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Letters to  
Beany  
by Henry A. Shute



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**Letters to Beany**

and

**The Love-Letters  
of Plupy Shute**

By

**HENRY A. SHUTE**

Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy,"  
"Sequil," etc., etc.



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# L E T T E R S T O B E A N Y

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

I wish you had been here last sater-day. me and Ed Tole got into a scrape. you know J. Albert Clark has got some white brama hens and a old rooster most as big as a baril. J. Albert thinks they are the best hens in town. so when J. Albert let them out and went up to his office me and Ed brought up Eds rooster to lick J. Alberts but when we put him down he stuck up the fethers on the back of his head and put his wings up over his back and begun to sing like a hen does when she

## **Letters to Beany**

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wants to lay a egg only his voice was squorkier. when a rooster does that he wont fite. i suppose a rooster whitch is scart wants to make the other rooster think he is a hen becaus a rooster wont fite a hen. sometimes a hen will drop down her wings and spred her tale and stick up the fethers on her neck and try to fite a rooster if she hasent seen him before, but the rooster only runs around her with 1 wing draging on the ground and says kitty-kitty-quor it is funny, when a rooster gets ready to fite he drops his wings down and sticks up the fethers on his neck, and when he is scart he holds his wings up and sticks up the fethers on the back of his head, and so does a hen two.



## **Letters to Beany**

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well when we knew Eds rooster woodent fite we chased him over Sam Dires fense and down through John Adams yard and cougt him behine Jo Greenleefs barn. then we went back and got a long bord and a rock and made a sesaw with 1 end on the ground and we put some corn on the bord and the hens climed up on the bord and then me and Ed gumped on the other end of the bord and the end where the hens was flew up and the hens went up in the air squorking terrible and they was so hevy that they coodent fly good and they come down whak ennyway.

they was pretty scart, but bimeby some of them tride it agen and this time we sent them up so high that one

## **Letters to Beany**

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come down on her back and didnt get up agen. she is dead. nobody saw us and when J. Albert come home tonite he looked up in his hen book to see what she dide of and he said he had been feeding them two mutch and they had got two fat and she dide of apoplecksy jest like a fat man. so he dont feed them mutch now and they have stoped laying. i bet he wood be mad if he knew what she dide of.

i have got a young robin. it is tame and eats wirms out of my hand. i havent seen Pewt for 2 days. wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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# Letters to Beany

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

I got your letter all rite. i shood like to seen the fite between Frank Cleves and the other feller. i am glad Frank licked. you tell him i say so. i always like to have the feller i know lick in a fite. has your aunt ever found out that you hooked her frute cake. if Tom dont get mad with you and tell her you wont get found out. if i was you i wood tell Tom you will lick time out of him if he tells. you might get him to do something prety tuff and then tell him if he tells on you, you will tell on him. then he wont dass to tell. i saw Lizzie Tole last nite. she asked me if i heard ennything from you and i said you was

## Letters to Beany

having a pretty good time but i gessed you wanted to see somebody prety bad.

Cele is mad with me and i have got to beg her pardon. I cant go out of the yard until i do. today Billy Swett come down to invite Cele to go boat ride and he staid in the garden till Cele she come out and they was talking out in the garden and i stuck my head out of the window and sung that tune we heard in Morris Brothers Minstrils o, where we met ile near forget twas love among the roses, and Cele tirmed as red as a beat and Billy he did two and when Cele come in she told mother and mother said i had got to beg her pardon before i cood go out of the yard. i had

## **Letters to Beany**

ruther she wood lick me but mother she knew i coodent stand staying in the yard and not going in swimming. i told Cele i wood give her my new nife if she wood let me of but she was mad and woodent say ennything to me. Cele dont get mad very often but when she does she is madder than ennyone and stays mad longer. so i gess i will have to do it. i hate to do it. my robins tale is most an inch long. i have to keep diging wirms and it is prety hard to get them. i have dug up round the sink drane and they aint enny more there and now i tirn up bords that have been down on the ground and sometimes i get some big ones before they can crawl

## **Letters to Beany**

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back in there holes. when are you coming back. wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

did you know if you take a dead hornet or bumble bee or wasp and put it down a fellers back and then lam him on the place where the hornet is it will sting him jest the same as if the hornet was alive. i found it out this way. i found a dead hornet and picked it up and squashed it in my hand and it stang me terrible. then i got another and put it down Medo Thirstens back and while

## **Letters to Beany**

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he was bending over trying to get it out i lammed him one and you had aught to hear him holler. he nearly tirmed himself rong side out trying to get that hornet out. after he got over it we put sum mud on the sting and i told him about it. we are going to try it on Pewt. why dont you try it on Frank Cleves. perhaps it wood be better to try it on Tom for Frank can lick you and Tom cant and when a feller has got stang by a hornet he wants to hit somebody rite of. if you want to try it on enny of the fellers you can go to some place where they is a hornets nest and take a shingle and you can most always kill some. you may get stang but it is wirth getting stang to see some feller hop and

## **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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holler and try to get a hornet out of his neck. i will tell you how we will play it on Pewt. i wish you was back. i saw your father today riding his horse. i tell you he set up strate and looked fine. wright soon and tell me if they is enny fites.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

I got your letter. it was buly. i thought i shood die when i read how you put the hornet in your uncles chair. did he sware as bad as father did when he hit his nose agenst the door in the dark?



## **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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i shoodent ever thaugt of that. it was better than when we usted to put pens in Micky Goulds seat in school. only you will have to wate a while before you put one down Toms neck or you will get caugt.

I went up to Whacks today. Boog and Poz is sick with chicking pocks. I have had it and so i cood go in and see them. i went up in there room and they was in bed, Boog in one side of the room and Poz in the other. ferst Boog said he had more speckles on him then Poz and was sicker than Poz and Poz said he bet he had the most, and they begun to court and Poz said Boog coodent count the bile on his neck and Boog said it wasent a bile

## **Letters to Beany**

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but a chicking pocks speckle and Poz said it was a bile and Boog said it was-ent and Poz said he cood back it up and Boog said Poz dident dass to come half way and Poz gumped out of bed and Boog he did two and they saled rite into eech other in there shert tales and had the buliest fite you ever see til they heard their mother calling up stairs to know what they was doing, and they piled into bed and said they was rassling and they said they wood keep still if Plupy wood read to them. so i read Masterman Reddy. i never see such fellers in my life to fite. i told them about the hornet goke and they said when they got well they wood try it on Whack. i saw Lizzie Tole today.

## Letters to Beany

i asked her if she had heard from Beany and she tirmed prety red. i bet you are wrighting to her, Beany, aint you. my robin is all rite. wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i have performed a operation on one of my hens. she had a hard crop. she had et so mutch that her crop was 2 times as big as a base ball and hard as one. J. Albert Clark looked in his hen book and said the only way to cure the hen was to cut open the crop and take out the corn and things she had et and

## Letters to Beany

then wash the crop out with warm water and then sow up the hole and the hen wood get well. he read me jest what the book said. so i got mothers sizzers and a needle and some black thred and i got the hen and put her on her back in the barn. then i put my gnee on eech of her wings so she cood-ent get away. then i cut a little hole in her crop and put my finger in and tirmed her over and squesed her crop til i got everything out. then i washed it out with warm water and sowed it up tite so it wood not leek. then i put a little lard on the cut place and let her go and she was all rite. i gess i will be a doctor when i am a man unless i can play in the band. when i fed my hens tonite

## **Letters to Beany**

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she coodent eat very well but i gess her crop is sore.

my robin dident seem very well to-day. i am going to get some black cherrys for him tomorrow. i wish i cood come down to old orchard to see you but i aint got enny chink. when are you coming home. Pewt fell of a ladder today, and hit on his head. it dident hurt him mutch. father says his head is solid way threw.

this is all i can wright tonite.

Yours very respectively,

PLUPY.



# Letters to Beany

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

Why in time havent you rote to me. i aint going to do all the wrighting. this is the last letter i shall wright you til you send me a letter. i only wright this to tell you what tuff luck i have had. wensday my hen witch i cut open the crop of dide. i see she wasent well fer when i fed her she wood try to eat and wood swallow some corn down and then wood shake her head and shake it all out. so she set all humped up and dide. then me and J. Albert xamined her and gess what we found. i had sewed her crop up so she coodent get ennything into it and starfed to deth. I felt prety bad about it. then yester-

## **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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day my robin dide. i had went out every day for cherrys and i had dug the whole garden up for wirms and still he dide. it was prety tuff to see him try to eat, I did everthing for him. Mother says it is cruel to keep him but i aint never cruel to animals, or birds or hens. did you know that if 2 dogs is growling and walking round each other with their tales stiff that if you hit them with a sling shot they will fite every time. i have got a new sling shot jest for that. it is fun to see them gump for eech other when one gets hit with a sling shot. cats is diferent. yesterday they was 2 cats over in the school yard rite up in front of eech other with their ears lade back and yowling terri-

## **Letters to Beany**

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ble and tirning their heads round and round. i wached them for a long time to see them fite. bimeby i drew the sling shot back as far a i cood and let ding at them and hit one in the back. i wish you cood see him hiper. he didnt stop to fite but he went over the school house fence, and down by old Heads shop. the other looked round with his eyes as big as his head and begun to crawl of slow and i let ding at him and he spit and yowled and tried to run in 2 or 3 diferent ways at once and then he went of like litening.

remember to wright.

- Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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# **Letters to Beany**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i got your letter all rite jest as i went down to the post office to put in mine. did Tom holler good. i bet he wood be mad if he knew you did it on perpose. some day you had aught to tell him so he can play it on Frank and then he will git licked and you wont. i have never swam in salt water but i bet i can beat ennyone in fresh water. every day i go in i swim under water across the gravil and they aint none of the fellers can do it. we was all at Whacks today and we went in swimming at Sandy bottum and after we come out we set on the bank and voated to see whitch feller cood do things the best. they

## **Letters to Beany**

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voated me the best swimmer and Tomtit the best runner and Billy Folsom the best trapeese performer, and you the best eater, you beat Fatty by 2 voats, and Prisiller the best organ player and Potter Gorum the best feller. when it came to voat whitch was the best fiter we all was going to voat for ourselves but Whack said if it was a ti voat they wood have to fite it out to see whitch was the champeen and so we all voated for the Chadwicks and Whack had 4 and Boog 4 and Puzzy had 3 and then Whack and Boog squared of and jest paisted eech other til Whack beat him. Boog dident give up only he had been sick with the chicking pocks. Boog

## **Letters to Beany**

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says when he gets well he will lick Whack.

