



Feb'y 14, 1886

My Dear wife:

I staid here and wrote an article for the Inter Ocean yesterday while I have went to Terre Haute and Green castle. He came back at night and reports matters in those towns very fair. There is no reliance to be placed on prospects however, as I thought I would have an anchor to leeward with the D.C. I made them an offer substantially as we talked, for a year, only I offered at \$35 per week. I think they will accept - Am to hear from them at Ohmo - I preached (?) for Dr. Gilbert today and had an immense audience. I was made ah them for the treatments I had received and gave it to them hot - They were around after it was over like bees around honey. The poor minister was in an awesome awther. I think he would have been glad if I had died of apoplexy the night before. However, it all went off nicely and we had



course, I cannot do it, as there is no time to be wasted in social blessedness there. We have to make a straight wake to St. Louis. This week has been even worse — yes, a good deal worse than last but I am not discouraged. Only this thing is decided — I will not deliver that little twiddling — no account lecture again. That you may be sure of. I am not going to talk about myself if I die for holding my tongue. Besides that I am going to talk about something that will leave a pleasant "farewell" anyhow —

By the way, I met Wilson on a train and brouched him on the Magazine question. Think he will be inclined to start the Midland next Fall.

God bless you my dear love.

— Albion —