

Houghton, Jan. 10 '92

"Meemie"

Your nice dear leg

the night after I sent you my  
followed, a few days later, by the note  
Augusta letter, and to-night by postal

was quite relieved by the cheerful tone  
of your epistle, which was quite in contrast  
several previous ones. I trust you are

quite relieved, and will have less trouble

Have you given up the idea of

to see me this winter? I hope

we are having real zero weather - this

10 below at half past eight - but the

is very bracing. I have been in my room

most of the day, having made a heroic resolve

to write a number of letters, but the principal

ones are still unwritten, and I cannot ac-

Have not yet heard from him in reply. I wish the old parish might manage to keep out  
of that matter. It is not an easy job to see a church torn with dissensions.  
A real satire on the church is hardly conceivable!

Well, I sent you good night kisses! Kiss the  
parson, and give love to Grandpa and Aunt L.

Love your husband  
Lucius.

Count for the flight of time. I dined with the Judkins, and went to 5 o'clock service, then to supper, and then had to wait for the mail, which was an hour late.

Thursday evening I gave a whist party to a select circle of three, and towards the end of the evening thought I would see what was in a familiar looking package in my box from Peirce's. My intuition was correct, and when I opened Bailey's box of delicacies every one was delighted, and the chocolates flew fast and furious. I have not dared open the box again until to-day, when I took a saucer full down stairs, in return for some very nice flax-seed caramels Miss J. had given me for my cold. My box of beer was stored in a cold closet near by, and to-day I found most of the corks exuding foam, and several of the bottles minus their bottom, with a solid block

of her protruding. This is one of the incidents of an arctic climate. I have not yet had to tap my fresh whiskey jug, and now that you are so much better, perhaps I can leave it untouched for some time. What else my box contains I do not know, and shall investigate only little by little, that I may have a fresh surprise each time. I had expected to go to Calumet yesterday, to pack those minerals, but could not "connect" conveniently. Shall probably go next Friday. Wednesday evening am to play whist down stairs, and one night shall have a skat party up here. Am making quite a reputation as a whist-player - I don't know why - perhaps because there are not many good players here. Two fine players from Antonagon are expected here soon, and Mr. Sturges, the bank president, told me recently he wanted me and a

Dr. Pomeroy of Calumet to play against them at his house. He wanted them "thrashed." You see time can not be said to hang heavily on my hands. My duties by day are very constant, and almost always tiring, so that I am glad of relaxation when evening comes, altho' I must devote some time to study. The Survey work is not going on very fast. Drs. Patton & Lane devote nearly all their time to the School, and I shall give probably half of mine to mineralogy for the next two months. Dr. Wadsworth will have to work hard to get out a report by May 1<sup>st</sup>, for he has to go over all the ground I have been over since I came here! I still have MSS to keep me busy for several months. You may have been surprised not to find with Ch's books one for yourself of which I spoke. The enclosed letter explains. I hope Ch's copy of Lowell is like our copy of Longfellow. I meant to have them uniform. Am glad the jug pleased you. It fortunately takes the place of the book ordered. How I wish I could have been with you all at home! I wrote Mr. Foster the other day, on business, and spoke about parish matters