

Houghton, Mich. 11. '92

My dearest Fran:

For several evenings I have been on the point of writing to you, but hoped each time that the next mail would bring a letter to me from you, and tell me of your safe arrival, well and not too tired after your long and tedious journey. After you left me the weather was quite mild, and for many days sunny and spring-like. The snow melted rapidly, and on our side-walk there were for some time two ridges, instead of one, which required even more acrobatic feats on my part, than even you had to perform. The village shovellers, however, soon appeared, and after a day's diligent work they reached "hard pan", and showed us once more the

plank sidewalk. Alas! their labor was in
vain. Day before yesterday the worst blizzard
burst upon us that Houghton has seen in
many a day. I was at Mr. Sturgis's the
night it came on, — one of a gaudier quar-
tet, — and when I went home I feared
momentarily to be blown into the gully
on the south side of the road. The storm
continued all day yesterday, and snow drifts
now ornament the landscape in many a
weird form. The busses and other vehicles,
which had taken to wheels, are again on
runners, and although the temperature
is not severe, we feel that we are still
in winter's grasp.

You will be pleased to hear that
Mrs. Hubbell has again resumed regular
meals at the hotel. Poor Mr. Cullyford
met with a painful accident a few days

ago. He was in Hennes's store, at the counter, when one of the clerks opened a trap door behind him, without a word of warning. Mr. C. stepped back, fell and bruised himself so severely that he is confined to his bed. Miss Judkins has been in her room for nearly a week — with peritonitis. I did not learn of it until she had been ill four days. She is better to-day. Dr. Jones inquired after you to-night, and said they were all disappointed that you could not come there that Friday night. He had also hoped to invite you to take a sleigh ride, but the roads were too bad. Mrs. Sturges, on her return home, had a sick child to nurse, and expressed much regret at not having been able to call. Everyone inquires after you very pleasantly. Houghton is pretty quiet, and I have seen very few of the ladies since you went away. I am very glad you

enjoyed your visit in Cu^{te}, but am sorry you were disappointed in John. It is only his manner. He says "Permit me" to every one, and always has. I am sure you would ^{not notice} forget this after a short time. John S. was ill when you were there, as the enclosed letter explains. Well, "all's well that ends well," and I am happy to think of you back with our precious chicks, and hope the change will have been of benefit. Your visit was certainly a happy one for me.

Sunny matters are coming to a head soon. The Dr. will write a final letter in a few days. "Grandpa" writes that Mr. Shad may want me to inspect some iron lands on the north shore of Lake Superior this spring, and go to Germany afterwards. I am not banking on it, however.

You asked me for the date of dear little Lucius's death. I think it was Sept. 5, 1884, but can not be sure. Wasn't it recorded in the Standard bible? Perhaps the best way would be to write and ask Mary Formis. Why would it be the name, followed simply by date of birth and date of decease be appropriate?

Give my love to Auntie, and with love for you, dear self and the children, I am,