



St. Louis, Feby 18. 1886.

My dear wife:

We reached here at 7 this
a. m. having traveled all night for two
successive nights. I have been trying to
sleep since and only got my breakfast at
11-oc. The week has been a most dis-
couraging one - hardly making expenses.
I do not know what the prospect is
here but have never looked for any-
thing reasonable. Beyond this I see no
prospect of anything worth looking for -
count to. The only chance I see will be to
drop out next week and see if we can
make out a big list of deals for the
next Fall at specific prices. I do not
believe it will pay to go on try to go
on to California where business of all
kinds is duller than in any other
part of the country. It is just an-
other piece of the bad luck which
follows me like an angry fate
whenever I try to do anything - I
have simply outlived my time - the



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would has forgotten my thought
and almost, my existence. I am
sorry that I recovered my health for
I am only able to bring sorrow and
suffering to thee. I love -

Poor old man enough! How I do
enjoy him.

Chase has just come in
with our man here. It is just as
I expected, there is less than no show
at all. I don't know how I am to
live through another night of shame
and horror.

The audience at Quincy was
a fine one as far as quality goes
but yielded me only \$35 - the night
before \$50 - and the night before that
\$18 -! Tonight will not pay expenses,
probably not half-pay them.

God bless you

Albin -