URNING DAYLIGHT BY JACK LONDON

JACK LONDON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

URNING DAYLIGHT"—Esam Harnish—is introduced to the reader as he enters a Circle City dance hall, saloon and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is.

Essentially a man's man, Burning Daylight resents, or rather fears, the wiles of the women who frequent the dance hall. But he is afraid to be even civil to a woman, because he dreads the idea of being mastered by anybody or anything, and to surrender to a woman means, in his mind, that he is conquered.

Drink leads to boasting, and in the turmoil that follows Burning Daylight shows his amasing muscular strength. He wine all the tests and downs all the giants that come before him.

Then comes a poker game—the greatest ever played in the Klondike. Burning Daylight's luck deserts him at the end, and he rises from the table penniless—worse than broke.

The indomitable courage of this master among men

at the end, and he rises from the table penniless—worse than broke.

The indomitable courage of this master among men shows itself. He declares himself in readiness to accomplish an impossible task—to run the mail to Dyea and back with a dog team and an Indian.

After overcoming what to the ordinary man would prove insurmountable difficulties, he reaches his goal, and returns to Circle City a winner.

Without rest this amasing man makes a wild night of it. He cutdances men, and women too; wins at roulette, and then, still scorning slumber or any recuperation, starts at daylight, with three partners and a dog team, for the newest gold strike in the upper country along the Stewart.

Then comes the battle for gold. Strike after strike is explored. Daylight sees himself the dominant figure along the Yukon and in the golden Dawson. Discouraged frequently, he refuses to allow life's loaded dice to beat him, and in the end comes victory—and millions. He is at length a great mine owner, and an almighty big pile is his.

Daylight leaves the Yukon behind for new fields of endeavor. His departure is an event of great importance, and as the vessel swings clear this all conquering man weeps—a little.

In San Francisco Daylight sweeps all before him. Money comes so easily that he feels the call of Wall street.

Francisco Daylight sweeps all before

treet.

He goes to New York and is "done" to the tune of 0,000,000. This, however, he recovers by means of his utomatic pistol and a display of his old time courage. Wall street, he finds, is not for him. So he returns to be Golden Gata.

CHAPTER XIX.

NTO Daylight's life came Dede Mason. She came rather imperceptibly. He had accepted her impersonally, along with the office furnishing, the office boy, Morrison, the chief confidential and only clerk, and all the rest of the accessories of a super-

an's gambling place of business. Had he been asked any time during the first months she was in his enploy he would have been unable to tell the color of her eves. From the fact that she was a demi-blonde there anided dimly in his subconsciousness a conception that she was a brunette. Likewise he had an idea that she was not thin, while there was an absence in his mind of any idea that she was fat. As to how she sed, he had no ideas at all. He had no trained eye in such matters, nor was he interested. He took tr 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 seemed quick and accurate. This impression, however, was quite vague, for he had had no experience with other stenographers and naturally believed that they were all quick and accurate.

One morning, signing up letters, he came upon an "T shall." Glancing quickly over the page for similar con-

ie morning, signing up fetters, he came upon an it." Glancing quickly over the page for similar concitio he found a number of "I wills." The "I " was alone. It stood out conspicuously. He sed the call bell twice, and a moment later Dede

"Did I say that, Miss Mason?" he asked, extending the letter to her and pointing out the criminal phrase.

A shade of annoyance crossed her face. She stood

"My mistake," she said. "I'm sorry." ut it's not a mistake, you know," she added

"How do you make that out? It sure don't sound right in the way of thinking."

She had reashed the door by this time, and she turned, the offending letter in her hand.

"It's right, just the same." "But that would make all those 'I wills' wrong

then," he argued.
"It does," was her audacious answer. "Shall l, change them?" "I shall be over to look that affair up on Monday."
Daylight repeated the sentence from the letter aloud.
He did it with a grave, serious air, listening intently to

the sound of his own voice. He shook his head. "It don't sound right, Miss Mason. It just don't sound right. Why, nobody writes to me that way. They all say I will—educated men, too, some of them. Ain't she acknowledged, and passed out to her "Yes," she acknowledged, ar machine to make the correction:

It chanced that day that among the several men with whom he sat at luncheon was a young Englishman, a mining engineer. Had it happened any other time it would have passed unnoticed, but, fresh from the tilt with his stenographer, Daylight was struck immediately by the Englishman's "I shall." Several times in the course of the meal the phrase was repeated, and Daylight was certain there was no mistake about it.

After luncheon he cornered McIntosh, one of the members, whom he knew to have been a college man pecause of his football reputation "Look here, Bunny," Daylight demanded, "which is

right—I shall be over to look that affair up on Monday.
or I will be over to look that affair up on Monday?" The former football captain debated painfully for

"Blessed if I know," he confessed. "Which way do I say it?"
"Oh, I will, of course.

