.

* I hope if there is anything worse stored for her in the future, it would be far better that she were laid in the cold and silent grave, ere they present themselves. Anonymous.

Saturday, November 20th, 1875.

To-day has been gloomy, dark and disagreeable; consequently I have been more or less effected with the "blues". I have been taking a retrospect of some of the events which have connected themselves with my past life. I remember, with what joyous glee I trod childhoods brilliant path. All was sun-shine; not one grief checkered the bright sun-light of my existence. My mind dwells longingly and tenderly upon this period of my life, but, alas! how soon the clouds were shadowed all. The first great grief of my existence, now came upon me, in the shape of the dreaded monster, Death. He entered our happy circle, and carried from our little band one who, since infancy, had watched my every step, and supplied my every want. Since that fatal morning, I have never known a mother's care, or received a mother's blessing. None can for a moment, conceive the desolate feeling which fills the orphans heart, without they too have been bereaved of a loved one.

Crossing a chasm, in which the relics of a year lay buried, I will speak of the time when I first entered Patterson Institute. I came still clad in my mourning attire, but Time, had some what healed the wound, and filled the vacuum, which lay deep in my heart. For ten happy months I labored hard, trying to cast forth the dross of my untutored mind, and to retain that only which would result in my own happiness, and the happiness of those around me. When the June roses were casting forth their rich

pursuance, I sought my home. I think I added much to my store of knowledge, during the winter months; for all said they saw a great improvement in my mental state.

Again, when the autumnal wind was sighing through the gorgeously tinted branches, I came once more to drink of the classic fountain, whose pure waters flow with unceasing murmur. Eagerly and thirstily I am drinking cooling draughts, which gives me renewed vigor and strength. I came with high expectations and determinations, but alas! for human hopes. Many of my "castles" are now only a heap of mouldering ruins, and of some, can only be shown a heaps of ashes, treasured, with many other archives of the past, in memories urn. But a few of my bright visions I hope to realize. All can not be destroyed; a few rise above all blights, and still retain their bright hues and shapes.

I am living during my residence here to secure many friends, and few enemies, and, I think, I have partially succeeded.

I can not close this rambling retrospect without mentioning the kindness of my teachers, and trying to tell in my poor language, the high respect I feel for them. Another form comes before me. It is that of one of my dearest of earthly friends. One who always knows best how to bring light and sun-shine into the school-girls heart. One who takes, as far as possible, the place of the mother dead many of us have lost. May God bless

thee, and watch over thee "Aunt Lou", and when thy pilgrimage on earth draws to a close, may a crown of dazzling radiance press thy brow, is the prayer of many a school-girl.

Zelia was very much disappointed, because of the non-appearance of her father and cousin. I suppose they did not wish to venture forth during such inclement weather. I have tried to cheer Zelia with the hope, that perhaps they will come to morrow, but she will receive no consolation, and when I tell her "Every cloud has a silver lining", she looks angry enough to tear me to pieces.

Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Tucker and little Mary came to see Ella this morning. They left a few moments ago. Mrs. Tucker said she saw my — well, I mean, she saw her — Oh, Shaw! I can't express it correctly, therefore I will say nothing more about it.

Journal, I fear, Lucie Cassidy has caused me so much sorrow that my hair will turn white before its time. I don't think I shall ever say another good thing about her, as long as I live. I would confide in you, dear Journal, but am bound over to secrecy, but I will say this much, the President had better look into Lucie's correspondents.

Miss Dore has been reading one of

Bulwer's novels, called the Caxtons, to some of the girls. They all say they are delighted with the book, and Miss Dues style of reading it.

Miss Mary Barkley says it took her just twelve hours to write her Friday's journal. I know is must be splendidly composed and elegantly written. I think I will go down directly, and ask her to let me read it.

Maggie Lard came on the stage, this afternoon, looking just as handsome and pretty as ever. I believe Anna was expecting her.

I have not received but one letter this week. Now, journal, don't you think that is too bad! I am going to write three or four letters to-morrow; for my foot is so sore, I don't expect I can go to church.

"Aunt Lou" returned from her Sister's this evening. She says she enjoyed herself very much. Miss Annie is coming down in a day or two. I will be so glad to see her.

Miss Bettie Huffman sent Ida Bears new dress home to-day. I think it is beautiful. She is going to wear it to-morrow. So many of the girls have new dresses for to-morrow. I suppose it is a good thing I will be compelled to remain at home; for I have nothing new to wear.

Sunday, November 21st, 1875.

This beautiful Lords-day has about passed, with its glorious sun-shine and holy quiet. Sunday is a beneficent provision of the Divine Being for more reasons than one. First, it is the day of all the days of the week, around which cluster associations that are fraught with the profoundest interest to the dependent family-man. I was upon this day, Christ bursting the bars of death, came from the grave, - a conquer over the power of darkness, and standing upon the margin of the tomb could proudly and defiantly say, "O grave where is thy victory"! Thus, as the first fruits of the grave, he robbed death of its terror, by throwing light, - the great light of the resurrection into the cold, damp, dark dominion of Death. Second, it is on this day that we are commanded to gather around the table, and commemorate the death of Christ, and his patient sufferings on Mount Calvery. Third, it is a day of rest, both mentally and physically. This is wise; for by the time the week draws to a close, both our bodies and minds have become exhausted, and we sigh for a respite from the cares and the vexations which the week is always sure to bring forth.

But enough of this, if I continue much longer, I will be sure to get beyond my depth.

I did not attend church to-day, as I was unable to wear my shoe. Celia says she had a splendid time. Old Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Patterson had quite a chat about the young ladies occupying their usual seats. Some of the old men say they would help to pay the preacher, if we sit in the "amen" pews. To-day Mrs. Patterson walked the aisle, as he said, as near out of doors as he could get them; that is, they occupied the seats which are usually assigned to the "darkeys". The President sat with them, and did not take any part in the singing. I would not be surprised if the old gentleman were not glad to come to terms before long; for I believe Old Mrs. Jones vice is not considered the best in the world, and he and a few other "old brethren" compose the main portion of the choir at present.

Celia said almost all of the young ladies of the great "city" and vicinity, looked unsurpassingly lovely in their new winter costumes. I believe all agreed in saying Miss Fannie Thomas was the handsomest dressed lady in the congregation. I also heard that Fannie and Emma Bell were looking unusually pretty. I suppose Virginia Bacon "drove forth" in all of the glory of her new cashmere. I hear it is perfectly beautiful. I would like to see it as much.

Journal, I think I had better stop discoursing upon the subject of dress, or else you will be compelled to

consider me some "village gossip", or think I am a devoted admirer of Miss Flora McFlimsy's.

Miss Lura Allison made me a call while the girls were at church. If I am not mistaken, she had the "blues" a little. Mr. Dowell is going to eat Thanksgiving-dinner at her house, and she will not be there to entertain him. Journal, don't you feel sorry for her? I do. I can assure you.

Maggie Lard went home with Miss Kate Redmon to see Frankie Hamilton to-day. Frankie was not at church. I do not know why. I hope she is not sick.

I called on the inmates of No. 18 this evening. Of course, being in such pleasant company, I enjoyed my self very much. Kate Barkley and my self gave the list of "delicias" with which our tables are always spread. Journal, I dont know whether you would have considered it very tempting or not.

Every girl in my room has the "blues" to-night, but Gertie Hoskins has just asked for permission to sleep with Hattie, and I expect, she will soon scare away any of the little "blue imps" which may be lurking around; for she is "brim full" of mischief and fun.

I wrote to Lula Faut this evening, but have not written to Sister yet. I must "drap her a line" before

I retire; for I have not written to her for so long. I fear she will think I have forgotten her.

Ida Bean received a very mysterious bottle of medicine this morning. Some gentleman handed it to Mr. Patterson for her, but did not say who sent it. Ida says it looks like a preparation of tar and arsenic. She also hinted she had an idea that Clay wanted to get rid of her, and thought he would do it by this means, but she says he is not as wise as she gives him the credit of being, if he thinks, for a moment, she has no more sense than to be taking every thing that is sent to her by strange people.

Melia Kavanaugh came around to our room to-night to tell us good-bye, as she starts for home in the morning. I regret to see her go, so much. She asked us all for some small token of remembrance, and we, of course, could do nothing else than comply with her request. Zelia gave her a little gold cross, and I, having nothing better, gave her a breast-pin.

Lizzie Bean has not been over to the Institute this evening. This is something rather unusual; for she generally spends a portion of the afternoon here, but I suppose Mr. Hart is engrossing all of her time at present.

Monday, November 22nd, 1875.

O, Monday! Thou art the most dreaded of all days of the week! Time, — relentless old Time, brings thee, with all of thy terrors, to us once more. Thou comest not, to heal my heart, wounded by the various and many cares to which school-girls are always subjected, but thou comest to rend anew those wounds, and to carry away with "the what little balm thy sister Saturday did, with mercy and compassion bestow. It is with a gleeful spirit, I witness thy death struggles, and with joy will I welcome the morrow.

To-day has seemed more like spring than autumn.*

Journal, I fear I did not demonstrate my theorem in Geometry very well this morning. I am sure I did not come so near a failure, because I did not study my lesson; for I arose some time before dawn, and devoted all of the morning, until the class recited, to that one study. I dislike very much to confess I am so dull, but, you know, Journal, my "lump for Mathematics" is not very well developed. I am trying very hard to cultivate a love for those branches of Mathematics which I do not like, but I find it rather a difficult task.

Miss Joe contemplates making a visit to Paris to-morrow. "Aunt Lou" is going ... going to

*A grand mistake.

Lexington, and Miss Lyon is going to accompany her as far as Paris.

Miss Kavanaugh started home this morning. We all regretted so much to see her go; for she had many friends and few enemies. I really feel sorry for her room mates; they look perfectly disconsolate. They all seemed to be very much endeared to her. I suppose Miss will never return as a student, as her health is in such a precarious condition.

The President opened all the letters which came in the mail this afternoon. He made some very "wry" faces over some of them. You may judge what inference I drew from this. After he had examined the letters to his hearts content, he gave them the girls.

Some new music came this afternoon, and, of course, Mrs. Patterson has been very much engrossed in it. She, Miss Bue, and Miss Laura are in the chapel now making so much noise, that it is perfectly impossible for me to write or study. I am of the firm belief that they will sing until midnight, if some one do not remind them of the fact that we all will want to get up in the morning.

Ada Sears is working her a beautiful motto, "The Old Oaken Bucket". It is decidedly the prettiest one I have ever seen. I am going to knit her little sister a pair of wristlets to-morrow.

Miss Lara received a beautiful hat from home this evening. It is brown felt, trimmed with a shade darker, and plumes.

Lelia says she heard some thing perfectly "awful" to-night, but promised "not to breathe it to a living soul". Now Journal, I don't believe she heard a thing, or she would tell me what it is; for I think it would almost kill her to keep a secret from me.

Journal, it is perfectly useless for me to attempt to keep a ~~neat journal~~ you neat, when there is ~~always~~ always some thing or somebody to interfere. One of the girls was so very kind (?), a few moments ago, as to add, as she thought, to the neatness and purity of this page, but I informed her, in quite a laconic style, that I thought just the opposite. I should think one would find enough to do in writing her own journals, without offering ~~their~~ her unwelcome assistance to persons who do not wish it.

I know the President, if he should happen to correct this journal, would not write his "Probatum Est" in very bold characters upon it; that is, if he was awarding us credit for neatness, but I want it understood that I did not soil it.

Prof. St. Clair was in a splendid humor this morning. His lips lost a portion of that sarcastic smile, and his face relaxed into a somewhat

natural position. I declare it was quite refreshing to see him look more like a human, and not so much like a "grinning monkey". (A very improper speech!) S.B.

Maggie Lard came in from Mr. Redmans, but did not tarry long. She went home with Miss Dallie Jones. I think Maggie is looking better at present, than I ever saw her, but I always have considered her pretty.

Mr. Patterson marked several of the girls zero for being out in the hall, in their bare feet, after the bell rung. He said they ~~all~~ were all dressed alike, and he could not tell one from the other. He also remarked that some of the girls could out-run rats.

I went down, and made "Aunt Lou" a call to-night. I know that my love for her, exceeds that of* any girl in school.

I have been trying, for two or three nights, to get a lamp chimney, but have not succeeded yet. I [illegible] hope I can procure one by to-morrow.

Bertha Smith and myself have agreed to correct each others journals, this week. I [illegible] hope mine will contain no mistakes, when the fatal Friday makes its appearance.

* you know, you love me better.

Sunday, Nov. 23rd, 1875.

So rainy, — so dark, — so disagreeable. It is just the kind of a day to make one feel gloomy and depressed, and the time for poor schol. girls to suffer most dreadfully with "mal". I imagine the grounds, trees and things in general looked about like they do now, when Noah and his little band came out of the ark. Poor Ham! Journal, you know "darkies" are always cold, and are ever trying to find a warm, dry place, where they can bask in the rays of the sun. But perhaps you are not aware why I am extending more pity to Ham than his brothers, so I will tell you. His skin was black, and I judge from this he was a regular "darkey", and I would not be surprised if he did not have a "kinky" head, and a set of "grinning ivories". Now Journal I expect you think I have not much respect for this African ancestor, and I will confess to you I am satisfied in watching this present generation. I know if Noahs sons had now, could but witness the proceedings of the present day, he would not acknowledge his descendants, if he could possibly help it.

Willie Shropshire and I had such a nice little "chat" with the President to-day at noon. He told us that the institution known as "Iron Masons

was kept in readiness always to purchase the building of Solomons Temple. He said they reason why women were not allowed to join the Lodge was because they were in the shovels, picks, axes and other implements of labor, which women could not handle with very much facility. I once saw a very suspicious looking bottle in the Temple at Mt. Sterling, but he firmly denied their being any in it stronger than water.

Mr. Patterson opened all the letters again this evening, but I regret to say, I was not as fortunate as to receive one for him to open. I think some body might take pity on me, and write me a letter. I don't care who, nor what it is, just as it comes through the mail.

Our Sabbath lesson was exceedingly interesting this afternoon. It was the 19th chapter of Matthew. It spoke of the only things for which men could be divorced from their wives and marry again. I never was as much surprised in my life, as I was when the President announced that he thought there were a good many causes for which persons could be divorced from their husbands or wives and try and get a better. He illustrated what he had said by the following historical narative:- The ancient philosopher, Socrates, married a woman who was (it was Mrs.

Pattersons expression) a perfect "terrapin". One day when she was venting her anger upon Socrates, he, being tired of listening to her, went out of the house and sat down under the window. She became so incensed over his composure, that she emptied a bucket of water upon him from the window above. He calmly looked up and said, "After so much thunder, we might expect a shower." The Pres. said he would not live with such a woman as the one I have [illegible] mentioned above. I could not censure a man, for a moment for leaving such a wife, - if wife she could be called, but I think, never, as long as God controlls the universe, will that man enjoy the bliss of Heaven. I do not see how a man, who has violated the oaths made at the marraige altar, can for a moment hope to enter the Eternal Courts of Heaven, and I think it is equally impossible for one who marries a second time, while his first wife is still living. I think no extenuation can be pleaded for him. It makes no difference how good a man he may otherwise be, he has, in my eyes committed an unpardonable sin.

Journal, perhaps I am a little too rigid in my views and opinions, but, for the life of me, I can't help it.

Journal. I was frightened most "awfully" in the Geometry class this morning. Prof. St Clair has been giving us three theorems for some time, and he thought, of course, he would do the same to-day, but the last of the three theorems was the "Fool's Gallows". We begged him for some time, to give us only two, and he, after considerable hesitation, consented. I am confident I will hang by my poor, unlucky neck upon that "dreadful gallows". If I do, I think I will exclaim sure enough, "Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness, in which to hide my self from the light of day".

Lizzie Bean informed me this afternoon, that Emma and Nannie Scott started for Georgetown to-day, to visit some relatives, who reside there. Every time I hear Scott County or Georgetown mentioned, it brings many recollections to my mind, of the "hard old times" I used to have at "Warrendale". I dont believe I will ever forget the night Jennie Cooper and my self went into the garden and stole some onions. It was as dark as Erebus, - not a star was visible, and we were scared almost to death. I also remember one afternoon, when one of the girls and my self were "hooking" some

turnips, and Mrs. Farrar caught us. When he asked us we should not eat them, "I thought in my soul I would die".

Miss Joe was as much disappointed to-day because she did not get to go to Paris. I declare, Journal, she was as cross as a "polar bear". When she came down to the breakfast table, I sought to calm her troubled spirit by quoting a few old maxims, such as "Every cloud has silver lining" and "Disappointments are often blessings in disguise", but it did not have the desired effect; for she looked at me like a chicken with its feathers smoothed the wrong way. I finished my meal in silence and meditation.

