

BY JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD." WHITE FANG, MARTINEDEN, ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL

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PART I. CHAPTER I.

It was a quiet night in the Tivoli. At the bar, which ranged along one side of the large chinked-log room, leaned half a dozen men, two of whom were discussing the relative merits of spruce tea and lime juice as remeales for scurvy. They argued with an air of depression and with intervals of morose silence. The other men scarcely heeded them. In a row, against the opposite wall, were the gambling games. The crap table was deserted. One lone man was playing how!." at the faro table. The roulette was not even spinning, and the gamekeeper stood by the roaring, red-hot stove, talking with a young, dark-eyed woman, comely of face and figure, who was known from Juneau to Fort Yukon as the Virgin. Three men sat in at stud poker, but they played with small chips and without enthusiasm, while there were no onlookers. On the floor of the dancing room, which opened out

Yukon, owner and proprietor of the

"Looks like it," was the answer. "Then it must be the whole camp," she said with an air of finality and with another yawn.

MacDonald grinned and nodded, and opened his mouth to speak, when the front door swung open and a man appeared in the light. He would have appeared a large man had not a huge French-Canadian stepped up to him from the bar and gripped his hand. "Hello, Daylight!" was his greeting.

"By Gar, you good for sore eyes!" "Hello, Louis, when did you-all blow in?" returned the newcomer. "Come up and have a drink and tell us all

about Bone creek. Why, dog-gone you-all, shake again. Where's that pardner of yours? I'm looking for Another huge man detached himself from the bar to shake hands. Olaf

Henderson and French Louis, partners together on Bone creek, were the two largest men in the country, and though they were but half a head taller than the newcomer, between them he was dwarfed completely. "Hello, Olaf," said the one called

Daylight. "Tomorrow's my birthday. And you, too, Louis. Come up and drink, and I'll tell you-all about it." The arrival of the newcomer seemed

to send a flood of warmth through the place. "It's Burning Daylight," the Bates' tight features relaxed at sight, and MacDonald went over and joined the three at the bar. With the advent of Burning Daylight the whole place suddenly became brighter and cheerier. The barkeepers were active. Voices were raised. Somebody laughed. And when the fiddler, peering into the front room, remarked to the planist: "It's Burning Daylight," the walts time perceptibly quickened, and the dancers, catching the contagion, began to whirl about as if they really enjoyed it. It was known to them of old-time that nothing languished when Burning Daylight was around.

He turned from the bar and saw the woman by the stove and the eager

look of welcome she extended him. "Hello, Virgin, old girl," he called. "Hello, Charley. What's the matter with you-all? Why wear faces like that when coffins only cost three ounces? Come up, you-all, and drink. Come up, you unburied dead, an' name your poison. Come up, everybody. This is my night, and I'm going to ride it. To-morrow I'm thirty, and then I'll be an old man. It's the last fling of youth. Are you-all with me?

Surge along, then. Surge along." The waltz in the back room being

finished, the three couples, followed by the fiddler and the planist and heading for the bar, caught Daylight's

"Surge along, you-all!" he cried. Surge along and name it. This is my night, and it ain't a night that comes frequent. Surge up, you Siwashes and Salmon-eaters. It's my night, I tell you-all-"

"A blamed mangy night," Charley Bates interpolated.

"You're right, my son," Burning Daylight went on, gayly. "A mangy night, but it's my night, you see. I'm the mangy old he-wolf. Listen to me

And howl he did, like a lone gray timber wolf, till the Virgin thrust her pretty fingers in her ears and shivered. A minute later she was whirled away in his arms to the dancing floor, where, along with three other women and their partners, a rollicking Virginia reel was soon in progress.

