

Albany Ore  
Sunday evening March 1904  
Dear Mama

The shadows of evening  
are gathering around <sup>and</sup> the loneliest-  
hour of any in all the week, is  
that when "Slowly fades the twilight ray"

Of the "holy Sabbath day"

We returned from Ellen about  
4 o'clock. Found Clifford at home  
where he had been all day. Had  
a square meal at Ellen's and she  
sent Clifford enough for his dinner.  
I got a letter from Doc but it  
gave no satisfaction as to renting  
Thought "that probably that it will  
be short - as well to let the place  
be pastured when the land gets  
dry" Says "I hope for the best - in  
Mary's case. I will await further  
developments in her case before I  
make a grave (I mean the word) prognosis"

I was talking to day with Mrs Ross, and she said Mrs Briggs was affected as you are for about a year when they lived near them over by the Coal pond. The Dr wanted to operate upon her but Mr Briggs objected. She doctored as I understand and finally fully recovered the use of her limbs.

At Mrs Howard being near the Depot - was three months as you are, and recovered without an operation. Mrs Ross said she does not - know why she did not think to tell you <sup>of these cases</sup> as it might have encouraged you very much.

Mrs Roberts yesterday thought your numbness was due to being so fleshy. Said she had that sensation in her hands once in a while.

Was due to imperfect circulation I told her yours was due to

something besides being fleshy. 2

She said to remember her to you  
Mrs Hale saw notice of your going  
to the hospital and had watched  
the papers anxiously every day  
to learn how you were getting along  
That the papers could tell of the  
circumstances they were <sup>both</sup> ~~sons~~  
ought to have put something in <sup>the</sup>  
papers about you and shall this  
week. Morgan was in town yesterday  
and said it seemed as though every  
body was asking him about you.  
We don't know how many juveniles we  
have until a trial comes.

Yesterday at Shedd's, the convention  
elected Mr & Mrs Judge Palmer, Mr &  
Mrs Moses Parker and Mr & Mrs  
Toast (the last <sup>two</sup> of Jordan Valley)  
as delegates to State grange.  
We had a good dinner and plenty

of it. I did not get to the address  
until after Council had taken up.  
Mrs Eugene Palmer was reading a  
paper she had prepared on "Woman's  
work" Am sorry I did not hear all  
of it. Among other things she gave the  
Saloons a rap.

It was amusing to watch the  
prospective candidates for office in  
their efforts to make themselves  
noticed. particularly so was F. D.  
Leornett. He was on the floor more  
than any one else. I said not a  
word until the very last few  
minutes when I called attention  
to the Primary and Local option  
Bills to be voted upon and read  
the action taken by the State gang  
at Councils relative to the liquor  
traffic, & demanding prohibition.  
I thought the office seekers would  
much rather I had not brought -

up the subject - I don't care.  
 I may be mistaken as not a  
 word was said and Council  
 adjourned almost immediately.  
 The candidates in the old parties  
 are almost sure to be questioned  
 by the liquor men. As Blevins  
 said, <sup>some</sup> make all the candidates  
 pledge themselves then all will  
 fare alike.

Shedd's has horrible streets yet.  
 I came home by Roberts bridge,  
 west of which was about as bad  
 as when we <sup>were</sup> over it - last times.

Corrells have sold that ten acres  
 east of us to Bill Fry. I am to take  
 acknowledgement - indeed tomorrow  
 as a notary. Peetler has a house  
 keeper a niece of his, Don't know her name  
 I was told yesterday that H. C.  
 Powell was the agent for

P of H. Mrs. Hopche will succeed better than I did. Be will know more about the business a year from now. "Every dog has his day" I'll have a chance yet - to grow over some who seem to want to down me. They didn't even give me a chance to say whether I would take it again or not. Perhaps they knew it was useless to ask me.

My greatest solicitude now is concerning you. I shall make a desperate effort - not to worry. ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> believe you will get well. Expect to hear of your being up <sup>again</sup> in a few days. I would gladly go down to see you but will take your advice. Afflictions are often called mercies in disguise. So may ours prove.

Vernal is shouting and can't get love for herself. She begs for me. Lovingly Papa