

## William Lyon – Corie Bowman Letters, Volume 1

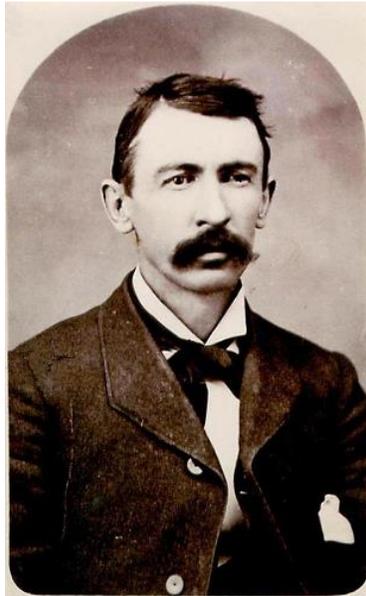
These letters were written by William B. Lyon and his fiancé Corie Bowman during the period of November, 1881 through September, 1882. Prior to April, 1882 both William and Corie were living in Mesilla, New Mexico and the letters are sporadic. In April William moved to Albuquerque and letters were exchanged on a daily basis until their wedding on September 14, 1882.

The letters were first transcribed from the originals in the 1960's by Corie Connell, the granddaughter of William and Corie. During 2015 and 2016, I manually entered Corie Connell's typewritten transcriptions into Microsoft Word files and compared them to the original letters, correcting a number of mistakes and omissions that were made in the original transcription, particularly with regard to the spelling of names of people. My primary sources for identifying people referenced in these letters were the U.S. Census of 1880, the NM Territorial Census of 1885, the Albuquerque Business Directory of 1883, newspaper archives, and the Find A Grave website. I have added a number of comments, clarifications, and identifications to the transcriptions, always placing them within square brackets. Until recently, the original letters were in the possession of Barbara Connell of Rio Rancho, New Mexico; the great-granddaughter of William Lyon and Corie Bowman. In February 2017 Barbara donated the letters to Archives and Special Collections at New Mexico State University.

William C. Hunt, Albuquerque NM, 2017

[Revised 2-23-2017]

William B. Lyon



*Wm B. Lyon*

Corie A. Bowman



*Corie A Bowman*

## Introduction

In the spring of 1879, 37 year old physician William B. Lyon (b. 1842), settled in the southern New Mexico village of La Mesilla. William Lyon was not new to New Mexico; a civil war veteran and a graduate of Georgetown Medical School, he had come to New Mexico from his native Butler County, Pennsylvania in October of 1867 as Assistant Surgeon for the US Army, and spent the next 11 and a half years stationed at Forts Craig and McRae on the Rio Grande river, and finally at Fort Stanton in the Sacramento mountains near the village of Lincoln. When not engaged at the post in treating sick and injured soldiers and officers, William Lyon spent time pursuing his other interests. He collected fossils and investigated ancient Indian Pueblos, sending artifacts back to the Smithsonian Institute. He scouted the terrain for promising mineral deposits, and studied the recently published works on evolutionary theory by Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. He had seen wars with the Apache Indians and feuds among the locals, most notably the infamous Lincoln County War. But in April of 1879, Dr. Lyon's contract with the army was terminated. Rather than leave New Mexico, William Lyon decided to relocate to La Mesilla, the center of economic and political activity in southern New Mexico, and for the first time in his career, make his living as a private physician.

When William Lyon settled in La Mesilla, Corie Bowman (b. 1856) had just turned 23 years old and had been in New Mexico for two years. Corie's father, George D. Bowman (b. 1827), a native of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, had spent his life as a newspaper publisher and editor, first in Hennepin County, Minnesota where Corie was born, and later at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. As publisher of the Clinton County Republican, George Bowman was active in his support of the Republican Party and in January of 1876 he was appointed Register of the US General Land Office for southern New Mexico, a highly sought after position. In 1877 George Bowman brought his wife Jane (b. 1825), sons George (b. 1854), Henry (b. 1860), and Ernest (b. 1865), and daughter Corie to La Mesilla. In the predominately Roman Catholic village of Mesilla, the Bowmans were devout Episcopalians. On their arrival they became the most active participants in the recently established St. James Church with George Bowman serving as Lay Reader and daughter Corie playing the organ and leading the choir.

In 1879, when medical training consisted of no more than two or three years of formal study and little or no clinical practice, William Lyon would have been a valuable addition to the few physicians that were practicing in Mesilla or nearby Las Cruces. Not only had he graduated from a respected medical college, but he had more than a decade of experience in treating all the illnesses and injuries that were common among soldiers on the frontier. Moreover, his competence would not have been questioned, as it was unlikely that the Army would have tolerated an incompetent physician for long. It is not surprising that Dr. Lyon would become the preferred doctor for the Bowman family. One member of the Bowman family was of special interest to this 37 year old bachelor doctor who had spent most of his adult life living on frontier army posts. Although William Lyon was ambivalent about religious matters, he began attending services at the little Episcopal Chapel in Mesilla, and was soon a devoted member of Corie Bowman's choir.

[Undated, but probably November, 1881]

Dear Miss Corie,

I am going out the Bermudes road about a mile, thence by a new trail I have found to Cruces, then home.

If you would like a horseback ride this glorious day, I will have Billy saddled up and call for you.

W.B.L.

[Undated note found in envelope of Corie's letter of March 1, 1882]

Doctor we expect you to dinner today. We are going to have it a little later, but come early. We will practice the evening chants at three o'clock. Please tell Mr. Bond [Ira M. Bond].

Corie

Nov. 19, 1881

My dear Miss Corie,

What witchery is there about you that makes such a miserable coward of me. Do you know that during our ride the other day I was, I don't know how often, on the verge of telling you what you ought to have guessed already, that I have learned to love you very dearly, so much, that it almost frightens me when I think that I do not know that you care for me at all. I feel very greatly ashamed of myself that I haven't the courage to say what I mean, but I was so happy with you that day, I could not risk an unfavorable answer. And today, why I did not say what was on my mind when we were selecting the hymns, and I was thinking of nothing else, is a mystery to me.

You cannot realize how my whole life, my every hope, is centered in you. Yet sometimes you seem to be far removed from me. When I contrast your pure and beautiful life of love and happiness with the wild and reckless desperation with which I have wasted my own, I feel that it would be ungenerous, unmanly to seek your love, and I am afraid to tell you how often I have determined to perform a sublime act of heroism and give up the last and brightest hope of my life. But these resolutions were about as effectual as the Pope's Bull against the Comet, a single kind word or look from you would dispel them and I would find myself haunting your presence until I am afraid I have made myself ridiculous.

The bare possibility of happiness that you might be happy with me has transformed and illumined me. Now I will not give up this hope until you tell me yourself it is hopeless. Oh, Corie, do not crush it unless you have very positive reasons.

I will hand you this tomorrow, and will call in the evening and hear you tell my fortune – you witch – unless you forbid me.

Yours truly,

Wm. B. Lyon

You can put this away, properly endorsed and classified, among your collection of love letters. You must have quite a museum now. Let me suggest a brief.

No. .... (?)

Order ....

Class .....

---

Lyon, Wm. B.

Doctor of Medicine

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Sentence

.....

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Memorandum

(To let the poor fellow down easily)

[Undated, probably Nov. 25, 1881. See William's letter of July 4th, 1882]

Dear Doctor,

I was surprised yesterday and could not say what I wanted to. I will try to answer your letter now. I like you very much better than any man I know outside of our own family, and think more of myself that you think me worthy of your love. But I have my ideal, as every girl has, and in some things you are my ideal. In intelligence you are far above me, that is one reason why I did not think of your caring for me. I know so little and what I do know I cannot tell. I often thought you turned away in disgust when I was speaking saying to yourself, "how foolish". You say you have been afraid of me. I am sure I have been of you. I never could talk as well when you were around because of what I imagined you were thinking.

I want the one I love to be a professing Christian and that you are not Dr., although I do think you are one at heart. I have prayed for a long time that you might become a professed follower of Christ, and if you pray too, I am sure our prayers will be answered.

You say Papa does not like you. You are mistaken as I said you were. He has said he likes you better than most any man he ever met and that is quite a good deal for him to say. All our family likes you, and enjoy your friendship.

Your letter shows you think far, far more highly of me than I deserve. You would find me very, very faulty. I like you better since you spoke yesterday, because before, as I have said, I often thought you disliked me and have spoken of it to Mamma.

I have always imagined that if I ever loved, I would love instantly, and without thought. This may not be so, but I still think it will. Now Dr. if after reading this and with almost the certainty of my refusing, then you would rather have me wait until spring before giving you a decided answer, I will do so. I will leave it for you to decide. I hope whatever happens you will come to our house just as usual. We do not want to lose your friendship.

Yours truly,  
Corie

Monday night  
Dec. 26, 1881

My dear Corie,

Your mother told me today, in her kind gentile way, that she thought I might be mistaken in my feelings toward you, and that you, she thought, shared her doubts. I cannot bear to think you doubt my affection. I have been so entirely absorbed in the one fear that I might not be able to win your love, that I never thought of the possibility that you might think I was playing a part. If I know anything, I know this – that I love you with my whole heart and mind and soul.

You know with what a slender hope you left me, to wait until spring with the almost certainty of a refusal. But even that hope lifted me from despondency and made me very happy. O Corie, I know you could love me, for I love you so dearly, only at times, when I read and reread your letter, I tremble and dread the coming of the spring that may darken my whole life. But I prefer to forget, I cannot allow myself even to think of such an utter blasting of my hopes and indulge myself in the luxury of loving you even in the face of your intimation that it is unreturned. I have been afraid I have annoyed you by exhibiting my passion so plainly.

But even now, if I did not truly believe you could be happy with me, I would crush relentlessly this hope of my life. I know what a priceless treasure I ask, and realize how utterly unworthy I am of you, but if you loved me, I know we could be very happy together.

Good night my darling. Don't forget to pray for me.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

This is the first real work with Ernie's pen. I think I will consecrate it to your service.

Thursday night, Jan. 5th [1882]

Dear Doctor,

You asked me today if you had better speak to Papa. Maybe it would be better to do so. You need not be afraid of his trying to influence me either way in this matter without he has very serious objections to urge against you, and I cannot believe he has, or he would not speak of you as he does.

I have thought over our talk since I came home, and I would like to tell you what my feelings are now. I do want to do what is right and will be for the happiness of us both, but I cannot understand my own feelings in regard to you. Sometimes, especially when I read your letters, which tell me more than you do in words, how much you love me, I almost feel as if I loved you, and then again I am almost sure I do not. I am sorry to be so undecided but really I can not help it. I think this state of affairs worries me almost as much as it does you. My headache tonight was partly from thinking, thinking. Do not think I ever forget to pray for you. Good night.

Yours truly,  
Corie

I don't want you to think that I make your coming into the Church a condition of my marrying you. That would be too much like bribery and I despise anything of that kind, and cannot bear to have you think I would use it in this case.

I want you to confess Christ for your own sake independent of any thoughts of me, and I cannot help but think you will. God will help you. Ask Him.

Friday, Jan 6 [1882]

My dear Corie,

I am afraid I have been ungenerous and maybe selfish. I should not have urged you to a decision before the time set by yourself. But I get very despondent at times, and I do so wish to win your love. If I can, I will speak to Mr. Bowman today. You must follow your own heart, and if you cannot love me, do nothing from pity or charity.

I know you would not have me profess religion to gain you, but in spite of myself, in spite of everything, religion and the church look altogether differently to me because you are in it. I think I never before realized what is meant by "the beauty of holiness."

Don't decide hastily and don't hesitate to tell me anything on your mind.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

[Letter from Getrude Allen, William's older sister]

Rutland [Vermont], Feb 10 [1882]

My dear Will,

I have been rereading your letter in order to take it fully in, and now hasten to write and tender my warm congratulations, and with mine those of the entire family. I am heartedly and sincerely glad, and am very sure I will love her – for herself when I know her – until then because she is so dear to you.

The boys are perfectly delighted because their father told me to suggest a wedding trip here to you. You have been a sort of ideal hero to them for years and they are very enthusiastic over this news. Hattie is rather disgusted that you gave us no idea of her personal appearance. She wants to know whether she is dark or fair – has straight or curly hair, is tall or short. She says of course Uncle Will thinks she is lovely.

I can't begin to tell you my dear Will how very glad I am for you and with you and of one thing I am sure, however good and sweet and lovely she may be, and I have no doubt is, you deserve it all and I know your wife will be a very happy woman.

It is so good to think you will not be alone any more. I will be very glad to select a ring and hope it may meet your approval. My own tastes are very quiet and if I can not find just what I like here will have some sent up from N. York which may delay it a few days.

I was surprised to hear you thought of leaving Mesilla. We all thought the railroad would be the making of it. Is it El Paso, the place where Ed went? I was under the impression it was a very unhealthy place. The water bad, etc. [Edwin Lyon, deceased older brother, was briefly the US Consul at El Paso]

It is rather funny to think of you becoming a good Episcopalian – but I have learned to think the main thing is to be a Christian no matter what the name, and that the nearer one grows to Christ the less these little differences of opinion count.

I am so glad you are fond of her mother. My son-in-law is very fond of me and I of him, and I would like to know please, is she the only one or are there brothers and sisters. I will write to her when I have some time to calm down a little, and meantime give her a great deal of love from us all. I hope this may catch tonight's mail, but in order to have it do so I must send it at once.

With much love from all, as ever your affec. sister,

Gertrude Allen

Socorro, NM  
Feb. 28, 1882

My dear Corie,

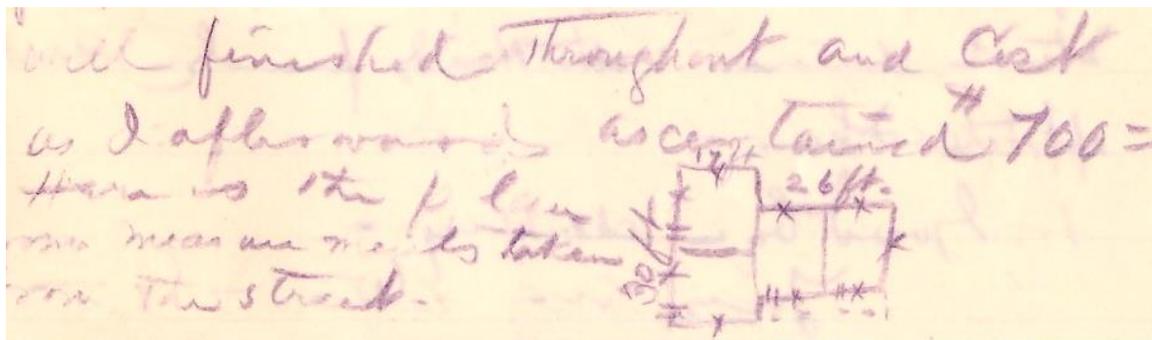
I had just settled down into my first comfortable sleep when we reached Socorro at 2 A.M. this morning. The omnibus drove us up to the Jewett House, where they gave me a room with a very tall, handsome, good natured looking fellow, who introduced himself to me as Pat Garrett. He had heard of me, and I of him, but we were both too sleepy to indulge in lengthened reminiscences of Lincoln County.

This morning I started out a perfect stranger in a town that at one time was almost as familiar to me as Mesilla, wandering around almost an hour without meeting a soul I knew except a couple of Santa Fe Jews whom I met at every turn.

The town is so full of life and bustle that I felt lonely and lost and out of place. I thought of poor old Rip going home after his twenty years nap, and didn't know exactly whether to laugh or cry.

I finally ran across Hinds [John B. Hinds] who took me down to see his wife [Josie] and babies. They are all looking immensely improved in health and appearance. The baby is the picture of health, and Deanie too looked a world better. She seemed really glad to see me, and when I found how anxious she was to see dear Miss Corie, she touched a chord of sympathy that made us fast friends at once. She promised at once to go down with me to see you, and now I don't know how to get out of it. Floy came in from school at noon and she too is greedily looking forward to a promised visit with her mother to see Miss Corie.

It ought to make you very happy to be able to inspire such love in every one. It makes me very proud of you, my darling. There are some lovely little houses here, and cheap too. I occupied myself for some time this morning examining some of them. I don't know what the inmates thought of me pacing off their fronts and kitchens. I took a positive pleasure in mystifying one lady who watched me from the window of a house that took my eye. It was a neatly built adobe with steep shingle roof and stood a little back from the street. It seemed to be well finished throughout and cost, as I afterwards ascertained, \$700. Here is the plan from measurements taken from the street.



I saw some little frame beauties but I am sure they would be very uncomfortable in summer and passed them regretfully by. Socorro is plentifully supplied with doctors some of whom I met. Hinds thinks that most of them are shysters, but they are the very fellows I would fear in competition. They have an immense advantage in being able to fight with weapons which “noblesse oblige” forbids the use of in gentlemanly warfare.

I wrote you from Rincon [about 35 NW of Las Cruces] to express the rings to Mr. F. [Henry Forrester] in Albuquerque where I will get them tomorrow. I hope Mrs. Bowman continues to improve. It is very important that she follows directions. I am anxious about your cold. Take your pills – one night and morning. I took dinner with Hinds’ family. What an appetite I have.

Good bye darling, Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
March 1st, 1882

Dear Dr.

I received your letter written from Socorro this morning and of course, was glad to hear from you. So you think that town is not the place for you. I wonder what you will think of Albuquerque!

Where are those pretty houses in Socorro? I didn't see any when I was there. I am glad you saw the Hinds and I wish you were going to bring one of the little girls home with you. I would dearly love to see any of them, and I do hope Mrs. Hinds will let Floy come down with her father.

George and Em [Corie's older brother and sister-in-law] came home this morning. It does seem so odd to see George using crutches. He stood the journey very well, and his foot is much better, but he cannot use it at all yet. The first day of spring Dr., and a perfectly lovely day. Very different from the second of February!

Mamma feels better today, and is obeying your directions with care. I think my cold is a little better, but my head still hurts. Last evening was San Albino's Eve and as Ernest [Corie's younger brother] and I came back from our ride, we saw bonfires at the ranches, and the town lighted with different colored lanterns making a really beautiful sight.

I didn't intend to write you again, but I decided that if you were only half as glad to hear from me as I am to hear from you, you might like to find a letter at the post office tomorrow, so concluded to write, although I suppose you will think I found little to write about.

Ernest had a letter from Mr. Merchant [W. A. Merchant] this morning in which he says he will be up on Sunday. And as George and Em are home, we ought to have some good singing that day.

I wish you would let us know just what day you will be home so Ernest can meet you. Mrs. Jones [Mary, wife of Col. Samuel Jones] I suppose will be with you. You will find this a very disconnected letter, but I have had to write very fast in order to get it ready in time for the mail.

It is lonely without you Dr. It really seems as if the town was deserted! I hope you did not mind my not sending the rings.

With love, yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
March 1, 1882

My dear Corie

I would give a good deal if you were here to help me out of my difficulty. I have almost made up my mind to buy a piece of land from Mr. Forrester [Rev. Henry Forrester] and build on it. The chances of success in practice here and El Paso are about the same, and the situation is so much more pleasant that it seems to me I ought to accept it.

I have just returned from a long tramp with Mr. F. who has been very kind, and have only time to write this hurried note to get it in the mail before closing hour. How glad I was to get your letter this morning.

I do hope that both you and your mother will have fully recovered by the time I get home. Mrs. Jones and I will leave tomorrow evening arriving at Cruces Friday morning. What shall I do? Good bye darling. Kiss yourself for me. I will see you Friday morning if I have to swim for it.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
April 4th, 1882

My dear Dr.

Thinking you might be anxious to hear how Ernest's arm is and that we got safely home last night, I am going to write to you today instead of waiting for your letter as I intended doing.

Coming home, I drove of course, and managed three horses pretty well. As soon as we got home, Ernest went to Dr. Guthrie and had him examine his arm which he found only bruised, not broken, and gave him a solution to rub it with. Ernest thinks it will soon be well as it does not pain him near as much as it did last night and this morning. He manages very well with the hand, as he has harnessed up all alone and we are going to Cruces. I will finish this when we return.

We have come back from our drive. We took Nellie and Katie [Martin sisters] with us and while Ernest got the buggy "wrapped" the girls and I went to the stores and called at Mr. Schaublin's [Jacob Schaublin]. I am so restless today. I feel as if I must be doing something all the time and not think. It seems to me as if everybody had left town. I miss you so much. I thought I would have so much to say to you on the way to the depot, and I couldn't say anything. I do hope you can come down with Mr. Forrester when he comes and oh! Dr., if you could only commune with us that Sunday. Nothing could make me happier and I am sure you would be happier too. Pray for it earnestly through Christ and "Whatsoever ye ask in my name believing, ye shall receive". Did you read your chapter last night? I read mine about half past nine. The evening seemed long as you were not here. Did you sleep much last night? I wonder what you are doing today, whether Mr. Forrester got a room for you, and how you like it. I did not receive any letters you are interested in this morning. No word came from Auntie but another letter came to her, so I think they will surely be here soon, and you must be sure and come down while they are here. I want you to know more of my relatives, and I want them to know you. I did want you to take your gold chain, but you were so opposed to it that I gave it up, but remember you have promised to wear it when you are down here. I like to have you look nice all the time and I don't think that old chain you wear does look very nice.

Mr. Waltz [Edgar Waltz] and his brother Charlie called while we were at Cruces. Mr. Waltz wanted to know of Mamma if you had really decided to go to Albuquerque. Haven't you written to him?

I am ashamed of this paper and envelope, but couldn't find better here or in Cruces.

I thought maybe I would get a note from Rincon, but I expect to surely get a letter tomorrow. If you go to Church Friday evening you can think of us as going through the same service. I wonder if you will hear some good singing Easter. I expect so. How I wish you were here, I want you.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque  
April 4th, 1882

My dear Corie,

I hope Ernie's injury will not prove serious. I was quite anxious about him, but I still hope it may not prove a fracture. But he will have to take very good care of it. I had a surfeit of apologies from the whole Southwick [J. W. Southwick] family on the baggage question and expressed myself perfectly satisfied. After taking the train at Rincon, I caught a glimpse of a sleeping beauty that seemed familiar, but it was not until she awakened that I recognized Miss Simms who with her mother is going East. Of course, I told her the Mesilla gossip, and first of all the news of Geo. Lowell's [George W. Lowell] marriage. She did not seem at all surprised, and in fact intimated that Miss Wiggins had been sent for for that purpose. We had quite a long and pleasant talk concluding it just before Mrs. Long awakened. They have been to Tucson, Socorro and other places, but retain very pleasant recollections of Mesilla.

I had a splendid night's sleep, only disturbed by very pleasant dreams. The Mesilla ladies had berths in the sleeper, but it was so crowded & hot that they came back to the ordinary and until about 10, when all good Christians ought to be in bed, we had quite a cheerful party.

This morning, after seeing Mr. F., I hunted up an office, and all day I have been fixing up. My room does not suit me, but it will do for the present and is in a very good locality, on RR Avenue near the Armijo House.

Mr. F made out the deed for the land this evening. I am quite in love with our lot and tomorrow will try and get some work done on it. [located on west side of Keleher extending north from Roma to approximately Lomas]

This evening he is down setting the last of his last year's crop of onions. They are very fine, but I gave him notice that next year I expect to beat him.

God bless you my own darling. You don't know how happy you made me by your kind thoughtfulness in getting that picture for me. I am afraid to tell you how often I have looked at it. Condole with poor Ernie for me, and tell me how he is.

Yours ever,  
Wm B. Lyon

La Mesilla,  
April 6th, 1882

My dear Dr.

What wouldn't I give to see you this minute! We are having a terrible windstorm and windy days always make me feel lonely – seeing you would comfort me. I wonder if you have missed me any yet. Just lately I have seen so often the quotation “Man's love of Man's life a thing apart”. I hope it isn't always so. I don't think it ought to be, do you? I was glad to get your letter, of course. Am sorry you do not like your room. From what Mr. Riley [John H. Riley] tells me it must be rather small. He says that you write that you are doing a “smashing business”, of course I don't know what that means. Have you really any patients yet? That woman who had the erysipelas was buried this morning, had a very large funeral.

It was real good of you to be so anxious about Ernest's arm. It pains him very little now, but he still wears it in a sling, and he has very helpless fits sometimes. I am glad you had such a pleasant time the night you left. It was queer you should meet Mrs. Long and Miss Sims. The night before I got your letter Mrs. Wood was here and we were wondering what had become of those ladies. We were relieved from our wonderment very soon.

We are making very good use of the horses and buggy. Mamma and I took a nice long ride last evening. After we came back Ernest and Mr. F came in and we played cards until almost ten.

We expect to practice tonight for tomorrow's service. It won't seem half a practice without you. I rather dread to have Sunday come. We have been together so much lately on that day.

I wasn't in when Ernest brought the mail this morning, but when I came in and Mamma said “No letter from the Dr.” I misunderstood her thinking she said “a letter from the Dr.” and my face brightened accordingly. I didn't much expect one and was glad to get the papers you sent. Albuquerque papers will always interest me now. I was pleased to hear you were in love with the lot. I was afraid that maybe seeing it again you might not like it as well as before. Have you done any plowing yet? And how soon can I ask how things are growing? I don't doubt you will “beat” Mr. Forrester on his next crop of onions as onions seem to be your great delight, and I expect you will give most of your time and care to them! What else are you going to plant? Have the trees come that Mr. F. sent for? I am so glad you didn't go to El Paso. Everything I hear is against it. And I am glad you are not way off in Pioche [Pioche, Nevada]. We received a postal from Auntie this morning saying they would not start until middle of next week.

I got a letter from Uncle Nelson [Nelson R. Derby] yesterday, and I will send you one sheet which is all that will interest you, as the rest tells of where he is staying and how much good the place is doing for them and ends by sending many earnest wishes for our

happiness from both Auntie and himself. He has always called me "little girl" and that is one reason why you make me think of him, because you sometimes call me "little girl". I like it too. He is just a darling of an uncle! I have not heard from Uncle Buel yet [Buel S. Derby, Lock Haven, PA], but this morning I received a letter from Grandpa [Reuben Derby, Williamsport, PA], the dear old man! I wish I could read it to you. It is a real good letter, and gives me lots of advice. His sight is failing, and his fingers are stiff, which makes it hard for him to write and difficult to read what he writes, so I will not send it to you, but will keep it until you come down.

He says he cannot write to you now although he was pleased at your writing to him. I knew he would be. He says at the end "Now dear child, may the Father's blessing fall on you while you are single, and a double blessing fall on you both when you become one". I do wish you could see him Dr. Maybe we will some day. I wish you would send Uncle's letter back to me when you read it.

When I was in Cruces the other day, Mrs. Schutz [Fannie Nordhaus Schutz] said to me. "I hear you are going to live in El Paso". I said "Oh! no, we have decided to go to Albuquerque". I didn't think of it at the time but I remembered afterwards that she seemed rather surprised, I suppose at my answering so promptly and using that pronoun. It seems more natural now in talking of the future, to use the plural than the singular pronoun.

Poor Dr., how I do run on! I am afraid I will tire you to death with my talk, and you haven't been gone a week! That comes over me sometimes as very queer that I should be writing to Dr. Lyon – six months ago I wouldn't and couldn't have written you even a short note. Now it is one of the easiest and most pleasant things I can do.

I wonder if it wouldn't be better for us to have certain times for writing. How would it be for you to write four times a week and I three, you begin on Monday and write every other day, while I would take the days which were left. Tell me what you think of this plan please.

Mamma is not real sick, but every other day she does not feel very well. What ought she to do. Ernest is sitting here and wants me to send his thanks for your sympathy. Mamma is over at George's. One of the notices in the papers you sent was slightly mixed wasn't it? Saying you had lived in Mesilla so long. I do hope you will soon have a good large practice. [William had lived in Mesilla since 1879]

I didn't think you would be pleased with the picture. I am glad you are. I wish it was a better one. Remember you promised to have a good one taken for me. Please give my love to Mr. F. and family when you see them.

Ever lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque  
April 6, 1882

My dear Corie,

How glad I was to get your letter. But it was hardly necessary to apologize for writing it. I was really anxious about Ernie's arm as the noise and confusion made my hasty examination very unsatisfactory, and your favorable report was quite a relief.

Yesterday morning I engaged a man to plow our farm, and this morning he finished it, then knocked off work for Holy Week. You ought to see the self important air which I assume when I speak of "my place in the suburbs". It is a pretty place, but my pride is chiefly in anticipation. I see a loving face peering out from amid the vines. I hear the glad welcome and almost feel the sweet kiss of my darling as she greets me some lovely evening. Say next July.

Mr. Forrester walked back with me and walking along, he asked me why I could not join the Church. I could give him no satisfactory reason except lack of faith.

You know, dear Corie, how earnestly I wish for your sake that I could bring myself to think it would be right, and you with your pure and earnest faith in God's mercy, must bear with me a little longer and trust his goodness yet further.

Mr. F. talked quite earnestly and I was much impressed by some things he said.

I busied myself the great part of the day in fitting up my little room in habitable shape. There is not much of it but it is gradually assuming an official if not a home look. I have a painter at work also on an elaborate sign made to inveigle the unfortunate and unsuspecting. I have not yet had a call, unless one called while I was absent at the farm, for I can't keep away from it.

A few hours after I arrived, someone tapped me on the shoulder and I looked some time on the wretched and ragged object before me before I recognized Hoover [Martin Hoover]. The wreck of what he once was. He had walked from Bernalillo two days before in hope of getting employment on the A. & P. road, but as yet he had not succeeded. I don't think he has a cent. I don't suppose it was very wise or prudent to adopt such a disreputable looking companion, but he seemed so glad to see me, and looked so utterly forlorn, that I told him to make his head quarters at the office and we have since that been messing together a la Parker. He has spruced up wonderfully and I am now very glad I found him. I call it office lunches, but I don't think he has anything else, and don't speak of this please. I can see he is very sensitive and I never allude to his destitution. God bless you my darling and your mother too.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM  
April 7, 1882

My dear Corie,

Your mother must take a little quinine or other anti-periodic every day until her malarial symptoms go away entirely. I believe she is partial to pills, so I will enclose a prescription which Dr. Guthrie can put up. I am afraid that miserable fever will give her trouble if it is not attended to. I blame myself a little for not insisting on the continuance of the medicine she was taking. Let her take for the first week, two pills twice a day after breakfast and dinner on alternate days – the days when she feels unwell. On the intervening days, she may take but two pills, one at each meal. In addition she should resume the lacto peptine in about the same doses. After the first week, if the symptoms subside, let her take but two pills a day with meals, but if the sickness continues, take the four pills on alternate days.

You see this is one of our extraordinary occasions, so I will not hold myself down to the bi-daily rule of letter writing. Besides this is a letter on business and don't count.

Riley told a wretched fib when he said I was doing a smashing business. I may have said I expected to do so, but as yet I haven't had a call. Today I spent in the office doing nothing in particular except to think and long for the time when I shall see Mrs. Bowman's little girl.

If I know anything, I know that man's love is inseparable from man's life, it is his life. I was very much pleased with your Uncle's letter and accept his congratulations with pleasure and pride.

I wonder sometimes if you ought to be congratulated.

I attended services today at 11. I made the fourth gentleman in the audience, but there were quite a number of ladies. The choir is composed entirely of ladies except one boy who sang out of tune. They sang the Benedicte instead of the Te Deum. One little girl taking the first part and the rest joining in the refrain "praise Him and magnify His name". They sang all the chants, particularly this one, much faster than we do in Mesilla, but the effect was very fine, and I was much pleased. I did not attempt to sing, indeed, everything except the hymns were unfamiliar to me. I was much pleased with the organist's performance, in spite of some irresistible attraction that drew my thoughts away from her away down to the little chapel in Mesilla where I seemed to see and hear my own dear little organist. I closed my eyes and imagined almost that I could reach out and touch her. It was very pleasing, but yet a little sad.

I did not wait to talk to the Forresters as I foresaw a number of introductions in prospect that I dreaded and so did not learn who constitutes the choir. But I will find out all about the congregation and post you.

I will write to Ernie tomorrow about sending some instruments which I may want, though it is not likely.

I have a slight headache today, and probably take a somewhat gloomy view of matters, or would do so, but the thought of you my darling cheers and strengthens me to renewed effort.

I don't want to make you proud, my pet, but you don't seem to realize what a blessing you are to all around you, and I mean to tell you.

Did I tell you I had sent an order off for trees? The trees here are almost too far advanced to transplant, and as Mr. F. could not spare enough from his own order, I thought best to order some myself. It will save a year's growth which will be quite an item.

Hoover still stays with me, or in the office, all day. At night he sleeps with some friend in the "Review" office. I gave him some money today, and he has been out more than usual. I don't think he has been drinking any, but I am a little afraid.

I want to try and reclaim him, and I know that you at least will understand and appreciate why I feel the necessity of doing what I can in that direction.

God bless you my darling. I feel stronger in that I know you are praying for me.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
April 8th, 1882

Dr. Dear,

You don't know how glad I was to get your letter. I didn't mean we were to write only every other day. I meant we should write that often anyway. I was frightened by what you said one night, that if I got regular letters from you I would be the first one who ever did, so I thought to keep you up to the mark by having a regular compact, but the more extras you send me the better pleased I will be. The day I get your letter I feel so much closer to you, thinking it was only yesterday he wrote those words. I kind of think it is nicer not to be regular. I like pleasant surprises.

I am glad you went to Church yesterday. Since I received your letter this morning, I think perhaps you might enter somewhat into my feeling last night. I really dreaded going into Church knowing you wouldn't be there. I did try to think only of Christ and what he suffered for me, and I hope I succeeded, but thoughts are very willful sometimes aren't they?

Our choir was all here with the exception of you and Mr. Bond [Ira M. Bond], seven of us, while there were two in the congregation – Mamma was too sick to attend – Judge Tomlinson and another gentleman. As each of these gentlemen lost a horse yesterday, Ernest suggested that might have softened their hearts and brought them to Church. I must tell you how they lost their horses. Yesterday we had about the hardest wind storm we have had for a year, and while it was blowing terrifically in every direction at once it seemed the hay in the corral opposite our house was discovered to be on fire. No one knows how it caught fire, which caused great excitement, drawing a crowd instantly. Some men rushed right for the horses, but as they were tied, and the smoke and heat were so suffocating, four were left to their fate. Wasn't it too bad? The horse belonging to the Telegraph Office was one, and Mrs. Wood's another. [Mary Anna Woods, wife of John G. Woods] Poor Mrs. Wood, I feel so sorry for her. She enjoyed that horse so much and made such a pet of it! It had only been brought in about five minutes before the fire broke out. Mrs. W's buggy was saved, but judge Tomlinson's conveyance was badly burned. I am afraid Mrs. Wood's loss altogether will amount to a good deal. Such a fire at such a time in most any northern city would have swept the whole street. Another argument in favor of adobe buildings!

I got a nice long letter from Henry [Corie's younger brother] this morning. Maybe I will send you the first part of it to show you what he thinks of your going, or rather not going, to Pioche.

I have not received a letter from your sister yet, perhaps she won't think it worthwhile to write another. I want to hear from her very much, but I dread answering.

I dreamed about you last night. I thought that you were here and we were taking a nice long ride. I only wish it was true. It is a lovely day for riding. Mamma says she wishes,

and of course I do, you know, that you were going to be with us tomorrow. An aunt of ours in the east sent us some lovely Easter cards, one for each of us. I will send you mine. You gave me yours last year. Do you remember?

In a letter from Jennie Norton received yesterday, she congratulated me, but says Devie felt rather badly when she heard I was going to be married, and said "Then she won't be Miss Corie anymore". Poor little girl. I will have to assure her my heart will not change with my name!

Please don't talk nonsense of course I ought to be congratulated. Aren't I going to have one of the kindest hearted, dearest of men for my husband.

It was just like you to take Mr. Hoover in, and I am glad you did, but if you feed him and he has a place to sleep, do you think it best to give him money? He might be tempted to use it for drink. Poor man, I am so very sorry for him. Is he trying to get work?

I was sorry to hear you had a headache when you wrote. I hope it has left you today. I don't much wonder you have gloomy days dear, even I have them here at home, but we will try and do our separate work cheerfully and well won't we, so when we are together again we will have more strength to help each other. If you would only confess Christ. He would help you so much at such times. I do have faith, Dr., but my faith without yours will not accomplish what we all desire so earnestly. It frightens me so when I think you may always keep putting it off in this way. I pray but you must pray too. I don't want to make you tired of this subject by talking too much, but it is so constantly in my thoughts that I can't help speaking of it. If I am not with you, my thoughts are most of time.

Ernest will be glad to hear from you and will be ready to do anything you want him to.

Have you planted anything yet? When will you get the trees you sent for? I would like so much to see "our farm", but I would rather ten times see the owner.

I am so glad you sent a prescription for Mamma. She hasn't been well for three or four days, and yesterday she was quite sick, thinks she had a chill and then a high fever. I do hope these pills will do her good. She sends her love and thanks. It seemed nice to see "Our Continent" once more. I am glad you think that way about man's love. I didn't like to think the other was true.

Mrs. Clark came down the first of the week to attend Church here during Holy Week. I have not seen her yet. Ernest's arm is about well again. He forgot all about it during the fire yesterday.

Ernest has just told me some news that has been kept secret until now. Miss Wood [Jessie Woods, daughter of Annie Woods] was married the 30<sup>th</sup> of last month to a Mr. Phillips [John R. Phillips] who lives in Shakespeare! Do you know him? "The nicest young man who was ever in the Territory" Mrs. Jones says. Bishop Dunlop [George K.

Dunlop] married them. Even Miss Jessie's sister didn't know anything about it. What an idea they have about keeping such things secret down here.

Don't imagine my letters will be growing longer each time. Please return Henry's letter as I have not answered it yet.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
April 9, 1882

My darling Corie,

I suppose I do make myself ridiculous to the laity who have never experienced the divine affection. Fortunately, I am constitutionally so thick skinned that I don't mind furnishing a little innocent amusement to those who are less fortunate, who have never realized what it is to love with their whole life and mind and soul and to feel that they are loved in return by a pure and good and devoted little girl, the one bright centre in all the world to him.

I can pity poor Henry even while he is laughing at me. Some day perhaps he may understand my feelings. But there is but one Corie – My Corie – and he can never fully appreciate what I feel until he meets her counterpart in Heaven.

Yesterday I prepared the ground and set out about 200 strawberry plants of the Downing Variety. I worked nearly all day in the garden, and in the evening was so tired that I could not sleep well. But I am developing an enormous appetite, so much so that I am beginning to think it false economy to board on the European plan, and am looking around for a boarding house where I can eat my fill regardless of cost.

Today I can report that the most of the strawberry plants are growing nicely. You can have something new to ask about. I wish you could send me some onion seed. Tell them it is for our garden. The other seeds I can get from the States, but I don't think you can beat the world for the El Paso onion.

I am very sorry for Mrs. Woods. You must express to her my sincere sympathy. There is something terrible to me in the idea of the poor horses helplessly burned to death. But my heart is so thankful that you and yours escaped. May God guard my darling through every peril.

I think Mrs. Bowman had better call in Dr. Guthrie. He seemed to me to be very painstaking and conscientious. The pills she is taking from the prescription which I sent contain two grains Quinine each. But if she has distinct fever on alternate days, that is not sufficient. She cannot take more than 15 grains of Quinine in any one day without unpleasant head symptoms, and when that amount is taken it should be taken with from 20 to 30 grs. of Bromide of Potassium. If she is quite weak, the Bromide of Ammonium should be given in lieu of Potassium.

She cannot take 15 grs. of Quinine on two successive days, but on the alternate days she can take I think 10 grs. This should be given in diminishing doses until the fever is checked. If weakness and prostration set in as in her sickness before, she should resume the wine, or better, good whiskey given in milk, punch or eggnog, if the stomach will bear it.

I wish she could come up here for a month or so. Had we better arrange matters so that we can invite her to spend the summer with us? If she does not get better soon, she must really leave the valley, and that for at least three months.

Today Easter, I of course, attended service. I was surprised at the large attendance. The hall was full, every seat being taken. The singing was not at all good. I think the Te Deum was probably the best. A Mrs. Hawley acted as organist, and she, with her little daughter were the principal soprano singers singing responsive verses to Mr. Hawley and Capt. Vose's [Rufus Chandler Vose, Jr] base and tenor. The other young ladies, who by the way are to be confirmed, sang soprano, but their voices were very faint. The altar was neatly but sparingly decorated with flowers.

Mr. F. told me there were twenty five communicants with 18 absentees.

The Bishop will be here next Sunday and on Monday after, the cornerstone of the Church will be laid. Mr. Forrester will go to Mesilla the next Sunday. I don't think I can go with him, not on account of pressure of business for as yet I have done nothing, but because it would not be policy to do it, much as I would like to fold you in my arms my own Corie. Do you know my darling, I am starving, hungering for your kisses.

I read part of your letter to Hoover, who by the way is doing very well. Mr. F. told me yesterday that he thought he was drinking, but I think he was mistaken. I like to have you tell me of your heart's desire that I should acknowledge Christ and his Church. And I feel nearer to him when I read your kind loving words and think of your pure and fervent prayers.

What a lovely Easter Card you sent me. Mr. F. got one also, but I think mine, yours, is the prettier. Did I tell you I took dinner there today. What lovely little girls Katie and Susie are. [Katherine and Susana Forrester, ages 12 and 7] I rely a good deal on them to make you contented.

Write me fully about your mama.

I stayed so long at Mr. F. that I have written this in a great hurry and it will puzzle you to read it. But I want to get it in before the mail closes.

Goodbye Corie dear,  
Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

Easter Morning  
April 9th, 1882

My Dear,

I am not going to put doctor, it seems so formal, and to put you far from me, and as you have not asked me to call you anything else, I will leave it in that way.

We have just come in from Church, and although, as you know, Sunday is my busy day, I feel as if I must write you a little. So far, this day has been a very happy one to me, notwithstanding I miss you sadly. The weather is just lovely, a perfect Easter morning. It is my birthday also, but as I have been careful not to mention it to anyone I did not think they would remember it. Henry sent many good wishes in his letter, and I was very much surprised when I went into the sitting room this morning to find in the card basket, ten dollars from Papa, the same from George, and two from Ernest. Wasn't it lovely in them, and ought I not to be good and thankful for so much love. If you were only with us today I think my happiness would be complete. Mamma says she has to mourn for two absent ones now, you and Henry.

Another pleasure I had this morning. I received such a nice letter from your sister. I love her dearly already. Seems to me she is like you in some things. I will send the letter to you, but please return it as soon as possible, as I must answer it. I dread that, and you made it all the worse by that one sentence in your last letter. She will expect something so much better than I can write. I think the whole Allen family must be lovely. [William's sister, Gertrude Allen's family] They are also kind and cordial in taking me in, a perfect stranger, of course, that is a good deal due to their opinion of you. I wish I had a picture to send your sister. I will have to tell her I will send one as soon as I have one taken. Please don't send the one you have. I would hate to have her see that, and have it her first impression of my looks. Another pleasure I had. With the letter came another envelope directed by one of the boys, I suppose, containing a lovely Easter card, or rather four in one, some of the prettiest I have ever seen. Inside was the card I sent. I wonder if they know how much I love them even now. I hope Ned [Gertrude's son Edwin Allen] will send up the pictures he takes. Hal [Harris Allen] must be a dear little fellow. To tell the truth, I know more about the boys from what she writes than from anything you have told.

We had a good practice. Dr. Cowan [Joseph V. Cowan] drilled us last night, and this morning the singing was really fine. We sang the Easter chant and did well. This is praise from outsiders please remember. We had quite a good congregation.

The prescription you sent, Ernest took to Dr. Guthrie, but he said he could not make the pills as he had neither scales nor a mortar. He sent her some other medicine, which she is taking. She does not feel very well today. Since yesterday morning, seems to me every bone in my body has been aching. I suppose I have caught cold. I do wish you were here to take our walk with us today. A little while I feel sorry for myself and then think how much more alone you are and I feel sorry for you. I missed you so in Church this

morning, but I thought of you as going through the same service and that comforted me a little. Really Dr. I don't think there is hardly an hour in the day that I don't think of and pray for you. I have managed to write quite a letter haven't I?

Yours lovingly,  
Corie

Harry Jones brought me some flowers for the church this morning but none of the Jones' family were at church except the Colonel. Too bad on Easter morning. Mr. Lane gave it as his opinion that a great many more ought to have been there. Called on the Mungers yesterday and have all the Cruces' gossip.

New Albuquerque  
April 11, 1882

My dear Corie,

Call me anything. Gert and West [William's sisters Gertrude Allen and Westanna Lyon] call me Will. My mother used to call me Willie. Very often it was Billie with the neighbors which the boys often shortened to Bill. You can take your choice, only don't call me "Doc".

I am glad to know that Gert managed at last to get her letter to you. This morning I got one from West enclosing a photograph which I enclose. She wants to take our picture when we go east.

But I will send you the whole affair as you seem to take a special interest in the Allen family. They are a nice lot, including the Doctor [Charles Linnaeus Allen], who is a perfect type of a gentle, quiet and very learned physician. I have just come in from quite a hard days work in the garden, and am proud to be able to report progress. Fifty assorted grape vines set, a bed of peas and one of radishes planted, the whole garden ridged up for irrigation and an acequia plowed and scraped out from Mr. Forrester's house to the garden. Today I saw the Mayordomo and got water on the vines, and a great part of the garden.

But I honestly believe that hoeing is about the hardest work a man can be put to.

I have pressed Hoover into the service, but it is really pitiable to see the look of despair that he puts on sometimes when he casts his eyes over the illimitable extent of plowed ground. His poor little hands are blistered even worse than mine for I wear gloves, but he is not drinking, and he says he enjoys it, and I believe he does. I know I do. Can't you send me some plans of a house you would like. I am beginning to look more favorably on a frame house. Come on with your suggestions and plans including lawn in front, shade trees, garden, etc.

I want to get a few Cottonwoods to set out in which I go square "for ninst" the desires of Mr. Forrester who is just a trifle too practical to suit my taste. He found fault with my acequia today because recognizing the fact that Nature abhors a straight line as she does a vacuum, I had given it the gentle curve of the line of beauty. I don't propose that our home shall be a system of rectangles and I don't think I shall copy his Chinese flower garden that sets off the front of his house, modeled after a buggy wheel. He got a few beautiful little Norway Spruces and set them out today in a straight line along the fence.

But if we don't exactly agree in the matter of aesthetics, I can allow nobody to excel me in admiration and gratitude for his kindness and his goodness. I would have been almost helpless without him. Mrs. Forrester [Fannie Townes Forrester] too has been the soul of kindness. Susie has been sick, in fact she has never recovered from the fever contracted in Mesilla. But what a bright, really brilliant child she is. I am beginning to like them

all, but they don't fill my heart as the loving and lovable Bowman family, and at times I do feel just a little homesick. I have given up the revised and now read my chapter from the old Bible. I think somehow I can read it with more comfort and satisfaction.

Did I tell you that the Bishop was to be down next Sunday, and on Monday, the cornerstone of the new Church will be laid.

Last night I saw a drill of the Albuquerque Guards in full dress and the uniform was perfectly gorgeous. They went through the usual evolutions in happy ignorance that the critical eye of their Adjutant was observing them. [William was 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant of the First NM Militia] I believe it is the first time I ever saw a private of the N.M. Militia and I was quite interested. There is a theatrical company playing "East Lynne" here but I have not seen it.

In your letter tomorrow, I want to hear that your mother is better. I think you had better keep me advised as to her health. I may be able to help Dr. Guthrie and know tolerably well what she can bear.

I haven't had a patient yet, in fact nearly all my time is occupied in the garden.

Take care of yourself my own love,

Goodbye, yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
April 11th, 1882

Dr. Dear,

You don't know how disappointed I was at not getting a letter from you this morning! I suppose I ought not to have expected one when I got such a nice long one yesterday, but I thought as Monday was your day I would surely hear from you today.

This will have to be a short letter as my hand trembles so I can hardly write at all. I managed to keep up until after Sunday School on Sunday and then I gave up. My head ached terribly, and I ached all over, and oh! how I did long for you. It seemed too bad that I should get sick just after you had left, so I couldn't have my own dear doctor, but Papa took me in hand and I am a great deal better today, only rather weak so you need not worry a bit. Mamma and I each took a dose of quinine this morning and for the first time it affected my head. Mamma feels very well today and wants me to thank you for your thoughtful kindness for her. She thinks your plan for having her spend the summer with us in A. is a very pleasant one. It was real nice in Mr. Forrester to ask you there on Sunday. I hoped he would.

How are the strawberries doing now, and have you set out any grape vines? We asked Mrs. Schaublin [Bertha Schaublin] for some onion seed, but she said it was entirely too late, even up there to plant the seed, and that in two weeks she could let me have some small onions to send to you and they would grow nicely. I thought maybe you would rather have the seeds now, so I got some at Mr. Reymond's [Numa Reymond] and will send them to you today. Ernest is going to put them up for me. I will get the others too if you write you would like them.

You haven't written to Ernest as you spoke of doing. Have you had any calls yet? It is rather a shame that you have to wait all alone. I wish I could be with you, but I can't be yet. Is Mr. Hoover still there? I am glad you think he is not drinking.

I have been afraid you would not think it best to come down with Mr. Forrester a week from next Sunday, and I suppose, as you say, it wouldn't be policy to do so, but I had been rather hoping against hope until I got your letter. I want so much to see you. I wish I could be up there with you next Sunday!

I did want you to be down while the folks were here, as it is, I am afraid you will not see each other which will be too bad.

Mr. Tibbits [probably Abner Tibbits] came up last night, and this morning he and Papa went to Cruces. I haven't seen Mrs. Wood to give her your message. Some of your papers come here and we hardly know whether to get them and send them to you or not. Haven't you ordered them to be sent to your address at Albuquerque? Please tell me in your next letter. This writing is worse than ever, but I know you will excuse it.

Yours ever lovingly,  
Corie

La Mesilla  
April 12th, 1882

My Dear Dr.,

I received your letter and papers this morning and of course was glad to get them. And Ned's letter too I enjoyed. I am interested in members of the Allen family because they seem interested in me, and because all I hear of and from them show me they are lovely.

I am writing tonight as I will be very busy tomorrow. We expect Auntie and the girls Friday morning. We got a letter from them today, they are coming by way of Rincon.

Don't you think you ought to come down while they are here? I do, as it may be a long time before you will have another chance to see them, and I know they will be anxious to see you, and then we could talk over plans of houses so nicely. I am glad you are leaning toward frame at last. As you had not mentioned building lately, I thought perhaps you might be going to follow Mr. Forrester's suggestion of renting somewhere in the centre of town for a year. If you think that best I hope you won't let my speaking against it so quickly when it was spoken of deter you from it. Of course it would be a great deal nicer to have our own house on our own grounds, but if you have to have your office in town and have to be there most of the time, what am I going to do without you all day! I know you will do what is best. If you build, I will have to ask you some questions before I can give you any plan. Have you made up your mind whether it is to be a frame or an adobe house. If it is frame, will it be one story or two? I think the best plan though will be for you to send me your plan drawn on paper and give me the privilege of making alterations and suggestions, that is, if you can't come and let us talk it over together. I think we could come to something more definite now than we did before. As to "lawn, shade, trees, etc." I will be satisfied with just having them. I agree with you about not having things always perfectly straight, it makes a yard or house look so stiff. Of course you will set the house back and leave space for a nice little yard in front. I suppose in two or three years our yard and garden will be the admiration of the neighbors. I am glad you enjoy the work. How much nicer it is that you have something to do instead of just waiting for patients.

Well I am not going to try to write anymore tonight. I am disgusted with myself, just see all the number of mistakes I have made in the little I have written! I don't know what is the matter but I am still weak and I suppose that makes me a little nervous. I will say good night and try to make time to write some more tomorrow. I wonder if you are reading your chapter now – half past nine! I am glad you are reading in your old Bible. It seems more as if we were reading the same thing. What do you do in the evenings? You haven't told me.

April 13<sup>th</sup>. I feel a great deal better today. I was up at half past five, and this is the first chance I have had to sit down since then, it is now nearly two. The northern mail is late. We haven't received it yet. Did you get the onion seeds, and did you plant beets and

cucumbers yesterday? It is so nice to hear about our garden. I suppose the trees you sent for haven't come yet. I remember Mr. Forrester said that ought to be done the first thing.

So you don't like hoeing as well as plowing? Poor Mr. Hoover, I can image how doleful he looked over such work! Have you found a boarding house yet where you can eat all you want?

It is nice that you like Mr. Forrester and family so much. I am sure I will enjoy the girls. At dinner the other day Mr. Tib said "I am sorry Dr. Lyon didn't come to El Paso. He has a beautiful lot there." Papa says "I think he has done better by going to Albuquerque." "Yes for him" Mr. T. answered. "I believe A. is going to be the largest town in New Mexico, and I should not wonder if it would be the capital of the state." I didn't think he would speak so well of A.

Have you seen the "Mesilla News"? Aren't you glad to hear that you are getting such a large practice so soon. I have heard nothing more of your new sign. Have you got it yet? Why didn't you make yourself known to the Albuquerque Guards and see how they would receive you!

Mamma keeps better. I think the prospect of seeing Auntie has helped her very much towards getting well. Just think, tomorrow morning we will see them, it hardly seems possible. George and Ernest are going over for them in the phaeton and buggy. If you were only coming in the same train, how nice it would be!

Please don't forget to tell me about the house. I hope I will have some news to tell you in my next letter. This is very newsless. It is a cold dreary day. A day to make one feel lonely. I do hope it will be clear tomorrow.

Yours lovingly,  
Corie

New Albuquerque  
April 12, 1882

My own darling Corie,

I can see that you are very sick and very weak by your handwriting. Your poor little hand trembled so. It seems cruel that I cannot be with you now, when I might for once, be able to do something for you. You must promise to send for me if you do not get better soon. I haven't any business to neglect except the garden, and it is growing you know when we sleep. If I am not a very learned doctor, I have always thought I was a tolerably safe one. You see I am bidding for your patronage, something I have learned since I came to the city.

Last evening, on my return from the garden, I found my gorgeous gilt sign hung out over the side walk, and today, feeling tired and sore, I thought I would stay at home and wait for patients. I wanted too, to attend the funeral of Mr. Ambrosio Armijo, a very rich hidalgo who for many years has been the principal man in all this country.

The Albuquerque Guards turned out in full strength and did tolerably well for greenhorns, but they did make some most ludicrous blunders. The scene and ceremony in the church with the hundreds of lighted candles, the wild weird chanting of the priests, and Sisters, alternating with solemn dirges from the brass band of the Williams Theatre hired for the occasion set off by the brilliant uniforms of the Guards, was intended to be, and probably was very impressive and proud.

I believe I have an unfortunate tendency to look past the glare and glitter of their pageants and see only the incongruous elements of the show. I wish I could enjoy them as I once did and as I see others do now, but I thought how old Ambrosio would have enjoyed it, and wondered if his spirit hovering over us was possessed of its old time emotions of pride, vanity, etc.

He looked very comfortable in his elegant rosewood coffin with its massive solid silver decorations, and perhaps he is at rest. Who knows, Who knows?

Hoover still stays with me and is not drinking because I suppose he hasn't any money. But I am afraid that much of the money I gave him went for whiskey. I believe he intended to quit, but he met an old friend (?) Price of Silver City, who I verily believe sponged off him. He don't amount to shucks as a garden hand and I wish I were rid of him. Haven't you got something for him to do down in Mesilla?

And now, please dear Corie, keep me fully advised of your health, yours and your mother. I think from what I saw of Dr. Guthrie that he is much safer than either of the Cruces doctors. Of course, I know nothing of him previous to his advent in Mesilla, and only judge from his conversation. But I know the other fellows – well. I expected to write to Ernie to send me my box of instruments, but really I haven't room for them, and

will have to ask him to get out what I want and send them alone. I will write when I need them.

If any periodicals come to the P.O. from the Western News Co. keep them. I did not change my address with them as my credit with them was about exhausted, and I expected they would discontinue. I will write to the other papers.

Don't you like "Our Continent"? I think it splendid.

Goodbye darling, God bless and care for you.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

New Albuquerque, N.M.  
April 14, 1882

My dear Corie,

No letter this morning and the last one written with a weak and trembling hand. I have passed a very anxious day. Though I know that no southern mail arrived. While you are sick, please Corie, write every day, or ask Ernie to do so.

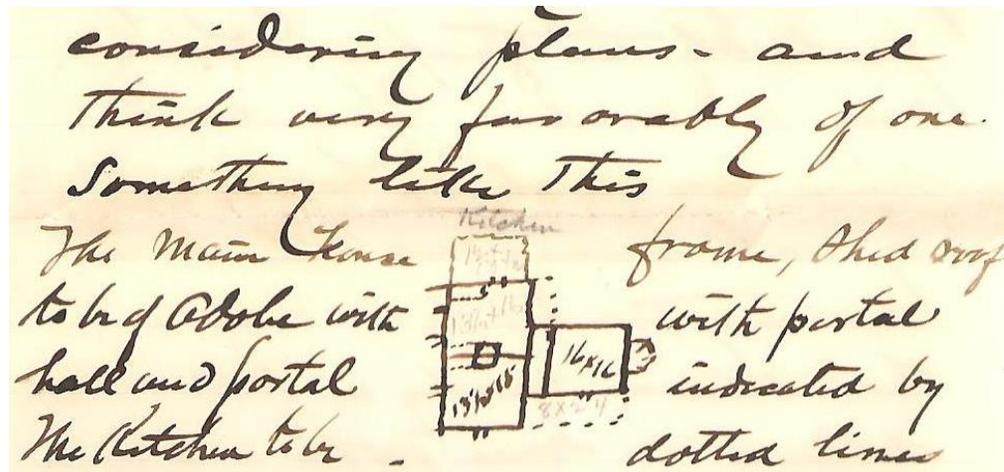
What a fearful storm we have had. I hope it did not extend to Mesilla. The wind was fearful, and so cold. Yesterday I had to desert my office, and hunt up a fire. Even then I was half frozen. One house was blown down and the house I live in, a frame one, rocked fearfully. I was at times afraid it would go.

It actually "rocked me to sleep", and I dreamed of pursuing Indians and finding on the tip top of the White Mountains their camp which they had just vacated. Their beds of reeds, hidden behind the rocks looked so inviting that we tumbled in, but the wind blew so violently the mountain began to shake. I remember that associated with alarm was a feeling of dull surprise that the wind could have such power, but I was very sleepy and thought that when I wakened up we were at the foot of the mountain, and all night long I was troubled with the idea that I had left my carbine in the Indian Camp.

It settled the fruit question for this part of the valley, except probably the grapes which may be saved. You don't know how much we have saved by not having our orchard in bearing condition, maybe a hundred, maybe a thousand dollars. Some folks were born to be lucky.

Today I planted some of your onion seeds, though it is rather late, and if you can send up the young onions after while it will be all the better. I can get them here I suppose, but they are of an inferior kind.

I have now a bed of cucumbers, radishes, peas, onions and strawberries. Today I have been considering plans and think very favorable of one. Something like this.



The main house to be adobe with hall and portal, the kitchen to be frame, shed roof, with portal indicated by dotted lines. There are two closets in dining room, and one in front room. The house has a hall, and the whole thing like Van Patten's house [Eugene VanPatten], admits of extension without destroying the symmetry of the original plan. I think more of it too because I think it is cheap.

I shall be very anxious until the mail comes tomorrow. Good bye darling.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
April 15<sup>th</sup>, 1882

Doctor dear,

I did not get your letter of the 12<sup>th</sup> until yesterday, and today I got yours of the 14<sup>th</sup>. I thought you would certainly get my letter yesterday morning. I am sorry you had any time to be anxious. Papa has put an extra amount of quinine in his bitters and we take a dose of that every morning. Mamma and I both feel very well again. Auntie [Cordelia Ayres, Williamsport, PA] and the girls [daughters Amelia and Cora Ayers] came yesterday and that completed our cure. Of course, they have seen a great deal in the past year and a half, and I wish you could hear them talk. I know you would enjoy it. Cora is the talker of the crowd. Auntie tried to stop her last night by asking her not to tell all she knew in one night, which quite insulted her! She is my favorite of the two, and I am sure you would like her. We do not find them much changed. Auntie is a sweet as ever. Mamma and she seem very happy together. Amie [Amy], the one who is engaged does not know yet when she will be married. Cora suggests that we ought to be married while some of my relatives are here, that she will be indispensable in helping me get ready! She sang for us last night and I wished you were here. I do not enjoy anything half as much without you.

They all say they congratulate you, and don't you think it is kind of mean for you not to come down and let them know you and congratulate me. I don't think it is fair that you get all the congratulations! They all want to see you too. Auntie says you must be nice if I like you because I have always been so particular. Don't you feel complimented!

The folks brought us some nice presents, but you can see them when you come down. It would take too long to describe them. Em took Amy and I took Cora to Cruces this morning. I do not know what we would do without your horse and buggy now. Cora is not near as tall as I am and weighs 114 pounds. I dread playing in Church tomorrow.

Hasn't your sign drawn any patients? You frightened me about your building, every time the wind blows hard, I will imagine it falling down. Can't you get a more secure place?

We have had frost for two or three nights so I expect the fruit is ruined. Dr. Munger was mourning over it this morning. We are lucky, aren't we, not to have anything to spoil. Didn't the wind hurt the vegetables any? I will send the onions in a week or two.

The "Chicago Tribune" came from the News Company yesterday. That is the only thing that has come to you from there since you said we should keep them.

Isn't it too bad about the fruit! Will Mr. Forrester lose much? Poor Mrs. Jones feels dreadfully about it! Ida [Ida Jones] says they may have some grapes, but all the other fruit is completely ruined. I am real sorry for them, and all others who have depended on fruit this year.

Mrs. Bristol [Louisa, wife of Judge Warren Bristol] called Saturday and I think from the way she spoke that she intended having us there sometime this week. I wish you could be with us, it will hardly seem natural to be there without you.

Auntie and the girls, Papa, Mamma and Ernest expect to go to San Augustin Thursday leaving me with George and Em. [San Augustin was on the west slope of the Organ mountains, about 20 miles northeast of Mesilla] I would like to go too if there was only room. The folks would wait until next week to make that visit, but George has to start for Lincoln a week from Thursday and will want his horses. Em wants to go with him, but of course, can't as the folks are here. Ernest has just told me of my mistake. George does not go to L. until two weeks from Thursday, that will make it better every way.

I forgot to tell you I got through all the playing yesterday very well, did not make any more mistakes than usual. I knew it had to be done, so did my best. I suppose Mr. Forrester's baby was baptized yesterday. Did you attend that service? How many were confirmed? I have hoped, oh! so earnestly, that you might be one. Is Susie better?

We are having miserable winds every day, and so much cold weather. I did so want it to be pleasant while Auntie and the girls were here. We were rather excited over Indian news last night, but it proved a false alarm.

How is "our garden" doing now? Didn't the frost do it any harm? I hope not. I am deeply interested in that garden.

I like the plan you send very well. Please have the windows low. They make a house look so much pleasanter I think. Are you going to begin to build right away?

I wrote to your sister yesterday and told her where you had decided to live. Sammie Jones sent me a box of lovely flowers yesterday. Wasn't it nice in him? Did you send east for anything in the flower line?

You must not mind short letters sometimes now as my time is pretty well filled up, but remember if I do not write I am thinking of you most of the time. I remembered after sending my last letter that I did not finish spelling Mr. Tibbetts name. I did not know how to spell it and meant to ask Papa before closing my letter but entirely forgot it. Is Mr. Hoover still with you? I am sorry you have him on your hands. I am afraid I can do nothing to help you get rid of him.

Yes indeed, I like "Our Continent" ever so much. I cut that piece out of the Harper for the scrap book. I hope you will write me a good long letter tomorrow. The bishop will be there, won't he? I expect you will hear some good sermons. You knew that Mr. Armijo you speak of did you? I saw a notice of his death before you wrote. If I get sick enough to really need a doctor, I will have to send for you. I couldn't bear to have any of these doctors. Ernest is waiting for the mail so I must say good bye.

Lovingly yours,

Corie

La Mesilla  
April 17th, 1882

My dear Dr.,

I did want a letter this morning. I thought you would certainly write yesterday.

You will think I am hard to satisfy when I tell you I received the nice box you sent me, but nothing takes the place of a letter. If I cannot see you I want to see your writing. You remembered Lent was over didn't you? We are all enjoying the candy and had a good laugh over the cunning little picture you sent. I am using some of the paper now. Thanks my dear for your kind remembrance. I would like so much to know how you spent yesterday, how you liked the Bishop's sermons etc. I missed you dreadfully.

We had a very small congregation, our family forming the most of it. Cora helped us in the choir and so the singing was unusually good. We are looking forward with pleasure to Mr. Forrester's visit next Sunday. I don't think I will say any more to you about coming down. You know we all want you to come, especially I, and I believe you would like to yourself so if you don't come, I will try and think you know it is best not to do so. Cora Ayres is sitting here and she says "tell Dr. Lyon your relatives want to see him and that he ought to come down." I expect we will have to leave it to your own judgement.

I wish you could have heard Cora sing some hymns yesterday, they were just lovely. She caught a dreadful cold at Rincon, but I hope she will soon get over it, as we want her to do lots of singing while she is here. It makes me hungry to travel when I hear them tell of the Yosemite and other parts of California! They were traveling and seeing something new almost constantly during the year and a half they have been from home, and as they are good talkers, we enjoy very much hearing them tell of their travels.

I have asked Auntie and Cora where they got their authority for pronouncing Majolica as I pronounce it. They say they have never looked it up, but common usage makes it right, so that dispute ends with right in my side. Ernest has just returned from taking Mamma and Auntie on a long ride, showing Auntie the country. A party of us expect to take a horse back ride this evening if it does not blow too hard. I have not had a ride since the night you went with us. You remember that ride don't you?

Ernest said a little while ago, "give Dr. my love, no tell him I think he might write to me even when he don't want me to do anything for him." We all have dreadful colds, but otherwise are well. Only two weeks today since you left Mesilla, how long does it seem to you? I think it is about two months.

Your loving,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, N.M.  
April 17, 1882

My dear Corie,

Corie is my favorite too, at least I think she shows good judgement and sound sense in her suggestion that our marriage should take place at once. Don't you? I am sorry you are having such wretched weather. Do they ride horseback? And why don't Miss Amie [Amy] get married? Tell me all about them. I would like very much to see them. Hadn't you better act on Miss C. advice and send for me. I haven't commenced building yet, only seeing what I can do, but if you say so, that house will be up in just two weeks by the watch. Yesterday I spent at Mr. Forrester's. The Bishop was there and the baby, Henry Town [Townes] Forrester was to be baptized. Mr. F. asked me to stand as proxy for Col. Willard, while Kate did the same for Mrs. Jones. As an additional inducement he invited me to dinner. The weather was so stormy the ceremony was held at the house, and afterwards the time slipped away very pleasantly until evening service, when it was too late to write, and all this is intended to explain why said letter was not written.

Besides Kate and I, Judge and Mrs. Hazeldine [William and Emma Hazeldine] stood in their own right. I studied over the responses very thoroughly, and the only blunder I made was in forgetting the baby's name.

The Bishop gave us a very fine sermon in the morning, and in the evening gave an interesting little talk to an audience of four. Frank Moon, and myself and two strangers that I think stopped in to get out of the wind.

I didn't send for any flower seeds as the space about the house would be pretty thoroughly trampled over in building. I did think of sending for roses, but for that reason concluded to wait until fall. I do hope both you and your mother have entirely recovered. If you do have another attack of fever, I think I will insist on bringing you both to Albuquerque.

Only think of it. I have had a patient, two of them, and I am to vaccinate a child this evening. I haven't seen the color of their money yet, but out of the three, I expect to make, say \$3.50. Why it is affluence. Two weeks  $52 \times 3.50 / 2 = \$81.00$ . Eighty one dollars a year. Do you think you can keep house on that? Wrote to Gert today.

Goodbye darling,

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
April 18th, 1882

My dear Dr.,

Ida showed me the postal you wrote her this morning and the last of it seems a reflection on me. If you think Ida can give you more, and more interesting news, hadn't you better change correspondents? If you are so lonely and have so much time on your hands, I think you might write me longer letters! Your letters get shorter and shorter. I believe I will have to cut mine down. Maybe that would be a relief to you. You owe me a letter so I ought to skip one day to make it even. The gentleman ought of course, to do the most writing and you don't. It isn't a bit fair! Please don't remark that I do not give you a chance because I will!

Yesterday morning Amy and Ernest went riding on horseback while I took Auntie and Cora in the phaeton. It was a lovely morning and we all enjoyed the ride. Amy rode Billy and liked him very much. Last night we were all at Judge Bristol's and had a very pleasant time. If I did not intend not to put a word of sentiment in this letter I would tell you that I missed you woefully. The party didn't seem at all complete without you. Others missed you too. Mrs. Bristol asked for you and said she hoped you would come down and be there with us. A good many of those she invited were sick, but still it was quite a company as there were nineteen there, including Judge and Mrs. Bristol. Mr. Parker [Frank W. Parker] went with us, making ten from our house, then there was Ida [Jones] and Sammie [Jones], Mr. Lane [Nathan Delmar Lane] and Jennie [Casad], Mr. Fountain [Albert J. Fountain] and Alberto [Albert Fountain, Jr.], and Mr. Bond [Ira Bond]. I was very much surprised to see the latter gentleman enter as I imagined they ignored his existence entirely. I wonder what he will have in the "News" next week. [Ira Bond was publisher of the Mesilla News] Of course we had splendid refreshments as usual, and afterwards Mr. Fountain recited and read for us. I wish you could have been there. I know you would have enjoyed it. We played cards and poor Judge and I were beaten badly. I guess he will take another after this, though it wasn't my fault we didn't beat, the other side had all the luck!

Auntie says "tell Dr. Lyon if he does not come down, as I think he might, he ought at least to send his picture." I will not let them see the one I have because I think it is a miserable one. Can't you get a good one taken in A. You promised me one you remember, and I do not think much of people who don't keep their promises! Cora said yesterday "I do wish Henry would step in", and Auntie said "I do wish Dr. Lyon would step in." They will think it rather a cheat if they do not see you before they leave here. I cannot send for you Dr., not yet, even if that house could go up by magic. I do want to see you though, ever so much. There, I wasn't going to say anything like that in this letter, because you have not expressed any desire to see me lately. Does the garden take my place? How soon will you have fresh vegetables from that garden? Have your trees come yet?

The folks tell of such lovely cottages of wood in California. They say the largest and handsomest houses there are built of wood. The red wood is used a great deal.

Ernest and I recognize the pictures you sent of A. Is your office anywhere near Mr. Vose's hardware store? You do not mention Mr. Hoover in your last two letters. Is he still with you, or have you gotten rid of him? I am glad you wrote to your sister Gert. Did you tell her about the garden?

We have heard nothing from Mr. Forrester. I wonder if he is surely coming down this week. How nice it is that he has you at his house on Sundays, otherwise I expect you would feel a little lonely on those days. Too bad you couldn't remember the poor little baby's name, but on the whole, I think you must have done remarkably well. Do you know that until I got your letter yesterday, I hoped against hope that you would be confirmed and tell me about it afterwards.

Ernest has got a box packed and ready to send to you. He had never done such a thing before so Papa helped him, and he will send it today and I hope you will get the things all safe. He will write tomorrow he says.

I think I have told you a good deal about the girls. Amie [Amy] is dark, even darker than I, but she has gray eyes. Cora is four years older than Amy, but is often taken for the younger. Mrs. Bristol admires Cora very much, others like Amy better. The reason Amy does not get married is because Yorke Smith, her intended was only admitted to the Bar last year and cannot afford to marry yet. Very sensible for lovers, aren't they? Amy has just finished writing to Mr. Smith, and now says to me "tell Dr. Lyon I give you my best wishes and send him my sincere congratulations." Please do send a message in return for some of these messages. You never do answer my questions in my letters. I suppose because you forget what is in them as soon as you finish reading them.

I said I was going to write a short letter and just see what I have written. It is hard for me to stop talking to you, but I will if you do not write me longer letters.

Mrs. Martin was quite sick the other day. I went to see if I couldn't do something for her, but found her better. Nellie [Martin] and Bennie [Martin] too were sick. Mamma sends love.

Yours as ever,  
Corie

Did you read that article on the American Heroine in "Our Continent"? That is just my opinion of those writers. They might easily find a better type of American girl. I really don't think we are all very frivolous or perfect slicks, do you?

New Albuquerque  
April 19, 1882

Dear Corie,

I have only time this evening to tell you I will write tomorrow.

I have been nearly all day in the garden, and this evening feel somewhat tired and sore. The mail closes so soon that I have only time to write this.

I hope you are enjoying yourself, and now that the weather has become so pleasant I know you will. Nothing special. Mr. Forrester will start Friday evening if he goes at all which is not certain yet.

I am tired and homesick, I want to hear Cora sing, and I want to see Corie play, and I want – you.

