

July 2nd, 1896

My dear Wife

Your distressing letter was rec'd this morning - Your condition is truly a deplorable one - yes, even worse than Flora McAlister - Be comforted, the gloves have been sent (hope they may have buttons enough) and let us hope the other things may come after a while -

I could not get the edging or Pencils all gone - The order in your last shall be attended to -

Will finish reaping oats to morrow and as soon as they are all put away (which will be by Thursday ev'g I hope) I shall make

for your dear old self
and wait to find you
in a better humor than
when you last wrote -
You call it "depression"
don't you? A new name
for it, quite elegant too,
I shall adopt it myself
in future. And if I find
you still suffering from
"depression" I will not
be able to stay long -
I am in a good humor
to night and can write
jokingly abt your letter
but it annoyed me
this morning when I was
not quite so affable.
Crop looks well - was
in town yesterday for
the first time since
you left - My crop
is by far the best

between here and there.
Had a hard rain
yesterday, none above
Sported and very little
below. Have not as
yet seen a bloom.

Please excuse me
to night, besides being
tired & sleepy I have
been driving the reaper
to day and am so
sore I can only sit
in one position -

With love and kisses
and hoping to see
you all soon

I am your devoted
Husband

The fluting machine has
been ordered -