

Students'
Note
Book

Academy Series



"Diary"

Beginning Oct 6, 1910.

"The Lumberlost"

49 Meadows,

Avery, Ida.

Dona S. Adair.

Oct. 6, 1910

Myrtle and I left Moscow on Thursday the fifth for Clarkia enroute to the Homesteads;

Thursday, was my "Jonah Day", everything was crooked, to begin with I was feeling awfully weak and wobbly from the quinine, my throat broke just the Thursday before and I went out before I should have and took more cold, and felt real cross. We worked around all morning and were at last ready to go to the depot. Papa went down with the boxes to get them weighed and expressed, leaving Prof. Chedsey to take us to the depot in the car. We had ten minutes to spare but thought we had better go down early and get everything

-attended to. When we were all
comfy in the car Prof. Chudney
-cranked the machine, the
engine started up beautifully
then died out with a dis-
comforting-grunt. Pre Chudney
made a frantic dive at the
seat, took off the cushion and
spanned the tank. We were
out of gasoline. Jerry ran
to the barn and brought some
gasoline, and we tried the
start once more. We all held
our breath, the engine once
more started ~~up~~ rhythmically,
and we were off with but three
minutes to make it to the
-depot in. Daddy had our
tickets and the boxes expressed
and checked, put us on the
train and we were off, We

had a large box and a trunk to
take through as baggage, and
carried two guns, two suitcases
an ostrich plume, (wrapped in paper,
an oil coat full of tin ware and mince
meat.) Our hands were certainly
full and we were sights to behold.
Uncle John, came as far as Palouse
with us, on his way to Spokane,
and hunted up an express man
and helped us off the train with
our bundles. He laughed at
us. I've not forgiven him yet.
Mrs. Calkins, Winnifed's mother
was on the train going to Clarkia.
I had the express man take her
baggage to the N. P. & M. depot and
ordered our express transferred
and to be sure that it came up
on the same train. The train
was late as usual, but at last

we were on our way to Bovil.
The train was late - as usual, so
was the Milwaukee. The express
did not arrive in spite of our
efforts. We ask them to phone
to Palouse to trace them and
they promised to do so.

We waited - and waited for
the Milwaukee to decide to
take us on, - at last in self
defense the train started and
once more we were on our
way. As we passed ^{through} Collins
I caught a -glimpse of Mum &
Pearl Clark at the window.
They were living in Bovil when
I heard from them last.

We arrived in Clarkia about
two o'clock. Herman Wilson
was at the depot and helped
us off with our bundles and

Mr. Calkins with her bundles.
Ninnie was still at school.
We went to the Elk Hotel and got
a room, washed, combed, got a
lunch and went out to hunt
for Mr. McPeak. We found him
at the store talking to Herman.
He informed us that the
snow was between three and
four feet deep on "Freeze Out" and
we would have to wait three
or four days before we could get
a horse over the trail. We
were terribly disappointed,
but it was a pretty good thing
after all that I was to have
a little more time to get ready
for the trip. My throat hurt
me dreadfully that evening.

After school was out we
all went to meet Ninnie and

took a walk. We went to bed
early, tired and disappointed,

Friday, Oct. 27, 1910.

Friday promises to be a beautiful
day. The sun rose clear and
the fog soon raised from the
meadows. Myrtle and I took
a walk before breakfast. After
breakfast we hunted Mr. McPeak
again to try and persuade him
to go in spite of the snow. He
remained true to his word
but promised to go Sunday
if our freight was there.

Mrs. Durham had made
partial arrangements with
a man by the name of Ward
to go out and stay with us
this winter, but left us to
complete the arrangements.
We hunted Mr. Ward up, or tried

too, He was the bartender at the
Elk Saloon and we found it
rather difficult to interview
the gentleman. We were
introduced to him at the
supper table and had a long
talk with him. He told us
he had changed his mind
about going, and that we had
better find another man. 'Twas
easier said than done.

Myrtle and I began the man
hunt at once and such a time.
We were the joke of the town.
We could find no one who
was willing to go out to stay.
We found a Mr. Benedict to go
out with us - and do some
work, but our man hunt was
continued. We tried to get
trace of Carter but could only

learn that he had gone through
Clarkia towards Bozid the
week before. There was but
little satisfaction in that.

Our freight did not arrive
on the afternoon train and
I decided to go down and
look it up Saturday morning.
We gave our want list (including
the man) to Herman to be filled
and ready for us by Sunday.

We still hunted for a man,
Saturday, Oct. 8.

Passed an awful night. We
were frightened out of our
wits. We have room 2 at the head
of the stairs. The house has
settled so that the door can
not be locked, and it must
be held shut with something
or it will not remain closed.

He placed the chair against it, to keep it from swinging open. Late last night a drunk man came in the Hotel and tried to find his room. He bumped against every door along the hall talking & swearing a blue streak all the time. He was finally rescued by Mr. Avery and put to bed in the room across the hall. Where he lay and talked to himself all the rest of the night. The partitions are thin and we could hear every word that was said. He kept saying over and over to himself, 'Yes! Yes! that's right. What, you don't drink, well don't drink then my son, Yes! Yes! that's right. Drink her up boy, drink her up. Well's gone day, drink her up

boys, Yes sir! Yes Yes! etc.

He stood it in bed as long as he could and then got up and went in to the hall again. Oral Avery went in pursuit and finally captured him and got him back in bed. Then the talking continued till time to get up for breakfast.

The old fellow got up about eight o'clock and went out and curled up in the fence corner in the sun and went to sleep.

There was two mighty sleepy girls went to the breakfast table that morning.

I went to the platform to wait for the train at the regular train time. Myrtle, Mr. Lammers, Mr. Avery and Quim Wilson went with me. While we were waiting

the man who had been on the
tear during the night, came
staggering down the road
towards the depot, we had to
wait two hours in his agreeable
company for that train. We
did not dare leave the platform
for fear the train would come.
Finally it did come and, Myrtle
"The Man of the Stagers" and I got on
and went to Bevil to see if we
could find any trace of our baggage.
While at Bevil we went from
place to place trying to find
some trace of Curtis, we were
still man hunting. At the
Post Office we got word that he
was at camp eight, up the line
on the way to Clarkia. We tried
to phone but the phone was
out of order, we were stuck.

then, we didn't know what to do. On the way to Perdue or camp. right we ask a lady, as she was getting off the train if she knew of a gentleman at the camp by the name of Carter, she said she did, so I wrote a note on the back of an envelope to Carter telling him if he still wished to come to the woods and would hold to the old contract to let know at Clarkia at once!

When we got to Clarkia, McPeak told us we would start for the Meadows Sunday morning, we would have to leave the freight to be brought in later!

While we were sitting in the sitting room or office at the Hotel a man come in very drunk, he went out on the porch to wait

for the dinner call, we were hardly out of the room before a lively scuffle began inside and a man pushed his way through the door breaking out the glass. We went at once to the back part of the house and waited until everything had quieted down before going into the dining room. Myrtle was terribly frightened and I was too.

In the evening Odd Young invited, Myrtle, Winnie and Ivin Wilson and me to their cabin to spend the evening. The boys, Mr. Lammun and Mr. Young had been batching for a month. The house looked it, every time we wanted any thing they would dive in under the bed

there upon issued a general
hunt while shoes, cloths etc
flew for the centre of the room
in general confusion. They usually
found the article demanded
and proceeded to replace things
in the same order they came
out from under the bed.

Minnie and I made some
candy, coffee and shrimp
"niggle", with the coffee we
served store cookies, fresh, and
very good. After the lunch
was over the boys had a smoke
we girls ate candy and then
all helped make the night
hideous with all the late songs.
We used a blue bandanna
kerchief for a centerpiece on
our table. There was some
clash to that. I forgot Oral
Avery was one of the party. Such

negligence. I wonder if he
would forgive me. The party
broke up at eleven o'clock as we
were to get up early and get ready
for the trail. Helen Avery and
Mrs. Fertig left Friday morning
for the Flood-wood to be gone till
about the fifteenth of Nov. They
will prove up then.

Sunday, Oct. 9, 1910.

Such a day, we went to the
store to watch the packing as
soon as we had every thing gather-
ed up and settled at the Hotel.
Every horse was packed and we
were all ready to start at nine
o'clock. The procession started,
all but an old white horse that
decided not to carry the pack.
She bucked and kicked and
whirled round and around

until she had the pack off and
postum, nails and canned
goods scattered all over the
main street. The men got a
wheel barrow, gathered things up
and repacked the spiteful
beast. Once more we started
and moved majestically away.
There were eighteen horses in the
train, fifteen packed, three
saddle horses and Mr. Benedict
walked ahead to lead; I was
riding a little sorrel, blind in
one eye, Myrtle was riding a
black and leading a white bull
terrier pup, (that was a trick of Mr. Youngs)
she did look funny dragging that
poor pup along back of the
horse. McPeak was riding Bob
an Indian pony, with both ears
and tail cut off close. We were

a classy looking bunch alright.
Every one in Clarkia was out to
see us off.

All went well till we went to
cross the creek, McPeak came up
to a black horse and tried to make
it go across with the rest. The
horse tried to hurry and rolled
off the bank into the water. He
was packed with potatoes and
bedding. Grand Mother's quilt
weighed a ton that night. In
the middle of the creek Snow
the pup refused to come any
farther and nearly pulled Myrtle
off the horse, the white horse
tried again to buck the pack
off, another unruly white tried
to take a short cut back to town
and got down in the mire.
Then the old blind sorrel I was

riding full and rolled on me,
He caught my foot foul in the
stirrup, and rolled on my leg. He
tried to get up but it hurt me &
I grabbed his bridle and his
ear and held him down and
called to Mr. McPeak to come and
help me. He was pretty busy
trying to get the train together
but as I called him Mr. McPeak
he turned to see what I wanted,
when he saw me he called out
"What in the hell are you doing there"
I didn't answer in similar terms
but ask him to come take his old
horse off my hands, they were
too full to hold him longer. Mr.
Benedict caught sight of me then
and came running across the creek
to help McPeak get the horse up.
Together they got him up without

hurting me, I got up shook myself, examined the camp chimneys that were tied on the saddle and climbed on again. The men got the train together and we were off once more.

We made White Rock for dinner, and every thing went well till about three o'clock when Dan a young colt packed with potatoes left the trail and tore a potato sack, spilling potatoes in the woods around for a goodly distance. We all got off our horses and picked up potatoes, tied the sack, repacked and started on.

Having to repack delayed us so much that it got real dark before we got to Hornlock camp. If it had not been for the moon we should have had to camp

by the trail in the snow, we
got to camp about seven o'clock,
tired and cold and hungry. I
was the sickest girl when
we got in, I was so cold and
my throat was sore. Myrtle
was awful good and did most
of the work till I got warmed
up.

