

through the winter so completely and that she will

find you making

in Ultramarine glass

for gardening, chicks

in raising and

bringing just

from looking

for the color

logue of my

herbarium

with love

will

Will,

Wm. D. Brooks

Japan

Sapporo, Feb. 11th. 1884

My dear sister:

As the mail per San Pablo after thirty-nine days on the Pacific succeeded only in getting back into San Francisco and so has not yet arrived and the last mail brought no letters for me from home, I have not heard for a long time: but to-day is a holiday and as there is just about time to catch the next steamer

I will write, on account of the accident to the San Pablo there has been a long interval without a steamer from Yokohama for San Francisco. That steamer left for Japan on Dec. 19th, and on the 27th Jan. we received word by telegraph that she had come back to San Francisco. What was the trouble we have not heard yet. Perhaps you have. We are expecting a new professor out to take the place formerly held by Pemberton in Chemistry. Pres. Clark wrote me that Prof. Stockbridge's son whom I knew when

at Amherst had been appointed, and that he would sail on Dec. 31st; but we have not got the mail which came by that steamer and have heard nothing of him, so conclude he did not come. We should have heard <sup>had</sup> if he <sup>had</sup> come by the next steamer which was due on the 1st, but as yet know nothing. I wonder what can be the trouble.

College work goes on as pleasantly as ever; two of our classes are very good and it is a pleasure to teach them - the other is slow and it is like tooth pulling to get anything out of it.

members. It had a few tolerably bright men but their health failed them.

Kae is a comfort now I can assure you: she is as fat and wholesome looking a little one as you could wish to see; and she knows "lots." She bows and greets in true Japanese style in response to a "sayonara" salutation. She holds her two little hands palms up one within the other for "please" (Jap. chōdai). She licks and sputters and crawls and rubs her hands over the black stove hearth, eats paper, wood chips, paint, ~~paper~~ &c, &c, climbs up by everything and walks by chains. When one calls Kae Chan, she says "he". Just now she is suffering from a sore arm: the third attempt at vaccination has been successful. I trust you have got