Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 30th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. 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 sledge, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensationally rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be found in the up-river 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.

CHAPTER V .- Continued.

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

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

Corner lots in desirable locations sold that winter for from ten to thirty thousand dollars. Daylight sent word out over the trails and passes for the newcomers to bring down log-rafts. and, as a result, the summer of 1897 saw his saw mills working day and night, on three shifts, and still he had logs left over with which to build cabins. These cabins, land included, sold at from one to several thousa dollars. Two-story log buildings, in the business part of town, brought him from forty to fifty thousand dollars apiece. These fresh accretions of capital were immediately invested in other ventures. He turned gold over and over, until everything that he touched seemed to turn to gold.

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

CHAPTER VI.

It was held by the thousands of bero-worshipping chechaques that Daylight was a man absolutely without fear. But Bettles and Dan MacDonald and other sourdoughs shook their heads and laughed as they mentioned women. And they were right. He had always been afraid of them from the time, himself a lad of seventeen, when Queen Anne, of Juneau, made open and ridiculous love to him. For that matter, he never had known women. Born in a mining-camp where they were rare and mysterious, having no sisters, his mother dying while he was an infant, he had never been in contact with them.

But it was left to the Virgin to give him his final fright. She was found one morning dead in her cabin. A shot through the head had done it. and she had left no message, no explanation. Then came the talk. Some wit, voicing public opinion, called it a case of too much Daylight. She had killed herself because of him. Everybody knew this, and said so. The correspondents wrote it up, and once more Burning Daylight, King of the Klondike, was sensationally featured in the Sunday supplements of the United States. The Virgin had straightened up, so the feature-stories ran, and correctly so. Never had she entered a Dawson City dance-hall. When she first arrived from Circle City, she had earned her living by washing clothes. Next, she had bought a sewing-machine and made men's drill parkse, fur caps, and moosehide mittens. Then she had gone as a clerk into the First Yukon Bank. All this. and more, was known and told, though one and all were agreed that Daylight, while the cause, had been the

innocent cause of her untimely end. And the worst of it was that Day-

he remember that last night he had seen her. He had thought nothing of it at the time; but, looking back, he was haunted by every little thing that had happened. In the light of the tragic event, he could understand everything-her quietness, that calm certitude as if all vexing questions of living had been smoothed out and were gone, and that certain ethereal sweetness about all that she had said and done that had been almost maternal. He remembered the way she had looked at him, how she had laughed when he narrated Mickey Dolan's mistake in staking the fraction on Skookum Gulch. Her laughter had been lightly joyous, while at the same time it had lacked its old-time robustness. Not that she had been grave or subdued. On the contrary, she had been so patently content, so filled with peace. She had fooled him, sool that he was. He had even thought that night that her feeling for him had passed, and he had taken delight in the thought, and caught visions of the satisfying future friendship that would be theirs with this perturbing love out of the way.

And then, when he stood at the door, cap in hand, and said good night. It had struck him at the time as a funny and embarrassing thing, her bending over his hand and kissing it.

men were visible. A blanket of smoke filled the valleys and turned the gray day to melancholy twilight. Smoke arose from a thousand holes in the snow, where, deep down on bed-rock, in the frozen muck and gravel, men crept and scratched and dug, and ever built more fires to break the grip of the frost.

Organization was what was needed, he decided; and his quick imagination sketched Eldorado Creek, from mouth to source, and from mountain top to mountain top, in the hands of one capable management. Even steam-thawing, as yet untried, but bound to come, he saw would be a makeshift. What should be done was to hydraulic the valley sides and benches, and then, on the creek bottom, to use gold-dredges. There was the very chance for another big killing. He had wondered just what was precisely the reason for the Guggenhammers and the big English concerns sending in their high-salaried experts. That was their scheme. That was why they had approached him for the sale of worked-out claims and tailings. They were content to let the small mine-owners gopher out what they could, for there would be millions in the leavings.

And, gazing down on the smoky inferno of crude effort, Daylight outlined the new game he would play, a game in which the Guggenhammers and the rest would have to reckon with him. But along with the delight in the new conception came a weariness. He was tired of the long Arctic years, and he He had felt like a fool, but he shivered was curious about the Outside—the



Through It All Moved Daylight, Hell- Roaring, Burning Daylight,

now when he looked back on it and | great world of which he had heard hand. She was saying good-by, an eternal good-by, and he had never guessed. At that very moment, and for all the moments of the evening, coolly and deliberately, as he well knew her way, she had been resolved to die. If he had only known it! Untouched by the contagious maindy himself, nevertheless he would have married her if he had had the slightest inkling of what she contemplated. And yet he knew, furthermore, that hers was a certain stiff-kneed pride that would not have permitted her to accept marriage as an act of philanthropy. There had really been no saving her, after all. The love-disease had fastened upon her, and she had been doomed from the first to perish of It.

