

Tourist's sleepers, so you see they  
are giving us the best. All along  
the line, we were given good  
live receptions. Factories quit work  
I guess, for all the help more at  
the windows, waving flags + hand-  
kerchiefs. It certainly is glorious,  
I never even imagined it would  
be like this. We have some  
train, abright, she averaged about  
54 miles per hour last night,  
and are going some even now.

At present we are rolling over  
great flat country, with corn  
all stacked and hay piled up.  
I only wish you folks could  
see it. You'd never believe  
that farm land could be so

level. The fellows are all  
either writing or playing  
cards. But many have given up  
the former, on account of the  
motion of the train. I only  
hope you can read this, but if  
you can't, send it back, and I'll  
translate it.

Little Mac (McComley) has been  
over this road several times, so  
he keeps us posted, as to where  
we are. It is a beautiful  
morning, and I have several  
handkerchiefs to wash, so I  
can dry them in the sun.

I'll have to take a chance on  
getting this mailed, by dropping it  
out of the window. Quit.