

LETTER SENT TO FRED. TOWNES, ESQ.,
Coronation August, 1912.

Dear Sir:

A ten dollar draft in this letter I send,
And hope to the fence, you'll kindly attend,
Securing each post in the earth very strong,
With hammer and staples as you pass along.

Your letter has filled me with sudden dismay,
And shocked me with awe in regard to the Hay,
For your arguments, many have "felled" me complete,
And paled my complexion, as white as a sheet.

A fence never grew on land, you'll avow,
And none were then there, we both will allow,
The prairie is wide to range and to sow,
Then the crime can't be greater, to graze or to mow.

And now we will close this heated debate,
Like judgment in future, we'll leave it to fate,
Trusting the fence you'll make very strong,
And in Love and good friendship we'll live very long.

When at your convenience, you may answer this, letter,
I trust that your temper will be somewhat better,
And of haying and fencing, we'll sing with delight,
Like some happy dreams of a midsummer night. ..