

"The Limberlost"
49 Meadows

Dear Bernadine:

You don't know how much I enjoyed your letters, and you wrote twice, bully for you!

I hardly know where to begin to answer your letter. Wether to tell you all the news from out here or to answers your letters as they came but guess I'd better tell you all the news first.

Ring caught a squirrel, a chipmunk, rather. It was on its way from the spring to the cellar when she took a flying leap, hit her head against the cellar door, stopped not in her mad rush, (she was making a reputation for herself as a hunter) caught the chipmunk lovingly around the waist with her teeth and shouted "Ha! Ha! at last I have thee fair one. Long have I worshiped thee from afar. Now, that I have thee, I ~~will~~ swear by my troth, there ne'er was a sweeter."

So saying, she gave a gulp of satisfaction and the chipmunk was no more.

Ring has established a speed record, since they begin falling trees on the clearing. As soon as she hears the men pound the wedges in, she runs and hides under the bed. We punished her for running out in their way. As soon as she hears the tree creak and knows the tree has started, away she goes tearing up the hill, barking her head off, to arrive on the spot just after the tree has landed. Yesterday they were cutting a tree quite near the house, nearer than she thought. She was off like a shot arriving sooner than she thought and ran directly under the tree. She looked up, saw it coming and turned and started the other way. She just got out of the way in time. Since then she has been more careful. She just acts crazy. When the men go to roll the logs she's right there barking and biting at the logs as if she would stop them if she could. We have to keep her shut up in the house while they are working. It's great to own a crazy dog.

Hanzen was over today. He has been having the tooth ache for two days. He walked the floor all night last night. We gave him some cotton and camphor. 'Tis all we have that's good for tooth ache. While he was over here, he and I went for a trip over to my place. We got caught in a hail storm and were gloriously pelted. We saw fresh deer tracks crossing the ridge. I hope some one gets us some fresh meat soon.

Mr. Champagne has erysipelas in his left ear. It was terribly swollen and red this morning, so Hanzen and I went to the medicine chest for the Pix Cresol. I made a solution of that and we have been bathing his ear all evening. I read on the bottle that 'twas good for such. I wonder if there is any danger of curing it, ask Papa. Also tell him I'd like some more Pix Cresol tablets, mine are nearly gone and I might have need of them if some one should get hurt while working. I don't like to be without something to use.

I know school will be over and you will be free before you receive this. How did you get along? Were the exams very hard? Is Lu at home yet? Has old Belle dog died yet or have you had heat enough to bother her any? It has been beastly cold out here. We've not had enough warm weather or clear days to tell in which direction the sun sets. We have had lots of new snow on the divide, the old snow is nearly all gone on the clearing and over to my place, but the trails are still very much covered. I expect Mrs. D. was surprised to learn she was not to come after being sent for wasn't she?

What a lovely trip you must have had to Deary. Oh! how I would like to take some of them with you. Does Hugh seem like the same old Hugh? I wonder if he ever makes biscuits now. Say please get Aunt Pet's address for me. I left a letter there at the house or Cad may know. I believe its Curlew, Wash. but I don't know and I'd like to write to her.

Berna, you'd die laughing to see one of the men that is working here. He is too funny for any thing. He is a moose of a man, an awfully big fellow, a French Canadian, and has a very peculiar accent. He makes some of the funniest remarks. He was telling the other evening how he felt after his walk in. He told it like this. "I'd had my knee threw out and it troubled me like - - - (everything) My pack was

heavy. I threw up my hands and vowed never to carry another pack into the mountains. When I got in, my left wheel (knee) was flat and my wings were dragging, and I tell you I was purty nigh all in."

He keeps us in a roar of laughter when ever he gets started, and Mr. Coutermanche is so funny. The two get to exchanging Canadian stories and spinning yarns after they go to bed and Myrtle and I nearly fall out of bed trying to keep from laughing out loud.

You better believe Mr. Fleming was a dandy. I wish you could have seen him too. It seems as if we are bound to get mixed up with the Canadian some way. I'll try to keep the gentleman out of your way if you have such ideas as that in your noodle. Forget it, leave such for your big sister.

What a pretty suit you must have this spring, but I don't believe it would do for this country. You'd better try for a brown suit. Be sure and have your shoes nailed or I'll have to be pulling you up all the hills. I made it to my place in less than an hour, and back in an hour and five minutes. I'll tell you that walking some. My, but I was good and tired. I wore my rubber boots and slipped back about as far as I went forward, the new snow was soft and so slippery on the old crust.

I found some frog eggs in the little wet meadow great bunches of them. It looks as if Mother Nature had made a great tapioca pudding and had forgotten to let it boil down. She's a poor cook any way.

Well it's late. I must stop and finish it up tomorrow. Good night.

Later.

My! what a lovely ride you must have had to Spokane. I've just been reading your last letter over telling about it and about all the fruit trees. How beautiful they must be. We have a few trilliums in bloom here on the clearing, a few lillies on the meadow but no leaves excepting the Kininkinic which stay green all winter under the snow, but over at my place the maple and huckleberry leaves are nearly out. The trail is nearly all out from the little wet meadow to my place but it is still covered from 49 Meadows to the little meadow. The meadows are good and wet I've a frog pond and two brooks in my front door yard. I think they will dry up as soon as the snow is gone from the little hill and the trees are down. I was very provoked yesterday to find that the little mice had eaten about two thirds of the white curtains that I was using for a stand cover and expected to use this summer. So I've either got to kill the mice and make a cover of their little hides, which I feel very much like doing, or I've got to have another piece of white something brought in for a cover. An old sheet or a piece of cheap muslin would do very nicely. I could hem it. The mice out here are certainly fierce. They don't seem to care what they eat.

Your new silk dress must be awfully pretty. The picture was alright. I'll not make fun of it. Why should I. I'm too far away to enjoy the effect any way, only I must say the sleeves look as if you had been studying attitudes at the crystal, and were about to exclaim, "Come to my arms Noah darling."

Wish I could have heard you and Edna sing in the exercises. It must have been fine, were you frightened during the six long pages or did you get so interested in the opera that you forgot to be frightened until it was all over?

Why did Jennie cry? Was it because you had grown to be such a young lady? Did it make her homesick or what? I can't tell whether it was a slum or a camp until I know the particulars?

I got a picture of Mr. McCleary with the last mail. It's real good. Carter is going to send us one of his. I have Eustace Collins picture, Brer Chedseys, Larry G.'s Evon G's, Ben L. Baird's, and a couple of kodak pictures of Mrs. McBryde. The gentlemen's pictures far out number the ladies. Oh, Yes I forgot I have a picture of Mr. Fern and Mr. Hollingshead. We have lots of fun joking about our photo gallery. I think I need some of the family photos to even things up. Can't you undertake the job of getting and sending me some?

For goodness sake, what has become of the Gibson's. Do they ever cheep? I've not heard of or from any of them. I wonder if they have cut me cold because I'm a woodser. We've been here almost a year. Does it seem that long?

Myrtle is baking today and the bread does smell so good. I baked beans yesterday and Myrtle made brown bread. They were excellent. There's some class to our cooking if we have bacon and gravy every day.

Dynamite told us that beans and codfish were good together, but we've not had the courage to try. Some time when there's no one at home or every one is out of town, try it and report to us. We're afraid to scare every living thing out of the woods by the smell.

Well I must close. If I think of another say before the mail goes out I'll add a P.S. Hope you can read this.

Lovingly,
Iona