'The Limberlost.'
49 Meadows.
Avery, Idaho.

Dear Homefolks:

I got Mother's letter with the last mail, and was surely glad to get it. I'd about given up the idea of her writing to me, and the shy old fox has a vacuum cleaner. Well she didn't tell me, nor has she answered my question, 'how you help?' I believe she's keeping secrets from me and that's no pretty way.
to treat one that loves you.

I think Carter wrote in Daddy's last letter what he thought of the trip out and the best time to make it. I'm walking some every day and am trying to keep in good trim so if you should set a time to come out that I'll be ready to take the walk. I'm hard as a rock. You can't punch me. I've muscled up just like old 'Yellow Belle.' I'm not much for grace but good on the go.

The snow shoes were not in Avery when Carter was out, they have been delayed somewhere along the road. I expect them to be at the office next time. If not I think Bus Carter will inform you by return mail. He has made two pairs of snow shoes. That leaves more pair shy. He will have the other pair finished sometime this week. Mr. D. has not been very well since he has been out this fall and doesn't travel
very much. It makes it very hard on her when she does go. We spent five days at my place week before last and are going over for another week tomorrow. Will write more of the trip later. Our last trip was a terror. We hadn't taken our snowshoes over with us, the snow was two feet deep and no crust. We went down every step we took, that is, coming back to the meadows. Carter had gone over the day before we came and broke the trail for us to go over, but coming
back it had snowed more. We could hardly make it. Mrs. O was all in. Carter got most of the supper that night. It is a good cook, I think will use him Christmas. He'd make a good chef. Everyone took turn about breaking trail until we struck the Meadow. I broke from the in. Carter had a pack and went down, down, at every step. We will never try that stunt again without our shoes.

But we were wise to get those big German socks
I don't know how we would get along without them. We do some rapid dressing and shifting of scenes every time we want to stop outside. We have had to wear our rubber boots most of the time. The paths are slippery. The snow is three feet deep or more. It is level with the windows now. It takes some pretty tall shoveling to get the snow up out of the paths. Carter was gone four days last week, and I shoveled the snow from the paths. We had about eight inches of new snow and I worked some. My, but I was sore. I'm going to get a job mucking in the mines when I get out to the state. I can handle the shovel like an old hand at the business.

How about those glasses? Was that all the color they had in stock? Which ones did you get for me, or was it a take?
your choice proposition? We were certainly glad to get them. We had a number of bright days that have, or would have nearly put our eyes out. My eyes have been very weak and sore for a couple of weeks. I've been using them too much by lamp light, I'm resting them now, and bathing them in salt water.

Mr. Hanson, known as Chris, and Mr. Larson, known as Art, came over to the Lintz's on their way to Mrs. Taylor's.
just as we were leaving for One Bar Ranch, they stopped at the Meadows on their way back and stayed all night. They had stayed all night the night before, but didn't tell me about it. We had left this note on the door when we left.

Nov. 30, 1910.

"If anyone should come to see they will find an empty hall. For we have gone to see the host, the lovely girl of the lumber mill. In other words, I do declare we are visiting Miss Dona Adams."
When we came in at the door we found this verse tacked up for our inspection.

"Try to forgive us dear neighbors
For me the Terrible Pair
Have helped ourselves to your cider
While you were at Miss Adair.
And after this when you hike on
the ridge
To visit Miss Adair
Please send a wire line message
To your truly, the Terrible Pair."

Now wasn't that pretty cute
in them? We are getting to be
pretty handy with rhymes, will
send you more another time.
Tell Daddy to see that they
have that room vacated for me
at Orono by next June, and
I believe there will be four or
five others wanting room and
bed
at the same place.

Chris and Art took the lovely
dog along "over to their place
when they went home. They hope
promised to be good to her, "on
putting her out of misery
with a revolver if necessary. Speaking of dogs, makes me think of Ring, alias Queen. When Carter was in Alaska they had a bear at the hotel and when Ring saw it she went for it so fiercely that the bear went up a tree alone. Carter had a hard time to make him come away and leave it alone.

We were given orders not to allow the dog to follow, we shot him up in the back with the chain on and...
kept her till for a couple of hours, she got out when we went to the spring and away she went. We didn’t miss her for about a half an hour, then all we could see was tracks. She still had the chain attached.

Mr. D and I dressed and followed her tracks to the meadow, but she seemed to be able to make better time than we could. We went down to our ship every step we took as got disgusted and came back. We thought our dog was gone, but she got back all right.
she caught up with Carter at the Dry Camp, and she had nearly three hours the start of her. The first got her coming home and Carter carried her in his arms. She didn't move for nearly two days. Carter liked her, and has stolen her affection, she won't look at the rest of us and whines when he is out of sight.

When we got back from our dog hunt we decided to go down and have a look at the traps.

We found a martin in the first trap we visited. Mr. D and I had to kill it. Our orders were not to puncture the skin but to press on its heart and kill it. We nearly died ourselves trying to kill it but at last we did. It had a lovely skin. Carter took care of it after he got home and nearly died when we told him how we killed it. We started across the meadow to look at the other traps but the snow was so soft we could
not travel on it, we went down at every step, we got desperate and got down on our hands and knees and crawled across the unfurthest tracks.

Dec. 17

just got back from "The Bluebell" we have spent the week there. I walked over without snowshoes and such a walk as it was, I went down every step as far as I could go. It was created today and I came over much easier, Myrle.
changed and let me take the snowshoes from the big meadow up to the house. I fell flat three times and hit my head against a tree until I saw stars for an hour.

I got a letter from Mary. She was elected Co. Rept. of Lincoln Co. but doesn't know as she will be allowed to qualify. Just think of our old girl getting so high and mighty, Helen and Susan went to Avery and brought the
Mail (letter) to me today, & got a letter from Mary Eliz., Cad. Cheny, Eva, Mr. Roach, Mr. Baird, Aunt Evoline, Mrs. Swadner and a card from Ramadine, also a box of something from Eva, and the letter you wrote to me when Mr. J. first came. They just found it and brought it over to me. Men's it a joke to be reading letters ten months old. It doesn't seem possible that she been out here so long. The day simply fly. And so Dessie Simpson is married. Nice of all things. What next? Everybody is having a great laugh at my expense. Guess why? Ben J. Baird is visiting with his mother in Iowa and in the letter he wrote me today he enclosed a lot of silk pieces and told me that he thought perhaps I could use them to fill a cushion or quilt. Now wasn't he thoughtful, I don't see any
thing so terribly funny about that do you? I'm going to finish with pencil. Auntie is using my pin.

Say, what will I do for a hat if I have to go to Wallace. Could I go out wearing my felt hat. Did I understand that Daddy is going to Wallace at the same time. If so couldn't he bring my green hat and black coat to me. Would you like to have me come out a little early and