The talent displayed in our millinery.

Her dinner was lovely and a great surprise. She had a real civilized bun and fresh rhubarb pie. Oh! how good it did taste. Will I ever forget it. Bill brought them in from town. (I forgot to mention that Mr. Fleming remembered the Maud's at 49 Mauzou and sent them five lovely mountain trout, by Bill. We have them in salt water in the cellar.)

We took our time coming home, we just couldn't make over a mile an hour and used all our perfectly good dinner to get home. We got to the cabin about seven o'clock. That's seven miles for an Easter dinner on snow. I wonder how some of those in the States would like that.
Why some of them can’t walk for want of three blocks to church. We put on the boilers and heated water for a bath. After the bath, we were as hungry as bears, and as it was still early we had a chaffing dish lunch of sour dough, hot cakes and syrup. We fried the cake over the heating stove. They were fine. Had to wait while they settled, before going to bed.

Apr. 17.

Washed today. Had a big wash. It was a beautiful day and we hung the clothes out side to dry. We had a lovely dinner of baked potatoe, a few baked beans and the first Mr. Fleming sent to us. They were so pretty and so good. Long live our guide, may we see him again to thank him in person for the fish.
Apr. 18.

Dined and baked bread today. Bread was fine. Myrtle bakes one week. I take the next so we are both getting practice. We were alone all day. This is a funny world. Read and embroidered a little this evening. Hands are sore from ironing. It has rained (or tried to) snowed, hailed and done nearly every thing known to the almanac man today.

Apr. 19.

Got up early and cleaned up the house. The boys and Dynamite came over about ten o'clock. Such cooking boys. They were all dressed up, mostly in Dynamite clothes. Hansen had on Dynamite shirt and
Trousers and hat. We wore his own tie and shoes. Cut our hair.
Hat and Dynamite shoes. and
Dynamite took the cake. He appeared
in a white duck bill cap, a light vest an
slim green silk shirt, a baby blue tie
light gray watch, rosen
and indiar. mocassin. Such
a combination he never seen before
in these woods.

Dynamite had been to Clarkia
and brought in some eggs and
butter so we girls could have a
real eggy Easter. We surely did
enjoy them. We had a great dinner.
potato salad, bacon & gravy,
eggs, egg hot and egg cold, egg
soft and egg hard, egg flip and egg fliped,
and egg fliped. any way and
very way. and finished with
a field fruit salad, using the nuts
and oranges the boys brought in. It was mighty good.
The boys got us some wood after
their dinner packed and went home again with the fowlers. It really looks funny to see them start over the hill and into the timber, single file. Hanger leading and carrying the fowlers. It was about nine o'clock but quite dark in the timber.

Bill was over for a few minutes, wouldn't stay for dinner.

Apr. 21.

yesterday

We slow this morning, took a long time to get the house cleaned up, it always looks like a cyclone had struck it after the boys have been here. They always spill tobacco over every thing and there's matches enough on the floor to use for kindling.

We took our lunch and went to the lumberlost, expected to come back but got so interested in papering the cupboard and siping the bed.
that we stayed all night and came back this morning. The walk tried me today. I don't feel real spry eating too much I guess. Yesterday and today have been just beautiful. My cabin looks fine, real homey now.

Bill came over for a little while today and cut up some wood. Got him about half past two. He was very much surprised not to find the boys here. It's the first time. He got the calendar and showed him that he had been here every time the boys had been here and vice versa. I guess he thought the boys had been eating here every day, but with the exception of Easter Mnd., Bill had been here as often as they. It's funny they always come the same day, and then not very loving of each other, isn't it?
Apr. 22.

Alone today, had a good rest and worked a great deal on the lunch cloth. Read the Literary Digest all evening. Martha baked a cake. It tasted fine. Devil's food cake. Delight.

Apr. 23.

Read aloud today. Took turns entertaining each other. Decided to write letters and get ready for the next mail, leaves last of the month sometime.

We have been here a month today. It doesn't seem possible. This is a big corner of the world to be alone in, just us two girls. We've not felt homesick. Someone or afraid as yet. May it never be.

Apr. 24.

Through! One side of my lunch cloth is finished. Just this, Nov. 2.
I wish I had the hemstitching done. I don't like to do that.

It has been a lovely day, so warm and nice. We got out of work, so we got real independent and took the saw and sawed our own wood. The tree the boys have been sawing from is way up on the hill.

