Air Laws.

Wilbur Wright, at a tea in Dayton, said with a laugh:

"Already there are air laws, stringent as road laws. Without them we should soon be seeing advertisements like this:

"'Two dollars reward will be paid by Mrs. John Doe for information leading to the identification of the aviator on a Wright roadster who, while flying over my house yesterday afternoon, dropped a can of oil down my chimney and completely ruined a plum pudding I was cooking.'"

Another Duty.

"You are my wife's social secretary?" he asks of the beauteous creature who is seated at the small desk in the study. "Yes, sir," she smiles. "I am supposed to take Mrs. Blirrup's place in as many social details as possible."

"Well—er—she doesn't seem to be coming downstairs this morning, and it has always been her custom to kiss me good-by when I start for the office."—Judge.

There never was a man as important as a bride expects her husband to be.

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

Davidson Bros. Co., Sioux City, Ia.

WE HAVE just added a piano department to our great establishment. We sell pianos on the same basis as other lines—from $100 to $150 saved on any instrument. We carry a full line of pianos, piano players, Victor and Edison Phonographs. Write for our piano price list and other information pertaining to pianos.

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WITH DeLUTH'S GOLDEN DANDRUFF DESTROYER AND HAIR TONIC
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LARGEST IN WEST
DRY CLEANING & DYEING OUR SPECIALTY
617 PIERCE STREET SIOUX CITY, IOWA

WANTED Fifty young people to Study Gregg Shorthand and Bookkeeping. Individual Instruction. It will pay you to write for booklet. NATIONAL BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL, Sioux City, Ia.

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1912 INDIAN 7 h. p. twin magneto $250. 4 h. p. single cylinder magneto $200. 14 improvements, with free engine clutch, no extra charge. W. H. Knight, 219 4th St., Sioux City, Ia.

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The largest and best in Sioux City. Gents' suits cleaned and pressed, $1. Ladies' suits cleaned and pressed, $1.50. Other prices on application. We pay express one way. 419 Sixth & 515 W. 7th St

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 50th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which over $100,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract. He starts on his mail trip with dogs and sledge, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensationally rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be found in the up-river district Harnish buys two tons of flour, which he declares will be worth its weight in gold, but when he arrives with his flour he finds the big flat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Daylight reaps a rich harvest. He goes to Dawson, becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike and defeats a combination of capitalists in a vast mining deal. He returns to civilization, and, amid the bewildering complications of high finance, Daylight finds that he has been led to invest his eleven millions in a manipulated scheme. He goes to New York.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Then the grin died away, and his face grew bleak and serious. Leaving out his interests in the several Western reclamation projects (which were still assessing heavily), he was a ruined man. But harder hit than this was his pride. He had been so easy. They had gold-bricked him, and he had nothing to show for it. The simplest farmer would have had documents, while he had nothing but a gentleman's agreement, and a verbal one at that. Gentleman's agreement! He snorted over it. John Dowsett's voice, just as he had heard it in the telephone receiver, sounded in his ears the words, "On my honor as a gentleman." They were sneak-thieves and swindlers, that was what they were, and they had given him the double-cross. The newspapers were right. He had come to New York to be trimmed, and Messrs. Dowsett, Letton and Guggenhammer had done it. He was a little fish, and they had played with him ten days—ample time in which to swallow him, along with his eleven millions. Of course, they had been unloading on him all the time, and now they were buying Ward Valley back for a song ere the market righted itself.

And Daylight sat and consumed cocktails and saw back in his life to Alaska, and lived over the grim years in which he had battled for his eleven millions. For awhile murder ate at his heart, and wild ideas and sketchy plans of killing his betrayers flashed through his wind. Daylight unlocked his grip and took out his automatic pistol—a big Colt's .44. He released the safety catch with his thumb, and, operating the sliding outer barrel, ran the contents of the clip through the mechanism. The eight cartridges slid out in a stream. He refilled the clip, threw a cartridge into the chamber, and with the trigger at full cock, thrust up the safety ratchet. He shoved the weapon into the side pocket of his coat, ordered another Martini, and resumed his seat.

