

Huntsville, Texas.  
June 4, 1881

My dear wife:

I reached here this morning about 5 o'clock - sick, worn and weary. I am pleasantly domiciled at Dr. Gambrell's, and after a couple hours sleep and a cup of coffee I hasten to write to the dear ones at home. I hope when I go up to town to find a letter from you or the children. More than three weeks have passed since I left you - how long and weary the time passed, and the time yet to come before I see you all again. I sometimes wonder whether it is right for me to stay so much from home even for the cause of Christ's sake. In looking over these weeks I have a feeling that

I have not written home as frequently as I should have done. While at Pelistine I was so troubled and anxious about the meeting, that I could get my mind on nothing else. I remember only to have written while there, one letter to all, one to you, cards to each of the two children, one to Jesse, one to Mother, one to Bro. Bell. If others I remember not, save business and preaching letters. I have had to write principally on cards that paper was not handy at Sister Latimers or at Bro. McCarter's at Loulady. I could preach only twice while at Loulady. The little spell of sickness cut me down like everything. I was hardly able to preach last night. Then got not one wink of sleep before the train came, at one o'clock. I wrote two cards home from Loulady.

I was kindly cared for while there, but the water was so bad that I could hardly drink it. It is some better here.

Sister Corabb and Hillary drove in town a few minutes ago. Hillary is looking much better. If I am well enough this evening, I am going to write a letter to Little Bubbie and little Sister. In which letter I shall tell them about my ride out in the country yesterday and the blackberries I saw. And how I could not help eating a bait of them, which probably made me feel worse last night.

Ed Chilco has already been over to see me. He looks well. It is now half past nine. I must try to make up into town before

it becomes too hot, and see  
whether there is any mail  
for me.

Kiss the dear children.

Your devoted husband,  
A. Olsson.