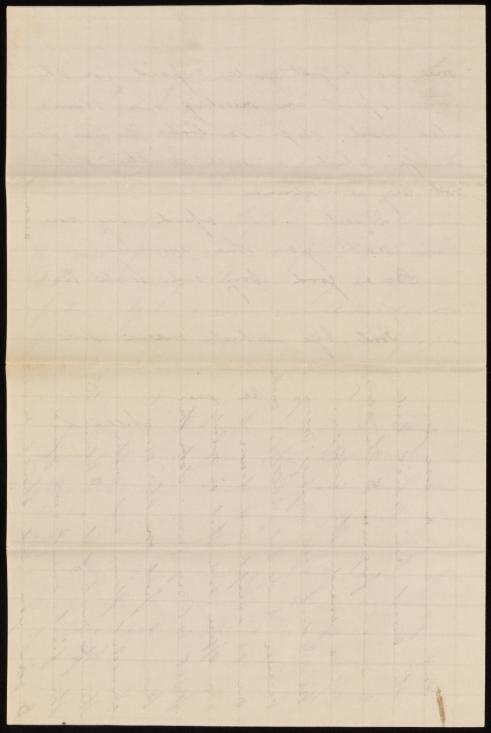
Timothers' Lodge, Norway hu. June 29th 1866 you are making of one a spoilt child . Line you have indulged one in smuli (your good letters) I get very impatient if they don't come regularly. Don't night your voluntary promise to weile to me by every stromer, because that would lead me to dishust certain the declarationa, which it is my pleasure to common. My thanks are due for your of the I ft wet, which came to hand last night. Also for the "exped" but in the same breath & arm going

to acold you . For whet? mel his lake them away, and the nice of the furt because you didn't mark any of hersellite is a Thing of the part. Land That committen my only monday foly! your orticles to that I might be sure which you mote. a few I think Realey I hardly recognize contour steer å reognise, but I am so much interested in it, but ar tie true I shall not That I want to know your Thoughton lake it- back - undered you wont me every autigical. That little paper brought to? moredail it be a joke on one of netoda morer that I have been able to by this you had changed your mind make it down before . Blease may of in regard to my qualifications for making a mon happy! Hory, plan let me have mother one with the distinguishing marke? How would I like to line know quickly if you should do to for for one moment. There ! Listen - of a friend of mine comes home one of These days, and if no other mon har laught me that my you judged me righter & do love heart is exporte of a duper feeling mountain occurry, and should prefer a Thou now actuates it: I shall marrer life away them only that it implies cold seasehing winds, and a small your question - "whether thou goest, I will go; and when thou dodgert, Lonico lodge; oftowarce of burshine, which is very Thy people show be on people, and thy essential to my spirits. a duce day Fol my Sod; Where thou diet I will die Spent alone mier most always inche one guest, and Daggest thoughts of and then mile of be buried, - art- thou sofished in two letter you kup one fore, a bounked home, and absent private.

Look at my fingers. Here do you have auch a price tint I Great sign dikecoul thousand did it. In going to cong this nice dish fore down to I'm - "gothered by this hand". Here some ? no - Bot Those Chal I'm got vel halled you must hall When yourself, a purhope you would like to go down in the field and get some there! Come then dinoshy mie let us humble on this gran fut he is very much afficied of most I like this lang quiet life, and There long bright days, in which I read write sew or dream the hours any with more to day "orly do ye so? Trosh hor come up that much It go fishing to I have sport a good part of the week down to the village, but like all other bogs be work some which made , and & here

got & make my macham make up end go to make. Emma and Nothi ou desirour to go to Soutond to spend the "Ath" to I think I shall take them down. but there not stop more then lond days. My Irandonester in Noll living but in very low and & ful glad my seely to think of seeing her again. me have heard from Gold and his rife (how gover that downde!) and they had arraid at Their first stoffing place loke thamplain, and once I suppose haffy as mortale ever are. I think I wrote you are should the bridding in my last much letter - "Owo hoffy be the bridgeroom and hoppy be the Bride for the rest for "lock Robin": I longhed well our that orticle from the Len Francisco correspondent, It was duch a misture of see mollers from religion to politice, La he any

me, no I felt quite repaid for the one of you fruids That I have brand you oprak of. time ofent in mading it, Home alas real miss milvelar 'à l'ete for By the ercy - don't you wont a a life which is mere water, olthough correspondent for your paper from the Pine the state? Do you know to not my pensational. I can't farmibly aftend my more } once edited a paper? - Or laughing, time with you this morning. ai our plaise, it is a fact; but buth Be a good boy and write tos bids me day it orac only a Lyeum paper, get I over complianerted for Lood bye which means Sol The editional in or much that people Sont you con him which lives he come has he was he can be be a control of the color written it! L' mender did you go to that Thinking Festival "! and sise the ladies very othertin in Carson! Tell on the last do, before & get feolour of In her reading lately some of George Lands novela, Her character of "Controlo " I think is finely drown, and the book centains some new Theores of religion, or at least new to



By Steamer. Capt. Henry R. Mighele, Carson. Therada.







