

asked by means of signs, and a few words of broken English, for the privilege of stopping over night. His appearance aided as much as anything to make his meaning clear. The person he addressed pointed his index finger in the direction of a room where a fire was burning in a stove. He entered it, and, being completely exhausted, threw himself on the floor near the fire. The heat soon began to act upon his pants and shoes, which were thawed out and clung closely to his limbs, while the water trickled from them to the floor.

The night was not passed, as may be imagined, in comfort, and the morning brought no relief. His shoes, already worn and dilapidated, had become hard as sheet-iron, and were curled and gnarled fantastically by being soaked, frozen, thawed, and dried. He resumed his tramp in a pitiable state, his gait reminding one of the movement of the fore legs of a hobbled horse.

When he reached Philadelphia, which he did the same day, he not only looked the worse for wear, but completely worn out, and his feelings were in exact unison with his appearance. He became at once the centre of attraction for a motley crowd of unruly boys, who surrounded him, some of them running close up to him and shouting "Hallo, tramp! How are you? Whose your shoemaker? Where 'ye bound fur?"

Poor Charles! He had scarcely energy enough left to notice these rude sallies. He was famishing. It was so long since he tasted food that he felt as if his stomach and vertebra were holding a meeting and refused to be dismissed from each other's embrace, so closely did they cling together.

In passing along one of the streets, wondering how he could get something with which to satisfy the pangs of hunger that were gnawing at his vitals, and a place to rest his weary limbs, he espied a German name over a shoemaker's shop. He entered and explained his situation. The knight of St. Crispin kindly gave him seven cents and directed him to a police station, to which he could be admitted for the night. He bought a loaf of bread with the small sum he thus received, put it under his coat, and on the way to the station he kept tearing pieces from it and devouring them voraciously as he went along, finally succeeding in subduing the terrible cravings of hunger.

On reaching the station Charles found a stalwart German policeman,

of whom he begged to be allowed to stay over night. The officer placed him in a cell, which had one virtue that caused the lodger delight—it was warm.

It is a fact that no one who has not known what it is to be voraciously hungry can fully appreciate the blessing of having something good to eat. So with warmth. To fully enjoy its comforting effects a person has to be exposed under the most adverse conditions to the weather's fierce inclemency. That cell was to Charles A. Haacke a palace compared to the accommodations he had for some time been compelled to put up with. He not only felt thankful for it as an element that contributed to his comfort, but offered a grateful acknowledgment to his Heavenly Father for permitting him, in His kind Providence, to possess it even for the brief space of a night.

In the morning the door was unlocked and the temporary prisoner was out again on the streets of a strange city, in a foreign land, feeling a terrible sense of loneliness in the crowded thoroughfares along which he trudged in another hunt for employment, which was, as usual, unsuccessful. Doubtless there was something about the make-up of his clothing that did not strike those to whom he applied with favor. If they had been judges of character, and perceived the stamp of honesty and intelligence impressed on his frank face, these outward indications would have counted for nothing against him.

III.

Being still bent on reaching Utah, although his spirits had gone nearly down to the heels of his well-worn shoes, he sought and found a railroad track leading westward, and resumed his occupation of counting ties. He had not proceeded far before he found one of his countrymen, a genuine specimen of the genus tramp, engaged in the same kind of progressive mathematical employment.

The two formed a traveling co-partnership, which was a windfall for our hero, because his new found companion had some cash, and although a regular tramp, he had a soft place in his heart. This humane trait he exhibited by purchasing food and sharing it with the wandering "Mormon" boy.

He also initiated Charles into the mysteries of train jumping. When the proposition to invade a cattle car was made to the latter, there was a brief struggle between conscience

and convenience; but Charles' sore feet got away with his mental scruples, the car was boarded, and the couple were conveyed a distance of fifty miles toward the setting sun, enabling them to reach a city the name of which Charles is unable to recall.

Here the two proceeded to a police station, and on applying for lodging were shown into a room containing a blazing fire and six other tramps, the latter being engaged in making and drinking coffee, and indulging in all sorts of profane and disgusting language. They were toughs of the toughest texture, any of them being, judging by appearance, ready to take a hand in cutting a throat, cracking a safe, or wrecking a train, providing there should be enough booty at the end of the transaction to induce them to engage in it. This kind of society made Charles feel nervous, but the warmth from the fire proved a soothing antidote to this drawback to his comfort, and he made the best of his surroundings.

Next day, after partaking of some coffee provided by the tramp fraternity, the journey was resumed, Charles' companion teaching him English on the way.

The next night was spent in a barn, and furnished another illustration of the fact that hay as a bedding for mortals in bitterly cold weather is a miserable failure as a substitute for blankets. Scanty covering under such circumstances acts, however, like a charm as an eye-opener. In this respect it operated an entire night, which was sleeplessly spent, and resulted in an early rise and a resumption of the tramp.

When the neighborhood of Harrisburg was reached, Charles' companion showed signs of a disposition to break up the co-partnership. Probably his generous impulses had succumbed to a powerful impression that his exchequer was being more rapidly depleted by the additional drain that had lately been made upon it, and that a continuation of the recent financial policy would lead to complete bankruptcy. He suggested that each take a different road in the search for cold victuals and meet at the Harrisburg depot, at which our hero arrived in due course, but the purser failed to put in an appearance.

While Charles was sitting in the waiting room "like patience on a monument, in a green and yellow melancholy," the keeper of a fruit stand glanced at him occasionally