

Friday Nov 19th 1880

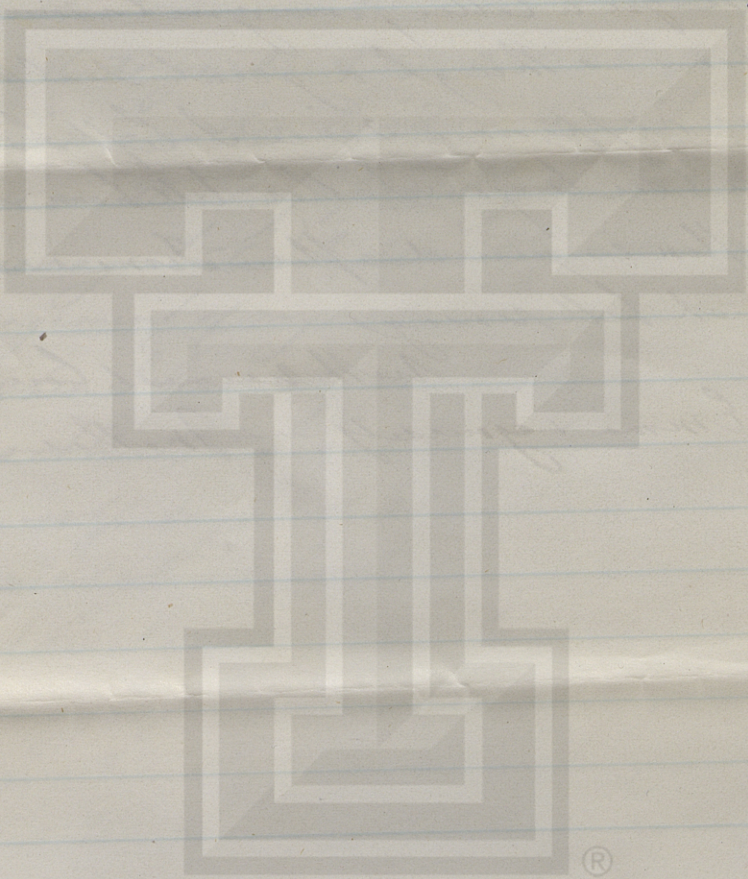
Darling daughter

This morning at 9
we attend ~~morning~~ prayers. So I will
write you a few lines before that time
and mail them before I come home.
It is a gloriously beautiful morning
and. This afternoon is to have a tea
company to day in honor of my visit.
I never have had a more delightful
visit and feel I will return to our
home in better spirits, and with
some new ideas. The breakfast bell
has just been rung and I must
away to delicious buckwheat cakes
equal to Penick productions, and I
don't mean to rest till we reach the
standard. I thought of you last eve-
ning imagining your friend was with
you and was so glad the threatened

stump passed over, and the moon shone
in full glory, we attended the Lecture
which was fully patronized by the elite
of White Plains. The subject of the Lecture, "The
Poets of the Homeric age", by Hon. Mr. Parsons.
It was very interesting & instructive, & well de-
livered. To-morrow we take tea with Mrs
Muritt so you see I am actually going to
remain another Sunday. Think I will be
home on Monday - possibly not till Tuesday.
I manage to look decently with the
arrangement of my hair, but not as pretty
as when I have my crack hair-dresser.
Mrs. Alwater sends love to Emma and
yourself says "tell Anna I hear loud
lamentations for her presence, and the
next visit you must surely come". we had
a delightful visit with Aunt Kate Dick.
Jane & Timothy were there - had lots of
good things - they sent their carriage for
us and sent us home. Fannie sends love
to you and hopes you will surely come
to visit her. I think of home every day
and wonder how you are getting on -
will bring some receipts for baking.

My seal has proved a great accessory
to my visit - There is much to much to
my Bonnet, but it has a Paris look
and I fear the villagers will hunt
for the shape as the latest. I will
look for a letter from you to-morrow
seems as though a great deal must
have happened since I left home.
Give love to your Father, tell him he
is often engaged after. There is up
church bell ringing.

With warmest love to
Emma & yourself - Mother.



Miss Anna C. Ford.
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