I have not yet learned when Mr. P or Mr. McD. go East, but will try to find out. I do not see why they should object to having me in the car with them, I am sure.

Mary’s class of wax flowers increased, and I think she, as one of the Rosses in the business, is entitled to as much profit as she can secure. I wish her to know all she can about it too, and see a notice in the Art Journal for July 63. A notice of a little book on wax flower making, I wish you to see if it is to be had in N. Y. If so get it for her. I do not send London for it, I do not know how to do this or I would not trouble him. But, I do not wish to send by our book sellers here, I never get anything I ask for “A hand book to the art of wax flower making.” By Ed. J. Jagoes

Published by Wootton & Wright, London. This is the title.

By the way, is there not going to get Mrs. Harris’s Young Lady’s friends in Sella? I think it the best thing of the kind. Some of the little ones contributed. Some Candy,auce, Lemons, Mints, and Elizabeth a pretty Butterfly on Spiral were the aids our cloth as usual, but brought the table in from the entries. Spread a blue damask round.
Filled the large glass dish with German Candy, &c., put a plate of Peanuts, one of Cake with a layer of
the center of myrtle and Barbieris, and a glass of punch, of Lemonade, for each. The plucked Oysters on the
head of the table, and he pressed the Cake to Bess, but seemed to prefer eating to helping his guests.
So Mary and Betsy relieved him of that duty. They all seemed to be very happy at the table, and after
dinner had a fine play till near four, when Jesse came and took them home. Frank, and
Setha too, seemed to enjoy the fun vastly, and so did all the others, I think. They were quite willing to retire
early this evening, being too well
The days play. Once more sleep-saveth
I think they would like to have a birth-
day often.

I wrote some days gone about one

Morning, Sale &c., and in writing
my reply, Mary also wrote, enclosing a check, and directions for buying for her. I gave the measure
of the Corsets. The true measure, not
the measure of the waist.

I am glad there is so agreeably employed. I think a little "play" will do
them no harm, and hope the future
will be a fine copy, and that the
Plow will please.

Mary says her Corsets are to be
just such as thine,
I would like enough Denim worsted
to make a lamp Mat; and, two
Bologna mats. I suppose $1 00
worth will do me.

I am sorry for Mrs. Lay. A poor woman.
I hope she will see her husband re-
turn with health and full of hon-
ors, I would like to see my first
basket, and Rob's coat, once
the dear little Moon in it too.