

William Lyon – Corie Bowman Letters, Volume 2

After William Lyon and Corie Bowman were married in Mesilla on September 14, 1882 they moved into their new home in Albuquerque. William's medical practice began to improve and Corie's younger brother, Ernest, lived with them while he attended the newly established Albuquerque Academy. Corie, however, continued to spend a great deal of time with her family in Mesilla. These letters were written by William to Corie during her absences from Albuquerque. Only one letter from Corie to William survives from this period. After five years in Albuquerque, William and Corie returned to southern New Mexico. Instead of Mesilla, they settled in nearby Las Cruces, which had become the more prominent community since the arrival of the railroad. Several letters from this latter period have survived and are included here.

The letters were first transcribed from the originals in the 1960's by Corie Connell, the granddaughter of William and Corie. During 2015 and 2016, I manually entered Corie Connell's typewritten transcriptions into Microsoft Word files and compared them to the original letters, correcting a number of mistakes and omissions that were made in the original transcription, particularly with regard to the spelling of names of people. My primary sources for identifying people referenced in these letters were the U.S. Census of 1880, the NM Territorial Census of 1885, the Albuquerque Business Directory of 1883, newspaper archives, and the Find A Grave website. I have added a number of comments, clarifications, and identifications to the transcriptions, always placing them within square brackets. Until recently, the original letters were in the possession of Barbara Connell of Rio Rancho, New Mexico; the great-granddaughter of William Lyon and Corie Bowman. In February 2017 Barbara donated the letters to Archives and Special Collections at New Mexico State University.

William C. Hunt, Albuquerque NM, 2017

[Revised 2-23-2017]

[All letters are directed to La Mesilla or Las Cruces, NM, unless otherwise noted]

Albuquerque, N.M.

Dec. 15, 1882

My dear, darling wife,

I have been blaming myself all day for not asking you to telegraph me your arrival at Cruces. I suppose it is unnecessary, but I feel very anxious for you, and until I get your letter tomorrow will be troubled to know how you fared. You looked cosy enough when we left you, and I do hope you rested well and are enjoying yourself at home now.

Ernie [Corie's brother] and I got to bed about one, and this morning scraped together a very creditable breakfast. But the life and light seemed to have deserted the house, and it was a rather doleful meal. I knew I would miss you my darling, but I could not realize how utterly dreary and deserted the house would seem without its mistress. Poor little Pat seems to be broken hearted and it is pitiful to see the woeful expression of uncomplaining, hopeless despair which he has assumed today.

You need not be surprised to see Ernie any day. I can see the home ties pulling him, and if he holds out until Thursday, he will be entitled to credit.

You must enjoy yourself to your utmost. It will, more than anything else give me pleasure to know that you are doing so. But you will – you cannot help it, and maybe, I will come after you.

The man to whom I rented the house – George's house, backed out of his bargain and the house is up again for rent. The painting and everything will be finished tomorrow.

This afternoon I complete the operation on Mrs. M. [Mulligan] in Old Town, and am naturally a little anxious and nervous.

I saw Ira M. [possibly Ira M. Bond] today who gave me some general news from Mesilla, but I did not have much talk with him.

Take good care of yourself and God bless you my darling. Love to all at home.

Yours ever,
Wm. B. Lyon

La Mesilla N.M. [probably a mistake, letter was postmarked Albuquerque]
Dec. 16, 1882

My dear Corie,

I felt very much relieved and very happy this morning when I got your letter. I have been with you in spirit and in thought pretty constantly ever since you left. Ernie and I are doing famously. We were up unusually early this morning and had breakfast in style. Ernie did up the house, and staying at home, was able to interview the bread and meat man. This afternoon he had dinner ready for me when I came back at 4.45. I rather expected he would like to display his culinary skill and kindly afforded him the opportunity.

Yesterday I completed the operation on Mrs. Mulligan but hardly know yet whether it is a success. Dr. Sawyer [Z. B. Sawyer] declares it is, but I fear an unfortunate complication that set in last night may upset things again. I do hope it will come out all right. Today I made a vaccination acquaintance with Mrs. Werner – your friend. I did not fall in love with her – or him either. Mrs. Stein kindly allowed me to look at her unfinished picture as well as one or two finished ones. She told me too, that she never took a lesson in drawing or painting, and six months ago knew nothing of it – absolutely nothing. An unkind and sarcastical remark was suggested by my evil genius, but I thought of you, my Guardian Angel, and suppressed it.

You will be sorry to know that Mr. Karl, of Karl & Thompson [grocers] has sold out to Mr. T. and has left for N.Y. Why – Dept. sayeth not.

I don't know what to do about that fearful class tomorrow. You don't know what a fearful task you have put upon me, and you ought to be forever grateful that I assumed it. But the question now is whether I will be able to carry it through without breaking down disgracefully.

George's fence is about finished and the house looks very much improved. I finished "Vice Versa" today [*Vice Versa: a lesson to fathers*, F. Anstey, 1882], and laughed so much over it that it has excited Ernie's curiosity and he is deep in it now. I wish we could have read it aloud. I know you would have enjoyed it.

Do be careful in riding for my sake and write to me regularly.

Your affectionate husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Yesterday the stove was unbearable, and I rigged up a long swab with a pole and pieces of sacking with which I cleaned out the chimney effectively. You would be delighted now to hear the fire roar as at first. But I felt a sharp pang of self reproach at the thought that I had let it torment you so long. Don't forget me darling. Love to all at home in which Ernie joins.

W. B. L.

Albuquerque, N.M.
Dec. 18, 1882

My dear wife,

I am very glad you acted on the excuse given you by Em [Corie's sister-in-law], for it gave me a letter that I enjoyed as I enjoy all yours – the last one always the best. Ernie has just handed me your mother's letter to read. The thought of her happiness does indeed console me for my loneliness, and although we miss you more than we can tell, I at least would be very selfish to wish to cut short your visit. I will send you the only point I have left. The first virus with which I vaccinated all these people proved to be worthless and I have had to do it all over again. I sent for virus myself which will be here in a few days, and if this does not prove effective, let me know and I will send more. If the vaccinator is careful he can vaccinate several with the one point. I wish you would get vaccinated with the baby. Since you left, the small pox has broken out all over town, and threatens to rage with great fury.

Your class of little heathens behaved splendidly and as the whole time was taken up in drilling for the carol, the march in which I did not join, I had little to do, and was spared the exposure of my biblical ignorance which I had feared. Mr. F. [Henry Forrester] preached another of his "Judgement day" sermons – not particularly interesting to me – and my thoughts often wandered to the little chapel in Mesilla where I knew my darling was worshipping with joyous and thankful heart – maybe praying for me.

Today I was again summoned to Los Lunas, what for I do not know, and mean to take the train at 8 when I will mail this letter.

I can hardly say yet how the operation on Mrs. M. [Mulligan] will succeed. It looked today as if there was one small point that had not closed.

Ernie has gone to see if Mary Whitcomb will go with him to the reunion. He tried to get Mr. Foster to go with him and that failing he had about given it up, but I knew he wanted badly to go, and I urged him this evening to try Mary. But it did not need much urging. He goes tonight in my stead. You know I promised to attend the next.

I did not stay for Communion, though Ernie did. It is not from laziness or caprice that I do not care to go. I really believe the inevitable tendency of making common or ordinary anything particularly solemn or sacred will degrade the feeling we ought to have towards the sacred ordinance of the Lord's supper, as it does with everything else. I suppose Ernie will take "Vice Versa" down with him. It certainly is the most amusing book I have opened for a long time. I had a call yesterday from Mr. Cleland [A. W. Cleland], Bookkeeper for "Ilfeld" [Ilfeld & Co., General Merchandise]. I believe I told you I had invited him up. He is a very fine fellow, and I was sorry you were not at home.

Mr. F. told me of the letter he wrote Mr. Bowman. [Corie's father]

Ernie just returned and will go to the Reunion with Mary. God bless my dear darling wife.

W. B. L.

Criteria of Diverse Truths came today. I will send it down in a few days. [*Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth as opposed to agnosticism*, James McCosh, 1882]

Tell Em the house is finished, pump and all, and it is a beauty. I advertised it for rent today. George [Corie's brother, Em's husband] sent money today. The painter excelled himself in graining the front door.

Father Gasparri died this morning. [Donato Gasparri] The prayer controversy will probably be resumed in tomorrow's Journal. [Albuquerque Morning Journal, newspaper] I will send it down.

Los Lunas, N.M.
Wednesday 20, Dec. 1882

My dear wife,

Here I am still, 10 A.M., with no prospect of getting back before some time this afternoon. I am vexed with my negligence, in forgetting to post my Monday's letter to you until yesterday, as Ernie said that his letter contained something important.

I arrived here about 10 and learned for the first time why I was called. Dr. Costigan [R. C. Costigan] was quite sick himself, but he wished me particularly to attend to a bad case of fracture – case of one of Huning's clerks [Huning mercantile] which he was unable to look after. It was a very bad case, and I was a good part of the night working over it. In the morning, the Doctor asked me to see for him a couple of his patients. One, the wife of Tranquilino Luna, and after that, I received a call by telephone from Belen to attend a case in the family of Manuel B. Otero. They sent a carriage for me, and I concluded to go down and go back to A. on the morning train. Dr. C. stimulated my curiosity by telling me I would see the prettiest woman in New Mex. An elegant carriage and team called for me about 1, and I had a very pleasant ride across the new Los Lunas bridge and down the east side of the river to the Otero Mansion, a large white house elegantly and incongruously furnished in the characteristic Mexican style – Antique mahogany and rosewood strangely intermingled with sheepskin mats and other New Mex. accessories. There I was introduced to a bevy of Mexican beauties, Mrs. Solomon Luna, Miss Otero, and the peerless, the unrivaled, resplendent – beaming forth in unapproachable loveliness which even the unsightly coat of powder could not obscure – the N. M. Lily, Mrs. Otero. There seemed to be but one thing lacking (except of course the powder) to make her perfect. She didn't seem to have much expression. I could not see any soul looking out from those brightly beaming eyes.

My own darling, how much more I love you, if that could be possible, when by comparison I see your loveliness, your purity, truth and noble loving soul, stand out more prominently.

After attending to my patient, I crossed over in a single buggy to the town of Belen, and from there was taken to Huning's Mill to see my man with the broken arm. There I took supper and after supper cut through the old plaster bandage which had become loose, and put on a new and lighter one. I found, to my satisfaction that the arm was doing finely – credit to the Surgeon. Mrs. Funke [Petrona Funke] is a very pleasant Mexican Lady educated in English. She talks very well, and I really enjoyed the half hour's talk with her. Of course, she did most of the talking. I made out though to tell her about you, and what a happy and lucky fellow I was to win you. She thought so too, and we became friends at once.

Here I dismissed my buggy, and Mr. Funke [Louis Funke] gave me his private horse to ride back to Los Lunas where I arrived about 10, to find my patients there all better.

But meanwhile, the bridge at Ysleta had been burned, and it was not known when it could be repaired. I intended to have gone up on the "Emigrant" [second class passenger rail car] this morning, but so far, there has been no communication, and only a slight prospect of getting off this afternoon. I was very anxious to get back this morning, as Ernie intended leaving this evening, and I am afraid now I will not get up before he starts. I telegraphed yesterday that I would have to stay over night.

I hope I may be able to go down though perhaps not until after Christmas perhaps not at all. I have written all about myself, but you know my own darling where my thoughts are. With love to all.

Your affectionate husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM
Dec 21, 1882

My dear wife,

This morning about 2 A.M. I reached home with a very glad and thankful heart. I don't know whether Ernie or I was the more delighted. He couldn't get over telling how very lonely it was. I walked home through a heavy fall of snow, at least 6 in. which of course we cleared off the roof this morning. Yesterday was a long, long day. There were two trains waiting in Los Lunas for the bridge to be fixed and I was all day afraid they would get orders to start. Dr. Costigan and Fitzwilliams were very kind, and all day kept a man at the depot with a saddled horse to notify me at once when the word came, but it was not until 9 at night that I got off. At the bridge we had another long wait until one in the morning. The fire was thought to be the work of an incendiary.

I saw the whole of the Mesilla Valley delegation today, in fact Ernie and I took dinner with them on invitation of Mr. Riley. [John H. Riley] I got your two letters this morning, and this afternoon we have been going round executing your commissions.

The first thing I saw when I got home was the elegant rocker with the card pinned on "From father and Henry." [Henry Bowman, Corie's brother]

Corie, you ought not to have allowed them to make such an elegant present. It is a beauty and luxurious enough for a Sultan. I must deputize you to express my thanks to the donors.

But please Corie, try and curb the generosity of your friends or we shall feel like regular pensioners on their bounty.

Ernie didn't care to bother himself with a trunk, so we had the turkey, cranberries and a few apples put in a box and shipped by express. I called this afternoon for the dressing gowns but only got Henry's which Ernie will take down. The red one will not be done until tomorrow, and I did not know whether you wished it sent down or not. I told her if possible to have it done this evening and she thought perhaps she might.

Mrs. Mulligan is doing nicely and today I am much encouraged. There is still a very little aperture unhealed, but I think it may close of itself.

I am rather ashamed of my gift to you. I hesitated a long time between the pin and a pair of gold bracelets, like your silver ones, but finally fixed on the pin, probably because it was the cheapest. I hope you like the cards, got at the new store, and the ones I enclose for you to send to West. [Westanna Lyon of Butler, PA, William's sister] Ernie did not know what to get for his mother and wavered long between a plush and leather binding for the album. I voted for the alligator leather because it looked odd and durable, then noticed the plush albums look very old and shabby after awhile.

Ernie will tell you of the curtains. I can get you curtains at the new store of Torlina's ready fastened on the rollers for from 3½ to \$4 per pair. He offered me of one kind, brown with a gilt stripe across [the] bottom three for \$5.00 or of another kind with delicate embroider like tracing on the bottom for \$5.50 for the three. They are all longer and maybe a little wider than the measure you sent, but you can easily cut off the necessary strip from one side. I had a notion to send them right off, but did not know for whom they were wanted. They are prettier and I think of better material than ours. Shall I send them?

Good bye darling, and God bless you my dear dear wife. If I go down, I will go in time to bring you up.

Your affectionate husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM
Dec. 23, 1882

My dear wife,

I received your and Ernie's letters this morning, and I think now have executed all commissions to date. I got the curtains yesterday too late to send by express, but they will go today, and with them, Ernie's gown. Mrs. Henry had to get more lining which with the buttons cost 50¢. I paid her \$3.50 this morning.

I got my commission as U.S. Surgeon yesterday, but I have to give \$5000 bonds in order to qualify. As I don't care to ask anyone here to go on them I will have to send them to Mesilla. I think I will send them to George and ask him to canvas for bondsmen for me. I don't know what the office will be worth, but it will help for a while.

I am invited to Mr. Forrester's for dinner tomorrow and again on Christmas. I don't know why, but I would much rather not go, and find myself hoping that I may be called off. I wish I had cheek and bluntness enough to decline invitations that give me no pleasure.

But you don't know how much I would like to be with you all on Christmas. I suppose it is because I cannot go where I want to that I don't care to go where I can.

It seems to me that it was hardly prudent for George to take Mrs. Yundt to El Paso just at this time. You know, Mr. Carter, the photographer who lived just opposite my office, and for a time in the frame building next to this. He died last night in the Pest House [Carter, W. P., photographer, corner Lead Ave. and First St., Albuquerque Business Directory 1883]. There was one other death there, but I did not learn the name. I must look over your letters to answer questions.

I am not so sure that you ought not to try smoking Cubeb – that is the principal ingredient in the med. you are taking, but many think it has a much better effect if taken in the form of a cigarette. It certainly is much pleasanter. Yes, try it.

I don't see why you don't play for service. I think if I were there I should not hesitate to suggest it. I should tell Ida [Jones] "we could hear her on any Sunday". I wonder if she would feel hurt at such an innocent remark. Mr. LaPoint [Lawrence LaPoint] told me of Mrs. Shutz's death [Fannie Nordhaus Schutz, wife of Aaron Schutz]. It was very sad. You don't say if any, or how many of the triplets lived [one survived, a little girl named Fanny, who died on April 6, 1883]. Why shouldn't you write to me about such things, I wonder. I am so apt to look on these things professionally that I am afraid I get them a little mixed sometimes socially. But you can talk to me socially, professionally or en famille, my own dear, lovely little Brownie.

Dr. Costigan telephoned first to Otero that I was there and Otero then telephoned for me.

But Ernie ought to tell you all the gossip of the Guild, the Reunion, and answer question why he stayed for communion.

Did he forget to tell you that Tom Bennett stopped and was not able to find me. You must write to him and explain. I have never yet received his telegram.

Yesterday I got Scribner and the N. A. Review for January. I will also send the Continent – forgot it today.

I don't know for certain what I will do about going down. Sometimes, when I get your letters it seems as if I must, but perhaps. At any rate, I shall expect you here for New Years.

I have just rented the other half of the office, and resigned as Agent, Sewing Machine.

Good bye darling.

Yours,

Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM
Dec 24, 1882

[no salutation]

A Merry Merry Christmas to my love, my sweet wife – many returns, and may they all be happy and unclouded as this one. I want to share some of the succeeding ones though. I wish I could be with you tomorrow, but I have been so happy with my darling that I feel a sort of Catholic duty to undergo to the end my self imposed penance. But you must not think of me as pining, for I am happy in knowing you are happy.

And dear Corie, don't think I fail to appreciate the love and kindness of your family. I have been so long homeless and friendless that the open, generous welcome with which I have been received into the great heart of the Bowman family affects me sometimes more than I like to show.

I don't like to promise to go down this week, but Quien sabe.

Mr. F. told me today he thought of going about Tuesday and returning Thursday or Friday.

Don't worry darling about my necktie and collar. I'll forswear them both if you say so, only I do rather like a large necktie and always did – my father before me, now that I think of it used to wear one just like it, and tied in the same way. I never thought of it before this minute, so it must be an inherited taste and therefore one for which I am not responsible.

I am very sorry the Dressing gowns were not just right. I thought myself they ought to be wadded, but I don't think you told Mrs. Henry to do it.

I may be some to blame about the length. Mrs. H. asked me once how long they were to be. I told her I knew nothing of it, but suggested about half way to the knee. It seems to me that is shorter than the generality of gowns.

I am surprised to hear of Mrs. Martin's intended marriage. I shall write to her to tell me all about it, and am somewhat surprised she did not tell me of it before.

This morning opened bright and clear. I keep all the plants in the bedroom where I never let the fire go out. We had quite a large congregation. Mr. F. was assisted by a Mr. [no name given] from Topeka, a grey bearded venerable looking old gentleman, who brought with him his wife, an old lady with a strikingly handsome face, piercing black eyes, grey hair, and black eyebrows. In his sermon, he referred to his prayer controversy, on which he proposes to give a succession of Sunday evening lectures in lieu of Service. Mr. Forrester preached.

He told me today why the controversy in the Journal was not renewed. The Prof. answered his last query but the letter was misplaced and when found, the editor thought the subject had become stale, and concluded not to publish it. I don't think Mr. F. at all competent to discuss the question, and think with the Editor that the subject ought to be dropped but it seems it is to be kept up from the pulpit.

I had the curiosity to open your Uncle's Christmas card, since I knew what it was and send it to you. You see the results on this page of eating jam on the bedroom table. I was called to the office while writing the other page and had to finish here.

I ought to tell you of my success with your class today. I don't think Mrs. Smith properly appreciated my self denying heroism in throwing myself in the breach since they utterly ignored me today and I had to nothing to do except watch the performance – for which, I am bound to say though, they did not charge. They had two or three little differences today in which I noticed Mr. F. invariably came out ahead, but the fearful scowls that distorted that naturally handsome countenance fairly darkened the church. Poor, poor man.

Tonight they are preparing for the grand children's festival. The Church is very prettily decorated, though everything is not entirely straight.

This afternoon we had quite a dinner party at Mr. Forresters. I went out before communion and got to the house before Mr. F., and his party. Mrs. F. came out to meet me, and when we turned around and saw the party, I was fairly aghast. Why didn't you tell me you had invited the whole congregation, I asked a little ill naturedly for I was vexed. There was actually a fifth that somehow missed connection. As it was, we had Dr. Wroth [James Wroth], Mr. Cobb, Mr. Corbin, Mr. Wilson and Dr. Lyon. I stayed about 3 minutes after the last round of cake was disposed of.

I am an ungrateful wretch I suppose, but I decidedly object to being overwhelmed with kindness.

Good bye my own darling, and give best love to all the dear family.

Wm. B. Lyon

Los Lunas, NM
Dec. 26, 1882

Dear Corie,

I came here this morning in response to a telegram from Dr. Costigan. He wished me to assist in doing up the man's arm which had become somewhat displaced – Nothing very serious. I had made up my mind to go down tomorrow, or maybe tonight, when I happened to think that the time to buy cheap tickets had passed, and on inquiring this morning at the Depot, learned that it was so.

I felt quite disappointed, for after I had determined to go, I could think of nothing else, and had engaged a man, who I suppose is at work now, to scrub and wash windows. After I found I had to come here, I still thought he had better come, but I shut up all the house but the Din. room and kitchen. Before I started this morning I filled the boiler and made a roaring fire in the stove.

But you will soon be back again to cure me of my longings and homesickness, for home is where you are. Can't you induce your mother to come up with you. We had hardly a fair show when she was here before, for you had been sick, and we were hardly settled down yet. Besides I think she promised to come up with you.

Your letter yesterday morning was charming. And what a happy thought it was for all to join in sending me a Christmas greeting. It was a little thing that made me very happy over it.

I continue the letter begun in Los Lunas at home. Time 4½ P.M. Coming home I found that Luis after having washed and scrubbed windows and floors of Din. Room and kitchen was sawing wood. Tomorrow he will resume work on the windows of the rest of the house, and I think I will then have him spade the yard.

I found in the P.O. Christmas cards for you and Ernie from Williamsport [PA], and one for you from Rutland [VT]. It is hardly worth while to send them. I will keep them for you. I am glad you thought of the blinds – shades I mean. I hope they will suit. If too wide, they must be cut down very carefully. Nothing has yet been received from N.Y. Corie dear, when are you coming back? I don't want you to shorten your visit but I can't help telling you how I am longing for my little darling to come back for me.

Before I close, I will go up to Mr. F. and see if he is going tonight. He will tell you about the Christmas party which was a splendid success. I know you would have enjoyed it. I wrote all about it to you, but that was when I thought I was going down Wednesday, and I destroyed it.

Love to all. George and Em sent me a funny Christmas card. I don't know as I understand it. Ask Em what it means.

I wish Ernie could smuggle a few trees up. Just been to see Mr. F. who says he is not going. Susie [daughter of Henry Forrester] is going to write for you to come back. I told her that I had no influence.

Your affect. husb.
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, N.M.
Dec. 28, 1882

My dear Corie,

What a terrible fright you gave me for the time when I read "the next moment I found myself between the horse's feet". My heart beats yet whenever I think of my poor darling lying there amid those cruel trampling hoofs, and I shudder as the dreadful picture of what might have been flashes over me.

Last night I dreamed I had lost you, and waked up in fright that effectually banished sleep for the rest of the night.

Are you sure you are not really hurt more than you think or say?

I ought to be with my little girl but I know she is with dear dear friends and so content myself counting the hours until she comes back to me.

When will it be? You don't say but don't you think you ought to be with your scholars next Sunday? I know one of them who will be terribly disappointed if you are not. And you might as well know it, my experiment as a teacher is a complete failure.

Today I have been taking lessons in Gauging from Hinds [John B. Hinds]. Nothing especial has happened. I have just been talking to Mrs. Latta who I find is an old schoolmate of Mag. Bredin [Margaret Bredin Mitchell], Vie's sister [Elvira Bredin Lyon, William's sister-in-law].

I have in the office with me, on the other side of the partition, two old ladies, plain dressmakers, who are busy fitting up their shop for work. They have put up a stove (cooking) in the rear end, running the pipe over to my chimney, or rather I did [it] for them for they confessed to me that after they paid their rent, they did not have a cent, and would not until they made it.

They seem to be nice quiet old ladies and I am glad they are suited so well. I had our kitchen stove thoroughly cleaned & the chimney swept. Tell me in the next when I am to go to the Depot for you. Bring your mother with you and let Mr. B. or Henry come after her. And dear Corie, do take care of yourself.

Your husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, N.M.
Dec. 30, 1882

My dear Corie,

Of course it would not be right to cut short your visit, and I did not expect it, but you have no idea how impatient I have become. It was bad enough in Sept. when I was waiting for you, but I have never experienced anything like this. One of my old nervous fits came over me, a real fit of the blues, affecting my sleep. I could not read, write or rest, and my whole being seemed to be absorbed in an earnest longing for my wife.

Yesterday I commenced three or four letters to you and tore them up.

The weather has been bitter cold and if I were not so well supplied with overcoats, I might have suffered, but having two, I have been getting along famously. Yesterday, feeling a little stirred up by your remonstrances, and wishing to look well before my wife, I took my military overcoat to the tailor's, who for \$5 agrees to turn out a first class civilian garment, good enough for any body.

Last night for the first time I was actually cold all night in bed. In very cold weather, I find the grate will not heat up the room, and we will have to depend on the Sitting Room stove.

I don't think Mr. Forrester had any good reason for not going to Mesilla, except pure indisposition to go.

Tomorrow in lieu of evening service, he proposes to devote to the prayer controversy. It is actually painful to see him grasping around the leavings of a subject, the true principles of which he has not the remotest conception – rushing in “where angels fear to tread”.

Mrs. Latta was originally from Pennsylvania, and a schoolmate of Mag Bredin, of whom you have heard me speak as the “bete noir” of my boyhood. The girl who would kiss me.

She told me they intend to go to Cal. in a few weeks, and then to Boston, to educate the boys at Harvard. She has two boys already attending school in the East.

I think you will find the house tolerably clean when you resume sway. The man I had did not amount to much, but I went over it myself and now it is just tolerable.

I had a letter from Gordon [Dr. Charles C. Gordon] who tells me the appt. will be made after the 1st as resident physician [for the railroad]. Whether that will carry a pass with it I know not. I must write to him today.

Nothing as yet from New York, and you will have the pleasure of opening the package yourself. I cannot imagine what it is you don't wish me to see. It has been a very mysterious pkg. all through.

George's papers came all right and I think they will go through. I am real glad to hear that Riley is worth so much.

Don't forget the good thing you have to tell me of them. I was reading your letters last night, and thought I would remind you of that.

