

**THE MISSION OF
VICTORIA
WILHELMINA**

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The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina by Jeanne Bartholow Magoun

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JEANNE BARTHOLOW MAGOUN

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**BY
JEANNE BARTHOLOW MAGOUN**

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**NEW YORK
B. W. HUEBSCH
1912
A. B.**

To
MY FOUR SISTERS
AND TO
THE FRIENDS OF OUR CHILDHOOD
"MABEL AND KITTIE WHITE"

1886

ADP



THE MISSION OF VICTORIA WILHELMINA

I.

NORRISVILLE, N. Y., *October 1.*

I HAVE just finished reading "The Woman in White" and I certainly do admire that girl for keeping a journal so faithful. Just think, she wrote it when she was almost dead. I always wanted to be a writer, but you can't expect to when you only went through the Grammar School, and not a very good one at that. Papa wouldn't let me go to High School as he thought I knew enough, so he let the hired girl go and I did the work. It wasn't hard and I won't judge the dead but I do wish I could have had a chance to be a writer. I

am going to start to-day and keep a mixture of a diary and an autobiography. I want to tell my past as well as what happens day by day.

On February twenty-second (Washington's birthday), 1891, I was born to my parents, Hiram and Sarah Wilson. They named me Ann. (I'm called Annie, I'm glad to say. I would give almost anything if I was named a fancy name like Beatrice or Gladys.) I was named after Aunt Ann and after all she didn't leave me a cent, only her silver spoons which turned out to be plated. Mama passed away when I was a little girl and I don't remember her much. Papa was of a cold and stern nature but, as I said, I won't judge the dead.

We always lived in Norrisville, New York State. It is a real nice place but narrow for a girl whose one ambition al-

ways has been to be broad minded. I was just getting kind of bored when Papa up and took his last illness. I nursed him faithfully but I can't say my heart was broken when he breathed his last as much as I would like to have had it. I just laid myself out on the funeral. We had three ministers and as none of them knew Papa very well, they said lovely things about him. There were lots of flowers and everybody who wasn't confined to their house came. No better funeral was ever given in our town, everybody said so.

Lawyer Hosmer came home from the grave and read Papa's will to me. He left everything to me and it turned out to be a good deal. Lawyer Hosmer thinks that when the farm is sold and everything put out at interest that I will get as much as three hundred dollars a