"Then the other is right, depend upon it. I always

was rotten on grammar.' On the way back to the office Daylight dropped into a bookstore and bought a grammar, and for a solid hour, his feet up on his desk, he toiled through its

"Knock off my head with little apples if the girl ain't right," he communed aloud at the end of the session. For the first time it struck him that there was something about his stenographer. He had accepted her up to then as a female creature and a bit of office furnishing. But now, having demonstrated that she knew more grammar than business men and college graduates, she became an individual. She seemed to stand out in his consciousness as conspicuously as the "I shall" had stood out on the typed page, and he

began to take notice.

He managed to watch her leaving that afternoon, and he 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 women'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 sun, shining in, touched the golden bronze. A pale sun, shining in, touched the golden bronze into smouldering fires that were very pleasing to behold. Funny, he thought, that he had never observed this phenomenon before.

In the midst of the letter he came to the construction which had caused the trouble the day before. He remembered his wrestle with the grammar, and

"I shall meet you half way in this proposition"-Miss Mason gave a quick look up at him. The action was purely involuntary, and, in fact, had been action was purely involuntary, and, in fact, had been action was purely involuntary, and, in fact, had been action was purely involuntary, and, in fact, had been action was purely involuntary.

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But in that moment of her glance and more and the control of were gray.

haif a startle of surprise. The next instant her eyes had dropped again and she sat waiting to go on with the dictation. But in that moment of her glance Daylight had noted that her eyes were gray. He was later to learn that at times there were golden lights in those same gray eyes; but he had seen enough, as it was, to surprise him, for he became suddenly aware that he had always taken her for a brunette, with brown aware as a matter or course. with brown eyes as a matter or course.

"You were right after all," he confessed, with a sheepish grin that sat incongruously on his stern, Indianlike features. Again he was rewarded by an upward glance and

an acknowledging smile, and this time he verified the fact that her eyes were gray.

"But it don't sound right just the same," he complained.

At this she laughed outright. "I beg your pardon," she hastened to make amends, and then spoiled it by adding, "but you are so finny."
Daylight began to feel a slight awkwardness, and the sun would persist in setting her hair a-smoulder-

"I didn't mean to be funny," he said.
"That was why I laughed. But it is right, and perfectly good grammar." 'All right," he sighed. "I shall meet you half way

in this proposition. Got that?"

And the dictation went on.

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. Passing her desk, once, he picked up a volume of Ripling's poems and glanced bepuzzled through the

You like reading, Miss Mason?" he said, laying the

book down.
"Oh, yes," was her answer; "very much."
Another time it was a book of Wellst, "The Wheels

What's it all about?" Daylight asked. "Oh, it's just a novel, a love story.

She stopped, but he still stood wanting, and she

felt it incumbent to go on. "It's about a little Cockney draper's assistant who takes a vacation on his bicycle and falls in with a young girl very much above him. Her mother is a popular writer and all that. And he situation is very curious, and sad, too, and tragic. Would you care to

Does he get her?" Daylight demanded. "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 uttered in amazement. Miss Mason was nettled as well as amused.

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

"But I sure get something out of that. It's business, 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 fleeting feeling like that of a barbarian face to face

the evidence of some tremendous culture. To Day-light 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 mag-azine 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 "Too Much Day-After that he did not talk with her again about books. He imagined what erroneous conclusions she

had drawn from that particular chapter, and it stung him the more in that they were undeserved. Of all unlikely things, to have the reputation of being a lady killer—he, Burning Daylight—and to have a woman kill herself out of love for him! He feit that he was a most unfortunate man and wondered by what luck that one book of all the thousands of books should have fallen into his stenographer's hands. For some days afterward be had an uncomfortable sensation of

days afterward he had an uncomfortable sensation of guiltiness whenever he was in Miss Mason's presence, and once he was positive that he caught her looking at him with a curious, intent stare, as if studying what manner of man he was.

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

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 theatre 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."

This phase of the report gave Daylight a distinct satisfaction. She was a bit above the ordinary, and no doubt about it. But Morrison's next words carried a hurt.

"But that's all hot air. She is running with the University boys, that's what she's doing. She needs lots of sleep and can't go to the theatre 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 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 of 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 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 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

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happen, he knew, for he heard the chaffing goss the club; but he did not think much of such men and felt sorry for the girls. He had a strange notion tha felt sorry for the girls. He had a strange notion that a man had less rights over those he employed than over mere acquaintances or strangers. Thus, had Miss Mason not been his employe he was confident that he would have had her to luncheon or the theatre in no time. But he felt that it was an impositi an employer, because he bought the time of an ploye in working hours, to presume in any way any of the rest of that employe's time. To do so any or the rest of that employes time. To do so what to act like a bully. The situation was unfair; it was taking advantage of the fact that the employe was dependent on one for a livelihood. The employe might permit the imposition through fear of angering the employer and not through any personal inclination In his own case he felt that such an imposition

would be peculiarly obnoxious, for had she not read that cursed Klondike correspondent's book? A pretty idea she must have of him, a girl who was too high toned to have anything to do with a good looking gentlemanly fellow like Morrison. Also, and do under all his other reasons, Daylight was timid. T only thing he had ever been afraid of in his life was woman, and he had been afraid all his life. Nor was that timidity to be put easily to flight now that be felt the first glimmering need and desire for woman. The spectre of the apron string still haunted him and helped him to find excuses for getting on no forwarder with Deda Mason.