Few men knew Elam Harnish by any other name than Burning Daylight, the name which had been given him in the at the rear, three couples were waltz- early days in the land because of his ing drearily to the strains of a violin habit of routing his comrades out of their blankets with the complaint that Circle City was not deserted, nor daylight was burning. Of the pioneers was money tight. The miners were in in that far Arctic wilderness, where from Moosehead creek and the other all men were pioneers, he was reckdiggings to the west, the summer oned among the oldest. Men like Al washing had been good, and the men's Mayo and Jack McQuestion antedated pouches were heavy with dust and nug- him; but they had entered the land by gets. The Klondike had not yet been crossing the Rockies from the Hudson discovered, nor had the miners of the Bay country to the east. He, however, with little or no conversation, though Yukon learned the possibilities of deep had been the pioneer over the Chilcoot all about the players the place was digging and wood-firing. No work was and Chilcat passes. In the spring of a-roar. Elam Harnish had ignited the done in the winter, and they made a 1883, twelve years before, a stripling spark. More and more miners dropped spractice of hibernating in the large of eighteen, he had crossed over the in to the Tivoli and remained. When nounced, as he slid in his slip; "but camps like Circle City during the long Chilcoot with five comrades. In the Burning Daylight went on the tear, no it's not a raising hand." Arctic night. Time was heavy on their fall he had crossed back with one. man cared to miss it. The dancing and the only social diversion to be bleak, uncharted vastness. And for varied monotonously, no big hands be- her the same old thousand." found was in the saloons. Yet the Ti- twelve years Elam Harnish had con- ing out. As a result, high play went The Virgin, standing behind him, voli was practically deserted, and the tinued to grope for gold among the on with small hands, though no play then did what a man's best friend was Virgin, standing by the stove, yawned shadows of the Circle. Heroes are lasted long. But at three in the morn- not privileged to do. Reaching over "You bet! You could a made a with uncovered mouth and said to seldom given to hero-worship, but ing the big combination of hands ar- Daylight's shoulder, she picked up his straight, a straight flush or a flush out "If something don't happen soon, I'm was, he was accounted an elder hero. that men wait weeks for in a poker shielding the faces of the cards close goin' to bed. What's the matter with In point of time he was before them. game. The news of it tingled over the to his chest. What she saw were said, sadly. "It cost me six thousand

but went on moodily rolling a ciga- of all the men in the Tivoli. Soft and moved over to the table. The Every player's eyes were on her face laughed. "Then I wouldn't a' caught rette. Dan MacDonald, pioneer sa- tanned moccasins of moose-hide, bead- players deserted the other games, and as she scanned the cards, but no sign that fourth queen. Now I've got to loonman and gambler on the upper ed in Indian designs, covered his feet. the dancing-floor was forsaken, so that did she give. She laid the hand face take Billy Rawlins' mail contract and His trousers were ordinary overalls, all stood at last, fivescore and more in down again on the table and slowly mush for Dyea. What's the size of Tivoli and all its games, wandered for his coat was made from a blanket. a compact and silent group, around the lingering eyes withdrew from her, the killing, Jack?" lornly across the great vacant space of Long-gauntletted leather mittens, lined the poker table. The high betting having learned nothing.



"Surge Along, You-Ail!" He Cried. "Surge Along and Name It."

neck and across the shoulders. On his head was a fur cap, the ear-flaps raised and the tying-cords dangling. His face, lean and slightly long, with the sugges-Virgin cried, the first to recognize tion of hollows under the cheek bones, him as he came into the light. Charley seemed almost Indian. The burnt skin and keen dark eyes contributed to this effect, though the bronze of the skin and the eyes themselves were essentially those of a white man. He looked older than thirty, and yet, smoothshaven and without wrinkles, he was almost boyish. The impression of age was based on no tangible evidence. It came from the abstracter facts of the man, from what he had endured and survived, which was far beyond that of ordinary men. He had lived naked and tensely, and something of all this smoldered in his eyes, vibrated in his voice and seemed forever a whisper on his lips.

