

# BURNING DAYLIGHT

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



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## SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 80th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. The day is devoted 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 sledges, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is now ready to join his friends in a dash for the new gold fields. Finding that gold will be found in the upper 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. He goes 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 money in a manipulated scheme. He goes to New York, and confronting his disloyal partners with a revolver, threatens to kill them if his money is not returned. They are cowed, return their share and Harnish goes back to San Francisco, where he meets his wife, Dede Mason, a pretty stenographer. He makes large investments and gets into the political ring. For a rest he goes to the country.

## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Daylight could not persuade himself to keep to the traveled roads that day, and another cut across country to Glen Ellen brought him upon a canyon that so blocked his way that he was glad to follow a friendly cow-path. This led him to a small frame cabin. The doors and windows were open, and a cat was nursing a litter of kittens in the doorway, but no one seemed at home. He descended the trail that evidently crossed the canyon. Part way down, he met an old man coming up through the sunset. In his hand he carried a pail of foamy milk. He wore no hat, and in his face, framed with snow-white hair and beard, was the ruddy glow and content of the passing summer day. Daylight thought that he had never seen so contented looking a being.

"How old are you, daddy?" he queried.

"Eighty-four," was the reply. "Yes, sirree, eighty-four, and spryer than most."

"You must a' taken good care of yourself," Daylight suggested.

"I don't know about that. I ain't loafed none. I walked across the plains with an ox team and fit Injuns in '51, and I was a family man with seven youngsters. I reckon I was as old then as you are now, or pretty nigh on to it."

"Don't you find it lonely here?"

The old man shifted the pail of milk and reflected.

"That all depends," he said oracularly. "I ain't never been lonely except when the old wife died. Some fellers are lonely in a crowd, and I'm one of them. That's the only time I'm lonely, is when I go to 'Frisco. But I don't go no more, thank you 'most to death. This is good enough for me. I've been right here in this valley since '54—one of the first settlers after the Spaniards."

The old man chuckled, and Daylight rode on, singularly at peace with himself and all the world. It seemed that the old contentment of trail and camp he had known on the Yukon had come back to him. He could not shake from his eyes the picture of the old pioneer coming up the trail through the sunset light. He was certainly going some for eighty-four. The thought of following his example entered Daylight's mind, but the big game of San Francisco vetoed the idea.

## CHAPTER XII.

Instead of returning to the city on Monday, Daylight rented the butcher's horse for another day and crossed the bed of the valley to its eastern hills. As on the previous day, just for the joy of it, he followed cattle-trails at haphazard and worked his way up toward the summits. Coming out upon a wagon road that led upward, he followed it for several miles, emerging in a small, mountain-encircled valley, where half a dozen poor ranchers farmed the vine-grapes on the steep slopes. Beyond, the road pitched upward. Dense chaparral covered the exposed hillsides, but in the creases of the canyons huge spruce trees grew, and wild oats and flowers.

Late in the afternoon he broke through, and followed a well-defined trail down a dry canyon. The dry canyon gave place to one with a slender ribbon of running water. The trail ran into a wood-road, and the wood-road emerged across a small flat upon a slightly traveled country road. There were no farms in this immediate section, and no houses. The soil was meager, the bed-rock either close to the surface or constituting the surface itself. Manzanita and scrub-oak, however, flourished and walled the road on either side with the jungle growth. And out a runway through this growth a man suddenly scuttled in a way that reminded Daylight of a rabbit.

He was a little man, in patched overalls; bareheaded, with a cotton shirt open at the throat and down the chest. The sun was ruddy-brown in his face, and by it his sandy hair was bleached on the ends to peroxide blonde. He signed to Daylight to halt, and held up a letter.

"If you're going to town, I'd be obliged if you mail this," he said.

"I sure will," Daylight put it into his coat pocket. "Do you live hereabouts, stranger?"

But the little man did not answer. He was gazing at Daylight in a surprised and steadfast fashion.

"I know you," the little man announced. "You're Elam Harnish—Burning Daylight, the papers call you. Am I right?"

Daylight nodded.

"Well, I'm glad I wrote that letter this afternoon," the little man went on, "or else I'd have missed seeing you. I've seen your photo in the papers many a time, and I've a good memory for faces. I recognized you at once. My name's Ferguson."

"Do you live hereabouts?" Daylight repeated his query.

"Oh, yes. I've got a little shack back here in the bush a hundred yards and a pretty spring, and a few fruit trees and berry bushes. Come in and take a look. And that spring is a dandy. You never tasted water like it. Come in and try it."

