



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.—Flam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 30th birthday with a friendly crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli.

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.

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 new 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 reaches 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 in a vast mining deal. He determines to return to civilization and gives a farewell celebration to his friends that is remembered as a kind of blaze 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 buncoed 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 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 lone-some 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 XIII.—Dede Mason buys a horse and Daylight meets her in her saddle trips. He begins to indulge in horseback riding and manages to get into her company quite often.

CHAPTER XIV.

Another Sunday man and horse and dog roved the Piedmont hills. And again Daylight and Dede rode together. But this time her surprise at meeting him was tinged with suspicion; or rather, her surprise was of another order. The previous Sunday had been quite accidental, but his appearing the second time among her favorite haunts hinted of more than the fortuitous. Daylight was made to feel that she suspected him, and he, remembering that he had seen a big rock quarry near Blair Park, stated offhand that he was thinking of buying it. His one-time investment in a brickyard had put the idea into his head—an idea that he decided was a good one, for it enabled him to suggest that she ride along with him to inspect the quarry.

So several hours he spent in her company, in which she was much the same girl as before, natural, unaffected, light-hearted, smiling and laughing, a good fellow, talking horses with unflagging enthusiasm, making friends with the crusty-tempered Wolf, and expressing a desire to ride with whom she declared was more in love with than ever. Against his better judgment, Daylight gave in, and, on an unfrequented stretch of road, changed saddles and bridles.

"Remember, he's greased lightning," he warned, as he helped her to mount. She nodded, while Bob pricked up his ears to the knowledge that he had a strange rider on his back. The fun came quickly enough—too quickly for Dede, who found herself against Bob's neck as he pivoted around and bolted the other way. Daylight followed on her horse and watched. He saw her check the animal quickly to a standstill, and immediately, with rein across neck and a decisive prod of the left spur, whirl him back the way he had come and almost as swiftly.

"Get ready to give him the quirt on the nose," Daylight called. He hung almost gleefully upon her actions in anticipation of what the fractious Bob was going to get. And Bob got it, on his next whirl, or attempt, rather, for he was no more than half-way around when the quirt met him smack on his tender nose. There and then, in his bewilderment, surprise and pain, his fore feet, just skimming the road, dropped down.

"Great!" Daylight applauded. "A couple more will fix him. 'He's too smart not to know when he's beaten.' Again Bob tried. But this time he was barely quarter around when the

couple more will fix him. "He's too smart not to know when he's beaten." Again Bob tried. But this time he was barely quarter around when the



"I Could Ride With One of the Clerks Without Remark, but With You—No."

doubled quirt on his nose compelled him to drop his fore feet to the road. Then, with neither rein nor spur, but by the mere threat of the quirt, she straightened him out.

Dede looked triumphantly at Daylight.

"Let me give him a run?" she asked.

Daylight nodded, and she shot down the road. He watched her out of sight around the bend, and watched till she came into sight returning. She certainly could sit her horse, was his thought, and she was a sure enough hummer. God, she was the wife for a man! Made most of them look pretty slim. And to think of her hammering all week at a typewriter. That was no place for her. She should be a man's wife, taking it easy, with silks and satins and diamonds (his frontier notion of what befit a wife beloved), and dogs and horses, and such things.

But the quarry was doomed to pass out of his plans for a time, for on the following Sunday he rode alone. No Dede on a chestnut sorrel came across the back-road from Berkeley that day, nor the day a week later. As the third week drew to a close and another desolate Sunday confronted him, Daylight resolved to speak, office or no office. And as was his nature, he went simply and directly to the point. She had finished her work with him, and was gathering her note pad and pencils together to depart, when he said:

"Oh, one more thing, Miss Mason, and I hope you won't mind my being frank and straight out. You've struck me right along as a sensible-minded girl, and I don't think you'll take offense at what I'm going to say. You know how long you've been in the office—it's years, now, several of them, anyway; and you know I've always been straight and aboveboard with you. I've never what you call—presumed. Because you were in my office I've tried to be more careful than if you wasn't in my office—you understand. But just the same, it don't make me any the less human. I'm a lonely sort of a fellow—don't take that as a bid for kindness. What I mean by it is to try and tell you just how much those two rides with you have meant. And now I hope you haven't been out riding the last two Sundays?"

She played nervously with a pencil for a time, as if debating her reply, while he waited patiently.

