

Stockton, Mar 12/93.

Dearest Agnes,

I received your letter, and was very glad to hear from you. We have had quite a rain here, and it looks very stormy yet. You must be very careful the next time you go to a dance and not get so many on the bed at once. You know a bed is not meant for a half dozen people at once unless they are all lightweights. Your friend and well-wisher, also well-borer, has gone through insolvency for about five thousand dollars. He owes nearly everybody. Men that worked at the well, storekeepers, and everybody that he could borrow a cent from. Even to his own relations. Mr. Alonzo Fisher is the gentleman's name. You had better make up your mind to accept my sister's invitation, and come down here for a couple of weeks. I think a change of climate would do you good. The Wheel Factory has a new whistle. They tried it today, and I think it will be a success, by the noise it makes. It seems to me that everyone I know here knows all about my going up there and it seems as though I will never hear the end of it.

My brother in law has had a half dozen
pictures of his rooster taken, to get even with
my sister, I do hope you will come down
here and take care of me, for I am very
near spoiled. I was out the other night till
after 9 O'clock. My sister says I have got
to put up for the extra coal oil that is
burned. she says that she cant stand
any midnight prowlers around burning
up her oil. Pa says that she owes him
three or four cans that was wasted at our
house in the days gone by. He says he will
turn the bill over to me, and then I can
even it up on her. Well I will not take up
any more of your time reading this kind
of nonsense so I will close with love and
lots of kisses. Be a good girl untill I see
you, and then you can be as bad as you
always were. Please write soon and oblige
Yours Fred Watrous,



Miss Agnes Thomson,
Valley Springs,
Cal.

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