

Hillsboro
Wednesday Evening
April 28 1869

My dear wife -

I had intended most devoutly to have written to you yesterday but ———— didn't. —
I think I shall get nearly through and perhaps write by Sat. P.M. —
I shall be up that night anyhow —
Things are about half decent here not nearly so good as in Cambridge
Am getting along with "big" fine —
Joe Turner was scared almost to "felly" in court today by slipping on a parlor match which exploded under his feet — Do not this beautiful glorious weather? Those little mountains the Beacon Hill are just in their glory opposite my window
They remind me of Massachusetts in June — I wrote to Ives on Monday — again on Tuesday —

told him to answer by telegram
Think I shall hear from him before
Sat. night -

I am late for the
mail and must close
Tell Ada to be careful about
her writing - Make her hold
her pen right and not write so
fast and carelessly -

Mr Phillips has been here but went
home sick yesterday - Coleman
left for R - in a buggy with
a turkey and a bottle of
whiskey - drunk as a
this morning -

Good bye darling
I must stop now. God keep
you

Yours as ever
Arthur