

Oxford Idaho
March 10th 1905

Dear Friend

Yours written Sunday
was recd. today and I was very
much pleased. But there is an
offle feeling experience when I
read some of your letters. This one
made me feel quite queer but it
was a very pleasant sensation.

Now I have one suggestion to make
and it is this. That you do not work
hard. If you take as much
pleasure in writing as you say you do
^{you} must be very tired when you are so
tired you can hardly write me.
I get very tired at times but never so
bad that I can't write you a line. In
fact I always have to quit - for want
of time is the only reason I shorten
my letters a long time between the

Alfred W. L. L. L.
Oxford Idaho

Well you have a bad cold I'm
very sorry and can aid you only by
giving you advice. Never keep your
feet long when you have to expose
your feet to dampness. If his company
is very interesting take him in your
sitting room and make it more
pleasant for him & healthy for your-
self. It does not speak well for
the young man that keeps you
I can't criticise him for it is my
fault setting in. When you have any
more fellows of this kind dismiss them
and preserve your own health. I can
only wish as you did. That I was
then to talk to you. and you said
a good word for me. Why did you
not tell me what you said & who
you said it to: but it is a great comfort
to know that I have one friend in
this wide world that has a good thought
of me much more speaks a good word
for me. Yes I have read Cleaveland's speech.

and think it very good! I only hope he
will be able to carry out his ~~plans~~ plans.
Rosie seems to be one of your greatest
anxieties, a good girl but odd in
some of her ways. We all have our
faults, but a bad temper is our worst
"Poor Pussy" has passed from the
land of the living. Gone, gone, gone.
What? That is the question —
I can't write you a long letter
as there is so much noise & I am
in a strange place. I would like to
speak about E. N. but it is so small
like the cat sub. I can't think of any
thing to say, so pass by. I suppose
I read D. L. letter of the 8 of Nov.
I am from St Louis & New Orleans.
Had a letter from Emma & day
& she said Frank was coming back
with me next fall. They are all
well & so am I. And as loving
ever May write you in the morning
but not to night & not to remain as ever
your friend
Will