

nevada.

Dear Mama.

Jessie and I have just been exploring
Wardsworth - the most melancholy⁽²⁾ place of one street
and engines - horrible things. How people can exist
in such places is hard to imagine. A very sad little
funeral party got off here, with a low wooden coffin
and floral pieces - and we saw the first country
funeral, the men walking, and the women and
children who came on this train, riding in the two
country wagons.

We did not sleep much last night. We had gone
to bed before we reached Sacramento but saw it from
the windows, the rivers, hotels, houses etc. It did not
look promising. Later, though it was very dark out,
I could see the redwoods snow-covered, standing out
black & cold from the white snow. But got no benefit
of mountains at all, one could not see far enough -
its pretty on curves to see the engine lights on the
snow. This morning we ~~walked~~ for good very early
and watched the light snow falling, but were already
in the sage brush. We were at Reno while dunking,

I had supposed it a² larger place.

The cars are very, very hot, and were cooking last night with only one thickness of blanket, though it was hard to see from the windows the ice was so thick on them. One thing that pleased was the circles on the houses and barns. At Reno they would sting two feet deep all the length of a 30 ft. house.

The driving car is fearfully deer, but Jessie and I are going to half it. We got on very well. My wrapper is 10 x prettier than here.

Tell Hart that it was the first step, as he said. The 2nd was an offer to post our letters at Sacramento, the 3rd an introduction by Mrs. Carrere to him as Lieut. Myers of the Rache, and count survey man - the 4th taking us to breakfast. - the 5th yet to be.

Our car has by far the nicest looking people. Mrs. Cullin, ~~mother's~~ mother, has the Drawing Room & is going to the Portland daughter who is very seriously ill. Mrs. Alteming is going to a son who also is dangerously ill at college in Mass. She is Will Durkings aunt also, and came yesterday from Honolulu. She is very pleasant. Then there are the Carreres, Minnie very friendly and taking up where she left off at school. Two sections are still in bed, so I can't tell of them - Lieut. Myers. The old lady & gentleman you saw, and one thin, dark, scrawny looking man - who Jessie thinks may turn out a

cigar maker or something equally romantic -
Mrs Carmine says she met Mrs Ross, who spoke
of the lunch and evidently had been pleased by
it.

The dark, foreign looking man who was with
the Repetto's is an agent of some kind of the R.R.
and spoke to the porter about giving us especial
attention - He has also written to Chicago to the agent
there to meet us and see our and baggage
to wherever we are to go, and to engage our
seats on the N.Y. train without our troubling
about it - which is very fine.

We are in cozy bunch still, the sun
shining and only a little snow to be
seen on the mountains (or hills) around the
housings - not near as much as was on the
Berkley hills -

The next train is 8 hours late, so
this will seem late to you too.

When I get to Lisa's friend I will write
letter, also spell.

Jessie's mother's friend is on another car
but is doing his duty - Miss Sparks, the one
I told you of at the Art School, who paid
such fabulous prices in Paris, is also on
one of the other cars - for Emma, there are
no children on this one. I am never going to
write anything about home sickness - with love
to every one of yours,
Friday!
Lulu.