

Fort Hall.

Idaho.

Dec 4th 1879.

My dear Ann,

I feel quite worried with you, that you do not write me how Mary is getting along, I have not had a line from you since Ann wrote me 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 can't understand it. Ann has sent me two copies of the "Raleigh Observer" but there can not be gleaned from those anything 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 of suspense. How
do you suppose I snatch even a
moment from my domestic duties,
even still without a servant and
by now 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
"Weyn", if wrong I say, "Kay Weyn"
She belongs to the Shoshonies whose
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 &
provisions made for them they will
kick up a rumpus once and a while.
Baby is not well he looks real
sleekish - I am afraid I dont feed
him enough and then his teeth
trouble him too - he sleeps in
red flannel gowns, and then
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
you, talk about flirting if she
dont carry about - the highest-bred
I ever saw, her hair clips in to see
her whenever the husbands back is turned.
She fools the old put awfully, she
pleads with him to go out hunting
and get some game, she is so
divid of trif, just in order to have

a square brain, anything to get him
out of the way. It is enough to make
a cat laugh to see she runs after
the poor fellow. Christmas is most
fun 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 her come 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
Rev.