

This afternoon I went for the first time to  
walk with the girls of the American school.  
My object was to get more & grow for Xmas.  
For we are going to have a tree & party  
at our house & it is time to be making  
ready. Sister Ellen & I have been talking  
of making it a merry Christmas for some  
of the poor little children around us, & I  
think we will be able to. It does not seem  
as if it would be difficult to please chil-  
dren who have little else to eat than black  
bread and once in a while a little cheese.  
Here it is twelve days before your birthday  
Mother & yet I shall only have time to  
wish you & Father a very Merry Xmas.

Please give a great deal of love to all  
at home. I want very much to write to  
Dillon to answer his letter & hope to be able  
to do so before long. Please give him my  
love, also Corin Rosalie & all at home.  
With very much love from all here to  
all at home, I am my beloved parents  
most affectionately your daughter

N.B. Caroline A. Crauder.

I will send a shining case by this mail Father  
to try & help make you a Merry Xmas.

Bulgaria?

9-

Yesterday William & I went out for a walk.  
& came to the conclusion that even Samokov  
is not entirely without its strange sights.  
We walked by the brook for a little distance then  
crossed over a bridge which was made of  
musk of a  
half a tree - It was about a foot & a half  
wide & ten feet long. From there we went to  
the Samokov flour mill. The machinery  
is from Germany & works as nicely & smoothly  
as that that we see at home. As we came near  
the mill a gentleman who was evidently in full  
charge opened the door for us, & very kindly took  
us over the whole mill. When I got some flour  
the <sup>the</sup> ~~skit~~ of  
on my dress, he took his hand and brushed  
it off, & altogether was very polite to us. These  
Bulgarians are as a class as courteous & polite  
a people as one could wish to see. During our  
walk we came to a stone manufactory, where  
there were two stone ovens for a sign. One was  
of sheet iron & the other of tin. They both were  
about as big as toys, but the tin one was the  
smallest, not being very much larger than wood  
hold ~~tin~~ <sup>fourteen</sup> ~~quarts~~. The pipe for this "petit"  
maker was also of tin. We decided without  
much thought that we would not feel very safe  
to have such a stove in our house with a  
fire in it. We then walked through a street  
of "poverty, hunger & dirt". Where the houses  
were mud walls, the people were hungry &  
unhappy, & the men women & children clad in

clothe far too thin & ragged for this time of the year. The children seemed to think that we would give them the "evil eyes" for they ran away when they saw us coming. But still seemed to be too fascinated enough to follow, or run before us at a safe distance. On our road we came to a mosque that was a pleasure to look at. It was utterly gone to ruin. It seemed as if at least Samsouk ought to be growing better, for Moheuddin is now pretty well driven out of the town. One of the largest Turkish Mosques is now used for the Armory of the Bulgarian soldiers. Soon after leaving the mosque we met three women, one of whom (I am sorry my pen has this trick of dropping ink) we took for a bride. She was dressed in this way. A white underskirt, of coarse maline muslin over which was looped a very elegant scarlet robe richly embroidered with gold thread - quite untanned - which shone & glistened in the sunlight, next came a short cloth sack, of a dark blue, which had flowing sleeves & was ~~also~~ braided with gold or gilt braid, on her head the woman wore some kind of a cheap cotton handkerchief & carried on her head a large bundle done up in dark calico. The bundle looked as if it was nothing but rags. I had not time to see if she wore any jewelry, but I

fancy she did, for jewelry is the great mark of this nation - for instance our maid in the kitchen wore two brass rings & bracelets of brass & glass beads & large glass bright colored stones set at every quarter, & she thinks nothing is nearer than to find some excuse for stretching out her arm, for then she can show off her wealth. Coming home by another way we stopped at one or two small shops. One place the salesman looked upon with great pleasure & showed us with great pride three bottles of perfume & in vain tried to make us buy them. They were small cheap bottles such as we would get at home at about twenty five cents. ~~Essentially~~ They had been imported, which was the reason of their being so much admired. But we went to a shop to look at some lamps & to see if we could find small candles for our ~~own~~ ~~use~~ ~~one~~ ~~tree~~. When the salesman saw us looking at his candles he told us with glee that "Gospodene Deemchoff" (our market boy) bought two of his candles of him, so we came to the conclusion that Gospodene Deemchoff could buy for us as well. — Gospodene is Bulgarian for Mister. — When we got on our street which is Samsoov Fifth Avenue, we saw how very much finer it is than the rest of the city, & saw how much more the people dress