

TILLIE'S STRIKE

Tillie Slater often said she was working her fingers to the bone, but nobody seemed to care.

Tillie's sister Alice was the 'fashionable' dressmaker in Roseberry row, and Tillie was her assistant. She cut buttonholes, sewed straight seams on the machine, pulled out basting threads, helped to cook the meals, washed dishes, swept floors and read the news to her brother Geoffrey. There had been a time when the Slater girls had looked upon Geoffrey as a helper and a protector in the struggle with poverty, which was the only legacy their parents had left them. But that was before the accident on the new schoolhouse, where he was working. After that his arms were limp and lifeless, his back was bent and his eyes were bad, and the poor boy, with the hope and strength of his seventeen years all blighted, became nothing but a burden to his faithful sisters.

There were a good many times when Tillie worked herself into the belief that she was a martyr. Then she secretly rebelled against the hardness of her lot; but, with the exception of commenting on the condition of her finger tips, she considerably refrained from complaining in Alice's presence. But when they took the baby to raise she felt that she was justified in open rebellion.

"It's downright shame," she cried out, bitterly, when Alice brought the little fellow home with her from the funeral and announced her intention of keeping him. "I declare, I won't put up with it. Just as if we haven't had a hard enough time already without this happening. It's been nothing but work, work, work, all my life. I've never had the time nor the money to go places and do things like other girls. I've never said anything about how I felt for I supposed you and Geoffrey were suffering just as much as I did. But when it comes to saddling ourselves with other people's children, I won't stand it."

"But he's our own nephew," persisted Alice, gently. "Our own sister's child. Just before Clara went she called me in and asked me to take him and bring him up and I've got to do it. Remember, he is an orphan as well as ourselves, Tillie. It we don't care for him, who will?"

"I don't know," said Tillie, stiffly. "I suppose you can put him in an asylum or an institute. That is where other babies go when their fathers and mothers die, and he's no better than the rest of them. There's one thing sure, we can't have him. One more month to feed and one more body to clothe means a good deal to poor folks like us. And we need so many things, now, too. Besides, who's going to take care of him? A two-year-old baby can't very well shift for himself."

"Yes, I know," returned Alice. "I thought you could take him out for an airing sometimes and look after him a little nights and mornings. Geoffrey and I can manage to get along some way during the day. Then vacation will soon be here and you will have lots of time to give him." Take care of him nights and mornings and haul him around during vacation! Yes, indeed, I see myself doing it. I'll strike, that's what I'll do Alice Slater. I won't turn my hand over to help about one solitary thing. If you're going to burden yourself with troublesome babies you'll have to get along the best way you can. I shan't help."

Alice sighed and commenced to pare the potatoes for supper. Tillie took up her Latin reader and tried to study, but somehow she could not concentrate her thoughts on the lesson. Through the open door she could see the baby sitting by the sewing room window in the midst of some flowering plants that Tillie had carefully nursed throughout the winter. He was a bonnie child, and he looked so sweet and pretty in his pink dress and white ruffled apron that even Tillie's hardened heart was touched, and the thought was borne in on her mind as she watched him that of all the flowers blooming there the daintest and fairest was her little nephew.

"Why don't you kiss the baby, dear?" said Alice, as she began to set the table. "Don't act that way. Poor little thing, he has been so lonesome yesterday and to-day without his mother. Clara always spoiled him, I guess. He'll get over it soon, but it's pitiful now to see how his heart is grieved for her."

Alice lifted a corner of her apron to her eyes, but Tillie turned her attention to the Latin reader once more and refused to welcome the addition to their family. She did not refer to the subject again, but her actions gave positive proof that the strike was on.

"Tillie's still sulking," Alice said to Geoffrey one morning, after her sister had gone to school without heeding the boy who held out his chubby hands and asked in his baby way, to be taken, too. There's been an awful change in her. She never does anything unless I ask her to, and she seems to hate little Hiram. I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do about it, and the 19 old-bread-winner sighed.

"Don't worry, Alice," said patient Geoffrey. "Don't pay any attention to her and her bad humor will wear off after while any body'd have to love this child. Its contrary to human nature to hold unkind feelings toward him."

But Tillie's bad humor did not wear off. The strike was continued through April and May, and when vacation began her dislike for the little boy who had, by common consent, been consigned to her care was at fever heat. Tillie herself often wondered how she could treat him so badly.

"Hiram Stewart, Hiram Stewart I hate you," she said one day in a low tense voice that fairly frightened her when she realized what a terrible state of mind such a tone must express.

