

Calistoga Wednesday night

Dear Mrs Smith.

You'll be surprised to hear from me so soon after I left the city, but I have been so uneasy and ~~worried~~ about that poor girl that I cannot rest, and it is a relief to talk or write about her. — I think you have a sufficiently friendly feeling towards me to grant me a favor, rest assured I will find means to do you a good turn before long. I want you and your girls to be perfectly frank, open and honest with me. If you hear anything of that little lady, no matter what, tell me right out.

She may return to the city and beg you not to let me know, but do ~~not~~ pray not listen to her. Do not be afraid that I shall get angry with her, I will never say a harsh word to her, and even if things turn out as badly as possible and I find she has been deceiving me all along, I can only be very very grieved and sorry, but I will never be angry with her.

I ascertained today that all the minstrels will return from Portland on the next steamer, which will arrive on Tuesday next. I cannot and will not believe anything so bad as that rumor, but I almost believe she will come back, or she would have sent for her clothes.

I have written to the morning and evening papers in Portland today and advertised in the personals so —

"Floa and Georgie, If you have a heart you will write to He. Have you forgotten that April night when we were both so pale"

She will understand this, I have also put a personal in

the Chronicle. — Mrs Smith I assure you I am sick and ill with anxiety and doubt, the whole thing is so incomprehensible and I am so helpless. I fear my business will not let me go to Portland and I see no other way of hearing of her. — If an angel had come and told me she was false to me, I would not have believed it. — I cannot attend to my work, I cannot sleep, and the longer matters stay like this the more I suffer, besides even if she she does write ~~me~~ now, I shall not know what to believe. I cannot help thinking of that speech of hers to you the day before she left, when she begged you not to think ill of her, whatever you might hear, it almost looks as if she had already settled some plan in her head that she knew you would disapprove of. And yet Mrs Smith after all that has come and gone, could she be so utterly untrue to me, so horribly false? It seems impossible, and yet I rack my brain to try and find some excuse, and cannot do it, if she had nothing to conceal why has she not written? If I go to Portland I must give up my situation, but I think unless we hear I shall go. I shall be in the city about Thursday next, tell the girls to look out for the next steamer and find out if Flo comes down.

Mrs Smith again I beg you to be open and candid and conceal nothing from me. With many thanks for all the kindness you have shown Flo

Yours very Truly.

Harry Parkyns.

The Dalles July 11th 1874.

Dear Sarah.

Yours of the 3rd has just come to hand I had began to think you had all forgotten me, I write again to your mother. I received such a letter from H. L. saying that he heard I had not gone any further than Portland. I was so provoked that I wrote him a letter and sent it to the Geyers, and which if he receives it will not make him feel very happy. He ought to know me better than to accuse me of such a thing but I may forgive him dont forget to tell him if he wrote to me at Portland to send and get the letter as it might be advertised, and sent for by some one else.

I have not heard from Mr Sawyer or Maybridge since I came here I wrote to M last week dont think he will answer my letter, I also wrote to Rudolfs for some of my photos.

about coming to San F you will see me back before you know it, I do not like this place at all, they have a great deal of Company and try to make me go out, but I care for no one here and never shall, I have invitations every day to go to parties and picnics, but have only been to one picnic since I came.

I made a trip to the Columbia River with my Aunt on my Uncle's Boat the scenery is perfectly lovely, I wish I had a nice little house with you know who, and your mother and all of you near me I would be so happy to get away from California from all my pretended friends such for instance as Mrs Gross, I have written to her and will write again but not say a word you told me go and hear all the news and then write and tell me, she or any one else can talk about Harry all they please, I am

not ashamed to say I love him better than any one else on this Earth and no one can change my mind unless it is with his own lips he tells me that he does not care for me any more. He all she told you was a pack of lies but I know now she is no friend of mine but I will treat her as one until I return to San Francisco and then I will tell her what I think of her.

I may stay until the first of September here, but not any longer you have done right about my clothes, I will send you the money to get my clothes from the Chinaman and from the Laundry just as soon as it is sent to me, it is over due now, see the Chinaman and tell him to keep my clothes until you call for them, you cannot imagine how much my little darling has improved he is getting just as fat as a Pig and looking so pretty you would not know him to be the same baby. He notices everything and laughs when you tickle him under the chin to the delight of all. I do wish you could all see him. Tell Mary the he will be able to sing to her when he comes back. I have often thought of our good times and wonder if he ^(? we) will ever have them again.

I roomed with two ladies on the Steamer but did not ask them if they knew Mr Rogers, as they said they came from Missouri. and their names were Hunt. You can ask him the name and tell me. I am so sorry for your poor Mother having so much trouble and feel so bad not being able to have helped her before I left but tell her to keep up a good heart and it will come soon. Have you seen or heard of Hoag. How I wish I was with you all today, it is Sunday, and the wind is blowing a perfect gale, it does nothing else but blow ever since I have been here. I don't want Harry to come up here, as much as I would

like to see him, for this is a small place, and people cannot-
hold their tongues. Now Sarah write to me often and tell
me all the news, look after the birds and tell Nora. I am
going to write today to her, I have not forgotten her, give
my love to all the children, Mary, your mother and yourself.
I remain ever your true friend.

Mrs Maybridge.
The Dalles

Oregon.

(Destroy my letters after reading them, for you might
lose ~~them~~ one, and it might get picked up.

Fto.

and-to be mud