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Hill View Lodge,
Reigate.

Jan 11, 1880.

My dear Blanche, I am sorry that I
cannot give a good report of
myself. I was getting on pretty
fairly, and ought to have been
nearly well by this time, but
the late cold, foggy weather gave
me a very bad cold, which
now confines me entirely to the
house, and is likely to stop for
another week. I still suffer as
badly as ever from the neuralgic
pains attendant upon the
Shingles.

but I shall get ^{rid of them} ~~rid of them~~ - I suppose
in time.

I hope you and the
children are well, and
enjoying yourselves as much
as ever. I understand
there have been several other
Balls in Brighton - besides
the officers' ball. Give
my best love to my dearest
Abigail and the Boys.
Your affectionate Papa