Timotheus' Lodge, Norway Me June 29th 1865

Harry,

You are making of me a spoilt child. Since you have indulged me in sweets (your good letters) I get very impatient if they don't come regularly. Don't neglect your voluntary promise to write to me by every steamer, because that would lead me to distrust certain other declarations, which it is my pleasure to remember. My thanks are due for yours of the 28th, ult. which came to hand last night. Also for the "Appeal" but in the same breath I am going

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to scold you. For what? Well Sir just because you didn't mark any of your articles so that I might be sure which you wrote. A few I think I recognize, but I am so much interested that I want to know your thoughts on every subject. That little paper brought Nevada nearer that I have been able to make it seem before -- Please may I have another one with the distinguishing marks? How would I like to live there? Listen -- if a friend of mine comes home one of these days, and if no other man has taught me that my heart is capable of a deeper feeling than now activates it, I shall answer your question -- "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou Lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; Where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried." Art thou satisfied? Two little ifs keep me free,

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take them away, and the will of the Verrillite is a thing of the past.

Isn't that committing myself wonderfully? Really I hardly recognize cautious Nell in it, but as 'tis true I shall not take it back -- unless you want me to? Wouldn't it be a joke on me if

by this you had changed your mind in regard to my qualifications for making a man happy! Harry, please let me know quickly if you should do so, for I can't bear the thought of being deceived for one moment.

You judged me rightly. I do love mountain scenery, and should prefer a life among them only that it implies cold searching winds, and a small allowance of sunshine, which is very essential to my spirits. A dull day spent alone will most always make one quiet, and suggest thoughts of a vanished home, and absent friends.

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Look at my fingers. How do you like such a pink tint? Fresh ripe delicious strawberries did it. I'm going to carry this nice dish full down to Lue -- "gathered by this hand".

Have some? -- no -- not those that I've got all hulled -- you must hull them yourself, or perhaps you would like to go down in the field and get some there? Come then. Timothy will let us tumble on his grass but he is very much afraid of most of his fields.

I like this lazy quiet life, and these long bright days, in which I read write sew or dream the hours away with no one to say "why do ye so"?

Wash has come up this week to go fishing, so I have spent a good part of the week down to the village, but like all other boys he wants some shirts made, and I have

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got to make my machine wake up and go to work.

Emma and Hattie are desirous to go to Portland to spend the "4th" so I think I shall take them down. but shall not stop more then

two days. My Grandmother is still living but is very low and I feel glad myself to think of seeing her again.

We have heard from Add and his wife (how queer that sounds!) and they had arrived at their first stopping place -- Lake Champlain, and were I suppose happy as mortals ever are. I think I wrote you all about the wedding in my last weeks letter -- "now happy be the bridegroom and happy be the bride" -- for the rest see "Cock Robin".

I laughed well over that article from the "San Francisco correspondent," It was such a mixture of all matters from religion to politics. Is he any

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one of your friends that I have heard you speak of?

By the way -- don't you want a correspondent for your paper from the Pine tree state? Do you know I once edited a paper? -- no laughing, "si vous plaise", it is a fact; but truth bids me say it was only a Lyceum paper, yet I was complimented for the editorial in so much that people said some of my brothers must have written it!

I wonder -- did you go to that "Strawberry Festival": and are the ladies very attractive in Carson? Tell me the last do, before I get jealous of them.

I've been reading lately some of George Sand's novels, Her character of "Consuelo" I think is finely drawn, and the book contains some new theories of religion, or at least new to

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me, so I felt quite repaid for the time spent in reaching it, Have also read Miss Mulock's "A life for a life" which is well written, although not very sensational.

I can't possibly spend any more time with you this morning.

Be a good boy and write to me often.

Good bye which means God bless you. As ever Nellie L.

[written sideways:]

Don't you want a rose from this "sweet brier" which lends so much fragrance to the weary bipeds inside the cottage.

No -- I don't call myself weary because I do but little to make me so, except run down to the Office, and that is nobody's fault but my own. Take the kiss I put on this most innocent flower and make the most of it. I believe 'tis the first one I ever offered to give you and should be sweeter on that account.

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[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark: NORWAY ME JUN 30]

[stamp removed]

Capt. Henry R. Mighels, Carson, Nevada.