

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 30th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Hotel. The day is full of heavy gambling, in which over \$50,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract. He starts on his mail trip, with Dede and sledges, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a magnificent rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Hotel 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 roams a rich lode. He goes to Dawson, where he meets the most prominent figure in the Klondike and defeats a combination of capitalists in a vast mining scheme. He returns to civilization, and amid the bewildering complications of high finance, Daylight finds that he has been led by a manipulator to 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 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 deep into high finance in San Francisco, but often the longing for the simple life nearly overcomes him. Dede Mason buys a ranch and Daylight meets her in her saddle 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 center away, she trying to analyze her feelings. Dede tells Daylight that her happiness could be with a man who would let her Daylight undertakes to build up a great industrial community. He is insistent that she marry him and yet hopes to let her Daylight falls back into his old drinking ways. There is a flurry in the money market, but Daylight tells Dede that he is going to work on a ranch and prove to her that he has reformed.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Two days later, Daylight stood waiting outside the little Glen Ellen hotel. The ceremony was over, and he had left Dede to go inside and change into her riding habit while he brought the horses. He held them now, Bob and Mab, and in the shadow of the watering-trough Wolf lay and looked on. Already two days of ardent California sun and touched with new fires the ancient bronze in Daylight's face. But warmer still was the glow that came into his cheeks and burned in his eyes as he saw Dede coming out the door, riding-whip in hand, clad in the familiar corduroy skirt and leggings of the old Piedmont days. There was warmth and glow in her own face as she answered his gaze and glanced on past him to the horses. Then she saw Mab. But her gaze leaped back to the man.

"Oh, Elam!" she breathed.

Many persons, themselves city bred, and city reared, have fled to the soil and succeeded in winning great happiness. In such cases they have succeeded only by going through a process of savage disillusionment. But with Dede and Daylight it was different. They had both been born on the soil, and they knew its naked simplicities and rawer ways. They were like two persons, after far wandering, who had merely come home again. There was less of the unexpected in their dealings with nature, while theirs was all the delight of reminiscence. What might appear sordid and squalid to the fastidiously reared, was to them eminently wholesome and natural. The commerce of nature was to them no unknown and untried trade. They made fewer mistakes. They already knew, and it was a joy to remember what they had forgotten.

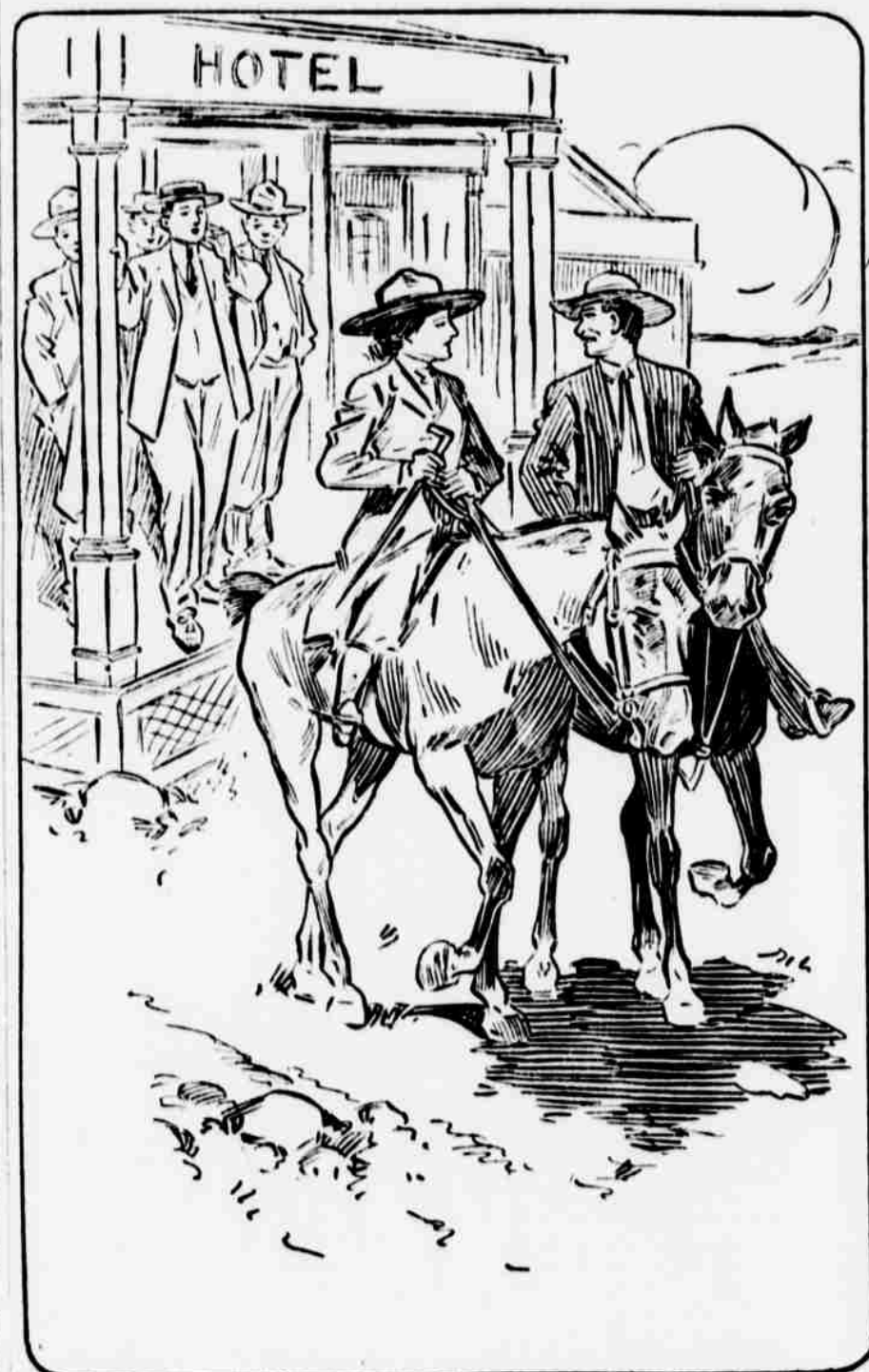
And another thing they learned was that it was easier for one who has gorged at the flesh-pots to content himself with the meagreness of a crust, than for one who has known only the crust. Not that their life was meagre. It was that they found keener delights and deeper satisfactions in little things. Daylight, who had played the game in its biggest and most fantastic aspects, found that here, on the slopes of Sonoma Mountain, it was still the same old game. Man had still work to perform, forces to combat, obstacles to overcome. When he experimented in a small way at raising a few pigeons for market, he found no less zest in calculating in squabs than formerly when he had calculated in millions. Achievement was no less achievement, while the process of it seemed more rational and received the sanction of his reason.

