Left Moscow on the Electric at 7.35, Friday Morning, came very nearly getting left. Had the pleasure of sitting by and getting acquainted with Mr. Bill W. Changed to the W. J. & M. at Pocahontas, more hustling just twenty minutes to hunted a dray and get our many valuables transferred. Rope broke on two boxes but got them on the train by handling carefully. Had dinner at Boville’s and took a nap by the fireplace while waiting for the Milwaukees. My but it was warm! Dorothy B. gave me a book to read while homesteading, I got real smart and asked if she knew, or knew of Sarah Demmit, she told...
me she surely did but naught to the good. It seems Rose had tired of working and had gone away to be married to Ray Milliner (our mutual friend). They took as a Chaperone, Mrs Cameron from places unmentionable. I don't think I shall inquire further of friends.

We left Bovill about two or two thirty and rode to Clarkia in the Palace Car. Talk about dirt and heat, that was the dustiest caboose I've ever seen. The crew were very pleasant, and all went well. We got in Clarkia just in time to wash for supper. Had
supper and stayed all night at Robert's Hotel.
After supper we went to the store and left our order.
I saw Aunt Pat, and waved to her as we left Collins. Old
Frank R. was in Clarkia on his bi-annual spree.
He beat the Fourth of July this time. He was quite
talkative. He didn't sober down very much
by morning and we ran off with his horse and
didn't lift orders to have him
sent to Collins by freight.
Met Mr. McPeak the packer.
A very pleasant man, affable,
yes and kind. He has promised
to see us through and not
leave us to the mercy of some run, packer. Oh joy!
Sat. May 11.

Got dressed in time for breakfast at seven. They have three breakfasts here so I guess I got one alright. Began raining right away. Went to the store to see if all was going smoothly. I guess I must have looked tough for every one began to plan on something to keep me warm and dry on the trip. Joe W. produced a soft felt hat and a fur lined coat, and Herman gave me a pair of shaps. I was a beauty to be sure. I put the shaps on under my shirt and looked like the fat man in the circus. We left Clarkson at eight thirty.
The rain stopped and all went well till we left the meadows. At the end of the meadows one of the horses took a notion to take a short cut home and away it went. It threw its pack and scattered stone for a mile. Mrs. Taylor and I corralled the other packs and held them till the train came up an hour or so later. From that on till evening it was one continual round of trouble. They had to stop and repack a dozen times or so. Once when they were re-adjusting the corral's pack, the head of the train started off at a jump dragging the
others along, they were all tied together, the
sowel next to, they
had taken the sop
ty to adjust a sack and
as she ran she shook
groceries, nails crackers
bik, for a full quarter
7 a mile. INDs ahead
and swung Old Buck
across the trail and
stopped the procession.
Mr. McPeak came up and
took the sowel pack to
repack her and I got
down and gathered
up canned goods in
my dress and carried
back to the rest of the
pack. It's no fun carryin'
skirt full of that
heavy stuff for a quarter.
The Habits are off the
cans and I suppose we will be eating sardines with our mush instead of condensed milk.

We finally reached White Rock Spring at three o'clock. We should have made it by noon. We ate our lunch in the shelter of buck bush. It was a terribly cold bleak place and a good hard wind blowing. Left White Rock and less than an hour and hurried on, we wanted to reach tent before dark, but still fate seemed against us, we still had to repack. We only made the highest point on freeze out by dark.
and had to stop. Freeze Out is true to its name; it's the coldest place this side the North Pole. We got our horses and bed-attended too and then got supper. It began raining again and I then turned to hail. When we got up in the morning all the tins cups and pans were frozen to the dog, the horses' ropes were frozen stiff and so were we. I had on my brown suit, my sweater, and Jim Wilson's big coat and still my teeth were shattered. The left Freeze Out about seven o'clock and most of our way lay through snow for about three miles.
just before we left Freeze. But proper the old white horse slipped on the trail and went rolling down over the mountainside for fifty five or sixty feet before she found it try to stop herself against. She rolled over and rolled like a rubber ball. Her neck in under most of the way. We never expected to see her with a pack on again but as soon as she stop ped she scrambled to her feet and started up hill again with the pack on every which way. The men stopped here and repacked her and the procession started on again, only to get another horse down in
the snow, she was easily
dug out and on against
the nest horse to be unpacked
was the cordel, the breast
strap to the pack harness
broke as she was coming
up hill and let the pack
slip back over her hips
she tried to buck it off
but the snow was so
deep and soft that she
did not succeed, she
was unpacked and we
started on.
We finally reached
Lake Thelma. Above the
lake is a very straight
step climb, it being on
the North side and the
snow had drifted off
 till it was many feet
deep. We dismounted
and walked and slid
down to the bottom, leading our horses as best and could. We made it to Mrs. Tozer's by four o'clock, with no further trouble, but it was too late to try coming on over to my claim as the trail was to new one to all. We had dinner and Mr. McPeak started out to find the trail.

Monday, June 13.

Unluck day. We left Tozer's at eight o'clock. Got a horse flown in the mine the first thing. It was the same poor old white that rolled down hill. She went in so deep that she had to be unpacked before they could get her out. The
trail was old and very hard to follow.

We got to Macalpine without any further trouble, and crossing the sourn from Malep to my cabin.

