

H. A.'s  
Thursday

Sept 11

1885

Dearest B.,

Here we are  
safely at last - we had a pleas-  
ant run up - & Mr Gibb - came  
on at Como - Annie was rather  
sick but the young ones were  
as good as as he expected so we  
got on very well - but arrived  
at Carillon there was no one to  
meet us, & not even the stage  
Mr Gibb went off to telegraph, but  
I w<sup>d</sup> have gone up on a hay  
cart - had I been alone - but Mr G.  
I thought I sh<sup>d</sup> defer to, however  
I sent Eric off to walk down wh  
he did most willingly - I w<sup>d</sup>  
got there before the telegram  
& set relief in motion, however  
we had 2 not-pleasant-

hours at Carillon. Still I am  
glad the day is over, so unsettled  
& the children a little too tired  
to be at their best - how all in  
bed - & Mr Gibb flaxing over  
with his pleasant chit-chat.

Already the house looks much  
less tidy than when we came,  
Eric has discovered shells in the  
dry bed of the river turned off  
for damming purposes.

All are very sorry you'd  
not come up & look for you  
either Saturday or next week.

Very truly & affectionately  
Dear, yours

Anne.