Thursday afternoon.

Dear Mary,

Cora and I have been to Carrie's to dinner, and I meant to send you a letter by the two o'clock mail, but somehow I forgot it until it was up there and it was raining too late. Mother departed for Exeter at ten; she was going to stay at any rate she said, and hearing of Mrs. Tarleton's death of course made her more anxious to get there, thinking that Aunt N--- might
Go away today. I was very sad to think of the poor woman dying away from all her friends. Wasn’t it? Mrs. Fisher said there was nothing in the telegram except that she had died suddenly and came back the afternoon train and went right on. She said that he had a note from Mrs. J. the finish of the week and she was in her usual health then. Mother told me a letter came and thought she might stay some days, so I am glad to have Cora here, not that sister is afraid to stay alone however.

It has been pouring most yesterday, until a little while ago and the snow is going very fast indeed. I went wild to see Uncle William a letter while ago and he was lively. You would laugh to see the way that Jack goes round with John Mackin—they cannot bear