Six thousand spent the winter of 1897 in Dawson, work on the creeks went on apace, while beyond the passes it was reported that one hundred thousand more were waiting for the spring. Late one brief afternoon, Daylight, on the benches between French Hill and Shookum Hill, caught a wider vision of things. Beneath him lay the richest part of Eldorado Creek,

felt again the touch of her lips on his other men talk and of which he was as ignorant as a child. There were games out there to play. It was a larger table, and there was no reason why he with his millions should not sit in and take a hand. So it was, that afternoon on Skookum Hill, that he resolved to play this last best Klondike hand and pull for the Outside. It took time, however. He put trusted agents to work on the heels of great experts, and on the creeks where they began to buy he likewise bought. Wherever they tried to corner a worked-out creek, they found him standing in the way, owning blocks of claims or artfully scattered claims that put all their plans to naught.

Followed wars, truces, compromises, victories, and defeats. By 1898, sixty thousand men were on the Klondike. and all their fortunes and affairs rocked back and forth and were affected by the battles Daylight fought. And more and more the taste for the larger game urged in Daylight's mouth. Here he was already locked in grapples with the great Guggenhammers. and winning, flercely winning. Possibly the severest struggle was waged on Ophir, the veriest of moose-paswhile up and down Bonanza he could tures, whose low-grade dirt was valusee for miles. It was a scene of a able only because of its vastness. The vast devastation. The hills, to their ownership of a block of seven claims tops, had been shorn of trees, and in the heart of it gave Daylight his their naked sides showed signs of gor- grip, and they could not come to terms. light knew it was true. Always would ing and perforating that even the The Guggenhammer experts conclud-

(Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Company.)
(Copyright, 1910, by the MacMillan Company.) mantle of snow could not hide. Be ed that it was too big for him to neath him, in every direction, were handle, and when they gave him an the cabins of men. But not many ultimatum to that effect he accepted and bought them out. The plan was his own, but he sent down to the States for competent engineers to carry it out. In the Rinkabilly watershed, eighty miles away, he built his reservoir, and for eighty miles the huge wooden conduit carried the water across country to Ophir. Estimated at three millions, the reservoir and conduit cost nearer four. Not did he stop with this. Electric power plants were installed, and his workings were lighted as well as run by electricity. Other sourdoughs, who had struck it rich in excess of all their dreams, shook their heads gloomily, warned him that he would go broke, and declined to invest in so extravagant a venture. But Daylight smiled, and sold out the remainder of his town-site holdings. He sold at the right time, at the height of the placer boom. When he prophested to his old cronies, in the Moosehorn Saloon, that within five years town lots in Dawson could not be given away, while the cabins would be chopped up for firewood, he was laughed at roundly, and be found ere that time. But he went

assured that the mother-lode would ahead, when his need for lumber was finished, selling out his sawmills as well. Likewise, he began to get rid of his scattered holdings on the vari-ous creeks, and without hanks to any one he finished his conduit, built his dredges, imported his machinery, and made the gold of Ophir immediately accessible. And he, who five years before had crossed over the divide from Indian River and threaded the silent wilderness, his dogs packing indian fashion, himself living Indian fashion on straight moose meat, now heard the hoarse whistles calling his hundreds of laborers to work, and watched them toll under the white glare of the arc-lamps.

But having done the thing, he was ready to depart. And when he let the word go out, the Guggenhammers vied with the English concerns and with a new French company in bidding for Ophir and all its plant. The Guggenhammers bid highest, and the price they paid netted Daylight a clean million. It was current rumor that he was worth anywhere from twenty to thirty millions. But he alone knew just how he stood, and that, with his last claim sold and the table swept clean of his winnings, he had ridden his hunch to the tune of just a triffe over eleven millións.

