

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 20th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City. 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 sledges, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the stars. 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 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 declares gold and Daylight becomes 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 elusive partners with a revolver, he threatens to kill them if his money is not returned.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

A long session of three hours followed. The deciding factor was not the big automatic pistol, but the certitude that Daylight would use it. Not alone were the three men convinced of this, but Daylight himself was convinced. He was firmly resolved to kill the men if his money was not forthcoming. It was not an easy matter, on the spur of the moment, to raise ten millions in paper currency, and there were vexatious delays. A dozen times Mr. Howison and the head clerk were summoned into the room. On these occasions the pistol lay on Daylight's lap, covered carelessly by a newspaper, while he was usually engaged in rolling or lighting his brown-paper cigarette. But in the end, the thing was accomplished. A suit-case was brought up by one of the clerks from the waiting motor-car, and Daylight snapped it shut on the last package of bills. He paused at the door to make his final remarks.

"There's three several things I sure want to tell you all. When I get outside this door, you-all'll be set free to act, and I just want to warn you-all about what to do. In the first place, no warrants for my arrest—savee? This money's mine, and I ain't robbed you of it. If it gets out how you gave me the double cross and how I done you back again, the laugh'll be on you, and it'll be sure an almighty big laugh. Besides, having got back my stake that you-all robbed me of, if you arrest me and try to rob me a second time I'll go gunning for you-all, and I'll sure get you. No little fraid-cat shrimps like you-all can skin Burning Daylight. If you win you lose, and there'll sure be some several unexpected funerals around this burg. Just look me in the eye, and you-all'll savee I mean business. Them stubs and receipts on the table is all yours. Good day."

As the door shut behind him, Nathaniel Letton sprang for the telephone, and Dowsett intercepted him.

"What are you going to do?" Dowsett demanded.

"The police. It's downright robbery. I won't stand it. I tell you I won't stand it."

Dowsett smiled grimly, but at the same time bore the slender financier back and down into his chair.

"We'll talk it over," he said; and in Leon Guggenhammer he found an anxious ally.

And nothing ever came of it. The thing remained a secret with the three men. Nor did Daylight ever give the secret away, though that afternoon, leaning back in his stateroom on the Twentieth Century, his shoes off, and feet on a chair, he chuckled long and heartily. New York remained forever puzzled over the affair; nor could it hit upon a rational explanation. By all rights, Burning Daylight should have gone broke, yet it was known that he immediately reappeared in San Francisco possessing an apparently unimpaird capital. This was evidenced by the magnitude of the enterprises he engaged in, such as, for instance, Panama Mull, by sheer weight of money and fighting power wrestling the control away from Shearly and selling out in two months to the Harriman interests at a rumored enormous advance.

CHAPTER X.

Back in San Francisco, Daylight quickly added to his reputation. In ways it was not an enviable reputation. Men were afraid of him. He became known as a fighter, a fiend, a tiger. His play was a ripping and smashing one, and no one knew where or how his next blow would fall. The element of surprise was large. He balked on the unexpected, and, fresh from the wild North, his mind not operating in stereotyped channels, he was able in unusual degree to devise new tricks and stratagems. And once he won the advantage, he pressed it remorselessly. "As relentless as a Red Indian," was said of him, and it was said truly.

He was a free lance, and had no friendly business associations. Such alliances as were formed from time to time were purely affairs of expediency, and he regarded his allies as men who would give him the double-cross or ruin him if a profitable chance presented. In spite of this point of view, he was faithful to his allies. But he was faithful just as long as they were and no longer. The treason had to come from them, and then it was "Ware Daylight."

The business men and financiers of the Pacific coast never forgot the lesson of Charles Klinkner and the Cal-

ifornia & Altamont Trust Company. Klinkner was the president. In partnership with Daylight, the pair raided the San Jose Interurban. The powerful Lake Power & Electric Lighting corporation came to the rescue, and Klinkner, seeing what he thought was the opportunity, went over to the enemy in the thick of the pitched battle. Daylight lost three millions before he was done with it, and before he was done with it he saw the California & Altamont Trust Company hopelessly wrecked, and Charles Klinkner a suicide in a felon's cell.

