Clarkia, Idaho.
July 15, 1915.

Dear Bernadine:

Well! I sure did enjoy your letter. It was as good as a newspaper. But I'm afraid you're a hard joker, aren't you? What do you suppose Larry's mother will think of Belle anyway? I'll be sending a detective up to Idaho to find out about this dreadful B.B., who is endangering her Larry's heart. So. Brrr.
Chidley is gone too? What a lonesome place it must be.
Are the cherries gone too?
Did Mr. Chidley even ask about me before he left?

What are the flowers doing this year? Are you watering them and how are your mowery, sweet peas? Do they look any better than the others?

If you were here I could certainly keep you busy.
You could kill either mice, chipmunks or snakes.
are two very large garter
snakes, about as large and
as long as a rake handle, that
we have to drive from the
trail every time we go out
To Mrs. Taylor's. We have never
yet had anything along that
we could kill them with.
The chipmunks are dread-
They have tried to eat every-
thing we have. I've been
shooting them to lessen the
number, but it doesn't seem
to work. Every time I shoot
one two or three others
came surrying out of the
woods to see what the noise
is all about. We got the
little old stove from May,
and shut our oatmeal,
sugar fruit and coffee in that,
and I guess we have them
safed now.
The mice are dreadfully
thick and so tame. I
cought one on the table
in the hissuit pan while
I was sitting at the table
talking to Mrs. Taylor. Yes.
terday evening we were
quiet for a few minutes and lo! six mice appeared as if by magic in the middle of the room. We clapped our hands and such a scampering, We sent to Clarkia for rough raw rats" but Jim Wilson wrote back and told us there was more in town but to try the butcher's knife on the ape. So I'm afraid we will become murdereresses before this reaches you.

We went over to Mrs. Durham
with Mr. McPeak as he was leaving and stayed all night. We had to wade back the next morning. My I wish I had some rubber boots. Did Daddy forget he was to get me a pair. Mrs. Taylor wrote to Portland for a pair. We blazed a trail around the big meadow, Mrs. D. Mrs. J. Myrtle and I. As we were crossing a little ravine we saw a deer closer than across the next yard. It hurried away before I could
give Mrs. D. the gun. She was up high enough to have a fine view of it. We went on a little farther in another direction and there was another deer. I suppose we will be eaten yet. The trails are covered with fresh deer tracks every morning, and the placenta dust in our trail every morning. We frightened the mother and little one yesterday evening. Some were going over to Mage. The little ones were not quite as large
as quails, so we are waiting
our time to have quail on
tract.

Bernadine did Mamma
forget to give you the coat
cover I told her too for your
birthday. Does you will
find it in the lower dress
drawer in my room, the
little hand-embroidered one
I brought home last fall.
I think there's ribbon with
it.

While up stairs
please take my big hat
out of the hand bag and
see if the moths have been at the feathers. thin look at the green hat in the long box and see how the feather looks.

I'm afraid I can't trust you and Cad to hold Mr. Smith for me if that's the way you got at it. I think Cad is looking out for herself too much. So Mr. Smith decided to stay in Moscow and run his own garage. Doc paper keep the Mitchell
there or does Mr. Smith take care of "cheap cars"?

Mrs. J. and I quote from the Ladies Home Journal everyday for fear we will forget how to be nice. We even have bread and butter plate made from the top to the tomato canes. They do real well when you have no other. Our mustard bowls are dried beef and salmon canes, and our tea pot a tomato can. We set our table in real
style. I assume you.
Well I must close for
now, it's getting dark and
we must be going towards
our bedroom.
Tell Mayoke when she
gets down out of the cherry
tree early some night to
write me a few lines.
I'm afraid Uncle Sam
will charge me four cents
for this heavy paper. We
need the two tablets you
bought for me all, and
will send to Clarkson.
for some more paper soon as I get the chance. I think Mrs. Jones will turn in about the first of August so I can send word out then. Where is Mary Lip? Send me Larry's address also Chubey. I want to remember him to his gun.

Love to all.

Affectionately

Snoa.