Do be careful of yourself, darling. I cannot banish from my mind the picture of you being dashed to the ground amid those trampling feet. It frightens me sometimes at night and God bless you, my own love.

Your affectionate husband,
Will

Numa [Numa Reymond] wrote me some things about the medical relation of the Schutz case. I don't suppose you have heard much about it but if you have an opportunity, gather up what they say about it and the truth as near as you can.

Albuquerque, N.M.
Feb. 27, 1883

My dear wife,

Arrived safely on time this morning, and found everything in good order. Mr. Garland was sleeping with Ernie, but the lounge was in readiness, and I owe to Ernie's consideration for your comfort a nice little nap on it, about the only sleep I indulged in during the night. Ernie was disgusted that you were not along, and said if he had known it he would not have let me in.

I have spent the greater part of the day with an old friend, Maj. Sharkley who walked out with me to the house which he admired very much. [Lyon served with Sharkley at Fort McRae, NM] Did your ear burn any? He has become very deaf, so much so that it is quite an effort to talk to him. He said he would have liked very much to have seen you, but felt really relieved when he heard you were away. On account of his deafness he never goes now into society, knowing as he says, it is absolutely painful for a lady to be obliged to talk to him. He is somewhat morbid on the subject, but when I told him so much about you, admitted that he would like to see you.

Ernie and I got breakfast and he writes on the slate that he has secured a piece of beef for dinner. I took dinner with the Major, but don't propose to tell Ernie – at least until after dinner.

I saw Davies [Benjamin Davies of Organ, NM] in Cruces, but could not tell him whether Henry and you had concluded to go over today or not. I wish I knew.

My smallpox case is playing in his room and clamoring to be out. Have had no other calls, and don't expect to now that I am back.

It seems a long time until Friday but Friday will surely come in its own time.

I had a conference with the plasterers today. They ask much more than I thought to plaster the house. \$110 including the straightening out of the cornices with brick and elevating the chimneys. I have not engaged them yet, thinking I may get it done cheaper.

Please give enclosed Cer. of Deposit to Henry.

Mr. F. thinks about writing to Mr. Bowman urging that he come up. He wants particularly to confer with him about land.

Love to all, and do take care of yourself to bring you back to me.

Your affectionate husband,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
May 14, 1883

My dear Corie,

I slept tolerably well last night on a single seat in an ordinary car. Still, today I feel somewhat languid and could go to sleep on very little provocation. Ernie found Mr. Foster Sat. night and I think they both spent most of Sunday at Mr. Forrester's. I found him in bed this morning, but routed him out to get an early breakfast. We had scarcely commenced when Juliana came to tell us that she could not wash today as she had to go to court. She promised to come tomorrow. Meanwhile we utilized her by getting her to wash the dishes which had been accumulating since yesterday morning's breakfast. Ernie seems to have exhausted himself in the effort to do honor to F. and hadn't strength left to wash the dishes.

Ernie got a letter from Sammie [Sammie Jones] today – a very characteristic letter which if printed would be principally composed of italics small and large caps. He says, sarcastically I suppose, “Oh! Mesilla is so lively.”

Mr. Forrester has heard that the Guild ladies are offended at his remarks last Sunday night, and says he never thought of them, or of the Guild in connection with his sermon, which was on the proper observance of fast days. But in future, subject to disapproval of the Bishop, we are to have no more evening service.

It is quite cool today, but except a single shower soon after we left, we have had no more rain. I forwarded a letter to you that came this morning.

Be very careful of yourself my darling, and write me how the cold is and all about yourself.

Your husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM
May 16, 1883

My dear wife,

It has been cloudy but very pleasant all day until about 5 this evening when a storm of wind and rain came up and it has been showering ever since. I came home about 6 o'clock and set out the plants to catch some of the refreshing rain. Ernie has gone downtown to get supper. We are rather mixed up in our eating arrangements. We take breakfast in about the usual style except that we economize in the number of dishes. On Monday, Ernie bought a ticket for 21 meals at the St. Julian for \$8.00. I ate twice with him, but as he carries the ticket, and wants his three meals a day, I who am neither so hungry nor so flush content myself with a dinner at the usual time at Zieger's lunch counter.

Last night we went up to Mr. Forresters and there I learned that Mr. F. thought so much of the sermon in which he so gratuitously insulted the Presbyterian Presbytery, that he had a synopsis published in the Democrat. Mr. Menaul [Rev. James A. Menaul] was so silly as to answer it last Sunday, publishing a synopsis of it in Monday's Review.

I did not see or hear either, but Mr. F. brought the matter up last night, with a very evident air of self glorification in the snub he had given the so-called ministers. For the first time, I took direct issue with him, and in very plain words told him what I thought of the narrow-minded, unchristian and ignorant course he was pursuing. It is no trouble to upset all his so-called reasoning, but it quite a different thing to make one who has been nurturing these egotistical and vain ideas all his life, realize their absurdity. However, I am glad he now understands my position, and we parted very good friends.

This afternoon, a special train unloaded a troop of hungry Kansas editors with their sisters, their cousins and their aunts. All the wealth and beauty and style of Albuquerque were present at the Depot to receive them, but a homelier, rougher, dirtier lot of strangers I never saw, about on a par with an ordinary Emigrant train. I wonder if there is anything in the climate or soil of Kansas that predisposes to grey hairs. It seemed to me that about every other man had grey hair and whiskers. Instead of the climate it may be a combination of anxiety and hunger, or – just at the moment a light breaks – it must be a lack of whiskey in the state.

Tonight the citizens give a grand bailie in Armijo Hall, no cards, a five dollar bill being the only voucher of respectability required.

If I conclude to go, I will give you a description of the toilets etc.

Yesterday, I made a very careful examination of Mr. LaGrange, my consumptive patient, and acceded to his request to give him a written opinion of his case. I wish I was not such a soft hearted booby, but I shrink from giving a man his sentence of death. But I clothed it in technical terms, the import of which only a physician can understand, and

then, like a coward, willfully misinterpreted them to him. Still there is a hope and we must make the most of it.

Juliana's sister did the washing and ironing, and I took the shirts to the Chinaman. I tried to get some sweeping out of her, but gave it up, for the girl is fairly idiotic.

I am thinking some of changing my office to the place where the Candy store used to be, back of the drug store, a better location, but I would have to pay \$8 a month more rent.

You may tell Henry that if he collects the \$15 that Shutz was to give Dr. Woodworth [Oscar H. Woodworth] for me, to pay it over to you. If it is not collected from Woodworth at once, he will never pay it, so you see it is your loss if he don't pay it. I wash my hands of it.

Ernie sends love to all, and so do I. God bless you my own darling. How doubly precious you are to me now.

Yours ever,
Will

Thursday morning,

The Sandias are covered with snow, quite as much as at any time last winter. The wind is raw, cold and blustery, and men are hurrying through the streets with overcoats. A number of Kansas waifs are sitting around in Armijo Hall in cold discomfort looking most forlornly disconsolate. I met Gen. Smith a few minutes ago. He says he came down to go to the ball, but the first thing he heard on his arrival was the fact that five dollars were a necessary preliminary so he shouldered his grip-sack containing his dancing kit, went over to old town and to bed. I told him that it was his own failing, want of "cheek", and we moralized over it some time. They are urging him, he says, to go to Vegas on the 30th to speak at their celebration, but he don't know. The Gov. and Gen. Logan are also to orate, and though the Governor [Lionel Allen Sheldon] is of no account, he acknowledges he is a little afraid of Gen. Logan. Still he has often spoken from the same platform with Logan in Ill. and "kin do it agin". "Certainly, you must go by all means" say I. "Don't be so modest General". With that he gave a check for some Gauging I had done. Hinds has a position offered him in Browne and Manzanares House and though the Gen. regrets to lose him, he won't stand in the way of his advancement.

I suppose your father's explanation is correct of the cause of his neglect to endorse the check, but I don't see anything wrong in anything we did under the circumstances.

I rather expected a letter from you this morning. Ernie got a letter from someone, but he hurried off so I did not see even where it was from. I am anxious about your cold this raw weather, but I suppose it is mild and pleasant in Mesilla.

Goodbye again,
Will

Albuquerque, NM
May 18, 1883

My dear Corie,

Your letter of yesterday came on time today, and you don't know how glad I was to get it. I wrote you yesterday, as I expected you would have written the day before so our letters would not cross, but you seemed to have done the same thing, and now we are just where we started. I write this tonight to get things right again.

You are to stay just as long as you enjoy it, and come home when you think best. You know how I must miss you, but I am not so utterly selfish as to wish to curtail your visit, and at any time I can run down to see you and be very glad of the excuse. I like your mother's plan very much, and will if I can go down Tuesday night and will bring you up if you wish to come. I was thinking of getting Florence to come and clean house in your absence, giving you a nice surprise, but I am really afraid to trust him alone in the house, and of course, I can not be with him.

I am afraid I have made a sad mess of it in another direction. I would not think of it at all, only you have so often told me how very particular Henry is. But whether he is pleased or not, his secret if it is any longer a secret is no longer one to Ernie. This evening, I gave him your letter to read, never thinking of the reference in it to Sue, and I never did think of it until I heard him laugh and say "You ought not to have shown me this letter". Then I told him all that I knew myself. Like your mother, he wasn't so much surprised though he said that he had never guessed what it was that was between you. He said it made him feel lonely, but didn't hang his head and avert his face as he did when on a former occasion I gave him a similar confidence affecting his sister. How we all love you, my little darling.

I have been doing scarcely anything today or yesterday. Mulligan made a first payment of \$58 on his bill, and I am boarding a little of it out at his lunch counter. Ernie dined with me today.

What a time you have with that silver, and what are you going to do if after all it doesn't suit?

Juliana had to go to court because she was accused of stealing a gold watch from someone in Church. I don't know how she came out, but believe she was acquitted.

I will have to close this up instantly if it is to go tonight. Good bye and God bless my darling.

Yours ever,
Will

"Continents" all gone. Will try and hunt up one to send you.

Albuquerque, NM
May 20, 1883

My dear wife,

I got your good long letter this morning, and already find myself hungering for another. I hope I will be able to get down on Wednesday, and I see nothing now to prevent, but you know I can never tell about these things.

We came near having a very extensive fire last night. The paper I send will give you the particulars. If the wind had been blowing, or if the fire had had a little better start, no power here could have saved the block. You know where it is, one of the houses Sharicks [I. J. Sharick, jeweler] was right over the big ditch. Ernie and I were sitting at home when we heard the alarm. I heard through the telephone that it was on R.R. ave, near Basye's, [J. K. Basye, jeweler, R.R. ave. between second and third streets] but we didn't think of going until someone said that the fire was gaining, when we each took a bucket and started on a run, but it was well out when we got there, and we had no chance to display our gallantry.

I have warned Ernie that he is to read no more of my letters so you need be under no restraint in writing freely as you like. And my darling I do hope you will never feel any hesitancy in writing or saying to me anything in your heart. I read all Ernie's letters from home, and enjoy it so much that it seems a little selfish not to reciprocate, but if it puts you under any restraint, he shall never see another. I have just told him so, but as a special favor I have allowed him to see this last which he has just finished with a boo hoo because it is the last.

We were fortunate in having two invitations to dinner today at Mrs. Forrester's and Mrs. Dunnica [Janella Dunnica]. Mrs. Forrester was a little ahead but as I knew their invitation was given in spirit of Charity, or rather as a matter of charity, I thought it no discourtesy to accept one from Mrs. D. Ernie however had committed himself to the Forresters and went there.

I have just returned after spending a very pleasant time. Dunnica [Leon Dunnica] told me, or showed me a letter from Stein, Mandell & Co. notifying him that they proposed to dispense with his services in a month or two for the reason that they would require a younger man. They smoothed it over with excessive compliments as to his strict integrity, honor, uprightness, and efficiency, but that the change was made solely because Mr. K. [Kaufman] Mandell, the senior member who puts up the money, and who lately visited the firm, thought that they would require a good deal of night work and that they would have less delicacy in requiring it of a younger and more vigorous man. Of course, the object is to give the place to some friend of this Mandell. But in the meantime, I don't see what Dunnica is to do. He thinks he will be able to secure some other situation, but as yet has no place in view.

Kate [Forrester] has taken charge of your class Ernest says. I think if I had known Mrs. F. could not go, I would have offered myself.

I haven't heard a word of [Gusto?] Walters since you left. Before I go down, if I have a chance, I will ask someone to post me for your benefit.

It is hardly likely that I will change my office. I wouldn't know what to do with the old ladies next [to] me, and again, I hardly think the difference of location would compensate for the dif. in expenses. Write me a letter for myself about yourself for I am not at all sure that I will be able to get down on Wednesday. I sent for the "Continent" missing number. Good bye my love. I did not suppose you showed my letters.

Your devoted husband,
Will

[The following text is on a separate scrap of paper in the envelope]

Tell Mr. Bowman that I will bring a blank check book for him with me when I come. Foster is spending the evening with us. Tell Ernest about letters.

[Telegram dated Sep. 14th 1883, first wedding anniversary]

To Mrs. Wm. B. Lyon

Many happy returns greeting
Congratulations & love from your Husband

[daughter Jennie was born Oct 23, 1883]

Albuquerque, N.M.
Sunday, 14 Dec., 83

Dear Corie and Jennie,

You haven't long been out of my mind since I kissed you good bye yesterday morning. I made the trip pleasantly and safely and met Ernie coming for me – a little late. Nothing of interest occurred on the road. Mr. Whitcomb was on the train returning from a Masonic festival at Silver City and furnished some little entertainment, but not much. I saw Mr. Hinds a minute at Socorro and he gave us a cordial invitation to stop a day with them on our way up. I told him that I did not think we could arrange it, but would ask you.

On my arrival I found awaiting me a renewal of my appt. as Surg., Santa Fe R.R. for 1884, which I am to send on with my signature when another yearly pass will be given me. I also found the letters which I enclose. If you read Tom's [Thompson Harris Lyon, Butler PA, brother] letter aloud, please omit the adjective before my name at the head of 2nd page. I didn't think Julia [Tom's wife] could be so silly as to put such foolish ideas into his head. If you let me, I will send one of your pictures to them. There will still be one left to spare.

Ernie and I are invited to Mr. F. to dinner today, but I wanted the time to write you and do some other things so excused myself. We had quite a large congregation today, not including any of the pillars except Mr. Smith, (E.H.) which must have been a disappointment to Mr. F. as he had a sermon especially adapted for the congregation. The subject was the office and duties of a minister of the Gospel. I think he intended it to be considered a declaration of independence on his part. It was a very sharp arraignment of a class of Christians who wished to control the convictions of the minister by a threat of withdrawal of support. He defined the duties of a minister as that of a priest, not a preacher. He was indignant in his denunciation of those who seemed to think a minister was a hired man and claimed that his high commission made him superior to, and independent of the follies and fancies of his parishioners. We had the finest singing I ever heard in the Church. The voluntary began with a solo by Mrs. Kingman – "Praise the Lord all ye Nations" with chorus by the choir – you know what I mean, an anthem that began with a solo. Her pure, rich mellow voice thrilled through me like a [word is lined through] and I found myself almost dreading to hear the crash of applause that usually desecrates such efforts. The deep quiet of the Church seemed much more in keeping. I suppose I have, but I don't recollect now that I ever heard a female voice that more completely filled my ideal which may or may not be high. They sang a new Te Deum, very pretty, one that I never heard before.

Ernie found Willie Whiteman a little too lively for comfort, very pleasant he said, but a little too full of fun and mischief to be profitable. He would let him neither sleep nor study.

I do hope you will take care of yourself. If you only go out in the middle of the day, I don't much think you will contract the fever, but you must write me and tell me at once if anything goes wrong. I can go down at anytime just as well as not.

I forgot to pay Bull for the shoes, but will send you some money next letter. Can't get any today.

I hope Jennie will continue to be good at night so they won't tire of her. Kiss her for her Papa and God bless you both.

Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Dec. 18, 1883

My dear Corie,

Your letter written Sunday came today. I am very glad to hear that Jennie is growing into the good graces of the family. Do you know I fancied that they did not look on it with much favor at first. I mean your Papa and Henry, but I know she will win their hearts in time.

I cannot help feeling very anxious about you. The weather has been so warm since I came back, and I counted a great deal on the cold weather making it safe for you in Mesilla. You must be sure and let me know at once if you feel at all out of sorts. I will feel much easier if I know you will do so.

Ernie and I get along famously and we are fast getting the dining dishes down to a minimum. It takes now about three minutes to wash and put them away. Last evening I took strong coffee for dinner, and the result was that I did not sleep well last night.

Everything goes on about as usual. The ladies meet today to see about decorating the Church, and every evening through the week. Dr. Wroth tells me that Mr. F's sermon last Sunday is creating considerable stir in the congregation, but I have heard nothing myself. It was unfortunate that more did not hear it, as it will of course be distorted in repeating it.

The rose is out in full bloom wasting its fragrance, so Ernie proposes to clip it this evening and take it to Mr. Forrester's, which means to Kate.

I have observed lately quite a change in the demeanor of these two young people towards each other – a tender shyness that brought back old memories of some of my own calf loves. It may be only fancy on my part, but it seems strangely familiar.

I must write to West today, and as she will expect a full account of everything, must give myself time. If I have no serious cases on hand, I think I may go down Christmas, but it will depend a good deal on when Mr. Forrester can go. You never told me whom you wanted for sponsors.

What do you want for a Christmas gift? Can't you tell me. I want to give you something you want. Just drop me a hint – unbeknownst like.

I am starving to kiss my two darlings. God bless you both.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque
Dec. 20th/83

My dear wife,

Ernie has gone to the meeting of the Aggoze (It has just dawned upon me that I don't know how to spell Agassiz) and I am alone in the front room with the stove roaring and glowing with heat. Before he went, I saw him writing what I supposed was a hasty letter. He asked several questions about the poisonous effects of centipede bites, but it was not until he started that he told me it was a paper that he proposed to read to the Association he was preparing.

If there had been time, I think I would have insisted on his doing it all over again.

He had arranged to go down tomorrow but received a telegram from Henry telling him to wait for Saturday. I am glad of it as the books I sent for may probably come in time to send with him. I have been doing a little better lately – have been attending Mrs. Kent [Christina, wife of Fred H. Kent] twice a day since Sunday and yesterday morning got a very urgent summons to go to Mrs. Spitz. [Emma, wife of Edward Spitz] They had notified me long ago that I would be wanted at the confinement but I supposed that she had gotten someone else. When I went down I found that she had been confined the day before. Drs. Giot and Aubright [Strickland Aubright] had been in attendance. Giot was still in attendance and I refused to consult with him, but after hard pleading on the part of Spitz I consented to see her, and the result was that I completely swallowed my principles and stultified myself to the extent of associating myself on professional terms of equality with a man whom I believe to be an ignorant quack and fraud.

I have felt smaller ever since and have only the consolation that I have saved a very nice little woman from the clutches of an ignorant charlatan. She is now very much better but her symptoms were at one time quite alarming. The child is dead. I never saw it.

Your news about Polly's [a horse] probable restoration was a complete surprise. I have been thinking ever since of some plan to ascertain the truth, and if possible recover her. I found the brand in one of my old books and Ernie will take this description down. Perhaps when he goes down, he will be able through some of his Mexican friends to find out the truth.

The plants are looking very well. Ernie watered them today. Kate got the rose, and I suppose properly appreciated it.

We got a handsome card of invitation to the ball of the Germania Club to be given on New Years Eve. We can get home just in time for it.

I don't see why you have not received my letters. I wrote on Sunday and Tuesday. You surely should have received my first before your last was written. I will send down with Ernie a flannel bandage which I think you should keep on that left lower limb all the time

during the day. I cannot tell yet if I will be able to go down Christmas. You know how I would like to, and that I will strain a point to do so, but I must not forget that maybe my duty will keep me here. Do as you think best about Nelly. Tell me what to get for Christmas.

Yours ever,
Will

Kiss for Jennie. Kiss for Corie.

Albuquerque, N.M.
Sunday morning [Dec 23, 1883]

My dear wife,

I have not time this morning before the train goes to write much. I put it off in hopes I could see my way to telling you that I would go down myself on Monday, but as I will have to go down some time in the week, I don't think it right to lose so much time. Besides I have a couple of patients I could not well leave. I got a turkey yesterday, but everybody told me it would spoil before Tuesday so got them to take it back, but Cleland tells me that he can have a fresh one go down Monday sure.

I succeeded at last in getting you a Christmas present. I think you will like it, but I am sure you do not guess what it is. I will take it down to show it to you, but will not send it. I have been having quite a run of practice lately. Wroth went to Needles on a trip, and will not be back before Wednesday leaving me the Indian School to attend to. You have no idea how much I miss you and Jennie, and it seems almost an age too since Ernie left. What could I ever do without you now. The house is pretty much in disorder, very dirty. Ernie will tell you all the news.

Yours as ever,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM
Dec. 23, 1883

My dear Corie,

This time I am writing at the drug store. I came down at 6 this evening to order some medicine and must put in the time someway until Church time. This is a delicate way of telling you that I mean to go to Church tonight, only I must confess that I missed it today. I was very busy all forenoon and was late for dinner at Mr. Forresters, but I went all the same and enjoyed it. Dunnica also sent me an invitation, and at the Indian School, I was pressed by Mrs. Bryan to eat with them. I wish they would scatter their invitations a little more, as it is, it is either a feast or a famine with me. Ernie will tell you what the goats did, and what I am doing in the way of fencing. My colored friend cooked supper last night, and cooked everything there was in the house. He is to be along early in the morning, and I suppose I will have to make an ante-breakfast trip to the store, or breakfast on buckwheat cakes and potatoes. I think I will have a fence that will be goat proof. I didn't care to express myself when I found what they had done, but I know I must have looked pale. I am still in attendance with that Mack Giot, and find on examination today that he has made a worse botch of it than I at first thought, still as I have consented to treat the case with him with closed mouth. I told you in my letter this morning that I would not be able to go down Christmas. I have two cases that I must not leave now – and it may be that I will not be able to go down later in the week, but I will try my best to do so. I wanted very badly this time to spend Christmas with you all, and hardly feel reconciled to unkind fate that denies me the pleasure, but you know darling that I must not neglect my practice, which has been alarmingly dull of late. I found your ticket in my book. Did you miss it?

Henry's book came today, and I will send it in tomorrow's mail to Cruces. The books for your Papa have not yet come, and when they do you may tell him that I will keep them and take them down when I go, with the present I got for you, something useful as well as ornamental, neat but not gaudy.

I had to call yesterday at Trumbulls to see Walter, who is ailing. She asked very particularly for you and the baby. It started to rain quite hard while she was in the office, and I took her home in the buggy.

I looked around for the Continent to send to you but cannot find it and conclude that Ernie has taken it. I got a Century today. The portrait this month is of Genl. Sherman.

I have been to Evening Service and am finishing this letter at home – 9 P.M. Kate and Mary composed the choir and did pretty well. The congregation was very slim and the few that were there were strangers. Mr. F. gave us a very good earnest sermon. He escorted Mrs. Whitcomb there and back on his arm. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, the three girls, Mary, Kate and Lotta, Mr. Corbin and myself came together and kept up a general conversation about nothing in particular. I have formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Stover

[Susan, wife of Elias S. Stover] since you left, and have a tolerably good opinion of her. She is Mrs. Kent's special friend, and is very kind to her.

Everybody is expected to help tomorrow to decorate the Church for Christmas. The congregation didn't respond very heartily last week, and they are somewhat behind. The Children's evening will not be until Wednesday, I suppose on account of the tardy decorators.

I do hope to find you strong when I see you, but I am afraid of that fever. The weather has been so warm ever since you got there.

Goodbye darling wife and baby. How I do miss you both. I hardly know how to pass through the long days before I see you. I wonder if you will be willing to come up with me, and be my good and loving little wife again.

Your aff. husband,
Will

Albuquerque, NM
Dec. 26, 1883

My dear Corie,

Five cents is a great deal of money and if properly invested might do a great deal of good. Five cents would buy five tracts, that might convert five heathen. Suppose each of these five heathen [brands?] should be the means of reclaiming each another heathen, and these again – but enough – we already have ten souls reclaimed, enough to start a colony, to found an empire – more than the ark contained – the nucleus of a world.

But all this cannot efface the dreadful fact that I have been married not yet two years, and already my wife writes that she is nearly 200 miles from home, with no food for my child and but five cents in her pocket.

I had a lonely, but in some respects a pleasant Christmas yesterday. The Christmas anthem was glorious given by Mrs. Spencer and Kingman, Raff and Mr. Ives of the Methodist Choir. Prof. Henry at the organ. Mr. Forrester gave us a very fine little sermon on Peace and good will, the best I have heard him preach for a long time. It seems to me that his sermons bear a very direct ratio to the state of his stomach, which has been in good condition lately. After service we, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, and myself went home with the Forresters and took dinner with them – Turkey of course. I was very much pleased with both the Walkers. She apologized for not coming to see you before you went, as did Mrs. Upington some time ago.

I do hope you received the turkey in good time. I was a little fearful in trusting Monday's express, but the groceryman assured me that it went off, and I do not well see how it could stop this side of Cruces. I bought one on Saturday, but I was afraid it would spoil, and asked them to take it back.

Today with your letter, I got your mother's lovely card, a letter from West, in which she got the start of you on the many questions, for I read it first and answered it before I read yours. Enclosing a bill that ten minutes before had been paid me, a card for Jennie and one for you, which I send with this, and your Papa's books which I will take with me. I looked over it this morning and think it will be quite interesting and something that will please him. I got your mother's book, but as it is too late now, I may as well take it down myself.

I will send the Ridges food [a brand of baby food] by Mr. Forrester. He told me to say that Mr. Bowman might announce service in Mesilla next Sunday in the morning, and in the afternoon at Las Cruces if they desired it.

I am somewhat concerned about Jennie's cold, but I am delighted to hear that my darling wife is so well. If you think best, or if you would like to stay awhile longer, there is no reason why you should come up Monday. I get along very nicely here, and am very happy in the thought that you are doing well.

I am thinking of having Juliana come and do the washing, clean the house and fix up things generally this week.

Dr. Muehl [Emil Muehl or Muhl] has been in since I commenced this page, and it is impossible to think of anything while he is talking. Wroth came back Saturday, and relieved me of the Indian School.

I am sorry you were not quite well enough to go with Henry to the party, yet I felt relieved to know that you did not. Do darling, try and take good care of yourself.

Ever your aff. Husband,
Will

[Two telegrams from Mesilla]

January 13, 1884

To: Dr. Wm. B. Lyon

Ernie is dead please come immediately and bring Mr Forrester.

