

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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

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SYNOPSIS.

Klam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 30th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Hotel. 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. He starts on his mail trip with dogs and sleds, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensational rapid run across the country, and appears at the Circle City and is found in the upper district Harnish buys two tons of flour which he declares will be worth its weight in gold, but when he arrives with his flour he finds the big flat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Daylight reaps a rich harvest. He goes to Dawson, becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike and defies a combination of capitalists in a vast mining deal. He returns to civilization, and amid the bewildering complications of high finance, Daylight finds that he has been led to invest his eleven millions in a manipulated scheme. He goes to New York, and confronting his disloyal partner with a revolver, he threatens to kill him if his money is not returned. They are cowed, return their stealings and Harnish goes back to San Francisco, where he meets his fate in Dede Mason, a pretty stenographer.

CHAPTER XI.

Daylight was in the thick of his spectacular and intensely bitter fight with the Coastwise Steam Navigation Company, and the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan, and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company. He stirred up a bigger muss than he had anticipated, and even he was astounded at the wide ramifications of the struggle and at the unexpected and incongruous interests that were drawn into it. Every newspaper in San Francisco turned upon him. It was true, one or two of them had first intimated that they were open to subsidization, but Daylight's judgment was that the situation did not warrant such expenditure. Up to this time the press had been amusingly tolerant and good-naturedly sensational about him, but now he was to learn what virulent scurrilousness an antagonized press was capable of. Every episode of his life was resurrected to serve as foundations for malicious fabrications. Daylight was frankly amazed at the new interpretation put upon all that he had accomplished and the deeds he had done. From an Alaskan hero he was metamorphosed into an Alaskan bully, liar, desperado, and all-around "bad man." The whole affair sank to the deeper depths of rancor and savagery. The poor woman who had killed herself was dragged out of her grave and paraded on thousands of reams of paper as a martyr and a victim to Daylight's ferocious brutality.

He was like a big bear raiding a beehive, and, regardless of the stings, he obstinately persisted in pawing for the honey. He gritted his teeth and struck back. Beginning with a raid on two steamship companies, it developed into a pitched battle with a city, state and continental coast line. Allied with him, on a splendid salary, with princely pickings thrown in, was a lawyer, Larry Hegan, a young Irishman with a reputation to make, and whose peculiar genius had been un-

strike became involved. A refusal of cooks and waiters to serve scab teamsters or teamsters' employers brought out the cooks and waiters. The butchers and meat cutters refused to handle meat destined for unfair restaurants. The combined Employers' Associations put up a solid front, and found facing them the 40,000 organized laborers of San Francisco. The restaurant bakers and the bakery wagon drivers struck, followed by the milkers, milk drivers and chicken pickers. The building trades asserted its position in unambiguous terms, and all San Francisco was in turmoil.

But still, it was only San Francisco. Hegan's intrigues were masterly, and Daylight's campaign steadily developed. The powerful fighting organization known as the Pacific Slope Seaman's Union refused to work vessels the cargoes of which were to be handled by scab longshoremen and freight handlers. The union presented its ultimatum, and then called a strike. This had been Daylight's objective all the time. Every incoming coastwise vessel was boarded by the union officials and its crew sent ashore. And with the seamen went the firemen, the engineers and the sea cooks and waiters. Daily the number of idle steamers increased. It was impossible to get scab crews, for the men of the Seamen's Union were fighters trained in the hard school of the sea, and when they went out it meant blood and death to scabs. This phase of the strike spread up and down the entire Pacific coast, until all the ports were filled with idle ships, and sea transportation was at a standstill. The days and weeks dragged out, and the strike held. The Coastwise Steam Navigation Company and the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan, and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company were tied up completely. The expenses of combating the strike were tremendous, and they were earning nothing, while daily the situation went from bad to worse, until "peace at any price" became the cry.

And still there was no peace, until Daylight and his allies played out their hand, raked in the winnings, and allowed a goodly portion of a continent to resume business.

Daylight's coming to civilization had not improved him. True, he wore better clothes, had learned slightly better manners, and spoke better English. But he had hardened, and at the expense of his old-time, whole-souled gentility. Even his human affections were descending. Playing a lone hand, contemptuous of most of the men with whom he played, lacking in sympathy or understanding of them, and certainly independent of them, he found little in common with those to be encountered, say at the Alta-Pacific. In point of fact, when the battle with the steamship companies was at its height, and his rats were inflicting incalculable damage on all business interests, he had been asked to resign from the Alta-Pacific. The idea had been rather to his liking, and he had found new quarters in clubs like the Riverside, organized and practically maintained by the city bosses.

One week-end, feeling heavy and depressed and tired of the city and its ways, he obeyed the impulse of a whim that was later to play an important part in his life. The desire to get out of the city for a whiff of country air and for a change of scene was the cause. Yet, to himself, he made the excuse of going to Glen Ellen for the purpose of inspecting a brickyard which Holdsworth had sold him. He spent the night in the little country hotel, and on Sunday morning, astride a saddle horse rented from the Glen Ellen butcher, rode out of the village. The brickyard was close at hand on the flat beside the Sonoma Creek.



