Fort Hall.
October 4th, 1879.

My dear Aunt,

I feel quite separated with you that you do not write me. I had Mary is getting along. I have not had a line from you since from May to one she was with you. I had a letter from Emma last year. And she said Mary was with a letter, but still not a word comes from you. I can't understand if you have sent me two copies of the Raleigh Observer and they 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 brother to say that effect and then not mind again for ages and in that way give you something.
Pleasant to think about and let you enjoy the luxury of suspension. How do you support O哪怕 even a moment from my domestic duties still without a servant and by poor, I don't believe we shall ever get one. We have secured the cabin country and now body turns up. The old spaniel being my only stand by, I guess O with son of their step he name is Rampigimini but I call her by the affectionate name of Susy which causes her to grieve immensely. She doesn't understand a word O say only through the dumb show of motions. O only know enough of their jargon to tell her other anything is done right or wrong. If alright O say 'Kay Wyni' is wrong O say 'Kay Wyni'. She belongs to the Shoshonics' wire agency is at 'Ross 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 I provisions made for them they will kick up a fuss just once and all the Baby is not well he looks real sickish—I am afraid I don’t feed him enough and then his teeth trouble him too—he sleeps in red flannel gowns and then double gowns you just one, it is very cold here, that dry penetrating cold that goes through me I hate the Madame as much as ever, talk about heaving if she avert carry about the highest break I ever saw, the flour sits in its sack whenever the thousands back is turned the fools the old gent catches, the pleads with him to go out hunting and get some game she is old tired of beef, 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 the news after the poor fellow. Christmas is not here again, O just a very dull me it will be for me this year. O just after all my dearest, 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,

[Signature]