



STORY OF A TRAMP.

I was writing at my little desk near the window. It was a cozy hour. My room was warm and bright. Perhaps, as seen from the cold street without, I made a comfortable picture for the chance way-farer. It was a bitter night. The hour was late. Except for my colored girl, Carrie, I was alone in the house. The people who rented my upper floor were away in Florida. My husband had been called out of town to see a patient.

There was a ring at my bell. It was my rule to leave Carrie free in the evenings and answer the bell myself. I laid down my pen with a sigh and went to the door. I opened in just a little way. In the shadow outside stood a man. He took off his hat to me.

"Madam, will you give me something to eat—anything?"

The tone was different from any in which this plea had ever been proffered at my door—although it had been proffered in tones which ran the whole gamut of want and degradation. The request came almost in a whisper, sad, despairing; yet with something in it which commanded respect. The voice and the manner of a gentleman.

My caller did not present the appearance of a pauper nor of one in extreme need. The general impression I received, straining my eyes to take close observation, was of a well-built young fellow of perhaps twenty-five, trimly clad, hair well brushed (the manner in which this man