Aurora, Ore. Sept. 29, 18.

Mr. Guy V. Abernethy,

Newberg Ore.

Dear Mr. Abernethy,

I can procrastinate no longer, I hasten to thank you for your repeated acts of goodness of heart. I will tell you how you made one feel when I returned home and found the beautiful fruit heaped up in a crate at my doors.

In the morning, someone had left a boat at the shore in my care for a couple of days, Thought I, I will make use of it while I have a chance, and will row up to Newberg for some articles I needed. I returned rather late in the day, Tired and hungry I climbed up the hill I observed, from a distance, that there was something in front of my door, that was not there when I left. The nearer I got the more I could see that some dear friends had visited my place, But, who could it be? I looked over and under, but found no trace of a card or clue of the giver or givers. I took the crate inside and looked over the beautiful fruit, I tell you Mr. Abernethy, it made my mouth water, but, singularly, it also affected my eyes. At that moment, the desire to know, who the visitor might be was intense, so I started for the gate, looking the while for foot prints, I saw that there were both, men and ladies shoe prints, Nearing the gate, I observed two nice apples, rather systematically lying on the ground, so I looked to understand the meaning before taking them up, and found that they made the prettiest periods I ever saw. Then, it dawned upon me that a friend, indeed, had called upon me. Many, many, Thanks

Yours Truly T. Segawa