The saw was dull and we were not used to sawing. Such a time as we had. We took turns. So as not to tire ourselves out. While one sawed the other kept a look out on the tracks to see if any one was coming. I would have been disastrous to any one to have seen us. They would have died laughing. We sawed off four blocks and rolled them down the hill to the house. Some of the blocks slope one way some another, no two are the same size, not even two sides of one block. But they
bun just as good. would feel real bad about their looks if
the boy blocks were always slight.
One of my blocks got away from me and rolled down the bank to
the front of the clearing and down
hill into the swale. I had a great
chase after it, and finally got it
rolled up with the rest, but
had to roll it up hill, and it was
no fun, it's awfully room work.
This getting' mood.

We took a long walk on the meadows
 tonight and watched the sunset
walking is fine, we never wear
our snow shoes any more.

Apr. 25:

Write letter until about two o'clock
when we were surprised by a visit
from Mr. Carson and Mr. Marsden.
They told us they had run away.
Kaneu didn't know they were
coming and they were in a hurry
to get back by the time he had dinner ready. They cut us some
meat and I for one am mighty
glad of it. My arms and back
are dreadfully lame today and
Myrtle feels no better. One might
get use to it shortly but it's very
trying in the seasoning.
Bill came over for a very few
minutes, even he didn't stay for
dinner. Honors! We don't feel as
if we had had company at all.
The day seems so funny. We
spent the evening writing and
playing the phonograph. I
wonder what we would do with
out the music.
Apr. 26.
We hadn't been over to see the
boys since we got back so decided
to go over today. We pressed our
suit, all up and looked real
fine. The crust was good and had
so didn't wear our snow shoes. I guess women bring them up for good now. I hope so.

When we came to the little North Fork, Myrtle was ahead and was following the boy tracks, the ice looked very thin on the creek and I was afraid to cross it. Myrtle said the boy had crossed so she guess she could. She stepped out on the edge of the bank, the ice gave way and in she went. The current was so swift it rolled her over, the water was not deep but it's so cold. Myrtle was so surprised she forgot all the pet expressions and could only cry out, "Oh! Oh! My! But this is cold!" I helped her up the bank, and we stood facing each other. She was a scared looking person. Such spluttering! such splashing as she did do trying to get out. She had...
whale blubber for sporting. Poor Jonah must have received quite a shock when he came up as quickly as Mitty for I imagine snow banks are a little softer than beaches.

Mitty decided it was too far to go home so we would go on. When we got to Hanger's he built up a good fire, turned the cabin over to us and Mitty dried out the best she could. How we did laugh after it was all over. She did look so funny splashing in the water.

The boys were working outside most of the time, they are getting ready for flooring and walls for Hanger's new cabin.

Hanger is a cautious, ti is the drollest piece of humanity. He gets off some of the funniest remarks, always with a sweet accent that
make it furnish still. It is too killing to watch him get dinner. Myrtle made biscuit and a corn pudding, I failed the potatoes and helped otherwise. Watched the pudding mostly to keep Art and the dog from indulging. Hurzen made gravy, fried bacon and cooked some corn, also watched the biscuits. The sweat just poured off his face. He had an apron of Miss Flower's tied around his waist, and always posed with a cigarette in his mouth a dish towel in his hand. He is Linda and Art is Imitate. It is so funny to hear them speak each other a line and Imitate. Mr. Marden is either Dynamite or Imitate.

When dinner was ready we were given the seat of honor on the bed. Marden, Myrtle and I. Hurzen and Larson sat on a roll of bedding on
the floor. The two stools & chairs were placed in front of me for the salt, pepper, sugar, coffee, cream and a tomato can, full of spoons. The rest of the dinner was deposited either on the table or floor and passed when called for. I'd give a lot to have a picture of it all. "At Home at Hunger," I wish the folks could have seen us.

The boy came home with me and went back by the pullover. It was awfully tired work to climb the hill after such a dinner. I told the boy if they didn't put a decent foot log across the creek we would come to see them again. The pudding was so good today that they groaned and moaned at our decease but promised a whole bridge if we'd only come again.

Apr. 27.

After our big day yesterday today
have been real long and conciseness.
Write letters most of the day, it's
getting nearly mail day, our
stack of finished letters is grow-
ing.

It clouded up today and looks
like rain. We took our back
tonight and out bread. We're just
about out of ink. Must have some
brought in.

Apr. 28

Rained a little last night, not
much. Just看清 the snow the
more. The bread was fine, I
think we'll have the kind made
next soon. Have written two lett-
today, more so tied me want for a
walk on the meadow.