At ten o'clock he arose and pored over the city directory. Then he put on his shoes, took a cab, and departed

"Now It's My Deal, and I'm Going to See If I Can Hold Them Four Aces."

into the night. Twice he changed cabs, and finally fetched up at the night office of a detective agency. He superintended the thing himself, laid down money in advance in profuse quantities, selected the six men he needed, and gave them their instructions. Never, for so simple a task, had they been so well paid; for to each in addition to office charges, he gave a five-hundred-dollar bill, with the promise of another if he succeeded. Some time next day, he was convinced, if not sooner, his three silent partners would come together. To each one two of his detectives were to be attached. Time and place was all he wanted to learn.

"Stop at nothing, boys," were his final instructions. "I must have this information. Whatever you do, whatever happens, I'll see you through."

Returning to his hotel, he changed cabs as before, went up to his room, and with one more cocktail for a night cap, went to bed and to sleep. In the morning he dressed and shaved, ordered breakfast and the newspapers sent up, and waited. But he did not drink. By nine o'clock his telephone began to ring and the reports to come in. Nathaniel Letton was taking the train at Tarrytown. John Dowsett was coming down by the subway. Leon Guggenhammer had not stirred out yet, though he was assuredly within. And in this fashion, with a map of the city spread out before him, Daylight followed the movements of his three men as they drew together. Nathaniel Letton was at his offices in the Mutual-Solander Building. Next arrived Guggenhammer. Dowsett was still in his own offices. But at eleven came the word that he also had arrived, and several minutes later Daylight was in a hired motor-car and speeding for the Mutual-Solander Building.

CHAPTER IX.

Nathaniel Letton was talking when the door opened; he ceased, and with his two companions gazed with controlled perturbation at Burning Daylight striding into the room. The free, swinging movements of the trail-traveler were unconsciously exaggerated in that stride of his. In truth, it seemed to him that he felt the trail beneath his feet.

"Howdy, gentlemen, howdy," he remarked, ignoring the unnatural calm with which they greeted his entrance. He shook hands with them in turn, striding from one to another and gripping their hands so heartily that Nathaniel Letton could not forbear to wince. Daylight flung himself into a massive chair and sprawled lazily, with an appearance of fatigue. The leather grip he had brought into the room he dropped carelessly beside him on the floor.

"I've sure been going some," he sighed. "We sure trimmed them beautifully. It was real slick. And the beauty of the play never dawned on me till the very end. It was pure and simple knock down and drag out. And the way they fell for it was amazin'."

Letton made a dry sound in his throat. Dowsett sat quietly and waited, while Leon Guggenhammer struggled into articulation.

"You certainly have raised Cain," he said.

Daylight's black eyes flashed in a pleasant way.

"Didn't I, though!" he proclaimed, jubilantly. "And didn't we fool 'em! I was teetotally surprised. I never dreamed they would be that easy.

"And now," he went on, not permitting the pause to grow awkward, "we-all might as well have an accounting. I'm pullin' West this afternoon on that blamed Twentieth Century." He tugged at his grip, got it open, and dipped into it with both his hands. "But don't forget, boys, when you-all want me to hornswoggle Wall Street another flutter, all you-all have to do is whisper the word. I'll sure be right there with the goods."

His hands emerged, clutching a great mass of stubs, check-books, and brokers' receipts. These he deposited in a heap on the big table, and dipping again, he fished out the stragglers and added them to the pile. He consulted a slip of paper, drawn from his coat pocket and read aloud:

"Ten million twenty-seven thousand and forty-two dollars and sixty-eight cents is my figurin' on my expense. Of course that-all's taken from the winnings before we-all get to figurin' on the whack-up. Where's your figures? It must a' been a mighty big clean-up."

The three men looked their bepuzzlement at one another. The man was a bigger fool than they had imagined, or else he was playing a game which they could not divine.

Nathaniel Letton moistened his lips and spoke up.

"It will take some hours yet, Mr. Harnish, before the full accounting can be made. Mr. Howison is at work upon it now. We—ah—as you say, it has been a gratifying clean-up. Suppose we have lunch together and talk it over. I'll have the clerks work through the noon hour so that you will have ample time to catch your train."