We got two horses down in the mine. It was ten thirty when we finally reached the cabin.

I record breaking trip for the mine.

There was absolutely nothing at the cabin but a bed, four walls, and a bed in one corner.

I unpacked and set up the stove.

It came through all right. Only one little piece broken. But lost four bolts. The men fixed it together as
it is doing nicely. After
dinner Papa and Mr. McPeak run the lines
over to Mrs. Jaylott's and
looked for the fabled
trail that we paid
a twenty a piece to have
cut, it had vanished.
They ran the lines to
the cabin and found
a large tree had fallen
across it, knocking me
and out of commission
entirely. They got
back to about four o'clock
and Mr. McPeak started
back to Clarkia.
We slept in Mays
Cabin and are still
using it as a bedroom,
as there are a number
of trees near my cabin
which are dangerous.

[Signature]
14th Jan. 1910.
Daddy cut a trail to water and dug a spring. We sunk the line for the two forty near the cabin to be sure the cabin was on my land. I have about twenty feet to spare. In the early day we started to Mrs. Talbot's to survey the trail so we could follow it after the men had gone. It took us four hours and a half to make the trip. It's only three quarters on the section line. After an early dinner Papa and I started out to run the lines on the rest of my claim. We got
think I'll be an expert trail and blaze hunter very long. I kept the line stringing leg and Papai split the posts to estimate the timber. He is not at all pleased with the outlook, unless spruce should be as valuable as white pine. It's liable not to remain as long as was expected.

Wednesday, 15.

Took Boerner's door and loose shakes to make a table and some shelves. Worked and fought mosquitoes till we were black in the face! Daddy tried his hand at the furniture deal and was quite handy. We have put the stove indoors.
made a table, three shelves, a stool and took heart to sing the
provision. They were a sight. The night we arrived at Frezgout
I took all my linens—towels, dish cloths, and table clothes and tied
the sacks of groceries in every sack. Boxed broken and things were in
a terrible mess. No one was to blame. The Millers had wrapped
all securely, and the I could not help it that our trouble did not
come singly. It was very provoking, when we found as tied as
could be to find beans, peas, coffee, split peas, potatoes, cider etc.
all in one general mister
I sorted all I could
and tied them up in
every thing I could get
hold of I except my stock
ings. Mrs. Taylor was
very angry over the
state of affairs and
sputtered considerably
I held my tongue but
could not keep my
teeth from chattering.
My! but I was cold. I
When we got only to
Jorsens on Sunday the
lady had another spell.
I'm afraid I'll have
troubles of my own if
I keep this red head
down where it belong.
Poor Mrs. Taylor was
very much disheartened
at this prospects. My
trail and a broken
cabin; she seems also to have the idea that she's been done on the partnership affair because she can't get some thing in to her claim. She and Readly have been discomfiting thing she kept out so far.

Thursday, 16

Did not get tip till eight, dressed and started for the kitchen. On the way heard Mr. Peake's call and so will know the worst soon.

Later, Mr. P. arrived with the rest of the goods. Mrs. Iveric, Myrtle Durham and Claude Burnus came in with him, Mrs. Taylor's
store did not come and they could get no one to come in and work. Mrs. I. still has no home and is all broke up. She has cried twice this morning and would eat no breakfast. I guess I'm in for it now for certain. We can do nothing and can not hold the pack train for two days to get her to trail. She thinks stronger than ever that she's been done in the deal. We settled with Mr. McPeek and paid thirty seven, fifty for her shares each. It costs some to eat and travel in this country.
wanted very much to go over the trail as far as Forsens with the men when they went back but Mrs. Taylor would not agree to it. It is about three miles or an hour and a half walk. So I guess Ann will tramp her own yard for awhile. The men left about ten thirty before leaving they cut down a tree in May's yard that was just disposed to fall towards the cabin. It just struck the edge of the porch and split two shaks as it fell.

We are now do babies in the woods and a mighty big
big woods at that, I don't believe there'sobins enough in this
corner of it to do
their duty at covering
if anything should
happen. I got
busy as soon as I
could after Daddy
had left and worked
hard. I made a table
to use as a writing
desk, and a shelf for
a china closet. If
you might before I
knew it. My but
the nights got big
out hide. I'll bet they'd
be large enough for
Miss Caldwell here.
They'd suit better than
the park lunch tin
sure. We went to
bed about seven thirty.
to keep from being eaten alive. We had a slight thunder shower, which made the trail to our bedroom quite wet. You don't mind that when you get used to it.

Friday, 17

Spent the day reading and sewing. I made me a black satin corset cover. There's some class to that. I even French seamed it. We have not seen any game yet. There's an old goshen that keeps up a continual drumming near the cabin. Daplely tried to get him while he was here but failed so he drums on faithfully. The
chipmunks are getting very tame. We saw deer tracks on our trail as we were coming over this morning.

Saturday, 18

Another day. This is bath day. Wonder how it will seem to bath in a thimble full of water? I tossed in the good supply of bark. In case of bubs and took my bath. It was hard but not what I had expected. Casually mentioned Twensi and the trail. Mrs. S thinks it might be well to plan on going over to dinner tomorrow. Must be bed early to avoid the rush and get up late for the
same reason.

