

Shorheim

Apr. 28, 1889.

My dear wife: I have been at work all day on a poem I promised the I. O. for Tuesday, trying to forget that Father is dead. A letter came last night from a man who wants to rent Angie's land informed me that he died on the morning of the 26th at five oc. I at once went to the depot and learned on inquiring that he was buried yesterday at 4 oc. As you have often said, the vile wretches have let their spite go so far as to prevent my knowing of his death and hindered his interests lest I should. No one but God will ever realize the infinite meanness of their malice.

I suppose he must have got my letter from Milwaukee written the 22^d. I hope he did: it would at least assure him that I was ready to do all I could for him. The money you sent probably did not reach him until after his death. I shall wait a few days and see what develops. They may burn their fingers over the matter.

I am not inclined to be at all merciful to them now. If they try to steal the money I will make it very warm for them. I don't know whether he left a will or not but I at once executed an assignment to you of interest and debt, so that there can be no interference with it.

It is possible that they may have supposed me at the work as he knew I expected to be in St. Paul on Wednesday and they may not have supposed I had returned. They will have to notify me in some way pretty soon and I will wait until they do - before taking any action.

He was evidently dead when you sent the money ^{on a bus horse after} as he died ^{Friday} ~~Monday~~ morning. They had no right to deliver it to any one else and you will therefore at once notify the agent at King'sville to return the same to you.

I did not say anything in my letter to hint him. Indeed I said I would willingly contribute to ~~the~~ his,

Rover's or Rowell's support, but did not think I ought to pay for Phelps board too. That was all there was of it. They have acted so mean I suppose they will try to steal the whole thing and I don't mean to submit to it.

My anger at the treatment I have received almost eclipses my grief. I have this consolation - I never made him any serious trouble; was never a tax on his energies; gave him a great deal of pleasure; reflected some honor upon him and think all told was about the brightest spot in his life. I ought to have done more, however, and now bitterly regret that I did not.

It is now eleven o'clock and his says I must go to bed as she wants to look up. I don't see how my sitting up affects that duty but I will go all the same. Yours Albin.