

Houghton, July 9. '91

Dearest Mennie:

No letter from you came to-night, and as I go up Keweenaw Pt. to-morrow for three or four days, I shall have to wait until my return, and meanwhile "possess my soul in patience." The Episcopal S.S. picnic took place here to-day, and at the last moment I joined it. The whole town seemed to be there, methodists baptists &c. We went in a barge up Postage Lake to the further end of the ship canal, and out into Lake Superior. There was a band on board and the young folks - all but myself - danced. I did not have my pumps on (kept them in reserve, in case the boat should leak), and was contented to be a wall-flower. Was glad to see the country, but otherwise the affair was commonplace enough. Expect to have a much better time the next few days, if we do not have rain. The forest fires are burning again in many

places, and last night, between the dense smoke and tooting of whistles and ringing of bells, for fire alarm, I did not rest well.

I have written you about the Judkins family, with whom I have several times dined. They are going to take a large house next fall - probably - and if they do, I am to have a nice room in it. This will make me quite comfortable until our club house is ready for occupancy.

While we were in the field, we found what I hope may turn out to be a new mineral. It is very small, and I shall investigate it for publication, unless some one else has already done it.

Expect to get some nice copper specimens next week in exchange for some of my duplicates. Spent a day and a half in looking over a coll. this week. I firmly believe a coll. of minerals takes as much time as a coll. of stamps, although it is more profitable from a scientific standpoint.

Give the chicks a big hug, and with love for yourself, ever your husband

Lucius.