of flamingo. and a spoon-bill plover. We are all very busy getting ready for our trip to El Paso, whence we start next Tuesday. We will have a long jaunt of it, over 2000 miles and I fear we will not get back before the northers set in. However we will try it. I have a nice letter from George as late as May 18th. All well, and getting along finely he has taken a claim, and is going into the farming and mill business. I will send on his letter as soon as I have answered it, that is before I go. I want my letters sent here as usual. I have no letters, except one from mother for a month, like myself I suppose everybody is getting ready for the summer campaigns. You will see by the papers, the death of Capt Van Buren of ours (Rifles) who died from an arrow wound, received in a fight with Comanches about fifty miles from here. He lived for nine days with an arrow through his body, but died of internal hemorrhage. I will try and write a few lines to mother before I start but you little know how many things have to be crowded into the few last days before a start on a trip. Give my best love to Mother, Lauren, Leds, Wool and the rest of the family, now getting almost too numerous to mention. Remember that you are the young est, and have to bring up the rear of the rest of the family. Yours always

Alfred.