

United States Post Office,

A. W. SHAFFER,
POSTMASTER.

Raleigh, N. C., April 9th 1891.

My Dear Judge,

If you feel sure I can be of service to you of course I will meet you, but I will have to run away in my every-day suit - for I have no other - I dare not let the Deeph know it - for we are in the midst of quarterly Returns and been just howling for clerical assistance, which was refused yesterday. I don't know I can get away - but by shutting my eyes and going it blind. So if you want me - write me - if not - keep mine, for this month at least, then I will be glad to see you on any terms.

Can't meet her last of this month - after which I will be shingled with Upchurch judgments. I wish Sheol had him. Towle died yesterday. Funeral today. Ought to die after appointing Toy-horn Cook Sec. of State. Ha! ha! he?

"Son of Old Harry" is good - and starts out brilliantly.

We are all very sorry to hear of your affliction. Hope the Madam will soon be out again - and the daughter soon be able to quiz her friends and neighbors again. Hastily yours,

A. W. Shaffer