The Timberlost
49 Meadowa,
Nov. 5, 1910.

Dear Home folks:—

How do you like the name I've given my place, the folks like name it from a book mine been reading. "The girl of the Timberlost." The Timberlost was a great swamp, and the girl a red headed young lady who lived at the edge of the swamp. My place is certainly very
well named. My new cabin is below the old one, right on the slope next the swamp. I kept Mr. Benedict just long enough to get the roof on. And Carter is going to finish it for me and build me a woodshed. The cabin is 16' x 18', and is as tall as Mr. Durham's, with a six foot porch; I will have a clear view of Macy's place when the clearing is finished. Carter is going to Clarkie to vote and will go over and work when he comes back. He has promised to fix the door up real handsome for me. Mr. Durham and I decided we would rather pay Carter extra for heavy work than to keep Mr. Benedict and bond the two men.

The root house is finished and is a jewel. We have everything that is likely to freeze absolutely deposited there.
Oh! such appetites as we all have. We just eat as if we never could get enough. Myrtle and I were both on the sick list last week just from making pies for ourselves. She took a good round 30 calories and are now on our feet and going it again. We did certainly live high on the scale that McBath brought in to us. We kept
it fresh as long as we could and then cornered the remnants in the freezer's tub. We used some of the salt-petr that I brought out this summer to keep the butter sweet.

It is snowing tonight. We had our first snow on Nov. 3rd. It snowed about four inches then cleared up, but it is trying to spoil Carter's trip to town tomorrow by snowing again.
my place yesterday in the snow. My but the woods are beautiful, I don't know how long, all think so but they are certainly a perfect picture today. The snow is just full of tracks of all kinds and descriptions, dog, squirrel, rabbit, bluejay, mouse, lynx, dog, man, etc. The men said tracks that look some what human, but everyone decided they must have been young elephants.

He got three pleasant ways many years past yesterday and had a lovely stew today. Curity says King is very good as a kind dog, I've not had him out yet myself. The left fur with Mrs. Durham when we went over to my place and she and Ring became great pals. Ring climbed
I climbed and went up on the roof and walked the ridge pole for an hour or so and frightened me all dreadfully. She finally fell off and helped for dear life for a while, this altogether too acrobatic for a dog. We took the ladder down the next morning.

I had a glorious trip coming out. Mr. Young came out to see. She Run Ranchy and Snooz (the dog)
Mary Liz, Lulu, Papa, Edith, and Miss Caldwell,

Do you know I want to write to Mrs. Lorton so badly and I'm so ashamed too. Since we didn't acknowledge Edna's wedding, I don't know what to do about.

Isn't it dreadfully aggravating to have me out here with my many wants and have you try to fill them. I wish I wasn't so troublesome.

How's the Auto? There's
not much use for one now is there?

Papa, have you recovered from your arcing trip, or are you still stiff? If the trial can be postponed, I'd like to have it in Feb. or March as walking is much better, but if not, Carter says we can make it, but how will we know? It will take a long time to get mail in time. I'm afraid you'll have to send a message from outside to tell me if we are to be there at a certain time. Well I must close, I've been writing till I'm so tired. Write soon. Lovingly,

Dona.
Love from all at the Meadows.

The Limberlost.
Nov. 20, 1910.

Dear Everybody:

Well, what do you know about that anyway, but I wrote a letter to Mother on
the eighth, and then have to send it in with this. Isn't it a nice looking one? I sent it out with Mr. Benedict and
Mr. Israiff. Mr. B. was going to Clarkie and Mr. A. to Pemb. Cabin with him. They got in such deep snow on.
the divide that they could not walk. They got to floundering around and tried to go back and lost their bearings. They had a compass but couldn't get their directions to our place. Even with that, they got lost and were out two nights. They got in to Hangens' place the third night and made it back here the next day and we sent to Mrs. Taylor. They were wet to the skin, and their feet were so sore. We let them bath with hot water and alcohol before they could travel on. They brought all the mail back to us and a sorry looking lot it was.

Carter left on Sunday for Clark's and expected to get back Tuesday on Wed. morning. He was delayed in Clark's on account of the
funeral of Glen Avery, then
he was caught in a storm
on the Divide and had
to camp over at Kenlock
Camp. He didn't get in till
Friday evening after dark.
My! what a glad bunch met
him. He was certainly a
very tired man when he
got in, and wet as could
be. He fell into the little
North Fork, flat, the stones
were slippery and he lost
his balance. The mail
didn't get wet though.
Our Wilson and Carter together sent me a cigar box full of candy. Old Young sent us another and Cad sent me one, chewing gum was included. Carter bought us each a small bottle of olives. My test they never got.

Mother told wonderful things happened on my birthday. I made bread and it was a great success and I got spanked with my own pan cake turner. It was an unfair advantage they
took me, they waited until I was ready to bed. I've made biscuits too, and every one is still in the best of health.

Ah! Mother how we do eat. We ate so much that we cut ourselves down to two meals a day for fear we would all be sick. We breakfast about nine, and have dinner about four.

