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near it. That is a wonderful symbol of our love, sweetheart. It is symbolical of our love and you, because you are My Estelle (My Star). Few have loved as we do, dearest. We can say this with all due sincerity. Look back over the past two years, dearest, and see how our love has been tried and tested. Many people, sweetheart, would have soon drifted apart and forgotten. But we could not. Can you think of any time, dear, when we were away from each other so long when you felt that the time might come that we would separate forever, that we would cease writing? I can't, sweetheart. There were times when our love was sorely tried, but even then I felt deep within my bigger and nobler self that you were growing dearer to me each day. And when we met at Bozeman I realized that you were very dear to me. When we met at Missoula again I knew that I loved you but did not quite understand. (Pardon the pencil. Dear, very much.) When we met at Plains I knew that I loved you and understood but could not quite see the future clearly. And when we met at Thompson I knew that you were the dearest person in all this world

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to me. As we sat together under that rock I pictured you in my home as My Wife and the whole future lay revealed to me in all its wondrous beauty. I knew then that God meant that you should be mine.

I must work now, my beloved, to make this all possible. Your love has given me a strength and a courage that is wonderful, dearest, and we must wait now and be brave and patient.

It's going to be very hard tho', my sweetheart, because it is as I told you before, the most unnatural thing in all the world for you to be away from me.

Well, dearest, I must close. Don't work too hard, my beloved, and remember that when you feel a little tired and worn I am with you in spirit, and that you are in my arms resting and I am whispering that beautiful story that only you and I know - I love you, my dearest.

Lovingly Yours

Roy.

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most beautiful dream. I dreamt that you came and laid your head on my shoulder for a moment, and then I awoke. But I felt so happy and glad.

Our love is a wonderful thing, dear, and the more I realize it the more wonderful it becomes. It is around you that I have centered all my ambitions and aspirations and your love is going to give me a strength and courage in my work that I never dreamed of having.

Do you remember speaking about the rose you gave me, and saying that you wished it could stay fresh, as you wanted it to remind me of you. I am going to carry that rose with me everywhere and when we meet again I will have it about me as I do now.

I know that this is a very short letter, Dear Heart, but I am quet tired this evening. I slept but little last night, and had that tiresome journey this morning, and then worked hard all day. So I am going to say good-night. But, my dear, in spirit I am with you and am holding you in my arms; And listen while I whisper something - I love you, sweetheart, and we are one, inseparable, now and forever, through all eternity!

With Love,
Roy.

Note. The repudiation, and violation of everything was couched in terms that made it an affront that no self-respecting person could accept. Estelle

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Do you know, dearest, that I was just thinking that it was in the shadows of the very mountains in which I have so often roamed that you and I realized, fully, that most beautiful of all things on this earth — our love for each other. And I am glad that it was in such a place. I am remembering, dearest. Every moment of the day, busy tho' I may be, will have a place in it for my Estelle.

X Do you remember when we sat under the little elm and you stroked my hair. That was a wonderful moment to me, sweetheart, because that was the first time in my life, to my earliest recollection, that anyone had done that. You are the first and only one in this whole wide world to whom I have given those privileges that honorable men each only give to the one they love above all else.

Well, dear, I must close for this time as I have a lot of work to do. Don't work too hard, my beloved, and remember that someone is thinking of you even as you read this, and working for you.

Lovingly Yours,

Roy.

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very beautiful to me, sweetheart, and when I read it I was thrilled. That phrase is: "our home." Doesn't it sound beautiful to you, my darling? When I realize that you are to be the one that will grace that home, it brings upon me the full realization of how kind God has been to us in bringing you to me. He did bring you to me, dearest. You came all the way from Utah to eat that little luncheon at somebody's house where we met. It will not be so very long until we have our home, my dearest, and then we will do many things that will help those around us. But always you will be my sweetheart, and in everything we will be one. Life has not been an easy road for me, dear, and it has been a thousandfold harder for you. But God is with us, sweetheart, and is even now rewarding us more than we know. So we will be brave and true as we have always been, and await the time when we can have our home.

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I was told by Father in his letter that sisters' husband was in Bed, and only had a short time left to live. As I think of my sister and her little ones I cannot help but grieve, dear, to think that she will soon be alone with them.