Good bye,  
Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

New Albuquerque  
April 20, 1882

My dear Corie,

What business has Miss Ida to be showing my tender little missives? I will take care how I write her again. I have never entirely forgiven her for the cruel and perilous experiment that she with Miss Barnard tried upon me. Suppose they had succeeded in engaging my young and untried affection only to tell me after everything was over that "she was engaged to some other fellow." I shudder to think to what I was exposed, and from which you rescued me.

I hardly know what to think of your letter this morning, but you didn't fulfill your threat, and on the whole did write such a long, charming letter I will say thankee as usual and beg for more like it.

I do wish Dr. Lyon could step in on you, but he cannot and he prefers to rest his physical and social qualifications on your description to sending his picture. I did promise you a picture, and will fulfill it some day when I am in a particularly good humor with myself.

But for your Aunt, and Misses Cora and Amy, it is quite another matter, though I would do anything to please them. A good idea strikes me. Tell them that Dr. Lyon is Adjutant of the 1<sup>st</sup> N.M. Militia and then mention, quite incidentally, that Adjutants are selected, not from any special fitness for the office, but from their form, their figure. I ought to congratulate Mr. Yorke Smith on his prospect of getting into the family, but I cannot understand why he thinks a good practice is a necessary prerequisite to matrimony. We haven't any such foolish scruples, have we?

I came near closing this letter without saying a word about the garden. Yesterday I planted thirteen Cottonwood trees, and helped the surveyor to put the corners down accurately. I found to my dismay that a portion of our strawberry bed was on the ground of Judge Bell, but everybody promised not to tell the Judge, and it is not probable that he will find it out soon.

If I have a single strawberry this year, I will try to send it to your Mamma. If I have two, you shall have one too. As I haven't answered your questions, I will have to take another sheet. Hoover still stays about the office, and I keep what I call my lunch, bread and butter within reach. I do believe the fellow suffers sometimes for food.

I see you still favor wooden houses, but it seems to me that they would be very uncomfortable here, as well as dangerous. There is bound to be a terrible fire one of these days. New towns always need such a lesson, and always get it. I could build a nice frame cottage with much less trouble and expense, but I don't think it would be wise. Perhaps I have lived so long in adobe houses that I think no others are habitable, but I do think they are the thing for this country.

For the last four days I have been boarding at a very pleasant place kept by a lady that reminds me very much of Mrs. Norton. There are some nice looking people there, but I haven't made any attempt at getting acquainted yet, and I don't suppose there is one in the house that knows my name. I am sure I don't know the name of a single soul there. I mean to find out tomorrow.

I am sorry to have lost the card party at Mrs. Bristol's, but I have a pretty good idea of how you got along, and feel pleased and flattered at being so kindly remembered by Mrs. B.

Your Auntie I know looks like your mother, and I would like to see her, but I am a little afraid of your cousins.

I read very little of the last "Continent" and think that "American Heroines" escaped me. I have my ideal American girl, and she is neither a "Daisy Miller" nor an "~~Amelia~~" – I wrote the name, as I remembered it, of one of the characters in Vanity Fair, but the name now I think of it, happens to be the very one I had in my mind's eye. [Corie's middle name is Amelia] I haven't received the box, but I suppose it is at the express office, and I will go for it after a while.

I am afraid I am putting Ernie to a good deal of trouble, but he can console himself that I am not half as troublesome here as I would be in Mesilla.

Mr. Forrester goes down tomorrow night, and you can learn all about the garden and prospects from him.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

Please tell Ernie to ask Horace Stephenson if he has not a County Warrant passed by the Co. Commissioners for me. I gave the Acct. to Nick Gallas to present and if he did so, the clerk ought to have the warrant.

La Mesilla,  
April 21st, 1882

Dear Doctor,

I received your nice long letter this morning, and of course enjoyed it, but the one I got yesterday was even more satisfactory, if it was short, as in that you expressed a desire to see me. It has rather worried me that lately you have not said a word about being homesick or wishing you were here with us. I told you once I had about made up my mind I ought never to marry as I was very exacting in this way. You see I am. Aren't you afraid I will make you unhappy? I am sometimes.

I don't wonder you did not understand my letter yesterday. It was very much mixed. I will try and write more plainly next time I feel like scolding.

If you write Ida tender missives, she ought to show them to me, she knows my rights if you don't. Cora, Amy, Em and I called at Mrs. Bristol's yesterday and while there spoke of our going to hear Mr. Fountain's speech on a murder trial which will be closed today, and she has just sent word she will call for us at two o'clock and as it is now after one, I will have to write fast to get this done before we go.

Ernest and I are invited to take tea at George's tonight with the girls. After tea quite a party of us are to go horseback riding. I know you don't envy us. Amy will have to have Billy so I will ride Tom. I do not think you have any need to fear my cousins and Auntie I know you would like, but I don't much wonder at your not wanting to come. You do not like to be "shown off" any more than I do, do you? Mrs. Coghlin [Ann Coghlan, wife of Patrick Coghlan] said she saw Dr. Gordon in Las Vegas [Charles C. Gordon] and he wanted to know where you had decided to settle. Haven't you written to him? I am so glad Mr. Forrester is coming this week. I was afraid he was not from what you wrote, and from what he wrote to George. I would like to hear you and Cora argue, she enjoys argument. She and Papa argued the China question the other night. I don't think they convinced each other. They having been in Cal. over a year and are against the Chinese and Pa takes the other side.

Ernest wrote to you yesterday and asked about the Academy, didn't he? He is very anxious to study now, and I think would study hard if he had the chance. That Mr. Howard who passed through here wants Papa to be one of the trustees of the University of New Mexico, and this morning Pa received a letter from one of the Committee asking the same, and Papa has consented to be one. Ernest might go there.

Have you any more patients? As I have never tried keeping house, I cannot tell whether I could do so on \$81.00 or not. Our lilies are out at last and they are a lovely red.

Did you put the Cottonwood trees right in front of where the house is to be? Do you expect to have strawberries this year? I did not think they would bear until next year.

I saw the moon over my right shoulder this month. Did you? I do hope you can read this letter, I have written so very fast, as I will have to hurry to be ready by the time the others are.

I am sorry Mr. Hoover does not get something to do. Does he try? I will say good bye now as they are all ready to start.

Yours as ever,  
Corie

La Mesilla,  
April 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1882

Dr. Dear,

I was so disappointed at not getting a letter this morning. I expected one certainly. Sunday School is just out and it is almost three o'clock and this is the first chance I have had to write, but it is my day so I will do what I can now, and try to write a long letter tomorrow. If I go to San Augustin as I have about decided to do, I cannot write for two or three days after Monday. I will tell you when I have more time, what we have been doing since I wrote last. Do you like to have me tell you or do you think me unkind and selfish to write of having good times when you are not with us, but Dr. dear you don't know how I want you all the time, you are very seldom absent from my thoughts.

We were glad to see Mr. Forrester, of course, and there are lots of us together today, still it seems sad and lonely not to have you here. It seems as though you were so much more alone this Sunday as Mr. F. is not there. I wonder what you are doing. I hope writing a good long letter to me.

After church Mr. Forrester stayed here, and we all had quite a discussion about religion in general. I suppose you heard Judge Hazeldine read service this morning. How do like his readings?

We hear terrible Indian news of the killing of some men who went from here, but we think and hope that the report is false. They haven't ordered the militia out have they?

Mr. Forrester said he was with you just before he came away. He said you were not very well one day after working in the garden. You ought to tell me when you don't feel well. You must not work too hard. I want this letter to go and Ernest says it will not if I do not stop right away. He got the warrant you spoke of and will send it to you.

How I wish you were here. I want to talk to you!

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque  
April 23, 1882

My dear Corie,

I have to beg off again for failing to write yesterday, but I couldn't help it. I had been working quite hard for me in the hot sun, and the over exertion brought on a wretched headache, one of the regular old fashioned sick headaches. It continued until very late at night, and while it lasted claimed my undivided attention. This morning I am only stupid, and my head is sore, but otherwise all right. I did start to write you once, but it was out of the question. I did not want to fret you because I was afraid you would reciprocate and I think you can have no idea how I long for and anxiously wait for your letters, nor how much good they do me. I ought to be very thankful, and I am that I have you my darling, but when I think of all you are to me, how all my life and hopes are centered in you, it sometimes seems scarcely possible that such good fortune can ever be mine, and that one of the thousand unforeseen chances may yet snatch you from me.

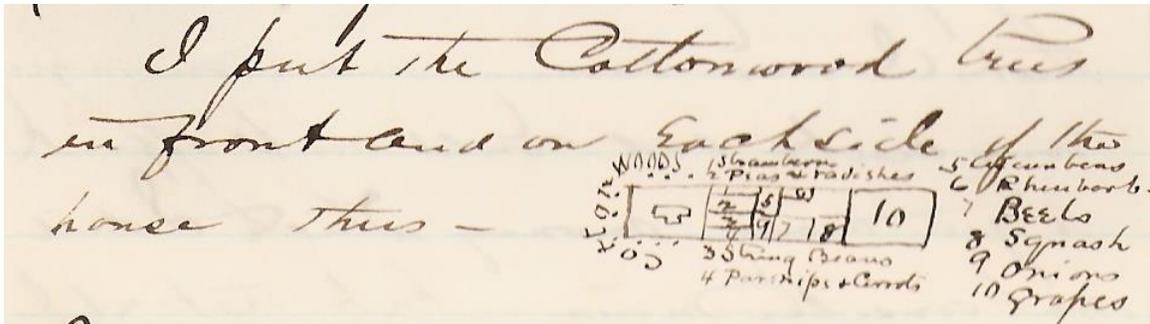
This is one of my non-better days, and that, with my poor head may have made me a trifle gloomy, but it is a lovely day outside, and I will try to think of you as enjoying yourself with your little cousins at home. How vivid the picture presents itself to my mind just now. It was some such idea that possessed me, I remember, when I wrote what your mother found and showed to me at the Depot. "Let the misanthrope come and learn how much of heaven we have below."

Yesterday I closed the contract for the adobes for our house and tomorrow work will commence in earnest. Tomorrow too, I expect to contract with the Carpenter and Mason. It is building up quite rapidly all around us, and every one thinks that eventually it will be the best part of town for residences. I have not been able to learn anything yet of the Academy, which Ernest asks about. I suppose Mr. Forrester can give you better information than I could, but I will find out all about it and report and if possible we will have Ernest with us to help you through the first months of the "new life." I mean to ask about that today. The box of instruments came all right, and I am very much obliged to Ernest and your Papa for their trouble.

You are very right. I would not care to be "shown off", but aside from that, I would like to see your relatives, for I am quite in love with them now.

I have written to Dr. Gordon and received a reply and business prospects are not at all encouraging. It is probable I spend too much time away from the office, but until I become acquainted I don't expect to do much and meanwhile I thought I might as well devote my spare time to the garden and house. So far I have done really nothing professionally and if I were not otherwise engaged I think I would have pulled up stakes before this.

I put the Cottonwood trees in front and on each side of the house thus:



I have not planted the cabbage, tomatoes or onions yet, except a bed of onions from the seed you sent me, but as it was rather late I thought it better to plant the young onions when they come. My trees have not yet arrived, and I have heard nothing from them.

Yesterday Hoover got an offer to go to San Marcial [30 miles south of Socorro, NM] to take a position there, and last night he asked me to lend him enough to make him presentable. He has been wearing a pair of the most disreputable looking shoes I ever saw, and he was generally ragged and seedy. I told him very plainly how I was situated, that I was saving and economizing every cent, and could not afford to give away money which I did not consider mine, but that if I were assured that he would quit drinking I would do everything in my power for him as I knew he would repay me. He said he had made up his mind to quit it absolutely and on that I let him have ten dollars. I know he meant it at the time, but whether he has resolution to hold up against temptation I cannot say. The probabilities are that he has not, and I suppose I was foolish in letting him have the money.

Today Judge Hazeldine officiates in the chapel. I rather think I will go to hear my Butler Co. [PA] friend, Mr. Menaul [ Rev. James A. Menaul], of the Presbyterians.

I am very sorry dear Corie, to have disappointed you in the matter of confirmation. My heart's wish is to please you in this matter, and I yet hope to see my duty through your eyes. God bless my little darling and keep her.

Yours lovingly,  
Wm. B. Lyon

Evening- Just think of it. I have been called out prof. three times today, and performed one surgical operation. I wonder if the fellow has any money. No service. Called on Mrs. Forrester this afternoon and found everybody well. Forgot to read my chapter last night, but read it this morning. Couldn't learn anything definite yet of the Academy.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
April 24th, 1882

My dear Dr.,

I enjoyed your nice long letter so much this morning, but was very sorry to hear how you had been suffering with headache. Don't work so hard, remember you are not used to it. I hope you are entirely well again today. I wanted you down here so much yesterday, as I do every day. I got a note from Jennie Lundy [Jenny Ayers Lundy, Williamsport, PA] this morning enclosed in a letter to Auntie and I believe I will send it to you. I did not send any message to her when I wrote, because I was certain she would read the letter, but I should have done so, and it is rather queer I did not – as she is just lovely and my favorite cousin. She thinks her husband is just perfect, and is very happy in her home.

Don't think about "unforeseen chances." We belong to each other now and I don't believe God will let anything separate us if you would only come into the Church. I am sometimes afraid he will not bless us on that account. But, oh! I am sure you will very soon.

Do you mean you will begin building today? I don't quite understand what you said about that. Mr. Forrester says it was against his advice that you set out Cottonwood trees. He does not like them, does he?

I am glad you have had some professional calls for I do not want you to get discouraged. Papa has great faith in you Dr. He says you can get along anywhere in your profession. It is slow work in a new place though isn't it? How nice it is that Mr. Hoover has at least got something to do if he only will stop drinking. I am so glad you could help him, poor man! I feel so sorry for him when I think how neat and nice he always looked when he was in Mesilla. Why, why does he drink when it brings him nothing but misery!

Mrs. Schaublin and the girls [daughters Aminda and Amelia] called here Saturday, and Mrs. S. spoke of the onions and said if I would give her your address she would pack them and send them right from Cruces. I was so glad to have her offer to do that as I would have no idea how to pack them. She wanted us to write the address so you would think they went right from us, isn't that kind? I got Ernest to write the address and I suppose you will get them now in a few days. Mamma says she is looking forward to eating the strawberry you promised her. I do not believe the fruit crop here will be as much of a failure as was thought at first.

I wish you could find out about the Academy as we want Ernest next winter to begin and study hard, as I think he is ready to do now. Mr. Forrester seems to know very little about the Academy.

We expect to go to San Augustin tomorrow if we do not hear any more Indian news. The folks were almost frightened out of going yesterday by the reports we heard, but I do not think there will be the least danger between here and Mr. Davies [Benjamin Davies] as

people are going and coming so constantly on that road. I do hope you will write today so I will get a letter before we start, we are going to wait for the mail. I expect we will have a jolly time! The Davies' will enjoy Cora's playing and singing so much.

Ernest says he is ready to do anything for you, he does not think it any trouble.

We have had some long chapters in the Bible lately, haven't we? I have often wished you were here to read them with me.

I noticed yesterday for the first time, what you wrote on one of the organ keys the last Sunday you were here. Do you remember what it was? You ought to have seen our family walk into Church last night, one by one, making quite a procession. Mr. Parker took dinner with us, and stayed until Church time. We hear nothing more of Mr. Merchant. I wonder what has become of him. Mr. Bond seems quite fascinated with Cora, at least with her singing. I cannot say she admires him.

After I wrote to you Friday, Mrs. Bristol came for us and we all went to the Court House. We had never been to court before, and we found it very interesting. But such a jury. It was composed of the most stupid looking men I ever saw! And the sentence they brought in carried out their looks, giving Chris Moesner only three years in the penitentiary when he committed murder this time, has committed it before, and likely as not, will do it again when he is at liberty. I do not wonder people down here resort to lynch law, it seems to be the only safeguard against murderers.

After leaving court we started on our horseback ride. The wind was blowing furiously but still we enjoyed our ride hugely. There were eleven of us. I rode with Mr. Lane. Jennie was not with us. When we got back just our family with Mr. Parker went into George's dining room where John played for us and we danced, then went into the parlor and sang until after ten o'clock.

Saturday evening before practice, we had some good games of croquet, playing until after dark. It is a shame for me to write to you so hurriedly but I seem to have to do it lately if I write at all. This morning we called on the Mungers and did not get home until nearly one o'clock.

I received "Our Continent" this morning. Thank you. Amy has fallen in love with Billy, in fact, we all have. I wish he was our horse instead of Tom. He is getting so fat and nice under Ernest's care. Pat stays with us constantly since you left. I think he misses you and is waiting for you to come around. Mrs. Martin is quite sick again. Dr. Guthrie is attending her. Henry says you owe him a letter.

Yours ever lovingly,  
Corie

New Albuquerque  
Tuesday – April 25, 1882

My dear Corie,

Now it strikes me that your cousin Jennie is quite a sensible girl. She writes a little patronizingly as is natural in a matron of her extensive experience, but the advice she gives is evidently based on experience and is given with an eye single to your good.

What do you think about it?

I was not very well again yesterday, in fact, had quite a chill followed as usual by fever, all owing to my own negligence and aversion to taking medicine.

Mr. Forrester got back and our trees having arrived today, he very kindly assisted me in setting them out. I got 17 apple trees, 6 pears, 2 cherries, 2 plums, 2 European Lindens, 2 Maples, 12 Norway Spruces, and 12 Arbor Vitaes, six of which I gave to Mrs. Forrester.

It is perfectly frightful to read your savage and terrible outburst in favor of lynch law. What a bloodthirsty wretch you must be. Who would believe that under that calm and gentle exterior there lay the resolute spirit of a – Charlotte –? What was her name? Whenever I tackle history I get left.

Mr. Forrester gave me a pleasant account of your Auntie and cousins, but he says they are the bluest kind of Presbyterians. He says they kept your mother apologizing and explaining, but on the whole they left a very pleasant impression.

You really ought to be careful how you go to San Augustin if the Indians are out. Mr. F. says it is rumored that both John Risque and Magruder have been killed. I do hope the story is exaggerated and it is probable it is. [John P. Risque and two other men were killed on April 21 northwest of Silver City, but Sam Magruder escaped]

How is Dr. Guthrie getting along? And how do you like him?

I was a little afraid to recommend him in a [----alistic point of view?], but he seemed to me to be pretty well up in medicine, much ahead of any of the Cruces doctors. I went to see Judge Hazeldine, who is one of the directors of the Academy. As yet I have been able to learn but little about it.

But if I want to get this in the mail, I must close at once.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
April 28th, 1882

My dear Dr.

I will have to rebel if you fail me many more times. I didn't receive a letter this morning and it isn't fair! I do almost decide not to write, when I don't get a letter from you, but then I am afraid you might be sick and want a letter, and I write. Still I do not think it would be good for you to have me do so always, and I will have to follow your example and skip a day once in a while.

Ernest and I got your letters yesterday when we returned from San Augustin. I am so sorry to hear of your having the chills and fever. You must take care of yourself for my sake if not for your own. Seems to me Albuquerque is not as healthy as it is represented. I am afraid you work too hard. I wouldn't do it. Better begin gradually. I hope you have not had a return of the fever since you wrote. If you get real sick, you must try and get to us some way, where you will be taken good care of, and not stay up there all alone. I couldn't bear to have you do the latter.

I am so glad your trees have come. We will have quite an orchard won't we? Please don't speak of your property as a ranch because I never intend to live on a ranch! And you are going to have a "barbed wire" fence. I have heard you talk hard against them! I will be glad to have any kind besides an adobe, they seem so like a jail! It is getting so warm now I expect the vegetables are growing beautifully! Have you got the onions yet?

Auntie and the girls and Mr. Forrester would have liked each other better if they had not touched the Church question. I was so sorry they did, otherwise I know they liked him very much, but they are strong Presbyterians, and you know what kind of an Episcopalian he is, so you can imagine they didn't agree very well on that subject! My cousin Jennie is a great deal older than I am, has been married a good many years, her oldest child is as old as Henry, so you see she has a right to write patronizingly.

I think I will have to stay away from the Court House if you think there is any danger of my developing into a Charlotte Corday, but it is revolting to see how law is dealt out here!

Isn't the Indian news dreadful? Poor Mr. Risque and still worse, poor Mrs. Risque. It will be terrible for her when she hears of it! Indian news seems so much worse when we know those who have been killed. Auntie says she don't see how we can live in such a country. She is very much afraid, and her fears with Mr. Forrester's talk almost spoiled our trip to San Augustin. Although we were assured by others that there was not the least danger between here and there. We did go though and had, as usual, a lovely time.

While we were going out, I thought so often of the last ride we took over that road when I was with you. I don't believe you ever had so stupid a companion, but I really couldn't talk because I was thinking so deeply. You took such good care of me that time and I

wished so much you were with us this time, not for your care but just because I wanted you.

I have dreamed lately, twice, that I went into the sitting room and found you there. If I dream again, I will expect it to come true.

It is so nice to have you get books and papers and read and mark them before sending them to me. I have told you before how much I like to read anything marked, but I hardly understand why you marked that sentence in the last Scribner. Do you remember what it was?

I wish you could see the plain between here and San Augustin. It is just covered with lovely flowers. We got great bunches of the Palma Gloriosa (I don't know whether that is spelled right or not) and how beautiful they are. Then the cactus are in bloom, and we picked a great many of them. Auntie and the girls were delighted. Mr. S. H. Newman's brother went out with us as far as the mines, and he is a very pleasant young gentleman and tells almost as many stories as his brother when the latter is not around. Amy was very anxious to go down the mine and Mr. Joblin [William J. Joblin] promised to take her down on our way back, but her mother would not let her go. Mr. Davies and family came with us as far as the mines where we went into Mr. Joblin's room and took our lunch before they started back. We had a jolly time. We kept Cora singing most of the time at Mr. Davies and they seemed to enjoy it so much. Mr. Davies is, I think, passionately fond of music, and I know he is very much disappointed in Miss Hawkins because she is not more of a musician. I do wish you could hear some of Cora's songs, they are so lovely. The town of "Organ" is growing rapidly, there have been seven houses built since I was there before.

George and Em are going to have a small party tonight, when we will have music, cards and dancing. I have a dreadful cold, but of course, I will have to be there. If I don't get rid of this constant cold in my head, pretty soon I am afraid I will have no head left. Mr. Merchant is coming up Monday. As Ernest is waiting for the mail I must stop.

I am ashamed of this letter Dr., but I never can write where people are talking so I am afraid you will find little sense in this scrawl. Ernest says he will answer your letter soon. I asked you in my last letter if you liked me to tell you what we were doing and you have not answered the question. I wish you would say, as I am afraid you may be tired of so much talk. Good bye.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
April 28, 1882

Dear Corie,

I suppose you have been visiting San Augustin, and although you told me you were going, I am just a little anxious. The Indian news gets worse and worse, and it will be a relief to me when I hear that you have gone through that pass safely both ways. I feel in a particularly bad humor with myself just now. I have been victimized by a confidence man and well, did you ever hear how Pat converted the heretic? He ducked him until he promised to believe, and then drowned him while he had him in the faith.

I wish I had drowned Hoover while he was penitent, but I lent him money to get drunker than ever. "And the last state of that man was worse than the first." So ends my missionary experience. And if ever I — but I have said that before.

I have six thousand adobes made. About half of George's lot is covered with them. Today I am fencing in the garden.

I have quit working so hard, and so has Mr. Forrester. He is down today, with quite a severe fever. I had one very bad day, and since that have not been able to develop an idea on account of brain confusion or general stupidity, caused by quinine. I did manage today to give a Mexican, who was even stupider than I, a little of the mind I had left. I was prepared for slow work in getting a practice, but this exceeds my expectations. Still it is partly my own fault, for I am seldom to be found at the office.

5 P.M. Just returned from garden. Kate is down too with a bad chill. This is my day but I escaped, at the expense of a wooden head and a bewildering confusion of ideas only not quite so bad as the chill and fever itself, but nearly so. Ask your mother.

Three days without a letter. I know that you could not have written but still I am very lonely without your letters, my darling.

I do wish I could see your friends and Mrs. Forrester gives such a good account of them, it makes me still more regret that I cannot have that pleasure.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

New Albuquerque, NM  
April 30, 1882

Dear Corie,

What a little goosey you are to think for a moment that I don't want to know what you are doing every hour in the day and night. You ought to know how it comforts and pleases me to think that you are enjoying yourself with your cousins.

I will never forget that day when it first dawned upon me that you were not angry, but vexed, disappointed in me because it seemed as if I did not want to ride with you. I can see you now with eyes swimming, and with that far away, dreamy look sitting there so quietly. It brought me to a consciousness of my thoughtlessness, for it was nothing else. It was even less than that, for I thought I was acting very unselfish in resigning you to Ernie whom I had long thought had been a little jealous of me, and wanted to ride that time with you alone. I was so happy myself that I felt very kindly towards him.

Only when I saw those lovely eyes so full, and you so quiet and uncomplaining, I thought I loved you then as I never had loved you before. I wish I could kiss you now my darling and kiss your mother too, for the part she took. God bless her.

A barbed wire is an unnatural and cruel piece of brutality. I should like it much better without the barbs, but it is all I could get, and it is cheap, comparatively so. But we won't call it a "ranch" if you don't like ranches. Let us be a little snobbish and give it a name, say "Cora-line" or you may suggest one.

I beg pardon, but I supposed that your cousin Jennie was a young lady just married. Of course she has a right to give advice and talk patronizingly, and you may thank her for me as well as yourself.

I don't remember what I marked in the last "Scribner." Tell me what it was and perhaps I can explain. I generally rub out my pencil marks, but if you like them so well, I will let them remain.

Yesterday I took Katie, Susie and one of the little Vose girls over to the highland, the other side of the RR where the hills are purple with a blue flower something like a wild pea, that springs up from the sand. The girls enjoyed themselves hugely and so did I. We filled the wagon with flowers and cut quite a dash as we passed through the city. Today Kate has been quite sick all day and Mr. Forrester also has been so unwell that he asked Judge Hazeldine to read service for him. The Judge reads very well, but puts no life or character in his reading.

After service I went over and took dinner with the F. Kate was still quite sick, but Mr. Forrester was much better and we had quite a lively talk over Army people. After I came back, and was writing this, I heard the old familiar call of the "Assembly" sounded on the trumpet in the street in front of the office. I often hear weak imitations of the Army

Calls, but there was no mistaking this, and I hurried down to see what it came from. A train loaded with soldiers had just come in from Santa Fe and the call was to bring in the stragglers. A number of officers were standing near the Depot, but I didn't know one of them. I was a stranger even among the familiar uniforms of the Army where my life has been spent. "A new Pharaoh had risen who knew not Joseph". They say they are going to the front where they expect to exterminate the whole Apache tribe, and I overheard a good deal of administration, and enthusiasm and sympathy wasted upon them by "tenderfeet" who have yet to learn what a useless piece of furniture an infantry man is in an Indian war.

I believe I never told you where my office is. You know where the Armijo House is. Well it is on the same side of the street and about half way between it and the RR. Upstairs.

Next door to me the City Marshall has his office, and below is a large gilded saloon where they make night hideous, sometimes until the wee small hours. The constant tramp and buzz of voices somehow has a soporific effect and I only wake up when by some rare chance the noise ceases for a time.

I have had a new trouble with my contractor. I thought I had secured the carpenter I wanted, and was only bargaining with the mason, but I found last night that by some misunderstanding he had engaged himself elsewhere, and I am left in the lurch. He was a good man that everyone recommended, and I am very sorry it occurred. I shall lose too on it, for he was by long odds, the cheapest man in town, doing the work himself he could afford to do it cheaper. My one patient whose name by the way is Bowman, has interrupted me to dress his finger which I took off the other day. He says he was robbed of all his money the other day, and of course, cannot pay his bill. He lies, of course, but I keep him as a sort of line, a bait for other unfortunates who may have more money.

I got Ernie's letter this morning, and send him the warrant, this time properly endorsed. Remember me to your Auntie and cousins.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
April 30th, 1882

My poor dear Dr.,

It is a shame for you to be working so hard and making yourself sick while I am enjoying myself! But never mind, it won't be very long before you will have me with you to make you take care of yourself. You will see what a tyrant I can be!

Even now, I would not enjoy my pleasures half so much if I couldn't tell you about them, and I hope you feel a little glad in the knowledge that I am interested in anything that happens to you, as you know I am. I feel so sorry for your poor head, though, I hope it is quite well by this time. If not, and with my head in the condition it is, I am afraid even the two together could not get through the world safely!

Mamma says she sympathizes with you, and is glad you have made up your mind not to work as hard.

I am real sorry for you and Mr. Hoover too that your attempt to reform him turned out so badly, but that ought not to discourage you from doing other missionary deeds. What would have become of us if God had not forgiven us, even millions of times, taken us back into his love and tried us again. Your motive was so good, I am sure it will result in good to you if not to him. Such deeds are recorded in heaven. I don't see how he could have acted so when you trusted him so freely. I don't think such men ought to have money given them after such a failure, but I do think they ought to have all the help and encouragement possible to lead them away from such a life. Poor man, I pity him! His appetite is so much stronger than his will! Does he still stay in Albuquerque?

Did you finish fencing the garden last week? How many thousand adobes does it take to build the house? How nice it will be to have a garden of our own won't it? And then the trees. It will be perfect luxury to see so much green around. I am sorry your office and grounds are not nearer each other, so you could be ready for calls and let people know you. I expect my doctor to have one of the best practices in A. when he is known. You asked me about Dr. Guthrie. I have not met him. I see him on the street once in a while. I hear nothing of his practice. He attended Mrs. Martin, and she is well again. It is too bad that Mr. Forrester and Kate have been sick again. I hoped they were entirely well. Mr. Forrester seemed so when he was here.

We had quite a good congregation this morning. The sermon was on keeping the Sabbath, a very good but rather short one. How did you like your "friend from Butler County" preaching? You have said nothing about it. We had a very stupid choir last night. We had been having too much dissipation lately. We had a very pleasant time at George's Friday night. We went early and did not get home until two o'clock. Last night we felt the usual affects.

You needn't congratulate Yorke Smith on getting into our family, as he is in already. His father is Mamma's own cousin. That may be the reason he is so patient about his marriage!

Our chapter for tonight, the fourteenth of St. John is, I think, one of the most beautiful chapters in the Bible, don't you?

I came out of my room to write, and for a wonder, I have not been disturbed. I believe they are all reading in the other room.

Have you been at Mr. Forrester's today? I hear George coming and it is almost two o'clock so I will have to stop talking to you and go to Sunday School. Good bye.

Yours lovingly,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 2, 1882

Dear Corie,

It seems funny that anyone should caution me against working too hard. I never was accused of that sort of thing and you may rest perfectly easy on that score. I did once or twice make myself very tired, but it is not apt to occur soon. In fact, whether I want to or not, I find that I will have to stay in the office more if I wish to do any practice at all.

The adobes are nearly all made and I have completed negotiations with the carpenter and mason so that you may expect to hear of the laying of the cornerstone in my next. What shall we put in it? I don't think I will put up the kitchen now. We can have one put up at any time and we will not need it just at first. It will be one room less to furnish. I was thinking too of selling the whole thing if I can do so at a handsome advance after the house is completed, and buying a lot nearer the business centre. But I want you to see the original first. There will be, even if the kitchen is not put up now, a little back porch facing north which will be quite cool and cozy when shaded by honeysuckles and morning glories. They are building all around us and before we know, we will be in the city. What troubles me now is my practice, or rather my want of practice. If I were not engaged with building it would be very tiresome, as it is, it is quite discouraging. Mrs. Schaublin has not yet sent the onions. If you see her, you might remind her. Tell her I am looking for them.

Did I tell you I had a letter from Baldy [Louis H. Baldy] who congratulated me of course etc. I never hear of anybody congratulating you. But I suppose you get your share in sympathy and condolence. I have been reading a very unsatisfactory book that Hoover left and I think I will send it to you. Some parts of it are admirably written, the characters are clear cut and well sustained, but the plot is wretched and ruins the story. After all, it is so much better than the ordinary novel that I will send it to you though it belongs to Hoover.

It seems to me that the world has endured a great loss in the death of Darwin. [Charles Darwin died on April 19, 1882] I know you do not agree with me, but I have always had a very great admiration for him, not as a deep or mighty thinker, but as an earnest and devoted seeker after truth, one whose name was a synonym of integrity and truth. I read in the "Banner" yesterday some editorial comments of the Darwinian theory which amazed me greatly. It is just such illiberal, unjust, and ill natured articles as that that do real injury to the cause of Christianity. Some of the statements made in it are absolutely false, and the whole article does injustice to one of the fairest and most impartial minds that ever existed. If the last paragraph is true, the list of exchanges must be a curiosity. I do not know it, but I believe it is a fact that there is not a single scientist of eminence in the world who does not assent to the main principles or law on which Darwinism is based, though there is not probably one in the whole number who does as asserted in the Banner "accept implicitly and believe without difficulty the evolution theory." Darwin never invaded the domain of theology and never pretended to investigate any

phenomenon incapable of natural explanation by known and natural laws. He recognized at once the quality that made the act of Creation an inconceivable and unknowable abstraction, and his theory started with a recognition of the existence of matter and force endowed with certain unalienable laws and its whole purpose is to show how by the operation of these laws the present varied phase of organic creation may in part be accounted for.

The Darwinian theory should not be confounded with Evolution or the development hypothesis which rest to some extent on the facts and evidence collected by Darwin, but Darwinism is not in the least dependent on that system. Darwin was simply an earnest and devoted collector of facts and a lifetime spent in their observance, made him a wonderfully acute interpreter of their significance. The recognition of these facts and the natural deductions there from is all there is in Darwinism. He claims that these deductions are natural and reasonable and irresistibly point to the operation of natural causes in producing variation in organic nature. He shows wherein his evidence is incomplete, but rests his claims entirely on what he has shown to be true.

I don't want you dear Corie, to trouble your mind about these misty metaphysics. I had no idea of running away with myself when I mentioned the death of Darwin, but it seems I have.

But I know you want to honor and respect honesty and honesty of purpose wherever you find it and recognize it, and I have no fear of disturbing your bright and fervent faith.

All the chapters we have lately been reading are beautiful. John was always my favorite, and indeed the only book with which I am thoroughly familiar. When I was a very little fellow, I committed the 9th, the 14th and the 15th chapters, and I can repeat a good part of them now.

But somehow or other I must have gained one chapter on you. My chapter for tonight is the 17th. I must have skipped one. I suspected it some time ago. It is not like reading with you. I did not go to hear my Butler Co. friend but I intend to call on him some day. And I haven't seen Judge Hazeldine about that school. I hear very good reports from Prof. McPherson. We hear that you are all very much excited over the Indian news. If I keep out of this outbreak, it will be the first Indian war for fifteen years that I have escaped. This is an extra sheet which did not enter into the original plan. Kate and Mr. F. are both better today.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 2nd, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I enjoyed your letter so much yesterday. It came just as I was beginning to have quite a high fever, and enabled me to get through that siege more cheerfully than I could have done without it! It is a good thing for me to have these little attacks once in a while so I can understand how to sympathize more fully with you and others who have them. I had so many kind nurses that I am almost well this afternoon except feeling a little weak. I hope you have not had a return of the chills. Take care of yourself.

We want to do so much this week, the last week the folks will be here. How we dread to have them go, we have enjoyed their visit exceedingly. They expect to leave next Tuesday. This is Mamma's birthday and instead of giving her presents today we talk of sending her as far as Santa Fe with Auntie and the girls. They intend to spend a day in Santa Fe and from there Mamma could go to Albuquerque and stay a day or two at Mr. Forrester's. I know she would enjoy such a trip, and it would take off the edge of Auntie's leaving if she could go too. Then she needs change, she does not look at all well, although she is not really sick. She would like so much to see where we are going to live and she wants to see you, so I think it would be lovely all around. What do you think about it? The plan is not decided on yet, but I do want her to go. It would be next to my seeing you.

I am getting all the ideas I can from these people about fixing up a house with little things that are pretty and cheap. Among other things they say curtains or hangings of some heavy stuff are used more than doors, some even have had their doors taken down to put these in their place. Wouldn't that be a saving of expense in this country? And I think would be a great deal prettier. You needn't have them put in the closets anyway. Oh dear!, I wish you were here so we could talk over such things! If Mamma goes up she can talk to you, if not, I do wish you could come down soon. I did wish you were here to hear some of Cora's Sunday songs. Did you ever hear "My Ain Countrie"? It is lovely! I wanted to talk to you a good deal today but find myself weaker than I thought. Don't worry, I will be all right tomorrow.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, N.M.  
May 4, 1882

My dear Corie,

I can lean now on the prospect of seeing Mrs. Bowman in a few days. I am delighted with the plan, and if you will let me know when to expect her, I will be ready to receive her.

How sorry I was to hear that my poor little girl has been sick again. I do hope that disease will not fasten itself on you. Take a little quinine every day for two or three weeks after the fever is checked, and don't get sick again. Half of my trouble is homesickness and if you are to be sick, I don't know what I will do. Go down and run off with you maybe. You never will gain that missing pound at that rate.

I have been trying all day to find a more desirable room and have not succeeded. My month is up today and I suppose I will have to keep the one I have another month, but that with some other matters makes me feel blue this evening. The adobes are about all made and I commenced hauling stone today for the foundation of our house. Couldn't you come up with your mother? You have no idea how lonely I am. I had half a notion to go down the other day.

You must excuse this paper and this hurried scrawl. I have plenty of time to write but today is one of my blue days.

Good bye darling,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 4th, 1882

My dear Dr.,

We have had a regular hospital here this week. Mamma had fever and a bad headache Tuesday, was better yesterday and has been taking good doses of quinine to prevent its recurrence today. Ernest was taken with sore throat Monday. We called Dr. Guthrie for him and he says it is a very bad case of ulcerated sore throat. Poor boy, he is all muffled up with poultices, and looks very forlorn indeed. He had so many nice plans for this week! I have had fever Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. I am trying hard to escape it today and am very much in hopes. I will take large does of quinine. After finishing my letter to you on Tues. I had a chill, a real shaking chill, the first one I have ever had. Aren't they dreadful? I thought two or three times I would have to get Ernest to finish and direct that letter to you, but was afraid it might frighten you so managed to do it myself. The girls told me afterwards that they tried to get George to write on the outside "Corie is very sick. You had better come right down." They said "maybe that will bring him." Isn't it too bad we are sick the last week the folks will be with us! We dread having them go very much.

Ernest got your letter this morning, and wants me to tell you he will attend to that and to the warrant as soon as he is well again. I was [not] feeling very well yesterday when the mail came, but it brought so much that was nice that I almost forgot my sickness for the time. First, such a nice long letter from you and the books you sent. Then among other letters I received one from your niece Hattie Allen. Such a pleasant one too. It was so nice in her to write. She says her mother intends writing to me soon, and that Ned sends his love and says he is going to write to me. I am glad she writes so cordially because I was afraid they might give me up in disgust after seeing my writing. She says she wishes very much we could go East when we are married. She sends her love to you. I wish you could read the letter, but I am afraid there is too much of it to send – wait until you come down. After Auntie and the girls leave, we will have to look forward to seeing you and Henry.

Have I told you that all the time our visitors have been here we have had Refugia to help, and oh!, what a comfort it has been. I don't know how we could have gotten along without her and enjoyed their visit at all.

You are so good and kind Dr. I ought to know you are glad to hear of my pleasures, but I am not good at taking things for granted. I have to be told. I was very much surprised at what you wrote me about that horse back ride. I had no idea until I read that, that you had any other reason for not going except that you did not want to go. I wasn't satisfied at the time, only I knew you didn't refuse just to hurt my feelings, but that was all the satisfaction I had. I will try and remember next time, my dear, that you must have some good reason for what you do and not feel hurt as I did then.

Of course, I get congratulations too, and I have told you of them, but you are so modest you forget. Give my relatives a chance to know you and then they will be ready to congratulate me. How can they do it without knowing you! In a letter Auntie got from Cousin Jennie yesterday, she says "Give my love to all from Uncle to Emma, and Dr. Lyon if Corie will allow me to." I am glad you sent me the plan of the house on an enlarged scale. We all like the plan very much, the bay window will make the front room so pleasant, but my delight is the porches. I have longed so much for one ever since we came down here. After putting so much of your own work on the house and garden won't you hate to sell it?

Doesn't it seem as if all our great men were dying lately! Longfellow, Darwin and now Emerson. I feel as if I loved Longfellow and respected Emerson, but Darwin, well, I cannot feel towards him as you do. We have read the article in the "Banner" and what else could a religious paper say about the works by which he is best known. As you say, I do want to "honor and respect honesty." Darwin may have been honest in his scientific researches, not having read them, I will not try to talk of them, but isn't he most widely known by his theory of evolution? And how can I believe in a man who believes that? You speak of my faith Dr., and I am afraid you deem it merely a simple unlearned one, but I cannot have you consider it an ignorant one, because I am not able to talk as well as you, or argue in its behalf. It is founded on the "Rock of Ages" and believing in Him I must believe in all that went before. His work of creation and all. You know that when Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man" are forgotten, the true history of the creation of man honestly believed by minds as far reaching and profound, I think more so, than his, will remain and stand the test of every attempt at reasoning against it. "I know in whom I believe" and loving you as dearly as I do, I cannot be quite happy until I am sure you believe all I do, and more as you may be more capable of understanding the Bible better. I will have to say good bye as George is waiting to take the mail and thinks I am very long. Don't go out in any Indian fights Dr., I beg.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 6, 1882

Dear Corie,

I don't know what to think of the news in your letter of 4th. I am very anxious about you all and I don't know what I ought to do. I think sometimes, I ought to go down, and if I thought I could do you any good, I would do so. I could at least satisfy myself. Tell me all about your sickness and what you have been doing for it and then give me a history of Ernie's case. I can sympathize with him as I have a sore throat myself, though not so bad as his. I almost wish George had written his little note on the outside of your letter. I don't know what to say to you except to impress upon you the importance of keeping yourself under the active influence of quinine until the fever is subdued, and then continue it in small doses daily for at least three weeks afterwards. If you are weak, without much appetite, and losing flesh, you ought in addition to the quin. to take iron every day. Your mother I think ought certainly to take something of the sort. A combination of Iron, Quinine and arsenic would be the thing I think. If you don't get well right away, I will go down and carry you off.

I moved my office yesterday to Front Street, next door to the old store of Capt. Vose, though he has moved now further down the street. I had a fancy that the room I had was unhealthy from its proximity to an open ditch, the receptacle of filth of all kinds. My predecessor, also a doctor, was taken sick and came near dying, and several others attribute their ill health to the same cause. [Notice in Albuquerque Evening Review of May 18, 1882 gives the location as "Sloan's building, First street, near Stein, Mandell & Co.]

My practice does not develop and sometimes I am afraid I have made a wrong move, but I think after a while things may take a turn. Yesterday, I noticed a number of soldiers in town, and on inquiry learned that three companies of the 3rd Cavalry had just arrived. I served with the 3rd when I first came to N.M. in '67 and going down to the Depot, was fortunate in finding some of my old comrades. Only two indeed, that I had known then, but the mere fact that it was the 3rd made me feel at home with them. Three more companies came today, but all the officers here have been changed, and I don't know them.

What a good long letter you wrote, winding it up with the best sermon I ever heard. I expect to see Mrs. Bowman next week, and have a faint hope that I may see you too. I will anxiously await your letter tomorrow.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 6th, 1882

My dear,

If you are homesick why don't you come home? You know we want you. I am sorry to disappoint you about Mamma's visit, you shouldn't have taken it so for granted. I told you it was not fully decided. Auntie and the girls go Monday evening and as Ernest is still quite sick, Mamma would not feel easy away from him. I am real sorry she cannot go, but she thinks a better plan would be for you to come down here and make us a visit. The girls say it will be real mean if you come down soon after they leave, but they need never know it, we will not tell them. Please come Dr. Mamma says come right to our house. George has an extra room for you to sleep in, and take your meals with us. This plan suits me much better than the other! We will need cheering after the folks have gone. Can't you come? I want you "mucho". One month last Tuesday since you left. Isn't it about time you had a holiday?

Mamma is pretty well again and I am gaining strength fast, but poor Ernest is quite sick yet. Dr. Guthrie says he has fever with his sore throat, and his throat is very bad. He anticipated so much pleasure this week that it is hard for him to be confined to the house, but he bears it very bravely, and is so patient and good. We like Dr. Guthrie, but we have all longed for my doctor during this sickness. It is too bad you cannot get another room, as you dislike the one you have. I don't believe that would give you the blues though, they must have been given by the "other matters", mostly. You promised to tell me everything, but you do not. You ought to and let me feel blue with you, or else cheer you up. Try me. On such days you ought to write me just the longest letters. See if it wouldn't do you good to tell somebody just how you felt.

I have very little time to read now, but when the folks go I will want to read, read, read to drown the loneliness I will feel. I am glad you sent that novel. I see it is marked. Thank you.

We intended having a little company tonight, but Ernest's sickness prevented us. Mr. Parker was in last night, and we played six-handed euchre until after ten o'clock. All take dinner here today, nine of us. We just need you to make the number even. I wish you were here. I had just finished baking when I sat down to write this and now it is after two, almost time to begin getting dinner, so you see, I am writing in a hurry as usual lately. I do hope you have been able to make some sense out of my letters lately though I hardly see how you could. This has been the worst house to write in, some are darting in on you and talking when you have begun or are right in the midst of a sentence making you forget entirely what you were going to write. I will try and do better when we are quiet once more. Looking at the plan of our house you sent. Cora wants to know where we are going to put her when she visits us. I told her we would always find room for our friends, and we will, won't we? That is the kind of house we are going to have, isn't it? Is the foundation laid yet? Mrs. Schaublin asked the other day if you had received the onions, as she sent them a few days before. Haven't you received them?

I had the queerest visions, they weren't dreams because I was awake, while I was taking quinine! I don't want to take much more of it if it affects me that way. And then I dreamed of you so often, but not pleasant dreams. You were being killed or dragged away by the Indians. Quinine never affected me in that way before.

If you want the money Ernest was to send you right away, please say so and George will see to it I guess. Mrs. Garcia sent something here that she wanted Ernest to send to you. Shall he put it with your other things or send it to you?

I got a real nice letter from Ida Mackey this morning. She wants me to send her your picture, and wishes us a great deal of happiness. As this letter is not so very long, I will send you your niece's letter. Do come down soon Dr. dear.

Good bye from yours lovingly,

Corie

Amy just says "tell Dr. I think he might meet us at the Depot Tuesday morning". That will be no satisfaction. They will have to wait until we go East.

New Albuquerque, N.M.  
Monday, May 8th, 1882

Dear Corie,

I am just back from laying the corner stone of the church, and almost frozen. The Bishop cut the ceremony about one half, but there was a cold wind blowing from the N.W. and altogether the day was about as disagreeable as we have had this spring. I have no fire in my room and I am still shaking, but I want to get this off before the mail closes.

I felt relieved yesterday after receipt of your letter, and I do hope that you and your mother will have no return of the fever. I am very sorry for Ernie. Cora's criticism on our house touched a point that has bothered me, but she must rest on your assurance that we will find room for her, somewhere, even if we have to displace some of the servants. I wish I could summon energy enough to get up tomorrow at the unearthly hour the train reaches Albuquerque. I have a curiosity to see them, and I think I would know them from the picture I have formed in my minds eye. I am quite certain I would recognize your Auntie.

The stone is all hauled for the foundation, and the mason was to begin work today if it had not been such dreadful weather. Stormy, windy and raining. The carpenter has a good deal of his work done, that is the doors and window frames made. I wish they would get fairly started.

Hattie writes quite a nice letter. She used to correspond with me, but either she or I neglected it. Mrs. Forrester told me that she had written to your mother asking her to come to their house when she comes up. They will all be disappointed if she does not come.

Did I tell you I had moved my office to Front or First St. I will have to stay at it a little more if I wish to do anything. As yet I have done nothing of any account, and I do not see that the prospects are very promising.

Take care of yourself my own darling, and don't fail to let me know if you are sick. I am quite anxious about Ernie, but hope by this time he is better.

I hear very good reports of the school here, and they say it will be much better.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 8th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

Auntie and the girls have decided to go tonight, so I will have time to write you only a short letter. I want to be with them as much as possible. We will be so very lonely when they are gone and to make us feel more dismal the day is dark and rainy, a counterpart of the day they came. Auntie said yesterday that she had kept hoping you might come in before they left. It does seem too bad you couldn't have done so. Amy says she knows she would like you because she likes everything she has heard about you. Auntie said to me last night "tell Dr. Lyon I have only one thing against him, he is not a professing Christian." Cora sang for us a long time last night. We will miss her singing so much.

We had one of our worst sand storms yesterday. The wind seems determined to blow the folks out as it blew them in. It is so dark in this room that I cannot see the lines, so please excuse the crookedness. We are all going to take dinner at George's today.

Ernest is much better this morning. He was glad to get your letter and if he had not been better at the time, I believe he would have taken up your offer and sent for you. Dr. Guthrie called only three or four times. It seemed queer to have a doctor who did not run in any time, as you used to! I wish you had just come down without stopping to think about it. How is your throat? I hope it didn't get any worse. Mamma and I are quite well again, we still take bitters. I am very glad you have changed your room if you thought the other unhealthy. I am sorry your practice does not increase faster. I don't want you to get discouraged. I think it must have been right for you to go to Albuquerque and that all will be for the best in time.

Amy says this will be the last time she can send you a message, so she sends her very kindest regards. She says she is going to stand on the platform, and watch for you and she thinks you might come to the Depot! I just wish you were coming down tomorrow. I hope you have thought favorably of the plan in my last letter, and that we will see you soon.

Have you seen the last Rio Grande Republican? It is very bitter against Judge Bristol. I wonder what Mrs. Bristol will do with the editor? It is raining very hard. I don't see how Ernest can get over to George's. Auntie and the girls regret that they haven't seen you. Aren't you sorry you haven't seen them! Good bye.

Yours as ever,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 9, 1882

Dear Corie,

And so you are left alone again. I am sorry I did not get to see your Auntie and Cousins, and I did think of going down this morning on the chance of seeing them. I was awake but it was cold and cloudy, and I supposed they would not be up. If I had known that Amy intended to be on the platform, I certainly would have gone and I think I would have known her.

I only got the onions today, and I fear that the most of them are dead. They have been here since the 26th, two weeks, and the stupid agent could give no explanation. It was only this morning I got their postal which had been sent to Las Cruces and returned, notifying me that they were in the office. It didn't do much good, but it was a slight satisfaction to give the pert young gentleman in charge my opinion of his ability and competency. But I planted them all, and Mr. Forrester, who is my agricultural authority thinks that most of them will grow. I don't.

The corner stone of our house was laid today quite as successfully as that of the church yesterday, and the imposing structure will show up now very soon. They would rush it up in a week if I would let them, but I wish it to go up gradually to allow time for the walls to settle.

May 10th. For some reason I could not sleep well last night and until very late I lay thinking of you, my darling. Did your ears burn, or do they burn from thoughts as well as words. I wonder if I can surely make my darling happy. She is so much to me that it seems very selfish to me to ask her to give herself up to me for all that I can give her is so little – little, and she is all the world to me. Love is essentially selfish. I am afraid I could not give you up, my darling, even for your own good. But I think I have absorbed some of your faith that God, who has been so good to you, who loves you so well, will not desert you now. My own Corie, how I miss you and how I want you to nourish and strengthen my poor weak faith that is ever brighter and stronger when you are near.

When you write to Amy, you must thank her for her kind messages, and tell her that I am very sorry I could not see her even for a minute and on the platform. Give my love to your brother and all others.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 10th, 1882

Doctor dear,

Your letter which I should have received yesterday, I did not get until this morning, as the train yesterday was seventeen hours late. We cannot find out where the detention was, so have no idea where Auntie and the girls spent yesterday! We have not heard from them. I hope they reached Santa Fe where they intended spending a day. I am anxious to hear if you saw anything of them. One of the last things they said to me was "give Dr. Lyon our love, and tell him you must both come east just as soon as possible." I am receiving invitations from all directions saying we must be sure and visit such and such a place on our wedding trip. It would be very pleasant to be able to do so, but of course, we cannot. Amy says she will expect us to go on to her wedding, but that seems in the dim future! We dreaded having the folks go ever so much and are very lonely without them. I took Auntie and Mamma in your buggy to the depot, while George took the two girls. Poor Ernest had to stay at home, which seemed very odd for him. He is getting well nicely now, but has not been out of the house since a week yesterday. He is reading the book you sent him, and is very much interested in it. I am reading "Love the Debt". It is a queer story isn't it? Last night we began reading aloud a Memoir of the Rev. Sidney Smith by his daughter Lady Holland. It is very pleasantly written and we expect a great deal of enjoyment from it. I read a chapter in "Porter's Chemistry" to Ernest every night, and then ask him questions on what I have read. In that way, and by reading, he will gain a little knowledge, but he ought to be studying real hard now. He must next winter if possible. Sammie [Jones] and Harry [Jones] go to the free school in Cruces. Ida [Jones] was in last night and she wanted me to tell you she wished you would have your "New Mexican" sent to your address at Albuquerque. It still comes to this P.O. Mamma received a postal from Mrs. Forrester this morning which was written on the sixth. I don't see how it could be detained so long between here and A. Our letters have always come right through. I am sorry Mamma could not go as I am sure she would have enjoyed the trip.

I don't think I will ever invite you anywhere again, when you don't pay the least attention to my invitation. Neither accept nor to politely decline it. You might at least do one or the other!

The Bishop seems to be unfortunate in his visits to Albuquerque! I am sorry it was such a miserable day for the laying of the cornerstone. I hope you have not suffered from getting so cold at that time.

Do you like your new office better than the old one? What has become of Mr. Hoover? You did not tell me whether he had left Albuquerque or not. Have you got the mason started yet? It is miserable weather for outdoor work, isn't it?

I feel better today than I have for a long time. Mamma too is feeling very well. I am sorry about the onions. Mrs. Schaublin will be disappointed that they did not get there all right. We will try and get cabbage plants.

I expect to hear tomorrow whether you saw Aunt Cora or not. I think you might know Auntie, but I don't think you have the best idea – right idea – of how the girls look. They do not look a bit like their mother. Ernest thinks he will write tomorrow.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 11, 1882

My own dear Corie,

I am quite in love with our house which now is beginning to make a very creditable show. Everyone likes the plan, the credit of which I must divide with Newman, who first suggested the main features, but all the details and specifications, arrangements are my own, for better or for worse. Of course I spend most of my time there, and I find I can employ myself very profitably looking out for various little matters. The mechanics object sometimes to some of the changes which I make as I go along, but so far I have had my own way, and they understand now that I mean to do so throughout. But I wish you were here to help me.

Today I was explaining something from my note book to the Chief mason, when he happened to see your picture. "Who is that?" he said. "That", said I, "is the boss of the job, the power behind the throne to whom we are all responsible." He paid you some very pretty compliments. I wonder if I ought to tell you. I think stylish was about the most moderate adjective he used.

I wish I could accept your invitation, and never mind, I will, D.V. [Deo Valente], some day. I am waiting for you to tell me when.

The other day I dropped in at Mr. Forrester's and found myself just in time to be present at the marriage of a young fellow, who came from Arizona to claim his bride who was living in Socorro. They were Swedes and the engagement had been made in Europe, but the bride in working her way out to her affianced was compelled to stop in Socorro, when she contracted some debts for which the young man found to his dismay, he was responsible if he made her his wife. There was no help for it. He was assured that that was the law. Matters looked hopeless and the couple seemingly made a virtue of necessity and gave it out that the long delayed marriage was once more given up. It must have been suggested to him, for I don't believe the fellow was capable of originating the brilliant idea, to run off to Albuquerque. But they did it and are happy and the moral of all this is – Well it suggests itself. That you make a careful schedule of all your debts to be submitted to me before we fix on the time and place of the ceremony.

Tell Ernie that if he comes here to school, he will have the daintiest, nattiest, liveliest love of a school marm to say his lessons to he ever saw. She is one of our boarders and as yet, I have not made her acquaintance, but I mean to soon. Her name is Miss Snyder, and they say she is well up and is next to the principal. I hope he is better by this time. You must give him my sincere condolences. Tell him to be a good boy and take his catnip etc., and imagine himself conjugating "Amara" with Miss Snyder. She is just about your size, but could talk you blind.

I thought I had told you that Hoover, while here, received a pass and notice to go to San Marcial where a position awaited him. There was some trouble about the pass which did

not arrive on time, but on the letter Hoover got from me some money to make himself presentable. I don't believe he bought a thing, but got drunk and probably presented himself to the agent in that condition. I next heard from him in El Paso where he had been forwarded by the agent in San Marcial. He wrote me from there asking me to give him a letter to enable him to get employment on the Mex. Central which of course I could not do. I don't know what became of him. If it had not been for the delay in getting his pass here, I believe he would have reformed, but "Quien Sabe?"

You give me the right kind of invitation, one which I can accept, and see how quick I will jump. But I can't find it in my heart to wholly decline your invitation, for I do want to go down. I am starving, for the surplus we heaped up has long ago been exhausted.

I don't hear of any parties in Mesilla or Cruces. Don't you have any now, and who is the happy fellow who does the escorting for you? The riding and the driving etc. If I were you, I would give them all a trial now. I meant to tell Ernie when I started on him that I have added an additional room for his especial use. Of course, when Amy comes to visit us, he will have to make some kind of compromise with her, but we will make room somehow.

I replanted some seeds today, which failed to come up. I find that I have everything to learn in gardening. Good night my love, and pleasant dreams. I will wind up tomorrow.

Wm. B. Lyon

Friday, 12th

You must write me that you have gotten entirely well from the fever. I am out of patience with Mr. Forrester who persists in ignoring common sense and allowing his family to suffer as they are doing. Mrs. F. is now down again and both the girls have had very severe spells. He says now he will send them all to Santa Fe for a time. In furtherance of a fanciful theory which he honestly believes, but which he has never comprehended or investigated, he has allowed his family to suffer for nearly a year, and it is possible, even probable that Katie and Susie will never recover the effects of the last year's sickness. Of course, I have said nothing to him, except once or twice to hint that he was running a risk in not using a little common sense.

I have forgotten all about the book you are reading, but I remember I liked it, or some parts of it. Peg Woffington is a very interesting semi historical novel, but of no particular use or influence for good or evil. I saw Mr. Hinds today and also Genl. Smith and his two sons, one of whom notified me that I should consider myself engaged as his family physician. He has quite a nice store in the old town. The Gen. bought some lots here and intends to build.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 12th, 1882

My dearest Doctor,

You needn't think you could get rid of me so easily even if you tried! You speak of giving me up just as if I had nothing to say on the subject, but I have, as you would see. And talk about giving, just think how little I give you, nothing, positively nothing, but my poor little self with all my faults. Really, my dear, if you will only love me dearly, and show me that you do, I am sure I will be happy in my new home, so don't lie awake thinking such dismal thoughts any more. I want you always to be happy when you think of me. I wish you were here where I could talk to you, and I am certain I could convince you that your love makes me happy. Your faith ought not to be "poor and weak" by this time. It ought to be rich and strong. Hasn't God been good to you, and can't you trust him for the future? I feel as if I should be with you if I can help you in any way, but I must confess that even now, although I trust you so fully and love you so dearly, I am sometimes frightened at the thought of leaving my home for such an entirely new and untried life. You understand me, don't you Dr.? I want to be with you, but I dread leaving home.

I wrote to Hattie Allen yesterday. I liked her letter so much. Ned has not written yet, as he promised.

We received as postal from Auntie this morning telling of their arrival in Santa Fe. They had to stay there two days as Aunt Cora was quite sick the first day. I suppose they are traveling today, and will not reach Leavenworth until tomorrow morning. I expect Amy was on the lookout for you when the train reached A. I am real sorry you did not meet them while they were here.

Ernest says he told you Ida and I were going to take a horseback ride last night. We started and George and Mr. Parker joined us. We had a very pleasant ride, did not get home until eight o'clock. It seemed so nice and like old times to have George with us once more. Ida and I are going again tomorrow morning at half past five. While you are lazily lying in bed we will have a splendid ride.

Mr. Parker says he thinks my saddle about the nicest one he has ever seen. I don't know how we could have gotten along without it while Amy was here. She enjoys riding ever so much and rode a great deal while here. We are making the most of Billy while we have him. I will hate to have him sold. I drank some soda water last night because Mr. Parker seemed so anxious I should, but I do not see how anyone can like it! Dr. Munger intends to have ice-cream tomorrow night. Have you had any this year? I suppose they make it in A. Are your strawberries ripe yet? We had a mess the other day, and they did taste so good! I would like to live on fruit during the summer. Can't we next year? Do the onions grow any? Ernest is going to ask Mrs. Martin for some cabbage plants. We will try and send the carpet tomorrow. He sent you a registered letter yesterday. It seems queer Ernest's throat does not get entirely well. He has been very careful, but it still hurts

him, and he looks thin and bad. Thanks for the papers you sent me. The hotel at Vegas now is a great contrast to the one we stayed in while there. Didn't Dr. Gordon say his office was in the same building with the "Optic". I see by the marks that you read the new story begun in the "Continent". I never heard the word "unbeautiful" used before did you? I finished "Love the Debt" last night. I don't like it so very well, do you?

Mr. Merchant saw Mr. Hoover in El Paso and says he was drinking all the time. Poor man. I am very sorry for him.

This is a lovely May day and I am sure if you were here we would have a ride together this evening. I wish you were. Mamma sends her love. Good bye dear doctor.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 14, 1882

Dear Corie,

Ned sent me the enclosed photographs yesterday and I enjoyed them so much that I must send the whole batch to you. I am astonished and pleased at the progress he has made. I think the group is especially good, for they are very difficult to take. Gertie's face has changed very much, but I think I would have recognized it from its resemblance in profile to my own. Don't you think so? I saw her in '66 and in '72 but both times she was sick and in bed, and I only remember her as I knew her at home. I ought to have known that she would have changed in so many years, but I never thought of her growing old, and have always associated her with the picture in my "mind's eye."

I almost wish Ned had kept his picture to himself. It confuses and saddens me and awakens a feeling of something very near and dear to me – lost forever.

Ned seems to be in a fair way to become quite a linguist. His father is an excellent French, and I think German scholar. He is certainly very industrious and persevering, and under favorable circumstances, ought to make his mark. There don't seem to be much humor in his compositions, but he is very much in earnest.

Now you have the whole family, (except the Doctor) and a lot more thrown in. I would like to see what Ned writes to you.

Do you know, I received yesterday a very sweet and dear letter. I wonder if it would make the writer vain to know how often I have read it. I don't know myself, so I won't tell, but it is a very delicious feeling to know that one is loved and it is very comforting and pleasant to be told so. I need my darling every day, but I know how selfish it is to urge you to leave your happy home until the skies are a little brighter over my own.

So I won't grumble any more. God has been very good to me, and I will trust him for you, my love.

I hope you enjoyed your early horse back ride.

I have had no ice cream yet, though I believe they make it. Come up and see me and I will feed you on it. Has there been any change in the relation of Ida and Lohman? [probably Martin Lohman] I wish they could make up their difficulty, though I think Lohman very undeserving of such a prize. Strawberries here are scarcely out of bloom and we have had several very hard frosts. I lost 200 sweet potato vines, and a good many other little things that had forced their way through the crust.

I find I don't know much about gardening. After irrigation, the surface bakes into a hard crust that kills even the weeds. I have learned that much. How to kill weeds. Irrigate

them. But I had to sacrifice my crop to get my lesson. Now if you will please tell me how to raise vegetables, I may yet be a gardener.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 14th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I did not get your letter, mailed on the 12th, until this morning. That is the first of your letters that has been delayed since you went to A. But I enjoyed it when it did come, it was such a nice long one.

So our house is beginning to grow is it? I wish I could see how it looks, but if you are in love with it, I will take it for granted I would be too. I have no doubt it will be a credit to you when it is finished. Don't you like to superintend the building of a house better than to garden? I am so sorry to hear what damage the frost did. I should think you would be very much discouraged. Some people are not always lucky, are they?

What do you let people see my picture for – it is such a miserable one! We came very near having our pictures taken in a group yesterday in Cruces. Yesterday was the day for ice cream at Dr. Munger's so Mr. Parker hired the Bermudes carriage [probably refers to a carriage owned by the Roman Bermudes family of Mesilla] and took George, Em, Ida, Ernest and I over, and George treated us to ice-cream. It was real good, but twenty cents a saucer. Then we had candy and soda water, and altogether had a jolly time. We rode around a little while afterwards, and then came here to practice. No we don't have many parties lately, but we have nice times among ourselves, just the Mesilla crowd. Ida and I took our ride yesterday morning, and George and Ernest joined us. We went through the "Bosque Bedado" and got home at quarter after seven, just in time for breakfast. The woods are lovely now and we must try and have a picnic soon. We wanted to have one while the folks were here, but our sickness prevented us. I think as long as we have Billy, I will try and take a ride every day as I am sure it does me good. I can tell you I am entirely rid of the fever. You might give the members of our family as examples of those cured by taking quinine. We had the fever at first, about the time Mr. Forrester's family did, but we have not suffered near as much as they, and now are quite well. I am very sorry indeed that they are sick again. I wonder when Mr. Forrester expects to come down here.

I had a letter from Ned Allen yesterday, didn't you get one too? He said he had just written to you, but forgot to send his love, and wanted me to give it to you. He wrote me a very nice letter, and says he is going to send me some pictures of the family when he takes them. I am anxious to know that family. I wonder when I will.

You say Gen. Smith intends building in Albuquerque. He does not expect to live there does he? Do both of his sons live in A. or only one? Have you had any patients lately? Do you like your new office better than the old?

Mr. Newman, Junior walked over from Cruces to Church this morning. I think more of him than I do of his brother. His brother never comes to Church. My class in Sunday School is reading the bible now, and we have very pleasant lessons. We talked Darwin

last Sunday. Only the older Casads were here and they are real bright children, like to talk and ask questions. The scholars are in the Chapel now so I will have to hurry and finish this letter.

Mr. Bond has brought the "News" in and says he is going to Albuquerque tonight, and wants to know if he can do anything for us there. He will give you all the news, and an account of Auntie and the girls I expect. I wish I could see you as soon as he will. I finished Peggy Woffington last night. It is very interesting.

Poor Judge Bristol, all the papers in this part of the territory seem to be against him, they talk very hard.

I wish Ernest could be going to school up there while you are alone, but I am afraid it would hardly be worthwhile for him to start before vacation. He expects to commence reciting to Mr. Parker again tomorrow. Johnnie Martin has come home and says he has been sick ever since he went to the Aleman. [13 miles south of Engle, NM on the Jornada del Muerto]

I do wish you could come down and let us decide just when we will be married. We could talk it over so much better than write about it. Can't you come? I don't want to urge you if you think you ought not to, but I expected of course you would be down at least once before you came for me, because I cannot go with you so very soon. I gave my time entirely to the girls while they were here. You need have no fear of my bringing debts to you. I have a great dread of debt, and do not owe a cent of money to any one, so we need not arrange matters to meet such a case.

I think it was very cool in Mr. Hoover to send to you for a letter of recommendation. Well I must close as all the children are coming in here. I hope you wrote me a good long letter today.

Yours, ever, lovingly,  
Corie

Do you want me to find someone to take your place that you recommend me to give all the gentlemen a trial. If you are anxious I will try and find one.

La Mesilla  
May 15th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I begin this letter today as I may not have much time to write tomorrow, as it is washday. I received your letter this morning, and Ned's pictures. He seems to be a very earnest studious boy. You do not know just how old he is, do you? I will send you his letter to me. I expect, as he says, he found it rather hard to write to a perfect stranger but he did it very nicely. I do think I would recognize his mother's picture from its resemblance to you. I am sorry the picture made you feel badly. I do not believe you would find her as much changed in reality as she looks in the picture, it being so dark, and of course, not perfectly taken as Ned does not profess to be a perfect photographer yet. Although I think he does wonderfully well for an amateur.

And Dr., I got a letter from your sister West [Westanna Lyon] this morning, such a nice letter. She thinks you just perfection, and she congratulated me, as of course she would, because she knows you. I don't know whether I had better send you her letter or not. I am afraid it will make you proud! I cannot send it this time, as I must put Ned's in. She is very anxious we should go to your old home before it is broken up, and thinks I might urge you to do so. I am sure I would dearly love to go and I am sure you would. I am rather surprised that your relatives take me into their hearts so cordially. They must have a very good opinion of your judgement, but I am afraid they will have it no longer after they know how you must have deceived them in this case.

I had such a nice dream last night, Dr. dear. I thought you were here, and we were having such a nice talk together. I wish that dream would come true. Mamma too dreamed you were here. "Such a coincidence" it must mean something!

May 16th

Mamma and I have just come back from Cruces where we had some errands to do, and we saw our Kingfisher once more in his old place on the telegraph wire. We went to Mr. Schaublin's and told them about the onions. They were very sorry as I knew they would be, and wanted me to be sure and write to you this afternoon telling you that they would send another box today by Well, Fargo and Co. Mrs. S. says they will grow nicely if planted now. I don't know as you want any more, but they were determined to send them, and they are very kind, aren't they? Their yard looks lovely now with so many flowers in bloom. The frost didn't hurt your trees did it? Or the grape vines? I am going to take Mrs. Wood to Cruces this evening. Don't think I use the horses all the time. Ernest is around you know! Billy looks so well, and is growing real black. We enjoy having him ever so much and dread parting with him.

Mamma saw Mr. S. H. Newman in a store at Cruces this morning and he said he had had two letters from you, and that he would do what you asked him to just as soon as he possibly could. He "didn't think you knew how busy he was." He is going to take his

wife to Las Vegas tomorrow I believe. He spends a great deal of his time away from his office since his marriage. He came up from El Paso Saturday. I wish you could come as often as he does!

Mary Wilson is quite sick, thinks she is going to die, but she "does not want any doctor but Dr. Lyon." I have heard a good many such expressions since you left. Henry's letter to Mamma yesterday was full of doctor talk asking about her case. He very seldom writes in that strain.

I send you a short article on Darwin which I think expresses your views and is very fair. Ernest says just now that Mr. Chavez and others say that people are leaving El Paso and that land there will soon decrease in value. I am afraid you cannot depend on Mr. Newman as he is so busy that he may put off seeing about the lots until too late. I guess you will have to come down and see about them yourself. You needn't call it grumbling Dr. when you write that you want me. I like to be told you want and need me. And I am sure you must know me better than to think I am waiting until your skies are brighter, as you say, to go with you. Believe me, I want to share your sorrows as well as your joys. You do believe me don't you Dr. dear?

Shall I send Ned's pictures back, or wait until you come for them? You have reason to be proud of your nephew. I want to try and write to him today. There has been no change in the relations of Ida [Jones] and Mr. Lohman. He seems wrapped up in business just at present. He hadn't time to call on Cora and Amy, he said. I had a talk with him this morning while I was waiting for Mamma. [Martin Lohman married Aminda Schaublin in September 1883] They are going to have quite a grand hotel in the Lesinsky house. Have you seen Mr. Bond, and did he give you lots of news?

Lovingly,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 16, 1882

Dear Corie,

I have only time to write you a short letter. I have been busy planting cabbage plants, and now have but little time left. The plants came in good order, and they are splendid, big, and healthy looking. I think I ought to be able to raise some cabbages.

I saw Mr. Bond who gave me the Mesilla news, not the paper, I mean the gossip. But I saw very little of him. He was busy talking Dona Ana Co. Mines. He did make quite an impression with his rich specimens. I took him out and showed him the house which he will be able to describe to you.

I don't know why you think your picture is not good, at any rate it pleases all to whom I show it. I don't think Gen. Smith intends to live in A. but is building on speculation. If George will let me build a house for him, I think it would pay him. It would be bringing him in a good rental and I think would be as good an investment as he could make. I think I could now, with my experience, build a house such as ours cheaper.

But one of the Genl's sons lives here. The other lives I think in Vegas. I have had one or two patients lately, and I like the new office a little better than the old one. I mean I don't dislike it so much.

It is in a frame building and although it only gets the evening sun, it is so hot this evening as to be almost insupportable. I wish you could step into one of these pretty little frame cottages one of these hot afternoons. It would cure you entirely of your fancy for wooden houses.

When did Ernie get the plants, and how much? They ask \$1.00 a hundred here.

What a weight you have taken off my mind when you told me you had no debts. I didn't know but what you might have been running up a bill for candy at Mungers. If you are good, and promise to be good, and obedient and loving and affectionate, and take your quinine and don't fail to write regularly, slipping in an extra now and then, I may send you a box some day.

We had a short chapter last night.

I am afraid I can't come down soon so you must decide yourself, and if you will be good enough to let me know the decision, I will act promptly on it.

With love yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 18, 1882

My dear Corie,

I was very happily disappointed yesterday. I went to the P.O. as usual in the morning, but found no letter from you. You have no idea what a damper it put on me, or how much I live on the expectation of getting my regular letter. But later in the day, something drew me back to the office, and I found the letter in my box. I suppose it had been sent to the old town by mistake.

I am glad you found somebody to congratulate you. I am afraid you think I asked West to do it, and if I had thought of it, I am not sure but that I would have done so, but I didn't.

Ned seems to take things for granted. Did you notice how he starts off with his superscription? Just a little previous.

