

Was this my tramp?

Carrie caught me crying over the newspaper. She can read the king's English, if she does not choose to talk it every time, and she soon found out what item had upset me.

"Missy," she said, "dat ain't de man dat was here las' night. The way that man was walkin', he never stopped at any church three blocks from here."

Night came, and with it I at my desk and Carrie at the sewing machine. I had a plan laid—the working out of a forlorn hope.

A little niece has painted me a motto, great gold letters on a silver field, and this was how it read:

Come to Me
All You that Labor and are Burdened
And I will Refresh You.

I fixed the motto just above my desk, and drew a scarf across everything on it but the first word. It was the only way I had to extend an invitation under the circumstances. And, after all, if he saw it, it was but the expression of a whimsical idea, and he would probably not understand it at all.

At my elbow I arranged a tempting lunch on my little tea-table. I meant to sit there all night.

I wrote and tore up, wrote and tore up. My address for the convention of the Humanitarian Association did not suit me at all. Midnight came and went. The pictured Christ over my mantel looked at me with reproachful eyes. Carrie was long since asleep. The house was very lonely and still.

There came a ring at the bell.

I went to the door and threw it wide open.

There stood my tramp!

His cheeks were more hollow, his eyes more sunken, and