among my old law papers. Bon Francis owed me some money, but that is nothing. I would not receive it on any account. If the lots are in my name I suppose they were put there to save them from his creditors. I'll have to see that it is all right for me. Give my regards to the old villain & tell him I wish I could lend him a $10 to salmon. They are here in abundance. In fact we get hardly anything else & I don't eat any except particular cuts. He is a lazy rascal or he would have written me long since telling me how the bar gets on & what has become of the old crowd. Every now & then I see some burning & shining light that we never thought much of, exalted in the newspapers. Tell him I met that little squirt Alex Wills that married Miss Van Wyck in San Jose last winter. He is a judge & a great Democratic leader, God save the people. I was just landed from the mines in an old Panama hat, a ragged pea jacket & indescribable boots & breeches. We contemplated one another as we passed & it gave me a lot of serious satisfaction to detect the look of triumph in his fat oily countenance as he regarded my grizzly beard and dilapidated exterior & thought dimly that pride had had a fall - that he was a judge & perhaps I might come before him for trial for horse stealing, which is possible, but I hope not probable.

Love to all Goodbye

Bridge.

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