As we neared the
cabin we could see a light in
the window, we gave a great shout
of joy. It did look so cheerful and
good to us, as we drew up at the
door, three men came out to help
us dismount, they looked so
surprised to see just us two girls
there with six pack horses. The
rest of the horses had taken the
wrong trail and the men had to
go for them. they got in about
a half hour later. The men

helped us to unsaddle the horses
and we went in to the fire, as soon
as the men came we got supper
and ate very heartily, then nothing
like a ride in the moonlight for
an appetizer. We learned the
men were Johnny White, Mr.
O'Donnell, and Mr. Donner, they
had their breakfast early the next
morning and left without even
awaking us. We all sat
around the fire and talked
till bed time, then McPeak made
a bed room for Myrtle and me by
hanging up the Government
blankets, it made a real cozy
little bedroom. We were given
the really trully bed, and the
men made a bed on the floor
with the "sougans" that were
in the cabin, Myrtle and I

were so amused at the conversation
after we went to bed that we
laughed until we were nearly
sick. At least four out of the
five men snored, each in a
different key. Sleep was almost
impossible.

We got up at five the next
morning, to find the three
men gone. We got breakfast
packed and started for the
meadows at seven thirty. We
did not stop for lunch but
hurried on, arriving at Mrs.
Burham's about two o'clock.
We were expecting a hearty welcome
instead we found Mrs. D. and
Mrs. Jurren and Henry had
gone to Mr. Flowers for the day.
They left a note on the door
saying they would be back

that evening. McPeak was going to go back to the lake that night and was in an awful hurry so we got dinner for him at once. We tried to persuade him to stay until morning but there was no feed for the horses and he would not hear of staying. We did not know what to do, for Mrs. W. had a list of things she needed, and that must come in on the next pack for that was the last train to come in. Myrtle and I got on the horses and rode down to the "Haunted Cabin" with McPeak. We met the ladies when nearly there. Got the list and came on back to the cabin. We were good and tired and went to bed early.

Tuesday, Oct. 11.

We got up quite early to get

Mr. Benedict to work. Myrth and I were pretty lame and stiff from riding. I was especially so. My leg and ankle were very sore from having the horse fall on me. About ten o'clock the pup gave a terrible bark that translated meant a stranger was approaching. I looked and behold N. J. Carter coming up the path. My! but I was glad. He was certainly heralded with joy. I introduced him to Mrs. Durham + Myrth and he won their hearts at once ^{and} I immediately took the helm;

He got our word. Saturday evening, came to Clarkia Sunday to find that we had left that morning. He followed, at once, making Hemlock Camp, Monday and

on in to the Meadows early Tues.
morning; I am so glad he
came, it was such a relief and
the man hunt is over. Carter
knows the woods thoroughly
and is such a great strong
fellow you feel as if you
could rely on him at any time.

The house was so crowded that
Carter, Myrtle Henry and Mrs. Jensen
went over to Mrs. Jensen for the
night. In the night Mrs. J.
was taken very sick and Carter
came tearing over to Mrs. D.'s for
some whisky. He ran all the way
and was so out of breath he did
not take time to explain anything.
He came over to the house in
the morning for breakfast and
reported Mrs. J. very much better.
Mrs. D. and I got the breakfast

work over and went over to see Mrs. J. She had a very severe attack with her heart, caused by indigestion but was feeling much better. Myrtle stayed with her and I came back with Mrs. D. to get dinner for the men. Carter and Mrs. D. planned the work and also planned a root cellar. Carter began the cellar at once, it will be fine to put our provision away in for the winter.

Mrs. Durham went over to stay with Mrs. Jensen and Myrtle came over to help me. I got supper and had a real tea party. Carter had shot a bird and by adding a goodly portion of salt pork I had liquor broth enough to make noodles, so it was noodles, bird, mashed

potatoes, canned peas, and fruit.
Mrs. D made the noodles for me
before she left, I didn't want to
spoil the broth by trying my hand
at the making. Every guest
pronounced the tea party a great
success.

Thursday, 13.

Every body works; Mrs. D is still with
Mrs. Fosen. Carter came over for
breakfast. Myrtle and I got breakfast
and had them at work quite early.

Mrs. F. came over and reports Mrs.
Fosen very much improved; she
was able to sit up, will be out in
a day or so. The day was one
of work but no excitement.

Friday 14.

Great excitement today, Mr.
Flower came over to see us. We
promised to ~~come~~^{go} over to see

Mrs. Flower and the little girl
on Sunday. They are going to
leave the wood next Tuesday.

Carter shot two birds, also. Such
specimen. The cellar is nearly
completion, it is going to be a
dandy, it is double walled filled
with earth and has a double
roof and double doors.

Saturday 15.

Mrs. Fursen is able to be out
today, she walked over to Mrs. D's
and is feeling very good. Henry
found his toy pistol and caps
and is frightening all the game
in the woods, besides deafening
all the people. Mrs. Taylor
came over on her way to Mrs.
Flower, she is getting to be a
regular race horse; she can
out walk any one in the woods

and stand more than any the rest of the woods folks. The men are going over to inspect my place next week and see where is the best place for my clearing.

Sunday, Oct. 16.

Myrtle, Carter and I are going over to Mr. Flowers today. Mrs. Loren does not feel like walking and Mrs. Durham is going to stay with her. I don't know how I will stand the trip I've not felt much like walking since I got out here. My throat has not healed very well as yet and it makes me feel horrid and cranky. It is cloudy and I'm afraid we will get caught in a rain before we get back. Mr. Flowers

are expecting us and will
have made preparations for
a great dinner, Myrtle is
ready as off we go. We
expect Mr. McPeak in today
or tomorrow.

Later,

Oct. 24,

Sunday was one big surprise
to all. We went over to Mr. Flower's
-It took us about an hour to walk
over. Mrs. Flower gave us a hearty
welcome. The little girl is as
-cute as she can be, she is very
dark and looks like Mr. Flower.
She recites Jack and Jill, and some
other mother goose yingles too
-cute for anything. We were all
sitting in the cabin talking
when Mr. Hansen came to the
door and said, Miss Adair

Give a surprise for you, look here,
I started out on the run, we
had been joking about some
pictures and I thought he was
referring to them. As I started
around the cabin after him I
ran right against papa. I
never was so surprised in
all my life. Papa, of all people,
where could he have hailed from.
I nearly fainted and papa
had the laugh on me. He
had a hunting coat on, carried
a big pack sack and a large
gun, and with him was the
little dog we had tried to capture
in town, she looks like a jack
rabbit on stilts and answers
to the name of "King";

Daddy had come in from
Avery to get me to go out to sign

an affidavit to send to Cover
d'Almeida. He could get no
horses at Avery and had to
walk out. It took him two
days, it was an awful hard
trip on Daddy and he looked
the worse for the ~~work~~ ^{wear}, I
introduced him to Mr. Howe
and Mr. Carter. We decided
to go over to Mrs. Durham
as soon as we had had our
dinner, for fear McPeak would
come in and start back and
we would miss him. We rather
expected Mr. Young to come in
with McPeak. If he did, I would
not have to make the trip to
Clarkia, if not I would have to
be ready to go when McPeak
returned. Mr. Young is the
notary at Clarkia, but the

-gentleman was too wise to come
out. Mr. McPeak was there
when we got in at Mrs. Durham,
but was going to remain so as to
go over to Mrs. Taylor's the next
morning.

It was decided
that I should go to Clarkia
with Mr. McPeak and that papa
should go with me. My, but
we had a great crowd here
that night. There was Papa, Carter,
Mr. Benedict, Henry, Mr. McPeak,
Mrs. Loren, Mrs. Durham, Myrtle
and myself.

We got up early and got McPeak
off to Mrs. Taylor's. It began raining
-at dark and was still raining.
McPeak got back about nine
o'clock and declared we would
start at once. Mrs. Durham
got breakfast for us all again, ^{that was}

my second breakfast. McPeak
ate and started to find the
rest of the horses. They had
left in the night and he had
to go nearly to the "Little Lake"
to find them. He got back
about about eleven o'clock and
we ate again before starting.
We were great looking objects
when ready to start. I wore
my black rubber rain coat,
rubber boots, cravanette hat,
two pairs of Cutlers big wather
gloves and Myrtle's big & red
sweater. Daddy wore a
big rain coat of Mr. Cooper's and
McPeak wore Myrtle's rain coat and
over that his big mackinaw
coat. He did certainly look funny.
McPeak let me ride Bob,
the bob eared, bob tailed

strawberry roan. it was a
mark of special favor, no
woman had ever ridden Bob
before. He was a fine saddle.
We left at a quarter to twelve,
it was raining, raining, raining.
When we reached the ridge
above the little Lake, it was
snowing and blowing like
everything. I was nearly frozen,
about half way up the slope
I dropped my glove and hat
to climb off to get it. I was
so bundled up in coats and
my boots were so heavy, I could
not get on the horse again
and had to walk to the top
where Papa waited for me
and helped me to mount
again.

We got in to Hemlock Cabin

about five o'clock. To find
Miss Elsie Wathin and Mr.
Sol. Ward there before us, Miss
W. had come in from her place
to meet us there and go on
in the with us, Mr. Ward
had been to his homestead
and got in about a half hour
before Miss W. The room
was good and warm and
we soon had supper and
made ourselves comfortable.

Each and every one had a
trial at trying to get me out
of Myrtle's sweater. I felt
somewhat stretched by the
time I was well out of it. We
didn't sleep very much that
night, for "Pepper" Elsie's dog
tried to catch mice, and prove
his acrobatic qualities by

jumping and rolling all over
the bed! He'd jump up on the
bed and off again every five
minutes. It was still
raining when we started from
Hemlock at seven thirty the
next morning, it rained
until we were nearly to White
Rock. We trotted our horses when
ever we could possibly do so,
Elic and I certainly looked
like squaws as we bounced
in our saddles. We trotted a
long way at bold center, but
finally got the sideache and
had to stop. We got in to Clarkia
about two o'clock, and hungry
as bears. Elic fed Pepper and
tied him in the barn where he
proceeded to break up a setting
^{nest} and cause hell to loose her

tail feather in the bargain,
served her right. she had no
business trying to set a late
in the season.

We went down town after
dinner and settled our
accounts at the stores and
with Mr. McPeak. Mr. Peak
said he had promised to wait
in town till Saturday for Mrs.
Taylor's nephew, so if I went
out with him I'd have to wait
till Saturday morning, I
tried to think of staying in
Clarkia until Saturday with
nothing to do, so Papa settled
the matter. He proposed that
I go as far as Collins with him
the next morning and visit
with Aunt Pet Clark. I hadn't
thought of that; but rumped.

at the chance of a visit with
Aunt Pet. We went to bed
quite early, as we were all tired
from our long ride. My throat
was very sore after riding so far
in the rain.

