Dear Sister,

I received your letter today, and I am glad to know that you are well. I write this to let you know how much I love you. Bob sent me a letter today, and he told me that he was doing well. He said that he was busy with his work, but he was looking forward to seeing you soon.

I hope that you are taking care of yourself. Please write back soon and let me know how you are doing.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
backset." Sunday morning he was generally delicious, but in one of his intervals of sunkenness, I told him as gently as I could of his situation, I don't know that I could have done it, if he had not noticed and remarked upon my red face and said the note himself. The first time he had seen me so, the first time he had seen me so, no self-control had been greater than mine in a degree that now seems wonderful to me. He was startled, and said, "No, I didn't think so." For answer to my ques-

tion. Darling, has it seemed to you that you and myself were very near? He said, "Ah! I thought those two young men (his surgeons) said they could cure me." I answered, they said yes he knew they had, but he could not feel that he was a dying man. He felt strong and able to live twenty years yet. "I do not want to die now, I want to establish my family." Then seeing one of his surgeons he called him, and said he wanted to know for two or three days, and remained clear why they thought he must die, and insisted he had till noon the next day. The text read:
Yes if you don't take care I'll have another chill, even as he spoke he began to shiver, and shook hard for fifteen minutes. "Oh just as we thought it was off got another straight, here comes this chill," was all he said.

I gave him up then, but thought he would have another chill, as the third generally takes them from us. I felt desolate, and began writing a note to Eliza and Sue. Just then a lady of our acquaintance came in and spoke to him, and we both think here recognized her. I finished my note, while she sat by him, just sent it, when she called to me. "And the terrible sight," then saw, may I never see again!

In an instant the awful change had come over that dear dear face. Oh! I had never seen one die before and it was very hard to learn this sad lesson then! Mrs. Curtis told me the struggle was very short, but it seemed awful to me, as I hung wildly on each gasp only three and he was gone!

God spare you the agony of such a moment my dear kind friend. My wild grief was calming the next day, when I saw him at rest so peacefully at rest, after his many marches and

dear boys confinement. I felt then that I could not wish him back for his own sake.

He has laid him in a sweet spot in one cemetery, and it still seems rest for him, very sad days must come to me, but no more for him. He was ever unselfish towards me in life, I must now keep down all just wish, and I still say "how well and mine she done." I have said it Minnie and trust. Speed it. While often, your letters do me good, and I must clain a little melancholy till I grow strange

Yours lovingly, August.