Prof. McClair became very much vexed with some of the girls in the Arithmetic class, this morning. He told them if they did not solve all their examples, he would bring them over to the President. Kate Barkley said she intended taking his arm.

I think I have written an exceedingly long journal to-night. Last Friday I resolved to write four pages every day, and I think, I have succeeded, pretty well so far. I have tried very hard indeed, and if I do not get a good mark, I will be very much discouraged.

Wednesday. November 24th. 1875.

Another day has been numbered with those that were. With the going down of the sun, the solemn conviction that the orb of day has subtracted another twenty-four hours from the short period that we call human life. On we go. Days multiply into weeks, - weeks into months, and months into years, and before we are prepared to live, the momentous question comes, are we prepared to die? The young may die, - the old must. The time for our making ready to leave lives of usefulness is short, and the dictates of a sound philosophy would therefore say, "In getting ready to live, we should get ready to die".

The day has gone, and with its going many have looked upon the light of the sun for the last time. How many have had their brightest hopes shattered, as turning from the new made grave, they have found an aching void in their hearts the world can never fill. But thanks to Him, who doeth all things well, the world is after all, not all sorrow. There are bright spots that lie along our pathway, and they gleam upon our enraptured senses with a beauty tenfold brighter, and produce a thrill of joy tenfold more intense, from their contrast with the gloomy wash through which we sometimes pass.

We have all been anticipating, with great pleasure, the holiday which to-morrow will bring forth. I only wish they came oftener.

I expect to sleep with Lucie Cassidy to-night, as Miss Joe has at last succeeded in going to Paris. She and "Aunt Lou" started early this morning.

Journal, I regret very much to tell you that I received a mark in "house-keeping" this morning. We had left some dishes in the ward-robe, and Em took them out and left them on the table. Mr. Patterson came around to look at the rooms, and seeing them, marked us. I suppose the mark was just, but I dislike very much to receive it, for such a trivial offense.

I walked over to the fence with Lizzie Bean and she told me the biggest kind of a secret. I like Lizzie so much. She said she was going to send me my supper to-morrow night, and I [illegible] hope she will not forget her promise.

Mr. Patterson opened the greater portion of the letters again to-day. I heard that some of the girls had been getting into mischief, and the President was trying to discover the guilty party. Thank goodness! I am above suspicion. I received a letter, but the seal was unbroken. I was considerably amused this evening, when the President was inspecting the mail. He asked Kate Barkley

who "Hodge" was, — she replied that he was her cousin. The President looked as if he thought there were too many cousins around, but he did not say any thing.

Miss Dee is reading "The Caxlows" to the girls yet. I am in hope they will soon finish it; for they are so absorbed, they can not speak to a person.

The President corrected Ida Bean's journal to-night, and she had several mistakes. I will be sure and have a good cry, if my journal does not come up to my expectation, for never since I commenced writing journals, have I put forth as much effort as I have this week.

I have not written to Sister this week. I have fully intended writing every day, but have been too busy. But I suppose as to-morrow is Thanksgiving. Day I will find the long sought for opportunity.

Journal, I have a most astonishing revelation to make to you. We actually, honestly and truly have a new lamp-chimney. Now, Journal, don't you consider this worthy of note? I do, at any rate; for we have been in complete darkness, every night for a

week.

I do not feel at all like writing to-night, but my journal is something that can not be neglected. I some times wish I only had to write when "the spirit moved me", but when I meditate for a moment on the subject, I see the wisdom in my present course; therefore I am compelled to bow my head in silent submission to the Presidents will and word.

Our Geometry lesson was exceedingly difficult this morning. Prof. St Clair made us all demonstrate the same theorem. There were two or three lines that I did not know very well, so I just "skipped" over it and went on with the next proof. When it came Zelia's turn to take the board, Prof. told her to immortalize herself.

The Arithmetic class did not have to come over to the chapel this morning. I do not know whether it was because they knew their lessons or whether Prof. St Clair was in a better humor.

Thursday, November 25th. 1875.

Thanksgiving Day.

To thee One who rules over Heaven and earth, - whose abode is surrounded by fast flying meteors, and revolving planets, - who dwells in the new and glorified Jerusalem, I, in humble and submissive adoration lift my voice.

I thank thee for thy manifold blessings; for the many comforts which you, in your beneficence, have bestowed, with an almost prodigal hand. I thank thee that my mental faculties have not been destroyed by disease or other lives. I thank thee for thy bountiful bestowal of health, strength and happiness. I thank thee for our National Blessings, - that thou has caused Peace, with her healing touch, and balmy breath, to spread her quiet wings over our Country, and if it be pleasing in your unbounded and gracious wisdom, I pray thee bring forth from its dormant condition the new fair earth, and cause her sons to once more proudly lift their heads, and shake from their necks the Africans Tyrannical Tread. Accept my thanks, for all that I, in my sinfulness and weakness have forgotten, and when you see fit to call me hence, I pray thee take me to thy home, and allow me to enter thy presence, as a humble applicant for thy mercy and grace.

I pray thee not to cast me from thee, but to allow me to abide with thee in one blissful state of endless eternity.

I can not conclude my thanks without offering some slight testimonial of my respect and good-will to Mr. Patterson. I must thank him for the holiday, which he has given us, and not only for the kindness which he has extended to me to-day, but for the unwavering and unlimited goodness which has marked his whole course during my residence under his roof.

To "Aunt Lou" I offer not only thanks, but an undying and lasting love, and it is a prayer, that wells up, with the purest emotions of my heart, that she does in some measure reciprocates it. Her name will, in future years, be treasured as something most sacred and holy, and I consider this the best offering that I can carry to that altar which bears the name, emblasoned in living letters upon it, of "True and Lasting Friendship."

Well, Journal, the long expected Thanks-giving Day has arrived, and about passed, and I am compelled to acknowledge I am slightly disappointed. I was expecting a most delicious rest, but I am compelled to confess, I have

spent a day of more severe toil, than if I had been in the school-room. But I console my self with the thought that this state of affairs will not last forever; for next June will witness my release from text-books, and I would not be atall surprised if, when I went home Christmas, I did not remain there. I know Sister would be more than glad for me to remain with her, and brother John is perfectly willing for me to act as I please about it. Journal, I dont want you to think I am murmuring, or writing in a complaining mode; for I am not, - I am dissatisfied with no one, but my self. But this is not the kind of a journal to write on Thanksgiving. I will try and do a little better in the future.

We had a splendid ~~supper~~ dinner to day. The greatest abundance of "good things", - the most prominent of which was some splendid oysters. I enjoyed them so much.

"Aunt Lou" returned from Lexington to-day.

Bertha Smith has been in my room, almost all evening, looking over my journals. I have tried very had on them this week, and if I do not receive a good mark, I will feel greatly disappointed, and very much discouraged.

Friday, November 26th, 1875.

Journal, Journal, little do you know the trouble you have caused me. I am perfectly disheartened this morning and you, - yes, you Journals are the cause of it. I never tried as hard on my Journals in my life as I did this week, and I think, I can say with veracity, I never made a more ignominious failure. I have almost resolved to say, I never expect to try again, and I do not intend to reverse this sentiment until I feel more different from what I do now. I know if the Press reader this he will not give me an approving smile, but after so many mishaps, one could not expect me to be otherwise than sad.

I forgot to mention in yesterdays Journal that Lizzie Bacon sent me over a splendid Thanksgiving supper. This is not the first time she has exhibited her kindness in this manner, and, in as much as I neglected to thank her yesterday, I will do so now with manifold gratefulness. I hope this will make up for my seeming neglect.

I assisted some of the girls to correct the Juniors Journal. Sallie Flower and my self worked together. Mr. Patterson told the Senior class this morning that Miss Lee would correct their Journals here after.

Mary Walden went to Paris this morning, to meet her ma and pa who are visiting there. Happy girl! I know she is enjoying her self now, and here I sit trying to tell you, - my detested old journal, something that has happened to-day.

Mr. Patterson has been practicing the choirs almost all day. He gave me a song to learn, the name of it is "Oft In Dreams A Sweet Voice Calls Me." I think it is very pretty, but, I fear, I can not do it justice.

We commence having two meals to-day. By so doing, we get out of school a great deal sooner. I like the arrangement very much.

Mr. Patterson read to a portion of the Senior class, this evening, from Paridise Lost. I have often tried to read the book by my self, but, it is with regrets that I say, I have always failed, but I liked the manner in which the President read it very much, and liked it a great deal better than I did at first.

The Society did not convene this afternoon, as it usually does.

Miss Mary Barkley intended going out to see Mrs. Clay, but, from some unknown cause, she was disappointed.

Saturday, November 27th, 1875.

I have been quite busy to-day, but have not succeeded in accomplishing much. I sent to Town by Tom, this morning, and purchased me some zephyr. As soon as it arrived, I commenced crocheting some wristlets, and now it is almost bed-time, and I have not quite finished one of them. Journal, you may consider me rather indolent from what I have said; but indeed, it is no such thing. I a mere "beginner" in that line, and that accounts for my slowness.

I was down in Willie Shropshire's room this morning, and Mr. Patterson came for me and took me down in his room, and had a talk with me. I felt highly honored, by the confidence which he imposed in me. I think the President is the very personification of prudence and kindness.

My writing back-hand has "played out", and I will now commence writing the same old, hand. I expect it is the better after all.

Mr. Patterson and Miss Mary Barkley went to Mt. Sterling to-day. They will return to-morrow morning. The President told "Aunt Lou" to take the girls to church in the morning.

Miss Sue, Kate and Hattie went to

Miss Bettie Rogers
Sharpsburg
Bath Co. Ky.

Carrie McClure.

Why do you think back handed writing played out.

Mr. Willie Norris

Fannie Benthol. "Dinna Forget"

Carrie McClure
Flemingsburg
Carrie McClure. Fleming Co.
Carrie McClure Ky.

Miss Carrie McClure

Woman's Rights

Woman's Rights — by Carrie McClure

Carrie

...mber an unsophisticated little "imp"

Sallie B. Smith.

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Fleming Co.
Ky.

Carrie McClure. Fleming Co.
Carrie McClure Ky.

Miss Carrie McClure

Woman's Rights

Woman's Rights — by Carrie McClure

Miss Carrie

1 9 Miss Lou E. Benthol
North M. Bowie

Miss

"Remember" Annie Yarr.
With golden hair

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Miss Carrie please remember your little Indiana friend."
Lura Allison

Please forget me Carrie, wont you? With pleasure
Lizzie Bean.

Remember me when this you see,
And think how bad I used to be.
Linda Allen.

Think of the handsome, wealthy, and accomplished" Lucie Cassidy.

Nov. 16th. 1875

"Dinna Forget"

Annie VanDeren.

"Remember how you talked about Tom, and how jealous was of Linda Allen."

Belle Summers.

After think of me who loves you and never will forget you.

Fannie "H." Brown

Nov. 10th 1875.

"Remember our unsophisticated little "imp"

Sallie B. Smith.

"Love is something so divine,
Description can but make it less,
For what I know, but can't define,
For what I feel"- for you- "but can't express."

Yours,

Harry Walden.

"Remember me and bear in mind,
A rabbit's tail turns up behind."

"Dills".

Miss Bettie Rogers

Remember your Nicholasville

friend.

Sallie B. Hower.

~~Miss Carrie I hope your~~
Miss Carrie, I hope your
Start for the Valedictory, I will
be crowned with success.

Katie Barkley.

"When you are gently sailing
O'er memories placid sea,
Should it be too great a task,
If I should ask, Remember me".

Williams Shropshire

Aug. 16th 1875

Mr Robt Moffat
Cincinnati
29 College St.

Miss Carrie McClure
Flemingsburg

Miss Lelia Ford
Winchester
Ky

Miss Hannie

Miss Sadie Benthell

1

Sick

Monday. Mar 25th 1876.

Again I find before me a new Journal with pure white leaves, which have to be filled with events that occur during my school life. This has been a very disagreable day in deed, It has been snowing all day. This morning the snow was 6½ ins, I guess it is six by now; I did not go to ~~church~~ school to-day. I was sick. Pa went to the Post-office this evening, and got the mail. We have had no company to-day. Grandma is some better ~~to-day~~. ~~This morning~~. Lou made some candy this evening. It was very good.

Tuesday. Mar 28th "

"Mother earth" is still wrapped in her soft fleecy mantle of spotless white, and how fare ever so lovely that old sol, is casting upon her his most radiant smiles. Mrs. Anderson was here a little while this morning. Addie Thomas ~~was~~ stopped at the gate this morning, as she was going to school,

April 7th 1875.

Wednesday.

"What cannot be cured must be endured" so I suppose I will have to try and write a few lines in my journal. This has been a very pleasant day indeed. I went to school to day. I went to the post office this evening but did not get any mail for myself as usual. I wrote a Parody to day on Anna May Davis and Elec Loyde. I stayed all night with Nannie Brown last night. I had a splendid time. Lizzie Dobyns was down there. Mr Patterson heard Bible this morning it was very interesting. I went down to Lizzie Dobyns this evening but did not stay but a very short time. Nannie Brown did not come to school to day. I went over to Mr Pattersons this evening after school to see Fronia Hunt. Aunt Bettie and Fannie went down to Mrs Massies this evening. I took a walk this evening with Flora Shuh. Lizzie Dobyns was at our house this morning. Corrie went down to Flora Shuh

evening. Allie Scholer was at our house this morning.

April. 8 Tu. 1875.

Thursday.

I have again taken my accustomed seat, for the purpose of writing down the passing events of the day. This has been a beautiful day. The sun has been shining so brightly. I did not go to school this evening. Mrs Hardigan was here this morning. she came to call on Aunt Bettie. I went to the post office this evening. I want to go home with Jamie Love to morrow evening but I have such a cold I do not know whether I will go or not. Nothing new nor marvelous has occured, that I should be so ready to write, but diaries must be written whether any thing new has occured or not. All of us will like to look over them in years to come, and see what happened in the days of long ago, so we all ought to try to write them well and write every thing that occurs so we will know what happened when we were school girls. You must excuse bad writing, as my pen is

so bad I can hardly write to save my neck. I went to town to Anna Mary Davis yesterday evening.

April 9th 1875.

Friday.

Here I sit all alone trying to think of something to write but alas! I can think of nothing worth writing down. When I arose this morning it looked very much like rain. But it then cleared off and has been a pretty day. Well journal what do you think. I got forty five this week in my diary. the first time I have ever written in it. We did not have society this evening Miss Lee has been reviewing us in Arithmetic. Nannie Lowe came after me this evening a long time before our school was out. I will have to stop writing and get ready to go home with her.

(At Mr Lowes.) (40. (by Ida Dodgens) April. 10th 1875.

Saturday.

This has indeed been a beautiful day. I have had such a gay time today. Nannie and myself had a candy pulling this evening. We had so much fun. We would pull a little while and then we would

a bite until we eat nearly all of it up. Mrs Love went to town this morning. To have her teeth fixed and the doctor gave her so much whiskey and she was just crazy for a while. And Mr Love went to town and then came back and told us to get ready as soon as we could and go to town. and he would not tell us how bad she was until we got there. ~~And~~ Nannie Love stayed all night with me. I must close as it is getting so dark. I can not see the lines. Sept. 11th 1876

Sunday evening.

This beautiful evening finds me seated at home for the purpose of writing my journal. I did not go to Church today Cornie is the only one that went from our house. I went down to Mrs Harrises this morning with Nannie Love. She stayed all night with me last night I tell you what we had a nice time. Mrs Odum was here this evening but did not stay long. Aunt Bettie and Sudie went down to Mrs Harris yesterday evening. I did not go to Sunday school this morning. Well I will have to stop writing

and learn my lesons for tomorrow. Sept. 12th 18[illegible]

Monday

The Winter King has again made his apearance and it runs as if he had drawn up the reigns tight to. This has been a very pretty day but rather cold. It sprinkled a little while this evening but did not rain to do any harm. I went to school today and am sorry to say I did not know all of my lesons perfectly. Mr. Patterson heard Philosophy This evening I missed one. I went to the post office this evening and got a letter for Aunt Bettie. I can hardly write my pen is so bad I know I will get zero this week. I think there is a great deal of difference between forty five and zero. Nannie + Georgia Hoover two are going to stay all night at our house to night. I have tried so hard but my pen and ink is so bad I can not make my journal look like any thing. I went down to Nancy Mary Davises this evening but did not stay long. I went

ger to Mr Patterens this evening. Sept. 13th 1875.

Tuesday.

Day after day comes, and weeks passes away to return no more. It arrived a little while this morning. I went to school to day and recited all of my lessons purfectly. Mr Patterson heard Physiology this morning. He gave us two chapters to get and all of the girls was studing their Philosophy lesson and he would not hear both chapters because the girls thinc they did not prepare the lesson and told us to get the other lesson for to morrow. Anna May Davis was at our house this morning but did not stay. I went to the post office this evening but did not get any mail for myself. I went down to Mr Adens this evening and she gave me my cup full of huckleberrys. They were so nice. You must excuse my diary this week as I have so many hard lessons to get + my pen is so bad. I will try to write a little one next time. I will close.

