

connection with the "Mormons," and he denounced Joseph Smith as an impostor and a liar.

This calumny against the prophet caused Charles' blood to surge wildly through his veins with indignation, and he exclaimed, "Not so; Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and you are a slanderer and a falsifier."

The father sprang toward him, and uttering a fierce imprecation, struck the son a heavy blow upon the face. He was about to renew the attack when Charles stood erect before him and looked him squarely in the eyes. The infuriated old man hesitated, and then subsided, ending by ordering his son out of the house. This command was obeyed with considerable alacrity, and Charles took up his lodging with a member of the Church.

Charles was advised by one of the Elders (J. M. Tanner) to leave, and make his way to Utah. This idea delighted him, but he had not more than one-third as much as would pay his passage to New York. However, he went to Hamburg in the hope of getting an opportunity of working his passage on a steamer, but failed. Having no papers to prove that he was a native of Russia, he was in danger of being detained for service in the German army. He wrote to his father for the proofs of his nativity, but he flatly refused to supply him with them.

This was a sorry New Year's opening for Charles, he finding himself in this luckless position at the opening of 1885. However, he made the acquaintance of a Danishman who was about to return to his native land. This man agreed to take Charles with him, so he paved the way by entering into an arrangement with the seamen of a Danish vessel by which the two travelers were bunked all night in the fore-castle of the ship, and were out to sea in the morning, and beyond the reach of German officials. Charles in a few days reached Copenhagen, where he visited the headquarters of the Scandinavian mission. Having letters from Elder Tanner, President Lund kindly furnished him with enough money to carry him to New York. He sailed to Leith, Scotland, proceeded thence by rail to Liverpool, remained at that port one night, departed for New York on the 27th of January, 1885, and, after a passage of ordinary duration, landed on this side of the Atlantic, in a strange land, unable to speak English so as to make himself un-

derstood, and with the munificent sum of one dollar in his pocket.

## II.

A feeling of desolation crept over the young man as he thought of his position. He sought work, in the hope of obtaining money with which to go west to Utah, but was unsuccessful. Being resolute, though young, he soon made up his mind regarding what he should do; he determined to turn his face toward Zion, and travel to the goal of his desires in the capacity of a tramp. When it is considered that this resolve was made in winter, some idea may be formed of the appalling character of the venture.

Charles met with a German tramp, whose face was also turned toward the setting sun, California being the destination of his mind's eye. The two set out through mud, slush and snow, going a distance of twenty-five miles the first day, the 8th of February, 1885, and reposed in a barn at night.

Sleep was out of the question, the weather being so cold that the chattering of the travelers' teeth beat a rapid accompaniment to the wierd tune played by the wind as it howled around the corners of the wooden structure, in which they lay curled in a bunch of hay.

Next morning Charles was badly demoralized physically, but never wavered in his determination to press on. His feet were chafed and painful, and he cut a sorry figure as he trudged along making an effort to heel it with one foot and toe it with the other.

To make matters worse, a portion of the road lay across a marsh which was frozen on the surface, but was not sufficiently solid to bear the weight of the two pedestrians, who broke through the ice and sank ankle deep at every step.

They reached Trenton, N. J., that night, remaining two days, being treated with considerable kindness by some German residents.

The two days of traveling under difficulties so impressed the tramp companion of our hero that he threw up all hope of reaching the Golden State and concluded to leave the track. Charles, however, did not once entertain a thought of weakening. He set out alone on his westward way, but met with an incident that came nigh bringing his earthly tramp to a sudden ending.

In the dark of the evening he was crossing the river on a long railroad bridge. He had reached about midway when a train running at high speed swept around a curve and came

dashing, with glaring headlights, toward the bridge. He could not get off the structure either by advance or retreat in time to escape what appeared to be imminent—a horrible death. His hair moved his battered hat, and his blood chilled in his veins as he comprehended the danger. He sprang to the side of the bridge, threw himself down, and closely hugged the side timbers, and yet was uncertain whether he would escape. The train came thundering on. He held his breath as it seemed to him to sweep almost directly over him. Fortunately, he was just beyond the reach of the wheels, there was a loud rumbling roar, a blast of wind caused by the swift movement of the train caught him, and the moment of peril was over.

He got off that bridge as speedily as his half crippled condition would allow, and then the first thing the poor boy did in that cold evening air, and in his tired and footsore plight, was to kneel on the frozen ground and thank God for having saved his life. He also asked Him for a continuance of His blessing and care, and that He might enable him to land safely in the home of the Saints in Utah.

Owing to the lamed condition of his feet, and the shock he had received from the perilous position from which he had escaped, Charles was not able to make much headway. He soon met with a mishap which increased his misery. He observed, by the side of the track, what appeared to be a level piece of ground or planking—he could not, in the darkness, tell which. Anyway, it looked as if it might be a smoother surface on which to walk, and this would be a great relief. He stepped from the track for the purpose of realizing his expectations; but, to his consternation, he seemed to alight on nothing that offered any resistance to speak of, to his weight, until plump and splash he went to the bottom of a body of water which was coated with ice.

Of course his nether garments were soaked, and as he trudged along, feeling indescribably miserable, his pants and shoes froze as hard as boards. His locomotion was thus still further impeded; and, to anyone who could have seen him, he would have presented a grotesque spectacle, struggling along as a man would whose lower limbs were devoid of joints.

After traveling three miles in this predicament, the wanderer reached a small station on the railroad. He presented himself to its keeper and