

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

find it. Cold, miserable, downcast, and repentant, I would have gone back, even to Chicago, had that been possible. Rising to my feet, and peeping through a small opening at such of the passing landscape as could be dimly seen, I fancied that I smelt oil, and when we approached a station and were shunted, jumped off thinking that my destruction was reached. Day was breaking, and going to a creek close at hand, and using a cake of soap which I had previously placed in my pocket, the coal dust was partially removed from my face and hands, and wandering up town, the discovery forced itself upon me that the first stage of my trip had been prematurely ended by a mistake as to locality. Returning to the station, my train was missing, but another train was making up. I walked on to a stiff upgrade, a short distance ahead, and when the cars slowed up as they reached it, clambered between two of them, at considerable risk, and stood on the "bumpers" until another station was reached. There I dodged the train hands by going behind a building, and got on the moving cars as they were starting out again. Bumpers, the projecting timbers at the end of cars, placed there to prevent collision between the bodies of the vehicles in ordinary shunting, are not equal to a first-class seat for comfort. You can't sit, but must stand from start to finish of your trip. To hold on, clasp the brake rod and the metal ladder, preserve a stiff upper lip and a firm footing, think of the end of your journey and the loved ones at home, shut your eyes when the dust flies, and keep as wide awake as circumstances will permit. To get there is your first object, and a little temporary inconvenience must be overlooked as one of the incidents of the situation. I held on for a good many miles, until the train was side-

tracked. During the run a whole hearted fellow in a field took off his hat, and waved it at me, as if I had been a hero of a dime novel, but I shook my head warningly and entreatingly at him, and so stopped him from calling unnecessary attention to my elevated position. When I got off the train, I sought a drink of water—my breakfast in fact—and looked out for the starting of another train. To jump on one was now an easy feat; to avoid being caught in the act was another story. One came along, stopped, and I made for it. The conductor saw me, ran along the tops of the cars towards me, and ordered me to pay my fare to the next station. I urged impecuniosity, and he met the pitiful statement with the threatened application of a thick stick. I dodged, and jumped. Fortunately, neither legs nor neck suffered injury, and I ran alongside the train, then creeping slowly on a stiff upgrade, but the irascible conductor frustrated my attempts to get aboard, while the engine-driver, looking from his cab, waved his hat to me and urged me by his motions to get on. I felt that my "firing" had been justifiable, and throwing kisses to my departing friends trudged seven miles after them along the track to the next station. Here a section man informed me that there was no further freight until night, and "forward" was the inexorable order of the day. Meeting a small boy, I asked him if he knew a good natured farmer in the locality, and he pointed out to me a house where lived a man "awful good to tramps." Going to the barnyard, I saw a benevolent looking old fellow, to whom I told my tale of woe, and he, refusing my offer of proffered payment, took me into his house, and gave me a meal which seemed to be the squarest I had ever eaten. The memory of that liberal soul will remain green