

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON
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"WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 20th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. The dance is not to heavy gambling, in which over \$100,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mine contractor. He starts on his small trip with dogs and sledges, telling his friends that he will be back in the big Yukon gold strike at the start of the season. Burning Daylight makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail, to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be found in the upper district, Harnish starts on a two-ton load 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 resists a rich hauler's offer to go to Dawson, becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike and defeats 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 partners with a revolver, he threatens to kill them if his money is not returned. They are cowed, return their money and Harnish goes back to San Francisco where he meets his fate in the hands of a professional politician. He deceives a man, invests and gets into the political ring. For a rest he goes to the country. Daylight gets deeper into high finance in San Francisco, but often longing for the simple life nearly overcomes him.

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 been flashed ahead, they had turned into the back-road through the hills, and now, rushing in upon Oakland by a new route, were hotly 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 fail 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 on 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 for the best money could be had 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 jeweled 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, mind. Give me a good Mexican 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 hitching. 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 antics, 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 blamiest 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 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 nuzzled his rider's stirrup in a rough, impatient way, as much as to intimate that it was time they were going on.

"Well, I'll be plumb gosh 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 endeavoring with more than the average horse's intelligence. It was the spirit of inordinate roughness, that made him inordinate roughness, that made him 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 would be most disconcerting and embarrassing. He was not particularly anxious for her to see him thrown for ward 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



It Was Dede.

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 other-wise he was a lamb. But no Dede did Daylight encounter 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 than that, partly turned in his horse, he should wait till she saw him, and that, when 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 were 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, subdued office face. "I didn't know you rode," was one of her first remarks. "I imagined you were wedded to get-her-quick machines." Thus, and to his great relief, they launched on a topic of mutual interest.

est. He told her about Bob's tricks, 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 much 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 first 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 10 days before her father died. And Daylight was hugely pleased with him. 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, in riding astride, 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 days, frontier life of his youth, when no woman was seen on anything but a side-saddle. He had grown up the tacit fiction that women on horseback were not bipeds. It came to him with a shock, this sight of her on manlike in her saddle. But he had to confess that the sight looked good to him just the same.

CHAPTER XIV.

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

So several hrs 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 crust-tempered Wolf, and expressing a dire to ride Bob, whom she declared as was more in love with than ever. Aint his better judgment, Daylight gave in, and, on an unrequited check of road, changed saddles and bits.

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

"Get ready give him the quirt on the nose," Daylight called.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

- Bees require water.
- Rotation improves the soil.
- Rape is excellent for swine.
- Kafir is harder on land than corn.
- Do not forget to provide shade for the poultry.
- The better the man, the better the cow. Every time.
- Cold water is practically useless for removing bacteria.
- Cover crops must be used to prevent the loss of plant food.
- You can't tell by the looks of a dairy cow how honest she is.
- Harrow teeth are made to be turned, yet how many people do it?
- An inch of rainfall on an acre of land weighs more than 10 tons.
- A pasture arranged to include a few shade trees is 25 per cent. better.
- If hens develop the feather-pulling habit, send them to market at once.
- Corn and alfalfa make a combination that cannot be equalled on the dairy farm.
- Liberal feeding of the dairy calves is money put where it will draw big interest.
- Don't forget the weeds that are getting ready to go to seed along the roadside.
- Every farmer should have a small wheel seeder and a small wheel garden hose.
- It is a mistake to keep a non-descript bull simply because he cost a little money.
- Sore shoulders are the result of ill-fitting collars, and not always those of this season.
- Paper may be made to stick to whitewashed walls by an application of vinegar to the walls.
- Clabbered milk drained, and left to dry makes a fine feed for young chicks. Rub it fine before feeding.
- Second or third crop alfalfa, if properly managed, furnishes a very satisfactory pasture for sheep.
- Gentleness and patience are always important in the dairy barn, but doubly so when handling the young heifer.
- Instead of feeding wet mash to chicks try giving cracked grain in small quantities in litter. It's good health insurance.
- Cultivation hastens the liberation of plant food by permitting air to permeate the soil and oxidize or burn out the organic matter.
- Live stock husbandry will postpone soil depletion for a longer period of time than grain farming, but it will not prevent depletion.
- The eggs from matured hens will hatch better and produce stronger chicks than the eggs of pullets. They are usually larger, too.
- To avoid sore mouth in pigs, the little fellows should have their large front teeth removed as soon after they are farrowed as possible.
- When the plow horses are brought in at noon the harness should be removed and the shoulders washed and rubbed dry while they are feeding.
- Cement floors are conceded by most dairymen to be the most sanitary, and if the cows are properly bedded, it will give better satisfaction than planks.
- Oil meal is laxative, and helps to prevent the feverish condition which often appears at farrowing time and which is occasionally responsible for pig eating.
- The results of the tillage experiments with disk and mold-board plows indicate that for deep plowing the disk is preferable to the mold-board plow.
- The young sow has got to make her growth, while the old sow has her full growth, so that the young sow must be fed liberally in order to develop properly.
- Root crops will be profitable for both the dairy cows and the hogs. Some of the best breeders who are making official records use roots in addition to silage.
- Those who argue against silos and ensilage have seen the points excepted of all their arguments know the one that it takes a great deal of expensive labor to do the filling.
- Do not expect a very large percentage of real high class birds, even from the very best of stock, and do not find fault with the other fellow until you are sure you have done your part well.