Apr. 29

We didn't go to bed when we thought
we would last night. We must
until after one o'clock. We both had
seventeen letters to go out with.
and it takes lots of time and work to get seventeen letters ready, especially when news is so scarce and you struggle to keep your feeling from cropping out in your letters and spelling "lonesome" between lines.

The boy came over about noon today to get the mail. We had the crunchiest dinner of brown bread, baked beans, Shanghai pie, bacon, gravy, and potato salad. The boy really enjoyed it. After the dishes were washed we walked over to Mrs. Forrest to see the clearing. There's a great lot of real ground showing, and the willows are nearly in bloom.

We are all tired out from our strenuous letter writing and are going to bed early tonight. I wonder what the real time is? Jimmie has a time all his own, and
Oct. 30.

We were alone today and glad of it. It was a rest. The day has been perfectly lovely, it was a great day for traveling so we took Scott's Lady of the Lake and walked down to the Haunted Cabin. There's quite a good deal of clear ground around the cabin. We found two log sides by side and stretched out on them in the sunshine and had one loud. Now we did enjoy it, Scott's descriptions are great and some of them are very...
similar to the scenes in this country. I'm very interested in trying to try and find some spot you know that will answer to this description.

The little North Fork is very high. How it seethes and boils over the logs and rocks, and such a noise. The snowbridges are all gone so one could not cross except on a good high log.

We came back up the big meadow, and enjoyed the sunset, a wholly delightful day. am worn clean through tonight.

We got back hungry as bears and got supper as quickly as we could, came nearly having to chew bacon minds to keep up our strength till dinner was ready. Wonder what's doing out in the States. Hope I get lots of mail. Ring is getting fat on sour dough cakes.
May 1, 1911.
Today has been great, so nice and warm. felt like sitting out in the sun all day. The Judicial administration and named and summed today. The last bit of snow melted under old Solsgage today and the paths are now dry. Tonight we had our first glimpse of the new moon. it shines so four days old but we have not been able to see it until tonight.

The men neglected last night. The fairies forgot to hang any May baskets for me. so we got a few lilacs from the meadow and pretended to have a May day of our own. Wonder how Mayories May baskets got along. she was making some very pretty ones.
May 2, '11.

The clothed my clothes out on the line last night to freeze, and when I woke up this morning, it was raining hard. Oh! Oh! Our nice starched waists. How we did moan and groan to think of the after work. We thought of the starch prices and left the other hang out. It rained nearly all day long and both fair to rain all night.

My head ached and my rear crack and sin dizzy. I felt so tired this morning that I took a calm, it hasn't been effective yet and I'm still on the bun. Decidedly tried to work on my lunch cloth but my head hurt too badly. Don't feel good for much, anyway. I guess wait till morning.
May 3.

Tell fins today. I've hemstitched two sides of my lunch cloth. Guess that's working some. Myself read or finished reading "The Lady of the Lake" to me last night. It rained all night and today has been a dull gray day. The clouds hung low and everything is as wet as it can be. There's the sweet little Thrush out on the spring bushes, it has nearly burst its throat today trying to convince us that today is the best day the world has seen. Tomorrow will be better.

May 4, '11.

Will today was the day the boys expected to be back with the mail. We hardly expected that they could make it back, but we
couldn't help looking for them anyway. He took a walk down to Mrs. Irwin's. The cleaning is coming out nicely. I found yellow violets and trilliums in bloom and gathered a bouquet. They look so spring-y. Delicious.

This morning hope it's good traveling for the boy across old 'Bridge.'

May 5.

This morning, about ten o'clock, just as we were doing the dishes, we heard that unearthly yell of Dynamites. They decided that it sounds like a freight train going round an ungreased curve and thus miles in supreme agony. He came bouncing in with whoops and huzzahs, dragging by the ears a big rabbit. It cleaned
and salted it and got it all ready for dinner. We had a great old millique, peas and a tapioca pudding.

The boys got in about noon with the mail. We had lots of mail, but some such sad news. We received word of Mrs. Anthony's, Felis Rhoads and Harry Kenneth's death.

After dinner the boys got us a nice lot of wood. It was raining hard and they took turns about going out and sawing the wood. They all looked like drowned rats when they left for home.

