

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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

(Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Company.)
(Copyright, 1911, by the Macmillan Company.)

SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 50th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which Harnish is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract. He starts on his mail trip with dogs and sledges, feeling 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 to the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be 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 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 stealings and Harnish goes back to San Francisco where he meets his fate in Dede Mason, a pretty stenographer. He makes large investments and gets into the political ring. For a rest he goes to the country. Daylight gets devoted to high finance in San Francisco, but often the longing for the simple life nearly overcomes him. Dede Mason buys a house. Daylight meets her in her suite trips. One day he asks Dede to go with him on one more ride, his purpose being to ask her to marry him and they part away, she trying to analyze her feelings. Dede tells Daylight that her happiness could not be with a money manipulator.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"You see, I give the value to the land by building the roads. Then I sell the land and get that value back, and after that, there's the roads, all carrying folks back and forth and earning big money. Can't lose. And there's all sorts of millions in it. I'm going to get my hands on some of that water front and the tide-lands. Take between where I'm going to build my pier and the old pier. It's shallow water. I can fill and dredge and put in a system of docks that will handle hundreds of ships. San Francisco's water front is congested. No more room for ships. With hundreds of ships loading and unloading on this side right into the freight cars of three big railroads, factories will start up over here instead of crossing to San Francisco. That means factory sites. That means me buying in the factory sites before anybody guesses the cat is going to jump, much less, which way. Factories mean tens of thousands of workmen and their families. That means more houses and more land, and that means me, for I'll be there to sell them the land. Then there's the water. I'll come pretty close to owning the waterfront. Why not the waterworks too? There's two water companies in Oakland now, fighting like cats and dogs and both about broke. What a metropolis needs is a good water system. They can't give it. They're stuck in the mud. I'll gobble them up and deliver the right article to the city. There's money there, too—money everywhere. Everything works in with everything else. Each improvement makes the value of everything else jump up. It's people that are behind the value. The bigger the crowd that herds in one place, the more valuable is the real estate. And this is the very place for a crowd to herd. Look at it. Just look at it! You could never find a finer site for a great city. All it needs is the herd, and I'll stampede a couple of hundred thousand people in here inside two years. And what's more, it won't be one of these wildcat land booms. It will be legitimate. Twenty years from now there'll be a million people on this side the bay. Another thing is hotels. There isn't a decent one in the town. I'll build a couple of up-to-date ones that'll make them sit up and take notice. I won't care if they don't pay for years. Their effect will more than give me my money back out of the other holdings. And, oh, yes, I'm going to plant eucalyptus, millions of them, on these hills."

"But how are you going to do it?" Dede asked. "You haven't enough money for all that you've planned."

"I've thirty million, and if I need more I can borrow on the land and other things. Interest on mortgages won't anywhere near eat up the increase in land values, and I'll be selling land right along."

In the weeks that followed, Daylight was a busy man. It meant quick work on a colossal scale, for Oakland and the adjacent country was not slow to feel the tremendous buying. But Daylight had the ready cash and it had always been his policy to strike quickly. Before the others could get the warning of the boom, he quietly accomplished many things. At the same time that his agents were purchasing corner lots and entire blocks in the heart of the business section and the waste lands for factory sites, Daylight was rushing franchises through the city council, capturing the two exhausted water companies and the eight or nine independent street railways, and getting his grip on the Oakland Creek and the bay tide-lands for his dock system.

The tide-lands had been in litigation for years, and he took the bull by the horns—buying out the private owners and at the same time leasing from the city fathers. By the time that Oakland was aroused by this unprecedented activity in every direction and was questioning excitedly the meaning of it, Daylight secretly bought the chief Republican newspaper and the chief Democratic organ, and moved boldly into his new offices. Of necessity, they were on a large scale, occupying four floors of the only modern office building in the town—the only building that wouldn't be torn down later on, as Daylight put it. There was department after department, a score of them, and hundreds of clerks and stenographers. As he told Dede:—

"I've got more companies than you can shake a stick at. There's the Alameda & Contra Costa Land Syndicate, the Consolidated Street Railways, the Yerba Buena Ferry Company, the United Water Company, the Piedmont Realty Company, the Fairview and Portola Hotel Company, and half a dozen more that I've got to refer to a notebook to remember. There's the Piedmont Laundry Farm, and Redwood Consolidated Quarries. Starting in with our quarry, I just kept a-going till I got them all. And there's the ship-building company I ain't got a name for yet. Seeing as I had to have ferry-boats, I decided to build them

all the purchaser had to do was to select his lot and architect and start building. The quick service of Daylight's new electric roads into Oakland made this big district immediately accessible, and long before the ferry system was in operation hundreds of residences were going up. The profit on this land was enormous. In a day, his on-slaught of wealth had turned open farming country into one of the best residential districts of the city.