The domestic cat that had gone wild and that preyed on his pigeons, he found, by the comparative standard, to be of no less paramount meanness than a Charles Klinkner in the field of finance, trying to raid him for several millions. The hawks and weasels and 'coons were so many Dowsetts, Lettons, and Guggenhammers that struck at him secretly. The sea of wild vegetation that tossed its surf against the boundaries of all his clearings and that sometimes crept in and flooded in a single week was no mean enemy to contend with and subdue. His fat-sold vegetable garden in the nook of hills that failed of its best was a problem of engrossing importance and when he had solved it by

putting in draft, the joy of the achievement was ever with him. He never worked in it and found the soil unpacked and tractable without experiencing the thrill of accomplishment.

There was the matter of the plumbing. He was enabled to purchase the materials through a lucky sale of a number of his hair bristles. The work he did himself, though more than once he was forced to call in Dede to hold tight with a pipe-wrench. And in the end, when the bathtub and the stationary tubs were installed and in working order, he could scarcely tear himself away from the contemplation of what his hands had wrought. The first evening, missing him, Dede sought and found him, lamp in hand, staring with silent glee at the tubs. He rubbed his hand over their smooth wooden lips and laughed aloud, and was as shame-faced as any boy when she caught him thus secretly exulting in his own prowess.

It was this adventure in wood-working and plumbing that brought about the building of the little workshop, where he slowly gathered a collection of loved tools. And he, who in the old days, out of his millions, could purchase immediately whatever he might desire, learned the new joy of the possession that follows upon rigid economy and desire long delayed. He waited three months before daring the



"Say," He Called Out, "I'd Like to Tackle You Again."

extravagance of a Yankee screw-driver, and his glee in the marvelous little mechanism was so keen that Dede conceived forthright a great idea. For six months she saved her egg-money, which was hers by right of allotment, and on his birthday presented him with a turning-lathe of wonderful simplicity and multifarious efficiencies. And their mutual delight in the lathe, which was his, was only equalled by their delight in Mab's first foal, which was Dede's special private property. Daylight had made no assertion of total abstinence, though he had not taken a drink for months after the day he resolved to let his business go to smash. Soon he proved himself strong enough to dare to take a drink without taking a second. On the other hand, with his coming to live in the country, had passed all desire and need for drink. He felt no yearning for it, and even forgot that it existed. Yet he refused to be afraid of it, and in town, on occasion, when invited by the storekeeper, would reply: "All right, son. If my taking a drink will make you happy, here goes. Whisky for mine."