You must extend our best thanks to Mrs. Schaublin for the splendid box of onions received yesterday. I planted them out at once and they are looking well today and I think too that many of those planted from the first box will yet live.

The cabbage plants are all out, and irrigated, so with both together my garden stock which had gone very low is beginning to look up. The house is now nearly ready for the roof, and I think will look very well. You will have three closets and a set of kitchen shelves. When do you propose to take possession and where do you want your pump? There is a set of parlor furniture in the store of Robbins and Torrey just below my office which he sold to a man, and for some reason had to take them back after just one month. They do not appear to have ever been used and the firm offers them to me at considerable reduction. What do you think about it? The set consists of a sofa, four chairs, one easy chair and one pat [patent] rocker, all upholstered in the recent style of raw silk.

As usual I have neglected to finish this until train time, and I am not sure now that I can get it in.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 18th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I do not feel much like writing this morning. Old Malaria has me in his hands again, although I have been good and taken quinine every day. He has been playing with me like a cat with a mouse for the last three or four days, giving me aches and pains, but as they did not subdue me, he sent out his most efficient servant, fever and to him I succumbed as usual. I hope to escape him today as I have armed myself by taking a big dose of quinine. Then too, I suffered the greater part of the night and am still suffering with toothache. This is only the second time I have had it, and I suppose I don't bear it as well as I ought.

Papa and Mamma have gone to Cruces, and Ernest is at Mr. Parkers so I am having a nice quiet time all by myself. Papa seems to enjoy riding now that the horses are right in the yard, and therefore so little trouble to harness. I think Ernest means to write to you today about Billy. If you want him sold as soon as possible, please say so, and Ernest will, I am sure, try to sell him.

George likes the plan of building on his lot in A. and wishes you would tell him how much you think it would cost to do so.

Today is Ascension Day. I expect Mr. Forrester had service. Did you attend? Did you attend Mr. Read's lecture. I see from the Review that the attendance was quite small. Mr. Bond came in last evening. I did not see him, but I could hear his talk from my room. He says you have three or four acres, and that everything you have planted is doing nicely! I knew the number of acres wasn't right, so I do not know how much of the other to believe. He says too, the walls of the house are quite high. I believe that from what you have told me. Mr. Bond was more interested in his business there and talked most of that. Albuquerque, from being the most central town in the territory, seems likely to be the place for all great meetings, fairs and so forth for New Mexico.

I see by an advertisement in the "Review" that another doctor has gone to A. since you went there. And I also saw your name mentioned in a surgical operation.

Good bye Doctor dear. I will have to stop now.

With love, your  
Corie

New Albuquerque, N.M.  
May 19, 1882

Dear Corie, my poor little sick darling.

I believe I ought to go down and see you, but I cannot well, and so content myself with giving you a little cheap advice. The next time you feel malaria playing with you, giving you pains and aches, that are almost certain to be followed by fever, take a good larger dose of quinine. A good dose then would have averted the attack of fever, and perhaps also the toothache. I am anxious to know how your strength keeps up. Are you losing flesh, and appetite? If you find you are losing ground, you must take some preparation of iron for a time, say two weeks.

I will send with this,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of Citrate of Iron and Quinine. About five grains of the salt represents one grain of Quinine, and you may take that amount three times a day. It is best not to mix all up at once, but divide it in four equal parts, and put one of these parts in six oz. of water. When dissolved, take one table spoonful three times a day. If it is difficult to dissolve, you may heat the water.

You had better take it regularly until you have taken it all. I think it would be well enough to take it anyway. But as long as you have fever symptoms, you must take quinine in addition. You had better consult Dr. Guthrie if the fever does not at once abate. The toothache is terrible, and I won't attempt to console you as I know how vain words are in the presence of such a calamity. But it is an evidence that iron is needed, and is one reason why I sent it that you might commence at once.

Mr. Forrester surprised me this morning by the announcement that he would go to Mesilla this evening. I am almost tempted to go with him, but my presence is needed here as I find I have to be on the ground with the workmen a great deal of the time. I will give this to him.

I did not attend either Mr. Read's lecture or the service on Ascension Day. I also missed evening service last Sunday, forgetting all about it. I feel rather guilty, but better now that I have confessed. Mr. Forrester can give you all the Albuquerque news, and describe the house and garden to you. I wrote to George about his house. He will have to tell me about what kind of a house he wishes and at what cost. I think a house to rent to tenderfeet would pay better to be made of frame.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 20th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

What an idea for you to think that I imagined for a moment that you had asked your sister, West, to congratulate me! Such an idea never occurred to me. I will send you her letter today. I have not answered it yet, but will do so next week.

You must be using a different pen lately, aren't you? I enjoy looking at your letters now the writing is so nice. I would always write nicely if I knew how as well as you do.

Mr. Forrester came this morning, and do you know, I hoped, but didn't expect, you would come with him. He says he saw you last night before he started, and he gave me the medicine you sent. I am glad you sent something. Thanks for your kind thoughtfulness, as I am still quite weak, although very much better. My mouth and tongue are badly blistered by the carbolic acid and creosote which I used on my teeth, and after all they did not help me in the least. I had to resort to a mustard plaster at last, and while that was burning, I went to sleep and when I awoke the pain was gone, for which I was oh! so thankful! I thought some times I should go crazy with the pain.

I suppose Ernest told you Dr. Guthrie was going to Lake Valley [a mining town 18 miles south of Hillsboro, NM] in two or three days. I am real sorry because it seems dreadful to think we have no doctor in town no matter how suddenly or badly we may need one. He did very well here, but does not like to deal with Mexicans. Did you get the letter Ernest sent yesterday containing money? He wants me to ask you. Mr. Parker too talks of going to Lake Valley. I do not wonder that he wants to go where he can make more money, he makes very little, if any, here. He is trying to learn to sing tenor, and he is coming round this afternoon for me to play the hymns over for him to practice. Did Ernest tell you they were all going down to George's land on horseback today? After receiving Mr. Forrester's telegram they concluded to wait for him, and not go until Monday. They will be gone for two days. George received your letter yesterday. He talks of going up to Albuquerque soon but I expect he will tell you his plans when he writes. I am writing very fast as Nellie Martin informed me last Sunday that if her Mamma was well enough, she was coming to see me this afternoon and would bring her big doll, and, as you know, they are very early callers. I am not sure, but what they will come in any moment, so please excuse this writing if it is worse than usual.

I wish you could see Dr. Cowan. He looks something like a gentleman now. He has a nice light suit, light hat, and wears a collar, and even carries a linen duster over his arm! When he came from El Paso night before last, the front door was open, and Papa and Ernest both happened to be there, so he stopped and they cried in such a surprised tone, "Why Dr., how do you do" – it was his looks that surprised them – that my heart jumped as I thought it might be you, but of course I was undeceived when I heard his voice. I wonder if he will sing with us tomorrow. I hope so as we have something real pretty to sing for a voluntary, but it needs a good tenor.

Have you seen the new moon? I saw it last night right in front of me, and have you seen the comet? We have not found it yet. Judge and Mrs. Bristol called the other evening and she seems to study the stars a good deal. I wish I knew more about them, maybe you will help me to do so sometime. Mrs. Bristol always enquires very particularly about you. There was a riding party last night, but I could not go. They put it off once on my account, so of course, I would not let them do it again. I did not want them to the first time.

Did we make out what R.S.V.P. meant? I don't think we did. It came to me, the meaning, when I saw those letters in the "Continent". Isn't it "Repondez s'il vous plait." I think what little French I did know would all come back to me if I could read and study it again. I must try, but I forget so easily it seems useless sometimes to learn anything. I'm about cured of my liking for wooden houses, it was so warm when we went to Dr. Munger's store the other night, and outside it was rather cool. I addressed my last letter to you – New Albuquerque. I don't see why you didn't get it at the regular time.

I am glad your garden is doing so well. I will thank Mrs. Schaublin just as soon as I see her. I didn't think to ask Mr. Forrester if the roof was on the house yet. Is it? Three closets will be splendid, and kitchen shelves too! Well Dr., when shall I take possession? I cannot decide although I know I ought to, if you were only here to help me, don't you know it takes two to decide such a question?

I can hardly tell what I think of the parlor set, you speak of not having seen it, but I like your description of it and I think our tastes in such matters are a good deal alike. I did not mean to write such a long letter this time as you write me so many short ones, but I forget when I begin talking to you.

The cotton from the trees is beginning to be very troublesome. It is such a nuisance. I put two pieces of poetry in the scrap book yesterday. It doesn't get filled very fast. Why don't you mail some contributions?

Yours with love,  
Corie

I am ashamed of this letter Dr., but I really haven't time to rewrite it.

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 21, 1882

My dear Corie,

The wind has been howling dismally all night and today it continues with unabated fury.

I was relieved to know from Ernie's letter yesterday, and yours this morning that you were better. I hope you will always tell me when you are sick. I will feel much better satisfied if I knew that you would not fail to tell me whenever you are ill.

I am sorry to hear Dr. Guthrie is to leave Mesilla, since I think he is a great improvement on the Cruces faculty, all of whom I have a very poor opinion.

I had a fair, square look at the new moon, and over my left shoulder. I wonder what this month will bring us that will prove so good for you, and so bad for me. I suppose everyone has a vein of superstition running through him, I don't really believe it makes any difference, but I would a little rather see the new moon over my right shoulder than my left shoulder. But I will console myself this month with your good luck, which ought to be mine.

It could not have been the letters RSVP, the meaning of which we were in doubt, as those initials are one of the few little subtleties of social refinement with which I have always been familiar. I remember once someone suggested that they be put on the invitations to the party at Mrs. Martin's, and I think you remarked in effect, that it would not do, as there would be some who would not understand. I don't remember what the letters were which bothered us.

The roof is not yet on the house, except the kitchen which is covered with boards, but not with earth. It will be ready for occupancy in two weeks, or if necessary, in one week, and it is for you to say when you are to take possession. I don't see how I could help you, even if I were with you.

You know how I feel about it, and whenever you think best, I will go for you. Talk it over with your mother, who is most deeply interested, but who I know loves us both too well not to give the best advice and let me know what she says. She has always been my comfort, and next to you my darling, she occupies a chief place in my heart.

I wish I had a little more practice. It comes very slowly. I did not expect to step at once into a paying practice, but I did count on something. I know it is but a question of time, but it seems to me it is time it was coming.

On looking at the parlor set, I find they show decided evidence of having been used. It was first sold for \$100 and is now offered for \$60, or with a bed lounge, which I wanted for my office, price \$25, for \$80. Shall I take it? Where do you want your pump?

Keep the photographs Ned sent and bring them up with you. I missed service entirely today. I thought I would go to hear my Presbyterian friend, but could not find the place.

You can tell Ernie I received his letter with contents and thank him for me. I wish George would come up and bring you with him. Don't you think you ought to take a look at the place before taking the leap. You might not like it. When do you expect Henry. If you say so, I will go down with him. Good bye sweetheart. Good bye.

Yours, ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

After writing my letter to you, I went out and witnessed a review of the guards by Col. Max. Frosh. The Capt. had the presence of mind to keep them moving, and the general impression seems to be that they covered themselves with glory, and they really did very well for beginners, but for a company of soldiers, their performance was ridiculous.

I have just been asked by one of them who evidently thinks they have about reached the perfection of discipline and drill, what I thought of the whole thing. Now I have been in a like situation often before after I had been listening to a young ladies aesthetic performance on the piano so I told him that under the circumstances, they did extremely well, and that if the Santa Fe Co. could do no better the guards would stand a good chance for the medal.

West does spread it on pretty thick, excuse slang. I think she cannot believe that I have a secure hold on you, and wishes to help her brother. Do you intend to start up a correspondence with all my relatives. I must have a hundred or more. I am afraid I have gotten you into a regular hornet's nest. But you are so far away that you can shake them if they crowd you too much. They are terrible letter writers, and if you answer all their letters, they won't give you a moment's peace. I had an easy way of disposing of them by simply ignoring the whole tribe. Still I think I would answer West's, and if the others come too fast, just let me know.

I think that now, having concluded my letter to my darling, I will walk over and see her new house. Just about this time I know, if Ernie has not greatly changed, he is urging his sister to get ready for a Sunday evening walk.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 21st, 1882

Doctor dear,

We had Sunday School before church today so I have the afternoon to myself, and I am going to spend part of it in talking to you. I did not get your letter mailed Friday, until this morning. It is queer you should have forgotten service last Sunday. Confession eases your conscience does it? I hope then you will always confess to me.

My mind and heart wandered a good deal in the service this morning Dr. dear, because I was thinking of you. Oh! Doctor, Doctor, why won't you come to Christ? I try to have faith that you will come to Him sometime, but if you do not believe in Him now I am so much afraid you will never. I trust God perfectly, it is you I am afraid of. You will not give yourself up to his guidance. My prayer during Communion is for you, and oh! why, why can't you believe! How could I bear to go to the Communion table and not have my husband with me? I cannot talk or write on this subject, as I would like to, but I feel very deeply. I feel that in our married life we ought to be one in all essential things, and if we are not so in the very most essential one, I fear everything else will go wrong. Goodbye for today. I cannot write anymore now.

Monday, May 22nd

Another letter from you this morning. I wish I got one every day. It seems so long to wait over one whole day. I will let you share all my good luck Dr. and you must let me share your ill luck, whatever it happens to be, won't you? I don't know what is the matter with me today. I just can't write. I feel more like crying than writing. Excuse me and I will write tomorrow. Mamma is writing to you now, so you will not need as much of a letter from me. I will try and be more sensible tomorrow and tell you all you want me to. Forgive me this short letter, and believe me with ever so much love.

Yours,  
Corie

Mesilla  
May 21st/82

Dear Doctor,

As Corie is writing to you today, you will not be frightened at seeing my writing, though you will doubtless be surprised. I need not say that I have wanted to see you very often since you left, for that you can readily imagine, but though I have sometimes felt like writing to you to express some thought or feeling, I have not been really prompted to do so until now, when, as at the time I asked you long ago to take me riding, I feel that some words from you are necessary to relieve my mind concerning our precious darling. Then, though I found you were not with us in our Christian belief, your desire for "Faith like your mother's" seemed so strong and earnest that I hoped you would soon attain to it, and all along, your presence, the regard I had for you, with faith in the result of the strong cries and prayers which I was able to utter in your behalf satisfied me, and when you hear Corie, when our darling, so reticent even to me in some things, gave thoughts and feelings so unreservedly to you and loved you so truly, the love of you two, made an idyll to me, a perfect one, but for the one shadow, which I so fully trusted would soon be removed. Your decision to go to Albuquerque was hailed by me as an evidence, among many others, of God's favoring love towards you, because I thought the spiritual influences there would be good, and I have confidently waited to hear that you had become a "learner in the School of Christ". But though God is able, willing and ready to answer prayer, man is a free agent, and your will is strong. Mr. Forrester said something on Sat. about your attending church and added "the Dr. is very far from coming into the church. He cannot subscribe to the creed, and I fear will not soon." How my heart sank, and since then, the burden of my cry has been "mea culpa, mea culpa". I might have prevented this, I might have influenced Corie against the Dr. But I loved her perfectly, I loved them both. I only wanted them to be happy, and so let matters work their own way. Could I be very culpable, actuated by highest interest, and will not all be well? Help me my dear Doctor, as you have in the past, mentally as well as physically, relieve one of the fears which has come upon me, that your not being able to join Corie in her highest hopes will make her unhappy, and that she being so, you cannot be either. I have a strong will, and know if I choose to exercise it, that I have a great influence over any member of my family, but I am weary at my age, and would fain rest in the thoughts of their homes, their loves. Yet I could yet have a spirit of a martyr, for them as well as myself, and were I sure their ultimate happiness depended upon present keen suffering, I could will them that and bear with them as far as possible all their present self denial curtailed. But we will not let Corie, our precious one, suffer will we? By separation from you or by any act of ours?

I will tell you Dr., if you cannot be "fully persuaded" to become a Christian yet, will you not assure me truthfully as only you would, that you can conscientiously, and will erect a family altar in your new home, using household prayers and asking for a continuance of God's blessing for Jesus' sake. And will you not openly thank Him for your daily bread? Do I seem to be ordering your house for you, to interfere with your arrangements? I shrink from being accused of that, and those two are all I ask, for love of my dear Child.

See Dr., I do not say build a palace for her, who is worthy of one, surround her with luxuries and elegancies, who would appreciate and enjoy them. I only say “walk with her in the way that leads to heaven, to an eternal union.” You do not want her to go your way, an evidence of your want of trust in it!

She knows I am writing to you, but not what I am writing. I may not show her your answer, we all have perfect liberty in such things, hence, I think, our confidence in each, generally telling everything, as nothing is required. Corie gives me scraps of your letters, and everything about you is full of interest to me. When she read this morning your words “talk it over with your mother, who I know loves us both too well not to give the best advice”, tears sprang to my eyes. I do love you dearly, as well as Corie, and I ask you to tell me that you can do those two things I ask, because I believe you will be blessed in them while making Corie happy, and I shall be satisfied. After your answer, I will “advise” if you and Corie wish.

Perhaps I should have written more carefully and deliberately, and yet perhaps I could only have done it under strong impulse! Under this, I will not stop to re-consider this letter, but send it frightened with love and best wishes for you.

Ever your true friend,  
Mrs. Bowman

[Undated but postmarked May 23, 1882]

My own love,

Something has occurred to grieve you. Won't you tell me everything?

I know you said you would write tomorrow, but I cannot wait. We will be one in everything. I feel dazed and hardly myself today, and will write tomorrow after the receipt of yours.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 23rd, 1882

My Doctor dear,

I think I am in a better frame of mind this morning. I can't explain even to myself, how I have felt, not bodily but mentally, for the last two or three days. Sometimes I wish we had no thoughts, they bother one so, but then what would we do without our pleasant ones. Of course everything is arranged for the best, and we will turn to some other subject.

You ask me where I want the pump. Can it be in the kitchen or as near it as possible, because the work is only half as hard when what we use is handy. I wish George would go up and take me, so I could see how the house looks, but still I don't know as I ought to go to see you when you won't come and see me. It would be risky though for him to ask me if he didn't want me to go!

And now about the furniture. I wish I could help you to a decision, but how can I? What part of it shows wear, the woodwork or the silk? If the woodwork, couldn't it be polished up and made to look like new? If the silk is worn, I don't know as it would pay as it would soon need covering again and that would be expensive. You see how little I can help you in this matter. It is hard to give an opinion on something you haven't seen. I should think the set very cheap, and it seems too bad not to take advantage of its cheapness. You will have to do as you think best.

I want to talk seriously with you this morning about our marriage. You seem to think I can be married just any time, but you do not understand. You are spending a good deal of money in getting a house ready for me, and for the first year at any rate, I want to be as little expense to you as possible. Papa is a good dear father, so kind and generous. He is not able to do all he would like to for me, but what he can do he wants to and will. While Auntie and the girls were here, we talked it over with them, and they kindly volunteered to see about having some dresses made for me when they returned home. They did not leave Leavenworth until yesterday, and even after they get home, they cannot attend to my affairs right away as they will have to get settled, so you see you must have patience Dr. dear. I could tell you all this so much better than I can write about it, and that is one reason why I wanted you to come down. I wish we could fix a certain day so I could let Auntie know just how much time they would have. We will have to decide that another time.

Johnnie Wilson passed the window a few minutes ago, and of course had to stop and talk. He says "I don't know why I am thinking so much about Dr. Lyon this morning. I wish he would come back". My heart echoed the wish.

Ernest saw Mr. Hoover Saturday and he is still here. He is on Mr. Lane's hands. I wonder how long he expects to honor Mesilla with his presence!

You frighten me with the account of your relatives, but as you promise me your protection, I am fearless and can say "come one, come all."

I intend to answer your sister's letter tomorrow. I like her because she loves you so dearly. I am taking the medicine you sent, but couldn't you have given me something not quite so bad to take. I am trying to get Mamma to help me get rid of it as soon as possible, but she objects. Don't you think it would do her good? Just say so, and then she will submit.

Mr. Forrester and the boys went down to the land yesterday morning and got back last night. The mosquitoes drove them home. We did not expect them until late last night, or this morning. Mr. F. expects to start for home tonight. He will take dinner with us today.

Henry will get home about the last of June. He expects to stop in Chicago a few days.

You have not been sick for quite a while, have you? Outdoor exercise must be good for you. Are you pretty well browned? I did lose flesh while I was sick, and my appetite too, but I think I am regaining both.

I must stop now as we are to have dinner at noon today and it is about time to get it.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

This is an extra.

(absence of mind)

La Mesilla

New Albuquerque, NM

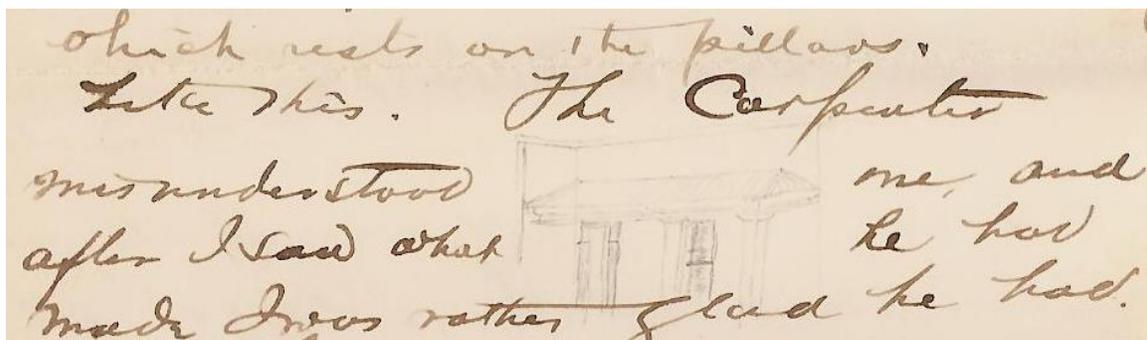
May 24, 1882

My dear Corie,

Another new pen. How do you like this one? I was very glad to get your letter this morning. You don't know what a coward I am sometimes. Of course, I ought to know you want a new dress, maybe two. I am afraid I will have to get a new hat myself. I don't think I ever saw the time I didn't need a new hat.

Mr. Forrester says you are all flourishing, but he is perfectly worthless as a news dealer. I get tired asking him questions, and he volunteers nothing. I wanted him to tell me about you, to branch out a little you know, but I gave it up in despair. He told me how many you had at service, of the mosquitoes, that he had taken up more land, that you didn't like your medicine. He said yes half a dozen times and no two or three times, and that is all. I forgot to tell you that you could make your medicine palatable by adding sugar, substituting syrup for the water. I sometimes use Syr. [syrup] of Orange peel or other aromatic, but disguise it as you will, "the scent of the roses will cling to it still". It would be a good plan to share it with your mother. You can renew it when you have taken all. Better get the salt and mix it yourself. Then you know what you are taking, by which I mean no reflection on your Las Cruces druggists. Yes, let your mother share it with you. After I get you, you can make me swallow all your bitter pills and potions, but until then – well, it seems I have to give them all now.

Mr. Forrester told me also that you asked all about the new house, and that he told you all he thought you ought to know. I don't know what there is about it that he thinks you ought not to know. He thinks the adobe layer made a botch of some parts of his work, and so do I, but I don't know anything else he objects to. Did I send you a pencil sketch of the house. I know I scribbled on the margin of Harper, but I mean a larger one. I find the porch as put up differs from what I had intended, but I am not sure but that I like it better. The roof instead of being flat and hidden by the cornice, is made of narrow redwood slips and slopes down to the molding which rests on the pillars. Like this.



The carpenter misunderstood me, and after I saw what he had made I was rather glad he did. The sloping roof is hardly in keeping with the general style and would not suit a severe aesthetic, but nine out of ten prefer it. I wish I had not answered your mother's letter until today. Did she tell you what she had written?

Her letter, together with your sad little wail received yesterday made me feel rather uncomfortable. I cannot get over this feeling that I am received into your family under protests as it were, all except from you, my darling, and the sting of it all is that I sometimes feel in my inmost heart that they are right.

Oh, Corie, I wish that I were more worthy of you. The contemplation of a wasted life gives me many a bitter pang, but I see sometimes a very happy future, for it is full of you.

No, I haven't been sick for an age. I had but one real sick time, and that day, the worst, Hoover was very kind. So he has turned up in Mesilla. Now some of you Mesilla reformers can try your hand.

And I am brown as well, not quite as black as N. O. Molasses, nor as bright as a new saddle, but between the two. About four shades darker than you are.

I saw Mr. Hinds yesterday and went with him to see him off for home last night. He has interested himself greatly in introducing me around town. But it takes more than an introduction to get me recognition with strangers.

I hope your cousins will succeed in pleasing you in the dress line, and I hope too that they won't be all the year about it. As the matter seems to be indefinitely postponed, I would not wonder if I should have to visit you after all.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

PS You forgot to tell me why you were so gloomy and what made you feel so like crying day before yesterday.

WBL

La Mesilla  
May 24th, 1882

My own dearest Doctor,

You must not say you have caused us nothing but unhappiness, because you know that isn't so. You have made me very happy, and we all love you dearly. There is only one thing about you that is causing me uneasiness, and I am sure, I will be sure, that you will be brought to see that in the right light soon. We will all pray earnestly for it, won't you? I do tell you most everything. It seems perfectly natural to do so, and yet when I stop to think of it, it does seem queer that it should seem natural for me to write as I do to Dr. Lyon! Love makes strange changes in a human heart and life doesn't it? I am sorry my letter made you feel badly, but I felt as I wrote, and I could not conceal my feelings. You are a dear good man, and want to do what is right, so I will leave you in God's hands, only asking him to help you, knowing that out of such material He can make a noble Christian if you will only bend your will to his.

I am glad you are going to write to me today. I need a nice long letter from you. Mamma got all this morning, or almost all. She wants me to say that the "promises" given her in your letter, with the sentence near the close, "though I cannot see today that I can consistently unite with the Church, I believe I will yet see my way clear to do so" have again revived her faith, which has been so strong for you, and strengthened her hopes of our happiness together. She says she wants to, and will answer your letter fully after awhile, and sends a great deal of love.

I suppose Mr. Forrester got safely home this morning. We were sorry to have him go. I am glad you don't agree with him in everything about the house and garden. He wouldn't have any wood work in the house if he could help it, and seems to have a great aversion to a porch. Are we to have a porch? The picture you drew on the "Weekly" looks as if it had. What do you mean by the pinnacle? I don't understand. Does that picture of Washington look at all familiar to you? I always recognize the Treasury Department. Do you know, I like Darwin better as I understand more about him. I have always thought of him only as the author of the Darwinian theory, that is evolution. The articles I read about him make him appear very different. Putting aside his theory of evolution, which of course, we will not believe, I begin to admire him.

Ernest and I had a nice early horse back ride this morning. Mrs. Wood has asked me to take her to Cruces this evening. I told her to let me know when she wanted to go. I wonder what you have done about the furniture.

Yours ever lovingly,  
Corie

Yesterday was the anniversary of Mamma's and Papa's marriage. They have been married twenty nine years.

New Albuquerque  
May 26, 1882

My dear Corie,

How good you were to write me so promptly and what a comfort your letter was. I have a blue spell come over me at times, but it is almost worth while to have a little mental suffering for the luxury of having ones doubts and fears swept away by kind and loving words from you. I wish I could tell you that I was doing well professionally here, but I am not – as yet, not paying expenses. But that state of affairs must improve in time, but of course, while it lasts it is a source of doubt and anxiety.

I went today with Mr. Trask, who will be our nearest neighbor to see some furniture belonging to a friend of his, a Mr. Grant who is leaving Albuquerque to go east. I didn't know but I might see something I wanted, as he told me that everything was new. He has the most elegant parlor set I think I ever saw which he offers to sell for what he paid in Kansas City, \$110. Mr. Trask told me it could not be sold here for less than \$150. It is much better than anything they have in the furniture stores here. He showed me the bills for everything, but I found that everything was ridiculously high, even at Kansas City prices, without freight for instance, the draperies, hangings, pole, etc for the bay window and one other window amounted to \$80.

He had a very fine bedroom set with French plate glass, 30x36 in. for \$135. Two very ordinary looking heavy window curtains, for \$35, and a set of cane bottom chairs, four small and two larger for \$28. It was all very fine, but I had to tell him that the standard was a little too high. I forgot too, a very fine upright Steinway piano for \$500, cost price, two carpets, one \$66 and one \$52. He had some very fine pictures in very elegant frames worth much more than the pictures.

I would like to have that set, but to buy other things in proportion would bankrupt me at once, and I came away very regretfully. I concluded I did not want the set in the store here and I believe it has been sold.

Coming in from the garden this evening I pulled a few radishes, absolutely the first product of the garden which I will send you by tonight's mail. I have offered for sale a part of my lot here. You know it is quite a large one, 625 feet in length, longer than from your house to the Catholic Church I think. I have offered to sell 200 feet from the back part which would still leave me 425 feet which after my experience in gardening is quite enough.

Take care of yourself, my darling.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 26th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

Why will you talk so foolishly about protest, etc! You wouldn't if you knew how much our family think of you, and it is a happy thing that you made an exception in my favor, or you would have had to endure a good scolding this morning, but as you make such a sensible remark at the close of your letter I will forgive the other this time. Have you any idea when you will come down? For some reasons I wish you could come before Henry does, as we could see more of each other. Henry is rather exacting you know, and thinking you were soon to have me all the time, he would think it his turn then, still it would be nice to have you here together. If you are at A. he will stop there on his way down I expect. George talks of going up next month. He said last night he had intended writing to you yesterday, but hadn't time. Today he and Charlie have gone to their land. George wants to get it plowed and under cultivation as soon as possible. Mr. Forrester is not a good news carrier, as I know by experience. He seems delighted with the way you have worked since you went up there. He hasn't much respect for one who does not work. That makes me think of Mr. Hoover. He is still here doing nothing, and Ernest says is drinking all the time. Isn't it too bad! I have not seen him to speak to him. I never did know him much.

I can tell you some good news though about Dr. Cowan. He hasn't been drinking for quite a while now, and does not mean to do so any more. Although his friends (?) in El Paso and out at the mines tried to have him drink. How can people be so wicked! Dr. is going to have an office and practice in town again. I wonder if he will take your old room. It seems lonely to think there is no one occupying it now. I wrote to your sister, West, the other day. You don't know how I dread writing to your relatives Dr. I would not care if I wasn't so disgusted with my letters after writing them!

Mamma will not share my medicine but I will remember your promise to take all my bitter pills and potions after while.

No, you have not sent a sketch of the house. I wish you would. I am glad the carpenter made a mistake for the better, if he had to make one about the porch. I am so glad we are going to have a porch. I was afraid, after Mr. Forrester's talk, that perhaps you had given that part of the plan up.

Mamma told me the substance of what was in her letter, when she gave me your answer to read. Why do you wish you had waited before answering her letter? You would have given the promise just the same, wouldn't you? Let me thank you for giving them.

I wish you could know what trust Papa has in you. When I mention that you have said you wished you had more practice, he says, "He must have patience. He is sure to succeed." And when anything is said about your not having professed Christ he says,

“Have faith. I am certain Dr. Lyon will come out all right.” I know he thinks a good deal of you, more than he will ever show perhaps as it is not his nature to show all he feels.

Ernest wonders why you do not write to him. He spoke of writing today, and scolding you for not answering his letter, but I believe he has concluded to wait until tomorrow.

Isn't the weather getting warm? I am afraid you will find your office unendurable such days as this, won't you?

I hope it will not be very long before you come down.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Mesilla  
May 27th/82

My dear Friend,

I asked Corie to tell you "I wanted to answer your letter and would do so some time." I find she is not going to write today, so I will send you a letter for Sunday from home. I want to thank you for some things you wrote, and assume the privilege of chiding you for others. I thank you heartily for the "promises" given cheerfully which are more to me than words can tell. I had thought you would very soon come into the church, and those things would follow naturally, but when I found you were not ready yet to do that, I was frightened and felt, that to have Corie commence her married life in the new home, without the best things, she had been accustomed to and loved would be too great a risk, and must not, could not be, and with this feeling I commenced my letter to you. Then the thought occurred to ask you what I did, after which I waited anxiously, but prayerfully for your answer, which rested me, dear Doctor! It rested me so much and gave me, I felt it might, the right to again be happy about you two precious ones, for I could not but believe that having an altar erected to God, openly worshiping him there, and audibly thanking him for his daily blessings, while it would make Corie happy, would bring a rich blessing upon yourself. I have thought lately that perhaps my desire to have you become a professed Christian has been so much more because of Corie than for the extension of Christ's kingdom, that therefore my prayers were not answered, but He knows, and has implanted the deep mother love and will pardon, wherein it causes me to see. I think, Dr., you might now become a member of our church, which gives a wide latitude to belief! With your "unfaltering faith and trust in the one living and true God, whom you humbly worship and trust" and desiring to know the truth, I do not see why you might not enter an organization which would help you on to a better knowledge. Perhaps I am too liberal, perhaps as I said, my desire for Corie's perfect happiness, a longing to have you together in all things, may give me wrong views of this, but "God knows", and since you have promised me so much, I will leave the rest in His hands.

I have sent to Appleton and Co. to know if they have the Manual of Devotion, which we have read for many years and which contains prayers, full of beauty, and which, to me, are fresh and new every morning. It will please me to have each of our "Branch Houses" use these, so one of your "Wedding presents" will not be a surprise! Let me say Dr., that you know none of us, Mr. Bowman or any of the family dwell upon or insist upon the Apostolic Succession. I think the new version renders "one fold and one sheperd", "One flock and one Sheperd" many folds, but one flock. I like the idea, don't you?

You say "I cannot influence my belief". Did you not rather mean "I cannot force it"? Cannot you influence it, or let it be influenced, and will you not hear and read and study, with a desire to have it turned towards the true faith?

Have I done any chiding yet? I think not. You deserve it, for bearing false witness against yourself! I cannot believe you ever "lived to make those you loved unhappy" against what I have heard of your sister's utterances, and whatever in the past, before we

knew you, causes you regret, is dead, and buried, and should be forgotten while you must allow me flatly to contradict your assertion “that you have brought nothing but unhappiness to us all”. Your ready sympathy, your helpful hand, and pleasant companionship in our isolation, have given us great enjoyment, and to one!, well! perhaps she has made you understand how much happiness you have given her! What makes you say you “Tremble to think you are becoming responsible for her happiness, and at times despondent”? Are you ever going to love her less, have you not any amount of love to give, and will it not grow in the giving, will you not always show it to her in word and deed? Then will she be happy. I remember once before you left, she spoke of being tired and “Mamma”, she said, “isn’t it strange, I think how much the Doctor cares for me, and he will be in to talk with me, and it rests me wonderfully.” I have cared for her so long, but I am not jealous, not a bit, and “the tears that fill my eyes” are those of joy, that she has found a love beyond it all, such a love as has made me happy too, lo! these many years, and will cheer me when my children have all left me. Love will make you do wonders, some one says “it is a mighty tonic.” But don’t you fret, dear, if you cannot do all you would like to, only give our darling pure, free, full love and I know she will be satisfied.

Mr. Forrester says “your house is a light pretty one,” and so we think from the drawings on the “Weekly”. How I wish I could see it, but when you and Corie set up your “Lares and Penates” there, every nook and corner will have a radiance yet wanting, and then, how I will love to go and visit you. Are you not going to make us a visit before long? I did not think you would stay away so many weeks, and it would give us a great pleasure to have you come. I wish you could be here tomorrow. We miss you all the time, but especially on Sundays. Corie says, “send my love”, and as she is not writing, I will. The choicest blessings rest on you both!

Affectionately,  
Mrs. Bowman

New Albuquerque, N.M.  
May 28, 1882

My dear Corie,

I have just received your mother's letter in which she set out with the intention she says of chiding me, but forgot her purpose and instead wrote the dearest, sweetest letter possible, a letter brimming over with comfort, kindness and love.

Is that a sample of the scolding you get, and what we may expect in the future?

I don't wonder, my darling, that you hesitate to leave such a home, and such a mother. How can I ever hope to replace such tenderness, such devotion and love? It is this that makes me fearful sometimes, and tremble with the appreciation of the responsibility that rests upon me.

How much you will miss her and all the sweet influences with which you have been surrounded. But we will try very hard, won't we, to form our home on the model of yours, and if you will teach me, and your mother will break in upon us occasionally with one of her scoldings, we may someday duplicate it in happiness and love.

I said I wished I had waited to answer her letter, because I think I had a touch of the blues that day, and I am afraid my letter was on the sad and gloomy order. But I would have given the promises.

I am glad to know that you are beginning to like Darwin, but you still erroneously confound him, or Darwinism with the theory of evolution, which indeed would have very little to rest on without Darwinism, but extends its general principles of evolution and development to a system of philosophy which governs all creation, animate and inanimate, materialistic and mental.

Spencer is its most prominent exponent and to punish you for misrepresenting Darwin, and then you may know just exactly what is meant by evolution, I will give you from memory Spencer's definition.

"Evolution is the integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion in which the matter passes from a state of heterogeneous homogeneity, to a state of homogeneous heterogeneity, and during which, the contained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." Everything in nature, the earth itself, notions, religions, art, science, culture passes through the regular phases of development according to the fixed and inexorable laws of evolution, according to him.

Darwinism restricts itself to the demonstration of the existence of general laws of inheritance etc., which in time, if uninterfered with, must certainly modify and change existing species, and the Darwinian inference is that the continued operation of these laws and influences during a period of almost unlimited time is quite sufficient to account for

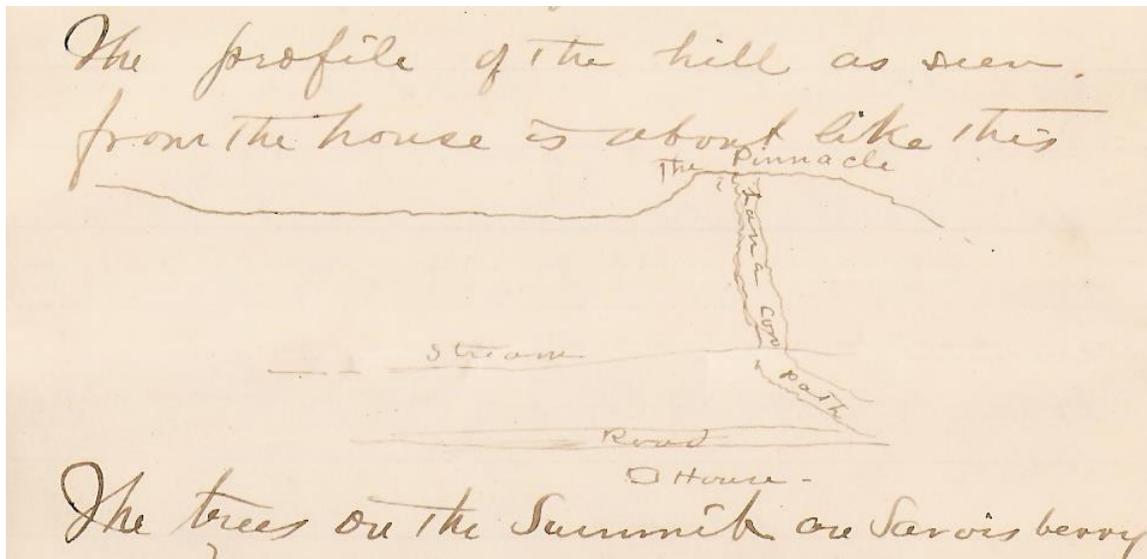
the present varied phase of organic nature, animal and vegetable. It comes in conflict with religious belief because it includes man as an animal and accounts for all his acquirements, mental and physical in the same manner as other animals. I do not see that it necessarily excludes a soul, but it does exclude the belief that there has been a separate and distinct act of creation for every species.

I don't care a cent whether you read the above or not. I did not intend to more than allude to the subject, but I found I could not make myself intelligible unless I expounded a little and I expounded a little too much.

Did you get a Scribner a few days ago? I put one in the P.O. and afterwards discovered I had forgotten to stamp it.

The picture of Washington you spoke of looks quite natural to me, but there have been very great improvements since I was there. The Nat'l Museum, next the Smithsonian, The War, Navy and State Department building and many others have been built since I was there. Tell your father that Dr. Gurley's church was the one on N.Y. ave., that is the Ave. running from the N.E. Cor. of the Treasury in a N.E. direction about two blocks from the Treasury. My office while in Wash. was in the Medl. Museum on 10th St. when Lincoln was shot.

"The Pinnacle" is a part of the old place at home, and is considered a very pretty view from the house. The ground in front of the house slopes gently down 300 yds to a little stream then rises gradually to the summit of a hill running parallel with the front of the house. On the right this hill rises abruptly in the sharp ascent to which the name "the pinnacle" has from time immemorial been attached. The profile of the hill as seen from the house is about like this.



The trees on the summit are Sarvisberry trees and they ought to show scars on their bark where my name has been cut some time before you were born. I never knew anybody not from Western Pennsylvania that knew what a Sarvisberry tree was.

Early in Spring, while yet the forest trees are bare, and leafless, you get up some fine morning to find the woods flicked with its white blossoms, a little later in contrast with the rich coloring of the fairest blossoms, it would not be noticed, but coming as it does, a Sarvisberry bloom is always associated in my mind with a boyish sense of exhilaration which I suppose every boy and girl feels on the first realization that Spring has come. The bark is smooth and seems as if made for boys to cut their own and sometimes, but not often, their sweethearts names on. I ought to have my brand on some hundred of them. All this about "The Pinnacle."

This morning I had quite a pleasant talk with the Methodist minister here. Quite a young man. He told me this was his first charge, and that he found great difficulty in getting acquainted. He had been teaching in the East until his health failed when he was sent out here. He is very delicate looking, almost effeminate, and I took occasion to transfer a little of the superfluous advice which everybody is so willing to bestow on me. "Check it man, check it." I told him. "Push yourself forward. If you don't, you'll get left" etc. It gave me a positive pleasure to be able to bully a fellow that was in my own fix. I put on all the airs of a successful practitioner doing a business of say \$10,000 a year, and I have since been thinking how I will be able to crawl out of it after he finds out as he certainly will, what a humbug I am.

Mr. Forrester gave us today another church sermon. This is Whitsunday, and his theme was the outpouring of the Holy Ghost in the Church. Some of his positions were rather advanced, that the influence and grandeurship of the Holy Ghost made the Church infallible and that the Church could not err in any essential point. The only evidence of the truth of the Scriptures – that they are the word of God, that we have, is the fact that the Church says so, that and nothing else. He made out the Church to be in every respect what Romanists claim for their church, but rather spoiled the effect by the admission that since the 7th century, the Church had not, nor could not, declare itself on any point of doctrine – so that this claim of infallibility so confidently made, limited itself to the first seven centuries. He compared the whole Church to a tree whose Eastern branch gave but little signs of life, and was seemingly in a dead and lifeless condition.

The Central branch was lively and vigorous, but the branches instead of reaching up towards Heaven, spread out laterally and reached down after temporal advantages, and power.

The Western branch, represented by the Protestant Episcopal Church was lively, vigorous sending out new shoots to Heaven, improving, and I was afraid he was going to say changing with the season and circumstances, but he stopped his illustration ignoring entirely the other Protestant Churches.

There is but one true church, he says, and in showing that that church was his own, he used I noticed practically the same arguments that Card. Newman, in last Scribner, used to prove the same thing for the Catholics, except visa versa. I didn't much like the sermon as a whole. Susie and I went home together, and we had a mess of most delicious strawberries for dessert. Then Susie lay down and had her chill. Mrs. Forrester missed hers today, the first time for a week.

I wonder how many successive and independent failures Mr. Forrester will have before he learns that either homeopathy will not cure chills and fever, or else that he don't understand homeopathy.

I don't know yet when I can go down, but will try to do so as soon as possible. This is quite a long letter.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 28th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

We had a rather new congregation this morning. None of the Jones were out except, of course, the Colonel, and Miss Minnie Munger, Mr. Lohman and Mr. Spatcier [Nathan Spatcier] were here. We sang "Come ye disconsolate" for the voluntary, and the singing was all very good. I should think more people would like to come out to Church on such pleasant days as this. I hope you did not forget service today.

Some children came to see me yesterday, and I began to think as they kept coming, that they must have imagined again that I had invited them to a party, as they did once before, but I found they didn't and I enjoyed them ever so much. Nellie Martin wanted me to "be sure and tell Dr. Lyon you can't go away from here because we will have no one to teach in the Sunday School." Katie cannot seem to get rid of the thought of how queer it will be that, if I marry you, my name will be "Mrs. Lyon". Children are odd, but very earnest talkers, and I like to listen to them.

Ernest had a very narrow escape last night. He had just unloaded some alfalfa, and was going for more when the trace broke frightening the horses, Tom and Billy, so that they started on a run down this street. He managed, by twisting the lines around his wrist, to turn them into the corral near the Telegraph office, or they would have dashed themselves against that building, smashing the wagon and injuring Ernest. I am so thankful he escaped unhurt. Ida told him this morning that her mother prophesized that either he or I would be badly hurt or killed by those horses some day, and that her mother's prophesies always come true. I hope not in this case. I am sure. I think they know when I am driving because they are just as good as can be.

Have you heard of the robbery at Mason's? The militia under Charlie Bull started out yesterday morning, but as they gave the rustlers such a good start, I have very little idea they will see them, or get the property back.

Mr. Tibbetts was up Friday night and Ernest gave him the rifle you left. He has been to California and has bought twenty seven and a half acres near Los Angeles for fifteen hundred dollars. He says it is near the depot, and has a fine orchard and vineyard on it. It must be a splendid bargain if all he says about it is true.

I put those radishes you sent in cold water, and they were very nice and crisp. Are all your vegetables growing nicely? The season up there must be considerably behind ours. We have had peas for two or three weeks. Everything green tastes so good at this time of year. I only wish we could have new potatoes, they seem to be needed with peas and beans. How do your grape vines flourish?

I was so glad to get the "Century" magazine yesterday and "Our Continent" came this morning.

I am real sorry for your sake that you do not get more practice, but we will hope that prospects will brighten soon. Is there much sickness in Albuquerque?

I am glad you think as I do about furnishing a house, not to have one room very elegant and the others sad contrasts to it, but to have each room proportionately furnished, so as not to be ashamed of any part of it. Did this Mr. Grant want to sell all of his furniture or none? You write as if he did. How near will our nearest neighbor live, and do you like Mr. Trask?

So you have given up the idea of wanting to farm on a large scale have you? Do you expect to make much in the 200 feet you sell? Papa says he thinks you ought to get almost as much for that as you paid for the whole lot. That would be very nice, wouldn't it? But such nice things don't very often happen.

I had a letter from one of my cousins, Rose Painter, this morning in which she says she would like to meet you, and wishes we could go there, it is a splendid place to visit. We always like to go to Uncle George's [George L. I. Painter, Muncy, PA].

Ernest tells me he is going to write to you today. I wish I had known that before, and I would have let him tell about the run away as he can do it so much better than I have.

Mamma wrote to you yesterday. I suppose you got her letter this morning. I know nothing of what she wrote. I opened your Butler [Pennsylvania] paper thinking it was the Presbyterian Banner. Mamma had a letter from Henry this morning and he talks about little else than coming home. He has been among so many people, I am afraid he will find it very dull here, but still it is home. It is almost mail time, so good bye.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, NM  
May 30, 1882

Dear Corie,

I did not get your letter written on Sunday until this morning. Ernie's letter was also delayed. I think I was at the P.O. half a dozen times yesterday thinking maybe it had gone over to the Old town or had been overlooked in some way. Did you get the strawberry crop. There are a few more on the vines, but not yet ripe. I still keep pegging away at the garden, though I have had fearful luck with the seed. Some of the beds I have planted three times, and yet not a sign. Mr. Forrester consoles me by telling me he had the same bad luck last year, but it is poor consolation. I thought perhaps the seed was not good, and of late, I have been begging seed of Mr. Forrester. Today I planted again for the third time a radish bed. I thought beans would grow anywhere, but I cannot do anything with them. I am beginning to believe in total depravity.

Mr. F. lent me the other day a book that he has been talking a great deal about. Victor La Tourette. It is the experiences of a very broad churchman in the Church. It is interesting in some places, but rather shallow and instead of being "broad" is exceedingly narrow on many subjects.

Tell your mother that she ought to know that I had no reference to her or anyone connected with her when I spoke of the Apostle's Succession. Mr. Forrester preached one day on the subject, and afterwards happened to remark that someone, I have forgotten now who, would not be pleased with it. I told him that the sermon didn't please me either. Of course, he defended his view of the subject, but I said very little more and there was no discussion. The next Sunday I was glad to be able to praise his sermon.

A few days after Service he asked me why I could not join the Church. I told him the objection I had to joining. The conversation lasted but a short time, and that was the only thing like a religious conversation I have had with him. I have never had any theological controversy with him, and don't intend to.

Mr. Grant offered to sell his parlor set \$110, Bedroom set 3 pieces \$135, one carpet \$66, one carpet \$35. Centre table, I think not by any means as good as the one I bought of Hinds, \$25. Two lace curtains \$30, Lambrequin to match furniture, rod, rings, and silk hangings for Bay and single window, I forget now. He had a set of cane bottom chairs, 4 common, and 2 easy for \$28. And two window curtains for \$30. He would sell them separate. I think I will go tomorrow and see if he has kitchen furniture. He said nothing about it.

You ought to be very careful in driving those horses. Be very sure the harness is secure and strong. Tell Ernie I recd. his letter with enclosure carpet all right as well as letter with Guthrie's and Parker's money. I will write and thank him myself, but not tonight.

Yours ever,

Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
May 30th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I do enjoy getting such nice long letters as the one I received from you yesterday. You don't often waste so much time on me! And I received a good long one from Mrs. Allen too. She writes such pleasant letters, and I would dearly love to know her. She says she is glad I am from Pennsylvania. I have that feeling too. I am glad you and I are from the same state, and that that state is Pennsylvania!

George has come in and says he has written to you. I think you will be the one who will have to call for protection from relatives.

George tells you he will be up next month – doesn't he? – if Convocation meets at that time. You will know from Mr. Forrester when that will be, and can arrange your visit here accordingly. My home is a happy one, only needing one thing to make its happiness complete, and that is your presence. When are you going to supply that want? I wish you had a pass. Judge Newcomb [Simon B. Newcomb] brought me one for Henry yesterday from Kansas City. Isn't that nice. I wanted so much to have him get it, as I was afraid he would not be able to come home if he did not. How he will enjoy horse back riding again! He has not had a ride since he left Mesilla. We had a splendid ride last evening! Ernest took me and George and Mr. Parker went with us. Plenty of attendants, had I not? Every time we are out in the evening, we look for the comet, but cannot find it. Have you? It was to be very brilliant at this time.

The 30th of May! And Decoration day! We used to look forward to that day with great interest in the east. I received the strawberries this morning. I wish I could preserve them in some way! It was nice for you to send me some of the first from the garden. Em wanted to know if I wouldn't divide with their family! Mamma says she claims one of them as you promised her the first one.

Do you go to Mr. Forrester's every Sunday? I am very sorry indeed that his family keep so sick. When we asked him how they were, he said they were all very well. I don't like to have him begin on the subject of medicine. He seems to think he knows all about it, and that provokes me! I like Mr. Forrester very much, but I do wish he would preach more about Christ and less about the church. I am sure he would do a great deal more good if he did. I love our Church dearly and believe in it fully, but I think we would be more nearly following Christ's example if we were not so exclusive. We read, at prayers, this morning the 1st chapter of 1st Corinthians and it is full of Christ, only go to Him, that is all we need, no matter by what form or ceremony.

I wish when you write again you would tell me what chapter you are reading. I hardly believe we are reading the same one. The last time you spoke of it you were three chapters behind me, so I went back. I mark mine so I think you must have been the one in the wrong last time.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood started for Silver City last night [John G. and Mary Anna Woods, John is son of Annie Woods]. They will go from there to Shakespeare. Mrs. Wood will be gone about a month, but Mr. will not be gone long. Mr. and Mrs. Lowell are keeping house, and Mrs. W. will enjoy visiting her sister.

Dr. Cowan told me yesterday that he had rented your old rooms. Those rooms seem to be given up to Doctors. Mr. Hoover is still here. I met him Sunday while we were walking. He looks very bad, is drinking constantly. Ernest and I are developing into very smart people in the matter of rising early! We are up every morning at five o'clock. That is the loveliest part of the day now, but it is lovely for sleeping too. I expect you find it so.

Are the ministers in A. drawn to you, or are you drawn to them? You seem to be making the acquaintance of most of them.

It is cloudy today, and I do wish it would rain. The dust is dreadful.

Auntie and the girls spent last Sunday in Pittsburgh, so Amy was with Yorke. They hadn't seen each other for twelve months. I wonder if they were happy when they were together again!

I thought when I saw the box you sent yesterday that it contained medicine, so I was happily disappointed. Ernest is in a hurry for me to finish this letter as he seems to think he must have this place for writing and no other.

With much love, yours,  
Corie

La Mesilla  
June 1st, 1882

My Doctor Dear,

I do not understand why letters should be delayed between here and Albuquerque but queerer still, Papa received a letter the other day which had been mailed at Rincon three days before! Why is it, I wonder.

I am so very sorry that you have had such discouraging times with your garden. You seem determined though not to give up so I am sure you will succeed if not this year, then next. You cannot expect to be a perfect gardener all at once. I do not give you any more comfort than Mr. Forrester, do I! But you know I sympathize with you ever so much don't you? I was down at Colonel Jones the other evening, and Mrs. J. said she was going to give you some trees and she thought you ought to have a century plant for the front yard. I understood her, she would give you one. I wish we could get some slips of her rose bushes which are just overburdened with roses now. Are your trees growing nicely? How does the house look by this time? It is quite a while since you have told me anything about it. Did you find any kitchen furniture at Mr. Grant's? I wish I could help you about furniture. Couldn't you wait before deciding until you come down when we could talk it over together? I suppose you have seen notices of the Doctor's free excursion from St. Paul to the Yellowstone and other places. How nice it would be if you could go.

This is George's birthday, and I am sorry to say he is not feeling at all well. He went to Cruces in the hot sun yesterday and it was too much for him.

Nothing has been heard of the Militia since it started after the Rustlers. I am glad no one I am interested in had to go, or I would feel very anxious. I expect Mrs. Bull [Francis Bull] is worried about Charlie. I had a very characteristic letter from Uncle Buel this morning. He says he would like ever so much to see you, wishes us a great deal of happiness and wants us to go to Lock Haven. He says he expected to hear that I had been caught by an Indian or a wild beast, but he did not think it would take an awful Lyon to catch me! Very facetious isn't he!

I am afraid you will find this a very stupid letter as I seem to have nothing to say this morning. I am afraid I have the "spring fever". This is a perfect summer day, rather warm and dusty. I wonder if it is as warm in A. during the summer months as it is here.

Do you find your office at all comfortable? The cotton from the trees is very bad this year making everything so dirty. Ernest got the paper you sent this morning. I am careful about the horses. They both look fine now and are in fine spirits. I never knew Billy to shy as he did the last time I rode him horseback.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

La Mesilla  
June 3rd, 1882

My Doctor Dear,

What is the matter? I have not had a letter from you since Wednesday! I cannot imagine why. I do hope you are not sick. As I did not get my regular letter yesterday, I was so sure of getting it this morning and as I didn't, I am bitterly disappointed and feel like having a good cry. I miss your letters dreadfully. I could hardly do my share of entertaining Mrs. Davies [Julia Davies] I felt so badly. I will tell you about their visit and try and forget my disappointment. Mr. and Mrs. Davies came in yesterday and went to Judge Bristol's as Mrs. B. had invited them there. In the evening Judge B. and Mr. Davies [Benjamin Davies] came for some of us to go over and play cards. After finishing the game of croquet we had begun, which Mr. Parker and I beat, Papa, Mamma and I went with them. We spent a very pleasant evening. Judge and I were partners and we beat four games right along, which pleased the Judge very much. I never knew anyone who disliked being beaten as badly as he does, and he rejoices correspondingly when he beats. Mrs. Bristol asked about you very kindly. Mr. and Mrs. Davies came over here this morning and have just left for Cruces on their way home.

George and Em went down to their land Thursday and returned this morning. We did not expect them until tonight, but as George had a very high fever yesterday, they concluded to get home as soon as possible. He has left John and two other men at work plowing. Em thinks she would like to live down there.

Dr. Cowan says he will surely be round to practice tonight, so I guess we will have some good singing tomorrow. Mr. Bond went to Engle the other day. I do not know as he will be back for Sunday. You don't know how he has improved in punctuality. He is on time Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Parker is teaching me to play the chords on the organ and I am teaching him whist. He and Ernest are devoted friends and are constantly together. He is the oddest mixture of man and boy that I have ever seen!

My right ear is humming. I wonder if you are speaking or thinking good of me. I hope so.

It is two months today since you left Mesilla. Do you want to see me as much as I do you? Did you think any yesterday of our ride four months ago. I did a great deal. Wasn't it a miserable rainy, snowy day! Thanks to you though I was very comfortable. I want to ask you about another ride that we took when you came down. We are invited to the entertainment at the Convent in Cruces next Tuesday. I think we will all go. I have heard it said that it was to be very good this year.

Do you work any in the garden now, or is it too warm? We could hardly step out of the house yesterday as the sun was so intensely hot. It is cooler today. Your office must be very warm. Can't you find a cooler one? We are going to try and make the Chapel more comfortable by putting up some curtains today. Nothing heard from the militia yet. Mr.

Bull [Thomas J. Bull] says they started out with the determination to “take the Rustlers dead or alive” but I think they will find that easier said than done.

Ernest isn't feeling at all well today, but is taking medicine Dr. Cowan gave him, and I hope will soon be better. How are Mr. Forrester's family now?

I am glad you are determined not to have any religious controversies with Mr. F. They generally produce more harm than good. Of course Ida knows all about the times when I get your letters and send mine [Ida Jones was postmaster] and I suppose when she sees this one she will think me very foolish for writing as I have not received one from you since sending my last. I think this because she said the other day that she would not, even if she expected to marry the gentleman next week, write two letters to his one. She knows nothing about it so that is all foolishness, but of course if I did not attribute my not getting your letter to delay of the mail, or some other very good excuse, I would not write either. I judge you by myself and think you love me too well to disappoint me if you could avoid it. Isn't that so? I hope I will get two letters tomorrow morning. I like to get your letters Sunday for I think I enjoy church more after reading them, but still I like to have you write on Sunday too, as you write me such nice long ones that day. Hoping that you are well and that I will hear from you soon.

I am yours lovingly,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, N.M.  
June 4, 1882

My own darling,

I am very sorry  
This is how it happened.

I usually write to you in the evening before mail time, the P.O. closing at 7 P.M. when the mail for the south is made up. If I am later than that, I have to watch for the down coming train and while it stops run down to the Depot and hand my letters to the Mail Agent.

On my regular day for writing to you, I was not feeling well – dull and dispirited, and I knew I could not write you the cheerful letter I wished. I thought too, as we had both been writing on the same day, with our letters crossing, it would be best to wait one day when I could answer your letter the same day it was received.

This morning when I read your letter, I felt mortified and vexed because I had given you uneasiness, but I consoled myself with the thought that just about that time, you would be reading my short letter of last night.

But on coming back I was horrified to find your letter on my table staring me in the face.

I had been occupied until late, and just at the time I had set for writing to you, I was called away. When I returned it was after P.O. time, but I thought there would still be time to catch the train. I sat down hurriedly to write but had scarcely commenced when I heard the whistle. I made a very hurried explanation for I had to do everything, run down to the Depot and post it in less than 5 minutes. To make matters worse, I couldn't find a stamp and had to turn over a large heap of trumpery to find one, but found at last. I snatched up what I thought was your letter and ran down to the Depot, getting there just in time to post it. Then I felt relieved for I knew you would see it was not altogether my fault.

What it was I stamped and posted I don't know yet. I was afraid for a time that it was one of your letters to me, but I find they are all here. I am very sorry but I know how good my darling is and that she will forgive me if I ask her – and I do ask her.

But you must not mind Ida's foolish talk. She is a dear good girl, but sometimes she says very silly things and the idea that our love could be measured or tested by a school girl's idea of epistolary etiquette seems to me very ridiculous. Still I know how disappointed I feel when your letter is delayed, and I feel vexed to think that I should have allowed anything to interfere with my letters to you.

Oh my Darling, however else I may fail, you must never doubt my love, my perfect love for you, and how it wrings my heart when I think I have given you pain.

I have been working a good deal in the garden and on the house lately, but I can't see that we shall have much of a garden except in the matter of onions and cabbage, both from Mesilla and Las Cruces. They are all looking well. I have to be on the ground a good part of my time to watch the workmen. I engaged a man to put the roof on, but I find that I will have to go over the whole thing myself. I bought a set of very pretty chairs from Mr. Grant, but did not get the parlor set, although I was strongly tempted for I knew how you would have appreciated it.

Why didn't you take someone who could get you what you deserve? I think I can do quite as well by buying the stove and kitchen furniture at the Hardware store here. But I am going to wait before buying more furniture than is absolutely necessary until I have you to go round with me to assist. I don't think you can have any idea of how profoundly ignorant I am in such matters.

I have been agreeably surprised at the weather here. I had an idea that there was not so much difference between this and Mesilla, but I find there is a great difference. Every night since I have been here until last night, I have slept under two blankets and a heavy comfort. Last night for the first time I shed the comfort. But today promises to be a scorcher. It has been threatening rain for several days and I have a curiosity to see it rain, to know how our new roof sheds it.

The plasterers are at work now and have the first coat on. A good deal of the wood work has its first coat of paint on. I could have had the whole thing done by this time if there had been any need of hurry, but I told the workmen to take their time. I wish I had a sewing machine to stitch the muslin for the ceiling. I think I will try and borrow one.

I read the 25th chapter, Acts tonight. For some time I have suspected that I have been off wrong. I may have missed a night, or I may have read the same chap. twice, but I don't remember that I have made any mistake. Two or three times I have forgotten it until after I retired, and only a few nights ago I did not think of the chap. until morning. But I have always read it either in bed or in the morning and do not remember that I have missed one yet. But I suppose I must. Shall I read up three chapters or will you come back and tow me along.

I have another confession to make, that I did not go to church today. That is to the Church. I was troubled about finding my letter to you and what you would think of me. Then I commenced this and the time slipped by until after 11 o'clock. Then I went out and from some unaccountable whim I went over to the Congregationalist Church and heard the Rev. Mr. Ashley preach an excellent plain and heartfelt sermon. It was from Isaiah 35 x 10 and he was old fashioned enough to make his sermon bear some real relation to the text.

But I can remember very little of what he said. It was the old man's manner, so earnest and sincere, so full of unquestioning faith and joy and love that moved me, I am ashamed to say how much. I am a soft hearted booby about some things and this morning I

couldn't help letting my thoughts carry me back over years and years to the old familiar family pew at home.

The little school mistress was at the organ, but I looked past her to see in a little chapel no less dear to me than the old church of my boyhood, another loved little figure that I thought perhaps at that very moment was playing, who knows, perhaps the same tunes, for the tunes were all quite familiar. But I thought too, with a keen pang that my darling whom I almost saw and heard might be sitting there with a heavy heart on account of my fault, or my negligence. Oh, my heart's darling, you for whose happiness I have vowed to devote my life. Sometimes it seems as if I only live to give you pain. You know I don't mean it and you won't mind what Ida says, will you Corie?

The church is quite a plain little frame building in the Highland addition, that is east of the Depot. There must have been about forty five or fifty in attendance. He spoke of the regular prayer meeting on Wednesday evening and the encouragement he received from the constant attendance. Last Wednesday there were 24 present. I am determined that this shall be in the office in time, so I will close.

You will have heard that Mr. Forrester goes down next week. Convocation meets on the 20th and I suppose George will be along at that time. Does he bring his wife with him. If he does not, I want him to stop with me, if he is satisfied to bunk with me. He ought to stay here two or three days anyway. I have a very pleasant boarding house – quite nobby in some things that don't cost much. I haven't got acquainted with the boarders yet, but I get along very well.

Oh Corie, my darling, if you only would come along with him. You don't know how hungry I am. Good bye and God bless you my own love.

What was it about the other ride you wished to ask about? I don't know when I can go down, so you had better ask it by letter or come up with George and ask me yourself.

I am a little afraid to go down just now. I won't tell you why. Some day I will.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
June 5th, 1882

Dear Doctor,

I was very glad to get your letter this morning. You don't know how worried I was when I didn't get one yesterday. I was almost certain of getting two as I trusted you, and thought you would surely write if you were not very sick. I imagined all sorts of reasons for my not hearing but had to put them all aside saying, "I don't, I can't see why it is." Even this morning's letter I cannot see why you did not write to me on Friday after receiving my letter. You do not seem to have thought of writing until Saturday – that was putting four days between your letters. If you wanted to change the day you might have given me an extra instead of putting me off as you did, don't you think so? I would much rather have a short and doleful letter than none at all. If you find it a burden and would rather not write so regularly please let me know and we will make some other arrangement.

I have begun this letter today as it is my day for writing, but I hardly think I will send it until tomorrow, or I suppose I ought to keep it until Wednesday as that would bring the days right again. I don't know what I ought to do. I do wish we could have a good talk together just now. I think it would do more good than any amount of letters. They are so unsatisfactory sometimes, I cannot write to you at all as I want today! I wish you would tell me what you mean by being afraid to come down just now. I don't see why you should be. Ought I not to know why?

I do not mind Ida's foolish talk Dr. If I did I would have a sorry time! You have no idea how much people here talk about you and me! I hear none until I hear through others of what different persons have said. I never did care for such talk and don't now.

I have been very busy today and have only a few minutes in which to finish this. I want to say so much to you and still I find it hard work to say anything. I believe I will send you this letter today.

I am glad you heard such a good sermon yesterday if it wasn't in the Church. You need not be ashamed of being soft-hearted. I think it is splendid for a brave strong man to be so. I am only one chapter ahead of you and I will go back one tonight. The 26th of Acts. We got a postal from Mr. Forrester saying he would be down this week. I expect George will go up week after next. I will tell him what you wrote, and I am sure he will be glad to stay with you if Em does not go with him and I do not think she intends doing so. I wish I could go with him but it will be impossible I expect. I will have to depend on him to tell me everything. It is too bad your workmen don't all do just as you want them to. I am glad the weather is so much cooler up there than here. We had a nice shower yesterday, and it looks very much like rain again today. I expect our rainy season has begun, and it seems lovely to have it cloudy.

I cannot ask you about the other ride until I see you. I was thinking a great deal of you while playing in Church yesterday. Don't think or say you only give me pain – you know it isn't so. I must stop now as Ernest is impatient.

Yours as ever,  
Corie

New Albuquerque NM  
June 6, 1882

My dear Corie,

You are a little darling, too good for me. I was afraid you would want to punish me, and you did think of it, but your kind heart couldn't let you. I don't find it a burden. I don't know what I should do if I hadn't you to write to. No one else would read so patiently my series of growls, complaints and peevish murmurings. And don't you think it is a great relief to me to have some one who I know will listen to my chatter. You haven't much idea how very lonely I am here. It is one of the few pleasures of life, my letters to you. But it is my fearful negligence and habit of procrastination that tempts me to ruin.

We might make this arrangement. You continue your letters as before, and let me write as the spirit moves me. Sometimes you would get a letter every day and sometimes – well not too often.

And people talk about us do they? Well they have been talking about us for a long time – a long time I think before you suspected it. I used to feel a little proud of it and sometimes I was afraid you would hear too much of it and “freeze” me. It amused me at first, but I never heard anything that annoyed me except the time when they gave me as authority for the story. We ought to have been married long ago according to that story.

On Sunday evening, after writing to you, I went to Methodist Church to hear the young fellow I wrote you about. But Methodism and I have not a single taste in common. I don't expect to go again.

We had a glorious rain yesterday. It is hardly done raining yet in our house. But all new roofs leak you know. It takes a good rain to settle them. I was wishing for one, but this one lasted all night and it looks today as if we were to have a repetition. I wish you could sell the lot in El Paso. Does nobody in Mesilla want it?

Do you recognize the picture. I made it for Charley but spoiled it and you can have it.

I don't suppose the original would feel flattered to know her picture was on a Whiskey card, but then no one would ever recognize it. I also send a sketch of the house taken by a famous artist. It is a little out of drawing but will give you an idea of the splendors of your future home.

Yours with love,  
Wm. B. Lyon

New Albuquerque NM  
June 8, 1882

Dear Corie,

I hope you are not going to retaliate for my failure to write regularly. I have sent to the P.O. three times now and got no letter. Sometimes the mail goes over to the Old Town, but is returned in the course of the day, but always before noon. So I conclude that if you wrote the fault must be with one of the Post Mistresses in Mesilla or Las Cruces.

We have been having rains now every day and night for three days. The first day the house leaked badly, the second day not too much. I have not been over today, not feeling very well, but I expect to hear that it did not leak any from yesterday's and last night's rain. So far today we have had no rain, but I see some coming up now – 3:30 P.M.

I found out what I mailed instead of your letter. It was a notice to the "Journal" to discontinue my card. I had written it some days before, but having a chance to tell the Ed. I had not sent it. It was addressed to "City" and it is doubtful if it ever reached its destination. Mr. Forrester goes down today or tomorrow, and will be able to tell you just how far things have progressed in the building line. The plastering is almost done, and nothing remains now except the last coat of paint and some which requires two coats yet. Then I will have to put a fence around and I think it will be wire. I don't like a wire fence and we will dispense with it as soon as possible, but it only costs about one fifth as much as lumber, especially palings.

There is a horrible pit beside the house out of which the adobes were made which I don't know what to do with. It is in front of the house, in the land which I intended to give for a street [Roma avenue], but it is a horrible blotch, and I am sorry now I did not buy the adobes.

I think George's land is increasing in value, and he ought not to sell until at least the new houses which are building and will be built are completed. I would like to hold on to all of mine, but will be forced to sell some of it. I don't know why Conklin cannot sell the lots in El Paso. I am beginning to think that the metropolis must have had a set back.

The weather here has not been at all uncomfortably warm. I only changed my winter underclothing a few days ago. The evenings and mornings are delightful and if I only had some one to share them with me I would enjoy them.

They have just completed the new Opera house here, and a theatrical troupe are billed to appear in a week. I wonder if I will have a chance to see "Pinafore" yet before I die. Did you ever see it? If not, I will wait for you.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon



[This letter is stamped but not postmarked. See Corie's letter of June 10]

New Albuquerque

June 8, 1882

Dear Corie,

I do hope you are only retaliating on me, but I did not think you would do it and I am very anxious. I didn't blame you for letting one day go for I felt I deserved something of the kind, but I did expect a letter from you this morning. I got other mail from Mesilla, so I know it is not the fault of the mail. Dear Corie, if you are sick, you must promise to telegraph me. I cannot imagine what is the matter unless you are sick.

Mr. F. asked me to take Katie and Susie to the concert of the Academy this evening and I will do it, though I am not very bright myself today.

Please write at once.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
June 9th, 1882

My dear doctor,

Please remember this is the first time I have disappointed you about a letter, and even now I am not as much in fault as you were, because you received my letters and still did not answer them, while I have not received a letter from you since Monday until this morning when I got two, one written on the 6th and one on the 8th. So it was the fault of the mail this time and I beg your pardon for having been rather provoked with you for the last two or three days.

It is not natural to me and I don't think I could do it, go on writing to or calling on anyone without receiving some return. I may be too particular, but I think not. As to the arrangement you speak of, we might try it for a little while, and see how it works. I don't like it very well, but of course I don't want you to write to me when you don't feel like it. I warn you though that if I do not get a letter for three or four days, I will break my part of the contract.

I am very sorry you were not well when you wrote. Are you better now? I had a light touch of fever last night, but took two doses of quinine before going to bed and feel much better this morning. Dr. and Emma Blazer [Joseph H. Blazer and daughter Emma] were here yesterday and are determined to have me go to the Agency [Mescalero Apache Indian Agency, NE of Tularosa, NM] with them when they go in a day or two. It is lovely there and I believe would do me good, take this miserable fever out of my system maybe. There are some reasons against it though. I could get mail only twice a week and that would be dreadful! Then there is so much talk about the rations for the Indians giving out the first of July and I would be right among the savages. Mamma says she would "die daily" worrying about me. I hardly know what to do. Dr. wants me to stay at least a month. What do you think about it?

We got letters from you, Mrs. Baldy [Maggie Baldy] and Henry this morning and each mentions having so much rain. Henry says he still has to wear an overcoat and Mrs. Baldy says she was shivering while writing! That seems queer in June, doesn't it? Henry expects to be in Chicago a week from next Sunday. We have had a good deal of rain too, and it has settled the dust and made it lovely. George and Ernest went down to the land this morning.

