

1331 Connecticut Avenue, May 17th 1899.

My dear Alec,

I have been very much troubled all this afternoon, because in going out I happened to see a letter for Mr McGurdy in your hand-writing, and I could not imagine what you could have to say to *him* that could not be given as a message through a letter to me. As Mr McGurdy was out, and it struck me as so remarkable that you should write him, I did not dare open it, and therefore went all the afternoon with a dread, I *kaw* not what, on my mind. It seems that you wrote him about the export and import trade of Canada! Mr McGurdy says he was equally overcome when he saw the letter, and ran over its contents in a great hurry to see what was the matter.

I am very much interested in your sheep cheese. The results you say you have obtained, two pounds of ewe's milk cheese as against one pound of cows ^{milk} cheese for the same quantity of milk, is so surprising that it seems as if there must be a fallacy somewhere. Surely people in general would not go on making cheese at ten cents a pound if they can make seventy five cent cheese still more cheaply.

I dont think that I have anything of especial interest to tell you. The weather continues very comfortable, we still find the nights too chilly to sit out-

side. We tried to have our afternoon reception on Mamma's lawn yesterday, but it was sultry, and our own parlor preferable. I want to hear how your theatrical performance went off. What did you think of the "star"? How much did it cost you? I don't feel as if we were saving very much, and the ~~thoug~~ht troubles me. The little dog is wandering around the room now. I don't know what she wants, and must go and see. Write soon to me. Don't you think that I am getting along very nicely on the type-writer? Do you prefer this to my hand-writing?

Thursday. I don't think type-writing very conducive to thought, because I altogether forgot an important message I had to give you yesterday. It was from Miss Tarbell, and was to the effect that she had seen Mr McClure regarding your suggestion of having some one write out some of your ideas from your note-book. She said Mr McClure was very much pleased with the idea, thought it novel, and proposed to publish a series of papers to be called "Leaves from a Scientist's note-book", or some such name, and that he would send a man up to you in Beinn Bhreagh, if you were ready for him now, or if not, at any time and place that you desired. She wanted to write you and tell you this herself, and came to me for your address, but I said that I did not believe that you would ever have time to re^{ply}

to her, but that you might to me. She said that she would run up to Northampton to see you or wait until you came to New York on our way abroad, and that she would arrange everything, terms and all as you desired. Another thing, the piece of silk that you bought for me off the weaver's loom in Kioto came last night, and is a perfect beauty. I had forgotten what a magnificent piece of silk it was. Thank you ever so much. I think you ought to write to somebody about your slides. Shall I write Miss Scidmore?

Well good bye again. Elsie is in my big arm-chair nurseing the little dog. The dog doctor says that it is really a very valuable dog fully worth the two hundred dollars offered for her, and that it is rarely that the Japanese let such fine specimens leave them.

As ever yours:

Make —
Do you ever miss my handwriting illegible as
you say it is also mine? —