

DOUGLASS HOUSE,

WM. CULLYFORD, PROPRIETOR.

Houghton, Mich., March 1st 1891
 Sunday night.

My darling wife:

Last night's mail brought me your postal, that of the previous night the batch of letters for Miss W. I was very sorry to hear that Frances had been suffering from her teeth, and was made rather uneasy by Miss W's reference to some possible kidney trouble. What is it? Was the Dr's exam. made on general principles, or did he fear some serious disease? I do hope not. I have enjoyed the transcripts very much, and heartily endorse that little poem you marked. It was very touching. You ask me if there is anything you can do for me in Boston. Yes, there is. I wish you would send me your large bible (with cross-references) and ——— two pounds of "P. and B." Rather a strange mixture, is it? The candy here is abominable, and I have no bible at all with me. Our Sunday afternoon meetings are quite interesting, and I may soon be called upon to conduct one of them. The leading spirit is Prof. Haynes (mathematician), a man from Lower Mich. and a man of fine character. He is ably seconded by Drs.

Lane and Patton. When warmer weather comes, I shall probably spend a good many of my Sundays wandering over the neighboring country, which, they say, is very pretty, especially on Keeweenaw Point. Dr. Wadsworth appears to be quite pleased to have me here. Last Thursday I attended a professional-entertainment party at his house, and met a number of very pleasant people. This is, of course, the quiet season, so that for some time I shall have all of my evenings to myself. Later, I may be invited out frequently. We had your balmy weather last Tuesday - with rain - but last night and the night before old Jack Frost swooped down on us, and drove the mercury down to between 25 and 35 degrees below zero. Altho' I had a fire in my room all night, things there were nipped - even to the "th. m." under the bed. I was cold even with two heavy quilts over me, and longed for warmer quarters alongside of some comfortable bedfellow. As I understand it, all the accounts to date, at Augusta, have been paid - the bill sent by Fuller having been deducted from his rent. I paid the bill for Mrs. Coombs's floor &c. By the way. When you send for the boxes at Augusta, a carpenter should see that they are all made strong enough to bear the journey without tumbling to pieces. Give kind regards to all inquiring friends, and write me soon. With kisses and a good bye
 Ever your husband,
 Lucina.