Dear Mary,

I don't seem to have much to tell. We have settled into such a steady jog, and were inclined to stay here in the parlor close to the fire with our books and work for I took to sewing and mending with great zest [?] until the rain stopped and we went over to the Towne place which is all staked out to be sold in lots which gave A.F. a great pang – as if we

[2]
saw the Hayes orchard going to be cut up, I suppose. We came down the little lane by the Wig's and walked on the beach where it was dry and warm and lots of things come in with the wind and rough water that we had to stop to see. I was afraid that there would be a frost last night but every thing seems smiling. We had to set the furnace going again and my new summer things that I thought were

[3]
too thick last week look parlous thin. We are going to town by the two o'clock train so there will be a mid morning here. Your poor Sister is so worn out by the Robinson woman that you will have to come and get the little pieces of her that are left in one of Cal Plaisted's least baskets. There is a message for Sister Cazay [a variant of Carrie] in the letter…. Oh Mary if you or Caray [same ???] were only here = there is an outside nightgown being cut and made with large sleeves to go on over a white nightgown from a paper pattern price thirty-five, and such a funny thing I never saw nor such pomp. Maggie was beat about seeing how it went together and so was I but courage has brought it through so far. I had a nice note from Netty Bell. We must have them come, and Gustus, Mary, in the month of June. — I am so glad the bonnet was pretty. — I am going to have some elder and some pupple [??] & common barberries along the garden fence if you please. I saw

[Cross-written on p. 1]

yesterday how well they did along the Wigs lane edge under apple trees. If you don't object we can have them set out as soon as I get back. In haste with love to all

Sarah.