



Mrs. N. A. Adair.  
Moscow,

"The Lumberlost,"  
49 Meadows  
Avery, Idaho.

Dear Home Folks.

I didn't get your letter  
written last night as I  
thought I would, it was  
too late, and everyone  
scolded 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 we are having an old fashion snow storm this morning. Carter and Griffin are going out tomorrow if it does not storm too hard. We have had but two half way clear days since Xmas. It began storming the day after Xmas and until day before yesterday had snowed and blowed unceasingly.

Myrtle and I tried to walk in the snow any way, but made poor progress. The loose snow is so hard to break through, we took turns breaking last week and made it to the "Haunted Cabin;" the next day our tracks were snowed over until you would not know we had plowed a furrow through the meadows with our snow shoes. 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.  
Carte broke the trail. He  
has been under the weather  
for a couple of weeks with  
his back and side. He fell  
while fixing the roof on  
Mrs. D's cellar, with a load  
of shakes and sprained  
his back. It seemed to get  
better but has never been  
well since, it has pained  
him considerable 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 Spokane  
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  
so long that we will  
have to have someone  
else bring us out to cover.  
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

keeps; 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 looked like brownies,  
Griffin is the funniest fellow  
you ever saw, we all like him.  
But we are somewhat inclined  
to dislike Hansen and Larson.  
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 sox. and you  
know what the results would  
be.

I'm all dressed up in my queer  
dress 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 our high  
boots for over a month. The  
snow would be as deep in

The trails. That we  
would get our knees  
wet on the trails were  
so slippery that we had  
to wear these hobnails to  
keep from falling. The  
change seems good to  
me.

Doc almost got a new  
thumb nail. Old "Stub"  
is growing off fast now but  
the nail is any thing but  
pretty. I hope it will change  
with age. Doc kept it  
bound in adhesive plaster  
to keep from hurting it

and from<sup>3</sup> catching the  
mail,

say, please bring, or send,  
so that I can get to look it  
over before time, my sworn  
affidavit. It makes me  
swear every time I think  
of it. And do I need  
any witnesses? Can you  
swear to it for me? This  
will be my last mail  
sent before I come. I'm  
afraid things will be  
in a muddle.

Why, Mother, please don't  
think I'd be caught in



Wallace in my wools clothes. Do you suppose the Board of Arbitration, would consider my case any more leniently if I stood before them in rags 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 had been honest until I had reached the present condition. Even the poorest honest man is supposed to have a dress up dress for Sunday any way.

I'm sending out by this mail to have my trunk sent from Clarkia to Avery so I will have my old suit but I don't know how I'll fix the hat proposition. I expect I'll wear Cud's old stocking cap. It's warm any way.

I've been on my place within the ten day or two week limit with up till Xmas. Then

the weather and Carter's com-  
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 Carter brings in nails  
and tacks from Avery. The  
cabin could not be mudded  
because of the cold. So I  
put moss in the cracks  
and took Mrs. D's paper for  
lining but we have no  
tacks to put it on with.  
I go back and forth

when ever I can, Mrs. D or  
Myrtle, one or the other, is  
always sick, as if the trip  
is taken. They come back  
all in and its any thing  
but pleasant at times.

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

Evon sent me a box of  
lovely candy for Xmas.

How do you will enjoy her  
Xmas "comfort" and D.E.  
his smoking jacket, Did  
Marvin get her dish towels

hundred for her.

Edith sent me a very pretty belt  
and Bernice a hand embroidered  
kerchief.

Our, or my + mas too 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 gifts so much.  
Carter gave <sup>myrtle wood</sup> me a back comb and  
a beautiful souvenir spoon  
with "Avery" engraved in the  
bowls. 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 I'm sure they will be  
-alright. It seems so funny  
to think of having some of

of our Xmas still to  
come.

Later.

It snowed so hard  
that Griffie didn't come  
over. I don't know when  
he will come now.

Myrtle and I went over  
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  
brotherly and gave us

a good lecture about a  
bull pup's quit, I guess  
it was needed but it  
hurt. 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 us snowshoes  
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 downy

you go on you now.

Poor Frazer! is he able to  
be at 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. Wm J. Carter  
is the director. 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! Here's  
Bill Scripps. At seven thirty  
with a palomero. Isn't he  
a great one. He got off in the  
train that Myrtle 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 any  
where you want to.

Mrs. D. is going to pop  
some corn. Say! Corn is  
a "joy forever" as Mrs. J.  
says. We have more  
enjoyment out of the  
corn than any thing 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 real  
good. we read them out  
loud, they were "The Wings  
of Morning" by Tracy, and  
"The Rose of the Ring" by George  
Bar McCutcheon.

Say, I have the best of  
the gum deal. It's only  
once in a while that  
the folks understand to

chew "nerve gum" so I chew  
when ever I feel like it and  
don't feel the least bit selfish.  
I'm learning the description  
of my place. but I can not  
find a description but what  
reads according to the way it  
was marked on the platant  
not as Matt Mills said he  
had it changed, I think  
Mr. Mills was mistaken.

Oh Mother I broke three of my  
good plates the last time<sup>R</sup>  
was over to Maip. 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 ecstasies over  
Lead kindly light? They  
both like the bass voice  
on the record: but Bill G.  
likes the tenor best and  
they get into an argument  
every time they hear the  
piece.

Well it's late and the boys  
want to get up early and  
take a squint at the sun.  
Write soon, so that I  
may have the home letter  
when they come out next  
time. With love to all, I  
think my X was beat yours  
this year. Thanks to you  
affectionately  
Dorinda.