

Near Chilcoot,
April 18-98.
Dearest sister Dottie:-

Jesse has recently written a letter to you, and has probably told you such a tale of my treatment of him that I must write and clear myself. He actually has all his original stock of hair and much, ah much more. In plain truth he has quite a beard. Thus far it is a credit to him. But his mustaches-ah-there's the rub! I can't describe them, as to color they are nondescript, a pale straw color coming nearest to it. I believe no doubt they will improve with time.

He may possibly send Major home. He's no good here,-and yet is a valuable dog. Wouldn't you be glad to see him?

You would so enjoy this trip Dot. It is so jolly. The people are

[Card one, side two]
mixed but some are so pleasant
There are many professional men,
and men of culture and standing.
One gentleman, tall, large, and imposing, a Mr. Arnold, whom we met on the train coming out is a baritone of no mean ability. He was for four year the pupil of Courtney the English tenor. And for four seasons the leading soloist at Chataqua N.Y. He has been laid up with a cold, and has been staying most of this time with us. I happen to be the only possessor of cocoa in camp, and he has his cup here every day. He will lie here for hours, singing bits of opera, or reading Shakespeare to me. He is really one of the most delightful men I ever

knew. He's going to Dawson too, and I anticipate much pleasure from his friendship for us. He admires Mme. Scalchi. He sang Il Trovatore

[card two, side one]

[rip] [all?] through for me yesterday. For all he is baritone, the part sang by the lover when in prison to his beloved outside, as we heard when you so kindly to me & the opera, he sang so sweetly; I shut my eyes and seemed to be back in The Fuller Opera House, hearing it for the first time.

May be, when we've struck it rich, you'll come out here and take up a claim. You'd like it I know. They do treat a woman so chivalrously here. There are more gentlemen than in most cities. Every day some one shows me his wife's and childrens pictures, as proud as a king, though they may be plain indeed. Did Jesse tell you about Grace Greene's cavalier? We met a miner, well educated, about forty, and wealthy, being owner of lots of rich claims, and half of a mining town. He wanted to know some nice Eastern girl to correspond

[card two, side two]

with, with a view to matrimony. We told him about Grace. And he was charmed. He wrote to her. for Jesse saw the letter in the mail. We thought Grace would get some fun out of it.

Jesse and Mr. Selene are up on Chilcoot Pass to-day and I'm keeping house alone. I'm going to have a nice warm dinner for them when they return. How hungry one gets out here! Our appetites are beyond all description.

Jesse is growing horizontally, of course. His face and figure are filling out into noble proportions. You won't know us when we come back.

Oh, Dot, just hold on to your freedom till we come back with Art. Selene. A finer fellow one would hardly find. He's one of nature's noblemen. And good looking too. And such heaps of money. He'll have close on to a million when his claims

[card three, side one]
are worked up.

We four, Jesse, Mr. Selene, Art, and I are coming back next year. and you shall know two of the pleasantest people in the world. We're all going to the World's Fair to-gether. Wont we have fun?

And now I must close, as its mail time. I haven't had a letter since the first ones we got in Seattle. How I long for a word from home. I hope you are well and will keep so.

Remember me to all my friend and box Berts ears for me or he will get to independent.

With love I am

Your sister

May Edgren,

[penciled in another hand

Red'd May 16-98]

[written diagonally across the bottom left corner]

Please pardon my sending this in sisters letter, but I've only the requisite money for one letter.

We have to pay messenger to take letters to

papa.

M.E.

[card three, side two]
Rec'd May, 16-98
For Dottie Edgren