Tuesday 18. Miss Watkins, Dr.
Adair and Miss Adair left Clackin
on the Milwaukee, going down
the line. It was funny to
see Daddy and Elsie. Daddy had
his hunting suit on, and his big
gun, and was as dirty and tramp
looking as I have ever seen him.
Elsie looked like a typical
homestead girl going to town. She
was hanging on to Popper with
a death grip, and had him
muscled to keep him from
fighting and bringing the wrath
of the entire population of Clackin

upon his head in a shower.
I forgot to mention that Daddy
and Elsie got breakfast at Sun-
lock. They sure ly did look funny.
I nearly died laughing, I'd never
seen papa in the capacity
of second cook before. I'm going
to tell mamma to get a white
bull dog, some tin plates and
wear a sweet smile and
perhaps, who knows, but she
can get Daddy up to help her
with breakfast.

I stopped at Elkin, and ask
the conductor to stop for me
on Friday. I hated to be away
from Clarkia Thursday evening,
as they were giving a farewell
surprise on Herbert Wilson
and wife. All Clarkia would
be there in gala day attire, with

ice cream and cake, just see
what I am to miss, The
Clarks - all met me at the
right of way with one tremendous
whoop. They all have the whoop-
ing cough and such a time as
they do have coughing.

I spent the time just talking,
talking, talking, I had a
great old visit with Aunt Pet.
Her brother and wife were up from
Bovil on Thursday, I called
on Mrs. Sam Frie, Thursday morning.
Violet (the baby) is the fattest little
yammerer, she looks like a White
Pine baby - alright.

Earl went to Bovil for
me Friday morning to see
if he could get me any timothy
seed, I left for Clarkia on the
train he came up from Bovil

me. He brought some apples,
and as I climbed on, he threw
three or four at me. They missed
their mark or else I failed to catch
them I don't know which, I
got three of them, thanks to a
young man who caught them
for me. I shared with him
and we stood on the platform
and ate apples while engine
III, helped us up to the summit.
Sitting just in front of me
in the car was a gentleman
with a peculiar, solemn
looking face and a funny
looking suit case. He got off
at Clackis. Every one stared at
him as he paced along the street
and tried to determine what
his profession was. Some
said he was doctor. Others

- a minister and still others thought
him a liquor salesman, but as
he stepped clear across the street
when he saw the saloon sign
Sol Ward was heard to remark that
he didn't belong to his works, Sol's
(the bartender), so he must be a
minister, and such he proved
to be. He was the right Reverend
J. L. Buchanan, and, as the
placards at the hotel door
announced, would hold divine
services at the School House,
to which all were cordially
invited,

Every one in town went, or
nearly every one. I went with
Quin and Herman Wilson, Oral
Avery and Add Young. I guess
they thought I was a Mormon.
After church we all gathered

around the stove in the office
and discussed the sermon
until the minister came in
then we discussed trails
and homesteading for his
special pleasure.

Lat, morning I got up
real early and packed every
thing, dressed in my brown
suit and sent Mc Peak at the
store, we were to get a real
early start for Deerlock, Mrs.
Taylor's nephew had not been
heard from as yet. Mr. Buch-
arran went to the store to see
me off and to watch the pack-
ing. Mr. Young decided to
-go with us. He is going out
to see the bull pup "Snooze"
so he says. I was awful
glad he decided to go. There

would be some one to talk to.
McPeak is generally too busy talk-
ing to the horses to talk to anyone.

We reached White Rock at noon,
and built a fire it commenced
to rain and was real cold. We
traced bacon over the fire and
had a cup of tea, with a fine
lunch, otherwise, I felt funny
being the only girl but you
got me to a good many things
in these woods. We got to
Hemlock at four thirty, and had
a goodly bit of daylight to unpack
by. We had an early supper
and then sat by the fire and
told the stories of our lives up
to date, they were certainly
checked careers. After the stories
were ended I produced three
copies of "Life," that Cad had

sent me from town. I got them
just before starting. Jim then
passed pleasantly enough.
We took turns reading the
paper and explaining the
pictures till bed time. Once
again the government blankets
made a bedroom for me. I
could not get out of that
dreadful old sweater and so
Mr. Young tried to help me. He
fainted and called for help. With
the combined efforts of Mr. McPeak
and Mr. Young I came out feeling
decidedly like a giraffe. I began
to wonder if my neck ever would
regain its original length.

That evening Mr. Young fried
the potatoes. French fried I
believe he called them. McPeak
made the coffee and fried the

eggs while I took turns helping both, laughing at them and setting the table. Finally in sheer desperation McPeak told me if I didn't behave he would not let me ride Bob on in to camp so my laughter died in my throat and tears being tears welled in my eyes.

Sunday, morning. We left Humboldt about seven o'clock and begin our upward journey. We left everything in good shape at the cabin and helped ourselves to some dried apples from the Gov. stores. The mice were spoiling them, why not take them and turn them to good use, "McPeak's reasoning". We traveled along fine and fast and furious and were

at the little lake in almost
no time. We were traveling
over snow and in a dense
fog most of the time. When
we reached the little lake I
had to get off and walk. The
trail was too slippery to trust
riding down even on Old Bob.
I was ahead and got so far
ahead that I took my own
time, and was walking along
humming to myself when I dis-
covered my saddle girth needs
tightening. I stopped and tight-
ened it and was just getting
on when I heard my name
called. I turned and saw
Mr. Bishop standing beside me.
To say I was surprised is
putting it mildly. He was
just up from Liviston. Mr.

Isren had captured him at East
and had taken him to Lewiston
as a witness, He was dismissed
and was making his way in
to our country, So we went on,
Mr. Bishop walking, I riding
Bob (He made fun of Bob), then the
packhorses, Mr. McPeak and Mr.
Young,

We got in to the
Cabin quite early, Mr. Bishop
and I lead the way with the
first surprise, We didn't tell
any one Mr. Young was coming
so it surprised every one in
camp, especially Myrtle and
"Brooz", She was delighted at
once more beholding her former
master

Mr. and Miss Flower was here
when we all arrived, we were
certainly a crowd for these

of diggings. It began raining again that evening with prospect of a good weeks rain. Oh, but I was glad to settle down by the fire and be comfy and quiet for a little while.

Monday Oct 24. It rained, and is raining. Mrs. Loren and Harry decided to accompany McPeak on the return trip. Mr. Young, while it nearly broke his heart to leave "snorz" decided that he too must go back to Clarkia. We left Carter and Bishop at the Cabin and went down to see them all off. They are the last link to civilization, via Clarkia, that we had left. Myrtle and I said, Well, we said bad things on the way up the trail. It rains, and certainly knows how to rain

in this valley. As soon as we
were fairly comfortable in the
cabin once more, Mr. Bishop broke
the news that he intended to start
for Avery at once. I don't see
why people have to come visiting,
you always miss them so when
they are gone. He started about
ten o'clock and we were sorry
enough to see him depart. He and
Carter are both from Kentucky
and kept every one in the house
in an uproar of laughter all
Monday evening, telling stories
and relating experiences in
old Kentucky! Tuesday ^{after} even-
~~ing~~ ^{noon} it cleared off and Mr. + Mrs.
Flowers went home. The joke
was on us - as for Mr. B. leaving
he went to the top of the first
hill. The storm was very hard

so stormy that he decided
he was foolish to leave a good
fire and feed and tackle it. He
was only gone a couple of hours.
When the men were all sitting around
the fire talking when we heard
some one step on the porch.
He didn't wait an ceremony
but came right in, wet to the
skin. Great rejoicing! more
stories. He just got in in time,
in less than an hour after ward
the rain ceased and soon the
sun was trying to shine, for a
short time only. When Mr. Flower
was ready to start after dinner
it was raining again.

Wed. Oct. 25;

Promises to be a beautiful
day. Got up rather early as
Carte says we will go over to

my place today. Mr. B. says he is going for skis today. We have everything ready and are going as far as the Meadows with him. Myrtle and I are going to cook for the men while they build my cabin. Such fun!

Oct. 26.

Had great fun wading the meadow yesterday. We are installed in May's cabin until mine is ready. We brought my cookstove down and are using that. It is real chilly and damp - and we are nearly frozen. It is beginning to look like rain again. The bedding was so damp that we hung it up around the stove to try and dry it out. The men have fixed up the old cabin and are

going to sleep then.

Oct. 27.

My goodness! but it was a cold - old night, the bedding was still damp, - and we nearly froze. We were not the least bit afraid. The mice had a merry run over the bed and table. Myrtle and I lay awake and talked till nearly morning. We wonder how Mrs. Durham is this morning and if she was afraid. We were afraid to have any one leave the cabin and provision for fear the bears would help themselves. Carter says they enjoy getting a real good meal before going to sleep, so we left Mrs. D to guard the provision and

Bring to guard her. She has
never been alone before.

Carter came down real early
and built a fire for us. We
fixed the cozyest bedroom out
of the big red curtain, that I
brought from home,

Myrtle and I spent the day
cleaning up the house and
cooking. He brought provision
over with us and with it a
big piece of fresh meat. We
had a lovely steak for dinner.

In the evening the men put
my little stove up in some corner
of the cabin. We built up a
roaring big fire and dried out
the cabin and bedding. I
found a magazine and we
read until bed time. We
decided to keep "snow" down

with no. 1 ^{donkeys} the old cabin or
the rain has made his dog
rhumatism worse and he
can hardly walk.

Oct. 28.

Slept fine; But, too good
I guess. I've the headache
this morning. We're getting
to be famous cooks. Myrtle is
going to bake bread today. She
is the brave one, I was afraid
to try. Myrtle doesn't feel
well either. I guess we're eat-
ing too much.

Mrs Taylor came over before
we had our work finished
she went with me to the old
cabin and we divided up all
the provision that was left
from this summer. She has
Mr. Courtemanche and another
man working for her. She is

having a new cabin built.
Our men are getting anxious
about my saw, they need it,
I wonder when she will be thro-
ugh with it.

Oct. 29.

Myrtle's bread was fine. We are
going to go over to Mrs. D. thi-
s evening to see how things
are getting along.

Oct. 30.

We found Mrs. D. feeling fine,
she is very devoted to Ring and
Ring to her. She has been wash-
ing every day this week, if you
can judge by the looks of the
clothes line and her hands.
We didn't get in till dark
last night, such a jolly reunion.
Myrtle was not at all well so
she and I stayed and Carter

went back to the cabin to help
Mr. Benedict.

Monday Oct. 31.

Such a night! Ring played
a Halloween joke on us. She
climbed the ladder, went
on the roof and climbed
around all along the ridge
pole. She sounded like any-
thing else but a dog. She
whined and begged but could
not get down. Finally she got
too near the edge and fell
off with a yelp. She was perfectly
quiet for some time after. Though
we called to her to come in, she
must have been stunned, but
came in and took her place
behind the stove.

Neither Myrtle or I feel like
going over to the cabin. So will

wait and go tomorrow.

Nov. 1.

All A.H. Myrtle and I dressed in our rain coats, took our packs on our backs and started. Myrtle's pack was a sack full of shoes, mine a sack of clothes and a dish pan. We found the men wondering what had been keeping us. The cabin is progressing nicely. They choose a pretty place for it, it will be in sight of May's when it is cleared, and is on a slope, there is a swamp on three sides of the place, I shall have to have a foot bridge made across for the spring. We brought over a book called, "A Girl of the Timberloot" to read aloud in

the evenings.

