

Fairview again
Sunday afternoon.

my Dearest —

Today came the letter from Cognit-
lan, and written in Victoria. Yesterday
there came the one which opened with
a sonnet. And have you that poetic feeling
too? I have it bad.

There is little news. Bobby is at
Sacramento working for the Pacific Fruit
Express. His uncle Kent is entertaining
him royally. The batches are all doing
nicely, and soon we must prepare supper.
I'm enjoying this vacation better in any
one yet, and that prospect of 'Frisco — Oh
you. And how the time doth fugit.

We had a mighty severe thunder storm
day before yesterday. The lightning struck with-
in a hundred yards of the house and raised
some cloud of dust. Sheely was here during
the storm, scared to death. Your picture
was on the bureau, and nothing would

do but that he should take charge of it. He was sure you were scared of them, and so he put it under the pillow. It was Westy's pillow and Westy found it. I'll leave some to your imagination, but with this admonition, that Tommy can hold his own, and more especially when his Refus is concerned.

I had not figured on Silly being in Frisco with you. Your friend will come in handy all right. Did he propose? If his figuring on matrimony will fix it up for Silly all O.K.

Why so mysterious with all these things you'll tell me in Frisco? Afraid to trust John Bull and U.S.? You'll forget just what they were ere then.

Another letter to you is about to close, and with it goes my love, and a big chunk of my heart. It's all yours anyhow but let me deliver it in chunks so I can collect in Frisco. Again I repeat - Oh you Frisco. Yours loves
Tom.