

Monday.

I was going to write some more  
to this little snippy letter, but  
Ellen has told every thing <sup>to Mamma</sup> and  
it is dinner time.

We love to receive your lovely  
letters and I hope you will  
write as often as you can.  
Mary.

EBP Clifton Springs, N. Y.  
July 14, 1894.

My dear Grandmas-

We were so glad to receive  
your nice letter the other day.  
I wish you were here, in Clifton  
with me, I am just aching to  
see you. I'm glad every one thinks  
Selden is so sweet, for he is,  
don't you think so? Don't you  
think his curls have grown out  
pretty? And isn't he getting big  
though? I'll be so glad to see  
him, back again, and Lucia too,

She has been away so long. I saw Jessie Cross today and she asked when Luia was coming home, and when I told her in a few weeks any way, she said "Oh goody, I'm so glad."

Shall I tell you what we are going to have for supper? I guess we will have fuzged beef and bread and butter, and wera for Papa.

That cake is all gone. It has been gone several days. For all its being so poor it went pretty fast. But I guess Elm and I ate a good deal of it. I don't know ~~what~~

we will make any more or not. I don't like Baker's cake very well, and neither do the others. I think I'd rather try making some ourselves. Baker's bread is enough for me. It is awfully raw and horrid any way.

Mrs. Gifford said she couldn't make any bread for us.

I've got to go and get supper now and perhaps I'll write some more afterwards and perhaps not.

With lots of love.

"Fell"

Mary M. Bredon