

980 Grand Ave
Rockford Ill
May 22/94

My dear Mr. Deane -

Just home from
Chicago after a weeks visiting
among the children - and with the
life almost beaten out of me -
I can not stand much in the way
of excitement and irregular hours
and yet I can not learn the lesson
to avoid both.

The boys wanted me to join them
in an excursion to a favorite collec-
ting ground of theirs on the Lake
Shore near Whiting, Indiana. I was
quite as eager as the rest so one
morning we took an early train
and did not get back to the city
till after dark. We had a walk

of a mile and a half along the
Lake shore, after leaving the R.R.
station and then turned off into
what was expected to be a region
of alternate sand dunes and
bogs - heavily wooded in some places,
open and sunny in others - aquatic
in the water and the plants of
low sand banks a few rods away.
Trees for shade - underbrush for
seclusion - where we could cook and
eat our dinner with a feeling that
we were far removed from man's
intermeddling - To the very great
disgust of my entertainers we
discovered that the whole district
for miles had been taken hold
of by a land improvement company

The bogs had ~~been~~ all been drained
by deep ditches discharging into
the lake - The trees cut down or
pulled up by ^{the} roots with some
powerful machine - and the whole
surface burned over -

It was while I was visiting
my daughter at Hunsdale that
the sudden and severe drop in
temperature occurred of which you
have doubtless seen reports in the
newspapers - a fall of fifty
degrees in twenty four hours -
from 85° - to 35° - The cold being
accompanied by high winds
at times blowing a gale of
 65 miles an hour with dashes
of rain and flurries of snow -
Happily the wind kept up all night

the clouds hung over us - and the ground was very warm - else we would have had a more distinct frost - With the thermometer only 3 degrees above actual freezing at 4 P.M. and a north wind blowing great guns - the chances of escape seemed very small indeed -

Another illustration of the good of having friends and asking them to help you! sessilamentum is capital and altogether original -

It is possible that I did not acknowledge the receipt of your interesting paper on the glass flowers! I am so forgetful, and sometimes also the forgetfulness works the other way - In

fact I am troubled in my
mind. This very moment - least
I have written to you. Before
now. The whole story of our trip
to Indiana -

Yes it is 980 Grand Ave
now but we are still living in
the same house and on the
same ground. Suburban lots
had been counted at 66 feet front -
while in the business portions of the
city - or where residences were packed
more closely together - 22 ft was
counted a lot. There was constant
shifting of numbers as one condition
crowded upon the other so the
end the matter at once the whole
city was renumbered. It is now

own six lots instead of two

I shall want to see your
letter in the Gazette though I
would rather have the one you
wrote to the friends at Auckland.

Pand says that you were
in doing you lots of good and
then adds I hope it will not
wear him from staying - or
ends to this effect - Poor Pand
seems worried and half sick.

He is evidently doing the Mr
Dunst thing under pressure
and I hate the work that may
mislead so much I have the
keenest sympathy for any one
else in like predicament.

Cordially as ever
M. S. Bell



Bebb, M. S. 1894. "Bebb, Michael Schuck May 22, 1894." *Michael Schuck Bebb letters to Walter Deane*

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