

Melissa Texas,

July 22, 1878.

Dear Dallas:

With a few minutes of time and a head dull with pain, I write you a few lines. I write more because just at this time I prefer spending the few minutes talking with you to talking with the company here. The company is pleasant, but I am dull. I tossed up my lodging here at Bro. Jacob Shurley's last night. We closed out our meeting at the arbor Saturday night, and began at Melissa yesterday. Preached yesterday morning, afternoon, night. Good audience - one conversion last night. I have pleasant quarters, but am

worn out. People go to m^{aking} ^{money} in this country just because it is fashionable. Preaching is an uphill business an onerous duty. I am preaching now more to get through with the work and get home, than from any expectation to do much good.

Our meeting at the arbor resulted in ten additions. I stayed one night at Merritts, the brother of Will Merritt. He is living on the old Dickerson farm. The farm now belongs to Will Merritt. He married a Miss Campbell. His wife is a great lady and good housekeeper.

A large company of folks here to day - Hinfolks. I have had but one letter from you since I came here. I am getting impatient for another one.

The last one I had is now some than a week old. I had a letter from Jerry the other day. Dick is still up. Fannie Hunter has another boy; is up and at work.

Sister Sherley is talking of going out to Adablan and staying to send her children to school. She is not in good health. I am anxious to hear how the well is getting on - whether finished up entirely or not. My head is aching so badly, that I must stop writing. I fear that I have eaten too much Melon to day. Would think it was caused by a big dinner, but had it before dinner began.

I must write to my daughter the next time. I have some

little things for her. She may try
to guess what they are. They were
given to me by a crazy woman.

Much love to all.

Affectionately,

A. C. Harro.

P. S.

Sister Davis will pick up a
dozen cans of peaches for you. I
gave Bro. Davis the money
to buy the cans.

A. C.