URNING DAYLIGHT By JACK LONDON were their furthest glimpses stopped by the closing vistas of green, and, yet always, as they climbed did the forest roof arch overhead, with only here and

right, 1910, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.) SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

"R URNING DAYLIGHT"-Elam Harnish-is inroduced to the reader as he enters a Circle D City dance hall, saloon and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is.

The whitiwing that he is, Possessed of a tidy fortune and sure of making a vast one, Burning Daylight proceeds to stir up the life of the gambling house. The men and women all admire bim, for he is the type that dominates. Essentially a man's man, Burning Daylight resents, or rather fears, the wiles of the women who frequent the dance hall. 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

woman, decuse he dreads the idea of being mattered 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 fol-fows Burning Daylight shows his amaxing muscular strength. He wins all the tests and downs all the glants that come before him. Then surves a boker same the greatest even placed

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

than broke. Then the indomitable courage of this master among men shows itself. He declares himself in readiness to accomplish an almest impossible task-to run the mall to Dyes and back with a dog team and an Indian. "I swore in "8 never to go out till I'd made my stake," he exclaimed, "and I swear once more, by the mill tails of hell and the head of John the Baptist, Fill herver hit for the outside till I make my pile, and I tell bro-all, and now. It's not to be an almishty bis pile." He makes his journey, gets to Dyea and back to Chr-de City, where he plunges into the Tivoli, winning his yictory and the acclaim of the crowd that had seen him denart on his heartbreaking journey. Then, without rest, this amasing man thakes a wild

denart on his heartbreaking journey. Then, without rest, this amasing man makes a wild sight of it. He outdances men, and women, too; wins at roulette, and then, still scorning slumber or any re-superation, starts at daybreak, with three partners and a dog team. for the newest gold strike in the upper bountry along the Stewart. Then comes the battle for gold. Strike after strike aged frequently, he refuses to allow life's loaded dice ato beat him, and in the golden Dawson. Discour-aged frequently, he refuses to allow life's loaded dice ato beat him, and in the end comes victory-and millions. And so Daylight leaves the Tukon behind for new Beeds of endenvor. His departure is an event of great importance, and as the vessel swings clear this all-con-guering man weens-a little. He tears of his cap and waves it. "Goodby, you-all," he cried, "goodby, you-and."

invertise man wasna-a little. He tears off his cap and mayes it. "Goodby, you-all," he cried, "goodby, you-all" In Ban Francisco Daylight becomes the sensation of the day. He is still woman-shy, however, and reasons that he has brought his millions to the States to play a man's game, not a woman's. He meets the men in the big financial world, tries to polish up his rough speech and manners, runs over to Tonopah, makes a big clean-out here and then feels the call of Wall street. He goes on to New York, gets into the clutches of some Wall street sharks, who have not formotien how be heat them at their own game in the Khordlike and wwned millions that should have been theirs. They persuade Mun to zo into a big deal with them. He has an impression that he can trim New York as easily as he has the other places, and is led on and on by the will financiers until his entire fortune is staked. Then comes the double cross. Daylight is cleaned out sain trimmed. The field incarnate in him awakens and he determines either to get his millions back or do whole, forces them to zeturn the ten millions they have taken from him. Cowards at heart, the financial sharks besitate at first, but after a matter of three or four hours succeed in rising the money in currency and certified checks, and Daylight returns to San Fran-ulsoo, his fortune intact, leaving New York pussled and his former friends overwheimed. Back in San Francisco Daylight becomes a financial sharks besitate at first, but after a matter of three or four hours succeed in rising the money in currency and certified checks, and Daylight returns to San Fran-ulsoo, his fortune intact, leaving New York pussled and his former friends overwheimed. Back in San Francisco Daylight becomes a financial sharks nesitate at first, but after a matter of three or four hours succeed in The reason for his savagery is that he despises the men with whom he plays, for he pelieves not one in a hundred of them is on the level. His fortune intact, theaving New York pussled arouses not ees



Two lovers on two chestnut steeds riding out and away to honeymoon.

