

"A widdy, miss; no chilären; don't like me, 'cos she says I'm wild!" Then after a moment's thought: "I'm a wild boy; I cuss, and swar, and drink. Don't yer be scared, Miss, of me. The ole bar's laid up safe; don't be scart!" He noticed that I looked rather alarmed at the recital of his accomplishments.

The weeks rolled by. Although death had relieved the sufferings of my poor old friend I still visited the hospital. "Blue Dan"—for so the strange, disfigured man with whom I had struck up quite a friendship was called—interested me greatly. "You are the first lady, Miss, that's ever spoke to me," he used to say. "I'll not forget, Miss. No more cussin', nor guzzlin', nor sprees for ole Dan. Do you really care, Miss, about a poor ole rep like me?"

And I read to him of some One who cared for him more than tongue could tell. "Well! Who'd'e a thought it? Someways I mind long ago hearin' about it. But I've been a bad boy, Miss; I never minded it, 'ill now yer tell me, bless yer!"

A bad boy! Poor soul, he must have passed fifty.

Time went by. "Blue Dan" had left the hospital, bound for Philadelphia. I often thought of the poor old fellow who seemed so affected when I said "good bye." I certainly never expected to see him again, or ever to hear of him.

Two years and more have rolled by. One afternoon I was going out; I met at the garden gate a regular specimen of the genius tramp.

A more ill-looking individual I never saw!

He stopped short, and regarded me with a critical gaze; then making a feint of a bow—"Air you Miss—?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Wael Miss, I've a message for yer, from one as thinks on yer day and night," (Aside, d—— if there is what Dan said to tell her!).