Sunday, June 19.

Didn't wake up till eight o'clock. That's doing well for me.

Mrs. Taylor was dressing very quickly and I asked why she did so. She told me to avoid getting wet when we crossed those dreadful meadows. That she had dreamed and lived through that awful night all right and if she had to take it she would and be glad when it was over.

I told her I wouldn't take it for anything if she felt that way about it. I made the remark that we would have to give
in one to the other. When she wanted to go to her cabin I was ready to go with her and when I wanted to visit Joren I'd like to have her go with me. Well, she threw that up at me and told me I was decidedly selfish, that this was a business trip for her. She was here to homestead and not to visit. She didn't care to visit but would save her strength to go back and forth to her claim. If I could get someone in here to stay with me and go visiting that she'd go to her cabin and camp, and attend to
business. Well I wouldn't think of such a thing and I told her so, and that papa would be very angry about it, and we would not go a step towards London. I sure don't care to see The selfish one if it is true, but maybe my vision is terribly distorted. She kept talking and walked and about eleven, when I finally got her to understand I would not go, and I sat down to write. I'd been writing but a short time, when I heard a call, I lost my time in answering. It was someone coming.
to spend the day.

"Ach! But I was glad
to see them!" As
Sunday has not been
so long and hard
as it seemed! But
sory the lady and
I held words! I expect
old reddy will get me
into trouble yet.

Myrtle Claude and I
are going to explore
the Avery trail next
Tuesday if all goes
well. It's getting
late so must adjourn
till tomorrow.

June 20, 1910.

Rained and blew all night.
I thought mosquitoes till I
couldn't sleep. Woke up
at seven, but it was too
wet to go to the cabin.
I tried to sleep. Managed beautifully. Didn't wake up till ten twenty. Grass still wet. Strapped on my gun, put on Papa's old coat and went to the cabin. We had breakfast at eleven fifteen and sat down to tell stories. When tired I tried to write but decided to comb my hair. I pulled it all down over my face in grand style and gave it a fling. Mrs. Taylor went to the Spring and left me to pull my hair to my heights content. Our looking glass hung directly in front of the door, and imagine my surprise upon looking...
in to see if my hair was parted straight, to see a strange man standing looking at me. I was startled for sure. He introduced himself as Mr. Nifong by Clapkin and said Papa had sent him to help build a trail to Mrs. Taylors and cut down the trees around the cabin. When I had never seen another. He went to work at once to fell a large dead tree next to the cabin. He could not run the saw alone so Mrs. Taylor and I helped him. He didn't swear once, although he mentioned it. The
saw needed setting out was rusty, and he had no wedge that would work still. He finally got it down with his good feet cleaving to spar. It looked mighty doubtful for a while. He is working the saw into shape to try the other trees in the moving and a terrible screeching he is making of it. His hair is taggery as Mrs. Jo. The cutting put my writing out of compression. I can hardly read it. Our beaks is about half gone. I guess we have good appetites. Mrs. I fooled me into thinking I was eating a fried
June 21, 1910, still

This morning, I tried to get up early to get breakfast for Mr. Nifong. I made it at seven-thirty. That's pretty good after getting up at seven-thirty the morning before, but I'll have to prod again and do better. Burned three brush piles in the rain last night. The place looks different already. I really believe a man is a necessary evil. My dirt floor is mighty damp, so I had
but for a week. Mr. Higby
went to roll a large log
this morning and broke
the "canthook, I've been
patching it, I don't know
whether it will work or
not.

I put a hundred
apples in water for supper.
Mrs. Taylor said they'd
be no good unless they
were first class. Whoever
heard of dried apples
or prunes being anything
but first class? I didn't
decided when to have
my garden, and will
probably plant onion
tomorrow. We had
onions for supper last
night and didn't have
company either. Such
extravagance! Maybe
Bruc' Chidsey would be
be pleased to see me sailing around with his revolver strapped over my shoulder. The straps too long to go around my waist and he is not very much to brag of. I don't understand how he ever kept from losing it if I must write to Cal. today, I wish I saw your address when I could mail it. Possibly before the Fourth, we gave up the trip over the Acre Island when the man caved it. Will try it later. If the weather permits will go and view the "nudak" as we call Mrs. J. Calvin and see what can be done for it. Its dinner time so will stop and go to bed.

Weather very fine. Got up at five o'clock to get Mr. Hifongi breakfast so we could go to Mrs. Taylor's. Had to swim the bushes were so wet with dew. Mr. N. was just getting up when we reached the cabin. I nearly talked the arm off the man today and found that he attended the U.S. at one time and was well acquainted with Ben McCormick! His parents live out North West of Moscow. I helped him saw down three trees yesterday. My my shoulders aching all three trees averaged over ten feet in less than three feet.
each in diameter. I've been pulling up push trs. If I help this pace up it'll be a regular Shampson. Mine thick hair. Mine gets so full to pine needles and moss that I'm afraid I'll not have much left by fall.

