



BURNING DAYLIGHT

BY JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MEYVIL

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CHAPTER IV.

This time the trail was easier. It was better packed, and they were not carrying mail against time. At Forty Mile they laid over two days for the sake of the dogs, and at Sixty Mile Daylight's team was left with the trader. Unlike Daylight, after the terrible run from Selkirk to Circle City, they had been unable to recuperate on the back trail. So the four men pulled on from Sixty Mile with a fresh team of dogs on Daylight's sled. The following night they camped in the cluster of islands at the mouth of the Stewart. Daylight stalked town sites, and, though the others laughed at him, he staked the whole maze of high, wooded island.

"Just supposing the big strike does come on the Stewart," he argued. "Maybe you-all 'll be in on it, and then again maybe you-all won't. But I sure will. You-all 'd better reconsider and go in with me on it."

But they were stubborn. "You're as bad as Harper and Joe Ladue," said Joe Hines. "They're always at that game. You know that big flat just below the Klondike and under Moosehide Mountain? Well, the recorder at Forty Mile was telling us they staked that not a month ago—The Harper & Ladue Town Site. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Elijah and Finn joined in his laughter; but Daylight was gravely in earnest.

"There she is!" he cried. "The hunch is working! It's in the air, I tell you-all! What'd they-all stake the big flat for if they-all didn't get the hunch? Wish I'd staked it!"

The regret in his voice was provocative of a second burst of laughter.

"Laugh, dang you, laugh! Why your eyes ain't open yet. You-all are a bunch of little mewling kittens. I tell you-all if that strike comes on Klondike, Harper and Ladue will be millionaires. And if it comes on Stewart, you-all watch the Elam Harnish town site boom. In them days, when you-all come around makin' your mouths . . ." He heaved a sigh of resignation. "Well, I suppose I'll have to give you-all a grub-stake or soup, or something or other."

In the meantime there was naught to show for it but hunch. But it was coming. As he would stake his last ounce on a good poker hand, so he staked his life and effort on the hunch that the future held in store a big strike on the Upper River. So he and his three companions, with dogs, and sleds, and snowshoes, toiled up the frozen breast of the Stewart, toiled on and on through the white wilderness where the unending stillness was never broken by the voices of men, the stroke of an ax, or the distant crack of a rifle. Gold they found on the bars, but not in paying quantities, and in the following May they returned to Sixty Mile.

Ten days later, Harper and Joe Ladue arrived at Sixty Mile, and Daylight, strong to obey the hunch that had come to him, traded a third interest in his Stewart town site for a third interest in theirs on the Klondike. "They had faith in the Upper Country, and Harper left down-stream, with a trail-load of supplies, to start a small spot at the mouth of the Klondike.

"Why don't you tackle Indian River, Daylight?" Harper advised, at parting. "There's whole slathers of creeks and draws draining in up there, and somewhere gold just crying to be found. That's my hunch. There's a big strike coming, and Indian River ain't going to be a million miles away."

"And the place is swarming with moose," Joe Ladue added. "Bob Henderson's up there somewhere, been there three years now, swearing something big is going to happen. Sliving off'n straight moose and prospecting around like a crazy man."

Daylight decided to go Indian River a fatter, as he expressed it; and lingered a few days longer arranging his menager outfit. He planned to go in eight, carrying a peck of seventy-five pounds and making his five dogs pack as well, Indian fashion, loading them with thirty pounds each. Depending on the report of Ladue, he intended to follow Bob Henderson's example and live practically on straight meat. When Jack Kearns' scow, laden with the sawmill from Lake Linderman, tied up at Sixty Mile, Daylight bundled his outfit and dogs on board, turned his town-site application over to Elijah to be filed, and the same day was landed at the mouth of Indian River. He continued down Hunker to the Klondike, and on to the summer fishing camp of the Indians on the Yukon.