Dowsett and Guggenhammer manifested a relief that was almost obvious. The situation was clearing. It was disconcerting, under the circumstances, to be pent in the same room with this heavy-muscled, Indian-like man whom they had robbed. They remembered unpleasantly the many stories of his strength and recklessness. If Letton could only put him off long enough for them to escape into the policed world outside the office door, all would be well; and Daylight showed all the signs of being put off.

"I'm real glad to hear that," he said. "I don't want to miss that train, and you-all have done me proud, gentlemen, letting me in on this deal. I just do appreciate it without being able to express my feelings. But I am sure almighty curious, and I'd like terrible to know, Mr. Letton, what your figures of our winning is. Can you-all give me a rough estimate?"

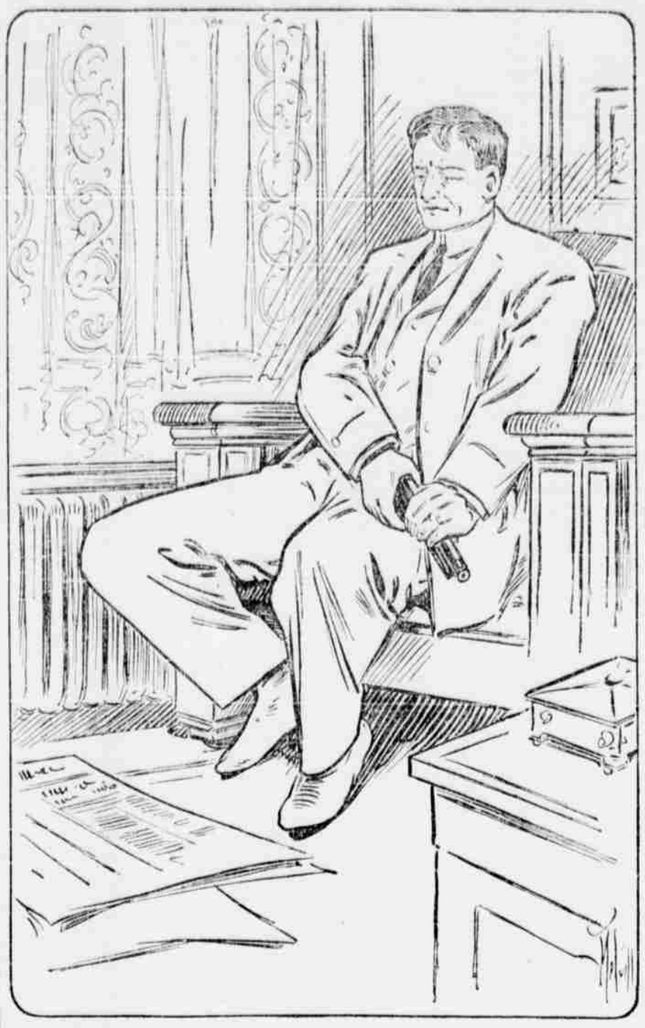
Nathaniel Letton did not look appealingly at his two friends, but in the brief pause they felt that appeal pass out from him. Dowsett, of sterner mold than the others, began to divine that the Klondiker was playing. But the other two were still under the blandishment of his child-like innocence.

"It is extremely—er—difficult," Leon Guggenhammer began. "You see, Ward Valley has fluctuated so, er—"

"That no estimate can possibly be made in advance," Letton supplemented.

"Approximate it, approximate it," Daylight counselled, cheerfully. "It don't hurt if you-all are a million out one side or the other. The figures'll straighten that up. But I'm that curious I'm just itching all over. What d'ye say?"

"Why continue to play at cross purposes?" Dowsett demanded abruptly and coldly. "Let us have the explanation here and now. Mr. Harnish is laboring under a false impression, and he should be set straight.



For a While Murder Ate at His Heart.

By this time Letton was stiffened by the attitude Dowsett had taken, and his answer was prompt and definite.