What did Mr. Forrester think about your deserting his Church all day Sunday? Did he say anything about it? When are you going to feel like writing to me again I wonder. I am afraid the "spirit" won't move you as often as I would like.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

La Mesilla  
June 10th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

Mr. Forrester gave me your letter this morning. I did not mean to retaliate, but as I had written the last letter I was waiting for one from you. I couldn't go on writing without getting any return, and you will have seen from my letter yesterday how yours was delayed. I wondered how you could neglect writing to me for such a long time when you had done the same thing such a short time before and knew how hurt I felt about it. For two or three days last week I think I knew what it was to have the heart-ache and pretty badly too. Being alone, I suppose you think you need my letters more than I do yours, but don't you see your being alone makes at all the more necessary for me to hear regularly from you or else I am left to imagine all sorts of things. If I should be very sick of course some of the family would let you know, but who is to let me know if you are sick without Mr. Forrester hunts you up, having missed you. It worries me to think how alone you are! That sentence in one of your letters yesterday keeps running through my head. You said you would enjoy the mornings and evenings which were lovely if you had anyone to share them with you. It won't be so very long before you will have some one Dr. dear, not much of one certainly, but she may be a little better than no one. Meanwhile, if thoughts do any good, mine are almost constantly with you. No matter how many others are around I am thinking of you and wishing you were with us. I'm glad when I read in your letter that you were going to the concert last night as that would divert your thoughts for a while, but Mr. Forrester tells us you excused yourself on the plea of not feeling well. Are you sick? Please let me know if you are, and you ought to come home. You must not be sick up there all alone.

Mr. F says he thinks you have not approved of his sermons lately, and that is the reason you were not at the Episcopal Church last Sunday, and I rather thought that might be so.

Last night seemed to be a reception night for us. First George and Em came to play croquet, then Mr. Parker came, then Judge and Mrs. Bristol, then Ida and Sammie. We began a six-handed game of croquet, but could not finish as it got too dark. After that we played cards. Judge Bristol and Mrs. B. seem to be quite in the calling humor lately.

I received "Our Continent" and the picture enclosed. Please don't send me any more such horrid pictures. I don't like them. And I wish you would not send any drawing of me to the Allens. You will make them think I am horrid! Let them think well of me as long as possible. I did not intend writing to you today, but could not resist doing so after getting your letter. I may not have time to write tomorrow. I have very little time today. Saturday is a very busy day for housekeepers you know, or will know. I got up at five this morning and had just finished my work when I began this. It is now half past one. I must write to Mrs. Baldy too, as I received a package from her, which I sent for, this morning and I must acknowledge the receipt of it. I am going to make such a pretty dress Dr. I am sure you will like it.

Ida has changed her mind about going to parties in Cruces and intends going to the ball there next week if she can get there. We have not thought anything about it yet.

Ernest took Dr. Cowan out to the mountains this morning. We expect them tonight. Ernest wanted to postpone practice until nine o'clock so I expect they will be home at that time. Mr. Bond came home this morning so I guess we will have our full choir tomorrow.

I have not heard anyone here speak of wanting land in El Paso. I wish you could sell your lot down there, and I should think it would sell well as it is so near town. I am sorry you have to sell any of your land in Albuquerque before you want to. If Ernest could sell the horse and buggy for you wouldn't that be better? If so please tell me and he will try to do it. We would have the phaeton then and three horses which is really all we need, though we have enjoyed Billy and the buggy ever so much.

George will go up a week from Monday, he thinks, and wants me to thank you for your kind invitation. Henry may be there in time for him to meet George although he talks now of going to Burlington, Iowa before coming home. He is having good times this year. Have you got the ceilings yet? I wish you had them here where you could use our machine. We have Em's and are making good use of it now.

We went to the entertainment at the Convent in Cruces last Tuesday and enjoyed it very much. I will send you a programme if I can get it in the envelope. No, I have never seen "Pinafore" but would like to.

I am glad the hard rain came before the ceilings were up in the new house, or it would have been rather discouraging wouldn't it, to have had them all spoiled?

We expect Mr. Forrester tomorrow. We were surprised to hear he was coming so soon again, but of course are very glad.

I have often wondered what it was you mailed instead of my letter. Is it because your practice is so good that you discontinue your card in the Journal? You don't believe much in advertising do you? Papa having been an editor, I have been brought up to think it very necessary for success. I was glad to get the sketch of the house but I am glad you did not send that drawing of me to Charley. The drawing in itself is very good and looks like that picture you have, but I really don't believe I look so old and cross as that picture makes me. We have been playing whist in the evening lately. Mr. Parker and I against Papa and Ernest. Mr. P. and I have been very successful.

I got such a pretty pair of bracelets, silver ones, from California, so I have a whole set of silver jewelry now.

Cousin May, who lives in Cal. sends us both her good wishes and says she "is prepared to like Dr. Lyon from what she has heard of him" and cordially welcomes you into the family. Then her husband says "the idea of Aunt Jennie's youngsters being married." He

needn't talk in that way for he isn't very old himself. May is really the very best cousin I have and I love her dearly, but still Jennie is my favorite. You would like both of them I know.

The militia has not returned yet. I see Col. Rynerson has resigned, have you? Night before last Mr. Hoover came and bid Papa goodbye saying he was going home to Ohio that night, but he was still here yesterday. He has been driving a hack around for the last two or three days. Sunday Mr. Lane told Ernest that Mr. Hoover wasn't going to drink for two years and Monday evening Ernest saw him in Cruces very drunk!

The other night as we were going to the Convent, Ida said it was really so that Annie Cuniffe was going to marry Mr. Riley. I told her I knew that long ago. She said she had heard it but she would not believe it until she had heard that Mr. Riley had made her sign a contract, that she would surely marry him. The idea! If I was a man I think I would be too proud to take a girl who had to be made to marry me! Seems to me they would never be happy afterwards. Michael Cuniffe talks dreadfully about Mr. Riley, says he will never own Annie for a sister again if she marries him. He got so excited when he was talking about it in the store the other day that he couldn't half wait on me. I wonder if Annie really loves Mr. Riley. I wonder now more than I ever did before how anyone can marry without loving.

Well Dr. dear I guess you will think this letter long enough to make up for the one I missed. I can't say I am sorry for not having written before because I do not think I really am so very sorry, for you ought to be disappointed once in a while to see how it feels. But I do not want to pain you anymore than you do me, so let's be good. I do hope you got my letter today. Yours written on the 6th was three days coming. You have not told me what color the paint in your house is. Hoping you are well today.

I am as ever, your loving  
Corie

Please excuse this letter as I have written very fast. I like the sketch of our house so much.

New Albuquerque NM  
June 10, 1882

Dear Corie,

I was very glad to get your good long letter this morning. I suppose I ought not to be so foolish and probably would not, but that I have not been feeling well for a few days and have had but little else to think of but you. I didn't mind the first day, but when the next morning passed without it's letter, I could not imagine what was wrong, and the more I thought of it, the more anxious I became.

I don't know what to think about your going to South Fork [Blazer's Mill]. It would do you good to breathe a little mountain air, and I know you would enjoy it. I don't think there is any more danger than common. The talk about trouble arising from the rations giving out was principally for effect, and I think that certainly some means will be provided to continue them before the 1st of the month. Of course, there is always some danger about such a place, and I would feel much easier if it were somewhere else you were going, but I think that the danger is more imaginary than real and probably you ought to go. Couldn't you take Ernie with you?

Yesterday evening I had promised to take Mr. Forrester's family to the commencement exercises of the Academy, but felt so unwell that I did not go over. I was very sorry to disappoint the girls, but what a perfect little lady Katie is. I went up this morning to explain my failure and it was really charming to see the pleasant ladylike manner with which Katie reassured me. She seemed to think it was of no consequence at all, although I know that she was greatly disappointed.

If you were a man and you loved your girl, you would marry her if she had to be forced up to the action at the point of the bayonet. If you had to fence her on all sides with barbed wire. If you were a man and in love your pride would be swallowed up in your love and you would be proud only of your great love. Michael Cuniffe is a nincompoop. I think that Riley will make Annie an excellent husband. He has a good many faults, but also has many good qualities, and if he ever gets under good influences, and out of the clutches of Catron, he will make a good man. I wonder if Numa Reymond has got back yet from the East.

And you don't like your picture. Well it is nothing more than I expected. I am too conservative an artist to be a popular one. If I had smoothed out the wrinkles and made a smiling little cherub of you, you would have been delighted. Still it is possible that the picture may have been made a little too old and sour. In fact, I thought so myself, and just after writing to you I tried my hand on another, but like Ned Allen with his story, I failed miserably. You don't work up well into cherubs and I have learned to love the picture you gave me so well that I don't see how it could be improved. If Ernie can sell the horse and buggy I wish he would do so.

Yours with love,

Wm. B. Lyon

I send you the second attempt I made for Charlie. Do you think it any improvement on the first?

La Mesilla  
June 11th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

It is splendid to get a letter every day. We have just come from Church and I want to talk to you a little while. Just as Sunday School closed this morning, the Corpus Christi procession passed, so Ernest and I took the children up on the roof where we had a good view of it all. Do you remember we watched the procession from there last year? We got down just in time for Church. We have put dark curtains at the windows in the Chapel making a "dim religious" light. It was nice and cool in there this morning.

Mamma wants me to tell you that at Communion she always thinks of Christ "the Master of the feast" as particularly ready to grant any wish, and though often she has so much to ask for as to bewilder her, this morning all she desired was that you might very soon become the devoted follower of Jesus, and wants me to beg of you not to let your will prevent the granting of so great a favor. She sends a great deal of love. My prayer at that time is always for you Dr. dear.

I began this letter not intending to send it today, but Ernest thinks I surely ought to write and tell you that the fare, from all places between Cruces and Santa Fe will be half price during the time the fair is held in Cruces. It begins on Tuesday and closes on Thursday I believe, but those coming from above would have to start tomorrow night to get here in time. Ernest says "tell him", meaning you, "that he ought to come as we all want to see him" then remembering how you had neglected him, he added "all but me, I am angry at him". He meant what he said first. He easily forgives. It would be lovely to think I was going to see you in a day or two. What do you think about it? Maybe you could sell the horse and buggy better yourself if you would come down.

Mamma couldn't let me go with Dr. Blazer, as she would worry so, but I did want so much to see the trees and water near his house. I feel so suffocated down here sometimes, especially when I don't feel well. Miss Nellie Munger is going with them as governess at thirty dollars a month.

I don't think Mr. Reymond has returned yet. Mr. Forrester says your house is very pretty. Will the window panes be as large as you have drawn them? I am so glad if they are to be. If you are a conscientious artist, I think you are a proud one too. You blame all defects in the picture to the one drawn, not any to the artist. I don't want to look like a cherub, but I would like to look like myself! But you do draw well, we are surprised, if you keep on you may be famous some day. Ernest is in a hurry to go to the P.O. so I must say good bye.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

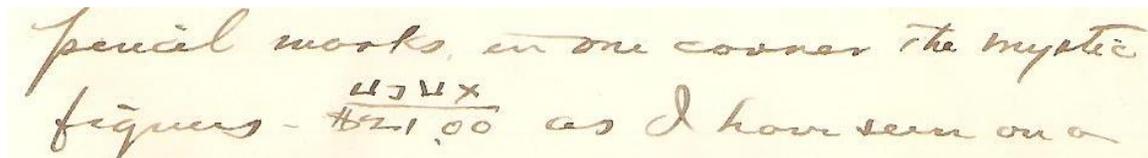
New Albuquerque  
June 11, 1882

My own darling Corie,

What a dear, tender good little angel you are. How can I ever hope to deserve such a treasure? Sometimes I think that if you were not quite so good you would be nearer to me, and often, Oh Corie, I do have some fearful mental struggles when I contemplate how utterly incapable I am to give my darling what she deserves.

I knew, of course, from your letter yesterday that you did perfectly right, that you could not have done otherwise, but I bless the kind loving heart that prompted you to write the dear letter received this morning. Somehow I never thought of my letter having been delayed. I suppose I was morbid. I feel tolerably well today and this evening walked over to the Forresters and succeeded in putting Henry down to sleep after he had worried out his mother.

I am utterly dismayed at your want of appreciation of my sketches, of my life like portraits. Horrid indeed. I fear the aesthetic part of your composition is defective. You would probably prefer some common cheap photograph – cheap, therefore vulgar. All our high toned nobby, way up [doby?] aristocracy are having their portraits taken now by hand. 50 to 75 dollars according to frame. Now I flatter myself that the pictures I have sent you would never be mistaken for the best photograph ever was taken, or any other. So I thought it unnecessary to label them, as some of our guileless countrymen are said to have done – “This is not a photo” or a bland child-like innocence to put in pencil works in one corner the mystic figures as I have seen on a new gift saddle.



*pencil works, in one corner the mystic  
figures -  $\frac{4322x}{\$21.00}$  as I have seen on a*

The true artist scorns such subterfuges for true art needs no interpreter and among aesthetics is ever at a premium.

The “News” came to hand today in an entirely new dress – new type, new ads, and even new editorials. Can it be that Fountain [Albert J. Fountain] & Bond [Ira M. Bond, publisher of The Mesilla News] have agreed to make peace and join against the common foe? Who is doing the writing? I am very glad to see that Mesilla has united her forces for common protection, but I would like to see Judge Newcomb come in for his share. He certainly at first was more bitter and brutal in his expressions against Mesilla and against Judge B. [Warren Henry Bristol] and I believe worked harder and more vindictively than did Rynerson [William L. Rynerson]. It was only when he found out what he should have known from the first, that he was injuring himself that he began to [cre--fish?].

June 12, Monday

Another letter. How can I thank you. How well I remember the Corpus Christi procession last year when Mrs. Bowman made such an extravagant guess at the number in it. How time flies. You will make me more than ever homesick if you talk to me about going down. I am afraid I would not want to come back. I can't say my practice here would suffer any. I think if Ernest had included himself in the petition I might have been induced to go. I do long to see you Corie. But I don't know as I ought to indulge myself in such luxuries just now. I must not think of it. If I do, I will certainly go.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
June 13th, 1882

My Dear Doctor,

I don't like your plan for letter writing very well – let us try another. You write to me when you feel like doing so, and I will answer your letters, or else let me wait for the “spirit” too. I hardly understand why you do not feel like writing to me whenever you can. I do to you. I have an excuse now for writing few and short letters as I am very busy while you have told me that it is not time that is wanting with you, but inclination. I expect the people of Cruces are very busy and excited today as the Fair opened tonight. I hope they will do well. Mr. Buckley has come from Tularosa to attend. I expect the Ball will be quite a grand affair, but I do not think any of this family will go. I don't care to and Ernest has an economical fit and thinks the tickets are too high. Did you receive an invitation? Not such an honor to be invited where they want you for your money, is it?

How opposed Mr. Forrester is to having any public entertainments for or in the name of the Church! Have you ever heard him speak of it? He feels badly now because his congregation up there wants to give a concert to raise money for the new Church. He thinks they are determined to have it and that if they do he will feel it his duty to resign so as not to make a division in the Church. He says he cannot go against his principle and he thinks it lowers the Church to have money gained in that way in its name. It is rather a new thought to us as in the east we were constantly having something of that kind for the benefit of the Church. Not against our minister's wishes though – they were never opposed to our doing it. I don't want Mr. Forrester to leave Albuquerque and I do hope he will have no cause to do so.

Mr. Lane put Hoover on the train, bought his ticket, and got him off to Silver City last night. He bothered Mr. Lane greatly.

Aren't we having a lovely summer! Almost the middle of June and still the morning and nights are really cold! I was glad to be by the kitchen fire this morning early. Have you seen the “News” of last week? Wonderfully improved, isn't it? If George goes up to Albuquerque next week I wish I could go with him, I am so anxious to see that new house.

Just think Dr., Mr. Davies is going to take land at the White Sands and wants Henry to take some next to him. He expects to plant trees and as the railroad will pass there they look forward even now to its being a large manufacturing town. I think it must take a good deal of faith to look forward to such a result!

Someone knocked this morning at the front door and I thought maybe it was you, but I was doomed to disappointment.

Lovingly your own  
Corie

La Mesilla  
June 17th, 1882

My own dearest Doctor,

How I want to see you! I wanted you so much to stay over Sunday, but did not think it right to urge you as you seemed to think you ought to go. It was lovely though to have you as long as we did! We all enjoyed your visit ever so much, did you? I cannot keep the tears from coming when I think how fast you are going away from me! These dreadful partings! Why do we have to endure them, I wonder! I suppose you are somewhere now between Rincon and San Marcial, and I hope sleeping. As I left the depot, I was thinking so intently of you that I did not notice the engine on the side track until I turned to cross the track and found it very near me. My heart jumped and I was frightened, but it was too late to turn round so I drove straight ahead and got over safely. I thought if you had seen me you would have thought me very careless.

I met Mr. Davies' carriage at the end of the road leading from the Masonic graveyard (you are not here to criticize that description) and Ernest got out and went back with me. We met Mr. Parker at Mr. Paul's and took him in. He said he had seen us going over and was waiting for me to come back so he could have a ride. When we got home I took Mamma out a little while. The air seemed so refreshing to me I knew it would do her good. Did you see the new moon? I saw it right in front of me this time.

The mud came off my dress nicely when it was dry. Thanks for your advice. I am getting to bed in good time tonight, as the members of the choir seeing how sleepy Ernest was, left early.

When I came to my room I did start to have a good cry, but decided instead to write to you, the cry may come after. Good night Dr. dear.

Sunday June 18th

I had a nice long sleep last night, did not get up until almost seven this morning. It seems so lonely to think you are not in town and that I cannot see you today! Only a week today since I wrote to you about coming and now your visit is of the past! I am afraid now I selfishly monopolized your time. Did I? I couldn't bear to have you away from me. You know how interested I am in the house and in everything pertaining to it, but I am afraid I did not show that interest as I ought by talking more about it, and asking innumerable questions as some would. I am always having to repent of not saying all I want and ought to. I wonder if I will ever learn to say what I ought to at the right time, and not have to be sorry afterwards! My sins of omission are very many. Seems to me if you were here now I could talk to you in a "blue streak" as one of my cousins says, but while you were here it was enough happiness for me just to see you and know you were around. You won't wait for me to ask questions, will you? You will tell me everything, won't you?

I felt weak and miserable yesterday and my mind was not able to entertain more than one idea at a time, and it was filled with the thought of your leaving when you asked me about the seaweed and I did not explain. The girls told me how they did it, and it was in this way. They put the paper on a piece of tin and let the weed float on to it, then took pins or needles and fastened it out in the shape they wanted and left it to dry when it would stick to the card. It requires a good deal of patient work.

Mrs. Jones said this morning she did not see as much of you as she expected to. You left a collar here which I will send up by George if he is able to go tomorrow. He was quite sick last night and is in bed today. I believe the trip would do him good if he is not too weak.

I meant to ask you while you were here if you would not promise to go, after your return, at least once a day on Sunday to the Episcopal Church. Even then you would have plenty of time to go round to the other Churches if you wished. Will you do this? I didn't show you the tidy I had been making for our new house, did I? I intended to. It is a lace one and real pretty I think.

I had a pleasant surprise this morning. I received a letter from Uncle Nelson and a package containing such a pretty dress from Auntie. I wish it had come yesterday so you could have seen it. Uncle and Auntie are just lovely! I wish you could know them. I will send you Uncle's letter. Well! I had no idea of writing you such a long letter as this. I didn't suppose I would have much to say so soon after you left. Only last evening – it hardly seems possible – you were with me and now I am writing as if I hadn't a chance to talk to you for weeks! Please don't forget that you promised me a letter today and tomorrow. Ernest says "the idea of writing to the Dr. already". I wonder if you are writing to me just now.

I had a rest while you were here, but now will have to work all the harder as we have lots of sewing to do.

Did you find that it had rained in A. while you were gone? And if so did the house leak. Did you get my letter this morning and wasn't it a stupid one! I felt stupid that day and wrote as I felt.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque,  
June 18, 1882

My Dearest Corie,

Once more settled down in the old den, but with heart brightened and refreshed by very sweet memories of Mesilla and all that it contains. You don't know how much good you did me and I am very glad I took the trip. I have something definite now to look forward to, and some very sweet and precious hours to look back upon and draw from its great store of comfort, consolation and love.

I feel like writing a genuine old fashioned love letter, for you little witch, you have contrived to get me more in love with you than ever. I didn't think that was possible, but I find that I have not yet sounded the height or the depth or the breadth of my love to you.

And I know too that you love me, and I am very glad to know that you did call me back that night.

I found a dear little letter awaiting me from my brother Tom's [Thompson Harris Lyon] little girl "Gertie" half printed, half written, but very nicely composed telling me of the serious illness of her Auntie West. I also had a letter from West – a short one telling me that she had been quite sick. I am very anxious about her, and have written her.

Gertie sends a kiss to her Aunt Corie and I told her I would ask you to consider that one of the extra kisses you received among the last few days was from her.

I have never seen her and this is the first time she has tried to write.

The "baggage smashers" managed to break the lid off my chest this morning. It is still at the depot but I had it locked up.

I went to service this morning, and came very near going to sleep in church. The singing was a complete break down. They only got half through the "Venite" and had to read the last half. Then they tried a hymn and managed to strike a short meter tune to a common meter hymn. Altogether it was rather painful. Mr. F told me the garden was sadly in need of a little hoeing so there is a prospect of a good days work tomorrow.

The carpenter reports that the painting of everything is completed. I have not seen it yet and I think I will walk up this evening. No more afternoon service, but service this evening at 8 at the Cong. Church.

I pounced on your letter which I found with several others in my box. This, I believe, is my regular letter.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

I took a long “nap” this P.M. Don’t forget your 8 hours sleep.

La Mesilla  
June 20th 1882

My dear Doctor,

I will write a little now, for I have no idea when I will have time again before the mail leaves. I have made an appointment with Dr. Barnes to have my teeth filled at nine o'clock this morning and I am afraid it will take him a long while to do all I want him to. I dread it, oh! so much. What a nuisance teeth are, aren't they?

One o'clock P.M.

I wish you were here to comfort me Dr. dear! I am provoked at myself and at Dr. Barnes too. I went this morning and had four teeth filled for which he charged me twenty three and one half dollars, only with amalgam. Isn't that exorbitant? It seems to us so. You say there is a dentist next to you. I wish you would ask him sometime how much he charges for filling a tooth with amalgam, will you? I didn't want to spend so much just now and I am disgusted!

I received a letter from you yesterday but none this morning. I will blame it all to the mail. Did you do the hoeing yesterday that you spoke of? I am afraid you found it hard work if it was as warm there as it was here. You must not work too much in the sun or you will be sick. I am so glad you do not repent taking the trip down here. It did me so much good to see you and I am glad you love me "more than ever" as I do you. I so often need you I wish you were not so far away. When you feel like it I wish you would write me an old fashioned love letter. I would like to see what kind they are.

You ought to have stayed here over Sunday, our choir did splendidly although George and Em were not present and we missed them. Such choirs as ours are not often found! We were all rather lonely last night. You had gone and George went up to Santa Fe, Ernest and Mr. Parker went down to the land so we who were left felt sort of desolate. Em is staying with us during George's absence. I expect he will be in Albuquerque in a day or two. Did you find the house all right?

I am very sorry to hear of your sister West's sickness! I hope you will soon hear again and hear that she is better. Does your brother Tom live near the farm or in Butler? I have forgotten. I am glad to get Gertie's kiss. She is named after your sister isn't she?

I can't seem to manage to get more than six or seven hours sleep. I cannot sleep in the day time. I can take the pills you gave me nicely, and I think I am gaining strength.

Ernest wants me to tell you he got some cartridges for his pistol from Charlie, the Hack driver, and hopes you have not sent any, as he will not need them.

As I don't feel much like writing and have no news to tell I will stop before I grow tiresome. I did want a letter from you this morning. I wonder if you wrote? If I only knew you would come rushing in pretty soon it would do me a world of good.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

New Albuquerque  
June 20, 1882

My Dear Corie,

I recollect now that I should have written yesterday, that I bought your letter of Sunday with that promise. And it was such a long, sweet letter that I should have paid for it, but until I set down seriously to think about it, I did not really think it was I and not you that was to put in the extra to make the days come right again. And now I suppose I will have to be punished by not getting any letter tomorrow. Your letter was more than ordinarily affectionate. Why you came very near writing a love letter of the conventional stamp. I have read it over and over again and there seems to be so much of you in it that I shall give it a place among my choicest treasures. All your letters are there, but some are especially prized. I carried back with me a very precious picture as I saw your sweet face in the buggy after I left you. I remember that last night I went to sleep thinking of you my darling.

I will try and do as you wish about attending service at the Episcopal Church. You must not think that I wandered off because I did not like the service. I don't enjoy it here as I did in the dear little chapel at home – but I learned to love it so well there that I think it will always occupy a chief corner in my heart.

I have caught myself several times since my return insensibly using the word "home" in speaking of my visit, and indeed it is the one place now in all the world that seems like home to me.

It was not until my mother died that I felt that I had lost my home, and since that, and until I found another, I have felt at times very desolate. You have never realized, and can never appreciate, the utter desolation approaching sometimes to despair of a homeless, friendless waif, or the pure unalloyed joy of one who finds again a loved and loving home.

I found on my return that the work on the house has been almost at a standstill during my absence. The painters have been at work yesterday and today and in about two days more will have finished.

My garden looks sadly neglected, but I put a man in it today and will keep him there until it gets in shape again. I mean to fix up one room for myself to visit and occasionally occupy at night, but for the rest I don't think I will do anything more until September draws near. The rainy season will then be over, and the ceilings and paper can be put on with less risk.

Mr. Forrester went up Monday morning, taking Katie with him. Susie and I came to town yesterday and just got back in time for Susie to have her usual chill. I was half tempted to take advantage of Mr. F's absence to do a little doctoring on my own acct.

This morning I got up early and was at the Depot. When the train got in I heard from one of the passengers that George was aboard, and went through the sleeper, peeping into several births until I was ashamed of myself, but I could not find him.

I don't know what you will think of me for not writing yesterday. While I am reading your letters and thinking of it and you I feel that I could do anything to secure their regular continuance, but somehow I neglect my part of it and only think of my selfish pleasure in enjoying them.

You frightened me just a little when you told me that you took off the ring. Whatever you do, please Corie don't think that way of me again. I don't like to think of it, but somehow the ugly thought will recur that you doubted me in some undefined way and was willing to take my ring off. Oh Corie, darling, you don't know how I love you. I fairly shudder when I think how that little entering wedge of distrust might through circumstances have kept getting wider and wider. But it could not. I know it could not.

I have had to entertain Mr. Coghlan [Patrick Coghlan] all day, and although he is a good hearted fellow, and a fellow countryman, he is, at times, a little wearisome. He tells me that he has refused an offer of \$125,000 for his ranch and stock, asking \$150,000. It sounds to me almost incredible, but he assures me that it is true.

I thought of the old saying, "Two fools met."

I am quite anxious to hear more from West who was quite sick when she wrote last. It may be that we will have to go in this Fall on a business trip, but we can take advantage of it to see a few friends.

I had a letter from a lawyer cousin, Col. Thompson [John M. Thompson, Butler, PA], who gives us an urgent invitation to visit them, and asks me to kiss you for him if, he says, "it is not against the rules of the country."

Yours ever  
Wm. B. Lyon

New Albuquerque  
June 21, 1882

Dear Corie,

It was a pretty stiff bill Dr. Barnes made but it is worth a good deal to have your teeth filled and now it is over, you may congratulate yourself that the work is done none too soon. I will ask Dr. Reynolds when I see him what is the usual charge for filling teeth. It is probable that Dr. Barnes took advantage of his monopoly to make an overcharge, but not I think to any great extent.

Bartleson charged me \$20 for filling two teeth which beats your man. He charged Appel [Dr. Daniel M. Appel] \$100 for building up one, making a new gold tooth – of which I am happy to say the Dr. got back I think about \$40 – by wining it at poker. As there is slim chance of you getting even with Barnes that way, I don't know that it is very consoling. I give it therefore as a matter of history. I felt guilty when I read your words "I will blame it on the mails", but I really thought – no I thought nothing for when I did sit down to think about it, I recollected the compromise we made, but until then I was under the impression that I had written my regular letter.

I have just had a patient – a lady patient who called at my office. She sat at the table and after she left I noticed that right before her eyes lay your letter of the 17th beginning "My own dearest Dr." "How I want to see you". I don't suppose she read it but yes I do. I know she did. A woman couldn't help it. I mean some women. You wouldn't have done it for the world, but you are "one among ten thousand". I must get myself a portfolio like yours but I like to keep your letters about me for a few days to gloat over.

This forenoon I spent in making a garden gate. I had a man working in the garden but the sun was so hot I thought I would occupy myself in the shade, so with a hatchet and saw, I knocked together a very respectable looking gate which will save my clothes from the barbed wire. I don't expect George until tomorrow evening. I hope he will be well enough to go around and see everything to be seen.

I took Coghlan out riding yesterday – in the street cars, and he seemed to enjoy it very much. I tried to induce him to sell out and buy himself a good home and settle down in Albuquerque. He promised to do so after he had made \$20,000 more.

Ever yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
June 22nd, 1882

My dear Doctor,

Do you know I had almost made up my mind not to write to you today if I did not get a letter this morning, just to make things even you know! But you came bravely up to the mark as I was almost sure you would.

Is that the way you let my letters lie around. I am surprised!

Do you remember you left your linen duster at Mrs. Martin's? She gave it to Ernest yesterday and he will send it up today. Mamma says she thinks you need someone to take care of you!

Poor doctor! I am not going to try and make you keep track of all my dresses, though I don't believe you would find that very hard work. We are very busy today, and as Em can help me now and will be busy at home tomorrow, she advises me to wait until then to write to you, but how can I when you have just been so good!

I am real glad you got someone to hoe instead of doing it yourself. Is it very warm up there? It is dreadful here! Em got a letter from George this morning in which he says he will be home Saturday. You expect him tonight in A. don't you? I suppose he will be with you when you get this letter – if so give him my love please.

I am so glad you think and speak of this place as home. I don't want that to be your home until I am with you. Your visit here seems almost like a dream it was over so quickly.

You cannot fix up a room in your house until you get your furniture can you? And I am afraid it will be quite a while before it reaches you. Charlie is not noted for his promptness.

It is too bad that after getting up so early you did not see George. He says he slept until he reached Lamy.

Do you ever get fits of disgust with yourself and all you do? I do sometimes and I had one the other day. I gave myself a good scolding and I guess I have been pretty good for the last two or three days.

Have you heard from your sister yet?

Do you really think of going east in the fall? It rather frightens me when I think of meeting your relatives! Isn't Col. Thompson the husband of the cousin you call Loretta?

It is a good thing you gave me a surplus of kisses when you were here, isn't it? I had a splendid sleep last night, went to bed a little after nine. Ida, Sammie and Mr. Parker were here until almost that time. It is so warm this afternoon and I am writing such a stupid letter in consequence that I think it would be best to stop.

Ida was telling us of some of the costumes at the ball the other night. She says opinions differed very much as to who was the belle that evening. "Our Continent" came this morning. Is the house all painted now? So you can make gates too – what can't you do!

I do believe you love me and do trust you Dr. dear.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

June 23, 1882  
Albuquerque

My dear Corie,

Today I have been occupied in showing George around. He seems to be pleased with everything and I think will decide to build. We left plans for a small frame house with a contractor, the carpenter who built our house, who will give him his figures tomorrow. I took George through our house and he will tell you himself what he thinks of it and the garden.

I have had an offer for the property in El Paso of \$500 down and \$400 in six months with interest at 10%. Shall I take it? Or had I better hold on to it in case I have to move from Albuquerque – and if matters don't take a favorable change very soon, I may have to do so. I would though, like very much to see you installed as mistress of the first house I ever built, every part of it seems to be identified with you and it seems to me that I never think of it except in connection with you. George and I took a stroll through the stores, but bought nothing except an ice cream freezer which he will take with him. I inveigled (?) him into a game of billiards at the Armijo House and got beaten for my pains. He prefers this evening to go to the theatre. I had made something like a resolution not to go to any of these places until you could go with me and I don't know whether I ought to make an exception in his case or not. I think perhaps because he is Corie's brother, I may go with him tonight if he cares to go.

I am in earnest about going East. It may be necessary for me to go, and I would strain a good deal to have an opportunity to take my wife and show her off. I have been talking to George since writing the last sentence about going into the drug business here. If he could find a partner – a good druggist, and one experienced in the business, I am quite sure he would succeed. If he could only induce your Uncle Buel to go in with him, his fortune would be made. The money made here during the last year by the druggists is something almost fabulous.

My office is almost unendurable in the afternoons. In the forenoon it is quite cool and pleasant.

Yes, Col. Thompson is the husband of Cousin Laretta. He is a man of considerable prominence, has been to Congress twice and talked about as a candidate for Gov., Supreme Judge, etc. I got the enclosed card from sister West and at first felt a strong inclination to leave everything and go home. If only you could go with me I would not hesitate a moment. If I find that I ought to surely go, could you not hurry up and go with me. If I go now I may have to go very soon. George sends love and tell Em not to let the horses run away with her – and don't run away herself.

Ever yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
June 24th, 1882

My Doctor dear,

You are a good deal better than George, don't tell Em I said so, because Em expected a letter this morning and did not get one. I expected one and got it.

I hardly know how to answer your letter. Seems to me you ought to go home if possible, after that pathetic appeal from your sister. She must be quite sick. Maybe if you went alone you could do her more good. She would have her brother all to herself once more. But I don't like to have you go so far away without me. Let me tell you just how it is. You say you want to "show off your wife" – in order to do that you would want her to act and look her best, wouldn't you? You need not say it isn't my clothing you want to show. I know that, but I know too that I can act a great deal better when I feel that I look as well as I can. I have been very economical for the last few years in the way of dresses etc. and so my stock is rather low just now, but Papa is doing well again and is ready and willing to get me what I need. To do this I will have to wait to get things from the east. I could get what I wanted afterwards, and might do better by attending to it myself, but I do dislike shopping very much and don't understand it very well.

You know, Dr. dear, how dearly I would love to go to your home with you and notwithstanding all I have said, if you think it necessary you should go and want me to go with you, please write and tell me, and how soon you would have to go.

If you wrote and told your sister that you would surely be there in September, I wonder if that would not do her as much good as if you went now. I am so sorry she is sick, and do hope she will soon be better. You will be sure and write to me tomorrow, won't you?

I am sorry you have to think anything about leaving Albuquerque, but please don't look towards El Paso. I cannot bear to think of living there. It must be dreadful there this summer as it is almost unbearable here, so very very warm. Don't you think that a very good offer for your land? Your investments pay pretty well, don't they! I think you had better sell or you might be tempted to live there. I don't believe you have given Albuquerque a good fair trial yet. Have patience. That is easier said than done, isn't it?

What does George think of the drug business plan? Why couldn't you go into it, besides practicing? That is what Mr. Tomlinson wanted you to do wasn't it?

I would be very sorry not to go into the home you have built, and that we all have taken so much interest in, but of course, you know best and wherever you go I am ready to go with you or will be in a short time.

I think Uncle Buel would like to come to this part of the country if he could do as well as he is doing in the north.

I wanted you so much yesterday, not but what I want you all the time, but I felt an especial longing then. Only a week ago this evening, I took you over to the depot! It seems like a month ago!

Mamma tells me now that she thought perhaps if we saw each other again, as we did, we might find we did not love each other as well as we thought we did – do we? I know I would give a good deal if you were here today.

Did you read the first chapter of Corinthians last night? Did you notice how almost every verse has the name of Jesus Christ in? At family prayers we are reading the 2nd Corinthians. I wanted to have you with us at prayers while you were down here. I think such prayers as those help us so much through the day.

I am sorry George is coming home on Sunday. Papa will not approve of it.

Judge Bristol is quite sick with erysipelas. Dr. Johnson is attending him.

Mrs. Schutz called yesterday. Do you remember the time she called when you and Mr. Lowell were tuning the organ? I would have given anything to have kept her out that day. I dreaded so trying to entertain her before you two gentlemen!

It was real good of you to determine not to attend entertainments until I was with you. Did you go to the theatre? I don't suppose the very best go there do they?

I wish you were coming home with George.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

I can't promise anything just yet. Write me more about it please.

New Albuquerque NM  
June 24, 1882

My own little Darling,

I have just returned from seeing George off. You have no idea how much I enjoyed his visit. I found myself almost counting the hours until his arrival, and while here, I am afraid I monopolized his time. It seemed a little piece of Corie to have her Brother here and I stuck to him pretty constantly all the time.

Make him tell you everything he saw and heard. I think he was well pleased with our house, though it will have quite a different appearance after it is papered and ceiled. I think probably I will only paper one room now, as I want your help in selecting the paper for the "Drawing Room". You see I am already planning to shift responsibility but I feel in selecting anything of the kind that what is now a source of anxiety to me, would be if shared with you a positive pleasure and delight.

I have an idea that we will experience a good deal more pleasure in picking up articles as we need them, one by one, than any other way.

I bought a bed-lounge for my office the other day and find it very comfortable and convenient. So in coming months, when you choose to lighten up my den with an occasional visit, you can rest comfortably after your walk. You can walk down in the evening and we will walk home together and count our money.

I had some trouble with the painters today who persist in painting the house of a color to suit themselves instead of me. Your mamma is quite right. I do need somebody to take care of me. Ask her to send me a guardian as soon as she can spare her. The pkg came with your letter. Please say "Thankee" to Ernie for me in your sweetest style.

George cautioned me this evening not to forget that I had an engagement in Mesilla on the 14th Sept. and to be on hand promptly. I will not be apt to forget it and if not prevented by wash-outs will endeavor to put in an appearance.

Are you quite sure you will be ready? I think George has half a notion to try and get into business here. We spoke of the drug business and I have but little doubt that if he could get the right kind of a partner, he could do well. He will tell you about his proposed house. Tell him that I will at once put his lot on the market. He talks of building next to us and I do hope that we may all yet find happy homes here. I have heard nothing more from West. Poor girl, my heart bleeds for her. I wish I could help her. I do not yet believe the reports from the Agency, but I shudder when I think that I advised you to go there visiting. I like to think that God guards my darling, and it makes me very thankful to him.

Sunday morning 6/25/82

I have just been to the P.O. and have received your letter of yesterday. God bless you my darling for your kind, loving unselfish devotion. I have written to West to write me fully and when I receive her letter will be better able to say what is best to be done. It may be that it would be better to wait until Sept., but then, it might be very bad policy for me to leave A. That is if I work into a practice here in [the] interval. She writes that she has a very good doctor, and I have told her to send for one who I know is competent. So except to see her and be with her while she is sick, I don't suppose I could do any special good. I ought to settle up some business, that of course could wait until Sept.

But I know that it would do her just as much good to see you as to see me, and she would never forgive me if I came on without you. So Madam, if I have to go you might as well make up your mind to go along. We can buy you a dress on the way, and think what a glorious, grand, resplendent surprise in the shape of a bewildering array of new dresses will await you on our return.

But I can know nothing about it until I hear from West. It is possible that she wrote her postal when she had a temporary fit of blues and she may be all right now.

I don't think you dislike El Paso any more than I do. I wrote to Conklin the agent to accept the offer of \$900. He asked me to answer by return mail, but although I disliked the climate and place, my prospects have looked so blue that I hardly thought it right to give up my hold on El Paso. But George cheered me up a little, and I concluded to sever all connections with the future metropolis.

One week this morning since I got back. I don't see why your Mamma should think that a second meeting should have an entirely opposite effect from the first. She don't think so I know. As the time approaches for parting from you I know she loves you with such perfect devotion I don't wonder that she allows her mind to catch on anything that might allow her to keep her treasure with her a little longer.

You know, I think I told you once before that between you two, she was my first love.

We must try and make her realize that we are but giving her another home, an additional one, and we don't at all propose to give up the old one, or any part of it.

I know my dear Corie what you both desire so much and I will try very hard to please you in that matter.

I am sorry now that I did not join you at prayers when I was down. Do you know, I thought of it myself more than once. I have a little more left that I will reserve until after church.

Evening. No regular sermon. Mr. F. gave an account of the convocation, the progress of the church in the different missions, in which he brought in the little church in Mesilla. He paid a glowing tribute to the single hearted devotedness to duty exhibited by the lay reader there. [Corie's father was the lay reader] He spoke so highly of him that I caught

myself actually blushing and had to laugh at myself afterwards when I thought of the absurdity of it. Then he announced that for the simple reason that no one in this congregation cared to interest themselves in the Sabbath School, because the children not infrequently met without a single teacher, he had been compelled to discontinue the school as well as the Evening Service. Then he wound up with a regular but well deserved scold. He alluded to the fact that a lady had entered the church by letters, six months ago, and although a regular attendant, she had informed him a few days before that she had not been called upon nor had a chance of making the acquaintance of a single member of the church. After the Ante-communion, Susie and I walked home leaving the others, Kate, Mrs. Brewer and Mr. F. to follow. Susie and I stopped at our house to rest and had a game of hide and seek. You know they – the Forresters – don't object to little games on Sunday. Why on the way back I noticed the water running in the Acequia and thought to myself that if I were not going to take dinner with a minister I would just turn that on to one of my onion beds which somehow escaped the last irrigation. The onions were suffering and I didn't really think there would be a particle of harm in doing so, but out of regard for their feelings I let the precious water go to waste. Mr. F. came home soon after and also noticed the water. "I think I'll just let that water run over my flower bed" he said and forthwith he went to work. The water was a little too much for him, it broke out several times and it kept him hopping for about half an hour, when he came in perspiring profusely and covered with mud.

I ought not to tell you this for although Mr. F. wouldn't care who knew it, I have no business to speak of it to those who I know would not approve of it. So please don't tell your Papa and Mamma that their minister irrigates on Sunday. They are all so very kind to me that I feel a trifle remorseful when I think of some ill natured remarks that escape me sometimes concerning him. You must teach me a little more charity Corie. I want to be more and more like you. I wonder if everybody would love me then as they do you.

The singing was much better today. They sang for a voluntary "How Beautiful Among the Mountains" which is very beautiful. I wonder if the Mesilla Choir couldn't get it. They sang our old "Venite" and Offertory. There was but one male voice and he was dreadfully out of tune, much worse than Merchant used to be at his worst.

And now darling, Goodbye. How could I do without you now. And what a treasure and comfort your letters are. I hope I will hear soon that West is better, but it may be I ought to go and see her. She has been very lonely since my Aunt Sarah died.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

[Postcard]

June 25, 1882

Miss Corie Bowman

Mesilla

New Mex

Cor. II this Sunday night.

You are wrong this time.

WBL

La Mesilla  
June 26th, 1882

My own dear Doctor,

I got your splendid long letter this morning, and you can imagine how much I enjoyed reading it. It was such a dear loving letter too and therefore doubly precious. I am very glad you enjoyed George's visit so much, and that it did you good. He says you made it very pleasant for him, and that you were so nice and kind in helping him about his building arrangements. I felt like sitting right down and writing to you yesterday when he told me that you seemed very despondent and discouraged. It doesn't seem a bit fair that you should bear all this alone. I believe you do need me, but it will not be very long before you will have me all the time, and you may find me more of a bother than a help, but I will really try to be the latter if you will help me and always love me as I think you do now. You were in my thoughts constantly yesterday, and even when I slept, as I did a few minutes in the afternoon, I dreamed of you. I dreamed too that I had lost your ring and that frightened me so much that I awoke, glad to find it was not true.

George told me about "our" house and seemed pleased with it, but thought it rather queer you did not have a fireplace in the "Drawing Room". Did he speak of it to you? I wish George would go to A. to live, and perhaps Papa would get there too. Mamma was saying today that she wished I was going to live where she could see me every day. I should think she would be glad to be rid of me for awhile. She has had me so constantly all my life! I don't know what I am going to do without her I am sure, but then I will have you. I am a "little ignoramus" as you once called me, and if I did not think you knew me pretty well Dr. dear, and are willing to take me as I am, I would be afraid you would find yourself woefully deceived when it was too late. We will help each other to grow wiser and better, won't we?

I am sure if you try, as you say you will, you will surely soon become a professed Christian. You remember I told you on Thanksgiving that I had been praying for you before as I had, because I thought you were just the one to do a great deal of work for Christ in your profession if you looked upon Him as your master. You were always so tender and kind that your patients mostly loved you and would often willingly have been led by you to Christ. And that was before I really knew you. Now I am constantly finding something new in you to love, and I am sure Christ needs you on His side, and is only waiting for you to offer yourself. You are more charitably disposed than I am so you will have to be the teacher.

The Forresters have been very kind and I think Mr. Forrester is a real good Christian man, but I wish his views on some subjects were different. Papa differs from him very strongly on the Sunday question. I am so glad you did not irrigate. I think we ought to be willing to give that one day to God when he gives us all the other days of the week, don't you? And George was telling us of the discussion you had Saturday evening about dancing and drinking. As Mr. F. was talking to you and George this time of course there

was no harm done, but how often by his talk and example he might lead others to drink who had not enough strength of mind to do so temperately. I am afraid he will have cause to be sorry one day.

Susie and you seem to be great friends. I hope she will like me too. I do hope you have heard from your sister by this time and that she is better. You are sure she would like to see me. I know I want to see her. Little Gertie is staying with her isn't she? I think so from the way she wrote. I don't see how I could go with you until September, but it will seem almost too good to be true if we can go back to dear old Pennsylvania then. I had given up all hopes of doing so, but oh! how I would love to go there again. I suppose you have no idea yet how long you could be gone. George tells me you said you would be down on the 12th of September. That seems a good while to look forward to, but I expect it will soon pass. Mr. Joblin came in yesterday and I gave him his ring. He says he had a postal from you and intended answering it, but could not remember your initials.

Do you intend to go to Santa Fe on the Fourth? I wish you could be here. Mr. Merchant writes that he will be up if possible, and that he is going to play cribbage every night until then so as to beat me at that game. I am afraid he is sarcastic! Do you remember our games of cribbage?

George was delighted with Santa Fe because it was so nice and cool, and Albuquerque he says is cooler than this place. We are really suffering with the heat now. Just think how unpleasant it would be for traveling! In Sept it will be lovely, I have no doubt!

It will be nicer for us to choose things for the house together. Have you heard anything from Mr. Reymond? Mr. Parker, Ernest and I sang last night until after ten o'clock. Don't you want to see Henry? You don't say a word about his stopping in A. Mr. Forrester said they would be glad to see him. We cannot tell when he will be home.

I suppose you have read Dr. Agnew's views in the new medical [Circle?]. I rather think you don't agree with him.

I received your postal, but I do not see how I can be mistaken in the Chapter, but I will go back one. I read the third last night.

Mamma sends a great deal of love. Please give my love to your sister West when you write, and tell her how sorry I am she is sick and a kiss to Gertie.

Yours ever lovingly,  
Corie

New Albuquerque  
June 27, 1882

My own dear Corie,

My head is in a perfect turmoil today from a single dose of quinine taken this morning. I thought at one time that like your mother I would forever "swear off" on quinine, but yesterday evening, I had quite a high fever, and felt a little frightened last night, so much so that I vowed that if I got through until morning I would take a little quinine, but it seems to me now, with my brain whirling and ears ringing that yesterday's fever was infinitely preferable to being driven to the verge of distraction as I am today.

I had a letter this morning from West, a short one. She was better but still quite sick. It was dated on the 21st and that day for the first time she was out of bed. She was very weak, and still suffering much pain. She said nothing about my going home, but I can see she is in very low spirits. She says that Tom, my brother, is to be admitted to the bar this week.

I had written this far when I was interrupted by the entrance of the expressman who notified me that a box was waiting in the office for me. I went over and found the box addressed to be from Jaccard & Co., St. Louis. On opening it in my office, I found it contained a magnificent large silver ice pitcher, swinging, with goblet and drip pan. Sent with compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Reymond. The whole thing is very pretty. The stand and pitcher together is about 2 feet high. You will see Numa [Reymond] before I do so you may say "thankee" for us both.

I did not know you were such a blarney, Corie. Where do you get your Irish blood? Not from your mother, certainly, though she too indulges in a little sly flattery occasionally. But it makes me very happy to think that you love me better as you know me better. I have been very fearful that it would be otherwise, and even yet I sometimes fear that I am swindling you.

I have been hoping to hear something from Henry. Could you get word to him that I expect him to stop a day with me. I think I might claim that much as due to his preceptor. [Henry was studying medicine at the University of Michigan] George told me he thought he would be along this week, but could not say when. I will watch the trains and take him off if I see him.

We must try and have Ernie stay with us and go to school here next session. I will want a little help in taking care of you at first and I depend a good deal on Ernie to help carry you through the first few months. I was looking yesterday over a stack of wall paper but was perfectly bewildered. Why can't you come up and help me. I want to have the house ready for you even if I have nothing else, but if you could only help me select paper. Tell me anyway what you like. I have no idea what kinds are in fashion now and have very little idea from seeing the rolls how they would look on the wall. I finally told the man I would have but one room papered now until I heard from you.

I don't know what to say about going home in Sept. I may have to go to settle up the estate and will do so if possible, I and my little wife, but if matters prosper here as I hope they will, it might be that I ought not to leave.

I feel stupid and heavy. Goodbye darling.

Ever yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
June 28th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I wonder how you are today. I hope you are feeling better than you did yesterday. Can't you take something in the place of quinine as it affects you so much. I wish I could take it for you. I am a great advocate of quinine for such heads as mine. When I feel the least touch of malaria, as I did day before yesterday, I take a globule at night and one in the morning, and am all right again. George has been sick ever since his return and he is determined not to take quinine, so Em is doctoring him. He is better today, but still looks very sick and bad. Did he tell you he had his pictures taken in Santa Fe? They came by mail this morning and we all think them very good indeed. He has given me one. I want a picture of each one in the family before I go away. If we go east we can have some taken, can't we? I am glad to hear that your sister is better. You talk rather dubiously about going home in your last letter. I am afraid I will begin to hope your practice will not increase much until after Sept 14th. If you get into a good practice before that time, it may be years before you could leave. Have you had any patients lately?

Wasn't it nice in Mr. Reymond to send you such a lovely present? But you need not think you can give the pleasure of thanking to some one else that easily! They did not send it to me, and you really ought to write to him as soon as possible and thank him.

If you please, don't call me names. I am not a blarney, but if you think there is anything Irish about me you ought to like me all the better for it, as you are so proud of your Irish blood!

Mamma is writing to Henry today and will tell him what you say about stopping. We cannot tell when he will be home. We heard from him last at Chicago and he thinks of going to Burlington before coming home. I wish very much that he would bring our Cousin Laura with him.

Don't be so much afraid of my being lonely, Dr. dear, I don't think I will. Everything will be so new that my time, at first, will be pretty fully occupied in getting acquainted, and then I will have you, so don't worry yourself about that. It is rather a puzzle to me how you came to love me when I think you really like the other side of the house better, that is Mamma, George and Ernest. I am much more like Papa and Henry. I know you like and respect them but I think you "take" more to the others. I wonder how it happened.

So you are bewildered about wall paper! I don't think I know any more about the fashions in that line than you do. I told you when you were down that I thought plain paper nicer than any other as it would match most anything. If the wood-work is drab couldn't you get some plain paper to match that? As I cannot be with you, whatever you get will suit me I am sure. George seemed very much pleased with the set of chairs you have. They will be nice for the dining room, won't they? I think it is so nice to have

large chairs for the head and foot of the table. Isn't that a dear little ice cream freezer that George bought. I had not seen it until this morning when they had us over there to eat some ice cream they had made. Mr. Parker was with us and we all had just as much as we could eat. It is a great deal cheaper than going to the saloon. I got the Scribners you sent yesterday. I think Bartley is horrid! He seems to grow worse and worse. The little story you marked is, as you say, charming. We like to be out in snow storms too, don't we?

Mr. Riley is here again and he and Miss Annie were out riding last night. Lieut. Day's [Lt. Matthis Walter Day] father is in town, has been for two or three days. We had a lovely storm last night, but it does not seem to have cooled the weather much. Did it rain in A.?

Em has just come over crying and wanting someone to go for Dr. Cowan as George is worse.

A few minutes later. Dr. Cowan says George has a heavy chill but will soon be better. Em was very much frightened. I don't much believe in people who have so little experience trying to doctor themselves. You will think I am talking as a doctor's wife, but this has always been my belief. Good bye,

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

[written in the margins]

Jose Maria [Benter?] was married this morning.

The Acequia has just broken again and the water is rushing perilously down the side street. Am so sorry you will not be here to help this time.

As your letter is from so distinguished a person as Queen Victoria I suppose you will want to keep it. See how you make people love you. Our street is full of water now and it is raining hard, making it seem as if it all came from the clouds. Now I will stop.

New Albuquerque NM  
Thursday 29, June

My dear Corie,

No letter this morning and none all day, though I have haunted the Post Office. But I know there is some good reason for the failure so I won't grumble, but wait patiently until tomorrow. But it is a disappointment, and the day seemed twice as long.

I have been working pretty hard today. Hoed a big bed of onions, put up a frame around the ceiling of two rooms to nail the muslin on, had a fight with the painter, and in the afternoon worked from 1 until 6 putting up wire fence. But I had a glorious appetite this evening and feel – a little tired.

I have been inspecting the down coming trains every evening this week in hopes of finding Henry. I have a notion he will be along tonight or tomorrow. If I can, I will induce him to stop over a day. I wish Ernie was here. Couldn't he come up on the 4th and see the balloon go up. The balloon is here sure enough. I caught a glimpse of the basket one time but have not seen the monster itself.

Did George tell you what a delightful spot I had selected for an office and the great and elegant approaches to it. To get to it one has his choice, to run the gauntlet past a dozen saloons lined with a hundred or so drunken Irishmen fighting and swearing, or he can take a back alley which fairly makes the rear of the whole gang of saloons and into which they empty their filth. It is usually furnished with the prostrate forms of three or four sleeping brutes who seem to assimilate very naturally with the flow of filth around them. This is the preferable approach to my den and I usually take it on the run. I visit my office three times a day but to save me, I cannot stay in it.

They want to rent our house Corie. What shall I tell them?

One party wants it, a couple with one child, but I want to rent it, if to anybody, to another who don't want it so bad.

I am in a heap of trouble about the painters who persisted in painting the outside a color I did not want. Now I tell them that until they paint it to suit me, they will not see a cent of my money.

I hear the train coming, just as I am finishing the sheet.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

I don't believe it is your fault but please don't fail to write today.

La Mesilla  
June 30th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I hope you feel all right today after your hard day's work yesterday. I must say your letter received this morning, looked as if you had been working and were in a great hurry! But I won't say much because I am afraid you will have difficulty in reading mine, my hand trembles so this morning. I have been suffering terribly with the neuralgia in my face, for three days, and night before last I had so much pain that I could not get to sleep until after three o'clock, and only did so then by getting up and making a mustard plaster which I held to my face until I fell asleep. Last night I determined to sleep if possible, so yesterday I took quinine, bitters, and the pills you made, and I did sleep splendidly all night, but my face aches again this morning. Papa too is not feeling at all well. George is much better but is still in bed. Mamma keeps pretty well.

I told Ernest what you said, about his going up and he says he would like to very much, but he expects Mr. Merchant to spend the Fourth with him. I thought you intended to go to Santa Fe on that day, have you changed your mind?

Ernest and I took a splendid horse back ride last evening. We have had rain and the roads are very good. We went to Teofilo Tapia's (Ernest tells me this is the way to spell his name) and he said he would pay what he owes you in two weeks. Ernest wants me to tell you too, that Charlie Heron says he will pack your furniture just as soon as he has time.

It is too bad you have watched so much for Henry as we do not expect him now until, at least, week afterward. I had a letter from him this morning in which he says he will expect me to devote my time entirely to him for the first few weeks, at least, after his return. Ernest says "we will see about that!" What would I do if you were here too! I am glad you came before.

I don't understand why you did not get my last letter. I wrote day before yesterday as usual. I suppose you got it this morning. Yours come very regularly now. I wonder if there was a washout yesterday, we did not get our northern mail until afternoon. Saturday there is to be a change in the mails here. I believe we will get our mail in the afternoon and will have to send it off in the morning by ten o'clock. That will not be half as nice as it is now. Have you heard anything about it?

I like the way we are writing as we can answer each other's letter on the day we receive them, but in one way I do not like it. The other way I wrote one day and got a letter from you the next, making some sort of connection between us each day. Now there is a whole day without anything and it seems long.

What do you mean about renting the house, Doctor? You spoke of it vaguely. I don't understand you. Do you want to rent it for a year and wait until next fall to be married? Is that what you mean? Or do you want to rent a house nearer town for yourself where

you can have your office? Why do you stay in such a place as you tell about, can't you find a better one? I don't a bit like your being there. It frightens and disgusts me! Try and get away from it, won't you? And then your fusses with the painters. Do be careful Dr. I am afraid you will be hurt, if you make enemies of such men. I wish so much that you could have your office in the house. Have you done anything about paper? It is hard for me to tell you what I like without seeing the patterns, though I would like to help you. Have you got the fence all made?

We have had frog concerts for the last two nights.

Mr. Parker went away two days ago, and it seems a little lonely. He went to Lake Valley to look around – he will be back in a few days. He says it would seem like leaving home to go away from here to live.

I didn't know your brother Tom was studying law. I thought he was a merchant of some kind.

We attended the examination at the Convent here yesterday. I have always imagined "Sisters" looked pale and spiritual, but those we saw looked more like rosy cheeked country girls except one. Every child got a prize – the older ones got a whole armful.

How do you mean you are swindling me? If you are, please tell me now before it is too late. I must stop giving you long letters for your short ones. My time is precious too and I don't mean to write so much when I commence.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

My last letter was a very disconnected one. Could you make it out?

New Albuquerque NM  
July 1, 1882

My poor little suffering girl,

I do hope you are relieved from that dreadful neuralgia. You did right in taking the Quinine bitters and the pills. The neuralgia as well as nearly everything else in Mesilla is of malarial origin, and very often yield almost magically to Quinine and Quinine and Iron. It is a sign that iron is needed, and the combination in the Citrate of Iron and Quinine is about the best that can be taken. It is necessary though at first to give in addition to the salt, several doses of Quinine itself. I send you more of the Citrate, I really have not any way to reduce it to powder or mix it here, or I would make it into pills for you. I think Ernie can make it into pills, grinding it first in one of my mortars which he will find in my long chest, or let Dr. Cowan do it for you. I wish you would take them regularly for a time, as you have not done. I have had no more symptoms of fever since I wrote you.

After I had posted you my last letter in the mail car, I came back with the evening paper and from it learned that the Southern mail had been detained, but had arrived. I had turned in for the night but got up and found your letter in the box at the P.O. So I have two letters now to answer today.

I haven't had any patients lately, or if you have been hoping for my ill success in that direction, you ought to be gratified. But it appears to me it would be better to wish me good luck for I wouldn't like to go East without something tangible, something solid to come back to. How would you like to settle down at last as a country Doctor's wife in Pennsylvania? I have written a very nice letter to Mr. Reymond. I know he will laugh when he reads it. It's high flown rhetorical, eulogistic, pathetic, retrospective and sophomoric. I used to write little off-hand speeches for Gen. Dudley [Nathan Augustus Monroe Dudley] and that was the kind he liked. It isn't what Numa [Reymond] admires, but I put in a P.S. that it was written to order. That I was ordered to write a proper letter of thanks and that was the best I could do.

Sent to me indeed – Did it take him fifteen years to find out I liked ice water.

The carpet for the front room came today. I won't say how I like it or describe it until you see it yourself the morning of the 15th of September. With the carpet also came a walnut pole with rings, lambrequin and lace draperies for the bay window. You can't see them either until the date aforesaid and they are just --- (?).

And you think I like your mother and George and Ernie better than Mr. B. and Henry. I don't know that I ever estimated the proportions which the different members of your family have in my heart. I believe I always had a weakness for you and your mother. But you grew so outrageously out of all proportion with the rest of the family, that I lost sight of them save as Corie's brothers and parents.

I cannot find a bit of plain paper in the town. The style seems to be rather gaudy flowers, high colors with dark ground. If I could only get plain paper, it would be plain sailing. I was thinking of having but one room furnished now, and was hesitating between the bedroom and Drawing Room and waiting until the rainy season was well over before fitting up the others.

I know what I like when I see it, and have great confidence in my judgment when I see a thing completed, but I cannot look an inch ahead. If I only had someone who had notoriously bad taste, it would be a great help to me. Opposition always enables me to see things clearer, and I suppose I am not singular in that respect. I came within an ace of buying one of the prettiest tables I ever saw. Everything about it was pretty. Gen. Thomas of this place whose daughter was married a few weeks ago is selling off his furniture and of course, I went over to see what he had. It seemed to me they asked very high prices for everything. \$14 for two old camp chairs, three years old, \$40 for one and \$30 for another easy cushioned chair. They had quite a pretty bedroom set for \$70. Two easy willow chairs that I would like to have had were already sold. There was a \$20 mattress and a set of dishes that I knew nothing about, but the gem of the whole collection was the table. I made up my mind that if I could collect a bill of \$25 owing me by my one patient, it should go for that table, but on going for my man, I found I was just one day too late. He had skipped. I was still tempted to get it, but I thought of the many other things we wanted so much more, and virtuously put away the temptation. I don't know whether or not you would call it an act of virtue, but it ought to be for it gave me great pain to give it up.

Mr. Forrester bought Katie the piano, a right pretty one and they say by a good maker. I never heard of him before, and have forgotten now the name. I pounded some of the keys and can't say I was charmed with the tone. But Kate will be delighted. It is a birthday present, the thirteenth, I think. I meant when I talked about renting the house, that there was a party here who wished to rent for a couple of months, and I was thinking of letting them have it.

You won't come, and if you begin to talk about postponing our marriage after the 14th, I will go down and carry you off willy-nilly.

I didn't know my brother Tom was studying law either. He did something at it some years ago, but I thought he had given it up. I am glad to hear it as it gives him something to go on.

Oh Corie dear, I wish you could stuff my ears or in some way stupefy my finer feelings so as to remove a torment from which I have been suffering for the past week. A poor little dog which some heartless fiend in one of the whiskey mills just under my window, had tied up, has for the past week kept me in misery day and night. For the first few days the little wretch kept up a succession of howls which gradually passed the successive stages of exhaustion into an agonizing pathetic despairing wail, and now, about every five minutes this horrible "cry of the damned" rings through my very soul. It is dreadful, but I don't know as it is quite as bad as that infernal piano and accompanying gin-mill

choir that start in about every morning and keep up a demonic babel of discordant noises until – who knows. I go to sleep with brain distracted and dream of howling dogs, accompanying themselves on a satanic piano and I wake sometime about 4 in the morning when the noise ceases or lulls for a time. Just now they, “The Whiskey Choir” are singing “In the Sweet Bye and Bye”. About three times a day they have “Larboard Watch” and fill up with character songs and dances.

I am very sorry for George and hope he is better.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

[This page, undated, is in the envelope of July 1, 1882]

For Ernie

Dear Ernie. If you see Pedro [Anofio?, possibly Pedro Onopa], the man who has some of my accts. to collect, please tell him that I want him to collect at once the note he holds of Leandro Garcia, (not the carpenter). The note is for \$20, paid in wheat, one year ago. If he hesitates or refuses to pay, instruct [Anofio?] to bring suit. Let him deliver the wheat in to any of the merchants in my name.

Wm. B. Lyon

For Corie

I send with this six drachmas of Citrate of Iron and Qunine. This is sufficient to make 120, 3 gr. pills, or better, divide the powder in three equal parts, and make 40 pills of one part reserving the rest until all the 40 are taken. They should be taken with meals, two pills at breakfast, and two at dinner after eating, regularly, four pills each day. Grind the salt very fine in the mortar then put in drop by drop of water until of proper consistence. If too much water is used, let it dry, or thicken with bread crumb. If Mrs. Bowman can be induced to take them, I know they would do her good too, but they should be taken regularly and for at least three weeks.

W. B. L.

If you don't think you can make them, get Cowan to do it. Watch him and learn.

Poor Guiteau got it at last. [Charles J. Guiteau, convicted of the assassination of President Garfield] They ought to hang John W. and Mrs. Scoville [Guiteau's brother and sister] now to complete the warning to fools and egotists.

Saw Judge Newcomb and VanPatten last evening. Van was much interested in the Guards drilling and made some original criticism.

La Mesilla  
July 2nd, 1882

My dear Doctor,

Mr. Newman the younger has been with us since Church and I was afraid he was not going to give me a chance for writing to you, but he has gone and now I can talk to you.

No letter from you this morning. Whose fault is it I wonder. The medicine you sent came and I am ever so much obliged. I have only one pill left. I suffered all last week with neuralgia, isn't the pain terrible, but yesterday it became almost unbearable! Just before the choir met last night I was lying down trying to get some rest but when the singers came, the pain left me entirely and it did not return while they were here! You know I have never missed a choir practice, and it must be that God keeps me well for my duties to the Church. After the choir left, Mamma fixed a flannel cloth wet in vinegar over a hot flat iron and under the influence of the steam produced I went to sleep and slept splendidly until morning. The pain today is very light. I didn't mean to write so much about this. Please excuse me.

We had quite a large Sunday School this morning and our congregation too was good. That sentence is not very grammatical, but it will do I guess.

George had not been out of the house until yesterday when he rode to Cruces. He is very thin and weak. He did not try to sing this morning. The only members of the choir who were present last night were Dr. Cowan, Mr. Bond and Ernest, but the singing was very good this morning. I wish you could hear our "Te Deum". We think it very pretty. We sang "Jerusalem the Golden".

Have you got the Mesilla News for this week, and if so did you notice Mr. Bond's mention of your elegant residence, and large garden? Have you brought the painters to your terms yet? I am anxious to hear from you again, as you told in your last letter about your miserable office, and renting the house which I could not exactly understand. Have you received both of mine? I wrote on Friday. I do hope I will get one from you tomorrow. Do you know I think sometimes I will wait until Ernest is ready to start with the mail and then I will sit down and write of just anything I can think of at the moment – that is the way you treat me.

George wants me to tell you he has not been well enough to think anything about his house, but will do so as soon as he feels better. Have you heard from your sister West again?

Just one year ago today since Garfield was shot! And poor Guiteau has gone to his account. I think that if anyone ought to be hung he deserved to be, but it seems to me he must have been crazy, his last words were not the words of a sensible man.

Just as I was going to bed last night, Mamma says to me “I must keep my mind occupied for I must not stop to think of your going away”! Her speaking in that way seemed to bring my leaving forcibly to my mind. We have both tried to think of that part as little as possible, and so far have managed to keep the thought in the background. But the parting will be terrible for both of us. I believe (and I ought to have come to this conclusion before I suppose) that an only daughter ought not to leave her parents, especially when they have been so very good and kind as mine have been to me. And just as they begin to be able to make some small return for all this to go away does seem cruel, doesn't it? Papa does not say much, but of course I know he will miss me. They are both ready though to sacrifice anything for my happiness, and you will make me happy Dr. dear, won't you? That is, you will always love me truly and become a Christian, that will make my happiness. I generally think only of being with you, not of the parting that must come before. I must try not to let Mamma think of it either. I know she loves you and believes she is gaining a good son.

I wonder you care to get such letters as mine. They look so miserable! I have a lot of copying to do for George.

Mr. Merchant will be here tomorrow evening. I only wish you were coming. Are you entirely well again.

Ever yours, lovingly,  
Corie

Albuquerque, N.M.  
July 2, 1882

Dear Corie,

Do you remember that day one year ago, when we got the news of the shooting of Garfield by a “disappointed office seeker named Guiteau” – an ex consul from (?) – how Mr. Bowman got down his Tribune Almanac to verify the name, how startled and horrified we all were.

But the evening of the 4th is more distinctly impressed on my mind. Do you remember the family party, including George, Em and Jim, sitting out on the street watching the fire works. Lane came over to read the dispatch that “Surgeon General Barnes announced that President Garfield will die before midnight.”

I remember well Mr. Bowman’s dogmatic and unreasonable assertion. “I don’t believe it. Garfield will not die”. And Garfield did not die, at least until the Surgeon had announced to the country that the ball had not passed through the liver, and that the President was out of danger. I couldn’t understand then the seemingly unfounded and unreasonable faith of your father, but it seems very simple now. He knew what a Doctor was better than I, and from the law of probabilities judged they were wrong.

I was dreadfully afraid of Jim that time, but made a very generous resolution not to act the dog in the manger, and really did intend to keep away from you, but I couldn’t do it. It was simply impossible. I had known for a long time that I was in love with you, but I think that about that time it dawned upon me that I was irrevocably hopelessly so. And there you were, moving along, serenely unconscious of the hopes, the fears, the doubts and often the despair that was agitating the breast of your neighbor across the street.

And speaking of Jim, reminds me that it is now nearly a year since I renounced the use of tobacco, the day that Jim left. It was a remark of Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Em I mean, that led me to do it. I don’t think I ever told her.

The chapter we had last night, the 8th, it seems to me covers the whole of the ground of controversy between Mr. Forrester, George and me, teaching as it does the principle that it is the duty of everyone to do or refrain from doing anything which is in itself innocent and unimportant according as the influence of that act on a weaker brother is for good or evil. I cannot see how any person can mistake the plain lesson it teaches. But although Mr. F. seems to ignore it in his talk, it makes me feel very humble and self-rebuked when I reflect that in his life he acts out in fact the teaching of the Chapter, while I, the wordy, windy champion of principle utterly fail to act upon it.

You don’t know, Corie, how weak I am, how feeble, vacillating and unsatisfactory in all my attempts at duty.

I did not know the extent of my own weakness until I found how much I had to rely on you for strength and courage. I know what you would say, and to whom you would point me, and sometimes, when I see you or read your dear letters, it seems as if I could, if I must, join you in the worship I love so well in you. My own darling, you know that it wrings my heart to pain you, but I ought to tell you that there are times, and they come oftener of late, that I feel that I am deceiving you in the hope I have held out to you. I see the Church and Christ only through you.

I find that I have exhausted this sheet talking about myself. It is Sunday evening and the bar room chorus under the window are singing for the twentieth time today "Larboard Watch". Besides that I have recognized "The Flower from my Sainted Mother's Grave", "Come Back to Dixie" and one or two others. I think the dog is dead. His wails grew weaker and weaker until they died out.

Monday July 3rd

I had quite a debate in my own mind whether or not to send the first part of this letter written last night, but it is so oppressively warm that I conclude to let it go. This morning early I read yours of yesterday. I am generally one of the first ones at the P.O. in the morning, often before the mail is distributed. I am very sorry you did not get my letter of Saturday. It was quite a long one, with an addendum, and note to Ernie. It was mailed with the medicine, and should have been delivered with it. In it I gave directions for the med., but as it may be lost I will repeat them. I sent six drachmas of Cit. Iron and Quin. sufficient to make 120 pills of 3 grs each, though it would be better to divide in 3 parts and make 40 pills of each part. Of these taking two meals a day, two pills should be taken after each meal. 4 pills a day. If your mother can be induced to take them, they will relieve her and give her strength, but they should be taken regularly and continuously. While you have neuralgia, you should take in addition enough Quinine to make your ears ring a very little.

My poor girl, I am sorry you have been suffering. Is it not from some irritation in the teeth. It may be that the filling has caused it and if so it should be removed and the nerve killed. It is dreadful to have you suffering so.

I hope God will keep you well, not only for the Mesilla Choir, but for the Choir here that needs you terribly. There are twenty or thirty children here pining for you also, without knowing it. It will be a sad blow to the little Chapel at home, but a great gain here. I wonder where you are most needed. Keep your Mamma's thoughts occupied with something else, or I am afraid she will learn to look on me as a robber. I will try my darling to make you happy. You will not have what you deserve, but if God favors us, we ought to be very happy. We shall love one another in any event.

In reading your letter I notice that both of us, writing yesterday referred to that day one year ago. Then you were fancy and heart free. In your letter there seems to be a tinge of regret that you are not so still.

I explained what I meant by renting the house in Saturday's letter, which I hope you have received today. I don't think you ought to say that I put off your letters to the last moment when both Sat. letter and this one took two days each to write. Today I engaged a man to paper one room. If I can, I will send a sample of the paper. All the style now seems to me to be very gaudy, high colors. I could not find a roll of plain paper in town. The prevailing style of both paper and carpet seems to be vines and flowers.

I have not yet settled with the painters and will not until they paint the house as I want it. Conklin told me that he had sold my lot and would send deed to execute, today. I also heard from my cousin in Butler who writes satisfactory in relation to some property there. I wish to sell there.

Tell your mamma I would send the "Banner" received today, but it is such a poor number that it is not worth while. As I write, they are inflating the balloon to go up tomorrow. It is a mammoth affair, but I couldn't care to trust myself in it in this country.

I think I will not go to S.F. but stay and see the balloon.

Yours lovingly,  
Wm. B. Lyon

Tomorrow I will write my letter. Took dinner today with the Forresters. Kate is delighted with her piano and I think it is a very good one. We sang the 527th Hymn at Church today. It was oppressively warm and there were but few out. How hot it must be in Mesilla.

Later, 11:30 P.M. Have just read the 9th Cor. Paul's congregation was evidently behind in their stipend and needed just such a spurring. They are singing "Larboard Watch" again. Good night.