Nov. 2,

Had a lovely dinner and Myrtle made some apricot dumplings. We were much surprised by having a snow storm last night, about six inches of snow fell. Mrs. Taylor is having trouble, she is out of nails, has no windows, has not heard from her nephew and is out of luck in general. We Myrtle, Carter and I went over for the saw this morning, the new cabin is very pretty. Mr. Courtmanche is going to Clackia tomorrow. Carter is going out to vote.

Nov. 3,

More snow. My but the woods are beautiful. every tree

is bending double with the snow. Carter says my cabin will be finished tomorrow morning. We will go to Mrs. D's in the afternoon, as he wants to cut wood before going to town. The book is fine, the description of the place and the girl is very much the same as mine. The family are calling me "the girl of the Limberlost" and my new home is spoken of as "The Limberlost." I rather expect the name will stick it seems appropriate.

How short the day and how dark the nights. It is dusk by four and dark before five.
Nov. 5.

Rooftop the cabin and ready to go to Mrs. D's.

Nov. 6.

We came over to Mrs. D's about four o'clock. Every thing alright. Carter sawed a tree down for wood and cut it into blocks which Myrtle & I rolled down the hill to the woodshed. It was great fun. The ground was still covered with snow so we dressed in bloomers and shirts and put on our rubber shoes and gummie socks. We kept dry and as warm as toast.

Mr. Benedict is working for Mrs. Loren today and will go over to Mrs. Taylor's tomorrow for a few days.

Nov. 7. Carter started for Clarkia today about ten o'clock. He is going as far as the Gov. Camp tonight and on in tomorrow. We sent out a great stack of mail.

Carter thinks he will be home
Wednesday evening.

Myrtle and I are going down to
Mrs. Jansens to see how things are
getting along - and to take some
thing down for Mrs. D. It began
raining very soon after Carter
left - and turned colder so will
probably snow.

Nov. 8. Myrtle and I had one
big surprise yesterday. We had
not had walk enough when we
got to Mrs. Jansens, so we went down
on the meadow and then over to
the trail, we started down the
trail towards the "Haunted Cabin",
I felt an unconquerable desire to
yell so I gave vent to one large
overgrown "Ya! ho, .ai, ai, ai!". To
our extreme surprise and delight
it was answered and quite close

at hand, we started out as
fast as we could go in the direction
of the call. We were certainly
sights, trying to run in rain-
coats is no fun; Coming ^{swiftly}
around a turn in the trail we
came to a stand still face to
face with a stranger. He was
a young man, and carried a
large pack; He stopped and
talked with him, He seemed
very much surprised to see
young ladies in the woods in
the rain and more surprised
at our dress. He inquired the
trail to Mrs. Jaylor's. I ask if he
was Mr. Griffin, Mrs. D's nephew,
He answered to the affirmative
and I introduced myself and
Myrtle. We took him to the main
trail and hurried home to tell
Mrs. D. our exciting adventures,

This morning Mr. Griffin and Mr. Benedict came over on their way back up to Hemlock Cabin.

Mr. G. had started in with pack horses and got as far as Hemlock and had to take the horses back. They left the packs there and were going back for them. Mr. G. Mr.

Hansen and Mr. Larson were coming in together, they got lost and had to sleep out all night. Mother gave Mr. H. a big fruit cake to bring in to me, but the rascals cut it and ate it up on Hemlock Ridge, I guess they were too lazy to make bread. Mr. S. brought us the

sad news of Glenn Avery's death. He was over at his homestead on the Flood-wood. Glenn and John Vient were going hunting, the dog was determined to follow Glenn

and Johnny V. tried to hold or tie
him up, when the rope caught
the hammer and discharged
the gun, the bullet struck Glenn
in the heart killing him instantly.
I was so sorry to hear it, I liked
Glenn so much, he was such a
nice young man and was so
good to me this summer while
we were at the fire camp.

We gave the boys some things
to eat and started them on
their way, they took some mail
out for us.

This is my birthday; how
strange it seems to be away
from home, and cad. I've been
with cad for nine years on my
birthday. We are going to have
a Birthday dinner tomorrow
when Carter comes, Myrtle
made me a B.D. cake, a devil

food cake, it was good, and has
such good thick chocolate on top.

Nov. 9.

I got whipped, spanked with
my own pan cake turner, Mrs. D.
and Myrtle took an unfair advantage
of me. They waited till I was ^{ready}
for bed.

We took a long walk today,
Carter did not come, and we
are so disappointed. It has
been storming all night and is
snowing and blowing to beat the
band.

Nov. 10.

We do nothing but eat and
sleep and watch the trail for
Carter. I ripped up an old shirt
for Mrs. Durham and she finished
my blue serge bloomers. Took
another walk. My how it does

storm, Carter didn't take his compass, so if he made it to the cabin he won't start until the storm is over.

Nov. 11.

Well! surprises never cease. We were clearing up the front porch this morning when whom should we see coming up the trail but Benedict, of all men, we thought him in Caribou. He said Isriffin was coming somewhere along the trail. They made it to the Frege Det ridge but the storm was so fierce and the snow so deep that they could not travel. They started back and got lost. They were lost two days. They made it to Hansen's last night and came on over to Mrs. D's.

by noon today. Griffin got in about an hour later. His feet were a sight and so sore, we put both by the fire and gave them alcohol to bath their feet with. He handed our letters back to us and a sad looking bunch they were. They will all have to be re-written. The boys went back over to Mrs. L's after dinner; we got in our wood, water, had dinner and have settled down for the evening.

Nov. 12.

Glory! well I should say! We were hardly quiet last night. We were sitting on the lounge without a light, watching the light at the front of the stove when we heard a shot. Mrs. D.

got up - grabbed Betty and answered the call, another and another shot sounded. Myrtle and I jumped grabbed our shoes and tried our best to get them on. Neither of us thought of a light, if Mrs. D had not come to our rescue, I guess we would still be tussling with refractory shoe strings. We ran down the trail till we were close enough to call. The answer was Carter's, then our joy knew no bounds, we whooped and yelled like Indians.

Carter came and was duly escorted to the cabin. He was soaked, in trying to cross the little North Fork, he slipped and fell in. We got him some dry clothes and while he dressed, got him something to eat.

Then he opened the mail and
assorted it. I got six letters,
postals, a box of candy and
gum from Dad. also pictures
for my cabin, a sweater from
mother, two phonograph records,
A bottle of olives from Carter and
an interest in the big boxes of
candy. My! such treats! it
was just like Xmas;

Nov. 13,

Went to meadows and looked
at the traps. I ironed and
Myrtle made an angel food
cake. It was a failure, but
we used it for a pudding.
More snow.

Nov. 14. Storm is over, Myrtle
Carter and I went over to my
place to get the fire, Myrtle
and I went over to visit Mrs.

Taylor, we took the mail
to her. Carter went on over to
the meadows. Myrtle & I
came over after-dinner. We
had a lovely squirrel stew
for dinner. I wore my new
bloomers, and felt real swell.
Mrs. T was not very cordial to
me. She kissed Myrtle very
affectionately but I guess
she doesn't like red cheeks
for she neglected me. O, well!
We got in just before dark
and my boots were a white
on my heels. The snow was
created just enough to turn
your feet - at every step, one
has to be very careful not
to sprain their ankles.
Nothing but a squirrel in
the traps.

Nov. 15. We are reading aloud every evening, taking turn about. We have not been able to persuade Carter to read as yet. It snowed a little more last night, is raining this morning.

Nov. 16. Thought of going over to Mr. Flower, but it is stormy and we had not finished our ironing.

Nov. 18. We went over to Mrs F's the 17th and stayed until after dinner today. Mr. Flower and Miss Flower leave Monday for Avery, they will offer proof there and will go on to Court House. We will miss them this winter. When we left the house, we left the dogs in Carter's care. He shut them

in the house. We had not reached the meadow before snow caught up with us. We let her follow, but before we crossed the Tamarack Hill Ring caught up with us. It was very provoking. Mr. Flower does not care for dogs, and it takes a grossly amount to feed two hungry pups. They had to stay out side all evening, and objected strongly. We slept in the little bed room down hill, so we let the dogs both in, then they kept us awake all night trying to catch flies and mice. Such is the joy of being the proud possessor of a dog.

Carter met us at Clearwater camp today on our way home. It snowed last night and

is still snowing. Carter has
the shed roof on the root
house now, so there is no
danger of the snow melting
and flooding the cellar.

Nov. 19. Carter went hunting
and got two birds. They make
awful good mulligan.

Nothing in the traps. Luck
seems to be against us.

Nov. 20. Carter fell a large
tree for wood today and sawed
it into blocks. Myrtle and I
pitched ourselves to the axe handle
at the end of a long rope and
hauled the blocks in to the
shed for him. We had a great
time bringing them in. We
are getting wood ahead, for Carter
expects to be gone three or four
days on the trip to Avery.

He is going out with Mr & Miss Flower. Mr. Hansen and Mr. Larson are going out at that time. Mr. Benedict came through today on his way over to Hansen to go to Avery too. I guess we will have this corner of the world to ~~keep~~ ourselves for a few days.

Nov. 21.

A terrible snow and wind storm visited us last night. It is still snowing hard though the wind has gone down. Carter did not go today but made a pair of snow shoes. He will start in the morning and expects to overtake the crowd at Fishhook cabin.

Nov. 22.

A day of excitement unusual for this country.

Carter left at nine o'clock,
Myrtle began washing and
Mrs. Durham and I cleaned up
the house. We were given orders
not to allow the dog to follow
Carter so we kept them shut
in the cabin until about eleven
o'clock, I went out to the cellar
and King followed me, I forgot
to keep watch of her, I forgot her
entirely. I left the chain on
and didn't think she could
pull it around with her. When
I thought to look for her it was
too late! She had left the country
leaving the print of the chain
in the snow as she went. She
was tracking Carter, Mrs. D and
I dressed and started in
pursuit. The snow was nearly
two feet deep and we went ^{down}

at every step: We only went as far as the meadow, - and then came back. We saw where Carter had taken a great old tumble in the snow, & tracks stand for anything, he had trouble getting out.

When we got back to the cabin we warmed and went to look at the traps. There was nothing in the first trap, but we heard Snory barking at the second, and nearly broke our necks trying to get to it. There was a marten in the trap and he was trying to keep old Snory at bay. We had to beat the dog nearly to death to make him go away, then we did our deadly work. To kill a marten you have to press on its heart until you paralyze it, turning

it first with a light blow on
the head, being careful not
to break the skin in any way.
That's what the book says but
doing it is a different thing.
I struck the mouse on the
head and placed the stick across
its throat so it couldn't get
away. Mrs D. caught the poor
thing behind the fore leg, and
pressed on its heart. She couldn't
press hard enough to kill it and
pushed the poor little thing's heart
to every corner of its body. We
finally tortured it to death
and took it from the trap. We
didn't know whether to be glad
or sorry. I was ashamed. I never
did do such a cruel thing except
my when I drowned Mr. Redman's
chicken in the swill pail

We started across the meadow to
the other trap but the snow
was so soft we couldn't make it
we got down on our hands and
knees and crawled across.
Such tracks as we did leave.
There was nothing in the trap
so we crawled back. We did
not know how to skin the
animal so hung it up outside
to wait till Carter got back.

