

with pitying eye. Finally he accosted our tramp, telling him he looked sick. He handed him some crackers and apples, which the hungry lad devoured after the manner of one who was famishing.

"Are you hungry?" said this soft-hearted man.

"Yes. Most intensely so."

"I thought so by the way them crackers and apples went out of sight."

As this remark was made there was a soft tremor in the speaker's voice, and an indication of moisture rose to his eyes.

He took Charles to the railroad restaurant and said to those in attendance—"Give this young man all he wants to eat, and charge it to me."

The capacity for eating of the recipient of this kindness was huge. The good things placed before him disappeared with astonishing rapidity, and after the inner man was amply replenished, one of the girls in waiting stuffed a cake into his pocket, that he might have something for future manipulation.

Our traveler returned to the waiting room, where he remained undisturbed until one o'clock in the morning, when the watchman approached him abruptly and demanded—"Where are you bound for?"

"Pittsburg."

"Come here."

The two approached the ticket window.

"Purchase your ticket."

"I haven't any money."

"You get out of here."

Suiting the action to the word, the watchman flung Charles through the door into the snow.

The poor fellow trudged around until he found the round house, about a mile distant. Here a kindhearted engineer shared with him the contents of his lunch bucket, and he remained there the balance of the night.

Next morning sleety rain poured down in a copious shower, and it did not appear possible for the journey to be resumed on foot without the substitution of the bursted brogans for a better pair of shoes. Application was made at the residence of a German clergyman. To the woman who answered the door Charles related his predicament. She retired to the interior of the domicile and shortly reappeared, carrying a piece of bologna sausage, three cents, and a message from the master. The latter was to the effect that the minister had no shoes to give away.

As it did not appear practicable for

Charles to use the bologna sausage as a substitute for shoes, and as three cents was a sum entirely inadequate to purchase a pair, he concluded to apply elsewhere, and for that purpose entered a saloon. The proprietor was requested to solve the shoe problem. He said he could not accede to the solicitation, but would refer the subject to his guests. This was done, when one of the latter, a man with a big, kindly face, and a sort of abrupt business air about him, turned to Charles and beckoned him to follow. He led the way to his house, took the traveler to a room in it, and, without any flourish, handed him a pair of new shoes and a pair of socks to match. He then turned without giving the recipient a chance to thank him, and left Charles alone.

The articles fitted the latter exactly, and he was now equipped with a proper "understanding" to renew his trip across the continent, or nearly so.

The generous donor of the shoes and stockings was a brewer; thus while an application for aid to a dealer in things spiritual proved a failure, when made to one who dealt in spiritual articles it turned out a success; and thus the world wags.

Returning to the depot, Charles entered a box car, hoping that when it moved it would travel westward. Here he was joined by an English tramp, whose loquacity was phenomenal. His talk flowed in an unbroken stream, with scarcely a boulder to break the smoothness of the current. Many of his words were of jaw-breaking dimensions, and were very bewildering to the listener. Being unable to make Charles understand the route he had taken, and the one he intended to take, by oral descriptions, this semi-scientific tramp drew a map from his pocket and pointed out, with great fidelity to details, the various curves, corners, and straight lines covering a vast domain.

This pastime was interrupted by a brakeman poking his head into the car and saying: "Where do you want to go, boys?"

"To Altona," said the itinerant English scientist.

"You're on the wrong train. Come and I'll put you right."

He placed them in a west-going cattle car, and this phenomenal and unexpected courtesy for a brakeman to a couple of tramps was highly appreciated. They were admonished not to show themselves to the conductor, the train was soon speeding on its way, and the same night arrived at Altona.

The two travelers found the streets of that town covered with over two feet of snow. They hunted for the police-station, but failed to find it, so passed the night in an old workshop.

Next morning, when the mercury was below zero, our pilgrim entered a car half-filled with small coal. He burrowed into the dross, covering his lower limbs with it to keep his feet from freezing.

The reader can take a photograph of the picture in his mind's eye, and of he chooses, in imagination, put himself in the place of the poor tramp. He remained in that predicament for thirteen hours—from 8 in the morning till 9 at night, at which latter hour he arrived at Pittsburg. On reaching that city he attempted to get out of his hole, but felt like Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' snooze. His limbs refused for a time to move, and it took a great deal of rubbing and twisting before he was able to walk, even stiltedly.

#### IV.

To follow young Haacke in all his wanderings, and give nice details of his hardships and sufferings, would make this story longer than intended. In a few days, after meeting with many perplexing vicissitudes, he reached Fort Wayne, and from there proceeded westward on foot. The first day out from that point he became desperately hungry. He saw a house in the distance, the path to which lay through a wood. He headed toward it, hoping to procure food. The snow was deep and the way was strewn with fallen trees and dead branches. He scrambled through and over these obstacles until his strength failed, his heart sank within him, and he felt as if he was about to perish. He with great difficulty retraced his steps, and toward the close of the day reached a place where he obtained some bread, which prevented him from succumbing to sheer starvation.

Being unable to secure a place under cover in which to sleep, he returned to the railroad track. Just as he got there a train was moving out, and in a fit of desperation he scrambled into a box car, taking chances as to its going in the direction he wished to travel. He suffered so from cold that he left the car at the next station, where he stopped all night in the waiting room. He discovered then that he had been going in the wrong direction, having been heading toward St. Louis.

The following day everything looked blue to the wanderer. He