La Mesilla  
July 4th, 1882

My Doctor Dear,

I did hope I would get a letter today telling me where you would be on the Fourth! But as I did not, and you spoke of going to Santa Fe, my thoughts are roaming between that place and Albuquerque. I hardly ever receive my letter from you the day I expect it and it is such a disappointment. I wonder why it is. Whatever you send in the book or paper line comes on time, but your letters do not. It is queer they only should be kept back. Is "A Man's Revolt" a woman's rights book? I have just glanced at it but I thought from one sentence I saw that it sounded so. I wish so much you were with us today. Mamma has wished so too. Ernest is happy as Mr. Merchant came last night and Mr. Parker returned this morning from Lake Valley. Ernest had the key to Mr. Parker's room and he came here for it just as our breakfast was ready, and I asked him to stay which he seemed glad to do. They are making ice lemonade over at Mr. Lane's and Mr. Merchant brought Mamma and me each a glass, it was splendid. Mr. Lane fired off a few shots this morning, at five o'clock and so did Ernest. Ever since it has been very quiet as it is usually here. Yesterday Ernest bought all the fireworks he could find in the two places (which was not many) and we have invited quite a number to come and see them sent off this evening. We are going to try and make ice-cream for the occasion. I baked yesterday and have been baking today until a little while ago.

As Mr. Merchant and Mr. Parker were both here to breakfast, they staid to prayers and afterwards we sang America. So you see we began the day as patriots and we expect to end it as such. How excited the whole nation was at this time last year! Do you know this last year and a half seems longer to me than any I can remember, so many things have happened to me (quietly) in that time. I wonder where we will be next Fourth!

You know I don't really wish for your ill-success Dr. dear. I pray always that you may do well in your practice. I really believe (though I never could bear to think of living in the country) that I would rather be a country doctor's wife in Pennsylvania than a city doctor's wife in New Mexico, but I don't know, I can't tell. I long for green grass so much sometimes. I guess it won't make much difference city or country if we only have a happy house together.

I am glad you wrote so promptly to Anna Reymond. Did you direct your letter to Cruces? He is there now, he left his wife in Paraje. [The village of Paraje was on the Rio Grande north of T or C and was submerged by Elephant Butte lake] I think you might tell me about the carpet and window fixings. It isn't fair to make me wait so long! You didn't send for the lace draperies did you? Can't you tell by seeing the carpet what paper would match it nicely for that room? That ought to help you some or the lambrequins, couldn't you match them? You seemed charmed with the table you saw, but you give me no idea of what it was like. You will have to watch your patients more closely, won't you? Maybe you would have more calls if the approach to your office wasn't so

forbidding. I don't like to think of you in that miserable place. Have you rented the house? I didn't think of anyone wanting it for less than a year.

Ernest says he will write to you in a few days. George is much better and talked of writing to you yesterday. I don't know whether he did or not. I am very much obliged for the medicine you sent and for the directions. I will try and have some pills made tomorrow. You are mistaken about my not taking the last ones regularly for I did. My neuralgia has not troubled me since Sunday and I cannot be too thankful.

Miss Skidmore is spending a few days with Ida and will be here tonight. Mr. Parker says he did not see the mines at Lake Valley – rather queer to go to that place without seeing them, wasn't it? I wish I knew where you were today.

Ever yours lovingly,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
July 4, 1882

My dear Corie,

The glorious "Fourth" is past and gone – at least my part in the celebration is, though from my window I can see RR Ave. fairly ablaze with fire works. I can hear the incessant cracking of the fire crackers, the clamor and shouting of the mob in the street mingling with the brass band of the Theatre Co., drumming up patrons for its entertainment. In the midst of it all, my sweet singer of the saloon is bravely holding his own with a variety song, occasionally interrupted by dancing and explanatory notes in prose. It is a simple repetition of last night, only more so.

This evening at 6 P.M. we had a most beautiful balloon ascension which was advertised to come off bet. 10 & 12 this morning. I waited all day for the confounded thing and missed thereby a dinner at Mr. F. and an engagement to go with them to the Old Town to see the races etc.

There was some trouble about the gas which could not be supplied in sufficient quantity. That was the alleged reason though it was generally believed that it was a concerted arrangement to keep the crowd away from the Old Town for the benefit of the saloon here. But finally everything was arranged and the renowned Prof. Van Tassel, who ordinarily is a whiskey slinger in one of the numerous musical palaces under my window, stepped in the basket and after one false start, cut the rope that held him down, and the immense dome softly and easily mounted into the air. There was a gentle current of air blowing to the S.E. and the balloon at first took that direction, rising more rapidly as the Prof. emptied a bag of ballast over the heads of the crowd. Higher and higher it went, the Prof. industriously waving the flag of his country and scattering advertisements. I wonder if there ever was a balloon or balloonist that went up without waving the conventional flag.

When about goodness knows how high, the balloon entered into a current of air going N.E. [probably a mistake, Old Town is NW of downtown] and of course went along, seeming to pass almost directly over the Old Town and towards the river. There was something grand, majestic and awe-inspiring in the sight, and I enjoyed a sensation rarely experienced in this country where awe-inspiring visions are not an everyday occurrence.

I have just heard, 10 P.M., that the Prof is back, but have heard nothing more. There is a brass band playing and a big bon fire burning in front of his saloon. So I suppose it is true. At the Old Town they had a variety of entertainment, Horse races, foot races, wheelbarrow races, base ball and "[sich like?]"

The Forresters concluded in the morning to witness the balloon ascension from the house and go at 1 P.M. to the races at Old Town. I was to go with them, but could not. I was a little feverish yesterday evening, restless and uneasy and could not sleep. The more I tried the more I could not sleep until finally I gave it up and somewhere about 2 A.M. I

lighted up and read over your whole volume of letters from the one without date, but written the 25th day of Nov, 1881 to the last one received yesterday. Then I counted them, the number of letters, the number of pages and the written pages and here is the result.

Of the first series	Letters – 2	Pages written – 7
Second series	Letters – 2	Pages written – 8
Third series	Letters – 45	Whole no. pages – 302 Written pages – 270

Altogether when bound it will make a handsome volume and will furnish interesting and instructive reading for – who knows in years to come. There won't be as much poetry and sentiment in the volume as in the preceding volume written by your mother and which you must preserve, but it is a very dear and very sweet little volume to me, and I would not like to have a word changed.

How do you like the "Revolt of Man"? The author [Walter Besant] unintentionally and unconsciously came near making a fine satire on the present condition of women. The first part of the book shows the sexes in a condition simply reversed from that now existing. To save himself, he had to introduce the very absurd principle that woman is incapable of originating anything. That granted, of course her domination would involve a retrograde course.

There is a magnificent outburst in which Constance utters her scorn and detestation of the system which answers deep and logical thoughts by inane "commonplaces", which the author ought to take to himself when he talks about the sphere of woman and how it unsexes the pretty fools he would have, to allow them to form or express an intelligible opinion on any subject not connected with pink ribbons or the wash tub. The fellow is a fine vigorous writer, and might have written an immortal satire after the style of Gulliver among the Yahoos. I thought at first that that was what he meant to do. Did you know that I always had a strong weakness for woman's rights. I wouldn't like to see you voting, for I consider the exercise of that privilege (?) degrading to man or woman. I have voted once in my life and have felt ashamed of it since. But I want to leave space for my letter tomorrow. So good night.

Later

By a strange coincidence, I turned from my good night to you to read my Chap, the 11th Cor. In which Paul gives his opinion of the relation of the sexes. I simply don't agree with Paul who seems to reflect the crude ideas and manners of a semi-barbarous state of society.

And now, again, good night and God bless you, my own darling.

Wednesday, July 5

No letter this morning, though I have ascertained that the mail arrived on time. All morning I have been out in the garden irrigating. Irrigating is very fascinating work. I only intended to finish a couple of beds which I began yesterday, but I did not come in until I had watered the whole garden. Then I went up and made my apologies to Mrs. Forrester. This is the third letter I have written without receiving an answer. I got one letter in the meantime, but written before the first of the three had been received. In spite of everything, I feel nervous and anxious. It may be that you think I went to S.F. or my poor little girl is sick again. I don't think my letters could have miscarried, but if they have, I hope, I know that my love still wears my ring. Didn't you promise me not to take it off again that way? West writes that she is much better, and expects soon to be strong again. I saw the balloonist a few minutes ago, but heard no particulars of his ride. He came down near Old Town near the Fair Ground "over that way", you know. I know you have written, but I am very anxious.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

[Written in margin at top of first page]

I couldn't tear myself away from the balloon and so missed the pleasure of sitting in the broiling sun and seeing the noble game of base ball butchered as I hear it was. I wonder if I am growing so old that I no longer enjoy the sights that seem to amuse other people, but I could never see the fun of tugging a hook and ladder wagon through the streets at a run and in a sun somewhere near 130° as they did today. There is something ludicrous in the idea of ten or a dozen simple fools panting and perspiring but glorying in the impression they suppose they are making on the wondering and awe struck side walk spectators. Do you remember, long, long years ago when you used to play horse with your brothers?

La Mesilla  
July 5th, 1882  
Half past eight P.M.

My dearest Doctor,

We have just come in from playing croquet and Mr. Merchant, Mr. Parker and Ernest have gone over to the Telegraph office to make some lemonade, and as they are singing now, I guess I will have a little time to write before their return. I don't have much chance during the day.

I got your letter this morning and am disgusted with the mails as they don't bring me your letters regularly.

Some parts of your letter did pain me, but still I am glad you sent it all. I like you to tell me about yourself and all your doubts and fears. You know how earnestly I wish you would confess Christ and he knows too, which is such a comfort, and is waiting so willingly to receive you if you will only do your part. Your acknowledgement of wickedness and need of help is, I think, a step toward him and if you will only lay all your burden down at his feet, I am sure he will help you. And oh!, Dr. dear, we will pray, and you pray that you may be led to do this please, please do. I am very sorry your surroundings are such as they are, but you won't give up trying to find Christ, will you dear? And after we get in our own home maybe God will let me be of some help to you in leading you to Him. But, oh! my dearest Dr., you don't know how weak I am in the path of duty, and I haven't near the temptations you have. I rely on Christ's promise that we will not be tempted beyond our power, with His help, to resist. Please tell me what keeps you from Christ. You have never made me understand why you resist his love. I am afraid we can never be truly happy while you persist in doing this. You said once, we would be one in everything, but how can that be when we are not so in the one eminently essential thing? Not but what you are really and truly better than I am, but you won't do all Christ wishes and declare yourself His disciple before the world. I cannot, and I will not, help believing you will take that step soon. I will have to stop as the boys are coming in and expect me to play cards with them. Good night, my own dear Dr. and don't give up trying. God will help you.

Half past eleven and Mr. Merchant and I have just finished six games of cribbage. We each beat three, but, as you may believe, it was good luck which gave me the games I won. Good night again. I must get to bed or I can't answer for my getting up early in the morning as I must do.

Thursday, July 6th

Mr. Merchant has decided to stay over today. He says he is enjoying his visit, very much. He brought me a lovely stone, an agate, as large as half a pear. It is the prettiest I ever saw. I think how ever such things will help to beautify our new home. I wish you could have heard Mr. Merchant praise you this morning. He was enthusiastic in his

praise and was in earnest, too, because all he said I knew was true. Not get what I deserve indeed! You are the one who will not get much. I was wondering last night why it was I could not do at least one thing especially well. Most girls can. I don't see what you can find to love in such a girl, who does not even know how to write.

What started me to write in this strain is, I suppose, because I received two such lovely large plaques this morning from a friend of mine in the east, and they show how he has improved his talent. When we knew him, he drew very well, about as you do, but since we left he has taken painting lessons and these plaques are just beautiful. I know you will admire them, something more for our house. I haven't told you who sent them, have I. It was Mr. Coates, the gentleman who gave me my prayer book. Wasn't it nice in him? I wonder if he knows I am to be married soon. I do hope Uncle Buel has told him. I think he has and that these are sent as a wedding present. I am sure you would like Mr. Coates. He is very quiet and unassuming, but a perfect gentleman and a good Churchman.

So it is almost a year since you stopped using tobacco! What was Em's remark that caused you to do so? The idea of your being afraid of Mr. Yundt! [James L. Yundt of Indiana] It hardly seems possible that you loved me at that time when I was so perfectly unconscious of it! I must tell you how we spent the evening of the "Fourth". Our room was full and they all pronounced our ice cream a success. Our exercises that evening were varied. A few of us played croquet until almost dark when others began to come in, then George, Em and Mr. Parker played on the organ, violin and guitar. We sang America and some other songs to their music, then had our ice cream and cake, then the fireworks, which proved very good, were sent off in the street. After that we came back into the room and sang, danced and played cards. How I wish you were here. I was lonely without you. Mr. Bond brought the two little Martin girls and they seemed to enjoy everything very much.

It was too bad you missed your dinner on that day. Did Mrs. Forrester excuse you? I would have like to have seen the balloon ascension. Didn't you see any of the racing? Your concert never deserts you does it? I am glad you will not have to spend your nights there much longer. I am sorry to hear you have been feverish again. Did my letters have the effect of allaying the fever any? The idea of anyone wanting to read my letters over again!

I have not read "The Revolt of Man" yet. I have not had time. After today I will have a little rest and then I will enjoy reading it. The little piece of poetry you marked in it is just lovely. That reminds me that Mr. Bond brought a piece of music down yesterday for me to try. "The Verdict March" and I think it is quite pretty. It has pictures on the outside of Judge Cox, Judge Porter, Cork hill and the jury in Guiteau's trial. I forgot to tell you what a beautiful bouquet Sammie brought me Fourth of July. It was composed of rosebuds and oleanders and was very fragrant.

We keep together in our chapters nicely now, and it is so much nicer to think we are reading the same one. You don't agree with Paul in everything, but wasn't he a splendid Christian? I finished 2nd Corinthians at prayers this morning. Those are grand books.

It was real good in you to explain over again about the medicine, but I received both your letters. I have not had the pills made yet, but will if possible today. I am sorry you don't get my letters regularly. I write promptly, and it is a shame you have a chance to worry when there is no need of it. You wonder where I am needed most, there or here. Mamma says here.

I don't like one word you used in your letter of yesterday. I wish you wouldn't use any such expletives. I dislike so much to hear them. I am glad to hear that your sister is better and that you have heard favorably from your property in Butler and El Paso. Mamma got the papers you sent this morning and sends thanks for them.

The pain in my face was not from my teeth, as it was not by the ones which were filled. Mamma is going to try the pills too. Why don't you take something of that kind yourself?

You have written me splendid long letters lately and I will take back all I said about your writing short ones, until you do it again. Your letter this morning is the first which has come on time for a long while. Have you had the room papered yet? I did not promise not to take my ring off, but I have had no desire to do so lately, you have been too good.

You will not believe in my want of time when you get this letter, I am afraid. It hasn't taken me so very long to write it and it seems hard for me to stop talking to you today, but I will take pity on you now and stop.

Are onions all you have to irrigate? That is all you speak of. I am greatly mixed in my dates for the last two days, each day seems very long as I get up early and go to bed late. I will have to rest after Mr. Merchant goes and before Henry comes. We are going to take a horse back ride tonight. You don't know how often I wish you were here.

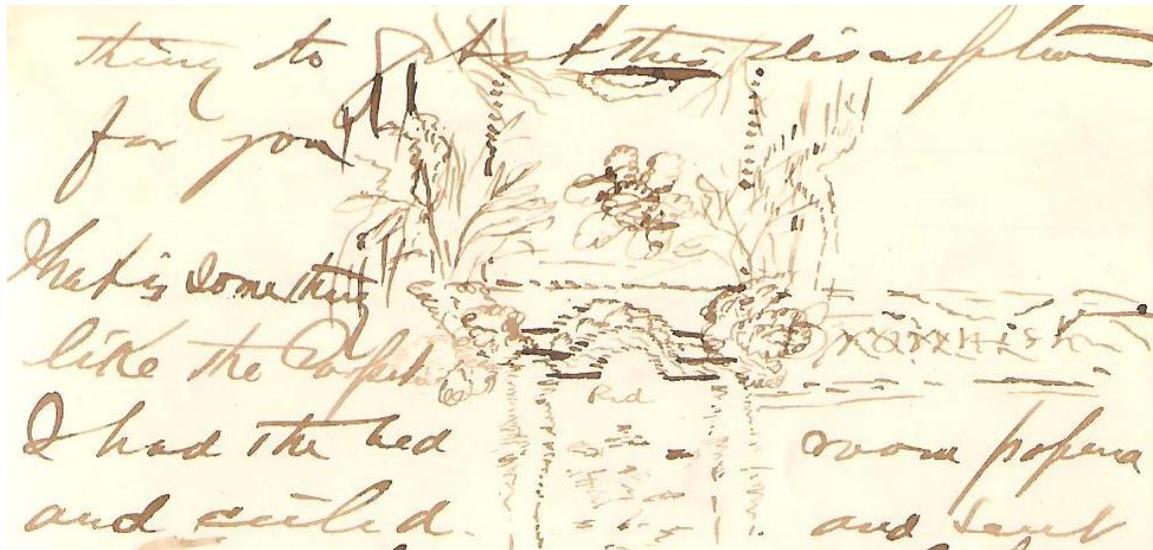
Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
July 7, 1882

My dear Corie,

Your Fourth of July letter came on the 6th but your long loving letter of yesterday came this morning on time. The fault must be in the Las Cruces, P.O. since letters written at the same time to El Paso were answered promptly and on time. It is very strange that the delay should be only with the Mesilla Mail and that only letters should be delayed going and coming.

I cannot very well describe the carpet, the figures are square or rectangular, rather large, white and brown vine or flower work, with ground work of light red. There is a good deal of white in it and the ornamentation does not represent anything in particular. It is much like any other carpet. I think most people would call it pretty. It is not what I call a good carpet, not so good as the one I got at Bulls. Is red a pronounced color? If it is Numa did not follow directions. The lambrequin is bluish green ground, with vine, leaves, and flowers running diagonally upward and to the right. The flowers are tinged with red and look like a cross between hollyhock and a morning glory. Near the bottom, there is a horizontal strip of yellow fuzzy stuff six inches wide and descending from the free edge is an addendum of worsted work terminating in little woolen tassels or balls. I hope I have been lucid. I took the trouble to unpack the whole thing to get at this description.



That is something like the carpet. I had the bed room papered and ceiled and sent you a specimen of the paper yesterday. I wonder how you like it. I have been trying to think of the "expletive" that you objected to in my last letter, but cannot remember. Please tell me what it was.

I send you a scrap found in one of my books which I cut out originally for the scrapbook. I think it is one of the finest of all Holmes first poems. The "Revolt of Man" is not a

woman's rights book and that fact may recommend it to you. I have not been able to buy "Our Continent" lately and have not sent to the publishers for it. I think it is rather retrograding.

I have for a long time been reading the revised version and really think I can read it more intelligibly. In the Chap last night, the 13th, Charity in the old reads throughout as "love" in the revised. I like the new version principally because it is not divided into verses which seem to break the sense and induce a mechanical style of reading.

What a pleasant time you all had on the 4th. I am glad to think that Merchant has a good opinion of me and very glad to know that all enjoyed themselves so well. Did you say "thankee" very sweetly to Mr. Coates for his plaques? I am having the roof overhauled today as I expect rain and don't wish to have the paper spoiled. Have you seen Reymond yet? And when do you expect Henry?

I was a little provoked and a good deal amused at one our principal physicians the other day, but it is not worth while talking about. Take good care of yourself, darling. Take more sleep and eat heartily. Mr. F. will go down next week. We will read the 11th chap. Heb. together. Tell George I read his letter over and I have given his plan specifications to two of the best contractors here. They will give me an answer by Monday.

I don't know whether or not to have the furniture for the bed room brought up. I cannot find a suitable office, and I was thinking of furnishing one room in the house as a sleeping room and to be used until I could find a good office.

They ask \$20 per month for anything like a good office room.

Last night I had a call to see a child in the family of a most influential citizen. He said I had been very highly recommended by Mr. Wilson, the banker, a man whom I never more than spoke to.

I was sorry to find the sickness did not amount to anything, and had to tell them so. Maybe I ought to have cultivated the case.

My gin-mill nightingale I think has sung himself out, at least he has been silent yesterday and today. I think he has exhausted his budget, and left to hunt up a fresh fields & pastures now.

I don't feel especially bright today, and won't inflict a long letter on you. Have sold the lots in El Paso. I would like to talk to you about what is best to be done with our Butler Co. interests. I have not answered the letter of my cousin as do not know what is best to be done.

Maybe we had better keep a foothold in Penn. I cannot understand why anyone can dislike the country. I wish you could see our house and yard in May or June.

If I don't feel better soon you need not be surprised to see me in Mesilla.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 8th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

Another disappointment, no letter from you this morning! And I need one today especially as Papa and Mamma are both sick, have been for three days, and I am tired and want something from you to rest me. Mamma is better, but Papa looks pretty sick. Dr. Cowan has been in and given him some medicine. Papa says this sickness is all due to the overflow of the acequia and that I would have been sick too if I had not been taking those pills you gave me. Yesterday Dr. Cowan made all the quinine and iron you sent last into pills, 120. He charged nothing for doing it, and said he did it for you, so I have to thank you for it all, and I do.

We will have no service tomorrow, I am so sorry, and therefore no choir practice tonight. It is a long time since a Saturday night has passed without practice and it will seem rather odd.

Mr. Merchant left yesterday morning. He seemed to enjoy his visit perfectly. He would say, every once in a while, "no words can express what a good time I am having". When he bid us good bye he said he could not say what he wanted to but he would write it, and this morning Papa received a very nice letter from him thanking us for our kindness, and saying the moral and refining influence he met with in his intercourse with our family had done him ever so much good just the short time he was here. I would not tell this to anyone else, and I am afraid even you will think me vain to tell of his talking in this way, but that isn't it at all. I am only glad if we can do good to anyone. And I think too you will be glad to hear anything nice about the family as you are almost one of it now. I believe Mr. Merchant is easily influenced for good or evil, we thought him changed for the worse when he came, and it is too bad he cannot be under good influence all the time.

I wrote and thanked Mr. Coates yesterday. It was a hard letter to write in some accounts. I decided to take it for granted that he knew of my intended marriage and had sent the paintings as a wedding present. The value marked on the outside of the box he sent was thirty dollars, and the pictures are just lovely. We were wishing for pictures one day you know, and now we have these to start on.

Ernest says yesterday "now is a good time to try how much Dr. loves you. I will write and tell him you are carrying on a secret correspondence with Mr. Coates". I told him to tell you I wasn't afraid, you would trust me I know.

I got the piece of wall paper yesterday. At first I did not like it at all, but its beauty grew upon me, and now I think it very rich and pretty. Is the color of the carpet anything like it?

Do you approve of the Zuni plan for getting a good husband? It would be pretty hard on the men sometimes! Your name has been in the papers quite often within the last few months, hasn't it?

We had a nice horse back ride the night before Mr. Merchant left. Billy behaved splendidly. You are mistaken in thinking I wish myself heart free again. You know I don't Dr. dear so please don't talk so any more. I want to see you, that is what I want more than anything else just now.

Lovingly your,  
Corie

Did you get my last letter written Thursday?

New Albuquerque  
July 9, 1882

My dear little girl,

I think your Papa is right in attributing much of the sickness in your house to the overflow of the ditch, although it is not the whole cause, but enough to turn the scale with anyone in the condition most of you are in, hovering on an equilibrium between health and sickness. Have I expressed myself clearly? I hope both your Papa and Mamma are better.

It seems strange that there should be no service in the chapel today. I don't remember but once, I think, that the service was omitted.

I am glad that Cowan keeps up his good resolutions. I think he has a good kind heart and I have often had to thank him for spontaneous kindnesses. But he didn't make those pills for me. He did it for you, and it makes me very happy to feel that everybody loves my little darling and is kind to her, and I thank him all the same. I think your mother ought to take them regularly with you and even longer than you.

Ernest's letter would not have disquieted me much, but it may be that Mr. Coates knew nothing of your intended marriage. In either case, it was a very graceful method of showing his kind feelings toward you.

You need not have apologized for repeating Merchant's praises of your family. He has often said the same thing in substance to me, and not only Merchant but others have had cause to bless and give thanks for the refining and purifying influence exerted on them by your family. You don't know and can never know what good you have been doing. It is very probable that your sweet influence has saved that boy at least, from ruin.

You know, of course, how glad I am to hear your family praised and I am very often made happy in that way. Mr. Forrester spoke of your father in most glowing terms, not by name, but everyone seemed to know who he meant. I wrote to you about it.

We had a very good sermon today, the subject being the Gospel for the day. I think if Mr. Forrester would allow himself a little more latitude in choosing subjects, he would be much more entertaining. It certainly must dwarf his ideas and thoughts to think that he is compelled to preach on a given subject every day. He likes to do everything by rule, but he sometimes carries things to extremes and what he would call an orderly procession, I would consider a mechanical routine. Even now, one could engage with some degree of certainty to produce the sermon which will be preached on any given day next year, just as an astronomer would calculate an eclipse.

After dinner [probably meant church], I went home with the family to dinner. Mr. Scandrett [Henry Alexander Scandrett], better known as the son-in-law of Bishop Whiffle [Henry Benjamin Whipple] also took dinner there.

Henry [Forrester] is growing and developing into a wonderful boy.

We had quite a hard rain yesterday. The house leaked only a few drops in two places, but those two places were both in the room just ceiled and papered showing the total depravity of all inanimate objects.

But it don't seem to have injured the ceiling. I am glad you like the paper, if you do like it. It looks very well on the wall. It is the bedroom, not the parlor that I had papered, and the carpet I had intended for it is like that I got from Bull's. You can judge for yourself how it suits. The same carpet will go on the hall so you can tell me what pattern would suit there.

Suppose I send you samples of the different paper I find here, with a piece of the parlor carpet. Couldn't you tell me which one to choose?

I dreamed last night of Ed [Edwin Lyon, brother]. I was with him doing something, I have forgotten now what it was, but when I wakened the remembrance was very vivid, and I wondered at the illusion that carried me back so many years, for it seemed in the dream that we were both boys. I like to think that there may be some reality in a vision of this kind, and when we think that everything that we know or feel are simple sensations of like nature with dreams, who can say which is dream and which reality. Is this life or dream? Do you know? When I was quite a child, I am afraid to tell you how old, I used to ask myself that question and I have never yet quite satisfied myself. Once when Gert [Gertrude Allen, sister] was home from school I heard her repeat an extract that so harmonized with my peculiar habit of thought that I copied them. I think they are from Mrs. Heman's works, but I don't know that I ever saw it in print. This is what I remember.

X X in this life  
Of error, ignorance and strife  
When nothing is, and all things seem  
And we – the shadows of a dream.  
It is a modest creed, and yet  
Pleasant if we consider it  
To think that death itself must be  
Like all the rest – a mockery

Did you ever see it. If so, I wish you would tell me where it is to be found. [Percy Bysshe Shelley's poem "the sensitive plant"]

I send you in this mail one of the most exquisite little books I ever read. "Cranford" by Mrs. Gaskell. Long ago, it must be 25 years ago, I read "North and South" by Mrs. Gaskell, published in the Weekly Tribune, and I remember how intensely interested I was. But any novel interested me then, and since I know better, I find that I was then entirely interested in by what I call now very miserable trash. But I have never read

anything more from her pen until about a year ago, I read and I think you read, "Losing Lena" and other sketches. It was a series of [-----ity?] sketches and this book is written in so much the same style that although I have forgotten the author of "Losing Lena" I conclude that it must have been Mrs. Gaskell who writes this. [from "Johnny Ludlow, first series", written by Mrs. Henry (Ellen) Wood, 1874] The story, if it can be called a story, is told by one of the characters in it, and one chief charm and wonder in it is the manner in which the narrator keeps her own personality in the background. Her's indeed is the only character in the story that is not clear cut and almost perfect.

It is always difficult to write in the first person without bringing the personality of the writer into undue prominence and creating an impression of egotism in the mind of the reader. But Cranford is a gem. Everyone recognizes the genuineness of the portraits, their vanities and weaknesses, their prejudices and little social hypocracies, but with sympathetic gratefulness you also recognize the kindness of heart that underlies all these little failings, and pervades more or less every character in the story. The conventional villain does not exist. There is no plot, and there are no dramatic situations to lend interest to the book, nor are they necessary. It is only a vivid lively sketch of every day life in England, told with such rich humor, such charming simplicity and touching pathos that one loses himself completely and seems to share with the characters a vivid realization of their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears. The book will make you laugh, it will oftener bring tears to your eyes, but the love, the tenderness, the good feeling and charity that pervades the whole book and every character in it will make you proud and happy for the consciousness of a common and sympathetic feeling.

I had quite a long letter from West today describing her case. She says she is much better. Has been out in the buggy twice and is getting quite an appetite. I had written her after receiving your letter that you had everything arranged to be married in Sept, but if necessary we could go on at once, and she wants me to thank you and give you her love, and urges us to go in September. If I found I had to go, I meant to have whisked you off before you knew what you were thinking about. Do you realize what a narrow escape you had from being forcibly abducted?

Why don't Henry come home? I want him to go home and gorge himself with you before I go down. I have felt in splendid health yesterday and today, but I had to take my quinine again. But it did not affect me so unpleasantly this time.

I forgot to send the scrap mentioned in my last and enclose it. I am afraid you cannot read this.

"Goodbye sweet heart, goodbye"

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 10th, 1882

My own dear Doctor,

Your splendid long letter, written yesterday came this morning, but your Friday letter I have not received at all. I am so very sorry as I was real anxious to get an answer to my letter written on Thursday. You must surely have written on Friday – didn't you? I think so from some allusions you make in this morning's letter. I still hope I will get it, that it has been missent or something of that kind, but why are the mails so irregular between here and Albuquerque! You seem generally to get my letters on time, but it is only once in a while that I get yours when I ought to. Until this morning, I had not received a letter from you since last Thursday. I thought that if we did not hear something today I would get Papa to write to Mr. Forrester and find out if there had anything happened to you! I was sure you would have written if you were able. I didn't take off my ring this time because I trusted you perfectly. Did you promise me in that letter, the lost one, that you wouldn't give up but would keep on trying to find Christ? But then I am sure you will.

The book you speak of having sent to me was directed to Ernest so he opened it at the P.O. and as Ida expressed a desire to read it he let her have it without first bringing it home. I am sorry as I would like to have read it first. And Ernest says it was marked too. Ida cheated me that time. I wish you had directed it to me. I am anxious to read it after what you write about it. I remember reading "Losing Lena". I liked that and I am certain from your description that I will enjoy this story too.

I never have any reading matter to send you but letters, nothing that I think will interest you. I am going to send you the last "Observer" today, not for anything in particular, but because there is so much good reading matter in it.

As we had no service yesterday, I had such a nice long read. It is very seldom I have such a chance lately, and I enjoyed it accordingly.

Papa and Mamma were both quite sick yesterday. Mamma had a chill, then the fever and suffered a great deal all day. She is much better today but very weak. Papa too is quite weak. I think those pills have done me good and Mamma too takes them regularly. I hope they will make her strong.

I am sorry the house leaked but am glad it did not hurt the ceiling much. You did not tell me which room you intended papering. I don't know why I took for granted it was the parlor. Do you mean to doubt my word? Of course I like the paper or I would not say so. I think it will match the carpet beautifully. There is red in them both. I wish you would send me some samples of paper and a piece of the carpet, and then I believe I could help you a little. I thought of this plan before but thought it might be a great deal of trouble. Do they have regular hall paper there with kind of columns on it? Another of my descriptions for you to laugh at but you know what I mean don't you? There was that

kind in our hall here when we came. I would like some paper on the parlor which will show off my new pictures nicely.

I am glad to hear that your sister is so much better. I do hope we can go to see her in September. You wouldn't have found it so easy to abduct me as you seem to imagine! Henry is still at Burlington and does not say anything about coming home, but I think he will be along soon now, perhaps the last of this week or the first of next. I am glad he is having such nice times, but he don't seem in such a hurry to see me as he did, does he!

What hospitable people the Forrester's are, aren't they? I have been going to ask you this question two or three times – what is done with Henry Town when all the family go to Church? Does he go too?

You have just been lovely lately dear Dr. in writing such nice long letters, and then you answer questions so much better. I wonder if my scoldings did you good? I have had to take most of my writing time today to answer a long letter from Cora Ayres, asking all sorts of questions about the dresses I am to have made there. They are all very anxious we should go there and then I could get anything myself and not have to have them expressed here, which will cost a great deal. I could not give her much satisfaction on the point of our going east, but I answered her as best I could. I expect Ernest around any moment to hurry me up about my letter as it is almost three o'clock.

I am glad you feel so well. I have felt better lately than I have for a long while.

Don't call this life a dream, Dr. dear! If it is what a long, long, dream it will be, for it will not end in this world but will go on into eternity. "Life is real, Life is earnest", not a dream, oh! no! I am sure not. I never saw the extract, seems to me I have heard it though, but Mrs. Hemans wouldn't write anything like that, I know. I wish you wouldn't have so many such thoughts as you do. I cannot believe they are good for you.

Did your brother Ed look natural in your dream? Do you know, I often dream of you, but I forget what I dream. Ernest has come, so I will have to stop.

I do hope I will get the missing letter tomorrow, but I am rather afraid I will never see it. I said to Mamma yesterday that if the letters were only delayed, I could stand it – to have them lost was a little too much for me to bear. I want every one of your letters.

Yours ever,  
Corie

New Albuquerque, N.M.  
July 11, 1882

My dear Corie,

I am sorry my Friday's letter was lost. If it is lost, it is gone forever for I don't recollect what I wrote about. I think it was rather a short one, for I remember I was feeling rather blue that day. I did not in it make any promise, but you know I will try and it is my daily prayer to be shown the truth, and to be given grace and strength to follow it.

What makes you ask if I doubt your word about the paper? I never knew anyone who was more scrupulously truthful than you. I don't think you could even intimate an untruth. I know you have made me quite ashamed of myself sometimes for unlike the great G.W. [George Washington] I can tell a lie if I want to. But I hope I shall never want to tell a lie to you.

[written in margin]

How do you spell "scrupu(?)lously"?

I liked the paper well enough and thought it exceedingly pretty until I saw it on the wall. I think now it is too dark.

I send to today by express a piece of the carpet with a number of samples of wall paper. I saw some of the hall paper you mentioned with "kind of columns" on it yesterday, but it was cheap & poor stuff so I did not get any samples. There are two or three samples of hall paper with "kind of squares" on, one with birds and a snail etc, that maybe you will like. I have kept samples of all with corresponding numbers except from No. 15 up. One of these (above No. 15) I like very much. Guess which it is. If you make your selection, send me the no. if under 15, and I will know what you wish.

The piece of carpet does not give a good idea of the whole thing. When spread out, it looks very well.

The book won't hurt Miss Ida, but I doubt if she likes it very much. I didn't mark it for her, and in the future if you find anything marked that I send to you, please erase the marks after you have read it. I usually do it myself, but you like marked books so well I leave my little pointers for you, but for no one else.

I do hope your Papa & Mamma are better. Henry ought to be at home now to see them. What is the fellow doing? I am beginning to think he has found his fate, something which may console him in losing you. He didn't weep over you very long, did he?

I see you have exhausted your stack of paper and send you some more with the samples. I always thought your sheets were too small, so I took the liberty of choosing a larger size.

I don't know what to think about going East in Sept. If we can do it, we will. We will know better when Sept. comes. But tell Amy that even if we do not go in Sept. she is not safe and we propose to go sometime and if she settles down in Pittsburgh it will be an additional inducement. But if we do go East, I am afraid I could not get you back again. Why if you stay a week with all your friends we would have to put off housekeeping for at least another year. But I would like to take you home. I don't think yet they more than half believe that I am to be married. Did I give you West's message?

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 11th, 1882

My Doctor Dear,

We have had a lovely horse back ride this evening, Ida, Ernest, George and I. Since our return, I have written one letter and have begun this. The other was a business letter, and this one is a – what do you call it? – letter. I find it a great deal easier, and, of course, a thousand times more pleasant to write this kind. I don't like to write business letters at all, but it has to be done sometimes.

I am writing tonight so as to leave a good long day for sewing tomorrow. I did a good deal today although it was wash day. Oh! I must tell you, lately Pasquala asked about you just as she always does about Henry. She always calls you "Mr. Lyon". I couldn't understand her at first, and thought she said Mr. Lane.

Papa and Mamma have both been much better today, and I do hope they will have no more such attacks. Mamma and I are devoted to those pills now, as they seem to do us so much good. I had a nice letter from Sallie Rigg this morning. She and her mother send their congratulations to us both, and Sallie says "we know what a nice gentleman you will have for a husband". Don't say I am never congratulated. You ought to have heard Ida last night. She praised you and then said you were a favorite with everyone. Of course you are, how could it be otherwise! Oh don't I wish you were here just this minute! I thought this morning that the next time I wrote to you I would ask you a question, but I guess I won't as I suppose it was foolish and not worth asking about. I have queer thoughts sometimes that will come to me without my wishing for them.

Mrs. Herron [Nancy A. Herron] and the little Doughty girls [Nancy Herron's granddaughters Mary and Katherine Doughty] went north this evening. They kept the time of their going a perfect secret. I can't see the object of their doing so, just some notion of Mrs. Herron's I expect. I feel real badly that she did not let the little girls come to say good bye to me as they may never return here. They passed our home in a wagon and Mamie [Mary] threw me a kiss and that is all I saw of them. I am very sorry to have them go.

Everyone else is in bed and I suppose I ought to be there too. I will answer your letter tomorrow if I only get it. I am never sure of it anymore. But as it is not your fault now I can bear it a great deal better than when it was. I am so sorry that I did not get your letter of Friday. I still hope each morning that it may come. It seems queer a letter should be entirely lost between here and Albuquerque, doesn't it? I am getting sleepy and must say good night. I hope you are well and happy tonight.

Wednesday morning July 12th

This is a miserable letter as I wrote it in a great hurry and besides was rather sleepy. I would write it over but I really have not time and I am sure you will excuse me.

I received your letter and package this morning. The fruit looked and tasted so nice and refreshing. I have always liked plums better than most any other kind of fruit. You did send such splendid large sheets of paper. You will not care for more than one of these at a time, will you? Ida tells Ernest we had better get married or we will break ourselves up paying postage. This writing business is quite an expense to you as you keep me supplied with paper and I have used one box beside what you sent me! I write a good many letters. It isn't want of practice that keeps me imperfect in this case.

Ida sent "Cranford" back this morning and I am anxious to read it. She did not say how she liked it. I enjoy reading a book very much better after you have read it and given me a criticism on it. I think you are a splendid critic. I am reading "The Revolt of Man" but have not read enough to give my opinion of it.

The carpet is not at all what I imagined it would be. You asked them not to get any decided color, didn't you? I asked you to, and I am sorry it is not lighter but I have no doubt it will look very nice when it is down. The prominent color through the house will be red, won't it? Well that will suit our complexions nicely. The paper will have to be dark to match the carpet, and among the dark samples no. 19 is Mamma's choice and mine, it has a light back ground. Is that the one you liked best? Do you mean if I select above no. 15 I will have to send the sample back? I will send it inside of a newspaper, as I can do it better in that way than in any other. I like the hall paper you sent, and think it will match the carpet nicely. The reason I asked if you doubted my word was because you said "I am glad you like the paper, if you do" and I had said I did. That is all.

I don't like to hear you talk so coolly about telling a lie, Doctor dear. It does not make much difference whether you tell it to me or someone else. God hears and he is your judge. But I think you are very truthful. That is one thing I admire in you. It is hard for me to believe or trust in any one who does not always tell the truth, and if you were not innately truthful I do not believe I could believe and trust in you so perfectly as I do. Just one more thing and I will stop. You pray, you say, to be shown the truth, and I am glad of that, but you have said sometimes that you would not try to shake my faith in Christ for anything. If you do not think this faith the truth, ought you not to urge and help me to let it go?

We have been looking at the samples again, and we like no. 4 very much too. I like the back ground of that one better than no. 19, but the flowers on the last I think prettier, either of these will be very pretty. Don't you think so? I like some of the light ones very much, but these two suit the carpet better than the others.

If we do go east, we need stay only a short time at each place, just a day or two. I will be as anxious to get back to our own home as you will. Only to travel through Penna. would do me good I think, just as you say, but I hope we can go, though I will be very happy just to stop at Albuquerque.

Lovingly,  
Corie

How did you send that piece of carpet without spoiling the measure?

New Albuquerque, NM  
July 12, 1882 Wed.

My Dear Corie,

I am writing this in the new house, our house, and in our room. You have no idea how cosy it looks. I took a sudden freak this afternoon to come up here, and all afternoon, although it has been very hot, I have been very busy, and now 9:30 P.M. I have driven the last tack in the carpet, brought in the furniture, and composed myself down to tell you about it. I have given up my office and will not be able to get another until about the 24th, when I expect to take one in a much better locality, at least a more agreeable one. I put the carpet down that I brought up from Mesilla. It is a real pretty one, and so much better than the one intended for the D. Room that I tried it first on that room, thinking that if it fitted, I would use the St. Louis carpet for the bedroom, but it lacked just a foot on one side, and I thought after all we needed the best carpet for our own room and put it on. I think it matches the paper perfectly, and altogether I think we have one of the prettiest rooms in the country.

How one does accumulate truck. When I came up I brought three chests, about the size of ordinary trunks. Today I had two heaped up one horse wagon loads and had to leave a table and small chest for another load.

I write you tonight because tomorrow we are off at 5 A.M. to a picnic. Kate has a birth day next Sunday, and she celebrates it tomorrow by an excursion to Tijeras Cañon. All the Forresters, including Henry Town Jr., Capt. Vose, his wife and Nona, the Dunica's and Mabel Hawley compose the party – and bless you, I had forgotten myself. I am to drive an old horse of Capt. Vose and take a lot of the children. I don't remember now who, except that Kate will be in my wagon. The girls anticipate a fine time and no doubt will have it.

I will miss your letter, but will have it tomorrow night to dream over. I forgot to tell you in my last that Henry Town does not go to church. Mrs. F. has been to church but twice I think since I came up. When she goes, Mrs. Brewer keeps Henry.

I hope you got the samples of the paper I sent yesterday, and have made your selection for the parlor. Don't limit yourself to that assortment. I can send more. There are none in that selection that I particularly fancy.

But I am beginning to feel blue about practicing. I don't like to think about it, but it must be faced.

I got the best of the painters and made them paint the outside of the house all over again. I hope your Papa and Mamma are better. Mr. F. told me today that he was thinking of abandoning altogether his visits to Mesilla on acct. of the fever. We start at 5 tomorrow morning. I shall look for a good long letter from you when I get back.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 14th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I have only time for a short talk today, and I have no letter to answer. I was greatly disappointed, as I always am, when I do not receive your letters. I ought to be used to failure by this time, but it is hard to get used to anything disagreeable!

Mrs. Austin came in with her baby this morning and stayed quite a while. [probably Mary Austin and Sidney Austin Jr.] When she left we went out and found Mr. Parker and Ernest making ice cream (chocolate) (It was real good – I wish you could have had some of it) and we had to help with that. George and Em came over to help eat it, and they are still here and talking, so it is hard for me to write. We were saying something about the day of the month when Em exclaimed “only two months from today and Corie will be married.” Mamma says “oh! can’t you put it off another month.” How can I leave her, Dr. dear!

I wanted your letter this morning to see what you thought of our choice of paper. Was it your choice? Papa admired the paper for the bedroom very much. You can’t imagine how anxious I am to see that house. George agrees with you in thinking it the prettiest shaped house around there.

We have heard nothing from Henry for two or three days. Papa has it all fixed in his mind that he has started from Burlington and will reach Albuquerque tomorrow night – the rest of think we will hear from him first. If he has met his fate, he met it in Chicago – he still thinks Sue Myers the “nicest girl”. I wish he would be with you over Sunday, but I hardly think he will. If they are going to lower the fare on the RR to three cents a mile I wish they would hurry and do so. What a difference it would make in the fare from here to A. wouldn’t it!

Mamma and I were at Mrs. Wood’s last evening and she wanted to know how you were when you were down, and said she was sorry not to have seen you. She says Mr. and Mrs. Lowell are nicely fixed in a little house on the hill, and that Mrs. L. likes it there very much. She was sick (Mrs. Wood I mean) most of the time she was away and did not get to Shakespeare as she intended. Mrs. Phillips [Jessie Woods Phillips] expects to come down during the fruit season.

You are the last person I would suspect of being an advocate for woman’s rights. I don’t know but what I am glad you are though as it may make you more submissive under my rule.

I think the author of “The Revolt of Man” wrote just right – that is about the way the world would be if women were to take men’s places. A book might be written on the other side showing how badly men filled women’s places. Men have their rights and we have ours, and why should we want men’s? Woman’s sphere is a great deal higher than a

great many think it, and if she does her best in that, I don't see why she should want more. The talk of women's rights disgusts me! Why do you talk about voting as you do? I think men ought to consider it a great privilege.

I don't think of blaming you any more when I don't get my letters, but I do hope I will get one tomorrow. If I lose any more I think I will have to complain to the authorities.

As it is almost time for the mail to go I must stop. Good bye my Dr. dear.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
July 15, 1882

My dear Corie,

No letter this morning, but as I did not get yours of the 11th and 12th until after I had written you, I have that one to answer, and I am consoling myself that I will have today's letter for tomorrow, Sunday. You did not say what kind of a letter it was, except that it was not a business letter. Whatever it was, it was very pleasant to read. I don't think I could live, I am quite sure I would not live here if they did not visit me more or less frequently with their freight of love and cheer.

Why didn't you ask me the question you were thinking of? I like to answer questions if they are not too searching. But I hope you will never hesitate to come to me with any of your doubts, fears or troubles.

I think we used the word "pronounced" when writing to Numa [Reymond] about the carpet. I sent for the window draperies at the same time but presume I forgot to mention the small window. Would it not be better to send to the same house for lambrequin and draperies for it also? I have put yours and your mother's choice of paper away to be used when the Draw. Room is papered. Which do you think you prefer, no. 4 or 19. You did not say what hall paper you liked.

The room I have fitted out looks very cosy and comfortable. I wish you could see it, and wish more that I could see you in it. You were talking of your dislike to write business letters. I commenced one today that it seems I cannot write. It is to your father, and if not quite a business letter, is full of business. But I stopped to write this to you and do not know that I shall ever complete it.

Perhaps I had better tell you my quandary. Of course I would tell you anyway. Well it is about this. I am beginning to despair of my getting into practice here. I seem to be no nearer it now than when I first came. There are several adverse influences working against me, but it is strange even to me that I do not get more. If I do not get into business of some kind, I do not see why I should stay here after it is demonstrated that nobody wants me as their physician. I will have to hunt up some place where I am wanted. If I could get a partner who has had experience in the drug business, I would not hesitate an instant in starting a drug store here. But I would have to have an experienced partner to compete with the druggists here who are very enterprising.

I have exhausted the money I have here, but I could realize from my property in Pa. enough to stock a good drug store. Perhaps if we go East in Sept we might find such a man.

It seems strange that I should write this letter of querulous complaint to you, and I did not intend to do it, but I have become so accustomed to tell you everything that interests me that I drifted into it almost unconsciously. I don't think I will send your Papa his letter

for a few days anyway now. In his letter I meant to give a full statement of my financial condition. I supposed it would interest him. I know it would me if I had a Corie to give away.

We had a fine time at our picnic. Started before six and went to Tijeras Cañon, 12 miles to the east. Mr. F, Mrs. F., Mrs. Brewer and Henry Town occupied the first wagon. Mr. and Mrs. Vose took their buggy while I had a two seated light wagon with Kate, Susie, Mona Vose and Mabel Hawley. We found a nice shady spot in the Cañon, made our lemonade and ate an excellent dinner. Then the girls attempted to climb a very small mountain, while we old folk stretched out lazily in the shade. Henry Town didn't seem to enjoy it and of course his mother was worried, but everybody else claimed to have had a nice time, and the young folk undoubtedly did. I enjoyed it in a lazy sort of way, but was well satisfied to get home. (I call it home now)

Tell George please, since this is a semi-business letter that a real estate agent has just called on me who says he can sell the lot I have offered for sale. He can sell it on the installment plan, the whole of the payments being completed in five months, \$100 a month. I told him that I preferred to know to whom I was selling as it would spoil the sale of the adjacent lots to sell to anyone who might use it in an objectionable business, but that I would communicate his proposition to the owner for his decision. He promised to call again on Tuesday. If anyone wants it they know where to find me and I have no doubt that I can sell it to as good advantage as the agent.

I must tell you of another call I had just now. About five minutes after the land man left I heard a more delicate racket on the porch and going out I found two ladies who had called to see the house. They did not tell me their names, but we had quite a pleasant chat. I showed them all through the house, and they seemed especially pleased with the closets. The fireplace too they admired. I think one was a Mrs. Nichols who is one of our near neighbors.

Had a letter from West today. She is still getting better, though not at [will?], and I fear will not be soon. She sends love to you. I have had so many interruptions that I will have to hurry to town to mail this in time.

You see I use two sheets and some times three of the large size paper, and I am not afraid to write on the last page either. What was the expletive that you objected to in one of my letters?

Somebody stole my hoe and spade the other night and the onions have been suffering in consequence. Today I bought another hoe and this evening intend to exercise myself.

The ladies could not get off without making the interrogative remark "Your family is not with you?" But my simple negative satisfied them and they did not pursue it. Ernie claims you do not let him see your letters.

Yours ever,

Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 16th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I am delighted because I got your letter this morning when I expected it. Letters on time are the exceptions lately, and we will have to look forward to more frequent delays for a while now as the washouts have begun to keep back the mails.

I got your Wednesday letter yesterday and am glad to hear that you are so cosily fixed in the house, and are away from that miserable office. I did not like to think of you as being in such a dreadful place. But now I worry that you are alone at night, no one to call on if you should be taken sick or anything should happen to you.

As Ernest and I were returning from Cruces last night the hackman handed us a telegram. I could not see who it was for at first, and so I was frightened thinking it might be for me from you, but it was only on business to Papa.

What would you do without the Forresters? And I am sure they would miss you now. I am beginning to be jealous of Kate because she has you so much! Today is her birthday, didn't you say? Please give her and all the rest of the family my love if you think of it. I am sorry for Mrs. F.'s sake that Henry Town did not enjoy the picnic, but am glad to hear it was a success otherwise. We want to have one when Henry comes, if he ever does!

That reminds me – Ernest says you say if he will go up to see you, you will read him some extracts from my letters. Now please don't read any nonsense to Henry if he stops there! I can trust you though I guess.

So you “got the best of the painters”? I was rather worried about them. I am as anxious to see the room you have fixed, and indeed the whole house, as you are to have me I think. It would be a good idea to send for draperies for the other window to match the bay window. Mr. Bull has just received some of the richest, prettiest curtains I ever saw! It would be lovely for the dining room window. Maybe I can get some.

I think of the samples we sent back, we like no. 19 better. You don't say how you like our choice. You only sent one sample for the hall paper I thought – the one with squares.

I am sorry Mr. Forrester thinks of such a thing as not coming to Mesilla as he has done! We always look forward to his visits with so much pleasure. Mrs. Jones suggests that he ought to come all the more if we are sick and in trouble. You ought to have heard how the congregation praised the singing this morning! I think it was unusually good. We sang for a voluntary “Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone”. That is a great favorite of mine. And then the Te Deum. I wish you could hear that. As we sing it now it is just beautiful! Jennie Casad helped with the singing today. She has a real sweet voice. Dr. Cowan's tenor helps us so much. I will be sorry to leave this choir, though some of the members do worry me dreadfully sometimes, but taken altogether it is a choir to brag of.

Don't talk to me, my dear, about your taking two or three large sheets and not being afraid to write on the last page! It is very seldom you do so, while I almost invariably send you nearly two sheets, and, don't you see, it is economy that makes me leave the last page – if I wrote on that I would have to use another half sheet to cover the writing as it can be read without difficulty through the envelopes I use, while you don't have to use that procedure as your envelopes are thicker.

You ask what expletive you used. I expect you will think me foolish, and I was not sure afterwards whether I ought to have mentioned it, when I tell you it was only “confounded”, but I wrote as I felt, such useless exclamations as that always shock me especially from those I love, as, of course, they are only uttered when one is angry or provoked, and I know how easy it would be if one indulged themselves in that way to go on and use worse expressions. I use the word “mercy” sometimes, but am trying to stop that. You will hardly believe how often, more so lately – I don't know why – I am tempted use some pretty hard expressions when I am disgusted or provoked with something I am doing, feeling that it would relieve me to say something extravagant. That is the reason I speak so earnestly, it is so easy to get into such a habit and so hard to break oneself of it. Papa's language is as pure and free from anything of this kind and so is Henry's and Ernest's. George's quick temper leads him astray sometimes, but I think he is trying to overcome such inclinations. I am afraid you will think I am trying to preach, but if I am it is to myself as much, or more, than to you. We want to help each other to grow upward, don't we Dr. dear? I did not mean to talk so much about this.

After while I will have to go to you with all my “fears, doubts and troubles” when I will not have Mamma. It seems necessary for me to tell some one and I have always told her, and I am glad to think I will have someone who, I know, will take her place in that way so well.

I am very sorry about your not getting practice. Of course, I know it troubles you. You said you did not mean to tell me this, but I am very glad you changed your mind and did so. Please always tell me when anything troubles you, and when I can I will be so very very glad to help you, and when I can't help you, I can bear the trouble with you which I will be glad indeed to do. Please remember.

I hope you will finish your letter to Papa and send it. I know he would like it. I told him you spoke of writing.

You think the drug business would do well in A. don't you? You could practice at the same time couldn't you? I don't want you to give up your profession, and I don't think you ought to, but if you could get a partner who understood the drug business thoroughly and could tend to that part, leaving you to practice, I think it would be a splendid idea, as you could then wait more patiently for practice when you knew you were making money in some other way. Ask Papa about it.

Your financial affairs won't make any difference with me now of course, without you want to get rid of me – think you could get along better without me. I know you would not have to worry at all if you hadn't me on your hands. Don't you begin to think me not worth so much money and trouble?

I am afraid you don't give the people of A. a chance of knowing you, because I am sure if they knew you as a physician they would be glad to call you. I wish I could help you, but I can't, can I? Only by praying for your success which I do very earnestly. I am sure God will help us only we must wait his time.

We had a nice little shower the other night, and it is thundering now as if for a rain. Has "our" house leaked lately?

The thermometer in Cruces has been as high as 115 in the shade! 106 is the highest it has been here I believe, but it is dreadfully warm. Mr. Wilson came home this morning. The family have been making great preparations for him.

I am so glad your sister West is getting better. Please give her my love when you write. I wonder if you are at Mr. Forrester's today. Ernest says I must stop as he wants to go to the P.O.

Tell me when you are discouraged and write to Papa won't you?

Yours very lovingly,  
Corie

Albuquerque, N.M.  
July 17, 1882

My own little Darling,

What a treat you gave me this morning in your long and delightful letter of yesterday, and so full of everything that I wished to hear about. I like to hear about the choir, but would like still better to hear it once more before it loses its chief.

You ought to suggest to them that it is time they were commencing to practice a wedding march. It will be a sad blow to them when you leave. The loss of the organist will be nothing. It will be Corie Bowman that will be missed, and she cannot be replaced. There is but one Corie in the world. There may be more, but they are in Heaven. I want to be good so when I die I may go to heaven, and while I live I will ever bear a grateful heart to God for the inestimable treasure he has granted me on earth, a gift so great, so precious and so entirely undeserved that I feel sometimes as if I ought not to allow you, my darling, to give yourself away to me, so utterly unworthy. But wherever we go, I know everyone will love my darling, and although I feel troubled and anxious now on her account, I am very proud and happy that I have my precious one to think about and care for.

I think I like you better when you preach. Your sermons have done me more good than all I ever heard from the pulpit. I must try to get rid of many of my superfluous words, some of them not so innocent as "confounded", but it seems to me that I always liked to hear you say "mercy". It is a sweet word anyway, and never so sweet as when I hear it from your lips.

You do help me my love, you don't know how much, and I feel strengthened and encouraged with every thought of my little darling away off in Mesilla, loving me and praying for me. I wonder if all this, coming from an old fellow like me, don't appear a little silly in your eyes, but when I allow my thoughts to run in that strain, it seems as if I could think of nothing else but,

"It's oh my love, my love  
And it's oh my dear, my dear  
It's of her I'll sing etc." See Scrap Book

Yesterday was announced as Communion Sabbath, but Mr. Hazeldine went off in the morning, and neglected to leave out the Communion Service so it had to be postponed until next Sunday. Mr. F. preached on the necessity of everyone coming to the table with pure heart and a conscience void of offence "and if ye have ought against thy brother" first make your peace with him. It was a pretty sharp, rattling sermon, and although he disclaimed any personal allusions, it probably fitted the case of some of his hearers.

Kate invited me to help celebrate her birthday again by eating ice cream and in the afternoon, Mr. F. and I drifted into a good natured talk on theology in general. Mr.

Forrester has taken quite a liking to the Congregational Minister, and since abandoning his own evening service, he preaches about once a month in that church. He does not hold the Episcopal services but conforms entirely to the Congregationalist manual, which is somewhat surprising to me. We had quite a large congregation. He preached from Heb. 11, 1st "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen", his sermon being a continuation of our talk in the afternoon. He held that faith was nothing more or less than belief, belief in God, in Christ, and in the church, and that belief was to be attained by a simple process of reasoning, and an examination into the historical evidences that form the groundwork of the Christian religion. He did not recognize any innate consciousness, or any act of grace by which the heart may be turned to God. I asked him if he thought the three thousand that believed on the Day of Pentecost were convinced by a process of logical reasoning, and he answered a little hesitatingly that he thought they were.

On our way home, he expressed an earnest desire that I should or could experience the joy and peace of believing, and his wish met with a responsive echo in my own heart, but my hope and trust is not in historical evidences, or a train of logical reasoning, but in our prayers, and in your love, my own darling.

How beautifully Tennyson expresses the idea:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love  
Whom we, who have not seen thy face  
By faith, and faith alone embrace  
Believing where we cannot prove."

I wonder if I have noted it correctly. While I have been writing this, something has turned my thoughts to the sentiment expressed in a very beautiful hymn which we used to sing in Mesilla. I could not remember any of it except the lines

"Humble as a little child  
Weaned from his mother's breast"

But I opened the hymn book and was so fortunate as to find it, the 466th. How very pretty it is. Mr. Forrester will not go to Mesilla this week, and he does not know when he can go. He dreads another attack of fever and thinks he ought not to expose himself to it. I want to keep him well enough to go down with me, and I hope everybody will be well by that time. Do you realize how close it is? Poor little girl. She wouldn't mind what the daisies said, she would get married – and now?

I will send to the St. Louis store for a lambrequin and curtain to match the one we have, and if you are satisfied with no. 19, will have the room papered. I want first though to see how the roof works. It has been threatening rain every day for a long time, but has not succeeded yet. I want to write to George this afternoon and will have to close this already too long letter.

There are some things I wanted to say to you, but I forgot to note them down, and cannot think of them now. But I mean to write again some day. I will go down this evening and every morning now to meet the train in hopes Henry will be on. You do not say if he intends to stop over awhile with me.

Take good care of your dear little self. You grow more and more precious to me every day now. I have a heavy mortgage on you, and propose very soon to fore close it. I will be careful what I read to Henry. What is it you do not wish him to hear?

Ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

P.S. No room to finish quotation and I don't care to start in on a fresh page or I will never get through.

La Mesilla  
July 18th, 1882

My own dear Dr.,

Your nice long letter came this morning, and it has made me very happy, only I am so much afraid you think – I know you do – too highly of me and may be bitterly disappointed when you know me better, and find how many many faults I have. Still I cannot help being glad you love me so dearly, and I will try, with God's help, to be all you think me. And please don't talk about being unworthy because oh! Dr. you are not, and I am sure you must be very near God or you could not speak of faith and prayers as you do. I am sure you will come to Christ very soon because I know you would make such a noble Christian, and oh! you must, you will come into his fold my dear. Don't you see how much He needs such men to work for Him, especially down in this part of the country.

I did think that maybe, now while you are troubled about your want of practice, you wished you were living your quiet life again and had no one to think about but yourself, but I won't think so any more, for we do need each other, don't we?

Mamma says this morning the dread of my leaving her begins to press upon her very heavily, and she was wondering how she could bribe us to give each other up, what will you take? Mamma will miss me and I her, and sometimes it seems as if I could not leave her. I think we have been more to each other than most mothers and daughters as we have been so much alone together especially since coming down here. The parting is coming very near, and of course we can't help thinking and speaking of it. And she is such a perfect and good, unselfish mother too, you know Dr. dear, and I have so often been selfish and unkind to her that I ought really to spend the rest of my life in making it up to her instead of going away from her. If I wasn't going to give her a son who, I know, loves her dearly, and appreciates her I believe I would change my mind even now and send you off. I am so glad Henry is coming as he will take my place a good deal.

Have you told Mr. Forrester when we were to be married? I am sorry he is not coming down this week. We expected him. I hardly think he need be afraid of the fever. We all are quite well now. Have you heard anything more about the concert in A.? I am surprised that Mr. Forrester conducted the service in the Congregational Church as you say he did. Kate's birthday lasts pretty long, doesn't it!

I received a letter from Henry this morning in which he thinks, but is not sure, that he will leave Burlington this (Tuesday) morning. He may stop a day in Topeka as he is urged to do, which would bring him to Albuquerque Sat. or he may come right on reaching A. Friday. He seems in a very undecided state of mind, but said he would send you a postal telling just when you might expect him.

I got such a nice letter too from Mr. Coates in answer to mine. I never knew a more perfect gentleman! I will let you see his letter some day. He always seems to know how

to do things just right. My letter was the first intimation he had had of my intended marriage (I was almost sure it would be) and he sends me hearty congratulations. I hope you two will meet some day. I know you would like each other.

Last night Mr. Parker, Ernest, and I went down to Ida's. We had quite a pleasant time, Mr. Lane went too. Tonight Mamma and I are going to make some calls in Cruces. Tomorrow at half past four our family with the addition of Mrs. Jones, Ida and Mr. Parker are going down to George's land to spend the day. I hope we will not be eaten up by mosquitoes. I wish you could be with us, I don't mean to be eaten!

Thursday I have promised to take Ida to Cruces to make some calls, so you see my plans for this week are pretty well mapped out. Ida says the Cruces people say she and I think ourselves too good for them. It is too bad that Ida hears all the Cruces gossip because it worries her, this being her home for so many years. It don't worry me in the least.

One night when Em was down at Col. Jones they told her the opinions of different persons concerning our engagement. I did not ask Em what they were.

Has it rained yet in A.? It threatens here every night, but always decides to pass us over. I do wish we would have a good hard rain, only I do dread the washouts which are sure to come then.

I have finished Cranford and it is just as lovely as you say. Wasn't Miss Mattie a dear old lady! The only one I couldn't see any good in was Mrs. Jamieson and she seemed a perfect stick. Such stories as that leave a very pleasant impression.

Mr. Parker seems to like to talk about religion and the other day he and I had quite a talk on that subject. He gave me a clearer idea of what a real infidel was than I had had before. He has been brought up among free thinkers and I wonder that he is as good as he is.

This is wash day for us and I must stop to get lunch for the folks. You can think of us as being in the woods all day tomorrow. I am sorry you did not write all you meant to last time, but am glad you intend writing again some day.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Extra —

Albuquerque, N.M.

July 18, 1882

Dear Corie,

I want to send for the other lambrequin and I might as well send for window shades at the same time. There will be four shades for the Draw. Room and 4 for the others. I was thinking of sending for Holland's [Holland cloth shades] such as is advertised in Lord and Taylors circular. I can have the spring rollers put on here. Is that what you wish, and what color to you want them, white, green, blue, drab or brown?

Do tell me something about it. Did I tell you in my letter of yesterday that I am greatly pleased with your choice of paper.

What else should I send for? It would be better and save expressage to get everything at once. I had a call yesterday from five young ladies in a bunch.

They seemed to admire your picture more than anything else. I went down to meet the train last night but found it was two hours late, and did not wait. I am afraid Henry has passed.

I know you have enough to think of without letting me bother you, but please help me a little, and I will bring you some candy some day.

Tell George he had better answer my letter or he will have me lynched.

Albuquerque is certainly much cooler than Mesilla. I don't think Mr. F.'s thermometer has reached 90° yet. The house is cool and pleasant all day.

Goodbye little sweetheart. Be good and help me.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM  
July 19, 1882

My dear Corie,

I am so cool and comfortable this afternoon that I am afraid I am enjoying it too much, and that I ought to be sweltering through the day in some hot musty office down town. I tried to relieve my conscience by hoeing in the garden all forenoon, but this afternoon is too hot for that. I have an office downtown in view, but cannot get in it until the last of the month, and as I was doing nothing while I was there, concluded there would be no great harm done by enjoying myself at home until I could suit myself. Your letter came promptly on time this morning. That is one thing that I will miss very much after the 14th – getting your letters.

You would laugh at me if I told you how often I read them before the next one comes. They are always very dear, very sweet to me, but sometimes, I don't know why, I get the impression that you are not quite sure whether you love me or not. I wrote you yesterday, an extra, but as you will be at the Ranch today, you will not be able to answer it before you get his. I know you could tell me what to send for if you would. Would it be better to send for dishes, or get them here? I have a notion to get nothing of the kind until I get you, then after you have promised to obey I can make use of your feminine genius for house furnishing.

I will get a stove and stove furniture, a table, two each of knives, forks, spoons, cups, plates, etc. I have a little coffee pot that holds just about three or maybe four cups. I was looking at some table ware last night, and realize fully my helpless ignorance on the subject. Have you any house furnishings circulars you could send to my relief. I would like to have you help pick out a stove, but I want to have that put in before you come. Meantime I think I will get just as little as possible before you do come.

Your mother knows that I feel for her very keenly. It is enough almost to set her against me, but she knows, I trust, that I mean to take very good care of her little pet.

It might be a good plan to talk of the parting freely and without reserve. But do not call it a parting. We will make another, an additional home for her.

I hope you will have a pleasant time at the Ranch. I do hope you will not make yourself sick. Is your mother quite strong again?

I was thinking I ought to send condolences to Mr. Coates. What made you act so to him?

Do you recollect, I told you once that if you went home as you were planning, you would never come back. I wonder what would have become of us all if you had gone as you intended, and as I half wished then you would. For I knew I was hopelessly in love with you, and you seemed so very far beyond my reach. I used to think of a child crying for the moon.

As I write, I see through the window Mr. Trumbull's large stone house of two stories building directly across from ours, about 400 yards off. To the left of the Trumbull's house are the Wilson house and cottages, and the large new frame house of Judge Bell.

I never read 2nd Corinthians before, carefully. It don't read like Paul's clear and vigorous writing and I wouldn't wonder if it were principally from the pen of Timothy. We shall be better able to judge when we read more of the epistles.

I have been watching for Henry, but shall wait now until Friday. Does he intend to stop with me?

Yours lovingly,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 20th, 1882

My Doctor Dear,

It was such a pleasant surprise for me to find your extra waiting for me when we got home last night, as I did not expect anything from you yesterday. I was glad to see "Our Continent". How much smaller it is!

I don't seem to get a chance to write you a short letter! I thought I would today as I want to send a copy of some verses Mamma wrote the other day. She says I must tell you not to be too critical. She wrote just as she felt, but I think they are lovely and am sure you will too. Only her unselfish love, like yours, makes her blind to my faults. Now if you were going to get a wife who could write poetry like that, you might be proud, but —.

Well I said I meant this letter to be short, but your letters came in full of questions and then, of course, you must hear about our picnic. I guess I will answer your questions as well as I can first. Don't you see it is rather a delicate matter for me to tell you what to get. I don't know what you can afford, or anything about it, still I want to help you if possible, and as you seem to really want me to tell you I will give you my opinions and you can do as you please about taking them. It is hard for me to know what would suit, and all that, so I think your idea of not furnishing any more than is absolutely necessary until we are together is a good one. I like the idea of Holland shades, and as to color, I believe drab would be prettiest, but as there is a good deal of brown in the carpet, and in the paper too, maybe brown ones would suit better, and they would be pretty. At home we had the same kind of shades all through the house, and I thought it looked so nice. We can do that, can't we? I think that is what you mean. I don't understand whether Mr. Reymond sent lace curtains for the small window, did he?

You speak of a table in your last. Do you mean for the dining room or kitchen? Can we have an extension table for the former? You don't know how much more handy they are than any other kind. As for things for the table, you needn't get anything Dr., dishes I mean, as I think from what I know now, that our table will be furnished for us. Last night Mamma got such a nice letter from Uncle Nelson saying he would send me, in a few days, six pieces of silver, a coffee pot, tea pot, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, spoon holder, and butter dish. Isn't he a darling Uncle? Everybody is so good to me, and I get so much more love than I deserve! I ought to be good, and oh! dear me, why can't I? I am disgusted with myself! And I know of some other things I will get, so you need not worry your dear head about them. Afterwards when we can do so together, we can get some more common things for everyday but at first we can use these. Now I think I have answered your letter as well as I know how.

You say you do not care about having your bedroom set now, so I am going to ask you something. If that set could be sold here for a pretty good price, wouldn't it be almost as cheap to buy a new one there, this one being so heavy, then you could get a more modern set with dressing case instead of a high bureau and an East Lake bedstead, they are so

pretty I think, and then you know a good article of that kind will last us almost forever. I just suggest this Dr. It may not be at all feasible, and this set of yours is very nice. Mr. Shields did want furniture. I don't know whether he has got it or not. Mr. and Mrs. Austin are going to take the hotel here during court, but I don't know as they will buy any new furniture. Mr. Barela rents now for \$50 a month. He is beginning to be a little more reasonable.

George got a letter from Grandpa this morning in which he wishes very much that we could go east, so he would see us before he died, but if that cannot be, he hopes we will all meet in heaven, an unbroken family band. Dear old Grandpa. I wish we could see him.

You are an awful hard man to convince! What can I do to make you sure of my love. Tell me and I will do it. But you know I do love you my dear, "more than tongues can tell". It isn't fair for you to be so distrustful. If you think you will miss my letters when you have me, hadn't we better go on writing and be only friends all our life?

We did not hear from Henry this morning as we thought we would.

Now let me tell you about our day in the woods. We started at five o'clock, Mamma, Mrs. Jones, Em, Papa and George in the Bermudes carriage, while Ida, Mr. Parker, Ernest and I rode on horseback. It was lovely going down and we all enjoyed the ride ever so much. We who were on horseback rode a good part of the way on the railroad. I never ride on there without thinking of our ride Thanksgiving. You don't know how glad I was that you had to go on by me that time so you couldn't talk to me. I was afraid of you! Everything went on nicely until we got on George's land where there had been an overflow of which we did not know. We four were ahead and were safely over the marshy place when we looked back and found that George had turned in another direction and that carriage and horses were sinking fast. Mr. Parker and Ernest started back to help them, and although I knew I could not do any good, I thought I must be there and so started after them when I had gone just a little ways my horse (Trago) began to sink and kept on sinking though he struggled hard not to do so. He went in way up to his body and oh Dr. I will never forget how I felt then! I thought of all the stories I had ever read or heard of people sinking in the mire – for a moment I was sure I would never see you or anyone else again in this world! But I whipped Trago and we got safely out, but I trembled for a long time afterwards and last night could not shut my eyes without seeing people sinking in mire. Oh! how thankful I was to be safe once more! The folks got out of the carriage and unharnessed Tom and Billy, who did bravely. They went in half way up to their bodies. The carriage had to be pulled out by oxen. After getting our breakfast at this place, we went on and found a lovely grassy spot in the woods and very few mosquitoes. We played cards and croquet and enjoyed the day in every way. Coming home while Mr. Parker and I were riding together, he wanted to know if I would not repeat "The Rhyme of the Duchess May" for him. [poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning] Ernest had told him about it. I am always afraid of tiring people and told him so, but he was so urgent that I could not refuse. I could tell by the way in which he thanked me that he really did enjoy it. Ida and Ernest rode up to listen. I said it without a mistake, I

believe. We got home at quarter of nine pretty tired. You see that was a long horseback ride, over thirty miles, but I feel very well today.

Mamma is very well today and Papa's trip yesterday did him good. Did you send him a paper from A.? He got one last night. I thought it was your writing. Have you seen Judge Bristol? He started for A. yesterday, I believe. George says he has written to you.

You say you would like to hear this choir once more. Can't you come down the Saturday before the 14th? That would be so nice. What are we going to do about a wedding march. I am afraid it won't be half a wedding without that. But who can play it? Poor Dr. to have to read all this letter. Mamma sends love.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

You don't think I tell what isn't true. If not, how could I put this ending to my letters if I did not love you?

Albuquerque, N.M.  
Friday 21 July, 1882

My dear Corie,

You must give my warmest thanks to your mother for allowing you to send me her exquisitely beautiful poem, so full of love and tenderness, a perfect mother's gem. They made me realize very keenly her feeling and I know she did feel just as she writes, and the charming delightful manner with which she puts her inmost soul in these sweet and pathetic words makes everyone else feel with her and for her.

