

rise of the lateral streams below Salina—the Saline, the Solomon and others. Afterwards the overflowings of the “Smoky” prevented the damage done by the smaller streams from being repaired. No bridges were carried away. That over the Saline was saved by running a train, laden with one hundred and fifty tons of railroad iron, upon it.

On Sunday the Smoky Hill began to swell rapidly, and continued to rise steadily until Thursday, although on Sunday the weather had changed, and become as dry and fine as I ever saw it. For several days the flats in many places were covered from bluff to bluff. The town of Salina was not overflowed, but it stood on a large island. Now for the results.

I have said that no bridges were carried away. The culverts were but slightly damaged. Above Salina the track of the road was overflowed but a short distance, for it soon rises to higher ground. Between Salina and Junction City, a distance of fifty miles, over which we passed on Saturday last, (having been shut in at Salina from the Saturday previous,) some six or eight miles of the track was or had been submerged. In two places we ran through shallow lakes each about a mile across, and in length the entire width of the valley from bluff to bluff—perhaps two or three miles. It was romantic, although by no means safe, travelling. A construction train preceded us, carefully examining and repairing as it went. I never saw men work so hard, so faithfully and so cheerfully as did these. The main trouble was that the waves, raised by the wind on these broad expanses of overflowed water, washed the embankments and undermined the road-bed; and in many places the track had to be propped up, although yet submerged, with ties and blocks. Finally, when within four or five miles of Junction City, the front passenger-car—the one I was in—ran off the track; but as we were going very slowly there was no harm done and no shock. The water was then about a foot over the track. We all managed to crowd into the baggage-car, and the majority contrived to get something to sit upon.

While in the baggage-car, and all being pleased, grateful and in the best possible humor, the Hon. John L. Thomas, of Baltimore, one of our excursionists, proposed that the hearty thanks of the passengers be tendered to E. C. Smead, Esq., the Resident Engineer of the road, and to the men under his command, for the courage, skill and indomitable perseverance with which they had grappled with and overcome the difficulties that beset our way. And in language less demonstrative, but not less sincere, many uttered their acknowledgments to Him who keeps us in all our ways. About nine o'clock we arrived safely at Junction City.