George R Bowman [Corie's brother]

January 13, 1884

To: Dr. Wm. B. Lyon

Can you get a plain neat casket one for nine by five feet ten close measure and send or bring with you tonight answer.

Geo D Bowman [Corie's father]

[Ernest Bowman died of pneumonia on January 13, 1884]



Albuquerque, NM
Jan 16, 1884

Dear Corie,

We got home on time this morning without mishap, and I found everything in and about the house intact. I took breakfast with Mr. F. by lamplight, and apologizing for my part in getting them up so early, was informed that it was really later than usual. Nelly is well content to stay with Susie. I made a proposition that she should come down and keep house for me, which she and Susie are considering. I have not yet seen many people, but all who knew, or knew of Ernie made kind inquiries, and were eager and profuse in their expressions of sympathy. It is pleasant to hear the universal testimony of even casual acquaintances to his frank, open and happy nature. I wish he could have known the hold he had on the affections of all around him, and the good influence he radiated from him.

Dr. Wroth [James W. Wroth] was especially kind and tender in his talk, and Mr. Dunnica too seemed to be greatly moved as he spoke of him.

As I entered the house this morning, everything about it seemed to recall the dear boy and for a time, I was glad to be alone – no, I only wanted my dear wife to share my weakness.

But now Corie dear, you don't need to be told how much I want you, but you know too, that your place now is with your mother – our mother who in the hour of our extremity, gave up everything to come to us.

How utterly desolate she would be now without the love of her children – her children, her husband and her God.

I feel even thankful that I can do something – can give you my wife up to comfort her mother. Today I bought a week's meal ticket at the Girard, and won't trouble myself much with cooking.

I saw in this morning's Journal a very neat little notice of Ernie, and bought a number for Henry which I send down by express tonight together with the keys, a bott. of Mellin's Food [baby food], and some mail for you.

I slept very well coming up, met Ed Waltz [Edgar Waltz], and had a series of old Lincoln Co. war reminiscences, very interesting to us too, but probably not so much to the other passengers.

Don't let Jennie trouble you too much, but keep her away from smallpox.

Ever your aff. husband,
Will

Please hand enclosed to George.

I sent this morning's Journal with notice marked to Dr. B. S. Derby [Buel S. Derby, Corie's uncle from Lock Haven, PA].

Albuquerque, N.M.
Jan 22, 1884

My dear Corie,

I slept nicely coming up, had plenty of room, there being but one other passenger. The cars seem to be unusually deserted now, why I don't know. At Seldon [Fort Seldon], an old army compadre, Dr. Sewell, who is Post Surg. there boarded the car and asked me to stop over at Rincon to see a bad case of pneumonia for him. The Engineer took me over, and I made a hurried examination and prescription. I think he will get well, although Sewell told me he was going to die.

It was pretty cold when I arrived, but it wasn't long before the little stove was roaring and I was dozing before it. I don't think I had any calls on Sunday, although I had two on Monday, one to attend Mrs. Judge Bell [Bella, wife of Joseph Bell] for headache.

Last night I had quite a little chat with Miss Florence through the telephone. Today I have done nothing professionally. Juliana came and is doing the washing. I went up at 12 to see how she was getting on and found that she had put the house in good trim according to directions this morning. She surprised me shortly after by calling me into a very nice dinner – sausage, potatoes and bread. Nelly brought her clothes down. I had Juliana sweep out the whole house, change the sheets etc, as I expect the Bishop tomorrow night [Bishop George Kelly Dunlop]. Mr. F. informed me today that he would put a notice in the morning Journal that the Bishop would receive at our house all who would wish to talk to him, meaning it to be understood that any disaffected persons might have an opportunity to communicate with the Bishop undisturbed and unnoticed by the [presbytery?].

The ladies will be received in the evening. I hardly know how to manage things, I suppose I ought to be out of the way, but there ought to be some one there to look out for things – keep the fires going, etc.

I suppose I had better make up a bundle of the baby's clothes and send them down by express tomorrow, since there is no telling when I may go down again. You did not tell me what you wanted yourself in the way of clothing.

Today I fixed up a new arrangement for the clothes line so that the carriage drive to the stable will be unobstructed.

I got your letter, but as I had later news from you, it was not as interesting as usual. I gave the crape [black mourning band] to Mrs. F. who promised to sew it on when I have time to go up there.

If I go down next Sunday maybe I will stay over and take you and your mother driving on Monday, but it is hardly likely that I will be able to get off.

Have not heard yet from the application I made to give you a pass back.

Mrs. Trask [Laura, wife of Tallman Trask] has just been in the drug store where I am writing. She goes to Ash Fork, 60 miles east of the Needles tomorrow. I told her that you would be sorry not to have seen her – this in response to her asservation that she wanted to see you very badly before she left.

Have not seen Mr. Dunnica yet but he left a note on my slate to call at the store.

Kiss baby and Mamma from

Affectionate Husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, N.M.
Jan. 24, 1884

My dear wife,

I did intend to write today in time for the mail, but put it off a little too long.

How cold it is. The water freezes quite thick in the kitchen, but as yet the plants have not been touched. The sun, pouring in the bay and front window of the sitting room makes it quite comfortable then even when there is no fire. The afternoon sun warms the dining room but going into the kitchen you notice the change of temperature at once.

You will know by the receipt of the express pkg, that Juliana has been here and the washing is done.

The Bishop has also been here and gone. The house was in tolerably good trim and everything went off agreeably.

Today the Bishop met with a number of the male members at Judge Hazeldines [William C. Hazeldine] office and they fixed up a scheme to fund the church debt, the Bishop agreeing to borrow the money \$4000 at six perct, if the congregation would furnish the security. Mr. Wilson suggested that the debt of \$4000 be divided into 80 bonds of fifty dollars each bearing interest of 6% and redeemable at pleasure. This would enable the congregation to take them up one at a time as they felt able. Or if the ladies wished to give an entertainment, or in any way raise \$50, they could lift one of the bonds and so gradually and imperceptibly extinguish the debt.

I suppose everybody in the congregation who is able would take one of these bonds. I wish I could.

This afternoon he held a reception here. Mr. Curran was the first to arrive, followed by Mrs. Etheridge and Hazeldine. Then Mr. Hale came in, but stayed but a short time when I took him home in the buggy. I don't know who else came as I did not return until after dark. Mr. Forrester was also present. I think Mr. Forrester wanted the Bishop to receive here as he wished to give the malcontents a free opportunity to air their grievances, but he was present all the time, and the talk never approached the sore subject.

It is openly circulated that Mr. F. intends to hand in his resignation, but Mr. F. has no notion of doing so.

Mr. Hale, during our ride up spoke of him as being the sole cause of the dissolution of the Guild – “Crushing the Guild” as he said by his opposition. If it were not for the malice that lies behind it, the idea would be amusing – a huge joke – and something to that effect I told him. He made me a little hot over it, but I was glad to have the opportunity to express myself. You recollect the printer Taylor, who lay for so long with rheumatism,

and to whom Mr. F. was so kind – Mrs. Taylor I understand is one of the busiest detractors.

Mr. Shepherd [Rev. Wm Y. Sheppard] has had a long interview with the Bishop and has almost daily consultations with Mr. F. Yesterday morning I heard Mr. F. coaching him on the 39 articles. I suppose it is all right, but it seems a little odd, all this parrot like training – this memorizing of “what I believe” and “what I don’t believe.” One would think that a man of Sheppard’s age and experience ought to know what he believed.

Tonight I was called in consultation to see a man who about 3 weeks ago was caught by the falling in of a coal mine. His spine was injured – broken, and below the injury he is entirely paralyzed – both in sensation and motion. Large bedsores had formed over his back and gangrene has set in in both feet. Yet the poor fellow has no idea that he is in serious danger, being in no pain and unable to see the terrible sores. [J. R. Nourse Jr., age 32, injured in coal mine accident at Gallup, NM on Nov. 16]

I saw at once that nothing could be done, but spoke cheerfully to the poor fellow. After examination, an old man beckoned to me to follow him out of the room. “What do you think of him?” he asked after we were safely out of hearing. “He cannot last very long” I said. “But there is no hope?” he asked anxiously. “None whatever” I answered. He stood very quiet for a minute, but I could see his eyes filling. “I wanted to know it all” he said, “for you see – you see I’m his father” and then he broke down. It was a little too much for me, and even now as I think and write of it, hardened as I am, or ought to be to such scenes, I cannot keep back the tears. “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” A common bond of grief softened my heart and brought me very close to that weeping old man.

I was very glad to hear your Papa’s suggestion to visit Ernie’s grave every Sunday. I think you all ought to accustom yourselves to think and talk pleasantly of him. I can never forget the utter desolation that possessed me when, in a strange post I heard that Ed was dead [William’s brother Edwin died in 1872 when William was at Fort McRae, NM]. It was weeks before I dared even speak of it to any one, and for years I could not allow myself to think of his death. Now, it is a positive pleasure to talk of him, and his memory exerts a happy hallowed influence over me that is one of the pleasures and beatitudes of my life.

So it will be with Ernie. I know we will take pleasure in recalling him to our minds, for they will be always happy memories.

Friday 25th

I have received and read your letter. Mr. F. met the Bishop and took him home to supper, then brought him down at bed time. Next morning they prepared a special breakfast set and asked me to help the Bishop eat it. The house looked very well. I had some apples on the table, but think no one ate any. I had not heard of Dr. Chapman’s death.

I don't of course know yet whether I can go down Saturday night but will do so if I can get off. Don't know about staying over Monday though.

If you had been here, we would have gone to see Nobles last night.

Your pass came the other day, and it gives you until Feb 29th as the extent of your leave. The Bishop told me that he should visit you folks some time next week.

I hope you and baby got everything you want in the pkg. I suppose I ought to bring her more to eat.

Yours ever,
Will

Socorro, N.M.
Jan 28th, 1884

My dear Mrs. Lyons [Lyon],

We just received the sad intelligence of your brother's death a few days ago; and we sympathize with you all so much in this bereavement.

You will all miss his cheerful face but your remembrances of him will always be pleasant for he was a good young man and we always speak of him as an exception. I am always sorry to hear of one so young and promising called away but feel uncommonly so that Ernie is gone.

Only a little while and we are all to follow; but we do not realize that life is so short until we see one in health cut down in the midst of a life so full of promise. But the ways of Providence are mysterious and I can not but believe our loss to be his gain; and now he is done with the trials of this life but radiant in a life everlasting. Let us all hope to meet him again. Please extend our sympathy to your good Father and Mother and all your family.

I hear you are at Mesilla so will address you at that place. Will be glad to hear from you and see you when you can make it convenient to visit me. and believe me

Yours in sorrow,
Josie W. Hinds

[Albuquerque, N.M.]
Jan 30, 1884

My dear Corie,

I came through all right and had a good night's sleep in the cars. There were just enough seats in the car to give each one two, so we apportioned them out, soon after leaving Rincon. Then we found that the Brakeman had lost the key, at least he said he had. Two or three of us got out our knives, and after a great deal of poking and twisting some one succeeded in unlocking his seat. Then I came second, and in another minute, assisted my neighbor across the aisle to a successful issue with his. Then we two started through the car with a general philanthropical, charitable tour, and did not rest until every man in the car was ready to stretch out comfortably over his two seats. There was one woman, also in possession of two seats, whose front seat we did not turn over, although she asked us to do so. Two or three of us consulted over her case and concluded to let her severely alone. She pretended that she didn't care – but she did.

Yesterday I had a call from Dr. Hogeboom [George W. Hogeboom], chief Surgeon of the AT & SF RR and my chief in that line. I found him waiting in my office and was soon in pleasant conversation with him, talking over old times. We did not do much business, but I found time to ask for a pass for you to Mesilla which he promised to send. He says they will not build a hospital yet, but will use the A. & P. [Atlantic and Pacific Railroad] hospital in case of necessity. He is a right pleasant companionable fellow, but a rather coarse one in his talk, for which however he apologized as I think he saw he had annoyed me. Wroth came in and he rather encouraged him (Wroth) to go to Mexico. He half promised to use his influence to have Wroth appointed on the Mex. Road. I put in a good word for him, and maybe it will result in something worth while.

The man whose spine was injured died yesterday morning.

I send you papers (Lock Haven) with notices of Ernie's death. I wish you had sent the Republican notice instead of the News. I was not at all satisfied with that notice. I send also the Elixir for Henry.

Yours ever,
Will

Mrs. Wilson consulted me today about her boy. He is quite deaf and I did not give her much encouragement.

Albuquerque, NM
March 30, 1884

My darling wife,

After going home last night and lighting the lamp, I was just beginning to experience a feeling of loneliness and desolation when I saw my slippers set out before the fire. Then it rushed over me how blessed among men I was, and I felt thankful and grateful to God for my loving little wife – just then my eye took in your note and I read it hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry. I know I felt among other things a sensation of pride and exaltation in the thought that I have made my darling love me whether she will or not. You never left me with more of my whole heart with you and baby than you did last night.

I discovered soon after I left you that I had forgotten to give you your check. I hope you will be able to get your trunk nevertheless. Last night they had a rousing meeting in front of Armijo House. I heard a great noise, but did not go down. This morning I got a telegram to go to Bernalillo to consult with Dr. Thomas [J. W. Thomas] in the case of one of the Perea's and will get off 10:45 Emigrant.

I have only got time to write this and must be off. My small pox man is doing well. I will be back on the evening train at 6 P.M. I hope you will forgive my spoiling your little surprise, if I did spoil it, but after I left you I began thinking what you would do alone at Cruces and telegraphed to George to meet you. But it is doubtful if he got it.

Ever your aff husband,
Will

Albuquerque, NM
April 4, 1884

My dear wife,

I neglected to write yesterday for the reason that I put it off until too late, that is, when I was to have written I had to do something else. On the first, a letter was received from Mrs. Kirkpatrick urging one of us to go out to see one of her children, and as chief partner, I directed Dr. Wroth to go, giving him Dan and the buggy. He got back last night all right leaving the child much better and delighted with his trip. The letter was to Dr. Aubright, but directed him in case he could not go to get Lyon or Wroth to go.

My small pox man is getting along pretty well, and I think now we will worry through, though it has been a very close call for him. Yesterday, his friends asked Dr. Easterday [George S. Easterday] to see him with me so if he lives, Easterday will get the credit for it, and if he dies – well, we will share the money.

Since Dr. Wroth left, I have kept pretty closely in the office, though from the fact that I am attending the smallpox patient, people generally give me a wide berth, and I have not been very busy. The vaccine virus has not yet come. Both the druggists must have lied to me when they said they had telegraphed for it, and I have intimated the same to them. Still, I think it should be here tomorrow certainly and probably by this time the virus of Dr. Woodworth is no longer good. I will send it down as soon as received and Henry can vaccinate the baby. I notice today that Newman [S.H. Newman, Las Cruces newspaper publisher] gives Mr. Bowman a friendly notice in the “Lone Star”.

Mrs. Whiteman had a card party on the evening of the 1st to which I was not invited. They had their April fool cakes, and I suppose enjoyed themselves as much as they or too.

Whitney came back today and is delighted with the result of the operation. The wounds have healed nicely without any trouble. You will have noticed that my name is advertised among the delinquent tax-payers. Today, to save being sold out by the sheriff, I thought I had better pay up and did so. I have also paid the grocery, lumber, hardware, coal, Journal, drug, and horse forage bill, amounting in all to \$76. I have yet to pay the beef and telephone bill, and I have \$13 in my pocket which will settle the biggest part of it. Then I will begin to collect for current expenses. I have lost money this month by my partnership, but I have been unusually fortunate, and Wroth has been unusually slack. Next month it may be reversed. Goodbye and kiss baby and yourself from *

~~Very respectfully~~
Your husband,
Will

I was listening to the talk of Whitney and Wroth and writing at the same time. Just at the point marked by a star a Mr. Allen came in and I thought I would close my letter.

Involuntarily I put the “Very respectfully” on. They are wondering what I am laughing at.

W.B.L.

Albuquerque, N.M.
April 5, 1884

My dear Corie,

I was so bothered yesterday while writing that I was ashamed of the miserable scrawl I sent. I had left your letters at home, and could not think of anything to say. It is not much better today, but I will try to answer your questions. I will meet Henry tonight and if possible induce him to stay over. I don't see why he should be at all sensitive about stopping and don't altogether like it. How different Ernie was in that respect. No virus as yet but the druggist is advised that it will be along tomorrow, and if so I will send it with Henry. I telegraphed Henry at the Palace Hotel today to bring some Mellins and Ridges food [two brands of baby food] with him from Santa Fe. They are expecting an invoice of it here every day.

This morning on getting up I found that the water had come down in the night, and before I left home I had the most of the garden wet. It was hard work and I gave myself a headache, which mostly disappeared after I came down and got a good breakfast. Then I went home and finished irrigating which took up the time until 12 o'clock. I am very glad you went to hear the Osbourne troupe and to know you enjoyed it. I know I enjoy it much more than seeing it myself.

West writes that she is slowly getting better, but she has had a very hard time, and writes in rather a despondent tone. She sends messages of love to you and baby, but I haven't her letter here or I would send it to you. Indeed it is a joint letter. She has received yours, and all of mine.

I think I see Peggy in her short dresses, but like you I don't exactly like the idea of losing our infant.

I had to get the buggy overhauled yesterday, and poor Dan is looking very thin. I don't know what is the matter with him – He is “off his feed” as horsemen say.

I just heard a funny little incident that occurred at the card party at Whiteman's April 1. Dr. Muhl escorted Miss [Springer?] and they mistook the house, going into McMillan's house opposite. They were received by Mrs. McMillan, a perfect stranger to both of them, who after an embarrassing pause asked the lady to take off her things which of course she did. After they were disposed of, there ensued another painful flash of silence finally broken by a remark of Mrs. McMillan's that the Whitemans, across the way seemed to be having a gay time this evening. This let a little light into the Dr.'s muddled brain, and they succeeded in extracting themselves. Going out, they met young Wilson and another gentleman who had made the same mistake, and spoiled the rounding up of a good story by undeceiving them – though Muhl does say he attempted to send them on but failed from lack of histrionic ability.

[no signature]

Albuquerque, N.M.
April 6, 1884

My dear Corie,

I sent today the morning glory seeds for Mrs. Martin. If not enough tell me and I will send more. I could not find another box. Henry got off yesterday in good time. I found him in Church yesterday much to my surprise for I did not think of the night train from Santa Fe. He took supper with me at the Armijo and dinner at the Forresters. But he can tell you all the news. I haven't much to do just now, taking advantage of the scare people have of me to let Wroth do all the work. My smallpox man is doing finely, and I told him today that I would not visit him again unless particularly needed.

I think about next week if you are so disposed, it will be safe to come back. Henry took with him some fresh points and I told him to vaccinate Jennie at once. I want her to be well vaccinated before bringing her up. Maybe I will go down after you. You must tell Mrs. Martin that we cannot give up Nellie yet awhile. If I go down, I know I can talk her out of any idea she may have of keeping her. I read the part of your letter relating to baby to Wroth just to give him a glimpse of paradise, and I suppose he appreciated it.

Whiting was in for a long time today – in fact, he spends a good deal of his spare time in the office, and we got into a long metaphysical or theological talk until I was tired. I took the side of the Church, and before we got through, he had to admit not only the expediency, but also the necessity and justification of bigotry, intolerance and even persecution for opinion's sake. Of course, I went too far, but he went away with views of things considerably modified. His trial comes off in the coming term of court at Los Lunas, at least the case will be called, but I suppose it will be taken away on change of venue. It is probable that I will be a witness, though I will hardly be wanted in Los Lunas. I went to Church twice yesterday, and both times to the Episcopal. I am sorry now that I did not go to the Presbyterian as they had a very fine preacher from Denver to assist in the dedication of the Church.

I hear that Juliana was down Saturday at the house but found nobody there. I will have her give the house a going over before you get back. It is in dreadful order now and I have not swept it since the garden was irrigated, and Nig [a dog] and I carried in lots of mud.

I wish you could send Jennie up for a day, just to see how she has grown, and to keep her from forgetting her Papa.

When you write give me any suggestions you may think of as to what Juliana can do when she comes. I don't care much about leaving her alone – but I suppose we will have to risk it.

Goodbye to both my darlings.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, N.M.
April 7, 1884

My dear Corie,

Your letter has just been received, the mail being late as usual. I was getting somewhat anxious about you, and was of course relieved to hear of your safety. I am getting along very nicely, Nig and I. He attends strictly to business at the house, and is always on hand to give me an enthusiastic welcome when I go home. This morning I shot another rabbit just behind the garden. Charley Cooper came running out half dressed and seemed as pleased as if he had done it himself. I wrote to you on Sunday while I was waiting for the train to go to Bernalillo. I went up and found it was a child of Don Jesus Perea who was suffering from one of the sequelae of measles. It is doubtful if it can get well, but I was pleased to find that Dr. Thomas there had treated it excellently well. I could find no fault, and it did give me pleasure to assure Don Jesus of the fact.

Their house is furnished most magnificently – I think the finest I have ever seen – still I have never seen much magnificence in that line and I may be over enthusiastic.

My smallpox pt. is doing well so far. The disease is now about at its height and the stormy weather makes it harder for him. Still I think he will pull through.

What a sad climax the author of the Dorcas story has led us into. I was growing very much interested in it, but that last fish story – sticking on the decapitated head is a little too ridiculous even for a miracle. In footing up our partnership acct, we find that the sum total is about as usual. I have had a few strokes of luck that set me ahead of Wroth, but perhaps next month it will be reversed.

Goodbye darling and tell baby that Papa got the little rabbit skin at last. I need not tell you to kiss my little girl.

Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
April 9, 1884

My dear Corie,

Your nice long letter just received, I will go through it first and answer all questions. I don't remember why I closed my letter so abruptly – didn't know that I did. Probably it was because I thought of nothing else to say. I am giving Dan condition powders, but I have little faith in them and only use them because everybody else does. I left him at home today as being out of practice, I have nothing to do. I won't have Juliana then until you come up, and I will have my washing done by the Negro woman. Write to me when you want to come up and I will go for you. There is no hurry at all. Maybe I will go down next Sunday but it is very uncertain.

How baby must have enjoyed her Ridges food after so long a fast. I can imagine her pulling away and rolling her eyes around in perfect contentment. Mrs. Forrester did not invite me, and I did not expect her to on account of the small pox. I blamed myself for going there at all, and I should not have done so under the circumstances.

I got the two Las Cruces papers yesterday, but no Harper. Are you sure you sent it?

I have just written a long letter to Tom, whose letter to me written just as you were going down, I have not shown you. I got another letter this morning and sent him today authority to collect some money for me. When you come up, I will tell you about it.

West is much better but still in bed and very weak. She is thinking of making Gert [William's sister Getrude Allen] a visit when she is strong enough.

I wish we could see the place there [Butler Co., Pennsylvania], though I have a morbid aversion to the thought. You know I own a good part of it now, and some day maybe we may be rich enough to live on it, or at least to visit it. That has been long one of my day-dreams – to walk with you over the old familiar paths. I knew every stone and stick on the place and I feel that my life will be incomplete until I can take my wife and baby with me to enjoy it with me.

West writes that I must not think of coming back without you, and indeed I never have thought of it.

Poor Mr. Trask has a lonely life of it. He told me that Charley's heart was almost broken, and his I can see is even worse than Charley's. He won't even water his trees, and he looks thin as a shadow. [Tallman J. Trask sues for divorce from Laura E. Trask on March 12, 1884, notice in *The Albuquerque Morning Journal*, March 26, 1884]

I got a catalogue from Wanamakers, and have sent for samples of clothing, but given no order for goods. The fact is I am pretty hard pressed for money just now, and will have

to make some collections before I do anything. I have enough coming if I can only get it. How are you off? I will send you some as soon as I raise it.

I hope the Harper is not lost. I am reading now one of Wroth's books by Chas. Kingsley "Two Years Ago" and am very much interested in it as I am with all his works.

You must tell Mrs. Martin that we couldn't think of giving up Nellie yet, not even for Katie [Martin]. I suppose she would like to make the exchange, but it would hardly suit us.

There will be a Theatrical Combination here on the 10th but not of any account I think – Katie Putnum & Co. But the next good one that comes when you are here, we must see it. I am beginning to hunger for my darlings, but can spare them awhile yet. Goodbye and love to all at home.

Your aff husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, N.M.
April 11, 1884

My dear Corie,

No letter this morning, and an uneasy anxious feeling in consequence. It may be that the new mail arrangement is to blame for it, but what ever the cause, it is a great disappointment to me whenever your letters fail.

The trees and the shrubs at the house begin to shoot out, and I watch the development of each bud with a great deal of interest. Your vines are springing up in front, and the Virginia Creeper at the back porch is budding out. I had to cut off some of the trees injured by the goats, but I hope they will come up from near the root. I planted some more seeds yesterday, and some of the beds planted before are showing up a little. I am afraid our two maples are dead, at least on top. They may come up from the root yet.

The season is very backward, three weeks behind last year. The peaches have only been in bloom a few days, and other things in proportion. That of course is favorable to the chance of a good fruit season, and the fruit men are correspondingly happy.

I don't think I will go down until I go for you. When shall that be? I am taking my meals at the Armijo as I found that my irregular habits were telling on me, affecting my sleep. The choir here are busy practicing for Easter. Kate, Sam, Mary Nettleton and Mr. [Cusp?] and Mary Werner(?) with Mrs. Gilmon to play. Kate asked me if I thought you would let her take your flowers to Church if she took good care of them, and I told her that I knew you would be greatly pleased if she would do so. They have been looking nicely but some of them are out of bloom now.

I met Sam yesterday on his way to school without his overcoat for the first time. "Why Sam" I said, "What is the matter - Where is your overcoat?" "Oh it is so hot I thought I would not need it today", said he in perfect unconsciousness. It was sweltering and he had only just found it out.

This month Wroth will do the greater part of the business. We haven't had any bonanzas yet, but have done a respectable steady business.

You will notice in this morning's Journal, a card from the new Meth. preacher, Packard, in reference to the neck-tie party at Mrs. Randall. It was a Mr. Clayton, a partner of Sammis [D. L. Sammis] and prominent church man, who originated the fuss. He made a public statement at the party protesting against the dance, and stating that if dancing was allowed that the minister dare not accept one cent of the proceeds. Mrs. Randall jumped on a chair and announced that the Church sociable was over, and that her guests must now consider themselves in attendance on her own private party. That is Methodists did not dance, but that her house was open for the use of their Episcopalian friends, or words to that effect. But the speech of Mr. Clayton put an effectual damper on the spirits of the

party and then broke up about 11, many of the Methodists leaving as soon as the dancing commenced.

