

was weary and sore, and could make but little headway. He stopped by the side of a water tank till a train came along. There was no open car, but he felt as if he could not let the train pass without him. He seized the iron step-ladder on the side of a car, and clung to it after the fashion of a fly on a wall.

After he had gone some distance in this way a brakeman came along on top of the car and shouted something to Charles that he did not understand. He then made signs for him to climb to the roof, which he did with difficulty. The brakeman led the way along the train, Charles following and nearly tottering off one of the cars, which were in motion. They descended to the platform of the caboose, where another train-man was standing.

The train was still traveling at a fair rate of speed. The brakeman put Charles on the edge of the platform, and said, "Jump, d—n you, or I'll kiek you off!"

The poor lad looked at the steep embankment of the railroad grade, and then at the grim, cruel faces of the two trainmen. The embankment seemed to wear the softer aspect, and he concluded to make the leap and thus take less chances of being maimed than if he were pushed off violently.

Away he went. He shot through the air sideways and struck a snow-drift, into which he plunged and nearly disappeared. The soft snow prevented the breaking of bones, but he lay for some time in a state of semi-stupefaction, but gradually recovered full consciousness, which was combined with an overwhelming sense of "man's inhumanity to man."

After "a long and severe struggle" Charles reached North Manchester, Indiana. At that place he scraped an acquaintance with a butcher, who fed him and recommended him to a farmer, who took him to his house and lodged him. A German minister also took an interest in him. The latter was a jolly Teuton of ponderous proportions, so far as width is concerned, carrying a tremendous amount of adipose. He gave Charles some of his cast off clothes, but the garments were beyond all proportion for the latter's attenuated form.

This minister directed him to go to an old Switzer's. He found the house and was proceeding from the outer gate to the front door of the domicile when he felt himself seized by the heel by some unseen force. Before he could turn to examine the

nature of it, the part of him that was thus treated was subjected to a pull, the operation landing him prostrate on the ground, flat on his face.

The next thing he knew was that an old lady was engaged wielding a broomstick in his defense, to prevent his being worried by a large and ferocious dog. The attempted rescue was successful, and he was soon in the interior of the Switzer's habitation. The old gentleman and his wife treated him with generous hospitality and kindness. Our pilgrim stayed with them a week, paying for his board by fixing up the old man's rusty gun, and doing chores about the house. The name of this hospitable couple is Houstein.

At this point Charles' career was brightened by a providential streak of good fortune. Mr. Houstein informed him that his son-in-law, a Mr. Hiser, and family were about to start for Fort Kearney, Nebraska, where they intended to locate, and he had made arrangements for Charles to go with them. His ticket would cost \$20, and the agreement entered into was that Charles was to refund that amount in work upon Mr. Hiser's prospective farm.

It is needless to say that Charles was delighted at this favorable turn affairs had taken in his favor, or to explain that, as was his custom, when favors came in his way, he acknowledged the hand of the Lord. In a short time he was landed at Kearney junction, and was therefore several hundred miles nearer his final destination.

Mr. Hiser treated Charles kindly, but that much could not be said in relation to his eldest son, who seemed to have, without reason, formed a dislike for him, and manifested toward him a domineering and tyrannical spirit that could hardly be endured.

Having worked about three months on the farm, and thus amply covered the expense of his railroad fare, Charles once more set out for Utah, starting again in the capacity of a tramp, on the 1st of June, 1885, with fifteen cents in his pocket.

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On the first day out and toward its close he sat down by the railroad track, when an old man came along with a "prairie schooner" drawn by oxen, some cows and a pony accompanying the outfit. The pony, for some reason best known to itself, undertook to run away. Its aged proprietor dashed after it, but the pony got the best of the race. Charles aided in the pursuit, and

succeeded in capturing the inconsiderate brute.

In this way an acquaintance was formed between the tramp and the venerable proprietor of the outfit already mentioned. The latter was on his way to Denver Junction, Nebraska, with the intention of squatting upon land in that section, and it was agreed that the two newly found acquaintances should travel to that point in company. When they reached it, the intending squatter's dream of making a home there and sitting under his own vine, etc., was rudely dispelled by the frowning reality of a naturally forbidding region. He was disgusted with the prospect and decided to return to the place from whence he came. After much persuasion he induced Charles to go back a short distance with him and help him over a rough part of the road.

After Charles returned to the Junction he rested a few hours, and then started westward from there about midnight.

It was moonlight, and objects along the way were discernible. About three o'clock in the morning the tramp observed near the track a little lumped-up animal that appeared to give some slight signs of life. He supposed it to be a dog that had been hurt by a passing train. Thinking he would do it a kindness if he ended its sufferings, he approached close to it and raised a stick he was carrying to give it a death-blow. For this kindly intention the animal gave his would-be benefactor something warm. It was in the form of a liquid, and dashed straight into his eyes, a spray of the same fluid covering part of his clothing. The effect upon his eyes was such—they smarted with pain—that he instinctively closed and could not re-open them for several seconds. He thought it probable that he had been by this mysterious brute deprived of his eye-sight. At the same time, from evidence of great strength, he felt much more positive that he had not been deprived of the sense of smell.

Charles was not familiar at the time with this species of animal, and has had no great desire since for a renewal of so close an acquaintance. He afterwards learned that it belonged to the genus skunk. For some time after this unfortunate interview he felt a powerful desire to run away from himself, but compromised by leaving his coat on the desert.

At Sidney, Nebraska, Charles made the acquaintance of a German