

Melie

July 12<sup>th</sup>

I have got  
my letters every  
day, or two or  
three I write the  
most I have sent  
you are every  
day sweet  
left - a -

My dear Love,

Your letter was so  
welcome yesterday, it was one of  
my down days, & I had felt so  
dismal that I was particularly  
glad to have news of my dear  
M - I am sorry that you could not  
go to the Bracones it would have  
been a change for you - It will  
be nice for Sophie to see Murray  
Boy I have a sniff of salt air I  
fancy life has been rather hard  
for her lately.

Mrs Carpenter hops in & out  
daily, & seems cheerful poor old  
thing, constantly talking of "Philip"  
she looks worn & older than she  
used.

yesterday mamma & I made  
a whole lot of strawberry jam  
with which to sweeten life next  
winter -



We have discovered to our horror  
that 10 of the 16 children had scarlet  
fever last winter, & all our  
blankets & the Doreys were at their  
house. For my own part I fancy  
these sore throats have come from  
the infection, the Doreys however  
had them as well as ourselves  
It really is a great mercy that  
none of us have taken the disease.

Dear mamma does not  
seem to get a bit of rest, I can  
not much guess for baby takes  
so much of my time, & the  
going people fly out of the house  
directly after breakfast & that is  
an end of them till dinner time.

The little rose bushes planted  
in front of the house are doing  
well & two cherry trees lining  
by the way how are our Apples  
getting on, I hope the ones in  
the back garden will ripen for  
it wd be so satisfactory to know  
what kind they are.

The washerwoman has  
been here for at least an hour



it is worse than an Indian  
Valuer to make arrangements  
with these lazy - torpid - dull  
people - please try & get your  
clothes done up before you come  
& bring gr. coloured shirts for the  
white ones done here are not  
fit to be worn -

Wafa has been out dredging  
with Mr Ferguson & got some  
rare & precious treasures - I  
believe -

'Little Eric was just a  
patterer boy yesterday, & did not  
wake up so early this  
morning - I am giving him his  
salt-water bath nearly cold  
& he does not at all object  
he begins to know quite well  
that being undressed means  
bath & chuckles & crows with  
delight - Last night - I took  
a sponge full of water &  
squeezed it over his head  
the water trickled all down  
his face of course but he  
bore it - like a little man  
only heaving a sigh -

I am getting quite tired  
of writing to you. I want to  
talk to my darling - when do  
you think you will be able  
to come a fortnight - tomorrow  
since I left beloved -  
I w<sup>d</sup> like to say ever so  
many things, but - writing is  
dull, so I will not scrawl  
more - only send you whole  
hearts of love from

Yr. ever fond  
Aunt