To all the dear ones at home.

This is Monday evening about half past three. I have just come from the College. We reached here Thursday evening about five o'clock, and I was very tired after riding three days in the sun. My face was completely blistered, it is just beginning to peel off. Yesterday was a very long day to me. Went to Sunday School and Church in the morning; sat and listened to the Service, preach about three hours,
and worse than that—had to come home in the rain. The boarding house is situated about half a mile from the church. I went to church at night, heard Mr. Kingfisher preach. Oh yes! I went to prayer meeting last Friday night. So you see I try to do here as I do at home. I think I will like the teachers after I get acquainted with them. But I am a little afraid of Mr. Kingfisher; he speaks so short and quick. I haven’t recited but one lesson since I’ve been here; guess I will take me a month or more to get my books and get straightened around. I have a very pleasant room in the third story, sleep with a girl from Maurice L. There are six of us in the same room, and three vacant beds. Do you know if Burleigh Embree is coming down here? This fare is very good for a boarding house, though some of the girls complain. I have nothing to say about it. See I have tea, light bread and
it, for I have tea, light bread and butter for supper every night, which suits me very well. Sometimes I feel as if I never want to hear a bell again or see another blackboard. If I go to bed at the ringing of the bell, get up the same way, twice the bell at meal times, and at study hours. And there is the old piano always going even now there is someone hanging on it. Of course, it cannot be expected that it would be quiet among thirty-five girls, everyone wanting to speak all at the same time. I have only a few acquaintances among the girls, some of them are so awfully stuck up and dory, that I do not have any use for them. This is a great place to learn refinement, when every other word you hear is slang, such as "dog gone," "bless your heart," "dog take it," "bless Jack," and fifty other such expressions. But then I guess I will
Mr. W. P. D. Paul, please mail to me my Stella's fourteen weeks in Philosophy, and one of those small dictionaries, and do it immediately. Don't forget to send me the "Journal" and write a letter every week; it don't matter if you write twice a week. Mother I bought me some velvet last Saturday and trimmed my hat up in uniform. We only wear uniform in the morning, anything we choose at night. I wish I could see you andamma, but Jeremiah's pick a hundred pounds of cotton in a day, by keeping time by his watch. Tell G. O. to study hard, I want to hear of her getting the blue ribbon. Paul I wish you would come down here; it would make it much more pleasant for me. You could come to see me when ever you wished too. I think of nothing more at present. From your loving daughter and sister, Gertrude. O. Eckhart.