So it was that Daylight became a successful financier. He did not go in for swindling the workers. Not only did he not have the heart for it, but it did not strike him as a sporting proposition. The workers were so easy, so stupid. It was more like slaughtering fat, hand-reared pheasants on the English preserves he had read about. The sport, to him, was in waylaying the successful robbers and taking their spoils from them. The grim Yukon life had failed to make Daylight hard. It required civilization to produce this result. In the fierce, savage game he now played, his habitual geniality imper-

in his mind of any idea that she was fat. And how she dressed, he had no idea at all. He had no trained eye in such matters, nor was he interested. He took it for granted, in the lack of any impression to the contrary, that she was dressed somehow. He knew her as "Miss Mason," and that was all, though he was aware that as a stenographer she was quick and accurate. He watched her leaving one afternoon, and was aware for the first time that she was well-formed, and that her manner of dress was satisfying. He knew none of the details of woman's dress, and he saw none of the details of her neat shirt waist and well-cut tailor suit. He saw only the effect in a general, sketchy way. She looked right. This was in the absence of anything wrong or out of the way.

"She's a trim little good-looker," was his verdict, when the outer office door closed on her.

The next morning, dictating, he concluded that he liked the way she did her hair, though for the life of him he could have given no description of it. The impression was pleasing, that was all. She sat between him and the window, and he noted that her hair was light brown, with hints of golden bronze. A pale sun, shining in, touched the golden bronze into smoldering fires that were very pleasing. He discovered that in the intervals, when she had nothing to do, she read books and magazines, or worked on some sort of feminine fancy work.

"No; that's the point of it. He wasn't—"

"And he doesn't get her, and you've read all them pages, hundreds of them, to find that out?" Daylight muttered in amazement.

Miss Mason was nettled as well as amused.

"But you read the mining and financial news by the hour," she retorted.

"But I sure get something out of that. It's business out, and it's different. I get money out of it. What do you get out of books?"

"Points of view, new ideas, life."

"Not worth a cent-cash."

"But life's worth more than cash," she argued.

"Oh, well," he said, with easy masculine tolerance, "so long as you enjoy it. That's what counts, I suppose; and there's no accounting for taste."

Despite his own superior point of view, he had an idea that she knew a lot, and he experienced a feeble feeling like that of a barbarian face to face with the evidence of some tremendous culture. To Daylight culture was a worthless thing, and yet, somehow, he was vaguely troubled by a sense that there was more in culture than he imagined.

Again, on her desk, in passing, he noticed a book with which he was familiar. This time he did not stop, for he had recognized the cover. It was a magazine correspondent's book on the Klondike, and he knew that he and his photograph figured in it, and he knew, also, of a certain sensational chapter concerned with a woman's suicide, and with one "To Much Daylight." After that he did not talk with her again about books. He imagined that erroneous conclusions she had drawn from that particular chapter, and it stung him the more in that they were undeserved. He pumped Morrison, the clerk, who had first to vent his personal grievance against Miss Mason before he could tell what little he knew of her.

"She comes from Siskiyou County. She's very nice to work with in the office, of course, but she's rather stuck on herself—exclusive, you know."

"How do you make that out?" Daylight queried.

"Well, she thinks too much of herself to associate with those she works with, in the office here, for instance. She won't have anything to do with a fellow, you see. I've asked her out repeatedly, to the theater and the chutes and such things. But nothing doing. Says she likes plenty of sleep, and can't stay up late, and has to go all the way to Berkeley—that's where she lives. But that's all hot air. She's running with the University boys, that's what she's doing. She needs lots of sleep, and can't go to the theater with me, but she can dance all hours with them. I've heard it pretty straight that she goes to all their hops and such things. Rather stylish and high-toned for a stenographer, I'd say. And she keeps a horse, too. She rides astride all over those hills out there. I saw her one Sunday myself. Oh, she's a high-flyer, and I wonder how she does it. Sixty-five a month don't go far. Then she has a sick brother, too."

"Live with her people?" Daylight asked.

"No; hasn't got any. They were well to do, I've heard. They must have been, or that brother or hers couldn't have gone to the University of California. Her father had a big cattle-ranch, but he got to fooling with mines or something, and went broke before he died. Her mother died long before that. Her brother must cost a lot of money. He was a husky once, played football, was great on hunting and being out in the mountains and such things. He got his accident breaking horses, and then rheumatism or something got into him. One leg is shorter than the other, and withered up some. He has to walk on crutches. I saw her out with him once—crossing the ferry. The doctors have been experimenting on him for years, and he's in the French Hospital now, I think."

All of which side-lights on Miss Mason went to increase Daylight's interest in her. Yet, much as he desired, he failed to get acquainted with her. He had thoughts of asking her to luncheon, but his was the innate chivalry of the frontiersman, and the thoughts never came to anything. He knew a self-respecting, square-dealing man was not supposed to take his stenographer to luncheon. Such things did happen, he knew, for he heard the chaffing gossip of the club; but he did not think much of such men and felt sorry for the girls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rossini Famous as a Wit

Some of the Whimsicalities With Which the Great Composer Made Life Jollier.

