

January 1888.

My dear Pippa

Donney moi votre  
patte. How are you getting on?  
Do you like I. C? Has the  
third lodger arrived? How  
about Jack in the Beanstalk?  
That reminds me, do you remember  
Jack in the beanstalking at Rothiemur-  
chus in the hay stacks? Henglers  
was a great success; we had  
front seats at a cheap rate  
and were galloped over and  
scattered with mud by every

finished  
 a most enjoyable afternoon at  
 the Austrian cook-shop where we  
 had some delicious petit pains  
 (french) and chocolate, also the  
 usual clovers. On Tuesday morning  
 I went out with Dick to try and  
 find Holland Park, expecting  
 to discover a second Kensington G.  
 only more rural. For hours I  
 wandered in streets and crescents  
~~amidst~~ a labelled HOLLAND PARK  
 amidst a howling mob of omnibuses,  
 cabs and drays and after hav-  
 ing patrolled the whole of the ground  
 between Palace Gardens and Shep.

herds Bush up and down 97  
 times I began to suppose  
 that perhaps it was built  
 over. I found this to be in-  
 deed the case but my grief  
 was partly assuaged by the  
 pleasure I had in whaung  
 my younger brother's head when  
 he called me a \*\*\*\* for ever  
 thinking otherwise. I perform-  
 ed the duty of packing him off  
 in a highly satisfactory man-  
 ner, neatly throwing him into  
 a carriage through a window  
 as the train glided from the  
 platform. Evan and Mr. Green  
 came in the evening, the

latter to dinner. Meantime  
I had gone and fetched  
Dick and also a little bottle  
of medicine for him. I gave  
Bertley 5/- who in return informed  
me that he still thought he  
was sickening <sup>for</sup> ~~with~~ the D.T.  
He wasn't quite so rabid  
in the cab as usual and  
we arrived here quite safely - only  
of course I had left my bag  
behind with the medicine in it.  
He is kept by one of the scouts  
and has got a little house  
all to himself. 12 lbs of bis-  
cuit were got and put on  
a shelf, as everyone thought

far out of his reach, but what do you think the raskil did - he jumped up at the bag, knocked it down and hid the biscuits under his straw where what were left in the morning were found after much search. He seems delighted to get into the country again and has not yet sickened (although he has not had his castor oil) Is the lake frozen? We got some skating yesterday but

I think it has thawed again now. Oliver told me that the little room upstairs had been handed over to him and Per-  
nel so I bagged the pictures of Venice, as also the banjo of which instrument I am be-  
coming a master. I got a letter this morning containing the following news which as you have not yet heard it I will now proceed to relate: =

Dorothy has returned to her sorrow stricken family, Sembeau is Sembeau, Willy has gone to Mexico, the Rendels ball is put off because of Edith's. The question is, is Jack in the Branstalk also ditto. Let us hope not - an excuse to go home is to see your long lost sister. That awful Quaritch only gave you one ream of old Parch-

ment instead of two, but let  
not that deter you from  
writing to the sender of this  
marvellous epistle.

~~Goodbye~~ Give me a paw  
John Shaw  
Attorney at law

Goodbye

yr loving brother  
Ralph.

P.S. If any one is anxious to  
know what the monogram on the  
envelope means tell them it is his  
Royal Highness the Emperor of  
China. Your introduction to society is now made.