I dont know whitch I had ruther be the best fiter or the best feller. i gess i wood ruther be the best fiter becaus if i cood lick all the fellers i wood go to eech one and say aint i the best feller and if he said yes i wood be his frend and help him lick other fellers and if he said no i wood lam time out of him, woodent you. i have got a patrige, it has got a lame wing and cant fly. i went up to the Eddy woods and got a lots of moss and patrige berrys and have made a cage and fitted the bottum with moss and put in some little pine trees and made it seam jest

## Letters to Beany

like home to him. he et patrige berrys  
and drunk water jest like a hen. he  
wont eat wirms or corn. i shall have to  
go up to the eddy most every day to get  
things for him to eat.

wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

my patrige dide last Sunday. it et  
well but i gess the wound in the wing  
killed it. ennyway even mother said i  
took good care of it. Luke Manix give  
me a young hen hork. it is most the  
same color of the patrige only it has

## **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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yellow eyes and yellow legs and black claws. i wish you cood see it gob down a minny. i have to go fishing most every day for it. it will eat mice and swallow them whole. it can fite and last nite father was holding out a minny to it and it stuck out its claw and grabed him by the finger. i gess i wont wright down what he said. ennyway he sent me to bed for laffing and said he wood kill the hork. after i went to bed father and mother set out on the steps talking and i cood hear them. mother said it didnt hurt me enny to have pet animals and father hadent aught to kill the hork, and father he said he never see such a boy, that he wasent going to keep a menaggery enny longer. he

## **Letters to Beany**

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said first it was snakes and then toads and eels and hen horks and owls and sick hens and he was geting sick of it. and mother she said as long as it kept me to home she was willing to let me have them and father he said wood you like to have him bring a dead fish home in his pocket the way he did that time I took down the plastering, and mother laffed and said they was wirse things than dead fish and aunt Sarah said fathers old pipe smelt wirse than that and father he said well i cood have my hork if they wanted him only if i come home with a snapping tirtle they mustent blame him and then he went over to see your father and he dident kill my hork.

## Letters to Beany

do you remember Beany the day i come home and found my rooster out and all bludy, i bet father let him out to fite John Adams rooster. i never dassed to tell him so for he wood give me a good bat.

wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i aint going to wright enny more if you send me enny more such stingy little letters. you aint got to wright to ennybody else xcept me, unless it is Lizzie Tole. You say you dont but i

## **Letters to Beany**

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bet you do. ennyway you have got to wright better letters or you dont hear from Plupy. me and Pewt went fishing today. it wasent a good day for fishing and we dident get ennything. somebody has tore down the spring bord at the Oak. enny feller whitch will tear down a spring bord had aught to be skined alive. we got a bord of the fense in Gilmans field and made a new spring bord. so we are all rite. Pewt is a prety good diver but i can beat him becaus i can go into the water without hardley enny splash and Pewts legs duple up and it makes a big spatter. the way to dive is to go into the water jest like a stick that you throw in endways and it dont make enny



## Letters to Beany

noise. do you know Beany that if you plugged a pebble up in the air jest as high as you can it will come down in the water jest like this blub without enny splash at all.

wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i never got a meener letter in my life than your last letter. i wood like to know who told you so many lies about me. what if i did go down to Ed Toles to supper. Ed he invited me and Eds mother she told me where to set at the table. i gess they wood have thaugt i

## **Letters to Beany**

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was polite if i had up and said i didnt want to set next to Lizzie. i had a good supper and had a good time and you aint got enny business to be mad. i like to go down to the Toles but you know me and Ed is more interested in hens than in girls. i woodent be such a fool if i was you Beany. i thaugt me and you was better friends than that. enny-way if you want to be mad you can for all i care only i shall go jest where i want to. i like you Beany more than enny feller i know but if you get mad every time i look or speak to your girl they aint much use in us trying to be frends. now Beany what is the use of being mad. we have had two mutch fun to be mad over a little thing like that. they

## **Letters to Beany**

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is one thing certain if you want to get mad i will jest tell all the fellers jest what you was mad at and they will plage the life out of you when you get back. aint it about time for you to come back ennyway. i bet we are having jest as much fun here as in old orchard. every friday the band plays in the band room and we play red lion and corn-storks and corum and all the games. this is the last letter i shall wright until you wright a desent one to me and say you aint mad. you can be mad if you want to but you hadent better. i dont care whether you wright or not.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

# **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

i got your letter. it was all rite. i thaugt you woodent keep mad very long. the star fish was prety dry and one point was broak of. i have naled it up on the wall. i hope you wont forget the horseshue crab you promised me. do you know what i did when i got your letter. well i got in a aful scrape. i was down to Eds and Lizzie and Mary Straton were going through the yard and me and Ed put birs in there hair. you know they is lots of last years birs back of Eds barn. the girls was aful mad and tride to get them out and cood-ent and they went into the house balling. in a minit Missis Tole come out

## **Letters to Beany**

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and hollered Eddie Tole you come strate into the house. i cood see she was mad and i put for home. well that nite father went down town after supper and come home mad as time and asked for me and i cood tell by his voise he was mad and i hid, and i heard him tell mother that i had put birs in the Tole girls hair and the Straton girls hair and they coodent get them out and they was afrade they wood have to cut of their hair and he wood lern me a lesson. i knew what that meant and i staid hid til nearly 9 oh. clock hoping father wood go to bed but he dident and when i heard him say he wood give me 2 lickings 1 for puting birs in her hair and 1 for staying out late i thaugt i had better

## **Letters to Beany**

go in. so i did and i got the aufullest whaling i ever got and he told me i must go down to Toles and beg their pardon. Aunt Sarah was mad when father begun to lick me and went into her room and slamed the door. she never gets mad xcept when father or somebody else licks me. the next day i had to go down and beg their pardon. Lizzie was mad and woodent say a word to me and held her nose rite up in the air. i tell you i was ashamd enuf. ennyway Ed had to go up to Stratons and beg Mary's pardon but he didnt get licked the way i did because he waited till old Straton was down to the gas house. Ed always has good luck. now Beany i hope you are satisfied. you

## Letters to Beany

have got me mad with all the Toles and i cant ever go down there agen. now i hope you wont wright me enny more such letters as the last one. you wood-ent do half as much for me. i think i aught to have 2 horseshue crabes.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE,——, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

you are the darndest feller i ever see. first you are mad becaus i am polite to your girl and then you are mad becaus i sass her and put birs in her hair and you say you will meller my nose the next time you see me. well now i jest

## **Letters to Beany**

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want you to know that you aint man enuf to do it. my father can lick your father and my mother can lick your mother and i can lick you. so now what are you going to do about it, old Beany.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

you talk now as if you had got some sense so i wont say enny more about it. ennyway i cant go down to Eds enny more so i go up to Fattys or Whacks or Potters or Billy Folsoms. Billy has got a horisondal bar up in his barn on the



## **Letters to Beany**

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hay mow. when you try to skin the cat and fall of and lite on your head it dont hurt very much. Billy can skin the cat and do the mussle grind. i wish i cood. i can hang by my heels from a trapeese but i cant get down unless i fall down on my head so i have to take a soft place or brake my neck. yesterday afternoon i went up to Whacks and plugged green apples. last nite when i went to bed i was all over lumps and blew spots where i had got hit. rotten apples dont hurt much but they squash up on your best cloths. Porter Robinson let me drive his black horse today and old Head said i cood ride his some day. do you remember the time we took both his horses and raced them

## Letters to Beany

all the afternoon when he wanted to take Missis Head to ride. ennyway he coodent catch us and we was all rite. i gess he has forgot that. have you plaid the hornet goke on Frank yet. my hork can fly now and today he got up in a tree and 2 king birds fit with him until he had to fly into the barn. he has got so he can eat horn powt. he gumps on them and holds them down with his claw and tears them up with his beak. i havent seen a fite for ever so long.

wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

# **Letters to Beany**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

lots of things has happened sence i wrote you last. you know that all the old men said father was a feerful fiter when he was young. well he can fite now i tell you. last sunday we was all setting in the yard and we heard feerful swaring out in the road and we run to the fense and looked and they was Lamp Flood and Bill Hartnet and some other fellers had grabed uncle Charles who was a old man and said they was going to put him under Mager Blakes pump, well while we was looking and they was draging him along swaring father come out of the frunt door with his coat tales flying and he saled into

## **Letters to Beany**

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that crowd jest like Heenan. he hit Lamp Flood in the ear and nocked him rite through the school house fense and he nocked Bill Hartnet fluking in the gutter and he grabed a feller i did-ent know by the coller and threw him way down South street and they did-ent want any more of him you bet and uncle Charles was waiving his cane and dasting them to come back and fite and swaring terrible and father grabed him by the arm and was getting him into the house and mother and aunt Sarah and Missis Head and aunt Clark come out and asked him what was the matter and uncle Charles he said they insulted him, and they kept asking what they said to him and o Beany i wish

## **Letters to Beany**

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you had been here. you wood have dide laffing. i woodent dass to wright down what they said but i will tell you when you get home. and father he said now ladies if you have satisfide your curoosity i will take this old man home and you bet they all hipered into the house prety lively and father he went of with uncle Charles laffing his head of and uncle Charles swaring terrible and waiving his cane.

wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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# **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i got a letter yesterday from you and when i opened it i thought it was wrote better than most of your letters and i nearly bust when it begun Dear Lizzie, and when i read the rest of the letter i nearly dide. o Beany i gess i have got one on you. you sent her letter to me. you said you didnt wright enny letters to her or enny girl and i bet you have been wrighting to her rite along. you told a feerful old whacker of a lie. enny-way you wrote mity meen things about me. you told her that i had been telling lies about her and that i said Nell Dunlap was pretier than she was and that was a lie Beany and you know it.