Rossini's witticisms bubbled forth at all times and under all circumstances, says Musical Opinion. On one occasion a gentleman called upon him to enlist his aid in procuring for him an engagement at the opera. He was a drummer and had taken the precaution to bring his instrument. Rossini said he would hear him "play," and it was agreed that he should show off in the overture to "Semiramide."

Now, the very first bar of the overture contained a tremolo for the drum, and when this had been performed the player remarked, "Now I have a rest of 78 bars—these, of course, I will skip." This was too good a chance to be lost. "O, no," said the composer, "by all means count the 78 bars; I particularly want to hear those." Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on February 29, in leap year, he had, of course, a birth-

day once in four years, and when he was seventy-two he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan made his acquaintance in Paris. One morning, when Sullivan called to see him, he found him trying over a small piece of music. "What is that?" asked Sullivan. "It's my dog's birthday," replied, very seriously, "and I write a little piece for him every year."

When Rossini was once rehearsing one of his operas in a small theater in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune. "Who is that playing the horn in such an unholy way?" he demanded. "It is I," said a tremulous voice. "Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his own father!

Weight of Snow.

A cubic foot of newly fallen snow weighs five and one-half pounds and has 12 times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

ORATORICAL MEET

THE STATE CONTEST TO BE HELD

AT ROCK HILL ON THE 26TH OF APRIL.

ANNOUNCEMENT JUST MADE

The Executive Committee Has Decided to Hold the Meeting in a City in York County This Year—Are Selecting Speakers.

Columbia.—The South Carolina intercollegiate oratorical contest will be held at Rock Hill on April 6. It has been the custom for many years to hold the annual meeting at Greenwood, but the executive committee has decided to move the contest to the York county city this year. Each year a great deal of interest is manifested in collegiate circles over the outcome and many college lads and alumni of the various institutions gather to hear the orations.

The contest will be held in the auditorium of Winthrop college on the evening of Friday, April 6. A baseball game between the Presbyterian college of South Carolina and Wofford will be staged in the afternoon, and on Saturday it is very probably that two teams, yet to be announced, will engage in a doubleheader.

The various members of the association have either held, or will hold soon, preliminaries to select their speakers. A. H. Williams, Jr., of Lake City will represent the University of South Carolina. Mr. Williams won second place in the contest last year at Greenwood. The members of the association are: University of South Carolina, Clemson, Wofford, Presbyterian college of South Carolina, Charleston college, Citadel, Newberry, Furman and Erskine. The contest was won last year by the Citadel's representative.

Near-Wreck at Winnabow.

Winnabow.—A switch presumed to have been carelessly left open by a freight train crew came near causing a disastrous wreck, when the fast passenger train No. 32, northbound, swerved from the main line into the siding, where a string of box cars were standing. The engine of the passenger train was moving by its own momentum, the steam having been shut off as the train was approaching the station, and but for this and the fact that the emergency brakes were promptly applied it is probable that, instead of breaking the draw heads of the engine and a car box several would have been seriously injured.

100 Per Cent Attendance Unusual.

Anderson.—It is rather unusual for a 100 per cent attendance upon the annual meeting of the county board of tax equalizers, but that is what happened in Anderson county. Every one of the 23 townships was represented by the chairman of its board of assessors. Very few complaints were placed before the equalizing board, and the business was dispatched in a few minutes. In speaking about the assessments for this year Auditor Craig stated the largest increase in any one assessment was made in Pendleton township, when the board of that township raised the assessment on the Portman Shoals power plant of the Anderson Water, Light and Power company.

Election on Dispensary Question.

Edgefield.—A number of petitions are being circulated in this county asking that an election be ordered as provided by law upon the question of establishing a dispensary in the town of Edgefield. Should the signatures of one-fourth of the qualified electors be secured it is probable that an election will be ordered by the board of county commissioners to be held November 5, the day of the general election. The dispensary was voted out about six years ago.

Not Guilty of Liquor Law Violation.

Chester.—Paul Brawley, who was tried in the court of common pleas on the charge of violating the dispensary ordinance, was rendered a sealed verdict. It was read, declaring the defendant not guilty.

For Holding Up Mail Carrier.

Newberry.—Sheriff Buford was called to Slights to arrest a man, who, under the influence of whiskey, was causing a good deal of trouble; among other things, preventing one of the rural mail carriers from going out on his route with the mail. He had a shotgun with which he threatened to shoot. The sheriff went down on the afternoon train, arrested his man and brought him to jail on the evening train. He submitted to arrest without giving any trouble. The warrant was sworn out by postmaster at Slights.

Man Run Over by Train and Killed.