Apr. 14th 1876.

Wednesday evening.

This eve has nearly
depard behind the western hills for the close
of another day, with all its joys and pleasures
that with sorrow and pain are blended. They are
now all numbered with the things that are passed
and gone. Oh! how many of the countless millions
of human beings that move on the face
of the earth, are today bowed down, with heavy hearts,
that are oppressed with trials, errors, and pain. How
how thankful ought we to be to God who
made us, that we have passed through this
glorious day of sunshine without one shadow
to mar its brightness. This has been a very
dreary day. It rained a little while this eve-
ning. I had so much fun today at dinner
time playing Town Ball. I went down to
old Mrs Simbles this evening but did not
stay long. I recited all my lessons perfectly
today. but I have a great many hard
lessons to get for tomorrow and I think
I had better stop writing and get my

per to Mr Patterens this evening. Apr. 13th 1875.

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of human beings that move on the face
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that are oppressed with trials, sorrows, and pains. How
how thankful ought we to be to God who
made us, that we have passed through this
glorious day of sunshine without one shadow
to mar its brightness. This has been a very
stormy day. It rained a little while this eve-
ning. I had so much fun today at dinner
time playing Town Ball. I went down to
old Mrs Grimbles this evening but did not
stay long. I recited all my lessons perfectly
today. but I have a great many hard
lessons to get for tomorrow and I think
I had better stop writing and get my

lessons. N. M. Town Ky.

Thursday. Apr. 15th 1875.

Well is it possible that this is Thursday and tomorrow Mr Patterson is going to correct diaries. I know I will not get as much as I did last week. I went to school today and recited all my lessons perfectly. Cornie is going home with Bettie Rogers tomorrow. Alla Schooler and myself went down in town this evening after school. I went over to Mr Pattersons this evening after school. I had so much fun. but I lost Cornies gum ball and I know she will be mad when I tell her but I could not help it. Miss Nannie Latella was at our house today. she came to get Aunt Bettie to make her dress. I hope I will get forty five this week.

Apr. 16th 1875

Friday.

This has been a very cold day indeed. It seems like winter is coming back instead

of summer. I went to school to day. Miss Lue went home this morning. We had society this evening for the last time I expect. Hannie Wilson did not come to school to day. Lonnie went home with Bettie Rogers this evening. Aunt Bettie said once she ~~should~~ would not go because it was so cold but she at last let her go.

Apr. 17th 1875.

Saturday.

This has been a very gloomy day indeed. It has been snowing off and on all day. I went to the post office this evening and got a letter for Pa. I went down to send May Davis this evening but was out on business and therefore did not stay long. I believe we have had no visitors to day as it has been so cold. I went down to Mrs Adams this evening but did not stay long. We will not have any meeting to night as it is so cold and Mr Ford said he did not feel like speaking. I must close as it getting late.

please excuse this as my pen is bad. from you.

12

Apr. 18th 1875.

Sunday.

This has been a very pretty day but it is still cold enough to freeze snakes. I did not go to Church today nor Sunday school either. I have been so lonesome all day. No one has been here today but Eddie Allen. There is no news in town every thing is as dry as a chip. I will have to look over my lessons for to morrow and the sun has gone down and not one lesson have I looked at. So I will have to stop writing.

(I could not write my pen bled.) Apr. 19th 1875.

Monday.

This has been a very pretty day. I went to school to day and recited all of my lessons perfectly. Mr. Patterson heard Bible This morning. It was very interesting. It was about Noah and his Three sons and their wives were the only people that were saved. and the are rested on mount Ararat. We also learned that Noah had Three

through this glorious day of sunshine without one shadow to mar its brightness. This has been a very pretty day. I went to school to-day, but did not recite any lessons. I went to church last night. Annie Lard joined. I was surprised when I saw her go up. I never dreamed of her. Bettie has forsaken me she has gone over to Lizzie Browns seat. I think I shall have to go over, and shew her the way back, as she has forgotten the way. Prof. St. Clair sent for our Arithmetic class this morning some of us missed and some did not, but we had not prepared the lesson. He also gave us a lesson it commences at Common Fractions, and goes down to the fourth proposition very short and hard. He is going to hear it to-morrow. Kate Montague got a caterpillar down her back, and Prof. Patterson was out of the room at the time and I said out loud, that Kate had a cat a pillar down her back and Miss Mary Barkley said, "I wish you would brush and sit down" and "I said, "yes marm" and sit down. I hope she will excuse me as I did not know

Prof. gave her the chair but I should not have spoke out but it was before I thought. Maybe I will go to the baptising this afternoon if I can get any way to go. I don't expect I will go to church to night as I have to stay at home with "Grandma".

Sep. 22nd 1875.

Wednesday.

This day has very quietly and quickly passed away and I must again write a few lines on the first page of my unwritten journal. This has been a very pleasant day, much warmer than it was yesterday. Misses Lydia Litton and Lillie Talbot was up to the school house this afternoon. I went to the post office this afternoon but did not receive any mail as expected. I am going to church to night with Lizzie Brown. Brother Swinney had four additions they were Hollie Worthington Hattie Garrard Minnie Moore and Mr Coday. There was meeting this morning I believe no one joined. I cannot write much this time. We had a very easy Grammar lesson to day but a good many of the girls missed. Prof Patterson's music teacher came this after-

even he looks more cheerfull since. but I am afraid he will get a little out of humor when he sees this journal. Prof. S[illegible] & his called the Fifth Reader class to his room to give them a lesson and we tried to beg him out of hearing the definitions but he would not let us off. He is just as cross as an old bear. his looks is enough for me. when any body misses he looks at them just as hard as if he was trying to look them through. I will have to stop writing as school is nearly out.

Sep. 23th 1875.

Thursday.

Well Thursday has again arrived. It seems as if it was only yesterday that Prof Patterson corrected journals and here to morrow will be and my journals will not be written. This has been a very pretty day. I went to school to day and recited all of my lessons perfectly. Grandma went to Church to day. Lizzie Dobyns and my self went up to Pattie Judy's to day at noon. I went to see if Pattie would lend

me her Chemistry. She lend it to me but some of the leaves was out. I am not going to church to night as Cornie is going and I have to stay at home with Gram ma. Prof St Clair heard Fifth Reader this afternoon not one word was missed. Bettie Rogers and myself wrote a letter to Hester Moffett to day. I went to the post office this afternoon but did not receive any mail for myself. Miss Sue heard Grammar this afternoon I did not miss any. I hope I will get one hundred this week. I tried very hard in all the other journals but this one. I am in a hurry and can not write any more.

Sep. 24th 1875.

Friday.

This has been a beautiful day. I went to school today but I am sorry to say I was not perfect in all of my lessons. Nannie Piper corrected my journal this morning and gave me eighty twenty below perfect lower than I ever got in my life. I just think it scandless. I know I had a good many

mistakes but then she ought not to have marked
me as low as she did. I said I would tear
the page out but I did not. I rubed all
the marks out she put over it. I lost
my new pen holder. I dont know where
I lost it. Sep. 26th 1875.

Saturday.

The beauties of another day
has again arrived and before it grows so
very late, I will try and pen a few of
the passing events. This has been a very
dark and gloomy day. Cornie went down to
Mrs Kitrells this morning for Aunt Bettie
but did not stay long. I have been very busy
all day long helping Aunt Bettie. Mr
Sea was buried to day Aunt Bettie and
Mrs Beem went. They said there were a good
many there. I went over to Mr Patterson this after-
noon to see Bettie Rogers. She (Bettie and myself
had such a nice time but that is nothing
new for us. I am going to church to night as
long as Suda is not well enough to go, if she
was well enough to go I would have to stay at

home. I will have to stop writing and get ready to go to church. Sep. 26th 1875.

Sunday.

The day is swiftly passing, and night is hovering near. I arose early this morning and cleaned my room before breakfast. Aunt Bettie and Fannie went to church to day. No one joined I believe. Lizzie Horton came over here this afternoon and spent the evening with us. She is going to church to night with Fannie. I went down to Flora Shuh's this afternoon to see the people come from the baptizing. I never have ~~seen~~ saw as many people in my life at a baptizing. I can not say any thing about the meeting as I was not there to day, and dont expect I will go to night. I will have to close my journal with black ink as I haven't any red. The meeting closes to night. I am so sorry. I think Bro. Sweeney is one of the best preachers I ever heard.

home. I will have to stop writing and get ready to go to church. Sep. 26th 1875.

Sunday.

The day is swiftly passing, and night is hovering near. I arose early this morning and cleaned my room before breakfast. Aunt Bettie and Fannie went to church to day. No one joined I believe. Lizzie Horton came over here this afternoon and spent the evening with us. She is going to church to night with Fannie. I went down to Flora Shah's this afternoon to see the people come from the baptizing. I never have ~~seen~~ saw as many people in my life, at a baptizing. I can not say any thing about the meeting as I was not there to day, and dont expect I will go to night. I will have to close my journal with black ink as I haven't any red. The meeting closes to night. I am so sorry. I think Bro. Sweeney is one of the best preachers I ever heard.

Lt. M. Town Ky.
Sep. 27th 1875.

Monday.

The duties of the day being ended. I now take my pen in hand to write my journal. I went to the post office this evening and got a letter from one of my friends. It was from Lydia Jones. Bettie Rogers got one in the same envelope, It was such a sad letter. both Bettie and myself cried. Prof. Patterson heard Chemistry to day for the first time. It was known perfectly. Fannie got a letter from Nannie Deatherage stating she had not gone to the exposition at Louisville and did not expect to go. She was going with Mr Maupin but he disappointed her. I recited all of my lessons perfectly to day. Suda has been real sick all day. Fannie went down to Lizzie Dobyns this evening but did not stay long. The meeting closed last night I was real sorry. It seems so lonesome no where to go at night. Miss Sue is sick to day but she came in the school room. I played base to day at dinner time I had so much fun.

St. Mc. Conn Ky.
Sep. 28th 1875.

Tuesday.

This has been a very pretty day. I recited all of my lessons perfectly to day. Lizzie Horton, and Laura Embry, have been sick all day. I went up to see Lizzie Horton, this evening after school but did not stay long. She seems to be suffering very much with the head ache. Billie Rogers, and myself went down in the yard to day to study and Prof was passing and asked us if we was sitting on the ground. Miss Mary Barnsley, taught our in Miss Sue's, school room to day on account of Miss Sue being sick. Prof. St Clair, heard Algebra, this morning. It was not lesson very well. I went to the post office this evening, but did not get any mail for myself. Lizzie Barnes, is sick to day, so some of the girls told me. Prof. Patterson, did not hear our Grammar Lesson to day. He did not get back from dinner in time in time. All of the smaller girls played base to day at dinner time. I did not play as I was studying my Grammar lesson. Prof. P. heard Physiol-

nw rebmevon - 92 - 5781 - 2 saw dellepxe morf coolics
yb nos rettaP - J - Y - 2 esipsed mih

Ft. McGowan Ky.
Sep. 29th 1875.

Wednesday.

This has been a beautiful day. I went to school to day but I am sorry to say I was not perfect in all of my lessons. I missed one in my Grammar lesson and could not work one of my Algebra examples. Aunt Sue Mitchell, spent the day at our house to day. Prof Patterson, heard Chemistry to day. It was known perfectly. I can hardly write to day as my pen is very bad and Bettie Rogers, pinched a piece out of my finger this morning. Well school is out and I am so glad for I am anxious to go home. Aunt Bettie went down to Mrs Massies, this evening but did not stay long.

St. Mc. Louis Mo.
Sep. 28th 1875.

Tuesday.

This has been a very pretty day. I recited all of my lessons perfectly to day. Lizzie Horton, and Lauren Embry, have been sick all day. I went up to see Lizzie Horton this evening after school but did not stay long. She seems to be suffering very much with the head ache. Bettie Rogers, and my self went down in the yard to day to study and Prof was passing and asked us if we were sitting on the ground. Miss Mary Barsby, taught our in Miss Sue's, school room to day on account of Miss Sue being sick. Prof. St Clair, heard Algebra, this morning. It was not known very well. I went to the post office this evening, but did not get any mail for myself. Lizzie Barron, is sick to day, so some of the girls told me. Prof. Patterson, did not hear our Grammar Lesson to day. He did not get back from down in town in time. All of the smaller girls played base to day at dinner time. I did not play as I was studying my Grammar Lesson. Prof. P. heard Chemistry to day. It was known perfectly.

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F. M. Town Ky.
Sep. 29th 1875.

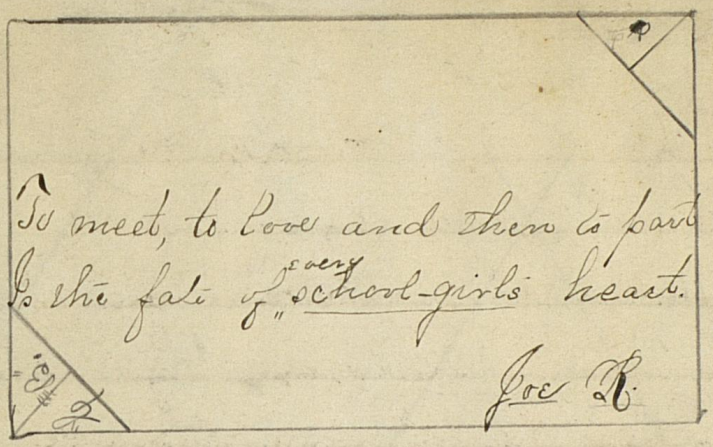
Wednesday.

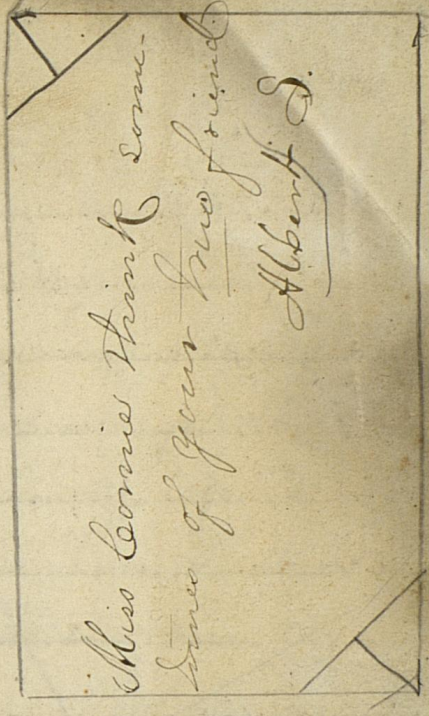
This has been a beautiful day. I went to school to day but I am sorry to say I was not perfect in all of my lessons. I missed one in my Grammar lesson and could not work one of my Algebra examples. Aunt Sue Mitchell, spent the day at our house to day. Prof Patterson, heard Chemistry, to day. It was known perfectly. I can hardly write to day as my pen is very bad and Bettie Rogers, pinched a piece out of my finger this morning. Well school is out and I am so glad for I am anxious to go home. Aunt Bettie, went down to Mrs Massies, this evening but did not stay long.

A. M. Lowe Ky.
Sep. 30th 1875.

Thursday.

This has been a beautiful day. I went to school to day and recited all of my lessons perfectly, except Chemistry. I missed one and I regretted it very much indeed. I knew the question and said it to one of the girls just before he asked me and just as soon as he asked me it slipped from my memory. Miss Sue heard Grammar, this evening, It was known very well. I went to the post office this evening but did not get any mail for myself. I went down to Kate Montagues, this evening after supper, Anna May Davis, and Mary Belle Haden, were there. My pen is so very bad I can hardly write. ~~and~~ I hope I will get more this week than I did last week I only got eighty. (80) last week. Cornie went down to Anna May Davises, this after noon but did not stay long.

