

4849

STOWEY HOUSE,
CLAPHAM COMMON. S.W.

Saturday
[c 1894]

My dear Oliver

Your mother is
very busy writing her book
about the family from which
she hopes to get a prize of
five pounds - so she says she
cannot write to you, and as
I am at home and doing
nothing but look out of
windows I must do it.

We are to go to Oxford next
Saturday on a visit to the

Master of Bathol College, and
shall no doubt come to see you
on Sunday or Monday. I dare
say your mother will write &
tell Mr Madaren before we
go.

I wonder whether you will be
able to read my ragged writing
If you cannot I am afraid
I cannot help you.

Your Uncle Henry with
your Aunt Hamley and Cousin
Miss Julia have been here for
a week & went away yesterday
to France. They go to Southampton

and in a Steamer to St. Malo
and then to a place called
Dinan not far off -

At last it seems as though
we might get some fine
weather, and it is true it
began, as the frosts have
killed all the flowers and I
believe destroyed the fruit
too.

We are to go to dinner with
your Aunt Lell to night
Pippa & Pernie are too
lazy to write to you - All of them
are now very well again.
Yr loving father
R. Tharley