



# 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.—Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 30th birthday with a friendly crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. He is a general factotum, a hero and a pioneer in the new gold fields. The dance leads to heavy gambling in which over \$100,000 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 sledges. 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 sensationally 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 up-river 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 flat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Harnish reaps a rich harvest. He goes to Dawson, begins investing in corner lots and staking other miners and becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike.

CHAPTER VI.—Harnish makes fortune after fortune. One lucky investment enables him to defeat a great combination of capitalists by a last-minute ruse. He determines to return to civilization and gives a farewell celebration to his friends that is remembered as a kind of blase of glory.

CHAPTER VII.—The papers 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 copper deal and the Alaskan pioneer finds himself amid the bewildering complications of high finance.

CHAPTER VIII.—Daylight is lunched 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 disloyal 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 stealings and Harnish goes back to San Francisco with his unimpaird fortune.

CHAPTER X.—Daylight meets his fate in Dede Mason, a pretty stenographer with a crippled brother, whom she cares for. Harnish is much attracted towards her and interested in her family affairs.

CHAPTER XI.—He becomes an element in large investments on the Pacific coast and gets into the political ring. For a rest he goes to inspect one of his properties in the country and momentarily is attracted back to the old life on the lonesome trail.

CHAPTER XII.—Daylight gets deeper and deeper into high finance in San Francisco. He makes frequent runs into the country thus getting close to nature, but his mind is still in the speculation trend. Very often, however, the longing for the simple life well nigh overcomes him.

## CHAPTER XII.

Instead of returning to the city on Monday, Daylight rented the butcher's horse for another day and crossed the bed of the valley to its eastern hills. As on the previous day, just for the joy of it, he followed cattle-trails at haphazard and worked his way up toward the summits. Coming out upon a wagon road that led upward, he followed it for several miles, emerging in a small, mountain-encircled valley, where half a dozen poor ranchers farmed the wine-grapes on the steep slopes. Beyond, the road pitched upward. Dense chaparral covered the exposed hillsides, but in the creases of the canyons huge spruce trees grew, and wild oats and flowers.

Late in the afternoon he broke through, and followed a well-defined trail down a dry canyon. The dry canyon gave place to one with a slender ribbon of running water. The trail ran into a wood-road, and the wood-road emerged across a small flat upon a slightly traveled country road. There were no farms in this immediate section, and no houses. The soil was meager, the bed-rock either close to the surface or constituting the surface itself. Manzanita and scrub-oak, however, flourished and walled the road on either side with a jungle growth. And out a runway through this growth a man suddenly scuttled in a way that reminded Daylight of a rabbit.

He was a little man, in patched overalls; bareheaded, with a cotton shirt open at the throat and down the chest. The sun was ruddy-brown in his face, and by it his sandy hair was bleached on the ends to peroxide blonde. He signed to Daylight to halt, and held up a letter.

"If you're going to town, I'd be obliged if you mail this," he said.

"I sure will," Daylight put it into his coat pocket. "Do you live hereabouts, stranger?"

But the little man did not answer. He was gazing at Daylight in a surprised and steadfast fashion.

"I know you," the little man announced. "You're Elam Harnish—Burning Daylight, the papers call you. Am I right?"

Daylight nodded.

"Well, I'm glad I wrote that letter this afternoon," the little man went on, "or else I'd have missed seeing you. I've seen your photo in the papers many a time, and I've a good memory for faces. I recognized you at once. My name's Ferguson."

"Do you live hereabouts?" Daylight repeated his query.

"Oh, yes. I've got a little shack back here in the bush a hundred yards and a pretty spring, and a few fruit trees and berry bushes. Come in and take a look. And that spring is a dandy. You never tasted water like it. Come in and try it."

Walking and leading his horse, Daylight followed the quick-stepping, eager little man through the green tunnel and emerged abruptly upon the clearing, if clearing it might be called, where wild nature and man's earth-scratching were inextricably blended. It was a tiny nook in the hills, protected by the steep walls of a canyon mouth. Here were several large oaks, evidencing a richer soil. The erosion of ages from the hillside had slowly formed this deposit of fat earth. Under the oaks, almost buried in them,



"What Do You Think of It, Eh?"

stood a rough, unpainted cabin, the wide veranda of which, with chairs and hammocks, advertised an out-of-doors bedchamber. Daylight's keen eyes took in everything. The clearing was irregular, following the patches of the best soil, and every fruit tree and berry bush, and even each vegetable plant, had the water personally conducted to it. The tiny irrigation channels were everywhere, and along some of them the water was running.