- Sheep like rape.
- Scaly leg is very contagious.
- Feed the dairy cows a variety.
- Every idle acre is a tax on every acre in use!
- The young calves need an abundance of sunlight.
- Grooming is as important as feeding for working horses.
- The careful stockman gives his manure spreader daily exercise.
- The United States produces more corn than all the rest of the world.
- Cows should not be kept too long on one ration, no matter how good.
- The soft maple is a fast growing tree that loves a fairly moist climate.
- More fresh air and less hot air are what is needed in the dairy business.
- It should be remembered that a horse can do more than his feet will stand.
- Whenever hogs are confined to one feeding place a feeding floor should be provided.
- Butter is eaten more as a relish than for the actual constituents it contains.
- The United States is responsible for two-thirds of the cotton crop of the world.
- It is just as necessary to fit a collar to a horse as it is to fit a shoe to the foot.
- Ducks are very fond of dandelions chopped and mixed with ground grain.
- From the time corn tassels out until it becomes ripe it increases its dry matter five-fold.
- A 20-acre poultry farm has been added to the equipment of the University of Illinois.
- Speaking of the matter now, second crop clover added to corn improves the ensilage.
- The value of corn silage to the beef producer is not limited to its use in winter feeding alone.
- Poultry balance their own rations if they are given a wide variety of feeds to select from.
- A vessel holding 1,000 pounds of water will hold about 1,032 pounds of whole milk.
- Some farmers are even so busy in harvest time that they haven't time to stop and do the milking.
- Always water first, then a little hay, and follow with grain; this gives the animal a chance to digest.
- This is a good time to put a square of tar paper in the bottom of each nest box for the benefit of lice.
- The levelness with which a horse walks is one of the best evidences that his legs work in harmony.
- When you get a good team let the other fellow whistle, but don't put a price on it, and so invite its early sale.
- Prepare for the colt that's coming by giving the mare easy work, and plenty of nourishing food and good water.
- Penning chickens is the best way to get a fine flock, for it means that you are getting eggs from the best hens you have.
- Keep pigs growing from the start. Never let them go short one week because you are busy looking after something else.
- For a brood sow prefer one of good length and breadth of body and legs on short, strong, well-made places, set wide apart.
- When our hens are allowed to be come overfat, a disorder of the ovum is often the result, which causes it to "break down behind."
- Silos will be built in large numbers this year, as many farmers had a sad experience keeping their cattle alive during the long, severe winter.
- Sour milk is about as good for growing a young calf as so much fog. Ice-cold milk is but little better, and excessive quantities are even worse.
- It pleases the cow to be milked quickly, and gets her in the habit of giving down promptly. It is often the slow milkers that make the strippers.
- Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of a good supply of green food for poultry. Nothing tends more to keep them in good health and condition.
- If lice and mites fall to pay enough attention to other treatments, try burning them out with a torch. But don't burn down the house in order to get the vermin.
- A small field of rape nearby the hog yards and a few rods of wove wire fencing will prove of great value in conditioning the breeding animal and young things.
- Oat straw makes a fair roughage; but not unless it contains a bit of unthreshed grain. Remember that the cow requires a very generous grain ration in connection with the straw.
- Soap-suds, or even cold water applications, if persisted in, will rid plants of red spider, a tiny insect that sucks the life from leaves and stems causing them to dry and wither away.