She had taken him out to the park that afternoon for an airing in compliance with Alice's request. She placed him in one corner of a wooden bench and knelt before him that she might look him squarely in the face when telling him what she thought of him. Even in the midst of her anger

Tillie involuntarily pronounced him the prettiest baby in the whole world, with his soft brown hair, long dark lashes and beautifully molded face, but the thought did not cause her to relent.

"Do you know what you have done to me, Hiram Stewart?" she went on. "You've made me work my fingers to the bone." Tillie could not forbear using her favorite expression. In spite of the fact that she had been doing comparatively little since his coming. "You keep me from having any fun. I can't go visiting with the girls, but have to lug you around every bright day instead."

Great tears were coursing down the baby's cheeks, and his breast heaved with a storm of sobs that was about to break. Tillie saw his grief, but she went on mercilessly.

"I had completed plans for having a little pleasure this summer for the first time in my life, and you had to come in and knock them all in the head. Hiram Stewart, you're the pest of my existence. I'm not going to put up with you any longer. I'm going—to—lose—you."

It seems, as though the child understood the import of the words, for he set up a cry that echoed through that part of the park and attracted the attention of everybody who chanced to be lounging near there.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" lamented Tillie. "I've done it now. I ought to have known better than to get him scared. I must try to quiet him somehow. There, there, baby," and she assumed a coaxing tone. "Don't cry. Tillie didn't mean it. Come on, darling, and go to sleep. Tillie'll sing for you."

She took him in her arms and sat down in his corner of the bench. Then, swaying herself gently backward and forward, she murmured a lullaby with which her own heart had often been soothed when heavy with infantile woes. The afternoon sun was sinking low, and its last rays fell athwart the fair face nestled against her shoulder, when Tillie ceased singing and assured herself that the baby was sound asleep. One little hand was closed over the end of the lace scarf at her throat, but she deftly loosed his grasp, and with a dexterity born of a settled determination she slipped him from her arm to the bench.

Then she stood up and looked round. That corner of the park was momentarily deserted. The only persons in sight were three boys in a boat, quite a distance out on the lake, and a fisherman, who was just returning from the end of the pier. She watched the fisherman until he struck into a pathway leading south, then turned to the baby once. One tiny hand was doubled up under his head and the other nestled beneath his chin. There were tear stains on his cheeks, and even in his breathing was convulsed now and then, as though dreaming of the sorrow he had just borne.

Tillie gave one more quick, frightened glance at the child on the bench, and turned and ran, with the swiftness of a young gazelle, through a deeply shaded path that branched off from the wide carriage-way. Twilight had already settled down in the tree-lined walk, and there was no one to watch her flight. She had almost reached the street where the cable cars were running two and two, before anyone crossed her path. Then she slackened her speed and walked out into the wide drive with apparent unconcern.

The clock in the tower of the railroad depot at the head of Roseberry row was striking seven when Tillie walked into the kitchen—alone. Supper had been standing for half an hour, and Alice already had grown nervous and anxious.

"Where's Hiram?" she asked, when she perceived that Tillie did not have the baby. "O-o-h," moaned Tillie over and over again. Her grief was not feigned for her alarm had by that time become genuine in realization of her offence.

"What's the matter?" repeated Alice. "Where's Hiram?"

"He's lost, or stolen or something," said Tillie. "I had him on a bench close to the lake, and I just went down to the edge of the water for a few minutes, and when I went back he was gone. O-o-h!"

"Somebody stolen him," said Geoffrey. "Alice was weeping piteously."

"Did you speak to a policeman, Tillie?" she asked.

"No, no," faltered Tillie. "I didn't think about it."

Within an hour's time a description of the lost child had been sent to every police station in town. That was a proceeding Tillie had not counted on, and she wondered what the outcome would be. It practically resulted in nothing, for in spite of the

berry row that Hiram would be restored by assurances of the officer who patrolled Roseberry row, the next day dawned without bringing any news of the pretty boy. Tillie passed a miserable night. She begged to be allowed to sit up with Alice and the neighbors who had come in, but they bade her go to bed.

"It isn't your fault, child," they said, kindly. "Nobody blames you. You look like you'd been sick for a week. Go to bed and try to rest a little."

Their tender solicitude increased her feeling of guilt. Along toward morning she fell asleep, but she was tormented by such awful dreams that she was glad when they told her it was time to get up.