It was two in the morning when the iancers, bent on getting something to eat, adjourned the dancing for half an hour. And it was at this moment that Jack Kearns suggested poker. Jack Kearns was a big, bluff-featured man, who, along with Bettles, had made the disastrous attempt to found a post on the head-reaches of the Koyokuk. far inside the Arctic circle. After that Kearns had fallen back on his posts at Forty Mile and Sixty Mile and changed the direction of his ventures by send ing out to the states for a small saw mill and a river steamer. Jack Kearn suggested poker. French Louis, Dan

three of whom were not dancing be Jack?"

"How's your luck?"

"I sure got it tonight," Burning Dayhim for the dancing. "I sure got my luck with me, but I'd sooner dance. away from you-all."

Nobody urged. They took his refusal as final, and the Virgin was pressing his arm to turn him away in pursuit of the supper-seekers, when he experienced a change of teart. It was not that he did not want to dance. nor that he wanted to hurt her; but that insistent pressure on his arm put his free man-nature in revolt. The thought in his mind was that he did not want any woman running him. Himself a favorite with women, nevertheless they did not bulk big with him. They were toys, playthings, part of the relaxation from the bigger game of life. He met women along with the whisky and gambling, and from observation he had found that it was far easier to break away from the drink and the cards than from a woman once the man was properly entangled. He resisted the pull on his arm by the mere negative mass of him, and said: "I sort of feel a hankering to give

you-all a flutter." Tact and sympathy strove with him, and he smiled with his eyes into the

Virgin's eyes as he said: "You-all go and get some grub. I ain't hungry. And we'll dance some more by and by. The night's young yet. Go it, old girl."

He released his arm and thrust her playfully on the shoulder, at the same time turning to the poker players.

"Take off the limit and I'll go you-

"Limit's the roof," said Jack Kearns. Once started, it was a quiet game, among those of that land, young as he rived. It was the moment of moments hand and read it, at the same time of it." the camp, anyway? Everybody dead?" In point of deed he was beyond them. Tivoli. The onlookers became quiet. three queens and a pair of eights, but before I quit." —in his case one hundred dollars. hunch, Jack?" Campbell had merely "seen" it, but glancing again at his hand, put in a hunch; Daylight's going to call, too." similar debate. It cost Campbell like-draw." wise nine hundred to remain and draw cards, but to the surprise of all he saw the nine hundred and raised another thousand.

"You-all are on the grade at last," Harnish remarked, as he saw the fifteen hundred and raised a thousand in turn. "Helen Breakfast's sure on top this divide, and you-all had best look out for bustin' harness."

"Me for that same lady," accompanied MacDonald's markers for two thousand and for an additional thousand-dollar raise.

"I ain't got no more markers," Kearns remarked plaintively. "We'd best begin I. O. U.'s."

"Glad you're going to stay," was MacDonald's cordial response.

"I ain't stayed yet. I've got a thousand in already. How's it stand

"It'll cost you three thousand for a look in, but nobody will stop you from

"Raise-h-l. You must think I got a pat like yourself." Kearns looked at his hand. "But I'll tell you what I'l' do, Mac. I've got a hunch, and I'll just see that three thousand."

He wrote the sum on a slip of paper, signed his name, and consigned it to the center of the table.

French Louis became the focus of all eyes. He fingered his cards nervously for a pace. Then, with a "By Gar! Ah got not one leetle beet hunch," he regretfully tossed his hand into the discards.

The next moment the hundred and draw and counted his five cards. odd pairs of eyes shifted to Camp-

"I won't hump you, Jack," he said, and keep you out, Jack." contenting himself with calling the requisite two thousand.

The eyes shifted to Harnish, who MacDonald said in turn. scribbled on a piece of paper and shoved it forward.

"I'll just let you-all know this ain't corner of his mouth followed speech. no Sunday school society of philanthropy," he said. "I see you, Jack, and I raise you a thousand. Here's where you-all get action on your pat, voice was unchanged. Mac."

