

We killed two rattlers under one
stone on Saturday.

We have several large birds drying
in our tent at present.

Talk about bugs. You people back
east do not know what they are.
We have every thing from the
size of a pin head to as large as
an English walnut. They sound
like pebbles when they hit the
top of the tent & roll off.

We have a lizard in our tent
that has grown to be quite a pet.
I have a sneaking suspicion that
he slept in my bed last night.
Has Miss Bessie come?

I am too fat to write any more.
I think I will take an afternoon
nap or go take a sponge off in
the creek. Give my love to Sister
& Miss Bessie if she is there.

Sincerely,

Apr 30, 1902.

Bessie.