I see the Las Cruces people are up in arms against the legislature which is rather inconsistent and ungrateful after getting their own little county seat scheme through.

I wonder if Jennie still remembers her Papa. Does she ever speak of him? Give her Papa's love and kisses, and God bless my darlings.

Your husband,
Will

Albuquerque, NM
April 12, 1884

My dear Corie,

I will not go down tonight but will wait until you are ready to come up. The trains run [slow] now, so that it takes too much time too. Do you mean a baby's dressing basket like the one your mother got for Jennie? I will look around this evening and if I can find one will bring it with me. I didn't think things had progressed so far. When do you think it will be needed?

Wroth and I have undertaken to paint the buggy, and today I started in and got it partly washed off. It being Saturday, I thought I would clean up a little, and this morning and afternoon, I swept out the whole house, and cleaned up things generally. But I spend most of the time now in the office staying there until 8 at night.

Kate got the flowers today, and we expect to see the Church tomorrow in Holiday attire.

I hope that Reed is getting better, though I am very much afraid of his case. He did right to go back to camp. I haven't heard from him since he wrote the long letter.

Mrs. Trumbull is sick with a severe cold. She will go East about the first of May.

A great many of the people here went to see the penitentes who went through their usual performances. I should think such proceedings would show up the foolishness of the whole principle of lent penances, but I know that you don't see it in that light, and I suppose you are right.

I only sat down to write you a note and here I have filled a sheet.

Write me about baby's arm, and her teeth. I shall feel very anxious this week about her.

Yours ever,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Easter April 13, 1884

My dear Corie,

How many things I thought of today to tell you, and just because I neglected to note them down, I cannot now think of any of them.

I attended service this morning, doing a little missionary work in taking with me Dr. Kimball [C. M. Kimball], whose acquaintance I have made since coming here – a bright young fellow with good intuitions, but who is rapidly going to the bad through evil associates. The music was execrable. They sang Jacksons Te Deum, not the one we are so familiar with, but an adaptation of it that is very inferior. I blamed it all on the performers until after service I found it was in the music. I think Kate was a little displeased with me. I know she expected praise when she asked me how I liked the singing. I told her it was all well enough, but they ought not to attempt Jackson's Te Deum without having practiced it. Oh, she says, we have been practicing on it for a month. I afterwards saw the music and noted that it was quite different from the old one.

The Church was quite full, but not crowded, and very tastefully decorated with flowers. This afternoon, just as I was starting to attend the Sunday School celebration, Drs. Wroth and Kimball came to the house, and I had to entertain them for a while, so I lost whatever it was. I took dinner at the Forresters with Mr. and Mrs. Walker.

Did I tell you that I had lost Nig. He came down town with me the other morning to get his breakfast, stayed about the office for a while, then disappeared. Shall I advertise for him? He was very watchful and of late had grown a trifle more obedient.

Last night I had a queer experience. I went home as usual about 8½ o'clk. and only then found I had lost the front door key. Then I recollected that I had given Kate the back door key to get the flowers, and after doing a little irrigating in the dark, I went up and got the key. When I got home I found that the inside catch on the lock was fastened and I was still locked out. Then after a little more irrigating, I saddled Dan and went down town to look for the key. While there, I ran across Mr. Emmert, who was looking for me to go and see his boy who had shot himself, not badly. That attended to, and armed with a collection of door keys I had collected, I again went home, this time about 12 P.M., tried the keys and found all failures. Then I got the spade and tried each window, hoping the catches of one might be unfastened, but thanks to a number of previous inspections they were all impregnable. Then I thought of an old burglar's trick, took out my knife, and commenced operations taking out a pane of glass in the kitchen window. I cleared the putty out nicely but the glass would not budge. All this time I kept a sharp lookout across the way, for I knew that if anyone noticed me they would inevitably take me for a burglar, and I was in momentarily expectation of a shot from Trask's or Myers. I thought to myself, I would certainly shoot if I found anyone trying to break in their houses. Since then however, I have resolved if I see a supposed burglar breaking in a house, that it will

stand a little investigation before the shooting begins. How different the same thing appears from an altered point of view? Well, I had to break the glass at last, and end it.

I was unusually affected this morning by kind and sympathetic words spoken by Mrs. Emmert and Elmer about Ernie. They told me how fond the children were of him, and how they yet speak of him with affection, almost with reverence. We can never know all the good done and still doing by the unconscious influence of his pure and noble life.

I am anxious to know about baby's arm, and can hardly wait the usual two days. You see, I am not bound down by rule, but write you because I cannot help it, and because it is the next best thing to seeing or hearing from you.

Your aff,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
April 16, 1884

My dear wife,

I failed to write yesterday because the day before I was called to Bernalillo by telegram, and had to stay over all night and most of the day not getting back until near dark. The trains have changed so that I could not get up in time so I drove up, taking as company Henry Trumbull whom I found to be a perfect bore. We went up from the old town taking the road through the ranchos [Los Ranchos], but found it cut up and over flowed badly, and were four hours in reaching Bernalillo. It was the Perea baby again. He had been getting much better until three days ago he took quite ill again and Thomas became alarmed. I found the little fellow very weak and puny, but he had already taken a turn for the better and I think when I left he was a great deal better. But his life seems to be hanging by a very slender thread and it may be loosed at any moment. If he lives, it will be a good thing for me, but hardly because I deserve it, for Thomas seems to have managed it very judiciously. Mrs. Thomas was exceedingly kind. She is a quick bright nervous woman, very pleasant and natural. She wouldn't hear of our going to the hotel, but made us stay both for meals and bed. I asked her to come and see us when she came to Albuquerque and she promised to do so.

When at the Perea's I asked to see Miss Perea's room, having heard of it as the finest furnished bed room in the county. The furniture is of solid mahogany. French plate mirrors, one full length mirror in the dresser, about 6 x 4 feet, and another one let into the door of the wardrobe almost as large. Outside of the furniture there was nothing very grand, no pictures except one little crayon sketch and a small chromo. There was an immense feather bed over an ordinary mattress. Mrs. Perea's room is furnished in black walnut and looks much more gorgeous than the other. The chairs and sofa are very luxurious. I did not see the parlor. We came back by the foothill road in a little less time. I want to take you up someday in the buggy – you and baby.

Kate took the flowers home as I was away, and I told her to take care of them until your return. She came in last evening, and gave me particular directions about watering the plants left. This morning I was up at 5½ and by 10 A.M. had the whole garden irrigated, then came down and got your letter.

I was out to try and get the basket, but I fear there is none in town, but I may get some of the stores to order one with their goods. I suppose it would cost a good deal to order a single one.

I sleep tolerably well now, go to bed about 11 and waken up before daylight, but I don't enjoy the tossing around waiting for getting up time. If I get your pass, I think I will do as you say, go down Saturday night or whenever you are ready to come up. I will enclose another point, and you had better have the vaccination done over again. I am very sorry the first did not take as the others are not likely to be good now.

Katie Putnum plays Little Nell tonight. Folks that heard her last night are delighted. Why aren't you at home?

Does Em look as much like a dumpling as she did before. She ought to be getting used to it by this time. What an authority she will be in baby lore in time.

The Bishop will be down soon, I forget when, but I do not hear of any candidates for confirmation. My sheet is full. Love to all.

Your aff.

Will

Albuquerque, NM
April 17, 1884

My dear Corie,

I send by this mail another bottle of Ridges which I think will last until I go for you. I wonder if you are not all beginning to suffer a little from malaria. I have been afraid of that, but hope that my fears are groundless.

I heard today from a patient of mine of the conduct of baby on the way down. Do you remember a good looking young lady who sat across the aisle, and a seat or two behind you. She said the baby cried during the night, and you looked so troubled, as if afraid it would annoy the passengers. She said her arms ached to take the baby and hold her, but she restrained herself. The young lady was Miss Pearl Ardine, the variety actress who lives in the blue house near the Dunnica's. She was going to El Paso to perform in the Variety Theatre there, but took sick and had to come home.

Wroth and I have undertaken to paint the buggy. I am now engaged in the preliminary washing and sand papering.

I would enjoy the trip to Lincoln very much but could hardly get off. However, you might go, and it would do you good, and baby too. I wonder if I could let you go alone though.

I send you \$5.00 in this. I had laid out 10 for you but it would break and you get the remnant. I got the paper and envelopes today and will take them down when I go. Your pass arrived today including Nellie's if she comes, and if nothing happens, I will manage to get there Sunday, leaving here at 4 in the morning if I can waken at that hour. I suppose I will sleep in the office.

I got a lot of washing done by the col'd woman and would like to have the house cleaned for you, but think it hardly safe.

Mr. Bullock says he can order the basket, and I will let him do it. I suppose there is plenty of time.

But I do want you back. Won't your mother come with you. I will get her a pass or ticket, and I think now she owes us a visit.

Goodbye my darling and God bless you all.

Your aff. husband,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Sept 17, 1884

Dear Corie,

Arrived safely on time last night without adventures to record. Wroth met me with Dan and I got to bed but not to sleep until about 1 A.M.

This morning between 3 and 4, was aroused to go to see Mrs. Hammond, result, a girl baby, just about such a one as Jennie was. Both doing well. Wroth reports that on Sunday night Mrs. Saunders was confined, and came through all right. So you see matters are looking up.

I am, of course, quite anxious about Edie [Edith Bowman, daughter of Em and George], but hope that the worst was over when I left. Today I had to go out a few miles to see a Mexican woman, and have just returned.

I found the house in good condition, but have scarcely seen anything of things yet, feeling just now very tired and sleepy.

Don't let the fever catch you or baby. Love to all.

Your aff. husband,
Will

Albuquerque, NM
Sept. 19, 1884

My dear Corie,

I have just received your letter and feel relieved to hear that Edie has improved and is doing so well.

Now if you can bring poor little Jennie out of her trouble, I will be quite happy. Two drops of laudanum is a little too much for her. The mixture I gave her here I will give you and Henry can make it up for her.

20 grains of soda, 10 drops of laudanum, syrup, and cinnamon water, or water alone, of each one ounce. Take a teaspoonful three times a day. It might be well to give her first a teaspoonful of castor oil.

I didn't think you could have so poor opinion of your husband as to suppose I could do as you intimated – go off and leave Edie, to escape responsibility.

If I had not been pretty sure she was better, and only in danger from some unforeseen contingency I would have stayed. I was quite anxious for I could not help feeling that I ought to have seen her through all danger, but I don't believe in all my life I ever attempted to throw off prof. responsibility.

Last night Wroth and I were invited to take tea at Mrs. Burke's. We had been invited for the evening before, but I had to go to Los Lunas to see Costigan. We had a good supper, and passed a very pleasant evening. Mr. and Mrs. Halloran [Ralph and Annie Halloran] are away, leaving Miss Kegan to keep house, and it has been suggested by more than one that we join forces and run a single establishment until the return of you or the Hallorans. Wroth makes a very good cook. I made excellent biscuits this morning, and we started in on the Java, Coffee.

I heard yesterday of Reed's death by a notice in the "Eagle".

Juliana came this morning and I got her to sweep out the house, and told her to come again Monday to wash and iron.

Today I see Rynerson [William L. Rynerson] and Fountain [Albert J. Fountain] in town. Rynerson hailed me as I passed the Armijo House, but we had no political conversation. I suppose I ought to have told him that I was against him, but the subject was not mentioned.

I have to go to Los Lunas again tonight to see Mrs. Huning [Henrika 'Henny' Huning, wife of Louis] & Costigan. Don't fail to telegraph me if I am wanted, for any of you.

Love to both my darlings and all the rest.

Your husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM
Sept. 20, 1884

My dear Corie,

Your letter came this morning but I got it about 12. I had been to Los Lunas, and instead of coming home at 11, as I should, I concluded to stay until the 6 o'clock morning train.

This morning however, the A. & P. train going south collided with a freight coming north, just north of Ysleta, and we were detained. It was a frightful collision, the cars were literally piled up on one another. The locomotives, tenders, and eight or ten cars were smashed into smithereens, if you know what that is. What is strange to me is that the cars destroyed with the exception of the mail and express car of the passenger were all of the freight train. Two men, the Engineer and fireman of the passenger were killed, the fireman outright, and the engineer lived some hours. A brakeman of the freight is badly injured and is now under my care. I was sorry I was not at home, but Wroth represented me.

I am a little anxious about Jennie, and if I were not so busy, would go down, but perhaps I can write everything necessary.

You know how important it is to have the milk pure and sweet. In addition to the medicine, the receipt of which I sent yesterday, I think you had better prepare some wine whey, of this give a wine glassful two or three times in the 24 hours. I will send you some arrowroot and gelatin to be prepared as before. You know how we fixed it up. I think you had better also make rice and barley water, and give it to her as a drink, instead of well water.

Another thing you may try raw beef, prepared as directed. I have been very busy and am pressed just now for time having put off this letter too long.

I had a talk with Rynerson on the way to Las Cruces. Not very satisfactory, however. Love to all.

Your husband,
W. B. Lyon

Wine Whey

Boil three wine glasses of milk, and add a wine glass of sherry or port wine. Strain and add a wine glass of warm water. Give a wine glassful twice a day.

Raw Meat

Take a piece of beef rump steak free from fat or shreds, scrape it with a knife, pound it, or in any way reduce it to a pulp. Sweeten with sugar and a little salt, and give a teaspoonful three times a day.

Gelatin food

20 grs. Gelatin, Teaspoonful of arrowroot, half pint of milk, 1 or 2 oz cream (if to be had), half pint of water.

Dissolve the gelatin in the water, then boil, and add with constant stirring the arrowroot, and cream.

Albuquerque, N.M.
Sept. 22, 1884

My dear Corie,

I was going to write you yesterday, but as usual, just at the time I had set to do it I had to go off. But your letter received in the morning was a great relief to me as I was beginning to be alarmed for Jennie.

I heard Mr. Shepherd [Sheppard] preach yesterday, at least I tried to hear him, but it was so much of an effort that I lost a good part of the sermon. There was no "church" in it I know, and I was rather pleased than otherwise. They have a new organist, a professional I believe, but the choir is worse than ever, because it is larger and is now entirely composed of female voices.

In the afternoon the fireman who was killed in the R.R. accident was buried from the Church, and Mr. Shepherd [Sheppard] outraged the feelings of some of the church purists by preaching a funeral sermon of five minutes length, just like a Methodist.

I wonder that there was not a greater effort to do honor to both the noble hearts who sacrificed themselves for others. Both the engineer and fireman could have saved themselves, but if they had done so, there would most probably have been a terrible loss of life.

I am attending now one of the wounded who will recover. Wroth and I keep house and meals much more regularly than I would alone. This morning too – Miss Keegan sent us a plate of cottage cheese, or rather she sent Wroth a plate of cheese as the messenger very needlessly as I thought explained.

Fannie [Frances 'Fanny' Halloran, 3 yr old daughter of Ralph and Annie Halloran] came to see me yesterday, and amused herself with your tiny tea set. Miss K. has a perfect host of admirers. Neil Fields was escorting her today but one scarcely leaves her before another picks her up. It is funny to see how they all make up to poor little Fanny who has to act as go-between.

Wroth has some prospect of going to Mexico, to the Boss Shepherd Mines – as physician of course. This is a secret. He leaves tonight for Gallup to see how prospects are there. I have been quite busy for the past week, but have not taken in any money. When it does come, what a rush there will be.

Tell George that I got Antonio today to go to Dunnica to do the work, but I find that Dunnica's desires are all out of proportion and it will not be much satisfaction.

I also went to Coddington who insisted that the missing part of the cradle had been sent, but finally I persuaded him to investigate and we found it. It will go down at their expense tonight.

The walls are covered with enormous posters for Cole's Circus on Oct. 7th. Are you going? That everlasting Jumper will be on hand. Love to all.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Sept 24, 1884

My dear Corie,

This has been a very quiet day, nothing of interest except your letter which pleased me, all but the part that told how weak you were. I have been thinking where I could send you to pick up strength. If it were only safe to stay at Mesilla, but I am constantly fearful that you contract the fever. Did you notice the pale sharp features of most of the people there? But hadn't you better bring your mother up with you? I think I can get her a pass. Tell her so anyway and pass or no pass, we will have her up.

Dr. Wroth went out to the A & P yesterday to look up a location. He also thinks of going to Mexico, but has no definite purpose. I wish he would settle down to something. I went to Los Lunas on Monday, returning at 11. Dr. Costigan went to Jemez Springs, his friends in Los Lunas furnishing him a carriage, four mules and driver. Besides the Dr., I have Mrs. Huning and a Mrs. Streeter there to attend to. I will go down again, may be tomorrow. This evening Miss Lee hailed me to give me an invitation to her party on Friday night. It is possible that I will have to go to Los Lunas that night. [Julia or Lou Lee, daughters of Isabella Lee].

On Sunday, I told the Dunnicas to come over and help themselves out of the garden, which they did. I brought down to the office an enormous watermelon. I do believe the largest I ever saw. It is now on exhibition at the drug store.

My R.R. man is doing nicely – out this evening for the first time.

I think you had better continue to take a capsule of quin. [quinine] every morning to keep off chills.

I find that the smoking habit is growing on me, and have about concluded to quit it and better deserve my dear wife's kisses.

God bless both my darlings, and all of you.

Your husband,
W. B. L.

Albuquerque, N.M.
Sept. 26, 1884

My dear Corie,

Of course, if you are well, stay as long as you wish to, or until they get tired of you and baby. Then come home and bring your mother with you. And I was thinking this morning why could not Mr. Bowman establish a branch office in Albuquerque? It seems to me that he might do the same business here, and let Henry attend to the Las Cruces office. He could use our office without the least inconvenience to us, and it might be that he would be able to build up a very profitable land business here. I think you ought to urge him to come up anyway for a time, for I think he needs it. I don't suppose he would like to leave Mesilla permanently until those suits are settled, but I do think he ought to spend a month or so in a purer air, and if he came here and could work up a land business, it would be very pleasant for all of us.

I told you that I had a conversation with Rynerson in the cars on my way to Los Lunas. I told him very plainly the grievance I had against him. He denied that he had done anything against Mr. Bowman, more than that he had remonstrated against giving the patronage of the office to Democratic papers, and had called attention to it. Even that he believes was done by Mr. Bowman in accordance with convictions of duty, but he differed with him, and felt bound to oppose it.

I was glad to hear him make the distinct admission, that he considered Mr. Bowman a man of the strictest integrity, thoroughly upright and honest, and that the charges against him on which the indictments were founded were frivolous. He declared that he had nothing to do with the indictments nor had Riley [John H. Riley]. He blamed Mr. Bowman for keeping up the fight with Sherfey [S. W. Sherfey, receiver at land office in Mesilla] and felt very bitter against him for his assertion that Christy [Albert L. Christy, clerk in land office, nephew of Rynerson] was in the office only as his spy. It was this, he said that had alienated Riley from his support, and that neither he nor Riley had taken any active measures against him. He said that he felt kindly towards him, and would show it if he ever had the opportunity.

Of course, I took all this "cum grane salis", but I was afraid that the combination down there would take advantage of the political feeling to give a false color to the indictments when they come up, or even "fix" a jury to do even worse, and now I have Rynerson's assurance that he will not interfere in any way. I told him that on account of our long acquaintance and the warm friendship which he had always professed towards me that I was very sorry that I could not support him now. He was very enthusiastic in his protestations, and wanted me to indicate anyway in which he could serve me.

I think on the whole, the interview will do good. If Prince [Lebaron Bradford Prince] does not withdraw, Rynerson has no chance of election, and if he is elected he would have it in his power to do a great deal of mischief. One thing I know, he despises Sherfey.

Wroth came back yesterday morning with a very unfavorable report of the Gallup project. He is very active in his efforts to hunt up a place, but I should not be surprised if he would determine after all to stay in Albuquerque.

This evening Miss Lee gives her party. I will not be able to attend, as I will have to go to Los Lunas, and will hardly feel like dancing after my return.

You had better send me your pass, and I will send it on to have it extended. I have been doing considerable extra work for the road, and they have no right to grumble at any favors to me.

Of course you can read to your Father all of this letter relating to Rynerson, and ask what he thinks of it.

Your flowers are doing well now, although they were neglected for a few days at first and the "fever fue" [feverfew] has died. The cat threw over one of the crocks, but I replanted the geranium and it is growing nicely.

I have been but once at Forresters since you left and have not heard from them since last Sunday. I once heard that the paper enterprise was a failure, but yesterday heard again indirectly that he was greatly encouraged and had determined to stay another week. [Henry Forrester published the *Western Churchman* in Denver CO. from 1884-1889]

I have not seen Louis Hostetter about the mine because he has been busy getting married. Don't know when he will return.

Suit yourself entirely about coming home. We are getting along very nicely, and with very little trouble. I told George to pay you the \$20 he owed me, and if you think best you might send off an order to the East for what you want for yourself and baby.

John [John Wroth, brother of Dr. Wroth] has just come in and we mean to take him in our mess. Love to all.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM
Sunday, Sept 28, 1884

My dear Corie,

We have just had dinner, Wroth, John, and I. Fried potatoes, eggs, bread, butter and coffee. Wroth is developing into a very good cook, and the best of it is, he is very willing to do the work. John too is very anxious to help and all together, we are getting along nicely. Miss Keegan seems to have all she can do to keep her own house going. I haven't seen anything of her for some days, or of Fanny either. The Meyers moved away yesterday to one of those little brick homes on 3rd St. just north of the Monroe building. I think their house is vacant although I saw some Mexicans there today.

Poor little Jennie seems to be having an awful time getting her teeth. The baby that Mrs. Hammond had was much smaller even than Jennie when she was born – a little premature. I thought she was not able to nurse, and they are bringing her up on the bottle. So far she is doing pretty well although her stomach is very weak. Mrs. Hammond is a very pleasant and agreeable lady and so is her mother who is living with her. A little inclined to radical views on woman suffrage etc.

I have read the Mulligan letters very carefully, and although I don't see anything very disgraceful in them they do show their author to have a very low standard of honor and integrity.

I haven't been doing much of late, and Wroth has not been doing anything. He has no more idea than ever what he is going to do. John is working in Childer's office [W. B. Childers, attorney] under Dr. Noel [John V. Noel] making collections.

He went up with me yesterday to the Forresters, and for some reason Mrs. F. received us with unusual formality. You know how she appears when she puts on her society manners. Out of pure – – – I kept on her diplomatic pin for about a quarter of an hour while her supper was waiting. She told me that Mr. F. was quite encouraged, and I think it is almost settled that he will go into the newspaper business.

Aren't you coming to the Fair? Don't forget to send me your pass, and tell me how many months you wish to have it extended. I went to Los Lunas, not to the party. I hear they had a very pleasant time. You may expect to see me some day in the near future, maybe next Sunday. This is the paper I used to write my first love letter to you. Do you recognize it? The pig is doing nicely but I will have to move his pen. I see that.

Your aff. Will

Monday, 29th

I forgot to mail your letter last evening although I came down more for that purpose than anything else.

After I came down, the usual street meeting was held opposite the office. Mr. Menaul preaching [James E. Menaul, pastor of Presbyterian Church]. He is certainly the most uncouth, coarse specimen of a Presbyterian preacher I ever saw – a perfect type of the “Praise God Barebones” style. But after he gets warmed up, he says some very good things – occasionally.

The Dunnicas came over last evening and got their supply of vegetables. Fanny did not make her Sunday visit.

I saw Judge Bristol [Warren Bristol] last evening on his way home from the Vegas meeting of Statesmen. I told him that I had taken the liberty of suggesting his name some time ago as a compromise candidate. He was not at all surprised, and I suspect that the same idea has entered his own head, and has been considered very carefully. He said that he had proposed the name of Judge Bell, but found that both factions were determined to make no compromise.

I did not go to Church yesterday being professionally engaged. This morning Wroth is putting up the stove in the office. The garden shows frost. I sent for the broken door and lid of the heating stove and will have it put up soon.

Juliana is washing today. Don't forget to send the pass and don't mind my prof. talk.

Goodbye my darling and God bless you all.

Yours,
W. B. L.

[This is the only surviving letter from Corie after their marriage]

La Mesilla
Sept. 29, 1884

My dear Husband,

George brought me your letter and postal with the one I enclose yesterday. I thought of course this letter was for me as it was given to me with the others but could not imagine why those people should write to me either, but found, on opening it that it was the bill for the "Butler Eagle" [Butler Co., PA newspaper]. Why don't you make them stop sending it if you do not want it? Will you have to pay this bill? Are we going to take the Century this year? Next month will be our last number if not. Have you got it and finished "Dr. Sevier"? I hardly see how they will finish it up in one more number.

I have put off writing until now after three o'clock thinking perhaps you might come. Hoping you would though not expecting it very much as you said nothing about it in your letter. Are you so busy now that you can't come and see us? Baby seems to feel pretty well today and so do I. I baked chocolate and plain cake yesterday while Mamma baked pies. Do you have such luxuries in your establishment? I wish we could send you some. By the way, how is your mess room – you don't bear all the expense I hope. John I think will be a nice addition to your company.

Did you go to Los Lunas Friday night? Miss Lee said not long ago she did not think her mother would ever allow dancing in their house again, as they had had none since their brother's death [Herbert Lee, died 1881], but I expect her children over ruled her, as they often do mothers. Is their house finished?

George has been proposing to Henry today to take us all down to El Paso to the circus next Saturday. The idea of going so far to see a circus, I would not think of such a thing but for the fun of all going in a party that would be kind of nice. I hardly like such parties now though. They seem incomplete without dear Ernie who used to enjoy them so much.

We just came from his grave a little while ago. It is lovely there now. Sammie has been trimming and clearing the yard, and the flowers on the grave are in bloom. I can hardly believe yet that Ernie's, our Ernie's body is lying there! I think Mamma would be better away from here and I do wish she would go home with us but I don't know. Your plan would be splendid if Papa would only do it. Henry seems to think it would be a good plan, but I do not know as Papa would be a good hand to build up a business. He needs to go right into one all ready for him. Mamma says it would be delightful, the only thing she wishes for now on earth, to be in the same town as we are. As for me, oh! how I wish they would or could be near us. As I have said to you I feel so alone – out of our own house – in Albuquerque. The Forresters were the only ones I cared for much and now they have Miss Walker, and may go away.