"Action's what I fatten on, and I sand," he said. MacDonald and Hal Campbell (who lift another thousand," was MacDon-

cause there were not girls enough to "I still got that hunch." Kearns go around, inclined to the suggestion. fingered his cards a long time. "And They were looking for a fifth man I'll play it, but you've got to know when Burning Daylight emerged from how I stand. There's my steamer, the the rear room, the Virgin on his arm. Bells-worth twenty thousand if she's the train of dancers in his wake. In worth an ounce. There's Sixty-Mile response to the hail of the poker-play- with five thousand in stock on the ers, he came over to their table in the shelves. And you know I got a sawmill coming in. It's at Linderman "Want to sit in," said Campbell. now, and the scow is building. Am I good?"

"Dig in; you're sure good," was light answered with enthusiasm, Daylight's answer, "And while we're and at the same time felt the Virgin about it, I may mention casual that press his arm warningly. She wanted I got twenty thousand in Mac's safe, there, and there's twenty thousand more in the ground on Moosehide. I sin't hankerin' to take the money You know the ground, Campbell. Is they that-all in the dirt?"

"There sure is. Daylight." "How much does it cost now?" Kearns asked.

"Two thousand to see." "We'll sure hump you if you-all

come in," Daylight warned him. "It's an almighty good hunch, Kearns said, adding his slip to the growing heap. "I can feel her crawlin' up and down my back."



"We'll Dance Some More By and By The Night's Young Yet."

"I ain't got a hunch, but I got a tolerable good hand," Campbell an-

"Mine is," Daylight paused and hands, their pouches were well filled Four had perished by mischance in the floor was full. The luck at the table wrote. "I see that thousand and raise

"Still a-crawling, Mac. You got me the sum. Elam Harnish, coming next, had now, but that hunch is a rip-snorter "One hundred and twenty-seven tossed in five hundred dollars, with persuadin' sort of a critter, and it's thousand," he announced. "You-all can the remark to MacDonald that he my plain duty to ride it. I call for sell out now, Jack, and head for was letting him in easy. MacDonald three thousand. And I got another home."

thousand in markers. Kearns, de "He sure is," Daylight agreed, after bating a long time over his hand, Campbell had thrown up his hand. game, which he contributed after a two thousand, and then I'll see the

> voices of the three players, the draw was made. Thirty-four thousand dollars were already in the pot, and the play possibly not half over. To the Virgin's amazement, Daylight held up his three queens, discarding his eights and calling for two cards. And this time not even she dared look at what he had drawn. She knew her limit of control. Nor did he look. The two new cards lay face down on the table where they had been dealt to him. "Got enough," was the reply.

"You can draw if you want to, you know," Kearns warned him. "Nope; this'll do me."

Kearns himself drew two cards, but did not look at them. Still Harnish let

his cards lie. "I never bet in the teeth of a pat hand," he said slowly, looking at the

saloon keeper. "You-all start her rolling, Mac." MacDonald counted his cards care fully, to make doubly sure it was not a foul hand, wrote a sum on a paper slip, and slid it into the pot, with the

simple utterance: "Five thousand." Kearns, with every eye upon him, looked at his two-card draw, counted the other three to dispel any doubt of

holding more than five cards, and wrote on a betting slip. "I see you, Mac," he said, "and I raise her a little thousand just so as to keep Daylight out."

The concentrated gaze shifted to Daylight. He likewise examined his "I see that six thousand, and I raise

her five thousand . . . just to try "And I raise you five thousand just to lend a hand at keeping Jack out."

His voice was slightly husky and strained, and a nervous twitch in the

Kearns was pale, and those who looked on noted that his hand trembled as he wrote his slip. But his

"I lift her along for five thou-Daylight was now in the center.

had made a strike on Moosehide), all sid's rejoinder. "Still got that hunch, The herosene lamps above flung high ights from the rash of sweat on his forehead. The bronze of his cheeks was darkened by the accession of blood. His black eyes glittered and his nostrils were distended and eager. They were large nostrils, tokening his descent from savage ancestors who had survived by virtue of deep ungs and generous air-passages. Tet, unlike MacDonald, his voice was firm and customary, and, unlike Kearns his hand did not tremble when be wrote.

