

Michigan Mining School.

Houghton, Michigan,

Dec. 13th 1891.

My dearest "Meemie".

Your nice long letter of a week ago came duly to hand, followed by three papers in a bunch. There is something very strange about the way in which the P.O. handles the newspaper mails, and from this little fact you will understand why I do not care for more than two papers a week, unless, of course, they contain something special. I used to get four or five together, and to read them all was out of the question. Well, my boxes have come, the big one with the top torn completely off. I trembled for the safety of the crockery within, but on unpacking found it intact. I now sleep under my own bedclothes, and rejoice in the possession of my other valuables. Ever since last Sunday we have had a succession of mild and beautiful days. The snow is nearly all gone, and my stove is little more than an ornament. I have had no fire in it for a week. The carpenters have taken advantage of the temperature, and the outside of our house must be quite finished, except a few days' work on the chimneys. I begin to be appalled by the number of things I shall have to move, and when my Xmas box comes, I shall have to go out into the highways and byways, to gather hungry people to help me

devour its contents, before the move comes. What am I going to do with the whiskey? Why, drink to your health, of course. Could that be done too often? Thanks to whiskey and cough balsam my cold is nearly gone. I tried a cough-balsam with tar in it, and every swing I took reminded me of the woods, and that must have exorcised my malady.

One evening last week I dined at the house of Mr. Sturgis, president of the bank here, and played whist in the evening. It was a "stag" party, and two tables were kept busy until midnight. There are no very strong whist players in Houghton, but several of us are trying to learn all of the latest rules. I dined to-day with the Judkins. They say they will be very happy to entertain you, if you come out here. I don't see how I can defer my visit to Cin. until after Newyear's. The School reopens on Jan. 4th, and one object of my trip is to buy things, with Dr. Patton, in Chicago, for the house. He and I ought to be here on or soon after the 4th, ^{and he must be in Chicago abt. Kansas.} If you could leave C. on or before Dec. 29th, we might arrange it. Let me know in your next. I have just ordered of Houghton, M. & Co. some books. I wanted "the set" (which is for Ch.) to be uniform with our "Long fellow," but could wait no longer for your reply to my query. Don't give them to her until Kansas, nor open the package. One big book in the latter is for you, with my love. Can't you get something for Mr. for me, and I "will repay thee all." There is absolutely nothing here. I enclose chk. \$16⁶⁵/₁₀₀ towards Duvey's bill. Hope you are better. Have the Contadina taken up stairs. If Aunt L. is still with you, give her my love, and tell her she owes me a letter. Love and "kisses" to you all, from "Papa."