

25 Sept 1984

Low letter from Shell to  
Nora - Kiss enclosed  
upper left corner of the  
front page - Sounds  
like they are engaged.

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

I arrived here Friday night. Went to Montpelier 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 hopes I had intended going to St Charles to canvass this week but J. 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 L. L.'s will reach you about the time you get this, and a short letter will retain love better than a long letter will write 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 & left margin of the first page.

Ever Your True and Faithful Friend  
W. L.

Quingle Hill Ranch  
Bear Lake County  
Idaho Territory

Sep. the 28 184

My Dear Friend Aosa  
Here 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 Sundays have been spent much like to day. Writing & reading all alone - I am not alone 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  
envelops. They keep up such a chat  
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 May so 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  
how tender & confiding in a mother's  
love. I almost think sometimes  
that true love is held in only  
in the bosoms of children and  
virtue by women. These traits I  
find rare & precious <sup>in</sup> value.  
And when I behold one in an

individual I could look in their  
presence forever & a day - Thought it  
were a child; I feel my own  
condemnation with more force  
than in any other society. When  
I am with you my hopes become  
with haste and all obstacles arms  
but a mere face, but when I  
leave you & drift out farther  
into the world. Hope & trust  
leaves me, and doubt settles her  
sable curtains round me like a cloudy  
& moonless night, at intervals a  
star darts through & its welcoming  
refrillles anew the old hopes & bid me  
push on and win the goal. If it were  
not for your province I today would  
be of all men most miserable. I  
doubt myself very often - but thinking  
of your pure love, I resolve & resolve  
and push on. but it seems to  
end the same, here I am & could all  
most break down I'm dying for  
something, want something. I know not