

## THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET A JOB

WHEN Mack arrived in Eureka—the last city of that name—he believed that he had come to his own Eureka. It was evening, a blue and serene mountain evening, and the little town was infectiously astir. Its one main thoroughfare—Dawson Street—was all a-joggle with humanity, as if Eureka were not a town, but a fair.

"She"—Mack called Eureka "she," in the manner of his roving kind—captivated him. Men had just suppered, and were physically content; the last mosquito hawks were still zigzagging overhead, for though Dawson Street was in shadow, and the lamps were alight, the last glow of day still illumined the surrounding peaks. A witching glamour was on the dusty street and upon the faces of those whose heels hammered slow on the thronged sidewalks.

Mack accepted the hotel to which the first hotel rig that claimed him carried him. The driver seemed determined that Mack should be his, and he made no protest. Even the swish of the horses' long tails seemed a matter worthy of note. Eureka fascinated him. Here he was—and there was no denying that he was—in the spell of a new town. He had read the boosts of Eureka, and here *he* was and here *she* was, hardly a season old, tucked away in this fold among the sierras—the rich sierras, where gold strikes had recently been made well