Newberry.—George Koon, son of William Koon, was run over and killed by a train on the Columbia, Newberry & Laurens road. He and a friend were on Friend street when the train came along just after leaving the station, and young Koon jumped on. He evidently did not get on securely, for he fell off between cars about 100 yards down the road and the wheels ran over him, crushing his legs and otherwise mangle him. He lived a short while in a semi-conscious condition, and was able to give his name.

Without Registration Board.

Lexington.—As a result of Gov. Blease's refusal to reappoint B. H. Barre, E. S. J. Hayes and James L. Langford, the old members of the county board of registration, as recommended by the senate, Lexington county is without an active board of registration, although two boards are claiming the offices. The governor ignored the recommendation of the senate as to the appointment of the board of registration for Lexington county along with a lot of other recommendations for other counties.

A WARNING TO MANY.

Some Interesting Facts Regarding Health Statistics.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's Disease, which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in 1910, in the state of New York alone. Therefore, it behooves us to pay more attention to the health of these most important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

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If you feel that your kidneys require attention, and wish a sample bottle, write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper and they will gladly forward it to you absolutely free, by mail.

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LIABLE TO BEAT HIM.



The Playwright—Honestly, now, what do you think of my new play?
The Critic—Don't ask me. You're so much bigger and stronger than I am.

Severely Witty.

"Henry," remarked Mrs. Henry Peck, "we are going to have some company this evening, and I do wish you would brighten up and look less like an honorary palbearer. Say something humorous."

The company came, and with a few preliminary coughs and winks, which were intended to announce to his wife that the witticism was about to be perpetrated, Henry said timidly:

"Mary."

"Yes, dear, what is it?" asked Mrs. Peck expectantly.

"Have you got all of your hair on this evening?"—Boston Globe.

Modern Journalism.

Arthur Brisbane, the editor, praised at a dinner in New York, the educative value of moving pictures.

"But of course," he said afterwards, "the moving picture will never equal the newspaper as an educative force."

"The newspaper not only reports news—in dull seasons it makes news as well. A famous editor put this news-making feature very neatly before a cub reporter when he said:

"If a dog bites a man it isn't news. But, if a man bites a dog, it is. Whenever you can't find a man biting a dog, go and bite one yourself."

No End to His Bad Luck.

John D. Shoop, at an Anti-Cigarette league banquet, explained his feelings in the story of the colored man.

"How are you getting along, Lazarus?" asked his master, interestedly.

"I gets along poorly," replied Lazarus, who complained of his misfortune at length. "Master John, I has such bad luck," says he, "that when I dies and is laid away in the tomb and the good Lord says to me, 'Lazarus, come forth,' I know I is sho' to come fifth."

Exposing Children to Disease.

In an article on the treatment of sick children in the Woman's Home Companion the author, Dr. Roger H. Bennett, a famous New York specialist on the diseases of children, says: "Never, never, never expose the child to any contagious disease in order that he may have it once and be done with it. Even the so-called simple children's diseases, such as measles or whooping cough, have a death rate that is appalling."

NO WORDS WASTED

A Swift Transformation Briefly Described.

About food, the following brief but emphatic letter from a Georgia woman goes straight to the point and is convincing. "My frequent attacks of indigestion and palpitation of the heart culminated in a sudden and desperate illness, from which I arose enfeebled in mind and body. The doctor advised me to live on cereals, but none of them agreed with me until I tried Grape-Nuts food and Postum.

"The more I used of them the more I felt convinced that they were just what I needed, and in a short time they made a different woman of me. My stomach and heart troubles disappeared as if by magic, and my mind was restored and is as clear as it ever was."

"I gained flesh and strength so rapidly that my friends were astonished. Postum and Grape-Nuts have benefited me so greatly that I am glad to bear this testimony." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Rev. H. D. Guerrant, Methodist Minister, Danville, Va.
Rev. D. P. Tate, Methodist Minister, Danville, Va.

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The endorsement of "The Methodist" is not to be had by anything of doubtful merit, but this paper stands ready to lend its influence for that which it believes will tend to the betterment of humanity, spiritually, morally, materially or physically.

When such men as Revs. D. P. Tate, Horace D. Guerrant and others of like high character give their unqualified endorsement to the physical benefits derived from the remedy advertised on the last page of this paper, we feel safe in commanding it to our readers.—E. G. Moody, in "The Methodist" for September.

"The Baptist" Endorses Milam.

Milam is the name of a great medicine now being manufactured in Danville, and from the testimonials of some of our best citizens we can safely recommend it to our fellow-citizens suffering with any of the diseases it proposes to cure. The men at the head of the company producing this medicine can be relied on.—Rev. J. E. Hicks, in the Baptist Union.

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