His departure was a thing that passed into the history of the Yukon along with his other deeds. All the Yukon was his guest, Dawson the seat of the festivity. On that one last night no man's dust save his own was good. Drinks were not to be purchased. Every saloon ran open, with extra relays of exhausted bartenders, and the drinks were given away. A man who refused this hospitality, and persisted in paying, found a dozen fights on his hands. The veriest chechaquos rose up to defend the name of Daylight from such insult. And through it all, on moccasined feet, moved Daylight, hell-roaring Burning Daylight, overspilling with good nature and camaraderie, howling his hewolf howl and claiming the night as his, bending men's arms down on the bars, performing feats of strength, his bronzed face flushed with drink, his black eyes flashing, clad in overalls and blanket coat, his ear-flaps dangling and his gauntleted mittens swinging from the cord across the shoulders. But this time it was neither an ante nor a stake that he threw away. but a mere marker in the game that he who held so many markers would

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS. The man at the corner of the down town alley was selling some kind of

cement It was worth 25 cents a bottle, as he explained to his bearers, but in order to introduce it he was making a

special price of one dime, good for this particular occasion only, and he guaranteed satisfaction or money refunde

"Will it mend broken china?" inquired a lean, undersized man in the crowd.

"It will mend anything but a broken promise or a ruined character. Say. my friend, here's a couple of sticks of wood, fastened together at the ends. If you break them apart I'll make you a present of a bottle."

Carelessly the undersized man took the joined sticks in his hands. Then he gave them a sudden, violent wrench.

Bu they didn't break apart. It is saddening to have to spoil a story in his manner, but sometimes, in the interests of historical accuracy. it has to be done.

Dire Necessity. "Yes, sir, in a year from now this Amalgamated Balloon stock will be worth \$10,000, and I'll sell it to you for "If it'll be worth \$10,000 in a year

from now, why don't you keep it your-Well, you see, I need a shave and a hair cut, and I'd be a holy show if I

waited that long."-Judge.

HOUSE OF SILENCE A FEDERAL HEALTH BOARD.

Memorial to Dead Wife.

Hoosfer Home In Which Nothing Has Been Touched Since the Death Angel's Visit Three Decades Ago.

Center, Ind .- The story, however strange, is now so old that the people in and about this village have long ceased to discuss it. Occasionally an elder of the neighborhood, in driving with a stranger along the narrow highway, will point out the "House of Silence" and in a matter-of-fact way relate its half forgotten history-the home that for 30 years or more to all the world, save alone its master, who lives elsewhere, has been as close locked as the tomb that for as many years has held its one-time mistress. And so it will remain they say until James Perry Mugg is laid beside the wife of his youth, whose simplest thing touched by her vanquished hand he treasures as never miser treasured

hoarded gold. Without the old house is not unlike scores of the humble structures one will see in a day's drive in the country, with weatherboarded front and window lighting either cramped room, the paint rain-washed and sun-burned from every board these many years. But about all is the sear of decay. The plank step at the doorway crumbles under the lightest footfall. The timestained blinds are close-drawn, shut-ting out every ray of light. The swallows and the wasps have nested in the eaves and in the window ledges and spiders draw their feathery films over the unwashed panes. Nearer the highway the bluegrass lawn has been close cropped by the grazing cattle, but about the house the weeds grow rank and wild. At the rear is a detached shed, mounted by a dinner bell in which the sparrows have found a

Within not one thing has been changed since the call of the death angel three decades ago. On an old fashioned dressing case such as might



well awaken envy in the lover of the antique, lies a copy of "Christian Hymns," and by its side an open Bible, used, doubtless, in the sad rites. Hung over the back of a mohaircushloned chair a shawl of some fine fabric is fast falling to pieces. On the table by the side of the shaded lamp sits a work-basket, with the spools of cotton, its needles and skeins of yarn. On a wall shelf the dishes are arranged just as they were left after the final meal. By a peg on the wall a sunbonnet had hung, but the strings have rotted away and it has fallen to the floor. A broom stands in the corner, having swept the now faded rag carpet the last time when hands now folded upon a pulseless bosom were vigorous and strong. And by the table with its shaded lamp, its workbasket and a few simple books, is a child's rush-bottomed rocking chair. How it links the dead past with the living present! Out with the threshers in one of the fields of the 60 odd acres which James Perry Mugg holds here, is a stalwart young man, singing as he thrusts the yellow sheaves into the greedy maw of the noisy machine. It was he who sat in the rushbottomed chair and heard the stories of the dust-covered books from his mother's lips.

Bays Crows Are Good to Eat. Topeka, Kan.-Prof. L. L. Dyche has eaten crow, but unlike a few of our politicians he considers it "first-class eating." The professor avers that "the flesh of the young crow is as good as that of the guinea hen. It is a little dark, but it has a good flavor and is fine of texture." He is also fond of the young red-tailed hawk which, cooked right, he declares, could not be distinguished from chicken.

