

At Camp - No. 3 below on Anvil

July - 17 - 1906

My very only dear -

Just put night to work and am resting a few minutes before going to bed. Am writing this on my knee. Have finished two holes, to bedrock, and on the third now, have it down about 50 ft. have only struck a few pans so far with more than one color, nothing in the bottom of this hole, if it does not change by twelve to-night am going to move drill further on down the hill.

The same old Mystery Creek itch is coming on me, wish you were here to scratch my back, rub salt on me and lot other things. I got a dozen postals for the children sent each four, guess they will like them, only funny ones, which they will like.

I addressed Sterling's, Johnny Lane, Sterling Lane, J Sterling Lane and John Sterling Lane - and the rest the same way. I do wish I were with the Mudder of those dear little ones, to-night and all the time.

Well I am going to keep plugging along till fall, as I said time and again before then I will know my fate, let's hope I have a "kind of a, sort of a" feeling that things ought to come our way soon, if they don't, it will be a long drawn out story of hard luck won't it?

Oh! lets build air castles, any way. If I should strike, good, this summer ask Carrie if she wouldn't accept the position as private secty for me.

I may be out sometime, if I get it rich enough.

There are no boats in yet, I can see the water from here, if I sight, a boat right to Nome I will go day or night for I know it will have a letter for me, from my sweetheart.

I wrote you a few lines yesterday at Nome and left the note in my pocket, at the house, but will keep a good look out and

be in town to get these fine scratches off to you.

How is your poor dear mother? I bet she was so glad to see you all once again. Tell her if Carrie comes to keep books for me, that I won't get her into such a mix as I got you into. I do wish I was fixed to do something for her, tell her I will be some day. But judging from the past it don't seem reasonable, quite that you would be telling you mother the truth, does it? I won't try to jot down any more to-night, its bed time any way, nearly ten o'clock and the sun is clear as a Sunday school picnic day sun.

There should surely be a boat in to-morrow.

Good night my darling, be a good girl, as I know, away down in my heart you are and I will allways love you.

Good morning! 18th I am in town now, broke the drill again, and had to come in after an extra piece.

No boat in yet, but will post this and the children's postals any way, as I might miss a boat, Pop will be on next Ohio.

Lots of love for all

Always your's

Paul