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They cleared the crest and emerged from the pool as if into another world, for now they were in thicket of velvet trunked young madronos and b ing down the open, sun washed hillside, across the nodding grasses, to the drifts of blue and white nemophilae that carpeted the tiny meadow on either side the tiny stream. Dede clapped her hands. "It's sure prettier than office furniture," Daylight remarked.

there rifts that permitted shattered shafts of

to penetrate. And all about them were ferns, as of varieties, from the tiny gold backs and maiden to huge brakes six and eight feet tall. Below d

as they mounted, they glimpsed great gnarled trunks and branches of ancient trees, and above them were

Dede stopped her horse and sighed with the beauty of it all.

"It is as if we are swimmers," she said, "rising out of a deep pool of green tranquillity. Up above is

the sky and the sun, but this is a pool and we are

They started their horses, but a dogtooth violet

shouldering amongst the maidenhair, caught her eye

"It sure is," she answered.

similar great gnarled branches.

and made her rein in again.

fathoms deep."

And Daylight, who knew his weakness in the use of the particular word sure, knew that she had re-peated it deliberately and with love.

They crossed the stream and took the cattle track over the low rocky bill and through the scrub forest of manzanita, till they emerged on the pext thy valley with its meadow bordered streamlet

"If we don't run into some quall pretty soon I'll be surprised some," Daylight said.

And as the words left his lips there was a wild series of explosive thrummings as the old quall arose from all about Wolf, while the young ones scuttled for safety and disappeared miraculously before the spectators' very eyes. He showed her the hawk's nest he had found in the

lightning shattered top of the redwood, and she dis overed a wood rat's nest which he had not seen be fore. Next they took the old wood road and came ou on the dozen acres of clearing where the wine grape grew in the wine colored volcanic soil. followed the cow path through more woods and th ets and scattered glades and dropped down the side to where the farmhouse, poised on the lip of the big canyon, came into view only when they were right upon it.

Dede stood on the wide porch that ran the length of the house, while Daylight tied the horses. To Dede it was very quiet. It was the dry, warm, breathless calm of California midday. All the world seemed dozing. From somewhere pigeons were cooling lazily With a deep sigh of satisfaction Wolf, who had drunk his fill at all the streams along dropped down in the cool shadow of the porch.



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attention by correcting some of the slips in his dict He learns that she is an orphan and is supporting crippled brother, loves to ride horseback and is a gether just opposite of all other women Daylight

onstant association with Daylight and admiration Constant association with Daylight and admiration for his persistence begin to impress Dede Mason, and one day they have a heart to heart talk, in which she practically "takes the hide off" the man. She tells him flatly she does not like his life and his business. "There are women who could marry a man like you and be happy," she says, "but I couldn't and the more I cared for such a man the more unhappy I should be." So the profigate Daylight begins to see her meaning, but after a tame defence of his methods he resolves on a new plan, and, to the amazement of his business associates, proceeds to carry it out. And

he resolves on a new plan, and, to the amazement of his business associates, proceeds to carry it out. And all because of Dede Mason. Daylight has, meantime, doubled his fortune, but the more money he possesses the more distant seems bede Mason. He at hast proposes marriage to her, twice, but is refused. He does not give up-that is not his way-and demands that the girl tell him just what is amiss, for she has confessed to an interest in him. Whereupon she tells him he has too much money, is living the wrong kind of a life, and, in short, is yowned by his weaith, and nothing else. She shows him how he is taking on unhealthy firsh, is becoming harsh and cruel and brutalised and degraded. And Daylight listens, amazed. Her talk has its effect. Daylight decides to get rid of his vast fortune, save only a little ranch at Gien Miten, and reform his mode of life. He puts this plan hefore Dede Mason and she decides to be his wife, pro-vided he means what he saves. She will not take him

Ellen, and reform his mode of life. He puts this plan before Dede Mason and she decides to be his wife, pro-wided he means what he says. She will not take him and his money too, for his wealth is his master. And Dede Mason wins. Daylight deliberately entan-gies himself in a financial slough and refuses to lift a hand to save his millions. His associates, amaxed and enraged, can do nothing with him-he has won his prize and is content. So Dede and Daylight settle on their liftle ranch, and soon comes a new complication. sheir little ranch, and soon comes a new complication.