The boys brought in lots of news, lots of papers to read. They said Mr. Fleming is still in army and will probably work for the Govt. this summer. Wonder if he will.
They missed him a day. They caught some fine fish at the fishhook, but had to stay over two days on account of the rain so at them all up. We got off without any one this trim I hope will be more fortunate another time.
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1. Hatchet  60
2. Windows  1.80
2. Hinges  5.00
Jack & caps  25
2. Nails  10
3. Screws  3.00
4. Toothpicks  1.00
6. Files  4.30
1. Pry handle  8.30
1. Lamp  8.50
Mouse traps  1.50
1. Dish  2.00
Wedge & Mallet  2.25
Handle  3.50
2. Chocolate  8.00
Wicks  0.35
Lantern globe  1.00
Total  15.80

over
10 lbs. flour, 14.50
150 lbs. sugar, 10.50
50 lbs. onions, 1.75
3 bags powder, 1.50
50 Princes, 3.60
2 sage
2 lettuce, 4.60
2 syrup
2 Sauerkraut, 9.00
6 mincemeat
1 vanilla, 3.00
1 lemon
30# beans, 16.50
10 hing bean
25 rice, 16.75
10 hominy
3 sks oatmeal, 1.25
3 sks corn meal, 1.05
3 sks graham
2 mustard
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Brought from Moscow:

Pop corn: 1.50
Butter: 2.80

Potatoes to Mr. O.: 11.65
Dry fruit to Mrs. O.: 2.86

Eggs: 3.25
Butter to Mrs. J.: 2.00

Total: 24.35
Total Summary, 1910.

Wilson Mule Co. 163.33.
Clarkia Mule Co. 265.38.

Meat.
Brought from Moscow 25.06.

Total $284.63.

$14.45 + $13.75 = private acc. 30.20.

Total Company bill $254.43.

Drayage Palouse .75.
Express baggage 2.25.
Drayage Palouse 1.50.
Express 2.10.

$260.53.

+ 171.96
+ 9.55

Total $441.04

144.02

- 131.15

= 130.87
To Mr. Peak for parking.
Last trip. 8.05
79.35-
9.02

Mrs. D.   L.S.A.

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4.40
By check to Wilson Mne Co. $163.98
      to Clarkia Mne Co. 34.24
      ... ... ...
      Total 217.92

Brought from Moscow tramt. 9.35
Paid for drayage & express 2.85
Paid to Clarkia Mne Co. by check 26.30
Total in cash 38.70

Mrs. D brought from Moscow tramt. 13.67
... sold to Company supplies 4.40
... paid express and drayage 3.25
Total 21.16

Personal on bill and ... 14.45
... Mrs. D on ... 15.75
Total 30.20
90 q t. cartes.
12 q t. Mrs. A. for stamps.
Thank you so much for your kindness to us. With our regards, Canada. Most sincerely.
It is like an imperfect mirror that renders but a partial likeness in which the essential features are blurred or distorted. One may be as superficial in mind as that and may mar the matter.

Human nature has not changed; the motives of action are the same, though their relative force and desires and ideals by which they are inspired vary from generation to generation. The life to come is but the fulfillment of the life that now is.

As the end of virtue is blessedness, so the end of sin is misery.
Replic'd its ruin with the
vastful front.
Almighty, O lofty genius,
assist me now!

One ought to fear these
things only that have power
daring harm, the others not
for they are not dreadful.

Now, for one sole
will is in me both: Thou Lord, and Thou Master.

Thee it behoves Ibear every
fear, it behoves that all coward
is should be dead.
The great work before us is the re-adjustment of all the relations of man with man, on the basis of human brotherhood. When that day comes, rivers of gladness will water all the earth and clothe all climes with beauty. There will be none to covet. Error will have no place. In the heart no passion will touch a discordant string, but all will be harmony and love.

The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Will shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy
Till nation after nation, taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.

A Dream Within a Dream.
If all who hate would love us,
And all we love were true,
If stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue;
If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while.
If hearts were only jolly
And grieving was forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not;
Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty—
A dream within a dream.

Pulled Up Stakes.
'Tis easier to pull up stakes than it is
to drive them down.
But it's mighty hard to lose the
seafard charm.
The man who's always meeting's but
courting fortune's frown.
Yet he does it—and he lives to learn
the harm.
With a clear ing all established and a
camp pitched on the hill,
And good luck a-coming surely, aye,
but slow.
It was then I gave my hearing to a
bidding whispered still,
And I felt that I must pull up stakes
and go.
Now upon the campfire ashes that I
left out in the west
There are homes and crops and here
and there a town,
have wandered, always wanting
something better than the real.
And I own a lot of stakes that should
be down.

Falls, by Eddie.
Tares are places where sun folks
fer prizes, sun fer information,
sun bekaws they haven't nothing
to do. There are always a lot
fat pigs and cows and horses and
to attract attention and there
always a lot of peepul who are
ng to give something away fer
it if you will say enuf for it. If
we're up at one o'clock we can

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