## **Letters to Beany**

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and i never told enny lies about her eether. it was the meenest thing i ever knew you to do and after all i have done for you. i bet you woodent have put enny birs in a girls hair and got her folks mad with you and got a licking for me like i did for you Beany. then agen you said you cood lick me easy and that you wood lick me jest as soon as you got home for telling stories about her. you aint man enuf to do it Beany, and i am going to tell her so two. you thaugt you was prety smart to wright meen things about me to your girl becaus you wanted her to be mad with me and you dident think i wood ever know it. i gess i cood tell enuf things about you if i was meen enuf. I bet

## **Letters to Beany**

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Pewt wood laff and so wood Ed Tole and Whack and Boog and Fatty and Nipper and all the other fellers if i give them your letter, spesially at the silly parts.

you know you said one time that you liked May Rundlett better than enny girl in town and i wood tell her what you said if i was meen enuf only i aint so meen as you are Beany, now Beany i tell you jest what i am going to do about it. you have got to give me that riding whip that Dan Gilman give you. that one with the broken handel and your sling shot and 2 horse shue crabs. you promised me the crabs before. and some more star fish. if you dont i will tell her about the letter



## **Letters to Beany**

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and will show the letter to Pewt and the other fellers. that will lern you not to wright meen things about a feller. Wright rite of.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i got your last letter all rite. now you needent get mad for i dont care if you do. and you needent come beging round for me to send back the letter for i am going to hold the letter till i get them things. and i aint meen about it eether. do you remember the time that me and you was pardners in a store in

## **Letters to Beany**

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my shed and jest becaus i woodent let you drink up the sweatened water and smoke up the sweet firm segars you got mad and went pardners with Pewt and tride to get all my trade. do you remember that Beany. and then you and Pewt got mad and you both said the other cheeted eech one. i shood think that wood lern you not to be meen. ennyway i aint meen about it. if i had been i wood have made you give me all your marbles and your bow gun. you can bring the horse shue crabs home when you come home. and i dont want your old riding whip ennyway. only i am going to hang on to that letter and if you give me enny sass i will show it to the fellers. i bet if you had a letter of

## **Letters to Beany**

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mine like that you wood show it to every feller in town and rase time with me. say Beany i was telling Tady Fenton about the hornet goke and he said if you got a hornets nest in the winter and put it in a warm room the hornets will come out mad and sting time out of everybody. he said once he put one in old Francis school and the hornets come out and all the scholars piled out of school and old Francis two and they stang old Francis 2 times in the leg and he piled out two. and they had to wate till the fire was all out and they opened the windows and when the hornets was all num with cold they scraped them up and put them in the stove. the next day old Francis found out that Tady

## **Letters to Beany**

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brought in the nest and he whaled him  
feerful. Tady said it was the wirst  
licking he ever got but it was wirth it  
to see old Francis dance and make up  
faces when the hornets stang him in  
the leg. we will try it next winter.

wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

i was aful sorry you was sick. did-  
ent you know cucumbers and milk was  
bad for you. i shood have thaugt you  
wood know that. the Chadwicks is the  
only fellers witch can eat cucumbers

## Letters to Beany

and milk. one day last week i was up to Chadwicks and they et green apples and currents and green goozberrys and black cherrys and drank milk and they wasent sick a bit. none of the rest of us witch had et the green apples and currents and goozberrys and black cherrys dassed to drink the milk but Nipper was sick and Pewt he was two and i was kind of sick but mother gave me some caster oil witch made me a good deal wirse and father he said if i had drank the milk two i wood have climed the golden stairs, and mother she said George i wish you woodent talk like that and Aunt Sarah she said so two. father pretended he dident care when i was gaging but he kep asking me if i

## **Letters to Beany**

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was better and mother she said he was scarter than she was. he said i hadent aught to eat more than 14 kinds of fruit with milk and that if i wanted to see how mutch of that stuff i cood eat i had better try some tacks and some broken glass. that was after i was better that he said that. old Si Smiths dog dide from eating broken glass in some meat, so i gess i wont eat enny. old Si said he wood give 50 dolars if he cood find out who did it. he thaugt Squawboo Bowley did it becaus old Sis dog had bit Squawboo most every time he went by Sis store and Squawboo said he was getting sick of being norred by a dog every day. ennyway old Si coodent find out and all he cood do was to sit

## Letters to Beany

on his steps and sware about it. i am glad the old dog is dead becaus he come out at me one day. i wish somebody wood give old man Dows dog some two for he is crosser than old Sis dog was. he is a brother of old Sis dog. Ed Tole come up for me to go down and see his new rooster. he is a bolton gray. i did-ent dass to go.

Wright soon.

yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i am glad you are all well agen. i hope you dident wurry about that let-

## **Letters to Beany**

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ter. i havent showed it to ennybody. i woodent be so meen as to do that when a feller is sick and may die. i was sorry i plaged you about the letter and i didnt know but it mite have made you sick. i was glad when you wrote me what the matter was. if peeple wasent meen they woodent be much truble in this world wood they Beany. if peeple only knew how mutch fellers hated them for being meen they wood try not to be meen. but i supose they dont know. do you remember how mad Bill Morrill was when he made us stop playing 3 old cat in the high school yard becaus we broak his windows. we didnt meen to do it and we only broak 5. and Nippers father got mad when we run



## **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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down thru his garden one nite when we was playing red lion. when we grow up Beany less have things diferent and say to the fellers, fellers if you want to play ball in front of our house play all you want to and if you brake a window all rite as long as you dont try to do it on perpose, and if a feller tries to hang on behind when we are driving a horse we wont whip behind or hit them a larup but we will say get in feller and have a ride. do you remember how mad those Hamton Falls men was when we plugged the geese eggs at there cows and how i had to pay out all my cornet money to them. well father he told me that one of those men sold a horse that had fits to a man and the horse run

## **Letters to Beany**

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away and threw the man out and broak his leg. and the other man cheeted his mother and sister out of the most of there money and that is the way it goes. ennyway Beany things will be diferent when we are groan up. most of the fellers will be that way two. Whack says he will and Boog and Poz and most of the fellers. Tady Fenton he says he will and Skinny Bruce he says if he ever teeches school he wont ever lick a feller for missing and he wont have enny arithmetic or grammer in school, only speling and geografy. ennybody can spell but arithmetic and grammer is hard and that is why we have had to study them so hard. I have been thru the grammer 2 times and en-

## **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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nybody whitch has done that had aught to know grammer prety well.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectively,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i wish i cood come down and see you. it is prety tirsome here now and they aint mutch to do xcept to go in swiming and going up to Pewts and then up to Whacks and Fattys and doing the same old things. Alf Kilhum is up to Whacks. he is a city feller but he is a prety good feller for all that. i tell you Beany a city feller dont have mutch

## **Letters to Beany**

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chance to know mutch. i gess he dont live in a very big city becaus he is a prety good butterfly hunter and birds-egger. today i coodent find enuf fellers to go in swimming. Fatty and parson Otis was to the beach and Billy Swett was there two and all the Chadwicks had went away somewhere and Ed Tole never goes in swimming and if he did i coodent go down there ennyway and Mister Purington Pewts father wont let Pewt go with me now becaus he says i get Pewt into scrapes. jst think of it Beany. i gess he dont know Pewt as well as we do. ever sence Mister Head licked Pewt when me and you rung his doorbell they have thaugt me and you was tuff nuts and Pewt was all

## Letters to Beany

rite. i gess if i was to tell some things i know about Pewt they woodent think i cood hurt him mutch. so i had to go in swiming alone. i read a buly story in a book one day about a feller living amung the indians and the little indians wood go in swiming and play they was mushrats and beevers and dive down and get roots and clams and things. so i tride it and it was fun. i div down to the bottom and got some blew clay and some lily roots and fresh water clams and then i wood swim to the bank with them and squat down in the sun like a mushrat and then i wood swim out dog paddle as eesy as i cood like a mushrat and then turn up and dive down for some more, and it was buly. bimeby

## **Letters to Beany**

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when i was down to the bottum diging up some clay i hapened to think what if i shood got cougt in a steel trap down there and how feerful it wood be to pull and yank and goggle and i tell you i come up lively and swum to the bank as if a snapping tirtle was after me. aint it funny how scart a feller can get sometimes about something he knows aint there. when are you coming home. wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

I havent seen Pewt for most a week and i dont know why he hasent wrote

## **Letters to Beany**

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you. Pewt was mad becaus Fatty didnt ask him to join the nigger minstrel show. we are going to have it in Fattys barn and we are pracktising hard. Fatty is going to be interlocationer the feller whitch sets in the middle and asks the questions and Nibby Hartwell is the end man on one end and Billy Swett the other and Pop Clark makes a speach and i have got to sing a song. i shall sing shue fly or the feller that looked like me. it is going to be a big show. i havent got enny time to wright enny more.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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# **Letters to Beany**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

the fellers treeted me prety meen. they have put me out of the show. Nibby Hartwell wanted to sing the feller that looks like me and i had learned it and cood sing it better than Nibby cood. Nibby cant sing enny more than a cow but Fatty said he was the interlocationer and it was his to say witch shood sing and i said that if Nibby sung i woodent and so Fatty he said i cood get out for it was his barn and he got up the show and so i got out. i went and saw Tady Finton and Skinny Bruce and Jack Melvin and Mike Connell and Bob Bruce and told them Fatty and Nibby Hartwell said



## Letters to Beany

they was one show whitch dident have enny paddys in it and they was mad and said they wood paist time out of them. and o Beany Nibby got 3 lickings that afternoon, and Fatty got 2 yesterday. Tady licked him ferst and then Skinny and Mike Connell both licked him together. so i gess i am even with them. i dont care for there old show ennyway. i had ruther ride horseback. i rode Mister Heads horse yesterday all the afternoon. i made him gallop good i tell you.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

✓

# Letters to Beany

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

they had there old show but it didnt amount to ennything. hardly enny of the fellers went or the girls eether. the fellers knew Nibby coodent sing and they was mad becaus they thaugt Fatty and Nibby said those things about the paddys. i went fishing today with Potter Gorham. Potter is the best feller i know. i never knew him to have a fite with ennyone and he knows more about fishing and birds and eggs and butterflys and stuffing things than enny feller i ever see. i wish i was like Potter i bet he has as mutch fun as enny feller in town and yet he always stops fites and wont hook apples or trip up peeples with

## **Letters to Beany**

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strings or ring door bells or play tit tat on peeples windows or stick pins in fellers seats in school. and yet he isent a sissy feller eether. i never see such a feller but all the fellers like him better than enny feller. Fatty is going to have a party. most of the fellers are invited xcept me and the girls two. Fatty is mad with me becaus i told Tady that he said things about the paddy and got him a licking. Fatty will be sorry he didnt invite me to his party. i woodent have went if he had invited me. i dont care for his party ennyway. did you ever catch a bull frog with a peace of split bamboo. if you havent you dont know what fun is. i wood ruther do that than go to a party.

