

Kansas City

July 21-1886.

My dear wife:

I have been to church, have been out riding with Mrs Smith and Keenah, have cursed out Chase, done a heap of thinking about my plans and it is now midnight. I am not ready to write about my idea and have nothing else to write about except that I am well, that I love you and wish I might give all the joy I desire for them to my loved ones.

Mrs Smith is looking poorly and Keenah is looking splendidly. They say they are going to keeping house here now. Mr. Smith is in New York. Wish its queer how little of her society seems to satisfy him? I am sorry I wrote such blue letters from St Louis but — how could I help it? I have

suffered terribly and Chase frets me
by hanging round me all the time. There
is no sort of sense in it and it worries
me a hundred times more than it helps.
There is nothing for him to do and
he does nothing except trot about and
make a stew over trifles that I
could do without any fuss. He is
in my room about all the time
so I can do nothing for you know.
I would rather have a cat than
with me than a man! Perhaps I will
be able to "shake" him after a while. If
he would go on and attend to his own
business he might get somewhere. If
he simply hangs to my coat tail we
shall get nowhere - how to all.

Yours Truly

Albin

700 21 - 1935

Yours truly