

San Angelo, Texas, Sept. 8, 1884.

My dear Children,

I have not time to write to you one at a time, so I write to you all at once. - I left Palo Pinto Friday evening about 3 o'clock, and reached Gordon about 7 o'clock. After a cold supper, I asked the hotel man to let me have a bed, as I wanted to get a little sleep before the train came. I went to bed and a little sleep. I was afraid that I could not make up in time for the train, and afraid the old man would go to sleep and forget to wake me, so I slept with one eye open, and did not get much rest. About one o'clock, I boarded the train and was dashing away through the darkness. I wished to travel the road in the day time, so that I could see the country. I had a seat to my self, and slept a good part of the way. We got to Abilene at six o'clock. There I got a poor breakfast, and mounted the stage for this place. There were six passengers beside me, and I took a seat beside the driver. There had been a heavy rain on part of the road, and the traveling was rather slow. We changed horses every 14 miles. We took supper 5-9 miles from Abilene. It was then dark, and a storm coming up. I had to give up my seat beside the driver and crowd inside. The storm came up with wind and lightning.

Zemmie's death was from the severity of the storm.
She is 14 years old, about one month younger than our
Zemmie.

and rain. It lasted about two hours,
then cleared up, the moon shone out, I got
up in the driver's seat again, and all
was merry. I would have done very
well, if I could have kept from getting sleepy.
I would get so sleepy that I would nod, and
nearly fall off the seat. The driver was
a pretty good fellow, and would try to keep
me awake by telling me of the fearful times
he had with stage robbers. He would show
me the places where they had stopped him.
These stories were very interesting, and had
a tendency to keep me awake. We reached
Angels at half past three o'clock. In about
ten minutes I was in bed at Mr. Church's
and in one minute I was asleep, not to awake
till nearly seven o'clock. At seven, I
tried to preach, and again last night, and
again to-day. This town is on Concho
River, about four miles above Ben Ficklin,
the town that washed away two years ago,
where so many people were drowned - old
Sister Nutcalf and her daughter and many others.
There was a Miss Nutcalf here Sunday, but I did
not see her. She is a sister to Zemmie Nutcalf
that was drowned, and for whom our dear
little Zemmie was named. She has another
niece here, Mr. Lurch's little girl. She
is a sweet little girl, but not equal to ours.
I am making my home at Mr. Lurch's.
They are a most lovely family. They say
that Miss Zemmie Nutcalf was most lovely
Christian girl. Sister Lurch named her

baby for her before Miss Jennie was
drowned. The last thing that Jennie
did was to make a little dress for the baby
that was named for her. Bro. Lurch
lived at Ben Ficklin's then, and his house
with everything in it was washed away.

If you have a good picture of our sweet
babe, I want you to send it to me.

I am sorry that I did not get a
group of all the children. - This is a
great big wicked town away out here in
a wilderness one hundred miles from every
where and the R.R. - A word to mamma:

Your letter was received this morning. I am sorry
that Mr. Briskley has ordered the lumber, unless
he had got to work sooner, so that the work
could have been finished by opening of
school. I hardly know what to say about it.

If Mr. Briskley can't sell the lumber to any one,
let him go on with the work. The old kitchen
will have to be moved into where it can be used
till the other is put up.

I expect to go back by Palo Pinto and take
the man and woman with me. I expect to be
at Palo Pinto on the 3rd Sunday, leave there on Monday,
and reach home about noon Tuesday. I think
mamma will be pleased with the woman
who will do her work. I think she will
be industrious and neat.

I can look out and see a prairie dog
any time. They are all over this country
and run in the streets of the town. - I am
very anxious to see my dear children. You
must all be good, and help mamma.

Love to all,
Your Papa,

A. Clark.