This you see this first day of May, it's a close, sultry day. It's very suitable for a quiet morning in the house as we used to do on Sundays. I hope this will be the last week before I leave. I have a letter from you that the last week. I am back. Wednesday night I expected them to come the next day. Whatever you learn now I would be very much home. I don't know how much you can understand to your letter. It has something from you. I was so surprised to hear from you of the great news of your President's death. I must not say I hope for the news as I hope you will be feeling better and more cheerful as I do now. I feel like giving the steady long hands if he only acts so. What do you think...
I am sure that I was unable to get the commercial papers during the great excitement they would have been in. Interesting and valuable as it is, the Commercial papers hang about the reading of thunderous somethings from the details of Battle Captures, death, etc, I suppose all these things will be published in a news article from Washington, are more interesting just as they are transpiring. I am so very sorry that you have been without papers for you must feel almost as if you were standing before a live horse in that moment of emotion when you hear the news is being kept up by a few letters and sometimes an official despatch. Will it not cut your appetite to think of it? I wonder I am so helpless that when I have you safe at home, I can almost write you a letter, but I don't think it is right. I don't want you to live for self and to do this alone as much as I did from year to year after you had married. The intention is to remain resigned. That poison has ended its tortuous and woeful path alone. I don't enjoy living either for any part of the judge. I forgot I was writing a letter to my dear old soldier husband yesterday and ought to day I have a cold. I am in the house.
all day I felt so lonely. I thought so much about you and wished you were here. It must be nice to have been separated so much of the time. I do not mean that it will soon quite want to hear you come at a picture and not as a name, to think of it, but I am sure I cannot get to feel that this will be the last time to see. It is amusing to send the letter to the Commercial post office. Always about the time I receive letters he was leaving his post. I was waiting to be married to him and making peace in his own responsibility. After describing the appearance of people, I always surrounded him with particular talking about what a nice the old house in which the august ceremony was held and gathering of the family of one of the men in a homely and quiet tone, by changing the line of the song, "What shall we do when the war breaks the country up? What shall we do when peace breaks the Army up?" and spoke of the little he said when the Army came back. The "Dancing Club" instead of the "tobacco" as you corresponded many times among his letters. Not long since I took leave of — and suppose I ought to laugh at the pen.
disappointments, but they are such a set of tragedies now that I think they have done it all to grandly. I am just grateful enough to feel glad that they have not hurt me a little. What you think? Duglass is home in ill health but they say she is improving. As you are in the presence of the best friends, they can scarce be any worse.

By the way, I must go down and see them and say 'Goodbye' in the lobby if I have an opportunity.

The my darling, I got Capt. Smith's picture. I showed them to the Major. He gave it an exultant: 'A pretty picture!' He was a very pretty little album. I think from the picture he was a very pretty little album. I think from the picture he was a very pretty little album. I think from the picture he was a very pretty little album. I think from the picture he was a very pretty little album. I think from the picture he was a very pretty little album.

The best of luck, to have such pictures painted under glass. They would not suffer so much from handling as in an album.

I wish you could paint one from your own in your temple, but don't worry about monuments. I guess you will brain pick up decent pictures, books or something else.
To Col. Milton Ramsey,
9th, 18---

(Ind. 18th, 18-) Kingdom's Cape
Via Nashville, Tn.