CHAPTER XX.

OT being favored by hence in getting acquainted with Dede Mason, Daylight's interest in her slowly waned. This was but natural, for he was 1 % deep in hazardous operations, and the fascination of the game

and the magnitude of it accounted for all the energy that even his magnificent organism could generate. Such was his absorption that the pretty stenographer slowly and imperceptibly faded from the prefront of his consciousness. Thus, the first faint spur, in the best sense, of his need for woman ceased to produce the sense of his need for woman ceased to be a sense of his need for woman ceased to produce the sense of his need for woman ceased to be a sense of his need for woman ceased to be a sense of his need for woman ceased to be a sense of his need for woman ceased to be a sense of his need f So far as Dede Mason was concerned he possessed no more than a complaisant feeling of satisfaction in

ho more than a complaisant teering of satisfaction in that he had a very nice stenographer.

And, completely to put the quietus on any last lingering hopes he might have har of her, he was in the thick of his spectacular and intensely bitter fight with the Coastwise Steam Navigation Company and Pacific Mexican. Hawaiian, Nicaraguan and Pacific-Mexican the Hawaiian, Nicaraguan and Pacific-Mexican Steamship Company. He stirred up a bigger muss than he had anticipated, and ver he was astounded at the wide ramifications of the struggle and at the unexpected and incongruous interests that were drawn into it. Every newspaper in San Francisco turned upon him. It was true one or two of them had first intimated that 'bey were open to subsidization by Daylington. tion, but Daylight's judgment was that the situation did not warrant such expenditure. Up to this time the press had been amusingly tolerant and good naturedly sensational about him, but now he was to learn what virulent scurrilousness an antagonized press was capable of. Every episode of his life was resurrected to serve as foundations for malicious fabrica-tions. Daylight was frankly amazed at the new interpretation put upon all he had accomplished and he deeds he had done. From an Alaskan hero he was netamorphosed into an Alaskan bully, liar, desperado and all around "bad man." Not content with this, ies upon lies, out of whole cloth, were manufactured out him. He never replied, though once he went to the extent of disburdening his mind to half a dozen

reporters.
"Do your damnedest," he told them. "Burning Daylight's bucked bigger things than your dirty, lying sheets. And I don't blame you, boys—that is, not much. You can't help it. You've got to live. There's a mighty lot of women in this world that make thele living in similar fashion to yours because they're not able to do anything better. Somebody's got to do the dirty work, and it might as well be you paid for it, and you ain't got the backbone to rustle

And the journalists, stung to the quick, retaliated with the only means in their power—printer's ink abuse. The attack became bitterer than ever. The whole affair sank to the deeper deeps whole affair sank to the deeper deeps of rancor and savageness. The poor woman who had killed herself was dragged out of her grave and paraded on thousands of reams of paper as a martyr and a victim to Daylight's ferocious brutality. Staid, statistical articles were published proving that he nad made his start by robbing poor miners of their claims, and that the capstone to his fortune had been put in place by his treacherous violation of faith with the Hammersmiths in the deal on Ophir. And there were editorials written in which he was called an enemy of ossessed of the manners and culture of a cave fomenter of wasteful business troubles, the stroyer of the city's prosperity in comme trade, an anarchist of dire menace; and one gravely recommended that hanging would be a lesson to him and his ilk, and concluded with the fervent hope that some day his big motor car would smasn up and smash him with it.

He was like a big bear raiding a beehive. gardless of the stings he obstinately ing for the honey. He gritted his teeth and struck back. Beginning with a raid on two steamship companies, it developed into a pitched battle with a city, a State and a continental coast line. Very well, they wanted fight and they would get it. It was what he wanted, and he felt justified in having come down from the Klondike, for here he was gambling at a bigger table than ever the Yukon had supplied. Allied with him, on a splendid salary, with princely pickings thrown in, was a lawyer, Larry Hegan, a young Irishman, with a reputation to make and whose peculiar had been unrecognized until Daylight picked up with him. Hegan had Celtic imagination and daring, and to such degree that Daylight's cool head was necessary as a check on his wilder visions. Hegan's was a Napoleonic legal mind, without balance, and it was just this balance that Daylight supplied. Alone the Irishman was doomed to failubut directed by Daylight he was on the high road fortune and recognition. Also he was i

no more personal or civic conscience than Napoleo
It was Hegan who guided Daylight through intricacles of modern politics, labor organization commercial and corporation law. It was Hegan, lific of resource and suggestion, who opened Day-light's eyes to undreamed possibilities in twentieth century warfare, and it was Daylight, rejecting, a cepting and elaborating, who planned the campaign and prosecuted them. With the Pacific coast froi Puget Sound to Panama buzzing and humming, an with San Francisco furiously about his ears, the tr big steamship companies had all the appearance winning. It looked as if Burning Daylight was being beaten slowly to his knees. And then he struck—a the steamship companies, at San Francisco, at the whole Pacific coast.

(To Be Continued.)

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