

BURNING DAYLIGHT
By JACK LONDON
Author of "The Call of the Wild,"
"White Fang," "Martin Eden," etc.
Illustrations by Dearborn Melvill

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Eliam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 34th birthday with a friendly crowd of miners at the Circle City Tavern. He is a general favorite, a hero and a pioneer in the new gold fields. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which every dollar is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract of the district.

CHAPTER II.—Burning Daylight starts on his trip to deliver the mail with dogs and sleds. He tells his friends that the big Yukon gold strike will soon be on and he intends to be in it at the start. With Indian attendants and dogs he dips over the bank and down the frozen Yukon and in the gray light is gone.

CHAPTER III.—Harnish makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and there is another characteristic celebration. He has made a record against cold and exhaustion and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields.

CHAPTER IV.—Harnish decides where the gold will be found in the upper district and buys two tons of flour, which he declares will be worth its weight in gold before the season is over.

CHAPTER V.—When Daylight arrives with his heavy outfit of flour he finds the big trail desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Harnish seizes a rich bar. He goes to Dawson, begins investing in copper lots and staking wild claims and becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike.

CHAPTER VI.—Harnish makes fortune after fortune. One high investment enables him to defeat a great combination of capitalists in a vast mining deal. He determines to return to civilization and cross a barren and forbidding wilderness that is remembered as a kind of blaze of glory.

CHAPTER VII.—The miners are full of "the King of the Klondike," and Daylight is feted by the money magnates of the country. They take him into a big dinner and the Alaskan pioneer puts himself amid bewildering complications of high finance.

CHAPTER VIII.—Daylight is humbled by the moneyed men and finds that he has been led to invest his eleven millions in a manipulated scheme. He goes to meet his dilatory business partners at their offices in New York City.

CHAPTER IX.—Confronting his partners with a revolver in characteristic frontier style, he threatens to kill them if his money is not returned. They are cowed into submission, return their securities and Harnish goes back to San Francisco with his unimpaired fortune.

CHAPTER X.

Back in San Francisco, Daylight quickly added to his reputation. In ways it was not an enviable reputation. Men were afraid of him. He became known as a fighter, a fiend, a tiger. His play was a tipping and smashing one, and no one knew where or how his next blow would fall. The element of surprise was large. He balked on the unexpected, and, fresh from the wild North, his mind not operating in stereotyped channels, he was able in unusual degree to devise

new tricks and stratagems. And once he won the advantage, he pressed it remorselessly. "As relentless as a Red Indian," was said of him, and it was said truly.

He was a free lance, and had no friendly business associations. Such alliances as were formed from time to time were purely affairs of expediency, and he regarded his allies as men who would give him the double-cross or ruin him if a profitable chance presented. In spite of this point of view, he was faithful to his allies. But he was faithful just as long as they were and no longer. The treason had to come from them, and then it was "Ware Daylight."

The business men and financiers of the Pacific coast never forgot the lesson of Charles Klinkner and the California & Altamont Trust Company. Klinkner was the president, in partnership with Daylight, the pair riddled the San Jose Interurban. The powerful Lake Power & Electric Lighting corporation came to the rescue, and Klinkner, seeing what he thought was the opportunity, went over to the enemy in the thick of the pitched battle. Daylight lost three millions before he was done with it, and before he was done with it he saw the California & Altamont Trust Company hopelessly wrecked, and Charles Klinkner a suicide in a felon's cell.

So it was that Daylight became a successful financier. He did not go in for swindling the workers. Not only did he not have the heart for it, but it did not strike him as a sporting proposition. The workers were so easy, so stupid. It was more like slaughtering fat, hand-reared pheasants on the English preserves he had read about. The sport, to him, was in waylaying the successful robbers and taking their spoils from them. The grim Yukon life had failed to make Daylight hard. It required civilization to produce this result. In the fierce, savage game he now played, his habitual gentility imperceptibly slipped away from him, as did his lazy Western drawl.