Mrs. Taylor's cabin was in a striviable condition. One tree had mashed it flat. Mr. N. chopped and rolled that off and then cut down a large decayed white pine back of the cabin. It didn't come up to his expectations and went across the cabin also knocking it still flatter it had but good legs.
enough to build about three logs high, from the wreckage. It looks much like train to me. After Lynch Mr. and I came back and left Mr. N. leaving down Sherris old cabin to finish out Mrs. di. The lunches on bread, butter and a can of sardines beside the little stream between the two cabins. They had the laugh on the as I sat there on a log swinging my feet. A revolver over my shoulder, reading a piece of a Sunday School paper that had been wrapped around the lunch. The contract was quite noticeable, I think.
will have macaroni
for supper for a change.
The potatoes are lasting
well but the bacon
is getting sick. I don't know
what I'll do then, probably
learn to like salt pork. I
we have a good fat piece
of that on hand.

June 23,
Mr. Miford did not get
in until nearly seven.
He's a poor guesser at
time. We have but one
timepiece in the crowd.
Mr. Taylor watch so
we watch it carefully
for fear it will run
down. We beat him
up this morning, we
were dressed at at the
cabin at five thirty,
I guess. That surprised
the gentleman some.
Afta breakfast we start
for Mrs. Taylor again.
Mr. T. went on ahead
and we got lunch
ready. The man must
have worked dreadfully
hard the day before, for
he had the walls up
all ready to roof. They
put on the shaked
yesterday and chinked
the syltine. Mrs. T.
has the gentleman
cutting trail today.
She is the most change-
able person I have ever
been with. She hasn't
the slightest idea what
she wants to nor when
she wants it. She
sh'd have no trail and
that she would have
a trail. She'd have a man pack her things over and that she'd have a horse pack them over. She had not thought through that when Mr. McPeake brings the stone he'll be the only man near to pack, so she might as well have the horse take them in and make a trail, if she's to go there every day or every other day. I hope she gets the bush cut any way, she nearly did my eyesight trying to pick through and get back for sage. I'm in a mood to quote herself entirely. I believe, I'd try letting her lead and have to?
eventually go ahead and meet the trail myself. While me and a party of chipmunks had a dance on our perfectly good tablecloth, tasted ate our oatmeal mush June 24.

Get up and to the cabin early again. My best and sleepy and the days are long when you start it at five in the woods. Mr. XI is working on the trail again, fire been pulling brush and setting in the yard, dead at hour of so, have write nearly as long at it is but eleven o'clock. We
I have dried apple pie, light bread and then soup for dinner, also potatoes. There's some class to That. This is to be our first pie, so don't know how it will seem, but it looks mighty good.

We didn't get started to May till quite late last night and it was almost dark. I walked like a racer and Mrs. I had no trouble in keeping up. This is a very long walk, but I think she'll get better with time or as she becomes accustomed to it. We have been too busy to go to Mrs. Lorenzo's yet. Besides could not
while the man is working
Mosquitoes are
taller since the rain.
Had a heavy frost last
night, and today is
a beautiful except for a little
breezy.

February 25

Mr. Njorgo is working on
the trail. He thinks he
will get through today.
We all watching fire
and running ourselves.
I sat out on a log with
my hair down and my
back to the sun for over
an hour. The sun then
got too hot for me and
I came in to the cabin
to write. I really be
live in lazy today.
I'd rather sit in bed
than pull brush.
Evening, at noon the fire got the start of us and Mr. N. had to fight for an hour to keep it out of the big pine tree. The daylight goes to Mrs. S. as we had expected but I wanted to watch the fire. I wrote to Miss Caldwell, Agent Hyldia, Margaret and finished Chad's letter this afternoon. I must be dreadfully warm out, for it is quite warm in here today. Our evenings are unusually cool and I've been sleeping in my woolen socks. I'd get my feet damp going over to the bedroom and then suffer with cold.
just till I got desperate and hunted up the bottle.

Sunday, June 26.

A beautiful day, just a slight breeze blowing from the North. The Man does not work on Sunday, but expects to do his washing today. He made a trashing machine last evening, & it is a corn can bucket on a stick. He took a spike and made holes through the can before fastening it to the stick. It works like the old fashion stomper. We have a tub, but no washboard. So he soon remedied that. As it was Sunday we
could sleep as long as we pleased. Oh, the irony of fate! I just couldn't sleep, and I wanted to as badly.

I got up early and slipped out and sat on the porch for an hour or so. Then I went in and tried to dress without waking Mrs. J. but didn't succeed.

I dressed and came over, and had breakfast at nine thirty. I decided to write while she did housework. Mrs. J is making a cake. She has a hard time and cannot seize into the work. She is absolutely. She can't eat much on her
plate nor drink condensed milk. She don't see why mice and chipmunks must bother us. We have enough to eat. She wishes for rough on rats forty times a day and just can't get use to covering things up. She has been quite good temper for three or four days but is under the weather this morning and nothing suits. She is very discouraged now he'll course she can see ya large trees near her cabin. I wish Matt would come in and prove that she either has or has not a stick of timber. The relief
would be great to me. I'm afraid it will be a long day unless the gentleman makes some fun for us when he starts the washing machine. Nothing doing Sunday long enough for two or ordinary days. Mrs. N. kept fishing. Caught five. They were quite small, and only an acquaintance think it. Go myself some of three days.

Monday, June 27.

