

Hulldon,
Chuthill,
Northumberland.

Oct. 25. 1897.

My dear Cousin Lily

I was away in Scotland
and my mother I think in Ireland
& I did not hear of Uncle
Richard's death till after the
funeral. I wish I had seen
him once again this year, but
we were away in the West Indies

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& do my work in London too.

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I am so sorry to hear you have
been laid up: it is the time of
year for colds, but I hope yours is
gone or going.

Dorothy is getting better, but very
slowly: we hope she may be strong
again in two years, but meanwhile
she has to live at home & do
very little.

Yours affectionate
Edward Grey