Sequim, Feb 11 – 1900

Dear Sanford,

As I am all alone today I will take advantage of the quietness and write to you.

I forgot that Ed was at home when I said I was all alone but he is calling me now I guess he must have known what I was writing. He is still on crutches but we girls made him walk last evening. I was baking cookies and as he is very fond of them Maggie told him if he would come out in the kitchen he could get some. Do you know that he came out and ate as fast as I could bake them, so Babe begin to think there would not be any left and Ed could walk a “little too well” so she and Mag sent him back. We wanted him to walk out to bring in some wood for the fire but he was too lame then. We girls went to a social at the hall Friday night, it was not much good but we made Ed believe it was splendid, poor fellow. He ought to know what deceiving girls his sisters are by this time though. When any of the boys and girls come in to see Ed Maggie says she “only wished she could tell them to tell Ed what she and I did.”

They sold oyster soup and what fun the people had about it. Some were fortunate enough to find one oyster, but the majority of the people only got milk with a little salt and pepper. I saw Roy Stone there, he had one of those girls that came here a short time ago from Dakota. She is rather “green” looking but she and Roy seemed to enjoy themselves, however.

This week seemed a little longer than the last one did as it has ended and tomorrow and your letter will soon be here. I will be happy again.

Roy Grant walked home from the hall with us girls the other evening, he said that Grace was in Townsend taking teacher’s examination. Do you know I have been wondering if your sweater and overcoat were necessary articles Friday night. She told Roy in her last letter that she would write to me soon. I did not answer the last letter she wrote me but intended to. I suppose she thinks I am about as mean as I can be. I suppose “some day” you and I will be lectured in grand style.

I had a letter from my eldest brother yesterday (he heard about you and I through some of the family) he said he could scarcely realize that his little sister was to be married. I won’t tell you the rest as it was only about me but I know if he knew you there would be something to read and talk about.

The other evening at that social Mr. J. M. Grant read the programme when he called Guy Combs name he said “Miss Combs” and Guy got up and read “The Bald Headed Quarter” instead of singing a little song. I had a letter from Mrs. Williams yesterday. She and her mother are having a “hard time” as she says.

I suppose you are happy now if Mr. McLennon has left you “head of house”.

I cannot think of any more “trash” as Ed calls my letters so I will close for this time but will probably write again this week.

Good bye for the present

With love

Anna