

4391

14<sup>th</sup> May 1890

My dear Pippa

It is slightly colder today than usual owing to a natural phenomenon called a dust storm which has been raging. The first thing that happens is a sudden banging of all the windows and doors in the house, and at the same time whirlwinds of dust come rushing in and make

the whole place grey in a second.

The next half hour is taken up in rushing round the house and shutting doors as they are burst open. Then it suddenly gets calm & perhaps rains gently.

For some unknown reason this cools down the air and you go out & say How lovely this is, it can't be more than 90° &c.

The pony whose name is Keira late Nora Creina has not yet been 'let-down' partly because the harness has not

yet arrived, so I can only ride her as yet. The other day one of the servants came in and asked us if we should like to see an amusing sight; we said yes and went out into the verandah where a black ram was to be seen, with his horns cut off. He was being fondled by Oldfield's beaver, who held in one hand a small but strong board. As soon as we appeared he began reviling the ram who at once backed

away a few steps and then  
rushed at the man ~~and~~ received  
him on the board. The whack of  
his head against the board was  
like a steam hammer. This went  
on for about 5 minutes when  
they had pax by mutual consent.  
The ram is kept in the stables  
to play this game with & he  
enjoys it quite as much as the  
others. No other excitements.

Goodbye

1<sup>st</sup> loving brother

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