

*[Letter from Arno Knight to Olive Drinkwater; Arno is working in Colorado; Olive's brother Ernest has gone with Arno to find work]*

Maysville March 28<sup>th</sup> 1881

Dear Olive I am going to write you a few lines to day to let you know what a good fellow I am, (when I blow my own horn) for of course you don't more than half know. Well I don't know as I shall succeed in convincing you any better than when I was in Maine. I guess I succeeded in convincing you that I was anything but good, Cant help it though. Some young lady will miss a prize yet by failing to recognize what a first class fellow I am.

Well I'm tender-hearted and I cant help feeling bad for the young lady who will miss so much Since all my old girls have gone back on me I am very despondent Its all on their account however to think they could so recklessly throw away their chances of happiness.

My temper is very mild in fact I may say angelical. Have got the best disposition of any man living, Am not fickle and never try to win the affections of more than six girls in one week, and best of all I never flirt with the innocent little darlings of the feminine gender It's not because I cant flirt either for you know I'm almost as handsome as Bro. Asa Pitcher and beauty is what takes the eye of angels in Calico or Silks. Am as meek as Moses and as patient as Job. And rich as Vanderbilt (In my Mind)

Anxious to get married before I lose my beauty, and spoil my disposition worrying over the great opportunity that the dear girls are allowing in their ignorance of my goodness to pass away forever

Now if you don't wish to grasp the golden moment and make me miserable the rest of my life and secure your own future bliss, please to recommend me to some of your feminine darlings who would appreciate all these good qualities Because if you don't love me after such a recommendation I might as well give up in despair and say she is bound to be miserable in spite of all that I can do to make her happy, by jealousy ugliness etc. etc.

To be serious Olive I'm afraid I did get rather mean with you the last two weeks I was there and instead of making you happy, you must have felt a sense of relief when I left for the far west I would feel sorry that I talked so hateful as soon as I would leave you Still I felt so disappointed that you should seem so indifferent and matter of fact about it. I could'nt help feeling cross and bitter, I admit I am passionate and high tempered and your coolness was extremely exasperating to me I hardly thought we would misunderstand each other as we seemed to then or that our views should prove to be so dissimilar and our tempers so uncongenial

I am sorry if I made you unhappy by my conduct and if you were half as miserable as myself I pity you and hope you will forgive me. I do not believe we need to quarrel like that again do you

Mutual concessions is better than stubborn pride, and anger

Regards to all

Love to you Arno

Ernest is getting dinner