

"The Lincolnbush"
49 Meadows.

Dear Bernadine:

You don't know how
much I enjoyed your
letter, and you wrote twice,
bully for you!

I hardly know where to
begin to answer your letter,
whether to tell you all the
news from out here or to
answer your letters as they
come but guess I'd better
tell you all the news first.
Ring caught a squirrel,

a chipmunk, rather. It was on its way from the spring to the cellar, when she took a flying leap, hit her head against the cellar door, stopped not in her mad rush, (she was making a reputation for herself as a hunter) caught the chipmunk ^{lovingly} around the waist with her teeth and shouted, 'Ha! Ha!' - at last I have thee fair one! Long have I worshipped thee from afar, Now, that I have thee, I ~~swear~~ ^{swear} by my troth, thou never was a sweeter."

To saying, she gave a gulp of satisfaction and the chipmunk was no more,

Ring has established a speed record, since they begin falling trees on the clearing. As soon as she hears the min pound the wedges in, she runs and

hides under the bed, the
punished her for running
out in their way. As soon
as she hears the tree creak
and knows the tree has
started, away she goes
tearing up the hill, barking
her head off, to arrive ^{on}
the spot just after the tree
has landed. Yesterday
they were cutting a tree
quite near the house,
nearer than she thought.
She was off like a shot

-arriving sooner than she
thought and ran directly
under the tree, she looked
up, saw it coming and
turned - and started the
other way, she just got
out of the way in time.
Since then she has been
more careful, she just
acts crazy. When the men
go to roll the logs she's
right - then barking and
biting - at the logs as if
she would stop them
if she could. We have

to keep her shut up in the house while they are working. It's great to own a crazy dog.

Hansen was over today. He has been having the tooth ache for two days. He walked the floor all night - last night. We gave him some cotton and camphor. That's all we have that's good for tooth ache. While he was over here, he and I went for a trip over to my place. We got caught in a hail storm and were gloriously pelted. We saw fresh deer tracks crossing the ridge. I hope some one gets us some fresh meat soon.

Mr. Champagne has erysipelas in his left ear. It was terribly swollen and red this morning, so Hansen and I went to

the medicine chest for
the Pix Cresol, I made
a solution of that and we
have been bathing his
ear all evening. I read
on the bottle that 'twas
good for such. I wonder
if there is any danger of
curing it, ask Papa, also
tell him I'd like some
more Pix Cresol Tablets.
mine are nearly gone ^{and}
I might have need of
them if some one should
get hurt while working.

I don't like to be without
something to use.

I know school will
be over and you will be
free before you receive this.
How did you get along?

Were the exams very hard?
Is Lu at home yet?

Was old Belle's dog died
yet or have you had
heat enough to bother her
any? It has been heartily

cold out here, mine not
had enough warm weather
or clear days, to tell in ^{with}

-direction the sun sets. We have
had lots of new snow on the
-divide, the old snow is nearly
all gone on the clearing, and
over to my place, but the trails
are still very much covered.

I expect Mr. D. was surprised
to learn she was not to come after
being sent for wasn't she?

What a lovely trip you must
have had to Quincy, oh! how I
would like to take some of them
with you. Dear Hugh, seem
like the same old Hugh? I wonder
if he ever makes biscuits now.

Say please get Aunt Pats' address
for me, I left a letter there at the
house or Cad may know, I believe
its Curlew, Wash. but I don't know
and I'd like to write to her.

Berna, you'd die laughing to
see one of the men that ~~the~~ is

working him. He is too
funny for any thing, He
is a moose of a man, an
awfully big fellow, a French
Canadian, and has a
very peculiar accent. He
makes some of the funniest
remarks. He was telling
the other evening how he
felt after his walk in, He
told it like this, "I'd had
my knee thrown out and
it troubled me like---
(everything) My pack was
heavy, I threw up my
hands and vowed never

to carry another pack into
the mountain, when I
got in, my left wheel (knee)
was flat and my wings
were dragging, and I fell
upon. I was pretty high
in."

