

KEWEENAW CLUB.

Houghton, Mich., Nov. 16 1892

My dearest Han:

My last letter to you went off on Friday or Saturday, so that when Sunday came I thought one day longer would not make too long an interval between letters. Monday afternoon a telephone message came from Mr. Sturgis, asking me to come that evening and play whist. Last evening some business matters came up after supper, connected with the Club, and ended in my going with Lane to the house of a lawyer, where we continued to turn our errand into a call upon the lawyer's wife - Mrs. Gray - whom you did

not meet when you were here. This evening,
by prearrangement, Mr. Kidwell and I
have spent with Capt. Moran, whose fund
of reminiscence about copper country affairs
makes his conversation at times quite inter-
esting — and spicy. We took ourselves away
at ten o'clock, and I was delighted to
find on the table in the reading room
your little budget of letters with the sweet
photographs of our younger scions. The babies
is very good; in fact they are both good,
although in the case of Frances the ex-
pression is rather too conscious. All three
of my "girlies" now look down upon me
from the top of my mineral case — in fact,
you two are gazing this way — and with
the three photos of the house, you make
me feel not so very far off, after all

I wrote Uncle R. a note to Augusta on Sunday, which I hope will not be thought tardy. I supposed you had included me in your expressions of sympathy to him, before I left C., or I should have written long ago. How relieved you will all be when the last sad rites are over — all but the poor stricken husband and helpless child. They will not soon reconcile themselves to the empty chair. The other day I picked up in the reading room the "Reviews of a Bachelor" by Dr. Marvel, and read in it when waiting for meals, or when smoking after meals. It is very touching, and the author had a big heart (I believe he is still living). Uncle R.'s loss calls it to my mind very vividly. I confess that my eyes misted as I read it. Well, we must try not to fall into a rut of dejection. Man is mortal, and when the good pass away, it may be a grief to us, or a misfortune, but we should try to bear it as we would any other

loss, with resignation. I am very glad you do not think of going to Augusta. It would be very imprudent. I rejoice in your continued good health, ^(all of you) and in your enjoyment of Mr. King's sermons, but I wonder that his last address was so one-sided - that he should have laid all the blame on Eve. I think Adam must, from the very nature of things, be oftener the sinning party. A woman is naturally brought less into contact with the contaminations of the world, and is therefore less likely to become callous. I am sure that I believe of you what you believe of me - unworthy as I am of such a high opinion - and if I have ever been impatient over one thing more than another, it has been over what seemed to be unimproved moments, that never never can return.

Well, it is growing late, and as I have difficulty in keeping awake during the day, unless I keep early hours, I must tear myself away, with a good by kiss for each of you.

Affec. your husband
Lucius.