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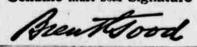
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PART I. CHAPTER I.

It was a quiet night in the Tivoli. At the bar, which ranged along one side of the large chinked-log room. leaned half a dozen men, two of whom were discussing the relative merits of spruce tea and lime juice as remedies for scurvy. They argued with an air of depression and with intervals of morose silence. The other men scarcely heeded them. In a row, against the opposite wall, were the gambling games. The crap table was deserted. One lone man was playing at the faro table. The roulette was not even spinning, and the gamekeeper stood by the roaring, red-hot stove. talking with a young, dark-eyed woman, comely of face and figure, who was known from Juneau to Fort Yukon as the Virgin. Three men sat in at stud poker, but they played with small chips and without enthusiasm, while

there were no onlookers. On the floor of the dancing room, which opened out at the rear, three couples were waltzing drearily to the strains of a violin and a plano. Circle City was not deserted, nor was money tight. The miners were in

from Moosehead creek and the other diggings to the west, the summer washing had been good, and the men's pouches were heavy with dust and nuggets. The Klondike had not yet been discovered, nor had the miners of the Yukon learned the possibilities of deep digging and wood-firing. No work was done in the winter, and they made a practice of hibernating in the large camps like Circle City during the long Arctic night. Time was heavy on their hands, their pouches were well filled and the only social diversion to be found was in the saloons. Yet the Tivoli was practically deserted, and the Virgin, standing by the stove, yawned with uncovered mouth and said to Charley Bates:

"If something don't happen soon, I'm goin' to bed. What's the matter with the camp, anyway? Everybody dead?" Bates did not even trouble to reply. but went on moodily rolling a cigarette. Dan MacDonald, pioneer saloonman and gambler on the upper Yukon, owner and proprietor of the Tivoli and all its games, wandered torornly across the great vacant space of floor and joined the two at the stove. "Anybody dead?" the Virgin asked him.

The waltz in the back room being finished, the three couples, followed by the fiddler and the planist and heading for the bar, caught Daylight's eye.

"Surge along, you-all!" he cried. Surge along and name it. This is my night, and it ain't a night that comes (requent. Surge up, you Siwashes and Salmon-eaters. It's my night, I tell you-all-"

"A blamed mangy night," Charley Bates interpolated.

"You're right, my son," Burning Daylight went on, gayly. "A mangy night, far inside the Arctic circle. After that but it's my night, you see.. I'm the mangy old he-wolf. Listen to me howl.

And howl he did, like a lone gray timber wolf, till the Virgin thrust her pretty fingers in her ears and shivered. A minute later she was whirled away in his arms to the dancing floor, where, along with three other women and their partners, a rollicking Virginia reel was soon in progress.

Few men knew Elam Harnish by any other name than Burning Daylight, the when Burning Daylight emerged from name which had been given him in the early days in the land because of his habit of routing his comrades out of their blankets with the complaint that daylight was burning. Of the pioneers corner. in that far Arctic wilderness, where all men were ploneers, he was reckoned among the oldest. Men like Al Mayo and Jack McQuestion antedated him; but they had entered the land by and at the same time felt the Virgin crossing the Rockies from the Hudson

Bay country to the east. He, however, him for the dancing. "I sure got my



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ers, he came over to their table in the

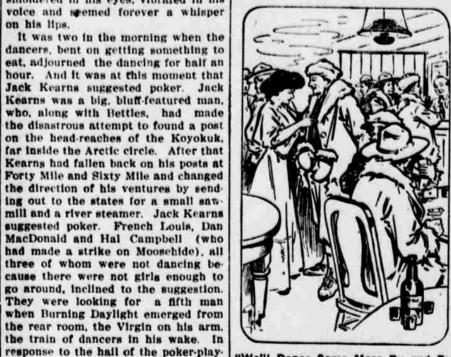
'How's your luck?'

on his lips.

tially those of a white man. He looked p He released his arm and thrust bet older than thirty, and yet, smoothplayfully on the shoulder, at the same shaven and without wrinkles, he was time turning to the poker players. almost boyish. The impression of age "Take off the limit and I'll go you was based on no tangible evidence. It all. came from the abstracter facts of the

DAYLIGHT By JACK LONDON AUTHOR OF THE CALL OF THE MILE"

"Limit's the roof," said Jack Kearns man, from what he had endured and Once started, it was a quiet game. survived, which was far beyond that with little or no conversation, though of ordinary men. He had lived naked all about the players the place was and tensely, and something of all this a-roar. Elam Harnish had ignited the smoldered in his eyes, vibrated in his



"We'll Dance Some More By and By. The Night's Young Yet."