Walking and leading his horse, Daylight followed the quick-stepping, eager little man through the green tunnel and emerged abruptly upon the clearing, if clearing it might be called, where wild nature and man's earth-scratching were inextricably blended. It was a tiny nook in the hills, protected by the steep walls of a canyon



"What Do You Think of It, Eh?"

mouth. Here were several large oaks, evidencing a richer soil. The erosion of ages from the hillsides had slowly formed this deposit of fat earth. Under the oaks, almost buried in them, stood a rough, unpainted cabin, the wide veranda of which, with chairs and hammocks, advertised an out-of-doors bedchamber. Daylight's keen eyes took in everything. The clearing was irregular, following the patches of the best soil, and every fruit tree and berry bush, and even each vegetable plant, had the water personally conducted to it. The tiny irrigation channels were everywhere, and along some of them the water was running.

Ferguson looked eagerly into his visitor's face for signs of approbation.

"What do you think of it, eh?"

"Hand-reared and manicured, every blessed tree," Daylight laughed, but the joy and satisfaction that shone in his eyes contented the little man.

"Why, d'ye know, I know every one of those trees as if they were sons of mine. I planted them, nursed them,

fed them, and brought them up. Come on and peep at the spring."

"It's sure a hummer," was Daylight's verdict, after due inspection and sampling, as they turned back for the house.

The interior was a surprise. The cooking being done in the small, lean-to kitchen, the whole cabin formed a large living-room. A great table in the middle was comfortably littered with books and magazines. All the available wall space, from wall to ceiling, was occupied by filled bookshelves. It seemed to Daylight that he had never seen so many books assembled in one place. Skins of wildcat, coon and deer lay about on the pine-board floor.

Daylight found himself charmed and made curious by the little man. Why was he hiding away here in the chaparral, he and his books? So it was, when between them they had washed and wiped the dishes and put them away, and had settled down to a comfortable smoke, that Daylight put his question.

"Look here, Ferguson. Every since we got together, I've been casting about to find out what's wrong with you, to locate a screw loose somewhere, but I'll be damned if I've succeeded. What are you doing here, anyway?"

Ferguson frankly showed his pleasure at the questions.

"First of all," he began, "the doctors wound up by losing all hope for me. Gave me a few months at best, and that, after a course in sanitariums and a trip to Europe and another to Hawaii. They tried electricity and forced feeding and fasting. I was a graduate of about everything in the curriculum. They kept me poor with their bills, while I went from bad to worse. The trouble with me was twofold; first I was a born weakling; and next, I was living unnaturally—too much work, and responsibility and strain. I was managing editor of the Times-Tribune in San Francisco, and I wasn't strong enough for the

whom the lust for power had long since died.

It was not until ten o'clock that Daylight parted from Ferguson. As he rode along through the starlight, the idea came to him of buying the ranch on the other side of the valley. There was no thought in his mind of ever



Here Was a Man Who Laughed at City Dwellers and Called Them Lunatics.

intending to live on it. His game was in San Francisco. But he liked the ranch, and as soon as he got back to the office he would open up negotiations with Hillard.

The time passed, and he played on at the game. San Francisco's attitude toward Daylight had undergone a change. While he, with his slashing buccaneer methods, was a distinct menace to the more orthodox financial gamblers, he was nevertheless so grave a menace that they were glad enough to let him alone. He had already taught them the excellence of letting a sleeping dog lie.

Dede Mason was still in the office. He had made no more overtures, discussed no more books. He had no active interest in her, and she was to him a pleasant memory of what had never happened, a joy, which, by his essential nature, he was barred from ever knowing. Yet, while his interest had gone to sleep and his energy was consumed in the endless battles he waged, he knew every trick of the light on her hair, every quick definite mannerism of movement, every line of her figure as expounded by her tailor-made gowns. Several times, six months or so apart, he had increased her salary, until now she was receiving ninety dollars a month. Beyond this he dared not go, though he got around it by making the work easier. This he had accomplished after her return from a vacation, by retaining her substitute as an assistant. Also, he had changed his office suite, so that now the two girls had a room by themselves. The more he saw of her, and the more he thought he knew of her, the more unapproachable did she seem to him. But since he had no intention of approaching her, this was anything but an unsatisfactory fact. He was glad he had her in his office, and hoped she'd stay, and that was about all.

Daylight did not improve with the passing years. The life was not good for him. He was growing stout and soft, and there was unwonted flabbiness in his muscles. The more he drank cocktails, the more he was compelled to drink in order to get the desired result, the inhibitions that eased him down from the concert pitch of his operations. And with this went wine, too, at meals, and the long drinks after dinner of Scotch and soda at the Riverside. Then, too, his body suffered from lack of exercise; and, from lack of decent human associations, his moral fibers were weakening. Never a man to hide anything, some of his escapades became public, such as speeding, and of joy-rides in his big red motor car down to San Jose with companions distinctly sporty—incidents that were narrated as good fun and comically in the newspapers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Destruction of Rats.