It must be a comfort to her to be able to express her feelings so beautifully. Criticize indeed, they are beyond criticism. I can see your mother so clearly in every line and word, with all her mingled hopes and fears, her doubts and trust. See her in all her overpowering, infinite mother's love, that they are sacred to me, and I can only echo her earnest prayer that all her loving hopes may be fulfilled.

I don't wonder my darling that you grieve to leave so much love, but you will not lose it.

I have been thinking too, how much your Papa will miss you. Why didn't you have a younger sister to leave with them? I could have carried you off without the guilty feeling that I am doing a very selfish act. But I love you, my pet, I love you.

My wife will be a little poem herself, so even if she don't write it for others, she will make heart music for me, but I am not sure she don't write a little "on the sly", most girls do, and boys too, for that matter.

You have thrown a good deal of light on the "shade" question, but since you say that drab is the prettiest, but that brown is very pretty, and might suit better, my mind is not altogether clear. If you had not said you wished all the shades of one color, I would have compromised by sending for one half of each. But now, what shall I do. Reymond did not send lace curtains nor lambrequin for the small window in the parlor.

We will have to get both dining room and kitchen tables. I was looking at some extension tables, but they were very long and very expensive. If I can get one within bounds, I will do so.

Your idea of selling the bedroom furniture is a very good one. I don't know how much it would cost to bring it up here, but they charge very high for furniture as it is so bulky. I might have bought a very handsome set from Gen. Thomas a week or so ago, and quite cheaply. I don't think such a set as the one I have could be bought here for less than \$90.

I will write to Shields or Reymond and see what they will give for it.

Your Uncle Nelson is a perfect prince. Only I am afraid your friend will make me feel, well what? Poor little girl – who ought to be good and isn't, because everyone is so good to her, and gives her so much love.

You have to divide your love among so many that I may become attenuated. Don't you fear so?

It ought not to be a delicate matter to tell me what is wanted. But I ought to tell you just how I stand. As long as I am making nothing, and my future prospect so dubious, of course, I want to be very economical. As it is, I have spent about all the money I had put by. As I had so much locked up in El Paso and in land, I had to borrow some, but since the sale of the El Paso property, I could now repay what I borrowed and have something over. I expected of course while here to make current expenses, but that I have failed to do. I have property at home which I am advised would be worth about \$3000. This I propose either to sale or to mortgagee for enough to keep us until I get established on a paying basis. Of course, when one is living on his capital, it is necessary to be very careful, but you see we will have enough to bridge us over for a good while, but I must get into the way of making some money, and if I cannot do it by my profession, I must try something else. Meantime, it would be better, as long as there is any doubt of our having to leave this place, to expend as little as possible on furniture. This is the substance of what I wished to tell your Papa, but there is no reason why you should not know it, and every reason why you should.

You see, if I were doing a business that would come near meeting our expenses, we could afford to furnish our house with everything, and as it is, it is only the uncertainty of my prospects here that is in the way. Still we can have everything that is really necessary and as a general thing, it's economy to buy good articles.

Now you need not feel any more delicacy in telling me what I must do, and you don't know how relieved I am when any question of that kind is taken off my hand. Did you wish the Din. and Drawing Room both papered with no. 19. I got a few more samples today and will send you.

I enjoyed your description of the picnic, and trembled with you over your escape from the all-devouring quicksands. I hope you did not over exert yourself. Thirty miles is a long ride – too long for one not accustomed to it. I was very glad to see Judge Bristol. We walked out to the house and he seemed to be very much pleased.

I showed him all the paper samples, and he complimented me by saying that I had selected the prettiest and most fashionable for the bedroom. I don't think so myself, but it made me feel better satisfied with my choice.

West writes me that my Aunt Hattie and Cousin Carrie are visiting in Minneapolis, your old home. If you have friends there with whom you correspond, ask them to call.

It seems to me that Paul wrote in a slightly egotistical manner in last night's chapter.

I know you love me my darling, and you must forgive me again.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 22nd, 1882

My dear Doctor,

No letter from you this morning, and none from Henry. I wonder if he is with you. We are all at sea about him again. We thought perhaps if I heard from you, you could tell us something about him.

I was rather surprised but very glad when Ernest handed me a letter from you yesterday. That would have been three in succession which was more than I could expect. But where do you suppose this letter came from? From San Marcial! It is the one you wrote July 7th, so it was thirteen days coming to me. It must have been misplaced in some way. Your letters written at that time, and in that miserable office, are just as different in tone as can be from those you write from the house, the latter sound so much cheerful and contented and I don't wonder. I was almost sure we would hear of a washout this morning, as we had a very heavy rain storm last night. George left last evening for Silver City and Em is staying with us.

The expressman left a large box here this morning directed to Papa. We thought at first it was from you, but seeing it was from Texas we discovered it was from Mr. Merchant, and contained two large watermelons. They look good. We have not tasted them yet.

I got up yesterday morning with a bad headache and about breakfast time had to give up entirely and lie down. I ached all over dreadfully and had a high fever. Mamma too did not feel well, and this morning we are both very weak. My hands trembled so I was afraid I would not be able to hold a pen, but I have managed to do so, as I am much better now. I had not had the fever for so long. I was in hopes I had gotten entirely rid of it, but it is an obstinate kind of a thing, isn't it!

Thursday evening Ida and I called in Cruces on Mrs. Blun [Mrs. Simon Blun] and Miss Annie Cuniffe. Miss Annie still says it is all talk about Mr. Riley, but the denial is rather faint.

Ida has offered to play for me tomorrow if I am not well enough, but I think I will be and I rather want to play every time now as I am going to leave so soon. It is very soon now, isn't it, Dr. dear? Do you begin to be afraid of having such a burden on your hands?

Mrs. Hickey [Jane C. Hickey] has just brought us some buttermilk and I would dearly love a good drink of it, but I am rather dubious about its being clean. Mr. Hickey [Martin L. Hickey] asked about your horse and buggy and says he will come and look at it after while. I don't see why he should want it.

I have not mind enough today to think of what I want to write, so think I had better close. I like to give you long letters for Sunday but guess I cannot this time. I hope Henry will

be with you tomorrow, and he can make the day pass more pleasantly than a longer letter from me would.

The rain last night has made the air delightfully cool today and we enjoy it so much after the very warm days we have had this summer.

Yours ever lovingly,  
Corie

Albuquerque, N.M.  
Sunday July 23, 1882

My dear Corie,

No letter this morning and I have felt dull and wretched all day in consequence. In spite of the knowledge of the irregularity of the mails, I cannot help feeling dreadfully disappointed when your letter fails to come. I came home and read your last two which are especially sweet letters to me. I wanted very much to get your letter this morning. I don't know for any particular reason. I must be getting more impatient.

We have had but little rain yet, two or three light showers, though it has been threatening rain every day for some time.

Henry sent me a postal card dated Burlington July 19, which I received this morning. He was to start that day at noon, which ought to bring him to Albuquerque this evening possibly. He says not until Monday evening. I will go to the Depot after him ~~and will not close this letter until I know he is on board.~~ He does not say how long he intends stopping. As the train is very often late, I will mail this, and send you a postal by train.

I sent you on Friday some more samples of wall paper which you may prefer. Did I tell you that Judge Bristol thinks the paper on the Bed Room the prettiest of the whole lot. Susie and I came home together today from Church in advance of the others, and while waiting at our house, she endorsed the Judge's opinion, but Susie is partial.

I was looking at some bedroom sets at the furniture stores here, and find that I can do much better than I expected, and as you suggested, it would be much better to sell the old set. I had already written to Reymond to sell it to Shields or to anybody, but have not heard from him.

The most of the dressing cases, in fact all but two in the ware rooms here are of three drawers, some four drawers. There are two French dressing cases with two drawers, with two side drawers with mirror let down between, but they are very costly. Furniture here has come down in price very much in the last month and probably will fall still lower.

Tomorrow I move into an office in town, in a more respectable neighborhood. Since I have been in the house, I have led a regular hermit's life, only going to town when absolutely necessary, and I shall hate to leave our cosy little room, though for the most part I shall still sleep here.

Yesterday I had gates put in, one large and two small gates, and a couple of doors put in a little kitchen closet. To complete the house now, nothing remains except to have the two rooms and hall papered and ceiled, and the pump put in. I think it would be better to have the pump put on the porch. These pumps have to be taken up occasionally, which would be inconvenient in the kitchen.

I send today no. 3 of "Our Continent". Jill would need from \$15 to \$20,000 to build that house in Albuquerque.

How nice it would be in building, if one had nothing to consider except the building of an elegant, artistic and convenient house.

This installment of "Hot Ploughshares" is very fine, and the picture of the boy and his day-dreams is very realistic. The runaway and rescue of the little girl is a little too hackneyed to suit modern taste, but still one likes to read such things.

I have to close now if I wish to be in time for the mail so good bye my pet.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 23rd, 1882

Dear Doctor Mine,

As Mamma is writing to Henry I am going to put in a short letter to you because I am afraid you may be worrying about us today. Ida was up last night and told me what she had put on the outside of my letter to you yesterday. I don't think she ought ever to do that as it might cause a great deal of trouble in some cases, though, of course, she wouldn't mean to do it. I am in hopes you did not take what she said seriously, but I thought you might think in order not to worry you, I had not told you how sick we really were. But I did, I gave you a true account. Not but what we do need you, not really need but want you. I am sure I do Dr. dear, but we are not any of us sick enough to need a physician. Mrs. Jones has had the fever ever since the picnic, and has been and is still quite sick. Ida too is sick. Mamma is very much better, but still weak. While I am altogether well again, because I can take quinine so much more easily than she can. I suppose (after reading your letter this morning) you will say "I thought so, that horse back ride was too much". It was not the horse back ride, it was lying on the damp ground and getting wet, as we had a heavy shower before leaving the Ranch. I hope we will all be well before Henry comes. We got a letter from him this morning and in it he said he had sent a postal to you telling you when to expect him. We thought he would get to A. tonight. He is a naughty boy to travel on Sunday, but as he did not want to do it, and thought it his only way, I guess he will be excused this time.

I had such a nice dream last night. I thought you were with me and we were visiting somewhere and having such lovely times. I can't tell you all about it, but it was nice.

You are a darling to take everything I say so nicely! I was afraid after I wrote about the furniture that perhaps I ought not to have done so, and that you might think me unwarrantably free, but your letter relieved me and I am so glad we can talk freely to each other.

As you said what you wrote about money matters was what you intended writing to Papa, I read it to him and he seems to think we will do nicely, and that you will surely get practice soon. He thinks you ought not to expect much practice under six months and you have not been there four yet, and a great deal of that time you have spent tending to things at the house. I have a great dread of borrowed money, haven't you Dr.? But I don't intend to talk business today as it is Sunday. So I will leave most of your letter until tomorrow to answer. This is only an "extra" you know.

Do you know I always kind of envy anyone who can go to Minneapolis to visit. I would like so much to see that city now. But as we left there twenty one years ago, we have no correspondents there at this time. Did your sister say how she was when she wrote? I wrote to Mrs. Allen the other day. How do you mean my friends will make you feel? I don't understand. I wish you knew my friends. Most of them are just lovely, ask Henry if they are not. He has seen them more lately than I have.

Do you mean to insinuate that you think my love attenuated? Seems to me the more people I love the more I love each one. Since I have loved you I am sure I love everybody else better than I did before. Oh! my Doctor dear you don't know how much I love! Maybe you will some day.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Johnson were over to Church today. They said they enjoyed the service very much and would come often. Mr. Buckley brought them over but did not come in. We sang good old tunes this morning. Zain, Boyleton, and Dennis. We practiced a good deal last night on some new tunes for future use. Katie Martin came running in this morning to tell me she was "five years old today." Nellie told me they were coming to see me next Saturday (they look far ahead don't they?) and were going to bring their dolls. Dear little girls. I don't see as much of them as I would like to. Is Kate's birthday over yet?

I didn't mean to write so much. I am afraid it is too much for Mamma's letter and I will have to put it in a separate envelope. I thought you couldn't help liking those verses Mamma wrote. I have a good cry every time I read them. Papa will miss me I think and he is such a dear kind father! I do wish I had a younger, or older, sister to leave at home when I go. I expect you are at Mr. Forrester's today. I must stop or will not get any reading done.

Ever yours lovingly,  
Corie

How I wish you were coming with Henry! Please give him lots of love.

I have decided which paper I like the best and will send it tomorrow.

Mrs. Smith said the other day when she was over here something about wanting furniture. You will not sell the marble topped table will you? We will need that.

[Postcard]  
[Albuquerque, NM]  
[July 24, 1882]

Miss Corie Bowman  
Mesilla  
Dona Ana Co.  
New Mexico

I was deceived about the time of the arrival of the delayed train last night and was not there at the depot when it arrived. Was H. [Henry] on board?

No letter this morning nor yesterday – “Que tiene” [what’s wrong?]

W. B. L.

Albuquerque, N.M.  
July 24, 1882

Dear Corie,

I was quite busy moving my office things to town today. Went three times to the P.O. and got nothing. This evening I came down, having spent the afternoon in writing a number of letters to Pennsylvania, and also wrote the postal to you. After depositing them I thought I would try again and found your two letters, and one from your mother to Henry.

Ida's note did frighten me, but it was soon dispelled by your letter of yesterday. You were right about it. It was the hot sun and the wetting of which you did not tell me before, that made you sick. I write this in the office on Third street, nearly opposite the P.O. I have not yet got writing facilities so will ask you to excuse pencil. Last night I went to the Depot and learned from their placard that the train would arrive about 12 P.M. I went home and tried to pass away the time without going to sleep. About half after ten, I heard a train, but thought it surely could not be the regular train, and waited another hour. Then it occurred to me it was R.R. time, and that the train I heard must have been the passenger. I thought that if Henry had come, he had by that time settled down for the night, and I went to sleep. This morning I was up by 5 and down town, but no H. I will go again tonight, but I think he is probably by this time with you.

West has got into trouble with her farmer and I am trying to settle the difficulty.

Your letters today have made me very happy. I will answer them tomorrow.

God bless you my darling and keep you.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 24th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I wrote to you yesterday. I wonder if you got the letter. I don't know as there is any use in writing today as there is no knowing when you will receive this letter. We have had no mail today. Ida says it will be in at five o'clock this evening, but we don't know where the washout is, do you? Did Henry reach A. last night, or did the washout prevent him. I do hope nothing has happened to him. We do not know whether to expect him tomorrow morning or not. After Henry has been there all our family will know about where we are going to live except Papa and Mamma.

Judge Bristol ought to be a good judge of paper now as he went to El Paso before he was satisfied with some for his room, and I suppose saw all the latest styles there. You should feel complimented. Of the samples you sent last, the one I send back is the only one I like at all, and we all think that one very pretty for the dining room. Do you like it? I didn't know you intended to paper the dining room, but it will be so nice to have it done.

You want me to be very exact don't you? Well then I really think that brown shades will be best, and it is nice to have a narrow fringe on the end, or on the bottom I suppose I should say. I am sorry you find all the extension tables so expensive and large. I had an idea they were not very expensive now. I hope you can find a suitable one, as such a table would help so much to make the dining room look nice.

It was real good in you to tell me all about your affairs. I like to have you, and if we need to be economical Dr. dear, I think I know pretty well how to be that, but I am glad you think as I do that to get the best of anything is real economy. I would so much rather have a few things in the house and have them good.

I believe Ernest is going to write to you today. Two or three have spoken to him about Billy. Ernest has just come in and says "tell Dr. I will not write today as he will not get the letter and I have to go to the Ranch this afternoon and so will not have time".

I miss not getting your letter today greatly, but I do hope I will get it in the morning. Last evening Mr. Parker, Sammy, Ernest and I took a walk down towards the river. I enjoyed it ever so much as I felt more like walking than I have for a long time. Mamma is a great deal better, but Papa isn't very well today.

I don't think much of your marking in the last "Continent". Do you mean to insinuate that I took you for your diamond ring? If so please tell me and I will return it.

I am ever so busy today and must leave you and go back to work again. If this unsettled weather, with its attendant washouts, continues we will have to put off our marriage until it settles down once more, won't we? I wish you had a pass and came down with Henry.

Well we have just had a great surprise! The hack drove up and Henry jumped out, just as black as can be. I didn't know him at all! But we all asked him the same question. "How long he had been at Albuquerque?" and when he answered that he had not seen you at all, we all looked so sorrowful that I am afraid he was disappointed at his reception, and so we have been very cheerful since. He says he wanted so much to stop and see you, but he will write a note and tell you why he did not. I am sure you will be sorry he passed and I am sorry, and we are all sorry. It is so nice to see someone who has just seen you, and can tell me about you and then I wanted him to see the home. Oh! dear, why don't things always happen as we want them to. Henry looks very fleshy and is talking so fast I can hardly write. Now if you would only surprise us by coming in, all would be right. Can't you?

Henry is on the point of starvation so I must stop and get dinner. Not much more work for me today I expect! I thought I would almost finish a dress and now -. Well good by my dear and I do so wish Henry had stopped and seen you.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

As it happens it is a good thing I did not put your letter in with Henry's, isn't it?

Albuquerque, N.M.  
July 25, 1882

My dear Corie,

I have three letters to answer today – yes, four for I availed myself of your mamma's permission to read her letter to Henry. I was going to ask her if I could not read it, although I had it redirected to Mesilla. Bond told me yesterday that Henry was on the train, and was somewhat shook up by the accident. It seemed like waste to send the letter back, for letters from Mesilla are to me a very precious commodity.

I do hope you are free again from that dreadful ague, and your mother and father too.

I think your mother especially ought to take those iron pills regularly for some time yet. If they disagree in any way with her, as they sometimes do with weak stomach, she ought to change to say six drops of Fowlers Solution of arsenic, in water three times a day with meals.

But Henry can dose you now, only medical students are too full of theory and are apt to unnecessarily complicate their treatment, so he ought to be a little cautious.

Your letters both coming yesterday were a delicious treat to me. I wrote to Ida today – no last night. I wonder if she will show it to you. If she don't offer to do so, ask her. I was very sorry that I missed seeing Henry as I was planning to have him stay at least a day and perhaps two with me. But the train was an hour and a half ahead of the time marked on the bulletin board and my calculations were all astray.

I suppose you got my letter and postal of yesterday.

I have no intention of coming down now, at least not until Henry gets enough of you. Let me know when has told you everything that has happened in the last ten months and if you still have any strength left, I will come down and relieve him.

I bought yesterday a very pretty walnut table with drawer. I intended it for the office, but it is so neat and pretty that I brought it over to the house and took the little round table I had been using for the office. It is 3 2/in x 4 1/in and until we can suit ourselves better will do very nicely for a dining table.

I saw some cheaper extension, some as low as \$12, but did not like them. They are square and have leaves that fold like a breakfast table. I bought also two shades for my office, and think probably I can do quite as well by buying them here. There is a firm here that put up and furnish all varieties of shades. They charge pretty well, but they do it better than I could possibly.

You little goosey, of course you can talk freely to me. I suppose in strict propriety I have no business to rush off and tell you every time I get a teaspoon, but I cannot help it.

There is no one else that cares. I ought to reserve all these things for a grand surprise for you, but I am afraid the surprise might take a different turn from what it ought to and it would be safer to let you know as we go along.

And I ought to tell you that since I began this letter a wagon has drawn up and unloaded a stove – Bradley's no. 8 "Our Choice" with furniture and a pump which they are now putting down on the back porch.

The stove is of Pittsburgh make which may have influenced me in its selection. It is not very large – but large enough, and is highly recommended.

I received your selection of wall paper for the dining room, and think it very nice. Now all is arranged except the hall. The sample you sent is "sort of columned" and might do for the hall. I don't want to have any papering done until the weather is settled and I know how the roof is going to behave. But whether the weather settles or not, that wedding is bound to come off Sept. 14 at – o'clock unless the bride changes her mind in the meantime, and please don't talk so anymore, unless you really wish it. I will try to be on hand, and if the R.R. fails us, we can carry out the old suggestion and drive up in the buggy.

If I thought you took me for the ring, I was undeceived the last time I failed to write on time. But if not for the ring, what in the world did you take me for? That must remain forever with the dark unsolved riddles of life, for which a woman's caprice furnishes the only unsatisfactory explanation. I am only content and happy in the realization that you did choose me, and seek not to fathom the dark mystery of a woman's will. "I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step enough for me".

I got some fresh vaccine matter today and have been doing a little vaccinating. It loses its strength very soon this weather.

I have been helping with the pump until now. I have only time to say good bye.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 26th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

I must say what I have to in as short a time as possible, for Em is helping me sew today and I feel that I must be working with her. Mamma has been feeling miserable for a week, and she has resolved and begs you to join with her in the resolution, not to take anything which will affect the head as quinine does hers and yours. All the quinine she has taken is what is in those pills you sent, and one capsule, and for the last two or three days she says she has felt as if she were insane. I do hope she will soon feel better. Papa is quite well again, and I am very well indeed. Henry has not begun to doctor us yet. We start him and then dear me! how he talks. He has so much to tell us.

As soon as Mamma is better he and I expect to go to San Augustin for two or three days. It seems real good to have him at home again.

If your letter telling me how nearly finished the house was had come the day before it did, I could have told Mrs. Bristol as she wanted to know. She says the Judge wrote that you had taken him out to your "cosy little house." Did the Judge tell you he had received and accepted an invitation to deliver the closing address at the fair? Mrs. Bristol talks of going with him at that time. We will hardly be settled then, will we? It will be a great deal nicer if you can get the shades right there. I dislike sending off for things very much, but maybe you don't. Henry brought us a lovely present, from my cousins in Burlington [Iowa], my Derby cousins. They sent half a dozen silver teaspoons, and I really think they belong more to you than they do to me as they are marked with an L. on the upper side of the handle and B. on the lower. I never saw any marked in that way before, did you? I think it must be new style. Ernest sent to Henry for a box of Chocolate creams, and those he brought are just splendid.

I am glad you do want to tell me everything. Have you tried the new stove any? I think I will like the pump better on the porch than in the kitchen. I thought you were going to paper the hall with that block paper with birds etc. which you sent down. Didn't you like it? That seems more like real hall paper, though the other would be very pretty.

I have read over what you wrote in Henry's album. You ought to be ashamed to write such stuff. Henry says he thinks it is most time you wrote to him.

I haven't received the last "Continent" you speak of having sent. I saw somewhere that Tourgee had cleared thirty thousand dollars from his "Fool's Errand". It pays to write doesn't it! I like what I have read of "Hot Plowshares" very much.

The dressing cases I meant must be like the French ones you mention. I think I did not think they were very costly. George has one, but I don't know how much it cost.

Do you like your new office? I am kind of sorry to have you leave the house. I liked to think of you as being there.

Mr. Parker was here last night and we did not get to bed until late, and I was up at half past four this morning. Still I am not a bit sleepy only a little tired. I can't make the days long enough for all I want to do.

I am sorry your sister has had trouble with her farmer. Do you think you can make it all right again.

Em is ready for work so I must stop.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, N.M.  
July 27, 1882

Dear Corie,

No letter from you this morning, but one from Ernie of the 25th enclosing a collect. He is the best collector I have yet found, but he does not retain his percent, which he must learn to do if ever he wishes to succeed in that line. Ernie writes that he has put Henry to work already. Does he put on any "states" airs? I suppose you all will be up at the Fair. You will, I know, but the others. I sent your Papa a premium list the other day which shows what an affair it will be. I wonder if we could not persuade him to come. I think he ought to, to see you properly installed. I have been thinking where we will put them. We can stow the boys away anyplace, but we can arrange all that after you arrive. This morning I cooked a fine breakfast on the new stove. Heretofore, when I have attempted cooking there, I have used alcohol. But this morning, for the first time, I started a fire in the stove. When I first lighted the paper, I had everything so nicely arranged that I expected it would go off with a roar. It did start up quite vigorously, but a few seconds afterwards, volumes of black smoke began to issue from every crack and crevice. I was utterly dismayed. I turned the damper on, and then off, opened the doors then closed them, first alternately, by [file?], then all together – but the smoke absolutely refused to go up the chimney, and seemed determined to force its way through every opening but the one designed for it. Talk about total depravity. I started out to investigate the chimney and when I came back the fire was out. With a heavy heart I once more arranged the kindling and applied the match, and this time it did roar. I never saw a chimney act more beautifully.

Now I have noticed that little trick in a new stove before. How can you account for it? I had ham, eggs, potatoes, coffee, rye bread, butter, onions and radishes. I was hungry, for yesterday I had nothing but crackers and corn beef. I did start in to cook supper but was called away. Why I must tell you I made \$8 yesterday – the first for a long time. The new office is doing splendidly. The practice is principally in the old town, and last night's case was a very important one, a case in which Conley [Jason E. Conley], the principal physician here was dismissed for me. I was glad of it as it gave me an opportunity to pay him back for a very low and mean trick that he attempted on me not long ago.

I did not repay him in kind, but he will feel it nevertheless. But I have no right to inflict this stuff on you.

Back from dinner, which was a repetition of breakfast except coffee, which was omitted, and, as you may have observed in reading the "Revolt of Man", that a man touches anything only to improve it, so I improved on this morning's breakfast by the discovery that ham, eggs and potatoes can be cooked in the same skillet, and further, they can all be eaten from said skillet, all of which is an item saved in the dishwashing line.

You see to what perfect system and simplicity I have already reduced my meals. After dinner, I wipe off the skillet or if I am extra particular as I was today, I pour a little water

in it and set it on the stove, – and the dishes are washed, and everything is over. I wonder if you will ever fully appreciate what a treasure you have won. I don't like to brag, but though I say it as shouldn't, I am a perfect genius in the labor saving schemes. A woman would have gone on for ages cooking and washing dishes, mother and daughter for generations before she ever would have thought of this simple device, or adopted it even if pointed out to her.

Yes, you must be right in your estimate of that book.

There is another book that we are reading that I have developed an extraordinary interest in. Bertha is a wonderful character, very vividly portrayed, one who I believe has very many counterparts in real life.

The Col. is not so good, and he is not so innocent as he would like to have others believe, or maybe, as he believes himself. I don't suppose such stories do much good, but they, this one especially, is a study of human nature that to me is wonderful. But I didn't mean to talk about it, and will not, not at least until we finish it. I didn't send Ida's letter after all, and it lays on my table, sealed, stamped and directed, – but it is a dead letter.

I have heard nothing from Reymond about the furniture. He can sell it for what it will bring, I mean the bedroom set, not the table which we will keep.

There are a great many cases of smallpox in town. The County Physician (who is one of a firm of quacks who have a flaming spread-eagle office just under mine, and who give out they will practice homeopathy – allopathy – or any other pathy as the patient may select). I mean to say the aforesaid County Physician makes a point to have his smallpox and other patients come to his office, and fall down in a dead faint or a dead fever, in front of his office door. Once indeed he was fooled, for the poor unfortunate wretch who threw himself at the feet of this dispenser of charity, instead of being in a dead faint or a dead fever, turned out to be in a dead drunk.

The doctors (?) keep them there long enough to let the [-ep--li--?] get hold of it, and then cares for the poor fellow, and charges the County double.

You must think I am in a horrible humor today but quite the contrary. Didn't I make the beginning of a large fortune yesterday, and haven't I feasted gloriously today.

But I am getting impatient for I want you my own darling Corie. I have thought of you so much, and so constantly that it seems as if I cannot wait for you. But time is slipping on, and Sept. will soon roll round. I wonder what next September will bring us. But that seems too far off to even speculate upon.

I was talking today with a Dentist whose office is next to mine. He says he charges from \$1.50 to \$2.50 each for amalgam filling. He is the same dentist who pulled a tooth, or filled one for Miss Ida [Jones] one time in Cruces. I had forgotten him, but he asked me if I did not at one time drive Miss Jones over to see him, which brought him to my

recollection. I am sorry for Ernie's sake to have to inform him that I was told yesterday that the pretty little school marm is going away, going to Prescott A.T. [Arizona Territory] to teach. I have never spoken to her, but she has been a great favorite of mine.

I intended to send you a scrap which I have been using for a bookmark since Val. day, but I forgot to bring it. Are you filling it up? I mean the book. West is getting well again, but she is in sad trouble with her farmer, and has appealed to me. I have written to Tom to get rid of him in any way and I suppose they will patch up a peace.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 28th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

We have had no mail from the north today, and it seems an age since I heard from you last. I suppose getting letters so constantly the first part of the week has rather spoiled me. I want a letter every day.

Doctor when you have the "blues" as you say you do, is it ever because you have found out you do not love me as you thought you did, and that you wish you had never told me so? Please tell me for I sometimes think that may be the cause. I have felt miserable yesterday and today, not sick, only moody. I guess one of my disgusted fits. I wish you were here for me to talk to for a little while. I am sure you would do me good.

This morning while I was in the midst of my sweeping Katie Douty [Katherine Doughty, married Henry Stoes] came in. Just after she had gone Nellie and Katie Martin came and staid until almost noon, so I have not done much today and have little time for writing.

Do you ever wonder what I am doing at certain times? I often do about you. Last night Mamma and Em, Papa and Henry went in the buggy and phaeton to Tortugas and Ernest went to see Mr. Parker leaving me to take care of the house. I read until I could no longer see, then I began to think of you, and wonder what you were doing just at that time, about seven o'clock.

Henry and I are to take a horse back ride tomorrow morning. Wednesday, if nothing happens, we expect to go to San Augustin. We talk some of going horse back, but have not yet decided to do so. It would be a pretty long ride. We intend starting very early in the morning and getting there before the sun gets too hot for comfort.

Have you heard anything from Mr. Reymond about your furniture yet? No one has been to look at it. Is the stove up and the pump in?

I had to stop a few minutes to do some stitching for Em, but will try and finish before Ernest begins to worry about the mail.

The silver set from Uncle has not come yet. I do hope nothing will happen to it.

The boys are going to call tonight on the Schaublins. Henry cannot settle down right away. He has been so constantly on the go since leaving school. The "Continent" came yesterday, but I have not had a chance to read it yet.

Old Mrs. Wood [Annie Woods] is going to take the hotel instead of Mr. Austin. Mr. Barela wants the rent paid in advance, and that Mr. Austin could not do. Mrs. Wood leaves some one in charge of her hotel in Shakespeare and will keep this one open for

two months. It will seem good to have the rooms up here occupied once more. Do you know the 14th of Sept. comes during court?

Ida has not mentioned getting a letter from you. Did she answer it?

Mr. Parker and Dr. Cowan came in last night and we had quite a "sing". Mr. Baldy sent Papa some "whist counters" and we play that game quite a good deal. Henry says Mrs. Baldy is very anxious to have Mr. Baldy come to New Mexico again, and that Mr. B. had written to you asking you if there was not some thing he could do in Albuquerque. I wish there were for I would dearly love to have Mrs. Baldy live in A. Please do not mention this, but Mrs. B. told Henry that she said to Mr. B. that he would either have to give up her or give up drinking, and he seems to be determined to give up the latter. She has never threatened him before. She does not know of his drinking the last time he was down here. She thinks it all Mr. Galles' [Nicholas Galles] fault that he did not get the place he wanted.

Has your new office brought you any patients?

Papa wants me to ask you if you will get for him two dollars worth, taking out the expressage, of prepared Columbo [Colombo or Calumba root is used to treat upset stomach and intestinal disorders]. He has no idea of what it will cost. It is very high here.

As I haven't your letter to answer, I find I have very little to write about, nothing new to tell. I do hope I will get your letter tomorrow. Goodbye my Doctor dear.

Yours lovingly,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
July 29, 1882

My dear Corie,

Your July 26th letter came yesterday. No letter this morning. It puts me all out of joint when your letter fails to come.

The trains are now running again but there is no telling how long they will continue. I hope the wash-outs will stop before Sept. I wouldn't care about stopping over at Socorro this year, though I did think I was cheated out of that pleasure last year. I am very sorry to hear that the pills affect Mrs. Bowman so unpleasantly. Of course in that case she must stop taking them. But I think it would be well to substitute for them a small tonic dose of Arsenic – say 6 or 8 drops of Fowlers Solution with meals three times a day. She may take it with her lunch at noon. It would be well to take at the same time 8 to 10 grs. of Pepsin or Lactopeptin. If you cannot get it in Cruces, Judge Bristol has some, more than he wants. This acted very nicely before and I know will give her strength. As long as she is weak and feverish, she should take something in the nature of an anti-periodic and tonic.

If you feel quite strong again, I don't see that you need continue the pills, or anything else, except when you have an attack of fever. But if you are still weak, and losing flesh, it would be better to keep up your med.

I got a thorough wetting night before last, and I am paying for it today, bones aching, tired, listless and gloomy, and no letter to cheer me. Even the stove failed to amuse me this morning.

I never used to mind a wetting. I must be getting into the "sere and yellow leaf". I have a good many things to do today, but everything is a perfect drag and it is an effort to move at all. I expect it will pass off soon, but while it lasts, it is very dismal.

I forgot to read my chap. last night, but read it at 5 o'clock this morning. I wonder if that does not account for the restless night I passed. But it was not all doleful. I did dream of you. I don't know what it was, but I remember that I wakened up full of my dream and that I settled myself down resolutely to think of you that I might dream again. But if I did, I don't remember it.

The chap. last night finished Paul to the Galatians. It is a splendid book, and so different from the Corinthians, that I do not think the same man could have written both. I wonder if it has ever been investigated. I mean to ask Mr. Forrester. Didn't you recognize the same organized, clear and really practical mind that greeted you in Romans and I Corin.?

Have you received the missing no. of "Our Continent". If you have not, I will try and get you one, for it was a very good number. They cannot be bought here, so you could get it sooner by sending direct to publishers for that number.

I sent also a Scribner for August.

The stove continues to act charmingly and the pump's a little jewel.

During the hard rain night before last, the house leaked in three places. If the parlor had been papered and ceiled, it would have been injured. I will put off the papering until just before you come, in hopes the weather will have settled.

They have been working the last week on the new Hotel which is to be a grand affair. Shall we breakfast there or at the Armijo House on the morning of the 15th? And where shall we dine? I vote at HOME.

Houses are still going up in all directions. The growth of the town is a miracle to everybody.

I know how a boy or girl talks for about six months after leaving college. Six months indeed. I have been driven to distraction by old West Point reminiscences repeated for the thousandth time fully six years after graduation. It is quite interesting for the first fifty or sixty times, but after a while even college tales become monotonous. But don't for "mercy" sake read this to Henry.

Have you asked him anything yet about the attraction that detained him so long. I don't know, but I think maybe, if you had gone on depending on the semi-agreement you and he had made to live together – old bach. and old maid, you would have got left. Is that slang? It is not very elegant English.

Perhaps though, Henry would have proved more constant than you were. Quien sabe? "Quien Sabe" is not slang, but a legitimate quotation from a modern language with which I am, or was, moderately familiar. Why don't you adorn your letters with a few French phrases? It would look so well to show my friends. Write me a letter for exhibition. Make it very loving and fill it with poetry and French.

Did I tell you that my practice is looking up. But I am not at all surfeited with it yet. It is principally in the old town, and strange to say among ladies.

I must tell you what a scare I had. You know I bought a bed lounge for my office. I knew there were bed bugs in my old office, but did not think they would locate in the lounge so soon. But the other day I discovered one, and on investigation, found the thing was full of them. I am treating them to a combination of Carbolic Acid, Corrosive Sublimate, Hot water and Thymol. I only hope they have not infected the house.

I felt almost as if I had introduced the small-pox and exposed you to it. Are you much afraid of them? The bedbugs I mean.

I board altogether at home now. Kate and Susie keep me in milk, and give me a loaf of bread occasionally.

I have quite a number of things to do, and must stop. Goodbye my darling,

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
July 30th, 1882

My Doctor Dear,

It is too bad when you were writing me such nice long letters that you should get two such miserable doleful ones from me! I didn't mean to write in that way when I began them, but I cannot help writing to you just as I feel, so please excuse me for those and I will try to make this one more cheerful.

Do you know I think I can tell very nearly how you are feeling by your letters. The one I got yesterday was so bright and cheery that I knew you were feeling well. The one I received this morning was not quite so cheery, although nice and long. I was almost frightened when I read your bill of fare for breakfast, but as I read on and found what an experienced cook you were, I was comforted by the knowledge that I could leave the kitchen entirely to you and need not trouble myself anymore about it. I can't say I admire your "reduced system" but if you can stand it, maybe I can. If you keep on you will be a first-class fire maker before Sept., won't you! I rejoice in the fact.

I am so glad the stove and the pump work nicely. So you board yourself altogether now, do you? You hadn't told me that before though I imagine you did from what you wrote.

Did you leave your boarding place because you heard the school teacher was going?

It is too bad that the house still leaks. Did it spoil the paper in the bedroom any?

Mamma got a letter from Auntie yesterday, and one part of it she let everyone read but me, so I am kept in a state of curiosity verging on – what? You ought to hear Henry talk! He says to me, "if Dr. only knew what an eater you are, and how you will make him toe the mark – not let him wear turn down collars, and such he would soon give you up." I want him to write and tell you all this before it is too late, but he don't do it. He says he doesn't want me to go away because he will have no one to tease. So you see what I am going to escape, or are you a tease too? I have not found that out yet.

I invited Mamie and Katie Douty [Doughty] to tea last evening (have I told you they did not get off when they expected to and are not going now until next month) and just before it was ready, Allie, Jessie, and Gertie Casad came, which rather complicated matters as we had not ice cream enough to offer all. So all I could do was to tell them I had invited Mamie and Katie as they were going to leave soon, and ask them to excuse us while we ate our supper, and they took it all very nicely and after supper returned to enjoy themselves ever so much. I will miss these little girls, but I hope to find others in A.

The attendance at Church and S.S. was very good indeed today. We had practiced a new voluntary (Who are these in bright array) with the different parts, and the choir sang it very well this morning. Mary Cuniffe was at church with Ida. We are wrong about our chapter again. I am one ahead of you, but I should not wonder if I were the one in the

wrong this time. I must have skipped a chapter. This part of the Bible is all so familiar to me that I have to mark it to remember which I read last, and I suppose I have forgotten to do that once and in that way have gotten mixed. I will go back one chapter tonight. Did you ask Mr. Forrester about Corinthians II? I wish I observed as closely as you do, maybe I will learn to do so when I am with you.

I am sorry it is so hard for you to think of me that you have to settle yourself down so resolutely before you can do so!

I got the Scribner you sent yesterday. Do you like Bertha's character? Don't you think she could, if she had tried hard, have kept her thoughts from dwelling on this man when she found such thoughts were leading on to love. I don't know though, I expect she would find it hard when he was so constantly near her, to keep from thinking of him, especially as her husband did so little to make her love the one she ought to. Her fault was, I think, in marrying Richard when she did not really love him. I don't think such stories are very healthy reading, do you? There are such cases in the world I suppose, but what is the use of reading and thinking about them when we can do no good by it? That style of story seems to be the most fashionable just now. Do you read "A Modern Instance"? I am almost disgusted with that! Bartley is just contemptible! I hardly know what to make of Marcia. Some of the things Bertha says of the Col. make me think of you. The feeling of rest she speaks of when with him is the same I feel with you. Last spring when Mamma was so sick and I would get to feeling so dreadfully tired, your coming in seemed to rest me so nicely that I was ready again for work. I often get very tired now by night, but I don't have you to rest me.

I am so sorry you were not feeling well yesterday. How did it happen that you got such a wetting? I hope you are feeling better today.

How glad I am that your practice is improving. Do you think it is the new office? We all expected you would do well if you would let yourself be known. If your practice is so much in the old town, won't you need a horse, or is streetcar fare a great deal cheaper? I thought the people in the old town were mostly Mexicans, aren't they?

I am ready to go where you take me on the 15th of Sept. I have no choice. I do wish Papa would go up to the Fair, and maybe we can get him to.

I am glad you sent me the scrap you did. Isn't it lovely? I hope we will feel that way when we are old. I wonder if we will. God grant we may!

Were you thinking of me as in Pennsylvania that you directed your letter there?

Mamma and I are both very well now. We finished the pills two or three days ago, so you see we must have taken them regularly.

Henry and I had a splendid horse back ride yesterday morning. The sun was very accommodating and staid under a cloud until we got home where we found breakfast most ready.

Billy shied once and threw me on to his neck, but otherwise he was splendid.

Henry has decided to be an old bachelor because I clean up after him too much to suit him. He likes to throw things around everywhere that he happens to be. Still I think him rather changeable, as he tells me he intends to marry when he is twenty six – he says he is not going to let the other Bowmans get ahead of him in that.

We found such a queer snake crawling up the outside of the kitchen wall the other day. That is the first time we have seen any around the house, and it kind of frightens me as there may be more where that one came from. Black Joe was here at the time and the men folks killed it. It was a very odd looking one, striped with all colors of the rainbow.

Ernest is calling for the mail so I must close. Papa got the premium list you sent. Mr. Forrester is one of the Judges, isn't he? Hoping you slept well last night and feel better today. I will say good bye my Doctor dear.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, N.M.  
July 31, 1882

My own little darling,

It must be you this time that has the "blues". I am sure you know I love you. Don't you darling?

But sometimes in a "triste" moment, I do ask myself whether I did right in telling you of my love, whether for your sake I should not have smothered it. Do you remember what I told you long ago, of the little scrap that I read a good many years ago, and copied into my scrap book. I thought then that it was true, but I never thought it could rise up in judgment against me. "If a man truly loves a woman, he wouldn't marry her on any account if he were not convinced that he was the best person she could possibly marry." Something like that. That little scrap gave me a good deal of trouble, both before and after I spoke to you.

How often have I asked myself the question – Are you acting manly – acting for the best interests of the woman you love? And if not, what a selfish, cowardly wretch you must be. And I never could say or think that I, of all your choice in the world, was the best person for you. So at times, my darling, I have been very wretched, but only from my love for you, and the thought that my love stood between you and your own best interests. But of late I have taken more of a fatalistic view of it. I like to think of you as something that Providence has thrown in my way and I accept the blessing and responsibility with a thankful, very humble and hopeful heart.

I have a great many things that I wished to say, but will have to postpone them, for my head today is in a perfect turmoil. After I wrote you Saturday, I had quite a high fever, so severe that it frightened me into taking a little quinine. I was quite well yesterday, but this P.M. I have thought best to leave the office and come home to find a cool place. But what a dear delightful letter you wrote yesterday. If you would like to know just what I was doing the Wednesday evening you were alone thinking of me, I was getting myself thoroughly wet going to the old town.

I have not sent yet for the lambrequin to match the large one because I don't like it. Others say they like it, but I don't believe them. It seems to be the style and maybe my taste is [biliated?]. I was going to ask you if both lambrequins should be alike. Why should they not differ as chairs now do?

Reymond has not answered my letter, I will write again. If Ernie can sell the furniture, I wish he would, although I dislike to trouble him. I think I paid \$50 for it.

Henry's account of your eating powers quite frightens me. I hope you like onions because it is all I have. Turn down collars are beginning to be worn again as far as I can observe. I have a few left. What shall I do with them?

Tell me all your idiosyncrasies. I want to prepare myself.

You might have your voluntary of last Sunday for a wedding march. It would be very effective, say, just as the bride and her maids entered the church to have the choir break out into that interrogative burst of melody.

I think I must be right about the chapters this time, for I marked at the end of each book the day of the month. I don't observe closely either, for unless I see something to interest me, it is very hard to fix my mind on the text. Did you ever have the curiosity to count up where we shall be in the testament on the 14th. I did, and I make it the 12th Chap. Heb. We will have that the morning of our arrival at Home.

I don't know as I like the character of Bertha particularly though she interests me very much. We must take her under the circumstances which the novelist has placed her, circumstances that have irresistibly led her to the terrible struggle into which blind-abstract duty stands up against every inclination and aspiration of her life. She crushes her whole soul, her life, her happiness to the one idea of duty. She never could have withstood it alone. If her friend is a friend, he may help her. It seems to me the Col. is a scoundrel. It would have been necessary in the old style novels to kill off the husband at last after the Col. had saved his life a couple of times just to show his disinterestedness. But Miss Burnett scorns anything like that and I am anxious to know how she is going to disentangle her puppets. You were right in attributing her fault to marrying Richard, but that is done everyday and the world is full of Col's to take advantage of her fault.

The people in the old town are principally Mexicans, but there are a great many American families there. I think about half of our church live there.

I am glad Henry has concluded to marry. I wonder if he didn't arrive at that conclusion before leaving the East.

I send by express this morning the Columbo for your father. I sent him the fluid extract. If he wishes to take it himself he had better make the tincture. One part of the extract, to five parts diluted alcohol will make a tincture of which a teaspoonful will contain 10 drops of the extract which is a fair dose. It is often combined with other medicines, but Henry can tell him all about it. I notice your envelopes do not fit and filled out the box with envelopes. The enclosed stamps are what is left of the \$2 after paying for everything. Maybe your Papa will give you them too if you are good.

I had a letter from Appel [Daniel Appel] today. He is still at Fort Elliot, Tex. and the Godfroy's mother [Clara Godfroy] and Miss Lou [Louisa Godfroy] are with him.

Mr. Forrester was unwell yesterday morning and I offered to do up his convocation circulars for him. He was particular to have the "new" scratched out opposite his name on the 3rd page. I neglected to do it in the copies sent to your father. I wish you would do it. All the others have been corrected, but I thought I would let you correct your own.

I board principally at home, though I take a meal occasionally in town. Had a sink fitted on the pump Sat.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
August 1st, 1882

Dear Doctor Mine,

No letter from you this morning, and it seems like an age since I heard last! When one of your letters comes on time, as the last one did, and the next one is delayed, it makes the time between them seem so long. Then too, when you wrote you were not feeling at all well and last night I worried about that, fearing you might have grown worse, but as the box containing the Columbo and the envelopes came this morning, I will try to think you are all right and not worry. But I don't want to go to San Augustin tomorrow one bit as then I will not get your letters until our return on Thursday – just think how many days without hearing from you! We expect to start at three o'clock in the morning, and as Henry wrote to Mr. Davies that we would be there on Wednesday, if convenient, and received a very cordial letter in return saying that he would expect us on that day, I suppose our visit cannot be postponed, but I wish it could until I hear from you. Please don't miss writing to me for it will be so nice to find the letters on my return. I will, if possible, write to you from there on Thursday, but do not think I can send it off until the next day.

I am real glad you sent the envelopes, and thank you ever so much. I have a lot of the other kind, but it is miserable to have to fold the paper as I have done lately, and I could find no match for the paper here. You are so thoughtful and kind my dear.

I am going to enclose a note I received yesterday from an aunt of Papa's. She is rather formal sometimes, as you will see by the ending of this note, but she is just as sweet and lovely as can be, and I know you would like her ever so much and that she would like you. I hope you will meet her some day. Her last sentence seems rather pathetic when you know her history. She and Uncle Tom were a devoted couple, Papa says, and were very happy during their married life, but this happiness was of short duration as he died only six years after their marriage. She is all alone now as her mother died lately. When Mamma read this note she said, "Aunt is right, and there is no one to whom I would rather trust your life's happiness than to Dr. Lyon if" – I wish that terrible old if didn't have to come in – "he was only a follower of Christ". But we both have strong faith that you will be one of His followers very soon. I am going to send you with this letter, a little picture of Faith which I wish you would hang up where you can see it every day. It has been my companion for years, and I do not think I could part with it now if I did not expect to see it soon again. I have always had it by my dressing case where I could see it almost constantly. Welcome her and take her to your heart, Dr. please.

Isn't Mr. Forrester coming to us at all any more? We need him and there is very little sickness here now, I believe.

Aren't the moonlight nights grand now? I expect part of our ride tomorrow will be by moonlight. The boys went down to the ranch yesterday afternoon and got back about half past eleven last night. Henry says they had a glorious ride.

Do you still sleep at the house, and have you gotten rid of those dreadful bed bugs? I do hope so! I am not afraid of them, but they are a dread to any housekeeper. Do Kate and Susie bring you milk or do you go for it? Were you at Mr. F.'s Sunday?

My letters are only for your eyes, Dr. dear, and you could not hire me to write one for show. I couldn't do it. I wouldn't know how. I like to write just what I feel and I suppose that is the reason I never cared to write to young gentlemen for whom I did not care in the least and with whom I had nothing in common. The idea of picking up scraps of poetry, as young ladies do, to put in such letters always seemed to me such perfect nonsense! I know you don't agree with me as I have heard you express a different opinion. But I expect there are more important subjects than that one which we will have to agree to disagree. I hope not many though.

I must stop now as Mamma is waiting for my help. I do wish I was not going away tomorrow as I am anxious to hear from you.

Yours very lovingly,  
Corie

Papa wants me to thank you for the Columbo.

Albuquerque, N.M.  
August 2, 1882

My dear Corie,

At this time, 3 P.M., I suppose you are in Mrs. Davis [Julia Davies] elegant little house. How well I remember the last time you were there. How it did blow, and how red Miss Bull's cheeks were. What has become of her, I haven't heard a word about her since I came up. [possibly Sarah Bull, daughter of John Quincy Adams Bull of Silver City, married Jacob Helde]

What makes you think I like to have girls quote poetry in letters? You cannot fight with me there for I think that as it is usually done, it is very silly. I must have had a "mental reservation when I expressed that opinion." I think I agree with you perfectly in that matter.

Your Auntie is quite formal in her style, but like all the rest of your folks, is very nice. Her note reads as if it might have been taken from "The Complete Letter Writer."

I ran off from the office this afternoon because it was so hot, and because I wanted to water my garden, but I find the house so cool and pleasant that I think it too hot to do anything but sit down and write to you, who are enjoying the mountain breezes of the Organs.

The package with the sweet little picture of "Faith" came with the letter. I opened it and recognized it at once. I am very glad you sent it for it seems to carry with it a breath and flavor of that dear little room so sacred to me. I remember the first time I ever dared enter it. And this sweet little picture brought the whole dear spot so vividly before my mind that it seemed almost a part of you and – well, you know a fellow feels a little soft after having had the conceit shaken out of him. The fever always leaves my head a little weak, and this morning I was weak enough to kiss her little picture for what it was and what it had been. I think I do literally and truly get my faith from you. I was sending off a bill of some little things I wanted from New York. You don't know how I dislike to send for anything for the house myself. I am always thinking, "How I would like to ask Corie about this." There will be some things to get that I know nothing about, and there is no one here that I care to talk to about them.

I have always regretted I did not buy that pretty table.

But I think the one I got last a very nice one and it will do very well as a dining table until we get a better. Quite large enough for six.

I think the rooms had better be papered now, soon next week, as I think we are not going to have much more rain. I do hope you will get back all right. I forgot to tell you that I have recovered entirely from the little attack of fever.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
Aug. 3rd, 1882

My dear Doctor,

Here I am at San Augustin and I have not heard from you since last Sunday and cannot hear until tonight when we expect to get home. I don't like it a bit! This will be the longest time that I have been without hearing from you since you went to A. I believe.

We are enjoying ourselves ever so much. They seemed glad to see us, and I thought for a moment that I might never see you again as the girls seemed determined to crush me to death when we met! Effie [Effie Davies] said (so her mother told me) when she heard of our engagement that she did not like Dr. Lyon as well as she used to "if he was going to take Miss Corie off." So you see how you are lowering yourself in people's opinion by marrying me!

It is just lovely here this morning. I only wish you were here with us. We started from home yesterday morning at five minutes of five and got here at ten minutes of ten. It was nice and cool when we started, but became rather warm before the end of our ride.

We played games for the children in the afternoon yesterday, then took quite a long walk, and then in the evening sang until bedtime. Poor little Effie is not at all well, has had headache constantly for over a month. She looks very thin and bad, while Jessie [Jessie Davies] looks and is very well indeed. Mrs. Davies' sister is staying with her, and I like her ever so much. She is so thoughtful for others, and is very lively and jolly. They must enjoy having her out here. I like Miss Hawkins better as I know her more. I think she improves on acquaintance.

The back porch here is beautifully shaded by Madeira vines, and as they need thinning out, Mrs. Davies has promised me some bulbs for our porch. I wish I could have some of her honeysuckle too, maybe I can. Don't you like it? It is so very sweet.

The folks are talking so fast around me that I hardly know what I am writing. I wonder if you are entirely well now. It is hard to have much life during this constant warm weather. I guess you don't work much in the garden now, do you? Do you spend most of the day in the office? We talk more now of this plan for the 14th of Sept. Tell me how you like it. To leave on the train we will have to be married in the daytime, so we might as well be fashionable and be married at high noon, don't you think so? Then if we have a reception, we can have it from twelve until three giving us a little quiet time with the family before leaving. Mamma likes this plan, but we have not decided on it yet. Give us your opinion please.

I must stop as I cannot write decently when people are talking. I am so much in hopes I will find two letters from you when we get home tonight. I have written three letters to which I have had no answers.

Mrs. Davies' sister is shorter than Jessie and ever so much shorter than I am, so you see sometimes I can feel very tall!

Good bye Doctor dear.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
Aug. 4, 1882

My dear Corie,

I did not expect a letter this morning, so was not disappointed when none came, but I will be a little anxious until I hear from you tomorrow, that you are back safely.

I hope you enjoyed your visit as much as I did the one we made there together. How much we have passed through since that time. I do not see your name in the list of picnickers at the Cueva. [La Cueva, a rock shelter or cave in the foothills of the Organ mountains]

I was there nearly three years ago with Billy Jones. I remember I lost a very pretty scarf pin there.

You will have two letters to read this morning, but you will read nothing then. For the past week, I have had not exactly the "blues", but approaching to them. I have been tired and listless, disinclined to do anything, especially write. I have been very anxious about many things, and probably a little dyspeptic.

I hope you didn't think I was in earnest when I asked you to write me an exhibition letter. I think that is one of the chief charms of your letters, that you write just as you feel. I can see you in every sentence, but that is no reason why you never cared to write to young gentlemen.

Mr. Forrester says he will not go to Mesilla until all danger from chills and washouts is over. He has been unwell since last Sunday, but not from chills this time. Today I bought some stuff to make a lattice work to enclose one end of the back porch. You know the back porch also fronts on the street [Keleher Ave.], and I have just discovered in my culinary researches, there is not quite the privacy about the kitchen door that there might be, or ought to be.

I was mistaken in my count of the chap. for the 14th Sept. I make it now the 1st James.

Mr. Forrester has just passed notifying me that if I want water I had better get it at once, so I must go, as the garden wants a drink badly.

I am sorry to put you off with such an excuse for a letter, but it is between you and the onions, and the onions cannot be put off.

So good bye and don't fail to write.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
August 5th, 1882

Dear Doctor mine,

When I found only one letter for me from you on my return from San Augustin, I was disappointed, but did not for a moment think you had failed either day to write, as you have been so splendidly prompt about writing since you were here. Thursday night I got your letter of the 2nd, but yours written on the 31st I did not receive until yesterday morning, so I heard you were well again before I knew of your being sick. I am very sorry you have these attacks of fever so often. Can't you stop them before they get so bad? I suppose it was the wetting this time, wasn't it? You ought to have a rubber coat to protect you when you have to go out in such weather. You must take good care of yourself now, for my sake as well as your own, for what would I do without my Dr.!

I am so glad your letter of the 31st was not lost. I would not have missed it for a good deal. I am sure you love me, and I am glad you do not think so much of that scrap you speak of, as you did, for from the first everything seemed to tend toward bringing us nearer together. From the time I wrote you that first letter until Feb. 2nd, I prayed constantly to God to lead me to do just what was right about accepting or not – accepting you. You know how I was lead, and now my Dr. dear, I know you are the “best person I could possibly marry” because I love you so dearly.

How good of you to write me such a nice long letter as you did Monday, when your poor head was feeling so badly. I am glad you have the nice cool house to go to when you are not feeling well.

So you were glad to have my “Faith” were you? I was afraid you would think me foolish for sending it, but I just wanted to. I had no idea you would recognize it. You showed no weakness in kissing it. I am sure I would like to have you weak often in that way.

The mail is five hours late today, and so I have not received your yesterday's letter.

We had a very pleasant visit at San Augustin. They were determined we should stay until Friday morning at least and we would like to have done so, but I knew I ought to be at home, and I am so glad we did come for I found Mamma trying to get as much sewing done in the two days I was gone as if we had both been at work, and at that rate she would soon have made herself sick. We reached home at a little after nine Thursday night. When I said good bye to Mr. Davies, he asked me when I was coming again. He said he was afraid “Miss Corie” would never visit there again, “but that will be better for we will have two instead of one.” Mr. Davies seems to like me pretty well.

Miss Mary's (Hawkins) sister is to be married on the same day exactly as we are! “What a coincidence!” Henry and I missed a croquet and card party which Jennie Casad gave while we were away. She did not know we had gone.

Mrs. Jones has a new ice cream freezer and intended making ice cream this week, but waited for us to come back, and now Ida is not at all well. We have card parties here (at our house) almost every night. Mr. Parker is generally around and last night Sammie was here too. Our croquet ground is in splendid condition now and last night we had some good games.

Poor Dr. it is too bad you have not heard of Miss Bull lately! She is still teaching up in the Mimbres and likes it there very much I believe. George saw her and Mrs. Lowell in Silver City the other day. That makes me think that George is worried at not hearing anything more from you about his lot. Won't you write to him something about it? Ernest has some money for you but is waiting to get more before sending this. He would be glad to sell your furniture for you if he could, but he does not know of any one who wants it.

Have you heard from Mr. Reymond? Mamma says she saw Mrs. Reymond in Cruces the other day, so I expect I ought to call. They are boarding at the Commercial while their house is being fixed.

Annie Cuniffe is going to have a large wedding I guess. She has asked Ida to be one of her brides maids. Ida says she does not seem to care whether she is married or not, or rather she does not seem to know what she does want. I think they are to be married in October. I wouldn't want for a husband such a restless being as Mr. Riley!

Do you really think the rains are most over? I rather think our rainy season is yet to come. It would be too bad to have the ceilings and paper spoiled wouldn't it? But as the weather is so "mighty uncertain", what is to be done? I think you are kind of changeable too. Sometimes you say you are going to wait until I am with you to get things for the house, and then again you talk as if you intended getting them right away. I know how you feel, you would like to have things fixed as nicely as possible for me when I first get there, and it is real good in you and would be very nice, but don't worry about that. Wait for me and I will help you to the best of my ability. "Two heads" you know. I am afraid it would not look just style, you know, to have different lambrequins in the same room, although "mixture" is all the style now. If you don't like the lambrequin you have, maybe we can use that for something else and get something different for the windows in the parlor. They make such pretty lambrequins out of felt and cotton flannel now. So let things go as much as possible until I am with you, and we can talk them over together. Won't that be best? Is the pump water up there soft? I do hope so. Ours here is so very hard.

Papa is so much obliged to you for the directions about the Columbo. I read him what you said about the stamps and he must have thought me good for he gave me most of them.

Mrs. Bristol wants (you mustn't tell this) some of the articles in the "Republican" answered and Mr. Bond brought them to ask Papa to answer them. I don't know what Papa intends doing about it. If I was Mrs. B. I think I would quietly pass over anything

that paper would say, but that isn't her way as you know! The Judge told George he had invited his wife to come to him in Silver City. I have not heard whether she has accepted the invitation or not.

I wish the fair in Albuquerque wasn't quite so soon so we could be settled before that. The Davies talk some of going up at that time.

You talk as if we were going to have six in our family. Who are they to be? I might as well make the piece of paper I put over this useful, so I will finish on that.

Mrs. Bristol has got a new set of furniture for her front bedroom. I have not seen it, but I expect it is something handsome.

Mr. Lane says he has had a hint about being sent away from here. I wonder what Jennie will do. It is almost mail time and I want to get another letter ready before Ernest goes.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Ernest has concluded to write to you today, and he says he bets you will open his letter first because it is liable to have money in it. I wonder if he is right.

Albuquerque, NM  
Sunday Aug 6, 1882

My dear Corie,

I got your San Augustin letter yesterday, and your regular letter came on time this morning. You may tell Ernie that I opened your letter first for the reason that I have not yet seen his. I suppose if his letter was registered it has been kept back until tomorrow, Monday. We have a new P.M. here and things are not yet running quite smoothly.

But don't crow over Ernie, with your letters I got two others, both of which were opened and read before I touched yours, because I wanted to read yours at home to have you all by myself, and to myself. So I read the others on my way home.

I am very glad to know that you enjoyed yourself so much with the Davies. I like them all very much, Mr. Davies much better than I used to.

I think I used to positively dislike the man, and without any reason, for he has always been friendly to me, but what changed my opinion of him I think was his kind and pleasant manner at home, and especially to their two girls.

I don't care how you arrange the programme for the 14th. You must suit yourselves in that matter and you will suit me, only don't leave out the ceremony. You must drill me a little in that before hand. How would you like Dem. [Demetrio] Chavez' plan to be married before day light.

Don't forget to remind Mrs. Davies when the time comes that her Madeira plants will come in just the right place to shade the back porch. And honeysuckle too. Everything of that kind we can make useful. So when you are leaving spoil the Egyptians of everything you can lay your hands on.

I had but one little attack of fever and that passed off leaving me better than ever. I don't have them often.

I wrote again to Reymond to try to sell the furniture. I would like to get that off my mind. I have sent East for nothing except such things as I said I would, put everything off until I get you to help me. I did worry a little about that lambrequin, and how easily you cleared matters up, with a few words. That will be one of the problems of house keeping over which we will put our two heads together. I did send for a curtain for the window, and also stuff to make two brown Holland shades. The stuff they sell here they say is not Hollands. The man tells me it is better, more opaque. I will leave that for you to determine, I think.

The weather has taken another uncertain turn, but I think we have now a tolerably good roof, and I want to get the papering done, so this week, I propose to do it. No. 19 for the

parlor and the last sample for the Din. Room. I have a nice hall paper in view that I think will be about the thing for it.

I didn't know that Annie Cuniffe and Riley had carried matters so far as to make definite arrangements for their wedding. I had a letter from Riley not long ago, but he did not speak of it. Don't let them get ahead of us. Where are they to live?

I think from the looks of the "News" this morning that your father did shake up "69" pretty effectually. If he had gone a little farther and toned down some of Bond's reportorial exuberance, the issue would have been "eminently respectable."

It is hardly safe to leave Mrs. Bristol loose in such exciting times, and I don't wonder the Judge has sent her so polite an invitation.

I wonder what the Judge paid for his set of bedroom furniture. The furniture man here told me that the Judge told him he would have done better by buying here. Suppose you ask Mrs. B.

Will you please ask Ernest to see if the moths are not in the piece of carpet I left in Mesilla and to give it a sun bath for a day.

I don't remember what I said to make you think we would have six in our family. I think we will start out with two. The fair does come very soon after, but we will not attempt to settle down permanently until after that. Our friends will have to make allowances you know, and take what we can give them. But I hope your father and brother will be our first guests. No, we won't call them guests, but count them in the family. That will make four of the six.

Today I took dinner as usual with Mr. Forrester's family. He held service but did not preach as he had felt so unwell during the week that he had not prepared. He says he does not know that any question has been raised as to the authorship of II Corin. At the close of service, Susie always rushes up to me and takes my hand, and we go out together. She is certainly a very sweet, interesting little girl. I tell her if she is good she will make another Corie Bowman, and she tries very hard.

I had a letter from Tom today in answer to one I sent him about West's farm. He says he will fix matters. Tom writes a very cheery, hopeful letter and says Gertie is going to write you and maybe Julia (his wife) too. Young Tom sends a message to me to save the bow and arrows of the next Indian I kill for him. It is the first letter I have had from him for years. I know you would like him if you knew him. His wife is a very good pleasant woman, something ya bas bleu [Le bas bleu] I should imagine. She writes very much in the style of that Aunt of yours that congratulated you so charmingly.

I want to thank my darling for her dear sweet words telling me that she loves me so dearly. God bless you Corie, and make me worthy of you.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
August 6th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

Ernest brought me your letter just after he had taken mine to the P.O. yesterday, and as one part of it made me anxious, I felt I must write to you a little today. I am very sorry you have felt so miserable lately, and then your saying you have been anxious about many things worries me. Didn't you promise to tell me all your worries, and let me bear them with you? I think you did, and if not, you ought to have done so because I want you to. Please my Doctor dear, let me be your confidant and I will try, if possible, to be a good one.

Are you feeling well today? How I wish you were here – maybe we could cure you of your listlessness. I wonder if you find the home cool this afternoon. It is very, very warm in this place.

We practiced quite a good deal last night, but our singing this morning was miserable, as we began service before most of the choir got here. Dr. Cowan was called out and did not get to Church at all. We hadn't much of a congregation, the weather is too warm. Mrs. Jones is not at all well.

Old Mrs. Herron and the little girls were here yesterday, and (can you imagine such a thing?) Mrs. H. says she thinks I have grown fleshy lately. I wish it was true, but I cannot see that it is. Last evening I took Nellie and Katie Martin out riding and Nellie entertained us by telling us stories. Punch and Judy she tells almost word for word and tells it splendidly too.

I didn't really think you wanted me to write an exhibition letter, but why do you think that is not the reason I never cared to write to young gentlemen?

I didn't mean exactly that you liked young ladies to write poetical letters. I will explain what I did mean some other time. I can't afford to do it in a letter. It would take up too much space.

Of course you did not see my name among the list of visitors at the cave [La Cueva] as that party went on Sunday. Some went from Cruces again today. They say it is very pretty out there. Did you think so?

Indeed we have passed through a great deal since we were at Mr. Davies together. Does it seem a long, long time to you since we were first engaged? These last days are passing very fast.

I am so sorry Mr. Forrester is sick. Quite a number of people have asked lately when we expected him, and I am sorry to tell them we have no idea when he will be here again. Are the rest of the family well?

I am glad you are going to have lattice work on the back porch. I think it always looks nice and then we can make vines run up on it, and won't it look nice and cool in the summer! Do you think you will paper this week?

Did you get your onions watered Friday? I don't much like being put aside for them, but I expect I cannot help it. Please don't do it very often though, will you?

Just think! Papa and I are going to take a horse back ride tomorrow morning, at five o'clock. I have never taken a horse back ride with him before.

I don't like onions so very well Dr. Won't you give me anything else to eat?

So you were mistaken about the chap. for the 14th. I wish it would be the 11th of Hebrews for I like that chapter. Our sermon this morning was about the little foxes which destroy the vines. My little fox was mentioned. Sometimes he grows very large, and oh! dear, but it is hard work to kill him. I wonder if I can ever do it.

[The following undated paragraph is on a separate half sheet of paper included with the letter of June 6 – probably belongs with this letter of Aug 6]

Dr. Cowan is sure now that the mines will be sold in September. I do wish they would, as then Henry and Ernest would both go away to school somewhere. Mamma would rather not have Ernest go to Albuquerque as she thinks newly married people ought to be alone at first. Anyway as there are a good many little things they will have to learn about each other, even when they think they know each other mighty well, and they can do that better if they are left entirely alone. Don't you think so?

Lovingly yours  
Corie

La Mesilla  
August 7th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

When I gave Ernest my letter to you yesterday, he said he thought I was doing more than my share of writing, and I believe it is true. I guess I will have to skip my next regular day and give you a chance to catch up. This is the day I ought to miss, but I don't like to do so without telling you first. This makes the fourth day right along that I have sent you a letter, but if you do not receive them more regularly than I do yours, I suppose some of them are still on the way. I am afraid you will be surfeited.

We have had no mail from the north today, consequently I have to do without my letter from you. Isn't it a shame the mails are so irregular! If Mr. Forrester intends to wait until all danger from washouts is over, I am afraid it will be a long time before we will see him. Is he better now?

Last night Ida, Sammie, Mr. Parker, Henry, Ernest and I took a walk. We went through Mr. Casad's lot, hoping to find some ripe grapes, but failed to do so. Jennie has told us we can get some whenever we want to, so we did not intend to steal you see.

Is there any opening for a young lawyer in Albuquerque? This is Ernest's last plan, he and Mr. Parker to go to A. and board themselves. Ernest to go to school and Mr. P. to practice when he could, and help Ernest out of school hours. I told them we would invite them around once in a while, wouldn't we? I never did like the idea of men boarding themselves, but maybe it is good for them once in a while.

Mr. Lane took his last observation night before last, and expects to be ordered away any time. Ernest mourns over his going. I never did take to Mr. Lane much, and will miss him very little. I don't know what Jennie will do. It will seem very queer to have the telegraph office shut up and to have no telegraph operator around!

I am going to take pity on you Doctor dear, and make this letter very short. Are you real well again? I wish I would hear from you, and that you would tell me what has made you feel so miserable lately beside sickness.

[no signiture]

[Albuquerque, NM]  
[August 7, 1882]

My dear little girl,

How good you are my own darling, to write such a sweet extra to me when you thought I was sad and disappointed.

The most of my anxiety arises from the consciousness that I do not deserve such goodness and cannot give you what I ought. But it is very sweet to know that you think of and care for me, and I ought not to trouble you with my little annoyances, the most of which are so petty that I am ashamed of them.

I have told you everything that really troubles me – and am very proud to have you as my confidant. We will have a good deal of time to talk to each other alone – and some personal reminiscences ought to be spared to interest those moments.

We will have all our lives to learn each other and I don't think Ernest would be much in the way. I counted on him to help make it endurable for you. But we can talk about that afterward.

I will send "Our Continent" today.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

Perhaps my bad cooking is principally accountable for my poor letters, as it is for many of the little miseries of life. I must learn to cook without so much grease.

I am sorry I made you anxious about nothing, but am very happy and very grateful for your sweet, precious letter of condolence.

Wm. B. L.

Albuquerque, NM  
August 8, 1882

My dear Corie,

I have just received your note of yesterday. Are you sure you sent four letters in succession because I did not get your Friday's letter. But I don't see why you could not spare me one everyday. I never thought I could write so regularly to any one. Now I am rather anxious for the time to come. If Ernie comes to Albuquerque, he will live with us. I don't think Parker could do anything here, certainly not unless he got in the office of some established lawyer, then I think he would get along, but as it is, if he has any prospect at all, then he had better stick to Mesilla. But if Ernie is to go to school any place, I don't see why he should not come up and live with us. It would be an act of kindness to me, and I am sure you would like to have him.

We ought to know each other pretty well now, and I am sure Ernie cannot stand in the way of our better acquaintance. Did you get my note of yesterday? Mr. Hinds has been here for two or three days. I invited him to come out and live with me, but he has a good deal of business in town, and concluded to stay at the hotel.

I have been trying to stay in the office more, and yesterday did stick to it from "morn to drowsy eve", but caught no fish.

You must not think I am miserable. I am very lonely sometimes, and I suppose think a little too much of the loaves and fishes, but I have no business to complain to you. The time is passing very rapidly, and very soon now we will be together. It is still threatening rain, and I will not put the man to work on the paper until it settles down again, but it must go on next week at latest. If the roof leaks badly the next time, I will have a composition roof put on.

I want to get your letter of Sunday which I left at home, before finishing this and will close now and finish at home.

Your extra of Sunday did me a world of good, and I feel proud and happy and very grateful that my heart's darling loves me so well, only I feel rather ashamed of myself that I should grumble so about nothing and grieve your pure little heart with my querulousness. I won't do it again until you are with me.

I wrote a long letter to Tom yesterday. You were one of the principal topics taking up three pages of my valuable paper. Did your ears burn, and which ear, right or left?

Mr. Forrester, I think, has about concluded that you folks are good enough, or perhaps that you are not worth saving. Maybe he has only been anxious for fear you should go astray, and now that you are, or will be, turned over to me, that his mind is relieved, or you may assign any reason you please, but I rather think you will not see him until you see him with me. I don't know this, but only judge so from his remarks. I haven't yet

today told him officially that we wanted him on the 14th. I think I mentioned to him one time incidentally that it would come off on the 14th, but am not quite sure of that. It is strange he has never spoken to me about it, although I have referred to it often. I always had an idea he disapproved of the match, and I think so still.

The weather has not been so warm for the past few days, indeed I have found it not unpleasantly warm the whole season.

Ernie will miss the Telegraph office, and Lane too. He is a man who wears, and is always reliable and trustworthy. That class of men are so rare in this country that I am sorry you don't appreciate him. But he hasn't any very taking qualities. His taking up with Miss Jennie was something I could never account for. I wonder how it will end. [Nathan Lane and Jennie Casad were married in 1884]

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

[insert to previous letter of Aug 8, 1882]

Albuquerque, N.M.

August 7, 1882

Dear Tom,

I don't know when I got a letter from you before, not for a good many years, and Gertie seems to have inherited her father's failing for she has not answered my letter. I was beginning to hope that I had waked up a new friend that would keep me posted in home gossip, but it must be "bred in the bone" for after one spasmodic effort, she has subsided, like all the rest.

You may tell Tom, Jr. that I will certainly save him the bow and arrows of the next Indian that falls before my unerring aim, but Indians are getting pretty well thinned out now, and it takes a good deal of hunting to get one. Unless they pass some kind of a law for their protection, they will soon be all gone with the buffalo, the dodo and other extinct game.

If Tom tells me what part of an Indian he likes best, I will save that for him too. I prefer the brain. It takes plenty of salt and pepper and just a little onion. Not too much for an Injin eats so much garlic, his flesh is already pleasantly flavored – too much so indeed for tenderfeet.

But I have been eating Mexican dishes for so long that I like pretty strong condiments, and let me tell you, to an old campaigner, a proper combination of injin and ing-in is not to be sneezed at. But it is not as plentiful as it used to be.