God Demands Recognition

By Rev. J. H. Ralston,
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TEXT—Psalm 46:10—"Be still, and know that I am God."
While we rarely find a professed deist nowadays, few men recognize God as he manifests himself. Yet, while men do not recognize God who has revealed himself, they are constantly manufacturing gods to suit themselves, and these are as numerous as those of Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs.
In the text there is the call of God to give attention to himself—
"Be still, and know that I am God."
God is intensely interested that man should recognize him, not only because man would thus greatly bless himself, but God demands this recognition because he is sensitive to the appreciation of those whom he has created. We must maintain this, notwithstanding the specious plea that it would be ignoble in God to demand such recognition.
This matter can only be settled by an appeal to authority, and multitudes believe that the Bible is such authority. In Exodus 34:14, we read: "Thou shalt worship no other God, for the Lord whose name is jealous, is a jealous God." Joshua called the attention of Israel to the same characteristic in God when he wished Israel to return to God, to the enjoyment of their divine heritage.
In the text God does not ask man to know him; he simply asks that we recognize him as God, and appeals in the 8th and 9th verses of this chapter for the use of the physical senses: "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolation he has wrought in the earth; he maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth, he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire." Our attention is also called to what we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us what he has done in the time of old. Were not God's dealings with the Egyptians to prove that he was God? Was not God back of the blessing of Israel by Balaam, while Balaam's purpose was to curse? Has God not set up one and put down another? Has he not deplored the devices of the crafty that their hands cannot perform their enterprise, and has he not taken the wise in their own craftiness, and is not the counsel of the froward carried headlong? And what shall be said of the occurrences of modern history? Had God anything to do with the earthquake in San Francisco; the burning of the General Schofield, and the sinking of the Titanic? Of the latter event it is said that in the last moments of that fated vessel's remaining afloat, all classes of people prayed, and the band played until the very end, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." And what was this but recognition of God, and possibly with many, too late?
To say that God has nothing to do with these things on the ground of that it would be violence to the reign of law, dishonoring to him as an infinite being, and entirely relieve man of moral responsibility, is really not worthy of serious consideration. The consciousness of God's immanence in all such things would be a deterrent from sin on the part of some, and would be an incentive to good on the part of others.
How are men to know God? Simply by being still. By searching, men cannot find out God. As David would lie in the fields at night and look up into the starry heavens, it would not be for the purpose of finding out God, but as he gazed he could not help but exclaim: "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast created, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" As Moses would have Israel to recognize God, he said: "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." As Isaiah would have Israel see wherein their strength lay, he said they should sit still. So the method of knowing God is to just keep the eyes and ears open, to stop, look, listen—God is here, there, everywhere. The results of this will be a more serious consideration of one's obligation to God. The life of the Christian will be made richer, and as the richness of the hereafter is approached, there will be a preparation to meet God, with whom, whether he will or will not, man has much to do. To know God, and him whom he has sent, is everlasting life.
The Blessing of the Word.
It is the highest wisdom to avail ourselves of every help to right living. There is no other help comparable to the Bible; there are numberless books and tracts on ethics, on the conduct of life, on holy living and holy dying. But the Bible is the light from which all these are lighted, and they shine only in proportion as they reflect its teaching and spirit. Why should people prefer the trickling branches to the full tide of the central stream; or the twinkle of the small incandescent bulbs to the blaze of the sun? However it may be accounted for, the old book brings to the sincere and inquiring heart a message of life and light, helping every man to know himself in his weakness and strength, and showing every man the remedy for his weakness and the sources of ever-increasing strength.
Only in a world where there is suffering could God prove that he is love.
The man who buries his talent might as well bury himself.