Nov. 23. I shot a blue jay to
bait the trap with, and we
went down to see if we had
caught anything, no luck
this time. We dried the
clothes in the house and
ironed part of them today. We
expect to have our Thanksgiving
dinner Sunday and have
Mr. Hansen, and Mr. Larson
over for dinner.

Nov. 24. Carter came home last night about five o'clock. We were certainly surprised. He made such good time that he went on in to Avery the day he started, "and came straight through yesterday." He was very tired and has a sore foot. He claims the Avery trip much easier than ^{by} the Clackia way.

We got eight new phonograph records, fine ones. I don't know how we could get along without the phonograph. I got a big box of stick candy. The children sent it out to me by Papa but he couldn't carry it. It does certainly taste good. I got a letter from Edith, Mr. Collins, Mr. McClary, Cad. Penn, Mother, and Eben.

It does seem good to get mail
in from the states, We got
some new magazines too.

Carter says there's another fruit
-cake at Avery for me, and that
he will see that it is delivered.

Nov. 25;

Thanksgiving day was a
great day for Fred. We had
a lovely dinner, with mince
and pumpkin pie and cran-
berry sauce. I had a good
old homesick spell last night,
my first and last, so help me
John Rogers, I was truly ashamed
of myself. I, the girl who
never gets homesick, Bah! The
boys didn't come over, I don't
think they got back, we didn't
look for them very much un-
til Sunday. Carter told us
that Mr. Benedict got lost

he went on ahead of the crowd
the second morning and took ^{down}
down the wrong ridge. It doesn't
pay to get independent out
here, its best to wait till you are
well acquainted with the
streets (trails).

Nov. 28. Carter went over to "The
Limberlost" today and took some
potatoes and broke trail. We
-are all going over tomorrow.
Poor Carter was surely a tired man
when he got back. Breaking trail
is no easy job.

Nov. ³⁰ 29. We broke up home today
and ~~went~~ ^{came} over to my place.
Carter had everything straightened
up for us at Mayji. Mrs. Taylor
took Mayji window and it
makes the house awful dark.
We put a greased paper over

the hole, that helps some?
We made the old cabin as
liveable as possible. The three
ladies sleep in the Bed and
Carter has his bed on the
floor. The old cabin is too
cold and damp to use.

~~Nov. 18, 1911~~

Dec. 1, 2, 3, worked and ate; in
trying to get a towel finished
for the Mother's Room, to
Christina Darning, and in
putting my eyes nearly out to
get it finished, Carter thinks
my sight and Carter thinks
we had better go to Mrs. D's
tomorrow. The trip over was
dreadful. We went down, down
every step in the snow, if
it gets any deeper we won't
get up. The make it. Cur

Feb 25.

This poor old diary has been
sadly neglected. My leaving
was held in Wallace on the
thirteenth. Papa met me at
Kellogg. Matt was with him. Mr.
Vandylke, Mr. Milley, Mr. Roche and
Mr. Hogan were all on the
train. Papa had my hat, long
black coat and suitcase with
him. I donned my dress up
clothes and felt quite respectable.
We of the one side met in my room
that evening and had a conference.
The next morning I met Mr. Comm-
erford and Mr. Clark. We all went
over to the Land office together.
I put on our fighting faces and
went - at it. They were very kind
to me; and made it as easy as
they could for me. I surely

appreciated their kindness. I
met a Mr. & Mrs. Rogers - and Mr.
& Mrs. of The Big Creek
country. The Gov. were contesting
their claims and they were to
have their hearing the same
day, Charlie Fisher was the
Gov. man. I have known Chas.
for some time but never before
did I notice the extreme square-
ness and determination of his jaw.
Papa introduced me to the
old janitor at the Court House.
He is surely a funny old fellow,
He is a great friend of Papas and
they have great visits when he is
in Wallace. After the trial
was over we all went over to the
Samuels Hotel together, old fund
forgoten. We had dinner at the
same restaurant, and left on
the same train. Mr. Koch &

Mr. Milley went to Spokane to make
up the old town. Mr. Hogan to
Couni d Alene. Matt White to St Joe.
and Papa - and I went to Moscow
Myrtle joined us there a week
later, - and we made ready to
meet Carter in Avery on the 25th
We left Moscow today. Dad,

Lulu, Mother, Bernadine, Maymie,
Papa, Mrs. Josen, Henry and Ben
Chuday were all at the train to
see us off. The weather looks
quite stormy. Is a dreadful
cold in my throat, can hardly
talk. We got to Pocatello in
due time; We had never been
in Pocatello in the day time
before. We rode to the Hotel in the
bus and committed the grievous
error of offering to pay. The driver
told us they charged nothing

to come to the Hotel but you had to pay to get out of town. Valuable information, The Hotel Prop. recognized us and asked if we were not the young ladies who had gone through Pasaia in Aug. refugees from the fire. I guess we "spotted".

We had dinner - and at eight forty five took the bus for the Milwaukee. We didn't forget the drivers fatherly lecture and cashed up. The wind was so cold I nearly froze. It made me very hoarse.

We got to Avery at three o'clock. Carter and "Birdy" met us at the Station. We were surprised to see Ring and asked what it meant. Carter evaded our questions and took us at once to the Hotel.

Then we went to register we were dumbfounded to see Mrs. Durham

name down on the register in her own hand writing. We simply couldn't believe it. Carter took us to her room and she was there sure enough - and a mighty tired woman. Such a trip - as she had had, she had snow shoe cramp and for six miles had dragged her right leg in by a bandanna tied around the knee. Poor lady! she does look so worn out. We talked until nearly five, then Myrtle and I came to our room and I sit down to write.

Feb. 26. We had breakfast at the Murphy System, and then come back to the room for a talk and a nap. It is all summed up thusly, Carter will be with us no longer. He is going to Spokane. He will take no girls in to the

Meadows if we wish to go, but will come right out and go to Spokane to get work. Mrs. R. is going to Moscow, and will go to Spokane to work as soon as she is rested. Myrtle and I can go to the homestead or back to Moscow. It's Moscow for me. My cold is terribly tight. Carter says even if we go to the Meadows, he'll not start until I feel better. So I think I'll go back - and see what "das Pater" think of it all. We will leave on the two fifty five tonight.

Later. We went down to the P.O. for the mail. I had a registered letter. I had a registered letter, it proved to be a notice from the Land Office that had been following me since Dec. 8, telling that my final hearing and decision

would be rendered on Mar. 24.
While-down town we were obliged
to see Mr. Roberts of the Pearson
Merc. Co. on business. Myrtle
had signed a check given her
by her Mother. The Bank returned
it saying Myrtle had no deposit
there. Mr. P. was rather put out
about it, but was restored to
good humor ^{by} until Mr. Deplaining
and rewriting the check. So
we escaped the iron hands
of the law and established
ourselves once more in his good
graces.

Last night, as we were getting
off the train two nice looking
young men helped us with our
suit cases, before Carter arrived.
They stayed - at the Hotel, we
saw them in the office this

morning - and wished them
Good morning! The register stands
Gilcox of Missoula, and Roscoe
Haines of Wallace, whenever they
may be.

Had a good nap. This afternoon
and had supper at the Murphy
System. Met Red Chasmy this
P.M. his still on the Rotary
Snow plow. Mrs. D. thinks
him quite the nicest furnished
Irishman she has seen for
some time. 'Rah, for Ireland & Co.

Feb. 27.

At Moscow. Great consternation.
We surprised my body. Mother
was washing but as we brought
back the lovely roast chicken (she
had given us for lunch on the trail)
for dinner she received us
graciously. Got King home
safely. I had never traveled
"dogged" before but managed

to get along alright. Carter came
as far as Spring valley (junction)
with us and took care of her
that far. She acts as if she
were lost and frightened to
death by the noisy sights.

The young men I wrote of
were Gov. men. They had charge
of some of the relics and persons
belonging to the men who
perished during the fire at Big
Creek. They had them down to
Civry trying to identify some
of them and to see Mr. Rabbit.

They were introduced to us
and made themselves very
agreeable. They got off at St
Marie. While the best were
talking, - all grouped round
the ticket window, I opened
my purse or rather bag to get

my lurching. The board thir
up set and out rolled on the
floor everything from a pin to
a washing machine. It was
full to the top. We couldn't get
some of the things in the
suit case, so had put them
in the bag. Such a scramble,
every one helped me to capture
the runaways and I retreated
amid the laughter. I was very
embarrassing, I broke the
mirror I had in the purse. I
didn't, but it broke when it fell.
Such luck?

Feb. 28. Moscow was certainly
surprised - at our return. Cad
came up this evening, also
Henry (Mrs. C. C. Brown). I wrote to
Carter (for Papa) inviting him down
for a visit. Myrtle wrote also.
^{9th} Later, Carter wrote that he would
be down the following Tuesday.

Cad. Myth and I met him at the Inland. Mr. Durham was operated on and was not able to be out. We went to Raddy's office and he took Carter to the Hotel Moscow. Carter had dinner with us that evening. Cad was there also. He stayed until Thursday P.M. in Moscow. We made it a pleasant as we could for him. I believe he enjoyed the visit. We did. He left us saying he would write for us to be ready to go to the hospital in about a week and for us girls to practice walking. The following Wednesday Mrs. Durham saw by the "Spokanean" that W. J. Carter had been elected "Polliceman". The townit was all off and. Carter was ours no more. He wrote saying it would be

impossible for him to take us in. We were getting desperate. Here it was nearly the middle of March and we must return. Papa wrote to Mr. Rock at Avery asking him to take us in. He replied that he could not but had a very competent man, G. M. A. S. Cumins, who would take us in if we could be in Avery by the twenty first of Mar. Papa telegraphed that we would be there. We tried to get off on Sunday but could not, so decided to try again on Monday; We succeeded, and bade good bye to spring weather, good roads, and such jolly good times. Every one was so good to us. They tried to make up for the winter we had lost to civilization. How I hated to leave. Edith Fradette of Tacoma, ^{was} ~~was~~ visiting with Carl. It

made me feel decidedly like an
outsider. But avarant, no such
thoughts as these. The heart of
the Forester must know
no such ties. But oh! how I did
hate to leave. The car was in good
running order. Prof. Chedney was
so good to take us out riding.
The weather so fine, the roads
in such a good condition, and
no ice yet. The town folks all
are going East the first of June
and I'll not get to see them
again before they go. Daddy
will probably be out as soon
as they can get a horse in over
the trail, but the others will
not attempt the trip. Cad
will come out when Dad does
possibly sooner. But I see
home some days ahead.

Monday night, Mar. 20, 1911.

