

25 Sept 1984

Low letter from Sheld to  
Nora - Kiss enclosed  
appears left corner of the  
front page - Seeds  
like they are engaged.

A few moments thought and I  
have concluded to change the sub.  
I guess you will think it timely.

I arrived here Sunday night  
Went to Sportfield yesterday  
found all well. - got the money  
all right - and here it goes to pay  
for the ranch, our home in the  
future at least, with greater hope  
I had intended going to St Charles  
to canvass this week but F. L.  
wants me to stack grain I  
have not come to any conclusion  
as yet. I'll not write you a  
long letter to day as F. L. will  
reach you about the time you get  
this, and a short letter will return  
love better than a long letter will say  
it. When you have more brilliant  
ones to read than this. - Though this be  
short I enclose my love for you and a  
kiss at the top of left page of the last page.  
Ever Your True and Faithful Friend  
W. L.

Quigley Hill Ranch  
Bear Lake County  
Idaho Territory

Sep. the 28 184

My Dear Friend Aisa  
How I am again in  
my cabin and of all the letters  
I have to answer I hasten to  
write to you. You may be  
writing to me at this moment  
I only wish I was there  
to enjoy the day like last Sunday  
That has been the most pleasant  
day I have spent in the last  
year. It seems to me, I'll not  
stop to recall for I it would  
give me not pleasure. My Sunday  
have been spent much like to  
day. Writing & reading all a lone -  
I am not a lone now. Have two  
little folks, visiting me. The little  
girl I told you of & a little boy her  
cousin. They are looking over my

stand & picking up papers & old  
envelopes. They keep up such a din  
that I'm afraid I will have to quit  
before I've finished. I like the  
little girl very much. She's so knowing  
& tender hearted. - Her mother  
came home from Paris yesterday  
very sick. She did not have much  
to say to Mary as she went to bed  
but was the first up this morning  
& went to the sofa & looked at  
her mother but said nothing. When I  
came in she left the room & went  
round the house & commenced  
crying like her little heart would  
break. The love of a child, how true  
the tender & confiding in a mother's  
love. I allow at times some times  
that true love is held in only  
in the bosoms of children and  
witnessed by women. These traits I  
find rare & precious <sup>in</sup> value.  
And when I behold men in an

individual I could look in their  
presence forever & day. Thought  
were a child; I feel my own  
condemnation with more force  
than any other society. I wish  
I was with you my hopes become  
with bustle and all obstacles  
but a mere face, but when I  
leave you & drift - not further  
into the world. Hope & trust  
leaves me, and doubt settles her  
sable curtains round me like a deadly  
& moonless night, at intervals a  
star darts through & its welcoming  
reflections across the old hopes & bid me  
push on and win the goal. If it were  
not for your promise I today might  
be of all men most miserable. I  
doubt myself very often - but thinking  
of your pure love, I resolve & I will  
and push on. but it seems to  
end the same. how alone & could all  
most breakdown I'm dying for  
something, want something. I know not