Work day, still at Mrs. Taylor's. Got up at five-thirty to get the man off as early as possible. We followed after straightening the cabin and getting lunch ready. I tried
helping Mrs. J. pull brush for two days. When she was with the at home and I was pulling brush or picking up she did not turn her hand to help so don't think I'll put myself out much to pull for her any more.

Nothing exciting. Mr. N. finished shingling the cabin for Mrs. J. and carved and rolled logs in the yard and picked up algae for her spring out. The trail is real good, a great improvement over no trail.

Frisco, June 28.

Work again still at Mr. Taylor. She is the most changeable person that
ever walked a trail, I don't see how Mr. N. ever decided to do or what to do. She is not accus-
tomed to things quiet and thinks it fairly dreadful to walk to her place in fifty minutes. Made
garden, a table, and bedstead,raked three
trees, burned brush and picked up today. The
lady is provoked about something and won't
have the gentleman back tomorrow. So I think
I will have a garden corn. We harvested the
rice handle today and Mr. N. ran out of planting
tobacco. Rich land. We left later than usual.
Mr. N. and I slept about
Twenty after five, as we neared the clearing I smelled smoke and it seemed pretty lively for a while. I thought our amende fire had spread, as soon as I entered the clearing I saw it came from that way. We knew then that Matt had arrived. Will Fri is with him. We expected it to be put out of our cozy bedroom but Matt wouldn't hear of that. They made their bed in the barn and we slept in it.

June 29.

Matt called and took me at five fifteen this morning. My butt that

recorded
made our bed and were on our way at twenty till six. That's speed for these parts. Mrs. N. is making my garden. We're planting tomatoes. I think we'll finish here about tomorrow and then leave for town. I'm having some lovely white pine boards cut, to last us till we see the next man. I don't know when that will be. I swept my floor today, hurrah! I'd give a fortune for some large tin cans. The chipmunks were eating holes in every thing they can get at! It's been and dumping today. That doesn't suit me.
appetite in the East, Mr. Nifong finished my garden and went over to
Mrs. Z. to get some things and to take her stove over. (the old one from the
Burner cabin),
Matt told me that the
stove in Mary's
cabin belonged to me.
I shall bring it over
and take it to the spring
to heat water on when
we wash. It will save
a great deal of carrying.
He also told me it would
take but a mile of trail
to hit the government
trail to Rspt from here
and that the trail must
run according to the
sections it crosses just
about a quarter of a
Thursday, June 30. Mr. W. planted the


garden, cut brush north

by the cabin, and cut

up the trees we cut
down, and rolled them

away, and cut wood

enough for about six

weeks. I will leave

in the early morning,

hearing Turkarro. My

check for ten dollars was

given today in payment.

I haven't planted my

flower seeds yet but

will soon, I'll have

to prepare the bed for

them myself. I guess

can alright but it all

...
This great out door
I don't know where is
the best place for my
handful of flowers.
July 1, 1900.

Got up at the usual
time, Mrs. J. wants to
plant her garden today
so we will go over
to her house. Mr. N got
off alright, but didn't
know at what hour
by hard breakfast before
he left. I guess me
hang the chipmunks
now.

I took a rope
and stretched it between
two little picture wires.
The wires being fastened
to the rafters on both
side of the roof.
think that will be quite secure, as we leave feeling somewhat better.

Later. Well! I guess feeling don't count for much. I took sick about four, and was up early. I felt like sin and didn't feel much better yet. When we stepped into the cabin he found one sack on the floor and oatmeal over everything. I don't see how they ever got away to that place. The sack that was on the floor contained about a quart of hina beans.
divided into four parts and two of them contained rice. We had six pounds in all. It was all gone to the grain and the partition were ripped open. There was not a thing in the sack to show where mice or chipmunks had been working. I was in such a hurry that I didn't notice whether the rice was alright when I hung it on the rope this morning. But it was all there when we put it away the night before. I don't certainly seem strange.
Jenny knew anything but man would rip out a seam to get into a nice ease. Being straggly must have bug through and helped himself. He must have been a fitting for nice for everything else is OK. There has been but three other people in the woods that we know of, and it surely couldn't have been either of them.

July 2, 1910

On the hunt for we stayed at home today. and stayed away until time. We were going to work, but had
to put it off till Mon.  Regeen fitted with the mask.  I felt better this P.M. and baked a little in the yard.  I sat perfectly still on the edge of the bed and watched a chipmunk make his search for the oatmeal.  He was certainly a cunning rascal.  He tried going walking but was afraid they'd climb to the bedpost and jumped about four feet and landed on the sugar sack.  It didn't prove to be what he wanted.
wall until he came to the shelves. From there he jumped four feet again and on to the bottom of the sack. I frightened him away and moved things along. The rafters a little farther as he could not jump from the shelf and waited. He came back, tried the wire, went around the wall and came in on the ridge pole and jumped from there. He kept still and when he left he walked the wire up to the side rafter like a regulation.
Paid cipons. Reformed my blood was up and shot him as he left the wire. Am less to account for and fees. Ave given up in despair about the time the munks get through eating the oatmeal. The bees will try the flour and sugar.

Sunday, July 3.

