

2513

A. T. & S. P. R. R. Eating Houses

TOPPEKA, KAS. RATOR, N. M.  
 FLORENCE, KAS. LAS VEGAS, N. M.  
 NEWTON, KAS. LAMY, N. M.  
 LYONS, KAS. WALLACE, N. M.  
 KINSLEY, KAS. SAN MARCIAL, N. M.  
 COOLIDGE, KAS. RINCON, N. M.  
 LA JUNTA, COL. DERING, N. M.

DEPOT HOTEL.

General Office, Kansas City  
 FRED HARVEY, Prop'r.

Las Vegas, N. M. March 20, 1886  
 7.30 p.m.

My darling wife:

I am writing for some time to come and  
 fetch me to the States and while I do so will begin my  
 letter to you. Probably I shall not get through more  
 than a few lines, but no matter. It has been a lovely  
 day - just one of the bright spring days we know in  
 Denver - and I have been just every where about  
 the town. It is having a town as is every other  
 town only this week and has the same sort of  
 brights, gaiters, snakes, blood suckers about  
 it that made as much of Denver's life when we  
 were there. I have been driven and talked and  
 tramped all but to death, so that I would  
 give almost anything to start home instead  
 of returning. After all, we have a good show,  
 I think as I believe the seals are 750 and flow  
 for a season. So we are likely to get our expenses  
 at least, but shall go on from here to Santa Fe  
 tomorrow on a freight in order to get the money  
 by daylight and also a good night's rest, after reach-  
 ing there we expect to start back at 2 am on Tuesday  
 this night taking us to Buffalo on Friday morning  
 I have got the fare - and have some more money

Monday morning

I have a moment before leaving for Santa Fe. I meant to have sent this by the train this morning but it got covered up and I somehow mysteriously forgot it. I must have been sleepy on wool gathering after my friends left last night:

I am not sure that this climate is not beneficial to me. I find myself so well and fresh and bright with none of that nervous fever from which I suffered so much almost all the time before. I struck the higher altitudes. I have some good ideas now and feel as if I could do a heap of good things. I suppose this may have something to do with the fact of my depression when I go from Mayville to lower levels. I shall watch off the matter with interest on the way back.

I almost count the minutes now that I must wait before returning. I feel that I can go back and bring you joy without fear of giving your dear eyes aches with sorrow at the next minute. God bless you, my love. You must keep well till my return. God bless you ever

Albion

I wrote to Lewis to discourage him from setting up for himself if I could