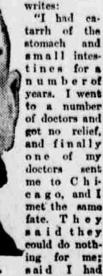
"Want to sit in," said Campbell. spark. More and more miners dropped in to the Tivoli and remained. When "I sure got it tonight," Burning Day-Burning Daylight went on the tear, no light answered with enthusiasm, man cared to miss it. The dancing floor was full. The luck at the table press his arm warningly. She wanted varied monotonously, no big hands being out. As a result, high play went on with small hands, though no play lasted long. But at three in the morning the big combination of hands arrived. It was the moment of moments that men wait weeks for in a poker game. The news of it tingled over the Tivoli. The onlookers became quiet. The men farther away ceased talking and moved over to the table. The players deserted the other games, and the dancing-floor was forsaken, so that all stood at last, fivescore and more in a compact and silent group, around the poker table. The high betting went on, with the draw not in sight. Kearns had deal*, and French Louis had opened the pot with one marker -in his case one hundred dollars. Campbell had merely "seen" it, but Elam Harnish, coming next, had tossed in five hundred dollars, with e remark to MacDonald was letting him in easy. MacDonald glancing again at his hand, put in a thousand in markers. Kearns, debating a long time over his hand. finally "saw." It then cost French Louis nine hundred to remain in the game, which he contributed after a similar debate. It cost Campbell likewise nine hundred to remain and draw cards, but to the surprise of all he saw the nine, hundred and raised another thousand. "You-all are on the grade at last." Harnish remarked, as he saw the fifteen hundred and raised a thousand in turn. "Helen Breakfast's sure on top this divide, and you-all had best look out for bustin' harness." "Me for that same lady," accompanied MacDonald's markers for two thousand and for an additional thousand-dollar raise.

Peruna. Mr. A. M. Ikerd, Box 31, West Burlington, Iowa,

STOMACH

Could Hardly Eat. Gradually

Grew Worse. Relieved by



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Mr. A. M. Ikerd.

CATARRH OF THE

stomach and there was no cure. I almost thought the same, for my breath was offensive and I could not eat anything without great misery, and I gradually grew worse.

"Finally I concluded to try Peruna, and I found relief and a cure for that dreadful disease, catarrh. I took five bottles of Peruna and two of Manalin, and I now feel like a new man. There is nothing better than Peruna, and I keep a bottle of it in my house all the time."



Tenses. Teacher-Tommie, what is the fu ture of "I give?"

Tommie-"You take."-Life.

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Surprised.

"Do you mean to tell me you really live in Chicago?"

"Yes. You speak as if you thought it remarkable for me to do so."

"Why, I supposed people merely stayed in Chicago until they got money enough to live in New York."

Proved.

Orator-I thought your paper was friendly to me? Editor-So it is. What's the mat

Easte Turner-I should think you'd have lots of trouble collecting 'way out here.

Collector Suremark-Not on yer life; everybody here knows I kin plunk the bull's-eye nine shots out of ten!

One of the Accessories. Quiet-Spoken Customer-You keep everything for the plano, don't you? Salesman-Yes, sir. We do, sir. Quiet-Spoken Customer-Give me an ax!-Puck.

Consequences.

"The men came to clean the furnace out." "Yes."

"Then they cleaned me out."

A BRAIN WORKER. Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grate-Nuts food.

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

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"I had not been using it very long before I found that 1 was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new as appears from time to time. They re genuine, true, and full of human

"Looks like it," was the answer. "Then it must be the whole camp." she said with an air of finality and with another yawn.

MacDonald grinned and nodded, and opened his mouth to speak, when the front door swung open and a man appeared in the light. He would have appeared a large man had not a huge French-Canadian stepped up to him from the bar and gripped his hand. "Hello, Daylight!" was his greeting. "By Gar, you good for sore eyes!"

"Hello, Louis, when did you-all blow in?" returned the newcomer. "Come up and have a drink and tell us all about Bone creek. Why, dog-gone you-all, shake again. Where's that pardner of yours? I'm looking for him."

Another huge man detached himself from the bar to shake hands. Olaf Henderson and French Louis, partners together on Bone creek, were the two largest men in the country, and though they were but half a head taller than the newcomer, between them he was dwarfed completely.

"Hello, Olaf." said the one called Daylight. "Tomorrow's my birthday. And you, too, Louis. Come up and drink, and I'll tell you-all about it."

The arrival of the newcomer seemed to send a flood of warmth through the place. "It's Burning Daylight," the Virgin cried, the first to recognize him as he came into the light. Charley Bates' tight features relaxed at the sight, and MacDonald went over and joined the three at the bar. With the advent of Burning Daylight the whole place suddenly became brighter and cheerler. The barkeepers were active. Volces were raised. Somebody laughed. And when the fiddler, peering into the front room, remarked to the planist: "It's Burning Daylight," the waltz time perceptibly quickened. and the dancers, catching the contagion, began to whirl about as if they really enjoyed it. It was known to them of old-time that nothing languished when Burning Daylight was around.

