

Spring Hill Farm

Aug. 13, 1903.

Dear Will, -

I haven't heard from you since you left home and you owe me a letter but I don't hold that against you when you're traveling, - I've been there, - so I'll write anyway.

I hope you like Minnesota and sincerely hope you'll try South Dakota before long.

I'm not going back to school, so you'll find me here or hereabouts all fall. It nearly breaks me up when I think of staying here, but I probably won't be

sorry in the end. Just at present
I can't think of Oberlin or sing the
songs I knew there without a little
choke. Guess I'm homesick, for that
place really seemed more homelike
than this or any other.

I have a fair class in Butte, with
a prospect of a better one, but it takes
most of the week going and coming,
and just now I have another scheme,
the Rev. J. Arthur Smith of Bonesteel, - you
remember my speaking of the bachelor
preacher - put me on to it.

The music teacher there is going to
leave next month and wants some
one to take her class and he has
recommended me to her, so he writes to
papa - we don't correspond any more, -
and dad and I are going to drive up
there tomorrow and see about it.

It's only seventeen miles from here
and I can run down to Anoka
from there, stopping at Fairfax on
the way to see about a class and on
down to Anoka where I take the stage
to Butte. All this providing it doesn't
rain tomorrow.

We've been having a long hot, dry
spell for about three weeks, but it

was broken Friday night and
the weather has been unsettled
ever since.

Isn't it funny to think of me
teaching music, I feel the bigger
sort of a fraud but as long as
people are willing to be taken
in I have no objections. I'll be
mightily glad if I get that Bonestel
class. I won't have the pleasure
of seeing the Rev. J. Arthur, tho,
as he is out on his homestead.
I rather think this music
teacher is his present girl.

I wonder how you are faring
and how the new climate
agrees with you - and the new

work, I wonder if you're getting thin, - I'm not. You'll certainly be thrown with a different class of people.

Say, I talked in my sleep the other night and mamma heard me and I guess I'll never hear the last of it. I'll tell you what I said when I see you, it's too crazy to write.

Did I tell you I named my puppy Billy? The funny part is that he's the skinniest of the lot.

My homesteading scheme is exploded as we found that piece of land was filed on about four weeks ago. Well, I won't

have much time to tend to a homestead
if I get the class I want, for it will keep
me on the road all week and I probably
will have to make headquarters in
Bonestell instead of coming home.

Wouldn't it be jolly! I hope all my
aircastles don't collapse.

There hasn't been a blessed thing
going on at Butte during any of my
trips there, except a party the Probes
girls had. Then one night this last
time I was out rather late with an
old friend, the first time I've gone with
anyone since I got home. One has
to be pretty careful in a town like
Butte, for you're watched mighty
close and people are only too eager
to get up a scandal.

I hope I get a letter from you
the next time we get to the office, for
I'm just hungry for letters, especially
letters from you.

As ever yours
Margaret.

P. O. address,

Naper

Boyd Co.,

Nebr.

