

**LETTERS TO BEANY  
AND THE LOVE-LETTERS  
OF PLUPY SHUTE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649031504

Letters to Beany and the Love-Letters of Plupy Shute by Henry A. Shute

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Cover @ 2017

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**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.



Published by  
**The Everett Press**  
Boston, Mass., MCMV

AK-3399-7-10



ALA 6348.59

*Subscription fund*

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# LETTERS TO BEANY

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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

wants to lay a egg only his voice was squorkier. when a rooster does that he wont fite. i suppose a rooster which 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**

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 hevvy 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

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.

## 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