We have invited Matt and Will to six o'clock dinner, and in all dressed up. I put on the dark pinafore and my broom skirt, a white collar and the old peacock pin. Here's style to that, I know.
I'm in a lunge. We are going to have fresh light bread, hominy, black beans, and soup and dumpling, and dried apple pie. You would laugh to see the soup. I do not intend to salt pork as we thought the men could help us eat it. We boil it till tender and to the liquid added, oatmeal, potatoes, onion, salt and pepper and a small pint of tomato juice just before ready to serve. Mrs. T. made old dump ling and dropped them in. I never tasted anything so delicious.
I don't know how it would taste at home but it was certainly fine and the men nearly fumigated. It looked stormy so we left early for the prairie and sat up by a fire and watched the electrical display. It was quite severe but no rain.

Monday, July 4.

The glorious Twentieth is nearly passed. I have spent the day shooting chipmunks, reading aloud and writing. Aye! I took a nap. Sleep is a wonderful time killer and it is...
needed to in this high altitude. When the sun rises at five Nick McPeek would drop in with the mail. There has been nothing to denote that this is the Crimson Fort, except the drumming of the blue grouse, the swallows and the low rumble of thunder as the clouds catch on the high divide to the north. We have had sunshine and clouds generously applied today. The weather is very undecided, but that distant grumble is
Thunder, means me. I wish it would rain and be done with it and then it would be so good for the garden. We have every thimble of water and I throw in the lettuce bed to coax it along. Matt is so worried for time I'm afraid he won't have time to investigate the Avery trail and things will have to go as they are. We could only make it there. Then we could get out easy and get back mail brought in by the rangers.
If I'd known how busy it was I'd have kept the Nipon another day or two and had him cut a foot trail through for us or at least blaze it. I guess it's up to me to either walk the meadows or stay at home and it certainly does look like staying at home. I was going to borrow Matt's horse, Sunday but she had never been ridden by a woman or without a saddle. I thought it too risky and I stayed at home. Wish they would kill a veal before they go.
July 5

Matt leaves tomorrow and is gardening today. I took the hatchet I gave to them today and he gave me enough potatoes to plant a row across the garden. Heirloom Idaho potatoes and multiply a thousand to one. At that rate we will be compelled to dig about twenty-four thousand potatoes by spring. I'm afraid it isn't be equal to the task. No! No!

Bill came up this P.M. and brought the store. We decided to
use it for a cellar
and stored everything
in it that the chipmunks
like, I guess they'll
have to move some
if they get it now.
Bill shot six chip-
munks today and
fed them to the dog.
He stayed till four
and then went
down to see Matt to
get rid of him. He made
him some patent
traps, and told me
how to trap and skin
mink. On the way
over to May, he went
clear across the swamp
to gather some roots
for us. Oh! Bill! Now
Whatch no about that. They were beautiful and we were appreciater them. They wanted us to stay and eat. We signed with them but the dish cloth looked worse than ours so we declined. Matt tells me that the Milwaukee engineer says, "Marble Mountain is ten thousand feet high at the peak that we are four thousand feet above sea level in this basin and that the rock point "come over" before we get to Deep Lake is nearly eight thousand
July 6.

I went to bed early but got up earlier. Thadme called at this time. They wanted to make it to the divide before it got hot. We talked a while then came over to the cabin. We could not see an appetite of any size until six. We had breakfast then and I carried six pails full of water to the little beek. We decided to do much more work today.
dishpan and Tub and went over to May's. We had a very large wash and nearly covered the six hundred feet of new fence when we had it out to dry. But unless the skin is a wonderful cure all, some of the pieces will be pretty yellow. I was very tired after we were through. We then walked home, got dinner and took a nap, so feel better now. It's no fun to run one of those patent washers and carry water uphill to keep it going.

Mrs. Taylor is wearing
a blue home gown, she too stuck up for anything she washed her head and quit today. I haven't had the courage to put me one of my dresses yet but haven't stuck to the "brownie". This is an awful big world over here, and the whole outdoor crowds hard against the clear-ringing finge at night. I hate to leave the cabin at night for fear a bear will take things and skiddos but it seems so shut in among the trees that I can't hear to sleep there. Here goes.
July 8.
I had rain around all day in the shade.
I did bake and pull a little brush this morning. I think I shall do but little work around my yard till I decide where to put my new cabin. I don't care about the yard for the old one.
I took a bath this P.M.
and put on my stripped dress. It is as long as life or fancy. I don't believe I'll ever wear it out only around the bottom. When I look down and see my big shoes under my
I felt just like a peacock. I don't know why I dressed up unless I just couldn't stand being any longer. In an instant, I was reading 'The Conspirator.' I would rise early and build a campfire at sunset and read.

July 6th.

Well! I found out why I dressed up yesterday. I guess I had become a writer, and I couldn't help it. Mrs. O. and I were sitting out on the porch reading my manuscript. The words I was repeating, My heart— And I fought for breath.
finally was and told
Mr. D. I was had heard
such-a noise. It seemed
to come nearer and I
finally remarked that
it sounded as if our
stove had decided to
come over by lightning
strike. We heard the
racket off and on for
about fifteen minutes and
then heard a call. We
answered and thinking
it was Mr. McPeak, it
was dark when he got in.
He brought the mail.
Thank Goodness. I was
about to get desperate.
and walk to Shaske for it Myself. He said
as he was bringing Mr. D
in yesterday we met Mrs. Jorden, Ethel & Myrtle at the bars about twelve miles on the way. Myrtle came up with the other but Mrs. Jones on to Clarkia. Myrtle is terribly broken up and disappointed and sent word for me to come over at once when Mr. McP came back. So we are going over this morning. Mr. McP has gone to Mrs. Taylor to take some things over, and we will meet him at Mary July 9.

