

And then I put on my coat and bonnet and went to the hospital.

There I heard that the cabman's hours were numbered.

Oh, certainly. I could see him if I wished. Larry was one of the staff physicians and I was privileged.

"Are any of his friends or kindred with him?" I asked the nurse who conducted me to the ward.

"He seems to have none. He says that he is a stranger here. He says he has been here for some months knocking around stores and lumber yards and getting odd jobs. He got a place as cabman, about a month ago. He seems to be absolutely without connections of any kind to take interest in him."

I followed her between the rows of cots down the ward until she stopped and said :

"This is the patient you wish to see, madam."

And there on the cot lay my tramp!

His eyes were closed. The seal of death was on him.

I wanted to drop on my knees beside that cot and kiss his poor hands and cry aloud.

But I had been in an hospital before. I knew my business better.

"I will sit here awhile," I said to the nurse. She gave me a chair and I waited.

Presently his eyes opened—the same dark eyes that had looked into mine from my porch that night, but with all the brilliant light gone out of them.

He saw me and smiled.

It was I who didn't know what to say. I could not shorten that feeble life with any outburst of gratitude and sorrow. I bent my head and kissed the hand that lay on the coverlet.

Again he smiled.

"You see I was ready to pay it," he whispered.

"You didn't owe me anything, my brother."

"As much as a life could pay for."

"Too much! Too much!" I sobbed.