

Fort Hall.

I claim.

Dec 4th 1879

My dear Ann,

I feel quite provoked with you, that you do not write me how Mary is getting along, I have not had a line from you since I saw you & she she was with you. I had a letter from Emma yesterday and she said Mary was much better, but still not a word comes from you. I cant understand it. I have sent me two copies of the "Caligh Observer" but there can not be gleaned from those any thing in regard to home news. I am down right mad. And when I get sick again I will just have a line dropped to you to that effect and then not write again for ages, and in that way give you something

pleasant to think about, and let you
enjoy the luxury & suspense. How
do you suppose I snatch even a
moment from my domestic duties
care still without a servant and
by your? I don't believe we shall
ever get one; we have scoured the
entire country, and no body turns
up - The old Squaw being my
only stand-by, I guess I wrote
you of her before; her name
is "Rampigimina", but I call
her by the affectionate name of
Susy which causes her to grin
immensely, she doesn't understand
a word I say only through the
dumb show of motions, I only
know enough of their jargon to
tell her when anything is done
right, or wrong, if alright I say
"Wyn", if wrong I say, "Kay Wyn"
She belongs to the Shoshonies whose
Agency is at "Ron Fork" fifteen miles
from here; there, there are about-

two thousand Indians who are
fed by the Government and clothed,
also, I should think that they
could afford to preserve peace; but
notwithstanding all the Agencies, &
provisions made for them they will
kick up a rumpus once and a while.
Baby is not well he looks real
delicah; I am afraid I dont feed
him enough and then his teeth
trouble him too - he sleeps in
red flannel gowns, and those
double gowns you sent me, it
is very cold here, that dry pen-
etrating cold that goes through me,
I hate the Madam as much as
ever, talk about flirting if she
dont carry about - the highest man
I ever saw, her hair slips in to see
her whenever the husbands back is turned.
She fools the old gent awfully, she
pleads with him to go out hunting
and get some game, she is so
bird of prey, just in order to have

a square time, anything to get him
out of the way. It is enough to make
a cat laugh how she runs after
the poor fellow. Christmas is most
here again, I expect a very dull
one it will be for me this year.

I expect after all my scolding,
there is a letter on the way for
me, but do write me often.

I hope Mary is improving rapidly
by this time, and am longing
to have a line written by her.

I know she will write me, as
soon as she is able, and that
is what worries me, this silence.

Lots of love to all.

Your affectionate sis
P. B.