Come again. We rode over to Mrs. Do on the pack saddles. Such
Mr. McPeak had dinner and then left for Clarkia. We decided to stay all night as Mr. T. wasn’t feeling well. Read the new paper today. First I’ve seen. Who I was somewhat put out at having to pay for a pack horse to pull fire stone and some bacon on. She misunderstands that Mr. McP. was bring the stove in and take her things on over for me further consideration. I understand that he was to take only the thing she had here that he would have
taken had her cat's leg
ready to receive them.
We always misunderstand things so I wonder if I am daffy.
He left Mr. Doe sometime
this morning. Mrs. Doe's
match is not running
and neither is Mr. Doe.
So we have no tinfoil.
Our appetites are all the
same to go by. We played
a trail around the
other side of the mead
now so we can go to Mr.
Doe and have but one
meadow to cross.
We saw either two or
the same one twice.

We all dreadfully ex-
cited. Mrs. Doe could hav
shot it either time but I had the gun and was always too far away. My gun I wish we could have gotten.

I'm somewhat tired after my visit and the walk home. I don't know what time it is but I'm hungry so will start things to moving.

June 10, Sunday. Have just read about talked and hunted shade today. Nothing doing.

 Junk 11.

It was a calendar month yesterday since we left home. It does
It has been twelve months and a day, yet here I am all gas well. The went over to Mrs. Liz today and she dug and made some garden. We had our lunch of biscuit, bacon and coffee. We made a wood fire and cooked the coffee in the cabin on the floor. She took the featherbed over to her cabin so I presume we will be taking our all nights map over there before long. Not if I can help myself though. The lady told me yesterday that she does not expect to go out at
all until the fourteen months are up. I don't see how she will make it, but she is confoundedly head strong that I suppose she'll try. Different girl, I going when I take the notion. I tried to persuade her it would never do for her to try to remain without going out before winter and that she could or should not remain in here alone if I go out. She will give in to neither. I think she now expects to go and stay with Mrs. D when I take my wild chance, but I think one D will...
be going put herself and within the door I go too. Now that may be gross selfishness or anything you want to call it but I want to see civilization before I return for the winter.

July 12

Gords that for thunder! The mice are as tame I guess. They'll eat me shit. I tied one up that helped himself to a biscuit while we were sitting at the table talking after supper. Every time I'd move he'd scurry away only to come back and try again. I never saw such mice! They are larger
than two mice had large ears, white breasts and a soft blue-gray. They are quite muscular and keep perfect time on the tin pan at May every night but I can't decide whether they do it with their feet, tails or tails. We sprouted the potatoes today and found that the flies had been very busy both outside and inside the sack. Whoever heard of flies blowing raw potatoes and old gungy sack? They beat the band! That makes me think. "Once a cad cast blamed."
going to iron after
Grannie. We have to
go to Mary's to iron, the
Table is the week at my
inlaw. My such time.
The onions grow about
two inches a day, they're
beginning to look like
mountain cilies.
I cleaned off the shelf
today and found the
mice had helped themselves
and gotten entirely away
with all my clothes
seed. I have been very
stormy looking today
and there has been thunder
all morning. Mrs. B. and Myrtle are
coming over some day this
week. Good Speed!
July 13. Nothing astir. I felt weak and I stayed today as long as I could around in the shade and studied the dictionary. Haven't been sleeping well for a couple of nights.

July 14. Went to Mrs. Taylors this morning. Got up early, but don't know what time. My aunt and I do miss that watch. It clouded up this afternoon and we suffered dreadfully from the heat and exposure up the mule home. It has been thundering and threatens a real fine
rain, I will be glad for the garden. We are tired and need rest. I'll be glad to send the car as we have suppers and wash.

July 15. Well it beat the band that a fellow can't sleep. Mr. T. stayed awake last night. I see if I was fooling about not sleeping I don't think I slept twenty minutes. Piffle! And there was such a lovely rain. It didn't rain as much as it should have for the gardens.
we must be contented
with what is sent.
Went a bath and dressed
up again today but as
yet there has no one
come to see me. Wish
I knew what time it is.
The have been reading
aloud for an hour or
so before going to bed. The
nights are beautiful.
They make me think of
Miss Caldwell.
We discovered to our
sorrow that the flies
bloom fresh onions. They
spoiled our lunch yester-
day. That's the limit,
I expect they'll blow the
effluences off our coun-
ter next.
July 17
I went to Mrs. Taylor's again today.

July 17. I read this morning and took my bath for Sunday is always bath day. Dress ed up in my gingham. Expected Mrs. Sheldon and Myrtle but they didn't come.

July 18. Too hot to work all day. That's what I've been doing for a week or so. I'm afraid I would but there's no danger when you don't sleep more than half the night. I have been writing letters to everyone I know. Getting ready for the next mail.
July 19.
Washed today, just as we were coming to the cabin from Waco. We heard a call and answered. It was Mrs. D. "Myrtle, Glad! Indeed, indeed! yes! They had great tales to tell about the deer eating the garden and also scoring four in the shooting at once.

