

her to occupy his opposite her daughter. The man looks up as though about to say he would see her hung first, when he meets the beseeching, auxiliary eyes of the daughter, bows and vacates with the best grace he has to spare.

And so they come, all kinds, shapes, dress, and disposition, until the signal is given, and away we move slowly out of the depot.

Rumbling over streets, crawling under bridges, and diving into the darkness of the long tunnel; the electric spark at work, recording our passage and announcing our coming miles beyond;



COMING THROUGH THE TUNNEL, AND LEAVING NEW YORK BEHIND.