

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 sixtieth 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 sledges, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is now ready to join his friends in a search for the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be found in the upper 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 fat dead. A comrade discovers gold and Daylight reaps a rich harvest. They are covered, return their gold and defeat 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, and with a revolver, he threatens to kill them if his money is not returned. He is released and goes back to San Francisco, where he meets his fate in Dude Mason, a pretty stenographer.

CHAPTER XI.

Daylight was in the thick of his spectacular and intensely bitter fight with the Coastwise Steam Navigation Company, and the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan, and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company. He stirred up a big mess that he had anticipated, and even he was astounded at the wide ramifications of the struggle and at the unexpected and incongruous interests that were drawn into it. Every newspaper in San Francisco turned upon him. It was true, one or two of them had first intimated that they were open to subsidization, but Daylight's judgment was that the situation did not warrant such expenditure. Up to this time the press had been amusingly tolerant and good-naturedly sensational about him, but now he was to learn what virulent scurrilousness an antagonized press was capable of. Every episode of his life was resurrected to serve as foundations for malicious fabrications. Daylight was frankly amazed at the new interpretation put upon all that he had accomplished and the deeds he had done. From an Alaskan hero he was metamorphosed into an Alaskan bully, liar, desperado, and all-around "bad man." The whole affair sank to the deeper depths of rancor and savagery. The poor woman who had killed herself was dragged out of her grave and paraded on thousands of reams of paper as a martyr and a victim to Daylight's ferocious brutality.

He was like a big bear raiding a beehive, and, regardless of the stings, he obstinately persisted in pawing for the honey. He gritted his teeth and struck back. Beginning with a raid on two steamship companies, it developed into a pitched battle with a city, state and continental coast line allied with him, on a splendid salary, with princely pickings thrown in, was a lawyer, Larry Hegan, a young Irishman with a reputation to make, and whose peculiar genius had been un-

strike became involved. A refusal of cooks and waiters to serve scab teamsters or teamsters' employers brought out the cooks and waiters. The butchers and meat cutters refused to handle meat destined for unfair restaurants. The combined Employers' Associations put up a solid front, and found facing them the 40,000 organized laborers of San Francisco. The restaurant bakers and the bakery wagon drivers struck, followed by the milkers, milk drivers and chicken pickers. The building trades asserted their position in unambiguous terms, and all San Francisco was in turmoil. But still, it was only San Francisco. Hegan's intrigues were masterly, and Daylight's campaign steadily developed. The powerful fighting organization known as the Pacific Slope Seaman's Union refused to work vessels the cargoes of which were to be handled by scab longshoremen and freight handlers. The union presented its ultimatum, and then called a strike. This had been Daylight's objective all the time. Every incoming coastwise vessel was boarded by the union officials and its crew sent ashore. And with the seamen went the firemen, the engineers and the sea cooks and waiters. Daily the number of idle steamers increased. It was impossible to get scab crews, for the men of the Seaman's Union were fighters trained in the hard school of the sea, and when they went out it meant blood and death to scabs. This phase of the strike spread up and down the entire Pacific coast, until all the ports were filled with idle ships, and sea transportation was at a standstill. The days and weeks dragged out, and the strike held. The Coastwise Steam Navigation Company and the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan, and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company were tied up completely. The expenses of combating the strike were tremendous, and they were earning nothing, while daily the situation went from bad to worse, until "peace at any price" became the cry. And still there was no peace. Daylight and his allies played out their hand, raked in the winnings, and allowed a goodly portion of a continent to resume business.

Daylight's coming to civilization had not improved him. True, he wore better clothes, had learned slightly better manners, and spoke better English. But he had hardened, and at the expense of his old-time, whole-souled gentility. Even his human affiliations were descending. Playing a lone hand, contemptuous of most of the men with whom he played, lacking in sympathy or understanding of them, and certainly independent of them, he found little in common with those he encountered, say at the Alta-Pacific. In point of fact, when the battle with the steamship companies was at its height and his raid was inflicting incalculable damage on all business interests, he had been asked to resign from the Alta-Pacific. The idea had been rather to his liking, and he had found new quarters in clubs like the Riverside, organized and practically maintained by the city bosses.