July 20.
This was tired folks at camp tonight. We tried to run the line from here to Mr. Foreman. We made it fine to the corner, but could not find the quarter line. It was late and threatening rain.
and none of us enjoyed the prospect of staying under a tree all night so we retraced our footsteps. My it was provoking to me within a quarter of a mile to have to give it up as very disappointing. We are going home with Mrs. S. tomorrow and see if we can locate Mr. Fiskers.

July 23, 18__

We went to Mrs. O. and got caught in a thunder shower on the big hill. Stained—and we were drenched. A sorry looking bunch we were when we struck the meadows.

At 4 9 we saw a manic
track going towards the cabin. We hurried as fast as we could for our wet shirts and shoes. When we reached the cabin we found that Mr. Cooper had two thin and old
no some provisions and Mail. We all tried to change some clothes and read the letters at the same time. The attempt was
laughable but quite successful. Thinking Mr. Crow
went the next day we eat up late and wrote letters. The next morning
Myrtle and I went to Mr.
Go with the letters. We now
watching the trail very
close, expecting to see track
leading the wrong way and that we had missed Mr. E. Suddenly we heard the sound of chopping and Mr. E. gave a piercing scream. I am thinking she would frighten the person she shouted normally. Mr. Pwalks, the State man, ran with Mr. E. and they got us a fine dinner and treated us royally. We got home about six o'clock and got up the next morning and started for home. The Taylor stayed at the old cabin and picked up all the tin cans she could carry and brought near to clean out. She is getting quite a

remark for her kitchen but
I'd hate to do it that way. Everything all right when I got home.

Sunday, July 24. Mrs. J. wanted me to go over to her place today and stay all night. My but I hate to think of it. Yet I suppose it's right to do so. We got up early that we couldn't go. So spent the day reading.

July 25. Had it today, now getting everything ready for the ship. We go to Mrs. J. to stay all night.

July 26. Made it. But am in a chine of a temper I didn't sleep a bit and Mrs. J. woke us on the way home. It was so
I was practicing the wedding March to have seen me coming down the trail. We heard three shots and a true fall last night. Rangers I expect. I thought maybe the packers had come and found us gone, and was signaling. Lots of our tracks in the garden.

July 27

Rats! Curges! This sudden at Mrs. This morning and I missed them. I only seven lozels for the revolver as have to go slow. They are very tame. An old Mother and two little ones. I heard them go...
around the house and thought it was a stone. This is an old pha.
sand-at the spring and
I can't get a shot at her.
I had luck and I give a
whole lot for a big take.
I've a miserable headache
today and am cranky, we
are hurrying and will soon
be through. It was over
weeks yesterday since we
arrived here. My shoes
are dreadfully used up. I
will have to be going on
a shopping tour soon and
I won't be able to make
tracks.

July 28

Didn't sleep a mite and
am so tired and cross
I think I'll go frantic if I don't get to sleep tonight.

Mrs. Taylor emptied the flour sack this morning and asked me what I thought about taking the meat out of the pillow case and putting it in the sack. I told her I had another case and that it was not necessary but she could if she liked to. She then asked about washing it and I suppose she meant the pillow case so I said it burned sealed and I didn't believe it needed it.

This evening she got the dirty flour sack to put the meat in and if it wouldn't fit she
flaw off the handle at once—and told me she had discovered the print with me this morning. Not being in a very formable mood I tried to explain what I thought she meant that morning. She was very haughty and I got rather mad, I suppose, for I am cranky then she told me she had not been enough to understand without being told more than a dozen times, that she hadn't understood me this morning and hadn't talked like a barbarian to me either. She went outside and I let her stay, I told her she did do the dishes myself.
squirrel, a little late
do me will have one great
big pine squirrel for
dinner tomorrow.
The lady was of this
morning and told me
in a "You're to blame" manner
how she would be doing
things differently if she
would... I just felt
that manner of hers, as
if I was to blame the way
things have turned out.
I go to her place every time
she suggests it and have
never been refused, but if
she thinks I'm going to
get up in the morning
and say 'This is a dandy
fine day, let's go soon as
you can farm.' This
mistaken. When she
wants to go all she has
to do is say so. She
practice her shorthand when she wishes to, she
doesn't have to work there. She complains
about not having time to
practice and thus sat
in the shade reading
all P.M.
I darned stockings and
sewed up the hole in
my wrap this morning.
I'm not doing any cleaning.
The men will do that. I just
then they build the new
cabin and so why to the
men.
Mr. I. has had
tried to mud his cabin
and thinks he'll try
make the old one do.
By fall sh'll decide not
'to have any cleaning
made. I wish I knew
how to arrange things as
we were not shown at
One month as, its
terminated disagreeable
July 30.
One more day left
in July.
For four days the air
has been terribly smoky.
Yesterday we discovered
a great fire east of here.
And for I don't know. I
have been feeling poorly
for about a week and had
just been lying around.
The smoke was so close
and oppressive yesterday.
I thought we could not
stand it. All night
long we heard the falling
of the trees, but the night
was perfectly clear and
no smoke visible.