

United States Post Office.

A. W. SHAFFER,
POSTMASTER.

Raleigh, N. C., June 3rd 1891.

My Dear Mrs. Douglas,

I don't know why it is that Capshaw, who promised so unreservedly, has not forwarded the herring, nor answered my late letter. I am very sorry, for I could have gotten them at E. City, but cannot yet believe he will not send them. Carefully smoked, they will keep indefinitely, and Capshaw's are better than any others, a long wrap.

I was sorry to hear of your illness. It is a terrible demoralizer of this wicked body and spirit, that grip. I wish it.

Uncle Tom's son of Old Harry - I am very much delighted with it, and heartily wish I could abolish the intervening rocks and read it entire. I didn't mean that the story was "mixed up," but that pretty much everybody was overthrown, and left hors de combat to a very paralyzing degree in that chapter.

Tell the Judge to limber up that "stiff pattern apron" if the old Blacksmith is going to throw it "over his shoulder" every time he wants to get at his whittling tools. I guess I have not any more comments to make - so you need not let him rebuke. An old fool who cannot produce a page of story that will bring

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for a dozen lines ought to be allowed to imagine something,
whether it amounts to anything or not.

Ed Graham Hayward and Jas. H. Harris are dead & buried, two
relicts of the "Fool's Era." The first died in the Asylum, the
2nd in Hospital, after some operations. Upchurch still lives!

We are all enjoying good health - except that Beulah
has fallen out of school of a bunions - that miserable outgrowth
of modern civilization and a "too easy old shoe," what nonsense!

Nora is developing into an infant prodigy and has carried off
the first honors of St. Mary's, notably in orthography. Goodman
knows where she got it, I doubt. Elmer sports a Bicycle
and a vesper choir badge - while Ethel perambulates the
streets with Roach, the Newfoundland, and flatters her mamma
and herself that she will out-Herod them all when she enters
school, and I shouldn't be greatly surprised if she did.

Tell the Judge that the Johnsons affair "died a bornin'," and I
have not heard of it since.

Sincerely and truly yours,

A. W. Shaffer