Ferguson looked eagerly into his visitor's face for signs of approbation. "What do you think of it, eh?"

"Hand-reared and manured, every blessed tree," Daylight laughed, but the joy and satisfaction that shone in his eyes contented the little man.

"Why, d'ye know, I know every one of those trees as if they were sons of mine. I planted them, nursed them, fed them, and brought them up. Come on and peep at the spring."

"It's sure a hummer," was Daylight's verdict, after due inspection and sampling, as they turned back for the house.

The interior was a surprise. The cooking being done in the small, lean-to kitchen, the whole cabin formed a large living-room. A great table in the middle was comfortably littered with books and magazines. All the available wall space, from wall to ceiling, was occupied by filled bookshelves. It seemed to Daylight that he had never seen so many books assembled in one place. Skins of wildcat, coon and deer lay about on the pine-board floor.

Daylight found himself charmed and made curious by the little man. Why was he hiding away here in the chaparral, he and his books? So it was, when between them they had washed and wiped the dishes and put them away, and had settled down to a comfortable smoke, that Daylight put his question.

"Look here, Ferguson. Every since we got together, I've been casting about to find out what's wrong with you, to locate a screw loose somewhere, but I'll be danged if I've succeeded. What are you doing here, anyway?"

Ferguson frankly showed his pleasure at the questions.

"First of all," he began, "the doctors wound me by losing all hope for me. Gave me a few months at best, and that, after a course in sanitariums and a trip to Europe and another to Hawaii. They tried electricity and forced feeding and fasting. I was a graduate of about everything in the curriculum. They kept me poor with their bills, while I went from bad to worse. The trouble with me was twofold; first I was a born weakling; and next, I was living unnaturally—too much work, and responsibility and strain. I was managing editor of the Times-Tribune in San Francisco, and I wasn't strong enough for the strain. Of course my body went back on me, and my mind, too, for that matter. It had to be bolstered up with whisky, which wasn't good for it, any

more than was the living in clubs and hotels good for my stomach and the rest of me. So I quit, quit everything, absolutely, and came to live in the Valley of the Moon—that's the Indian name, you know, for Sonoma Valley. I lived in the lean-to the first year; then I built the cabin and sent for my books. I never knew what happiness was before, nor health. Look at me now and dare to tell me that I look forty-seven."

"I wouldn't give a day over forty," Daylight confessed.

"Yet the day I came here I looked nearer sixty, and that was fifteen years ago."

They talked along, and Daylight looked at the world from new angles. Here was a man, neither bitter nor cynical, who laughed at the city-dwellers and called them lunatics; a man who did not care for money, and in whom the lust for power had long since died.

It was not until ten o'clock that Daylight parted from Ferguson. As he rode along through the starlight, the idea came to him of buying the ranch on the other side of the valley. There was no thought in his mind of ever intending to live on it. His game was in San Francisco. But he liked the ranch, and as soon as he got back to the office he would open up negotiations with Hilliard.

The time passed, and he played on at the game. San Francisco's attitude toward Daylight had undergone a change. While he, with his slashing buccaneer methods, was a distinct menace to the more orthodox financial gamblers, he was nevertheless so grave a menace that they were glad enough to let him alone. He had already taught them the excellence of letting a sleeping dog lie.

Dede Mason was still in the office. He had made no overtures, discussed no more books. He had no active interest in her, and she was to him a pleasant memory of what had never happened, a joy, which, by his essential nature, he was barred from ever knowing. Yet, while his interest had gone to sleep and his energy was consumed in the endless battles he waged, he knew every trick of the light on her hair, every quick definite mannerism of movement, every line of her figure as expounded by her tailor-made gowns. Several times, six months or so apart, he had increased her salary, until now she was receiving ninety dollars a month. Beyond this he dared not go, though he got around it by making the work easier. This he had accomplished after her return from a vacation, by retaining her substitute as an assistant. Also, he had changed his office suite, so that now the two girls had a room by themselves. The more he saw of her, and the more he thought he knew of her, the more unapproachable did she seem to him. But since he had no intention of approaching her, this was anything but an unsatisfactory fact. He was glad he had her in his office, and hoped she'd stay, and that was about all.