## Letters to Beany

i dont care for Fattys old party ennyway. i woodent go if i was invited. When are you coming home. wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

brite and fair. i forgot when i wrote that. i gess i was thinking of something else. this is the last sheet of paper i have got and Cele says she wont give me enny more of hers. she says i have had most half of it already. well Beany i have had a great time sence i wrote my last letter. you know i told you Fatty was going to have a party. well

## **Letters to Beany**

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he had it last Thirsday in his yard. Keene and Cele went all dressed up and Genny Morrison and all the girls and all the fellers two but me and Pewt and Skinny and Tady and Diddley Colket and Chitter Robinson and some of the other fellers witch had ruther fite and rase time and ring doorbells than to go to partys and talk to the girls. well i got Mister Head to let me ride his horse and when the party was all out in Fattys yard playing crokay i rode by jest galoping lickety and i cood see them all looking at me. then i went round by Maple street and Elm street and licked the horse and then held him in and he danded up the street jest like your fathers horse and the fel-

## **Letters to Beany**

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lers in the party all hollered at me and i cood see that they was mad with me becaus i cood ride so good and then i leened over the horses neck and yelled and went up Front street jest as fast as he cood go. then i tirmed round and come back slow and i dug my heels into the horses side and held in tite with the webbings and he curved his neck and fomed at the mouth jest like Johny Gibsons horse in the fair and when i got in frunt of Fattys yard i stoped and set on the horse and looked at the party sort of scornful and they pretended not to see me and kep on playing crokay but i cood see them looking at me sideways and they coodent hit a ball or go thru a wicket. and then i was jest leen-

## **Letters to Beany**

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ing over the horses neck agen and was starting to go of galoping when somebody, i think it was Boog, let ding at me with a slingshot and hit my horse and he give a feerful gump and kicked up and throwed me rite over his head down whak on the ground. well you had aught to heard them holler and laff. i was so ashamed that i never wanted to get up agen and i thaugt if they thaugt i was dead they woodent laff so mutch. so i laid still for a minit and i heard Whack say i gess that nocked some of the sence out of him and then Fatty said i dident never have enny sence, and Keene she said i had more than Fatty ever had and Cele she said so two and then i kind of tride to get up

## **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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and fell back and groned and they all come piling over the fense to see if i was dead and o Beany you had augt to see those girls shinning over the fense. well they got hold of me and lifted me up and i groned agen and said where am i and they said you have fell from your horse and i said i havent been on enny horse and our side wood have beat if Chitter Robinson hadent plaid peanuts and kicked the ball over the gool and Keene said he dont know what he is talking about and thinks he is playing football and she and Cele begun to ball and then Genny Morrison said to take me into the house and the fellers lifted me and begun to lug me along and i sed i remember now



## **Letters to Beany**

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and i asked where they was taking me and they said they was taking me into Fattys and i said dont take me there, i aint good enuf to go into Fattys house and i tride to walk and groned agen. well they lugged me in and laid me on the sofa and Fattys mother come in and got some cold water and put it on my head and i was ashamed enuf to play it on her but i had to then. well then i said i felt better and gessed i cood walk home and i tride to and limped a good deal and held on to the side of the door and Fatty said dont go Plupy, you jest come out in the yard and have some refreshments and i said i dont want to go where i aint invited and Fatty he said i was invited, and then i

## **Letters to Beany**

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said i didnt want to spoil ennybodys good time and they all said they wood all have a good deal better time if i staid and so at last i said i wood stay if Billy Swett wood go down to my house and tell mother i was all rite so she woodent worry and Aunt Sarah two, and see if the horse got back all rite and Tomtit said he wood go but i knew he wood tell so big a story that they wood be scart to deth and woodent let me stay to the party. well Beany i went out in the garden and set in a arm chair and i had sanwiches and cake and ice cream 3 helps and lemonaid and all the girls wated on me and i was the biggest man there, and when i saw the fellers was getting mad becaus the girls kep com-

## **Letters to Beany**

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ing to ask me if i wanted enny more, i wood tell some good story about them. if i see Fatty was mad i wood tell how he lifted me up as eesy as if i didnt way ennything, and if it was Boog i wood tell them how Boog stood rite up and fit John Robinson who was 2 times as big as Boog. so the fellers thaugt i was bully and the girls two. Fatty he said he didnt know i was such a good feller and he aint going to have enny more partys unless he invites me. 2 or 3 times i forgot and most gumped out of my chair but i thaugt in time and groned and set down agen and gritted my teeth and everybody wood ask if it hurt me very bad and i said o no i gess i can stand it and then i gritted my teeth

## **Letters to Beany**

some more and breethed hard, and they wanted to get me some water and i said no dont go into the house to truble about water give me some lemonaid and they give me some more. bimeby when the party was over Fatty wanted to take me home in his wagon but i said no i cood walk and i limped home. i tell you Beany i had the best time in my life only i had to limp 2 or 3 days more so peepel woodent know i plaid it on them.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



# **Letters to Beany**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i never was so sirprised in my life as i was when i read your letter. i didnt think you wood be meen enuf to say you wood cobby my letter and show it to Fatty unless i sent back that letter whitch you sent me by mistake. now i sent you my letter honest and i thaugt you was man enuf to keep it to yourself. if you are mad becaus i got invited up to Fattys and had a good time all rite, that aint enny reason why you shood make a fool of me. ennyway i bet you woodent like to get throwed of a horse and land whak on the ground rite in frunt of all the fellers and girls and have to limp round and not go in swiming

## **Letters to Beany**

for 3 days when you aint lame like i did. and if you are mad becaus the girls wated on me ennyway it wasent your girl and you aint got ennything to get mad for. now i have been spend- ing 3 cents for postage stamps 2 or 3 times every week to wright you about things and i aint going to do it enny more. i gess if i had a uncle witch owned a hotel and let me come to the beach and spend all summer i wood be desent to a frend witch had to stay at home.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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# Letters to Beany

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i got your letter all rite. i will agree to what you said. if you will hope to die and cross your throte that you will send back my letter and not keep enny cobby of it i will hope to die and cross my throte that i will send your letter to Lizzie back and not keep enny cobby. send it tomorow.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i got your letter tonite and mine two. i sent yours this morning. now we are

## **Letters to Beany**

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all square. church has begun and sunday school two. i had to go to both. they wasent any fun in church becaus you wasent there to blow the organ and make up faces at me. Micky Gould blew it and fell asleep and they had to wake him up before they cood sing the last hym. some of the girls come and asked me if i was lame enny more. i said no i cood walk all rite only some times my hip hurt me. it does two Beany only mother says it is growing pains. well sunday afternoon i went to sunday school. they wasent many there becaus most of the girls dident go becaus the stewdcats havent come back yet. most always a stewdcat passes



## **L e t t e r s   t o   B e a n y**

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the tin pan for the colection but they wasent enny there and so Mister Erl come down to our class and jest as i was going to jab a pin into Nipper, he asked me to pass the tin pan and asked Potter two. i was awful ashamed to do it but i coodent get out of it and so i took one tin pan and Potter took the other and we started. most of the fellers plugged there cents down hard into the pans so that it sounded loud and made us laff. well they was a new minister that day becaus our minister Mister Larned had-ent got home. so this minister set on the platform looking solem and when i got there i thaugt i had augt to hand him the tin pan. so i held it out to him and

## **Letters to Beany**

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he looked at me and tirmed red and didnt take it and i didnt know what to do and so i kep holding it out and he tirmed redder and stuck his hand down in his britches pocket and he didnt have enny chink in that pocket and then he looked mad enuf to bite me and he reeched way down in the other pocket and he pulled out 2 cents and put it in the tin pan and jest then Mister Erl come up quick and grabed the pan and i went back to my seat. they was all laffing and when i got home Keene told father about it and he said i was a prety good colector to make a old minister shell out. but all i wanted to do was to give him the pan. ennyway i gess they wont want me to pass the pan enny

## Letters to Beany

more. ennyway i dont want to. when are you coming home.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

they is a feller here staying at Doctor Soles. he is a short fat feller and Fatty calles him Stubby Sole. he is a prety good feller only he cant fite. i know he cant becaus he dubles his fists up with the thums inside. no feller can fite that way. i have got a tin whissle. it is a fine one and i can play the ferst part of home sweet home all but 2 notes

## **Letters to Beany**

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and when i play it and get to those notes i whistle them with my mouth and it sounds prety good. father wont let me play when he is home becaus he says it sounds like thunder. that is just the way. he dont seam to care ennything about my music. some day when he sees me marching in a band with a red coat and white britches and a horse tale in my hat he will feel prety big. i see Lizzie Tole today and she woodent speak to me. Fatty Melcher and Boog went out gunning with a pital and when Boog fired the pital it flew back and the cock of the pital hit him over the eye and cut a hole and it bled all over his shert. Boog is round with his head rapped up in a rag and all the

## Letters to Beany

girls are asking him if he is better. the best way to get along with girls is to get hurt and then they like you. remember that Beany.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

i met a girl you know yesterday and she asked me if i was mutch hurt when i got throwed from the horse at Fattys party. i told her it hurt me prety bad but i cood stand more than that. she said she see me when i fell and she thaugt i was dead. i asked her if she wood be sorry if i was dead and she

## Letters to Beany

said she gessed she wood be prety sorry and then she ran of as hard as she cood and i started to follow her but i thaught of my lameness and so i limped and coodent catch her. i tell you Beany it is funny how a feller feels when he knows a girl likes him. i felt as if i cood do ennything and i met Nipper and stumped him to fite and he didnt dass to and then i went up to Pews and Pewt wasent there and i gess i wood have fit Pewt if he had been there. so i went over to the school yard and met one of the twin Browns and i lammed him one in the eye and he run. the other wasent there but Ed he said he wood lick me when Harry was there two. i bet they dassent try it both. then

## Letters to Beany

i walked by her house but i didnt see her. some day perhaps i will tell you her name.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i have got my hair cut and have got a new box of paper collers down to Erl and Cuts and a box of blacking. i blacked my boots today. Keene begun to laff and make fun of me and said i was trying to be a dandy. i told her she had better shet up. i met that girl agen and i give her a little bag and i gess you wood like to know what was

## **Letters to Beany**

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in it. well Beany if you will hope to die never to tell, honest now Beany, i will tell you. they was 2 candy mottos in it. one had on it you are my stary eyed goddess in red letters and the other had on it meat me by moonlite alone. then they was 2 juju paists and some gumdrops. then i run of and nocked Medo Thurstons hat of and rooted him agenst the fense. Medo he dident want to fite eether. i good mind to tell you her name but i dont dass to. you will tell. only you needent be afraid, it aint your girl. i hope she will wright me a letter. i am going to ask father to buy me a new pair of britches. she goes to the congrigation church. i wish she went to the unita-



## Letters to Beany

rial. then it wood be fun to go to church.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

Pewt wanted me to go fishing with him today and was mad becaus i wood-ent. i have got something better to do than go fishing. i have waisted a good deal of time in going fishing. i think a feller had aught to keep looking as well as he can instead of getting all dirt in going fishing. next winter i am going to dansing school if i can get some chink. Beany can you greece your hair