Estelle, dear, I want your children to learn to love me, because I already love them. When we have our own home, I will be to them as my Father has been to us;— always considering yours and their welfare first of all in every thing. I will work hard for all of you, sweet heart, because your happiness means my happiness.

Well, dearest, I must close. I will write again tomorrow evening. Remember that every moment I am thinking of you and working for you, sweetheart. I am so lonesome for you tonight my girlie. But just remember as I am remembering, that each day that is past is one day nearer to the time when we shall meet again. Don't work too hard, my sweetheart, and remember that you will soon be back to your dear ones, who will be so glad to see you.

Lovingly Yours,

Roy.

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Dear Estelle:-

Your short, but dear letter arrived this morning. I have not had time to answer sooner, as my classes have kept me busy the entire day. But now the students have gone and everything is quiet, so I am going to write a long letter to someone, whom I can hardly realize is gone from me again.

When tuesday evening came and I realized that you were away from me once more, the pain and loneliness were almost more than I could stand. But as I gazed up at our Star shining so brightly in the blue depths of the heavens it seemed to send me a message of happiness and courage. But I miss you so much, my Dear. When I said good-bye to you that evening it took all the courage I had to keep from showing emotion. But I knew that I had to be masterful and that you would want me to be so. Yes it is true, Dear heart, I have given you the greatest thing I have — my love. It is just as natural as it is for that little creek near our trysting place to run down hill. It is not a dream, but is true, today, to morrow, and through all eternity.

The Star Symbol was Chosen because it was high, inaccessible, to ambitious, Pure and Noble. - "Everything, Honor, Truth"

I want, My Estelle, which is all the time. I know, Sweetheart, how hard it is for you to be away from me this way. If there were ever two people that needed each other it is you and I. Yes, Dear Heart, I remember all our beautiful moments because it is a part of me, as you are. It is unnatural for things to go on as they are now with you and I away from each other. My Sweetheart, and if you only knew how I need you. I have been working very hard, Dearest, since you last were with me, and in the many moments when I have felt tired and wanted rest, I could not find it because you were not with me. My Beloved, no two people on this earth ever loved more truly and sacredly than you and I, and no two people ever were more one than you and I are in all things. You have needed my love, Sweetheart, just as I need yours, and I know now that there is no one in this whole wide world that could ever love me half as greatly as you do. Before you and I met we knew each other, Beloved. I am not by any means sentimental, but somehow our story is such a beautiful and true one that I know now that a great power has guided us thru' all the strife and pain to each other. In the days of

the past before I met you I knew you, Estelle dearest, and when we met we loved although we were not to know it then: "Even as violets turning from distant and separate sources, Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing, Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer, Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest; So our lives that had run thus far in separate channels Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder, Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer, Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other."

And so, My Estelle, when I may seem far away remember that I am near you as ever. I know how hard it all is, but we must be brave and patient. Whatever the future holds for you and I, for Us, will rest in Gods' infinite mercy. He has been very good to Us, My Sweetheart, and I know that great blessings are to come from him. So good night, My Sweetheart, and remember that all my hopes, my happiness, and my love center around You.

Lovingly Yours, Roy.

I had offered to give him back his promise, and to keep all secretly, and give him honorable release from our Compact, and my blessing and good will to follow him and his, and my letter.

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Dear Heart:

By the time this reaches you you will have received that short note of mine. This morning when I received your letter, dear, I was brought to the sudden realization that in a few days you would be so far away that there would be no possibility of my seeing you, and so I wrote as I did.

Dear Heart, I am coming to you once more before you go from me, I must. Do you know how I feel, dear, at this moment. It is as though I had nearly lost you once more, and the very thought makes me tremble all over and turns my heart ice cold. Forgive me, darling, for what I said in that letter. I humbly ask it of you. But you misunderstood me just a little in some things I said, dearest, but when I come to you we will talk everything over.

But I am going to tell you some things now, that I wish I could have reach you this minute.

