

James T. Fields

148 Charles St. Boston.

January 28. 1873.

My Dear Mr. Yates.

When are you to be here again?
I can't bear to think you have been
so long in the country and I have never
had a look at you for more than ten
minutes! You were to dine with
our Club some Saturday (the last one in the
month is our day) and I have sent Mr
two notes for your choice but no reply was ever
returned to me. You are dashing about
the country at such a rapid rate my
notes probably never reached you.

But now I write to you again. Feb. 22.
& March 29th - Are you to be in this
vicinity on either of the above days? At
any rate when are you to be here?

Cordially Yours
James T. Fields

No. 103

Bret Harte.

10

217 East 49th St

Oct. 31. 72

My dear Gates,

I shall be disengaged
on Sunday morning and at your
service.

I enclose this book and
photographs. I regret having
only a vignette to offer you.
It is my purpose, however, to
cite for the remaining parts of
my figures and forward them
to you in detail. I trust you
will receive them in a larger

but alas, my dear Yates,

Always yours

Wm. H. Hunt

Mr Edmund Yates

Summit House

spirit there that stems by the
widow of an incubated gentleman
lately deceased at Gold Hill. It
appears that one morning he casually
dropped into a Quartz Mill, and
after being carried under eight-
een stamps was delivered to his
friends the next day, as a frag-
mentary fusine, at the rate of
\$40 a ton. The widow took
ten tons but objected to taking
more as the ground that "Almas
was so diffuse"

I hope I am not

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