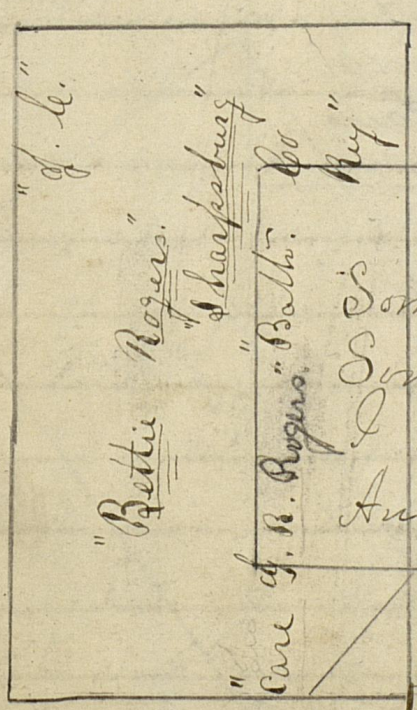


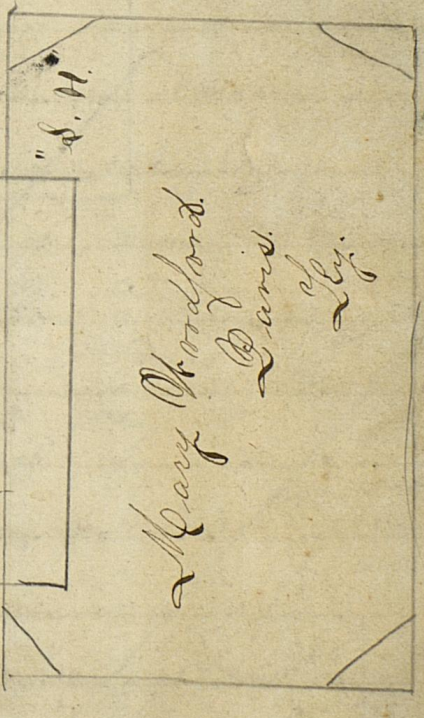


To meet, to love and then to part
Is the fate of every school-girls heart.

Joe R.

"B."





Miss Connie think some-
times of your true friend
Albert S.

"No. 56." "1874. and 75."

"J. L."

"Bettie Rogers."
"Sharpsburg"
"care of J. R. Rogers." "Balth." Co Ky"

Some love one
Some love two
I love but one
And that is you
S—J—

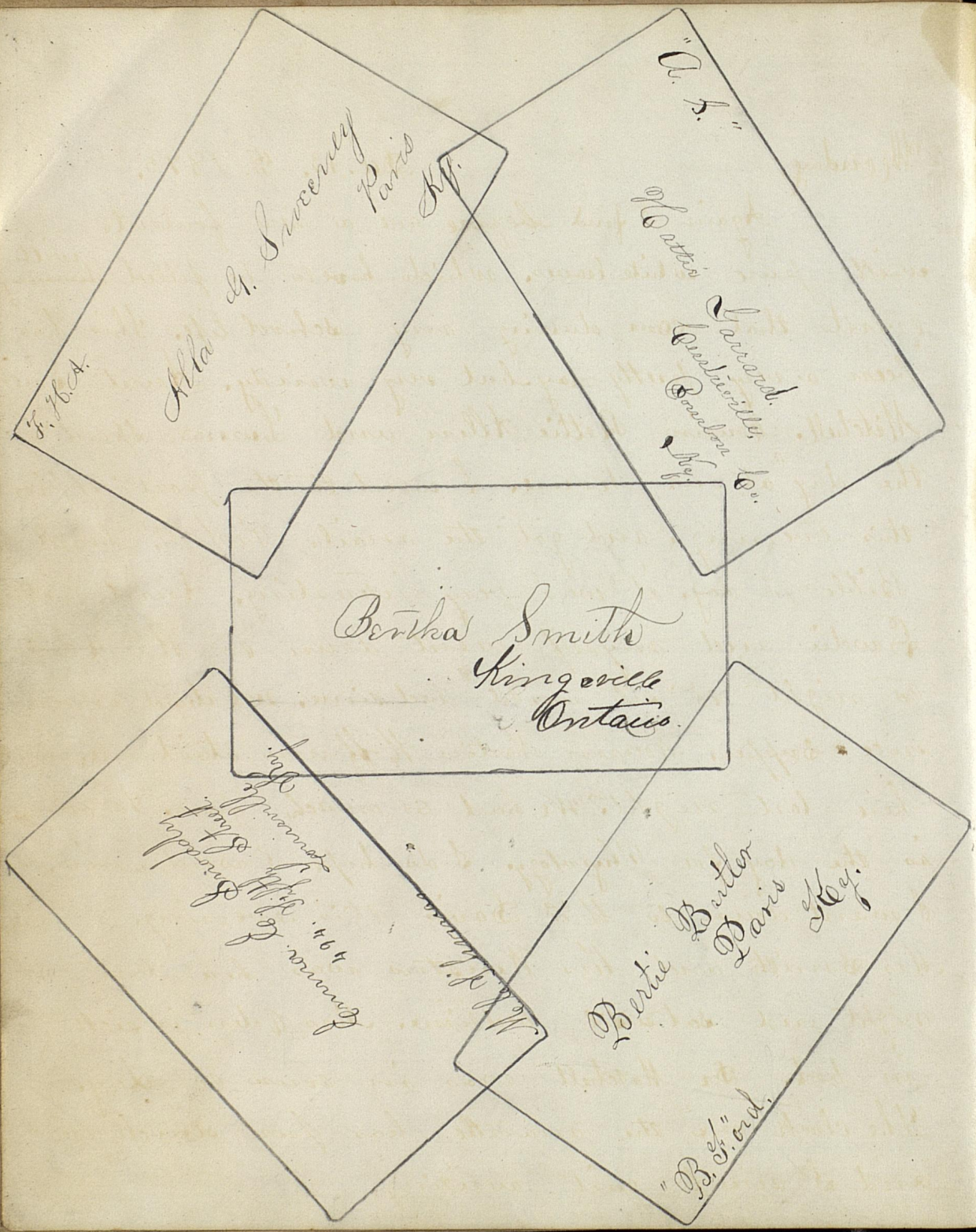
"S. H."

Mary Woodford
Davis
Ky.

"Flora Shuh."

[Ke. G.] N. M. Town.

S Heart "Bourbon Co. Ky"



F. H. A.

Alla G. Sweeney
Paris
Ky.

"A. S."

Hattie Garrard.
Centreville,
Bourbon Co.
Ky.

Bertha Smith
Kingsville
Ontario

Emma G. Snoddy
494. Fifth Street.
Louisville Ky.

Bertie Butler
Paris
Ky.

"B. F." ord.

Monday. Dec. 13th. 1875.

Again I find before me a new foureal with pure white leaves. which have to be filled with events that occur during my school life. This has been a very pretty day but very windy. Aunt Sue Mitchell. Cousin Bettie Allen and Lura. Spent the day at our house. I went to the post office this evening. and got the mail. Prof P. heard Bible to day. it was very interesting. Aunt Bettie Sudie and myself went down to Mrs Odells. to night to sit until bed time. we had a very nice supper. Cousin Martin Hoffman staid all night here last night. We had so much fun. To morrow is the day for Physiology. I do hope I wont miss. I went down to Mrs Davis this evening. Mas Smith and Mrs Winston was here last night and sat until bedtime. Mas Odell is sick in bed. Dr Mitchell was in town to day. The clock on the mantle has just struck ten and I must quit writing.

Tuesday. Dec 14. th. 1876.

Daylight has nearly changed into darkness and before it has entirely changed. I will write my journal or at least I will try. Aunt Bettie is looking for company this evening. Prof. McClain heard Reading to day. He said we knew the lesson very well. Miss Lee sent Eddie Bean and Gertrude Hoskins to the Chapel this evening. I dont think Ma Patterson whipped them. Journal. I liked to have forgotten to tell you that Kate Martin was very ill indeed. Ma Patterson called for the pieces for the Paper this evening and some of the girls had not handed in their in. and he told them to write Compositions for Friday. and he was going to invite company. So I guess I had better go to work. and write mine. Miss Mary Barkley heard Grammar this evening. I was perfect in it. I went to the post office this evening after school was out.

12 years old. when I wrote this Journal,

Wednesday. Dec. 15th 1875.

The sun is shining very bright this evening. and the wind is blowing very hard. Mr Patterson said this morning that he would not have any Composition Friday. He said he would correct the Journals and hear Chemistry. I haven't much news to tell you to day. so you need not expect a very long journal. I went down to Miss Sid Evans this evening for Aunt Bettie. We have had several visitors to day. When I got to school this morning Mr Patterson was hearing Bible. Journal I have a very large boil on my nose.

Thursday. Dec. 16th. 1875.

I have been sitting here for sometime. and yet cannot think of any thing interest to write. A gloomy and cloudy ~~day~~ day has drawn to a close. and I am called upon to perform this evening duty. Miss Anna

Tuesday. Dec 14. th 1876.

Daylight has nearly changed in to darkness and before it has entirely changed. I will write my journal or at least I will try. Aunt Bettie is looking for company this evening. Prof. St Clair heard Reading to day. He said we knew the lesson very well. Miss Lee sent Eddie Bean and Gertrude Hoskins to the Chapel this evening. I dont think Ma Patterson skipped them. Journal. I liked to have forgotten to tell you that Kate Martin was very ill in deed. Ma Patterson called for the pieces for the Paper this evening and some of the girls had not handed in their in. and he told them to write Compositions for Friday. and he was going to invite company. So I guess I had better go to work. and write mine. Miss Mary Barkly heard Grammar this evening. I was perfect in it. I went to the post office this evening after school was out.

12 years old. when I wrote this Journal,

Wednesday. Dec. 15th 1875.

The sun is shining very brightly this evening. and the wind is blowing very hard. Ma Patterson said this morning that he would not have any Compositions Friday. He said he would correct the Journals and hear Arithmetic. I haven't much news to tell you to day. so you will not expect a very long journal. I went down to Miss Sid Evans this evening for Aunt Bettie. We have had several visitors to day. When I got to school this morning Ma Patterson was hearing Bible. Journal I have a very large boil on my nose.

Thursday. Dec. 16th. 1875.

I have been sitting here for sometime and yet cannot think of any thing interest to write. A gloomy and cloudy ~~day~~ day has drawn to a close. and I am called upon to perform this evening duty. Miss Anna

Rogan was here this morning. but did not stay very long. Ma Patterson heard Physiology this morning. he said we did not know it very well. Miss Mary Barkley heard Alge—bra this morning. I was perfect in it. Kate Martin was in the school room to day. I was surprised to see her in so soon. Ma Patterson told the Philosophy class if they missed one word in it. he would whip them. I don't believe any of them missed. I went to the post office this evening and got two or three letters. We are going to have a nice supper to night.

Friday. Dec. 17th. 1875.

Ma Patterson did not correct the journals this morning. I was very sorry because I was so anxious to see what I would get this week. I went down to Cousin Sis Mitchells this morning with Linda Allen to have her teeth fixed. It took her three or four hours. I went to the post office this evening but did not get any mail. We have had no

visitors to day. as it has been so cold. Miss
Sue had to give up her schoolroom to
day to Prof St. Clair because his room
was so cold he could not teach in it.

Saturday. Dec 18th 1875.

What a cold and
disagreeable day this has been. Aunt Bettie and
Lou went to church to night. There has been
no person here to day. I went to the post office
this morning and got a letter for Sudie. Well
Journal I cant think of any think to write
to save my life. I went down to Mrs Brown's
this evening. There was a show in town last
night and the night before. Lou went down to Mrs
Oden's this evening to see how she was. I went
down to Annie Davis yesterday evening a little while.

Sunday. Dec. 19th. 1875.

This has been a very beautiful
day indeed. The sun has been shining so
brightly. ~~all~~ ~~at~~ Aunt Bettie and Fannie

went to church this morning, Lizzie Horton was here a little while after church was out, this ~~morning~~, journal I am so excited to night that I can hardly write at all. you see that I can scarcely write, Wallace Montague was here this evening. and stayed until dark and went to church with Fannie and Aunt Bettie, I will have to put up my journal for to night. because I am so ~~[illegible]~~ nervous I cant hold my pen still.

Monday. Dec. 20. 1875.

Well here it is Monday a gain, and how swiftly the days and week's fly. I went to post office this evening and got a letter for Sadie. Mrs Anderson spent the day at our house to day. Nannie Love was here this evening. She came to see Lou. I went down to Mrs Dr Davises this evening. I went to school to day as uswal. and recited all of my lessons perfectly. It is so dark I cannot write any longer.

Tuesday. Dec, 21. th 1875.

What a warm and pleasant day this has been, Mr Patterson heard Physology this morning. I was perfect in it. Lida Letton was here this evening. She came to have a dress cut. I went to the post office to day. Miss Mary Barkley did not here Algebra this morning. on account of Mr Patterson hearing the Chemistry class all the morning. Prof St. Clair heard. Fitto Reader this evening. Mrs Oden sent word to Aunt Bettie she was coming up to night.

Wednesday. Dec. 22. th 1875.

Lonely I sit to night trying to write the passing events of the day, but I think it is impossible, Cousen "Ed Kemper" spent the day at our house to day. and Fannie went home with him. She is going to Mt Sterling Friday. I went to the post office to day. I went down to Mrs Davis this evening and Wallace Montague was there. Mr. Patterson

reviewed the Geometry class all day. They stood a very good examination. Mary Walden got the highest standing in the class.

Thursday. Dec. 23. th. 1875.

Being able to know that the passing events of the day are over. I will now try and write my daily journal. Mr Patterson did not have any school to day. he said he was, but so many of the borders had gone home that he dismissed the school, Florence Berry was here to day to get a chess cut it took her all the morning. I went down to Cousin Sis Mitchell's this evening, Fannie went to Mt Sterling yesterday. I told you this in yesterday's journal but I forgot that I had told you,

"Friday." Dec. 24. th 1875

(Christmas Eve)

The innovable wheels of Time have borne us on to still the close of another

day. Day's glide into weeks, weeks into month, and time swiftly passes away. I went down to Mrs Davis this evening. I am not going to hang up my Stocking to night. I have eaten so much to night that I dont care about hanging it up. I will get my thing's to morrow that "Santa Clause" will bring me. if I dont hang up my "Stocking". Journal this dosent seem like "Christmas-Eve. I have some sad news to tell you, Mr Ben King died last night at seven O. Clock. and is to be buried this eve. at three. I was so sorry to hear of his death. Mr and Mrs. Patterson went away this morning. They sent Emma Snoddy out to Mr Thomas this evening "Jennie P" ~~has~~ came home yesterday. Aunt Bettie and Lou went down to Mrs Oden's last night to see the fireworks. We have had no visitors to day. Pa went to the post office this evening. but did not get any mail. We was looking for a letter from Fannie. but I guess she did not write, I have told you all of the news of importance,

Tuesday. Dec 14. th. 1875.

Daylight has nearly changed in to darkness and before it has entirely changed. I will write my journal or at least I will try. Aunt Bettie is looking for company this evening. Prof. St. Clair heard Reading to day. He said we knew the lesson very well. Miss Lou sent Eddie Bean and Gertrude Hoskins to the Chapel this evening. I dont think Ma Patterson whipped them. Journal. I liked to have forgotten to tell you that Kate Martin was very ill in deed. Ma Patterson called for the peices for the Paper this evening and some of the girls had not handed theirs in, and he told them to write Compositions for Friday. and he was going to invite company. So I guess I had better go to work. and write mine. Miss Mary Barkley heard Grammar this evening. I was perfect in it. I went to the post office this evening after school was out.

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visitors to day. as it has been so cold. Miss Sue had to give up her schoolroom to day to Prof St. Clair because his room was so cold he could not teach in it.

Saturday. Dec 18th 1875.

What a cold and disagreeable day this has been. Aunt Bettie and Lou went to church to night. There has been no person here to day. I went to the post office this morning and got a letter for Sudie. Well journal I cant think of any think to write to save my life. I went down to Mrs Brown's this evening. There was a show in town last night and the night before. Lou went down to Mrs Oden's this evening to see how she was. I went down to Annie Davis yesterday evening a little while.

Sunday. Dec. 19th. 1875.

This has been a very beautiful day indeed. The sun has been shining so brightly. ~~all~~ ~~of~~ Aunt Bettie and Fannie

went to church this morning. Lizzie Watson was here a little while after church was out, this ~~morning~~. Journal I am so excited to night that I can hardly write at all. you see that I can scarcely write. Wallace Montague was here this evening. and stayed until dark and went to church with Jennie and Aunt Bettie. I will have to put up my journal for to night because I am so nervous I cant hold my pen still.

Monday. Dec. 20th 1875.

Well here it is Monday again, and how swiftly the days and weeks fly. I went to post office this evening and got a letter for Daddie. Mas Andersons spent the day at our house to day. Annie Love was here this evening. She came to see Lou. I went down to Mrs Dr Davis's this evening. I went to school to day as usual. and recited all of my lessons perfectly. It is so dark I cannot write any longer.

Tuesday. Dec, 21. th 1875,

What a warm and pleasant day this has been, Mr Patterson heard Physology this morning. I was perfect in it. Lida Letton was here this evening. She came to have a dress cut. I went to the post office to day. Miss Mary Barkley did not here Algebra this morning. on account of Mr Patterson hearing the Chemistry class all the morning. Prof St. Clair heard. Fitto Reader this evening. Mrs Oden sent word to Aunt Bettie she was coming up to night.

Wednesday. Dec, 22. th 1875.

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reviewed the Geometry class all day. They stood a very good examination. Mary Walden got the highest standing in the class.

