

Office of

M. K. BOYER

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

SPARTA, N. C., *March 16* 1891.

My dear Wife:

I reached Sparta this morning at half past ten o'clock, having spent the night at a Mr. Rabun's about twelve miles out. And by the way they had the roughest fare I have had to take for many years - It was after dark when I rode up, and after a brief conversation the old gentleman said, "well, if you can put up with our fare, light" and I dismounted, walked in and found no light but from the fire. There were five children in the room and all had whooping cough. I

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ate Cabbage, rye bread and coffee
 by the light of a pine torch held
 by the young hapful, and after
 a few moments was shown to
 my bed in one corner of the "big
 house", as they called it by way
 of distinguishing it from the cook
 and dining room - Hall, after the
 gentleman of the house and his
 good lady had retired, occupy-
 ing a bed in the opposite corner
 of the room, they began talking to
 me, and we thus carried on a
 very entertaining conversation till
 I finally said goodnight; in
 less than three minutes, the old
 man began snoring, and when
 I did at length doze off, it was
 to dream of saw mills, Rail
 road accidents and tornados!
 We ate breakfast by daylight,
 and for the first time saw the

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True condition of affairs; the
knives and fork at my plate were
as grossy as though they had
been boiled in Lord- Ditch
Cesar! But enough,

How happened it that I stopped
at such a place? Well, as I was
starting up the mountain I met
an acquaintance who told me
that if I would turn off on a
little by-path on top of the moun-
tain, I could save at least three
miles - and I turned! The sum-
mit was about half an hour high
when I reached the summit of
the mountain where the path left
the road; after travelling a few

yards, I started down the side of mountain, and the way became more precipitous as I advanced, and long before reaching the creek which flowed in the hollow I had to get down and lead; then I discovered another high peak in front, and had to walk all the way up and carry my saddle-bags! It was now past sun down, and no sign of a house. Still I rode on and on until finally I espied a light out on the side of the mountain and went to find out if I was on the right trail; the old woman said "yes", and I pushed forward, and at last came into the road leading to Sparta! By this time the moon was out, and I found myself in the stretch of flat woods called the "glades", still a mile from any stopping place;

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when I reached a dwelling, I asked to spend the night, and the man regretted his inability to keep me on account of the dangerous sickness of his daughter, but assured me I could find comfortable quarters at a Mr. Corrie's. (Possibly I would have prevailed on the man to take me in, had he not told me his maner was midnight!) On reaching Corrie's I halloed and he came out to say that he had no feed for my horse - so I had to continue my journey! As I bade Mr. Corrie good night he was kind enough to refer me to Mr. Roberts, and there I was taken in!

From this I have learned a lesson:
 "News take short cuts" - unless I
 am more certain of the ending.

I am now in a neatly furnished
 room, heated by an "open Franklin"
 stove - an improvement on my
 Milkesboro's apartment in this respect.
 Our table is well supplied with
 all meats and reasonable vegetables,
 but no milk! I even blister in
 abundance.

It is difficult just now to
 say when I can get home - not
 earlier than Friday or Saturday
 I fear - and possibly not before
 Sunday! There are only three
 Criminal Cases for trial on the
 docket, but two of these are Capital
 felonies, and about half a dozen
 civil cases ready to be heard!
 This is unquestionably the smallest
 Court docket in the State, I am sure.

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Mrs. Boyer said she rather expected you with me, and regretted that you did not come; I told her a little about the mud, and she then changed her mind about my supposed shabbiness (?) in leaving you at home.

I trust you are well and enjoying yourself. I added the last expression because I am in condition to have a high appreciation of comfort and enjoyment. Dried? Yes. "Broke up"? Yes. Bored? Yes. Homesick? Worse than I have ever been. But for the Company this Extension Cold. I carry with me furnishes, I think

I would grow despondent, I trust
however that I may find more
congenial associates. for it
is annoying me greatly to-night.

Now I must close -

With warmest love and best
wishes for your happiness.

Yrs affectionately

Portia

If not delivered within 10 days, to be returned to



Mrs. S. F. Groves,

Mount Airy

NC.