Here for a day he camped with Carmack, a squaw-man, and his Indian brother-in-law, Skookum Jim, bought a boat, and, with his dogs on board, drifted down the Yukon to Forty Mile. Then it was that Carmack, his brother-in-law, Skookum Jim, and Cultus Charlie, another Indian, arrived in a scow at Forty Mile, went straight to the gold commissioner, and recorded three claims and a discovery claim.

bonanza creek. After that, in the Sourdough Saloon, that night, they exhibited coarse gold to the skeptical crowd. Daylight, too, was skeptical, and this despite his faith in the Upper Country. Had he not, only a few days before, seen Carmack loafing with his Indians and with never a thought of prospecting? But at eleven that night, sitting on the edge of his bunk and unlacing his moccasins, a thought came to him. He put on his coat and hat and went back to the Sourdough. Carmack was still there, flashing his coarse gold in the eyes of an unbelieving generation. Daylight ranged alongside of him and emptied Carmack's sack into a blower. This he studied for a long time. Then, from his own sack, into another blower, he emptied several ounces of Circle City and Forty Mile gold. Again, for a long time, he studied and compared. Finally, he pocketed his own gold, returned Carmack's, and held up his hand for silence.

"Boys, I want to tell you-all something," he said. "She's sure come—the up-river strike. And I tell you-all, clear and forcible, this is it. There ain't never been gold like that in a blower in this country before. It's new gold. It's got more silver in it."

"Who-all's got faith to come along with me?"



"Who-all's got faith to come along with me?"

You-all can see it by the color. Carmack's sure made a strike. Who-all's got faith to come along with me?"

No one volunteered.

"Then who-all 'll take a job from me, cash wages in advance, to pole up a thousand pounds of grub?"

Curly Parsons and another, Pat Monahan, accepted, and, with his customary speed, Daylight paid them their wages in advance and arranged the purchase of the supplies, though he emptied his sack in doing so. He was leaving the Sourdough, when he suddenly turned back to the bar from the door.

"Got another hunch?" was the query.

"I sure have," he answered. "Flour's sure going to be worth what a man will pay for it this winter up on the Klondike. Who'll lend me some money?"

On the instant a score of the men who had declined to accompany him on the wild-goose chase were crowding about him with proffered gold-sacks.

"How much flour do you want?" asked the Alaska Commercial Company's storekeeper.

"About two ton."

The proffered gold-sacks were not withdrawn, though their owners were guilty of an outrageous burst of merriment.

"What are you going to do with two tons?" the storekeeper demanded.

was pessimistic. But an hour later, at his own camp, Joe Ladue strode in from Bonanza Creek. He led Daylight away from the camp and men and told him things in confidence.

"She's sure there," he said in conclusion. "I didn't sluice it, or erode it. I panned it, all in that sack, yesterday, on the rim-rock. I tell you you can shake it out of the grass-roots. And what's on the bed-rock down in the bottom of the creek they ain't no way of tellin'. But she's big, I tell you, big. Keep it quiet, and locate all you can. It's in spots, but I wouldn't be none surprised if some of them claims yielded as high as fifty thousand. The only trouble is that it's spotted."

A month passed by, and Bonanza Creek remained quiet. A sprinkling of men had staked; but most of them, after staking, had gone on down to Forty Mile and Circle City. The few that possessed sufficient faith to remain were busy building log cabins against the coming of winter. Carmack and his Indian relatives were occupied in building a sluice box and getting a head of water. The work was slow, for they had to saw their lumber by hand from the standing forest. But farther down Bonanza were four men who had drifted in from up river, Dan McGilvary, Dave McKay, Dave Edwards, and Harry Waugh. They were a quiet party, neither asking nor giving confidences, and they herded by themselves. But Daylight, who had panned the spotted rim of Carmack's claim and shaken coarse gold from the grass-roots, and who had panned the rim at a hundred other places up and down the length of the creek and found nothing, was curious to know what lay on bed-rock. He had noted the four quiet men sinking a shaft close by the stream, and he had heard their whip-saw going as they made lumber for the sluice boxes. He did not wait for an invitation; but he was present the first day they sluiced. And at the end of five hours' shoveling for one man, he saw them take out thirteen ounces and a half of gold. It was coarse gold, running from pinheads to a twelve-dollar nugget, and it had come from off bed-rock. The first fall snow was flying that day, and the Arctic winter was closing down; but Daylight had no eyes for the bleak-gray sadness of the dying, short-lived summer. He saw his vision coming true, and on the big flat was upreared anew his golden city of the snows. Gold had been found on bed-rock. That was the big thing. Carmack's strike was assured. Daylight staked a claim in his own name adjoining three he had purchased with plug tobacco. This gave him a block two thousand feet long and extending in width from rim-rock to rim-rock.