Thursday. Dec. 23. th. 1875.

Being able to know that the passing events of the day are over. I will now try and write my daily journal. Mr Patterson did not have any school to day. he said he was, but so many of the borders had gone home. that he dismissed the school, Florence Berry was here to day to get a dress cut. & took her all the morning. I went down to Cousin Sis Mitchell's this evening, Fannie went to Mr Sterling yesterday. I told you this in yesterday's journal. but I forgot that I had told you.

"Friday". Dec. 24. th. 1875.

(Christmas Eve)

The invariable wheels of time have come us on to still the close of another

day. Days glide into weeks, weeks into months and time swiftly passes away. I went down to Mrs Davis this evening. I am not going to hang up my stocking to night. I have eaten so much to night that I dont care about hanging it up. I will get my things so mama that "Santa Clause" will bring me. if I dont hang up my "Stocking". Journal this dosent seem like "Christmas-Eve". I have some sad news to tell you, Mr Ben King died last night at seven O. Clock. and is to be buried this eve, at three. I was so sorry to hear of his death. Mr and Mrs. Patterson went away this morning. They sent Emma Sandy out to Mr Thomas this evening "Fannie P" has come home yesterday. Aunt Bettie and Jos went down to Mrs Odens last night to see the fire works. We have had no visitors to day. Pa went to the post office this evening. but did not get any mail. We was looking for a letter from Fannie. but I guess she did not write. I have told you all of the news of importance,

"Christmas day". Saturday. Dec. 25th 1875.

This has been a lovely day. The sun has been shining so bright all morning. I went down to town to day and caught several persons Christmas gifts but they did not give me any thing. Lou got a little knife and a bottle of perfumery. Saddie got a new dress to day, it is very pretty. We have had several visits to day. Pa went to the post office this evening, but did not get any mail. I went down to Miss Shuh's this evening, but did not stay but a few minutes. She got a set of "coral jewelry" for a "Christmas gift". from Mr Kittrell. Lou is looking for Nannie Lowe to come in after her this evening. I do not think she will come. Lou and myself had a Candy pulling yesterday eve. Pa went down to town this morning and brought up one dozen and half oranges for Lou and myself. Lou went down to Mrs Davis this evening a little while. I have told you all the news,

Sunday, Dec. 26th. 1875.

What a disagreable day this has
as been raining so hard all day,
rst got up this morning, I thought
retty day, as the sun was shining
but it turned out to be a rainy and
y. I did not go to church to day
dersow stopped here as she was going
h. this morning. but did not stay but a
ments. We have had no visitors to day.
has got the stiff neck to day. It seems
trouble her very much indeed. This has
such a dull christmas, Every body plods
the sober look, No one seems
in the saying "go it
ing".

"Dec. 27th", 1875,

ely hours of evening has
come and grasped its mighty hand on
time We should grasp every moment that

Sunday. Dec. 26th. 1875.

What a disagreable day this has been. It has been raining so hard all day. When I first got up this morning, I thought it be a pretty day, as the sun was shining so brightly. but it turned out to be a rainy and gloomy day. I did not go to church to day Mrs Anderson stopped here as she was going to ~~church~~ this morning. but did not stay but a few moments. We have had no visitors to day.

Lou has got the stiff neck to day. It seems to trouble her very much indeed. This has been such a dull Christmas. Every body looks ashamed with the usual sober look. No one seems to be gay. I do believe in the saying "go it while you are young".

Monday "Dec. 27th", 1875.

The lovely hours of evening has come and has clasped its mighty hand as time We should grasp every moment that

passed. That we may be learned in that we profess. "Many many" have passed on the wings of life", never to retire to us in the future. This has been a very pretty day indeed. I went down to Mrs Davis and Mrs Oden's this morning. I saw "Lizzie Bean and Lura Allison go down this evening". "Miss Ruth Evans has come home," Mrs Oden was here to night, and sat until bedtime. What a dull Christmas this has been. Fannie has not come home yet, I went down to Mr Dobryn's store this evening. Journal I have eat so much to day that I can hardly sit up to write any. I have been feasting on oranges, candy, cake ~~and~~ pie. and a good many more thing's to numerous to mention.

"Dec. 28th. 1875.

"Tuesday." "At Home"

After returning from Mrs Montague. I will now try and write my journal. Nothing of importance has occured to day. so journal you must not expect

me to write very much. Cousin Strather Canning took dinner here to day. Hannie Lowe came after Lou to go home with her this morning. at first Aunt Bettie said she could not go, but Hannie begged her so hard that she had to let her go. I went to the post office this evening, and got a portal card from Fannie. She is having a gay time in Mt. Sterling. going to parties nearly every night Aunt Bettie, Sarie and myself went down to Mrs Montague's this evening. and sat untill bed time. I went down to Mr Woodwards this morning.

"At Home."

"Wednesday" "Dec. 29th 1875"

The events of another day have passed away and "never never" to be recalled any more. The day has passed very rapidly. No news as usual has happened to day I went down to Mrs Woodwards this evening and stayed a good while. Sammie Davis

was here this morning. I went to the post-office this evening. but did not get any mail Journal I have been so lonsome all day. Pa went out to Mr Talbott's this morning. Nannie Brown has come home. She has been out to Mrs Sydner's. all Christmas. she said she had a real nice time. I went down to Mrs Oden's this evening. to take her magazine home but she was not there.

"Thursday Evening." Dec. 30th. 1875

Again Thursday has come with all of its brilliant sunshine. This has been a lovely day. It has been so warm and pleasant. I saw Addie Thomas and Emma Snoddy go by here just now they went over to Mr Patterson's. Mr James Hedges to Miss Fannie Higgins. are to be married to morrow and are going to have a dinner. so I heard. There was a good many ladies invited out to Mrs Collins to day

to take dinner. Mrs Riddle heard a surprise this evening. I don't think any person was invited but Mrs Beard Lizzie and Laura Allison at least that is all I heard of. Aunt Bettie and myself went down to Mrs Trimble's last night.

Friday. Dec. 31st A.D. 1875.

While meditating quietly upon the past and thinking of many scenes. The thought of my dear diary and its many pages ran in to my mind. So I will now try and write down the passing events of the day. I believe we have had no visits to day for a wonder. I went to the post office this evening and got a letter for Sadie and Lou. I went down to Mrs Davis's this evening. Dr. Ben Davis has come home. Mrs Mitchell and D. arrived at our little village last night. They have come to live. Aunt Bettie and Sadie went down to Mrs Adams this evening but she was not at home.

was here this morning. I went to the post-
office this evening. but did not get any mail
Journal I have been so busy all day.
Pa went out to Mr Talbotts this morning.
Fannie Bevins has come home. She has
been out to Mrs Sydneis. all Christmas. she said
she had a real nice time. I went down to
Mrs Odens this evening. to take her magazine
home but she was not there.

"Thursday Evening." Dec. 28th. 1871

Again Thursday has come
with all of its brilliant sunshine. This
has been a lovely day. It has been so warm
and pleasant. I saw Addie Thomas and
Emma Smedley go by here last night
went over to Mr Patterson's. Mr James
Hedges to Miss Fannie Higgins. are to be
married to morrow and are going to have
a dinner. so I heard. There was a good many
ladies invited out to Mrs Collins to day

to take dinner. Mrs Riddle heard a surprise this evening. I don't think any person was invited but Miss Beard Lizzie and Laura Allison at least that is all I heard of. Aunt Bettie and myself went down to Mrs Grimble's last night.

Friday. Dec. 31st 1875.

While meditating quietly upon the past and thinking of many scenes. the thought of my dear diary and its many pages ran in to my mind. So I will now try and write down the passing events of the day. I believe we have had no visits to day for a wonder. I went to the post office this evening and got a letter for Sadie and Lou. I sent down to Mrs Davis's this evening. Dr. Ben Davis has come home. Mrs Mitchell and Dr. arrived at our little village last night. They have come to live. Aunt Bettie and Sadie went down to Mrs Adams this evening. but she was not at home.

"New year"

Saturday. Jan. 1st. 1876.

This is the first day of Jan. The old year has gone, and a new one has come, I hate to depart with the old one. Journal I have been busy all day, helping Aunt Belle bake cake, I went down to Mrs Davis's this evening but did not stay very long. I started to the post office this evening, and met Lou. and Nannie Love coming home. I did not catch any persons new years gift to day I thought it would be six uses Journal I will tell you how Sadie done me this evening Nannie Love brought me a pair of sheep skin gloves, and Sadie cut out Lous and two wheat she brought me and cut her a pair. So I am left — gloves,

Sunday. Jan. 2nd. 1876.

Night is fast approaching and every thing is sinking into quietude. and before the little stars peep out one by one I will try

to pen a few lines in my journal. This has been a beautiful day. The sun has been shining so brightly all day. Aunt Bettie and Sadie went to church to night. Mamie Lowe stayed all night with Lou last night, and spent the day with her to day. Cousin Joe Hardy sat dinner here, Wallace Montague and Laura Winslow was here yesterday evening. Sadie was not at home but I went after her. She was up to Lizzie Bean's;

Monday, Jan. 3rd 1870.

O! dear me, is it possible that I have to start to school again. O! how I do dread it. This has been a very pretty day. I went to school this morning, but none of the birder's had not come, and their was not but five or six day scholar's. So I came home, I guess their will be school to morrow. Mrs Anderson. Mrs Collins. Mrs Oden. Mrs Darnell. and Emma Collins. were here this evening. I went to the P.O. this evening.

99 by L. Dobryns. "Junior"

"Tuesday." Jan. 4th. 1876.

This has been a beautiful day. The sun has been shining ~~so~~ brightly all day long. I went to school to day. All of the scholars have ~~come~~ returned to ~~back~~. We had two new scholars to day. Misses Swiney and Clinkenbeard. We have had several visitors to day. I heard this morning that Miss Mary Barkley was not going to take our Algebra class any more. She is going to give it up to Prof St. Clair. I do hope she will get out of the notion of giving it ~~up~~ to him. I went to the post-office this evening.

Wednesday. Jan. 5th. 1876.

Another day has passed away very rapidly, and I find myself seated in my little chamber for the purpose of having a short conversation with my friend Journal. I went to the post-office this evening. Sadie and Fannie.

went down to "Laura Winston this morning but she was not at home. Miss Sue and Miss Joe came over to our house and sat until bedtime to night. I went down to Mrs Dr Davises this evening a few minutes, I got received a nice present this evening.

Jan. 4th. 1876.

Thursday.

My little friend, Diary how will I address you. I have been setting here at least a half an hour trying to think of something to write but my mind like all other school girls are wandering here and there. I went down to town this evening. Carrie McClure. Lizzie B. Zelia Ford were here this evening, but did not stay very long. I went over to "Ins" this eve after Miss Joe's trimming for her dress. I believe their is no news in town. "Prof. P." is going to correct the journals to morrow, & have Society in the evening.

99 by L Dobryns. "Junior"

"Tuesday." Jan. 4th. 1876.

This has been a beautiful day. The sun has been shining ~~so~~ brightly all day long. I went to school to day. All of the scholars have ~~come~~ returned to ~~back~~. We had two new scholars to day. Misses Swiney and Clinkenbeard. We have had several visitors to day. I heard this morning that Miss Mary Barkley was not going to take our Algebra class any more. She is going to give it up to Prof St. Clair. I do hope she will get out of the notion of giving it ~~up~~ to him. I went to the post-office this evening.

Wednesday. Jan. 5th 1876.

Another day has passed away very rapidly. and I find myself seated in my little chamber for the purpose of having a short conversation with my friend Journal. I went to the post-office this evening. Sadie and Fannie.

went down to "Laura Winston this morning but she was not at home. Miss Sue and Miss Joe came over to our house and sat until bedtime to night. I went down to Mrs Dr Davises this evening a few minutes, I got received a nice present this evening.

Jan. 4th 1876.

Thursday.

My little friend, Diary how will I address you. I have been setting here at least a half an hour. trying to think of something to write but my mind like all other school girls are wandering here and there. I went down to town this evening. Carrie McClure. Lizzie B. & Zelia Ford were here this evening, but did not stay very long. I went over to "Ins" this eve after Miss Joe's trimming for her dress. I believe their is no news in town. "Prof. P." is going to correct the journals to morrow, & have Society in the evening.

99 by L Dobryns. "Junior"

"Tuesday." Jan. 4th. 1870.

This has been a beautiful day. The sun has been shining ~~so~~ brightly all day long. I went to school to day. All of the scholars have ~~come~~ returned to ~~back~~. We had two new scholars to day. Misses Swiney and Clinkenbeard. We have had several visitors to day. I heard this morning that Miss Mary Barkley was not going to take our Algebra class any more. She is going to give it up to Prof St. Clair. I do hope she will get out of the notion of giving it ~~up~~ to him. I went to the post-office this evening.

Wednesday. Jan. 5th 1876.

Another day has passed away very rapidly. and I find myself seated in my little chamber for the purpose of having a short conversation with my friend Journal. I went to the post-office this evening. Sadie and Fannie.

went down to "Laura Winston this morning but she was not at home. Miss Sue and Miss Joe came over to our house and sat until bedtime to night. I went down to Mrs Dr Davises this evening a few minutes, I got received a nice present this evening.

Jan. 4th. 1876.

Thursday.

My little friend, Diary how will I address you. I have been setting here at least a half an hour. trying to think of something to write. but my mind like all other school girls are wandering here and there. I went down to town this evening. Carrie McClure. Lizzie P. & Zelia Ford were here this evening, but did not stay very long. I went over to "Ins" this eve after Miss Joe's trimming for her dress. I believe their is no news in town. "Prof. P." is going to correct the journals to morrow, & have Society in the evening.

Hornbogens this evening. No news of interest to day has occured. Miss Eva B. and Miss Joe L. were here to day.

"Sunday". Jan. 9th. 1876.

Another gloomy day has passed and it finds me seated in Aunt Bettie room for the purpose of conversing a little while with my dear old Journal. I did not go to church this morning. Aunt Bettie and Fannie went. Cousin Ed Kemper Cousin Mary and Sallie spent the day here to day. They said Cousin Lizzie McDaniel was very sick. I have not been any place to day.

"Monday". Jan. 10th. 1876.

What a cold day this has been. The sun shone very brightly to day. I went to the post office this evening but did not get any mail. We have had no visitors to day for a wonder. Miss Algebra did not recite to day. Friday night Mrs Patterson is going to have Public Society. I do not know whether I will go or not. I went down to Mrs Barnes this evening. for Aunt Bettie.

Tuesday, Jan. 11th. 1876.

After preparing all of my lessons for to morrow, I now seat myself for the purpose of having a little chat with this old Journal of mine. We have had three new Scholars to day. I do not know what their names are. Minnie Berry was here to day, but did not stay but a few minutes, Mr. Patterson called for the pieces this evening for the Paper. some of the girls did not have them written and he said if every body did not have their pieces in by ten the morning, he would give them "zero", Pa went to the P.O. this evening, and got two or three letters. This is Ina birthday. She is (14) fourteen,

Wednesday, Jan. 12th. 1876.

The winter King has again made his appearance once more. I awoke this morning, and found the ground covered with snow. We had three (3) new Scholars yesterday but they did not come in the

schoolroom until to day. Miss Oden and Mrs Riddle were here this evening. Miss Mary Barkley heard Grammar to day. Aunt Bettie and Tom went down to Mr Riddle's this after noon. I went to the post office this evening, but did not get any mail. I went down to Mrs Dobyn's this morning. Mr. Patterson heard Bible this morning. but I was not in the class because I was over to the Fifth Reader class.

96 by "Thursday. Jan. 13th. 1870.

"Mary Waldon". While meditating quietly upon the past and thinking of many sorrows. the ~~thoug~~ thought of my dear Diary and its many, many white pages ran into my mind. so I will endeavor to write down the passing events of the day. We have had no visitors to day. Miss Sue heard Arithmetic this morning. I read my example wrong, and she gave me "ninety seven" (97). so Emma Snoddy said. Fannie Funk got mad at Emma and myself because we wanted to introduce her to "Eddie Bean". I took a

music lesson this evening. The name of the piece I took was "Mocking Bird. ~~Scottish~~ "Schottish." It was 12 beautiful. None of us ~~did~~ ~~not go~~ went to the post office this evening. Mr. Patterson did not hear Physiology this morning. There is public Society to morrow night at the First.

"Friday." Jan. 14th. 1876.

Well my journal has just been corrected and I got "ninety six (96)". I was not very well pleased with my number. This has been a beautiful day. "The sun has been shining so brightly all day." They are going to have public Society to night at First. I do not know whether I will go or not, for I haven't any ~~body~~ person to go with me. Lou went to post office this evening, and got a letter for Fannie. Mrs Riddell and Miss Huldy were here this evening. Miss Huldy is paying her farewell calls she is going home to morrow."