## **Letters to Beany**

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with lard. i havent got enny hair oil becaus i spent all my chink. gess what i bougt with it. now Beany cross your throte not to tell. i bougt a string of blew beads down to old Polly Colkets. i give them to her. she says she likes me better than ennybody she ever knowed. i wish some of the fellers wood sass her so i cood lam time out of them. Mister Head let me take his horse agen today and i galoped him up and down in frunt of her house and made him danse. i didnt get throwed of eether you bet. i am saving up my chink for some more mottos.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

# Letters to Beany

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i tell you i had a tuff time laity. last Tuesday i had ten cents and i bougt some candy and a motto witch had on it my love is like a red red rose, and i et a little of it and i forgot and put the motto in my mouth before i thaugt but i took it out and set it in the sun until it was dry and it looked as well as ever xcept that the red letters were a little blirred. so i give her the candy and she give me a horsehair ring. well the next thing i got was a note witch said what did i meen by insulting her. gosh Beany i didnt know what to do, so i wrote her and said i didnt know what she ment and if she wood go by the

## **Letters to Beany**

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school yard at 4 oh clock i wood like to see her. so i went down at 4 oh clock and gess what the matter was. she said i give her a motto whitch said my love has got a red red nose, and she give me the motto back and i looked at it and it did look like that it was so blirred. well i xplained and i made it all rite. i dident tell her i had it in my mouth you bet. so it is all rite.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

can you lend me 25 cents. i have spent every cent i had for that girl and

## **Letters to Beany**

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the last present i made her she didnt like. she give it back to me becaus she said it was so smelly. it was a chane made of a lobsters wigglers. you take those long stems that grow out of a lobsters head and then take some sizzers and cut them up in little even beads and string them on a string and it makes as prety a chane as you ever see only it smells like salt fish and when it dries it tirns yellow. well ennyway it was all i cood give her becaus i didnt have enny chink and i cant get a gob. i went up to Mager Blakes stable to see if i cood get a gob washing wagons but they said no. so Beany if you will lend me the 25 cents i will pay you back the ferst gob i can get. i did-

## **Letters to Beany**

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ent think it cost so much to make a girl like you. i supposed a girl cood like a feller without having him give her presents all the time. how is it Beany, this is the ferst girl i ever had and you have had a good many and so you know more about it than me. you must have spent a good deal of chink on girls. i like this girl without her giving me enny presents.

Wright jest as soon as you can and send me the 25 cents.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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# **Letters to Beany**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

Why havent you wrote. if you cant lend me 25 cents lend me 15 or 10 only say whitich.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i got your letter and the 25 cents but it come two late Beany. she is mad with me. i will tell you all about it as long as you were buly enuf to send me the money. if you cood sent it jest a day before she woodent have been mad. but i gess it woodent have done mutch

## **Letters to Beany**

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good becaus she wanted somthing all the time and i wood have to be prety ritch to buy her somthing every day. i have been most crazy i have been so retched and i most wished i was ded. i tell you Beany they aint ennything so bad as to have your girl get mad with you and keep mad espesially when she goes with a nother feller. if a girl gets real mad and runs her tung out at you and says she wont never speak to you agen, you can most always make up by giving her some of old Si Smiths goozberrys or some juju paist or sometimes some new gum that aint been chewed, but when she goes of with a nother feller becaus he is biger than you and can lick you then they aint no use. and



## **Letters to Beany**

when that other feller and you has a fite and he licks you they aint no use neether. i tell you Beany it is tuff. they has been times when i have lost my best rooster or had him get licked by Ed Toles and i never yipped, but this was the wirst thing i ever had hapen to me. now Beany you cross your throte not to tell and hope to die two and i will tell you about it. jest as soon as you wright me that i will tell you all about it if i am not ded or in jale for i may do some aful thing i feel so tuff.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



# Letters to Beany

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

all rite i will tell you all about it only dont you forget that you have crossed your throte and hoped to die. well it is a prety tuff story and shows how meen a girl can be. i dont beleeve enny girl ever liked a feller xcept for what she can get out of him. perhaps you dont beleeve so Beany but i do. well this girl, and i aint going to wright her name down but i will tell you when you come home Beany if you ever are coming, but i wont wright it. well she wanted me to give her 1 of those waches that wind up with a key and click jest like a real wach. some of the girls has got them and she wanted one. they

## **Letters to Beany**

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cost 35 cents and i didnt have a red cent for i had spent it all on her. she was kind of mad about the lobster neck chane and she said i wood be a meen feller if i didnt give her a wach and she said Fatty Melcher wood give her one if she wood go with him. so i went down to Lane and Rollins and asked them if they wood trust me for the wach. father told me that he wood lick time out of me if i ever got trusted for ennything. i dont see why he shood get mad at me for it becaus he always gets trusted at old Si Smiths for things and every month when he pays his bill he and old Si has a row and they jaw and swear and bimeby they get over their mad and father pays the bill and

## **Letters to Beany**

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old Si gives father a segar witch burns up all one side and curls up and father throws it away and swears about it. well ennyway old Lane woodent trust me for the wach and then i tride to borrow the money. i asked Fatty and Fatty he dident have enny money and then i asked Pewt and Pewt he said he dident have enny chink and then i asked you and i knew you wood get it if you cood. well what do you think. Fatty Melcher had been trying to cut me out and i gess he had been saving up his chink. ennyway he went down to old Lanes and he bougt a wach and give it to her and i met her with it on and i asked where she got it and she said it wasent enny of my business, ennyway

## **Letters to Beany**

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it wasent me whitch give it to her becaus i was two meen to give her ennything xcept old smelly lobster chanes and things whitch dident cost me ennything and she said she wasent going to go with me enny more. so she went of without looking at me and i went home and set on the back fence most all day. i wondered who give her the wach but i dident know until the next day when i saw Fatty Melcher walking with her and when they saw me they both begun to laff as hard as they cood and talk together and woodent look at me. well the next day i met Fatty and he rooted me of the sidewalk and i asked him if he wanted enny part of me and he give me a nother root and i give him

## Letters to Beany

a paist in the mouth and he give me one in the eye and we went at it and he got me down and i turned him and then he turned me and we roled into the gutter and he got on top of me and lammed me and bimeby old Bill Greenleef he come up and grabed Fatty and puled him of and shook him up lifely for licking a feller witch wasent as big as he was. Fatty he give me a black eye and a skined nose and my mouth was all swole up but i didnt yip. well when i went home mother washed my eye and put some brown paper and viniger and some of docter Derborns sarve on it and told me i coodent go out of the yard until father come home, and when father come home he asked me what i

## **Letters to Beany**

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was fiting about and i said Fatty rooted me of the sidewalk and i give him one and then we had it. he asked me what Fatty rooted me for and i said i didnt know becaus i hadent done nothing to him only he jest come up and give me a root and i said i gess i had jest as good a rite on the sidewalk as he had. then father he asked me if i had enny truble with Fatty and i said that Fatty hadent yipped to me and i hadent yipped to him but Fatty he jest come up and give me a slam and i give him a paist and then we fit and he was bigger than me and got me down and licked me and father he asked me if i holered enuf and i said i bet i didnt and if he wanted to know he cood ask old Bill Greenleef.

## **Letters to Beany**

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so that nite father he see Bill down town and asked Bill and Bill he said i fit good and didnt yip and when father come home he give me 25 cents but it was two late. so that is all they was about it Beany only it is prety tuff on me. i aint so very mad with Fatty only me and Fatty was frends and i didnt supose he wood play it on me like that. next to Potter Goram Fatty is the best pikerrel fisher in town xcept Cawcaw Harding. ennyway me and Fatty wont go fishing enny more. when are you coming home.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

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# Letters to Beany

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

i was going to send back your 25 cents scrip in this letter but yesterday they was a circus come to town. it didnt intend to come here but it was going to Portsmouth and they was a nother show there and so they come here. they had a good prosession and a buly band. well i didnt feel mutch like going ennywhere but i went out and got folowing the band and went up to the circus grounds. well they was Fatty Gilman and Billy Swett and Nibby Hartwell was going in and Fatty Melcher was there two only Fatty didnt have enny chink and that girl was there two looking at the tent and so when i see her

## **Letters to Beany**

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and Fatty i said to the fellers if they wood let me buy all the tickets i cood get them cheeper. so they give me there 25 cents eech and i went up and bougt 4 tickets for a dollar and when i got back to the fellers i said loud so she and Fatty Melcher cood hear come on in fellers its my treet and the fellers they piled in and she and Fatty were left outside looking prety cheep and thinking i had paid for all the tickets. well it was a prety good show only i coodent help feeling bad about how meen she trected me and madder than ever with her and mad with Fatty two. well when the show was over we all went out together and she was there and Fatty two and i said loud so they cood

## **Letters to Beany**

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both hear i gess i will go agen tonite, it was the best show i ever see. i knew that father wood go with all of us becaus he always goes to the circus and takes me two. i gess she will be sorry she got mad with me and i gess Fatty will be sorry two becaus if he hadent spent all his chink in bying her that wach he cood have went to the circus. i gess he will know better next time. i havent got over it yet Beany only i feel better every time i make her or Fatty feel bad.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

✓

# Letters to Beany

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

You needent get mad about your old 25 cents. if you dident want to trust me for it what did you lend it to me for. i woodent have asked you for it if i hadent thaugt you wood be willing to lend it to me. ennyway i will pay you the ferst gob i can get. i know money is a prety good thing to have but i havent got enny now or i wood send it to you. i think i can rase it in a few weeks. aint it about time for you to come home. they dont seem to be ennyone to rase time with now you aint here. i have been thinking a good deal laitly about what is the use of trying to be desent. i think the feller witch rases time has

## **Letters to Beany**

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more fun than the feller witch tries to be desent. all xcept Potter Goram and they aint any feller jest like Potter. so if you will come home Beany we will ring some doorbells and try and trip up some peepel with ropes.

