

Free Seneca Co., N. Y.
Jan. 2, 1891

My Dear Friends

A Happy New Year
to all. I determined that
the new year should not
find me in debt, but I
regret it has, and I am
going to try to right up,
in more senses than one.

After receiving Angie's
letter I thought to write
you without delay. The next
day after it came I had
an acute attack of con-

gustiness of the lungs, which prostrated me for a week and I have been trying ever since to build up, but I find with a poor foundation, the structure is a failure.

I suppose you are all at home, at present. Angie wrote me that as soon as you had finished the story you were at work upon. You were going to Philadelphia, what a funny name for a story. "The Son of Old Harry" Is it a serial? We do not take the Ledger, I should like to see it. Are you as busy writing as ever, I hope for your wonderful success as in days gone by.

Received a letter from Anna yesterday they appear to be doing nicely. Anna misses her darling boy so much. Tommy was her idol almost.

To make time hang as light as possible, I hunt out puzzles, and I get more puzzled than the thing is its self.

There is one in the "Hesperus Young Folks" about Tom the Piper and I can't tell who the "Young Doctor of Rome" is, nor "The Man who tried to leap the walls of Rome and died in the attempt".

Can you imagine me with folded hands blessing myself in idleness. Well there is where I am just at present. Hard work to curb this restless spirit. A firm trust in the loving Saviour, sustains all.

Will Lodie stay at the Art
School in Phil.? I should think
her work would be most
perfect.

It would give me great
pleasure to drop in and see
you in your dear model
home. If I have time
slow to write, I am not
quick to forget. Write me
as soon as you have time, for I
enjoy letters so much, that
in as I am.

Love to all,
Your loving friend
Sara M. Schromaker