

Monday February 9th

We had another thunder storm this morning and it has been raining a good part of the day but still very mild. It cleared off to night but did freeze. I didn't do any thing outside but painted a part most of my time in the house painting some of the wood work in the nursery that needed a second coat. and I started to paint the wood work in the dining room. I did the chores up early and to night went down to accompany the band in serenading Jack Anderson. It was a beautiful night but the roads are bad. The snow is nearly all gone except in the track where it is deep and where the gravel is it is about bare. The water was beginning to come over the road in Dave's place when I went down and seemed to be rising so I had apprehensions of having to swim home. However it had gone down again by that time. We had a great time down at Jack's. Mr. Bagley the Master of the band made the presentation speech as Ed. Steele placed before him a box that looked like a shoe box but had a label on it saying wedding cake. I didn't know what was coming so I hardly thought the boys would

have chosen either foot wear or eatable as a token of their esteem" for Jack. but just as Mr. Bagley got out his jack-knife and cut the string, Bob. Smith apparently fearing that Bridgewater was going to get some credit which was due to himself, announced that Mr. Bagley had the wrong box. Jack & Mrs. Anderson were going to let him open it, but as he didn't I never found out what the box contained. Ed. Steele took it and made another search in the hall and brought forth a much larger ^{box} ~~box~~ which when after opening Mr. Bagley drew forth a little silver vessel with a wire netting top to it which was evidently meant for flowers. Mrs. Anderson exclaimed "How lovely; it will just match my candle sticks;" Mr. Bagley rummaged some more amongst the tissue paper in the box and finally produced a pair of candle sticks to match the other thing. Mrs. Anderson seemed very pleased and Jack made a thank-you speech and then passed around cigars and got out card tables. I don't know any more about playing cards than I do about playing golf, but as there were three of the boys wanting a game and needing a fourth I consented to take a hand at cards. if Mr. Bagley would coach me. He however,