He still had recurrences of gentility, but they were largely periodical and forced, and they were usually due to the cocktails he took prior to mealtime. In the North he had drunk deeply and at irregular intervals, but now his drinking became systematic and disciplined. It was an unconscious development, but it was based upon physical and mental conditions. The cocktails served as an inhibition. Without reasoning or thinking about it, the strain of the office, which was essentially due to the daring and audacity of his ventures, required check or cessation; and he found through the weeks and months, that the cocktails supplied this very thing. They constituted a stone wall. He never drank during the morning, nor in office hours; but the instant he left the office he proceeded to rear this wall of alcoholic inhibition against his consciousness. The office became immediately a closed affair. It ceased to exist. In the afternoon, after lunch, it lived again for one or two hours, when, leaving it, he rebuilt the wall of inhibition. Of course, there were exceptions to this; and, such was the rigor of his discipline, that if he had a dinner or a conference before him in which, in a business way, he encountered enemies or allies and planned or prosecuted campaigns, he abstained from drinking. But the instant the

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panies, 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 hand 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 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 organi-



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

zation 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, until 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, wholesome gentility. Even his human affections were descending. Playing a lone hand, contemptuous of most of the men with whom he played, lacking in sympathy or understanding of them, and essentially independent of them, he found little in common with those to be 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. Resolving 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 entered through a hayfield. The grain was

suicide, and with one "To Much Daylight." After that he did not talk with her again about books. He imagined what erroneous conclusions she had drawn from that particular chapter, and it stung him the more in that they were undeserved. He pumped Morrison, the clerk, who had first to vent his personal grievance against Miss Mason before he could tell what little he knew of her.

"She comes from Siskiyou County. She's very nice to work with in the office, of course, but she's rather stuck on herself—exclusive, you know."

"How do you make that out?" Daylight queried.

"Well, she thinks too much of herself to associate with those she works with, in the office here, for instance. She won't have anything to do with a fellow, you see. I've asked her out repeatedly, to the theater and the chutes and such things. But nothing doing. Says she likes plenty of sleep, and can't stay up late, and has to go all the way to Berkeley—that's where she lives. But that's all hot air. She's running with the University boys, that's what she's doing. She needs lots of sleep, and can't go to the theater with me, but she can dance all hours with them. I've heard it pretty straight that she goes to all their hops and such things. Rather stylish and high-toned for a stenographer, I'd say. And she keeps a horse, too. She rides astride all over those hills out there. I saw her one Sunday myself. Oh, she's a high-flyer, and I wonder how she does it. Sixty-five a month don't go far. Then she has a sick brother, too."

"Live with her people?" Daylight asked.

"No; hasn't got any. They were well to do, I've heard. They must have been, or that brother or hers couldn't have gone to the University of California. Her father had a big cattle-ranch, but he got to fooling with mines or something, and went broke before he died. Her mother died long before that. Her brother must cost a lot of money. He was a husky once, played football, was great on hunting and being out in the mountains and such things. He got his accident breaking horses, and then rheumatism or something got into him. One leg is shorter than the other, and withered up some. He has to walk on crutches. I saw her out with him once—crossing the ferry. The doctors have been experimenting on him for years, and he's in the French Hospital now, I think."

All of which side-lights on Miss Mason went to increase Daylight's interest in her. Yet, much as he desired, he failed to get acquainted with her. He had thoughts of asking her to luncheon, but his was the innate chivalry of the frontiersman, and the thoughts never came to anything. He knew a self-respecting, square-dealing man was not supposed to take his stenographer to luncheon. Such things did happen, he knew, for he heard the chattering gossip of the club; but he did not think much of such men and felt sorry for the girls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Vapor Is Dry.

Mr. M. Mott-Smith points out in Science a popular misconception in the supposition that aqueous vapor and ice are wet. They are in themselves dry and become wet only when they turn to water. "So dry is aqueous vapor that it will dry any moist object that it comes in contact with." Superheated steam before it condenses is a dry gas. Ice feels wet if the temperature of the hand is sufficient to melt it. As ice it is dry. Another misconception is that the air can be either moist or dry. It is condensed aqueous vapor in the air that is moist, and it would be moist if there were no air. A given quantity of aqueous vapor confined in a given space will be wet or dry according to the temperature. At 22 degrees, for instance, it might be partially condensed and consequently wet, while at 70 degrees, owing to expansion, it would be dry.