"Saturday. January. 15th. 1876."

I went to the Society last night. The Paper was splendid. "There was a good many people there." This has been such a cloudy day it looks so much,

like rain. "Mrs Annie Davis and Mrs Mary Allen. were here this morning. and stayed all day nearly". I went down to call on Mrs Dr Mitchell this after noon. Fannie went down to see Lizzie Dobryns this evening. I went to the post office this evening but did not get any mail. Aunt Bettie and Sudie went down to Mrs Odens to night and from there down to Mrs Grimbles, Mr Patterson made out the reports yesterday.

"Sunday." "January. 10th, 1876."

This has been such a disagreeable day. It has been raining off and on all day. None of ~~the~~ us went to church this morning. There was not many of the girls went from the Inst. I have gotten all of my lesson for to morrow. except writing a peice for the Paper. I will have to to write that this evening. If I dont have company. I am looking for some company but I dont know whether they will come or not. They are all talking so much that I can hardly write.

Sudie and Fannie having been writing all day. I wonder who they are writing to? Well, for the present. goodbye

Monday. Jan. 17th 1876.

Sudie and Aunt Bettie are talking about going down to Mrs Mitchells to night to sit until bed time. but I don't think they will get to go. as it has commenced to rain. This has been such a dark and gloomy day. I went to school very late this morning. Kate Moseley and Flora Shute went along as I did. and just as we got to the gate the bell rang. We have had several visits to day. I went to the post office this afternoon and got three or four letters one was directed to "Miss Lucy Hoffman"

"Harperville." "Bourbon. Co." Kentucky.

Mr Divers handed it to me. I guess he thought it was to Aunt Bettie as he was in such a hurry. There were so many men waiting for their mail. I brought the letter home and then took it back. Dow went down to Mrs Dobyns this evening and Ida brought her home. It was raining. when she came.

Tuesday. Jan. 18th, 1874.

My dear Journal, I have just come from school. and I seated myself to pen a few lines in this white page. I went to the post office this after noon but did not get any mail.

Lizzie Dobryns wrote Fannie a little note this evening Mr Patterson told our Algebra class to prepare the lesson for to morrow. that Prof St. Clair was going to hear it the first hour in the morning. We have had two or three visitors to day. Lou went to Mr Dobryns store this morning. Mr Patterson heard Physiology this evening the last hour. He said that it was known badly. Fannie wrote to Nannie Deatherage last night. Lizzie Dobryns received a letter yesterday from Nannie stating that she would be over the third Sunday in March. I do hope she will come. for I want to see her ~~a~~ badly. This has been rather a cloudy day indeed. It rained some this evening. I have handed my peice in for the Paper.

"96. by Carrie McClure"

Wednesday. Jan. 19th 1876.

~~I went away this~~ ~~evening~~* This has been a very pretty day. But the wind has been blowing very hard. I went to school to day as usual and recited all of my lessons perfectly with the exception of Fifth Reader. I missed one in that and regretted it very much. Mrs. Oden is here now and haveing a rabit made. She has been here nearly all the evening. I went down to Mrs. Davis this afternoon but did not stay very long. I went after a pattern. I went to the post office this evening and got a letter for Pa. Fannie and Lou are piecing a quilt. It is very pretty. I saw Mrs. Mitchell this evening on the street. She went in Mrs Dobyns. I am looking for her up here every minute.

Thursday. Jan 20th 1876.

Having returned from the Inst. I seat myself for the purpose of writing my journal. Mollie Forman ~~and~~ Pattie Pretty

and Lizzie Dobryns were here this evening. Grandma spent the day at "Cousin Sis Mitchells" to day. She was delighted with her visit. She said all the "old ladies" in town were there. Mrs. Dr. Mitchell sent word to her that she must come there to morrow and spend the day with her, but I dont know whether she will go or not; for she ~~is not~~ hasnt any ~~way~~ ~~and~~ convenient ~~to go~~ way, and ~~she will~~ is not able to walk. Mr. Billy Moberly came at and took her down to "Cousin Sis"s in a Carriage. Aunt Bettie and Sadie went calling this after noon. They went down to Mrs. Dr. Mitchells and several other places. I have recited all of my lessons perfectly to day. We recited all very interesting lessons in Philosophy ~~to-day~~, and ~~also~~ ~~in~~ Algebra ~~We recited~~ Prof. St. Clair ~~our~~ Algebra lesson ~~to Prof. St. Clair~~, I like his way of teaching it so much.

Friday. Jan 21. th, 1874.

My journal has just been corrected and just guess what I got. I know you cant, so I will have to tell you. I got ninety six (96) some of the girls got sixty six. "(66)". I thought I got an awful low mark. but when I heard that some of the girls got 66 and 80. I did not say anything about my number. Lizzie Beans and Lannie McClure were here to day, and several other ladies. I went to the post office this after noon but did not get any mail. Mr Patterson said this evening. that next Friday. if every body had not improved in their hand writing. that he would mark them ten less. Mrs Oden was here to night, but did not stay very long, because Aunt Bettie and. Sadie was not here.

Saturday. Jan. 22 th, 1874.

Another Saturday has come and almost gone. and I am seated in my little room for the purpose of writing my journal.

This has been a very disagreeable day. It has been raining so hard all morning. I went over to the Inst this morning. to take Carry McClure's duns. Bettie Rogers is going home next Friday to stay she is not coming back to school any more. so she says. but I think she will. I went up to Mrs Sue Riddell's this after noon but did not stay very long. Mrs Gamble sent word to Lou that she must come and stay all night with her to night.
I went to the post office this evening. but did not get any mail. We have had a great deal of company to day.

Sunday. Jan. 23th, 1876.

When will the rain cease to fall. It has been raining all day to day. None of us went to church to day except Papa. It was raining so hard that Aunt Bettie would not let me go. Journal Lou is talking so much that I hardly know what I am writing. We have had no company to day. for a rarity, I guess it is because it is raining so hard. Their was not many of the girls

went to church to day. We have been looking for Lizzie Mahon over here this evening, but she "(Lizzie)" has not come yet. I think I know all of my lessons for to morrow. Mr Patterson said there would not any lessons recite to morrow, except Prof St Clairs Algebra class, I have told you all the news that has happened to day. so I will have to bid you farewell,

Monday, Jan 24th 1876.

This has been a very pretty day. The sun has been shining so brightly all day. I went to school to day as usual, but did not recite any lessons except Arithmetic I missed me in that and regretted it very much indeed, Kittie Rogers was not on the chapel to day. Bertie Butler told me that she (Bettie) was sick in bed. Prof St Clair examined his advanced Algebra class all to day. They did very well. Gary McClure got the lowest standing in the class I believe. I took a music lesson to day. I took the rest of "Rocking Bird Schottish." Aunt Bettie and Sudie went calling this afternoon. Journal I think I know all of my lessons for the to morrow. I went to the P. O. this evening, and got several letters.

(improving)

Tuesday night. Jan. 25th, 1876. —

The time piece tells me that it is almost time to visit sheet eye town. but before I retire I will write down a few events of the day. Nothing of much importance has occured to day. You went down to town this evening, and bought some cheese and crackers. Minnie Moore was here this morning, "She ("Minnie)" came to get a dress cut. Aunt Bettie is making her a new calico dress. it is very pretty. Pa went to the P.O. this after noon. Prof. St. Clair heard Algebra this morning. I was perfect in it. Mr Billy Moberly was here yesterday evening, but did not stay but a few moments. Aunt Bettie and Sadie went down to Mrs Trimbles, to night. They said she was sick in bed. Lena G. is going to stay all night down there to night. Mr Patterson heard Bible this morning, but I was not in it on account of being in my Algebra class. As I have told you all the news that has transpired to day, I will bid you farewell for to night.

Wednesday evening. Jan. 26th, 1876.

The immoveable wheels of Time have borne us on to still the close of another day. Days glide into weeks. Weeks into months. and time swiftly passes away. Mr Patterson did not hear. Physiology to day. We have had a great deal of company to day. I went to the post-office this after noon but did not get any mail. This has been a beautiful day indeed. ~~I believe~~ ~~there has~~ have ~~no visitors to day~~. Mrs Fannie Davis was out calling this after noon. I recited Algebra perfect this morning. also Arithmetic. Lou went down to Mrs Trimbles this morning. and took her dinner to her. Lou Belle-Collins is going to stay with her. (Mrs Trimble) to night, so Emma said. Aunt Bellie and Sadie went down to Mrs Odens to day. There is ~~not~~ nothing ~~any~~ new ~~in Middle town~~ to relate I believe, except Mrs Dr Davis moves to morrow. Emma Snoddy and Berdie Butler have quit speaking. I went over to Inst this evening.

"94 by Carry. McClure. "Senior."
in proving.

Thursday. Jan. 27th, 1874.

What a disagreeable day this has been! It is enough to give any one the "blues", to see it rain so much. I went to school to-day as usual, and recited all of my lessons perfectly. I believe we have had no company to-day for a "rarity." I went to the post-office this evening, but did not get any mail. Emma Collins said she was going to stay all night with Mrs. Trimble. ~~to night.~~ She asked me to come down ~~there~~ and work Algebra with her, but I cannot go. Journal, I will ~~have quit~~ be compelled to stop writing until I light the lamp. It is so dark ~~that~~ I can hardly see the lines. Well, I have come to finish writing my journal. Mr. Patterson has not been in the school room to-day except the hour before school ~~let out~~ has dismissed. I went ~~down~~ 2 to Dr. Mitchell's office to get some medicine, and 2 went also to Mr. Woodwards. I have told you all the news I can think of, so I will bid you a dieu for to-night.

Thursday.
" Thursday. April

Friday. Jan. 28th. 1876.

This has been a very warm morning. It commenced to rain this evening, about one "(1)" o'clock. and has been raining nearly every since. We have had a great deal of company to day. One of my old friends was here to day. "Jeffie Jones". but did not stay very long. She. "(Jeffie)" came with Joe Rogers after Bettie. Sadie went down to "Mrs. Odens and Mrs. Trimble." this morning. The girls said there was public Society to night. but Mr Patterson didnt say any thing about it. I am not going. I saw several of the girls going. while ago. I went to the post office this evening.

"Saturday." Jan. 29th. 1876.

This has been a beautiful day the sun has been shining so brightly. I went to the post office this afternoon. Fannie went down to see Lizzie Dobryns to day. We have had no visitors this evening. I have been ironing this morning. a little. I believe I know all of my lessons for Monday. with the exception

of Algebra. Low went down to Mrs Gaimbles this evening. I have told you all the news I can think of. I will bid you adieu."

Sunday. Jan. 30th, 1876.

At this birds day has at length arrived, and I finds me seated in the parlor by a bright fire for the purpose of writing my Journal. Fannie Low and myself went to church this morning. Mr Revels preached. Mrs Anderson spent the day with us. She came to late to go to church. There was a great deal of the birdies went to (church) this morning. Lizzie Horton said maybe she would come over this evening. I saw Mr Frank Butler go by just now and with Birdie. Aunt Bettie and Sadie are going to church to night. Low staid all night with Mrs Gaimble last night. This has been a beautiful day. I have told you all the news. I will bid you adieu for the present.

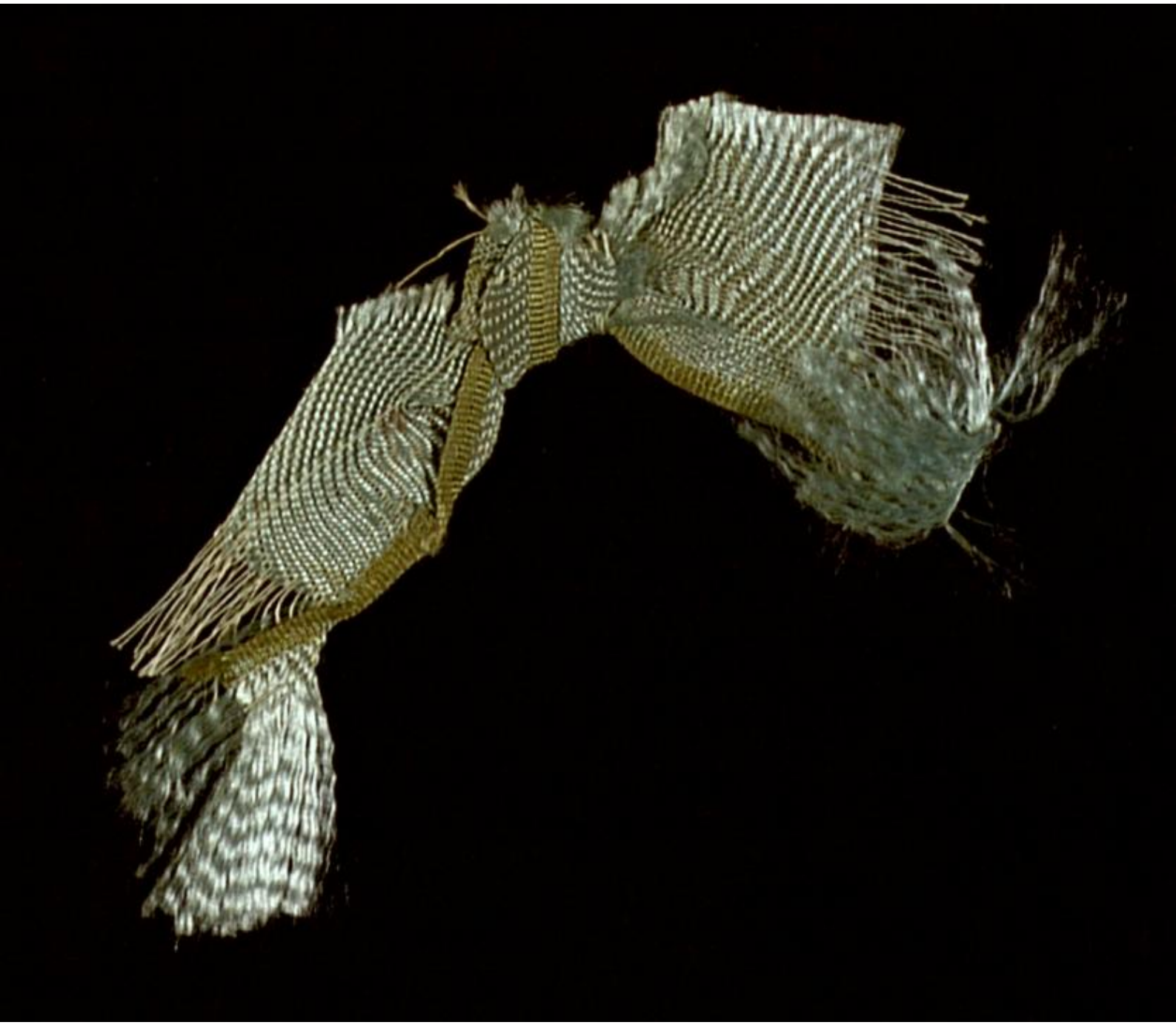
Monday. Jan. 31th, 1876.

This has been a very pretty day indeed. Mrs Anderson staid all night with us last night. She was starting to go home and the horse broke loose and I guess it broke the runaway. It broke the bridle and I guess she will not go home this evening. Lou is going with her when she goes, yours and I have some good news to tell you. "Do you want to know what it is". I suppose you do. So I will tell you, "it is nothing". O! yes it is. I went for you this time. Miss. Lonie Oldham arrived this evening with Mrs. Grubbs. She is going to stay all night with us. He. "Mr Grubbs" is going to that hotel. I heard that Lizzie Bean had stopped school. This evening I don't know whether it is true. Lizzie Horton and Lulie Blackford were this after noon. This is the last day of Jan. I went to the post office to day. I often think of Linda Allen & Belle Wright,

98 by Mr Patterson.

Tuesday-evening. Feb. 1st, 1876.

This has been such a rainy day. But the rain has now turned into a snow. I went to school to day as usual. Mr Patterson did not hear Physiology this morning. This is the first day of Feb. and a dreadful cold one at that. Miss. Lonnie Albans went home this morning about eight (8) oclock. I did not go to the P.O. this evening. Mrs. Anderson went home this morning and Lou went with her. I belive no person has been here to day. Mr Patterson commenced hearing three recds yesterday. "O! I am so glad." I was the first scholar at school this morning, except Lonnie Evans. I belive she got there a little before I did. It is getting so dark that I will have to bring my journal to a close for this evening.



Monday. Jan. 31th, 1876.

This has been a very pretty day indeed. Mrs Anderson staid all night with us last night. She was starting to go home and the horse broke loose and I guess it broke the rockaway. It broke the bridle, and I guess she will not go home this evening. Lou is going with her when she goes. Journal I have some good news to tell you. "do you want to know what it is". I suppose you do. So I will tell you, "it is nothing". O! yes it is. I wont fool you this time. Miss. Connie Oldham arrived this evening with Mr. Grubbs. She is going to stay all night with us. He. "(Mr Grubbs.)" is going to the hotel. I heard that Lizzie Bean had stopped school this evening I dont know whether it is true. Lizzie Horton and Lulie Shackelford were this after noon. This is the last day of Jan. I went to the post office to day. I

Often think of Linda Allen & Belle Wright,

98 by Mr Patterson.

