

Montg., July 2, 1871

Darling Wifey,

I have been thinking so much of you today that I cannot resist the inclination to write to you. This has been a hot sweltering Montgomery day, and I know you sympathize with me. The sun is as hot as I ever knew it, and I have found the shade of the office a pleasant refuge. I know you are much pleasanter in Atlanta, and I am anxious to be with you and our darling little ones. My dear darling, you do not know how earnestly I crave for the time to elapse that separate us, and it seems if I get with you again we will not be easily departed.

Little Bessie Warner (at Mrs. Oliver's), died last night and was buried today. Her parents from all accounts are almost distracted. Other little children have died here in the last day or so, and I imagine there is much sickness amongst infants. For that reason, I hope your being away will conduce to our little ones' health.

Our good friend Mrs. Graham has honored me with many notes and messages. I went to see her yesterday, and she gave me a receipt in full, remarking that she knew there was a very small difference for Sallie's room rent. I paid her that, (\$5), which was more than I owed her by \$3.50. I have been amused at the old lady's maneuvers and can tell you more than I can write.

Kiss the children. Love to all.

Hurridly your affectionate husband,

Eugene