"I fear you are under a misapprehension, Mr. Harnish. There are no winnings to be divided with you. Now don't get excited, I beg of you. I have but to press this button . . ."

Far from excited, Daylight had all the seeming of being stunned. He looked at Dowsett and murmured:

"It was your deal, all right, and you-all dole them right, too. Well, I ain't kicking. I'm like the player in that poker game. It was your deal, and you-all had a right to do your best. And you done it—cleaned me out slicker'n a whistle."

He gazed at the heap on the table with an air of stupefaction.

"And that-all ain't worth the paper it's written on. Gol dast it, you-all can sure deal 'em 'round when you get a chance. Oh, no, I ain't a-kicking. It was your deal, and you-all certainly done me, and a man ain't half a man that squeals on another man's deal. And now the hand is played out, and the cards are on the table, and the deal's over, but . . ."

His hand, dipping swiftly into his inside breast pocket, appeared with the big Colt's automatic.

"As I was saying, the old deal's finished. Now it's my deal, and I'm a-going to see if I can hold them four aces—

"Take your hand away, you whited sepulchre!" he cried sharply.

Nathaniel Letton's hand, creeping toward the push-button on the desk, was abruptly arrested.

"Change cars," Daylight commanded. "Take that chair over there, you gangrene-livered skunk. Jump, or I'll make you leak till folks'll think your father was a water hydrant and your mother a sprinkling-cart. You-all move your chair alongside, Guggenhammer; and you-all Dowsett, sit right there, while I just irrelevantly explain the virtues of this here automatic. She's loaded for big game and she goes off eight times. She's a sure hummer when she gets started.

"Preliminary remarks being over, I now proceed to deal. Remember, I ain't making no remarks about your deal. You done your darndest, and it was all right. But this is my deal, and it's up to me to do my darndest. In the first place, you-all know me. I'm Burning Daylight—savvee? Ain't afraid of God, devil, death, nor destruction. Them's my four aces, and they sure copper your bets. Look at that there living skeleton. Letton, you're sure afraid to die. Your bones is all rattling together you're that scared. And look at that fat Jew there. This little weapon's sure put the fear of God in his heart. He's yellow as a sick persimmon. Dowsett, you're a cool one. You-all ain't batted an eye nor turned a hair. That's because you're great on arithmetic. And that makes you-all dead easy in this deal of mine. You're sitting there and adding two and two together, and you-all know I sure got you skinned. You know me, and that I ain't afraid of nothing. And you-all adds up all your money and knows you ain't a-going to die if you can help it."

"I'll see you hanged," was Dowsett's retort.

"Not by a damned sight. When the fun starts, you're the first I plug. I'll hang all right, but you-all won't live to see it. You-all die here and now while I'll die subject to the law's delay—savvee? Being dead, with grass growing out of your carcasses, you won't know when I hang, but I'll sure have the pleasure a long time of knowing you-all beat me to it."

"You surely won't kill us?" Letton asked in a queer, thin voice.

Daylight shook his head.

"It's sure too expensive. You-all ain't worth it. I'd sooner have my chips back. And I guess you-all 'd sooner give my chips back than go to the dead-house."

A long silence followed.

"Well, I've done dealt. It's up to you-all to play. But while you're deliberating, I want to give you-all warning: if that door opens and any one of you cusses lets on there's anything unusual, right here and then I sure start plugging. They ain't a soul 'll get out of the room except feet first."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Better Than Book Learning

Kentucky Mountaineer Preferred as Teacher Because He Could Lick Biggest Boy in School.

The colonel had gone up into the Kentucky mountains from the blue grass in command of a sawmill, and as soon as he had mobilized his forces in that field he began to maneuver in the matter of improving the people about his camp. What they needed most were better schools and he determined to take a hand in the selection of a proper teacher. To this end he called in one from his own section who had a college education, but no mountain experience. When he proposed this blue grass nurtured young man to the mountaineer trustees there was unanimous opposition in favor of one of their own kind, who had been teaching the school for some time, though his education was of the most limited kind.

"But," argued the colonel, "your man doesn't have the first rudiments of an education and the pupils might as well have no teacher at all."