But such a drink begat no desire for a second. It made no impression. He was too profoundly strong to be affected by a thimbleful. As he had prophesied to Dede, Burning Daylight, the city financier, had died a quick death on the ranch, and his younger

brother, the Daylight from Alaska, had taken his place. The threatened inundation of fat had subsided, and all his old-time Indian leanness and litherness of muscle had returned. So, likewise, did the old slight hollows in his cheeks come back. For him they indicated the pink of physical condition. He became the acknowledged strong man of Sonoma Valley, the heaviest lifter and hardest winded among a husky race of farmer folk.

At first, when in need of ready cash, he had followed Ferguson's example of working at day's labor; but he was not long in gravitating to a form of work that was more stimulating and more satisfying, and that allowed him even more time for Dede and the ranch and the perpetual riding through the hills. Having been challenged by the blacksmith, in a spirit of banter, to attempt the breaking of a certain incorrigible colt, he succeeded so signally as to earn quite a reputation as a horse-breaker. And soon he was able to earn whatever money he desired at this, to him, agreeable work. His life was eminently wholesome and natural. Early to bed, he slept like an infant and was up with the dawn. Always with something to do, and with a thousand little things that enticed but did not clamor, he was himself never overdone. Nevertheless, there were times when both he and Dede were not above confessing tiredness at bedtime after seventy or eighty miles in the saddle. Sometimes, when he had accumulated a little money, and when the season favored, they would mount their horses, with saddle-bags behind, and ride away over the wall of the valley and down into the other valleys.

"I've come to go you another flutter at that hand game. Here's a likely place."

Slosson smiled and accepted. The two men faced each other, the elbows of their right arms on the counter, the hands clasped. Slosson's hand quickly forced backward and down.

"You're the first man that ever succeeded in doing it," he said. "Let's try it again."

"Sure," Daylight answered. "And don't forget, son, that you're the first man that put mine down. That's why I hit out after you today."

Again they clasped hands, and again Slosson's hand went down. He was a broad-shouldered, heavy-muscled young giant, at least half a head taller than Daylight, and he frankly expressed his chagrin and asked for a third trial. This time he steeled himself to the effort, and for a moment the issue was in doubt. With flushed face and set teeth he met the other's strength till his crackling muscles faltered. The air exploded sharply from his tensed lungs, as he relaxed in surrender, and the hand dropped limply down.

"You're too many for me," he confessed. "I only hope you'll keep out of the hammer-throwing game."

Daylight laughed and shook his head.

"We might compromise, and each stay in his own class. You stick to hammer-throwing, and I'll go on turning down hands."

But Slosson refused to accept defeat.

"Say," he called out, as Daylight and Dede, astride their horses, were preparing to depart. "Say—do you mind if I look you up next year? I'd like to tackle you again."

"Sure, son. You're welcome to a flutter any time. Though I give you fair warning that you'll have to go some. You'll have to train up, for I'm plowing and chopping wood and breaking colts these days."

Now and again, on the way home, Dede could hear her big boy-husband chuckling gleefully. As they halted their horses on the top of the divide out of Bennett Valley, in order to watch the sunset, he ranged alongside and slipped his arm around her waist.

"Little woman," he said, "you're sure responsible for it all. And I leave it to you, if all the money in creation is worth as much as one arm like that when it's got a sweet little woman like this to go around."

Daylight's steadfast contention was that his wife should not become cook, waitress, and chambermaid because she did not happen to possess a household of servants. On the other hand, chafing-dish suppers in the big living-room for their chafing guests were a common happening, at which times Daylight allotted them their chores and saw that they were performed. For one who stopped only for the night it was different. Likewise it was different with her brother, back from Germany, and again able to sit a horse. On his vacations he became the third in the family, and to him was given the building of the fires, the sweeping, and the washing of the dishes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MUSIC AS CURATIVE AGENT

Singing Teaches Correct Breathing and Lively Waltzes Have Good Effects on Melancholia Patients.

Two English physicians of prominence have recently asserted that the exercise given to the lungs in singing is valuable in the prevention and cure of diseases of those organs. They consider that increased professional recognition should be extended to this special therapeutic agency, as advisable in cases where pulmonary consumption is feared.

Singing involves correct nasal breathing, and this means that the air admitted to the lungs is practically germ free, and also the adequate development of the upper portions of the respiratory passages. An other effect is the maintenance of the elasticity and proper expansion of the chest. The necessary breathing exercises mean increased functional activity of the lungs. Then, there is the improved oxygenation of the blood, which singing necessarily promotes.