We left Moscow today on the

2.55: ^(P.M.) N.P. Mama, the little girls,

Papa, Cad, Edith, Mr. Jensen,

Mr. Chudney, Mrs. Durham and

Mrs. Rumber were at the station.

to see us off once more. It was

Mrs. Durhams first trip out. We

stopped and took her down in

the car. Now we did hate to

leave, and how they hated to

see us start. I guess we look

pretty small after all to be attempt-

ing such a trip, but we had

our dog.

After all adieus we settled

ourselves quietly in our seats

and looked around us. Next

Mrs. Burton L. French were on the

train, Mr. F. came up and talked

to us and wished us well. They

are on their way to Washington, D.C.

Mr. Couchman was waiting to tell
me goodbye at Palouse. For once
the train didn't wait twenty min-
utes before leaving.

We had just settled down to
a melancholy-quietude. When
the brakeman came through
the car - and seeing us stopped
and looked us over. We thought
him exceedingly rude, but he
took off his hat and said ^{jamons}
"Pardon me, but aren't you the
young ladies from the 49 Meadow?"
It was our turn to look aghast.
We did so, but came too eno-ugh
to acknowledge that we were the
"famous 49 Meadow girls." He said
he had heard his brother in law
speak of me, and had seen the
-article in the Spokesman telling
of our trip out. We couldn't

figure out who he was
even then. He told us he was
Mr. Teats. Mr. McPeaks brother in
law. Then we understood. I
guess McPeak had talked quite
glibly. He had been visiting
Mr. Teats in Spokane. Mr. Teats
brought us the paper and
then left us to our thoughts,
and many - and varied they
were.

Rosalie at last. Just as I was
getting off the train a family
of eight or ten got off in front of
me. It made me so late that
the train ^{started to} pulled out before I got
to the baggage car to get Ring.
I turned and saw Mr. Teats
and told him I wanted my dog.
He had forgotten her. So had the
Baggage man. Mr. J. whistled to
the engineer, and the two of us
ran the full length of the platform

before the train stopped. After many curses and lots of jerks the baggage man got Rings chain loose and at last I had my dog. Many thanks to Mr. Teats.

We had learned our lesson well while in Rosalia before so gave the "bussman" our suit cases. Took our dog and very business like minded on way to the Hotel. We were recognized at once and made ^{to} feel at home. They put "Ring" in the shed and we had supper. (dinner) After dinner we took a long walk. While we were waiting in the office for the train we met Dr. Phillips. The Doctor is a great joker and proceeded to inform us the train was two hours late. We knew different and met his joke with

a goodly answer. There were about eight men in the office. We were the only girls. Two of the men, (Drummers), decided they had seen us last summer, and told us so, Oh! horrors, will we always be reminded of that time, and how we looked.

Left Hotel at 8.45 for Milwaukee. The train was thirty minutes late, I hired a young lad to put Ring on the train for me, I didn't want to do any more sprinting that time of night and get left!

Delos Cornwall (Dr) got on the train at St. Maris and visited with us until they arrived at St. Joe. The train was an hour and a half late reaching St. Joe. We were an hour late at St. Maris. The track is in a bad condition and they stopped twice to clear

the track of small rock slides. The Brakeman was such a funny little fat fellow. I couldn't help laughing every time he went through the train. He was always whistling. I'm afraid Myrtle flirted, but I didn't.

Just as we were getting off the train at Avery, we met Mr. Rock. He was leaving for his work up the road but told us our future guide could be depended on and knew the country.

As I was taking Ring off the car the operator who was ^{standing} by the car turned to me and told me Red Chasney had been inquiring about us. I guess we're not forgotten?

It was foul clock. the train

Mr. Therrault - didn't meet it. So
Myrtle and I took our heavy suit-
cases and dog and trudging
manfully over to the Hotel and
got a room. 'Tis our old room,
No. 8. overlooking the river and
the yards. The sight is great.
I love to watch the engines switch-
ing at the roundhouse and
in the yard. The feel easier
since seeing Mr. Rock, have
left a call for ten o'clock. and will
try to find our guide in the
morning. It's late, very late and
I'm getting sleepy at last.

Mar. 21.

Didn't sleep well, the trains
are so noisy. We were awake
by seven and up by eight. We
were not hungry enough for
a fifty cent breakfast so made
a cup of hot bouillon. Steers;
After breakfast we went

search of the post office, it
moved again. The final
resting place is Pearsons Mill
Co. We found and identified
the Boy's Xmas packages,
long missing. We had a
couple of letters and some
post cards apiece. Before
leaving the Hotel we sent one
of the young men to see if he
could locate Mr. Fleming.
He could not find the man
and started out again.
He went to call on Mrs. Debit^e
and ask Mr. D. about Mr. F's
whereabouts, if he could give
us any clue as to where we
would be likely to find him.
Nothing doing. It was afternoon
and we were getting tired and
sleepy, so back to the Hotel

we went and after a good wash loosened our clothes and curled up on the bed for a good nap. Oh! but we were comfy, and the bed did seem so good. If we were only sure of the guide so we would have nothing to worry about. It seems Myrtle and I are always on the man hunt. Just as we were getting good and sleepy there came a loud rap on the door. Myrtle went to the door and there was a nice looking man. He informed us that he was Mr. Fleming and heard we were looking for him. Myrtle took him to the hall while I made myself presentable. Thence to the hall for me. He made arrangements for the trip tomorrow, and decided

to walk to Fishhook to see how
the trail was. We found we
could not go on the trail in
our civilized dress so came
back and went to the store to
get our lunch for the trail,
and our snow shoes, they
needed repairing so left them
with Mr. F. to be fixed.

As soon as we got back to
the Hotel we both wrote home
to our respective parents to
let them know about the trail,
guide and weather. Mr. Sher-
rard built a big fire in the
fire place and we went down
and sat by the fire and listen-
ed to the phonograph until
quite late. . . . We had every
thing in the room to make
sandwiches with to take

before writing. Was too tired
to write and there was too
much excitement.

We got up at four o'clock on
the twenty second. patches
our feet with adhesive and
donned our woods suits.
Then packed the trunk to
leave, -delightful task.

When all was ready we
went to the office and
found Mr. F. waiting to take
us over town to breakfast.

I was surely thoughtful of
the gentleman. We were
-dreading the trip over the
tracks, as it was dark as
could be. After a good
warm breakfast of sandwiches
coffee and eggs. we came
back to the Hotel, took up
our pack. and started.

Mr. F had cut us some good

walking sticks the evening before, and we needed them badly. The trail to Fishhook was all solid ice and very slick. The gentleman came back a number of times and helped us over an unusually slippery place. A misstep means a roll and a plunge in the St Joe.

We found our water bottle (flask) at the Fishhook cabin and filled it from the creek. We have a good long jaunt before we can get water again so prepared for it. The snow was crusted good to the cabins so we carried our snow shoes. We took the old log way from Fishhook (proper) and such a climb

as it was. We made a regular picnic of the climb. tired - as we were, the crust was soft and we would break through about every other step. such tumbles, such howls of laughter. Mr. F. turned a complete flip flop backwards over the pack, I fell through, and rolled as nearly over as I could and under in another place. We all had a baranna for lunch on the way but they were very ill fated barannas. I lost mine the first thing - after leaving town. Mr. F. lost his while getting water at the creek, but Myrtle managed to keep hers to torment us with. We begged her to share with us and eat while we rested but she would not. She would eat when she pleased

and where she pleased. About
half way up the skidway.
Mr. F and I heard Myrtle fall.
We turned to watch her struggle
to gain footing and discover-
ed her cherished barinua
sliding down hill. It had
fallen from her pocket and
away it went. down, down,
clear into the river. So
fares it with the stringy.

We got to the top in about
an hour, and stopped to rest
in the sunshine and have
a lunch and a drink.

We got off the trail on top
of the ridge and lost about
a half hour. We found the
old trail and went merrily
on. The crust was so soft
that we had to wear our

from the top of the log way.
Towards noon the snow was
so soft and wet that it
soaked our snow shoes
and made them very heavy
besides soaking and stretch-
ing the main supports
letting our feet through and
sagging the shoes.

We had another lunch
when we reached the main
Avery trail. We had an
alcohol lamp, and tried to
heat water on it for a cup of
bouillon. but the ~~water~~ lamp
wouldn't work well in the
open, it took too much time.
so we packed it away and
ate a cold lunch. Mr. Felt
bought for us to sit and
stand on and made it real
comfy for us. Again
merrily on after an hour

rest. The trail has been chained
and all mile posts are easily
seen from the main trail
to Dry Camp. They surely must
have stretched the truth as
well as the chain when they
measured it, or else they
never tried it on snow
shoes. The water got low
in the bottle and we fairly
suffered for water the last three
miles. We tried chewing gum
but that didn't help. Mr. F
couldn't even chew gum and
he had the snow shoe cramp
so badly that we made the
last two miles very slowly
and with many stops.

We got two pheasants when
nearly to camp.

As soon as we reached camp

Mr. F. started a fire and put
snow on to melt so we could
have a drink. We were so thirsty
we could barely wait for the
snow to melt let alone boil.
Mr. F. took a drink and then
passed me a cup, I was late
as usual about starting to
drink, before drinking I look-
ed into the cup and there
were worms, bugs, whales
and every living thing squirm-
ing and kicking around on
the bottom. I decided to wait
until the water was boiled so
we put it back into the bucket
and waited patiently, Mr. F.
had about forty specimens and
declared he had a whole
menagerie inside of him. He
could fairly feel them kick.
He kept us laughing from the
time we started out with

his funny expressions, The poor man was pretty tired when he reached camp. He had not packed all winter and then the snow show cramp pretty nearly ^{drove} him up. We were very tired but didn't cheep. It took lots of grit to keep a stiff upper lip when you'd rather you were home and your great uncle here in your stead.

We got supper and rested and then Mr. F got wood for the night and fresh boughs for us to sit on. We sit on the blanket by the fire and dried our shoes and stockings and got good and warm. Then spread the blanket and curled up for a nap. Mr. F. watched

the fire, for quite a while
but finally fell asleep. We all
slept for a good long time,
until we were thoroughly
chilled and tired, then got
up and stood by the fire
wrapped in a blanket until
we were good and warm
and rested, then went to
sleep and slept until Mr. F
called us for breakfast.

The night was lovely until
nearly morning when it began
to storm.

I wish Dad could have
seen us standing there by the
fire wrapped in the blanket,
The dark sky, with a few stars
showing, the trees lighted
up by the fire, The white snow
all around, the little old
camp, the cheery fire with

How we did sleep that morning. We didn't know
or hear a thing. Mr. F cut wood and got breakfast and we
didn't know anyone was entering. We got cold and stiff
in the night so getting up and warmed and exercised, then
curled up and slept like a log until called.

the snow shoes drying behind
it, stuck upright in a snow
bank, the rack on the other
side hung with snow shoes and
mittens. Mr. F, sitting by the
door way smoking and telling
stories and Myrtle and I, wrapped
like Indians in the blanket,
standing there listening, Oh!
yes! and there was the little
dog "Ring" asleep by Mr. F's feet.
Now wouldn't that make a
picture? (Mar. 23.)

