

5/21/1884

# Commercial Hotel.

C. R. BLACK, PROPRIETOR.

Hope, D. T., 1884.

I shall stop and they talk of this road going on two. Don't worry there will be something turn up for you if I find anything here I will let you know it is very dull here and this is a small place beside I think of going to Farmington some time this summer I have a friend here that is buying buffalo bones and he says he thinks he can get me a situation there and if I go I will call on you but take things easy and keep your eyes open lots of them come here and get discouraged and go again it was just luck that fixed me as well as I am and if I was going to farm it I would start

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Hope, D. T., May 21<sup>st</sup> 1884.

Friend Horace

Your letter received to day and I was both glad and surprised to hear from you as I supposed. I was the only one here in this land of business and poverty that had ever tasted buckwheat in Maine.

Well to answer some of your questions I am clerking in this hotel at present getting fair pay more than I could ever have got in Ft. Fairfield. I went to work the next day after I got here and like ever so much I shall stay this <sup>summer</sup> and then go in to a store here under the firm name of Wamberg & Jacobson dealers in

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drugs, groceries & general merchandise. I have got my books and I am studying hard for the drug business as I have done all the lifting and rough work I want to. They are nice fellows. Wamberg the head man and drug man has roomed with me here ever since I have been here. while Jacobson is a musical cuss and (we both play in the band here.) runs the grain elevator and does not stay in the store but a little. This place has seen its day also. and if I had not been a musical cuss (which made me many friends) it would have been very hard for me here to have got a situation. I have not taken up any land yet and don't intend to as I cannot tell where

Ben Whitney  
is at work on  
a farm in the  
country

for Maine I like there the best  
for that business. I cannot help  
liking as I have so much fun as  
I brought my violin, guitar, banjo  
bones, fife, piccolo, and play  
the drum in the band some racket  
most all the time. I put a buffalo  
head & horns in the bowl mans  
bed last night lots of fun. Well  
I must close as Black is out in  
the country building a house and I  
have Hotel & Furniture store to run  
write soon and let me know how you  
are getting along if it was fall I could  
help you I will do the best I can as  
it ~~it~~ dont get homesick hop up and  
Tear — I never was so happy & contented  
in my life but I know how you feel  
I was that way part of a day. give my  
regards to George Haines  
Yours in a rush Edgar H. Thurlow  
Hope Dakota