"This riding," she began; "it's not what they call the right thing. I leave it to you. You know the world. That's the trouble. It's about the world would have to say about me and my employer meeting regularly and riding in the hills on Sundays. It's funny, but it's so. I could ride with one of the clerks without remark, but with you—no."

"Look here, Miss Mason," said Daylight. "I know you don't like this talking over of things in the office. Neither do I. It's part of the whole thing, I guess; a man ain't supposed to talk anything but business with his stenographer. Will you ride with me next Sunday, and we can talk it over thoroughly then and reach some sort of a conclusion. Out in the hills is the place where you can talk something besides business. I guess you've seen enough of me to know I'm pretty square. I—I do honor and respect you, and . . . and all that, and I attempt, rather, for he was no more than half-way around when the quirt met him smack on his tender nose. There and then, in his bewilderment, surprise and pain, his fore feet, just skimming the road, dropped down.

Will you—just next Sunday? Tomorrow?"

Nor did he dream that her low acquiescence was due, as much as anything else, to the beads of sweat on his forehead, his trembling hand and his all too-evident general distress.

"Of course, there's no way of telling what anybody wants from what they say." Daylight rubbed Bob's rebellious ear with his quirt and pondered with dissatisfaction the words he had just uttered. They did not say what he had meant them to say. "What I'm driving at is that you say flatfooted that you won't meet me again, and give your reasons, but how am I to know they are your real reasons? Maybe you just don't want to get acquainted with me, and won't say so for fear of hurting my feelings. Don't you see? I'm the last man in the world to shove in where I'm not wanted. And if I thought you didn't care a whoop to see anything more of me, why I'd clear out so blamed quick you couldn't see me for smoke."

It had been a happy day. Daylight had met her on the back-road from Berkeley, and they had had hours together. It was only now, with the day drawing to a close and with them approaching the gate of the road to Berkeley, that he had broached the important subject.

She began her answer to his last contention, and he listened gratefully.

"But suppose, just suppose, that the reasons I have given are the only ones—that there is no question of my not wanting to know you?"

"Then I'd go on urging like Sam Scratch," he said quickly. "Because, you see, I've always noticed that folks that incline to anything are much more open to hearing the case stated. But if you did have that other season up your sleeve, if you didn't want to know me, if—well, if you thought my feelings oughtn't to be hurt just because you had a good job with me."

Here, his calm consideration of a possibility was swamped by the fear that it was an actuality, and he lost the thread of his reasoning. "Well, anyway, all you have to do is to say the word and I'll clear out. And with no hard feelings; it would be just a case of bad luck for me. So be honest, Miss Mason, please, and tell me if that's the reason—I almost got a hunch that it is."

"Oh, but that isn't fair," she cried.

"You give me the choice of lying to you and hurting you in order to protect myself by getting rid of you, or of throwing away my protection by telling you the truth, for then you, as you said yourself, would stay and urge."

Daylight smiled grimly with satisfaction.

"I'm real glad, Miss Mason, real glad for those words."

"But they won't serve you," she went on hastily. "They can't serve you. I refuse to let them. This is our last ride, and . . . here is the gate."

Ranging her mare alongside, she bent, slid the catch, and followed the opening gate.

"No, please, no," she said, as Daylight started to follow.

Humbly acquiescent, he pulled Bob back, and the gate swung shut between them. But there was more to say, and she did not ride on.

"Listen, Miss Mason," he said, in a low voice that shook with sincerity; "I want to assure you of one thing. I'm not just trying to fool around with you. I like you, I want you, and I was never more earnest in my life. There's nothing wrong in my intentions or anything like that. What I mean is strictly honorable."

But the expression of her face made him stop. She was angry, and she was laughing at the same time.

Dede Mason had quick, birdlike ways, almost fitting from mood to mood; and she was all contrition on the instant.

"Forgive me for laughing," she said across the gate. "It wasn't really laughter. I was surprised off my guard, and hurt, too. You see, Mr. Harnish, I've not been . . ."

She paused, in sudden fear of completing the thought into which her birdlike precipitancy had betrayed her.

"What you mean is that you've not been used to such sort of proposing."



"I Like You, I Want You and I Never Was More Earnest in My Life."

