

Here comes Mr C - shakes hands
in a very cool way. He had followed
up & stops a short distance from
us. He is an odd looking fellow
a man of medium ~~but~~ size
light complexion, white eyes
light hair, large mouth &
thin lips, a I should take to
to be a woman's friend. I don't
think he cares for nice ladies
society. He is an Eastern man
about 28 or 30 years. I think he
& C - makes a good ^{match} couple
(This is my opinion - I don't
say it is so.) C was had a very
little to say, asked how business
was, and I told him good (which
seemed to stun him for he
said but little & was soon called
away by his companion -
while I turned to shake hands
with Mr Rich and thus I knew
& lost sight of them both, & thought
no more of them till I commenced
_{this letter}

Pat Loney
July the 4/4
No. Four
And no answer
Miss N. E. Crockett

I have just
written home and while med-
itating, see what I've done
I have made more mistakes
than you. If you knew how
I feel you would excuse.

There is going to be
horse races here soon. The ranch
to day and I am ^{to take a part} wanted you
you take a part if you were in
my place? When I come from
it was looked upon as a disgrace

In stead of writing two letters a
week I am writing every other day
but I am thinking of you continually
and must write to give my mind
a rest. I will tell you of my trip
from Grand yesterday and how I
went on my way home I left
Grand at two o'clock and came by way
of Pass on arriving I saw Mrs
J. H. Brown & I went at such
to the new Court House I stopped
& had a talk with them. They
are getting a long splendidly just
back of the building is the jail &
I noticed sitting in the corner of
the jail fence one of two bricks
with his legs hobbled and one
coming toward to see what
attracted his notice I saw a
gentleman talking to him a -
parently under close scrutiny
I learned that the man was
Mr C. N. Not the one hobbled but
the other I think Mr C. will kick

him company from what I heard
& I believe he thinks so too and is
getting acquainted with him
(he will not be so long so when
his time comes). While standing
looking on a man tapped me on
the shoulder and when I led
he introduced himself & called me
Mrs Stockey (quite an honor to
me but Mr S - might call it
a disgrace to himself) I told
the gentleman - he was mistaken
& pointed a cross the street where
the taternacle was building &
showed Mr S. to know it there
goes the people to the races I will
finish when I come back!

July 5th 1881

" I will commence
when I left off. Mrs Stockey & I got
our hats the same day at the Co of
so you see by having the same
kind of a hat I get noticed as
a gentleman's eyes in a while, even if
they are hooded

Here I am at the post off. greeted
 by two large blue eyes the owner of
~~which name is~~ Was Miss Budge
 we had a charming conversation
 we had not met since May I think
 Miss Budge a very intelligent young
 lady. She is the operator & post
 mistress. She is the only lady in
 Bear Lake I claim - I that is a pret-
 tender. (While we were talking she
 began making fun of my hat
 & said she too though I was Mr.
 S - just then he came in - we had
 a good time for a while talking
 foolishness (that is if ever people
 ever have such a time) which
 doubt) at any rate we laughed
 heartily & to all appearance had
 a good time. on leaving I
 met a gentleman at the gate
 (The one Mrs Moley wanted to take you)
 Harry I believe they call him. He
 stoped with him a few minutes
 & started for St Charles. When I passed
 through Bloomington I saw Mr
 Purford of course I stoped & had
 a short chat with him. I got
 to St Charles by 3 P.M. Here I met Mrs
 Quann as Booth got a letter from - Not
 you - as I expected but some body else
 started for the ranch & over
 took Mr. Henry Good & road with
 him from the outlet to the mount,
 or nearly so. He said Will had found
 his fathers horses, & would send
 them down. You may tell him
 if you like, or not. just as you please

after leaving my book I overtook
a load of boys from our place, drunk
they had 10 or 15 gal. of beer in the
wagon & wanted me to take a drink
Yes I did you bet I was perfectly disgusted
with them. I got home a little
after sundown. After supper I came
down to my place & had a lonesome time.
I had a presentiment that I
ought to go home this fall
& one that our love & friendship
was on the decline. What do you
think of the last? & I called to
mind my first fount in the West
& things of remorse which made
me feel gloomy. With such feelings
I retired, & wrote up on the fourth
being as you can judge by

this letter. Well I must quit
I have written longer than I
be expected. Race was a drag & every
thing was yesterday, at least it was to
me, excuse this paper for I had no
other

Ever Your True Paper bloater
W. L. Keam

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Committee.