Tuesday-evening. Feb. 1st, 1876.

This has been such a rainy day. But the rain has now turned into snow. I went to school to day as usual. Mr Patterson did not hear Physiology this morning. This is the first day of Feb. and a dreadful cold one at that. Miss. Lonnie Albans went home this morning, about eight (8) oclock. I did not go to the P.O. this evening. Mrs. Anderson went home this morning and Tom went with her. I belive no person has been here to day. Mr Patterson commenced hearing three ones yesterday. "O! I am so glad." I was the first scholar at school this morning, except Fannie Evans. I belive she got there a little before I did. It is getting so dark that I will have to bring my journal to a close for this evening.

Monday. Jan. 31th, 1876.

This has been a very pretty day indeed. Mrs Anderson staid all night with us last night. She was starting to go home and the horse broke loose and I guess it broke the rockaway. It broke the bridle, and I guess she will not go home this evening. Lou is going with her when she goes. Journal I have some good news to tell you. "do you want to know what it is". I suppose you do. So I will tell you, "it is nothing". O! yes it is. I wont fool you this time. Miss. Connie Oldham arrived this evening with Mr. Grubbs. She is going to stay all night with us. He. "Mr Grubbs." is going to the hotel. I heard that Lizzie Bean had stopped school this evening I dont know whether it is true. Lizzie Norton and Lulie Shackelford were this after noon. This is the last day of Jan. I went to the post office to day. I

Often think of Linda Allen & Belle Wright,

98 by Mr Patterson.

Tuesday evening. Feb. 1st, 1876.

This has been such a rainy day. But the rain has now turned into snow. I went to school to day as usual. Mr Patterson did not hear Physiology this morning. This is the first day of Feb. and a dreadful cold one at that. Miss. Lonnie Albans went home this morning about eight (8) oclock. I did not go to the P.O. this evening. Mrs. Anderson went home this morning and Lou went with her. I belive no person has been here to day. Mr Patterson commenced having three recks yesterday. "O! I am so glad." I was the first scholar at school this morning except Fannie Evans. I belive she got there a little before I did. It is getting so dark that I will have to bring my journal to a close for this evening.

Wednesday. Feb. 2nd, 1876.

The little clock on the mantle admonishes me that it is time for me to retire, but I can not go until I write a few lines in my journal. Mr Patterson corrected the boarders journals to day. The snow hasn't melted yet. The sun has bee shining very bright to day. Pa went to the post-office this evening, but I dont think, he got any mail. Lizzie Bean sent for Sudie to come up there this evening, when she (Sudie) got there, Mrs Riddell was there, and Ida Bean came druckly afterwards. Prof St. Clair heard Algebra this morning I was perfect in it. We have had no company to day, I have learned all of my lessons for to morrow. As they all have gone to bed, and I am sitting here alone, I will bring my journal to a close for to night.

Thursday, Feb. 3rd, 1876.

The events of another has passed away and never to be recalled any more. The day has passed very rapidly. No news as usual has happened to day. It has been snowing very hard this evening. We have had a great deal of company to day. When I got to school this morning, they were eating breakfast. Pa went to the post office this evening, but I don't think he got any mail. Wm Patterson did not hear Physiology this evening. I have recited all of my lessons perfectly to day. Mr Patterson said he was going to practice the choirs all day to morrow. Kate Montague came back to school to day. I will have to stop writing and prepare my lessons for to morrow.

"Thursday. Mar. 16th. 1876."

"Jennie Deatherage married Peles-Glover. very pretty day but dreadful windy."

Friday. Feb. 4th, 1876.

My journal has just been corrected by Mr Patterson. He gave me ninety-eight. (98) and I only had one mistake. Miss Love has been over to the chapel all morning. We recited Arithmetic this morning. Mr Patterson has been practising the choirs all morning. He is going to take my choir next or some one told me. Miss Mary Bailey heard our Grammar this evening I did not miss any. There is not very many girls at school to-day. I went to the post office this evening. I believe we have had no visitors to-day. This would be a beautiful day. if the snow would melt.

Saturday. Feb. 5th. 1876.

"Mother Earth" is still wrapped in her soft fleecy mantle of spotless white and therefore looks lovely that old sol is casting upon her his most radiant smiles. I went down to Mrs Saimble's this morning also up to Mrs Riddells. I went to the post office this evening. and

got two or three letters. Sudie is getting ready to go up to see Lizzie Bean. She (Lizzie) is sick in bed. Journal I made some snow cream this morning it was very good. I went over to the Fort this evening to take Julie Shacelford's dress to her.

Sunday. Feb. 6th, 1876.

Sunday has come again with all of its brilliant sunshine. The snow has not melted yet. None of us went to church to day except Papa. There was not many of the schoolgirls went either. Lizzie ~~Horton~~. Bean is some better to day. I think I know all of my lessons for to morrow. Pa got his eye ~~heart~~ hurt dreadful bad yesterday. a stick of wood flewe up and hit him below his eye. It is swollen very bad. Lizzie Dobryns was here yesterday. Mr Redmon sent L B. a bag of french candies yesterday by me. She said it was so nice. Fannie received a letter from Fannie Deatherage yesterday evening."

Friday. Feb. 4th, 1876.

My journal has just been corrected by Mr Patterson. He gave me ninety-eight. (98) and I only had one mistake. Miss Love has been over to the chapel all morning. We recited Arithmetic this morning. Mr Patterson has been practising the choirs all morning. He is going to take my choir next or some one told me. Miss Mary Bailey heard our Grammar this evening I did not miss any. There is not very many girls at school to-day. I went to the post office this evening. I believe we have had no visitors to-day. This would be a beautiful day. if the snow would melt.

Saturday. Feb. 5th. 1876.

"Mother Earth" is still wrapped in her soft fleecy mantle of spotless white and therefore looks lovely that old sol is casting upon her his most radiant smiles. I went down to Mrs Saunbles this morning also up to Mrs Riddells. I went to the post office this evening. and

got two or three letters. Lockie is getting ready to go up to see Lizzie Beaver. She (Lizzie) is sick in bed. Journal I made some snow cream this morning it was very good. I went over to the Inst. this evening to take Lulie Shewalters dress to her.

Sunday. Feb. 6th, 1876.

Sunday has come again with all of its brilliant sunshine. The snow has not melted yet. None of us went to church to day except Papa. There was not many of the schoolgirls went either. Lizzie ~~Horton~~. Beaver is some better to day. I think I know all of my lessons for to morrow. Pa got his eye ~~hurt~~ hurt dreadful bad yesterday. a stick of wood flewe up and hit him below his eye. It is swollen very bad. Lizzie Dobyns was here yesterday. Mr Redmon sent L B. a bag of French candies yesterday by me. She said it was so nice. Jennie received a letter from Lonnie Deatherage yesterday evening.

90 by Id Bean.

Monday. Feb. 7th, 1876.

This has been such a pleasant day. The sun has been shining so brightly all day. The snow has nearly all melted. Sadie received three or four letters this evening. "Lizzie Bean" was at school ~~to~~ today." I took a music lesson ~~to~~ this morning ~~today~~. The name of the peice was "Walking down broadway". It is very pretty. "Mrs. Odero and Mrs. Riddell" were here this afternoon. Gertrude Hoskins said she was coming over here ~~to~~ night. I went down to Mrs. Trimble's this evening. Mrs. Collins and Miss Jennie Frigua were there. "Journal good news"! Bettie Rogers came back this morning. "I was so glad to see her." "Bertie Butler" is mad at "Emma Snoddy." I have told you all the news, I can think of, so I will close.

Tuesday. Feb. 8th 1876.

Another beautiful day is numbered with those that were, and in order that I may never "lose sight of it." I will write an account of it here. Nothing ~~very~~ very new nor

marvelous has taken place to day that I should be so ready to write. nevertheless I will write something. I recited Algebra and Arithmetic perfect to day. Pa went to the post office this evening, but did not get any mail for myself. Sudie went to Mr Sterling this evening on the stage. Mrs Beard was here this morning Edna Shute was not at school to day. Mr Patterson did not hear Physiology this evening. I went up to Mrs Sue Riddell's this morning. Prof St Clair heard "Fifth Reader" to day.

Wednesday. Feb 9th, 1876.

This has been such a disagreeable evening, We have had a great deal of company to day. I went to school to day as usual and recited all of my lessons perfectly ~~to day~~. If you need not expect ~~me~~ to write a long diary. my finger is so sore that I can hardly write. Prof St Clair heard Algebra this morning. He gave us some examples that was not in

90 by Id Bean.

Monday. Feb. 7th, 1876.

This has been such a pleasant day. The sun has been shining so brightly all day. The snow has nearly all melted. Sadie received three or four letters this evening. "Lizzie Bean" was at school ~~to~~ day. I took a music lesson ~~to~~ this morning. The name of the peice was "Walking down broadway". It is very pretty. "Mrs. Odero and Mrs. Riddell" were here this afternoon. Gertrude Hoskins said she was coming over here ~~to~~ night. I went down to Mrs. Trimble's this evening. Mrs Collins and Miss Jennie Frigua were there. "Journal good news"! Bettie Rogers came back this morning. "I was so glad to see her." "Bertie Butler" is mad at "Emma Snoddy." I have told you all the news, I can think of, so I will close.

Tuesday. Feb. 8th 1876.

Another beautiful day is numbered with those that were, and in order that I may never "lose sight of it." I will write an account of it here. Nothing ~~very~~ very new nor

marvelous has taken place to day that I should be so ready to write. nevertheless I will write something. I recited Algebra and Arithmetic perfect to day. Pa went to the post office this evening, but did not get any mail for myself. Sadie went to Mr Sterling this evening on the stage. Mrs Beans was here this morning Edna Shuh was not at school to day. Mr Patterson did not hear Physiology this evening. I went up to Mrs Sue Riddell's this morning. Prof St Clair heard "Fifth Reader" to day.

Wednesday. Feb 9th, 1876.

This has been such a disagreable evening, We have had a great deal of company to day. I went to school to day as usual and recited all of my lessons perfectly ~~to day~~. to write. of course you need not expect ~~much~~ a long diary. my finger is so sore that I can hardly write. Prof St Clair heard Algebra this morning. He gave us some examples that was not in

our book for to morrow. Grandma is sick to day, Miss Mary Barkley did not hear Grammar this morning, some of the girls said she was sick, no news has happened to day worth talking about,

Thursday. Feb, 10th 1876.

Thursday has come again with all its brilliant sunshine. We have had several visitors to day. Pa went to the post office this evening, and got several letters. "Ella Sweeny" little sister came to see her this morning. Mrs Rogers came also to see Lizzie Morton. Belle Waight and Lindy Allen went home this evening. Berlie Battles recived a letter from Mr Frank, he sent his compliments to Lodie. Miss Mary Barkley did not hear Grammar to day. I went down to Anna Davis yesterday a little while. I took a music lesson this evening. I was perfect in fifth Reader to day. Aunt Bettie and Fannie went down to Mrs Dobyns last night.

Friday. Feb. 11th, 1876.

Well is it possible that I have to write another Journal. and dont know what to write about, Miss Sue heard Arithmetic this morning. I was perfect in it. Journal what do you think I have gotten one hundred in Arithmetic for four weeks. I only got ninety seven (97) in Algebra. Some one corrected my journal, I only had three mistakes and they give me eighty. They must have corrected me for quotation points. but I have never studied Rhetoric. I know who it was tho it was Ida Bean, Cousin Mat Mckey and Cousin Buttler Carrington were here this evening. They ate dinner with Mrs Dr Mitchell. I was sorry I did not get to see them. I was at school.

Saturday. Feb. 12th, 1876.

I did not get up very early this morning. Lizzie Bean came down after her dress this evening but did not stay very long. I went down to Mrs. Oden's this morning also up to Mr. Spilman's

grocery. Aunt Bettie went down to see Mrs. Ritter & and Mrs Gamble this evening. I saw Mrs Mitchell and Mrs Rogers pass a while ago. I expect they will stop in here as they come back. I went to the post office this evening but did not get any mail. Mrs Odem is here now she is going to sit until bed time. Aunt Bettie and Fannie went up to Mrs. Riddells to night. I went up to Fannie Davis this evening to get her to show me how to do an Algebra example

Sunday. Feb. 13th. 1876.

Another lords day has passed away very rapidly indeed. Lou and I have been studying all day, and now dont know all of my lessons yet. Mrs Anderson brought Lou home this morning and spent the day with us. I did not go to church to day. Ella Sweny. Lucy K. Lulie S. Fannie L. Ella G. and several other girls stopped in here out of the rain as they came from church this morning. Sudie is not coming home until next Sunday. The sun has been shining very brightly this evening.

"Valentine day." 98. by Lena. Grimble. senior

Monday. Feb. 14th. 1876.

~~Being able to know that the~~ Another day has passed. & I now take my seat, for the purpose of having a short conversation, with my dear old journal. I have just been to the post office. I did not get any valentines I was very much disapointed. Mrs. Patterson was here this afternoon. Lizzie Horton went home Saturday. and has not returned yet. Linda Allen and Belle Wright came back this morning. Lena Grimble came to school to-day she has been sick for over a week. I went to school to-day as usual, and recited all of my lessons perfectly, with the exception of Algebra. As I have told you all the news, I will stop writing, and study my lessons for to-morrow.

Tuesday. Feb. 15th. 1876.

Journal this has been such a cold day. It has been snowing nearly all day. I went to school to-day as usual. Prof. St. Clair heard Fifth Reader this evening. No news has taken place to-day. Lizzie Horton came back this morning. Pa has not,

been to the post office yet, Journal what do you think when I went to school this morning. Emmie Snoddy had on Alla Sweeney's dress, it nearly touched the floor. Mr Patterson asked her whose dress that was she had on, she said it was ~~her~~ hers, ~~he~~ said that it was mighty long. Emmie walked off like she never heard what he said. Lizzie Snoddy received a letter from a young gentleman this evening, ~~and~~ Mr Patterson broke it open and read it, He had his name signed ~~his name~~ Cousin, that was all of the name, Lizzie said, she did not know who it was from.

Wednesday, Feb. 16th 1876.

Daylight has nearly changed in to darkness, and before it has entirely changed. I will try and write a few lines in my journal. Aunt Sue Mitchell was here this morning, but did not stay very long. Sudie and Fannie received two beautiful valentines this evening. I recited all of my lessons perfectly to day. Journal I am not in a very good humor this evening to write.

I have worked all of the examples in Algebra for to morrow, except one. Prof told the class to bring six problems our paper. I will have put my journal away and study my lessons for to morrow, and it is dark.

Thursday. Febr~~uary~~ 17th 1876.

This has been a beautiful day. The sun has been shining very brightly all morning. Journal Sadie came home this evening. Cousin Pet McDaniel brought her. She has been to Mr Sterling for nearly two weeks. I went to the post-office this evening but did not get any mail. I excited Algebra perfectly this morning. Sadie is writing a letter now, to some body. Hannie and Lou are talking so much, that I can hardly write. Lou went up to Mrs Riddells this evening. Sadie is expecting several young gentlemen down Sunday. Miss Lue heard Arithmetic this morning. I was perfect in it.

Friday. Feb. 18th 1876.

My Journal has just been corrected and I got 98. Lena Gamble corrected it. I got a very good standing, in all of my studies this week, with the exception of music, I only got nine-ty in that, ~~when~~ I thought Miss Coe ought to have given me a higher mark than that. Mrs Beans sent Mary down here, for Sadie to come up and see Lizzie, I saw Dr Mitchell and his wife go up to Mrs Beans while ~~a~~ they are invited up there to take supper, also Mr Card, Mr P, has been practising the choirs all day.

Saturday. Feb. 19th 1876.

This has been a very pleasant day indeed, the sun has been shining very bright, I went to the post office this evening, but did not get any mail. Mrs Odell and Lizzie Dobyns, were here this evening, We were looking for Cousin Mary Keanly this evening on the stage but she did not come, Mrs Smith came up

to see Aunt Bettie this evening, and is going to stay all night, Sadie and Fannie went to church to night, I havent studied any of my lessons for Monday. Aunt Bettie has been busy all day baking cake, We are looking for a company to morrow,

Sunday. Feb. 20th 1876.

Sunday has come again with all its brilliant sunshine. I did not go to church to day. Mrs Smith stayed all night with us last night, There was a lecture in town last night, I did not go. Aunt Bettie Sadie and Fannie, went. Mary Bean came down here a little while this evening, This has been such a lonesome day, to me, I saw Mrs Mitchell and Mrs Talbott, go up to Mrs Bean's, just now, I expect they will stop in here as they come back, We expected Mr Clary McKee ~~Clary~~ here for dinner to day, but he did not come, Mr Maupin came down this morning. Mr Gay was here this evening,

Monday. Feb, 21th, 1876.

