

turned it upside down, with the result of four small crackers as an addition to the piece of bread. I had company that afternoon.

All told, the lunch that I got together was a small piece of corn-bread, four little crackers and two wizened apples.

"Come Carrie," I said. "I'm afraid to go by myself."

She left her sewing with the air of a martyr.

"I reckon he's not there now," I continued sorrowfully and reprovingly as she got herself up slowly. "It's taken some time to gather these provisions together."

"He's gwine to throw 'em back at you," she declared.

I expected something of the kind myself. Only a starving man could be thankful for such small favors. Positively, I was ashamed of what I was going to offer.

"Carrie," I said, "don't ever let my cupboard get empty again."

"Like to know how I'm a-gwine to keep in filled, ma'am. Dere ain't but three folks here, countin' me, an, I can't cook 'nuff, to save my life."

"Carrie, drop that sewing, and come on! I am afraid you haven't any feeling."

"Yes'm, I is. But I is got cookin', too."

Really I did think he would be gone. I had looked through every crock and jar that ever had a bit of food stowed away in it, but it seems that Carrie as well as myself had had company that evening.

I regretted that I had not sent him on. To keep him waiting in the cold all this time for such a bite! Any tramp who knew his business could have made more by travelling farther and multiplying calls.

I threw open the door. There he was, standing just as I had left him, except that he had replaced his hat. He took it off as I appeared.

"I am ashamed to give you this," I said, "but really it is everything in the house that's cooked."

The hand that touched mine as I lay the pittance of food in it was so cold that it sent a chill through me.

"Thank you, madam."