You needn't tell Tom all this, unless you want to, and it seems to me, if Tom was my boy, I wouldn't tell it to him. It is playing rather low to take advantage of a child's confiding confidence to stuff it with lies for our, not its, amusement. That, I take it, constitutes the difference between an interesting fairy story, and the outrageous lie which I have outlined above. I have to be a little more particular in my talk lately and to hold myself to a more strict responsibility because of a little monitor in Mesilla who brings me up with a round turn whenever I venture on any slang or western extravagance.

Tom, you ought to know her.

[to Corie]

I didn't like some parts of this, so I tore it off and rewrote it. I found it by me today, and instead of burning it, send it to you for your amusement and edification. It leaves off just where you come in and are introduced. What follows is a description of your person and character, the family and family life. I gave your height as 5 feet 3 inches, weight 99½ lbs. I added the ½ lb on Mrs. Herron's representation. I want you to gain that pound by the 14th. I want a hundred even pounds of Corie Bowman. It is just a nice weight to carry, a mere feather weight if properly distributed. But your arms must be lightly

clasped about my neck, heart must be pressed to heart, and lips so placed that kisses may be dropped with every step.

L.

La Mesilla  
August 9th, 1882

My Doctor dear,

Don't you think you are kind of a fraud? I do. Why didn't you send me the rest of your letter to your brother, instead of tearing a part off just when I was becoming deeply interested in it? Never mind. I will repay you sometime! You made me taller than I am. I must get weighed, maybe I weigh a hundred even now.

Are you ashamed of me that you think it a good plan to be married before daylight? You see I am willing to marry you in broad daylight, but we have not decided about that yet. Papa had a letter from Mr. Forrester yesterday in which he says he does not think he had better risk coming down here until later in the year. He does not say how much later, so you see he has not given us up entirely. He says they see you almost every day. I think it is queer he does not speak of our marriage, although I don't think he is a man who would talk much about such a matter at any time. It does worry him that I should marry anyone who is not a member of the Church. I know, and I never, never thought I would, and do not think I could now only I am sure you will come into the fold soon Dr. dear. Oh! please, please do. Mr. F. said to Mamma once that he had often noticed that if a person did not become a member before marriage, they very seldom did so afterwards, and that is what troubles him in our case I expect. But I am sure we ought to have more influence over each other after than before marriage, don't you think so? And in this matter I will be the stronger as I know you will not try to draw me away from Christ, while I will try, with God's help, to bring you to Him, and then I have right on my side, which will be a great help.

I wish Gertie would write to me, but I am afraid of Mrs. Julia! If she writes like Aunt, she would not think much of one of my letters in return. Don't tell her I don't want to hear from her though. I would like to, only you have frightened me. I would like ever so much to know your brother Tom, as I would all of your family. I have heard nothing from any of the Allens lately. Have you?

I don't agree with you. I think you ought to tell me when you are worried and troubled. I want you to. I didn't know whether I ought to write you that extra, but I felt like it, and I am glad now I did, for it brought me such a nice return in your note of yesterday. Ernest says when he handed it to me, "I wouldn't give much for such a slim letter as that", but as I told him, it was worth a great deal to me, and so it was Doctor dear.

This is the day I talked of skipping my regular letter, but as you have done your part so nobly, I guess I won't. I was right about the four letters. I didn't send my Thursday one until Friday. Isn't it nice our letters come so promptly lately?

The boys went down to the Ranch night before last and did not return until yesterday morning. Mr. Parker was with them, and took breakfast here. When we came into prayers he was standing outside with Henry. Ernest asked him to come in and join us and

he really seemed eager to do so. I was surprised, but very glad. What Mr. P. wanted in A. was to get in with an older lawyer. I do not think he makes much here, although he told me last night he was getting industrious, had lighted a lamp to finish some writing he was doing.

Ernest has not looked at your carpet, but will do so tomorrow.

At prayers yesterday morning, I read the last chapter of Colossians, and the night before we had read the first. We keep pretty near together.

I didn't tell you Papa and I did take our ride Monday morning and we enjoyed it too. Ernest remarked that we "started off just like young folks".

Henry and Ernest are talking of a horse back riding party tonight. We were all down at Colonel Jones last night, invited to an ice cream party. We had a very nice time. Mrs. Jones has promised to teach me to make pound cake, and I would be glad to learn. I have never tried that kind, but I do like it so much.

Miss Nellie Snyder is here visiting Casad's. You remember her don't you? She has a very sweet face I think. Mrs. Herron and the girls went Monday. Ernest says Mr. Lane got a letter from you this morning. He does not know yet when he will leave. We don't know how we will keep straight on the time question when he does go.

Mamma and I went to Cruces this morning and as Ernest and Henry were using Tom and Billy for bringing in hay, we borrowed Chino and the phaeton and dear me! I am glad I don't have to drive that horse very often! He is just like one of these old family horses you read about, and I like fiery steeds!

I was so amused the other day at Jimmie. He was at the table and I was sitting near reading a letter from you when he says is that – pointing to the letter – from Dr. Lyon? I asked why he thought it was. He said because he knows your letters. I suppose he meant your writing, but it sounded so comical for him to say it.

Ernest is around hurrying me up so I will have to say good bye.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Have you learned to cook without so much grease? Will the mattress go with your furniture and what do you think you ought to get for it? – the furniture I mean. I got "Our Continent" with the other book this morning. We have had no rains lately. Have you, and if so, how does the roof of the house stand it? I don't think either of my ears burned the day you speak of – which one ought to have done so.

Yours,

Corie

Albuquerque, N. M.  
August 10, 1882

My dear Corie,

The next letter I send to Tom, I will copy entire for you. But it may be years before I send another, unless you take up the correspondence. And I think I will require you to conduct all my correspondence after we are married. It will have a better effect on the correspondents – make them more prompt in answering. How very promptly Long [J. Ernest Long], for instance, would respond to a letter from you even on business. I can't get over that piece of impudence and ignorance he exhibited in sending you that telegram. So on second thought, if I have any business with Mr. Long, I will write myself.

But you did write a charming letter yesterday. I have been asked three times today when you were coming, and I told them all – in a month or six weeks. One Mexican lady, I have heard she was Mexican, although you couldn't tell it from her talk or appearance, told me that she heard I was to be married soon. "Who in the world told you that" I asked in astonishment. She had heard several speak of it, but then "You know", she says, "They do tell some of the wildest, most improbable stories."

Then I told her that the gossips had struck pretty near the truth.

People never seem to get tired asking when I am going to bring my family, and lately I have been giving them the simple answer, "Some time in Sept.". One man last week insisted on knowing the size of it. There are so many married men here whose wives are at home and coming out, that it seems almost natural to think of you as my absent wife, who will come next month to rejoin her husband.

So you are willing to take me in broad day light, before all the world. You are not a bit proud, are you? Must I kiss you at the conclusion of the ceremony, or do you kiss me – We can rehearse that part beforehand so that we shall make no mistake.

When do you want me to come down? I don't expect to receive a very enthusiastic welcome from the other members of your family this time. But if they give me their Corie at all I will be satisfied and will not insist on "a cheerful giver".

If Parker could get in with the right kind of a man, he would do well here I suppose, but I really think he would do better in some smaller place. If I were in his place, I think I would go to some of the mining centers.

I hope Cowan will make a sale this time, and the mines in the Organs certainly stand much higher now than ever before.

Ask Ernie how the "Evergreen" quotes and what are the prospects of selling it for a fortune. But I think it would be better to let Ernie stay with us this next winter and go to

school here than sacrifice our mine for nothing. If he comes up, I will undertake to teach him surveying – that is the theory – not the practice, in addition to his regular lessons. I see the little school marm still here, so the report she was to go to Prescott may be incorrect.

Mr. F. told me last night, or rather I told him that I had written you that I did not think he would get down before the 14th Sept, when he replied that he thought he would not.

I think that is about as confused and unintelligible a sentence as ever I wrote. I am getting very careless. I wouldn't dare write to your mother that way. But "I write as I think" as you say, and I suppose I don't think intelligibly.

I wish you could write such poetry as your mother. Why don't you try?

You can tell Ernie he can sell the furniture for what he can get for it. Such a set would cost here new about \$75, perhaps more. I think I paid \$50 for it, but I don't remember distinctly. It would cost \$3 a hundred pounds to bring it up here, and the set weighs about 200 lbs, but it is somewhat antiquated I suppose by this time.

I have my eye on a neat set of chairs, but was thinking that I didn't want to buy them without you.

My practice is not increasing any, but I suppose it will come after while. I got a backset on the way of practice in a funny way which I did not think much of at the time, but which I am satisfied has hurt me more than any one thing. I will tell you about it when I see you. It is not worth while writing about.

I think I do manage to tell you whenever I feel anxious or troubled. I don't mean to do it, that is, I think it is very small in me to do it, but some how I tell you naturally and without thinking about it. But you might as well get used to me soon as late. I will be a great big baby on your hands, a baby elephant maybe. Do you mean to be very strict with me?

Try and gain the odd pound before the 14th, so you can start off with a hundred. It will be so easy to remember, you know.

I wonder if we can slip into church the first Sunday unobserved. I remember how everybody used to stare at a newly married couple the day "they made their appearance" as they called it. I haven't heard the phrase used here, and it may have been a localism peculiar to Butler Co. But that day it seems to have been obligatory for the bride and bridegroom to march in together, take a conspicuous position side by side and sit like statuary until the service was over. After that, they always went to Church like other Christians.

I see an excursion advertised under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church in Vegas to Chihuahua on the 21st of this month. Would you like to go? If it were in pleasant

weather, I would insist on taking you, and it may not be so hot. If you would like to go, tell me and I will go down and stop for you. The fare is reduced to a very reasonable figure, so that even I can afford it. I wish we were to come up in daytime, and if the rains set in, there is no telling but what we will. How would you like to lay over a couple of days in Socorro?

I engaged a Mexican woman today to scrub out the house, wash windows etc, and have the house as far as possible purged of all bachelor reminders. But I don't suppose she can do it. What a task you have undertaken, to make a man of me. I wonder if you will succeed.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
August 11th, 1882

Dear Doctor mine,

I have just finished a letter to George and will have to hurry to get this one done in time for the mail. I tell you this so you will be prepared to read some miserable writing. How long do you have to puzzle over my letters sometimes? We had no mail from the north yesterday, but that did not worry me any as I did not expect a letter from you. This morning though your letter came, and I thank you ever so much for your offer to take me to Chihuahua. I would dearly love to go, but how many days would we be gone? My time is very precious just now, and I don't feel as if I ought to be away from home any length of time. We have heard this excursion mentioned, but have seen no account of it. Won't you tell me all about it in your next, when we would have to start, and how long we would be gone? I want to go ever and ever so much, not just on account of the trip although I have a great desire to go to Chihuahua, but in that case I would see you again so much sooner than I expected to. If you will write and answer my questions, I think I could tell you positively whether I could go or not in my next letter. But Doctor dear, if before the time comes you decide it will be better for you not to go, don't hesitate to tell me because I will promise not to be disappointed even if I decide I can go. It would be a lovely trip and I would enjoy it ever so much.

The weather here is getting cooler – last night it was really cold, and today it is quite chilly. We had a lovely little shower yesterday which settled the dust nicely.

Dr. do you ever have days when you feel as if Satan had left every one else and was bringing all his forces against you? Well that is the way I felt all day yesterday, just kind of wicked. I was fighting, fighting all day and after all I am afraid Satan got the best of me, though I really did try hard not to let him. With God's help I did conquer him at last, but it was a shame to me that I let him rule me so long. I don't feel that way very often, but far oftener than I out to. Aren't you sorry you are going to have such a wife as that! But I will try and grow better if you will be on my side and help me.

Mamma and I went to Cruces last evening and as we passed Dr. Woodworth's [Oscar H. Woodworth] he stopped us to ask me your address, and seemed very much surprised to learn that you were not at Socorro. Seems to me he must have known you were at Albuquerque!

We have been feasting on watermelons lately as Mr. Merchant sent Ernest three splendid ones a day or two ago. We have College songs nearly every night as Mr. Parker and Henry know the same ones. There is a great deal of music in them, but no sense at all in the words.

Night before last we had a nice horse back ride. I went with Henry, but Mr. Parker and Ernest concluded they would rather go together than take any of the young ladies, so we four went. I never went fast so continuously before. Ernest rode Mr. Lane's horse and

she seemed to excite Billy and make him want to run so that sometimes I had to hold him with both hands before I could stop him. He is very hardmouthed, isn't that the way you say it?

Don't get the idea into your mind that you can put your letter writing off on to me, because if you do you will be sadly disappointed. Yes I am proud, a great deal more so than you think I guess, and that is just the reason I am willing to do what I do in broad daylight.

Too bad you have to answer so many questions about your family. People in A. must be of the curious kind, aren't they?

Couldn't you come down the Saturday before we are married, or would you rather come just a day or two before the 14th? Just as you think best, though I would like to have you here over that one Sunday. Mamma says she wishes Mr. Forrester could stay over the Sunday after the 14th, and I wish so too for her sake, but I am afraid he will think he cannot do that as the Fair begins the day after.

I wish I could write poetry like Mamma does, but I can't do it! I never could make a rhyme. I thought you would begin to wish I could do something, but I warned you and it is not too late yet.

When I read Ernest what you said about going to school up there, he said "Dr. is tros". Do you know what that means?

How nice your cards are, but what a name for an Avenue! [3d st.] Why didn't they give it a prettier name? You haven't decided on your office hours yet, have you? I am glad you are going to have certain hours, it is a great deal nicer. I don't think there were any buildings opposite the Armijo House when we were there, so I cannot exactly place your office.

How are the people up there to know but what we have been married years!

I don't know where Mr. Riley is going to live after his marriage.

I make a man of you Dr. If you were not very much of a man I would never have loved you as I do.

It is good of you to say you like my letters, for if I read them over after writing, it seems to me they make very poor reading. I wish, oh! I wish lots of things, so I won't begin.

Yours lovingly,  
Corie



Albuquerque, NM  
August 12, 1882

My darling little girl,

As soon as I received your letter this morning, I went to the ticket office at the depot to learn something more of the excursion to Chihuahua. No instructions have yet been received here, so I could learn nothing definitely. The Agent told me however, that it would leave Vegas on the 21st and would probably be gone about a week. He said that he expected orders in a couple of days, and could then tell me all about it. After I had written to you I was thinking perhaps we had better wait until Fall. There will probably be another excursion then when we can take in Mesilla on our way. I ought to be here pretty constantly from now on, and it might not be right for me to leave the office so long. Still, on the other hand, it would be a pleasant trip and if you think you would like it, I know I should enjoy it. It would be much pleasanter though, if the excursion were made up of people we know. As soon as I find out the details of the plan, I will write to you and you can decide on what you will do.

So my Corie has her struggles with the "evil one" as well as the rest of us. The feeling you describe is very familiar to me, not only professionally, but from personal experience. It is a condition I fancy that has much to answer for as a factor in the history of the world, and it has played a conspicuous part in biography and history. Wasn't it Luther that used to shut himself up for days and engage in actual fights with Satan, fearful conflicts that left him exhausted and trembling, but victorious, and John Bunyan gives a most vivid picture of the terrible periods of gloom and despondency when the very stones in the street seemed to rise up and curse him, when he felt himself utterly lost and forsaken by God and man, and irredeemably and surely slipping down into the yawning gulf of hell. In your library at home you have Macaulay's Essay on Bunyan, one of his finest ones. Read his description of one of those fearful passages of his life. I think it was principally from his powerful description of his condition, common enough to the world, and the unhesitating manner in which he ascribed it to the agency of the devil that led the Puritans into the belief that such a period of gloom and doubt was a necessary concomitant of conversion and even now in some churches, a conversion as they call it, which is not attended by something of that sort is looked upon with suspicion as to its genuineness.

Some temperaments are much more prone to it than others, and it is now pretty well recognized by medical men to be a pathological state generally directly connected through an irritated nervous system with a piece of undigested food rolling around in a stomach over taxed in its functions. So, though it may have been evil thoughts, and bad inclination that my darling was struggling against, they were probably excited by, say a little piece of undigested orange peel that had remained in the stomach until it had become a source of irritation.

But the feeling is essentially the same, whether excited by a demon or a dessert, and it is just as difficult to fight, and the glory is just as great to conquer it as if it were a veritable fight with Old Nick, as was so implicitly believed by our fathers' fathers.

I am glad my darling that you did win. I know you would, and always will, for you have a strong reserve force that some of us lack. I depend a great deal on you, and feel myself already leaning on you for support in my fights with evil.

I can't make out what you say Ernest said. I read your writing ordinarily now like print, but that expression puzzled me. "Dr. is tros". I have copied it just as you wrote it.

Well if you cannot write poetry, I suppose I will have to take you for your prose, for it is too late now. "We cannot go back now."

You did not complete your wish that you were wishing when you finished your letter. What was it?

I wish – well my happiness would be complete I think if you and I were living comfortably together in some pleasant place no matter where, with a comfortable competence [income], with friends and relatives and – well, I find I would want a good many little surroundings to make our lives luxurious. But I do want to be heart and soul with you in everything.

I think the mattress had better be retained. It makes a good solid foundation for a lighter mattress that I can get here, and I will ask Ernest to have Mrs. Wilson wash and pick the wool before it is sent up. Reymond does not write anything about the set, but I know he will sell it if he can.

I got the paper yesterday for the front room and will have it put on Monday. I am working myself on the lattice work, so that will not be a very neat job. But it will be done.

I am glad to hear that you keep up your horse back rides. How did you manage to coax your father out with you?

I find I have been writing very fast, and looking it over, it seems almost illegible to me. But perhaps you can read ritin better than I.

There is a fellow waiting for me to finish this and he is growing impatient. I have told him that you take precedence of him and his business, and he looks now quite resigned and content.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

6 P.M. Have been all afternoon with a friend putting up lattice work on the porch. One side is enclosed. I will put up about 8 ft. on the side. Good bye.

La Mesilla  
August 13th, 1882

My own dear Doctor,

I have discovered that my cross, miserable feelings come to me mostly on the days I do not receive your letters. Will that account for them, do you think? I believe it will partly. I don't know why it is, but lately I feel as if I could sympathize with Luther and Bunyan, and wish I could go away alone with only God and fight my fight out, but I am ashamed and disgusted with myself that I allow such thoughts to stay with me for a moment when God is and always has been so very very good to me. I am going to try hard not to have them any more. I don't think my temperament is at all prone to such thoughts generally, but they seem to have attacked me in full force last week. Poor dependence you see I am Dr. dear, but I will try and be stronger, and we must be together heart and soul in everything. I am sure we can if we try. Let's ask God to help us.

I did not finish my wish because I did not know when my wishes would end, though I don't think I have very many wishes ungratified just now. I can tell you what I wish just this moment, and that is that you were here. Isn't it queer my dear, but I want to see you ever so much.

What Ernest said was slang, that is why you could not read it, and so I will not make it any plainer for you.

You will be quite a carpenter after while (I don't mean to say you are not one now, only I didn't know of it) if you keep on at putting in gates, making lattice work, and so forth. Do you think you would like the trade? So you will begin papering tomorrow. Do you think we will have much more rain? We have not had our share this year. Mr. Reymond asked Mr. Sherfey [Samuel W. Sherfey] about your furniture the other day, but he has said nothing to us. I see by the paper that Mr. R. has just received new furniture at his store so he would be working against his own interests in trying to sell yours, wouldn't he?

I am glad you put off somebody to finish your letter to me. After being put aside for onions, I was kind of disgusted. Are you going to take any onions to the fair this year?

About the trip to Chihuahua. I think there would be quite a party of those we know who would go now if we went. Ernest is very anxious to go, Mr. Parker says he would go if the rest of us did, and Ida says she is going, if a party of us go, if it takes the last cent she has! But I like your plan ever so much better, that is to go later in the fall and stop here on our way if everything happens right. I don't believe we ought to go if it will affect your business at all badly as it might do. And then on my side, I do not feel like being away from home so long when I am so soon going to leave it for another. I wish though you would write more about it when you find out more, as Ernest says he is going anyway. But I do not really think he will. He is disgusted that we talk of giving it up, as he says in the fall he will be going to school, and Mr. Parker will not be here to go. He

wanted me to urge your going, but I have told you just what I think about it. I know I would enjoy the trip, but the question is ought we to go? I know Mamma would rather not have me away now.

The wind is blowing a perfect gale, and I expect it is doing so in honor of some visitors who came to George's this morning. Em was very much surprised this morning when she went home to find two ladies and a gentleman standing at their door. They are cousins of hers, two from Topeka and one from La Fayette. They stopped a day in Santa Fe and telegraphed Friday that they would be here today, but Em did not get the telegram until after they got here this morning! We are all rather sorry they have come just now, as George is away and we are very busy at this house. They will only stay a few days though and we will all have to do what we can to make their stay pleasant as we feel indebted to the gentleman (Mr. Hickey) and his wife. Henry staid at their house while he was in Topeka. Do you remember that picture Em has of a very fleshy young lady? Well this is the one, Miss Crary, and she is fleshy! Henry brought her over to Church this morning. I will tell you more about them when we know them better.

We had a new scholar in Sunday School today, just think of it! He is a little boy who has come to clerk in Mr. Bulls. The idea of his being a clerk seems ridiculous. He is not as large as Harry Jones, but is rather an amusing little fellow.

Have you seen anything of Mrs. Reynolds in Albuquerque? I see from the Mesilla News that she met with an accident while getting off the train at that place and that Mr. Reynolds had gone to her. I thought maybe they called you in if she needed a doctor.

I wished you were boarding yourself near us the other day so I could send you some corn fritters I made. They were very good but are so troublesome to make that we don't do it often. Do you make any extra dishes? Cooking isn't much fun in such warm weather, is it?

I didn't have to coax Papa to go riding, he asked me. I don't generally invite my escorts to take me riding, do I? Ernest and I had a nice ride Friday evening. We went out beyond Cruces and came back an entirely new road to us. You don't get any rides now do you except in the streetcars?

I wish you were writing to me today. I like your Sunday letters. Do you know I never wrote to but one person on Sunday before I began writing to you and now I never write to anyone but you on that day.

Yours ever lovingly,  
Corie

Albuquerque, N.M.  
Aug. 14, 1882

My own dear Corie,

I have to acknowledge my first failure to write on time. I did intend to write regularly every other day, but I have failed. I am writing this after the mail and the train has closed.

I was working on the lattice work of the back porch, and had just made up my mind to stop off and write to you when some one told me that the "water was coming". When the water is turned on, having about half a mile of headway before it reaches the garden, it claims precedence over everything. I had been trying to get it for a couple of days, and now I must use it. I thought of your letter and worked very hard to get through in time to write it. I might have written something, but could not leave to go to the P.O. for if I left the whole yard would be flooded. So my poor Corie had to be sacrificed a second time for the onions.

Did you think that in just one month from today you are to give yourself to me.

I told Mr. Forrester that I would want him on the 14th and it is well I did for I don't think he knew it. He asked me again yesterday if the wedding was to come off on the 14th. I think that was the first time he has ever directly referred to it. I was going to tell him that Mrs. Bowman wished him to stay over the next Sunday, but he changed the subject very quickly. It is the worst day in the week for him, as he will have to be in Mesilla five days if he is there either the Sunday before or after the 14th.

I got no letter from you this morning. Something the matter with the train, or perhaps the Mesilla Acequia has broken. I have heard nothing more of the excursion.

August 15

Your letter just received. I don't know what delayed it. As soon as I began to think in earnest over the Chihuahua trip, I saw it would be better to put it off for the present. For one thing, in general, there is nothing much more disagreeable than an excursion, and an excursion to a hot place, in hot weather with a party of strangers, though it would help wonderfully if a party from Mesilla or Cruces would join. But the agent here told me that he thought there would be no reduction of rates for those getting on at way stations. So it would be no reduction at all for you folks. A trip made at an ordinary time is worth a dozen excursions for comfort as well as for sight seeing.

I have no doubt but that we will have a chance during the fall or winter to make the trip, and I would like to manage it so as to stop at Mesilla. If I went with this excursion, I would have to go right through without stopping.

I saw Mr. Reynolds and I think his wife riding out a couple of times last week in a carriage. I do not know if they have gone yet but presume they have. I think they stopped at the Old Town. I didn't know that Mrs. Reynolds had been hurt until I saw it in the news. She would not be apt to send for me as she threw me off long ago in Mesilla. She sent for me once afterwards, but again took offense at something. I was very sorry for she is a noble hearted woman and I owe her a debt of gratitude. She was a very good friend to me in the darkest hour of my life, when I needed a friend. But I could never understand her.

I am getting tired of cooking and don't venture on any extras. I take about one meal a day in town. I would like to eat some of your corn fritters in Mesilla today.

Yes, darling, we will try to be together heart and soul, and God will help us. I am fairly starving to see you, but the time is passing very fast. September, that I thought never would come round is almost upon us and we will have each other.

I pray every day that God may bless my little darling and that I may be given grace and strength to do my duty to her.

The paper man will not commence until tomorrow.

I don't know why Reymond does not answer my letter. I must fix it one way or the other about the furniture very soon.

Today I will finish the lattice work interrupted by yesterday's irrigation.

You may tell Ernie that the little school marm is still here. I saw her pass the window a minute ago.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
August 15th, 1882

My dear Doctor,

As the train was late again this morning, I have not your letter to answer. It was so nice while we got our letters regularly! The washout this time was on the western road and the southern train waited at Rincon for the western one. I don't think they generally do that when the latter is not on time, do they?

Em's cousins left this morning for El Paso where they expect to spend the day. They will not come back to Mesilla but go right through on their way home. Rather a short visit they made, didn't they? The ladies wanted to stay longer, but the man, like most men, was in a hurry to get back to his business and was rushing them through. We like them all very much, but were particularly taken with Mrs. Hickey. She reminds me so much of Aunt Rose Painter [Rose Anna Painter, Muncy, PA], looks and acts enough like her to be her sister. Mr. Hickey (who is her second husband) makes us think of Mr. Hinds. But you ought to see Miss Crary! You would hardly think of calling Miss Bull fleshy after seeing this young lady! She is only eighteen but looks as if she were twenty-eight or thirty. They say she has lost twenty pounds lately. What must she have been before. She has a lovely complexion, and is very pleasant and jolly. Sunday evening we took a walk through Bull's garden and got a nice lot of grapes. Have you had any yet? Better come down and get some.

Last evening we all, with the exception of Papa and Ernest, went riding. Henry took Miss Crary in the phaeton while the rest of us went in the Bermudes carriage. We all stopped at our home on our return and spent a very pleasant evening. I speak for them too as we could tell by their reluctance to leave that they enjoyed themselves. I wonder what and whose relatives will visit us next. Couldn't you come on one of the excursion tickets as far as here and spend your time with us instead of going on to Chihuahua? That would be lovely. I wanted to get your letter today to see what more you would tell about that trip. I expect Ernest will bring me that letter when he takes this to the mail, but I am real sorry I cannot have it before.

The boys are going down to the ranch again tonight. I dread to have them, as there have been heavy rains there lately and the ground may be dangerous. I wish George would come down and tend to his man himself. Court does not close in Silver City until Wednesday and George will not be home until Saturday. [George was clerk of the Third Judicial District Court] Mrs. Bristol will make quite a visit, won't she? I don't she why she don't go oftener with the Judge. There is nothing at all to keep her at home, only of course her valuables, but if I were she, I would travel when I could.

Are you having cold nights in Albuquerque now? It is quite cold here until after the sun rises and then it is wonderful how soon it becomes very warm.

Did you begin to paper the house yesterday as you intended?

As it is wash day and I am very busy, and I haven't your letter to answer, I am sure you will not expect a long letter from me this time. Em just says George wrote he had received a postal from you, but did not tell what it was about. I am glad you wrote to him, I was afraid you hadn't.

Do you know you did not wish just as you ought to in your last letter. You ought to have said, "only give me yourself and I would be happy in a log hut in the midst of a wilderness." Instead of that you wish for friends, relatives, and luxuries.

Well I must say good bye.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
August 16, 1882

My dear Corie,

No southern mail this morning, but the Agent tells me it will arrive about 1 or 2 P.M. He also tells me that he has heard nothing more about the excursion, although he has written for instructions. I wrote yesterday, but that was for the day before. I am glad to think my letters have so good an effect on you. I did not think you ever fell into those rebellious moods you describe. They must be innocent little storms, but they seem to trouble you. Most likely in your case they are one of the results of the malaria lurking in your system for I am sure they are not natural to you. You needn't try to shake my faith in you. It only amuses me. Maybe it reverses the natural order of things, but I feel strong only in you.

Yes, I am a sort of a carpenter. I believe I might have made a tolerably good one, but I spoiled a good carpenter in trying to make a poor doctor. I almost finished my lattice work yesterday, would have done so altogether, but had not quite enough material. I want to have the house so that we can go into it at once, with just enough and no more than enough to make a beginning, for I want you to help me get what is wanted afterwards. I have no dishes yet, no cooking utensils except the stove furniture – 2 griddles, 2 spiders, 3 breadpans, 2 pots, 1 steamer, 1 large tea boiler, one large coffee boiler, 1 small coffee pot, will make about 4 cups, 1 large wash boiler.

Now what do I want to get? I can think of some things, but it bewilders me when I attempt to reduce my ideas into anything like shape. You told me not to get any dishes for the table, but we will want other kitchen knickknacks, such as dish-wash-basin, pans, etc.

Suppose you make out a list of what will be needed to commence operations, in order that I may get them before I go down.

The paper man promised to be around today, but I have not seen him yet. The paper you selected for the dining room I think very pretty, and so is the other, but I think I like the Din. Room paper the best.

1 P.M.

I have just received your letter of yesterday and it makes me feel guilty to read what you say of the tardiness of the mails. When the only washout that occurred was in the garden, and the onions, not the mails, were the cause of the delay. I wish I could drop in on you just now. I would give a good deal to have a nice quiet talk with you.

I wrote to George as soon as you told me that he was wanting to hear from me, but as I had nothing to say, I said it on a postal card. George I think erred in concluding to build

so good a house. Of course, it is much better for us that he should put up a good house, but if his object was to make his investment pay, he could have done that best by putting up a house at a cost of about 6 to 9 hundred dollars.

I would like to see your visitors, especially Miss Crary, as I have a partiality for fat folks, that is the reason I want you to gain that odd pound. Why didn't you describe to them the glories of Albuquerque and ask them to stop over and see me.

The nights are very pleasant and sometimes so cool that I have to reach out towards morning for the blanket that my forethought placed near the bed, or bed lounge.

And you criticize my wish because I wished for something else besides you. And you conjure up a very pretty picture of love in the wilderness. Something like Omar's quatrain.

"A book of verses underneath the bough  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou  
Beside me, singing in the wilderness  
Oh wilderness were Paradise enow."

And it would be if it would only satisfy you. But I could only be happy if you were, and I want friends and relatives and luxuries because I know they will help me to make my darling happy and contented with her grey haired old husband. So I wish, for my own happiness, to have you with me and then I wish, for my own happiness again, that you should be happy, and after all, it is all silliness, for I don't think I could give you up now, even to secure your own happiness.

Bob Ingersol in one of his lectures tells of a personal reminiscence of his early days in Sunday School, how the teacher asked the class if they would be willing to go to Hell if it were God's will they should do so, and how every little liar answered "yes". But I have quit asking myself such questions, and have only room in my heart for gratitude and thankfulness that I am permitted to share my happiness with you.

I hope you have gotten over your delicacy about telling me what I am to get. You see if I had some one here to talk to, and give me hints, it would be different, but I am perfectly ignorant and unsophisticated and will have to depend on you to help me.

Oh yes, I had almost forgotten that there was a ring with which I am to wed thee. Could you send me the size. I think it is of the size of a ring that I have, but am not certain. Which is the 4th finger which I am to hold. The index finger I always thought was the wedding ring finger, but it is called the 1st finger in Anatomical works. Am I to place the ring on the little finger of the woman's left hand.

You see, I have been looking up the service, trying to commit the little speech I am to make. "I M take thee N, to my lawful and wedded wife" "to have and to hold" just like the deed to a piece of property. I wonder they didn't put a guarantee clause in as they do

in good deeds. When that is omitted the deed is called a “bargain and sale” deed or a “Quit claim” deed and the title conveyed by it is generally designated as a “Jim Crow” title.

You have no idea what an improvement the lattice work makes on the back porch. It was altogether too public, facing the street and Mr. Trask’s house. I don’t think a great deal of our nearest neighbors, though I know very little about them. Still they may be very good neighbors.

I find I really must take more pains to make my writing legible. When I write in a hurry or rapidly, I get very careless. I am writing in the office and have no spare paper, else I would not send you this sheet soiled by the rain.

We have not had any good rains yet, only little sun showers which are no good – for onions.

I have written to Ernie asking him to see Reymond about the furniture.

Reading another of Mrs. Gaskell’s novels, one long story, very good, but don’t think I will send it to you. We may read it together next month. What are you so busy doing? Are you getting frightened at the near approach of the 14th and what would you give for a reprieve?

W. B. L.

La Mesilla  
August 17th, 1882

My Doctor Dear,

No northern mail this morning! Isn't it a shame! What shall we do if the trains act this way in September? I am sorry we have chosen such a bad day for Mr. Forrester. Shall we put it off a day or two on his account? I think though he might afford to give Mesilla that many days at that time to make up for the time we have done without him lately. We all want to see him.

I forgive you willingly, Dr. dear, for missing a day as the excuse you gave was a very good one, and you have been so nice and regular as a rule. This is the first time you have neglected writing your regular letter since June 18th. That is a good record for you isn't it?

Didn't you finish the first book of Thessalonians last night? They must have been pretty good people as Paul praises them so constantly.

I finished that book of stories by Mrs. Gaskell the other day. I like them very much. She writes very sweetly and simply doesn't she? Makes her characters so natural. I have only commenced reading the book you sent by Anthony Trollope. I never liked his writings much, but as you sent it, I began it and am now quite interested in the story. Did you like the book? You have lots of time for reading, don't you? I hope I will have next winter. I don't just now.

I haven't told you that we did not find any moths in your carpet. I wish Mr. Reymond could sell your furniture. It would be so much nicer to have an entirely new set, as most everything else we have will be new. Mamma would like your set, and would probably take it next quarter, but cannot this, as I am pretty much of an expense just now.

Have you finished the lattice work yet? You found it quite a job, didn't you? I don't believe I did know what a prize I was getting in you! When I took you I thought you were only a Dr., and now I find you are a gardener, cook and carpenter as well! Four weeks from today and all that genius will belong to me! I ought to be proud, hadn't I? And I am.

Mr. and Mrs. Reymond were given a surprise party Tuesday. We did not know of it until the next day, the Cruces people do not think of inviting the Mesilla crowd any more. We have refused so often.

I am glad you have given up the trip to Chihuahua. I can't bear to be away from home at all now. Mamma was over at George's almost all yesterday, and oh! dear it was so lonely. I don't like to be separated even for a little while. I wonder if she will miss me as much. But there is another member of the family now who will do something towards

filling my place in her heart and time, for I am an Aunt in my own right now! George and Em have a dear little daughter. We expect George home tomorrow or the next day.

Henry expects to commence taking lessons on the flute tonight. I tell him I am glad I am going away if he intends to practice around home much. He says he may kill me off even before I can get away. So be prepared not to find me here when you come for me. His "chum" as he calls him, plays the violin and Henry is to learn to play the flute before they return to college. I wonder if we can't send him off on the sand hills to practice.

I think I know why you can't understand Mrs. Reynolds, but if she has been a good friend to you, I will like her better than I have.

You don't tell me what day in September you will be down. Do you think you can spend Sunday with us?

Mr. Lane is still here, but will leave in a day or two. Poor Mesilla now she is being deserted! Matie Herron spent yesterday afternoon with me.

Will you have any grapes on your vines this fall? Mr. Chaves expects to move into his house Monday. I am glad you are not going to put me in a house behind a store. I have a great dislike to houses in that situation. I would imagine I was smothering all the time. The Mesilla Hotel will be open next week I believe. Good bye.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
August 18, 1882

My dear Corie,

Your letter came on time this morning. Mr. Forrester has not complained about the day, and until he does, I don't think I will suggest a postponement. If it were all the same to you to anticipate the 14th a few days, I will suggest that to him if you say so.

I ought to congratulate you on your accession to the new dignity of a real auntship, and I do most heartily, as well as all the rest of the family. I heard of the event yesterday and am very glad that everything passed off so well. The new Bowman will help to interest your mother, after you leave her, and I am especially glad on that account, but it will not fill your place and we don't want that place filled, do we?

Yesterday, I took the female portion of the Forrester family, including Mrs. Brewer, to visit the Indian School. We never thought of it being vacation, until we got there and found but a half dozen or so from the Mescalero tribe, the others, mostly Pueblos, were at home. There were two little Pueblo girls there however, on a visit and the teacher, Miss Wood, put the Apaches and then the little girls through their paces for us. It is astonishing to me how quickly they learn. They are taught on the kindergarten system, object lessons. I had never seen it illustrated before, and was quite interested. The Apaches have only been there two months, yet they spell and read short easy sentences, and in a measure understand it. They write too, not an elegant hand, but legibly. Something like y-- , No, I won't say it. It would be ill natured. I suppose you never had the advantages of the kindergarten method, or Gaskell's compendium, or any of these modern improvements that these Apaches enjoy, so I will be charitable.

The two Pueblo girls who have been at school longer passed a very good examination. I was very much pleased with the teacher – Miss Wood. Quite a lady in deportment with a pleasant charming style and manner about her that was very refreshing. I wish I could see more of her.

I will get a set of furniture here whether that one is sold or not. Somebody will want it and if George can spare the room to store it there need be no hurry in selling it.

As I write, the paper man is at work on the front room. He has been very busy, and as I was in no great hurry I told him he need not begin until today. He will finish tomorrow.

I do earnestly sympathize with you if Henry is in earnest about learning the flute. But the flute is not quite so bad as an accordion, and either is preferable to my noise on a piano or organ. It amuses me to see how nervous Kate gets when I square myself before the piano. She is learning very fast, and plays some things very well. I am teaching Susie a little one hand song and she is making fair progress.

I don't believe you understand Mrs. Reynolds any more than I do, but she has been a very good friend to me in times past, and I shall always remember her gratefully. I wonder where they went from here.

I think I will get to Mesilla the morning of the 12th, maybe not until the 13th. You would blush to hear how a gentleman caller friend praised your picture the other day. And indeed it is a good picture. I do not see why you do not like it, when I love it so dearly.

Some time ago, after reading some account of the quarrel over the autopsy of Guiteau, I wrote a little postal about like this I think to Lamb and Hartigan who were both old acquaintances in Washington. "Dear Lamb, Can't you and Hartigan make an autopsy yet without quarrelling?" and a similar one to Hartigan. Lamb was my old "chum". We worked together in the museum and used to make P.M. [post mortem] together. Hartigan was a wild Irishman, of good family but of no particular account, and a fraud professionally. He takes pains to tell me he has improved. But I know what he would do if he went to Europe.

As soon as he gets a little paper up, I will tell you how I like it. So far, in spite of Judge Bristol, I like both your selections better than my own. I don't know which I admire the most.

Later

I have reserved this space to tell you how I like the paper on the wall. It exceeds my expectations. It is very pretty and I congratulate you on your taste. I want to tell you what Susie said. We were all praising up Miss Wood, the Indian teacher, graceful, lady like and pleasant. Susie says, "she reminds me so much of Corie Bowman". They told me this just now since I wrote this letter. They supposed I had heard Susie and that that was the secret of my admiration for the teacher, but I had not. I told them I was writing to you and would tell you.

W. B. L.

[Postcard from Hartigan]

Washington  
Aug 9, 1882

Dr. Wm B. Lyon  
Albuquerque  
New Mexico

Dear Lyon

Postal received. Accompanying find official report. Would send section of defunct's brain but afraid it would "spoil" in transit. Thought you were in the "Happy Land". Hope you are prospering. I have been in Europe since you left Washington for the purpose of studying up. Since you left the city has been marvellously improved and has grown as you know. Will write more fully sometime soon.

Very truly  
J.F. Hartigan

La Mesilla  
August 19th, 1882

Dear Doctor mine,

Have the onions taken my place again? If so, I don't want anything more to do with them! Tell them all off please, and then maybe you will have time to write to me! All this means I did not receive my regular letter this morning, and am disappointed, but I comfort myself with the thought that I will have it to read before Sunday School tomorrow, and I really do go to my Sunday duties more cheerfully after reading a letter from you. See how much you help me.

When I got up this morning the thought of how very soon I would leave this home came to me so forcibly that it almost frightened me, not but what I want to be with you ever and ever so much, my dear, but I know you can imagine just how I feel when I think of leaving this home and all the dear ones even for you, can't you? I am sure I will be happy in my new home though. Do you remember you wrote in one of your letters before we were engaged that if we loved each other you were certain we would be happy together. I think so too now, and as we do love each other, don't we, we must not think for a moment of my not being happy and contented where ever you are. Mamma asked me once, and I believe before you, if I could imagine myself happy living alone with you on a desert island, and didn't I answer yes? I was thinking again about it last night, and I am sure I could. And talk about my grey haired husband! You need not think you can take the glory of grey hairs from me! If you have not turned grey lately with trouble about the house – and those onions – you haven't a grey lock in your head. But as we do not intend to live on an island or in the wilderness just yet, of course we will both like to have things around us as nice and pleasant as we can, and I wish I could help you about getting what you would like to get before I am with you, but you don't know how difficult it is to tell what is needed without being there to see or feel the need. We will need a dishpan of course, as I couldn't possibly wash dishes as you have been washing them! And then if I take just enough dishes for the table to start with, that would be all we would want until we could get them. Unless you expect me to go into the cooking very elaborately right away, and that I hope you don't. I wonder if I have helped you any, Dr. dear, I am afraid not.

You don't make a confidant of Mrs. Forrester, do you? I expect she could help you if you did, but really we need very little just at first, and it won't take us long afterwards to get what we want. If, as you say, you will have the house cleaned and the carpets down, I think when we are together we can soon make it seem homelike. I like the dining room paper for the dining room, but do not think it would be as pretty for the front room as the other. Has the paper man been around yet?

Oh! dear me, here I have gone on writing all this when I meant to tell you, but forgot to, that there are a few weeks left you and that you had better hurry and look around for a fleshy young lady who can write poetry to take my place. I am afraid you will not be satisfied with such a lean, prose person as I am. I give you one more chance Dr. I am not

going to tell you my feelings any more if they amuse you so greatly. They don't amuse me I assure you. They caused me a good many crys, and you only laugh at me.

We have just had a lovely little shower. George came this morning. He did not receive the telegram sent him on Wednesday. He thinks the baby "a good deal prettier than Dick White's"! [probably Richard J. White, husband of Leonora Casad]. They want very much to have her baptised before I go away. They talk some of calling her Jennie after Mamma, but have not decided on a name yet. Henry thinks they ought to call it Corie so as to keep a Corie Bowman in the family. [The baby was named Edith]

Henry has begun his flute lessons, but is very good about practicing, goes and shuts himself in a room all by himself so we are not troubled much with the noise.

All the Jones are sick – don't tell Mr. Forrester – and wish so often for you, say they can't afford a Dr. now you have left. You are too kind-hearted to be rich. I took Sammie riding night before last. He told me he was not feeling well, but I had no idea how sick he was until Ida told me afterwards that he got out of bed to go with me, and had a very high fever at the time. I am afraid the ride did not do him much good. He has been quite sick ever since. Poor boy! He looks bad and so does Mrs. Jones. Do you know this summer, since Harry heard of our engagement, he hasn't brought me any flowers or fruit, but as Sammie has taken his place, I have not lost. Mr. Parker says he believes he will get sick, so I will take him riding. You are the only gentleman I ever asked to go riding with me, and it was hard work then.

When I took Sammie home, and drove here I found Ida. Mr. Parker and Ernest soon came in and we played cards until almost eleven o'clock. Last night Mr. Lane and Mr. Parker were here until quite late. It is queer in this quiet place I seldom have a chance to get to bed before eleven o'clock, and as I get up at five it makes my days very long and my nights rather short. But I am going to rest after while, that is the reason I am so busy now. I want to get done what I have to do and have a good rest before you come down.

Next week we will clean house and oh! how I dread it! I am so glad you are going to have the house up there cleaned before I go into it.

The folks were talking today of what they would do for cake when I was gone, and Mamma says "I guess we can't let her go." "Well", Ernest says, "the Dr. wants to know what we will give for a reprieve and I don't believe we will have to offer very much to have him give her up."

Henry says he expects to take us over to the depot on the night of the 14th. As soon as we decide about the wedding, I will let you know. I am going to try and call on Mrs. Reymond this evening.

Of course, we don't want any one to really take my place here and Mamma says no one can. But the baby will help to comfort Mamma ever so much. I think she is a dear little

thing. Em says it is a good thing I am going away or she is afraid I would spoil it. But I don't think I spoil children. I only love them, and that don't spoil them.

I got a nice long letter from your sister Gert this morning. I wish I knew her. I am sure I would love her dearly. Your sister West seems certain that we are going east, has even made plans about it, but I will send you the first part of Mrs. Allen's letter and you can see what she says about it. I intended only copying what she says, but have written so much besides that I cannot. The little Martins and Casads informed me they were coming to see me today so I think I must stop and be ready for them.

Yours ever, lovingly,

Corie

I find it hard to stop talking to you today.

[enclosure to Corie's letter of August 19th]

Rutland [Vermont] Aug. 13, 1882

My dear Corie,

I was very glad to hear from you as I feared some letters must have gone astray. I presume Will is under the impression that he answered my last letter as he thought he had answered Ned's, but he has not and I have meant to write and tell him so, but we have been living in such a whirl. This summer I have had less time to myself than ever before and my correspondence has been limited to letters absolutely necessary. I am very glad to know you are to be my sister so soon, but you have so won our hearts I do not think the ceremony can add to the affection we already feel for you. I know how greatly it will add to my brother's happiness to have a wife and home and can rejoice with him.

We are all so delighted to think you propose coming East and will not be satisfied without a visit from you. West plans to have me meet you at home, and while that would be delightful it would not be the same as having you here, for I could not take my husband and children and house with me, and I want you to know them all.

As I said, we have been having a very busy time all summer. We had friends come while our house was still in a state of disorder and have had company ever since. It is very lovely here in summer and we always have a great deal going on. Ned spent a week camping with some young friends and they enjoyed it hugely. I presume he will write you or his Uncle about it. The Dr. and I with some friends had a little outing last week which was very delightful. We took the cars here in the morning for the Lake George and taking a steamboat at the foot of the Lake had a lovely ride up it to the head. There the cars again for 4 miles to Lake Champlain, and another boat ride to Burlington where we arrived about 6 P.M. The day was perfect for such a trip. In the afternoon there were some showers at [----ting?] with sunshine. At one time we saw rain in three different places at once on the sides of the Lake while between the sun was shining brightly and the lights and shadows on the mountains and in the valleys were simply charming. Next morning we took a carriage to show our friends the city and after a two hour ride and calls on friends, were ready to take the cars for home reaching here a little after noon, a little tired in body but very much refreshed in spirit.

It has been very warm here for a couple of weeks, but we are having a cool spell now and our nights are always cool. My garden looks beautifully and I am quite proud of it. The children are well and send a great deal of love. Hattie has talked so often of writing you, but has had so much entertaining to do. I think you will hear from her soon, and I will not anticipate her news. We expect to have visitors from this on to the last of September. My husband's friends from Chicago are spending the summer in town and will be with us more or less. His brother & wife have been in Europe since Feb. but return the first week in Sept. and will give us a few days before returning to Chicago. I have not heard from West for a week, but she was then better. Now remember you are to let nothing prevent

you from coming to visit us if you come East at all. With much love from the entire family to you and kisses from the children, I am

Affectionately yours,  
Gertrude L. Allen

Please remind Will of his indebtedness in the letter line and give my love to your mother.

Albuquerque, NM  
Sunday 20 Aug, 1882

My dear Corie,

I did want to get a letter from you this morning and felt rebellious when none came. Susie and I called again after Church but no letter. I suppose there is a washout as it has been raining all around us for a week. We have had but one slight shower here, although every day we see it pouring down on all sides. I find that my first calculation was right and on the 13th we will read together your favorite chapter, the 11th Hebrews, count it up and see.

This Sunday night I will read 1st Timothy. Both the Epistles to the Thessalonians, especially the first, are very fine. I am beginning to share your admiration of Paul if he is sometimes a little egotistical, and shows occasionally a spirit of "mock humility." He was certainly in earnest.

Mr. Forrester says there is some doubt as to the authorship of Hebrews, but it is pretty well settled that Paul wrote it.

We had quite a good congregation today. I suppose about fifty. Mr. Forrester tells me there are seven in the class for confirmation.

He preached today on the importance of belief. He began by observing that the modern tendency seemed to be to give belief in God and the Church a secondary place among the things necessary for salvation, and that if one lived a moral and upright life, it was of comparatively little importance what he believed. That, he said, was not the teaching of God's word. Belief comes first, and overshadows everything else and without it, the purest and most upright life are as nothing. It is our duty to believe, and it is reasonable that it should be our duty, and that God will not and ought not save anyone who refuses to believe in Him or his teachings.

It was an extempore discourse and one of the most illiberal, narrow, inconsistent and unsatisfactory sermons I ever heard from him. I am sure he never thought over it five minutes before he delivered it. There is no excuse for such a sermon, nor any sermon which is not properly considered before hand.

When Susie and I came out today, a gentleman told me that I had dropped a bill from my pocket. I felt in my vestpocket and missed a \$5 bill which I had displaced in fumbling about to get as small a coin as possible for collection. Susie went back for it, but returned without it. I was beginning to wish I had put it on the plate that I might get some credit for it, but when service was over Kate handed it to me. It had been picked up by Mrs. Wheelock and given to her.

I noticed among the congregation a distinguished looking stranger who I afterward found was Judge Prince [Lebaron Bradford Prince]. He came down yesterday to work up a

boom for himself. His physiognomy did not impress me favorably, but he was very prompt and loud in his responses.

I do think you made a most happy selection in the paper for the Drawing room. I selected a pattern for the hall which if it has no other, has the merit of cheapness. I will let you pass on it when you see it. I am going to keep something from you so that everything won't be an old story to you and it might as well be the hall paper as anything else.

This week I want to get the house in ship shape – will have it scrubbed and the windows washed, and the carpet put down on the front room. I suppose Charlie Herron might box up the table and probably he might as well send the springs for the mattress. They are very good ones I think, quite as good as I can get here. I don't recollect if I told Ernie to get Mrs. Wilson to give the mattress an overhauling. I have a big chest and a couple of desks that I mean to bring up, and will have plenty of room for anything you may want to put in them.

Mr. Forrester told me today that he could not stay over the next Sunday as the Fair commences on Monday. I did not suggest any postponement as a postponement would have to be until after the fair, and I thought perhaps you might like to see the fair.

You see your only chance of seeing the fair is in marrying me first. The fair promises to be a big thing, much better than last year, so you know what you will miss if you do not fulfill your contract.

I wonder why it is that no written agreement is required in a matrimonial contract, the highest civil agreement known to the law. In all other contracts, the law requires written documents, notes, deeds, mortgages, wills, articles of agreement etc. all properly attested, but a marriage is often a mere verbal agreement, which may be without witnesses, certificate or anything else.

It is not a matter of record – that is not necessarily so. That is something I will attend to when I go to the Legislature, or if you go, you must see to it.

I have just read the worst hit ever I saw at woman. You know what a horror your sex have of a snake. Well this monster says he believes it is through professional jealousy. What a horrid, horrid man he must be. Another fellow follows him with a wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body. And listen to this traitor to the sex, whose only consolation in being a woman is the reflection that there is no danger in her having to marry one.

There are a good many more squibs and opinions of the sex in the column on which my eyes happened to rest, but they are all so complimentary that I spare your blushes. I am reading from the paper that forms my table cover. I never noticed it before, although I have written over it for weeks. Here is one on the other side. "The sweetest thing in life

is the unclouded welcome of a wife". And another, "All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman."

I have been all afternoon writing this letter, and it is not much of a letter after all, among other things, I ran across a little packet of Ed's [Edwin Lyon, brother] letters which I had thrown into my trunk and read every one of them, about half a dozen. He was an excellent letter writer when he tried. I have always regretted that I have lost or destroyed so many of his best letters. I believe I will send you one, just to show his familiar style. I will select one written from El Paso because it treats of things you are somewhat familiar with. They had been in El Paso about a month [September and October, 1871], boarding with a Mexican family of the name of Flores. Manuel was the grown up son, a typical Mexican dandy, tolerably well educated, but perfectly worthless and unreliable. It is probable that his [Ed's] experience in El Paso shortened his life. It was in the rainy season, and when his very life depended on good food and active exercise, he was confined to the house by mud and rain, and formed a sick man's disgust that prevented him from eating his food. He had rapidly gained strength while at the fort [Fort McRae] with me, but I was shocked to observe the change his six weeks at El Paso had made. He never fully rallied afterwards, but lingered until the September following. His letters up to the time of his death were in the same cheerful, playful style. He never entirely lost hope until the last, but at all times realized his dangerous condition.

I will show you more of his letters some time. They are now very precious to me. [Transcribed versions of these letters still exist]

Mr. Forrester preaches tonight in the Congregational Church for Mr. Ashley, whose son, Dr. Ashley died last week. I will go ahead to mail this.

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
August 20th, 1882

My dear Dr,

I wanted so much to write to you today as I have something to tell you, even after writing such a long letter yesterday, but since I have read your letter, which I had not time to do until after S.S. and Church, I feel squelched and the eagerness to write has all left me. I don't like to be told that I write like little savages even if I do. Still I will write some as I will have little time tomorrow for doing so. Why don't you burn my letters up as soon as you get them? If I were you, I wouldn't keep what I thought such miserable writing around me, or if you would rather not see it at all, please inform me and you shall have your wish granted instantly.

The children came yesterday, five of them. I took them home in the buggy and then took Mrs. Martin a ride as I had promised her I would some evening. How children do talk! Allie says yesterday, "Don't go away Miss Corie. Dr. Lyon don't love you half as well as we do." Then she wanted to know if I loved you better than any one else in the world. She says, "Is Dr. Lyon an Episcopalian now?" I said yes. "But is he a member of the Church?" I had to say no. Then she says, "Is he going to be?" And I told her I thought so, and that seemed to satisfy her. She seems to think I had deserted the Church if I married outside of it. There were eight of us in the choir this morning and only three in the congregation. I am so glad to have George back as he helps very much with the singing. He is not at all afraid to let his voice out in singing as Mr. Bond seems to be sometimes. Dr. Cowan brought his two hundred dollar violin when he came to practice last night and we had a good deal of playing and singing, which we enjoyed ever so much.

I knew George had brought me something from Silver City and he wanted to show me what it was right away but Em thought it would be nicer to wait until the 14th to give it to me. When Papa saw them though he thought them so lovely that I ought to have the pleasure of seeing them now and not have to wait so long, so they called me over. And oh! Dr. I wish you could see them. They are lovely. I never expected to have such elegant things. One piece I know you will admire as it is so odd and yet so pretty. It is so good in George and Em to be willing to give them to me when they have nothing as nice themselves. I will not tell you what they are now, but will wait until you come to see them. The box from the east will come this week if nothing happens. We had a letter today from Cora telling us it would be sent the next day. Grandpa sent me such a nice note saying that as I was getting so much silver, he would send me what was better than gold or silver, a large family Bible. It is one Mamma and Papa gave to him at the time of his golden wedding, and it is very beautiful. He expects us though to go east and get it as it would be very heavy to send. If we don't go though he will send it some way. Grandpa sends his love to you and is quite anxious to see you.

So you will not be down until the 12th or 13th? I am glad you are going to get new furniture, as I think this will surely be sold sometime, and if not we can deny ourselves in

some way to pay for the new set. Did the man get all done papering last week? It won't be very long until I see that house now, will it? Only three more Sundays at home.

I was so very glad to hear from Mrs. Allen as I always think when people do not answer my letters that they have been disappointed with them. I wonder if Hattie has anything special to tell me.

As I read the postals you sent first, I had a hard time making any sense out of the one from Dr. Lamb. I have heard you speak of both of these gentlemen I believe.

I must stop now as I want to get some reading done, and will finish tomorrow. I suppose you are writing to me today.

August 21st, 2 o'clock P.M.

I am just in the midst of house cleaning, have been at it since early this morning. We have a Mexican woman to help us, but as we are anxious to get all the house cleaned this week, we pressed everybody we can into the service. Henry, Ernest and Jimmie have all helped us but still there are a good many little things to do before dinner so I must write very fast – my writing will look more like a little Indian's writing than ever. You saying that made me feel kind of bad yesterday. I was foolish I suppose.

I got your letter this morning, but cannot do much at answering it now. I am glad you sent your brother's letter. I have not had time to read it yet. How much I would like to have known him. I am sure I would love him as you loved him so dearly.

Do you really want to know about the ring? If so, I will try and send you a measure. I wish I could send you my ring in some safe way as it is a perfect fit while in measuring there is apt to be a mistake.

I am real glad you like the paper now it is up. Is it this week you mean to have the woman clean? It will be nice if you will have room to let me pack some things in your chest, but if we have to pack after you come down, don't you think you had better come on the 12th? I am afraid that by the thirteenth we folks here will be too nervous or excited or something to be worth much.

I read the marriage service over yesterday. Isn't it solemn? We have to promise a good deal don't we? I wish Kate or Susie or both of them could come down with their father. I am sorry you did not like Mr. F.'s sermon on Sunday.

The box I expected from the east came this morning, and I did wish so much that you were here with me when it was opened. I need your presence now in everything to complete my pleasure, but then I will enjoy showing them to you when you come. I am not going to tell you what the box contained as I want something to surprise you with as well as you do me.

But oh! you just ought to see everything, they are just lovely. I am only afraid that when I sit behind that silver set you will gaze at and think only of their beauty and forget the person behind. My travelling dress came too but not the other dresses. They will be sent later. Well I must stop. Good bye.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Isn't God good to us? Everything comes along so nice and everyone is so kind.

[Letter misdated, postmarked Aug 22, 1882]

Albuquerque, NM  
July [Aug] 22, 1882

My Darling Corie,

You don't write a bit like an Indian, and any one that says so just -, well just refer him to me. I will wither him with a look. You write like a little angel that you are, and in your two last letters, you surpassed even yourself. If you could see me pour over them, and could feel the deep sense of peace and joy and love that your dear letters infuse into my being, you would know how I appreciate them, and believe me when I say that I would not have you change the quaint, original style of your handwriting for the best style any Injun is capable of, - or any other man for I am in love with it.

But I don't think I dampened your enthusiasm much, for you wrote a dear sweet letter, with the exception of one sentence which sounded a little ill natured. Do you know what it was?

If you cannot make up your mind to adopt my improvements in washing dishes, I suppose I will have to get a dishpan. In common with many another innovative genius I suppose I will die before the world appreciates my ideas.

I really don't know of any fleshy young ladies available just now since Miss Bull left, and will have to fall back on you and the hope that you will gain that odd pound. Still I ought to be obliged for the last opportunity you have given me. Am I to consider it withdrawn now, or how long will you hold it open?

You know, my little darling, that I don't laugh at you when you open your heart to me, and I know how earnestly you strive to conquer every evil tendency, only it is a little amusing to hear you, of whom I cannot conceive except in connection with goodness and truth and love, talk about your wickedness and your conflicts with Satan. But if you do not like it, I won't laugh at you any more or compare you with an Indian either.

I am glad you took Sammie Jones riding. It was like your good kind heart, and I know how the poor fellow appreciated it. If you made him half as happy as you did me when you asked me, he ought to be satisfied to get up from a sick bed to go with you. I will always remember my first ride.

West seems to have built more upon my vague promise to go East than I expected. I don't know yet how it will be. I wrote Gert yesterday. I think she is mistaken in saying I did not answer her letter. I did.

Do you remember the parable of the wicked servant who refused to extend to his fellow servant the courtesy that had been granted him. Well, apply it and think how I feel when

after telling me how George had gratified your curiosity, you tell me after having raised mine to the highest pitch, that you will not tell me what they are.

You ought to be very proud of your friends that are so good and kind to you. I particularly appreciate your grandfather's present the more so from its previous history in coming from your Papa and Mamma. And after all, I think I shall enjoy it better to have you show me everything after I go down, and I will try and go on the 12th. That will give us three days to pack up. Today I have not a Mex. woman, but two Mexican men scrubbing and cleaning the house. The papering is all done, and it looks very well.

Since I have commenced writing, I have had a visit from the Traveling Agent of the Singer Sewing Machine, who wishes me to take the Agency at this place, and I have a great notion to do so. I don't think it would interfere seriously with my practice or my efforts to build up a practice, although I would have to travel around somewhat. I would have to keep a team. What do you think about it? Although as I have to give him an answer tomorrow morning, I cannot consult you about it as I would like. It is only a temporary expedient to make something while I am waiting for practice.

I will talk with Mr. Forrester about it today, and think well over it before I accept it. Your silver set will have to be very gorgeous and very grand to eclipse my beautiful little wife sitting behind.

Shall I say to Katie and Susie that you would like to have one or both of them come down with their father?

I got your letter Sunday night as I was going to Church to hear Mr. Forrester in the Congregational Church. I told him that you folks were surprised that he should preach as he does there. He said that it did not feel at all natural but that the Bishop had approved of it. He does not put on his robes, and except that the Chap. that he reads is the lesson for the day, conducts the exercises just as an orthodox Presbyterian would.

Of course the rains were sure to come as soon as I had finished papering. Night before last I was awakened by the noise of water dropping on the floor beside my bed. I sprang up and found the roof was leaking in the bed room but no where else. You would have laughed to see me – no you could not see me – but in the thick darkness I climbed and groped around the roof until I found the leak, and stopped it with my hands.

You are so much younger and lighter, and more active, that of course, you will take everything of that kind off my hands after you arrive.

Are you good at making fires? I received the Observer and notice that you have marked some things, but have not had time to read it yet.

I always feel like answering your letters as soon as I get them.

Do you know what a lovely letter writer you are?

I won't send Gert's letter back as it is not worth while. I told her that if she couldn't find time to write to me, that if she wrote to you, it would answer my purpose as you sent me her letters. Good bye darling, I miss you.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla  
August 23rd, 1882

Dear Doctor mine,

After receiving such a nice letter as I did this morning I will forgive everything – for a while. I was very glad to get your letter as I had written two which had not been answered and I hated to write a third. I haven't the least idea what sentence in one of my last letters was ill-natured. What did I say?

I guess I was something like the wicked servant when I wouldn't tell you about the present, but then I know men have no curiosity, so in that case I could not think of judging your feelings by mine – a woman's. But I am very anxious you should see them, as I know you enjoy pretty things as much as I do, and these are all just lovely. I had to write yesterday three separate letters of thanks, and as the persons to whom they were written are together a great deal, I found it rather hard to say what I ought to each one without repeating some sentences, but I managed it. I did feel grateful and wanted to say so much that I felt when I was done as if I had said very little. Words are a poor return for what they have done for me this summer anyway. But I asked them (I knew you would second me) to come and see us and then we would try and show them how much we appreciated their kindness. We will, won't we? Did I tell you that the bible Grandpa is going to send us is older than Ernest, and has in it the family record down to his birth. Grandpa has not used it, so it is about as good as when he got it, but I believe in using things so that when we get it we will use it, won't we? I had a letter from Uncle Buel this morning and he says he has sent me something, but I have not yet received it and I acknowledge I am curious to know what it is.

You talk very nicely about your "little wife", but I remember you have not seen the silver yet, so I will have to wait until you are tried before I can be sure of you. Your opportunity to find a fleshy young lady I will extend until the 12th of Sept. and if you find her bring her down, everything will be ready and she can just step into my place nicely. You will have more of a chance now to find such a one if you drive around as a machine agent. I would like to know whether you have taken that place or not. It was today you were to decide wasn't it? I don't believe that business would suit you very well. Do you think it would?

Poor Sammie is very sick. He has had fever constantly since last week. I think he ought to be sent away somewhere and get this fever out of his system. He does talk of going up to the Albuquerque fair. Ernest says the fare at that time will be reduced to three cents a mile. Ernest and maybe Henry will go up at that time.

I think you are the one who is getting frightened at the nearness of our marriage as you are trying to put the date back a month. Your letter is dated July 22nd.

Henry said today that he did not think I could live without their teasing, but seems to me you are pretty much of a tease too. The boys, especially Henry, do tease me dreadfully, but are not at all ugly about it.

That is the way, you see it takes two men to do the scrubbing etc. that one woman could have done, and even then I don't believe it will be done as well. It is too bad the roof leaked just after you had had the papering done. Can't you make the roof waterproof? Did the water do much damage?

I wish we were going to have cards to send to our friends at a distance, but as we are not I wish you would tell Mr. Forrester we would like to have all his family with us at that time. You could, could you not? I do not expect they would all accept the invitation, but I do think it would be nice if he could bring down one or both of the girls, don't you?

I think your sister's letter is worth sending back but if you will keep it until I go up there, that will do just as well as I do not think I will answer it until after that time. You are a very cool brother to tell your sister she need not write to you any more. I wouldn't have sent her letter to you if I had any idea of your writing in that way.

I didn't mark the articles in the Observer. They were marked when we received it.

I enjoyed your brother's letter. Shall I send it up to you or take it when I go?

Ernest has just seen Mrs. Wilson about cleaning the bed, and she says she will do it next week. I wonder if he can get Charlie Herron to pack what you want him to. He is so very slow!

I called on Mrs. Reymond the other day and she asked me such direct questions! I have known her such a short time that I was rather surprised at her doing so. She asked when you were coming down, and if we were to be married next month. I did not see Mr. Reymond.

Mr. Lane left last night. When he came to bid us good bye he said to me, "I shouldn't wonder if I saw you soon. If some plan I am thinking of should succeed, I may go to Albuquerque to live within a year or six months". Have you heard anything of his plan? He did not say what it was. It seems kind of lonely at night not to see a light in the Telegraph office.

Ernest and I called at Mrs. Smith's the other evening and she invited us to quite a party they expected to give for Mr. Shields, Mr. Fred Lohman, and Mr. Kennedy. The two former are going on a visit, but Mr. Kennedy is selling out and goes to stay I believe. No one knows why he leaves Miss Lemon [Calita Lemon and Nicholas J. Kennedy eventually married]. I thought he was doing a good business in Cruces and intended to stay, but it seems not. Mr. Shields is very pleasant to me lately. I wonder why. You know he was rather cool to me for a while. I think because I happened to refuse him two

or three dances at different times. I suppose he thought I did it intentionally, but I did not.

Will Mr. Forrester be down Sunday before the 14th? Em wants the baby baptized, and has asked me to be Godmother. I don't know who else she will have for sponsors.

We have carpeted two rooms today and have done a good many other little things.

I don't see why, if you feel like it, you should not answer my letters as soon as you get them. There is such a short time left now that I don't see why you should not write to me every day.

Yours lovingly,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
August 24, 1882

My dear Corie,

Only three weeks from today, and I will claim you – that is provided I don't find that fleshy girl in the mean time. I suppose I ought to thank you for extending my time to the 12th, but I don't.

It would be kinder I think to put your little foot down at once, and say you mean to have me yourself, than to excite vain hopes by dangling before my eyes almost to the last moment the alluring, but delusive picture of a quivering, gushing, two hundred pound lump of adipose loveliness. Besides, you might not agree to turn over all that silver and those lovely bits of bricabrac about which you have so excited my curiosity.

I told the Sewing Machine man yesterday that the position did not suit me, as it would take me away from my legitimate business, if I ever had any. And I don't think I was intended for a sewing machine agent any way.

The two men scrubbed the house out from "turret to foundation stone", and last evening I put down the carpet on the Draw. Room. I also put up the lambrequin and curtains over the B [Bay] window, just to see how they looked, and I have almost changed my mind about the lambrequin. Thanks to your exquisite taste in selecting the paper, I think everything matches beautifully, but I will not send for the other lambrequin for the small window until you come.

I believe Lane expects to have a position in the new Hotel here after it is built. At least he told me so when I was in Mesilla, but told me not to say anything about it, and you see how I keep my word. But we two, are almost one now, say 1½. I am ready now for the table to be sent up at any time. The table, those two willow chairs, and the mattress & springs. Charley ought to be very careful in packing the marble, as it is a very fine block, much better than I could get here. The stock of Bedroom furniture here is just now very low, but they expect a fresh supply soon. I missed a fine bargain in not taking Gen. Thomas' set which was offered me at Kansas City price, \$75, but at that time it had not occurred to me to make the exchange.

Mr. Forrester told me that he expected George would have the baby baptized when he went down next time. I will extend to him your invitation although I know none of the family will go down. Susie is a little darling. I know she will be your favorite. She reminds me very much of you in many of her ways.

Today I want to get shades put up in the parlor to keep the sun off the carpet. You see I do answer your letters as soon as I receive them.

The rain did not injure anything except to make a small stain on the b.r. ceiling.

Good bye darling & God keep you.

Yours ever,  
W. B. Lyon  
“till death do us part”

Would you really like to know what you said that I thought a little ill natured?

The little school marm did go after all.

Just received a characteristic letter from an old friend John Ayers in which he says that he hears praises of you from everyone, and that he knows you love me. He wants to know if we intend going East as he wishes us to go see his sister Kate in Stamford Conn. He sends his regards to you. The character of Kinney in “A Modern Instance” might have been taken from John. Under his wild rough exterior is one of the most lovable, child-like natures I ever knew.

[enclosed with letter is Dr. Lyon’s business card. On reverse side of card Will has written the marriage vows under the heading “Mental Exercise”]

I M take thee N to my lawful and wedded wife to have and to hold, from this day forward for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God’s holy ordinance, and hereto I plight thee my troth.

Witness my hand and seal this 24th day of Aug, 1882  
W. B. L.

La Mesilla  
August 25th [1882]

My dear Doctor,

I have not meant to write you such long letters lately. I haven't time. I ought not to do it, but I can't help it. I am afraid you will tire of being my confidant, as even now I want to tell you everything, and later I may become a nuisance. You must let me know when I do. I must try and write you a short letter today as I have two others that must be written. Besides George and his family are coming to dinner this afternoon, and I have to get ready for a party to which we are going tonight. I told you there was a party to be given for Mr. Shields but I did not know exactly when it was to be, but day before yesterday they, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Smith, invited us for tonight. Henry is determined I shall go, he asked me to go with him before we were formally invited. Then he got Mr. Parker to ask Ida, and Ernest to ask Jennie Casad. Jennie had a hard chill yesterday so cannot go. Mr. Parker and Ernest wanted to take each other but Henry convinced them that that would be selfish, so we are all going together in Bermudes carriage. Don't you hope we will have a good time? I wish you were here to go with us. Mrs. Johnson seemed very urgent about my going yesterday. It is changed from the hotel building to the depot, which change we don't like at all. Ida says Mr. Shields goes to get married and that Mr. Lohman and Mr. Kennedy go to stand up with him.

Yes, only three weeks from yesterday! Time is flying now, isn't it? I only extended your chance until the last moment as you seemed desirous of it. And do you think I want an unwilling bridegroom! That is one thing I was going to ask you a while ago in one of my letters, to be sure and tell me, even on the very last day, if you found you did not love me as you thought you did. I guess I needn't ask it though, as I am pretty sure you do love me.

What made Mr. Ayres say he knew I loved you? And who in the world could he have heard praise me! You have told me of his sister. You would like to see her wouldn't you? Thank him for his regards please. I would like to know him. You showed me a letter from him written just after he heard of our engagement. Do you remember? You ought to know your part of the marriage ceremony perfectly by the 14th. I will have to study up or you will put me to shame at that time. I have counted up the chapters in the Bible and we will read the 10th on the 12th of Sept.

I wish you would tell me what that ill-natured sentence was. I have no idea, but I don't think I meant to be ill-natured.

I can say now that I am glad you decided not to take the sewing machine agency. I don't think much of agents as a general thing, and I didn't want you to be one.

I am glad you like the Bay-window lambrequin better since you have put it up. How does the carpet look now it is down? I am so anxious to see that room!

You can keep secrets when you want to can't you? You kept Mr. Lane's so well. I guess that is what he meant for he had said something to Ernest about it. I hope Charlie will be careful about packing the marble as it would be too bad to have it broken. Do you want that roll of carpet you bought sent up with the other things?

A great many men have come in to Court, and the town seems quite lively with the hotel open once more.

The box from Uncle Buel came this morning and he, like all the rest, has been very good to me and sent me a lovely present. No, I didn't mean I would turn over the silver to anyone you might bring.

You will excuse this letter, Dr. dear, won't you? Because I have written in such haste.

Your loving,  
Corie

You are not rid of me yet Dr. I did mean to stop but I want to say just a little more.

What a lovely time Dr. and Mrs. Allen must have had on their trip! I have always had a great desire to go to Lake George. Mrs. A. says Hattie speaks often of writing to me and thinks I will hear from her soon. What a different life they lead from our quiet one. Jimmie Wilson has just brought me a whole basketful of pears. He gets them at his aunt's. I read that story you marked silly in the Continent to Em yesterday. I agree with you about it. The remarks on marriage are good aren't they. I hope this letter will not tire you out.

