

The Lumberlost.
49 Meadows.

Dear Mother;

And all others who
are interested in this
old back woods:

I'm trying a new
pen and its a racer, I
think it'll do better by
the time it gets warmed
up to the occasion.

I'm at the Lumberlost
(and a swamp it is) bag
and baggage, beans and
bacon, even my little

brown shoe packs and rightie.
Art Larson and "Lena" Hansen
came over to One Bar with two
horses and brought over most
of my belongings. I think it'll
take about two trips yet to get
all. I'll make them myself as
soon as the horse comes in from
~~away~~ Clarkia. We sent the horse
back with McPeak so that Mr.
Cooper could bring in a pack load
of things to us but he had all
he could take care of, so Bill
W. will bring her in with his
pack train. He's at Clarkia
now and we are expecting him
any day.

Dynamite blew in from
Floodwood to get his many
belongings yesterday. He's enroute
to Canada on a gold hunt.
Heard of a rich strike near
Revelstoke (where Larry W. was) and
already imagines himself a
rich man. We got a letter from

Elsie Watkins in which she told us she was returning Dynamite to us and considered him the most interesting piece of explosive she had ever touched off.

Well 'Maybe' you think I wasn't surprised to see Margorie come riding in with the pack train. I nearly lost my breath which would have proved quite serious in this high altitude. We found the gov. survey and tally

post last week while walk-
ing, which reads, "Altitude
49 Meadows, 4800 feet."

So you see we are up
some, and oh! this hill
between me and the
rest of the world,

Can you just imagine
Marjorie and me tonight
all alone at the cabin,
with only Betty and Ring.
It has been raining very
hard all day. We came
over in the rain this
P.M. and were as wet as
a right dewy morning

in the garden before the snake entered. We changed our clothes and built up a good fire and are now warm and comfy.

The men, Mr. Coutemarch and Mr. Champagne will be over tomorrow to cut down the trees that are liable to make me unrecognizable. They have to be in the States by the fourth and will have no time to do any thing for me except to see that I am safe from trees, and possibly get me some wood, if I want any thing else I'll have to call upon the boys for help. Mother you don't know how trying and discouraging it is to want and try to do things you can't or have no heart in doing. My last meeting with civilization was so trying. So many welcome and unwelcome things at once. It got the best of my fortitude and the back

corner of the woodshed
claimed my company
until "The Raven." (Mr. Champagne)
discovered me and threatened
me with all sorts of things,
which, if they were to come
true, I'd claim more attention
at a fair than a flying
machine. I'd be that queer
looking. So I braced up
and fit it down until
I got a good chance when
the Ravens could not croak.
He call Mr. Champagne "The
Raven, because he is so dark.
His hair is a raven black,
his skin very dark and his

eyes a dark brown. His
french - and we torment
him by telling him he looks
like a scotchman. He is a
terriable joker - and Myrtle
and I had to combine forces
- and lie awake night to
plan on getting even with
him. Such characters as
we do meet.

Mr. Fleming stayed about
ten days at the Meadows.
and such a jolly time as
we did have. He rather
likes "Onie" but Onie dont
care for anything but
friends while shes home ^{standing}

nor ever after I'm afraid. He made me a present of the big straw hat. How's that? We correspond, and he's a dandy letter writer.

He spend some time at Elizabeth's and liked Bill so well that they went hunting and fishing. He brought us girls about thirty-five pounds of mushrooms and we never come so nearly foundering in all our lives. I never saw mushrooms like them they look like a sponge that is for texture and are shaped like a half opened umbrella, the inside is all hollow and make a delightful hiding place for bugs. They are found on the new burnings, these we got at our old fire camp on the Clearwater. Such memories! such a man! such mushrooms!

Later,

Mayorie got sleepy and it was getting late so I stopped and

we went to bed. I got up
-at six thirty on this beaut-
iful sabbath morning. It
rained all night and
when I got up the fog hung
low over old Round Top
completely covering it. about
nine o'clock the sun proved
master and now every
thing is steaming with
the heat. I love it but am
afraid it will bring us a
good old thunderstorm.
We had a most terrific
electric storm the last
of the week. Thursday I
believe,

We were all sitting around
the fire at Mrs. Jordens
when it came up. The wind
blew a hurricane and such
thunder and lightning.
Marjorie was frightened
to tears and took the whole
neighborhood to quite her.
Myrtle and I went over to
Durhams to stay all night.
(Mrs. J. has not covers enough)
The Raven took us home.
We were soaked when we
got there so he built a
fire and we played the
phonograph until we were

we were dry and comfy once more. Then he took the lantern and raded back to Mrs. Loren's. I counted five trees down near the trail and two across, coming over yesterday:

Margie is making a checker board. I see my finish. She has made things quite lively for me already yet. She doesn't get along very well with Henry. Got real saucy and impudent to Mrs. Durham, threatens to leave without a moments warning and land at Moscow, if every thing is not to her liking.

