Dear sister,

In a bright, warm Saturday afternoon I sit down to write you a few words this far we have had not cold weather this winter, we have but little snow. In fact, very little snow this winter. And today it is rapidly melting. Since last writing home we have celebrated Thanksgiving, the day selected being Thursday, Nov. 28th. I wonder if we were right. Here at the college, we have had our Thanksgiving dinner on the wrong day, it is too late to take any actions, that dinner is safe gone to that region "from which no return." This year I can make out a bill of fare not containing so many dishes of the same sort as our last Thanksgiving dinner contained. We all (college professors, and their wives) together with Mrs. Sasseen held dinner with the Infallibles, the following bill of fare being presented for our consideration:

- Soup, roast turkey, boiled chicken, roast
  - ham, Irish and sweet potatoes, turnip, pear
  - apple, squash, beans, corn, tomatoes, crumbs
  - peas, pudding, mince pie, squash pie, cake
coffee, winte, vanilla and oranges. You may be
sure we n't at least did justice to the occasion.
I did not mean that the reputation of the Cannelle
family should suffer. You see we had al-
most everywhere we could have had in New
England. The College Farm, I am happy to
state, was responsible for many of the good
things enjoyed. After all however, the mut-
ing together of families constitutes the chief
charm of thanksgivings, and though we had
a very enjoyable time, I for one know that
my thoughts were wandering away to Old
Massachusetts. We congratulated ourselves
with the thought that we were ahead of
you in point of time; and we wished
that the use of the telegraph or the telephone
were so easy and cheap that we might
send you a greeting. Christmas we shall cel-
brate all at the Nielelle.

The Cannellos have decided that they
would like to have Dr. Bunnin and myself
continue to live with them. I think they
found it would be cheaper for them on
rather agreeable than otherwise to see new
faces at the table. It will also be much
cheaper for us as well as vastly more con-
venient. More often will be different.
Their housekeepers. They charge me five and
a half dollars per week for table board. We
keep two servants, one to take care of
our rooms, brush our clothes and boots, run errands, etc., the other to take care of our horses, bring in wood and water, and make himself generally useful. The expense of the two is fourteen dollars a month, and they are excellent servants, the house boy being especially faithful and active. His name is Tohokuchi; but we call him Hiro (Young brother) for short. You would have laughed, as I did, to have seen him every morning when brushed my clothes, take my shirt and brush it with the greatest care. The Cenhallows borrowed a sleigh for the Kailakushi and last Friday afternoon went to take their first ride. The horse took fright, ran and spilled them both out, and damaged the sleigh and harness slightly. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. P were injured in the slightest degree. Our turn continues a little more than two weeks longer, then we must write another report. The last is not yet out; there having been delay in translation; but it will soon be published. How my love to all the family and both the babies for their Uncle Will. I sincerely hope that Milton may recover. Yours as ever with much love, Will.