

the district leader. Whatever you say goes, and there ain't no collector going to say a word. See?"

McShea deigned to unbend. "What'll it be?" he said. And the line, including Duggan, straightened up, and seven elbows simultaneously arose.

"And now, Duggan, you go back to Toomey. You can tell him that the question of who gets his job must be left to a vote of the club. There's too many members who have paid their dues, and want the job, and who told me so before I heard of his will, to let me decide on the matter without giving them a chance to be heard."

"But Toomey thought—"

"Never you mind, just now, what Toomey thought! You go along, and we'll see what can be done."

"If it's going to be left to us," put in one of the men with a sour grin, "why you can tell Toomey that I want the job myself."

"And me, too," cried another, as the swinging screen hit the disappearing Duggan in the back. "And we've all paid our dues reg'lar!"

The crestfallen Duggan did not hurry back, and when he reached Toomey's tenement both the doctor and the priest had gone. Toomey, fully prepared for death by bodily and spiritual ministrations, was talking with his wife. He had been told that he was unexpectedly holding his strength, and that there might still be a leeway of half a day or so. This had cheered him, and his eyes were brighter as he glanced out of the window, and he feebly hummed in unison with the guitar that someone was still twanging, out of tune, in the rear tenement.

"There's the Aarons going to bed on the corner of the roof. It's a wonder, with all their children, that none of them ever falls over the edge! And there's Irene Baumann's young man going. He always goes at half-past nine sharp, for he works in a gas-house and has to be there at ten. And there's the patrol gong again! I'll bet it's after Tim Hogan this time! I wonder if the judge'll send him to the Island or let him off with a fine!"

His eyes were alight with eagerness, but a broken sob from his wife recalled him to a realization of the fact

IN A SHADOW

Inveterate Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others.

"I was never a coffee drinker," writes an ill woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of bilious colic."

"No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly put my tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected."

"The doctors told me I was liable to become paralyzed at any time, so I was in constant dread. I took no end of medicine—all to no good."

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay. I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen."

"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum."

"I have never had one spell of sick headache since and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well and my heart is getting stronger all the time." Name given upon request.

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that in all probability he was not going to be on hand to know how the case would be decided.

"Don't cry, Mary. And don't let me dying make you very unhappy. You've got all the money—and I want you to be sure—after awhile—not to be lonely. There's other good men—and maybe—after a good while—"

"You were always so thoughtful for me," she sobbingly spluttered. "And, if you really mean it, and want me to, I think I'll do as you tell me to!"

"Ah!" murmured Toomey. And then he again lay very still, listening to the noises of the street, for in mid-summer the East Side never really goes to sleep. The noises were, however, gradually changing in character, and lights were flitting about in the tenements across the way. More and more came the realization of all that he was about to lose, and he answered in monosyllables several questions tearfully put to him by his wife. And then came in the disappointed Duggan.

"McShea won't let me have the job! He says there's too many asked for it before he knew of your will!"

"Won't let me will my own property as I want to!" exclaimed the dying man. "A job I've held for over twenty years!" He sat up in the bed, disregarding Mrs. Toomey's frightened expostulations.

"No, he won't!" said Duggan.

Toomey put one foot over the edge of the bed. "I'll go and see him myself," he said.

"But you're dying! You're dying!" wailed his wife. Just then the shrewdly forceful face of McShea peered in at the door. He had knocked, but in the excitement no one had noticed it. The district leader looked from Toomey to his wife, and from her to Duggan. Then he looked hard at Toomey again. Mrs. Toomey and Duggan looked at each other and then back at the dying man. No one spoke, till Toomey himself, putting his other foot over the side of the bed, broke the silence. "I feel so much stronger, that I was just going to go and see you," he said; "about my government job, you know, and my will."

McShea's eyes twinkled. "Toomey, it's no use. There's too many after it. If I was you, and feeling as strong as you seem to, I'd keep my job, and my wife, and my money!"

A stronger wave of sound rolled up. Again the patrol gong sounded. There was the clangor of an ambulance. From the saloon on the corner came confused shouts. Men and women screamed. People peered over the edges of the roofs, and windows and fire-escapes became suddenly alive. The sounds became a roar.

Toomey, in a tingle of excitement, ran to the window, leaned far out, and excitedly shouted out inquiries that nobody heeded or even heard. His wife and Duggan tugged at him in vain. McShea looked on in grim amusement.

Ambulance and patrol wagon went clangorously away. The crowd dispersed. The roar of sound died down. Toomey turned back into the room. Mrs. Toomey sat down, stupefied into silence. Duggan tried not to scowl. The eyes of the district leader twinkled. The almost defunct packer and weigher was for a moment disconcerted, but as he caught the twinkle in his district leader's eyes he braced himself with a grin.

"If you won't let me will my job, McShea, I think I'll keep it awhile myself," he said.

TOO FRAIL TO LAST.

"So you've broken off your engagement with Miss Smarte?" asked the inquisitive friend.

His victim shook his head.

"No," he replied; "I didn't break it off."

"Oh, then she broke it off?"

"No," answered the young man, enjoying his friend's growing wonder.

"But it is broken off, isn't it?" persisted the curious one.

"Oh, yes!" explained the young man gently. "She told me what her dressmaker's yearly bill was, and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement gently dissolved."

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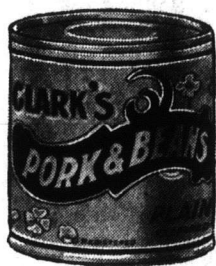


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