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Allahabad

9<sup>th</sup> April 1890

My dear Pippa

I am just recovering from the Influenza which I have had about 4 days. Which I have spent in lying on a sofa under a punkah reading novels - also in drinking vile & nauseating medicines - The form it takes out here is quite a novel one, being fever mixed with cough. Nearly everyone has got it or has had it & the natives are in a great state

of mind.

On Thursday Hugh & Winifred and the baby arrived on their way to Simla & stayed till Saturday. they are all flourishing.

The only other event of interest was the parachute descent of a man called Spencer a sort of Indian Baldwin. He came a week ago and tried to go up in a fine balloon but the old thing caught fire. about two seconds after they began to fill it, so that attempt was a failure. This time he went up in a respectable gas balloon

and succeeded allright. The parachute opened almost directly he left the balloon and went down very slowly swaying a little from side to side.

I was two days at <sup>the</sup> organ which is a very fine & large one, my duty being to shout <sup>to</sup> Mr Robert's directions across the church to the man at the keyboard as the organ is on both sides of the church. We were in a great hurry and so to save time they sent us afternoon tea from the clergy house into the church which we drank in

our shirtsleeves in the chancel.  
Your last letter was the one  
about the musical party and  
was simply lovely and has been  
carefully added to the stock.  
Give my love to everyone -

Yr loving brother  
Ralph

P.S. How about those photos?