One Afternoon.

"HUNDER, do you chew, too?" "Yep, I've ben chewin' for a couple o' months, an' I've smoked ever since I was a little kid."

It was at Shohola, one afternoon in July,—Shohola on the Delaware, with its Glen, made famous as a day resort by the Erie R. R. Although it was Saturday, yet, for a wonder, it was not overrun with a "grand excursion," made up of toughs, lovers, and comfortable beery families from New York. A "Tech." man it was who addressed the above remark to a specimen of Pike County wildness, in the shape of a small boy of the mature age of eleven. The kid was dressed in a limited quantity of shirt, the left sleeve of which was slit from top to bottom, exposing a brown, skinny arm, a pair of much-used and cut-over canvas breeches, bare feet, felt hat, and a paper of some vile chewing-tobacco. His name was Jim. He was a good-natured boy, and helped pass a tedious wait by his remarks and the kind offer of an unknown brand of cigarettes, which were made, perhaps, of nothing worse than cabbage flavored with refuse stubs. One of the cigarettes was accepted and lighted; but when the kid's back was turned for a moment I shoved the weed under the platform on which I lay. Whereupon Jim had more respect for me, as a man who could so quickly smoke a cigarette. After awhile I reciprocated by giving him an "all Havana" cigar (two for a nickel), which I carried for that purpose. I also gave him a moral lecture, which he did not understand. But it established good feelings, and he began to give me pointers about the trainmen, and at last put me up to going down the road to Port Jervis on a freight, rather than wait for the mail train. Jim lived some five miles down the road at Parker's Glen,—a blue stone quarry, and that day he had run away, "because dad was so darned bumptious." He had always lived at the quarry, hunting rattlesnakes for amusement, and doing as little work as he could. He often stole rides on the freights, and knew all the good-natured trainmen. He told me with some pride that he had been as far as Susquehanna on a freight, and his opinion of me fell again when he found I had never been there.

When the freight came it stopped some distance up the track. Jim ran up to the caboose, while I, being lazy, waited until it came to me, and then made a flying mount. A big basket on the steps somewhat interfered with the grace and elegance of my performance, but I finally pulled myself on board. It was delightful sitting on the back platform; the engine was so far ahead that we could not hear it, and we wound around the sharp curves in almost complete solitude. On one side the rocks rose to a hundred feet or more, and seemed to be pushing us off into the river far below. We could touch the rocks with our hands. For miles the road was cut out of the face of these cliffs.

Jim didn't appreciate nature. He became uneasy as we approached Parker's Glen—and he had reason to; for when we got to the station, there was an irate descendant of a Pike County Copperhead, whip in hand, looking for "that Jim." The train rolled on, and Jim was left to his fate and his dad's switch. Poor Jim! Was his juvenile badness the cause or the result of his hard treatment? I was too much overcome by the quieting influence of the ride to think long of such a tough question. The train wound slowly along, with now and then a stop or a slow-up, and I still had the whole caboose to myself. Pretty soon, getting tired of the back steps, I went into the trainmen's half of the car. That was empty, too, for the crew were all forward somewhere on the cars. Such a pleasant place as that was! The doors in front and on either side were open, and a delicious breeze swept through. On one side were the cool, damp rocks gliding along within arms-length. On the other, you look down on to the Delaware, and away to the other side, where you could see the quiet canal following all the curves of the more beautiful, but less useful river, and with now and then two mules, dejected and morose, dragging a coal-barge or a "chunker." Beyond were the foot-hills of the Katerskills. I lay on one of the broad, leather-cushioned lockers, with