But this money that flowed in upon him was immediately poured back into his other investments. The need for electric cars was so great that he installed his own shops for building them. But no matter what pressure was on Daylight, his Sundays he reserved for his riding in the hills. It was not the rainy winter weather, however, that brought these rides with Dede to an end. One Saturday afternoon in the office she told him not to expect to meet her next day, and when he pressed for an explanation—

"I've sold Mab."

Daylight was speechless for the moment. Her act meant one of so many serious things that he couldn't classify it. It smacked almost of treachery. She might have met with financial disaster. It might be her way of letting him know she had seen enough of him. Or—

"What's the matter?" he managed to ask.

"I couldn't afford to keep her with my twenty-five dollars a ton," Dede answered. "My brother's expenses have been higher, as well, and I was driven to the conclusion that since I

ing novel had been a failure. Editors and publishers would not look at it, and Daylight was now using the disgruntled author in a little private secret service system he had been compelled to establish for himself. Jones, who affected to be surprised at nothing after his crushing experience, betrayed no surprise now when the task was given him to locate the purchaser of a certain sorrel mare.

"How high shall I pay for her?" he asked.

"Any price. You've got to get her, that's the point. Drive a sharp bargain so as not to excite suspicion, but get her. Then you deliver her to that address up in Sonoma County. The man's the caretaker on a little ranch I have there. Tell him he's to take whacking good care of her. And after that forget all about it. Don't tell me the name of the man you buy her from. Don't tell me anything about it except that you've got her and delivered her. Savvee?"

But the week had not passed, when Daylight noted the flash in Dede's eyes that boded trouble.

"Something's gone wrong—what is it?" he said boldly.

"Mab," she said. "The man who bought her has sold her already. If I thought you had anything to do with it—"

"I don't even know who you sold her to," was Daylight's answer. "And what's more, I'm not bothering my head about her. She was your mare, and it's none of my business what you did with her. You haven't got her, that's sure, and worse luck. And now, while we're on touchy subjects, I'm going to open another one with you. And you needn't get touchy about it, for it's not really your business at all. It's about that brother of yours. He needs more than you can do for him. Selling that mare of yours won't send him to Germany. And that's what his own doctors say he needs—that crack German specialist who rips a man's bones and muscles into pulp and then moulds them all over again. Well, I want to send him to Germany and give that crack a flutter, that's all."

"If it were only possible!" she said, half breathlessly, and wholly without anger. "Only it isn't, and you know it isn't. I can't accept money from you—"

"Now look here, Miss Mason. You've got to get some foolish notions out of your head. This money notion is one of the funniest things I've seen. Suppose you was falling over a cliff, wouldn't it be all right for me to reach out and catch you by the arm? Sure it would. You're standing in your brother's way. No matter what notions you've got in your head, you've got to get out of the way and give him a chance. Will you let me go and see him and talk it over with him? I'll make it a hard and fast business proposition. I'll stake him to get well, and that's all, and charge him interest."

She visibly hesitated.

"And just remember one thing, Miss Mason: it's his leg, not yours."

Still she refrained from giving her answer, and Daylight went on strengthening his position.

"And remember, I go over to see him alone. He's a man, and I can deal with him better without women-folks around. I'll go over tomorrow afternoon."

CHAPTER XVII.

For six weeks hand-running Daylight had seen nothing of Dede except in the office, and there he resolutely refrained from making approaches. But by the seventh Sunday his hunger for her overmastered him. It was a stormy day. A heavy southeast gale was blowing, and squall after squall of rain and wind swept over the city. He could not take his mind off of her, and a persistent picture came to him of her sitting by a window and sewing feminine fripperies of some sort. When the time came for his pre-luncheon cocktail to be served to him in his rooms, he did not take it. Filled with a daring determination, he glanced at his note-book for Dede's telephone number, and called for the switch.

At first it was the landlady's daughter who was raised, but in a minute he heard the voice he had been hungry to hear.

"I just wanted to tell you that I'm coming out to see you," he said. "I didn't want to break in on you without warning, that was all."

"Has something happened?" came her voice.

"I'll tell you when I get there," he evaded.

She came herself to the door to receive him and shake hands with him. He hung his mackintosh and hat on the rack in the comfortable hall and turned to her for direction.

"They are busy in there," she said, indicating the parlor, from which came the boisterous voices of young people, and through the open door of which he could see several college youths. "So you will have to come into my rooms."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selfishness of Love. He who loves deeply finds a sweet revenge in acting so that his beloved one shall appear ungrateful.



"If You'd Just Let Me Buy Her Back."

myself. They'll be done by the time the pier is ready for them."