Hog in Well Lives 52 Days. Henryetta, Okla .-- A hog that had bene at the bottom of a dry well for 52 days was found alive by John B. Jordan, farmer. When the animal was pulled out by Jordan and four neighbors it was only a skeleton. It walked a quarter of a mile to the barn.

Man Decapitated by a Car.

Spokane, Wash .- Robert Cool, a retired Illinois farmer aged seventy-four, slipped on the snow in crossing a Great Northern track and was decapt tated by an empty mail car which was being switched. His body was crushed beneath the wheels.

It is gratifying to note that the bill for the creation of a federal health board will not be allowed to pass without a protest. Reports of organized resistance come from all parts of the country, and it may be that the opposition will soon be sufficiently solidified to defeat a project that promises infinite mischief for the community, and suffering and injustice for the individal.

The proposal is based upon those specious claims that are notoriously hard to controvert. If a federal health board were to confine its activities to the promulgation of salutary advice upon hygienic matters, to the abatement of quackery, and to the purity of drugs, it might be possible to say much in its favor, although it would still be difficult to say that such an organization is needed. But we know that it will attempt to do far more than this, seeing that its adherents have loudly proclaimed their intentions. Indeed, there is no secrecy about them. It is confidently expected that the board will consist of advocates of one school of medicine only and that the methods of that school will be not only recommended, but enforced upon the nation. Indeed a board that was in any way representative of the medical profession as a whole would be stultified by its own disagreements. Outside the domain of simple hygiene, for which we need no federal board at all, there is no single point of medical practice upon which allopaths, homeopaths, eclectics and osteopaths could be in unison. Any board that could be devised by the wit of man must be composed of representatives of one school only, and this means that all other schools are branded as of an inferior caste. even though nothing worse happened to them. And something worse would happen to them. If we are to establish a school of medicine, if we are to assert that the government of the United States favors one variety of practice more than others, why not establish also a sect of religion and bestow special authorities upon Baptists, Methodists and Episcopallans? An established school of religious conjecture seems somewhat less objectionable than an established sect of pseudo-scientific conjecture.

Those who suppose that a federal board of health would have no concern with individual rights are likely to find themselves undeceived. It is for the purpose of interfering with individual rights that the proposal has been made. We need no special knowledge of conditions to be aware that what may be called unorthodox methods of healing have made sad inroads into the orthodox. Homeopathy claims a vast number of adherents who are just as well educated and just as intelligent as those who adhere to the older school. Osteopathy, eclecticism, and half a dozen other methods of practice are certainly not losing ground. Beyond them is the vast and increasing army of those who may be classed under the general and vague name of mental healers. Those who are addicted to any of these forms of unorthodoxy need have no doubt as to the purposes of the federal health board. Those purposes are to make it difficult for them to follow their particular fads and fancies, to lead them, and if necessary to drive them, from medical unorthodoxy to medical

orthodoxy. Now the Argonaut holds no brief for any of the excesses and the superstitions connected with the care of the body in which this age is so rife. But it does feel concerned for the preservation of human liberty and for the rights of the individual to doctor himself in any way he pleases so long as he does not indubitably threaten the health of the community. He may take large doses or small ones, or no doses at all; he may be massaged. anointed with oil, or prayed over, just as the whim of the moment may dictate, and probably it makes no particle of difference which he does. But he has the right to choose, just as he chooses the color of his necktie or the character of his underclothing. It is not a matter in which any wise government will seek to interefere. This is precisely the liberty that the health board intends to take from him. Orthodox medicine, conscious of its losses, is trying to buttress itself by federal statute, to exalt allopathy to the status of a privileged caste, and to create an established school of medicine just as some other countries have allowed themselves to create an established school of religion. It is for the common sense of the community to rebuke that effort and to repel an unwarranted invasion upon elementary human rights .- San Francisco Argonaut.

Waiting.

"Have you named your baby yet?" "No."

"He's getting pretty old to be with-

out a name, isn't he?" "Yes; but my wife wishes to call him Percival, and we're waiting to and out whether he's going to have a lisp."

Stung. "You call this cake angel food." said

the harsh husband. "Yes, dear," said the timid wife, "but If the diet doesn't seem exactly what you want, here are some devilled crabs."-Washington Star.

Sounds Plausible. "Why do people speak of a 'cool'

million?" "I don't know, unless it's because a man with a million dollars can keep cool, no matter how high the cost of flying soars."