Returning that night to his camp at the mouth of Klondike, he found in it Kama, the Indian chief he had left at Dyea. Kama was traveling by canoe, bringing in the last mail of the year. In his possession was some two hundred dollars in gold-dust, which Daylight immediately borrowed. In return, he arranged to stake a claim for him, which he was to record when he passed through Forty Mile. When Kama departed next morning, he carried a number of letters for Daylight, addressed to all the old-timers down river, in which they were urged to come up immediately and stake. Also Kama carried letters of similar import, given him by the other men on Bonanza.

"It will sure be the gosh-dangdest stampede that ever was," Daylight chuckled, as he tried to vision the excited populations of Forty Mile and Circle City tumbling into poiling-boats and racing the hundreds of miles up the Yukon; for he knew that his word would be unquestioningly accepted.

One day in December Daylight filled a pan from bed-rock on his own claim and carried it into his cabin. Here a fire burned and enabled him to keep water unfrozen in a canvas tank. He squatted over the tank and began to wash. Earth and gravel seemed to fill the pan. As he imparted to it a circular movement, the lighter, coarser particles washed out over the edge. At times he combed the surface with his fingers, raking out handfuls of gravel. The contents of the pan diminished. At it drew near to the bottom, for the purpose of fleeting and tentative examination, he gave the pan a sudden sloshing movement, emptying it of water. And the whole bottom showed as if covered with but-

ter. Thus the yellow gold flashed up as the muddy water was filtered away. It was gold—gold-dust, coarse gold, nuggets, large nuggets. He was all alone. He set the pan down for a moment and thought long thoughts. Then he finished the washing, and weighed the result in his scales. At the rate of sixteen dollars to the ounce the pan had contained seven hundred and odd dollars. It was beyond anything that even he had dreamed. His fondest anticipations had gone no farther than twenty or thirty thousand dollars to a claim; but here were claims worth half a million each at the least, even if they were spotted.

He did not go back to work in the shaft that day, nor the next, nor the next. Instead, capped and mittened, a light stampeding outfit, including his rabbit skin robe, strapped on his back, he was out and away on a many-days' tramp over creeks and divides, inspecting the whole neighboring territory. On each creek he was entitled to locate one claim, but he was chary in thus surrendering up his chances. On Hunker Creek only did he stake a claim. Bonanza Creek he found staked from mouth to source, while every little draw and pup and gulch that drained into it was likewise staked. Little faith was had in these side-streams. They had been staked by the hundreds of men who had failed to get in on Bonanza. The most popular of these creeks was

Adams. The one least favored was Eldorado, which flowed into Bonanza.



The Whole Bottom Showed as if Covered With Butter.

Just above Carmack's Discovery claim. Even Daylight disliked the looks of Eldorado; but, still riding his hunch, he bought a half share in one claim on it for half a sack of flour. A month later he paid eight hundred dollars for the adjoining claim. Three months later, enlarging this block of property, he paid forty thousand for a third claim, and, though it was concealed in the future, he was destined, not long after, to pay one hundred and fifty thousand for a fourth claim on the creek that had been the least liked of all the creeks.

In the meantime, and from the day he washed seven hundred dollars from a single pan, and squatted over it and thought a long thought, he never again touched hand to pick and shovel. As he said to Joe Ladue the night of that wonderful washing:

"Joe, I ain't never going to work hard again. Here's where I begin to use my brains. I'm going to farm gold. Gold will grow gold if you-all have the savvy and can get hold of some for seed. When I seen them seven hundred dollars in the bottom of the pan, I knew I had seed at last."

The hero of the Yukon in the younger days before the Carmack strike, Burning Daylight now became the hero of the strike. The story of his hunch and how he rode it was told up and down the land. Certainly he had ridden it far and away beyond the boldest, for no five of the luckiest held the value in claims that he held. And, furthermore, he was still riding the hunch, and with no diminution of daring.

Back in Dawson, though he remained true to his word and never touched hand to pick and shovel, he worked as hard as ever in his life. He had a thousand irons in the fire, and they kept him busy. Heavy as were his expenses, he won more heavily. He took lays, bought half shares, shared with the men he grub-staked, and made personal locations. Day and night his dogs were ready, and he owned the fastest teams; so that when a stamped to a new discovery was on, it was Burning Daylight to the fore through the longest, coldest nights till he blazed his stakes next to Discovery. In one way or another (to say nothing of the many worthless creeks) he came into possession of properties on the good creeks, such as Sulphur, Dominion, Excelsis, Siwash, Cristo, Alhambra, and Doolittle. The thousands he poured out flowed back in tens of thousands.