A week passed, and in spite of the efforts of the police the Slater baby was still missing. Tillie had accomplished her object. She had rid herself of her troublesome little relative, but somehow his absence did not bring the sense of freedom she had expected. The strike had been called off, and she again helped Alice of her own accord. But there wasn't much to be done. Sewing was slack just then, and all the duties pertaining to the baby were no longer needed. She had plenty of time to go visiting with the girls, but she had no inclination to improve her opportunity, and every day she looked longingly at the high-chair which stood empty among the roses and geraniums and carnations, and wondered what had become of him. Of afternoons she went to the park and sat on the bench where she had left him in the chill of the coming night. The picture of the baby as he lay there was constantly before her and she cried out that her heart was breaking.

It was her first great sin, and the punishment was terrible. On the eighth day after 'losing' the baby Tillie walked dejectedly through the park toward the lake. Her head was bent, and she did not raise her eyes from the ground till near the familiar bench. Then she stopped short with a cry of alarm and rubbed her eyes to make sure she was awake. Yes, she was right; she had lost her mind indeed, for there on that self-same bench, dressed in the same pink frock and lying in the same attitude, in the same corner, was the despised baby.

Her heart gave a mighty bound as though it would jump clear out of her mouth. "He's dead, and that's his ghost," she cried, faintly; "but I'm going to look at his pretty face once more, anyway."

A moment later she stood beside him, and in another instant Hiram Stewart, in flesh and blood not in spirit, was clasped in her strong young arms. "My darling, darling baby," she sobbed. "I love you; indeed I do."

There was a note pinned to his dress. It was addressed to her. She opened it and read as follows:

"On the afternoon of June 25 an old man who was resting in the shadow of a clump of bushes in Lincoln park heard a little girl saying some very cruel things to a baby. Among other things she threatened to 'lose' him. The old man was sorely grieved at that, and after the little girl had run away he went over and sat on the bench beside the sleeping boy. It was dark when the baby awoke and sat up and looked around him. He was chilled and hungry, and frightened at the loneliness and stillness, and if the little girl could have heard his pitiful crying she would have vowed never to 'lose' him again, but to love him dearly."

The old man took him home. He soon learned, through the newspapers, to whom the child belonged. He made a trip to Roseberry row and told the little girl's brother and sister a few things, and they decided it would be well to bring the little girl to her senses. The old man has given the child the best of care. He would like to keep him always, but there are others who have a better claim. He is yours henceforward."

There was no name signed to the letter. Tillie looked all around for the old man, who, she thought, must be near, but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come the day she 'lost' the baby.

Tillie clasped Hiram's chubby arms round her neck and pressed him close to her heart. She went straight to Roseberry row.

"I've found him, Alice," she said, simply. "You know all about it. I'm sorry. The strike is over, Alice, and if you don't let me work my fingers to the bone now, I'll never forgive you."—Chicago Record.

A PECULIAR TRAIN

The Spook That Makes An Annual Trip on an Abandoned Track.

"Speaking of things," remarked a Philadelphia drummer, "I had a strange thing happen to me about a month ago in Georgia. I didn't exactly happen to me either, but it was in my hearing. I had attempted to drive across the country to catch a train at a station which I could not have reached otherwise except by a long and tiresome detour over a miserable piece of road—and when a railroad in Georgia is bad it is bad with any sort of an adjective for emphasis you choose. It was 12 miles and through a mountain gap, and as it was nearly dark when I started I wound up by getting lost and going the Lord knows where till I struck a very fair two story house that looked as if it might have been a summer hotel once upon a time."

"I asked the man who responded to my call how far it was to the railroad, and he told me ten miles, and I had better 'light' and stay all night. I 'lighted,' and after a bite of cold bread and meat and a drink of 'moonshine' I went to bed, tired enough to have slept on a picket fence. It was then 11 o'clock, and about two hours later I was awakened from my slumbers by hearing a train whistle apparently a mile or less away and then rumble along, coming nearer and nearer and nearer until suddenly it

stopped, and I heard no more. I was too sleepy to give it much thought, and, rolling over, I went to sleep again wondering why my host had told me it was ten miles to the railroad, unless it was to deceive me out of the price of a night's lodging."

"In the morning at breakfast I mentioned the fact to him, and he laughed in an uneasy kind of way and assured me that it was ten miles to the railroad, and I would think it was three times that far after I had driven over it. This noise I had heard, he said, was probably the wind blowing down the chimney and banging around the house, which was old and open in many places. I hadn't any more to say and went on my way to the railroad, reaching there in three hours and noticing all the way that an old road bed with the ties and rails still on it in places lay near the wagon road all the way to the station."

