

In the Grand No-104 is an old
soldier from Philadelphia dying
he was taken sick on the desert.
We have seen such sights, of flowers
by sights I mean quantities I
saw hundreds of pink water-
lilies, such as I never saw be-
fore. Our room is large as our
parlor at home, and faces the
Main st; the other side opens on
2nd st. We have a large bay
window where we can sit and
see the procession pass. all this
morning, soldiers have been
marching up from the depot
with music. I am a thanks
you for your nice letter and the
pictures. they are good you must

save the plates and have some
printed that will keep. I wish
you could have seen how I looked
last night. I don't believe you
would have known me but this
morning I am rested and look
better. Papa says he ^{wishes he} was there
to eat your fish, although we ex-
pect to have some today. We had
a fine trip, but words can not
express the horror of the desert.

Be thankful, boys, be thankful that
God has cast your lot in beautiful
Utich. I have written to you
every day, but one and then I
was sick. Papa sends lots of
love - and Mama too. Take good
care of Hattie + Kittie, tell them to
write.
Mama.