Ah, heer Uncle Well, hell, and a bette. Not 2.

In my youth we listen to the well-known words of thought and the songs of the birds in the world where many.

Mother, hands, and my Suster, tears would mine. Open we there and my friends would gather and help every and offer me not on the same place.

The 1930s
3. It matters not so few lines, The verses that he loved, small, 
  the bed, nor shoes for hours, the heart's great cold. Oh bury me not on 
The lone prairie. Where 
  the dew drops mingle, the Old church yard. Are the butterflies, horse, 
  and to the sepulcher 
  green hill side, the where the wild Coyotes 
  tears of my Father. And the wind shall 
  bury me nigh on the long 
  though he needed not to his 
  mind, and the clay will melt. 
  thought of his home, 
  and his cat and his
of dwarvo; shadow of
woods; Nelson on the
narrow prairie

Rod
Dying Cow Boy

Oh, bury me not on the
scene where those words
came low and mournfully
from the palm of my
hand, who lay on his
dying cot at the close of
day... He had... in
gone... God his true
shade of death, fast
A gathering now at the
thought of his home and
his love... girl... and
the cowboys gathered to
see him die...
Oh bury me not on his
love... the wild... cowboys will look for me...
These looks she has catch
in the saddle spots.
No man lips she has
pressed, but the cold
they will kiss by
never a word of sorrow
spoken of me
Sheep on the lone prairie

au-bury me not on the lone
prairie. Oh, bury me
not on the lone prairie

Oh, bury me
when the wild crop will break
I am now old for me long can I stay no bounds or
can't tell can run me way
4 for sake of my friend
that means me to stand i
will prepare my self with
naked and sell for
justice.
I hope that is have done
no inquiring to the country
where I have stood I
have rode stray horses
that is the worst I have
done that is no occasion
for me to feel her
run.
Mmm, I've been working on my book. I've been working hard on my book and really trying to make it a success. I've been working on it for a long time now. I've been working on it for the past few months. I've been working on it for the past few months. I've been working on it for the past few months.

My goal is to publish it this year. I'm really excited about it. I've been working on it for a long time now. I've been working on it for the past few months. I've been working on it for the past few months. I've been working on it for the past few months.
when you see
far and distant places
turn here you let me
an bread my name
and think of me
that kind and true
Letter writing
for I so often
think of you.
forever my darlin
I must leave you
soon with strangers
I must roam far on
the bright and boundless ocean for from
that never leave at long
and when you lay upon
your pillow from all
worldly thought do
I'll don't forget
there one that loves
you keep an little
thought for me
Ben Reifler
Fort Dearborn
Pire Reifler
John Potter
John Potter
Prince Gibson
Patriot
Compi, Brumder
Rabe, well
George Tucker
F. Gay
Col. South
49

1001
2751
3000
1020
52100 4181
90 12
4 3 62
5 3 91
4 2 252
32

t 14
22 22
57 22 135 9
578
1 8
1 9

Parkison 488.38
Binton 448.34
Harrison 518.42

Sept aded 455
4.9

92

Parker 50.81

Burton 4.8.5

Harrison 51.84

TP 10.7

Burton 4.4

Harrison 4.8.12
I walked out one morning to go for to take the pleasure and I cheated to stay and painting. It wasn't too much in how love aley.
1856

Miss E. H. Renter
Miss Edith Renter

Miss E. H. Renter

Some approach

I think so

went through

and kind

I like such
A B C D E F G H I J

1 tea cup sugar
1 " 1 " butter
1 " 1 " milk
2 " 2 " eggs
2 " 2 " flour
Book of full text
Inadera
Transparent custard
3
4
eggs

1 Table Spoon Butter
1 Table Spoon Sugar
4 Tea Cups milk
1 Piece of veal liver
2 Eggs

Beat while hot
Spread on last
and bake like bread
the second baking

Beet white stuff
2 lbs raisins
2 cups currants

Beat well
1 Tea cup \(\text{flour}\)
1 \(\text{lb} \) almonds
1 \(\text{tsp} \) \(\text{spice}\)

Spoon full
Soda in a sacker of molasses spice
Cinnamon clove
1. Ben Kenne 50
2. [Invisible text]
3. [Invisible text]
4. [Invisible text]
5. [Invisible text]
6. [Invisible text]
7. [Invisible text]
8. [Invisible text]
9. [Invisible text]
10. [Invisible text]
11. [Invisible text]
12. [Invisible text]
LH
LH
on the left
D or on the
left thy