Daylight said; "a sort of on-the-run, 'Howdy, glad-to-make-your-acquaintance, won't-you-be-mine' proposition." She nodded and broke into laughter, in which he joined, and which served to pass the awkwardness away. He gathered heart at this, and went on in greater confidence, with cooler head and tongue.

ers of proposals. Well, I haven't, and I'm like a fish out of water. Besides, this ain't a proposal. It's a peculiar situation, that's all, and I'm in a corner. I've got enough plain horse-sense to know a man ain't supposed to argue marriage with a girl as a reason for getting acquainted with her. And right there was where I was in the hole. Number one, I can't get acquainted with you in the office. Number two, you say you won't see me out of the office to give me a chance. Number three, your reason is that folks will talk because you work for me. Number four, I just got to get acquainted with you, and I just got to get you to see that I mean fair and all right. Number five, there you are on one side the gate getting ready to go, and me here on the other side the gate pretty desperate and bound to say something to make you reconsider. Number six, I said it. And now and finally, I just do want you to reconsider."

He was such a boy, this big giant of a millionaire who had half the rich men of San Francisco afraid of him. Such a boy! She had never imagined this side of his nature.

"How do folks get married?" he was saying. "Why, number one, they meet; number two, like each other's looks; number three, get acquainted; and number four, get married or not, according to how they like each other after getting acquainted. But how in thunder we're to have a chance to find out whether we like each other enough is beyond my savvy, unless we make that chance ourselves. I'd come to see you, call on you, only I know you're just rooming or boarding, and that won't do."

"It's getting late now, anyway," Daylight hurried on, "and we've settled nothing at all. Just one more Sunday, anyway—that's not asking much—to settle it in."

She gathered the reins into her hand preliminary to starting.

"Good night," she said, and—

"Yes," he whispered, with just the faintest touch of imperativeness.

"Yes," she said, her voice low but distinct.

At the same moment she put the mare into a canter and went down the road without a backward glance, intent on an analysis of her own feelings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINS FIGHT FOR LIFE.

It was a long and bloody battle for life that was waged by James B. Mershon, of Newark, N. J., of which he writes: "I had lost much blood from lung hemorrhages, and was very weak and run-down. For eight months I was unable to work. Death seemed close on my heels, when I began, three weeks ago, to use Dr. King's New Discovery. But it has helped me greatly. It is doing all that you claim." For weak, sore lungs, obstinate coughs, stubborn colds, hoarseness, la grippe, asthma, hay-fever or any throat or lung trouble it's the supreme. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

NORTH CAROLINA—Wake County. In the Superior Court—Before Millard Mial, Clerk.

John S. Johns, Solomon Freeman, and Rena Freeman, his wife, Dennis Williams and Georgia Williams, his wife, Ezzetster Stewart,

vs. Sidney Finch, Maud, Georgia, and Ervin Finch, the three last are minors.

Publication of Summons. To Sidney Finch, Maud Finch, Georgia Finch, and Ervin Finch, the three last are minors:

This publication is to notify you that the above-named plaintiffs have brought a special proceeding in Wake Superior Court, before Millard Mial, Clerk, against you as the heirs-at-law of Allen Stewart, for the partition of the following lot of land, lying and being near the town of Garner, N. C., and More particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Adjoining the lands of S. G. Hollerman and others, and beginning at a stake—the corner of S. G. Hollerman—thence north 88 degrees, east twenty-four and three-fifths (24 3-5) poles to a stake, the corner of S. G. Holloman, thence south 11 degrees, west twelve and one-half (12 1/2) poles to a stake; thence south 88 degrees, west twenty-four and three-fifths (24 3-5) poles to a stake—S. G. Hollerman's line; thence north seven-eighths degrees, east twelve and one-half (12 1/2) poles to the beginning; containing two acres more or less. That the summons for the above-named defendants has been returned by the sheriff of Wake County with this endorsement thereon: "After exercising due diligence the defendants are not to be found in Wake County." Said sale is also to be made for the purpose of making assets to pay the debts of the said Allen Stewart.

You are, therefore, notified to appear before the Clerk of Wake Superior court on the 11th day of December, 1911, and answer, demur or plead to the petition which is now on file in the office of said clerk, otherwise, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for an order directing the sale of the land hereinbefore described, and the appointment of a commissioner to make the sale and execute deed to the purchaser.

MILLARD MIAL, Clerk Wake Superior Court. J. C. L. HARRIS, Att'y.

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