

Tootin' Dick.

HE never gave up. He was always hoping. He was generally singing or whistling, so the street-boys called him Tootin' Dick.

When his widowed mother died, he kept her peanut-stand on a board on top of an old clothes-basket till he was sold out, and the little money he had saved for new stock was stolen. His one suit of clothes was fast falling to pieces. He kept it on with twine suspenders and strings tied round his neck and armpits. He wore his mother's shoes with their heels under the middle of his soles, and his heels in the middle of their high backs.

He kept himself warm at night with shavings in the rooms of an unfinished house, till the house was built, and the door and windows shut him out. Then he found a big barrel under one of the river bridges. A couple of staves were missing from one of its sides. Dick rolled it till the opening was toward the stones of the bridge-pier, and he slipped into it, wrapped in a dirty sail.

It kept the wind off. He slept well there, lying on his face now and then for a few minutes when the cold woke him up. But one night he was roused by policemen in a boat firing stones among the empty tin-cans and rubbish and at his barrel.

"Too early for water-rats," one of them said.

They were only on the lookout for river thieves; but when they had passed on, Dick scampered away from his barrel-house. It was early, as the police had said—about ten o'clock. The cold wind nipped Dick's ears. He picked up an old hat and pulled it down over his cap, tucking the brim under his coat collar. The sail was still tied around him. He tried to whistle, but he was hoarse and hungry.

"We be awtul hungry, tunin' forks," he said to himself, pinching his throat—"beun't we?"

He sat down on the grating over a restaurant kitchen, opened his coat wide an instant, then folded it suddenly over his nose and mouth, as if he were taking a bite of the delicious smell he had collected. He kept the repast up awhile, telling it over to himself—"Onions, turkey, puddins, chickings, beef, beets, kerrots, pies, jallies."

He tried to read the big sign near-by, but he could not get any farther than "P-a-r, Central Park. No. P-a-r,

parsnips. No. P-a-r, paradise. Ha! ha!"

He walked away, singing hoarsely:

"Cold fowl or turkey,
All's one to me,
Salad with onion,
Or ma-ca-ro-nee!"

He came against an old gentleman whose hat had blown away, and whose eyes were blinded with the ends of the scarf that still protected his head. Dick bent himself to the ground, and scurried along with the wind, rescuing the hat with a wild whoop.

He crossed his hands behind his back, and whistled with all his might while he watched the owner put it on firmly and arrange the scarf.

"Nice face. Very," said the latter to himself, looking at Dick. "Poor, but cheerful. No drivelling there."

"If it hadn't been for you, boy," he added out loud, "my hat might have been in the river. 'Where there's a will there a way.' Don't you ever turn that to 'where there's a wish.' Will, will, will! Carry my bag up the steps, bub. Oh, wait a moment, Tommy!"

He opened the bag, and presented Dick with a lemon.

"Bring that to my office (Sawyer & Sawyer) to-morrow, sonny," he said, "and you won't be sorry you came."

They reached the station of the elevated road. "Sawyer & Sawyer" turned to pay Dick, found he had left his change at his office, thanked his stars he had memory enough to always carry his train tickets, told Dick he would make it all right when the lemon was presented, and rushed away.

Dick was hungrier than ever. Something very like tears were in his eyes and a lump in his throat. He turned the lemon over in his hands. It had "Sawyer" cut on it in large letters, but the absent-minded old gentleman had given no address.

Dick hung round that station all night in the cold, for fear his new friend would come back on a train he might miss. He stayed till near noon the next day; then, faint and weary, wandered in and out the neighboring streets. But "Sawyer & Sawyer" did not appear.

Dick's head felt as if it were growing bigger and heavier every minute. In spite of the cold, his throat burned. He longed to taste the lemon; but he repeated over and over to himself. "It ain't where there's a wish, but where there's a will,"

Putting a pebble in his mouth, he tried feebly to imitate a thirsty soldier on the march with a stone in the mouth to make saliva and prevent thirst. At last he stepped aside from the bustling crowd, and sat on the steps of a huge warehouse. Some one straggled in and out of the great doors now and then, but the shutters were up, as if business was at a stand still.

Every time the door opened, Dick smelt the same smell as at the restaurant, and drew each time a little nearer, till he had slipped in the door. A clerk pounced on him with a roar of laughter.

"Ticket!" he cried, as he seized the lemon in Dick's hand. "Rather late for father Sawyer's birthday spread!"

Dick was ushered into a great, lighted wareroom, which had been turned into a banquet hall. Who the crowd of guests were, which were rich and which were poor, he could not have told, nor what loaded the tables.

"Not a seat left!" some one said. The words were hardly spoken, when the host had jumped from his chair, and the little figure in the ragged sail and two hats was placed in the seat of honour. It was before an untouched,

mighty, eighty-pound round of corned beef in a sea of red and yellow jelly stars, a carrot turkey with outspread wings surmounted it, a ring of lemon lanterns guarding it, and beet roses blooming from many points side by side with onion lilies. By it lay a card: "With compliments of the Parker House."

"I allus knew," said Dick, lifting up a trembling voice, "there must be lights and vittles and flowers for me somewhere, if I could hang on long enough."

He burst into a flood of tears, but checked himself immediately. He caught the table with his cold, dirty little hands, and, bracing himself up, sang out hoarsely:

"Glory, glory hallelujah!
We'll go marching on!"

gave one quivering whistle, and fainted away.

But Tootin' Dick was able, in the years that followed, to do justice to more than one of old Mr. Sawyer's queer birthday feasts. He did not need lemon tickets for them, either. Slowly but cheerfully he worked his way in the house of "Sawyer & Sawyer," till he was one of that firm.

It was young Richard Harris who kept the men together when times were