"I call, for ten thousand," he said. "Not that I'm afraid of you-all, Mac. it's that hunch of Jack's."

"I hump his hunch for five thousand just the same," said MacDonald. "I had the best hand before the draw, and I still guess I got it."

"Mebbe this is a case where hunch after the draw is better'n the hunch before." Kearns remarked; wherefore duty says, 'Lift her, Jack, lift her,' and so I lift her another five thousaid."

Daylight leaned back in his chair and gazed up at the kerosene lamps while he computed aloud:

"I was in nine thousand before the draw, and I saw and raised eleven thousand-that makes thirty. I'm only good for ten more." He leaned forward and looked at Kearns. "So I call er five thousand."

"You can raise if you want," Kearns Norfolk-Parlor Car between la answered. "Your dogs are good for Bern and Norfolk. five thousaid in this game."

"Nary dawg. You-all can win my dust and dirt, but nary one of my dawgs. I just call."

The saloon keeper finally spoke: "If anybody else wins, they'll have ing Passenger Agent, Raleigh, X & to take a mortgage on the Tivoli." The two other players nodded. "So I call, too."

MacDonald added his slip for five thousand. Not one of them claimed the pot, and not one of them called the size of his hand. Simultaneously and in silence they faced their cards on the table, while a general tiptoeing and craning of necks took place among the onlookers. Daylight showed four queens and an ace; Mac-Donald four jacks and an ace, and Kearns four kings and a trey. Kearns DR. JOHN T. PATTERSON movement of his arm and drew the pot in to him, his arm shaking as he did so. Daylight picked the ace from his hand and tossed it over alongside MacDonald's ace, saying:

"That's what cheered me along. Mac. I knowed it was only kings that could beat me, and he had them. "What did you-all have?" he asked,

all interest, turning to Campbell. "Straight flush of four, open at both ends-a good drawing hand."

"That's what I thought," Campbell

Bates did not even trouble to reply. He was a striking figure of a man, The men farther away ceased talking nobobdy guessed what she saw. "I wisht you-all'd drawn," Daylight

Kearns attempted to count the pot, floor and joined the two at the stove. with wool, hung by his side. They went on, with the draw not in sight. MacDonald smiled benevolently. "I but was too excited. Daylight drew "Anybody dead?" the Virgin asked were connected, in the Yukon fashion Kearns had dealt, and French Louis see you, Daylight, and I hump this it across to him, with firm fingers sepby a leather thong passed around the had opened the pot with one marker time for two thousand. How's that arating and stacking the markers and I. O. U.'s and with clear brain adding

The winner smiled and nodded, but seemed incapable of speech.

"Name your snake-juice, you-allfinally "saw." It then cost French "He knows when he's up against it, the winner pays!" Daylight called out Louis nine hundred to remain in the and he plays accordin'. I see that loudly to all about him, at the same time rising from his chair and catching the Virgin by the arm. "Come on In a dead silence, save for the low for a reel, you-all dancers. The night's young yet, and it's Helen Breakfast and the mail contract for me in the morning. Here, you-all Rawlins, you -I hereby do take over that same contract, and I start for salt water at nine a. m.—savvee? Come on, you-all! Where's that fiddler?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Midnight in the Ozarks

and yet sleepless, Hiram Scranton, of Clay City, Ill., coughed and coughed. He was in the mountains on the advice of five doctors, who said he had consumption, but found no help in the climate, and started home. Hearing of Dr. King's New Discovery, he began to use it. "I believe it saved my life," he writes, "for it made a new man of me, so that I can now Ly aleigh do good work again." For all lung Ly diseases, coughs, colds, la grippe, asthma, croup, whooping cough, hay fever, hemorrhages, hoarseness or quinsy, it's theb est known remedy. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists

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