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CHAPTER XXXVIL

THREE days later Daylight rode to Berkeley in his red car. It was for the last time, for on the mor-

row the big machine passed into another's possession. It had been a strenuous three days, for his Daylight's lips, but he forebode. smash had been the biggest the panic had precipitated in California. The newspapers had been filled with it, and a great cry of indignation had gone up from the very men who later found that Daylight had fully protected their interests. It was these facts, coming slowly to light, that gave rise to the widely repeated charge that Daylight had gone insane. It was the unanimous conviction among business men that no sane man could possibly behave in such fashion. On the other hand, neither his prolonged steady drinking nor his affair with Dede became public, so the only conclusion attainable was that the wild financier from Alaska had gone lunatic. And Daylight had grinned and confirmed the suspicion by refusing to see the reporters.

He halted the automobile before Dede's door and met her with his same rushing tactics, enclosing her in his arms before a word could be uttered. Not until afterward, when she had recovered herself from him and got him sented, did he begin to speak.

"I've done it," he announced. "You've seen the newspapers, of course. I'm plumb cleaned out and I've just called around to find out what day you feel like starting for Glen Ellen. It'll have to be soon, for it's real expensive living in Oakland these days. My board at the hotel is only paid to the end of the week, and I can't afford to stay on after that. And beginning with to-morrow I've got to use the street cars, and they sure eat up the nickels."

He paused and walted and looked at her. Inde-

smile he knew so well began to grow on her lips and in her eyes, until she threw back her head and laughed in the old forthright boyish way. "When are those men coming to pack for me?"

she asked. And again she laughed and simulated a vain at-

She ran her hand caressingly through his hair. "Your eyes are all gold right now," he said. "I can look in them and tell just how much you love

"They have been all gold for you, Elam, for a long time. I think, on our little ranch, they will always be all gold." "Your hair has gold in it, too, a sort of flery gold."

He turned her face suddenly and heid it between his hands and looked long into her eyes. "And your eyes were full of gold only the other day, when you said you wouldn't marry me." nodded and laughed.

She nodded and laughed. "You would have your will," she confessed. "But I couldn't be a party to such madness. All that money was yours, not mine. But I was loving you all the time, Elam, for the great big boy you are, breaking the thirty million dollar toy with which you had grown tired of playing. And when I said no I knew all the time it was yes. And I am sure that my eyes were golden all the time. I had one fear, and that was that you would fail to low accorthing. Because dear I you would fail to lose everything. Because, dear, I knew I should marry you anyway, and I did so want just you and the ranch and Bob and Wolf and those horsehair bridles. Shall I tell you a secret? As soon as you left I telephoned the man to whom I sold Mab." She hid her face against his breast for an instant

and then looked at him again, gladly radiant. "You see, Elam, in spite of what my lips said, my mind was made up then. I-I simply had to marry you. But I was praying you would succeed in losing everything. And so I tried to find what had be of Mab. But the man had sold her and did not know

what had become of her. You see, I wanted to ride with you over the Glen Ellen hills on Mab and you on Bob. just as I had ridden with you through the Piedmont hills. The disclosure of Mab's whereabouts trembled on

'I'll promise you a mare that you'll like just as much as Mab." he said.

refused to be comforted.

refused to be comforted. "Now I've got an idea," Daylight said, hastening to get the conversation on less perilous ground. "We're running away from cities, and you have no kith nor kin, so it don't seem exactly right that we should start off by getting married in a city. So here's the idea:—I'll run up to the ranch and get things in shape around the house and give the caretaker his walking papers. You follow me in a couple of days, coming on the morning train. I'll have the preacher fixed and walting. And here's another idea. You bring your riding togs in a suit case. And as soon as the cerewaiting. And here's another idea. You bring your riding togs in a suit case. And as soon as the cere-mony's over, you can go to the hotel and charge. Then out you come, and you find me waiting with a couple of horses, and we'll ride over the landscape so as you can see the prettiest parts of the ranch the first thing. And she's sure pretty, that ranch. And now that it's settled I'll be waiting for you at the morning train day after to-morrow."

Dede blushed as she spoke.

"You are such a hurricane." "Well, ma'am," he drawled, "I sure hate to burn daylight. And you and I have burned a heap of day light. We've been scandalously extravagant. We night have been married years ago."

