

"Missy, you ain't done took to havin' tramps sleep in de house, is you?"

I tried to explain.

But Carrie would accept no apologies. She gave notice that she would have to leave me if I took to such "carryin's on" as lodging tramps in the house. I promised to mend my ways — if I could. But she shook her head. She evidently feared that she had an incurable case of trampo-mania on hand.

On my writing-desk I found a note. It was written in a beautiful hand.

"Dear Madam,—I owe you my life. If ever the time comes that I can pay my debt, I will do it.

"I am promised some work to-day. If you had not taken me in last night I would not to-day be able to do it.

"Gratefully yours,

"R——"

Next day Larry came home. I told him about my tramp. He said that I was foolish, and that I musn't do so any more. He also said he wished he could find the poor fellow and help him to get some work. Just like my Larry!

Several weeks later I sat at my old place by the window. Larry had gone out in his buggy after supper to pay some professional calls.

Larry had a fault that by this time I had grown so used to that it did not concern me greatly. He would drive fast and spirited horses. Somehow he and horses seemed to understand each other, and he always succeeded in managing them.

"Well, on this night I presently heard people yelling, the tearing of hoofs and wheels down the street, and then a great crashing and trampling almost in front of my door.

"Larry!" I thought.

My heart jumped into my throat and I ran out on the porch.

A little way up the street a crowd of people had collected