Dawson grew rapidly that winter of 1896. Money poured in on Daylight from the sale of town lots. He promptly invested it where it would gather more. In fact, he played the dangerous game of pyramiding, and no more perilous pyramiding than in a placer camp could be imagined. But he played with his eyes wide open.

Corner lots in desirable locations sold that winter for from ten to thirty thousand dollars. Daylight sent word out over the trails and passes for the newcomers to bring down log-rafts, and, as a result, the summer of 1897 saw his saw mills working day and night, on three shifts, and still he had logs left over with which to build cabins. These cabins, land included, sold at from one to several thousand

dollars. Two-story log buildings, in the business part of town, brought him from forty to fifty thousand dollars apiece. These fresh accretions of capital were immediately invested in other ventures. He turned gold over and over, until everything that he touched seemed to turn to gold.

With the summer rush from the Outside came special correspondents for the big newspapers and magazines, and one and all, using unlimited space, they wrote Daylight up; so that, so far as the world was concerned, Daylight loomed the largest figure in Alaska. Of course, after several months, the world became interested in the Spanish War, and forgot all about him; but in the Klondike itself Daylight still remained the most prominent figure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It Started the World

when the astounding claims were first made for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, but forty years of wonderful cures have proved them true, and everywhere it is now known as the best salve on earth for Burns, Boils, Scalds, Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Eczema, Chapped Hands, Fever, Sores and Piles. Only 25c, at all druggists.

Management of Roads as Bad as Public Schools.

Lincoln Times.]

We are informed this county has spent in the last ten years \$8,000 for road improvement. Suppose this money had been spent economically for permanent roads. As it is, a very large per cent of this vast expenditure has been practically wasted.

Where Are Aycock's Mocking-Birds? Winston Union Republican.]

Buncombe County Superior Court opened Monday with four homicide cases. It is but a sample of dockets in other counties. Evidently Aycock's mocking-bird have betaken themselves to "fall timbers." They have ceased to sing in North Carolina, even under Democratic good government.

THE MASTERING OF THE AIR.

The Great Success of the Wright Brothers at Kill Devil Hill, N. C.

Washington Post.]

Until Orville Wright's flight at Kill Devil Hill on Tuesday, the most reckless airman would not have thought of going up in a fifty-mile gale in any flying machine. As Wright's flight was the most successful yet made with the new motorless glider, it would seem that a revolution in aeronautic mechanism is being wrought on the remote sand dunes of North Carolina. As vividly described in the press report, "for almost ten minutes Wright soared like a brooding buzzard on the rush of a fifty-mile gale."

The flight in question being a stability test, no effort seems to have been made to demonstrate what progress the machine could have made in the teeth of such a blast. What was sought to be accomplished was to maintain equilibrium with the machine practically stationary in the air. The description of the new features of the glider indicates that they are in a crude and experimental form, with that simplicity which admits of easy alteration and readjustment.

However, it is the principle of the thing that the inventors are seizing at, and this once mastered, the harnessing of it becomes a mere matter of detail. With the demonstrable fact that the secret of stability has been wrested from the air, the Wrights doubtless will also provide a new motor, if necessary, better adapted to the work than the old, and will then be in position to announce that the last great stride has been taken toward perfecting the heavier-than-air machine.

What a feeling of relief the greater public will experience when it is seen that aerial navigation has been robbed of its terrors—of its daily toll of death!

Truths to be Remembered.

Union Republican.]

The late David H. Mason once publicly invited disproof of the following historical facts, but no Free-Trade writer ever ventured to accept the challenge:

(1) All of real prosperity in the United States has been under Protection.

(2) All of hard times in the United States has been under anti-Protection.

(3) Prosperity never has returned until after the return of Protection.

(4) The farther Congress, in its Tariff, has departed from Protection, the more disastrous have been the consequences.

(5) The farther Congress has gone in the direction of full Protection, the more prosperous have the people become.

(6) In all of our national experience there is not even one exception to these propositions.