Two days later Daylight stood waiting outside the little clen Ellen hotel. The ceremony was over and he had left Dede to go inside and change into her rid-ing habit while he brought the horses. He held them now, Bob and Mab, and in the shadow of the watering trough Wolf last and in the shadow of the watering trough Wolf lay and looked on. Already two days of ardent California sun had 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 of the door, cision and trouble showed on her face. Then the riding whip in hand, ciad in the familiar corduroy

skirt and leggings of the old Piedmont days. There was warmth and glow in her own face as she an swered 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. It was almost a prayer, but a prayer that included a thousand meanings. Daylight strove to feign sheep-of his name-reproach, refined away by gratitude, and all compounded of joy and love. She stepped on and caressed the mare and again

And all that was in her voice was in her eyes, and in them Daylight glimpsed a profundity deeper and wider than any speech or thought-the whole vast inarticu-late mystery and wonder of sex and love.

Again he strove for playfulness of speech, but it was too great a moment for even love facetiousness to enter in. Neither spoke. She gathered the reins, and, bending, Daylight received her foot in his hand She sprang, as he lifted, and gained the saddle. The next moment he was mounted and beside her, and, with Wolf sliding along ahead in his typical wolf trot, they went up the hill that led out of town-two lovers on two chestnut sorrel steeds, riding out and away to honeymoon through the warm summer day. Daylight felt himself drunken as with wine. He Daylight feit himself drunken as with while. He was at the topmost pinnacle of life. Higher than this no man could climb nor had ever climbed. It was his day of days his love time and his mating time, and all crowned by this virginal possession of a mate who said, "Oh, Elam!" as she had said it, and looked at him out of her soul as she had looked. They cleared the crest of the hill, and he watched

the joy mount in her face as she gazed on the sweet, fresh land. He pointed out the group of heavily wooded knolls across the rolling stretches of ripe grain

"They're ours," he said. "And they're only sample of the ranch. Wait till you see the big canyon. There are 'coons down there, and back here on the Sonoma there are mink. And deer! Why, that mountain's sure thick with them; and I reckon Why. we can scare up a mountain lion if we want to real hard. And, say, there's a little meadow-well, I ain't going to tell you another word. You wait and hard. see for yourself." They turned in at the gate where the road to the

But Dede shook her head and on that one point clay pit crossed the fields, and both sniffed with de-fused to be comforted. nostrils. As on his first visit, the larks were uttering their rich notes and fluttering up before the horses until the woods and the flower scattered glades were reached, when the larks gave way to bluejays and woodpeckers.

"We're on our land now," he said, as they left the hayfield behind. "It runs right across country over the roughest parts. Just you wait and see."

As on the first day, he turned aside from the clay pit and worked through the woods to the left, passing the first spring and jumping the horses over the ruined remnants of the stake-and-rider fence. From here on Dede was in an unending ecstasy. By the spring that gurgled among the redwoods grew an other great wild lily, bearing on its slender stalk the prodigious outburst of white waxen bells. This time he did not dismount, but led the way to the deep canyon where the stream had cut a passage among the knolls. He had been at work here, and a steep and slippery horse trail now crossed the creek, so they rode up beyond, through the sombre redwood twilight, and further on through a tangled wood of oak and madrono. They came to a small clearing of sev-eral acres, where the grain stood waist high.

"Ours," Daylight said. She bent in her saddle, plucked a stalk of the ripe grain and nibbled it between her teeth. "Sweet mountain hay!" she cried. "The kind tha Mab likes.

And throughout the ride she continued to utter crie and ejaculations of surprise and delight.

"And you never told me all this," she reproached him, as they looked across the little clearing and over the descending slopes of woods to the great curving sweep of Sonoma Valley. "Come," he said; and they turned and went back



Then he put his arm around her, the door swung open, and they passed in.

through the forest shade, crossed the stream and came to the dily by the spring. Here, also, where the way led up the tangle of the steep hill, he had cut a rough horse trail. As they forced their way up the zigzags they caught glimpses eut and down through the sea of foliage. Yet always (To Be Continued.)

heard the footsteps of Daylight returning and angrily)-What! Thirty aat new hat? You told me ought from \$4 up. ifey-Yes, dear, this is

> any better dusting o n the old-fashioned rechief.