He keeps us in a roar of
laughter when we begin to
start, and Mr. Couture^{perhaps}
is so funny. The two get
to exchanging Canadian
stories and spinning yarns
after they go to bed and
myth and I nearly fall out

of best trying to keep from
laughing out loud.

You better believe Mr. Flanning
was a dandy. I wish you could
have seen him too. It seems
as if we are bound to get mixed
up with the Canadian some
way. I'll try to keep the gentle-
man out of your way if you
have such ideas as that in your
moodle. Forget it, leave such for
your big sister.

What a pretty suit you must have
this spring, but I don't believe it
would do for this country. You'd
better try for a brown suit. Be
sure and have your shoes
nailed on. I'll have to be pulling
you up all the hills. I made
it to my place in less than an
hour, and back in an hour and
five minutes. I'll tell you that

walking. Some, My, but
I was good and tired.
I wore my rubber boots
and slipped back about
as far as I went forward.
The new snow was soft
and so slippery on the
old crust.

I found some frog eggs
on the little wet meadow
great bunches of them. It
looks as if Mother Nature
had made a great ^{piece} ~~tap~~
pudding and had forgotten
to let it boil down. This is a
poor cook anyway.

well its late, I must
stop and finish it up
tomorrow, Good night.

Later.

My! what a lovely ride you
must have had to Spokane.
We just been reading your
last letter over telling about
it and about all the fruit
trees: How beautiful they
must be! We have a few
trilliums in bloom here in
the clearing, a few lillies in
the meadow but no leaves
excepting the Kiriunkin
which stays green all winter

under the snow, but over at my place the maple and huckleberry leaves are nearly out. The trail is nearly all out from the little wet meadow to my place but it is still covered from 44 meadows to the little meadow. The meadows are good and wet like a frog pond and two brooks in my front door yard. I think they will dry up as soon as the snow is gone from the little hill and the trees are down. I was very provoked yesterday to find that the little mice had eaten about two thirds of the white curtains that I was using for a stand cover and expected to use this summer. So I've either got to kill the mice and make a cover of their little hides, which I feel very much like doing, or I've got to have another piece of white something brought in for a cover. An old sheet or a piece of cheap muslin, would do very nicely, I could hem it. The mice out here are certainly fierce. They don't

run to see what they eat.

Your new silk dress must be awfully pretty. The picture was alright. I'll not make fun of it. Why should I. I'm too far away to enjoy the effect any way. Only I must say the sleeves look as if ^{attitudes} you had been studying at the Crystal, and were about to explain. "Come to my arms Noah darling!"

Wish I could have heard you and Edna sing in the services. It must have been

fine, were you frightened
during the six long pages or
did you get so interested in
the opera that you forgot to
be frightened until it was all
over.

Why did Fannie cry? was it be-
cause you had grown to be
such a young lady? Did it
make her homesick or what?
I can't tell whether it was a slum
or a camp. until I know the
particulars?

I got a picture of Mr. McClary
with the last mail. It's real
good, Carter is going to send

me one of his. I have Eustace Collins
picture, Ben Chedoke, Larry H's son
H's, Ben L. Baid's, and a couple of
Kodak pictures of Mrs. McBryde. The
gentleman's pictures far out number
the ladies. Oh, yes I forgot I have a
picture of Mr. Fern and Mr. Hollingshead.
We have lots of fun joking about our
photo. gallery. I think I need some
of the family photos to run things
up. Can't you undertake the job of
getting and sending me some?

For goodness sake, what has become
of the Gibsons. Do they ever sleep?
I've not heard of or from any of them.
I wonder if they have cut me cold
because I'm a woodchuck. Mine been
here almost a year. Does it seem
that long?

Myrtle is baking today and the bread
does smell so good. I baked beans
yesterday and Myrtle made brown
bread. They were excellent. There's
some class to our cooking if we

have bacon and gravy every
day.

Dynamite told us that beans
and cod fish were good together,
but mine not had the courage
to try, some time when there
no one at home or everyone
is out of town, try it and report
to me. Mine afraid to scare
every living thing out of the woods
by the smell.

Well I must close, if I
think of another say before
the mail goes out I'll add
a P. S. Hope you can read this.
Sincerely
Anna.