



The Nelson

JOHN P. DUTHWAITE Proprietor

Ishpeming, Mich. June 27 1891

My dear Fran

This afternoon I left our camp about five miles from here — or rather I left it this morning — and came here for a change of raiment and a bath. The weather has been fine almost continually since we have been in the field, and as flies we have not been very numerous, we have been able to enjoy our work quite uniformly except during a few warm days. Next week we shall pull up stakes and return to Houghton, and it won't be very long before I shall turn my face eastward.

A member of the U.S. Geol. Survey is here at the hotel, and I have been talking with him while writing this. He wants to go to our camp with me to-morrow, to compare notes with Dr. Lane. As these few lines are merely to tell you that I am well, I shall not write any more in detail until I get to Houghton. Was glad to get your last letter and hope you & C. went on the App. excurs., and that it was successful.

Sunday A.M.

Just come from church. Hope you won't be shocked to hear that I wore a flannel shirt, and sat in one of the forward

few. The clergyman put me there, as I was 15 min early. The sermon was not particularly edifying, being of the canting kind preached often by very young men. It is a great mistake, I think, to slash right and left into one's parishioners, who should rather be won over by kindly persuasion. The music was fair, but very slow - draggy, to use a new word. The Houghton choir is much better.

Last night there was a fire in town, and the alarm bell seemed just outside of my window. That and a soft bed were too much for me after the quiet and rigidity of a camp bed, and to-day I am very sleepy. The weather continues bright and slightly cloudy. This is a wonderful atmosphere up here - so bracing. I find, though, that my four weeks' tramping has reduced my weight, and I must "feed up" for a few weeks before venturing to join the family circle.

Write me next time to Houghton. Love to the chickens. Tell them I saw a dear little spotted fawn in the woods the other day, and several broods of nice partridges. The hens pretended to be hurt, and fluttered along the ground in front of me, until I was at a safe distance from their young ones, when they suddenly recovered, and flew away.

The clime was never sweeter than it is this spring here, and the trees are now in a luxuriant mantle of green.

With a big kiss, ever your husband

L. C.