"At the station, while waiting for my train, I got to talking with the station agent, who was a bright, sharp chap, and incidentally I asked him about that railroad train. He looked at me quick as a wink and asked me the particulars, which I told him."

"It's a ban't," he said. "Last night was the night it always comes. When the road was first built here, there was a branch that ran back up in that country to a place about two or three miles beyond that house to a kind of a summer resort up there—mineral springs and a waterfall. Excursions for a day used to go up there from towns down the road from here and up the other way. Ten years ago tonight an excursion was coming back from there, and just about the neighborhood of that house the engineer saw an obstruction on the track that was going to throw the whole shebang over the bank, and whistling down brakes and cutting his engine loose, he went straight for it and knocked it off the track. Of course he and his engine went with it, and neither of them was ever any more used after that racket, but the train was saved, and that was enough for a man to die for, because there were 200 women and children in the excursion."

"It was shown that some of the people in the neighborhood had attempted to wreck the train, and it spoiled the excursion business. There was coal on the branch that kept the last nine or ten miles of it in operation for a few years longer, but there never was another passenger train to go over the place where the engineer was killed—that is to say, never another train that anybody ever saw, but there has been go over the spot or, rather, go to it and one stop one night in every year for the past ten years. I have heard it, and so have the men in that house and you, but no more that I know of because his nearest neighborhood is three miles away, and nobody ever gets in that neighborhood is three miles away, and nobody ever gets in that neighborhood to stay all night. I suppose I would not have been there if he had not asked me as a friend to come up on one of the anniversary nights and hear it, so he could talk to me about it and advise with me whether to move away or stick it out. I advised him to stay and had very nearly forgotten all about it, for really the subject hasn't come to my notice in four or five years, and you can wager money I never went back to listen to it any more. I'll be blamed if I couldn't see that engineer and his engine whirling to destruction the night I staid there because I knew what to expect and sat up to wait for it with every nerve at its highest tension. Darn queer kind of a ghost, isn't it?"

"I told him I thought it was," concluded the drummer, "and when I suggested to him that I might perhaps tell the story to some one else and it might get into the newspapers he laughed and said that it was just the same as keeping it a dead secret, for nobody in that neighborhood took a newspaper or could read one if he did."—Washington Star.

The Great Bernhardt

Stands at the Head of Her Profession.

She Speaks about Paine's Celery Compound.

The immortal "Sarah" provokes enthusiasm, admiration and curiosity wherever she appears before the public, and has never had an equal in the history of the stage.

Sarah Bernhardt fully appreciates the immense advantages of health and strength for one in her profession, and no one knows better than the how essential to artistic success is a vigorous nervous system.

Hard and conscientious work in all matters pertaining to her profession has at various times left her weak and nervous; but when friends prevailed upon her to use Paine's Celery Compound, she realized that she had found a blessing—a strengthener and invigorator that she cannot praise too highly. She writes as follows:

"I beg leave to state that, according to your instructions, I have used Paine's Celery Compound and I am convinced that it is the most powerful nerve strengthener that can be found. It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you my sincere testimonial."

WHAT DID THE MAN MEAN?

"I am well enough now that I have consented to be always ill," said Gustave Flaubert.

That seems a very silly thing to say. It sounds like a contradiction. Yet there may be a meaning in it not only, but a lesson for many of us. Two persons will first speak on the same subject, and help us to understand Mr. Flaubert's words.

"In the spring of 1884," says one, "I began to feel weak and ailing. I was tired languid and low spirited. I had no ambition or energy. My appetite was poor, and even a morsel of food distressed me. I had so much pain and tightness around the chest that I unlaced my clothing. My mouth was dry and parched, and I felt hot and feverish. I was often faint, and always had a sense of sinking. I got but little sleep—often not more than an hour at night."

"As time went on I got weaker and weaker—not eating enough to feed a child. Thus I continued year after year. No medicine or treatment availed anything. In October, 1889, I heard of and used your remedy. Half a bottle benefited me; and, continuing to take it I was fully restored to health. Last summer Mr. Sage the Evangelist minister, of London, was at our village, and when I told him how ill I had been, and the remedy that cured me he said, 'Why, that is the medicine that cured my mother after all the doctors at the hospital proved unable to help her.' Yours, &c., (signed) Mrs. Jane Melton Thurston, Bury St. Edmunds, February 16th 1894."