Your letter yesterday was such a nice long one, and I was so glad you wrote all about your talk with Col. Rynerson as it pleased Papa and all heard it, but they do not place much faith in anything he says. You don't either, do you? Papa says "That is the way I knew Dr. would talk if he met any of these men, and I am very much obliged to him." I wish you had known that it was Numa Reymond who said that Mr. Christy was a spy, and that Papa would not believe it and defended him at first. Judge Prince wrote to Henry yesterday and he seems very hopeful, wants Henry to do what little he can for him here. Henry starts for Santa Fe tomorrow and wishes you would go with him though I don't know as he will stop at A.

I am writing this very fast as George and his family have come in, and it is impossible for me to write when people are talking around me.

Monday morning.

It is after mail time but I am going to take this to Cruces for Henry to put in the cars. We are going to ride with George to see one Mr. Achenback's ranch and take our lunch with us as we will not get home until some time in the afternoon.

Mamma says "Tell him we were so sorry he did not come yesterday. I expected him more than I did the Sunday before". I wish so much you were here to go with us today.

Baby is so funny, she amuses us all at night. She pretends to read until she gets us all to laughing and then she screws up her face so comically and laughs out loud herself. Papa is devoted to her, thinks her very intelligent, but oh! dear, what fits of temper she has when nothing can be done with her. I wonder how we can train it. She is sleeping peacefully just now, but Edie is here keeping me busy talking to her. She still looks thin and bad. She eats so constantly. Jenny eats more solid things now. She seems to crave them, and they do not seem to hurt her. She was ravenous for chicken the other night.

Now one thing more and I must stop. Are you taking up any vegetables for winter or are they all gone. I would like to put up some green tomato pickles if possible this fall. Do come and see us please.

Lovingly, your wife,
Corie

Albuquerque, N.M.
Sept. 30, 1884

My dear Corie,

Your letter yesterday just received. I ordered them to stop sending the Eagle a long time ago, when the present proprietor took charge, but they did not. Then I told Miss Ida [Ida Jones, postmaster] to send the paper back, but that was no use. I will pay them until the time I left Mesilla, and no longer. I will renew subscp. for the Century if our coll. amount to anything this month. Tell George I will pay his tax with part of the money received last month for rent. I have not deposited it yet, waiting for the Sheriff to come back.

I am glad you think of going to the circus. I saw the same one three years ago, and thought it a very good one. If you go, I will feel more at liberty to attend it when it comes here.

I believe the plan I have proposed is worth trying anyway and if it could be made a success, it would make it very pleasant for all of us.

I have drawn a plan for an addition to our house which could be built with comparatively little expense – probably about \$400 – perhaps less. The proportions are correct.

[Illustration of plan for house is missing from envelope]

Things are beginning to look very blue here. Yesterday Talbot made an assignment [bankruptcy procedure], and today it is rumored that Mrs. Holdoway [Mattie Holdoway, grocer] has failed. It is almost impossible to collect any money and everything has a discouraging look. But if we can weather through for a year, I know that we will come out all right in the end.

The partnership problem bothers me, but Wroth is trying very hard to find an opening, and I suppose he will strike something before long. Dr. Pierce [John F. Pearce], and Dr. Kimball are both about to leave which I am selfishly sorry to learn, as they may be replaced by better men.

I have not taken any winter vegetables up. There are none except the cabbage and a few turnips and onions. There is an abundance of tomatoes and if you tell me how to fix them, I will try and put some up for you.

We still keep up the mess. Wroth and John do most of the cooking. Juliana washed yesterday, and swept the house. I locked the dining room door, after I left and think nothing is missing.

No business for the past few days. I send your father today the Mulligan letters with a concordance which he ought to read. Love to baby and all the rest.

Your aff. husband,
Will

[Original letter is misplaced or lost]
Albuquerque, NM
Oct. 2, 1884

My dear Corie,

I think I have written regularly and don't understand why you do not get my letters. It would have been no use I suppose to send for me in the Almeraz case, though I would have liked to have had a chance to operate in the case. I think I will go down on Saturday or Sunday morning, when I will take a preparation I have sent for Jennie's food. I did put it up to send by mail, but I can explain the process of cooking better than to write it. Everything goes about as usual. Fanny paid me quite a visit yesterday, in fact took dinner with us. She was in better trim this time, but I am afraid she is sometimes sadly in need of her mother. She talks a great deal of Jenny Lyon and Mrs. Lyon, sometimes Miss Corie, but hardly ever mentions Nellie.

I suppose Nellie is to stay at home this winter. How will you like it? Wroth and "that young lady" as he always calls her are going to Pajarito this afternoon, ostensibly to collect a bill from the man I went to see one time. John is fearfully homesick. I can't see that he improves on acquaintance, but maybe he is sick. Last night I played a couple of games of billiards with Risque [J. B. Risque, mgr Albuquerque Foundry and Machine Co] and beat him badly.

Mr. Forrester came home yesterday, but I have not seen him except on the street. I suppose nothing now will stop him, but it seems to me to be a very foolish move. In a few years, he will have a beautiful place, and a very valuable one, and I am sorry to see him throw it away.

I sent you the Century yesterday with the completion of Dr. Sevier which winds up very tamely without disposing of the little creole. What is his name?

The gamblers and sporting men and women are crowding into Albuquerque in anticipation of the rich harvest the fair will afford them. Don't you expect to come up in time to see it. It will be the first fair you have missed if you miss this one. Three years ago, three years worth all the rest of my life, that gave me my precious wife and baby.

How do you like the appearance of the re-constructed house enclosed in the Century, to be built when our ship comes in. Tomorrow I will pay another visit to Los Lunas. Nothing has been heard from Dr. Costigan since he went to the springs, but I know he is all right. Col Barnes came in this morning and had a long consultation with me. He has been sick for some time, and says he has been trying to get down before, but could not get off. Goodbye sweetheart.

Your aff. husband,
Will

[Postcard dated Oct 7, 1884]

Mrs. Wm. B. Lyon
La Mesilla
N.M.

Reached home at 12 today, coming up from Los Lunas in Huning's carriage. Went to show this P.M.
Will write tomorrow.

W. B. L.

Albuquerque, NM
Oct. 8, 1884

My dear wife,

I expected a letter this morning, but was disappointed. However, I know that everything must be going on all right or you would write or telegraph and so, in one sense, no news is good news.

Nothing of interest happened on the way up. I met with a Spanish Doctor from Cruces who was on his way to Santa Fe to attend the Medical Board, and had quite an interesting conversation with him. And I met too, on the train – he got on at Socorro, an old friend of your family. He got up from his seat where he was in conversation with two gentlemen, came over and inquired most particularly after Mr. Bowman and family. He reached over in his insinuating and confidential manner and whispered in my good ear, turned to him for that purpose, “He has got the best of his enemies there hasn’t he” and then expressed his indignation that so pure and honest a man should be subject to such outrages. “As pure and honest a man as ever lived.” I had a double seat, and he lingered as if awaiting an invitation to sit down, but he didn’t get it for his name was Capt. John W. Casey [probably John P. Casey].

I got off at Los Lunas and found Costigan some what better. In the morning we got up in time for the 5 ock train to Albu. but heard that it was late and would not probably be along until 12. Mrs. Huning and the children and Col. Chavez were going up and as the Huning carriage was ready to take Mrs. H. to the depot, she concluded to take it and drive up. The Col. and I looked very piteous and forlorn and she kindly invited us to seats in the carriage which we accepted at once. The rain had laid the dust and with a driver and four mules, we had a glorious ride in an elegant thousand dollar carriage – glittering on all sides with French plate glass. We had coffee and bread and butter before we started, but at Pajarito we stopped again and took a Mexican breakfast at the house of Francisco Chaves (Segundo). It was nearly 12 when we reached Albuquerque, driving past the Fair Grounds and down to Castle Huning where we delivered Mrs. H. and the children, and then down past the circus tents to New Town. I was mortified to find on arrival that my stop over at Los Lunas lost me the case of Mrs. Jaffa [Bessie, Mrs. Henry Jaffa] who called for me about 3 that morning.

Fortunately, Wroth was that night sleeping at the house, so he responded and I believe conducted the affair to a successful termination. It was partly Jaffa’s fault, for he had told me that it would not come off until next month, but I was a little to blame, for from certain symptoms he told me of before I left, I suspected that he was mistaken.

I forget now the recipe you asked me to copy for you. Please tell me. I have not done anything yet about putting up tomatoes as between business and an extra amount of dissipation at the circus yesterday and the fair today, I have been quite busy.

When I came up I found Gen. Smith awaiting me. He had written to me to engage him a room and the night before came to the office where he stayed all night. I got him a place at Miss Wells house where he is now. I am afraid the poor old General has at last met his match, and will never recover. Of course I have not told him so, or anybody else but you, and of course also I may be mistaken.

The circus was very good, only I was so late that I lost the first half.

This afternoon I went to the fair. There is very little to be seen, not nearly so much as last year, and the attendance so far has been slim. The Misses Coleman have a superb display of embroidery, crazy quilts etc – and some botanist, a Prof. Lemmon [probably John Gill Lemmon] has a beautiful collection of New Mex. flora on cards. There is some ore, a little fruit, some rude pencil sketches by an untaught artist, and the rest is principally made up of the stock of the Albuquerque merchants.

Would you not like to go with George to Lincoln. If he will ship Wade, and take you and baby on the same terms, I think it could do you both good, I know it would help you – though I would be very anxious.

Your pass came day before yesterday and I enclose it.

With much love,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Oct. 11, 1884

My dear wife,

I got this far yesterday when I was interrupted, and this morning your last letter came. I could see from the writing how weak and sickly my poor darling was when it was written, and I am now very anxious about you. Hadn't you better come home as soon as you can get off. I will try to get some one to help in the kitchen, and I think the air is purer here. I wrote you the day after the postal was written.

Yesterday I made about a gallon of green tomato soy [early name for tomato catsup], put up seven Mellon food bottles and one larger glass jar. I think it is very good – perhaps a trifle too sweet. I will send the recipe with this. I could not get any jars in town or I would have put up more. Maybe I can get some today.

Last evening we had a very heavy rain, and I think it rained at times all night. This morning there was a dense fog that lifted about 9 o'clk. There are not many people here and the fair will hardly be a financial success. Outside of the racing, there is scarcely anything to see. I have been up but twice. They have decided to hold it over Sunday with the full concurrence of Mr. Forrester provided it is not opened until after service in the morning.

I saw Mr. Trumbull today. He says he left the madam and babies well though the latter have had a severe time with the hooping cough. It is not likely she will come back, at least until next fall.

I sent for the broken pieces of the large stove, but will not put it up until you come back. The house is very dirty, and I must try and have it swept today.

I don't feel very well myself today, probably because of eating too much tomato soy yesterday.

I did not go to the Promenade but heard that it was a great success. So was the concert of Signora de Hernandez. I think I sent you the paper containing the acct.

John Wroth has got into business carrying papers in the Journal office. He has to get up at 2 every morning. I don't believe he will stick to it long, as he is about a worthless young fellow as ever I saw. They are still eating at the house. Potatoes, meat and bread varied occasionally with hot cakes or biscuits for breakfast. Gen. Smith is still on my hands and is a regular white elephant.

Don't you think you had better come home soon. If you were well or if it could do you good to stay there, I would like to have you stay but I do dread that malaria. At the same time this place is not free from it, and altogether it is perplexing. If I had money, I would

send you East. I wrote you that if your mother would like to come up I would ask for a pass for her.

Now don't think I want to hurry you and if you and baby have conquered the chills and fevers, there is no reason for coming up. Mrs. Huning said she thought she could find a girl at wages that was not out of all reason – as most of them are.

Love to baby and all the rest.

Your husband,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Oct. 12, 1884

My dear wife,

The other day Fanny Halloran called to me as I was passing. She was ragged, dirty and looked utterly forlorn. "When is Mrs. Lyon going to bring little Jenny Lyon back" she asked. "I am so lonely – nobody to play with." But the next day, her father and mother came, so I suppose she is not so lonely now.

Today I got up early and had breakfast ready almost when the Wroths got here. Usually I am in bed when they come. John gets up now at 2 and sleeps pretty much all the next day. How long he will stick to it is hard to tell. Wallace Burke took him in a corn contract with him as equal partner. They were to cut and husk the corn for the third part. John cut for part of two days then gave it up. He then got a job from Dr. Noel collecting bills, but gave that up. He is incorrigibly lazy and worthless.

The fair keeps over today – horse racing, gambling and all. Mr. Forrester is one of the directors, but he says the measure has his full concurrence. The only amendment he suggested which was adopted was that the gates would not open until after morning service.

This morning we had a sermon on the progress of the Church in the U.S. for the last century in which new light was thrown on some points in history. For instance the Pilgrim Fathers who are generally supposed to have fled from persecution were denounced as a set of worthless fanatics who never had been persecuted in the least but who came to America in order to find a place where they impose their religious beliefs and observances on every one, leaving England because they were not permitted to fasten their puritanical ideas and practices on the people there.

I don't think there were more than twenty five or thirty persons in the Church. They have a new Te Deum which is very fine, and the choir too is improving though it could be improved still more by the omission of two or three voices.

I am very anxious about you and baby, and was disappointed this morning at not getting a letter though none was due.

You must take Quinine regularly, 10 to 15 grs. daily. If you have fever take 20 or 25 grs. But you and mother had better come up and breathe some pure air.

I sent you a cutting with Olly Campbell's [William's cousin, William Oliver Campbell] speech at the Reunion of our old Regiment, the 134 Pa. Vols. Olly was made Capt. of the Co. some time before we were mustered out though he did not take command until just before our muster out. He makes a very pretty little speech.

Hadn't I better have the house cleaning done before you come up. I was thinking of getting Antonio to scrub and wash windows. I wish that pig was in [illegible]. Love to baby and all.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

After closing this, I went up to Mr. Forrester's. He is really going to Denver, and expects to get the first No. of his paper out by Dec. 1st. The family will stay on the place unless he can rent it which is not likely before Spring. He did not say who his successor would be, but I suppose Shepherd [Sheppard] will fill the vacancy for a time.

He will not go to Mesilla until after frost, but expects to give you a visit before he leaves for good.

[undated postcard, but postmarked October – day and year illegible]
[To Las Cruces, NM]

You should take 15 to 20 grains Quinine daily until all traces of fever have subsided. Don't neglect it. Then continue the Quin. in smaller doses every day. I wrote yesterday. You had better come back as soon as possible. I will write for a pass for your mother if she will come with you.

Am very anxious on your account.

You do not take enough Quin.

W. B. L.

Albuquerque, N.M.
Oct. 16, 1884

My dear Corie,

I think I will not have Antonio come and do the cleaning until you come, as I cannot be with him.

I got your letter yesterday and was glad to hear of your and babies good health. As long as you keep well I don't care how long you stay – that is you know I want you to stay as long as you enjoy yourself. I will not be able to go for you, at least I think not, as I have some patients that I must not neglect. But you will have no trouble. I will meet you at the Depot and have the house warmed which will be better.

Costigan is still quite sick and I have to visit him about twice a week. I may meet you at Lunas.

Everything goes on much as usual. I am writing in the dark so you must excuse haste. What was your bad dream?

I think I have a slight touch of malaria myself tonight.

I enclose \$5.00 which I suppose you can use.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

[Albuquerque, NM]
Feb. 17, 1885

My dear Corie,

I found Dan and buggy all right, went home and had quite a nice sleep before getting up time. When I came down town however, I found Annie Donahue [Anna C. Donahue, age 14] in a dying condition and about one oclck she died. That and loss of sleep made me excessively nervous all day but last night I slept well and today feel all right again except a slight headache.

Fanny is determined to come over and take care of me. "Mrs. Lyon is gone and Jenny is gone, and poor doctor has no one to care for him" she said to her mother this morning, and she insists that she will come over and cook dinner for me. But what a time Papa had getting his boots off last night with no little girl to help him. But she must make herself useful and keep herself in practice by looking after Grandpa's slippers and boots.

Nothing new has developed in the social line. The Journal seems rather envious of the Democrat's enterprise in nosing out little scandals, and is trying to compete.

Yesterday evening I took supper, or dinner for me, at the Armijo House.

If I had my pass, I believe I would go down now, or soon.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Alb. [Albuquerque]
Feb 20, 1885

My dear Corie,

It is now 6:30 P.M. and I haven't yet made up my mind whether or not I will start tomorrow at 4 for Mesilla. But the chances are that I will not, so I write this that you may not altogether be disappointed. I have been doing nothing for three days and so can go as well, or better now than at another time. I wanted to take you to El Paso when I went down, but I have been disappointed in collecting money, and will hardly be able to do so. Nothing has occurred since you left, except the R.R. accident on the A.P. last night. One man was killed and one wounded who will probably die.

I got a letter from Tom with a ck. for \$100 but I don't want to use it until I have to and then if I use it at all, let it go towards the reduction of the debt.

If you do not see me tomorrow I think you may expect me next day, but do not send for me, as I rather enjoy the walk over. Love to Jenny and all.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque
March 1, 1885

My dear Corie,

After getting on the train in Cruces, I passed a lady and gentleman who spoke to me, but whom I did not at once recognize and the gentleman had to tell me his name, Barber [George Barber]. "Have you forgotten me too" the lady said. "No indeed" I said, "Mrs. McSween", [Susan McSween] and just then I remembered that I had made the same mistake the last time I met her in your father's house [Susan McSween married George Barber after the death of her husband, Alexander McSween]. But she did not correct me and we had some very interesting old reminiscences and later happenings to go over. She had been on a visit to her home in Gettysburg Pa., where her father yet lives. From there she came by way of the Carolinas Ga. Fla. and the Gulf States to New Orleans where her husband met her. She don't think much of the exhibition nor of the city itself. The people are too indolent she says. They have a cattle ranch under the White Mt. [Sierra Blanca] and I suppose are getting rich. After dark, I spread out over two seats and slept very nicely until we reached Los Lunas. When I got to the office I telephoned Wroth who had the key, of the house. He offered to bring it down, but instead, I accepted an offer from Henry Harris [possibly H. V. Harris of Old Town] who was about going home, to take a bed at his house. So I went up with him on the last car [street car] and slept nicely until nearly half past eight this morning then took breakfast with him and came to the office.

Wroth has been doing nothing and reports nothing to do, so probably I have not lost much by the trip. Juliana has been sleeping in the dining room until last night when she went home. I see she has everything washed up. Fanny came to see me this morning, though she has a double responsibility now for Miss Keever [Keenan?] left yesterday for home, and she says her mother is very lonely. It was so late when I got washed and dressed, that I did not get to service as I intended, but will go tonight. I found the Century here, and will send it down after reading it.

Fanny asked particularly about Jenny. This afternoon I am to take dinner with Wroth, when I will have an opportunity to post up on current gossip.

Love to Jenny and mother and all.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque
March 3, 1885

My dear Corie,

Your letter written on the 29th (?) gave me a very pleasant surprise and made me very happy for it was brim full of tenderness and love, and the love of my darling. my beautiful wife is very precious to me, darkened only by the suspicion sometimes that I do not deserve it, and I ought not to have asked her to sacrifice herself to me, for darling, I know you are sacrificing yourself to me.

Are we getting “spooney” in our old age? For this morning I feel bright and happy – thinking of my two darlings in Mesilla – glad and happy in our mutual trust and love.

I feel very much better and in better spirits since I got back. My trip developed a wonderful appetite which is appeased alternately at the lunch counter and the house. Sunday night I went to Church. Mr. Shepherd [Sheppard] seemed glad to see me and shook hands very cordially. There was but a poor congregation notwithstanding the wonderful singing which was so grand as to be quite above my criticism. They have a new tenor, a big burly good humored looking fellow from the A & P yards. At first I jumped to the conclusion that he was the Basso Profundo. He seemed to me to be a very type of a bass singer but it turned out that he only did the squeaking, while the deep bellowing was done by a little weazened pinched up fellow who looked like a baby beside the other.

Wroth is thinking about buying our place. This morning he asked me if I was really thinking of going to Silver City or Deming. I told him I could not now get off, as I could not leave the property. He asked me then what the place was worth and I told him that it cost in the neighborhood of \$2000. He then said that his wife was thinking of buying it, but could not pay for it all at once. What do you say? If Kennon [Dr. Lewis Kennon] leaves S. C. [Silver City] as they say he has, perhaps it would be better to make the effort to take his place. I told Wroth that if he wished to take a trip down the country to look out for a location that I would ask for a pass for him. So you may expect him one of these days. Don't think of coming back until you get tired or they tire of you. I haven't felt better for a long time than now.

I am very sorry to hear that Gen. Grant is dying, and regret some of the unkind things I have said about him, but they never hurt him.

Love to Jenny and Mamma and all.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque
March 4, 1885

My dear Corie,

This morning my letter written yesterday was returned to me, I having neglected to put a stamp on it. With it came your nice long letter of the 2nd.

I am very sorry to hear that Willie Martin has been captured, but there is but little danger now that he will ever be convicted. Still the lawyers will probably take everything Mrs. Martin has. [Willam Martin kills Dutch Charley at Palomas NM, Rio Grande Republican, Dec 8, 1883]

Nothing new this morning – weather bright and cheerful, but business stuck. Today Cleveland is inaugurated.

Fanny says she is very lonely and is anxious that you and Jenny come home.

Love to Jenny and all.

Your husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, N.M.
March 6, 1885

My dear Corie,

I have just read your letter of the 4th. You know now why you did not get mine, negligence as usual on my part.

I feel very sorry for Mrs. Martin and I wish I had gone to see her. Socorro is a bad place to be tried in, but I hardly think Willie will get the extreme penalty.

When at Silver City I did not make many inquiries as to the prospects for getting into practice there, because I don't like to think I have failed in Alb. and I dislike to go through another experience of building up a practice. I have no doubt but that Alb. will come out all right in time. But I wish that we had gone to S. C. [Silver City] at first. Who is the one good physician who drinks in S. C.?

I will be very anxious until I hear the worst that those fellows can do in your fathers case. I did think of speaking to Col. R. [Rynerson] about it, but concluded it would not do any good. I meant to remind him of what he told me once that he knew the charges were frivolous, and that Mr. Bowman was a man of perfect honesty and integrity.

Fanny came over this morning and insisted that I should take her out riding, so I brought her down to the office and wrote for her to Jenny. She dictated all of it, insisting on and repeating the message that she was "awful lonely" and her mamma was awful lonely.

Mrs. Hazeldine went off someplace last week and the two brothers are baching it. I don't know, but suppose the separation is final – until they come together again.

I have had a dull toothache for three days until today it stopped suddenly. Yesterday I went to the Dentist but my courage failed and I did not have it out.

The [Culvers?] have sold everything out and are going off. They had very nice furniture which brought fair prices. I bought a couple of books, or rather four for each book was in two volumes. Crary [George F. Crary] bought the phaeton harness, saddle and bridle and pony for \$115. Wroth says he has a case of scarlet fever in the Malomas family, so I am not so anxious for Jenny to return until I know whether it is going to spread.

Mr. Shepherd [Sheppard] told me that Mr. Forrester would be down shortly. I take my meals now principally at home. They are not very elaborate but more agreeable than being perched up against a high lunch counter.

I forgot to bring the Century down, but will try to mail it tonight. It is a very interesting number all through. Silas Lapham is delicious, but I don't think too much of the Bostonians.

It is very pleasant to hear of Jenny's enjoying herself so much. Let her have all the air possible and don't mind the dirt.

Ever Yours,
Will

Alb. [Albuquerque]
March 9, 1885

My dear wife,

I am a little anxious to know just how Mr. Bowman came out today but suppose I will have to wait until day after tomorrow. It is enough to turn anyone misanthropic to witness the dirty scheming of the generality of mankind here. The average standard has fallen a hundred degrees since I first came to the country, before the railroads brought civilization. And the worst of it is that the old timers have degenerated worse than everybody else. [William Lyon came to NM in October, 1867]

I went to Church yesterday. There was but a moderate congregation and I could not hear the sermon. The singing was very fine I suppose. I don't know as it was beyond my limit. In the evening I made the Dunnicas a call, and had an interesting talk. A great many inquiries are made after you and Jenny. I called too on the Steins to see their baby – blue eyed and pale, the image of his father. They both seemed quite proud of him [Herbert Stein, son of C.A. and Ida Stein].

Wroth has had several schemes, the last of going with Burke to see Lincoln County, with a view to settlement. They will go in a wagon with camping outfit, and expect now to start about April 1st. He has been attending Mrs. Blower [Gertie Blower, wife of John Blower] who will start in a few days to Chicago and they both want Wroth to go with her, as she is still quite weak. Today he tells me they have telegraphed for a pass, and if they get it he will probably go. Yesterday he asked me to write for a pass south, but before I did changed his mind and concluded to wait.

Business is very dull, and I cannot collect anything of consequence. You must be short of cash. I will send you some soon.

Goodbye darlings.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque
March 11, 1885

My dear Corie,

No new cases of scarlet fever, but yesterday I had a case of smallpox walk into my office with the disease pretty well broken out over his face. I got rid of him however, and had him sent out to the S. P. hospital where he's now under the care of Dr. Pearce.

Yes, I suppose Jenny will be spoiled but as her mother was brought up under the same influences I am not seriously alarmed. I want her to be spoiled in the same manner.

If I had any real good virus I would send it down to have her vaccinated, but I don't like to use the points that I can get here and will wait.

Wroth has had no new plans since I wrote. It is not certain that he will go to Chicago. If he does, he will start Sunday or Monday. He told me of this trip in confidence, but he knows that I tell my wife everything, and it is not of very much importance anyway.

I have just been up to witness a fire test with hand grenades. The agent had a lot of loose material put up at the cor. of 3rd st. and Copper ave. thoroughly saturated with oil and pitch. It caught instantly from a torch applied and in a minute the flames rose up full fifteen feet. He threw six grenades into it, and in half a minute the fire was out leaving the boards charred and blackened. The fire was so fierce that the horses attached to a number of wagons collected around commenced to caper, and swerve and managed to throw themselves together in a confused heap breaking one wagon badly and spoiling the show for a lot of prominent citizens that got mixed up with them.

I notice in the "Times" that Tom has bought a house and lot in Butler [PA] for \$2,175. I hope now he has a start that he will succeed, but he is very venturesome.

