

Dec. 28, 1900.

Dear Mrs. Spofford: --

I did not doubt your writing a great many letters to me in spirit. I have thought of you very often. I am glad your sister Sophronia is with you.

I was provoked that Mrs. Blaisdell and Mamia should leave their cards for me without any address when I was in New York. Your sister who is at the St. Cloud called. It so happened that all of them came when I was lying down or had gone out, so that I saw none of them. I meant to go the St. Cloud, but found it was impossible.

The Bazar was a \$6,000 success. The money will help along the cause, and enable us to enter the New Year and the new century with a little cash in the treasury.

I wish you could come and see me, or I could go and see you; but I cannot see my way clear to do anything but stay at home. I would tell you, if I dared to speak of it, that Richard is not quite himself again, but perhaps if I tough it through this winter as lazy as I have been for the last three months, I may feel like myself again. My doctor, a homeopathic woman, thinks that it is simply overwork, but my rest will prove whether there is not something else at the bottom of it all. I eat and sleep and go round doing nothing, looking just as well as ever, but I suppose at eighty-one we must naturally begin to feel a change come over us.

With kind regards to your married sister, to Sophronia, to your brothers, and to all the rest who happen to be with you, I am,

Very sincerely yours,