"It Sure Beats Country Places and Bungalows at Menlo Park," He Commented Aloud.

He tethered the horse and wandered on foot among the knolls. Their tops were crowned with century-old spruce trees, and their sides clothed with oaks and madrones and native holly. But to the perfect redwoods belonged the small but deep canyon that threaded its way among the knolls.

Nothing could satisfy his holiday spirit now but the ascent of Sonoma Mountain. And here on the crest, three hours afterward, he emerged, tired and sweaty, garments torn and face and hands scratched, but with sparkling eyes and an unwonted zestfulness of expression. He felt the illicit pleasure of a schoolboy playing truant. The big gaming table of San Francisco seemed very far away. But there was more than illicit pleasure in his mood. It was as though he were going through a sort of cleansing bath. No room here for all the sordidness, meanness and villainousness that filled the dirty pool of city existence. He was loath to depart, and it was not for an hour that he was able to tear himself away and take the descent of the mountain. Working out a new route just for the fun of it, late afternoon was upon him when he arrived back at the wooded knolls.

Daylight cast about for a trail, and found one leading down the side opposite to his ascent. Circling the base of the knoll, he picked up with his horse and rode on to the farmhouse. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and he was quickly in conversation with a nervous, slender young man, who, he learned, was only a tenant on the ranch. How large was it? A matter of one hundred and eighty acres, though it seemed much larger. This was because it was so irregularly shaped. Yes, it included the clay-pit and all the knolls, and its boundary that ran along the big canyon was over a mile long. Oh, yes, he and his wife managed to scratch a living without working too hard. They didn't have to pay much rent. Hillard, the owner, depended on the income from the clay-pit. Hillard was well off and had big ranches and vineyards down on the flat of the valley. The brickyard paid ten cents a cubic yard for the clay. As for the rest of the ranch, the land was good in patches, where it was cleared, like the vegetable garden and the vineyard, but the rest of it was too much up-and-down.

GHOSTS EVER BOTHER YOU?

If So, Southern Negro Folks Say The Simple Precautions Will Chase 'Em.

As a part of the folklore of the negro folks the superstitions of slavery days are of great interest. The following are some of the negro's beliefs about ghosts:

To feel a hot breath of air strike you at twilight signified the nearby presence of a ghost. Should you wish to avoid him, stop and turn your coat and trousers and hat wrong side out and the spirit cannot encounter you.

If, however, he is a pugnacious sprite and approaches despite the change, turn and address him thus: "In the name of the Lord, what do you want?" Whereupon he will tell you his business upon earth, then depart and never, never trouble you again. If, on the other hand, it is a prowling ghost who crawls under the house, bumps against the floor, makes strange sounds, and whispers in the midnight hours, you have only to put in a new floor and he will do so no more.

ALMOST FRANTIC WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

"Eight years ago I got eczema all over my hands. My fingers fairly bled and it itched until it almost drove me frantic. The eruption began with itching under the skin. It spread fast from between the fingers around the nails and all over the whole hands. I got a pair of rubber gloves in order to wash dishes. Then it spread all over the left side of my chest. A fine doctor treated the trouble two weeks, but did me no good. I cried night and day. Then I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment but without much hope as I had gone so long. There was a marked change the second day, and so on until I was entirely cured. The Cuticura Soap we have always kept in our home, and we decided after that lesson that it is a cheap soap in price and the very best in quality. My husband will use no other soap in his shaving mug." (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redonda Beach, Cal., Jan. 15, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

"Mug" is Overworked Word. The most overworked word in the Englishman's vocabulary of slang is "Mug." As a noun it may mean a face, a fool, or a student who prefers reading to sport. As a verb its meanings are still more varied. It may mean to study hard, or to strike in the face. It also means to rob or swindle, and among actors to grimace or make faces. To mug up is also, in theatrical parlance, to make up. Finally, to mug one's self is to get drunk, the resulting condition being one of mugginess. There is more obvious sense in this last use of the word than in some of the others, for the alehouses, in the eighteenth century, were commonly known as muggishness. Mug is the English equivalent of the German Zug, which Mark Twain found to mean everything. A new sense of the verb "mug" in the American slang is to photograph a face.

For Forty Years a Hermit. Isaac Sheath, who has just died in the workhouse at the age of seventy-eight, lived the life of a hermit for nearly forty years at Newport, Isle of Wight. He occupied a mud-hut which he erected on a piece of waste land in the village of Chale, but the hut became so dilapidated that the rural district council ordered its destruction. Sheath was greatly exasperated by the council's interference, and before he left for the workhouse he burned the hut to the ground. Mice and birds had grown so accustomed to the old man and his lonely ways that they used to come and feed from his hand.—London Mail.

The New Way. "Going to your summer cottage this year?" "No; we've decided to stay in the city." "But I thought you were so fond of the country?" "We used to be, but now we prefer to stay at home, where we can get fresh milk, eggs and butter every morning."

