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5

vanished, I am no hypocrite, I cannot pretend to love some one when I do not. To pretend to do so is abhorrent, Hence we drifted and lived the life of which you are familiar.

Had I found in a wife what I wanted and a home for which I craved, I wd have lavished money on it, that has been spent in a separate living, and reforms, &c. In my last venture, 1890 to 1900, I made about \$28,000. About 15,000 of it was spent in our family expenses; my expenses were additional, & the remainder <sup>mainly</sup> went to educating the people, at home there were, what appeared to me, sour faces, you & your mother, that none was not spent at home. Your mother, over our

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6

diffidences, had <sup>long</sup> regarded me as a crank, and your girls got the same idea. Your manner toward me indicated it. What it all means is that your mother & I have incompatible and irreconcilable temperments. It is as useless to now try to heal the matter up as it is to try to bring together the sun & moon. Your mother is a better woman every way now than years ago, I refer to those things about which we disagreed. But, in the mean time love has gone, and there is <sup>the incompatible</sup> warfare left to prevent the wound healing. I have written your mother today, & want you to show this letter to Bob, & Nel & then mail it to Tom, to whom I have as yet said nothing. You are all now of an age