He turned from the bar and saw the woman by the stove and the eager look of welcome she extended him. "Hello, Virgin, old girl," he called. "Hello, Charley. What's the matter with you-all? Why wear faces like that when coffins only cost three ounces? Come up, you-all, and drink. Come up, you unburied dead, an' name your poison. Come up, everybody. This is my night, and I'm going to ride h. To-morrow I'm thirty, and then I'll be an old man. It's the last fling of youth. Are you-all with me? Surge along, then. Surge along."

"Surge Along, You-All!" He Cried. "Surge Along and Name It."

1883, twelve years before, a stripling away from you-all." of eighteen, he had crossed over the Chilcoot with five comrades. In the fall he had crossed back with one. Four had perished by mischance in the bleak, uncharted vastness. And for twelve years Elam Harnish had continued to grope for gold among the shadows of the Circle. Heroes are seldom given to hero-worship, but among those of that land, young as he was, he was accounted an elder hero. In point of time he was before them. in point of deed he was beyond them. He was a striking figure of a man, of all the men in the Tivoli. Softtanned moccasins of moose-hide, beadd in Indian designs, covered his feet. His trousers were ordinary overalls, his coat was made from a blanket. Long-gauntletted leather mittens, lined with wool, hung by his side. They were connected, in the Yukon fashion by a leather thong passed around the neck and across the shoulders. On his bead was a fur cap, the ear-flaps raised and the tying-cords dangling. His face. lean and slightly long, with the suggestion of hollows under the cheek bones. reemed almost Indian. The burnt skin and keen dark eyes contributed to this effect, though the bronze of the skin and the eyes themselves were essen. | yet. Go it, old girl."

had been the pioneer over the Chilcoot | luck with me, but I'd sooner dance. and Chilcat passes. In the spring of I ain't hankerin' to take the money

> Nobody urged. They took his refusal as final, and the Virgin was pressing his arm to turn him away in pursuit of the supper-seekers, when he experienced a change of heart. It was not that he did not want to dance. nor that he wanted to hurt her; but that insistent pressure on his arm put his free man-nature in revolt. The thought in his mind was that he did not want any woman running him. Himself a favorite with women, nevertheless they did not bulk big with him. They were toys, playthings, part of the relaxation from the bigger game of life. He met women along with the whisky and gambling, and from observation he had found that it war far easier to break away from the drink and the cards than from a woman once the man was properly entangled. He resisted the pull on his arm by the mere negative mass of him, and said: "I sort of feel a hankering to give you-all a flutter."

Tact and sympathy strove with him. and be smiled with his eyes into the Virgin's eyes as he said:

"You-all go and get some grub. I ain't hungry. And we'll dance some

"l ain't got no more markers," Kearns remarked plaintively. "We'd best begin I. O. U.'s."

"Glad you're going to stay," was MacDonald's cordial response.

"I ain't stayed yet. I've got a thousand in already. How's it stand now?"

"It'll cost you three thousand for a look in, but nobody will stop you from raising."

"Raise-h-l. You must think I got a pat like yourself." Kearns looked at his hand. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, Mac. I've got a hunch, and I'll just see that three thousand."

He wrote the sum on a slip of paper, signed his name, and consigned it to the center of the table.

French Louis became the focus of all eyes. He fingered his cards nervously for a pace. Then, with a "By Gar! Ah got not one leetle beet hunch." he regretfully tossed his hand into the discards.

The next moment the hundred and odd pairs of eyes shifted to Campbell

"I won't hump you, Jack," he said, contenting himself with calling the requisite two thousand.

The eyes shifted to Harnish, who scribbled on a piece of paper and shoved it forward.

"I'll just let you-all know this ain't no Sunday school society of philanthropy," he said. "I see you, Jack. and I raise you a thousand. Here's where you-all get action on your pat. Mac.'

"Action's what I fatten on, and I fift another thousand," was MacDonald's rejoinder. "Still got that hunch Jack?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trouble, like a dog that chases i cat, is liable to pull up suddenly if more by and by. The night's young you turn on him and stand perfectly stilli

ter?

Orator-I made a speech at the dinner last night, and you didn't print a line of it.

Editor-Well, what further proof do you want?-London Opinion.

Ready for More Sacrifice.

Frank McIntyre, after a recent performance of "Snobs," fell into a story-telling mood and recalled the vaccination of the six-year-old son of one of his friends. The boy was given 50 cents for undergoing the orhis father:

"Daddy, isn't there anything else you can have done to me? I need the money."

Explained.

An old lady, the customer of an Irish farmer, was rather dissatisfied with the watery appearance of her morning's cream and finally she complained very bitterly to him.

"Be alsy, mum," said Pat. "You see, the weather of late has been so terrific hot that it has scorched all the grass off the pasture land, and Of have been compelled to feed the pore bastes on water lilies!"-Ideas.



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