

Dec. 23<sup>d</sup> 1889.

near Sacramento California

My dear Papa, I have not time to write much but will mail a line from Sacramento. We have crossed the Sierra Nevada this afternoon. Snow said to be twelve feet deep on the level near the summit. I never saw such snow banks before. No train had been through for 24 hours before ours. We had three engines to haul us up the east side and are now descending rapidly, soon to leave snow behind.

The children have stood the journey well, though Arthur has not been so well to day, troubled we think by change of water and poor milk, which is hard to get through Nevada.

This we expect to be our last night on the train which we have come to regard much as one does a ship after a voyage. The time has seemed very

short to both May and me there has  
been so much to be done every day  
in dressing children, getting ready  
our meals and clearing away after them,  
as well as from the fact that some  
one has had to hold Arthur all the  
time except when he was asleep.

We have had a very quiet car load  
of fellow travellers, several being  
families, one a Canadian woman  
travelling alone with her four little  
boys to visit her husband in Los Angeles.

I have barely had time to read a  
daily paper, or May to write a  
card.

Your affectionate son  
F. E. Prendergast