[letter is misdated, postmarked Aug 26]

Albuquerque, NM  
July [Aug] 26, 1882

Dear Corie,

I have waited all day for your letter which was delayed so that I have just now received it 5 P.M., and have hardly time to get mine mailed before the office closes.

I don't think you have made much of a confidant of me, and the idea of asking to be excused for writing such long letters is exasperating. You say you mean to try and write a short letter.

Now if any effort is necessary please don't put yourself to any trouble on my account, but make your letters as long as you please and the longer they are, the more excusable they will be. I hope you enjoyed yourself at the party. I always liked Shields very well, although I did not know much of him. It was probably because he always seemed to be so friendly to me.

Well I will tell you even at the last moment if I find out that I have mistaken my feelings. If for nothing else, that I might have the pleasure of falling in love with you again. Would you let me?

The letter of Mr. Ayres that I showed you was the one I just answered, and this is his reply. He is very prompt in answering letters. I don't think he has missed a week in a good many years without writing to his sister. He said he knew you loved me because – well because I suppose he loved me and he thought you ought to.

And so you ought.

After I had refused the Agency of the Singer Sewing Machine, I thought that was all of it, but yesterday the Agent came to me again and offered the agency here, in which I was not expected to go around, but simply take charge of the machines here and make office sales. I finally told him if he could get for me a suitable room, I would take it and today he secured a building at a rent at which I think I can make something. I don't think you can dislike the business anymore than I do, but I felt that I ought not to neglect any chance to help along. If I find it interferes with my practice, or if you object to it, I can throw it up at any time.

It is really a preferable office to the one I occupy and my name will not appear prominently as agent.

The Bishop will be down tomorrow. Quite a large class are to be confirmed. Eight, I think Mr. F. told me today.

I gave your invitation to the Forrester family and they all said they would be delighted to come but are afraid Mr. F. don't know how to spend the time between Sunday and Thursday. He thinks of going to the Mts., to El Paso and even to Chihuahua, but he is afraid to go far for fear of washouts.

I had a letter from Tom which I must answer as it is on business. He and Julia and Gertie and sons send their love. He says there is quite an oil excitement near our place, and if it strikes our farm, we may all die rich yet.

I suppose it would be very pleasant to go off in style after a life of toil.

I am reading "Little Women", one of Kate's books, by Louisa Alcott. There is quite a good portrait of your Mamma in it. I am so pleased with it that I want to read it again with you after you come up. I had quite a talk with Mr. Forrester today about matters in general. He rather advised me against having anything to do with sewing machines.

I had quite an important case yesterday where I was called as consultant. I think I rather surprised the Doctor by giving an honest opinion. You have no idea of the depths of infamy to which some of the M.D.s here sink sometimes. It is horrible.

But how refreshing it is to turn from the contemplation of such things to you, my hearts darling. What could I do now without you?

Yours,  
Wm. B. Lyon

[written on back of business card]

"Why don't you burn my letters up as soon as you get them? If I were you I wouldn't keep what I thought such miserable writing around me. or if you would rather not see it at all, please inform me and you shall have your wish granted instantly."

Don't you think that last sentence might be improved?

La Mesilla  
August 27th, 1882

Dear Doctor mine,

That party was too much for me! We went and had a very pleasant time, and the moonlight ride over was lovely. But I was feeling kind of miserable and had a bad cold when I went. I really did not want to go, but you know how disappointed Ernest was the last time I refused, and as I thought this might be the last time I could go with them for a long while I consented to go, but I got so very warm dancing and then got quite cool between dances – you know they are so slow in Cruces about calling out their dances – that in consequence I am suffering today with a dreadful cold. I tried a little doctoring last night but I don't think it did me much good as I was quite sick this morning, so sick that that sentence at the end of your last letter would keep coming to me "until death do us part". I couldn't bear that thought, and as I have managed to get through Sunday School and Church, and am feeling a great deal better, I have put it away from me. God has brought us so near together, I trust he will be kind to us.

The mail has not come today so I have not received your letter. I am in hopes I will get it this evening when the hack comes for the mail.

Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. and May Smith were at Church this morning. Our congregation was very small, even Colonel Jones deserted us, and Mr. Parker was sick, two of our faithful attendants absent. Our S.S. too was small. Poor little Katie Martin is quite sick. There seems to be a great deal of sickness now. Dr. Cowan says he is busy all the time.

Henry got a letter the other day directed to Dr. H. D. Bowman! It was from that young lady who visited George's and they all called him Dr. while they were here. He is getting his title rather early, isn't he?

I wish I had been weighed before getting this cold as I might have then weighed a hundred.

I wonder what has started Mrs. Bristol to traveling. She is off again. The Judge takes her for protection maybe.

Judge Newcomb talked to me quite a while the other night about Albuquerque and Las Vegas. He says they are growing rapidly. In fact are the only two growing towns on the road.

Did you get the shades put up as you intended? Charlie promised Ernest to pack what you wanted last week, but has not been around. I am sorry I cannot write you a longer Sunday letter, but I do not feel a bit like writing as I generally do on Sunday.

We have a photographer here now, and I guess every Mexican in town is having his or her picture taken. And some Americans too. Jennie Casad sent hers to Mr. Lane the other day.

This is such a miserably dull letter that I guess you will be glad to find it short. By the way the words go on and off the lines you will think I have been writing in the dark, but I will have to confess I have not.

Ever so lovingly, yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
August 27, 1882

My dear Corie,

I want to write you an extra this evening to tell you that I was confirmed today in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

But, my dear Corie, don't congratulate me, don't exult for it is with fear and trembling that I came in response to your pleadings. It seemed to bring me nearer to you, but yet, I do not know – I am not sure that I did right.

But where you are, my darling, I feel that I can stand, and brushing aside all the reasoning and conclusions of a skeptical nature, I feel that the influences that have made you, and your Papa and Mamma, and all the family what they are, must be good and holy and safe. Since I knew you and yours, my darling, the phrase "the beauty of holiness" has had a new meaning and a new beauty.

I know I would never have taken this step but for you, but aside from you and your influences and wishes, I think I have done my duty – a duty to God and man. I hope so.

I don't feel that I am converted or have any new light, but I do feel that I have taken new responsibilities, and have thrown up new barriers against evil. But I need your prayers more than ever. And I need you – how perfectly helpless I would be without you.

The class numbered eleven, the largest that has ever been confirmed in this jurisdiction. My mind was not entirely made up until this morning.

I got a set of very pretty curtains for the small window in the Draw'g Room from Lord and Taylor, and when you come we will decide where to send for the lambrequin, or if you say so, I will send for one to match the large one.

But perhaps we had better wait until you can see it. Mrs. Forrester says she will go with me to buy what is needed for the kitchen etc.

The last "Continent", No. 7, has gone astray in the mails, and I cannot buy one here, so you will miss one number. The best thing in it is "the House that Jill built". I always enjoy reading it.

If you don't come up with me on the 14th I never can explain to the people here why my family don't arrive. Yesterday, a man followed up the usual kind inquiries by the question "How much of a family have you". "I expect to bring my wife only" was my answer.

You are a family, aren't you? – a small family.

If you won't turn over your gorgeous man to the fat possibility, I might as well dismiss that project from further consideration and content myself with my 99 lb. nugget. Kiss yourself for me.

Yours,  
W. B. L.

I ought to tell you how very kind Mr. Forrester was and how much he tried to help me – but after all such a question must be with one's own conscience – and I worked it out pretty much myself. But I can never forget his kind words and his good will. I have fallen in love with Susie.

W. B. L.

[Corie has written "My most precious letter" on the back of the envelope]

Albuquerque, NM  
August 28, 1882

My dear Corie,

No letter came this morning although they say the mail has arrived and I feel very anxious to hear from you. I suppose you got my letter of yesterday, and I know you are pleased with its contents. The Bishop told me yesterday evening that he never confirmed any one that gave him the pleasure that my confirmation did. Of course, it was on your account, in fact he said so. He went off yesterday evening again. He expects to move from Santa Fe to Vegas shortly, as it offers more advantages.

Before going, he partly promised Mrs. Forrester to let one of his daughters come down during the fair. I think they expect Sammie Jones also. We can take Ernie and Henry, and for a time at least you won't be very homesick. Does your Papa think of coming up? Ask Ernie or Henry how they would like to take a Sewing Machine Agency – to travel around selling machines. I can give them the country between Albuquerque and San Marcial. I had a great notion of backing out of my contract this morning but at last consented to take charge with the understanding that at the end of next month if I find it does not pay or if for any reason I wish to quit, I will do so.

Of course, I don't propose to go around with the machines, but sell only from the office.

I feel I ought not to allow any chance to help along to pass without at least a trial.

You have been constantly in my thoughts since Saturday, and last night I dreamed of you. I wish I could remember all about the dream which was very pleasant, but I cannot recall it, except that you were connected with it.

I got a few little things from N.Y. on Saturday. Brown Hollands, enough for two windows, which will complete the shade business. Did I tell you I had shades put up in the windows of the Draw'g Room? Today I expect to be very busy receiving the sewing machine property. I could work with a good deal lighter heart if I had your letter. Will keep this open until evening.

Evening – Have been busy receiving stores and learning about sewing machines. I told the Agent that if I had not promised him to take the stuff, I would back out, and send him off to hunt somebody else, but he came back reporting that he could not find a suitable person, and I told him then I would try it. Someone has been so kind as to recommend me to him very highly – for which as it turns out I don't know as I thank him.

Mrs. Forrester and I will go over our things and determine what else is necessary to start with on Thursday evening. On Wednesday the Guild meets at their house. I am an honorary member, and am expected to be present, but I don't propose to go.

Your letter has not yet come. 6:30 P.M., and I must close to get this in.

Yours,  
W. B. L.

La Mesilla  
August 29th

My Doctor dear,

What is the matter with you? I am beginning to worry as I have heard nothing from you since last Friday! When I did not receive a letter Monday I didn't think much about it as I often have to wait a day, but when I failed to get one yesterday and again today, I cannot imagine what has happened, though I try to. I try to think the letters have gone astray as they have done before, and that I will get two tomorrow. But I can't help thinking that you may be sick and not able to write, or I think of those desperate characters you told me of as making it dangerous to go through the streets of Albuquerque! Of course, every thing imaginable comes to my mind to account for not receiving your letters, only I won't think you have forgotten me although that might be the most simple way of solving the mystery. Oh! I do hope I will get something from you tomorrow. Maybe you have found the fleshy young lady and are trying to get rid of me by silence. You needn't do that.

I did want to tell you what we had decided about the wedding, but I will not feel like it until I hear from you again.

I got a real nice letter from Mrs. Davies yesterday. Effie is getting better, but she still has the headache a great deal.

Ernest wants me to take a horse back ride tonight as we are having such lovely moonlight but as my cold is still very bad I do not think it would be wise to go. I am quite weak yet as I think you will discover when you see this writing.

Papa and Ernest too have bad colds. The Jones all look thin and bad. The Casads are having chills and fever again, and most of the Mexicans who pass here look almost like ghosts. Old Mr. Gamboa died a day or two ago. There was no one who pleaded to the Dr. for his life this time! Pascuala, our washwoman has been very sick, and as she could not afford a Dr. Henry has taken her in hand and when he went to see her last night he found her much better. Mr. Parker has been sick ever since the party. I have promised Ernest I would make something nice for him to eat this afternoon. I made something for Sammie while he was sick, so since I have not been well he has sent me lots of grapes and apples. I am afraid you will think this a rather doleful letter, but you know I feel doleful as I have not heard from you for so long.

Mamma and I went to Cruces this morning. We saw Mr. Riley there. I wonder if Annie and he will really ever be married. We hear nothing more about it. [John H. Riley and Annie Cuniffe were married on November 9, 1882]

Will Belton in that last book we read makes me think a good deal of you in some things, Dr. [*The Belton Estate* by Anthony Trollope]

We read the same chapter in the morning at prayers that we read in the evening.

You said there were to be seven in the confirmation class. When will the Bishop be there? If I don't hear from you tomorrow, I don't know what I will do, but I will hope until then.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Judge Prince and Luna are both in town today.

Albuquerque, NM  
August 30, 1882

My dear Corie,

I cannot imagine why my letters are delayed. I wrote on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Your Sunday letter came yesterday, and I have been very anxious ever since for I can see by your letter that you are sick and weak. I feel as if I ought to be with you, and if you do not get better, you must tell me and I will go and see you. You must not think of those doleful words in the marriage service. They should not be in it, for I feel that nothing can ever part those who are truly united.

I had a letter this morning from an old friend, now living in Georgetown, but who is now in Mesilla on the Grand Jury – Eugene Cosgrove. He is a true hearted, honorable fellow, and I have always thought a great deal of him. I wrote to him that I wanted him to see you, and if he calls, he will give you a little note. But I don't think he will call as he is rather backward.

The "Guild" meets this evening at Mrs. Forrester's. I am invited to be present but rather think I will be detained in the office.

I don't understand the object and end of the society. They have their President, Secretary etc, and conduct their sessions according to parliamentary forms. It may be that it is a preliminary drilling to fit them for the proper exercise of their duties after they have been enfranchised. I wonder if it can indicate a coming Revolt of Woman.

I suppose they will press you into the service, and if the worst comes to the worst, I am willing to serve you faithfully and well, if you promise to protect me from certain other female women. Gentlemen are allowed to be present, but not allowed to speak, or to vote, and are only of use as escorts in going home.

Miss Wood, the Indian School teacher of whom I wrote wishes me to send for the Apache dictionary which I commenced one time, of which I told her. I think it is in one of the desks I left at George's but it may be in the big chest, and I will not trouble you to look for it until I go down – on the 12th. We keep perfectly straight now in our chapters. I can scarcely realize that I am a member of the Church and of your church.

I hope you got my Sunday extra.

You must tell Kate Martin how sorry I am to hear that she is so sick.

Poor old Gamboa didn't disappoint the priest this time, and his daughter in law will have to give up balls. I hope for her sake you will not have any very brilliant ones during the period of mourning for it would be too bad.

I have been taking lessons on the sewing machine all day, and now consider myself a professional. I had a call from a lady to come and doctor her machine, and give her a lesson, but declined. Yesterday I sold a machine for \$45, besides 75¢ worth of needles. Mrs. Forrester and I will go out tomorrow and get what is needed for our commencement.

A letter from West today. She has been giving a large tea party, and dissipation in general. She and the farmer keep up a sort of an armed neutrality, and get along better. I wouldn't wonder if he had some little justification, for she has a horrible temper.

Yours,  
WBL

I had to think a long time before I remembered who Will Belton was. I cannot think what you see in him like me. He was energetic, thoughtful, a worker, and in most respects quite my opposite except the name, which you never seemed to take to.

What are you, a Luna or a Prince man? I didn't vote last year for Delegate and don't think I shall this year.

We had quite a heavy rain last evening, one of those wet rains, a regular soaker, but the house did not leak a particle.

I write in the office and have to utilize scraps of paper. You ought to recognize this one. I will be very anxious until I hear from you again. I think you will write an extra if you get all my letters at once. Did I tell you I have again changed my office, and now have a large room, or two rooms almost filled with sewing machines. I think I will crowd the machines in the back room and fit up the front one for an office. Goodbye Corie dear. Don't get sick.

Yours ever,

[signature missing]

[Letter from Henry Forrester]

Albuquerque,  
Aug. 28th, 1882

My dear Miss Corie:

Before this reaches you the glad tidings from the Doctor will have filled you all with joy and thankfulness. We all rejoice with you with all our hearts.

Yesterday was a great day with us. Four adults were baptized and eleven confirmed. Of these only one was a child of the church who might have been expected to come forward naturally. My heart was chanting Te Deum and Laus Deo all day. And is yet. I should have been glad and thankful for the others, even had our Doctor not come, but the joy would have been sadly mixed with pain and sorrow. As it was the cup was filled to the brim, and I am greatly encouraged and strengthened for the work of the future.

Love to all. God bless you.

Affectionately yours,  
H. Forrester

La Mesilla  
August 30th, 1882

My darling, darling Doctor,

How can I tell you how very, very glad your news has made me, and all of us. I cannot wait a minute before writing to you even though my hand is trembling so – not from weakness – that you may not be able to read this. The reaction was so great this morning. I had been so worried and anxious about you, not hearing from you, that when Ernest handed me a letter from Mr. Forrester this morning I feared something dreadful had happened, but when I read a line or two, I knew that the something which had happened was what I would most gladly hear than anything else in the world. Oh! Dr. dear, I didn't know my feelings could change as they have when I loved you so dearly already, but they have for I love you, oh! how I love you now! I can't express my feelings half as I want to. If you were only here I think you could know how happy you have made me. Seems to me I could express my feelings best just now by a good hug and kiss. This seems to bring us so much nearer together, and we will try earnestly to help each other to grow better and better, won't we? Ernest gave me three letters from you after giving me Mr. Forrester's to frighten me. You say you have put aside skeptical reasoning, and think you have put up new barriers against evil by being confirmed. I think that is the way to come into the Church. We cannot wait until we are good or we would never come, but Christ wants us to come to him with all our sins, and then when we have done our duty and are trying to obey Him, He will help us so willingly and gladly. I think now my happiness is complete. I did have faith that you would come to Christ some time, but I had about given up all hopes of your doing so before our marriage, and how can I be thankful enough to God that you have done so. Indeed, we will pray for you, my love, all of us. You can imagine how Papa and Mamma and all the family rejoice with me. Mamma is going to write to you. I am afraid you don't know how much they all love you. How good God is to us! I knew he was before, but this news is so much more to me than anything else that now my cup is running over. And Mr. Forrester did write me such a nice letter. He seems almost as happy over your confirmation as the rest of us. I intend to write to him today, just a little. How thankful I am – aren't you? – that you went to Albuquerque? Please don't talk about my being home sick up there. I will be happy wherever you are. How I wish you were here. I want so much to talk to you. But it won't be long before I see you now, not two weeks. I do wish you and Mr. Forrester could come down the Sunday before the 14th and that we could all commune together once before we leave here. Mamma and Papa would be so glad. How good it seems to talk to you in this way, as if, of course, you were interested in everything I am. We will be one now in all things surely, won't we? My heart is just brimming over with joy. You tell me not to exult over this, Dr. dear, but I can't help it and I know God will help you to do your duty in this new life. I am afraid I have often written ill natured things in my letters, but please forgive me all of them, Dear. I won't do so any more. My last letters will not be much of a comfort to you I fear, but it was kind of doleful writing without getting any letters in return, and I was not feeling well either. I am so sorry you have had to wait so long for an answer to your Sunday "extra" but you see it was not my fault.

I want you to see Mr. Forrester's letter, but will wait until you come down.

I am glad Mrs. Forrester is going to help you about buying things as you seemed worried about it. But you need not get dishes for the table for I know now that I am going to get a set of China. I know I will love Susie.

How glad Mr. Forrester must have been to have such a large confirmation class.

This is a dark dreary day outside but nothing can make it anything but bright and joyous to me.

Good bye my dear dear Dr. Don't you think your Mother knows of this and that it makes her happier even in Heaven? I do.

I don't feel as if I could write about anything else today, but this is only an extra you know, and tomorrow I will write again. Try to imagine the happiest girl in the world and you will know how I feel today. I am sure you have done right. I don't want to kiss myself as you tell me, but I do want to kiss you just this moment "awful bad"! Come to me as soon as you can. I am not a bit frightened now at the thought of our marriage. I will go with you so gladly.

Yours lovingly,  
Corie

[Letter from Corie's mother]

Mesilla  
August 30th/82

My Very Dear Doctor,

I cannot forbear writing to you, and I am sure you will not blame me! I want to tell you that no tidings could have reached us more welcome than those your letter brought to Corie! If you had written that a large fortune was yours, which could buy you and Corie every luxury and take away all fear of future want, while you said nothing of your joining the Church, I should have felt a keen disappointment, because I have so earnestly desired this, have told my Heavenly Father that I wanted nothing else in comparison, for you and our darling, so had you sent the lesser news, my faith had been sorely tried, and my heart grieved. I am glad that though I cannot find word to tell Him, God knows how grateful I am that the one fear for your happiness is removed, that you and Corie will be one in all things. I cannot but feel sure, dear, that you have done right, and fully trust it is the beginning of a perfect end. Were you only the friend you were awhile ago, I should greatly rejoice at the stand you have taken, and hopefully pray that a clearer faith, a holier trust, and increasing love might be granted, but how! oh! Doctor! the intensity of my love for my precious child, and for you, makes intense my joy over your confirmation. Now I can trust my darling to your keeping. Now I will be truly and sincerely glad to see you when you come, though it will be to take her from me, my baby once, my child, my sweet companion!

Tears came to Mr. Bowman's eyes as he read Mr. Forrester's letter to Corie, tears of joy! He tells me to send his kindest regards.

That God with the highest spiritual gifts, will also grant you every temporal blessing, is the fond hope of your's.

Lovingly,  
J. Bowman

[dated July 30, postmarked Aug 31]

Albuquerque, NM  
July [Aug] 30, 1882  
My dear Corie,

The house has just passed through a two hours rain, a regular pour for a part of the time, and a steady soaking rain for the rest of the time. Not a drop came through except at one place in the kitchen where a very little trickled down the wall, only a few drops. The rain has stopped now, 8 P.M., but it looks cloudy and threatens to be a wet night. It has turned quite cold and I put a little fire in the bedroom. I am afraid I will have to confess that the Dining Room fire place smokes, but we can put a stove in that. If Ernie comes, we will turn it over to him. But I don't think the Bed Room will smoke at all. I want to have a grate put in as soon as cold weather sets in. The Guild didn't come together. At least I infer so as it has been raining incessantly since before 6. I made 20¢ today selling needles, – practice nil – expended \$3.10.

The down train is just passing, 12 minutes late. So you ought to get my today's letter tomorrow. I am sitting in the Drawing Room, which faces the East and affords a fine view of the passing trains, and indeed of the whole town.

I do hope I will get a letter tomorrow as I am very anxious to know that you are not sick. I think you ought to take a little quinine every day while you feel at all unwell, and if there is anything like a periodical return of the fever, take full doses as much as 15 or 20 grs in the 24 hours. I don't know what you will think about my going into the sewing machine business. But I told the Agent I would throw it up in a month if I did not like it, or if it interfered at all with practice.

Thursday, 31

I have received your letter of yesterday. How happy you have made me. I knew you would rejoice, but I did not expect such a delirium of ecstasy culminating in the most loving, tender delightful letter I ever received. I was so filled with doubts, and fears that I did not think of, or expect anything like this. Still I was anxious to get your letter and I knew you would write at once when you received it.

And your dear, darling mother – my first love. What can I say in reply to her beautiful loving letter? You know I am somewhat of a baby, and all this wealth of love to me so unused to it was a little too much for me. How earnestly we must pray, my darling, for aid and strength to prove worthy of these blessings. But you said not a word about yourself, and your health, and I am afraid you are suffering still. This is the season for sickness, and you must take very good care of yourself. What a precious little lump of humanity you are now.

Now I want to write to your dear, your noble mother. When I read her kind loving words, my heart is so full that I can think of nothing to say that will express the deep

sense of gratitude and love for her kindness and her love. No wonder you are such a jewel with such a mother.

It is now past two P.M. I came up from the office to go for Mrs. Forrester but a storm is coming up and I must wait for it.

I am proud of our roof, but don't care about trying it too much. Since I set down Mr. and Mrs. F. have passed up from town. They told me they called at the office for me, then hurried home on account of the rain.

I don't suppose we can do anything today, but I mean to go up after the rain to see your letter. I mean to show your mother's letter to Mrs. Forrester, and maybe part of yours. I couldn't let her see it all, though I am very proud of it.

Mrs. F. and I are just about to start out to see furniture and so I will close while she is inspecting the house.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

Excuse paper [Letter is written on official Custom House stationary]

La Mesilla  
August 31st, 1882

My own dearest Doctor,

I wonder if you have any idea how much happier I am since I received your letters yesterday. I have wished and prayed so earnestly for this very thing. I have feared sometimes – I have told you about it – that God would not bless our marriage because he did not approve of it, but now I am sure we belong to each and I can love you without fear of displeasing Him. And you know how dearly I do love you don't you dear? How I wish you were here this very minute, it seems so long to wait before seeing, and yet, just think, only two weeks from today and we will be together for all our lives! Does it make you happy to think it will be so?

No fleshy young lady can have you now without she is willing to fight for you, and in that case, I am likely to have the advantage according to an account of a Base Ball game I read lately in one of our Lock Haven papers. The fat club players against the lean club and the former were badly beaten. I got your letter on time this morning. I hope you got my extra today, it was too bad that you had to wait so long before getting an answer to your letters. As we have quieted down a little lately and are not quite so busy Mamma is beginning to think of my going away, and I want to keep her from thinking much about it until the very last moment. It will be hard enough then.

How do you like selling [sewing] machines by this time? How nice it will be to have a husband who can sew so well – it will take so much trouble off my shoulders. I am glad you took the Agency if you think it best, and I think you have arranged it very nicely if you can give it up if you find it doesn't pay. It would be nice if oil should be found on your farm. Have you had a life of toil, of which you speak so feelingly?

I am sorry the Doctors up there are so dishonest, but it may be better for you after while.

I was thinking so much about you all day yesterday and wished I could dream of you at night. And I did. It was a pleasant dream – I do not remember it distinctly – and I have been having such miserable ones lately.

Did you tell your brother Tom of your confirmation. I know Mrs. Allen will be glad to hear of it.

I suppose you and Mrs. Forrester are out shopping today. I wonder what you will get. I guess you might as well wait until I am up there to send for the lambrequin. Don't you think so?

Joe Miller's trial comes on today, and as he did not know of it and had gone below town somewhere yesterday, Ernest was very much afraid the bonds would have to be forfeited, but Joe is on hand today. I was in hopes they would have to summon you and pay your expenses down and up.

Shall I look for the dictionary you speak of? I will gladly, if you will let me muss through your books and things. Ernest says you wouldn't want us to muss your things all up.

Shall I tell you why I never called you by your Christian name? Because you answered so coolly when I wrote to you about it once, and then you have never signed it at the end of your letters. Reasoning from these things I supposed you did not wish me to address you in that way. It made me feel badly at first but it doesn't make much difference now.

I am sorry you have been anxious about me, but I have had a dreadful cold and cannot seem to get rid of it, though I think it is a little better now.

You know that jeweler at Cruces charged me fifty cents for cleaning my silver pin. Well today I thought I would try cleaning it with soap and water and I find it looks just as well as when he does it, so I washed all my silver jewelry and gold too. I washed your chain which was very dirty.

George knows Mr. Cosgrove but I have seen nothing of him. I guess he don't intend to call.

Now let me tell you our decision about the wedding. The nearer the time comes the more I feel like being married quietly and going right off, but the boys are determined we shall not do so, and want to invite all to whom we are indebted, so we have decided on this way. To have the ceremony at five o'clock, then to come out into our rooms for refreshments after which we will leave for the train while those who remain will go to finish the evening with dancing in George's dining room. We can arrange it all very nicely I think. We will have four ushers who will tend to all the arrangements that evening and see that everything passes off all right. These ushers will be Mr. Parker, Henry, Ernest, and Sammie. And as there are no girls of my age here whom I care to have as bridesmaids and as we are both fond of little children, I have asked Jessie and Effie Davies, and Allie Casad and Nellie Martin to be my little attendants, and they are delighted with the idea. Do you like this arrangement Dr? You told me we should arrange things as we chose and then let you know. The boys say I am their only sister and they don't want to send me off quietly as if they were ashamed of me, and so I have had to let them have their way. I do hope you will be satisfied with this plan. You will won't you?

You see if I had just those I would like to have, others would be angry and revenge themselves by not inviting the family after I was gone. Papa and Mamma would not mind this but the boys would, and for their sakes we will do as they wish this time, won't we? As I expected to be married in my traveling dress, I have no light silk but will have a very pretty dark one, which I really believe will be more suitable for this country than a light one. If there are any persons you would like to invite for that time, Mr. Ayres or Dr. Gordon or anyone, Mamma says you can ask them in hers and Papa's name to come to

their house. Please tell me just what you think of this. The invitations will not be given out until next Thursday.

I don't know what we are going to do about the wedding march. We cannot think of anyone we can ask to play it on the organ. We are to have the band, a part of it I mean, and George wants me to ask you if you couldn't ask Mr. Forrester if he thought it would be at all out of the way to have the musicians sit in the office (we will have the curtains put way up) and play the march as we went in. Will you ask him? I would much rather have the organ, but can find no one to play it. The principal actors at such a time would rather not have so much fuss I think, but I suppose we must care for the feelings of others more than our own.

Please write me good long letters now for I cant get many more.

We have been having regular fall weather for the last two or three days. A fire in the mornings and evenings would feel very comfortable.

Good bye Dr. dear. Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
Sept 1, 1882

My dear Corie,

Your letter came on time this morning. It did seem a little queer to me sometimes to have one so near and dear to me as you have become call me "Doctor." I thought perhaps you preferred it, and now I have gotten used to it. But I like "Will", I think because its use is confined to those I love. But call me anything you like.

I don't want to go down before the 12th, but it seems to me that if I were on trial for my life as Joe Miller is, I would by all means have ~~my~~ the testimony that I would be able to give.

Your wedding arrangements suit me very well, particularly the postponing of the ceremony until 5, and the getting off before the bailie [baile]. I will ask Mr. Forrester about the propriety of having the band play in the Church, and I am quite sure he will make no objection, but I am like you, I would like much better to hear the organ at that time. It would seem like a blare of trumpets to have the band [play] "See the Conquering Hero Comes". Why cannot Ida Jones play? Everything suits me, and if you will only let me off with as little show and ceremony as possible or as is consistent with what your brothers think is due your dignity as a bride, I will be perfectly satisfied.

Mrs. Forrester and I went out yesterday evening to see what we could see. She advises me to get nothing until you come except what will be necessary at first. We looked over some bedroom sets. There was one at \$300 that we both admired, but concluded that it was altogether too large. You might get lost in it, and then we turned to a \$75 set over which we spent a good deal more time. There was one beauty at \$120 and another at \$90, but I seemed to hover about the \$75 set, and wouldn't allow her to wander far from it. She picked out a nice little rocking chair for your bedroom, which after trying she recommended for comfort if not for elegance. So I spotted that. But the man said that he had just received a consignment of furniture including some nice bedroom sets, so we concluded to postpone a decision until we had seen the new stock. She picked out some dining room chairs that I didn't fancy, strong and durable, but yellow and common, so I thought I would not purchase dining room chairs until my wife could be consulted. We meant to go around and buy a dishpan, broom etc but had to hurry home to avoid a rain that was coming up. We will go out again and conclude business. She wants us to come to their house for breakfast, but I think we will either take breakfast in town or have it at home. I will try and get a girl to come the day before and under Mrs. F's supervision, have everything ready for you. You need not look for the dictionary as I am now sure where it is, and I sent word to Miss Wood, that I would bring it to her when I come up. I don't think you could muss my papers much worse than they are.

I am very sorry you have such a cold. You must nurse yourself well, coddle and keep warm. Mr. Forrester told me that he thought he could not go down for Sunday as he

would have to be here. I am afraid this cold disagreeable weather is going to make you sick again.

Ever your faithful,  
Will

Hemmed one doz. napkins today, and did it well.

La Mesilla  
Sept. 2nd, 1882

My dear Will,

I am glad you spoke of your name as I did not like calling you Dr. a bit, it seemed to put you so far from me, but I had determined not to speak to you about it again, at least not yet. It seems rather odd to begin a letter to you in this way, but not as much so as it would have done if I had not called you by this name to myself sometimes. I like it; it is one of my favorite names.

You are real good to write me something every day lately. Can't you keep on being good until the 12th. Please do because it may be a long time before you will have a chance to write to me again after that. I am so busy now that I have to dash letters off in almost no time, but I enjoy getting your letters so much, they help rest me. Yesterday we cleaned the sitting room and I found it even more dreary business than usual as I had to separate my books and other little things from the rest, and that made me kind of sad. Mamma and I have always had everything so much together that it seemed like the beginning of our separation.

Mamma was glad to get your letter, and says she prizes it very highly. She thinks it very different from the other one you wrote her which was so full of doubts and fears.

Joe was not tried until yesterday, and the verdict brought in by the jury was assault, and he was fined fifty dollars and costs. Having to pay this money will make it hard for the poor fellow this winter I am afraid, but I am glad he got off so well as that.

I got a letter from my Cousin Laura Derby, who lives in Burlington [Iowa], yesterday and she seems quite anxious we should go there and make them a visit. We would enjoy it I know, and I am sure you and Laura would like each other. She sends her kindest regards to you.

Henry and I went over to Cruces last evening and Mr. Reymond wanted to know when I expected you down. Have you heard anything from him lately? He says he is settled but his wife will not get settled, "that is the trouble". See what a nuisance wives are!

I told you the musicians would sit back in Papa's office, didn't I? And then we are not to have the horns, just the softer instruments, and they will play rather low. I would like to have Ida play, but she has said lately that she could not get used to playing before people, and it would be so bad if she should fail at that time, it would just spoil everything not to have the wedding march played right. So we want to be on the safe side. I am glad you are satisfied with all the arrangements.

I am glad you don't care to go to Mr. Forrester's for breakfast. I would like so much better to be alone with you at that first meal, though it is very kind in her to ask us. You say you hemmed a dozen napkins. Were they for our use? Mamma says that I ought to

have told you before that I have a supply of table cloths, napkins, sheets and pillow cases, but I hardly knew how to bring in about them so said nothing. I hope I am not too late in telling it to prevent you from buying things in that line.

I thought from what you wrote and from what George said that you had a set of dining room chairs, haven't you? I can just imagine from your description the kind Mrs. Forrester chose and I am glad you did not get them. I wish I could help you choose a bedroom set, but if you use your own taste I am sure I will be satisfied. You will get a dark set, won't you? Light ones always look common I think. I am delighted that you are going to have a rocking chair for me the first thing as I am very partial to rocking chairs. It is nice that you are not going to get any more stiff chairs until I go up and maybe we can find nice little easy ones which will be so much better.

Doesn't it seem as if cool weather was coming earlier than usual this fall? We found it quite cool coming from Cruces last night, and the ride did not improve my cold any. I have been a little feverish today but have taken quinine and hope to cure up my cold in a few days. I do hope Ernest is not going to be sick. He has had fever today.

I am so sorry Mr. Forrester thinks he cannot come down the 10th. I don't think it is fair that Albuquerque should have him all the time. I may change my mind when I live there. But we are really very sorry not to have him come at that time as we rather expected him.

How nice that the house behaves so well. You are having lots of rain aren't you? Will we use coal up there? You speak of putting in a grate in the bedroom. Ernest intended writing to you today, but does not feel well enough I guess, not even well enough to go to the Post office.

I don't think it is very nice in anyone to tell the person he expects to marry so soon that she is not his first love. Do you?

I must stop writing as I have a good deal to do before dinner time.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
Sunday, Sept. 3, 1882

My dear Corie,

I am very glad you have dropped the "Doctor". I can't imagine what put it in your head that I did not want to be called by my name. Just think of my calling you all this time "My dear Miss Bowman", or "My dear Miss". Well, it is unthinkable. I couldn't have done it.

When we go East we will have to take in all the relatives. I have forty or fifty and you have enough on that immense family tree to keep us going for the next year. I am not sure that it wouldn't be the best way of spending the winter. Suppose we notify the whole of them – send circulars out that we will "Accept with pleasure your kind invitation to visit you. You may expect us \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 1882, or as soon thereafter as practicable, prepared to remain a week with you."

You were too late as far as table cloth and napkins are concerned, but I got about the worth of the articles in learning to hem. I am quite an expert now. I didn't get anything else in that line.

Yesterday I brought the napkins up, and just to see how it looked I marked a few of them "C.B.L." This morning I put them on the window in the sun to blacken. After service I asked Mrs. Dunica and Mrs. Brewer in as we were coming home. I supposed nobody saw the napkins, I never thought of them, but this afternoon I was telling Mrs. Forrester that I had hemmed the napkins. "Yes", she said, "and marked them too." "Who told you that" I asked. She told me that Susie had seen it. I felt my face get very red. I don't know why, but I acknowledged that I had a curiosity to see how it would look.

Would you blush if anyone caught you practicing on your new signature?

How do you mean to sign yourself? I rather like to see the old name perpetuated. My mother always signed the "Campbell", Eleanor Campbell Lyon, and I see Gert has adopted the "L".

I have loved Corie Bowman so well that I wouldn't like to lose her. I will get a dark set of bedroom furniture, as like you I am partial to walnut.

I want Charlie Herron by all means to do that packing now, and with the table have the wool mattress and hall carpet sent up. There is a roll of old carpet there that is not worth sending.

I will write to Ernest, poor fellow. I hope he is not to be sick, and tell him what I want as I suppose you have all you can attend to.

Mr. Forrester wrote today to Mr. Bowman and I suppose told you his intention. I asked him about the music in the office, and he said he had no objection. One thing I would like, to have somebody watch Bond, that he don't put a ridiculous notice in the "News" – He is just the man to do it. If I think of it, I will attend to that when I go down, but it is probable that I will neglect it and I think I will ask Fountain to see to it.

It isn't just the thing to tell a young prospective bride that she is not one's first love, but don't let us quarrel about it. You must remember I loved you a long time "all to myself" when I never even hoped that I could win you. Sometimes the thought that you were out of my reach, that you were forever unattainable was very bitter. But on the whole, the new sensation was very pleasant, and I put away the thought of the inevitable awakening that must sooner or later come. If you had not been so kind to me, I never could have had the courage to ask you.

It was not a case of love at first sight, was it? I was very much afraid that you had mistaken the kind promptings of a warm, soft and tender heart for love. But I think now you did love me – and know you do so now – even if you are not my first love.

I think Joe Miller got off easily. I was really afraid that they might send him to the Penitentiary for some years. You can never tell what an average jury will do.

Next Sunday we have communion. I am thinking whether or not to attend. I wanted you with me at my first communion. Tell me what to do.

Mr. Forrester spoke of having service if you folks desired it in Mesilla.

I told him today that it would look a little too much like a Mexican wedding to have the service close up with a ball. I suppose he thinks that after he has neglected you so long, it would be almost inexcusable not to have service when he goes down. He does not want to sleep in the Jones House when he goes down, as he seemed to have acquired a morbid horror of contracting another series of chills and fever. I told him he had better ask George to take him for the night. I will stop at Mrs. Martins if she has room, and if not at the hotel.

The train gets here very early now, but we can come directly home, and either take our breakfast here, or go back to town and take it.

I told Mrs. F. today that I had consulted with you in regard to her kind invitation and that we thought best to take breakfast together, and told her also of course that you wanted me to thank her for her kindness. She says she will superintend the girl's work.

I am beginning to share in your enthusiastic admiration of Paul. What a beautiful manly letter we had last night in the letter to Philemon. I am a little curious to begin Hebrews.

I would like to get the furniture all in this week, and if Ernie is able please ask him to send the things up. You see I start down Monday of next week, so I want to do everything this week.

Goodbye sweetheart,  
Yours ever,  
Will

Do as you think best about sending the springs for the bedstead. If they are too much trouble, maybe you had better leave them.

La Mesilla  
Sept. 3rd, 1882

My dear Will,

I have been thinking of you so constantly today that I feel as if I must talk to you a little while. You seemed so near me this morning in Church when I thought how we were going through the same service. And then we sang "Oh happy day that stays my choice" and while it was being sung I kept thanking God that your choice was fixed now, and praying to Him to give us strength to keep the vows made to Him at our confirmation. Seems to me if there is anyone who ought to be good I am the person as I have so many many blessings, and yet – But God knows and I am sure he will help me to grow better. I feel so much stronger now that you are with us.

I have just read Ernest to sleep. He is not at all well – had a good deal of fever yesterday and today. Henry is doctoring him and I do hope he will be better in a day or two. I had a little fever in Church this morning, but am taking quinine faithfully, as I want so much to be well this week.

I went over to see Mrs. Bristol last evening and dear me! but she is interested in the wedding! She seems ready to do anything in the world for us. You ought never to say anything against her for I know she thinks a great deal of you. I don't know as I ought to tell you this, but as she said nothing about my not doing so I guess I will. She has baked a large fruit cake, not a bit of it for me but all for you. The groom's cake she calls it. As soon as she heard of our engagement she went home and made it and has been keeping it for you ever since. What is left of that we can take with us you know, so I will not have to bake a cake for a while. I think she is a jewel. She is going to make the chicken salad for us, and you remember how good that was at Mrs. Martin's. Did I tell you the boys are going to dance the "German"? George has sent to Topeka for favors, and everything is to be done up in style. I would like very much to see it and the boys wish we could stay, but I think we have arranged it as nicely as possible now.

Will Mr. Forrester go up the night we do? Only one more Sunday at home for me. I do not realize it yet. Nellie and Katie Martin have had their pictures taken, cabinet size, and intend giving me one of each. I wish so much I had a good picture of Papa and Mamma.

I think you ought to vote. Why don't you do it? What is the use of being a man if you don't use your privilege and vote? Mr. Riley and Mr. Bond are the delegates to be sent from here and Cruces.

I must say good bye.

Yours ever lovingly,  
Corie

La Mesilla  
Sept 4th, 1882

My dear Will,

Your nice long letter came this morning and I was so glad to get it. I seem to need your letters now more than ever. Ernest enjoyed your letter to him. I did too, for he let me read it even if I don't let him read mine. I read a good part of your letter to them though. Henry is calling me and I will have to go if I want to ride instead of walk to Mrs. Bristol's. Charlie says the table will have to be taken to his shop to be packed and as Ernest is still in bed, Henry is going to take it over and take me at the same time. I will finish when I return.

I have just come back and I will have to write fast to get this ready for the mail. Too bad you have to get such hurriedly written letters, but I just seem to be living on the rush lately. It will seem nice to be quiet once more.

Mrs. Bristol wanted me to go and see your cake this morning. I did and it is a splendid big one. She is quite proud of it as she well may be. It smelled good and I wanted a piece right off. I told her I wrote to you about it, and I believe she liked my doing it. Everybody is so ready to do for us. Mrs. Jones, if I supply the materials, is going to bake a pound cake for us, and will do anything we want her to.

Charlie will pack your table today but he says the mattress and carpet will have to be rolled up and sewed in cloth. With Henry's help, I will try and do that tomorrow. The chairs too we will send. As Ernest intended writing I have not told that Mrs. Wilson washed the mattress and picked over the wool, making it very nice indeed.

Papa will take your bedroom set, and will it do if you decide on the price when you come down? You know more about the cost of furniture now than he does so he hardly knows what to offer. But they may want the springs too as it is hard to get such things here, so if you are willing we will keep them.

Mr. Forrester writes that he will start from home Tuesday night, and wants Papa to arrange for a service sometime while he is here. He spoke of Thursday morning, but I am afraid our minds would wander too much at that time to do us any good from the service. I think we will have to have it sometime on Wednesday and have the baby baptized at the same time. He intends having communion and I feel as you do that I would like to have you take your first communion with me. But I have always had the feeling that it was taking a step backward not to commune at the first chance after confirmation, and I know Mr. Forrester would be disappointed if you did not do so this time, because he says in his letter to Papa that he hopes to see all who were confirmed at the communion table next Sunday. So don't you think it your duty to do so? It might look to others (and we have to think about others in such matters) as if you had been confirmed on impulse and were sorry now and didn't want to take any further steps toward Christ. And then only a few

days after we can commune together. When I think of this it seems almost too good to be true, but it is true and how very happy it makes me.

Mr. Forrester can stay at our house that night, and he says he will go back when we do. I am glad he does not object to the music. It is so nice that Mr. Forrester is going to have communion at this time, for as Henry says, we will all commune together and it may be a long time before we do so again.

Ernest is much better today, but Henry advises him to stay in bed and he is doing so. Mr. Parker is talking to him now. Ernest thinks the machine business as you present it to him a pretty good scheme. But I do hope he can go to school this winter instead of going into anything of that kind. How do you like the business by this time? You have not said anything about your practice lately – does it increase any? How kind Mrs. Forrester is.

I like keeping the maiden name, but you see that is where my superstition comes in. My name has spelled something [CAB], which means luck, and if I just change the last letter it will still keep my luck good, whereas if I change the middle letter also what will become of my luck for the future! Do you think we will dare risk such a change?

I had a nice long letter from Hattie Allen this morning, and she told me the news her mother hinted at, and it is what I expected. She is engaged to a Mr. Goddard, a minister who has charge of a Church in Chicago. She met him while she was visiting there last winter, and he has been at Rutland this summer. He is a missionary and will either go abroad or settle out west somewhere. But I suppose your sister will tell you all this as Hattie says she means to write to you soon.

We have thought of Mr. Bond and wondered how he could be stopped. I wish you would speak to Mr. Fountain.

George got a letter from Dr. Atkins this morning [Francis H. Atkins], and he expects to bring all his family down here, on their way east, the last of this month but cannot get here in time for the wedding. He speaks very highly of you, says he has heard a great deal in your praise in the last two years and a half, and is glad to welcome you into the family. I would like to see him.

Your plan for spending the winter would be very nice if we could only travel free, but I don't know either. I believe I would rather get settled in our own home, wouldn't you?

Paul is splendid, and don't you like the 1st chapter of Hebrews? There are so many familiar sayings in it. I do wish I could remember where they are, but I forget so soon.

We have a woman washing today, and I ought to be ironing instead of writing so much. So good bye.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
Sept 5, 1882

My dear Corie,

Both your letters reached me on time yesterday and today. I thought I would write to you this afternoon, but I have to go off now, and will only have time to write a few words. I am very sorry to hear of Ernie's continued illness, but expect that Henry will carry him through all right. I think that as soon as the wet season passes the sickness in Mesilla will abate again. I hope so at least. I am afraid you do not give yourself enough rest. You can make yourself sick very easily just now that way. Let things take their own way, and don't be so anxious that everything is done just as it should be.

I feel flattered and very grateful for the interest Mrs. Bristol takes in me. If for nothing else, I should always feel kindly to her for her kind words and encouragement given during some of the dark days of my courtship. But you need not say it is all for me. You ought to have heard her praise you, as I have.

I used to tell her a little, not much, but enough to win from her a few encouraging words. Mr. Forrester will go up with us Thursday night. Today, I ordered the chamber set to be taken to the house with springs included. I got a few other things, and thought of a good many others which I am saving for you to get for me.

I will do as you say about communion, although I did want to take it first with you. Do you know that you have made me quite sentimental. I never thought I would care for those things.

I supposed from what Gert said that Hattie was engaged. I would like to get her letter, and have a notion to write to her anyway. I heard that Dr. Atkins had been appointed Agency Physician to the Indians [Mescalero Indian Agency], and am surprised that he should leave.

My practice don't seem to improve much. I was called today to a very important case, one which very few surgeons in this country would care to attempt, and which makes me very nervous. The trouble is that the parties themselves do not recognize the importance of the operation and even among the best surgeons in the world the operation is often a failure. I suppose if I fail, it will about use me up here, and if I succeed they will never know what a big thing it is. So you see what chances we Doctors have to take. I wish I could find something else to do.

Yours ever,  
Wm. B. Lyon

This is my office paper

You never sent the measure for the ring. I selected one today, but I am afraid it may not fit. If it does not go on, what are we to do. I didn't know what was proper to put on, and had to ask the jeweler. W.B.L. to C.A.B. Will that do?

Gen. Hatch is here. I saw him yesterday and today, and found him very pleasant. We talked over the regiment pretty well, but did not touch on personal matters. [General Hatch had terminated William Lyon's contract with the Army in April of 1879]

La Mesilla  
Sept. 6th, 1882

My dear Will,

No mail from the north this morning. I am afraid that means a washout. It seems so long since I heard from you last. It seems longer I suppose because I got them so constantly for a few days.

Henry and I went to Cruces last evening and we found the people of that place in a very excited state of mind over gold found in the Organs. I will send you one of the "Extras" which were sent out yesterday. Mr. Hostetler was not excited, oh! no, but somehow he could talk of nothing else. They have been offered thirty thousand dollars for their mine, and I think they had better take it.

Mr. Reymond said he tried to sell the furniture but could find no one who wanted it. I told him it was sold and he seemed glad to hear this. We brought the set over yesterday and I polished it up, but I am so glad we did not have to have it in our new house. It is very much marred and then the marks and skeletons of bed bugs were dreadful! I don't wonder you couldn't sleep some nights last winter. Such a sad looking bed does not speak very well for your house keeping qualities!

I hope you will get Ernest's letter this morning, and the things we sent. Teagarden took them over yesterday. Henry got them off. You wanted them sent by express didn't you?

Lieutenant (or Captain I believe they call him now) Walker is in town. He is attending court and does not know just how long he will be here. But Mr. Reymond says he hopes to be here when you come down. George does not think he will be kept so long. Two or three have told me of his intention to call here. Did you go to school with him? He has been ordered to Boston. Quite a change from this part of the country, isn't it?

Mrs. Schaublin is going to let us have all the flowers she has for the 14th. Isn't she kind?

We intend to invite the people tomorrow. I wonder if we will leave out any you would like to have. If you think of any such please let me know, and we will add them to our list.

Have you and Mrs. Forrester been out shopping again? Ernest is a great deal better. He took a horse back ride this morning.

Can we take breakfast at home on the 15th? It will be so much nicer than any other way if we can.

I don't get over my cold, but Henry says he can cure me and I hope he will.

I wish you could stay at the hotel when you come down as it is nice and near, but I know Mrs. Martin will like to have you there if she has room and I think she will have, as she only has three boarders now. As we passed the [-alm?] corner last night, it looked like old times. There was quite a crowd around.

Pascuala is here today, and as she has been very sick and is still quite weak we are helping all we can, and I will have to stop now and say good bye.

I hope I will get your delayed letter tomorrow. I received the Continent yesterday but have read very little in it yet. Mamma says she dreads having tomorrow come as then she will have to think "only a week."

Yours lovingly,  
Corie

[Following letter is written on the back of sewing needle order forms]

Albuquerque, NM  
Sept. 7, 1882

Dear Corie,

Can't I sell you some needles? 5¢ each or 50¢ a dozen. Do buy a dozen. You see I am probing the capabilities of the business. These blanks are supplied to me by the company and I am utilizing them because I have used up my paper and feel too lazy to go after some more.

You slander my house keeping qualities. I wish you could have seen Lane's bedstead. The mummified and skeletonized bed bugs you say must have been some left over from the Nortons. You see the change of dirt must have produced a fearful mortality among them – passing from those two fat luscious Nortons to a lean old doctor was enough to break any bed bug's heart, and so from famine, indigestion, toothache, and mental hypochondrial distress a pestilence was produced that left its ghostly relics to be resurrected by you, and to throw the cruel reflection on the neat and tidy habits of your hus- husb husba husband.

Everything came in good shape and now nearly everything is setup and ready to be taken possession of by my wi- wife. The bedroom set looks very well, much better than it did when it stood in such close proximity to a 100, 130 & 300 dollar sets. Shall I put up the lace curtains without lambrequin?

One week from today. What an age it has seemed sometimes, and yet how short a time to look back to the day we went hunting together and I only wounded but did not secure my game. If I ever am worth anything, I owe it to you, my darling.

Last night I called on Stein and his new bride just returned from New York. They were married about a week ago, and came right off. She is a right pretty and very pleasant girl about 18. We got well acquainted in a few minutes. I was particularly anxious to know the particulars of the terrible ordeal through which they had just passed and I was just entering. She told me everything, and I think now I have a pretty clear idea of what is to be done. I suggested a rehearsal to her, and she rather encouraged the idea though she said it was not absolutely necessary. They were engaged, she says, two weeks, but he says two years. He met her two years ago, and she says, in joke asked her how she would like to come to New Mex. He claims to have been in earnest all the time, and when he went on this time, she found to her dismay that it was no joke, and so she was led like a lamb to the slaughter.

She is quite anxious to see you. They will be out Sunday afternoon to call on me and see the house. Stein wants to come and live with us this winter, in fact is very anxious to do so. I laughed at him at first, then told them I would lay the matter before my wife.

I hope Walker is behaving himself better than he did the last time he was in Mesilla. I don't think we ever went to school together, if we did, he was in the primary department. Does he stop at the Jones?

I told Mr. F. this morning that you said he could sleep at your house. He said he would have a better excuse to do so as he supposed Mrs. Jones would have her house filled.

Mrs. Schaublin, and Jacob Schaublin her husband are two of the kindest best souls in the world, and it makes me very happy that they know and love you so well. I don't know of anybody that I care to invite. Yesterday I got a very kind letter from Dr. Gordon who is trying to get me appointed Surgeon of the road. I told him that I was authorized by your Papa and Mamma to invite some of my friends in their name, and also told him that you had mentioned his name. If he comes I will have some backing.

I am very sorry your cold is no better. If I can get what I want, I will send you some tablets which may relieve it, though I don't want to interfere with Henry's treatment.

Tell Ernie I will answer his letter which came through all right. The pkg. has not yet arrived.

I may not be able to get off on Monday, will write Sunday and let you know. Won't you write on Sunday too. The Sewing Machine business is not very brisk. I have sold but one machine but I have made no effort. It takes canvassing to sell machines. Why do you wish me to vote. I will vote for any one you say and consider it your vote. Are you willing to take the responsibility? You can reciprocate if you join the guild.

Ever yours,  
W. B. Lyon

I came near sending you my letter to Dr. Gordon. After writing it I enclosed it and from force of habit directed it to you. I had not sealed it when I discovered the mistake. This is the envelope.

I send you a box of tablets of chlorate of Potassa. Take six to eight in 24 hours letting them dissolve slowly on the tongue.

I tried the new bed & springs last night but it was too luxurious. I couldn't sleep well, but the new style springs are almost perfect, soft as an old style feather.

I will go to the express office now and if the pkg. is there will let you know before I close this.

No package.

La Mesilla  
Sept. 8th, 1882

My dear Will,

I did think of putting Doctor as I see you have gone back to signing yourself W. B. Lyon.

I got your letter this morning but no package, and am sorry as my head feels pretty badly today. Henry's treatment did me good though, but my colds are stubborn things and hard to get rid of. Mamma is not feeling very well either, but we are all trying hard to be well by next Thursday. Please write to me often as the time comes so near for me to leave this home it hardly seems as if I could do it, and I need encouragement from you. Not but what I want to go with you, as you know, but oh! it is so hard to think of leaving Mamma and the rest of the family. And now when we are in the last week I cannot help thinking this is the last time I will do such and such things.

I took my last ride to Cruces with Ernest night before last. How much has happened to me on that road! The invitations were given out yesterday so I don't care to ride around and be talked about.

I do hope you can come down on Monday. Mamma hopes so too. Please come if possible. The Davies come the next day, and it will be so much easier to have one day with you alone.

You ought to have been here this morning to see the dress parade. My last box came from Williamsport. Em was over and the boys were around and wanted me to try on each dress, so I did, and it is wonderful how nicely they fit. I hope you will like the one I am going to wear the night of the wedding. We all think it very handsome. When I got that one on Em says now we are all ready for the groom, but he did not answer to his name.

Grandpa's Bible came too and we will have the rest of the names written down, even Edith Mary Bowman's. Do you know her? I do want you to come and see what we have received.

Mrs. Bristol is going to send her cake to Cruces to be frosted, and she wants them if possible to put in the centre the letters L. B. You ought to be here to have some of the fun of this wedding, for we do have jolly times talking over the particulars.

I wish Dr. Gordon would come down for the 14th. How nice it will be if he can get you the position you speak of, or would you have to travel a great deal in that case? I wouldn't like that part of it. I will want you home all the time I expect.

You mustn't mind if this letter is a generally mixed up one for I have so much to say and such a short time to say it in that I cannot stop to think just how the words ought to come. Those clothes took up a good deal of my day.

I am willing, Will dear, to do without things and save in every way possible only please don't let us have anyone to live in the house with us. Were you really in earnest about the Steins. I want to be a help to you not a hindrance but please let me help you some other way. I think you have heard me speak of my horror of boarders or anything like a boarder, and I think it would spoil our home happiness to have these people with us. Maybe I speak too strongly but it is just as I feel.

I felt so anxious when I read your letter yesterday telling me of the important operation you had been called on to perform, and thought of course you would tell me in your next letter how you succeeded, and you don't say a word about it. I imagine you were successful as your letter this morning was pretty cheerful. Dr. Atkins has not left the Agency but intends bringing his family as far as here on their way east and then returning to his post.

I didn't think you would enjoy talking to General Hatch.

I hope you will write to me Sunday anyway, but do start on Monday if possible. We will expect you here to breakfast.

If the ring fits your little finger pretty tight, I think it will fit my third finger. I think it would be nice to have the date in, don't you? I thought you decided on that when you were down.

I am glad you have decided to commune on Sunday. It seems better that you should.

I was not talking about my husband when I spoke of the bed, I was speaking of W. B. Lyon, but after his explanation I take back all my charges against him.

About six o'clock last night I said to myself "a week from today and I will be Mrs. W. B. Lyon". I am just beginning to realize that fact.

Henry will send a dollar in this and wants me to ask you to get a whistle [whistle], not more than three inches long. He would like a silver or plated silver or something nice or if not any little common penny or two cent one will do. He says he must have one of some kind for the "German". Have I made you understand? I am writing so fast that I am afraid I may not.

Papa says today if you want me to go through that marriage performance creditably you will have to instruct me. We had feared he would not want to rehearse, but he seems ready for anything – he is resigned! We will have to attack him on the white glove question next.

I believe Lieut. Walker is staying at Jones while here but I guess he spends most of his time in Cruces.

Ernest is hurrying me and I will have to stop. Please write often.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
Sat. Sept. 9, 1882

My dear Corie,

I never thought for a moment of taking Stein and his wife into our house with us, and only told you of his wish as a matter of news and gossip. I shouldn't like to take boarders any more than you do.

Your letter has a vein of sadness running through it, and I know darling how natural it is to feel sorrow at the thought of leaving such a happy, lovable home. I know what it is, and the thought of you, my little pet, going around the place where you have been so happy, and so loved, and associating everything you do with the sad refrain – the last time – brings tears even to my eyes. I want to try and comfort you, but I feel that your sorrow and sadness is something sacred and holy, born of great love and happiness – a sorrow that makes me love you more and binds us all closer together. You must not try to hide your feelings from me. I can only give you my sympathy and love, but I want to do that, want to have you feel that my whole heart responds to your sorrows as well as your joys, and that I am one with you in everything.

It is not probable that I can get off on Monday. The case that I wrote you about claims my attention, and I have half promised her that I would stay over until Tuesday.

I started in to operate on her, but found that the patient was not in fit condition to endure it, and will need a good deal of preparatory treatment.

Meantime, I have advised her, as she has friends in Chicago, to go there for treatment. I was sorry to tell her this as I wanted to operate myself, but as she asked me for the best advice, I thought best to give it to her. I feel too thankful and happy just now to be dishonest.

I would like to have been present at your dress parade. How well I remember the last one I attended, that of Mrs. Appel [Kate Godfroy], and how I detailed the gorgeous magnificence of the dresses next morning at breakfast to Mrs. Goodwin who was not on speaking terms with the bride. [Dr. Daniel Appel and Kate Godfroy were married on Feb. 4, 1879 when Appel and Lyon were stationed at Fort Stanton, NM]

I believe I told you that I put up the bedroom set and how well it looks. But the bed is too luxurious for me. I don't sleep as I did on the lounge. Last night my thoughts wandered, and it was in the "wee sma hours" that I dropped off into a waking, dreamful sleep which seemed but a continuation only more vivid, of my waking thoughts. I thought we were going through the marriage ceremony, that I made some funny mistake and you laughed. I laughed too when I wakened. It was all very real then and I thought I would remember it, but I have forgotten nearly everything.

I don't believe now that there is a bed bug in the room, as everything about it is new. The express package has not yet appeared. I got Henry a little ivory whistle, price 10¢ which was the best I could do here. I will take it down with me, with the change, when I go. I think that is what you wrote for, although "Whisle" is hardly orthodox for "Whistle". I suppose it will be better to rehearse our little play. We might get Mr. F. to put us through, and put the company off with a bogus repetition. I will write tomorrow and let you know for certain if I can start Monday.

Yours ever,  
Will

John Ayers sent me yesterday a pkg of Unitarian papers, and posted on one of them was the enclosed extract of a letter from his sister Kate. I suppose he sent my letter to him to her. I do not recollect what I wrote of you, but I did not indulge in any extravagance. She seems to be as much of a blarney as he. I am dying to see and taste of Mrs. Bristol's cake.

[Enclosure torn from a page of a letter to John Ayers' from his sister Kate]:

[front]  
Hope forever!

Henry St. Stamford Ct.  
Aug 27th 1882

My dear John:

Your letter of the 21st inst. enclosing one to Susan D Messinger and Dr. Lyon's .... was given to me this ....

[back]  
"I am glad to read Dr. Lyon's letter, and his description of his wife is beautiful. I wish them both happiness and every blessing. His letter shows what a thoroughly good man he is. I do not wonder the lady was attracted to him. I hope he will come East, it will give me great [pleasure] to see him. ...."

La Mesilla  
Sept. 10th, 1882

My dear Will,

What could I do without your love and sympathy now! You understand and enter into my feelings so cordially and lovingly that you need not fear my not sharing with you all my joys and sorrows.

I can hardly realize that this is my last Sunday at home, and as organist in this dear little Chapel. None of the Jones were here so Mamma, Em and I were the only females present. Lieut. Walker sang in the choir. Dr. Cowan invited him to do so. I spoke to him as we were coming out, and he said he intended to call this evening. He is quite anxious to see you as he expects to go right home from here and says your folks would hardly forgive him if he could not tell them about you. He thinks he will be kept in town until the last of this week, so we invited him to the wedding. As the weather has gotten so warm and bright again Mamma says we ought to have waited until October to be married. It is going to be rather broad daylight at five o'clock. But as the invitations are given out, there is no drawing back now. I am very sorry you think you cannot start tomorrow, but of course you must do what is best, and I guess I can wait one day longer to see you if I have to.

I hope you will always be kept in such a state of happiness and thankfulness as to make you incapable of being dishonest. I wonder oh! I wonder if I can make you as happy as your wife ought to make you, Will dear.

I am glad you sent me that scrap of letter. I like Mr. Ayers' sister Kate now too. There does not need to be any blarney about her to talk about you as she does, she is a good reader of character, that is all.

If I could not be with you bodily my heart was with you at the communion table this morning, and Mamma says she was thinking so much of you as to almost put aside the thought of this being my last Sunday. It makes us so happy to think we are all one in Christ now, and even the baby will be taken into his fold Wednesday. How thankful we ought to be to God for all his blessings.

I had such a nice letter from Cousin May in California yesterday. That is another place where we could spend part of our winter. She cordially invites us. She wants us both to accept her warmest love and congratulations. She is a dear good girl. I wish you could know her. They expect to go east a year from this fall and then maybe you will. Her little girl Cordelia has made me a very pretty tidy all her own work. She says "it may not be good enough for Cousin Corie's parlor but she can put it upstairs". She does not know much about this country does she? Cordelia was with us a great deal in Lock Haven, as were all our little second cousins.

I am so very sorry you cannot come down on Tuesday as I hoped we would have one quiet evening together when I could show you some letters I have received lately, and talk with you generally, but as you say we will have lots of time afterwards – all our lives. Wednesday and Thursday we will be all bustle and fuss I expect. We are all trying to be cheerful and bright during these last days, but it gets harder and harder. If I had a sister to leave with Mamma it would not be half as bad for I not only take away myself but my help also, but it is such a good thing that Henry will be at home this winter, as he will be a great help to Mamma with his jokes and fun. I don't think a sister ever had more perfect brothers than I have. Mamma has just come through my room and says she hopes I am not going to write a very long letter, and I am writing fast so as to make the time I take as short as possible.

Henry got a letter from Miss Baldy this morning about the china, and as she says the set itself comes to \$30.00 Papa has given me this ten dollar bill for you to pay the express. We do not know what it will be, but think this will more than cover it. And we wish you would get a receipt in full from the express agent and send it right back to Mrs. Baldy, as she had to deposit \$16.00 with them before they would send it C.O.D. and as soon as she receives the receipt, she can get her money back. Do you mean you have not received the things sent from here when you say the express package has not arrived? I don't see how that can be as we sent them the first of last week. Ernest will see tomorrow at the depot why they have not gone.

Yes you told me about the bed. I am sorry you find it too luxurious.

Em, and George and Mr. Parker are to take dinner with us today and as Mamma is not feeling well I must stop and see to the preparations for it.

The little girls were all here yesterday, their farewell visit, and Nellie thinks I might persuade you to live here. Allie thinks it is too bad after I have stayed here so long to leave them all for you. I wonder who will read with my class next Sunday! We are going to bake cake tomorrow and the next day so if you should come you would have to make yourself useful. Well, I must stop.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie A. Bowman

I expect this is the last time I will write you a letter in this name.

Mr. Hinds says he expects to take all his family up to the fair for one day.

I will give you Mrs. Baldy's address. 3751 Vincennes Avenue Chicago.

La Mesilla NM [letter is postmarked Albuquerque, NM]  
Sunday Sept 10, 1882

My dear Corie,

I have just been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Stein who drove up while I was at Mr. Forrester's. I looked out of the window and just happened to see them and came down. I showed them all through the house, made them a glass of lemonade, and entertained them as best I could for about an hour and a half. I invited them to call again after you come and they promise to do so. I think you will like Mrs. Stein very much. She is very pleasant and in contradistinction to her husband, very unaffected. It is having a good effect on him too as I notice that he is trying to leave off some of those absurd airs that he used to consider so striking. What a power for good or evil you women have.

How I did thank God today for my little darling who seems to grow more precious to me every day. I knew you were with me in thought and it seemed to me sometimes that you were indeed kneeling by my side.

There were twenty nine communicants, the largest number Mr. Forrester ever had together here.

I will not be able to get off tomorrow, so you may tell Ernie he need not go to the Depot. Mr. F. and I will go together on Tuesday. Mrs. F. renews the offer to you to take breakfast there Friday morning. I told her if you thought best, we would write from Mesilla. I told her before, that you preferred to take it at home.

We will have one pleasant neighbor, although a very grand one. I do not know Mrs. Trumbull who is East visiting, but Mr. Trumbull is a very pleasant and gentlemanly fellow. He walked up with me today from services and I took him through the house.

As he has just completed a very large, almost 3 story stone house furnished with elegant Eastern furniture I did not expect him to be overcome with my magnificence but he did praise it as much as he conveniently could – and he particularly admired the Drawing Room, which I do think is one of the prettiest rooms in town.

Two days more and I will be with you – for better or for worse. My one patient justified my prognosis by a severe chill and fever yesterday, making it quite a critical case. I told her I would stay with her until Tuesday, and promised to be back Friday morning.

I got the ring yesterday and it does fit my little finger very tight. I think it just the right size, a little smaller than its forerunner.

Mrs. Stein says that gentlemen do not wear gloves now, but I will tell you all when I see you.

Your own,

Will

La Mesilla  
Sept. 11th, 1882

My dear Will,

I have been very busy all day until now, and as it is now quarter of three, I can just dash off a few lines. I would like to hear from you tomorrow and you may wish the same so I will write. Mrs. Bristol has just been in and is very much interested in everything. What a funny little woman she is!

I was in hopes I would see you tomorrow, but it won't be much longer will it? The nearer the time comes to see you the harder I find it to wait. We will talk about Mrs. Forrester's invitation when you come down. What if there should be a washout Wednesday and Thurs!

About gloves, seems to me it will be queer for a bridegroom not to wear gloves. I know gentlemen do not wear gloves at parties in the east, but I thought they always did at weddings, and I still think so. Mine are not white which seems rather odd, but Cora says that is all the style now, so of course I am satisfied. You make me so very anxious to see our drawing room. It hardly seems possible that before the end of the week I will see it.

Henry and I took such a nice horse-back ride this morning early. It was lovely and cool.

Mrs. Bristol and Ida have both been examining my dresses today. You show the house so I have to show something on my side.

Papa wishes you would please bring a bottle of Columbo with you when you come and he will settle with you then. I sent you ten dollars yesterday. I hope you got the letter.

Ernest is worrying me about the mail so I must say good bye, but only for a short time. I didn't think I would write another letter to you before the 14th but I just felt as if I wanted to. Maybe you will wish I hadn't when you get this scrawl.

Lovingly yours,  
Corie

Albuquerque, NM  
Sept. 11, 1882

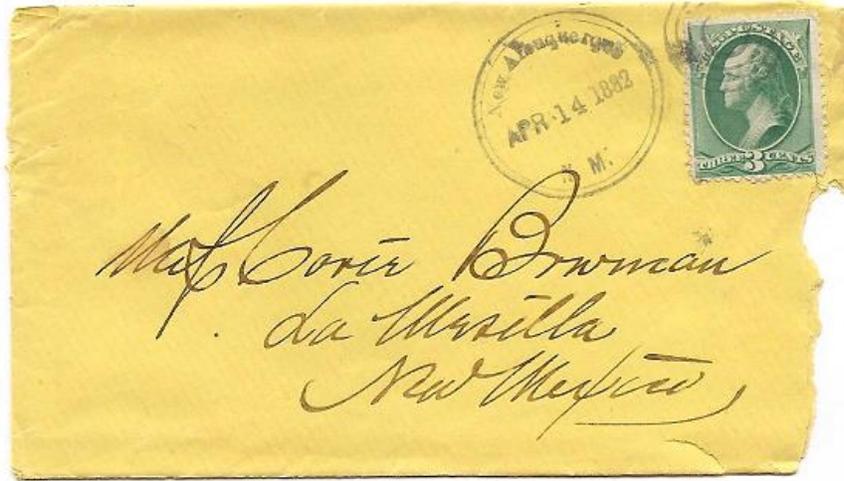
My darling little Bride,

I have enjoyed this correspondence so much, that I confess to a tinge of sadness at the thought that this must be my last letter to Corie Bowman. No one can ever know what a joy and comfort your letters have been to me, but it is with inexpressible joy and thankfulness that I give up these dear shadows for the blessed reality. This is then a good bye letter, to be followed tomorrow by a glad good morning.

Yours lovingly,  
Will

Appendix

Envelope postmarked New Albuquerque, Apr 14, 1882



Envelope postmarked Mesilla, Mar 1, 1882



Portion of William Lyon's letter of April 9, 1882

New York  
April 9, 1882

My darling Corie  
I suppose I do make  
myself ridiculous to the  
lady who has never experi-  
enced the divine afflatus  
Fortunately I am constitutionally  
or thick skinned that I don't  
mind furnishing a little  
innocent amusement to  
those who are less fortunate  
- who have never realized  
what it is to love with  
their whole life and mind  
and soul and to feel that  
they are loved in return  
by a pure and good

in a great hurry and  
I will puzzle you to  
read it. But I want  
to get it in before mail  
closes.

Goodbye Corin  
dear

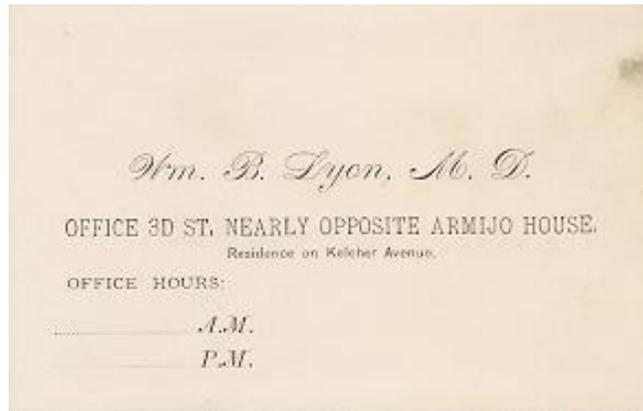
Yours very  
W. D. Byron

Portion of Corie Bowman's letter of May 15, 1882

La Mesilla May 15<sup>th</sup> 1882.  
My dear Doctor;  
I begin this letter  
to day as I may not have much  
time to write tomorrow, as it is  
work day. I received your  
letter this morning, and Fred's  
pictures. He seems to be a very  
earnest student, by - you do  
not know just how old he is -  
do you? I will send you his  
letter to me. I expect, as he  
says, he found it rather hard  
to write to a perfect-stranger,  
but he did it very nicely. I do

think your brother, as you say,  
to go with you. Believe me, I want  
to share your sorrow as well  
as your joys. You do believe  
me don't you Dr dear?  
shall I send Ned's pictures  
back or wait until you come  
for them? You have reason to  
be proud of your nephew. I want  
to try and write to him today.  
There has been no change in  
the relations of Ida and Mr  
Johman. He seems wrapped  
up in business just at present.  
He had a time to call on Lew  
and Amy - he said: I had a  
talk with him this morning  
while I was waiting for  
Maureen. They are going to have  
quite a grand hotel in the  
Lesander house. Have you  
seen Mr Bunch? and did he  
give you lots of news. Lovingly love

William Lyon's business card



Photograph of William and Corie's house in Albuquerque taken in 1880's