As we know, most singers and also those musicians who perform on wind instruments are a healthy looking lot. Not many years from now music will be recognized as a most valuable curative agent, especially in cases of insanity or morbidity. What tired, overworked, distressed man or woman does not know the value of music? How many beautiful stories could be told of the power of music to sustain and restrain?

One of the greatest scientists living has testified that he was once kept from thoughts of despair and suicide by suddenly hearing in the next house someone playing Rubenstein's Melody in F.

In the Croydon Mental hospital, London, waltz music—particularly the bright, musical comedy pieces—is used in effecting a cure for melancholia patients.

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"Vaseline" may be useful to you. Write for your copy today.

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NO OBJECTIONS FROM TONY

"Lovely Little Chap" Probably Would
Not Have Minded a Succession
of Tunnels.

Being Sunday evening, and the races
having taken place that afternoon, the
trains were packed. In one compart-
ment a little boy had been standing all
the way, but before the journey had
proceeded much farther Mrs. Jones
kindly took him on her knee.

"Were you very frightened, dear, as
we passed through the tunnel?" the
gentle lady asked.

"Not much," replied the little boy,
shyly.

"But I thought you trembled a little
as I kissed you," remarked Mrs. Jones,
who was not even middle-aged yet.

"And what's your name?"

"Tony," came the answer.

"Then you're a very lovely little
chap! And how old are you?"

"Twenty-five, ma'am."

And Tony Spurs, the lightweight
jockey, slid to the floor to the accom-
paniment of a piercing scream.—An-
swers.

"Twixt Satan and the Sea.

Doctor—You are in pretty bad
shape. You must stop going to those
cheap restaurants.

Patient—But, doctor, the prices at
the other places would make me still
sicker.

Some women are passing fair—and
some others cannot pass.

HARD TO DROP
But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about
coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and
Java and give Postum a trial, but my
nerves were so shattered that I was
a nervous wreck and of course that
means all kinds of ills.

"At first I thought bicycle riding
caused it and I gave it up, but my con-
dition remained unchanged. I did not
want to acknowledge coffee caused the
trouble for I was very fond of it.

"About that time a friend came to
live with us, and I noticed that after
he had been with us a week he would
not drink his coffee any more. I asked
him the reason. He replied, 'I have
not had a headache since I left off
drinking coffee, some months ago, till
last week, when I began again, here at
your table. I don't see how anyone
can like coffee, anyway, after drink-
ing Postum!'"

"I said nothing, but at once ordered
a package of Postum. That was five
months ago, and we have drank no
coffee since, except on two occasions
when we had company, and the result
each time was that my husband could
not sleep, but lay awake and tossed
and talked half the night. We were
convinced that coffee caused his suf-
fering, so we returned to Postum, con-
vinced that the coffee was an enemy,
instead of a friend, and he is troubled
no more by insomnia.

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in
weight, and my nerves have ceased to
quiver. It seems so easy now to quit
the old coffee that caused our aches
and ills and take up Postum." Name
given by Postum Co., Battle Creek,
Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to
Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new
one appears from time to time. They
are genuine, true, and full of human
interest.

Clever Youth.

"Do you know," he said, "that every
time I look at you I have thoughts
of revenge?"

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he answered, "revenge is
sweet."

Then she told him she thought to-
morrow would be a good time to see
papa.

Small Encouragement.

Kate—"They say a woman is as old
as she looks.

Maud—"Never mind, dear; we all
know you are only twenty-six.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when
Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals
quickly and prevents scars. 25¢ and 50¢ by
druggists. For free sample write to
J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

The man who makes hay when the
sun shines doesn't have to borrow
his neighbor's umbrella when it rains.

ONLY ONE "HOMO QUININE."
That's LAXATIVE BISMUTH QUININE. Look for
the signature of E. W. GILBY. Used the world
over to cure a cold in one day. 25¢.

If you intend to do a mean thing,
wait till tomorrow; but if you are going
to do a noble thing, do it now.

Mrs. Whinslow's Soothing Syrup for Children
Soothing, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, always pain, cures wind colic, 25¢ a bottle.

No, Alonzo, a girl isn't necessarily
an angel because she is a high flyer.

Every one is liable to a bilious attack. Be
forewarned with a package of Garfield Tea.

Some men give a dollar with one
hand and grab two with the other.

FARMS FOR RENT OR SALE ON CROP
payments. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but it
sometimes cries over spilled milk.

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who is bilious, consti-
pated or has any stom-
ach or liver ailment to
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and are an infallible cure
for Constipation. To do
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eliminate bile, and
soften the delicate
membrane of the
bowel. Cure
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ache and indigestion, as millions know.

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Genuine must bear Signature

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in time. Sold by Druggists.
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