

Sharp Spring, Texas.
Mar. 10. 1895.

Dear Brother:

Mr. C. Jones was here last I week, from Sunday to Thursday. I gave a little reception in his honor on Thursday evening. Did everything to make his visit pleasant - treated him too well for his "peace of heart". But if I had been less kind and entertaining it would have hurt him.

However serious may be the results - I will exert myself to entertain anyone who comes to see me. I treat my friends too well - they tell me so and perhaps they are right, but why should I not - treat - them

as well as I can. It is a pleasure to me to do it. It is not that I want them to love me - not that. I never think of that when entertaining them.

When with any one of my friends I know I can make the time pass so pleasantly and quickly for him - and I take great pride and pleasure in doing it. I want them to enjoy being with me, and feel that they have gained something each time.

I wish my friends would be satisfied with what I give them - my friendship. It is hard to be good friend when there is a feeling of more than friendship on one side.

I'm worried and grieved - though I'm willing to censure myself for - about Mr. C. J.

He does really and truly love
me for what - he thinks I am.
And when ^{such} a man as he
loves it is genuine. He is so
good, true, and noble any girl
would be proud of his love -
even of his friendship - and
it seems any girl could return
his love. But I don't know
whether or not I could - and
even if I felt I could I would
be afraid to commit myself
lest I should be mistaken.

And as I'm going away for
a year - perhaps two, it would
not be wise for me to give
him or any one the least
hope - would it?

Brother, I'm fickle and
changeable - can't help it -

and when I go away next fall
I must be perfectly free - no
duty or obligation to anyone
in that line. - Don't you
think so?

It may be that I could love
one of these friends better
than any one - perhaps I
do now - one doesn't always
know - how am I to know!
They are all worthy of my
love.

As I wrote you I think
more of Mr. F. than any
of them - perhaps because
the home folks don't like
him. And I've gone with
him too much - until he
thinks too much of me.

It is hard to always do
just right - to know what
is right.

my first duty is to mamma,
isn't it? If for any reason

or no reason, she dislikes
one of my friends and
doesn't want me to go or
talk with him then it
is my duty to refrain from
it - not drop the friend,
but do as you say make
no opportunity to talk to him.

Yes, it seems to me now
that along such a line my
duty lies. I did not think
so at first. And such would
be my duty even if I deeply
loved the friend, wouldn't it?

It is my duty to save
mama from all the heart-
aches possible, and do
nothing to grieve her - even
though it be to sacrifice my
own happiness. Am I right?
But enough Tell me

what you think about it all -
especially the first part -
so I can't think about it -
and have my mind fully
made up as to what I should
say to Mr. F. J. when he
comes communcement -
and Mr. C. J. will be here
also.

Had a letter from Blanche
yesterday. She wants me
to go to see her next
summer. Wish I could.

I told the home folks I
was going just before time
for you to come home and
have you come by there,
but they said you had to
come home first.

She seems to be getting
along well at Italy.

The Primary children gave
me a silver nut-cracker for
a birthday present.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention is
in session here now,
about fifteen delegates.

Had an excellent meeting
last evening. Continued
until Monday evening, - we
close with a banquet - or
reception.

One week from tomorrow
evening our grand dramatic
entertainment comes off.

We are to play Hans Von
Sonnsh, Kasten-Immigrants,
Spoonindikes Ois,

also have club singing,
a recitation from David
sung by Patti Miller, and
I will recite Jinguella.

We are giving it for the
benefit of our to be Gymnasium.

If you are here you and
Mr. Early can get up
one occasionally next session
Earle is "Sam" in Kansas
Immigrants, and he
acts his part well.

Mr. Morrison and Flora
have the Valedictory and
Solutatory in class, - both
Add-Rans.

We have made out our
society program - except
recitations - we are "in the
soup" there - have only one -
Bess Howard - who recites
well. They want one to and
I don't think I should and
won't do it.

Pen is so miserable I
can't scribble more.
much love.

Yours -
Sister.