

**FANCIES**

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Fancies by Henry A. Wise Wood

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HENRY A. WISE WOOD

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## A TRAMP

**I**N the Spring of 1900, while riding through an outlying environ of New York, I saw by the roadside a tramp. Scantily clad, in rags and bootless—the very type of our familiar outcast—with furtive glances he was pacing a strip of ground, forwards and backwards, backwards and forwards, slowly, as if in search of something.

As I approached he straightened up, thrust a hand that held something I could not see into his ragged coat and nervously shuffled on. Evidently I had caught him at some ill thing, and he was uneasy about it.

On reaching him I confronted as rough an individual as I had ever seen—the marks of poverty, sloth and crime were indelibly stamped on the man; and when I came to a stop the hidden hand went deeper into a recess of his ragged clothes, while the eyes that peered at me from their frame of tangled hair told a sorrier tale of defeat than any tragedy I had ever read. “What have you there?” Stealthily the hand sought still deeper hiding, and the eyes shifted sidewise

*as if he were meditating an attempt to escape. "Out with it: let me see." Then slowly, with evidences of misgiving and embarrassment, from the unpleasant mystery of his garments he drew forth some crumpled violets—the first violets I had seen that Spring.*

### AWAKENING

**I**DWELT within a city of the rich,  
And strove to share its affluence and life:  
The fruits I plucked were bitterness and strife.

I moved me to a hamlet of the wise,  
And felt how good is morning after night;  
For there I found contentment and delight.