

Aug, 11, 1890

(Mitchell S, Dakota)

My dear Sir:

On my return from the only summer vacation I have had in almost a score of years, I found your letter, with lots of others, and about a square your work. I wrote to Nixon of the Interior about you, but he was away. I have an impression I wrote to you, but your letter is near the bottom of a big unmeasured pile I have just worked down through.

I trust the birth of the new state will do much to brighten your personal outlook. I have an immense regard for that great world-sweeping power where marvels grow from the invisible, yelpt Dakota - or rather, the Dakotas. I am certain you will, if you have not already found, an opening - a place for your talents there. At the same time I realize that it is a hard region to dig in - the competition is sharp and I reckon not over successful. The plains are going to raise the rulers of the land before long - strong sturdy, hard - tough perhaps.

shall be in Dale - this winter and
may get sight of you. Remember me
to Everett, I am glad he is there for I
can well imagine how lonesome a
Southern man must be in that region
unless some one is near him ^{with} whom
he can claim at least acquaintance.
I always think of my years of exile at the
North and think you must feel it even
more since family and neighborhood
are so much more to a Southern
man.

If I did not write before please
pardon my seeming neglect, it was not
intended. I have now been at work
with an accumulation for some days
an accumulated correspondence which
I have not been able to touch though
I have been writing ten or twelve hours
a day steadily for more than a
month to catch up on my ^{fall's} work.
Sincerely yours