One week-end, feeling heavy and depressed and tired of the city and its ways, he obeyed the impulse of a whim that was later to play an important part in his life. The desire to get out of the city for a whiff of country air and for a change of scene was the cause. Yet, to himself, he made the excuse of going to Glen Ellen for the purpose of inspecting a brickyard which Holdsworth had sold him. He spent the night in the little country hotel, and on Sunday morning, astride a saddle horse rented from the Glen Ellen butcher, rode out of the village. The brickyard was close at hand on the flat beside the Sonoma Creek.

Receiving to have his fun first, and to look over the brickyard afterward, he rode up the hill, prospecting for a way across country to get to the knolls. He left the country road at the first gate he came to and cantered through a hayfield. The grain was waist-high on either side the wagon-road, and he sniffed the warm aroma of it with delight. Nostrils. At the base of the knolls he encountered a tumble-down stake-and-rider fence.



"It Sure Beats Country Places and Bungalows at Menlo Park," He Commented Aloud.

He tethered the horse and wandered on foot among the knolls. Their tops were crowned with century-old spruce trees, and their sides clothed with oaks and madroños and native holly. But to the perfect redwoods belonged the small but deep canyon that here he found no passage out for his horse, and leading the animal, he forced his way up the hillside. On the crest he came through an amazing thicket of velvet-trunked young madroños, and emerged on an open hillside that led down into a tiny valley. The sunshine was at first dazzling in its brightness, and he paused and rested, for he was panting from the exertion. Not of old had he known shortness of breath such as this, and muscles that so easily tired at a stiff climb. A tiny stream ran down the valley through a tiny meadow that was carpeted knee-high with grass and blue and white nemophila. Crossing the stream, Daylight followed a faint cattle trail over a low, rocky hill and through a wine-vined forest of manzanita, and emerged upon another tiny valley, down which filtered another spring-fed, meadow-bordered streamlet.

"It sure beats country places and bungalows at Menlo Park," he commented aloud; "and if ever I get the banking for country life, it's me for this every time." An old wood-road led him to a clearing, where a dozen acres of grapes grew on wine-red soil. A cow-path, mares and thickets, and he dropped down a hillside to the southeast exposure. Here, poised above a big forested canyon, and looking out upon Sonoma Valley, was a small farm-house. With its barn and outhouses it snuggled into a nook in the hillside, which protected it from the west and north. It was the erosion from this hillside, he judged, that had formed the little level stretch of vegetable garden. The soil was fat and black, and there was water in plenty, for he saw several faucets running wide open. Forgotten was the brickyard. Nobody was at home, but Daylight dismounted and ranged the ve-

table garden, eating strawberries and green peas, inspecting the old adobe barn and rusty plow and harrow, and rolling and smoking cigarettes while he watched the antics of several broods of young chicks and the mother hens.

Nothing could satisfy his holiday spirit now but the ascent of Sonoma Mountain. And here on the crest, three hours afterward, he emerged, tired and sweaty, garments torn and face and hands scratched, but with sparkling eyes and an unwonted zestfulness of expression. He felt the illicit pleasure of a schoolboy playing truant. The big gaming table of San Francisco seemed very far away. But there was more than illicit pleasure in his mood. It was as though he were going through a sort of cleansing bath. No room here for all the sordidness, meanness and viciousness that filled the dirty pool of city existence. He was loath to depart, and it was not for an hour that he was able to tear himself away and take the descent of the mountain. Working out a new route just for the fun of it, late afternoon was upon him when he arrived back at the wooded knolls.

