

Yesterday Mr. Kiefer called he is the only Gentleman I  
have seen belonging to Walsingham since I came here  
I liked to see him. Mr. Dunning was here too. What an imposition  
his company is. I must write a letter this morning to go

Tuesday Sept 29. Father returned from Bherkin  
last Friday he brought me a letter from Mrs. Goble she  
would have returned with him had not the Fair been so  
near at hand. It begins to look like Autumn. "Autumn at  
noon." Ours! I am somewhat this morning, too foolish  
I am I will go to work and stop thinking, only  
I can't stop thinking. What a strange world this is  
sometimes all bright glorious sunshine & then clouds  
and storm overclouds us