Wroth has just told me that he will not go to Chicago, and he has about given up the Lincoln trip, thinks he will try Silver City. I am getting along nicely, toothache gone, only business is very dull.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

[Cutting from newspaper is pasted in margin]

T. H. Lyon, Esq., purchased Ben Bauers' house and lot on West Jefferson street, Wednesday last, for \$2,175.

Alb [Albuquerque]
March 11, 1885

Dear Corie,

I have just heard that the black hearted scoundrels in Cruces have succeeded in their dirty work. I suppose of course the case will go up. [George D. Bowman found guilty of embezzlement; motion filed for new trial, Rio Grande Republican, March 14, 1885]

I did think of going down tonight, but maybe I had better not. Write me at once, and ask your father if I can do anything.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
March 13, 1885

My dear wife,

I have been excited and nervous over the news, and today don't feel very well, or rather did not, as it is wearing off now. Of course I am anxious to hear from you and the folks at home. I think I never heard of a more damnable outrage. I cannot even write about it.

Won't your mother come up with you and perhaps your father would too. Urge it on them if you think it of any use. You must use your own judgment about it. I don't think I can go down on Sunday. Business is picking up and I must not lose any time. If you want to come Monday, write or telegraph and I will send you my pass, or if your mother will come, I will write for a pass for her or for both her and Mr. Bowman if they will come.

I take up Mrs. Halloran's mail and today I notice Jenny's letter to Fanny.

I wish I could be with you all now and I wish I were not such a helpless good for nothing stick. But you must assure your father that everything we have is at his service, and anything I can do, I will do it with all my heart.

Write me when to send your pass, or if you think I ought to go down, or if I can do anything by going down.

Raining and disagreeable today. Yesterday I planted the Mexican flower seeds from Miss Lee.

Yours affectionately,
Wm. B. Lyon

I enclose \$5.00.

Albuquerque, N. M.
March 14, 1885

My dear Corie,

I was glad to get your letter this morning. I cannot very well go down this time as I have two rather important cases on hand which I would have to give up. Mr. Jaffa [Henry N. Jaffa] and Mrs. Lewis. Still I don't know as I could do anything and might do harm.

I was talking today with Hazeldine about the case. He expressed his indignation in unmeasured terms and wanted to know if he could be of any service, promised to do anything in his power. He is quite confident that a new trial will set things all right, but if not, he says the matter will only have to be laid before the Governor.

I don't know on what pretended fact the conviction was based, but you told me that the only thing in the way was the claim some man made that he had sent some money which was never received. I am only guessing, but I guess that the lie that Sherfey told was that he was a witness to the receipt of the money. Now it has struck me that Sherfey is the man who got that letter and pocketed the money with the deliberate purpose of fastening it on your father. The man is capable of anything. The sender of the money, if he had been a witness, ought to have been questioned very closely whether he might not have addressed it to the Receiver instead of the Register [Mr. Bowman was Register of the land office]. This is cut out of a very small piece of cloth, for I never took interest enough in the charges to inquire what they were – except the paper purloining charge. But the man that stole the pocketbook would steal anything else, and I never had any doubts as to who that was.

I will go down as soon as I can, and when I go, I mean to have a very distinct understanding with some of my friends there. When shall I send your pass, or if you or your father think I can do any good by going myself, I can go just as well as not. I will let nothing stand in the way.

I wish now I had gone as I wanted to when I first heard of it, but maybe it was best not. I tell you I felt wicked, wicked enough to enjoy a fight, an old time feeling that has not been aroused lately. It hasn't left me yet but I realize how careful we should all be until the whole is settled.

I wrote you yesterday, enclosing \$5, which I hope you received safely.

Dear little darling Jenny. Papa has forgotten to say a word about her. But Jenny and Jenny's mother are not long absent from his thoughts. Write me what you think of bringing the folks up.

Your aff. husband,
Will

Albuquerque
March 16, 1885

My dear Corie,

I have put off writing today until evening, and now I am pressed for time. I got your Saturday's letter this morning. You did not mention having recd. the letter with \$5 enclosed, but I suppose you did. Come up only when they get tired of you and Jenny. I am getting along very nicely and am feeling very well. Today I had the lot ploughed doing the half of it myself. I always did like to plow. I put Dan in and he worked beautifully. The man I had to plow had a little scrub of a horse that pulled like a hero, but he was not heavy enough and I made Dan take his place while I took the place of the Mexican.

Yesterday I attended church twice, the Episcopal in the morning, but in the evening I went to the Presbyterian, the first time since I heard Brother Thompson. What a strange man he was. It was a relief to be able to join in singing a familiar old hymn, if the execution was not so good. But Mr. Menaul is certainly one of the most uncouth, uncultivated and simple men I have ever seen in the pulpit.

I don't have much apprehension of the next trial, as I think they must have exhausted themselves in selecting the last jury. Still it is a case of odd or even with any Mexican jury, irrespective of the evidence.

If I can get off, well I will try and go down sometime this week but it is very uncertain unless I knew I could do some good by going. I don't think I was ever quite so pushed for money before, and I feel that I must make the most of every chance. Hazeldine paid me part of his bill and I paid the grocer and some other little debts.

But you ought to stay I think for a little time yet. Use your own judgement. I am not much afraid that you will leave Jenny when you do come.

There are a great many inquiries made as to when you are coming back, to all of which I have responded "Don't know". Yesterday I did tell some inquirers that I thought you would be up this week.

Let me know how much money you want and I will send it.

Mr. Tarbox [J. B. Tarbox] is quite sick, not expected to live – Ealy [Dr. Albert E. Ealy] in attendance. Halloran got back last night and Fanny of course is happy. She was greatly tickled over Jenny's letter.

Goodnight sweetheart, and God bless all of you.

Your aff. husband,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
March 17, 1885

My dear Corie,

Your short letter written I judge from Las Cruces on Monday, came this morning. No, of course I would not care. Leave Jenny with your mother if you think best and you can go down at any time for her. But I wonder if they wouldn't tire of the bargain.

I enclose your pass which you can use if you wish at any time. Did I tell you that I took dinner by invitation with the Spitz's last Sunday.

Today is St. Patrick's day and the Irish are out in full force.

It is too late to register this but I don't suppose it will be stolen. I don't suppose I will need it until you come and if you do not need it send it back.

Don't think I send you the pass to hurry you home, use your own time. The house is very dirty, but I will have it cleaned up a little for you. Write me when you start.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Las Cruces, N.M.
March 26th, 1885

My dear Doctor,

The motion for a new trial in my embezzlement case came up for argument on Tuesday evening last, and, as expected, a new trial was ordered by the Judge, who took occasion to express his surprise at the verdict of the jury, and with much emphasis, pronounced it contrary to the evidence. This is perhaps the last we shall hear of the enemy from that quarter. They have gained their point in forcing or purchasing a verdict against me and proclaiming that verdict to the world.

Sherfey, however, is vociferating on the streets his intention to prosecute me for slander, and he may be crazy enough to take such a step. As he has made himself subject to a similar action, unless he is "clean gone daft", he will probably satisfy himself with "bloviating" in the saloons and on the street corners.

The civil cases of Henry and myself against Sherfey after having been, by agreement of the [papers?] referred to the Judge, have been postponed to enable the defendant to obtain the testimony of Ash Upson who has been in Cruces for three weeks, but left for his home on the Pecos a day or two ago. The motive is transparent. It is for delay alone. Upson knows nothing about either case, and this fact might have been made to appear had our attorneys been faithful to their trust. How long! O, how long! must this state of things continue!

Mrs. B. [Bowman] is about this morning. Needs only something to strengthen her.

Love to all.

Affectionately,
Geo. D. Bowman

Albuquerque, N.M.
May 7, 1885

Dear Corie,

Your letter came today and brought relief with it for I was quite anxious lest Jenny's arm might get worse. Fannie [Fanny Halloran] and Annie [Annie Dunnica] both have very bad sores, and Fanny is almost covered with an eruption that sometimes attends vaccination. They are both feverish and fretful, Fanny much the worse of the two.

Nothing has happened. The Trasks are back and I must see Mr. Shepherd [Sheppard] today to tell him so.

This morning Mrs. Frost came in to collect for the coming fair tonight and I had to give her a dollar, with a very bad grace.

There is really no necessity that you should come home Saturday unless you want to. I am doing first rate. I have a suspicion that Jack don't like his fare, but he don't say anything.

Jerome Martin is here, a witness on some murder case in Tularosa Valley. I took the peaches to Cleland's who was not at home. I told them if they took them at a fair price, I would deal it out with them. Have not heard from them since.

Your Husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, N.M.
May 9, 1885

My dear Corie,

Your letter today says nothing about your return tonight, but I will be on hand at the Depot though I don't much expect you. If you do come you must understand that I am writing this to your mother. I don't want to have my labor for nothing, and I want her to tell Mrs. Martin that I have peddled her peaches all over town and can only get an offer of 5¢ a pound for them. I would not take that, as I suppose she could get more than that at home.

I was talking yesterday with Mrs. Jesus Armijo, who has just returned from Cruces. She had been there but nine days, but in that time her baby took the fever and she had to come home. She gives a fearful account of the sickness there especially among the children – says everybody is more or less sick, many of them without knowing it. Her talk made me a little nervous.

We have two beautiful yellow roses in full bloom, and dozens more in bud.

I did not go to the festival, not feeling very well that night. Mrs. Wroth says it was a great success though she did not attend. [Dr. John Wroth married Ella Burke on Dec. 24, 1884]

Love to all and kiss that naughty baby for –

Papa.

Telegram received 3 PM. I have been working in the garden putting out cabbage and tomato plants. I had set out about 100 when a fine shower came up. Then I set the plants out and they got nicely washed off.

Better take, and give Jenny a little quinine in the morning. She can take about a ½ grain every day. You can take more, 4 or 5 grs.

W. B. L.

Albuquerque, N.M.
July 2, 1885

My dear Corie,

I did not have time to get back to say goodbye, but I believe you had everything and suppose you got through all right, experienced traveler as you are – both you and Jenny. But I rather miss my goodbye kiss from both my darlings. I am anxious to know how you fared at Cruces. One thing, please do not be any expense to the folks at home. When I make some more collections I will send you some more money.

Last night on going home I found the cards of Mrs. Jessie Wheelock and Mrs. C. A. Stein under the door. I have been living on bread and milk and eggs since you left. This evening will probably take supper at the lunch counter.

John Ayres sent me a fine large photograph of the Aztec Spring this morning and I have just acknowledged it in a long letter. In writing to the great soft hearted old darling, I spoke of you and Jenny in a manner that ought to have made one of your ears ring. He likes that sort of thing and I feel relieved to have someone occasionally to whom I can unbosom myself when sentimentally inclined.

Last evening I attended a trial before Justice Oaks [John H. Oaks] in which Mrs. Dr. Sawtelle [Mary P. Sawtelle, physician] was tried for assault with deadly weapon upon Robertson [Ben C. Robertson], the grocer. She conducted her own case and if she had not so woefully mismanaged it, it would have been amusing. It is generally supposed she is crazy but perhaps it is only a morbid love of notoriety. Your mother's letter came this morning, and as I was anxious to hear how the sick folks were, I opened it and was relieved to find your father was better. I think he had better get the belladonna pills renewed and take them in connection with the other medicine. He need not be afraid of the morphine, using it of course in moderation. As his general health improves the neuralgia will disappear. He should take moderate doses of quinine every day and take the iron pills regularly.

I will be anxious until I get your letter tomorrow.

Your aff. husband,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
July 4, 1885

My dear Corie,

Before I forget it I must tell you that I heard that Mr. Shepherd [Sheppard] is going away the first of Sept. – that his wife will not consent to come out, and so Mohammed must go to the Mountain. To all of which I will make no objection. Now if we can strike any kind of an average man instead of a figure head or a crank we ought to be content for a time. I haven't heard a sermon fit to listen to in Albuquerque, and don't believe any such a one has been preached.

So far the 4th has passed very quietly except for the noise made by the inevitable small boy with his crackers. The Blues from El Paso came in last night and they are selling pools now at Talbott's opposite the office. From what I hear, I judge that the betting is in favor of the Browns. [Albuquerque Browns, baseball team]

Wroth found this in an old book yesterday where I had mislaid it somehow or other and my economical nature will not allow me to waste it, it gives one such a good start. I got about an hours sleep after I returned and spent another hour wondering how you and Jenny were enjoying yourself roasting in the upper berth. Some people prefer it. At 11 last night just as I was dropping off in sleep I heard those portentous steps coming – coming – first through the gate – then on the porch – coming like a decree of fate. I was called to see Buckley [John Buckley] who hitherto has been under the care of Dr. Baker [C. C. Baker] – bounced today in my favor. Going down I found the patient in wild delirium. Buckley is an Irish saloon keeper and he was surrounded by a crowd of fellow craftsmen and sympathizers, all more or less drunk. What a time I had before morning dawned. He is a very strong man and at times it took four strong men to hold him, and we had to handcuff him at one time. Today, 1 P.M. he is still delirious, and I don't know how it will turn out.

I intended to send the Democrat with the court's decision in the Wilson case, but I have forgotten it – may send it tomorrow. Had a call in the office from Githens [William Louis Githens] and Green, respecting the interest on the ch. [church] debt, due April 1. We agreed to let Githens write to the Bishop requesting a delay until after Lent.

Yours, affec'y
Will

Sent letter and money order to Cuz. [Cousin] Cora today.

Albuquerque, N.M.
July 5, 1885

My dear Corie,

The glorious fourth has come and gone again. We had plenty of noise and very fine fireworks in the evening. There were a great many balloons sent up – paper balloons lighted up by a sponge soaked in kerosene which also furnished the hot air.

I attended the ball game in the afternoon and enjoyed it thoroughly, 18 to 7 in favor of Albuquerque. The last game I played and the last match game I saw was nearly 19 years ago in Washington [DC] where I was lucky enough to make the best score in the winning nine, and was presented with the ball which at that time was the standing prize in matches. I didn't notice any great changes in the game, and found that I was able to appreciate all the good points and notice all errors.

Today they play again, and I think but for your wish, I would have been tempted to go and watch them, but I concluded I would please myself better by pleasing you. [July 5, 1885 was a Sunday]

Mr. Dunnica told me the other day that Mr. Shepherd [Sheppard] had concluded to go back to Virginia about Sept. 1, his wife having refused to come out. To all of which I will interpose no objection.

Last night when I went home I took Fanny a bunch of fire crackers. Halloran got out his shot gun and we had a little celebration of our own.

I expected a letter today but I suppose you could not get it over yesterday. You must stay as long as you think you can be of use. What is the trouble between you and Em? [sister-in-law]

John Ayers wrote me a long letter today full of his original ideas.

If you conclude to stay much longer you must send me my pass.

I didn't get through work in time for church today. May probably go tonight.

It must be fearfully hot in Mesilla.

Our peas and beans are going to waste.

Your aff. husband,
Will

Excuse blots

Albuquerque
October 7, 1885

My dear Corie,

I did not write yesterday because yesterday I felt a little blue, and I wanted your letter first too. Today I feel quite as well as ever, your letter dispelling the last lingering touches of the fever.

Today I had a nice letter from Major Farnsworth [Henry J. Farnsworth] in reply to my congratulations on his promotion. He is still in camp somewhere in the Black Range [Southwest NM] on ground very familiar to both of us. I haven't sent off yet for the things for though I have collected considerable money I thought best to apply it to the payment of the monthly bills. I think I will be able to send it off very soon. I was tempted yesterday to make a contract for the house plastering but concluded to wait and see how the collections turned out.

Halloran came back last night full of enthusiasm about Bear Cañon. He wants to put a pole in the buggy and with our two horses to take me out to look at it. Dr. Aubright is not yet back. The recent changes in the A. & P. make it probable that he will go out as Surg. in Charge and I may work in some way. Wroth is trying for it very hard. He says for Lyon & Wroth, but it is hard to say. I had a special invitation to the Sociable tonight. They only wish to borrow the large wicker chair. I told them it is doubtful I could go, and it is – very. So far I have eaten most of my meals at the lunch counter, as just at meal time I happened to be busy, but I eat at home today. Day before yesterday I took dinner with the Wroths, who live in the south side and run their own mess. Court has commenced and the old town is lively but there is weeping and wailing over there on account of the change of location to go into effect next term.

I was very sorry to hear of Dr. Burt's death [Edwin Burt died Oct. 4, 1885]. He seemed to me to be a very kind and pleasant old gentleman. I wonder now what Miss Winnie [Winifred Burt, daughter] will do.

You were right as usual about the propriety of speaking kindly to Miss Wood – that was. Poor girl, she will soon need all the friends she has. [Catherine Wood, daughter of G. W. Wood eloped with Luz Madrid, *Las Cruces Rio Grande Republican*, Oct 3, 1885. See Appendix]

I dreamed about you and Jenny night before last, thought we were in Butler [PA] and in attempting to show you the sights, found myself completely astray – a strange city. We had one slight frost, but at last got water enough to give everything a final wetting. It is too damp yet to pick the tomatoes. I didn't suppose Jenny would forget her Papa and I love to think of both of you enjoying yourselves. You may tell George that the Spitz's would want a good larger house. But good houses now are the only ones that pay, the make shifts put up during the boom are tenantless. It was not until after we got to the depot that I remembered that it was 3:40 not 3:50 that the train left, all the time going

down I thought we had plenty of time. I drove down along the line to see that the train did not start before you got in. God bless my two darlings.

Aff.

Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Oct. 9, 1885

My dear wife,

Your letter came this morning in good time. I am sorry mine was delayed. I did not write on Tuesday as I wanted to get one from you first and to prevent our letters crossing on the road.

I hope the country down there will be spared another visitation of pneumonia. It makes me a little anxious on your acct. and indeed of all the family.

The sociable came off as advertised with a very good attendance of ladies but scarcely any gentlemen. Walker and Crawford were I think the only men present. I was out rather late that evening, and returning felt so tired and sore that I could not muster up energy to clean up, and had just settled down to read when I was called over to see Mrs. Dunnica who had over exerted herself and had to go to bed, with nothing serious however. I had just returned to the house when the telephone rang and I was called to the San Felipe [hotel] to see a lady who singularly enough had been taken down with the same complaint. So I did not get back until 12. Ive came yesterday and cut a nice lot of wood, and today he is fixing the stable floor and piling up the manure. We put up the stove in the sitting room this morning.

Today Mr. Halloran told me all about his trouble 4 years ago. He was never in jail, but was tried and acquitted of a very serious charge. I will tell you about it when you come back. I will send for the things today to O'Neill's. Aubright came back and yesterday relieved me of the case of the hospl. He was frightened by rumors that he was to be displaced but today told me that he had seen the new Supt. and was all right.

Yours ever,
Wm. B. Lyon

Papa's love and kisses to both his darlings. I wonder if the tomatoes would keep if I were to pull them now. I am afraid to leave them out longer. I took up the geraniums and one fine chrysanthemum this morning.

Albuquerque, N.M.
Sunday 11 Oct., '85

My dear Corie,

When I came home on the evening of the party I was not feeling very well and concluded not to go, but was called to make a prof. visit to Mrs. Dunnica who was taken sick but I believe I told you that before. How does it come that you do not get my letters the day after they are written? I was hardly surprised to hear of Mr. Casad's (Thomas Casad) death after what you told me – that he had gone out hunting. Was he delirious? At any rate it was characteristic of the man.

Of course, I miss both you and Jenny, but not so much as to wish to shorten your visit. Maybe I will run down and see you some day.

Mr. Forrester came down Saturday, and held service today. I could not get through in time to go, but took dinner with him at the Dunnica's today. I had also an invitation to dine with the Halloran's, but could not well accept both. I sent off the order to O'Neills yesterday just as it was, giving Jenny's age. I concluded when Henry was up here that he was suffering from anemia consequent upon malaria and the pills were designed to remedy it. I hope that cold weather will help him.

Mr. Forrester wishes me to tell you that he will go down Tuesday and will have to leave on his return Thursday as he expects to spend Sunday in Trinidad. It may be however that he will not be able to leave here before Wednesday.

Last night I felt a little feverish but today feel all right again, except being dull and listless.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

The papers came today. Will send the Century in a day or two.

Albuquerque
Oct. 13, 1885

My dear Corie,

I am a little anxious about Jenny, but if her teeth are really coming through, and I suppose this time it is a sure thing, her diarrhea is natural and will cease with the appearance of the teeth.

Wroth telephoned me early that he wanted to see me at the office, and when I got there told me that Mrs. W. [Wroth] expected to be confined today, a little earlier than anticipated. At this hour 3:15 P.M., he reports very little progress. He comes down every hour or two to report. I suppose from what he says that it will come off some time tonight. The symptoms are not the most favorable but there is nothing to be especially anxious over.

I feel first rate today, have paid all outstanding debts and put a little in Bank to cover Life Insurance. I haven't seen Mr. F. since Sunday and don't know if he went down this morning.

For two mornings we have had a heavy frost, ice forming on the water in the bucket on the porch thick as window glass. Did I tell you I put up the stove today. I am putting one up in the office.

I would enjoy hearing you play again in the old chapel. As I write, gentle memories of the past creep over me, bringing with them a vivid picture of the whole scene. It was a back view of you that I oftenest had and in these visions that view always recurs. I think that was the chief attraction that led me to the chapel. I enjoyed looking at you – could stare my fill without embarrassment to either of us. I was learning to love you. I am still learning, my dear darling beautiful wife.

Mr. Forrester interrupted me in the midst of my rhapsody to tell me that he could not go down tomorrow, and he thought it doubtful if he could go next day. But if he could not he would go down surely in Nov. He told me how terribly he has been pressed this year, and he is now trying to raise enough to pay \$150 taxes. The debt to Henry worries him more than any of the others he says. He has a plan to divide his place into lots, and sell them off. I will attend to Em's commission, and send it with the yarn by tomorrow's mail.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Oct. 15, 1885

My dear Corie,

I forgot about the yarn and hose supporters until your letter came today to remind me. I send also the Diamond Dye for Miss Winnie.

Mr. F. concluded he could not get off this time, but says he will go direct to Mesilla in Nov. He has succeeded in raising money to pay taxes and is safe for another year.

Mrs. Wroth and baby are doing well. It is a boy. No name yet. [James S. Wroth]

Last night I spent the evening playing cribbage with Halloran – missed a telephone call in doing so but was rather glad of it as I had a bad cold and did not care to go out. I am a little hoarse today, but otherwise am well. There is nothing new going on – practice fair – but my brain is so mused up with Quinine that I can think of nothing.

Keep Jenny in in the evenings and when she is running out keep her legs well covered. She ought to wear flannel all over this weather to guard against sudden changes in the evening especially.

I hope Henry is feeling better. Do you have frosts at night now?

You must stay there as long as – well until you want to come back. Maybe I will come down and pay you a visit.

This is a poor return for your bright newsy letter, but my brain doesn't act very lively today. Goodbye darling.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque
Feb. 1, 1886

My dear Corie,

I hardly expected that you would be able to get a letter off Sunday morning and it gave me a glad surprise to find one this morning and to hear that you had such a pleasant trip. You didn't miss anything in losing the society of the Bell family. They are not very entertaining at their best.

Yes I went to church yesterday and heard an excellent sermon in eulogy of dancers and dancing. He was a little rough on the martyrs though he spoke of them patronizingly as a well meaning set of fanatics, who ought to have bowed before the storm – and “lived to fight another day” – Text the permission given to Naaman to bow down before Rimmon. In the afternoon, I was called to old town to see another dead woman, probably from heart disease. I wanted to have a post mort, but could not get their consent.

I took supper last evening at a lunch counter, but ate breakfast at home and so far have given the dogs their regular meals. Sat. evening I strolled into the Guard drill room, and witnessed a preparatory drill of the Guards in their part for the coming play – “The Union Spy”.

Nothing has happened except Solon Rose has had a couple of severe hemorrhages – But he is Wroth's patient. I started out today to buy a hat and pr. of boots, but could not please myself. Am thinking of getting a derby. We had a fine large congregation – about 140 – maybe more. Today we had quite a little shower and it is dark and gloomy.

I made a desperate attempt yesterday to write to Senator Mitchell in aid of Poor Julian, but finally concluded it was none of my business – and dropped it. Write everything you see and hear of, you know how interesting it is. [Probably John I. Mitchell, senator from Pennsylvania and George Washington Julian, former congressman and surveyor general of NM from 1885-1889]

Yours affctly [Affectionately],
Will

Albuq. [Albuquerque]
Feby. 4, 1886

My dear Corie,

I don't feel very bright today, having been up all night with Mrs. Spitz and it is not yet over. I look forward to another night of it. I am very anxious about her, and her case doesn't look at all promising. I had another dispatch from Mr. Forrester telling me to expect him Thursday morning, but being engaged, of course I could not meet him as I intended. I left word for him however to go to the Armijo, and met him afterward and told him that I had arranged that he should take his meals there. This evening we are both invited to take tea at the Walkers, but I will not be able to go.

He has divided out his place (on paper) and proposes to stay now until he settles everything for the next year, offering lots for sale. He has already sold Walker the chicken range, 80 x 150 feet, east of the house.

I saw quite a number of ladies at Mrs. Etheridge's first Feby. reception the other day. We are having lovely weather now, regular spring days, but this morning was a stinger. I tell you the poor dogs looked very hungry and desolate today when I went home, but I got them a double quantity of beef this evening and they are happy again.

I didn't need the pass, in fact did not notice at first that you had neglected to send it.

I am in somewhat of a hurry as I promised to be back soon, and must close with love to dear Jenny and all the family.

I have turned over the front door key to Mr. Forrester and I expect he will have to occupy the house himself tonight.

Yours affectionately,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque
Feb. 6, 1886

My dear Corie,

Today I am feeling quite well and refreshed, but yesterday I was pretty well fagged out. For two days and nights I had been in attendance on Mrs. Sptiz who lost her fourth baby yesterday morning. All day yesterday she was very low, but today she is much better and everything looks brighter. Mr. Forrester came on Thursday morning's train, but as I was engaged with my patient, I could not meet him. He sleeps at our house and eats around. This morning he took breakfast with me at the Armijo and he will probably take his breakfast with me at least.

I came home last night at 11 and found him fast asleep, though I made a good deal of noise getting in. I dropped in with him and in two minutes was asleep, awakened only in the morning to find the clothes off me. He is very busy working on his place arranging it for sale in lots. I saw Mr. Githens this morning go into Dunnica's house. Don't know who will preach tomorrow, but it is not likely I can attend.

It was fortunate that you and Jenny went when you did as you would have had a lonely time here. No news of any importance to tell you, that is I have not heard any, and I am ashamed to say that though I had plenty of time to write today, I have put it off until now when I am really pressed.

Kiss dear little Jenny for Papa, and God bless both my darlings.