For months Daylight was buried in work. The outlay was terrific, and there was nothing coming in. Beyond a general rise in land values, Oakland had not acknowledged his irruption on the financial scene. The city was waiting for him to show what he was going to do, and he lost no time about it. The best skilled brains on the market were hired by him for the different branches of the work. Initial mistakes he had no patience with, and he was determined to start right, as when he engaged Wilkinson, almost doubling his big salary, and brought him out from Chicago to take charge of the street railway organization. Night and day the road gangs toiled on the streets. And night and day pile-drivers hammered the big piles down into the mud of San Francisco Bay. The pier was to be three miles long, and the Berkeley hills were denuded of whole groves of mature eucalyptus for the piling.

At the same time that his electric roads were building out through the hills, the hayfields were being surveyed and broken up into city squares, with here and there, according to best modern methods, winding boulevards and strips of park. Broad streets, well graded, were made, with sewers and water-pipes ready laid, and macadamized by his own quarries. Cement sidewalks were also laid, so that

FOR EVERY FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST

To the head of every family the health of its different members is most important, and the value of an agreeable laxative that is certain in its effect is appreciated. One of the most popular remedies in the family medicine chest is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that is known to druggists and physicians as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This preparation is mild and gentle in its action on the bowels, yet positive in its effect. A dose of Syrup Pepsin at night means relief next morning, while its tonic properties tone up and strengthen the muscles of stomach, liver and bowels so that these organs are able in a short time to again perform their natural functions without help.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried this simple, inexpensive, yet effective remedy, write to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 291 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and ask for a sample bottle. Dr. Caldwell will be glad to send it without any expense to you whatever.

WHAT HE WAS DOING.



"Did you fall, my son?"
"Now! Course I didn't! I'm just takin' a mud bath by me doctor's orders!"

LAWYER CURED OF ECZEMA

"While attending school at Lebanon, Ohio, in 1882, I became afflicted with boils, which lasted for about two years, when the affliction assumed the form of an eczema on my face, the lower part of my face being inflamed most of the time. There would be water-blisters rise up and open, and wherever the water would touch it would burn, and cause another one to rise. After the blister would open, the place would scab over, and would burn and itch so as to be almost unbearable at times. In this way the sores would spread from one place to another, back and forth over the whole of my upper lip and chin, and at times the whole lower part of my face would be a solid sore. This condition continued for four or five years, without getting any better, and in fact got worse all the time, so much so that my wife became alarmed lest it prove fatal.

"During all this time of boils and eczema, I doctored with the best physicians of this part of the country, but to no avail. Finally I decided to try Cuticura Remedies, which I did, taking the Cuticura Resolvent, applying the Cuticura Ointment to the sores, and using the Cuticura Soap for washing. In a very short time I began to notice improvement, and continued to use the Cuticura Remedies until I was well again, and have not had a recurrence of the trouble since, which is over twenty years. I have recommended Cuticura Remedies to others ever since, and have great faith in them as remedies for skin diseases."

(Signed) A. C. Brandon, Attorney-at-Law, Greenville, O., Jan. 17, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Love may not make the world go round, but it seems to make a lot of people giddy.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your druggist will refund money if CUTICURA OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Eczema, Itch, Bleeding or Pruritic Files in 6 to 14 days. See.

Many a girl fails to select the right husband because she is afraid of being left.



Many who cannot afford 10c cigars are now smoking Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

TEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Restored at Last to Perfect Health by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Narcissa Waggoner, Carterville, Ill., says: "Over ten years I suffered terribly with backache, headache, nervousness and dizziness. The kidney secretions were unnatural and gave me great trouble. One day I suddenly fell to the floor, where I lay for a long time unconscious. Three doctors who treated me, diagnosed my case as paralysis, and said they could do nothing for me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was permanently cured. I am stronger than before in years."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S. 50c, all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

Among the Ancients.

Democritus had just announced the theory that the visible universe is merely the result of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms.

"Subject, of course," he said, "to the approval of Mr. Gompers." For he did not wish to be drawn into a magazine controversy over it.

YOU CAN ASSIST YOUR WEAK STOMACH

back to its normal condition by taking a short course of

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

It tones and invigorates, also prevents Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Heartburn, Costiveness, Colds, Grippe and Malaria. TRY A BOTTLE TODAY.

Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada)

800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thrasher's return from a 150-acre farm in the season of 1910. Many other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion. LARGE PROFITS are thus derived from the FINE HOME STATE LANDS of Western Canada. This excellent growing season should double in two years' time. Grain growing in best farming sections of the province are all profitable. Free Home States of 100 acres are to be had in the very best districts. 100-acre pre-emption at \$3.00 per acre within 60 days. Schools and churches in every settlement. Climate excellent, soil rich in wood, water and building material. For particulars as to location, low settlement railway rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, "Last Best West," and other information, write to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Government Agent, W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, 4th Bldg., Omaha, Neb. Please write to the agent nearest you.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Beutelschlag

Bettis Eye Salve. It's Use Will Quickly Ease Your Sore Eyes.