Wright and let me know when you are coming.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

✓

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

if i was you i woodent have mutch to do with the girls. you know you are prety easy to get liking a girl but if you aint carful you will get it plaid on you

## **Letters to Beany**

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jest like i did and then you will wish you hadent. i send you a ten cent scrip of the 25 cents i owe you. i got this for washing a wagon for old Head. i am going to wash a nother for him tomorrow or next day and i will pay you that. i was going to by one of those little pocketbooks. have you seen them. they open on one side and you put your scrip on top of 2 peaces of ribbon and then you shet up the pocket book and open it on the other side and your scrip is under the ribbons. i dont see how it is done but it does it every time. so dont you be afrade about your money. i will send it jest as quick as i can ern it. Perry Moltons astrakan ap-

## **Letters to Beany**

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ples and august sweatings is most ripe, so you had better come home.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

*Dear Beany,*

i send you ten more cents in this letter. that only makes 5 more i owe you. i have been in swiming every day most this summer. i can throw my hat into the middle of the river and then dive in and swim under water and come up with the hat on my head. none of the other fellers can do it. i have lerned to tirn back and frunt somersets and do

## **Letters to Beany**

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the whirlagig only i cant float. i gess  
i am two skiny. i gess if i have good  
luck i can send that 5 cents prety soon.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Beany,*

Buly. i am so glad you are coming  
home. i will be on hand wating for  
you at the depot. Joe Parner has got  
a new pair of horses on his hack and  
Charles Tole and Mager Blake has a  
fite most every day over passengers for  
the beach. they is lots to do. Perry  
Moltons apples are ripe enuf to hook



## **Letters to Beany**

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and old Missis Sawyers doorbell and Ike Shutes doorbell two hasent been rung all summer and i gess if we dont trip up old Hobbs before long it wont be our falt. i will be there Beany when the cars come in and i will have some of old Si Smiths goozberrys two.

Yours very respectfully,

**PLUPY.**





**THE LOVE-LETTERS  
OF PLUPY SHUTE**



# THE LOVE-LETTERS OF PLUPY SHUTE

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Mary,*

**I** have been thinking i wood wright you a letter becaus i didnt know but you mite wright me one back if i wrote you one ferst. only dont you show this letter to enny of the girls and i wont show your letter to enny of the fellers that is if you wright me one. i am wrighting this behine my geografy and old Francis keeps looking over towerds me. i have got 2 sheets of paper on my desk wrighting, this one to you and when i see old Francis looking or coming towerds me i slip this in

## **The Love-Letters**

my geografy and am bizzy wrighting  
the capitals of the states like this

Maine            Agusta on the Kennebeck  
                         River.

New Hamshire   Concord on the Merri-  
                         mack River.

Massachusets   Boston on Massachusets  
                         Bay

and then when old Francis aint looking  
i am wrighting to you. once today old  
Francis come up and said Harry what  
are you wrighting and i looked kind of  
sheapish and he told me to give it to  
him, and i did and he took it and looked  
as if he was going to paist me one but  
when he saw what i had wrote he said  
i was a good boy and he made a speach

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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to the school and said if all the fellers wood do that he wood be glad. i gess if he had seen what i was wrighting to you he wood had me in the wood-box.

i like you more than enny girl in town. i didnt know how mutch i liked you till i saw you walking with Nipper. i hoap you wont ever go with him again. dont tell ennybody i like you becaus the fellers wood laff and the girls wood make fun of you. and then i wood have to lam sumbody. i can skin the cat and hang by my heels on the trapeese. i can lick Nipper two.

Now you wright me wont you

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.



# **The Love-Letters**

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i got your letter and was jest as glad as i cood be. i was aful glad. i dont know when i have been so glad. i didnt know wether you wood wrote or not and when i got it i was glad i can tell you. i went down to the postofice 5 times yesterday. i like you Mary. i never liked ennybody so well before. i only liked one girl before and she went of with Fatty Melcher becaus he had more chink than i had. ennyway i am glad she did go of with Fatty becaus if she didnt i woodent have went with you and that wood have been prety tuff. ennyway she is mad with Fatty becaus he hasent enny chink and now



## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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she wood like to go with me agen but she has lost her chanse.

This morning in school when the third class was reading a little sun-beem in the sky said to himself one day, i thought of you becaus you look so brite every morning when you come into school in your blew dress and your white apron. i have been to school erly sense i wrote you so i cood see you come in. i shall never go with enny girl but you. i send you 2 mottos.

Wright me as soon as you get this letter.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

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# **The Love-Letters**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i got your letter and the motto. it was the best motto i ever see. i went by your house 6 times and only saw you 2 times. i wish i cood see you every time for i like you better than enny girl i know. i dremp last nite that me and you was sliding down Factory hill and that the duble runner went rite of the brige and threw the ice and i see you drownding and you holered save me Plupy, no i ment save me Harry.

and Beany and Nipper and Fatty Melcher and all the fellers stood round and dident dass to do ennything, but i div rite in and seezed you and was swiming to the shore with you when i

## O f P l u p y S h u t e

woke up and it was summer. that is jest what i wood do if you fell in the river and was drowning, and Beany and Nipper and Fatty Melcher and Whack and all the other fellers wood-ent dass do ennything but gorp round, while i wood dive rite in. that is me evry time. will you go boat ride with me tomorow afternoon. meat me down at my boat and i will have some of old Si Smiths goozberrys. You looked aiful prety today when you come into school. i tride to draw your picture but old Francis come down the ile and i tore it up. i send you a motto, it says remember me when i am gorn. i hav-ent been fealing very well laitly. i gess i hurt myself when i got throwed of

## **The Love-Letters**

the horse. sometimes i have a awful  
pane in my heart, but i dont say mutch  
about it. i may not live to be groan up  
but if i dont i hope you will remember  
me. when we sung Annie Lyle in school  
this morning i thought of you.

be sure and wright me as soon as  
you get this and leeve it in the hollow  
apple tree.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. i have got so used to wrighting  
to Beany that i sined my name Plupy  
before i thought.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

## O f P l u p y S h u t e

p.s. agen. if i was you i woodent  
have mutch to say to Beany or Pewt  
they is prety bad fellers.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUP

HARRY SHUTE.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i got your letter and was disapointed  
becaus your mother woodent let you  
go boat ride with me. she mite have  
let you come down to the boat. i had  
the goozberrys and some juju paist  
two. i had washed the boat out and  
had a shorl for you to set on. i felt prety  
bad when i wated till 3 oh clock and then

## **The Love-Letters**

i went up to the apple tree and when i reeched in and found your letter i felt better. it was real good of you to send me the horsehair ring. i will keep it as long as i live and will wair it when the fellers aint looking. i send you a ring two. i got it in a candy packige. the man whitch sold me the packige said they was one ring in them whitch was wirth a good deel of money and when i showed it to him he said i had got it. he said he was sorry i got it becaus he coodent sell enny more of these packiges and wood have to send for some more. i told him i woodent tell ennybody but he said it woodent be honest becaus he woodent say they was enny ring like mine in them. he said there

## O f P l u p y S h u t e

was some other things in them so i bougt  
2 other packiges but i dident get enny  
prise. and i am going to by my candy  
of him he is so honest. i shall go out to  
the tree tomorow for a letter and shall  
be disapointed if you dont wright.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. i am fealing better today. my  
pane is not so bad. i try hard not to  
let peeple see i am sufering all the  
time.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. agen. be sure and wright.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

# **The Love-Letters**

p.s. a 2nd time. remember i like you better than enny girl i have ever knew.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ———, 186—

*Dear Mary,*

this is the ferst time you have disappointed me in not wrighting me. i went to the tree in the morning and at noon and before school in the afternoon and after school and after supper and jest before i went to bed and i dident find enny letter. i tell you i dident sleep mutch last nite and my pane come on wirse than ever. i saw you talking to Beany two when i went by your house. Beany had better look



## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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out for i am a bad feller when i am mad. i supose your folks think Beany is quite a big man becaus he can wair his best close evry day but it aint the folks whitch wair the best close whitch is the best fellers. i cood tell some things about Beany if i was meen enuf and i will if he keeps going over to your house. i wood tell some things about Pewt and Nipper and Fatty Melcher only i aint meen enuf. i shall go down to the tree for a letter and if you dont wright i shall know jest why, and Beany had better look out. i gess you woodent go with Beany if you knew some things whitch i know.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

# **The Love-Letters**

p.s. dont you think Lizzie Tole is awful pretty. i do.

Yours very respectfully,

PLU

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. agen. and Genny Morrison two.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Mary—Miss,—*

you hadent enny reason to be mad at me. i bet you woodent like it if i was wrighting to you and was going with some other girl like Beany and Pewt and some of the other fellers do. but

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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if i say ennything when i see you going with Beany you get mad jest like a girl. a girl thinks she can go with about 40 fellers at once and when enny one of those 40 fellers jest speak to a nother girl they is a row.

ennyway that is the way most girls do, but i know one that is diferent and if you are going round with enny feller you see i am going to go with this girl. i shant tell you her name neether but it aint Mary. i met Beany last nite and stumped him to fite and he stumped me to come half way and if his mother hadent come out and called him in i wood have lammed time out of him. ennyway i tore the rim of of his new straw hat and the ribbon two. he will

## **The Love-Letters**

have to wair his old hat the next time he comes over to your house. girls is jest like hens. they always go with the rooster whitch has the most red fethers in his neck and the longest spirs. i am going down to Ed Toles tonite to play crokay with Lizzie and May Rundlet and some others. it is a party and Beany cant go becaus he hasent got enny good hat. that is what happens to fellers whitch play meen tricks on me.

Yours very respectfully,

PLUPY.

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. i gess they will have ice creem to the party. i am going to take down the goozberrys and the juju paist i was

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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going to give you. i send you a motto,  
whitch says she has left me for a nother.  
i never thought i shood have to send you  
one like that.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Mary,*

i was aiful glad to get your letter  
and sorry i had got so mad about your  
going with Beany. if i hadent liked  
you so well i woodent have been so  
mad. if a feller dont like a girl he dont  
ever care if she goes with another  
feller. i tell you i have felt prety terri-  
ble for 2 or 3 days. i went down to the

## **The Love-Letters**

party and played crokay but nothing seemed the same. i dont beleive i have slep enny for 2 or 3 nites and some times the pane in my heart has been dredful. they has been fellers witch has killed themselfs rather than sufer so. ennyway it is all rite now you aint mad enny more. i have been wirking hard for J. Albert Clark and for old Head and i erved enuf money to by you a chane of blew beads. it is jest the coler of your eyes. i hope you will like it becaus it cost me a grate deel of money.

as soon as i got your letter i went rite down and bougt it. if i had not got your letter i shood have throne the chane into the fire. i shood never

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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wanted to see it agen. i hope you will wair it becaus it cost me a grate deel of money. Wright as soon as you get this.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. i hope you will wair this chane becaus it cost me a grate deel of money.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. agen. i dont know enny girl as prety as you are.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

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# **The Love-Letters**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE,——, 186

*Dear Mary,*

it is a prety good thing to go to the apple tree and not be disapointed. i went this morning 2 times. once before i et my breakfast and the 2nd time jest before school. i didnt realy expect to get a letter the ferst time but if i hadent got one the second time i shood have felt prety bad. when i went to school i missed in evry lesson and when old Francis put me in the wood-box and shet down the cover i didnt care. i looked thru the peep hole in the woodbox rite at you all the time. you looked auful prety with that new red bow and i tell you i felt prety good when Beany reeched his gum out to



## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

you and you woodent take it. and when Beany got snaked up on the platform i most dide laffing and thought it served him rite. i had a good pin ready and if old Francis had put him in the woodbox i wood have jabled him one even if i had got licked for it. me and Beany has been frends for years but we aint going to be mutch longer if he keeps giving you gum and things. i gess if i liked a girl i woodent give her enny gum all chewed up. i wood give her beeds and rings and things that cost a grate deel of money. i went down to the candy mans store today and bougt 2 packiges of candy but i didnt get enny prise. he says they is a gold wach in one of them. i havent et enny of the

## **The Love-Letters**

candy and i am going to rap it in brown paper and leeve it in the apple tree with this letter and when you get this letter you will know i give you the candy. i will tie the packige with blew string that is jest the coler of your eyes.

