THE TRAMP'S HALT.

The battered hat pulled down over his gray hairy shaded his haggle face, some of which was covered with a coarse, bristling beard. As he shambled on through the hot, and dust his eyes were fixed on the ground, but now and then he raised his head slightly and took a rapid glance over the fields and up to the distant hills.

Presently he stopped a while bent in the cool, and, throwing his exhausted form upon a small fence house, almost the right hand, a short distance back from the road. A small, well kept lawn surrounded the house and was shaded by large trees, which seemed to offer a refreshing coolness to the parched weary wayfarer.

As he neared the place his eyes darted, as if fearfully he suspected, and, leaning his form on the low picket fence, looked long and earnestly at the house. No one was visible, and the stillness, glazed only by the aroll, sensible music of the bees, seemed to the tramp almost to oppress him. He opened a little presently, then gave to the gate, entered the yard, nervously closing the gate after him, and after standing irresolute a few moments moved as were the bees.

He seemed to the owner of the house a little better student of him, yet a little volume and willing to do one of the orders a left woman of perhaps to years of age. Her long gray hair, trained straight back from her forehead, was caught in a knot at the crown of her head and held in place by a tortoise shell comb. At the gate glance the stranger have been a "tramp" writer, which expression usually covers the impression of an object so impalatable, but the sweet plaintive of the appearance was relieved by her crooked, gray eyes, which, with little wrinkles around them, and lay tended down to strange fine lines be through spectacles, with a twinkle of quizzical sympathy.

Coaxing with a chary wind the sunlight dog, which was still yelping around the tramp, she turned without the doorpost, saying he hands on a coarse towel and surveying with a slight smile of pity, shaded with contempt, the ragged specimen of humanity who stood there so humbly. On hitched toward of a hat placed in one hand, and pulling at her will a lock which might half pulled unknown over her eyes.

"Well, what d'ye want, my man? I reckon somethin to eat an drink's mean mor yn, eh? Jest you set down on the step there, an I'll see what I can do for ye."

The woman would scarcely have thought a person could so change in a few days, but the tramp, as he, but I try to follow the Scriptural advice "lean the cup of cold water, so unlike the man who comes I looked yes, of any was lately."

Not noticing the gesture of thanks from the tramp, she turned back with a bowl of milk and an immense piece of Pilot apple pie, which she placed before her guest, telling him to "set down an pitch in."

The wanderer, though evidently not suffering for hunger, set leisurely about what seemed but not unmelted food. The woman sat down on the step above him and watched him out with an amused, sorrowful expression.

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