Bug Power.

If asked to name the strongest animals most persons begin with the largest, the elephant, and continue with oxen, horses, etc. This is, of course, correct in so far as their total horsepower is concerned, but for real strength, proportioned to the size and weight of the animal, one must go to the insect world. Compared with insects, the strength of almost any large animal, and especially of man, is absurd. A man is considered strong if he can drag a mass weighing three or four times as much as himself, but the beetle will walk with 500 times his own weight. If a man were placed under a wooden box with five times his weight on top to hold it down he would remain there indefinitely, but to retain a stag beetle prisoner in the same way one must pile on top of the box at least 1,800 times its weight.

Oilcloth as a Cure.

Pretty soon after the new arrival had been assigned to his room he telephoned down to the office for two strips of oilcloth.

"Another one," said the clerk after assuring the guest that the oilcloth would be sent up immediately. "He is a soumarballist, I suppose. We keep strips of oilcloth in reserve for fellows like him. They spread it on the floor at either side of the bed. Stepping on cold oilcloth when he gets out of bed is pretty likely to awaken the most confirmed sleepwalker and prevent nocturnal wandering."—New York Press.

Unintentional.

She—Oh, professor, I saw such a funny old fossil in the museum today! I thought of you at once.—Judge.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between R. B. Wilson and Ora L. Jones under the firm name of Wilson and Jones is this day dissolved by mutual consent, R. B. Wilson retiring from the firm. The business will be continued under the sole management of Ora L. Jones who assumes all indebtedness of the said firm, and to whom is payable all accounts due the said firm.

R. B. WILSON,
ORA L. JONES.

Brevard, N. C., January 20, 1912.
1-26-12.

NOTICE OF EXECUTRIX

Having qualified as executrix of the last will and testament of Jane Orr, deceased, late of Transylvania county, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate of Jane Orr, deceased, to present same to the undersigned executrix, on or before the 7th day of February, 1913, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons who are due said estate anything are hereby notified and required to make immediate settlement of their accounts with the undersigned executrix. This February 7th, 1912.

MISNIE LEE ORR, Executrix,
Welch Galloway, Attorney. 2-9-12-12

CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION

State of North Carolina—Department of State.

To all to whom these presents may come—Greeting:

Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the Brevard Supply Co., a corporation of this state, whose principal office is situated in the town of Brevard, county of Transylvania, state of North Carolina (C. M. Doyle being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of chapter 21, revision of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing this certificate of dissolution;

Now, therefore, I, J. Bryan Grimes, secretary of the state of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 19th day of October, 1911, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Raleigh, this 19th day of October, 1911.

J. BRYAN GRIMES,
Secretary of State.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

State of North Carolina
Transylvania County

By virtue of a deed in trust executed on the 6th day of May, 1909, by J. H. Galloway and wife, A. J. Galloway, to W. B. Duckworth, trustee, to secure a certain amount therein set out to W. J. Owen, and default in the payment of the said amount having been made, I, the undersigned, administrator of W. B. Duckworth, trustee as aforesaid, will, on Monday, the fourth day of March, 1912, at 12 o'clock, p. m., at the court house door in the town of Brevard, N. C., sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described tract or parcel of land lying and being in Hogback township, county of Transylvania, state of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Andy Smith and Johnnie Whitmore, and known as a part of the Andy Smith tract, and more particularly described by a deed made by A. B. Smith to J. H. Galloway on the 24th day of February, 1909, and registered in book 27, page 122, of the records of deeds of Transylvania county, containing 65 acres more or less.

The proceeds of said sale to be paid to J. S. Silverstein, W. J. Owen and J. H. Galloway according to the terms of an agreement heretofore made between the said parties in regard to the said deed in trust.

This the 5th day of February, 1912.
MRS. ELIA B. DUCKWORTH,
Admrx. of W. B. Duckworth, Trustee,
Zachary & Clayton, Attorneys. 2-9-12

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