We have a dancey great big lounge, over and upon which there is a general fight for possession after each meal. We spend a quiet half hour and then get up and go to work. It is dark as can be at four thirty and our evenings are long. We have been reading aloud for pastimes. We did certainly enjoy the papers, and the "Digest."

Well, such brilliance. Who said you could exhibit my oil.
painting???

say mother I've got to have some stockings those twenty five cents that we got at Uncle George's are perfect fake I'm going to send you a pair I wore this day just to show you and him what they don't do I put the stockings on new they're never been washed and wore over them my big german socks so there was no rub on the shoe and went over to my
my place. We were gone this day and walked back and the stockings were in a dreadful condition. I took them right off and rolled them up to send to you. They just fall all to pieces. When you get more for me, get them with the very smallest seams possible. They have worn blisters on my heel and ankle, I've been walking on my hands and giving done up in adhesive plaster for a week.
trying to heal them up. I'm wearing my fleece lined stockings now until I get some more.

That new sweater is awfully nice and warm. It is such a beautiful shade of red. I am sure you would be proud of your daughter if you could see her dressed up for Christmas. It's so nice to be dressed so that you can walk in snow, fall down or stand up and still be dry and comfy.

Tell the girls if they have any more old hair ribbons that are mats to enclose some to me in a letter. Dick went out two days ago. I haven't had my hair done up since I came back from Clarkia.

Carter is going up to the Cabin to get the flour and carrots as soon as he gets back from the
Avery, they put away their awy when they wouldn't freeze and have to leave them until snow shoeing is better.

How is the cold, Luke wrote me that you'd been having a siege of colds at the house.

How is Jimmy? Have you decided to love him yet?

I got a lovely long letter from Even with the last mail, also from Ed. Berg.
to Mr. McPeak and I had company. There was no one else at the cabin that night. After supper we sat around the fire and told stories, until bedtime. Mr. rode in a dinner bag from Tecumseh out to the cabin. My, but it was damp! I couldn't get out of my sweater when I got there and Mr. Young and Mr. McPeak both pulled like troopers until I emerged from the other end of it.
Looking like a giraffe, my neck was almost out of joint. The men had a good laugh over it and another equally as big when they skinned me into it. The next morning, they stole a box of apples and packed them in from the cabin, they're entirely mine, both the men and the fruit.

As we were coming down the hill from the little lake the next morning, whom should we meet but Mr. Bishop, taking a short cut for our part of the country. He was really terrible. There was surely a great crowd at the place that night, too, and raining, it rained for the three days, and we paraded the country in our raincoats and rubber. Mr. Bidoff's Papa can tell you just how...
nice
My dishes got through all O.K. with but two
pieces slightly cracked. It seems awfully good to
eat out of dishes that will break if not handled
properly. Myrtle and I used them when cooking
for the men. We got along beautifully. Myrtle made
the bread and I cooked. Since, I've been doing some
thinking about that settlement with Mrs. D.
After adding everything and deducting our personal accounts, I decided to bear one half, and call it even. Mrs. 5, was tiresome going and coming with something else staying alone if Myers and I go, I don't like to keep it on a matter 7 dollars and cents and besides it was cheaper for me to take half than to hear 1/2 and then pay for Carter board. There was about forty dollars difference, and it didn't
sound as well either. What do you think about it? If you want Uncle John to build a manor house to work for your children it will make you pay more tax because your family was larger.

Mother, will you get some little thing and give to Cad for his birthday from me. If it's only a handkerchief. Find some little thing at Miss Mo on Third Street near eleventh. Ask the old stand by, Aunt May, and she will help you. If the pictures were any good, give one or two with my love.

I don't know what to do about your men, old one, I'd like to give each one a little something that can be sent out by mail. Can you help me out? I'd like to get something like a toasting or slipper for Mrs. Hans Myrtle.
or a salt pepper shaker, or something like that which can be of use, also something for Carter, but then I'm stuck.

This burns to get Cad. or you go and get me about these dog, two at least, pretty cards that will do to send out for Xmas cards. I'm not going to try to make or send Xmas presents to anyone this year. I simply can't do it.
not the doing to work with, and formatting will be all I can do. If there
is any pretty, or odd item stationary to be had, I'd
just as soon have that
as cards.

Carter will come out
to Avery about the twentith
of Nov. and you write me
at Avery and answer, that
will be my last chance
to get word in until Xmas
when Carter come out for
the mail. He will be out to
Arny just before Xmas. He
thinks at present that he
will go back and forth to
Arny but we will let you
know the next trip.
Send me a 1911 Calendar. Get
me a potato masher for Mrs. D.'s
I was, I think that a good joke.
We will need some fur about
that time. I think we will
have a box of stuff come,
and like a pin cushion and some
magazine pictures for my house.

Well, well! are you tired? I
am. I'm still as great a musician
as ever, take your time to getting
your demands satisfied and
keep track of all the costs. I
expect I'll have to come out in
the spring and get my books
and go to studying for that
teachers examination, I'd be so far behind in my money that I never will be able to make out, sir, head over heels as it is, oh! gee!

Well, write soon, each and everyone, I'm more than anybody to hear from you all. With love, affectionately.

Regards to each and every one at the house,

Dona