

Dear Dad - This is the first leisure I've had to write - We got to Bucklin
Friday night - It was very hot and my head ached badly - I could not sleep
at all - The noise at the Hotel was unceasing - They cleaned the streets all night.
In the morning I was so sick although I got up at 5.30 it took me until seven
minutes of train time ^{when 3.30} before I could walk steadily enough to get into the stage
They dragged me into the Oakdale car - As an accommodation road we rode in
a caboose car attached to a cattle or grain train it was about 102° - they stopped
frequently on the way, I did not attempt to sit up - I begged to be left at Bucklin to
return home by myself - but they forced me on - when we got to the Restaurant - I at once
got into the Proprietor's daughter's bed - they put ice water on my head - it was only 95° in the house
115 outside - after the others had their dinner - I begged to be left there to get home
by myself - but the Private Stage was got ready and I got in, it was a nice one
with a top and I rode with wet Hainps all day until we got to Chinese
Camp (I will remember stopping ^{here}) about 1/2 past 8 o'clock in the
evening - the rooms were good enough, but it was so hot (there was a
young girl with us going to Bridge Station) when we took off our clothes
to sponge off - the water dried me without any need of towels - we could
not sleep that night I kept a wet towel on my head all night, the next
^{Sunday} morning we got up at 4.30 and had a cup of coffee - the morning was

I got some gum for Sam + Mary July 22, 1889.

Lorcy and I felt much better, at nine o'clock we got to Priest's Station where we had a nice breakfast. I felt all night - the things we had for breakfast were all so good I wished I could have carried them away. I sat there an hour to rest while the horses were being fed. It was a lovely place - then we started on and rode to Hamilton's to dinner about 4. From there we drove here. Brocken Station - It is a very lovely place, very noisy, but the finest woods you can imagine. We got here about nine last night. One of the horses almost died on the road - she is a fine animal called Bessie and I was very glad she did not die. It was all fled when we heard she'd eat. There is a sweet cat here - three times the size of Uncle when I stroked his head and talked to him like I do to Uncle - he sang and was much pleased with me. He was sitting at the kitchen door - there is also a black cat - that licks my hands and pets her nails in me just as Emma's cat does. All this morning we've been out in the timber "locating" - the Agents say the claim I "located" has (6) six million feet of sugar pine lumber on it besides lots of yellow pine, cypress and young trees. Please tell Aunt that say it is as fine as anything can be. It certainly is a fine timber claim. It's all good. The woods are very fine. Tomorrow they are going into the Yosemite Valley and back here for our party. Only three are going into the Valley - Mr Cram and Mr Fisher are going to remain here to hunt - until our return. I am very glad to have this afternoon to rest. I am well - but sleepy and tired and they are going to start very early tomorrow morning. I worry all the time as to how you are all getting on - well I hope - Give my love to Grandma and all Aunt's family. I hope she is well. It was a great satisfaction to me that Mr Cram's head was very bad. It is not being accustomed to such heat. It is a hard trip on the horses, we have four very good horses and they are very much used up. I am so covered and saturated with dust - I shall have to get a new outfit in Stockton before

You are very good to write so often -
Thank Camm for his letter.