

Houghton, Wed. eve.

Feb. 2. '92

My dearest "Betsey"

Your two postals have come, telling me of your safe arrival at Chapin & Chicago. Am glad the journey passed off without great discomfort. I picture you to night in the midst of a happy family - happy to see their almost mythical sister and aunt. I trust - I know, you will find them all agreeable and delighted to have you among them, and I also feel sure that they will not let you go to-morrow. However, if you should reach N. Y. before Sunday, these lines

will be there to greet you, and to tell  
you how lonesome I have been since  
you left. Yesterday was heavenly again,  
and I wished you could be here without  
that dreadful cold, to take another  
drive. I have spent the evenings at  
home - after billiards - and have just  
come up from Mr. J's room, where I  
was soundly beaten at cribbage. No  
news yet from Lansing, and we fully  
expect Suncy matters will be wound  
up at short notice. Just what will  
become of Yours Truly is in doubt,  
but he is cheerful nevertheless. Had  
a letter from John Osborn, telling me  
there was a hitch about my guide books  
at the binders. I feel like taking their

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heads off! Foodles has been very attentive since you left, and seems to appreciate my loneliness.

The house is coming on fast, an extra force of carpenters having been put to work. The attic is complete, all but the painting, and looks very well. Dropped into the Douglass's house this P. M. It is quite pretty inside, and will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks. Was comforted somewhat to see some cracks in their walls.

Don't do too much in N. Y., but get rested before your tussle with the dressmaker. Shall write Ch. to-morrow. Love to all, including your dear self.  
Ever your husband  
"Zach."