

3405

# "The Clifton."

L. R. CHASE, PROPRIETOR.

PHIL J. COOK, CLERK.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, March 11<sup>th</sup> 1887.

5. PM

My Darling:

I am writing with your dear face before me and wonder if the bright day is bright to you. Ah, if I could make it always bright! I am troubled. I do not know why. Perhaps I am tired. Perhaps it is because everything seems so dark despite the sunlight. I wonder what you are doing - I know you are thinking of me and I fear you are unwell.

I have not done anything since I went away. It has not seemed as if I could. The trip has not been very tedious but it has somehow been broken up so that it could not seem to get at any work. I haven't felt any spring - my left about my brain - and everything seems very

confusing and uncertain. I feel  
as if I must do something - as if  
there was something waiting just at  
my finger tips to be done - but I  
cannot reach it - I cannot touch  
it. I don't know what it is.

I dread to get home yet I so long  
to see you. It must be I am tired.  
I could not sleep last night  
and do not seem to have rested today  
though I have only lounged on the  
bed and read. I suppose you will  
see me about as soon as this  
but I feel that I must write.

God bless you dearest and  
keep you tenderly.

Yours  
Albin.

I went yesterday and tried to buy a bit of  
chickensalmon for Alice. I could not do it.  
The good samples were too dear and the cheap  
ones too poor for her. I was ashamed but  
after a whole hour of hesitation I came away  
empty handed.