I can never love another. As it is with you, so it is with me. The very thought of such a thing is sacrilegious. It was not wrong that you came into the great northwest again, my love,

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And you stand in the way of my progress. Did I say that, dear. You who are life itself to me. To whom I owe all that I am. Around whom all my ambitions, all my future centers. Oh, my sweetheart, how could you ever cherish that thought a moment. And that dream, sweet heart. That child was our love. Through my neglect and inability to understand, that love came near unto death, but you saved it. That home was ours. That young couple was you and I. God is speaking to you now, dear, not I. We have been as two children who have not understood. But now God has revealed all to me. I understand and you will also, dear, when I see you once more. Did you sometimes feel that you had no right to come into my life as you have. Well, if that is true, dear, I had no right to have been born. I am appealing to you now, Estelle, with my whole soul. Could I think that you would be willing to sacrafice our love for a few worldly comforts? No! Could I think that you would not share all with me, and help me, as you can. No. Could I be willing for you to marry some other man now? No

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My love, once again in spirit I hold you in my arms. You are mine. No one can take you from me. Mine to protect and guard always and forever. Mine to be loved as few women have been loved by men, who have lived faithfully to live good and pure so that they might be worthy of that love when it came. Mine to be loved with that love that has so long been denied you and that you have longed for. I will fight for you until my last drop of life blood has ebbed away before I will give you up; because you are mine and God meant that you should be.

The future has much for us, my darling. We will do our part and be worthy of the happiness which will be ours. I am aggressive now, dear. It is just a little trait of the ancestral savage in me. Remember every moment that I am working and fighting for you; that I am thinking of you, and that I love you with a love that this world has rarely seen; and that we are one, inseparable now and forever, thro' all eternity. My sweetheart, good night

Lovingly. Roy.

When he came, he professed that this vow stood between us forever, unless I voluntarily released him for a good cause. Estelle

My Sweetheart:—

I have just finished reading your dear letter, and you can't realize how happy I am to know that I will see My Estelle once more before she goes away [illegible] into Utah. Let me know what your plans are, dearest, and I will arrange accordingly. My seeing you once more means more to me than you may realize, Sweetheart.

I am glad you enjoyed that article I sent you. I have often wanted to tell you my views on scientific subjects that were closely allied to religious beliefs, especially Evolution. But I could not very well do so until you had had an opportunity to become acquainted with some of the fundamental principles underlying the psychical side of the sciences in which I am so deeply interested. That is why I gave you that book to read, dear. I felt that it could tell you some things much better than I could. I wanted you to understand some things as I do before I dared discuss them with you. Do you remember, sweetheart, how I switched the subject or never committed

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myself when you broached the subject of Evolution with me. It was because I did not dare talk about it then, as I felt that my own grasp of some things was so meagre that I might only serve to confuse you and, perhaps, hurt you. I wanted to give you time to become acquainted and familiar with the things that I know, with the things that form the basis of my religious belief. I am going to tell you something now, my beloved, that you have perhaps suspicioned. It is only right that I should tell you, because we are one in every thing. I was afraid to tell you before, because I thot it might make a difference, but it won't, will it, sweetheart. I believe in Evolution. I cannot help it, dearest. Everything points to it. There is not, to my knowledge, a single scientific man living, who is familiar with the sciences of geology and biology, who does not believe in Evolution. Le Conte, the author of the beautiful book you are reading was an ardent Evolutionist. Could you conceive of him as ever being materialistic, dearest? His religion or belief, which

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ever you choose to call them, are those of ~~those~~ every scientific man, whom, in my brief experience, I have come in contact with. Sweetheart, the side of geology that I am most deeply interested in, the study of the past life and climate of the earth, is primarily an evolutionary side. So you can see, dear, why I have been so anxious for you to know these things as I would want you to know them. Evolution has not made me materialistic, dearest, It has not lowered the Creator and his omnipotent power in my estimation. It has done the opposite. It has made him a thousand fold more wonderful to me, and has brought ~~me~~ him closer to ~~him~~ me. It has made him an understanding, merciful God, who is near to all of us. It will take time to show you the justice of my position, sweetheart, but I know that you will see it in the light that I do. But I wanted to tell you this now, because not to do so would be withholding something from you. You would not want me to do that, would you, my beloved.