

Synopsis

Have already mentioned my arrival in Bay View. The beauties of the place including the cottage at Bk. 22 Lot 8, and my intention for the sabbath-day, and started to state how I failed.

Part II.

And with orange juice promptly to myself did I then back up to bed with pencil and paper ^{cateer,} and started this letter, for fear I'd forget. With this mountain of work, so much to do yet, the things I would say, and freshen your ^{mind} dear old Bay View, where the streets crook and wind. Through the trees and the shadows and sunshine. We all love it dearly, and think it's just-right ^{so bright,}.

We have no times this summer from which we can choose, Petoskey the fast time, in Bay View we loose just one precious hour as we travel the mile to go to the city and stay there a while. And if to some function we might be invited: We'd have to get there, before we were started. There's one grand thing about it; I'd sure have I go to bed by the fast-time, and get up by the slow, ^{you know,} that sounds rather lazy, but it's hours ^{quite} enough to weary the body, long ere it comes night. For with scrubbing and cleaning ^{and painting} and all that there is to be done, and making some calls. Fixing my flower bed, and setting out plants, Starting the window box, and mending my ^{parts:} parts.

To be continued.