First Religious Book in America. The first religious book published on the American continent was printed in the City of Mexico by order of the Roman Catholic bishop there. This was the first work of any kind from movable type issued in the new world and bears date 1495. In point of co-laborators the most pretentious work published on this continent is "The Catholic Church in the United States," which has six thousand different co-authors, all but a dozen of whom are actively identified in some way with the American hierarchy.

Oldest City in the World. Doctor Harkov, a Russian savant, once affirmed that Samara, on the right bank of the Tigris, near Bagdad, is the oldest city extant. Reilich now discovered that Samara flourished before the arrival of the Semites in Chaldea or Mesopotamia, 3,000 B. C.

Charity in Compromise. The best methods of compromise are always the simplest, and the simplest are founded on grounds of mutual charity.

FAMINE IN RUSSIA GROWS ALARMING

TALES OF SUFFERING ARE SO SEVERE THEY ARE BEYOND BELIEF.

IT OVERTAKES THE RELIEF

The Area of Some of the Affected Districts Are Fully as Large as England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland—Call For Aid.

New York.—A special cable from London says:

Harrowing tales of the famine in Russia are being published by the Russia Famine Relief Committee, which is doing its utmost to gather enough funds together to meet the need of the thousands of sufferers who as soil tillers will continue to suffer until after the gathering of the July crops.

Mrs. C. P. Sangster of No. 55 Oakley St., Chelsea, London, secretary of the English Famine Relief Fund, states that considerable, though far from adequate, contributions of money are being forwarded to the Free Economic Society of St. Petersburg, an old organization dating back something like a hundred years, that has the sanction of the Russian government.

"Twenty provinces," Mrs. Sangster said, "are in a deplorable condition, and it must be remembered that a Russian province is in size something between a half and the whole of England."

"In the province of Samara, the peasants are selling off everything—cattle, horses, land and even wearing apparel. All these bring trifling sums, only to get a stone of flour, which is never, however, eaten unadulterated. Schools in famine districts are gradually emptying. Some of the children are joining their parents and taking part in public works instituted by the government; others go begging for bread. Those that still attend school are in rags and present a deplorable sight."

"The Free Economic Society of Russia, up to now, in spite of difficulties, has succeeded in establishing 150 relief centers in twelve provinces where close upon 25,000 adults and children have received daily rations."

BOATS TO SOUTH AMERICA

New Steamship Line to Open First Market for Southern Products.

Washington, D. C.—President Finley of the Southern Railway Company, announced that he had been advised of the purpose of the Munson Steamship Line to inaugurate regular service between Mobile, Alabama, and South American ports. The new service is to begin on September 11th, on which date a steamer will leave Mobile for Montevideo, Uruguay, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario, Argentina, all of which ports will be regular ports of call for the new line. Sailings will be made every fourth week. In making this announcement President Finley said:

"The inauguration of this new service will be of great benefit to the merchants and manufacturers of the Southeastern States and of the entire Mississippi Valley. The markets of South America are rapidly increasing in importance with a growing demand for commodities which can profitably be produced in our Southeastern Section. Many of our enterprising manufacturers and merchants are giving special consideration to the possibilities of these markets. Our South Atlantic and Gulf ports are advantageously located with reference to the South American trade and I am convinced that direct and regular steamship service such as is now assured from Mobile will result in the building up of a profitable business. The people of other Southern seaport cities are moving in the matter and I hope that additional lines may be inaugurated in the near future."

To Study Farming in Europe. Washington.—Acceptance to membership on the commission of the Southern Commercial Congress, which will go abroad next May to study European systems of agricultural finance were received by Dr. J. C. Owens, managing director of the Southern Commercial Congress from the following representative business men: Raymond A. Pearson, Albany, N. Y.; J. C. Caldwell, Lakeside, Minn.; T. Harvey Ferris, Utica, N. Y.; William B. Hatch, Ypsilanti, Mich., and Edwin Chamberlain, San Antonio, Texas.

To Reclaim Valuable Likedeb. Mexico City.—One of the plans involved by the government through its Department of Public Welfare, Colonization and Industry, to provide arable lands for division among the people—one of the chief planks of Madero's revolutionary platform—is under way. It contemplates the drainage and filling in of the great bed of Lake Texcoco, some two and a half miles east of the capital. The work will require five years, it is estimated, and an expenditure of 4,000,000 pesos (2,000,000 gold).

Swiss Guides To Rocky Mountains. Paris.—The allurements of better wages and all-the-year-round employment is causing the emigration of many of the best Swiss mountain guides to the Rocky Mountains, according to dispatches from the Swiss mountain resorts. In Switzerland the majority of the guides have a precarious existence, as during the winter months they have practically nothing to do and earn no money. Agents of the Canadian Pacific Railroad have offered many of them employment twelve months in the year.

Pleasant Feature of Winter.

There is this cheerful fact about winter: Nobody makes any money by starting a report that the crops have been ruined.—St. Louis Times.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BILIOUSNESS

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