

pitch it did after hard teaching & the strain of other duties all day long. The boys got through school today again about 3½ P. M. & Mrs. Rickert has melted somewhat in her offensive manner to me, but I have had the blues dismally with my headache & so much to worry me. When I feel so wretched I reproach myself for keeping Catharine under my depressing influence, & my fears are great of her coming to some harm here - either bodily (in this lot full of horses & mules) or morally or in manners. She is a very remarkable character for a child, especially one so young.

I had a nice letter today from Mr. Robt. Vicars & he sent Catharine a box of candy, which has not come to hand yet, but is in the express office. I had a long, cheerful letter from Lizzie Gade this morning!

Saturday. November 23. 1895.

I excused Cheston from his unsaid lessons today, to see if he can be worked upon by encouragement, but I have very little hope of it, having tried it once before. I am informed that the turkey hen is to be slain for next Thursday's "Thanksgiving dinner" -

To my great delight the children have asked to go to school on Thanksgiving day & have holiday on Friday. Etta wants to go to a party in Fayette on Friday. It is the very thing I should have asked for, if possible, as I shall go to Hatch's D. V. one day sooner certainly, & possibly I can get off on Thursday evening! I shall try anyhow. I am seeing the evil effects of Etta's influence

on Catharine & it distresses me very much - as I am truly fond of Etta. Etta takes her off & does things I have expressly forbidden & then they combine to hide it from me & Etta takes no care of the child at all. This morning they went after pecans & somewhere & somewhere, I have not found out yet, let a heavy gate fall on Catharine. Etta told me she never laughed so much in her life. I heard Etta & C. hallooing very boisterously this P. M. & put down my sewing & looked out of the window & there was Etta standing up in a wagon with a long whip driving the miles full tilt all around the rough yard, & C. sitting on the edge of the side of the wagon, balancing herself as best she could & trying to out yell Etta. The next thing I was asked if C. could take a horseback ride with Etta & in giving my consent thought, well, no harm can come of this. What must Etta do but saddle up another horse for the house girl (a saucy young woman) & take her with her - on perfect equality. They slipped off slyly & were out of hearing before I caught sight of the party or I should have called Catharine back. When they returned I told Etta & C. what I thought of their proceeding & told C. she could not go riding any more unless assured no negro should be of the party - & to make it worse they were gone until dark & Catharine had disobeyed me by eating wild grapes - which Etta lives on, I may say. I am almost in despair. I spoke to Mr. Killingsworth about the "negro" ride this evening, & he said that he had remonstrated with Etta about her familiarity with the negroes in vain - & so have I. --