



BURNING DAYLIGHT

BY JACK LONDON
AUTHOR OF 'THE CALL OF THE WILD,' 'WHITE FANG,' 'MARTIN EDEN,' ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL

(Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Company.)
(Copyright, 1910, by the MacMillan Company.)

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 remedies for scurvy.

Finished, the three couples, followed by the fiddler and the pianist and heading for the bar, caught Daylight's eye. "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 Swashes and Salmon-eaters. It's my night, I tell you-all!"



Circle City was not deserted, nor was money tight. The miners were in from Moosehead creek and the other diggings to the west, the summer washing had been good, and the men's pouches were heavy with dust and nuggets.

"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.

had made a strike on Moosehide), all three of whom were not dancing because there were not girls enough to go around, inclined to the suggestion. They were looking for a fifth man when Burning Daylight emerged from the rear room, the Virgin on his arm, the train of dancers in his wake. In response to the call of the poker-players, he came over to their table in the corner.

"Want to sit in," said Campbell. "How's your luck?" "I sure got it tonight," Burning Daylight answered with enthusiasm, and at the same time felt the Virgin press his arm warningly. She wanted him for the dancing. "I sure got my luck with me, but I'd sooner dance. I ain't hankerin' to take the money 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 heart. 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.

"Limit's the roof," said Jack Kearns. Once started, it was a quiet game, with little or no conversation, though all about the players the place was a-roar. Elam Harnish had ignited the spark. More and more miners dropped in to the Tivoli and remained. When Burning Daylight went on the tear, no man cared to miss it.

"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' happiness."

"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 now?"

aid's rejoinder. "Still got that hunch, Jack?" "I still got that hunch," Kearns fingered his cards a long time. "And I'll play it, but you've got to know how I stand. There's my steamer, the Bella—worth twenty thousand if she's worth an ounce. There's Sixty-Mile with five thousand in stock on the shelves. And you know I got a saw-mill coming in. It's at Linderman now, and the scow is building. Am I good?"

"Dig in; you're sure good," was Daylight's answer. "And while we're about it, I may mention casual that I got twenty thousand in Mac's safe, there, and there's twenty thousand more in the ground on Moosehide. You know the ground, Campbell. Is they that-all in the dirt?"

"Two thousand to sea." "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 crawling in 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 announced, as he slid in his slip; "but it's not a raising hand."

"In a dead silence, save for the low 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.

The kerosene lamps above swung high lights 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 lungs and generous air-passages. Fet, unlike MacDonald, his voice was firm and customary, and, unlike Kearns his hand did not tremble when he 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."

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.

"That's what I thought," Campbell said, sadly. "It cost me six thousand before I quit." "I wish you-all'd drawn," Daylight laughed. "Then I wouldn't a' caught that fourth queen. Now I've got to take Billy Rawlins' mail contract and mush for Dyea. What's the size of the killing, Jack?"

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.

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns For Women. Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes.

Norfolk-Southern Railroad
Route of the 'Night Express'
Travel via Raleigh (Union Station) and Norfolk Southern Railroad, and From All Points in Eastern North Carolina.

DROPSY CURED
Relief at Once
Address
DR. JOHN T. PATTERSON
ATLANTA

GOODWIN-SMITH
FURNITURE COMPANY
DEALERS IN
Furniture and House Furnishings

SEABOARD AIR-LINE
Schedule Effective April 9, 1911.
Trains Leave Raleigh

Raleigh & Southport Ry. Co.
TIME TABLE
SOUTHBOUND DAILY
STATIONS: Raleigh, Cary, Wake Forest, etc.