

Notes July 5<sup>th</sup> / 94

My dearest-Husband,

Thanks many  
for letter no 2. & yr account  
of the typical tea party. I am  
glad you liked Mr Carlston as  
further acquaintance for I  
took such a fancy to him.

Yesterday a party of the juvenes  
did went fishing. I believe the  
boys caught some trout, but the  
girls caught none. After tea we  
had a pleasant row on the  
quilt-waters lit up by the set-  
ting sun. The sky is still my de-  
light, though I do not think it  
is finer here than at-home.

The weather is still beautiful  
& the baby slept much better last  
night - the little lamp keeping  
watch with due fidelity. Still  
fined the glazed quilt - an  
joy once, it will slip off at the



at the evening moments, & the  
other morning when I stayed  
in bed I had a plate with  
a saucer of porridge upon it  
nicely balanced on my knees,  
when suddenly the whole  
skated off the bed, but turning  
nearly upside down the  
dishes descended on the soft  
bed of porridge. Mrs Carpenter  
came over yesterday just as we  
were preparing to go & see her  
she said she ~~td~~ not want to see  
the boy, & bring his "granny" back  
to his memory.

Rua & Kate read History every  
morning with Baby Major, the  
beach being the Kennedy-sons, I  
sh<sup>d</sup> much like to have joined  
them, but cannot - very well, as  
I keep baby till 11<sup>o</sup>! to let Jessie  
do out the upstairs rooms, &  
perform the baby's daily washing  
They all put the boy, & the can no  
longer be said to be a baby who  
is not dandled - He much  
enjoys his dip in salt water  
& looks so very red when he comes



out that a marked effect must  
be produced upon him. So far  
the poor eye looks no better.  
& the vaccination has quite  
vanished, without a sign of  
inflammation.

My throat - is somewhat  
better, but - I think it - will  
still to delay bathing for a  
day or two. The sea-side  
drowsiness is upon me, & I can  
scarcely keep my eyes open -  
I am sitting on the gallery writing  
on my knee, gloves on, to please  
my absent-darling, by retaining  
white hands. We had a  
letter fr. George yesterday, also  
the one just received from  
William. - Mamma wants you  
to buy her a small piece of  
white Carnie Master, not in  
a case, I enclose it - in one of yr  
letters - I trust - that these little  
commissions will not annoy  
you too. I know sometimes they  
are troublesome -

It is a pity that Miss M.  
have so much trouble with  
colds especially in summer time



A woman who came here  
about the washing told us that  
she was not going to scrub any  
more adding "Ce mieux pour  
moi washer". It would be  
absurd -

I am sure I have yawned  
40 times while writing this  
& feel unutterably stupid -  
Do not work too hard my  
dearest, especially if the weather  
is so warm & oppressive - remem-  
ber for our sakes you must  
not wear your dear self out for  
3 weeks without undox of ex-  
cessive toil -

I wish I could have a week  
chat - love - Ah how much we  
shall have to say, if God grants us  
a happy meeting.

Mamma & Papa are squibbling  
over some new trees wh - that  
unconscionable Bouchard has  
usual brought - without roots,  
& wh - Papa, Penguin's soul, im-  
agines will grow - while Mamma  
declares there is not a chance -

With fond love

Aunt