


## Young People's Department.

### MARGIE'S "TRAMP."

FOUNDED ON FACT.

NLY one little child on a large ranch! Sometimes Margie felt very small and lonely when she was sent out to play all by herself. But usually she found a great deal to amuse and interest her. Wild flowers and birds, butterflies, and even bugs and horned toads, all played a part in her world, not to mention a pet calf and a lamb to which she was devoted, and then there was "Spring," the dog.

The ranch was grandfather's and lay just below the foothills, in the county of San Bernardino, California. Margie's mother was dead, her father was the captain of a vessel, and could not look after his little daughter as he would have wished, so he gladly sent her to her grand parents, to be brought up by them. They were not old people by any means, though to Margie's seven years they might have seemed so; they were thrifty, industrious, middle-aged people, always busy in one way or another, about the farm, and "laying by," year by year, quite a nice sum of money. Yet they had no one but just themselves and now little Margie, to work for. I am sorry to say that they had come to think that making money was the most important thing in this life. They were respectable, quiet people, but were living more and more to themselves, and if Margie, with her sweet little ways, and tender, innocent face, had not been sent to them, they might have become very, very hard and miserly.

The ranch being quite a large one, they had no near neighbors, and sometimes many days would pass without their seeing any face but each other's, for they were not very popular among the people scattered along the valley, and were left pretty much to themselves. It was not always easy for Mr. Goodwin to get help in the haying and fruit gathering season, and this was what he was speaking about at breakfast one morning to his wife, while little Margie listened, because there was nothing else to do.

"I guess I'll have to hitch up and go to San Bernardino," said the farmer, "a week from now and the apricots 'll be fit to pick. I'll have to take my chance with one of them loafing fellows down there."

"Why dont you take one of these poor

tramps that come along, grandfather?" said Margie in her clear, deliberate little voice, "they mostly say they want work."

"Hark to that child!" said Mrs. Goodwin, with a short laugh, "who'd a thought she was listening to our talk?"

"You're great on tramps ain't you Margie?" said the farmer pinching the child's cheek, "I guess if you had your way we'd be feeding all the tramps in the county."

Margie looked for a moment into her grandfather's face but he did not notice the little sigh that parted her rosy lips.

"Well, Prue," he said to his wife, as he rose, "I'll be back by noon. You look after the calves."

Farmer Goodwin and his wife little knew that this subject of "tramps" was a very sore one to Margie. The little girl was very tender-hearted; it grieved her to see the smallest creature in distress, and it was her delight to minister to their real or fancied needs. When one day, not long after her arrival at the ranch, a weary-looking, rough-clothed man had knocked at the door, and asked for something to eat, she ran eagerly to call her grandmother, never doubting that his wants would be supplied. How great was her surprise and pain, when she heard Mrs. Goodwin, in a harsh voice, tell the stranger that this was no place for tramps, she had nothing for him.

The man turned away, but Margie, catching hold of her grandmother's dress, timidly tried to intercede for him.

"Oh, granny, give him my supper," she pleaded, "he looks hungry."

"Tut, tut," said Mrs. Goodwin, closing the door, "you don't understand, chick. Them tramps are good for nothing. Lazy fellows as won't work. We mustn't have them about the place. There run away and play."

But Margie did not forget, and when, after an interval of a few weeks or months, another tramp presented himself, to be turned away in like manner, the child grieved and wondered, and could not understand why the cows and pigs should have all they could eat, and yet these footsore men be given nothing. Even Spring, the watch-dog, who was Margie's great friend, seemed to have a special antipathy to these poor men, and growled and sniffed about their heels until they reached the road. Margie had expostulated with him in private, and told him that she could not continue to love