

ROBINWOOD
SABATTIS P. O.
HAMILTON CO., N. Y.
TELEGRAPH, SABATTIS, N. Y.

My own Blessed. Such a white
world this morning - I opened
one eye when Mr. James came
in to pay the fire in our room
and the sun was shining on the snow
and coming through iceicles
that hung on our window - It
was a fairy kind of a world that
made rainbows dance across
the floor. It was 15 above by
the thermometer - but it is dry
and does not feel cold. Last
night the wind howled around

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the cabin and blew in drifts -
it snowed all day long yesterday
and last night too - but to-day
is clear and still. We saw
flocks of wild-geese yesterday
but that was all. We played
pretty close to the fire - sewing
and one reading aloud - it
was perfect. Mark Twain's humor
just crackled with the logs
on the hearth and the wind outside.
I do hope that you can come!

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It is a nice place either
in doors or out. To-day we will
row across the lake to set
some traps for Kit - she is
always after animals (not to
hurt them but to make pets) -
Bet & Mildred are tucked into
one room and Kit & I in another
and we live in red flannel pajamas
putting on ski clothes over them
when we go out of doors. I
wasn't really prepared to

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see a full-blown winter -
when we looked out of our window
on the train in the early morning
hours and saw a white world
I thought I was dreaming. I had
forgotten that winter is due we have
had fall for so long. How far
away even a newspaper seems
here - not even the radio to
bring in news to disturb this still
beauty - only a train whistles
about four miles away and then
all is still. I long to share it with you
hold you close - and be held close. Do come,