

New York City,
March 29/1889

8 a.m.

My dear wife:

Well, I heard from Clayton yesterday. He has eight engagements on the slope at \$75 each - no one but he knows where and he wants you to telegraph acceptance. That would be \$600. Expenses out - Ticket \$124 another for you \$124. Commissions \$90 - Other expenses \$200 = \$538. Time and profits \$62.00. How do you like the outlook.

Ciel - del Muyo, the animal is in disgrace - sent to Coventry - a thing of horror. This is how it stands with him. The washing, chiefly my things, was being out yesterday across the path his Majesty is about to travel, going back and

in his frequent inspections of
the rear of the premises and in
his plundering excursions to
our neighbors on the back
street. As he passed by the
wind made the white rags
flop against his covering plume.
He turned and sent one but
the others continued to wave.
Thereupon he dashed at them
and tore each little fluttering
pennant into smaller ones. Such
a heap as he made of them! And
the second! His says I must not
tell you it is as bad as we thought
at first. Well, 4 shirts torn to
finders, to begin with. She says the
brooms of 3 of them are safe, ^{and sleeves}
and the other was an old one.
Ten night-shirts hors de
combat beyond hope. Hand-
kerchiefs, ruffles, &c — not so
many as there might have

under other circumstances.

Then "there was a sound of revelry by night," I held him by the parr and whipped him till he got away and went up town to find his kind get consolation. Not finding her he came back. Then I tied a rope about his neck and dragged him back to the scene of his exploits. It was amusing to see him bury his head in the remnants and take his punishment so stolidly and silently - not a whimper. Then I tied one of the pieces about his neck brought him in and made him wear it. Ah, it was wonderful! Ah night I took off his flog of town and he was the happiest "Purp"

you ever saw.

A letter from Chaffor says
he has been sick — in bed
for two weeks. I enclosed it for
you to read. Got the Freeman
yesterday. Am rounding my
back for the blows that will
follow. Letter from Sist, full of
questions.

That is all. Love to
our lady —

Albion