

through the
city

Your affectionate
E. J. Stephenson

The Hollies. 5717

Midwestern Irish.

Oct. 15th / 86.

Mary Catharine

Your letter

has just come. I was wondering
why I did not hear. I sent you
a post card yesterday, to
Joearno, to tell you that John
had accepted the Liverpool
offer, and I suppose we shall
leave to go about the middle
of December. I feel that it is
the right thing, though not the
one I would have chosen. We
shall not tell anyone about
it just yet, until we have had
the chance of talking matters
into shape together. John has been
away on this S. P. G. business
for a week and will be nearly
a week more. I hope you will

be able to see your way to coming into the Hollies, for at least a year or two. It is all ready for habitation, with what you have already stored here, and you would be at no expense in coming into it.

There is all the winter's stock of coal too, which you are very welcome to, and there will be apples and pears, and abundance of preserve.

I have been thinking that Mrs Illie and her husband would be very likely people to come and be in the house with you. The eldest boy is away now, the little lad would be useful in the garden. Illie

is a decent, steady man, and Mrs Illie is a capital enterpriser. They could board themselves, and do all you need. I could very well manage the £35 a year, and it would be worth that to me to feel that the house was being kept on. Any day I think for a year or two, it would be a good thing for you to come here, and then if you liked it, it could be carried on. I should most likely come next summer, for some time, and Noel would spend part of his holidays too. You

would be under no obligation
to keep on with it, and I am
sure it would be pleasant
for you than moving about.
There would also be no outlay
of settling. I hope you will
decide to come. It would be a
weight off my mind.

Mr. Morrell's cheque was £23.15.
My means £1.7. will be due
on December 6th. I remember
the coming of it last year. How
that little bird upon the mountains
would bring back the last
evening. I wonder if that
sound will ever be explained
or if that it meant has passed
eternally into silence. I often
seem to hear it again. There
will be no time for quiet thought
this year as the days draw on