Yours affectionately,
Will

Albuquerque
Feby. 9, 1886

My dear Corie,

I don't think I could do more for Jenny than you have done. I know how sick she always is after taking cold and of course feel a little anxious about her, but she has been through so many similar attacks that I feel that there is not much danger, and I know that if anything out of the way occurs you will write or telegraph.

We have been having a fearful windstorm today, the first of the season. The town is full of consumptives and this storm will be bad for some of the more advanced cases. The Rev. Mr. Hawn, of whom you have heard, died yesterday [probably Reverend Edwin Andrew Hawn buried at Vinton, Iowa]. I told you of Mrs. Spitz case. She is now doing well with but one unfavorable symptom – sub involution. I am having quite a practice in the old town now. I don't know why. Mr. F. and I sleep together. I did not intend to do so but the first night I came in I was so tired and sleepy that I had not energy enough to make a bed. He generally takes breakfast with me at the Armijo and then I don't see him until we meet at night. Last night he stayed at McClellan's and I have not seen him today. He preached on Sunday but I could not get round in time to hear him. On Sunday evening we both took tea with Mrs. Walker and afterwards went to church to hear Mr. Githens preach on the term he spent in the penitentiary – as chaplain he added after a pause. Wednesday we are invited to the Dunnica's for tea.

I am sorry now that I did not write to Mitchell, as I see the Senate Com. have reported adversely to Julian, but I don't suppose it would have done any good.

Yesterday I bought a new hat, today a new pair of gloves, and tomorrow I must get a pair of boots or shoes. I also invested in a buggy cushion – fearful extravagance. Let me know when you want some money. Yes I paid the church fees for January and settled two or three little debts.

Old Mrs. Dunnica [Jane C. Dunnica] is still weak but is better. My patient Mr. Fountaine [A. G. Fountaine] is getting better but the burned girl is dead and I have a little Mex. girl that will die. Last night I dreamed of you. Give Jenny Papa's love and write or tel. if necessary. I have written this page in the dark.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
Feby. 11, 1886

My dear Corie,

Mr. Forrester expects to start home Friday night. He will stop over Sunday at West Las Animas, reaching Denver Monday morning. We get along very nicely. He takes breakfast with me at the Armijo and after that I don't see him until dark. We spent last evening with the Dunnica family taking supper there with Mr. Githens who was very jolly and quite entertaining in his way. He has organized two new societies for the girls, a guild for the larger girls, something after the style and in competition with the boys lodge, and one for the little girls which they call the Pansy club which takes in the two Dunnica girls, although Ruth is a little over age.

Mrs. McClellan told Mr. Forrester, and Mr. Forrester told me of a wretched little faux pas that happened at one of Mrs. Etheridge's Tuesday evenings. When the time for refreshments came around, the company were asked to come to the dining room and drink a cup of bouillon and each one rustled out with an easy unconsciousness as if the taking of a cup of bouillon was an every day occurrence with them. But all was not as serene as it looked for three or four of the more daring reached out and said they took sugar and cream in theirs. Now I never tasted the mixture, but it seems that sugar and milk with beef tea makes a most nauseous combination, so much so that after tasting the stuff the majority of these frauds played with their spoons until the conclusion of the feast, all but Mrs. Scott, who, cast in the more heroic mold, was not so easily balked. It was French and fashionable and must be eaten, so she swallowed the whole of the disgusting mess and called for more. Mrs. McClellan was sharp. She waited until she saw by the looks of her more rash companions that something was wrong, and tasted her bouillon which she at once recognized as beef tea or broth or whatever it was. Then she exulted. Mr. Forrester gave me the names of the unfortunate ladies, but I have forgotten them.

The Presbyterians gave a "Pink tea" the other night which excited a good deal of curiosity of a different kind however, for as it was not French, no one was ashamed to confess his ignorance. It was Sassafras tea.

My Chinese bulb is blossoming out in a white flower. The other plants are doing well, the ivy growing most luxuriously. Do you know where those almonds are? The ones I brought from Mesilla. I want to plant them. The house is beginning to show your absence, but before you come I will try to have it fixed in something like shape.

I was of course glad to hear that Jenny was better and able to sing again. Fanny told me she had written to her but Fanny is not very reliable.

Today I succeeded in fitting myself with a nice pair of boots, price \$7.50. I have been fearfully extravagant since you left but I have been doing also a pretty good business.

Mr. F. thinks he will come down again about the 1st of April. He did think of running down to see you last Sunday, but had not the time.

Write me everything. You don't know how interesting your letters are to me. Kiss Jenny for Papa and give love to all.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque
Feby. 14, 1886

My dear Corie,

I neglected to write yesterday, as I was busy just at the wrong time. Mr. Forrester left Friday night. He wanted to be remembered to you all, and told me to say that he thought he could give you a Sunday about the 1st of April but could not promise positively. He left a lot of Baptismal certificates for me to take down which he wishes Mr. Bowman to fill up from the register, as he mislaid the memorandums he had made. I thought perhaps I would go down today, but a new case of pneumonia holds me over, but if you come up this week I will defer my visit. I went up with him as far as Wallace [10 mi NE of Algodones, NM] to see a sick girl there coming down on the freight the next day. I had no sleep that night, and yesterday felt the effects, but a good night last night fully restored me. Did I tell you we were invited to a Social in Grants Hall Friday night. Everybody went and they say it was quite brilliant.

Today I was invited to take dinner at the Sptiz' but declined it on the plea of business. I hope Jenny's cold is quite well. It is quite common among the children here but no other disease to speak of. Mrs. Dunnica seems to be improving and all my other cases are doing well, so I am in a tolerable good humor. You must write me just when you expect to come up as I wish to have the house fixed up a little. I don't know whether to get Juliana or Florence. I won't trust Joe by himself.

I did not get through in time for church today, in fact I slept until 8 oclck and got breakfast myself afterwards. I made some muffins, out of corn meal and flour, and was surprised at my success. This with eggs and coffee made an excellent breakfast, but the dishes are not yet washed.

Love to Jenny and all the family.

Yours affectionately,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque
Feby. 16, 1886

My dear Corie,

Yesterday morning just after getting your letter, I was called up again to Wallace to see my sick girl who had developed some unfavorable symptoms. I had a much more pleasant trip this time going up in the forenoon, and getting back about 9 at night, only I had missed seeing the Union Spy which I had set my heart on attending. But there will be another performance tomorrow. Tonight the Chana girls give their exhibition in the Opera House. I have heard that it will be very pretty, but don't care to go.

I must give you now a piece of sad news. We buried poor Jack this evening. I have missed him since Sunday but I have been engaged so much that I did not think much of it, but today Halloran told me that he was lying back of Trask's barn dead. As I went home this afternoon, I picked him up and carried him home. Then Garcia's little boy and I dug a grave and summoned the mourners Fanny [Halloran] and Tumps, Annie [Dunnica] and George [Dunnica]. I gave them all flowers and they did behave nicely and appropriately seeming to feel a certain awe that took possession of me too. After Jack was laid in the grave and the children had dropped their flowers on him, I suggested that they say something over him, and all I could think of was "Jack and Jill" and "Jack be Nimble". In perfect earnestness and gravity and with hearts brimming over with sorrow and love to poor Jack we recited them. I tell you, it was not at all funny, and one of us I know, came very near breaking down, for in the midst of it I thought how Jenny loved Jack and how Jack loved Jenny.

You said something about coming up Wednesday, and I suppose tomorrow's letter will tell when you start. I want to know in time to do a little cleaning. I am glad to know that the Bishop gave you such a pleasant visit. I wish I could have been with you – especially at some of those dinners you describe.

Love to all, Yours,
W. B. L.

Albuquerque
Feby. 17, 1886

Dear Corie,

I forgot all together that you wanted a pass to return, until your letter received this morning reminded me. I am a little afraid to send it now as I may need it at any time. So you must lose no time in coming back. I will expect you then on Friday night's train and will give you a right royal welcome.

Jenny has a lovely little valentine awaiting her from Cousin [Hull?].

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque, NM
Mch [March] 23, 1886

My dear Corie,

I neglected to write yesterday because I felt dull and stupid all day, probably from too much sleep as I had a solid ten hours of it the night before. I was quite anxious too on acct. of my patients. Col. Bell [Molyneux Bell] has not been doing well for a few days and I thought best to tell the Judge [Joseph Bell] that I wanted him moved out of the bank building, and wanted some one to attend to him. His wife [Ann F. Jarvis Bell] and Florence [daughter] are on their way out to Cal. and after a long conference we decided that it would be best for the Col. to join them. He got off this morning taking the south train to meet them in El Paso. Mrs. Bell [Bella, wife of Joseph] went with him to deliver him over to his wife. If I could have gotten off I would have offered to go myself but as it was I didn't make the offer.

My man, Buckley, is now out of danger, and I got a good deal of undeserved credit, as the case was a perfectly plain one though terrifying to the laity.

I send you the Democrat with a synopsis of Githens remarkable sermon. He doesn't disappoint me in the least. Yesterday and today I have a Mexican working in the garden and today I worked about 3 hours with him, as usual too hard, and as usual I feel the consequences.

All the children send love to Jenny and to you.

I could not get to Church Sunday. Write me when you want me to send for the pass for your mother, and kiss yourself and Jenny — for Papa.

Albuquerque, N.M.
May 23, 1886

Dear Corie,

I had a letter from Clara [Clara Campbell Brandon] today written for her father [James Campbell, William's uncle] in answer to my letter to him.

They are all quite anxious to see us, and Uncle urges me to come soon or I will not find him there. One thing he wants is that that I should come home [Butler County, PA] and take charge of the farm. We will have to start now very soon if we want any time to stay. I have collected over \$100, but have had to pay the most of it out. You know my life insurance is due this week. At best, I think I will have to borrow \$150. If I could collect half of what is due me I would not borrow a cent.

The night after you left, I was out all night with a very bad case in Old Town, and yesterday felt very nervous and uneasy. This morning I am still moody and tired though I had a good sleep all night.

I have two critical cases, just hovering between life and death, and it is a terrible strain on the mind. It was a relief to me to get your letter, but I shall be very anxious about Jennie until I know she is all right again.

I saw the Bishop yesterday and he asked for you, and for all the folks below. I felt so tired that I did not go to church today, was invited to dinner with the Dunnicas and accepted. Mrs. Lansing [Rebecca Lansing, Janella Dunnica's mother] reports that the church was full, and that she prefers Mr. Githens sermons to those of the Bishop. She and Mr. D. entertained me with personal reminiscences, until dinner. The dinner was very good – the first bit of food that I relished since you went away.

Confirmation services will be held this evening to accommodate two of the class who have to work in the A. & P. during morning service. Mrs. L. said there was a large class but did not give any names except the two Fox girls.

Clara is Uncle Jim's youngest child, married to W. D. Brandon and I believe living with her father.

I hope Mrs. Dunnica will let me off this week, as I am very anxious now to get off. I am getting homesick – very anxious too about Jenny. Keep me posted every day about her please. If I can get off, I will go down this week and we will start next week. Is Numa Reymond back yet?

Yours,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuq [Albuquerque]
May 25, '86

Dear Corie,

I am of course, a little anxious about Jenny but don't be afraid to worry me, and write or telegraph if any unusual symptoms arise. You did not tell me of the swelling in the neck, and I did not notice it. Please tell me just where it is, whether under the ear and behind the jaw – under the jaw or in the throat. If you can get a look at her throat notice if there is any deposit or coating on the membrane, whether there is any inflammation or swelling.

I have been telling that we will get off about the 1st but I can't see how to do it. My collections come in very slowly. I paid my insurance yesterday which took about all.

Mrs. Dunnica shows no symptoms yet and if she is not ready when I am, she can go _____ "to Hong Kong for me".

Frank Harris died this morning very suddenly. I was there at the time. He had eaten his breakfast and was taken with a fit of shortness of breath to which he was subject. When I got there, he was still sitting at the table. The fit was soon followed by another severer one, from which he did not recover.

Had a long letter from Dr. Atkins [Francis H. Atkins of Las Vegas, NM] this morning on the subject of the Medical Meeting which I must answer.

Tell me when you want to come home and if I cannot go will send a pass. Has Numa Reymond returned yet?

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque, N.M.
May 27, 1886

Dear Corie,

You had better let Dr. Hancock look at Jenny's neck, perhaps there is matter in it, and if so, it should be lanced – or aspirated. The oil and flannel is about as good a thing as you can put on it. How is her appetite, and is she getting stronger and more lively?

I will have to borrow about \$200 but I will get it from Numa Reymond – at least I think I can. I have had terrible luck with my cases lately. Two deaths in one day.

Only a few hours ago as I was getting into the buggy, I was called in the drug store to find Juan Barela [Juan Esteban Barela, 43 yrs old] had fallen over unconscious. When I reached him, half a minute after, he was dead. He was not exactly one of my patients, but I examined him about a month ago and prescribed for him. I did not then detect any heart disease but I am afraid it was negligence on my part, as he died today undoubtedly from heart disease, and it ought to have been detected then.

All these things have a rather depressing effect on me and my ill success in collecting makes me moody. I am waiting now for Mrs. D. [Dunnica] and I want her to hurry the thing along.

If Dr. Hancock is in doubt as to the existence of pus in Jenny's neck take her to Dr. Booth or Frazer and ask them to examine her, or Dr. Woodworth either.

Yesterday was dia San Felipe de Neri and in the evening they had a grand procession in which I suppose St. Phillip felt highly honored.

I paid Mrs. Thomas today and explained to her how you had forgotten it, and then how I had. Today I have one of my Mexican debtors working in the garden. Now that Frank Harris is dead, we will have to make some other disposition of the horse.

When you get through and want to come up let me know and if I cannot go will send you [the] pass.

I have another little boy 3 yrs., sick very much as Jenny was.

Write me every day as usual – and if there is matter in the swelling, I will either go down, or you will have to bring her up here.

Poor Em. Give her my sympathy – I mean poor George [Em's husband].

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, N.M.
May 29, 1886

Dear Corie,

I received today a letter addressed to you from Gert which I took the liberty of reading, as communication with you was cut off. I enclose it with one from Dr. Atkins to me in answer to mine.

I am afraid you did not get my last letter before the bridge gave way and I have been very uneasy about Jenny. If the doctor thinks there is pus in the swelling, I want to open it myself. I think I can do it without leaving a scar. Scars increase with age. I do hope she is better.

Mrs. Dunnica gave us reason to hope last night that she would have her party, but it was a premature rejoicing. Mrs. Halloran has been sick again, and today Mrs. Lansing is with her.

If you have finished your sewing, I will send you the pass on Monday if the bridge is repaired and let you come up. Henry is very kind, but if Reymond will let me have the money, I think I had better get it of him. I know that your father and Henry have use for all their money.

If I cannot go down, I will write Numa to let me have about \$200 and I think he will do so.

No more deaths lately.

Your aff. husband,

Wm. B. Lyon

[Enclosure: Letter from Getrude Lyon Allen, Will's sister]

Rutland (Vermont)
May 23, 1886

My dear Corie,

I have been meaning to write you for a long time, but a letter from West [Westanna Lyon, sister] today enclosing one from Will decided me to write at once. I am so delighted that there is a prospect of you all coming on and while loath to give up your visit here, if you cannot come will meet you at the farm if you let me know when you will be there. I wish I could take all my family, but that will be impossible. Do not let Will give it up. I know so well all about the money trouble and the difficulty of collecting. If we could get what

is owing us the Dr. [Dr. Charles L. Allen, husband] could retire and it is provoking to be obliged to economize when if people would pay there would be no necessity for it – but I do think it is almost necessary for a Dr. to take a trip once in a while and this trip is also a duty. We ought to see one another. Life is too short to be spent in this way. Will and I have not been home together since before I was married, and now the dear old home is gone. I am so sorry you could not see it as it was. And the dear ones who made it what it was. I do so want you to see my house and family and perhaps you will decide to come home with me. The boys want to know little Jenny and would make much of her.

I am just through a siege in the way of house cleaning, repairing, papering and painting and for three weeks we were torn up and had the house full of men and women. I have been troubled for over three months with rheumatism in my hands, knees and feet and some of the time am almost entirely helpless, so could only oversee and everything seemed to go on much slower than if I could have taken hold myself. Now it is all done and the house in order. It is very nice and we feel repaid for the trouble. If Will knows anything for rheumatism I wish he would let me know. The Dr. has exhausted his knowledge and nothing helps me. I have to hold my pen with thumb and third finger and then it is very painful, so I do little writing.

The rest are all well. Ned [Edwin Lyon Allen, son] is doing very well in college. Hattie [Harriet Warren Allen, step-daughter] made us a visit in the winter with Cassie, reports the twins as very cunning. I hope to tell you all about them, so will not write any more.

With much love to you all and from all, I am

Very affectionately yr. sister,
G. L. Allen

[Enclosure: Letter from Dr. Francis H. Atkins]

Las Vegas [NM]
May 28, 86

Dear Doctor,

I was much disappointed to learn that you did not expect to be with us at our July meeting. I had depended chiefly on you among those not resident in L. V., and was hoping the society would make you the next president.

I hope, however, you will have a very pleasant and successful trip Eastward. Mrs. A. & V. are also very sorry that they shall miss seeing you.

I am pushing the matters connected with the meeting. R.R. Co. gives 1 1/3 rate. I wrote to all the names you mentioned except Baker.

It would be a great shame if the doctors of N. M. should fail to build up now an organization that would honor and foster the profession in the territory.

Virginia [daughter] seems quite well now.

With our affectionate regards to Cous. Corie and your amiable self,

I am yrs. truly

F. H. Atkins

Albuq. May 31 [1886]

Dear Corie,

I enclose pass and I suppose you had better take the first train. I have just heard the train leaves in 20 minutes, so have no time to write at length.

The bridge is broken badly and they are making their first transfers today. Don't come until you know that the bridge is O.K.

I have not been very successful in raising money and have written Reymond today to lend me \$200. I have \$600 still coming to me on my books but it [is] out of the question. Have not heard from you for an age, and am very anxious about Jenny, but know you would have telegraphed me if she were worse.

I think I had better stay here and collect what I can. If Numa [Reymond] will not accommodate me I will ask your folks to let us have enough for present purposes.

Mrs. D. [Dunnica] had her baby [Rebecca] today and is doing well.

You had better telegraph me when you start as I may have to meet you at the bridge.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque

June 4, 1886 [This letter is postmarked June 11, 1886]

Dear Corie,

I have just learned that the bridge will be repaired so that a transfer will be made Saturday, that is tomorrow. But I hear that the road is badly washed above and below Las Cruces. I want to get off very badly and am getting very nervous about you and Jenny. I have not heard from you except on letters written Friday 28th in which you said Jenny was better. I sent my pass to you on Monday, and do not know of course whether you have it or not. If I had it now I would try and go down and help you up. Since writing this, I have heard from Mr. Robinson that ½ mile of track near San Marcial went last night. I was going to say that as soon as the bridge was fixed, you might manage to get to Rincon in a carriage but if the last news is true, it is hard to say when the track will be fixed.

I was told this morning that it might be a month before the track would be repaired to Cruces. I forwarded to you a letter from Gert. Do come home. I am getting very restless.

I wrote to Numa Reymond asking him to let me have some money but do not know whether or not he has received it or indeed if he is at home at all.

Yours aff.

Wm. B. Lyon

Albuquerque, NM
Nov. 13, 1886

My dear Corie,

Although I neglected to write myself yesterday, I was somewhat disappointed this morning in not hearing from you. Then I remembered that you probably went right on to El Paso and would hardly have time to write. I had a good sleep after coming back, but was on time at the office after a delicious breakfast of oatmeal and milk. I have been quite fortunate in getting invitations to a dinner every day until today – Thursday with a Dr. Gehring, from Cleveland Ohio who has a letter to me. He is out for health and proposes to make a horseback tour of the country. He is quite a genial pleasant fellow and good company. When I reached the office, I was surprised to hear of the death of Col. Bell alone in his room in the bank building. It is quite fortunate that his little financial difficulty with me prevented him from sending for me. Easterday has the honor of being “in at the death”. The funeral will take place from the church on Monday. I have not heard where he will be buried.

Nig has been with me though sorely against his will until this morning when he gave me the slip again. I had been keeping him in the carriage house but last night took pity on his loneliness and brought him in the house. I am a little afraid to tell you what happened next, but in the transports of his joy, he upset the table on which was the student’s lamp and the newest lamp ignited, lighted. Result one broken chimney, one [d??t?] lamp shade, oil spilled over the table cover, a little dropping on the carpet – nothing else.

I have been collecting a little and if I have luck will I think be able to meet my obligations on the 20th. It is possible that I may go after you. I wish we could make a trip to the Organs together, but that is I fear out of the question. I am a little anxious about Jenny. There are several cases of S. [Scarlet] Fever in town, and it may be best to keep you in Mesilla for a time.

Your aff. husband,
Will

Albuquerque
Nov. 15, 1886

My dear Corie,

I have just returned from the funeral of Col. Bell. I did not go to the cemetery, but attended the services at the Church which was well filled. Mrs. Field entertained the company with two solos with James accompanying on the organ. No tears were shed, at least I did not notice any and everything was carried out in good style. Judge and Mrs. Bell and the Col.'s son were present, but Mrs. Bell, his wife, and Florence did not think it necessary to come on. They sent instead a request that the Masons bury him. He had a right to it, purchased with his money, and he got it, a Masonic burial.

I was very glad yesterday to get your letter so full of just what I wanted to hear, incidents of your trip down with Jenny's sage remarks. I forgot to tell you that you ought to pay your own hotel bill. Let me get my life insurance and debts straightened out here, and then I will talk with you about carpets, but I tell you now, that a 65¢ carpet is n. g.

Did I tell you that the man fixed the stove up in good order. I have not used it a great deal, since I live chiefly on bread and milk but it is very much improved. Dr. Gehring of whom I wrote has been pestering the life out of me to get me to consent to take the horse back trip with him. He thinks now of going down to Las Cruces by way of Stanton. If I could do so, I would like to go with him, and I believe it would do me good, but I told him today that it was out of the question altogether.

I had a long letter from [Dr.] Muhl yesterday, a very good one from Copper City [southeast of Cuba, NM] written in good heart and hopefully. I am afraid I will lose my case in old town today. This morning I thought she would hardly live through the day. Write to me when you want to come back. I gave my clothes to the Chinaman today. Stay just as long as you wish, but never doubt – I love you.

Will

Albuquerque
Nov. 17, 1886

My dear Corie,

I sent the hat trimmings yesterday and I hope I got everything correct. The weather changed suddenly yesterday morning snowing at intervals throughout the day. The sun has been out all day today but the air is very cold, freezing in the shade. I was afraid this morning that your plants were frosted, but they look all right this afternoon. I have kept the fire burning in the grate all day. Last night I was called down to see Dr. Cummings [T. J. Cummins] who had a severe hemorrhage from the lungs. I am afraid the poor fellow's last chance is gone, though he may linger yet for months. The hemorrhage is now controlled, and it may be of benefit to him. At least I try to make him think so. My case in the old town died last evening.

I have been troubled some with headache, but today it has almost disappeared, and nothing remains except a little natural depression of spirits consequent upon losing my patient. This and lack of business, financial troubles, makes me a little gloomy today. If the present sterility of patients lasts until you are ready to come up, it is probable that I will go down for you.

How does El Paso compare with the town as you saw it last? Do you remember how we skipped over to look at the site of our future home? I wish we had stuck to our first idea. I am not sure that it would not be the thing yet.

I found Mrs. Spencer's card on the doorsill the other day so you must give her due credit in your social ledger. Don't come up until the weather moderates. It is very cold today and tonight promises to be a regular scorcher. After you left I had to add another comfort to the bed, but it is a miserable substitute for you, the comfort of my life. I do not hear of any new cases of scarlet fever, and I do not believe it will spread, and so Jenny can come back with you. Fanny and Tumps ask for her every time I see them. [Tumps may be a nickname for Fanny's younger sister Etta]

Write good long letters as usual. You have no idea how I enjoy them. Love to all.

Yours,
Will

Albuquerque
Nov. 20, 1886

My dear Corie,

Yesterday I made up my mind to go down this morning and spend Sunday with you, or at least part of Sunday. I thought as your trunk was pretty well filled, I would take the little trunk with me to bring the apples up in, and at the last moment threw a few cabbage heads in it and bundled it down to the baggage room and had it checked to Las Cruces. It ought to get there today, Saturday, but I will not be there to take it out so I send the check to you. Just about bed time I was unexpectedly called to a case of labor and spent the night at the bed side of my patient. I was doing nothing and feeling a little depressed. I received a telegram in the morning announcing Uncle's death [James Campbell died on Nov. 16, 1886], and although I had been anticipating such news, when it actually did occur, it was quite a shock to me.

Ever since our father's death or until we grew up and left home, we looked upon him more as a father than uncle, and I can only think of him now as a kind and loving father and the last link that connects us with the old folks at home. But I can never think of them as "old folks" and I am almost sorry that my memories of him are so broken and confused by the glimpse I got last summer of the faded and decreped [decrepit] wreck that rises now like a ghost to disturb the old memories.

Now I don't quite know if I can get off at all, so you need not expect me but when you get ready to come home, just drop me a line. I am all right on the insurance question, owing to a series of lucky accidents and payments, and will have a trifle over to pay some other debts.

Halloran came to see me a while ago full of excuses etc. but with a determination to save if possible 50¢ on his apple bill. He said that he had to pay full rates here, and the agent told him that by the sender taking the receipted bill for express to the office at Cruces he could get it at special rates. The cheek of the fellow was so prodigious that I was utterly speechless when in answer to my "Well, what do you want me to do" he asked me to take the receipt and send it to you, and ask you to use your influence to have the reduction made. And so I send it to do as you please about it. Only that I know the fellow is so hard up, I would advise you to do what I should do anyway, that is, nothing.

Nig calls occasionally but I have given up compulsory measures until your return. I did think of taking him down with me and presenting him with the compliments of the family to your father. Would he be acceptable? The organ has not yet arrived but it is coming.

I was disappointed that you did not go to the Wade party. Not that I cared especially to honor Wade [E. C. Wade, district attorney] but when at the beginning of your letter you spoke of going, I found myself hoping you would, and felt sorry and really disappointed when you closed with the announcement that you had concluded not to go. I hope Hancock's silliness had nothing to do with it. You had no excuse except the cold –

neither Jenny nor her father. But as it turned out perhaps it was for the best. Jenny's prattle that runs through your letters is a great comfort to me. God bless my two darlings.

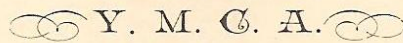
Ever yours,
Will

Are you going to be home for Thanksgiving?