Be sure and go to the apple tree to get this letter, and wright me and dont have ennything to do with Beany.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p. s. or Pewt nether.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p. s. agen. or Fatty Melcher or Nipper or Whack or enny of the fellers.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

# **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

today is sunday and i am going to sunday school and to church two. there aint enny fun xcept when Beany blows the organ and peeps out behind it and makes up feerful faces. Beany has lost his place 5 times for rasing time in the organ loft but they cant get ennybody to blow the organ but Micky Gould and he always goes to sleep and that is wirse than making faces. sometimes when Micky is there he goes to sleep and when the sirmon is over and the minister reads the last hym the old organ keys rattle and they aint enny sound comes, and then Mister Wood goes round behine the organ and gives

## **The Love-Letters**

Micky a bat and he gumps up and goes to blowing the organ. i wish you went to this church and sunday school. i wood like to go beter than i do now and i wood always be on time. but it always hapens that the girls i have liked, i meen the fellers whitch i like, for i havent ever liked enny girls until i liked you, have went to some other church. i was glad you liked my candy. i wanted some of it to eat myself but i wood ruther you wood have it than me. i wood like to give you evrything i have got. that is me evry time. some of the fellers are two meen for ennything. i aint. i dont see how a feller can like a girl and not want to give her evry thing he has got. Beany and Pewt and most

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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of the fellers is diferent. i am afrade  
Pewt knows something about me and  
you becaus he called me Mary today.  
Pewt had better shet up. if he dont he  
will find out somthing. they is going  
to be a lecture in the Unitarial church  
tonite. it dont cost ennything to go in.  
i shall be there. i hoap you will be there  
two. i shall look for you when you  
come out. now be sure and go.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. if you like me like you said you  
did jest wair the ring i give you.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

## **The Love-Letters**

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p.s. a 2nd time. i shall look for that ring.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. a 3rd time, and for you two.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

why did you go to the lecture last nite with your mother. i was there almost the ferst one and set in the back seat where i cood see evrybody witch come in and bimeby in you come with your mother. that was enuf for me becaus i was going to wate outside and

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

go home with you. i never knew you to look so prety as you did last nite. a girl most always looks best when somebody else is with her and you cant go home with her. i dont know mutch about girls only i gess that is the way they look. ennyway that was the way you looked last nite. i tride the candy mans packiges agen but i didnt get enny prise. so i have rapped the candy up in a paper and left it in the tree so you can get it. i have also left a corn ball two. i didnt eat a single peace but i wanted two. but i thought they woodent be enuf for you and so i didnt eat enny. that is me evry time. some of the fellers is diferent. but i aint. i am going to wirk wensday after-

## **The Love-Letters**

noon and ern some money to by you sumthing, i shant say what. i have had a good deel of pane laitly and it is always wirse when i wirk. but i dont care. some of the fellers coodent stand it but i can. i dont beleeve Beany cood or Pewt. Wright me as soon as you get this. Pewt hasent said ennything more to me and he hadent better. i gess he hasent found out ennything.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. dont forget to go to the tree and get this letter and dont forget that i like you better than enny girl in town.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.





# O f P l u p y S h u t e

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

sombody has plaid a meen trick on me. i bet it was Pewt but i dont know. ennyway he hasent said ennything. when i went to get your letter i reechd my hand down into the hole and the hole was full of soft sope.

i got my arm into it way up to the elbo. i didnt know what it was at ferst but i soon found out. i thought they might be a letter there and after i found out it was sope i puled up my sleeve and reechd down agen but i didnt get enny letter. i woodent be meen enuf to play a trick on a feller like that. i will put this letter in the post ofice and this afternoon i will hunt round for a

## **The Love-Letters**

nother tree witch none of the fellers know. i think i can find one. i send you 2 mottos witch i got in a popcorn packige. i havent had enny luck in getting prises. i have kep the popcorn for you and as soon as i can find a tree with a hole in it i will leeve it there with somthing else two. i havent mutch time to wright for i have got to find a tree. Wright me and put your letter in the post office for it wood be jest like Pewt to put a snapping mud tirtle in the tree or a steal trap.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. be sure and dont leeve enny-

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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thing in that tree. you may get bit or stang.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Mary,*

i watched today to see if Pewt or Beany went to the tree and what do you think. about 10 minits after i got hid behine the fence i see Pewt and Beany sneeking along with somthing in there hands. well they went towerds the tree and peeked in and then reeched in with a dipper and cleened out the hole and then they put somthing in that they

## **The Love-Letters**

had in a bag. after they had went away i went up to see what it was and they was a dead snake there. i took it out and i am going to put it in Beanys bed if i can get the chanse. i am glad you didnt put enny letter there before they put the sope in. if they had got your letter they wood read it and told evry body. i shoodent ever think you wood want to speek to Beany agen after he had plaid that trick on you. if you had reeched your hand in and got hold of that snake you mite have gone crasy. i herd of a girl witch did once.

i bet Beany and Pewt and Fatty Melcher was all in it. it wood be jest like them. they woodent care. i bet they wood jest as livs put a ratle snake

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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in there. they woodent care. i hoap  
you will never speak to them agen. i  
have found a nise tree with a hole on  
it. it is rite inside of Comadore Longs  
yard rite on the corner. no body wood  
ever think of looking there. i will leeve  
2 cornballs there in a bag. you looked  
auful prety today. i like you with your  
hair hanging down. it dont look so  
well in a net. i send you a motto. it  
says if you love me as i love you no  
nife can cut our love in to. that is me  
evry time. Wright soon and put the  
letter in the tree. i have got somthing  
for you. gess what.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

✓

# **The Love-Letters**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i got your letter and your motto. when i get a letter from you like that and a motto i dont care if i miss in school or if i get licked. i feal so good all the time. i keep thinking of you all the time. when old Francis stood you up on the platform today and you felt so bad i jest up and did somthing so that he licked me and all the school was looking at me instid of you. i tell you it hurt but i dident yip. i bet Beany wood and Pewt two and Fatty Melcher. i was mad with old Francis for standing you up on the platform and some day when i am groan up i will pay him up for it. i dont care about

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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lickings. they aint mutch. but when we was in the speling match i knew how to spell beleive but i spelt it wrong perpose so you cood beat me. i dont often spell ennything rong but i wood miss in speling or in arithmetic or geog-rafy or ennything for you. that is me evry time. i am going to the tree the ferst thing tomorow morning.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. you are the pretiest girl in town.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

## **The Love-Letters**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

how did you like the corn balls. i hoap you liked them and i hope you like me two. if you only like me half as good as i like you i shood be satisfide. i coodent get a chanse to put that snake into Beanys bed so i plugged it into his well and they will pull it up some day, in the bucket and then either Beany or Pewt will get a good licking. Beanys father wont think it was me for i havent went over there for a grate while. so i bet he will lick time cut of Beany or Pewt. that is what fellers get by being meen. it was the meenest thing i ever knew to put a dead snake in that hole in the tree. i woodent be



## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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so meen as that for ennything. wood i. you know i woodent. i aint that kind of a feller. Beany is and so is Pewt. i am going down to the candy mans to by some more packiges of candy and see if i can get a prise for you. i wood do ennything for you. dont wate to get this before you wright.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. remember i like you better than ennybody.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

✓

# **The Love-Letters**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Mary,*

the gratest thing has hapened. i went down to the candy mans and the ferst packige i drew had the best brest pin i ever see. i send it in this letter. the man felt prety bad becaus he said it was prety tuff luck on him becaus the pin had aught to be wirth 7 dolars. jest think of it. i mite have wirked a month hard and i coodent erved 2 dolars and here i have drew a pin wirth 7 dolars and it only cost me 10 cents. if it had cost me 100 dolars i wood give it to you. i tell you i feal prety good over it. a nother thing that makes me feal prety good is that Beany got a licking.

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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this morning when i went out i see Mister Watson Beanys father go out to draw a pail of water. i wached him and he tirmed the handel and got the bucket up and went to tirn the water in the pail when he give a yell and droped the bucket. then he looked into the bucket and then he got a stick and puled out the snake and then he went into the barn and got his whip and come out and yelled Elbrige and when he calls Beany Elbrige he is mad. so Beany he come out and said yes father jest as polite and Mister Watson said what did you put that snake into the well for and Beany said he did-ent and Mister Watson he said you

## **The Love-Letters**

did for i saw you with that snake 3 days ago and he grabed Beany by the col-ler and paisted him good. i nearly dide to see Beany runing round his father and balling and saying that Pewt did it. then Mister Watson he said that if Pewt ever come into his yard agen he wood horsewhip him. i gess Beany wont try enny more meen tricks on me. i hoap you will like that brest pin witch is wirth 7 dolars and i hoap you will like me becaus i give it to you.

Wright soon and wright longer let-  
ters.

Yours very respectfully,

PLU  
HARRY.

## O f P l u p y S h u t e

p.s. i dont beleev they is many girls  
whitch have fellers whitch give them  
more things than i do.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. that is becaus i like you best.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

✓

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i was sorry you wore your net today.  
i dont think a net is as prety as your  
hair. ennyway you look so mutch pret-  
ier than the other girls that it dont make  
mutch diference. aint that tree a good  
place to put letters in. i have put a

## **The Love-Letters**

shuger heart in this letter with a peace of blew ribbon on it witch says you are the quean of my heart. you are two. i have been thinking what i shall do when i am a man. i wanted to be a bandman but i gess i will be a geweler becaus i can then give you waches and dimonds and rubbies and perls and gold clocks. Then agen gewelers has lots of chink and can have troting horses and evrything and go to dances and to the beach summers and wair a white vest and long legged boots and lavender britches and a velvet coat and a beever hat and carry a cane or a horse whip with a ivory handel and meer-shum pipe with silver trimmings. when i am a geweler i am going to have 2

## O f P l u p y S h u t e

white horses and a buggy and dress  
jest like that and you shall have a blew  
silk dress and crokay slippers and a  
beeded dolman and a long white fether  
in your hat and a wach and chane. i  
am going to ask father tonite if i can  
leeve school and go to wirk.

