

KEWEENAW CLUB.

Houghton, Mich., Jan. 15 1893

My dear Fran:

Another Sunday has come and gone, and I am afraid I haven't made a very good record, for I did not go to church, it was so cold, and I did do some work in the laboratory. I am very anxious to solve the mystery of that new mineral, and at night it takes me some time to go to sleep - thinking over it - while by day I begrudge the time given to other duties and to meals. In order to separate the two acids present I have to go thro' a very tedious and wearisome process, over which I have already spent nearly four



days, and the end is not yet. However, if time and material hold out, I shall surely "get there." The weather continues down among the minuses, having been to-day pretty steady at  $1^{\circ}$  below zero. Friday it was  $12^{\circ}$  below, and what do you think! a pleasant party, containing Mrs. Sharpless and several of the other Club members drove to Lake Linden - 10 miles - and back about midnight. They must have been crazy!

During the past week I have been nowhere further than the School, having spent nearly all of my evenings there. Last night Dr. W. had four or five of his friends to dinner and asked me to join them in a game of "hearts." It was not very exciting, and after his guests had gone, at 11, I went to Mr. Sharpless's room and played skat



until tuesday. Next Thursday I am invited to Mr. Gray's to a progressive euchre party. I suppose I would better go, although I would rather first have determined my tungsten.

I believe I told you that the proof of the geol. report has all been corrected and sent back. The School catalogue is more than half done and I see a roll on my chair that probably contains another invoice for to-morrow's perusal. When this is out of the way, I shall feel almost as if I had lost my occupation.

I have heard nothing further from Uncle One, nor of him. Is he at the east, or did not he go before Uncle T's death? I presume he will not come up here.

The "Cherubs" dear letter came quite unexpectedly one day last week, and was very sweet. I only wish I could hear her "going" and saying

"Bapa". I shall not be able to realize the latter accomplishment, until I am a witness to it in propria persona. If I decide to spend some time in Minn. this summer, I shall probably come home for a short visit the first of May, and I am sure it will be I who will open my eyes.

Tell Frances I received her letter duly, and think she has made wonderful progress. I should not recognize it as the work of a certain little girl that wrote me, last summer, from Arford. I hope soon to write her and Charlotte and Grandpa - as soon as I feel a little more at rest in my mind. Give all of them a great deal of love, and a hug to Julia. I have still a letter to write to my life ins. agents - I am going to give up my policy - so I will say "good-night," with "sweet dreams", with a fond embrace to Meeme.

Affec. your husband  
Lucius.