

A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

proud of it, and objected to its being put away from her, so she bunted at Clyde, and as he dodged her, the calf ran between his feet and he sat down suddenly in the snow. I laughed at him, but I am powerfully glad he is no follower of old Joseph Smith.

Mrs. Louderer was enjoying herself immensely, she loves children so much. She and Clyde hired the "Tackler" — so called because he will tackle *any* kind of a job, whether he knows anything about it or not — to paper the room. He thinks he is a great judge of the fitness of things and of beauty. The paper has a stripe of roses, so Tackler reversed every other strip so that some of my roses are standing on their heads. Roses don't all grow one way, he claims, and so his method "makes 'em look more nachul like."

A little thing like wall-paper put on upside down don't bother me; but what *would* I do if I were a "second"?

Your loving friend,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.