Wright soon and tell me what you  
think of it.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. it will be prety tuff not to see  
you enny more in school.

Yours very respectfully,

PLU

HARRY.

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# **The Love-Letters**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i asked father last nite if i cood go into Dane Quimbys store to wirk and lern to be a geweler and he said i had better lern to split up my kindlins before i went to wirk for ennybody else. he said if i wanted to wirk they was enuf to do at home but i said i wanted to be a geweler and ern some money and he said i dident know enuf to be a geweler. he said he thought i wood make a harness maker and i cood go to wirk for old Kellog and he gessed after i had got a strap worn out on me i wood be glad to go to school.

i dident dass to tell him what i wanted to go to wirk for. that is jest like him.



## O f P l u p y S h u t e

he wont ever let me stop going to school.  
i think it is meen. why didnt you say  
you liked me in your last letter. you  
have said it in most evry letter before.  
you do, dont you.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. i have left a stick of creem candy  
in the tree.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

✓

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Mary,*

i thought you wasent going with enny  
other feller. i see you walking with  
Billy Swett yesterday and i was mad.

## **The Love-Letters**

was that the reason why you didnt wright. perhaps you think becaus Billy Swetts father is a docter and lives in a big house down town that he is a better feller than i am. Billy Swett had better look out. You had better look out two. i had bougt 2 cornballs and a peace of rock candy for you but if you spend all your time going with Billy Swett and not wrighting me, i am going to eat it all.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. i shall keep it over tomorow to see if i get a letter.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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p.s. a 2nd time. i cood tell you something about Billy Swett if i was meen enuf. i gess you woodent want to go with him if you knew.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i got your letter all rite. of course you have to be polite to fellers only you needent go walking with them all the time. i wish you woodent wright my name Harrie. i never see a feller witch wrote the end of his name ie witch cood fite.

if you know enny feller witch spells his name Willie or Jamie or Jonnie witch amount to ennything i shood

## **The Love-Letters**

like to see them. i bet i cood lick enny one of them with 1 hand tide behine my back. perhaps they is better fellers and can wair red necktis and blew ribbons in there hat. i know you dont like that kind of fellers becaus girls most always like fellers witch can fite and i can fite terrible. i gess you have never see me mad. how did you like your creem candy. you didnt say ennything about it in your letter. i dont think you wright as good letters as you did at ferst. you aint mad with me for nothing are you.

Wright soon and tell me you aint mad.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

# **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

why havent you sent me enny mot-  
tos laitley. if you havent got enny you  
mite write me what a motto says in  
your letter. i wood like it jest as well.  
i have been by your house lots of times  
and you havent come to the window  
but 2 times. has ennybody been tell-  
ing lies about me. if they have you  
needent beleive enny of them. you dont  
ack as you usted to. this morning in  
school i hemmed to you till i thought old  
Francis wood catch me and put me in  
the wood-box and you woodent look.  
i see you chewing some gum in school  
yesterday. did Billy Swett give it to  
you. i dont think you are fair to me.

## **The Love-Letters**

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i know somthing is the matter. i wood like to know what it is. i have spent evry cent i cood ern bying you things and you dont treet me desent. i didnt sleep hardly enny last nite. i kep thinking what if i shood die wood enny body be sorry. i have got mad with Beany and Pewt and most of the fellers and now you ack as if you was mad with me. i think you are making a mistake. here i am giving up being a bandman jest for you and am going to be a geweler jest so i can give you evrything and gewelry and other things and a pair of white horses and crokay slippers and a gold mounted harness and ice creem evry day. You wont get such things if you go with Beany, for Beany

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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is going to be a stable keeper and he will have to run a hack to the depot and fite for passingers jest like Mager Blake and Charles Tole and clean of his horses and he will smell of the stable all the time and you cant get enny chanse to ride becaus the horses has got to be let. then Pewt says he is going to be a painter and he will keep falling of of ladders and steeples and will be brought home all pudding, and Billy Swett is going to be a docter and he will be cutting people up rite in the parler enny time, and they will be hollering terrible. so you had better stick to me for i am all rite. i send you 2 mottos in this letter and i have left some figs in the tree.

Wright me as soon as you get this

## **The Love-Letters**

and tell me if you like me. i shall wurry until i get your letter and then i shall wurry more if it aint a good letter.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. those figs were some new ones that jest come. i got them in old Tom Connors.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. a 2nd time. Beany wood have et them himself.

p.s. a 3rd time. and so wood Pewt and Billy Swett.

✓



# **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

Your letter made me feal a little better but it wasent as good as some of them. i read it over 5 times. ever sence Pewt and Beany found out about the other tree i havent had so good letters from you. if you are afrade somebody will find your letters you can put the letters in the postofice. i send you a 3 cent stamp for if you put it in the postoffice i will pay for the stamps. i had ruther you wood put them in the tree for it is more fun to get them. it is almost as good fun as birds egging and evry time i go to the tree i feel jest like i do when i find a birds nest and am climing the tree to see if they is enny

## **The Love-Letters**

eggs in it. it wood be more fun only when i dont get enny letter i am dis-  
appointed terrible and when they aint  
enny eggs i dont care so mutch. when  
i go to the tree i feal nervuser and ner-  
vuser and when i reech in and find one  
i feal jest as if i had found a dolar and  
when i dont get one i feal jest as if i had  
lost 2 dolars. i have been saving my  
money for a long time to by you som-  
thing. i have got most enuf but not  
quite. i wood take it out of my cornet  
money but aunt Sarah keeps that and  
i dont dass to ask her for she wood  
make me tell what i wanted it for. i  
wood had enuf before this but i have  
spent all i cood spair for mottos and  
candy and figs. i send you a motto and

## O f P l u p y S h u t e

i have put a cornball in the tree. i gess  
you will be glad when you get my pres-  
ent. Wright me a good letter this time.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. you cood never gess what that  
present is.

Yours very respectfully,

PLU

HARRY.

p.s. a 2nd time. it is the best one  
yet.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

✓

# **The Love-Letters**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Mary,*

Your last letter was the best you have wrote for a long time. i had wurred most to deth over it. i dont beleive you know how mutch i had wurred. you never had to wurry about my letters becaus i always wrote the best ones i cood xcept 1 or 2 when i thought you was going with some other feller. then i got kind of mad and wrote things that i hadent augt to have wrote, but that was only becaus i was mad and a feller never meens ennything he says when he is mad. that is why fellers is diferent from girls. girls always meen things they say when they get mad and fellers dont. jest as soon as fellers get

## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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over there mad they dont ever remember what they said but girls do. i send you a picture whitch i drew of you today in school. this is the pretiest one i ever drew but it isent as prety as you. not nearly. if i had some colered crayons i wood paint your eyes and dress blew and your cheeks red jest like they are. i hoap you will keep this pinned up in your room. you needent tell ennybody who drew it. now dont tell ennybody but if you hear enny singing in frunt of your house tonite it will be me. i am going to give you a serrynade. i read in a book once that when a feller likes a girl better than enny other girl he goes under the window with a gittar and sings.

## **The Love-Letters**

i havent got enny gittar but i have got a tin whisle and i will play a tune ferst and then i will sing and then you come to the window and wave your hand.

Now dont forget to be wating for me. i gess i shall by your present to-morow or next day.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. dont forget the serrynade.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

6

# Of Plu p y S h u t e

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186—

*Dear Mary,*

did you hear me last nite. i never had such a time. i wated in my room til 9 oh clock practising my tune on the tin whisle. when the town bell rung 9 i went down to your house and clim over the fense and went under your window. i had run so fast that i cood-ent play for a long time. then your father come out and set on the steps and begun to smoke his pipe and his dog come with him and begun to growl and bark. i was scart but your father gave him a kick and made him shet up and lay down. i was all behine the currant buches and i dident dass to move. well bimeby your father and the dog

## **The Love-Letters**

went in and then i plaid shoo fly all rite and then i begun to sing Annie Lile and your father stuck his head out of the window and holered who is making that cussed noise and i shet up and dident dass to yip and then i heard him call the dog and i run and clim over the fence and put for home. when i got home i shet the gate and got 2 big rocks and wated for the dog but he didnt come. wasent it tuff on me. did your father know who was serrynding you.

Wright me about it as soon as you get this.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.



## **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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p.s. i droped my tin whisle in your yard when i run. if you find it leeve it in the tree.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. a 2nd time. the juju paist you find in the tree i got for you.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

✓

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i hoap you will find my whisle. enny-way i was glad to get your letter. last nite i bougt your present. it cost a grate deel of money. it is a eligant braselet, a coral braselet. i have been saving for

## **The Love-Letters**

it for a long time. i hoap you will like it. if i had 100 braselets i wood give you evry one.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. i hoap you will like it.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.

p.s. a 2nd time. i have been saving for it a long time.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i dont know what you meen. i put that braselet in the tree jest as i said i

## O f P l u p y S h u t e

did. i know it didnt fall on the ground.  
i put it way in. sombody has stole it.  
who do you supose done it. i had been  
saving for it so long. it was the best  
one i ever see. i will find out.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY.



EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —, 186-

*Dear Mary,*

i never got such a letter in my life.  
for you to say such a thing. honest and  
hoap to die and cross my throte. i put  
that braselet in the tree jest as i wrote  
you. if you dont beleive i ever bougt it  
you jest go down to Polly Colkets store  
and ask her. for you to call me meen

## **The Love-Letters**

after all i have did for you. i have gave you juju paist and goozberrys and corn balls and shuger hearts and creem candy and figs and a brest pin and a ring and mottos and i have got mad with most of the fellers i usted to go with and now you call me meen and think i am a lier becaus sombody has stole that braselet. some fellers has killed themselves for things like that. you will be sorry for this when i am ded.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. it will be two lait then.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

# **O f P l u p y S h u t e**

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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE,——, 186

*Miss* ——

i shall never wright or speek to you agen. no body can call me a lier 2 times and be frends. now i will tell you this. i didnt lie when i said i give you that braselet. you can beleive it or not. i supose you will keep my brest pin and ring, girls most always do. ennyway i send you back your old hair ring. i dont want it. i dont want those figs and juju paist and cornballs and mottos and creem candy and things. i wood like my whisle and i bet you have found it two and wont return it. a girl whitch will treet a feller as meen as you have treeted me will do ennything.

## **The Love-Letters**

some girls do diferent. i know one.  
she hasent got red hair eether.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.

p.s. or freckles.

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY SHUTE.



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