

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

I am about to repeat to you a story told to me a few days ago, by a man upon whose word I can rely, and who has really experienced what he relates. He isn't unduly proud of his achievement, and wouldn't advise anybody to court a similar experience. Read, mark, learn and digest the narrative, and educe just such a moral as your conscience suggests.

GRANDFATHER.

FROM WINDY CITY TO ANYWHERE.

I am a rolling stone, not very well covered with moss, as you can see, know a little of society, and can labor with head or hands when necessary. I have travelled, seen something of many if not all, conditions of men, and am acquainted with the velvety as well as seamy side of life. I have felt equally at home in barrack-room and drawing-room, have fooled away money sufficient to make me comfortable if I had it, and hope some day or other before long, to climb up a rung or two of the ladder once more. I am not complaining—never did grumble much—and don't expect to start on that line yet awhile. Life, in its many varieties, is worth living, and as I am all alone in the world, I can afford to take things as they come. But you want to know something of that ride from Chicago to Down East, by free ticket, about which you once asked me, and it is more pleasing to me to relate that experience than to moralize. It is more than a year since I found myself in the Windy City, strapped and down to the bottom dollar. The winter after the Fair was a tough one, and how I lived through it is a wonder to me now. Cheek to-day, muscle to-morrow, and catch-as-catch-can all the time, worked me through. I

was honest, but didn't starve. Exactly what I did isn't worth repeating, but I did it. When the direct pinch came, a letter from eastern friends accompanied it, and a pressing invitation to accept a fairly paid employment offered relief, if I were once more in my old home. Ashamed to acknowledge my extreme poverty, and to ask for money help, and with less than a dollar at my command, I spent a sleepless night in friendless cogitation. Telling my perplexities to a young fellow who had once been in as tight a place, he attempted to solve the difficulty. "Steal a ride: You haven't money or time enough to hoof it," said he. The word "steal" was a harsh one, even to me, case-hardened as I have become, and I winced. But needs must you know, and as he offered to get me a start on the road, it required but little persuasion to induce me to try my luck. I ate a hearty meal, went with my hospitable guide to a freight station, was introduced by him to a conductor of a freight, with a statement of my position, and received a repulse as unexpected as unpleasant. "No man deadheads on my train," fiercely asserted the official, "and I wouldn't carry my mother, if she didn't start on the square." That was a knock-down blow, but in early life every boy is told to try, try again, if at first he does not succeed. A yardman was next approached, who was more obliging and less scrupulous. He pointed to an open door of an empty coke car, which was going to an oil city not far away, and would give me at least a start. I slipped into the friendly shelter, unobserved by officials, took two newspapers from my pocket, laid them on the floor to prevent contact with the grime, and awaited events. In due course the train was clattering, lumbering, shaking along, and I sought for the soft side of a plank but couldn't