

A TALE OF THE STRIKE.

Tom Harris is what I call a handsome man, if he has been a trifle wild in his time. He measures six feet without any boots, weighs a hundred and ninety pounds before dinner, and is as strong as seven devils. In those days when Tom was a boy, life around this part of the anthracite regions was a little tame, and that may have been the reason why Tom left to join the navy. Tom was a rugged lad then, but that sea life just built him up, till now he can't be beat.

It was just by chance that I met Tom last July in New York, while his ship was in dry dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yards. Tom always had a big heart; but in his ten long years of wild sea life he had almost forgotten home. I told him as best I could of home, the strike, his brother's death, and the hard times his sister had to provide for her aged mother. Tom listened like a man in a trance. We talked and walked for at least three hours. Just before parting he laid his hand on my shoulder and with a voice full of feeling said: "Dubh, it's a shame for Bert to work so," and he paused, "I'd like to see mother," he added. "And besides I might be able to help care for her." After that talk I knew Tom would never go back to the sea.

Bertha and her mother still lived on the old homestead about two miles from the city of Carbondale. Tom's unexpected return brought a joy to that home that no one can describe, and no one save the mother and sister know. Tom had never dreamed of how much he was missed at home. And now for the first time he realized the joys of home.

Tom was repentant and wished to redeem himself. He was resolved to provide for the family, for Bertha must rest. His mind naturally turned to Old Mud Creek mine, about half way to the city. But the strike was on. And then he thought of how this very coal company had robbed his father of all that valley. Land that today was worth hundreds of thousands if not millions. And he thought how happy they could all be if they could only