My dear Spencer

Yours of 15th inst. have just come to hand though the one of latter date had a narrower escape of being lost and found to be a matter of Northern Territory affairs, Adelaide and Melbourne P.O. Clerk to send our letters there. The parcel which you had sent containing old books, glass &c. has not turned up &c. Therefore it has gone to P.O.

Now let me clean up your fog about the mails. Thus
not good enough for climbing
the high range. I know no
hate for such violent exercise
even if my kind were right,
I am however anxious to get
a good collection from the hill.
Glenron sang, with that purpose
the men, I sent one of my
boys out the other day to instruct
him to fill a bag with all
kinds of different flowering plants
and pretty grasses. He did so
upon returning completed. The contents
of the bag into the horse yard
where one of my thoroughbreds
happened to be kept for the
night. An hour or two afterwards
he glumly informed me
"The bin sixem grass longa
Nanto." The atmosphere was blue.
with profamily for having had
afterwards - have not yet had
time to try the lens myself - I
am glad to say arrived in
splendid order for all alike. I
thank you - I shall taste the

greatest care of it, when you return it
to you whenever you require it, may be able to send
you some internal results -
next mail - back. in the
meanwhile I am sending
you an assortment of good
totally good prints -
let me know please, just
what you think of them all,
the Corroboros pictures were
taken after sun down in
a wretched light for focusing
I find that some of the
best leaving negatives to you out the rest pictures. Should much like to hear you here for an hour or two tiring I find the Combined firing toning solution does not keep well after being used this will account for the yellow appearance of some of my prints. By the short of Allahwada kimle you must have been well when you formed all those beautiful plates to which I can fully sympathise with it. If I were to keep your wish plates or prints I shall see my too glad to do so. I have not yet cleared off any snap pictures but shall be sending you a set here.

The picture of Rebot's rather notice is a letter and printed but I couldn't find time to do another this mail Helps I speak may be interested in the little book which he will doubtless notice that he has not got up for the occasion.

Winnipeg wrote them various asking for a copy or both of the American or British groups I have told him that you would send him a copy later in he appears to be under the impression that the places you look down were brothers. By the way he asked for a list of the articles comprised in my collection and states he thinks he has a buyer at any price. The days when photo the
asked me what I would take for the lot - I said 250 or 300 pounds - a very nice little lot of stuff to handle in one lump but I should not like parting with the collection. Horncastle must do so if the money is forthcoming. £300 would go a considerable way invested in duch's - Siring and me. Taylor's Diggin of the Argyro a tough but very interesting book which he strongly recommends me to read. He says he has done nothing much with his notes so far. He finds that the moss he looks at the subject the moss is green. I am very curious to know how he is going to treat the
Upper question done strange stories are current about the information he gathered on this. I do not understand sufficiently about the rat, you are writing the book, real name of Britannia. I think the British Museum authorities have made a mistake about the beast—does this mean that the "beast" in your letters. Those people who doubt the noise making capacity of our "spider" should come here for a week or two. I have had several since you left.

And you and your new letter. Burn could detect the whispering noise. Field & Hanley will swear by all the gods in t'out of the Calendar. That the trust booms, but I have no funds.
The small child along our journey was a constant source of entertainment and amusement. They resisted the idea of sleeping, clinging to our robes and coats, the sound of their laughter echoing throughout the train. It was a welcome distraction from the monotony of the journey.

As we passed through the various landscapes, the child's eyes would light up with wonder at the different scenes. The mountains, the valleys, the fields—each was a new adventure. They would point and ask questions, eager to learn about the world around them.

Despite the child's constant need for attention, there were times of peace. When they fell asleep, I could appreciate the beauty of the countryside. The view from the window was a breathtaking sight, and I would sit there, lost in thought, the child's presence a constant reminder of the joy and innocence of childhood.

I often wondered what their future held. Would they grow up to be scientists, explorers, or something entirely different? The possibilities were endless, and I couldn't wait to see what life had in store for them. For now, though, they were content, and I was grateful for the precious moments we shared on this journey.
Legion always, Lieutenant

[Handwritten text not legible]