

Jan 21
Lulu Bell
1874

Sweetbush, 21 Jan.
77.

My dear Principal,

Yours of the 19th reached me here yesterday evening. I had mailed copy of my draft to San Francisco on Monday, with a pretty full letter of advice.

It is now nearly certain that I cannot be in town on Saturday. I have one or more trials fixed for that day. And I am next to certain of cases for Monday. Possibly, I may reach town, Tuesday. Probably, I can on Wednesday morning, if I can't Tuesday. But I am morally sure to be pretty well well up, in small case to

do much at Convocation.

It strikes me you had better
make ^a ~~an~~ ^{an} effort at St Francis. If
he will, he can speak well
enough. I might add a word
or two. But I feel I ought not
to be undertaking a ~~lot~~ ^{lot} speech
in a bigish place. I am doing
too much. And my coming visit
is going, my way, to be more
than I ought to have on hand.

St Francis wants us to go
to his house. And I am not sure
but that, for convenience of con-
ference with him about the de-
gree matter, I had better. Though
I may not be able to go elsewhere
than to my sister's, after all.

Our best congratulations
on the grand papa-ship. We had
seen the news in the papers.
I need not say they extend to

Grandmama, & to Mama &
Papa, as well as to yourself.

We ~~do~~ hope just to get home
on Saturday evening for Sunday.
Except for them, add up as here.

I hardly know whether I am
tolerably well or not. I have
some cold about me; but hope
to pull through. M^r. D. is
all the while complaining
of my working. And yet, every-
thing that turns up is just
the something more I must
do. You may sympathize
me; being in much the
same boat.

The Calendar reached me
here, duly.

In haste,
Yours most truly,
A. N.