This has been such a disagree able day. It has been raining very hard all day. I went to school to-day as usual. I am sorry to say I did not recite any of all of my lessons perfectly to-day. Prof St. Clair told our Algebra class to bring the examples, on paper to morrow. I saw the Stones point boys first class. Grandma is sick in bed to-day. Aunt Bettie wants to send for a Dr, but she (Grandma) wont have any. Mrs Grimble was here this morning. Mr Maupin and Mr Clay McKee, were here yesterday evening. They came to see Sadie.

Tuesday. Feb, 22 2th, 1876.

This has been a beautiful day. The sun has been shining very bright to-day. I recited Arithmetic perfect to-day. Mrs. Riddell was here this evening, she came to see Grandma. I went down to Mrs Grimbles this morning. Pa went to the post office this evening, and got his or three letters for Sadie,

Mr Patterson whipped Clifford this morning. Kate Martin came back to day. Prof heard Algebra this morning. Emma Sawdy is sick in bed. I went up to see her this evening she is some better. I have worked all of my examples in Algebra for to morrow. I heard that Mattie Mark ran off and married last night.

Wednesday. February 23d, 1876.

92 The winter king has again made his appearance. When I arose this morning I found that it was snowing very hard. Grandma is better to-day. Mrs Aden was here last night. When Mr. Patterson called the roll this evening he asked if there were any girls in the house that did not speak to each other. He made all those that did not "make up". Mrs. Talbott was here this evening. I went to the post-office this afternoon. Lizzie K. Bears is worse to-day. Sadie is talking about going up there after a while. I have told all the news I can think of so I will close.

Thursday. February. 24th. 1876.

The immoveable wheels of time have born us on to still the close of another day. Days glide into weeks. Weeks into months; and time swiftly passes away. Lizzie went down to see Minnie Winston this evening. Mrs Riddell was here this morning. Pa went to the P. O. this evening. Grandma is a great deal better to day. I heard from Lizzie Bean this evening. I was perfect in all of my lessons, to day. My standing in Fifth Reader was 100. Journal no news as usual has transpired to day. Lou went up to Mrs Sue Riddells this evening. I will have to put my journal away and study my Algebra lesson.

Friday. February. 25th. 1876.

This has been a beautiful day, indeed. Miss Ida Dobyns was here all evening, Mrs Lib Mitchell, Billy Moberly, Dr Mitchell and wife were here last night. I went up to see how Lizzie Bean was this evening. She is some better. Lizzie Dobyns and Hannie—

Brown were here a little while this morning. Grandma is no better to-day. Pa is sick to-day. I went to the post-office this evening. I have told you all the news. So I will close.

Saturday. Feb. 26, 11, 1876.

What a busy day this has been with us. We had a regular clearing up this morning. I went down to Mrs Trimble's this evening. I saw Mrs Patterson going to Mt Sterling this morning. Cousin Mag Rogers and Cousin Mary Hardy came down this evening from Mt. Sterling. and are going to stay until Sunday or Monday. Lizzie Horton came over this eve and took supper. Lizzie Dobyns was here to-day. I went down to Mrs Edens this morning. Pa went to the P.O. this evening. and got several letters. This has been a very gloomy day. I heard that Lizzie Bean was no better this evening.

Sunday. Feb, 27. 1876.

This has been rather a cloudy day. Dr Mitchell was here a few moments ago. He came to see Grandma. Cousin Mag stayed all night with Lizzie Horton last night. I did not go to church to day. Wallis Montague and Nellie were here this evening. I went down to Mrs Mitchell's while ago. Lizzie Bean is better to day. Lizzie Horton spent the day with us to day. Cousin Mag Ragon and Cousin Mary Stanly went home this evening. Mrs Oden was here to day.

98

Monday. Feb. 28th 1876.

Monday has come again and is almost gone. ~~and it finds~~ am seated by my little window for the purpose of having a short conversation with my old friend Journal. This has been a very cold day, indeed. The wind has been blowing very hard. Miss Sue was sick to-day, and did not hear our arithmetic lesson.

I believe we have had no company to-day, for a rarity. Lou went to the post office this evening. ~~and got~~ She & Sadie received several letters ~~for herself and Sadie~~. I am nearly through my journal, and I am so glad. Nothing marvelous has transpired to-day. Miss Odero ~~moves to-day. She is going~~ expects to * to move where Mrs. Hudsell ~~used~~ to live.

Tuesday. February. 29th. 1876.

I have just returned from school. and I now seat myself for the purpose of con-conversing a short while with my journal. Mrs. Bean and Mrs. Smith were here this morning. I went to the post office ~~this day~~ evening. Pa is sick in bed to-day. Grandma is no better this evening. I went down to Mrs Dobryns, this morning. This has been a beautiful day. Miss Sue came in the schoolroom this morning, Prof St. Clair heard Fifth Reader this evening, I did not miss any. Alla Sweeney came back this morning, Ella Glover also came.

* tautology

Wednesday. March. 1st. 1876.

This is the 1st day of March. and it has been hailing nearly all day. Cousin Ed Kemper was here this evening. Grandma is better. Mrs Bean was here this morning. Four more pages and I will be through my Journal. I was correct in all of my lessons to day, with the exception of Fifth Reader. I made one mistake in that. I went to the Post office this afternoon but did not get mail. Bettie Rogers said they got through Philosophy to day, and had to get thirty (30) pages for Monday. I have told you all the news, so I will close.

Thursday: March 2nd. 1876.

Daylight has nearly changed into darkness and before it has entirely changed I will write my Journal or at least I will try. Mrs Patterson and Mrs Allen were here this morning. Prof. St Clair heard Fifth Reader this evening. I was not correct. Nannie received a letter from

one of her friends in Madison this evening. stating that Nannie Deatherage was going to marry the 17th of this month I dont know whether it is so or not. Cliff Hadden came home this evening. He has been to Texas on a visit for three or four month. Lizzie Bean is better to day. I went down to see Mrs Dobyns this morning.

Friday March. 3rd 1876.

My Journal has just been corrected and I got ninety four. Prof St. Clair heard Fifth Reader this evening. He sent four (4) of the girls over to Mr Patterson. I went to the P.O. this morning but did not get any mail. Mrs Trimble was here to-day. Grandma is no better to-day. Mrs Riddell is going to Midway to live. she starts to-morrow. It has been a beautiful day. Mr Patterson went to Paris this morning. Mary Thomas went with him. Cary McClure went home with Lida Letton this evening. I have told you all the news. so I will have to close writing

Saturday. ÷ Mar. 4th, 1876.

What a lovely day this has been. The little birds have been singing so sweetly all morning. I went down to Mr Bittrels this morning. We have had no visitors to day I believe. I went to the post office this evening, and got Lou a letter, and Sadie. I went down to Mrs Odens this morning, she is fixed up real nice. I have been busy all day, helping Aunt Bettie bake cake. Lou is real sick to night. Pa had go to Dr Mitchells and get her some medicine.

Sunday. Mar. 5th, 1876.

This has been a very gloomy day. I did not go to church this morning to day. We have been looking for company to day. I saw a good many coming to church. Mr Mankin called on Sadie this evening. Lizzie Dobyns was here this afternoon. I think I know all of my lessons for to morrow, except Algebra, I can't work three examples. Grandma is no better to day.

98. Lena Gamble.

Monday. Mar. 6th, 1876.

This has been a very pleasant day. Ms Patterson went to Paris to-day. Mary Waldron taught in the chapel and Sallie Hoover in Miss Lee room. I was perfect in all my lessons to-day. A good many of the girls received boxes this evening. Mr and Mrs Land are invited down to Mrs Mitchells to take supper this evening. Mrs Annie Priest was here to-day. Aunt Bettie and Mrs Anderson were invited, to spend the day with Mrs Odell this morning.

Tuesday. Mar. 7th, 1876.

This has been such a dull and gloomy day. Prof. St. Blair heard Algebra this morning. Lavinia Collins did not come to school to-day. Pattie Grady was here this evening. I went down to Annie Davises this evening. Mrs Patterson and Miss Annie Rogers went away to-day. Pa went to the P. O.

this evening. No news has occurd today. Sudie and, Lou received a letter this evening. Mr Patterson, heard Philosophy to day. I went down to Mr Kittrells this morning. Prof St Clair heard Fifth Reader this evening. I did not miss any.

Wednesday. March. 8th, 1876,

This has been a beautiful day. I went to school to-day as usual and recited all of my lessons perfectly. with the exception of Grammar. Aunt Bettie went down to town this evening and bought some things. I believe we have had no company today. Mr Patterson made out some of the girls reports this evening. Emma Collins came to school today. I have not heard from Lizzie Bean for two or three days. Journal ~~I~~ I have such a hard lesson in Algebra for to morrow. Lou went to the post office this evening but did not get any mail. I heard to-day that Mr John Grimble had bought Mr Kittrells old place. and was going to send his children to Mr Patterson to school.

Thursday. Mar. 9th. 1876.

Thursday has come again with all its brilliant sunshine. and it finds me seated by my little table for the purpose of have a short conversation with my journal. Aunt. Bettie and myself went down to Mrs Grimbles to night. but did not stay very long. Sadie sent after us to come home that Mrs Mitchell and Mrs Dobyns were here. Pa went. to the P. O. this evening. I saw Miss Sue Mary Walden, Sallie Hoover and Sallie Smith, go down to Mrs Grimbles this evening. Prof St. Clair. is going to examine his Arithmetic to morrow.

Friday. Mar 10th 1876.

Jno. Lena S. Well is it possible that I have to write another journal. I believe I have recited all of my lessons perfectly to day. We ~~have~~ had several visitors this morning. Fannie got an invitation to Nannie Deatherage's "weden" this evening,

but I do not expect she will go. Prof Dr. Blair examined his Arithmetic class this morning. and Zoology this evening. Bettie Rogers went home this morning. I have told you all the news, I will close.

Saturday. Mar. 11th, 1876.

This has been a very disagreeable windy day. Although, the sun has been shining very brightly. I went to the post office this evening but I did not get any mail. Lizzie Dobyns was here this evening. I know all of my lessons for Monday with the exception of Algebra. I went down to see Annie Davis a little while this evening.

Sunday. Mar 12th 1876.

Another day has come and almost gone. and I to finds me seated in my little chamber for the purpose of writing my Journal. I did not go to church to-day. Mrs Andrews was spent with us to-day. Mrs Odell was here this evening. As I am on my last page. you need not expect me to write a long Journal.

Monday. Mar. 13th 1876.

I am through my Journal. but I am going to write ~~in~~ the backs. as I have not gotten ~~one a new one~~ any yet. I am going to get one a new one if there is any in town. to morrow. I went to school to day as usual. and recited all of my lessons perfectly with the exception of Fifth Reader. I missed one, and regretted it very much. Miss Mary Barkley went to Paris this morning. Annie Davis did not come to school to day.

Tuesday. Mar. 14th 1876.

This has been a very disagreeable day indeed It has been raining very hard all day. Prof S'te Claire heard Algebra this morning. Miss Mary did not hear Grammar this evening. Lucy Harding has not returned yet. Bertie Bostler came back this afternoon I went to the P. O. this evening. I will bid this Journal "fare-well, farewell"

N. M. Town Ky April 14th 66

Monday.

Again I have come unto you to scribble the passing events of the day; I was perfect in all of my lessons today. Mrs Dobyns, Mrs Graves and Lessie Smith were here. I went to the Post Office this evening. Mr Patterson went to Paris to day. Miss Mollie taught in his room and Miss Lula Hamilton taught in her room. I went over to Mrs Brown's this evening. Where I went Frankie Hamilton was over in the pasture gathering moss I went over there where she was and we had such a nice time. I went down to Mr Berry's this evening Sallie Brown was there. Miss Lula did not hear our Colburn Arithmetic to day. Aunt Bettie received a letter this evening from Mr Lettles He is not pleased with Missouri He talked like he was coming back. I will ~~not~~ go and get my lessons as soon as I finish my Diary. We recite Bible tomorrow morning It is three chapters in Exodus. I have related all the news of importance So I will close for this time

Sautology! Sautology in the worse degree!! It came very near containing nothing but "todays" Try and do better Seda next time.

N. M. Town Ky April 17th

41 by Mollie Lewis

Sunday Eve.

~~Today~~ It has been a very pretty day. It is so warm ~~today~~. I think I never saw such weather in my life. It is raining one day and then as hot as in July the next ~~day~~. Mrs Hood and Miss Celestine Smith were here today. I went to the Post Office this evening and got Aunt Bettie a Letter. I was perfect in all of my lessons today. I went down to Mr Dunavants this morning. We recite Bible tomorrow I was mistaken in thinking we recited Bible today. Pa went to Montgomery today. He has just got back. I went over to Mrs Brown's this evening for Grand ma; Mrs Patterson did not hear our Grammar today. I must hurry and finish my Diary for I have my Bible lesson to read over and my other lessons to learn. I went down to Mr Dobyns store this evening. I have related all the news that is worth writing in my Diary be I will bid you Good evening for today.

 A day to be long remembered

Saturday Home, Nov 23rd, 1867.

With bright unclouded magesty the day king has finished his triumphant march across the azure canopy of heaven and is now gilding the western horizon with brilliant dyes of crimson gold: soft breezes are floating over the smiling earth and all nature is ripe with beauty. I have been at home all day except I went down to Mr Browns this morning and over to the Institute, Mrs Fulton was here this morning she came to get Aunt Bettie to cut her a blue merino dress, Well as I promised you I would tell you all about the Society. I guess I will have to do so. Well we had a Soliloquy by Ida Dobyns that was splendid for one so young. but I do not know whether she wrote it or not. Miss Nellie Bryan had a Parody that was good and so many things I have not time to tell you about; Miss Jennie Henderson sang better than any of the girls, I heard a great many compliments passed on her, Mr Fulton said he "had rather hear her sing or read them any person." There was a great many there! but not as many

as were expected: Mr Strick was there; I know he is the funeriest man I ever did see, in my life: O! how glad I am that Christmas is almost here I am going to hang up my stocking, I wonder what "Kriss Kingle" will bring me. Aunt Bettie says she will give me a nice little present if I will be good; I want to bead a watch case for Jimmie Hoffman, if I can get time. Mr Bambridge Eaveris and Ashton Stockton came up last night to the Society. I did not know that Mr Patterson would allow them to come but he did, I went to the Store this evening and called for plaid thread just to fool Ashton, I believe I have told you all the news. So I will close.

Sunday Evening: Home Nov 24th 1867:

Amid the noisy little children, I am seated to pen a few lines in my beloved journal: I am almost afraid I will make a failure as they are keeping so much noise I can scarcely hear my ears: I will tell you that I went to church and Sunday School this morning there was not a great many there I will close for this evening: Yours

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Tuesday. Home. Nov 26th 1867 –

What can not be cured must be endured so I will have to write another diary although I feel so very bad this evening: We had a very interesting Bible lesson this morning. I did not miss any: Mr Henderson heard our Algebra this morning. He had to work all the examples for us. For none of the class could work one, We will be through day after tomorrow, I will be so glad: This has been a very disagreeable day. It has been raining nearly all day long. Cousin Willie Stofer came after Grandma to-day to go home. She went through all the rain. I know she will be sick: Aunt Bettie went to the auction – yesterday evening and bought her a muff she gave nine dollars for it. I think it was too much for it: but Mrs Massie and Mrs D– say it is a very fine one. (sable) I guess she will let me go to Sunday School next Sunday and take it: Night is fast approaching so I will have to hurry and finish this diary and get my lessons for tomorrow. I have no more news. (because it is a gloomy day) so I will close – good bye Forest –

We had a very interesting Algebra lesson this evening, if I am allowed to call Algebra interesting. Nannie Dan Talbott and Mrs Patterson were here this evening. Nannie came to get Aunt Bettie to cut her cloack over, Miss Cornie spent the night with us last night, and Bob McMillen came very near staying too, He came to go with Miss Cornie to the Methodist Church and Miss Cornie would not go, She said it was too rainy. He then sit and talked until 1 o'clock "Miss Cornie did not want him to go then," I think I will go down in town, when I finish this diary, Aunt Bettie wants me to go down to Mr Dan Talbotts, for her, I got some very nice prices for my quilt this evening, I finished braiding my apron, and have commenced making my new dress, I recited all my lessons perfectly to-day, (all that was heard). There is a party to be given out to Mr Joseph Jones to-night, Sue sent for Mollie Bryant, I do not know whether Prof will let her go or not, Nannie Talbott is going. Well Hellene I have related all the news of importance, so good evening.