Friday p.m.

Dear General Alger:

Please excuse my husband's inattence. He is in bed with a painful acute attack - and feels himself all the time lest he should have to give up the Race. The attack is very untimely, but one cannot always have things as he would. - I would rather bury the Race, than my husband, but I know he would rather die than see it go under. -

Very Sincerely

July 5th 1895 Emma R. Fourgeaud