

Corsicana, July 23<sup>d</sup>, 1886.

My Darling, Ella:

Yours containing the pretty little bouquet, which was still fresh, at hand. Accept my warm thanks for the flowers. Your letter was so good and cheering. You don't know how much good your letters do me, and what a continual source of cheer they are to me. Mine will be short again to-day, as I am nearly run down <sup>on</sup> Corsicana's excursion, as you will see from the "Courier" this evening. Only mere mention of it was made yesterday.

Gen's mother came down from Texas on Wednesday night and went to Euclid the next morning. I met her at the train and assisted her on Thursday morning. She appeared to be enjoying her trip first-rate, but said she was getting so full as though she wanted to go home.

No, indeed. I'll never think of going far away without coming to see you. Perhaps after to-morrow night I can tell you something better about what is in future, but I don't expect any fun before the 1<sup>st</sup> August.

Good bye this time.

Affectionately,

Your Own True Nat.





Miss Ella Rust,  
McLennan Co.,  
McGregor,  
Texas.