

Bank House

July 18th 1899

Dear good friend under the Bay Tree

Your charming letter did me good. I have quite given up hope of ever hearing from your (good /bad) man. So I put my trust in you.

We were glad to hear all went well with you. We were in London when you were in Italy, but I've not been again. We went to the highlands when I got back and had a very good time.

I am as busy as ever and have work on for nearly three years, which is as far as a man should look in this world. I do not go much into society, but believe me, dear Mrs Nicoll I always keep a warm heart for my friends and your place and your husbands are not long in my synagogue.

I have taken greatly to photography and like it much. It keeps me out in the open air and makes me walk with an object. I have built me a lordly library 40 feet by 18 and now set at ease up away from the house and the maid answers 'Not at home' and does not lie. Sweet Mildred has not come yet (or her picture). I send you one or two rough home products, including one of my place where I live, sleep, work when I am busy or desire quiet. It consists of a complete establishment - observatory bedroom, library studio. Some day surely you and the good man will come again and see it and us.

With warm affection and affectionate regards to all that deserve them (and one who doesn't and knows it the beggar!)

as ever yours.

S.R Crockett.

I think you will like Ione. I've rewritten nearly half of her and tinkered the rest.