Daylight did not improve with the passing years. The life was not good for him. He was growing stout and soft, and there was unwonted flabbiness in his muscles. The more he drank cocktails, the more he was compelled to drink in order to get the desired result, the inhibitions that eased him down from the concert pitch of his operations. And with this went wine, too, at meals, and the long drinks after dinner of Scotch and soda at the Riverside. Then, too, his body suffered from lack of exercise; and, from lack of decent human associations, his moral fibers were weakening. Never a man to hide anything, some of his escapades became public, such as speeding, and of joy-rides in his big red motor car down to San Jose with companions distinctly sporty—incidents that were narrated as good fun and comically in the newspapers.

## CHAPTER XIII.

One Sunday, late in the afternoon, found Daylight across the bay in the Piedmont hills of Oakland. As usual, he was in a big motor car, though not his own, the guest of Swiftwater Bill, Luck's own darling, who had come down to spend the clean-up of the seventh fortune wrung from the frozen Arctic gravel. It was a merry party, and they had made a merry day of it, circling the bay from San Francisco around by San Jose and up to Oakland, having been thrice arrested for speeding, the third time, however, on the Hayward stretch, running away with their captor. Fearing that a telephone message to arrest them had



Here Was a Man Who Laughed at City Dwellers and Called Them Lunatics.

been flashed ahead, they had turned into the back-road through the hills, and now, rushing in upon Oakland by a new route, were boisterously discussing what disposition they should make of the constable.

"Well, come out at Blair Park in ten minutes," one of the men announced. "Look here, Swiftwater, there's a cross-road right ahead, with lots of gates, but it'll take us back-country into Berkeley. Then we can come back into Oakland from the other side, sneak across on the ferry, and send the machine back around tonight with the chauffeur."

But Swiftwater Bill failed to see why he should not go into Oakland by way of Blair Park, and so decided.

The next moment, flying around a bend, the back-road they were not going to take appeared. Inside the gate, leaning out from her saddle and just closing it, was a young woman on a chestnut sorrel. With his first glimpse, Daylight felt there was something strangely familiar about her. The next moment, straightening up in the saddle with a movement he could not fall to identify, she put the horse into a gallop, riding away with her back toward them. It was Dede Mason—he remembered what Morrison had told him about her keeping a riding horse, and he was glad she had not seen him in this riotous company. Intervening trees at that moment shut her from view, and Swiftwater Bill plunged into the problem of disposing of their constable, while Daylight, leaning back with closed eyes, was still seeing Dede Mason gallop off down the country road.

On Monday morning, coming in for dictation, he looked at her with new interest, though he gave no sign of it; and the stereotyped business passed off in the stereotyped way. But the following Sunday found him on a horse himself, across the bay and riding through the Piedmont hills. He made a long day of it, but no glimpse did he catch of Dede Mason, though he even took the back-road of many gates and rode into Berkeley. It had been a fruitless day, so far as she was concerned; and yet not entirely fruitless, for he had enjoyed the open air and the horse under him to such purpose that, on Monday, his instructions were out to the dealers to look for the best chestnut sorrel that money could buy. At odd times during the week he examined numbers of chestnut sorrels, tried several and was unsatisfied. It was not till Saturday that he came upon Bob. Daylight knew him for what he wanted the moment he laid eyes on him. A large horse for a riding animal, he was none too large for a big man like Daylight. In splendid condition, Bob's coat in the sunlight was a flame of fire, his arched neck a jewelled configuration. Daylight examined the mane and found it finer than any horse's hair he had ever seen. Also, its color was unusual in that it was almost auburn. While he ran his fingers through it, Bob turned his head and playfully nuzzled Daylight's shoulder.

"Saddle him up, and I'll try him," he told the dealer. "I wonder if he's used to spurs. No English saddle, and a curb bit—not too severe, seeing as he likes to rear."

Daylight superintended the preparations, adjusting the curb strap and the stirrup length, and doing the cinching. He shook his head at the martingale, but yielded to the dealer's advice to allow it to go on. And Bob, beyond spirited restlessness and a few playful attempts, gave no trouble. Nor in the hour's riding that followed, save for some permissible curvetting and prancing, did he misbehave. Daylight was delighted; the purchase was immediately made; and Bob, with riding gear and personal equipment, was dispatched across the bay forthwith to take up his quarters in the stables of the Oakland Riding Academy.