Daylight cast about for a trail, and found one leading down the side opposite to his ascent. Circling the base of the knoll, he picked up with his horse and rode on to the farm-house. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and he was quickly in conversation with a nervous, slender young man, who, he learned, was only a tenant on the ranch. How large was it? A matter of one hundred and eighty acres, though it seemed much larger. This was because it was so irregularly shaped. Yes, it included the clay-pit and all the knolls, and its boundary that ran along the big canyon was over a mile long. Oh, yeah, he and his wife managed to scratch a living without working too hard. They didn't have to pay much rent. Hillard, the owner, depended on the income from the clay-pit. Hillard was well off and had big ranches and vineyards down on the flat of the valley. The brickyard paid ten cents a cubic yard for the clay. As for the rest of the ranch, the land was good in patches, where it was cleared, and the vegetable garden and the vineyard, but the rest of it was too much up-and-down. "You're not a farmer," Daylight said.

"The young man laughed and shook his head. "No, I'm a telegraph operator. But the wife and I decided to take a two-years' vacation, and . . . here we are. But the time's about up. I'm going back into the office this fall after I get the grapes off."

As Daylight listened, there came to him a sudden envy of this young fellow living right in the midst of all this which Daylight had traveled through the last few hours.

"What in thunder are you going back to the telegraph office for?" he demanded.

"The young man smiled with a certain wistfulness. "Because we can't get ahead here. . . ." (he hesitated an instant), "and because, there are added expenses coming. The rent, small as it is, counts; and besides, I'm not strong enough to effectually farm the place. If I owned it, or if I was a real husky like you, I'd ask nothing better. Nor would the wife." Again the wistful smile hovered on his face. "You see, we're country born, and after backing with cities for a few years, we kind of feel we like the country best. We've planned to get ahead, though, and then some day we'll buy a patch of land and stay with it."

Customer's Opinion. Seymour—What do you think of the novel that Benson, the restaurant keeper, has written? Ashley—It's too much like his sandwiches—nothing between the covers. Knicker—Yes, my dear, I shall be glad to go with you; I long to see the beauties of the country. Mrs. Knicker—We will stay in town. Judge.

IS SURE OF OBITUARY

ONE REASON WHY MR. SPARROW GRASS LIVES IN COUNTRY.

There Are Others, of Course, But This One Is Paramount—Sort of a Letter of Recommendation to St. Peter.

One argument against the rush to the cities is the city obituary column. I have known men to lead long, useful and honorable lives in the city and get only four or five lines at last, whereas if they had stayed on the farm the country papers would have given them columns.

We don't have porcelain bathtubs up here in the hills. Steam heaters and janitors are scarce. There's a good deal of snow, too, and no delicatessen around the corner. But there is always the satisfaction of knowing that the local paper will print a fine piece about us when our turn comes to be shovelled on, as Shakespeare puts it.

I may have to raise my own turnips, instead of paying a market gardener three prices to raise them for me, and a grocer six prices for bringing them to me. I may work hard in the sunlight and the air of the fields when I might be loitering in the gaslight and the dust of a factory. I may have to send my children a mile to school instead of two miles to a sweatshop; and perhaps there is a Plymouth Rock rooster on the premises instead of one of them things your newspaper calls pianoletpus. I admit the country's disadvantages freely. But when this vale of tears is done with me and I am laid to rest under the pine trees in the old family lot, I know there will be a generous write-up by Editor Green in the Backwoods Weekly Guide, Joyville and Passaic county papers please copy.

I shall not go out like a common critter of the pasture, without a letter of recommendation to St. Peter. There will be a long article right down the middle of the first page, and Lemuel Green will spread himself to make it a first-class job. He will tell the neighbors all the good things in my history that the neighbors can think up to tell him; how I was industrious, sober, honest, patient under trial, kind in prosperity, a loving son, a devoted husband, a fond father, a faithful friend, a man true to principle and spotless in character, a worthy citizen, whose loss is a severe blow to all.

