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My Dear Mrs. Gray,

In due time I reached home, and have fallen into the groove of business as comfortably as a boy tumbles from his bicycle. I can scarcely imagine that I have been away down east - even to the city of Boston, for every thing goes along as of yore, and my absence certainly did not impede the progress of the seasons or interfere with the "pro-cession of equinoxes". One lady in Sunday School yesterday ~~thought~~ ^{said} it was very convenient to have me back; another wished to amend by saying pleasant as well as convenient. Whether the amendment was adopted or not I did not stop to ascertain. One thing however I am quite confident of: I had an excellent visit at Harvard, and I feel very thank-

ful to the friends there who made it possible for me to enjoy it. At present I can but wish you the richest of blessings. I wish I could send you a good slice of our lovely weather that we are having just now - in fact almost ever since my return. It does seem a real comfort and both "pleasant" and "Convenient" to have such a "glorious climate." In coming home I traveled one night and part of a day between Bheyenne and Ogden in snow drifts and a heavy snow storm. So that when I got home my voice was sub base and my head a base ball in sensation, (ie, as I imagine a base ball feels after being clubbed) I had so much cold that I could spare a large share for my wife and daughter which they have been enjoying ever since. Wasn't I generous?

That lunch basket and glass of quince marmalade were substantial things that I will not soon forget - unless I forget the happy things, and the good things, before I do the evil ones. The evil men do live after them", we are told; some wicked fellow punched a hole in the basket in the wicked City of Chicago, and that hole I brought with me, and I shall always remember that in association with the good things in the basket - and may it not be a good thing - that evil done to the basket - if it should only serve as a ^{continual} reminder of the donor of that basket and the quince marmalade! But I am

sure now that I do not need such a re-
minder.

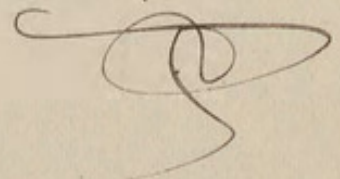
I imagined I could see Dr. Farrow and
Prof. Watson holding on to their hats and
ears during the late blizzard in the east
that the paper tells ~~me~~ about. It must have
been a fearful storm. Did you feel it at
Cambridge very much?

Excuse so much nonsense. I only
intended to announce my safe arrival at
home, and express my thanks for your kind
kindly regards to Prof. Watson and
Farrow and Miss Gray, and please accept
the same for yourself.

Hoping to hear from time to time of your
welfare.

I remain sincerely
Your friend

C. L. Anderson





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