

Letter From Frank Benson To Lillie Eames

#6

February 14, 1908
Whitney, Idaho

Miss Lillie Eames

Dear Lillie, I am very glad you were too lazy to study the other night because I like to get a letter occasionally. Last night I sat up past 12 o'clock to finish The Virginian. I followed them where they were doing the lynching on their way to get married. I saw in my mind Trampas drop dead at the report of the Virginian's gun. I envied him the next few weeks. Not that I was in love with his sweetheart, but he seemed to be so contented with her and felt that his joys were full. I longed for the day when I would feel as he seemed to feel.

I think if such a wise plan for them to spend their honeymoon away from every one where there was nothing to disturb them. Where their love could have full sway with nothing but the beautiful work of nature and their pure love to occupy their minds. Don't you think that would be nice? I must quit talking about the Virginian or I will wind up with a love letter and you don't like that kind of letter do you?

We arrived home safely Tuesday and had a real pleasant trip. We didn't get cold to speak of. The baby slept about half the way and I felt like sleeping too. My chickens and goose was all right. They seemed to enjoy the trip. I built a new house for the chickens today. If you will come up, you can see it. It's a dandy six by six on the inside built with old lumber. O my it's nice.

I saw Ariel in town yesterday. He said that your folks were all well and had been tuned loose. So you can come home whenever you want too.

I looked all over the house for one of those little photos of me but couldn't find one. So you will have to do without until I can get some more taken. They don't take them in Preston.

I have that model here. Peterson's haven't a phone so I haven't sent word to Lena yet. I didn't think of it yesterday or I could have left it in town for her. It is long past my bedtime and everyone has gone to bed and left me alone so I will say goodnight. With love and best wishes, I am as ever yours.

Frank T. Benson