(7) Therefore, the issue between Protection and anti-Protection is, experimentally considered, a chronic issue between prosperity and hard times.

We shall continue to hold our own as long as we cling to the Protective system that has given us all the real prosperity we have ever enjoyed.

Democratic Party and One-Man Power.

Columbus Enquirer-Sun.]

We may say to the Baltimore Sun that it is not so much a question of the two-thirds rule as of the one-man rule in the Democratic National Convention, remarks the Charleston News and Courier. There is a whole lot in that. Too often the convention is dominated, if not by one man, at least by a few men. In the recent past one man has had more to do with controlling the convention than has been good for the party, and the party has felt the bad effects of it. In future it is to be hoped that the party will be dominated, not by one man nor any set of men, but by sound judgment and wisdom.

Butter and Eggs by Parcels Post.

Kansas City Star.]

Mr. T. G. Palmer, one of the witnesses last week before the congressional committee investigating the Sugar Trust, said:

"On the continent the parcels post cuts a considerable figure in the cost of living. A man living in town is furnished his butter by a certain farmer and his eggs by a certain farmer; they come in by the parcels post, and they come direct from the producer to the consumer."

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.

Schedule in Effect January 1911.

N. B.—The following schedule figures published as information only and are not guaranteed.

Trains leave Raleigh—

9:15 p. m., daily, "Night Express"

Pullman Sleeping Car, for Norfolk, 6:15 a. m., daily, for Williams, Washington and Norfolk; Parlor Car between New Bern and Norfolk.

6:15 a. m., daily, except Sunday, for New Bern via Chowahatchee.

2:40 p. m., daily, except Sunday, for Washington.

Trains arrive Raleigh—

7:20 a. m., daily—11:20 a. m., daily except Sunday, and 4:00 p. m., daily.

Trains leave Goldsboro—

10:15 p. m., daily, "Night Express"

Pullman Sleeping Car for Norfolk, via New Bern.

7:15 a. m., daily, for Beaufort and Norfolk—Parlor Car between New Bern and Norfolk.

3:20 p. m., daily, for New Bern, Oriental and Beaufort.

For further information and reservation of Pullman Sleeping Car space, apply to D. V. Conn, Traveling Passenger Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

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Trains Leave Raleigh

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FOR THE SOUTH.

No. 81 2:50 a.m.

No. 39 At 10:30 a.m.

No. 41 4:05 p.m.

No. 43 6:00 p.m.

FOR THE NORTH.

No. 34 12:00 a.m.

No. 36 11:30 a.m.

No. 38 1:00 p.m.

No. 40 3:00 p.m.

For rates, schedules, time tables and any other information desired apply to J. F. Mitchell, Passenger and Ticket Agent, Raleigh, N. C. No. 117.

NOTICE—Above schedules published only as information, and are not guaranteed.

H. S. LEARD, Division Pass. Agent, No. 4 W. Martin St., Tucker Building, Opp. North Entrance Postoffice, RALEIGH, N. C.

Trains will stop on signal to receive and discharge passengers at following points not shown in above time table: Sylva, Burnsville, Gardeners, Rawls, Carver, Carver's Falls and Tolley.

RALEIGH & SOUTHPORT RY. CO.

TIME TABLE

SOUTHBOUND. DAILY.

STATIONS.

No. 25 No. 26 No. 27

A. M. P. M. P. M.

Lv Raleigh 8:00 1:15 6:00

Lv Carleight 8:10 1:25 6:05

Lv McCallers 8:25 1:40 6:20

Lv Willow Springs 8:42 1:57 6:37

Lv Varas 9:04 2:19 6:59

Lv Fuquay Springs 9:14 2:29 7:09

Lv Chalybeate 9:25 2:40 7:20

Lv Kipling 9:40 2:55 7:35

Lv Cape Fear 10:08 3:23 7:53

Lv Lillington 10:20 3:35 8:05

Lv Harnett 10:38 3:53 8:23

Lv Dunlevel 10:53 4:08 8:38

Lv Linden 10:58 4:13 8:43

Lv Slocomb 10:59 4:14 8:44

At Fayetteville 11:10 4:30 9:00

A. M. P. M. P. M.

NORTHBOUND. DAILY.

STATIONS.

No. 28 No. 29 No. 30

A. M. P. M. P. M.

Lv Fayetteville 8:00 1:00 6:30