

Savoy Hotel  
Embankment Gardens London  
24th of September, 1899.  
Dear Mrs Nichol,

In the 40th year of my age (this morning I am 39) and in the full nobility of character and moral sentiment. I repudiate Burnett's false accusations that I 'behaved badly' at Watts. If I did it must have been in some prehistoric age when I was still a lapsed mass. But now the autumn campaign, and [ ] have got hold of me and I am just in a beautiful frame of mind. Slightly tempered by dentists and surgeons. Yes, rather! I'll be up on Thursday at two and we'll have our crack. I have got something for you. better than 'Kit' - Not a book - It has been maturing for some time among the Heather and I've just had it sent to you. I hope it will arrive before Thursday. No, you can't guess. Just wait and be good like your affectionate friend.

S.R Crockett.

My good wishes to the little beauty and light of the house.