

I never got such a grateful "Thank you" from a tramp—from any body—for any thing in all my life. Judged by its value to the one receiving, the giving of these bits of cold food was the greatest kindness of my whole existence.

And oh! the sadness of that voice—that gentleman's voice thanking me for alms!

I saw him better now that I had thrown the door wide open and the light streamed full upon him. Yes he was trimly clad; his coat, a cut away, was buttoned close about him, and he wore no overcoat. His eyes and cheeks were bright—too bright for a man whose hand was so cold.

He vanished into the night. With his word of thanks he was gone, leaving my porch with a quick, light tread. No tramp ever walked off my porch that way before. The tramp drags himself, he looks behind, he takes observations—he may come again.

I closed the door lingeringly. Then I opened it quickly and stepped on the porch and looked after him.

"Carrie," I said, "run after that man and bring him back here. He's coming into this house to warm himself if everything I have gets stolen! And I'm going to make him a cup of hot coffee if I get killed for it! Oh, Carrie, if you will make haste, you will catch him before he gets to the corner. I would go myself, but you know I'm lame. I could never catch him!"

She was sullen.

I snatched my wrap off the rack and put it around her.

"Carrie! Carrie, dear! please go! I won't sleep a wink to-night if we don't get that man here and get him warm!"

That put a move on her.

She was off and back again in about ten minutes.

"I'd never catch that man in the world!" she said. "I seen him goin' by the Aragon, eatin' that victuals for dear life. And that's the only time I did see him. When I got to the Aragon, thar warn't nobody on the sidewalk for two blocks ahead of me 'cep' two women an' a p'liceman. That man was walkin' fas' as the win' blows!"