Myrtle and I took some very hard trips last week and she was determined to go with me. I took her as far as I dared without tiring her too much, she doesn't stand the climbing in this altitude very well. One of our trips was over to Mrs. Taylor and back to Loren's, then down to the

Haunted cabin to meet Mr
Cooper. He came only to the
creek, then home (Mrs. D's.)
That evening, about twelve
miles in all; We took
Henry and Margorie to the
Haunted cabin and back
and they were good and
tired when they got home.

Myrtle and I went over to
Hansen to get the mail
last Monday and Lina
said he thought Mr. Cooper
had come home, He thought
he heard the pack horse
bell. We took across the
trail to Cooper's on our

way home and surprised
the old fellow. He was trying
to put a little "Cinch" stove
together and an awful
time he was having of it.
We helped him get it together
and he treated us to some
town bread, fresh butter
and onions, also two great
pieces of cheese. You have
no idea how we did enjoy
it. Mr. C. brought some mail
in to us, so we had the
mail twice this week.

I had a deluge on hands
when there was no letter
in the little red bag for

Marjorie from Mamma. It was a
dirty, Irish trick. Mother, you
don't realize how much a letter
from Mother means at this end
of the line or you'd never let a
mail day or a chance for an
additional mail day pass
with out having a letter, ever so
short, waiting for us.

I was so disappointed over Cad
not getting to come when I wanted
her most, and then Daddy didn't
get to come, I didn't get to have
my work done and the place
fixed up and then the decision
went against me. (Curse)
and then the family left for
parts unknown, and then, and
then, well, every thing went wrong
and then to top it all off Marjorie
was naughty to Mrs. Durham and
Myrtle got mad at me, My, what!
a time we do have. Ha! Ha!
I must tell you about our ^{trouble}
it's too ridiculous, we had

been for a walk in the
rain, Myrtle and I, dressed
in boots and slickers, He
came by Mrs. Forsens to get
the gun rod and found
Dynamite there. He was
going over to Durham,
Dynamite liked Myrtle
real well. Myrtle hates
Dynamite, The Raven^{was}
going to Durham for ^{some}
potatoes so we all started
out together. Myrtle and
Raven, Dynamite and I.
Raven stopped to help us
under the fence, Dynamite

took the lead. Raven stepped
back with me, and Myrtle
balked, sit down by the
rapids and wouldn't
move unless I stepped
up and walked next to
Dynamite; It wasn't a
case of pick and choose
your partners, so I didn't
go ahead, Myrtle got in
the lead and rushed home
as mad as a hatter, she
read my title clear (to her
mother), but said nothing
to me. The next morning
I came to the limberlost,
and here I am. We had not

not one word passed between us. I guess shall get over it all right. but I'm sorry, she should not start a joke if she can't finish it. We were planning on going to Avery together and taking the trunk out to Clarkia, spend the fourth in Clarkia and come in on the fifth, but I presume shall be too angry to do so, so I'll probably spend the fourth at the lumberlost sucking my thumb. Margie is very anxious to have Helen Frantz come out for a visit. If Mrs. Loren goes to Tom about the eighth of July I think I'll have her come out with her.

Just think, I'm just the month of July and until the fifteenth of August, then I'm through "doing time" if all turns out well.

Mrs. Loren and Mrs. Durham ask me to write and ask Papa not to say anything about their

Homestead cases if he
went on to Washington D.C.
Mrs. Forsen received a letter
stating that Daddy had
been talking Homestead
altogether too much and
with every one, whether
it concerned them or not,
and had been explaining
to outsiders why my case
was just as strong as Mrs
G's & D's and that he didn't
see how they could get
their claims if I lost mine.
Now I don't know any
thing about it one way
or the other, but I do know

That when Daddy gets to
thinking or arguing on
on question that nothing
sort of a miracle can stop
him. He does talk Hornsted
too much, when I'm around.
-and I presume he must when
I'm not there. He to my know-
ledge - discussed every phrase
of my case with a goodly
number that it didn't
concern at all. It makes
me very angry to have my
private affairs recounted
in the face of the public
-and more angry still to have

People talking about papa that way. I know he wouldn't do any thing, for the world, that would keep the Ladies from getting their places, that is intentionally, but if any thing should come up now they would always blame him for it: - and I just can't stand it to have him misjudged in that way. I don't know when he is but if you can get word to him please do so.

Mrs. Durham said that a number of people had spoken to her about it while she was in town, and then Mrs. Mix wrote to Mrs. Loren,

I hope you're having a good visit, - and don't feel the heat. You were lucky to get Mrs. Stratton to stay at the house weren't you? I had a long letter from Jennie she's moved again, this time to Chino Calif. It's south of Los A. Poor Jennie, will Calvin ever have

anything ahead of what it
takes to move to the next
town over? He'll land in
Mexico - at the next move.
He's just about as far South
as he can go and not get
into water.

Tell Bernardino to write,
and give my love to all;
whether you think it needed
or not. I've a surplus on hand
and must dispose of it before
it spoils.

Have just the jolliest
time you can, and remember
all to tell me later. I'll keep
you busy this fall.

Love from both to both.
Affectionately
Dona.



Mrs. W. A. Adair
La Otto
Indiana

The Linn
49 Meadows
Avery, Idaho.