The next day being Sunday, Daylight was away early, crossing on the ferry and taking with him Wolf, the leader of his sled team, the one dog which he had selected to bring with him when he left Alaska. Quest as he would through the Piedmont hills and along the many-gated back-road to Berkeley, Daylight saw nothing of Dede Mason and her chestnut sorrel. But he had little time for disappointment, for his own chestnut kept him busy. At the end of half an hour of goodness Daylight, lured into confidence, was riding along at a walk and rolling a cigarette, with slack knees and relaxed seat, the reins lying on the animal's neck. Bob whirled abruptly and with lightning swiftness, pivoting on his hind legs, his fore legs just lifted clear of the ground. Daylight kept his seat, but, beyond a futile rein across the neck, did nothing to prevent the evolution.

"Well, Bob," he addressed the animal, at the same time wiping the sweat from his own eyes, "I'm free to confess that you're sure the blindest all-fired quickest creature I ever saw. I guess the way to fix you is to keep the spur just a-touching—ah! you brute!"

For the moment the spur touched him, his left hind leg had reached forward in a kick that struck the stirrup a smart blow. Several times, out of curiosity, Daylight attempted the spur, and each time Bob's hoof landed the stirrup. Then Daylight, following the horse's example of the unexpected, suddenly drove both spurs into him and reached him underneath with the quirt.

"You ain't never had a real licking before," he muttered, as Bob, thus rudely jerked out of the circle of his own implied mental processes, shot ahead.

Half a dozen times spurs and quirt bit into him, and then Daylight settled down to enjoy the magnificent gallop. No longer punished, at the end of a half mile Bob eased down into a fast

canter. Wolf, toiling the rear, was catching up, and everything was going nicely. And when, at last, Daylight decided that the horse had had enough, he turned him around abruptly and put him into a gentle canter on the forward track. After a time, he reined in to a stop to see if he were breathing painfully. Standing for a minute, Bob turned his head and snarled his rider's stirrup in a childish, impatient way, as much as to state that it was time they were

"Well, I'll be plumb goosh darned!" was Daylight's comment. "No ill-will, no grudge, no nothing—and after that lambasting! You're sure a hummer, Bob."

He had taken a liking to the animal, and repented not of his bargain. He realized that Bob was not vicious nor mean, the trouble being that he was bursting with high spirits and was endowed with more than the average horse's intelligence. It was the spirits and the intelligence, combined with inordinate roguishness, that made him what he was. What was required to control him was a strong hand, with tempered sternness and yet with the requisite touch of brutal dominance.

Throughout the week Daylight found himself almost as much interested in Bob as in Dede; and, not being in the thick of any big deals, he was probably more interested in both of them than in the business game. Bob's trick of whirling was of special moment to him. How to overcome it—that was the thing. Suppose he did meet with Dede out in the hills; and suppose by some lucky stroke of fate, he should manage to be riding alongside of her; then that whirl of Bob's



It Was Dede.

would be most disconcerting and embarrassing. He was not particularly anxious for her to see him thrown forward on Bob's neck. On the other hand, suddenly to leave her and go dashing down the back-track, plying quirt and spurs, wouldn't do, either. What was wanted was a method wherewith to prevent that lightning whirl. He must stop the animal before it got around. The reins would not do this. Neither would the spurs. Remained the quirt. But how to accomplish it? Bob always whirled to the right. Very well. He would double the quirt in his hand, and the instant of the whirl, that double quirt would rap Bob on the nose. The horse didn't live, after it once learned the lesson, that would whirl in the face of the doubled quirt.

More keenly than ever, during that week in the office, did Daylight realize that he had no social, nor even human contacts with Dede. The situation was such that he could not ask her the simple question whether or not she was going riding next Sunday. Thus he found another card in the hand the mad god had dealt him. How important that card was to become he did not dream, yet he decided that it was a pretty good card.

Sunday came, and Bob, out in the Piedmont hills, behaved like an angel. His goodness at times was of the spirited, prancing order, but otherwise he was a lamb. But no Dede did Daylight encounter. He vainly circled about among the hill roads, and in the afternoon took the steep grade over the divide of the second range and dropped into Maraga Valley. Just after passing the foot of the descent, he heard the hoof beats of a cantering horse. It was from ahead and coming toward him. What if it were Dede? He turned Bob around and started to return at a walk. The canter came nearer, but he faced straight ahead until he heard the horse behind check to a walk. Then he glanced over his shoulder. It was Dede. The recognition was quick, and, with her, accompanied by surprise. What more natural thing than that, partly turning his horse, he should wait till she caught up with him; and that, when abreast, they should continue abreast on up the grade? He could have sighed with relief. The thing was accomplished, and so easily. Greetings had been exchanged; here they were side by side and going in the same direction with miles and miles ahead of them.

