

Palentine, Texas, May 16, 1891.

Dear Folks at Home:

I have such a good quiet time this evening that I must write a letter to you all. I shall begin at the beginning. - We got along the first day very well. We overtook Bro. Green at noon, and we all ate dinner together. The girls seemed to like my part of the dinner the best. By their help I ate up all that I had. Those little pieces of bacon were very good, so were the cakes. - Do you mind any bacon you can get it at Bro. Paris. -

After our lunch we drove on to Weatherford, reaching there about half past two. We put up with Sister Thompson. She keeps boarding house, and keeps a good one. I preached at night to the few who came out to prayer meeting. Sissy and Florence stayed at Bro. Hart's. Sister Hart is a relative of Florence's. Sister Thompson would not charge us anything for staying all night. The girls had some trading to do next morning, and so the time passed till ten o'clock, the time to go to the depot. - Will the straw-berry ship all right? -

At the depot we bade the rest good-bye, and got on the train 11 o'clock. About half past one we reached Ft. Worth. Between three and four we got to Dallas. There we stopped twenty minutes for dinner. I bought a pie and three oranges from an old woman, and we made out on that, for fifteen cents, when our dinner would have cost us about fifty cents apiece. At Dallas Bro. Sand

and wife, and sister Surber got on the train, starting to Kentucky. We got to Minnola at seven o'clock. As it was so near preaching time, we got supper at a hotel at the depot, and went at once to the meeting house. After meeting, Sissy went with Sister Rutherford, and I took my meals at Bro. Pickett's and slept at Bro. Smith's. Bro. Young did not come from Quitman for me, and we stayed at Minnola till Saturday 2 o'clock. Friday evening I went with Sissy and Lillie Rutherford out into the woods to hunt sweet gum. We found plenty, but it was so soft that we got it stuck all over our fingers and in our mouths. We went to the depot at two o'clock, and after waiting there about one hour we started.

From Minnola to Palestine is 84 miles, and about half the way, we had to travel on a very bad road in a little car with every sort of folks in it - negroes, drunkards, sick folks, prisoners, and all sorts. At 9 P.M. we reached Palestine. Bro. Walter Meyers met us and brought us to Sister Latamoris, an old time friend. Here we are making our home. It is a beautiful and a pleasant place. Sister Latamoris has a widowed daughter living with her, who has three such little children - two little girls named Mary Lou and Maggie. I forget the little boy's name. Since I began writing this letter, Mary Lou came into my room and said I wish I had a dime to buy

some ice cream. I asked her when she could get it, she said a man would be around directly with some, that she heard the bell. A man goes around with ice cream in a wagon, and his horse has several little bells on so that the rattling may let people know when he is coming. I gave Mary Lou a dime, and she ran and got a saucer, went out to the gate and waited till he came along. She got a saucer nearly full, and gave me some of it. It was good sure.

I don't think there were a dozen children at Sunday School yesterday. There were a good many grown people, but I wondered where the children all were. I don't know how much good I am going to do preaching, but I am going to do my best. - I would like to see Tiny with her hat on. If you have any chance you must have her picture taken and send it to me - I mean her picture with her hat on. How does Sister like her?

I wish that brother was here to help me with the singing. I do not see any little boys or girls here that sing. How is Charlie getting along with the milking and fire making? What does brother do every day? Fish? You must all be good children. Help mamma, don't quarrel.

Miss Sallie Brown came down to see us. She lives about eight miles

from here. She says that she will
go back to school next session,
and two of her nephews with her.
The third Judge Bagan will send one
of his daughters. His wife is anxious for
him to do so, and Bro. Taylor, the girl's
grand father is very anxious for her to
go. I hear Sissy and Miss
Sallie coming, and I had as well close
this long letter. I expect you will
all get tired reading this before you
get through. But you can pay
me back in one just as long.

Write soon to all.

Affectionately,
A. Clark.