

he seemed hardly able to stand. I never thought a day could work so great a change.

"Will you walk in?" I asked as politely as if the hour were one for evening calls and my guest a man of prominence.

Into my warm, bright room I took him and offered him my best chair in front of the blazing fire. His teeth chattered; he could not speak. My little alcohol lamp was trimmed and ready. In no time I had him a cup of steaming coffee.

I set the little tea-table before him. Then I drew down the shade over the window near my desk and took the scarf from the motto. The picture had served its purpose. He understood. His eyes told me.

Then I went out and left him in there alone with all my best possessions, to eat that square meal by himself. The coffee-pot stood at his elbow.

When I got to my room I cried, and thanked God that he wasn't dead and his death at my door.

After an hour I went back; the supper was eaten, every morsel. He sat in the chair asleep.

Wake him and send him out into the cold night? Not if I knew myself! I wanted to get some sleep and not have the thought of him breaking my rest forever. I had no spare room; my sitting-room, which was dining-room, too; my bedroom, kitchen, and Carrie's little pigeon-hole constituted my floor. It was here or nowhere.

I got a big, soft blanket and spread it over him. He did not stir.

"My brother!" I said softly.

And I went to bed and to sleep.

I waked late next morning. Carrie had waked late also. She always wakes late when I do. I usually ring her up.

"What's dat blanket doin' on de cheer in de sitting-room?" she asked, as soon as I got my eyes open.

I was guiltily silent. In broad daylight I was astounded at what I had done.