"For over 20 years," says another, "I suffered more or less from an intractable malady. I had a bad taste in the mouth, belching up a disgusting sour fluid; and although I often had a sense of sickness I seldom threw up the contents of my stomach. After meals I had pain and weight at the chest, and a nauseous gas was forced into my throat until I could hardly get my breath."

"Often, as I came from work, these attacks would take me, and I was compelled to sit down and rest. At night my sleep was much disturbed, and as time went on, through lack of eating, my strength failed more and more until I was very weak and miserable. From time to time I consulted doctors and got medicines from the chemists, but no good came of it—that is, none that had power to abide."

"This was the manner of my life until February, 1892, when I first heard of the remedy to which I owe the best of all things—my good health. And how good indeed it seems after I had been without it so long! Five bottles in all did the work. Since that day I keep it in the house, and when I feel a bit out of sorts from any cause, a dose or two sets me right. (Signed) James Whitting, coal dealer, Denham Green, near Green Man Inn, Hoxne, Suffolk, February 14th, 1894."

These are the facts. One moment now for thinking. I have a dear friend who lost his right arm in battle. "How have you ever contrived to get on without it?" I asked him one day. "Well enough," he answered, "after I had reconciled myself to its loss." But it was a loss—a heavy loss bitter hard to bear. Ah, yes! Nobody can gainsay that.

You see, don't you? That was what Mr. Flaubert meant. He was a chronic dyspeptic. He had gone the rounds of doctors and drugs—a weary, wasteful round, and ah, dear! was not a jot the better. Then he said what we have quoted.

That would have been the fate of Mrs. Melton and Mr. Whitting if they had not happily, fallen in with Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. That cured them, as it cures all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and the complaints that arise from inflamed stomach and liver.

Nothing can replace a lost right arm, but health may replace disease. If Mr. Flaubert had known of Mother Seigel's Syrup he would never have uttered those despairing words.

HOW TO BREATHE.

Few Women Know how to Perform the Function.

As a matter of fact, not one woman in a hundred breathes normally, says an exchange. The respiration of the average woman varies with every change of mental state or physical condition, and it is a rare thing for a woman to use her lungs to the best possible advantage without a previous knowledge of physiology and an appreciation of the merits of physical culture.

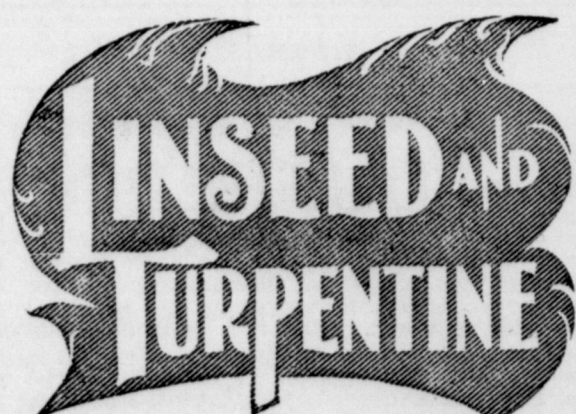
Desirable is a thorough exercise in breathing, it is not safe to experiment in the matter. A very little instruction on the subject will enable any woman to comprehend the precise art of filling and emptying the lungs on scientific principles. After this has been acquired the chief thing is to breathe in as much sunshine as possible and to believe in the efficacy of oxygen as a remedy for nearly all the ills that are fashionable.

The following are some excellent rules for improving the respiration and bringing it up to a normal condition:

Stand at an open window or recline on a couch, with the waist and chest unconfined; hold the chest walls high and inhale in slow, long breaths; exhale as slowly, three times only at first. Gradually the number of times may be increased, and the time lengthened for the breathing exercises. Fifteen minutes, twice a day at least, should be devoted to this exercise to accomplish the desired result.

"The Railroad Kidney."

Railroad employees, bicyclists, teamsters and other men who are subjected to much jolting, are often troubled with pain across the small of the back. This indicates the "Railroad Kidney," an insidious precursor of serious illness. On the slightest symptoms of backache take one Chase's Kidney-Liver Pill—one is a dose—and thus obtain instant relief. For all kidney troubles they have no equal. 25c. per box.



Linseed and Turpentine is not only a popular remedy, but the best known to medical science for the treatment of nervous membranes of respiratory organs.

DR. CHASE compounded this valuable syrup so as to take away the unpleasant taste of the turpentine and linseed. It was the Doctor's last and greatest remedy, and more of it is sold in Canada than all other cough medicines combined.

A Banker's Experience

HEREAFTER HE INTENDS TO . . . BE HIS OWN FAMILY DOCTOR

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dawson, of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."