"He's done better than anybody else ever done, colonel," replied the chairman of the board.

"That may be, but none of them has been educated properly to teach. My man has been through college and is superior to any teacher in the county."

The chairman didn't want any trouble with the colonel, nor did he want to yield his point.

"Mebbe he's jist what you say he is, colonel," he said persuasively, "and it ain't fer us to doubt that he has a powerful sight of book l'arnin', but, colonel, we have saw him and we have saw our man, and I wanter say fer this board of trustees that your man can't lick the biggest boy in school and our'n kin, and that counts fer a heap sight more in this neck uv woods than book l'arnin'."

The colonel's candidate retired to the blue grass whence he came.

Original Suffragette.

Mrs. Johanne Meyer, the first Danish woman to speak from a platform in behalf of woman suffrage, attended the Universal Race congress recently held in London as the delegate to the Peace Society of Copenhagen. As soon as the congress closed Mrs. Meyer began an inquiry in behalf of the Danish government to ascertain the effect that social and political work in England has had on women. In 1870 Mrs. Meyer founded the first organization for the betterment of women in Denmark.

COLD COMFORT.

Passenger (nervously) — Captain, what would be the result if this boat should strike an iceberg?

Captain—It would probably shiver its timbers.

TO KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR

For more than a generation, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have done more for pimples, blackheads and other unsightly conditions of the complexion, red, rough, chapped hands, dandruff, itching, scaly scalps, and dry, thin and falling hair than any other method. They do even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants and children. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-page book on the care of the skin and hair will be sent post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Effete Briton.

Booth Tarkington, the American playwright and novelist, is a very early riser, and, when the English playwright and novelist, Arnold Bennett, visited him at his charming residence in Indianapolis, Mr. Tarkington said, the first evening at dinner:

"I believe in the simple life. I get up with the sun. Will you take a ten-mile walk with me at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning?"

"Thank you, Mr. Tarkington," the Englishman answered, "but I don't walk in my sleep."

Kaiser as Writer.

The German emperor, had he been born a commoner and chosen newspaper work as a profession, would without doubt have become one of the most famous journalists of the day. He has written a great deal which has never seen the light, but which will doubtless be published in the future. Recently the emperor assisted in the preparation of an article entitled "How the Kaiser Works," for the Strand Magazine, the proof sheets which he read and corrected himself.

The Difference.

"After all, there isn't much difference between the editor and the office boy."

"You're joking."

"Not at all. The editor fills the waste baskets, and the office boy empties them."—Life.

Signs of a Winner.

"Does your wife win at bridge?"

"I don't know for sure," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I think so. The women all look as if they disliked her very much, but they keep on inviting her to play."

Foresighted.

Bobby—Mabel, I want you to marry me.

Mabel—But we're only ten.

Bobby—I know that, but I'm leaving my order in advance.

Taking No Chances.

"You say the elopement was sort of forced upon you?"

"Yes; after she came down the rope ladder her father pulled it up."—Stray Stories.

Thinking has often made me very unhappy, acting never has. Do something; do good if you can, but do something!—Mrs. Gaskell.

Happy Future.

Apropos of the marriage at Reigate of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and Mrs. Hollis McKim, a New York man said on the Olympic: "I met Vanderbilt at the Metropole at Brighton a few days after the ceremony, and I said to him, by way of a joke:

"Well, is the course of true love going to run smooth?"

"'Smooth and straight,' said he. 'There are banks on both sides, you know.'"

Let us then be what we are, and thus keep ourselves loyal to truth.—H. W. Longfellow.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A bitter, cruel speech, may cost a friend; but gentle, loving words may win a foe.—Earle William Gage.

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The evils and sorrows that afflict mankind are of mankind's own making.—Marie Corelli.

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Here's Proof.

"I had my back hurt in the Boer War and in San Francisco two years ago I was hit by a street car in the same place. I tried all kinds of dope without success. Two weeks ago I saw your liniment in a drug store and got a bottle to try. The first application caused instant relief, and now except for a little stiffness, I am almost well."
FLETCHER NORMAN, Whittier, Calif.

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is the best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

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WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.