

From: Ellen Maria Goff, 466 Union St. Stockton, California

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To: Alice Maria Watrous, 1443 Linden St., Oakland, California June 21, 1990

Stockton Aug 30 - 1892

Dear Alice:

After leaving you Thursday evening I went as fast as I could make the connections to your Uncle Frank's but it was a quarter past six when I arrived. I found that he was not going to be in the City at all during the day, so I concluded I would go over in good season myself, and engage a room. In the morning E. J. and Mrs Fuller came over on their way to Broadway. I told Emma J. I would go over and engage a room and she could come as soon as she could. I did not get away until the 11 train and she took the 11.30 we met in the waiting room. I was just in time to get an outside room. They told us afterward that they were all taken before 2 o'clock. George Ladd & wife also Mrs Wilhoit and her two daughters were on board.

Emma J. did not find anyone to sit up with so we went to bed early. Ben Woodhull met us in the morning and took us home in a gurney.

We found every thing right-side up excepting my feather bed, that was on the closet floor, but it did not take me long to get it in place again. They told us that some one had tried to steal Major. One evening when Mrs Phillips was taking her milk to the next block she saw a man leading him away by a rope that was tied round his neck. She told him who the dog belonged to and to let him go. He refused at first, said the dog was his, but finally he let him go.

When I met Emma J. at the ferry she told me some thing that I was rather surprised to hear. Mrs Fuller had told her the day before that Mr Fuller was not going East with her, that she was going to leave him. She had come to the conclusion that he cared nothing for her and never had. So she thought it would be better for her to go to her friends. He seems perfectly willing for her to go - probably thinks \$3.00 a day no more than he wants for himself.

Nellie Phillips has not returned from Mrs Abbotts yet. The schools commenced yesterday and I suppose she has concluded not to go any more, but devote her whole time to music.

Mrs Phillips tells me that Mrs Briell is dead, she has not heard the particulars yet.

I hope you have got your studies satisfactoraly arranged by this time, and are getting along nicely.

Aunt is over with her dress this afternoon trying to finish it to wear to the "Alabama" to night.

Well you can't say that I haven't written a long letter this time but you must not expect it every week for if you do I am afraid you will be disappointed. I will send you some papers soon.

Remember me to all the folks.

From you mother

E. M. Watrous.