An East Africa publication contains a description of a method of destroying rats, followed in Java, in which carbon bisulphide is employed. In carrying out the method a small quantity, usually about half a teaspoonful of the carbon bisulphide is poured into the rat hole and after waiting a few moments to let the liquid evaporate, the mixture of air and vapor is lighted, a small explosion resulting and filling the hole with poisonous gas, killing the rats instantly. Such a process practiced openly might be objectionable under some circumstances because of danger from fire resulting from the explosion and a field for invention appears to offer itself to provide some form of fire-proof gun or explosion chamber suitably formed to be inserted in the mouth of the rat hole and adapted to enclose the explosion and discharge the resulting noxious gas into the hole.—Scientific American.

## USEFUL FOR KITCHEN

ZINC-TOPPED TABLE IS A GREAT CONVENIENCE.

Ingenuous Bride Contrives Home-Made Affair That Is Constant Delight—Is Wonderful Saver of Time and Labor.

A home-made zinc-topped table is a convenience that is a constant delight in the home of an ingenuous bride. She carried out the idea very inexpensively, after admiring a costly metal-topped table with a raised border of the metal all around the edge to keep small objects from rolling off when the surface was wet and slippery. She had noticed in her girlhood home that the kitchen table in constant use caused considerable annoyance in keeping it clean and slightly after hard service. In spite of constant care, grease spots frequently penetrated the wooden surface and refused to be removed. Dish-washing stains from pots and pans resulted from mishaps when the dishwasher was too busy to take the usual precautions. Stains and marks from canning and preserving, knife-marks from careless bread cutting, meat stains and evidences of various forms of cookery left their mark, until it seemed almost impossible to keep the table presentable while in constant use.

The metal-topped tables (especially the desirable zinc-topped tables) proved out of the reach of the moderate pocketbook of the bride in search of novelties and convenient devices in kitchen furnishings. She determined, however, to improve on the old methods in furnishing her new kitchen, and to consider first of all every possible method of labor saving. She avoided the usual stumbling block of considering anything good enough for the kitchen—the cast-offs from other parts of the home usually relegated to kitchen limbo—and studied the developments of the newer science in housekeeping displayed in the attention paid to the construction of kitchen furniture and furnishings.

In her crowning achievement—of developing a home-made zinc-topped table—she chose the smallest of her kitchen tables, without drop leaves; and purchased a piece of zinc to exactly cover it, giving the dimensions of the table top, without allowing an edge for turning under. Then to give a smooth finish and prevent the slippery edge that turned under zinc would give, and also to avoid the rough sharp edge, she nailed securely all around the edge of the zinc—flush with the extreme edge of the table—a bit of wooden beading well rounded and smoothed.

## Chestnut Stuffing.

Peel one quart of large chestnuts and cook in boiling water until the skins loosen and rub off easily between the thumb and forefinger. Then put the nuts into stock or boiling salted water, and cook until tender. While still hot, pound smooth or rub through a coarse colander. Divide the amount of mashed nuts and lay aside for the cause to go with the turkey. Mix with the remainder one cup of fine cracker crumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and the grated yellow rind of one-half a lemon. Moisten with just enough of hot water to swell the crumbs, but not enough to make the force meat soggy; add one-half cup of melted butter, mix thoroughly and stuff. One-half cup raisins seeded and cooked in water to cover until plump may be added, if desired.

## How to Cook Cabbage.

Take one-half small cabbage, soak it one hour in salt and water, wash it well, and cut in small pieces, put on to boil in plenty of boiling water. Let it boil on the front of stove with cover on for five minutes, then remove lid or cover from the pan you are cooking the cabbage in, and put it back where it will just simmer for 25 minutes longer. You will find the cabbage cooks tender and there will be no odor while it is cooking. Be sure and remove the cover.

## Curtain Rods.

Small curtain rods that spring into the window frame and hold themselves there without fixtures save much trouble in putting up and taking down curtains. The rods are of the extension kind that may be made longer or shorter by screwing or unscrewing them, and they have flat rubber disks on the ends which cling to the casing of the window when they are screwed in tight. The rods are strong enough for sash curtains of long as well as short length.

## Rocks.

One and one-half cups brown sugar, three eggs beaten separately, one cup butter, one and one-half pounds walnuts chopped, two and one-half cups flour, one pound raisins, one teaspoon cinnamon, three level teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt. Make in balls and bake a dark brown.

## Wellesley Fudge.

Boil a quarter of a cake of chocolate, a pound of granulated sugar (2 cups), a cup of milk and a teaspoon of butter five minutes. Then remove from the fire and add a pound of marshmallows cut into small pieces; beat it until it begins to stiffen and pour in buttered tins.

One of the Perils of Divorce.  
"How do you like your new papa, little girl?" asked the neighbor.  
"Not very well," was the reply. "I told ma yesterday that I could have picked out a better one myself."—Detroit Free Press.

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