Would there were more of my kind. He will recall my public deeds and private virtues; the time I ran for sheriff on the Prohibition ticket; the poor families I helped shelter the year the dam broke, and the water I carried water to save the Widow Garwin's cottage from the flames and caught my last cold. No matter how lowly my life has been, I shall go out in style and good order, and a loving hand will write "The End" after my own has dropped the pen. You see, Mr. Editor, the country still has something the city can't offer.—Simon Sparrowgrass in Newark News.

Sidelight on Lloyd-George.

On the day Lloyd-George became chancellor of the exchequer he left the house with a friend of his boyhood (and his love of old friends is not the least attractive phase of his character). As they talked of his advancement he said: "In all my career I do not remember a hand being held out to me from above and a voice saying: 'Bring it fnyony yma' (climb thou up here). But don't misunderstand me," he went on, "there have been thousands of hands which have pushed me up from behind." He does not forget these hands. He does not forget from whence comes his authority and his commission. There have been times when one has feared—times when his light anchorage seemed in danger of yielding to the impact of opportunism. But that memory of his own people, that loyalty to the traditions of his fathers has saved him and will save him.—London Daily News.

Hot Off the Griddle.

Mrs. Robert S. McKee, daughter of President Harrison, is a great believer in woman suffrage, and whenever she has the chance she steps right up to the bat and lines out a hot argument in support of her position. One day she was having such a discussion with a prominent New York lawyer.

"Now, my dear Mrs. McKee," insisted the attorney, "it would be all right to have woman suffrage if the educated and brilliant women like you went to the polls. You and your kind know all about the public questions, and your votes would undoubtedly be of great good to the country. But you would not derive any benefit from having the ignorant and uneducated woman voting. Imagine the absurdity of your cook voting and attempting to solve the great issues of the day."

"Unfortunately," replied Mrs. McKee, with a tragic air, "he does!"—Popular Magazine.

As One Man Sees College Life.

John Arbuckle, who made his millions in the coffee trade, says of the rich man's son in college that "he is not worth the powder to blow him up," and of the average fresh-caught college graduate that he is "not worth even \$6 a week." Of the rich men's sons Mr. Arbuckle says: "They go to college to be as far as possible away from the homes of their parents and relatives, so that their conduct may not be criticized. They care little about the faculty; in fact, to them they are a joke. All they go for is to go joy riding in their automobiles and to run around with chorus girls."

Adam and Eve.

"What did Adam have to do when he was put out of the Garden of Eden?" was the reported beginning of a Scotch classroom interlude. "He had to work hard and till the ground." "Very good. And what did Eve have to do?" "Eve had to do what Adam told her!"

Saving a Desperate Man. "Why did you get engaged to Harry? You swore that you would never, never, have anything to do with such a man." "Yes, dear, I know I did. But—well, I wouldn't have accepted him if he hadn't made such a perfectly dreadful threat."

"Oh! That old stall about rushing out and committing suicide?" "No, worse than that." "But any of those threats are bluffs. I suppose he said he'd kill the next man who called on you, eh?" "No, no! I've heard that before. Dearly, he threatened that if I did not accept him he'd go and propose to you. And I believe he would have done it, too—he was perfectly desperate!"

Sad Meeting.

"I think we met at this cafe last winter. Your overcoat is very familiar to me." "But I didn't own it then." "No; but I did!"—Fliegende Blätter.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—Bacon.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets results and invigorates stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not grip.

Time is incalculably long, and every day is a vessel into which very much may be poured, if one will really fill it up.—Goethe.

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Some married men look upon home as a place to rest—and some others get anything but a rest while there.

FARMS FOR RENT OR SALE ON CROP Payments. J. MULLHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

Many a high flyer has no knowledge of aerial navigation.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill., Escaped The Surgeon's Knife.

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. Forty-two years I suffered. The doctor said I had a tumor and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a well and healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 106 South St., Peoria, Ill.



Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided Operation. Jessup, Pa.—"After the birth of my fourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that an operation was needed. Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months I was a well woman."—Mrs. JOSEPH A. LYNCH, Jessup, Pa.

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A Painful Occasion. "What is the trouble next door?" "Little Tommy Tibbles is giving a coming out hawl."

"A coming out hawl? I don't understand."

"His father has just released him after a short season in the wood shed."

A One-Ringed Circus. "There's a ring around the moon." "I guess the man in it is having a circus."

The Car. Knicker—Thought Jones bought a runabout.

Bocker—Yes, but after the bills came in he called it a runup.

Few people would jump at conclusions if they could see their finish.

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

Davidson Bros. Co., Sioux City, Ia.

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A Sudden Envy of This Young Fellow Came Over Daylight.

recognized until Daylight had picked up with him. It was Hegan who guided Daylight through the intricacies of modern politics, labor organization, and commercial and corporation law. It was Hegan, prolific of resource and suggestion, who opened Daylight's eyes to undreamed-of possibilities in twentieth-century warfare; and it was Daylight, rejecting, accepting, and elaborating, who planned the campaigns and prosecuted them. With the Pacific coast, from Puget Sound to the bay, San Francisco furiously about his ears, the two big steamship companies had all the appearance of winning. It looked as if Burning Daylight was being beaten slowly to his knees. And then he struck—at the steamship companies, at San Francisco, at the whole Pacific coast.

It was not much of a blow at first. A Christian Endeavor convention was being held in San Francisco, a row was started by Express Drivers' Union No. 927 over the handling of a small heap of baggage at Ferry Building. A few heads were broken, a score of arrests made, and the baggage was delivered. No one would have guessed that behind this petty wrangle was the fine Irish gold of Hegan, made potent by the Klondike gold of Burning Daylight. It was an insignificant affair at best—or so it seemed. But the Teamsters' Union took up the quarrel, backed by the whole Water Front Federation. Step by step, the

Wall Street Is Interested

Fancy Job of Trucking That Takes the Minds of Financiers Off Money.

Finance is what engages it mostly, but Wall Street can spare a moment for other things that are interesting, as it is doing occasionally just now to look on at some exhibitions of fancy trucking.

The structural steel for the new building going up on Wall at Nassau streets is landed from lighters at a South street wharf at the foot of Wall street, so it is only a short haul from the wharf to the new building, though it's a lively one.

Some of the supporting columns on pillars going into this building weigh from 25 tons to 30 tons each, but they are handled easily. They back one of those long and poisonous trucks with low, broad-rimmed, heavy, solid iron wheels down on the wharf, alongside the lighter, and then the lighter's steam derrick lifts off its deck one of those 30-ton pillars and lays it gently on the truck, doing this quickly and easily.

To haul this load they have hooked to the team seven pairs of big horses, a team of 14 horses, all used to the business and all pulling alike.

All ready, the driver mounts to the seat on the forward end of the big

pillar on the truck, which puts him high in the air, and gathers up his lines. There are three other men scattered along the team as leaders and guides for the horses, and then with-out flummery or ceremony they get away, starting the great load easily.

There's a broad, easy sweep from the wharf into the broad lower end of Wall street and the outfit makes this, describing a great arc, and then it straightens out for the run up Wall street. It's an up grade all the way from South street to Broadway, but the team takes it easily on a steady trot.

It's as good, if not better, than a circus, and primarily interested though it is to finance, Wall street finds time to look when one of these great outfits sweeps by.—New York Sun.

Customer's Opinion.

Seymour—What do you think of the novel that Benson, the restaurant keeper, has written? Ashley—It's too much like his sandwiches—nothing between the covers.

Knicker—Yes, my dear, I shall be glad to go with you; I long to see the beauties of the country.

Mrs. Knicker—We will stay in town.

Judge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)