

Dec. 20, 1889.  
In eastern Kansas.

My dear Papa, We are now about half way across the continent. It is Friday afternoon and we started Tuesday afternoon - as on a voyage, one gets used to the motion of the car and there is so much to be done in getting the children dressed, getting them to bed, getting our meals from our lunch baskets &c, &c, that the days seem very short indeed. Yesterday we changed cars at Chicago, where we stopped for two or three hours and replenished our baskets. We are now in a car that goes through to Los Angeles California without change, where we are due Tuesday afternoon just seven days from Boston.

In 1872 I came east with Uncle Joe over this same route. We are just passing Manhattan the geographical centre of the United States.

The children are rather noisy and restless. Jeffry travels all over the train from the rear car to the baggage car next the engine and jumps off and on the train causing us a good deal of worry.

The baby gets along very well and sleeps better than at home. Mary thinks he likes change. This morning we stopped for three hours at Kansas City where May Jeffy and I got a good breakfast in the station.

The people in these cars all travel well provided with food and some have alcohol lamps for making tea and coffee. In this car however the heating stoves at each end have a large oven on top of them for cooking purposes. The cars are swept and cleaned quite often and <sup>are</sup> very sufficient and in some ways really preferable to the much stuffed and upholstered regular sleeping cars.

It is rather a contrast to my usual solitary journeys. We are on the prairie now and the sun is setting in the western horizon. I don't get a chance to write more than three lines till some child comes wanting something so this letter is rather disappointed. May has made some attempts to write but has always had to give it up from the same reason.

Your affectionate son  
F. E. Peasequest