[Envelope contains three tickets to the "Course of Medical Talks for Young Men" held at the Albuquerque Y.M.C.A. hall on Gold Avenue on Nov. 23, 1886 to Feb. 15, 1887]

Admit One to the Course of Medical Talks for Young Men

Under the Auspices of the



ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

In their Hall on Gold Avenue, Tuesday Evenings, from Nov. 23, '86, to Feb. 15, '87.

The Y. M. C. A. of this city offers the following advantages to young men: Reading room, open every evening and Sunday afternoons. Prayer meeting every Sunday at 4 p. m. Temperance meeting the second and fourth Monday of each month, at 7:30 p. m.

KEEP THIS CARD.

(OVER.)

MEDICAL TALKS

- First—November 23, 1886.
Arrest of Arterial Hemorrhage.
J. F. PEARCE, M. D.
- Second—November 30, 1886.
Circulation of the Blood.
A. E. DUBY, M. D.
- Third—December 7, 1886.
Town Sewerage.
J. H. WROTH, M. D.
- Fourth—December 14, 1886.
First Aid to the Injured.
H. HADBRUCH, M. D.
- Fifth—December 21, 1886.
History of the Science of Anatomy.
G. S. EASTBROOK, M. D.
- Sixth—December 28, 1886.
Anatomy and Physiology of the Heart.
E. MULL, M. D.
- Seventh—January 11, 1887.
Insanity.
S. M. HASLER, M. D.
- Eighth—January 18, 1887.
Life and Death.
S. ACHENBACH, M. D.
- Ninth—January 25, 1887.
Procreation.
J. W. THOMAS, M. D.
- Tenth—February 1, 1887.
Digestion and Indigestion.
A. B. LOU, M. D.
- Eleventh—February 8, 1887.
The Use and Abuse of Medicine.
T. J. COCHRAN, M. D.
- Twelfth—February 15, 1887.
The Opium Habit.
E. W. SPENCER, PH. D.
- Subjects and times to be announced hereafter for Drs. W. B. Lyon and C. C. Baker
(KEEP THIS CARD. OVER.)

Albuq [Albuquerque]
Nov. 22, 1886

My dear Corie,

Your letter of Sunday on hand promptly this morning. I wonder if you got the trunk today. It was fortunate after all that I did not get off Sat. morning for that night I was called to attend the wounded in the fight of the police. I think you knew the policeman, Henry [E. D. Henry], by sight, a short chunky fellow. He was killed instantly by a shot through the heart. The Marshall, McGuire [Robert McGuire] was hit by two shots in the breast one of which opened the pleural cavity which is a serious complication.

I made a careful examination yesterday and succeeded in extracting one of the balls through a counter opening. Meanwhile one of the men [Charlie Ross] resisting the officers had been found in a house in town severely wounded, and was taken to jail. Wells [Dr. Theodore Henry Wells] was sent for, but the man was afraid to let him do anything until they sent for me – which they did, just after my work on McGuire. I was lucky enough to find and identify the ball and removed it from behind one shoulder, it having entered at the other shoulder and traversed the whole breadth of the back. Wells had already located the ball. Give him due credit.

Today both patients are doing well. Easterday has installed himself in attendance on one, and Wells is rightfully taking care of the other. I think Easterday is acting under authority of Spencer [possibly Dr. E. W. Spencer], who is acting Mayor. McGuire however keeps sending for me. [McGuire died Nov. 26]

I am a little afraid to send for you yet until I know more about the Scarlet fever that seems to be spreading. Several cases of supposed scarlet fever have been reported in the last few days, some of them in a malignant form. I have always congratulated myself that we had Mesilla to pack Jenny off to in case of an epidemic of contagious disease and if the disease is going to spread, she at least will have a chance to wear out her welcome.

I wrote to Brandon in answer to the telegram. Don't you think you ought to write a short letter to Clara?

Before I send the pass or bring you up I must know more about the fever here. Perhaps we may repeat our Thanksgiving ride of 5 years ago, when you tried to run away from me but did not succeed. The match had been already made and recorded in Heaven.

Yours lovingly,
Will

Albuq. [Albuquerque]

Wednesday 23, 1886 [Nov 23, 1886 was a Tuesday, letter is postmarked Nov. 24, 1886]

Dear Corie,

I sent a turkey yesterday which I hope you received in time for Thanksgiving. I wanted badly to go down to spend the day with you, but I find I will not be able to get off. Then I thought of going Saturday or Sunday but as it is unlikely that I will be any better off then, concluded to send the pass now so if you like, you can come up Friday. Juliana will be here Monday. She came last Monday but I sent her back after doing a little sweeping.

Yours lovingly,
Will

Albuquerque
Nov. 27, 1886

Dear Corie,

Just received your telegram "Missed the train. Will be up Monday" – No one to hurry you I suppose. I won't tell you how much I am disappointed. Now I will take a new start and count the days and hours until Monday night.

But I write to tell you that Halloran some time ago, referred to something your mother said, that she was acquainted with a friend of McGrorty's . [Probably Joseph Parkhill McGrorty, collector of Internal Revenue] Well he simply asks very humbly that she would speak to this friend in his behalf.

I tried to talk him out of it, but he thought it might do some good, and that he ought not to neglect it. I do hope he will get what he is after, but his cheek is monumental.

I don't want to hurry you but I am getting very anxious to see you and Jenny again.

Yours,
Will

[William, Corie and Jenny moved from Albuquerque to Las Cruces in February, 1887]

[To San Agustin, NM]

Las Cruces
Aug 21 [1887]

Dear Corie,

I had a very easy and quick trip in, arriving at 3½ P.M. Henry was at Mesilla and did not get over until breakfast this morning which we took at the Commercial.

I found Mr. and Mrs. Foster there and had a talk with them partly professional.

I think I must have lost my note book out there or it may have dropped from my coat in the ambulance. I wish you would look for it about the house – It is important as it had all my months work in it.

I send you some papers and mail and a basket of grapes. I hope Mr. Foster's arrival will not hurry you off though it will probably alter the arrangements somewhat. We had a fine rain this afternoon – No leak. Cats and chickens all right, the latter have laid two eggs since we left which thanks to my lock I have secured.

I have thought much of Jenny and her black and bruised eye and will be glad to see you both safely back. My headache has not troubled me much since I left you and I hope it is leaving. Goodbye darling. If I wrote as I feel this would be the spooniest kind of a love letter.

Your aff. husband,
Will

[To San Agustin, NM]

Las Cruces, N.M.

Aug 24, 1887

Dear Corie,

I send with this medicine for Mr. Foster and reading matter for you all. I did not send the medicine before partly because I forgot it, but I would not have forgotten it if I was sure it was the right thing for him. It ought to be given in connection with tonics and ~~stimulants~~ nutrients, but I will enclose a note to Mr. F. explaining.

Henry and I intended going to Mesilla this evening in the wagon and H. left word to bring it down, but it is now 5 P.M. and no wagon so Henry has taken Moro and the mail alone. I wanted to get some peaches for you over there, and hardly know if I can get any here now or not.

It has rained here every day since I came back, and I suppose you are getting your share out there. I had a letter from Julia who is in a bad way financially. She is afraid she will lose her house. I answered it last night, and am afraid I have put my foot into it again.

I found the note book in the coat I left here.

Henry and Sam attended the Piontkowsky party at the Commercial, Henry taking Ida [Ida Jones] and Sam [Sam Jones], Mrs. Ashenfeller [Ashenfelter]. They both came in at 3:30 yesterday morning. They all report a good time. Sam is improving, actually witty, by spells.

Gen. Bowman [probably John B. Bowman – no relation] has been put in charge of the fair preparations and is waking up the people at the last moment.

Not much business. How is Jenny's face? I was afraid she was not well while I was there. Henry and I are living like doves.

Yours,
WBL

[To San Agustin, NM]

Las Cruces, N.M.

Aug. 27, 1887

Dear Corie,

I thought best to stay at home today as there is some prospect that I will be needed at the Wade house, and for other purposes. Henry takes out Ida and Sam so my company will not be missed.

Ever since 12 N [noon] I have been on the hunt for some fruit to send out. I wanted to send some pears and peaches but have been unable to find any. At last I went to Sheld's Ranch and there could only get grapes, this at the last moment.

I send also 10 eggs belonging to Jenny from Dinah, Edie and Ethel who average two a day now. Yesterday I got three. I have a suspicion and Mrs. Butchosfsky [Guadalupe Butschofsky] more than a suspicion that her white hen is responsible for some of them. I don't know however, I never caught her in the act. Aunt Lily wants to set again, indeed she had already selected her nest in Moreno's buggy and had gone into business on one egg, when I spoiled her plans by tying the cover down tightly.

Tell Em to stop eating meat and drinking coffee. Drink plenty of goat's milk – Drink it all day in small sips. If she likes it better so, dilute it ½ water. Avoid all greasy fried or highly seasoned articles, salt and pepper, vinegar, acid fruits, pastry, whiskey and tobacco. Beer and champagne should especially be avoided. Not too much exercise.

I had a visit from one of my patients who wants our washing. Told her I would give her my own until you came back, but did not think you wanted to change. Kiss Jenny on her sore eye for Papa and tell her to distribute her eggs impartially.

Your aff.

Will

[To San Agustin, NM]

[The first paragraph of this letter is typed]

Las Cruces, N.M.

Aug. 29, 1887

Dear Corie,

Henry came in this morning before I expected him. I was called to Dona Ana and found him waiting my return – unable to get in either house or office. I do not suppose I will be able to go out Wednesday for the same reason that prevented my going out Saturday. I send you some reading matter – Harper's Weekly and [illegible – paper damaged].

A little of this machine writing goes a great way with me. I think there is another Harper's Weekly but I cannot find it. Perhaps I sent it to you before. I wish I could go out for you but it is not possible. Yesterday evening I dropped in to talk with Reymond [Numa Reymond], while there Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lohman called. I was also called yesterday to consult with Thompson in the Shield's case. I hear he is better today.

My washwoman did not put in an appearance, and I suppose everything will keep until you come back. But you must be running pretty short out there.

I am glad that you are all enjoying yourselves as I was afraid you would get very tired of it.

I cannot think of anything new or wonderful to tell you. Business has been nil until yesterday and today I had a fair run.

I may as well confide in you. The kitten is a terrible nuisance.

Your aff. husband,

Will

[undated letter, envelope not postmarked or stamped]

Dear Corie,

I have only time to write a few lines. I send you some papers, also Albuq. Dem. and Times.

Henry and I so far have been doing tip top. I had a crush of business all at once last night. Poor Worthington got into jail the day you left for beating his wife. I was called but found no broken bones.

I will write for the mail.

[not signed]

[To Las Cruces, NM]

San Marcial, [NM]
Mch [March] 6, 1888

Dear Corie,

When I got to Engle I found nobody there waiting for me, nor anyone who knew anything about the sickness. I concluded then to go on to Lava where the first telegram was dated fearing some mistake had been made in the wording of the dispatch. The train stopped only a minute at Lava, but I learned there that Toussaint [Henry G. Toussaint] had sent the message from there but had gone on expecting to meet me at Engle. They told me too, that it was his little girl who was sick and that she was at Cuchillo Negro, a little town about 15 miles west of Fort McRae. There was no place to stop at Lava so I came on to San Marcial and am writing from the hotel. I will take the early morning train, stop off at Engle and possibly go out to Cuchillo Negro, over very familiar old ground [Lyon spent several years stationed at Fort McRae in the 1870's]. It may be Friday before I get home as it will take me nearly all day tomorrow to get to Cuchillo Negro.

I think it would be better for you to take Dan and the buggy to Mesilla with you keeping him in George's corral if he will let you. Then you can make daily visits to the house.

Better let our colored friend rustle for himself until I come back.

I hope to get this off in the train tomorrow. I feel first rate, and really enjoy the prospect of the trip tomorrow.

Your aff.
Will

"Santa Fé Route" Eating Houses.

TOPEKA, KAS.
FLORENCE, KAS.
NEWTON, KAS.
HUTCHINSON, KAS.
ARKANSAS CITY, KAS.
RUSH CENTRE, KAS.
KINSLEY, KAS.
COOLIDGE, KAS.
LA JUNTA, COLO.
RATON, N. M.
LAS VEGAS, N. M.

FRED HARVEY, Proprietor.

General Office,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEPOT HOTEL.

LAMY, N. M.
SAN MARCIAL, N. M.
RINCON, N. M.
DEMING, N. M.
COOLIDGE, N. M.
WINSLOW, ARIZONA.
WILLIAMS, ARIZONA.
PEACH SPRINGS, ARIZONA.
NEEDLES, CAL.
BARSTOW, CAL.
SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

Sau Marcial Wed. Mch. 6, 1888
Dear Sir.

When I got to Engle I found nobody there waiting for me, nor any one who knew anything about the sickness, I concluded then to go on to Lava where the first telegram was dated proving some mistake had been made in the wording of the despatch. The train stopped only a minute at Lava, but I learned there that Soussaint had sent the message from there but had gone on expecting to meet me at Engle. They told me too, that it was his little girl who was sick and that she was at Cuchillo Negro, a little town about 15 miles west of old Fort McKane. There was no place to stop at Lava so I came on to Sau Marcial and am writing

[To Organ, NM]

Las Cruces [NM]

Aug 22, 1888

My darling Corie,

What a pleasure you have given me with your dear delightful letter. It is almost worth the separation to get such loving words from my darling little wife. I got here about noon on Tuesday without accident except as I drove into the corral at home, one of the loose horses there kicked into my buggy wheel, breaking some of the spokes – The buggy is now at the shop, and will be repaired in a few days. I found Ethel and Nelly Martin in the house. George had brought them over to attend the circus. They gave a good report of it in the evening when they came home. The buggy being broken, I had difficulty in getting the clothes over, but Henry this evening has borrowed the Duper buggy [Christian Duper family], and has just started for Mesilla with them. I believe he and Ida mean to make some calls, but a thunder storm is coming up which will probably interfere with their pleasure. It looks very black and threatening north of us, inclining to the east, and I am a little afraid of your house in this high wind.

Henry is a famous cook, and I am almost superfluous, but I come in afterwards in washing the dishes and sweeping. Appel [Dr. Daniel M. Appel] has not yet made his appearance but he sends me word that he will be along in a few days. There is quite an excitement here about the water in the Acequia. What might be called an indignation meeting was held last night of which Henry was secretary, but tonight's rain will give all a good watering and probably save a great deal of trouble. We had a nice rain last night too and the indications are that the rainy season has recommenced. I found Mrs. Ashenfeller's [Ashenfelter] card Saturday, but did not see her.

Tonight the weather has suddenly changed and it is a little cool. I swept out the house today, and it looks much better. It is raining steadily and we shall probably have a wet night. If you are still troubled with those pains perhaps you had better come home. If you can, get bread, eat it in preference to the hot rolls you make. Here there is no immediate necessity for you, and if you and your mother and father are well, stay there until you are tired.

God bless you both my darlings, and with love to all.

Yours,
Will

[To Organ, NM]

Las Cruces, N.M.

Aug. 31, 1888

My dear Corie,

The Organ mail has just come in bringing your two letters. It also brings the news of the finding of Walter Good's body and the fight in which nobody was hurt except the horses. I did not get back from Rincon until next day, just missing the train about one minute. I came down in the passenger next day, but I found nothing had happened in my absence. Yesterday Maj. Whiting came down and today I took him to Mesilla and back by Spatcier's farm.

I have heard nothing of Em's intentions, and don't think she means to go out now.

We will try and send the gasoline by buckboard tomorrow and if I can find any handkerchiefs in the drawer will send them also. I have not brought the washing over yet and I only took your dress over today, but it will be in time for next week.

I believe the bugs are about gone. They say they have left the Lawyer's Offices altogether and I don't find any in the house. By the time you get back there will not be a single bug left. We get along as usual and live well.

I let the last mail go without thinking of it, but send today's papers. Love to Jenny and all the rest.

Yours,
Wm. B. Lyon

I have just looked through the drawer and can find no handkerchiefs. The washing is not yet over so you will have to use your kerchiefs over again.

[To Organ, NM]

Las Cruces, NM
Sept 3, 1888

My dear Corie,

The only plan that I can suggest to bring you in is this. When you think you have stayed away about long enough – why come in.

I suggested to Henry that two trips with the carriage would bring you and all your paraphernalia but he thinks it would be better to send a wagon. I believe he wants your father to come down to help determine about the Eastern trip. Then suppose you all make a start tomorrow afternoon and next day send Gregorio out for the baggage with a large wagon. I suppose it is getting cold out there at night and without a stove.

I took another trip to Rincon Saturday returning the same day. Today the man whom I went to see came down and has taken a room at the Duper House. He was shot in the arm and today I took the ball out of his back.

Mrs. Ferneaux goes out this evening but will not beat the mail much. George and Em went up today in a wagon after fruit, to their Dona Ana Ranche returning with a basket of grapes and one of pears. We had chicken for dinner today – one of Dan's victims.

Love to Jenny and all of the folks, little and big.

Yours,
Will

[A letter from Will's sister, Westanna Lyon]

Aug 26 1888

Dear Corie,

I wrote Will a long letter two weeks ago and gave to Harry [probably another name for brother Thompson Harris Lyon] to mail. Today he was emptying his pockets and pulled two out – one to Gert [sister Gertrude Allen] and the other to Will, so you didn't get them. So I sit down tonight and write a little to you. Gertie and Tom [brother Tom's children] are at a little party at their Aunt Kizzie Miller's [Keziah Thompson-Miller]. I was invited but I didn't care for going. I have been up from the farm for three weeks and it seems to be three months. I think when I get home again I don't care if I never see Butler [PA]. I couldn't afford to live here. It will cost me \$100.00 by Spring for the year I have been here. The only thing I like is the gas. Harry is very foolish to keep this big house. He will never be able to run it with a hired girl and \$5.00 week wouldn't keep me here another summer. [Thompson Lyon's wife, Julia, died in late 1887, age 38 years] I have my two cows and horse here. I told Harry I would keep him in butter, milk and eggs and part flour and he must keep the rest. When I have one cent it goes for whatever is needed.

I got my light silk dyed a golden brown for to get made [out?] – found it wouldn't make me one, so I took it to the dress makers and am getting one made for Gerty out of it. Harry got Tom a new suit Sat. and he went to Sunday School for the first yesterday but Gerty hadn't any dress and yesterday was like fair day being the last meeting of Methodist Camp. It was a [?] all day. [?] here to good Presbyterians to go. There is to be a circus in town Wed. I promised the – 7 – children to take them. The fair is in two weeks. I haven't gotten a new thing for summer. Tell Will I got my threshing done and only had 24 bush wheat, 16 rye.

Last night it was dreadful hot and this morning it rained and tonight it's cold enough for fire. Our girl is going home on a visit tomorrow to stay a week and we will miss her very much and keep me busy in the kitchen. But Gerty will have to do her share. We tried to get five more [Beardels?] but failed as yet. How does Jennie stand the hot weather and how is Will's eyes. I think he should come East and consult some one here about them. Gert [sister] is very poorly. Tom Campbell [cousin] was to see her and she isn't able to do anything. I think both she and Will will have to come home to get cured. But it's late, I must close. Tell Will to write if able. Please write to us soon.

Aff. sister West

[To Las Cruces, NM]

Albuquerque, N.M.

Tuesday, [Sept 25] 1888

Dear Corie,

Dr. Wroth is much better. Johnson, our tenant leaves tomorrow leaving the place in bad condition. I have not been able to see Wheelock yet (now 6½ P.M.) and if I cannot find him tonight will not get off tomorrow.

Jenny has been at the Hallorans all day and is very happy.

Yours,

Will

[Jenny Lyon dies of diphtheria on March 31, 1889 at age 6 years]



[To Albuquerque, NM]
[In care of Rev. Henry Forrester]

Las Cruces
Nov. 10, 1889

My dear Corie,

If it would please you to know that you are missed – missed by everyone in the block, you ought to be very happy. Patsey speaks of you in a hushed reverent tone. He is not quite sure that it is all right, and seems a little awe struck when your name is mentioned. Everything is much the same. Mrs. Lemon after improving a few days is again on the decline, but we are still hopeful. Piño is doing better and Mr. H. is much better.

Jesus gives very good satisfaction, but not much of her time though I believe all that your mother wants of it.

I rather expected that as you found your visit to Vegas so pleasant you would remain there a few days. You must not be in a hurry to end your vacation for though you are missed as no other member of the family could be missed, I am sure no one wants you to cut short your one little breathing spell. So if you can enjoy yourself in Alb. for a time, do so. Your mother wrote yesterday and will again today. I suppose she gives you all the news.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

[To Albuquerque, NM]
[In care of Rev. Henry Forrester]

Las Cruces, N.M.
Wednesday Nov. 12, 1889 [Nov 12, 1889 was a Tuesday]

Dear Corie,

I have only time to write a note more to use the stamp you were so kind as to send me than to give news which I know your mother does.

We are all doing well for Jesus is still with us though she asked anxiously yesterday when you would be back. I know how you will feel visiting the house for the first time. I have been through it myself, but I wish you would do it. Make the acquaintance of the Forteir's [Fortier's] who live in it. I think they are a nice family but I would like to know more of them before I let the house for another six mos.

And I think too that if you like it at all there it would be best to stay a week with Kate, and renew your acquaintance with the Albuquerque people.

I sent the order off in due time just as you made it out.

All well. Mrs. Lemon still lingering. I hope, but I haven't much to base it on.

Your aff. husband,
Wm. B. Lyon

Postscript

After the death of their daughter Jenny in 1889, William and Corie had two more children; Edwin Bowman Lyon born in 1892 and Eleanor Corie Lyon born in 1896. About this time William became ill and began receiving a Civil War veteran's pension. He died two years later on June 10, 1898 at age 56. An obituary in the Rio Grande Republican gives paralysis as the cause of his death. Only a week earlier, on June 1, Corie's mother had died of pneumonia. Corie continued to take care of her father until his death in April of 1903 and less than two years later, on February 27, 1905, Corie suddenly died at age 48. William and Corie's two surviving children, ages 12 and 9, were taken in by Corie's brother Henry, the last member of the Bowman family remaining in New Mexico, her older brother George having moved to Fort Worth Texas in 1891.

Appendix – the elopement of Catherine Wood and Luz Madrid
Rio Grande Republican, October 3, 1885

AN ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

An Educated and Accomplished Young American Girl Elopes With a Mexican who cannot Write his Own Name.

A highly sensational elopement occurred in Las Cruces last Sunday, culminating in a wedding that has few parallels in the history of such cases. A young and truly beautiful American girl, highly educated – a graduate of Vassar college, ran away with her father's man-of-all-work, a Mexican who can neither read nor write. To make it more interesting, he knows no language but the Spanish, and her knowledge of that tongue is confined to Si and No.

The family who have been brought into such notoriety by the unwise actions of this girl, moved to Mesilla last spring, and rented a handsome residence. The father G. W. Wood, is engaged in the fruit business, having this season handled a greater portion of the crops in that part of the valley. The young girl is just past eighteen, exceedingly pretty, being petite, even features, beautiful eyes, and a perfect figure. The Mexican with whom she became infatuated belongs to the lowest class, and far from being prepossessing in appearance has hard features, high cheek bones, a shock of black hair, and is very dark.

According to the girl's statement, their courtship began a month ago, in which space of time more than thirty letters have been written to him by her, which were translated to him by a friend. Last Sunday night, by a preconcerted arrangement, she eluded her parents and the two mounted one horse, and rode to Doña Ana, nine miles distant, where they remained until morning, the justice of the peace, a Mexican, refusing to marry them. The father discovered their whereabouts and a warrant was issued for the arrest of the man on the charge of kidnapping, the day following, and the couple were brought to Las Cruces. The young girl was taken home and Monday night her parents spent in trying to induce her to forego her insane purpose, but without avail.

Tuesday morning they were brought into Justice Butschofsky's court, where a curious crowd gathered to witness the proceedings. Judge Newcomb had been retained by the father as counsel and the question of the girl's sanity was brought up and an attempt was made to have a commission appointed to inquire into it. Judge Ryan, acting as attorney for the defense, was willing to accept the commission, the idea being to delay a wedding until the foolish girl could be brought to reason. Although quite nervous under the excitement the sentimental young lady pleaded her own case declaring she was perfectly sane and desired to marry the man only because she loved him.

The attorneys were trying to decide on a place where the girl could remain until the commission investigated her sanity, when a decidedly sensational scene occurred. Judge Newcomb asked the justice to dismiss the case, and the father called his daughter to him and said:

“You may take your own course, Katie; now choose between him and me.”

“I will take him, papa,” she very deliberately said and walked towards the prospective bride-groom, who had viewed the proceedings all the way through with stoical indifference hardly even glancing at his lady love.

The father walked out of the court room without another look or word, and the justice told the couple if they would step into his residence adjoining he would unite them in marriage, and a few minutes afterwards the ceremony was performed which made them man and wife, being witnessed only by the justice’s family, three friends of the bridegroom, and the REPUBLICAN reporter. The bride was neatly and tastily dressed in a dark walking suit, her only ornament being a bit of ribbon around her neck which was the only present her lover had ever given her. She was smiling and composed and gave her answers in a steady voice. The bridegroom was still stoical, without a collar, and his unbuttoned vest showed a not very clean shirt. The ceremony was given in Spanish and translated to her in English. She gave her name as Catherine Woods and he as Luz Madrid. His age is about nineteen. After the ceremony they were driven by a friend of the bridegroom’s to Doña Ana.

The future of this ill-mated couple is hard to determine. He has no home, and no money, being obliged to borrow ten dollars to pay the expenses of the wedding. He knows nothing above the life of the poorest of the class to which he belongs, and she has always been used to luxurious life and refinements.

The better class of the native citizens deprecate the marriage as much as any one, knowing that there is a vast gulf between them that cannot be bridged over, she being educated and accomplished and he so ignorant.

Jessie Casad Rhodes speaks of this incident in a 1957 oral history and connects the death of Dr. Burt with the elopement – “when Frank Wood’s sister eloped with a Mexican that was working on their farm, Doctor Burt went out with Mrs. Wood and caught a terrible cold and died within a few days of pneumonia.”

source: <http://www.casadfamilyreunion.com>

The infant child of Mrs. Luz Madrid died last week.

Rio Grande Republican, May 21, 1887

Katie Madrid, wife of Luz Madrid and daughter of G. W. Woods, died this morning at 4 o’clock, after giving birth to a child which is still living.

Rio Grande Republican, Feb 25, 1888