Mr. F called at six for breakfast.
He had made coffee, baked
potatoes, ^{and} fried bacon, My!
but it did taste good. With it
we had sandwiches,

We left camp in a blustering
little snow storm at seven
o'clock and begin the climb

for "Breezy" and the Basin.
Had a long up hill pull to the
Basin. Reached the Basin about
ten o'clock and were as hungry as
wolves. Mr. F started a fire on the
snow, got a pail of water from the
creek and made some bouillon. We
put our snow shoes down on the
snow, rolled our extra sweaters up for
a cushion and sit on the snow shoes
for chairs; We had nut bread sandwiches
and bouillon, and they certainly did
taste good and were very refreshing.

~~It~~ made me think of the Macbeth
witches, - as we all sit huddled around
the little fire, watching the water boiling
there were snakes enough to make it
real realistic, not really truly snakes,
but bugs of all sorts ^{water} size and description.
The water from the stream was full
of them. We decided to boil the water
we filled the flask with, to take on
with us, for we would rather make
grave yards instead of aquariums.

our stomachs,
we rested - about an hour - and then
began last big climb for the top of old
Breezy. The hillside, leaving the Basin,
and under the overhang was too
slippery for us to wear our snow shoes
across, so we took them off and waded
-across, going down to our knees at
every step, We put the snow shoes on
again as soon as we struck the trail on
the other side.

Old Breezy - greeted us with a regular
hurricane and a blinding snow
storm, the snow was very wet, our
snow shoes were in a dreadful con-
dition and gave us lots of trouble
Ring scared up a ^{rabbit} ~~bird~~ at the Flower
trail, it went swimming past us like
a lost streak of white. Mr. F. shot at it
but missed it, Poor Ring was very
-disappointed but she was too tired
to chase it far. The Boys heard
the shot and answered it. They
thought perhaps it was some one
coming to their place. They kept up

- a terrible racket, - as far as we could hear, they were still calling. We didn't answer because we didn't wish them to think we were lost, so left our tracks to show where we were. (they knew our s. s tracks) - and went on. We took Carters trap line short cut and got to the cabin at twenty minutes after three. We were wet to the skin and cold. Mr. F. started fires in both stoves, heated some water and made us each a hot toddy. while we changed to dry clothes. The dry clothes and toddy warmed us up very quickly. We rested a little while, felt fine and got a fine supper. We went to bed early - and slept sound until nearly nine this ~~next~~ morning.

Mar. 24.

Feel like a cat just getting up from by a warm fire. am all yawns today. Never felt so stretchy in my life. Got up about nine o'clock. Mr. F had the room good and warm. While Mr. F

... I made the bed and

got breakfast I made the beds and
shook the rugs and set the table. Feel
a little tired today but no ill effects
felt otherwise. Myrtle feels about the
same.

Just as we were finishing our
breakfast this morning there came
a rap at the door. before we could
leave the table to open it a stranger
walked in with a "howdy". He was
the strangest looking and acting
piece of humanity we seen for a
long time. He turned and looked
at us girls then turned to Mr. F
and said, "Hello Bill," Mr. F told him
that it was not Carter but Mr. F.
Then Mr. F. saw that the man
was a stranger and ask him who
he was. He replied, "I'm John Marsden
or Dynamite," I've been over to Mrs.
Zaylor's, but didn't expect to find
you here." He told us he had been
a week at Zaylor's, and a few days
here and at Harzens. and was
going to trap in this country and

stop at the Haunted Cabin.

He surely looked as if he were
he dynamite or a real live Buffalo
Bill. He can be expected to go off
-at any minute. Mr. Marsden is a
short, slight, dark complexioned
man of about twenty eight, ^{uneasy} grey
blue eyes, heavy dark hair, slightly
navy, very peculiar upper lip. The
lower part of upper lip - drops down
over the teeth, as if there were a slight
-growth or tumor on under side.

He is exceedingly nervous, uneasy
-and always motioning - and acting
-out his conversations,

He carried two belts, two revolvers
-a hunting knife - and a .30-30 Winchester
this morning, wore a sombrero and
mottled brown mackinaw. Now if
that wasn't enough to frighten
the unsuspecting, what is?

He and Mr. F. have been talking
-and reading all day. I don't know
how long he will stay. My 'but

we were glad Mr. F. was here.
We have done nothing all day
but eat and rest. Poor Ring has
not moved off her sick bed all day
except to eat a little this afternoon.
She didn't like Dynamite Cooks.
I ask Mr. Marsden why he was called
Dynamite and he said: "Oh, it's a
name the guys give me at the
camp, because I peddle so much
hot air." I rather believe
from what I've observed of the
gentleman that he deserves the
name.

May 25;

The men went over to Crescent
Lodge today to take Mrs. Taylor
her mail. It has been very
stormy all day. Myrtle does
not feel at all well and I'm rather
lame and tired. We just cleaned
up the house and rested all day.
We had dinner for the men when
they got back. We have been having
a concert tonight and are going

to go to bed real early. The
men are tired from the trip,
Mr. Fleming is certainly a caution.
He keeps us laughing from morn-
ing till night, He has so many
funny expressions and such
a peculiar accent it makes every
thing he says funny. He has
not said when he will leave
for Avery. I expect the folks are
getting anxious to hear from us.
If all is well tomorrow. The men
will go over to Flood-wood for some
reading material. for us girls,
we will be awfully glad to get it. we
have read every thing there is here
to read.

Mar. 26.

Sunday, - nothing doing, read,
talked, ate and rested. Listened
to Fleming and Marsden swap
stories of Canada, Dynamite
seems to have traveled consid-
erable, in this continent.

Very stormy today.

Mar. 27. Men left this morning for Floodwood. They are going as far as Hanzens tonight and will leave from there tomorrow. It cleared up today and seems to spell clear weather for a short time. Took our bath today while we had the house to ourselves. We heard shots in the distance today and announced twice. I guess whoever it was, was too far off to hear Patsy's voice. Everyone feels fine. Ping too.

Mar. 28.

Beautiful day. boys came over this morning and had dinner with us. They told us that Dynamite ^{got} lost yesterday going over to their place. Fleming finally recognized the ridge and came in at their place. I'm afraid Mr. F will have a serious time on the

trip if that's the way things
-are going. Bill came over this
P.M. while the boys were here to borrow
the saw. The boys don't seem
very cordial. wonder what's up?
Myrtle and I did the chores and
-are going to bed early tonight.

May 29.

All alone today. we decided
to grasp the opportunity - and
wash. we had a big washing
but it looks fine. Very good
day. I forgot to write about
the beautiful sunshine yesterday.
The snow is settling quite fast
in front of the house and the
roof is almost dry. we took the tub
turned it upside down on the snow
in the sunshine and the Boys
Myrtle and I sit on it and basked
in the warmth this yesterday
morning. It made us almost
feel cozy. I'm afraid will have
two attacks of spring fever this year.

I had all the symptoms when I left town,

May 30, :-

We got real smart this morning, and got up at 6.30 to get our work done. I ironed and Myrtle made some brown bread. I cooked some beans and we ate baked them. My but they were good. Bill came over to return the saw. Myrtle & I dressed up in our clean waists and looked real swell. Bill had dinner with us. we goshed him and gaut him at the head of the table. it didn't affect his appetite for brown bread and beans. If I do say so, they were excellent.

Bill told us that he and the boy had a big fight while we were gone. they all met here one day and proceeded to dig up the hatchet and knock each other good and hard. They didn't come to blows

but if words were swords they
fought to the finish. I'm afraid
they implicated us more than they
should. Its too bad, it makes
it very unpleasant for us to have
them all meeting here and feel-
ing towards each other as they do.
Wish they'd decide to either quit
entirely or bury the hatchet again.

Just as we were finishing
the dishes we heard the old
Yally-~~in~~ To, or of Flemings
and that barbarous yell of Dyna-
mites. We were surely glad
to see them.

They had dinner and we un-
packed the packsacks. they
had about thirty five pounds ^{each}
of books and phonograph records.
and more ⁱⁿ surprising yet to find
a dust pan among the lot. Oh!
the thoughtfulness of the men.
They made quick work of half a

pan of beans, and then some

pan of beans, and then loaves
of brown bread also a dish of tomatoes
making and cold lunches do
certainly add to ones capacity.
We played all our new records
over twice before bed time and
heard the story of the trip. They
had a fine trip and Mr. F is very
glad to have seen the country. It
will help him a great deal if he
should have good rock in there
this summer. Hope he will.

I'll wager the Brownfalks are about
to send a posse after us. They
havent had a word from us
yet. Dont know when they
will go to Avery but soon I think.
Myrtle and I have been writing
to beat the band so as to have
our letters written when they are
ready to go.

Mar. 31.

Today is Myrtle's birthday. She
is nineteen. The boys will be

over for dinner. We are going
to have - a birthday dinner. I've
been writing this morning so made
this little entry while I had time.
we have every thing ready so
when the boys come over we won't
have to work to get dinner. If it's
clear tomorrow the boys and
Mr. Flanning will go to Avery.

April 1.

Oh what a birthday party we
had. The boys came over about
eleven o'clock. The day was beaut-
iful. The only - dry place in this
-country was the roof. The day
too nice to stay indoors so we took
mats, and pillows - and mounted
to the roof - and sit there like
crows on a bough sunning. Nothing
ever felt better than the sunshine.
we were all nearly blistered and
terribly tanned or freckled
but that was in the game. It

-did look too funny to see the
cabin, snow clear up to the eaves
-and still about three feet on the roof
over the porch, and on the very
top four men and two girls perched
in the sunshine. We told stories
and sang songs until dinner
time, about two o'clock, then took
the elevator down to the dining
room.

The men built the fires for us, ^{and}
while we got dinner they had
a circus on the front porch.

A regular circus, if noise counts.
Dynamite was first the real
Buffalo Bill, the wild man
and ^{snake} ~~bat~~ eating Bosco.

Hanger was the trapeze per-
former and did daring feats from
the main support of the porch.

Art was the musician, and
equal to a whole brass band.
He gave the real side show
music. Mr. Fleming was

the barker - and notified the audience of the wonders of the whole circus. Between the howls of the barker, the music of the band, the snake eater beating the tub, or howling for more snakes, the cries of the brave trapeze performer and the barking of our excited dog, we were nearly frantic.

We begged, pleaded, howled for mercy, but none was forthcoming. Finally we threatened them with no dinner, and peace settled over all.

Mr. F. put up a plate rack for us and made a mouse trap while dinner was cooking.

After dinner we all took a walk over to Mrs. Foreens, then came back, and the boys and I and all took turns till the dishes were done.

