

Wednesday, Aug. 21/01

Dear Anna

We have had the reading of your letters to Nellie Charlotte & Susan B. which were pronounced very interesting - Nellie was over Sunday & took a bread & milk supper with us - She seemed very pleasant & in good humor, with the world generally -

Charlotte, by invitation, has attempted to read to Susan B. twice, but company was on hand once, & S. B. A was in bed the other time, so it may be the "three times & out" next time -

We had a young couple - S. B. A. says engaged from East Hamlin, to dinner yesterday.

Maggie got it up very nicely. They are in college, and each has a year or two longer to stay - much better, I think not to have so long engagements - If there is the right kind of love, & enough of it, there is no danger but each will wait for the other; if not, the sooner they drift apart, the better. - But the greatest wonder of the age happened this morning - Mr. & Mrs. Cook left on the 9. for the Adirondacks Mr. C. to return Sunday - Well, after showing her last night how much easier she could get started with no breakfast to get nor dishes to wash, she & he consented to take breakfast with us, which they did, putting up a lunch of our homemade bread, her boiled ham, peaches, etc. etc. and got off in good style - She hopes to stay a month at least

She was better, but doctor insisted she must go somewhere & she has gone - Maggie thinks it will seem rather lonely with both you & her gone -

Have lived here 9 years, I think & never before consented to take a meal with us, even after putting more into the larder than they could possibly eat - Mr. Favor is to be married next month. Don't you wish you were to be the happy bride, so you could have the mother with you for all time to come - If the new wife only likes her as well as Mr. F. all will go lovely.

I am to look after Topy during the absence of the heads of the family - Rev. Anna will be here tomorrow night, & Friday a number of us go to the Silver Lake meeting - Hope Winnefred is allright, & the rest of you well - With love

M. S. Anthony