The Limberlost.
49 Meadows.

Dear Mother:

And all others who
are interested in this
old backwoods:

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

Dine at the Limberlost
(and a swamp it is) buy
and baggage, beans and
bacon, even my little
Andy Larrison and "Lulu" Hangen 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 Clarkia. We sent the horse back with Mr. Bank so that Mr. Cooper could bring in a pack load of things to me but he had all he could take care of. So Bill K. will bring her in with his pack train. He is at Clarkia now and we are expecting him any day.

Rynanmicka blew in from Floodwood to get his many belongings yesterday. He is enroute to Canada on a gold hunt. Heard of a rich strike near Revelstoke (where Billy lived) and already imagines himself a rich man. He got a letter from
Elie Mather, in which she told us she was returning dynamite to us and considered him the most interesting piece of dynamite 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 proves quite serious in that high altitude. We found the Gov. survey and tally...
just last week while walking, which reads, "Altiude 49 Meadows, 4,800 feet."
As you see we are up some and oh, this hill between me and the rest of the world.
Can you just imagine
Magpie and me tonight all alone at the cabin, with only Betsy and Ring. It has been raining very hard all day. The same rain in the rain this P.M. and more as wet as a night 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. Cintemunch 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 anything for me except to see that I am safe from trees and possibly get me some wood. If I want anything else I'll have to call upon the boy for help. Mother you don't know how trying and dizzy 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 lack
corner of the woodshed, claimed my company until "The Raven." (Mr. Champage) 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. As I traced up and fit it down until I got a good chance when the Raven could not croak. We call Mr. Champage the Raven, because he is so dark. His hair is a raven black, his skin very dark, and his
eyes a dark brown. He's French and we torment him by telling him he looks like a Scotchman. It's a
Terrible joke and Mytil and I had to combine forces and lie awake night to plan on getting even with
him. Such characters we do meet.
Mr. Fleming stayed about ten days at the Meadows and such a jolly time we did have. He rather
likes 'Omie' but Omie don't care for anything but friends while this home thing.
we run after us afraid. It made me a present of the big straw hat, how's that? We correspond, and he's a dandy letter writer.

He spent some time at Elyjahi and liked Bill so well that they went hunting and fishing. He brought us girls about thirty-five pounds of mushrooms and we never came so near drowning in all our lives. I never saw mushrooms like this. 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 river banks. Those we got at our old fire camp on the Clearwater. Such memories! such a man! such mushrooms!

Later,

Mayrene got sleepy and it was getting late so I stopped and
we went to bed. I got up at six thirty on this beautiful Sabbath morning. It rained all night until 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. Forten's when it came up. The wind blew a hurricane and such thunder and lightning. Maymie was frightened to tears and took the whole neighborhood to quite her. Myrtle and I went over to Inmans to stay all night (Mrs. J. has not come 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 comfortable
more. Then he took the lantern
and walked back to Mrs. Jensen.
I counted five trees down near
the trail and two across coming
over yesterday.
Myra is making a chicken
board. I see my finish. She
has made things quite lively
for me already yet. She doesn't
get along very well with Henry.
She's real sassy and impudent to
Mrs. Dunham, threatens to leave
without a moment's warning and
stand at Morton. If every thing
is not to her liking.
Myrtle and I took some very hard
trips last week and she was deter-
minded 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 Mr. Taylor and
back to Jensen, then down to the
Haunted cabin to meet Mr. Cooper. We came only to the creek, then home (Mrs. D's) that evening, about twelve miles in all. We took Henry and Maybelle to the haunted cabin and back, and they were good and tired when they got home. Myrtle and I went over to Wagner to get the mail last Monday and Emmie said he thought Mr. Cooper had come home. He thought he heard the pack horse hell. We took across the trail for Cooper's on one
way home and surprised the old fellow. He was trying to put a little "cinch" store 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 then. There was no letter in the little red bag for
Ma poor from Mamma. I was a
dirty, wicked 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 go by - a chance for an
additional mail day pass
without having a letter, even so
short, waiting for us.
I was so disappointed we could
not get the coming when I wanted
her most and then Daddy didn't
get to come, I didn't get to have
my work done and the plane
fixed up and then the decision
went against me. (Curse)
and then the family left for
parts unknown, and then, and
then, well, everything went wrong
and then to top it all off, Ma got
naughty to Mrs. Durham's
Myrtle got mad at me. My what
a time we do have. No? No!
I must tell you about our
kitchen.
I had
been for a walk in the rain. Myrtle and I, dressed in boots and slickers, we came by Mr. Frazier 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.
took the lead. Raven stepped back with me, and Myrtle talked, sat down by the ragside and wouldn't move unless I stepped up and walked out to Dynamite. It wasn't a case of pitch and choose your partners, so I didn't go ahead. Myrtle got in the lead and made her way mad as a hatter, she read my title clear (to her mother), but said nothing to me. The next morning I came to the lumberlost, and here I am. We had not
not a word passed between us, I guess she'll 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 Aven together and taking the trunk out to Clarkia, spend the Fourth in Clarkia and come in on the fifth, but I presume she'll be too angry to do so. So I'll probably spend the Fourth at the Lumberlost suckling my thumb. Maymie is very anxious to have Helen Frantz come out for a visit. If Mrs. Exxon goes to Tom about the eighth of July I think I'll have her come out with her. Just think, I've just the month of July and until the fifteenth of August. Then in through "doing time" if all turns out well.

Mrs. Exxon and Mr. Durham ask me to write and ask Pap to say anything about their
Homestead cases if he went on to Washington, D.C. Mrs. Forse received a letter stating that Daddy had been talking Homestead altogether to 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 Mr. J's and B'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 or
on questions that nothing
sort of a miracle can stop
him. He does talk Homemade
too much when he is around
and I presume he must when
he is not there. He to my know-
l edge discussed every phase
of my case with a goodly
number that it didn't
concern at all. It makes
me very angry to have my
private affairs counted
in the face of the public
and more angry still to have
People talking about zappa that way. I know he wouldn't do any thing for the world that would keep the ladies from getting their place. That is intentionally, but if any thing should come up now they would always blame him for it. 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 Mr. Mix wrote to Mrs. Isen:

I hope you're having a good visit, and don't feel the heat. You were lucky to get Mr. Stott 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? He'll land in Nipis at the next move.

It's just about as far south as he can go and not get into water.

Tell Bernadine to write and give my love to all; whether you think it needs or not, live a regular on hand and must dispose of it before it spoils.

I have just the jolliest time you can, and remember to till me later. All keep your arms this fall.

Love from both to both.

Affectionately, Dona.
Mrs. W. A. Adair
La Otto
Indiana

The Linn
49 Meadows
Arco, Idaho