After all was finished we
made ourselves comfy around
the fire in the twilight and told
stories and more songs. Then
music on the phonograph. The
music did certainly sound fine
It was dark, and we put down
the front of the stove, so the cabin
was lighted only by the firelight.
Time passed very quickly and
it was ten o'clock before we knew
it. The boys got up and were
going to go when one suggested
candy, and Myrtle decided to
make some fudge if the boys
would start the kitchen fire. It
was dark and they had to take
a lantern any way so another
hour made but little difference.
Art started the fire and by the
time the stove was hot and
the candy made it was nearly
twelve, so near that Myrtle ^{thought}
of the morning being April fool ^{and}

played a good joke on them
all. She put part of the fudge
in a pan by itself and filled
it with red pepper. This was
passed first, and just at twelve.
Every body took a generous helping,
and then the ^{changing} expressions were
too funny for any thing. Some
looked wise etc. every one afraid
to speak for fear it was a mistake
and they would hurt Myrtle's
feelings. Finally Huerzen could
stand it no longer, and got up
and went to the water bucket.
a glass of water didn't stop the burn.
Art. nearly coughed his head off.
Flaming looked wise. Dynamite
ate hurriedly and then we all
burst out laughing when Flaming
looked at the calendar and said
"Well, miss minute. you surely
fooled us." The boy manfully
finished the peppered candy

and soon finished the other
also.

It was so late then that they
all dared us to stay up till six,
-give them a hot cake breakfast
and start them for Avery from
here. We took them up on it,
there was nothing else we could
do and passed the rest of the
night in, song, stories, music
and dancing. We put on our
bed room slippers and danced.
It was great fun on these rough
boards.

Six o'clock finally arrived and
the fire was started, we had
oatmeal, sour dough cakes and
syrup for breakfast, also bacon
and coffee. After breakfast
we cleaned up the house while
the boys washed the dishes. We
had every thing out of the way
by nine o'clock, dressed and
went to the end of 49 Meadows

with the boys to start them off well. Marsden came back with us, to get some things that were forgotten, he is going to Clarkia tomorrow.

We got back about eleven and Myrtle and I put up the curtains and went to bed. Dynamite went to sleep on the lounge.

We had just fallen asleep when Bill L. came over. He came in and finding us all asleep or in bed, left the mail and went home at once. He left the house after a remark or two to Dynamite that were mighty cutting. We were not dressed so we could come out, but ask him to wait a few minutes. He would not so left very hurriedly. I'll bet Elizabeth get a story that will make her raise her eyebrows higher.

I couldn't sleep so got up and wrote a letter. Dynamite cut us some wood while we got dinner and after dinner he took the left-overs, the forgotten mail - and went over to Burgens. So - all is quiet tonight. Myrtle and I - are alone at last - and are going to bed early. I'll wager the boys sleep today and leave for Avery tomorrow. I hope they get their sleep but I do want our letters to get home. They must be dreadfully worried out there. Oh, so tired, can't write or do anything else 't' bed for me.

April 2.

Such a sleep. feel better today. We were worried about Bill's hasty exit yesterday. We took a walk over to the "Lumberlost" today. On our way over we found a martin in one of Bill's traps. We didn't want to

kill it and were looking
for a good excuse to go over
to Taylor's so went over and told
him about the martin. We also
told the story of the party so as to
clear up any false impressions
if there were any. The day was
perfect. We found four little
lillies in a small clear spot on
the meadow. They were so pretty,
our first spring flowers. They
looked so funny growing in the
little bare spot about as big as
a wash tub, and snow four or
five feet deep all round the out
side for a wall. It was in the
meadow though, we knew it
at first sight. Though it's nearly
six months since we saw it,
for it was wet. We took the
flowers over to Mrs. Taylor, she
seemed quite pleased to see
us and greeted us real cordially.

snow crusted some, didn't wear our snow shoes, walking pretty hard, but a great relief from the ~~heavy snow shoes~~

April 3.

Washed today, it looks cloudy as if it might storm soon.

Ain quite tired tonight, and every thing is quiet, worked a little while on my lunch cloth.

Apr. 4.

All alone today, how funny it seems, all the split wood gave out today so Myrtle and I took turns splitting the big chunks the boys had sawed off, We are not experts, the wood is tough - our muscles soft - our arm poor, and the sticks are all fringed, pleated and ruffled. We never hit twice in the same place, we wasted energy enough today to have chopped a tree down.

Never mind, will do better some

time, if we just keep up
the practice. Stormed today.

Apr. 5.

Still alone. - guess the boys are
having quite a trip. We ironed
today - and have every thing put
away. I read all afternoon
- and have been writing all evening.
It has cleared off tonight - and
bids fair for a good day tomorrow.

April 6.

Hurrah! The boys came over
today with the mail, - and
such boys. They surprised us
- greatly, they brought us some
oranges, - and gum, and three
pressed trilliums from the trail
near Fishhook, Oh. but the flowers
- do look fine. wish I had a
whole bouquet, and nothing
ever taste so good as the
oranges - and gum. We have

April 6.

been chewing for dear life tonight
my jaws are so tired, I'm glad
it's nearly bed time.

Later. Got up in the loft to look
at mouse traps and got down
some dried apples. We decided
to clean enough to last a long
time, to cook and can some and
have ready at a moments notice.
We worked until half past ten on
them, have enough to make a tub
full.

Doug got us some wood before
they left, we were so glad to see
them, it was so good of them to
remember the girls out here, as they
did, we like them the better for it.
I got a big mail this time so will
have lots of writing to do for the
next time the little red sack travels!

The boys brought Bill's mail
in to him. I wonder what Bill
will think o' that?

Apr. 7.

Went home today, straightened
everything - all up the best I
could. Took us fifty five min.
to walk over. Takes longer to
come back. Mine not good on a
fast hill climb even on the home
stretch. Got back about six tonight
and have had a great photograph
concert. The day has been perfectly
lovely.

Apr. 8.

All alone today. Mine - out of
flour, and how we did wish some
one would come over. No one did
though and we had to have flour
for dinner so we got it down ourselves.
You'd have known it if you could
have seen our dresses. I got up the
ladder and grasp the flour

'suck in my arms.' It was too heavy to hand down so I let it slide down the front of my apron until Myrtle could reach it from below. Then we could manage it together. We read all afternoon and evening while the bath water heated - and then took our baths - and - are ready for bed. So, long!

Apr. 9.

Slept fine after my bath. Got up about eight o'clock and hurried to get work all done. We read short stories aloud all morning or until we heard a blood curdling yell which we recognized as Dynamite. He has been to Clarkia. The boy came over with him. Dynamite brought us some oranges and ^{nuts} it was surely thoughtful and kind of him. They were very very good. We had a big dinner. The boy left about six. I've been writing all

evening, getting ready for the
next mail.

We set bread tonight. Hope its good.
Dynamite says war has not been
declared but that Jack Ricketts
is running a barber shop at Clarkin
and it may happen most any day.
Mr. Mrs. Ricketts and little Jack are
living in Clarkin for a while
this spring. I'm glad it will be
a good change for them all.
Little Jack is going to school.

April 10.

Its been very stormy today. mine
been alone all day, how queer. I've
spent the whole day writing letters,
but all drawn out of shape I've
sit still so long. We had about
eight or ten flashes of lightning and
thunder claps tonight. It sounded
so strange, out here and at this
time of year. It seems too cold
for electric storms, it must have

been quite warm outside to have caused it.

Forgot to state that I had a letter from Papa saying that they were very worried about us girls and had written to Rock also telegraphed to Pearson to see if our guide had returned. They were surely glad to hear from us and to learn that Mr. F proved so competent. Read was fine. ^{Very} awful good ^{to} the.

April 11.

Very stormy today. Bill came over this morning and got us some more wood. He is going to town tomorrow. I have twelve letters ready to leave in the little red bag. My arm is terribly tired and my hand cramps.

Apr. 12.

Was storming this morning hardly expected Bill to leave for Avery but he did. He came by about nine o'clock and got the

mail. We gave him some
bouillon tablets to use on the
trail. I've sent home for more.
'Tis a good adv. for "stiers".

Marsden came over this P.M. and
got us some wood. and had
dinner with us. He has a wildly
exciting tale to tell about getting
caught in a snow slide on Freeze
Out. He and the boy started
to go to Plumlock and got caught
in a snow storm. As they were
going around a sharp point
under the overhang, their weight
started the new snow to sliding
Dynamite was first and was
caught. He lost his snow shoes,
Hunger pulled him out or he
had been carried down hill and
buried in the snow. He came
back, it was too stormy to go on,
Art lost his hat on the trip and
had to wear a kerchief over his head

to keep from freezing his ears. I
guess the boys had a great time.
At least to see Dynamite lup^{around}
and tell it, you would think
so.

Nov Apr, 13

Stormed most of day but has clear-
ed off tonight, and moon is
beautiful, its full tonight that
makes it good and light for Bill
at Dry camp. Hope it didnt storm
for him today, its hard enough
to carry a heavy pack without
breaking trail in the soft snow.
We tried our hand at splitting
wood again today, did lots better.
I hit twice today in the same place,
as it was but once it may have
been an accident, still I think
it may become a habit soon.
Read nearly all day, had a ^{concert}
and worked on lunch cloth
tonight, May get it finished some

-day. it works up awfully slow though.

Apr. 14.

So bright and clear that I felt real ambitious and built the fire at six thirty. The day was beautiful. We went for a walk on the meadow and up to Mrs. Lorenson. We found quite a patch of bare ground at Mrs. L's. My but it did look good. The snow is settling real fast. Hope it goes real fast.

Apr. 15:

Bill came in today with mail. He brought the boys mail in to them this time. They were all real friendly today better than usual. We read all the news out loud and had a real newsy time. They all had dinner with us. Bill left right after dinner so as to get home by dark. Invited

us over to Crescent Lodge for Easter
dinner tomorrow. Hurrah!

Boys went down to the creek to
try and get some of "Sylvest" for
trap bait. after digging all
afternoon they couldn't find
anything but bones and smell
so decided they didn't want
him. They sit and talked and
read the papers until nearly ten
then took the Palouen and went
home. Dynamite is in Clarkia.

I got ten letters and some were
powerfully funny letters.

Apr. 16

Re-read our letters last night
and were up 'til after one o'clock.
Got up this morning at eight
and had breakfast of toast and
mush. Dressed in our ^{blue} suits
and went over to Mrs. Taylors. We
were terribly worried about our
Easter bonnets as stirred around

to see if we couldn't make
some. One just can't ^{edit} visit
on Easter Sunday in an old hat.
A happy thought struck us. We
took pheasant wings and tails
and the paper from 'Black Jack'
chewing gum and trimmed our
old crannette hats up. We turned
them up at the side or front ^{which}
was most becoming to our ^{style}
of beauty and then put on the
decorations. They were stunningly
effective when finished and
we were real proud of our handi-
work. We gathered some Kinn
kinnick leaves and took them to
Mrs. J. for table decoration, pretend-
ing they were carnations. We
tied a package of cinnamon gum
to the bouquet so it would ^{smell}
real sweet and help in the delusion.
Mrs. J. welcomed us royally
and was greatly impressed by