

Stone. Vt. Oct 26. 1889

Dear Joe: if you have not already been informed, I can give you information of Robert, his theatrical prospects. He has come to an agreement with ~~Frohm~~^hmann, viz: a retaining fee of \$15.00 weekly, with liberty to engage under other management, if not immediately required in a Frohm^hmann production; of course, by courtesy of, or kindness, or however they put it. While actively employed he is to have \$70.00 weekly, on the road, and if in New York \$60.00. What is expected of him, is to me unknown; I don't even know the kind of thing Frohman conducts. I must say I am happy he escaped the clutches of Disgrace D. Madama and the Court approve of the Frohman engagement.

I am almost afraid you ^{with not} ~~cannot~~ be able to come and see me, when you get home, because this climate is extremely cold, and requires a kind of Coon outfit, Sheep-skin leggings and such. I have lately been writing about the winter costume of these regions, and I find it is something like this. It is beginning to get cold already. Snow has been hanging on the mountain since the last of Sept. and we have had a very respectable snow storm.



There is some hope of ^{my} going to New York at Christmas, which

merry meeting, may God prohibit.

I enjoyed your letter exceedingly. I feel almost culpably provincial, hearing of these bits of news from foreign climes, and (as Mr. Stephenson has it) the Modern Bagdad.

The putting of H. Christian Andersen's "Snow Queen" into a little opera does greatly tickle my fancy; I should have liked exceedingly to see it. It has inspired me with the notion of making some pen and ink drawing in illustration of the story.

I began a landscape or couple of weeks ago; and was beginning to get rather interested in it, when one night a great wind arose,

and the following morning the
Scene was changed from full
autumnal colors, to bare twigs.

I had a little house built to
paint this picture from; and
now this is to be transferred to
another spot, and a more constant
model: a very interesting old
hemlock; a botanical rather
than an artistic study, but one
that pleases me.

I have also painted a
portrait of Toby, which I want
you to see very much, as
I have reached a point of
painful uncertainty, respecting
the next thing to be done.

I enclose you Arthur Carey's
cards, which Benie Evans sent
Florence, and Florence me, ~~in~~