My Dear Family:

I am just in from the Mission where I go as doorkeeper Monday nights. I have had a pleasant time, rode home with the pastor whom I like very much and find I have time before going to bed to write my weekly letter. I received your letter sent off Jan. 12 on the 24th, last night. It is so good to get the home news. While you have been having such zero weather, we have been having almost spring like days, sunny and warm and delightful. I am so thankful the winter is going to be over here. At least so it seems to be going to be, though, I suppose there is still time to make us shiver. Everybody says, however, that the worst is over. The days are getting much longer too, a change which we enjoy. It was terribly monotonous to light your lamp at 4 P.M. as well as expensive.

Since I wrote last week the principal excitement has been Miss Schmidt's departure. She went Thursday night. Tuesday evening we began the "send-off" by all going in a body with Mrs. and Mr. Emery, Mr. Hagen and a couple of English lovers whom we know well to our 25 cent restaurant for dinner. After that we all went to the Theatre Francaise, the best theater in Europe, it is said. We went as usual to the very top of the house where we paid 20 cents for seats. They were not worth any more I assure you, didn't have any backs to our seats and there were 2 plays, lasting from
8 o'clock to 12. They always give two pieces at a French theatre
and if one is short it is terribly tiresome. But we enjoyed
the theatre very much in spite of our fatigue and I expect will
repeat our folly as soon as we have saved the necessary 20 cents.
Wednesday night we dined with Mme. Bonnet and spent the evening
with our Egyptians who were quite broken up over Miss S's
departure. They insisted on the girls dancing and playing games
and treated us to cake and champagne, (don't be startled at the
way that sounds.) Thursday evening Lillian left. The girls had
to stay at home because it was our reception evening, but I went to
the depot to see that the child got off all right. The Emery's
and Mr. Hazen came down and all the Egyptians came in to bid her
goodbye. Monsieur Tewfig (my "son-in-law") and Monsieur Joseph
went to the depot with Lillian and me and brought me home safe and
we spent the rest of the evening together. It was the first time
the Emery's and Mr. H. had met the Egyptians. They were delighted
with them and declare they are like Americans. We have received
a letter from Lillian announcing her safe arrival and I am accordingly
relieved.

On Friday Jo and I escaped from the girls and went off
on a tour, a way we have of doing whenever I have to take a day looking
up things. I was after facts for my next Syndicate letter then
and we had a big time. We visited a new library, the next in size
to the great National Library (the largest in the world) and one of
which I had never heard. It is in the old
of Sully, Henry
IV's minister, and is very rich in books and mss. A fine young
French man took a fancy to us evidently for he took us all over the
place and explained all the riches of the establishment. From there
we went to the Musée Carnavalet where all things connected with
the history of the city and of the French Revolution are kept.
It was not the day for the place to be opened but we bribed the
concierge, a funny old man who has been 25 years in the Museum,
to take us through. Such an interesting place! We sat in the chair
that Voltaire died in, saw a copy of the Constitution of 1793 bound
in human skin, saw the red caps of the Revolution, playing cards
of that period where the kings and queens and jacks were replaced
by working men, etc., etc. It is an immensely interesting place,
but half the people who come here never get in to it. Indeed, I
begin to think that most people who come here don't see much of
anything. After we left the Museum we found a little milk shop and
ate our 12 o'clock breakfast and continued our sight-seeing, visiting
a new church (to us) and hunting up a library which I wanted to
examine but which was closed. After all that we went home and heard
two lectures of an hour each before dinner. You see we put in full
days here.

Today I have written my Syndicate letter which I shall send
off this week so that it may appear on February 14. Did my letter on
Transit come out on January 17? I hope so. I wish you could send me
clippings of these letters or the papers containing them. I have
never seen but the one on the Baths. It is very hard to get them to
remember you in the office for occasional numbers. I have not heard
from anybody yet in regard to money though I think I certainly shall
too soon. The Chicago Tribune has never written me or sent me anything
but I'll stir them up when I write and send my letter this week. It
will come out all right, I am sure. ---- So Dr. T.L.F. is going to run
for Congress. I think it must be true for we heard it three times
this week from you, from Mrs. Tupper and from Miss Barney. The
letters from M. which came yesterday were full of Ned's wedding. It
must have been very elegant. Miss B. wrote us a full description
of the toilets, etc. Harry was there. Do you know he has been
in an institution to cure drunkenness, so Miss B. said. Terrible
isn't it? She did not say if Fanny was with him but I presume so.
Their presents were very elegant. Dr. gave the bride $500.00.
Mrs. Davis has said (Mrs. D. is the mother of the bride) that
Ned is the best "catch" in Pennsylvania. Now don't be cross at
Iris about her "interest" in things. It is her way and really it
is such a great thing to gossip over, that M. row, that I don't
blame her much. Do you know that she really thinks seriously of
coming over here next summer? She writes so to Jo at least. I
don't doubt that Doctor F. knows everything that Jo and I do. I
presume he has a Pinkerton over here but who cares? We write
letters to M. bubbling over with our good times. You'd think we
were rolling in wealth and eea the center of a score of admirers
if you could read them. We don't intend the people there shall
is suspect that there are anything in our life here which isn't easy
and agreeable. Of course the girls tell him that we write.

I am glad Sara is back in Buffalo. If she can only
be cured what a glorious thing it will be. Of course she bears
it bravely. Nobody ever was pluckier than she. I hope Mother
can go up to see her. Do take great care of yourselves and get
safely over the grippe. I think I am going to escape it entirely.
Haven't had a cold for a month now and feel quite like myself
altogether. Well, well, I must go to bed. It is 10 11 o'clock
and will be 12 before I'm tucked away. It is the hardest place to go to bed in season in that I ever saw. But I really think one requires less sleep here than in most places. Give my love to everybody. Tell father I am going to write him an especial letter soon so as to get one in return. How about Ella's letter? The girls send love. By-the-way I asked my French teacher what was new for receptions. The highest style it seems is Spanish Wine for refreshments. Do you think you'll have some.

I.M.T.