He noted that her eye was first for the horse and next for him.

"Oh, what a beauty!" she had cried at sight of Bob. From the shining light in her eyes, and the face filled with delight, he would scarcely have believed that it belonged to the young woman he had known in the office, the young woman with the controlled, subdued office face.

"I didn't know you rode," was one of her first remarks. "I imagined you were wedded to get-there-quick machines."

Thus, and to his great relief, they

launched on a topic of mutual interest. He told her about Bob's training, and of the whirl and his scheme to overcome it; and she agreed that horses had to be handled with a certain rational severity, no matter how much one loved them. There was Mab, which she had had for eight years, and which she had had to break of stall-kicking. The process had been painful for Mab, but it had cured her.

"You've ridden a lot," Daylight said.

"I really can't remember the time I was on a horse," she told him. "I was born on a ranch, you know, and they couldn't keep me away from the horses."

And thereat she told him more of her ranch life in the days before her father died. And Daylight was hugely pleased with himself. They were getting acquainted. The conversation had not lagged in the full half hour they had been together. When she talked, he listened and followed her, and yet all the while he was following his own thoughts and impressions as well. It was a very thing for her to do, this riding astute, and he didn't know, after all, whether he liked it or not. His ideas of women were prone to be old-fashioned; they were the ones he had imbibed in the early day, frontier life of his youth, when no woman was seen on anything but a side-saddle. He had grown up to the tact that women on horseback were not in peds. It came to him with a shock, this sight of her so manlike in her saddle. But he had to confess that the sight looked good to him just the same.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PRESENT SYSTEM A DISGRACE.

The Democratic Politicians Take No Interest in Poor Boys and Girls Whose Only Hope Is in the Public School.

Charity and Children.]

One hundred and one days of schooling for the poor children of North Carolina, ten months for the heathen children of Japan. That is the record, gentlemen of the jury, take the case. And we are not too poor to improve that record either. We give \$600,000 from the treasury direct to our high schools and colleges; we give \$225,000 from the treasury direct to our public schools. Those in our high schools and colleges are strong and stalwart boys and girls and young men and maidens, who have seen the light and who could manage somehow to make their way if the State did not furnish them a dollar those in our public schools are the children of the highways and hedges whose only chance for light is in the little school house by the side of the road. The next Legislature ought to make a direct appropriation of not less than \$500,000 to our public schools. Of course those who take no interest in the children of the woods will laugh at this suggestion and call it the mouthings of an ignoramus; but the people of North Carolina are not blind and they are not fools. They know a thing or two for themselves, and they know that our appropriation can be doubled and that it ought to be doubled. Furthermore, they can compel the Legislature to double it, if they will. We do not hesitate to say that our present educational policy is wrong and ought to be changed. We have allowed certain leaders to magnify the top rail and ignore the bottom. All the emphasis is put upon the very thing in our educational system that is of least importance, namely, the schools for those already strong, and no emphasis is laid upon that other class of schools that are trying in their poor way to save the needy and the weak! Oh for some powerful champion to arise and demand that the children of the woods be given a dog's chance!

The people of North Carolina would rally to such a man and crown him with their honor. They are everlastingly tired of the dapper fellows who claim that the way to reach the bottom is to begin at the top. We have been working at the top for years, and have lengthened our public school term to one hundred and one days! There is a strong, deep undercurrent in favor of better public schools that only needs expression. Happy the man in our public life who will speak to the world the word hitherto suppressed and silent.

## Saved Child From Death.

"After our child had suffered from severe bronchial trouble for a year," wrote G. T. Richardson, of Richardson's Mill, Ala., "we feared it had consumption. It had a bad cough all the time. We tried many remedies without avail, and doctors' medicine seemed as useless. Finally we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and are pleased to say that one bottle effected a complete cure, and our child is again strong and healthy." For coughs, colds, hoarseness, lagrippe, asthma, croup and sore lungs, it's the most infallible remedy that's made. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

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