"The Limberlost."

49 Meadow Ave., Avery, Idaho.

DearHomeFolks,

I didn't get your letter written last night as I thought I would, it was too late, and everyone pretended until I stopped and went to bed. I wish I had written yesterday for the weather was so nice. We have had three nice clear days and it seemed to strain the weather.
too much for me as having an old-fashioned snowstorm this morning. Carter and Griffin are going out tomorrow if it does not storm too hard. We have had but two halfway clear days since Xmas. It began snowing the day after Xmas and until day before yesterday had snowed and Blowed unceasingly.

Myself and I tried to walk in the snow any way but made poor progress. The snow was so hard to break through. We took turns breaking last week and made it to the "Haunted Cabin." The next day our tracks were covered over until you would not know we had plowed a furrow through the meadows with our snow shovels. The trip was too strenuous. It made me sick, but I stood the walk over to my place and back yesterday and came in
in a good condition.

Carter broke the trail. He has been under the weather for a couple of weeks with his back and side. He fell while fencing the roof on Mr. Doellen, with a load of shingles and sprained his back. It seemed to get better but has never been well since. It has pained him considerably the last two weeks. We started to my place on Monday but his side pained him so that we came back and
waited until yesterday. I think he will go to Sparta
when he comes out to have it examined. My! I hope
it is nothing serious. so that he will have to
remain out for good or as long that we will
have to have someone else bring us out to love.
Mrs. Durham's back is very much better, she took a short
walk last week and is starting out again today.
She came very nearly
doing her back up for
Keep, Bill Griffin says Mrs. Taylor is getting fat. and Carter says she is fat as a match anyway. Now what next? She was so tall, thin and willowy at Xmas that we all look like brownies. Griffin is the funniest fellow you ever saw. We all like him. But we are somewhat inclined to dislike Hanson and Benson. I don't think they're quite naturalized yet, in some ways. They wear their rubbers too long in the house without a change of socks, and you know what the results would be.

Din all dressed up in my green dresses today, with a white collar. My hat I look swell! I've put on my fine black shoes too. We have had to live in one high boots for over a month. The snow would be as deep in
The trails that we would go on became wet so the trails were so slippery that we had to wear these hobnails to keep from falling. The change seems good to me.

I’ve almost got a new thumb nail. Old stub is growing off fast now but the nail is any thing bit pretty. I hope it will hang on with age. I’ve kept it bound in adhesive plaster to keep from hurting it
and from catching the mail,

Say please bring or send so that I can get to look over before time. My sworn affidavit. I make me swear every time I think of it. And do I need any witness? Can you and if it for me? This will be my last mail out before I come, sin affairs things will be in a muddle. Why, Mother! Please don't think 1 did be caught in
Wallace in my woods clothes. Do you suppose the Board of Arbitration would consider my case any more favorably if I stated before them in ways to plead my case. The only plea that I could put forth for my condition must be that I had been steadily growing poorer each year that I homesteaded until I had reached the present condition. Even the present homestead is supposed to have a dress up dress for Sunday any way.

In sending out by this mail to have my trunk sent from Clarkin to every so I will have my old suit but I don't know how it'll fit the hat properly. I expect it'll need Caps old stocking cap. It's warm any way. I've been on my place within the ten day of two much limit with my till Christmas then
The weather and Curtis came back prevented until yesterday. The cabin is made but not lined, and as yet I have no furniture. We are out of nails and can do nothing until Curtis brings in nails and tacks from Avery. The cabin could not be muddled because of the cold. So I put moss in the cracks and took Mrs. S's paper for linning but we have no sticks & put it on with I go back and forth
when ever I can, Mrs. D or
Myth, one or the other is
always sick, so if the trip
is taken, they come back
all in and it's anything
but pleasant at times.

I'm glad to get the clipping.
News from the state is
very acceptable. What
did they do with Roy C?

Eve sent me a box of
lovely candy for Xmas.
How Lu will enjoy her
Xmas "comfort" and D.E.
his smoking jacket. Did
Margie get her dish towels
Edith sent me a very pretty felt and Bernard a hand-embroidered kerchief.

One of my Christmas gifts from home was surely a happy surprise, there was so many things in for everyone and it made it so pleasant. Carter was so pleased with his pipe and tobacco. Everyone seemed to appreciate their gift so much.

Carter gave me a black comb and a beautiful souvenir spoon with "Avery" engraved on the handle. He gave Mrs. D. a flannel shirt with two pockets.

The slippers are still at Avery as I don't know whether they are the right size or not but am sure they well be alright. It seems so funny to think of leaving some 3
Your Xmas still to come.

Later.

It snowed so hard that Griffin didn't come over. I don't know when he will come now. Myrtle and I went out half-way to my place to look for him but he was not. When we got back we were quite tired. I didn't say any thing but Myrtle complained until Carter got real broth and gave us
a good lecture about a
bull puppy quit, I guess
it was wised but it
but, I hope I wasn’t
complaining enough to
need it. But I’ll be so
careful in the future.
Carter did the best he could
and made usannounce
but they are not good
and are awful hard to
walk on. Especially
if your toes happen to
turn out as much as
mine. The tails get
all tangled up and don’
you go on your more.

Poor Frazer! do he able to he out work again? Give him my regards.

I'm having a dreadful time to write. Mr. Edison is giving a concert under the auspices of the Ladies Aid. Mr. F. C. is the editor. You just can't write without keeping time with the music. When the music is unusually fast it works havoc with my writing.

I've been working on the lunch cloth. I'm about halfway across one end. My! but it is slow work.

Well—well say! This is Bill Griffin. At seven thirty with a palomino. Can't be a great one. He got off in the trail that night, and I made
down the meadow and went about a mile and a half out of his way. The snow makes a perfect bridge over the creek. you can go across most anywhere you want to.

Mrs. D. is going to pop some corn. Say! Corn is "joy forever" as Mrs. S. says. We have more enjoyment out of the corn than anything I know of. Can you imagine us all gathered around the
dishpan, eating corn, and listening to the phonograph or else taking turns reading out loud.

Myrtle got two new books for Xmas. They were good, we read them out loud, they were "The Wishing of the Morning" by Tracy and "The Rose of the Ring" by George Barr McCutcheon.

Say, I have the best of the gun deal. It's only once in a while that the folks condone...
Our "new guns," as I call them, I feel like it and don't feel the least bit selfish in doing. The description of my place, but I can not find a description but what reads according to the way it was marked on the plate, not a Matt Miles said he had it changed, I think Mr. Miles was mistaken.

Oh, Mother, I broke them of my good plates the last time was over to Mary's. All my dishes came through just fine. there was two cracked but so little it makes no difference. I knocked them off the table and they broke. It was the style. I should have stuck to tin pans then they'd have stood the fall.

Bill and Bill are about to
go into esteacir, now lead kindly light: They both like the bass voice on the record; but Billy likes the tenor best and they get into an argument every time they hire the piano.

Tell it's cats and the boys want to get up early and take a srunt at the sun. Write soon, so that I may have the home letter when they gone out next tuesday. With love to all. I think my Xmas beat yours this year, thanks to you.

Affectionately yours.