The transfer of the Bullet

right, 1910, by the New York Person Co. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

O'B URNING DAYLIGHT" - Elam Harnish-is introduced he enters a Circle City dance hall, and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is. All the others in the place are "pikers" alongside this vast figure of a man, who dares everything to win his own way.

Possessed of a tidy fortune and sure of makng a vast one, Burning Daylight proceeds to up the life of the gambling house. The and women all admire him, for he is of the type that dominates, and he, conscious that in everything, physical and mental, he is the superior of the assemblage, undertakes to arouse

Besentially a man's man, Burning Daylight nts, or rather fears, the wiles of the women who frequent the dance hall. He is sought by all of them, persistently by one. But he is afraid to be even civil to a weman, because he dreads the idea of being mastered by anybody er anything, and to surrender to a woman meant, in his mind, that he was conquered. Drink leads to boasting, and in the turmoil

that follows Burning Daylight shows his amazing muscular strength. He wins all the tests and downs all the giants that come before him. Then comes a poker game—the greatest ever layed in the Klondike. Burning Daylight's uck deserts him at the end, and he rises from the table penniless worse than broke.

Then the indomitable courage of this master ing men shows itself. He declares himself diness to accomplish an impossible taskto run the mail to Dyea and back with a dog

"I swore in '83 I'd never go out till I'd made my stake," he exclaims, "and I swear once more, by the mill tails of hell and the head of John the Beptist, I'll never hit for the outside till I make my pile, and I tell you-all, here and now, it's got to be an almighty big pile."

And so Burning Daylight goes forth, over the frozen, trackless wastes, while behind him bets are made and taken on the chances of his returning inside of sixty days. For they all know he will return. He is Burning Daylight, the man who never turns back.

As the indomitable man goes on his way the difficulties that come to him seem too vast to be overcome, and one by one his hardy Indian com-panions and his dogs succumb to the terrific hardships of the Alaskan winter. But Burning Daylight compels the weakening men and dogs to keep on the trail, and Dyea is reached. The return trip is even more terrible, but Burning Daylight wins, and the old crowd is in the Tivoli to greet him after his sixty days of mag-That night there is a dance, and the mar-

veilous man outdances the men—and the women, too. In the morning the men he has chosen for his partners start on the trail again for the newest gold strike.

Dominating them in all things, Burning Daylight puts heart in the est gold strike.

ominating them in all things, Burning Dayt puts heart in the weak, leads the way into
illimitable future—and fortune.

ESPITE his many sources of revenue, Day-

in their enterprises.

sive or offensive. Thus, though he had paid the high- you? Oh, why did you?" est wages, he joined the Mine Owners' Association, entimers who worked for him, in order to be saved from dered. the club of the organized owners, were made foremen not forget the old days, while with his head he played practical methods.

But outside of such group combinations of exploiters he refused to bind himself to any man's game. He was playing a great lone hand and he needed all had loved the man. his money for his own backing. The newly founded stock exchange interested him keenly. He had never It was more terrible than frost or famine. Women before seen such an institution, but he was quick to were all very well, in themselves good to look upon see its virtues and to utilize it. Most of all, it was and likable, but along came this thing called love, and gambling, and on many an occasion not necessary for they were seared to the bone by it, made so irrational the advancement of his own schemes he, as he called it, sent the stock exchange a-flutter out of sheer wantonness and fun.

"It sure beats faro," was his comment one day when, after keeping the Dawson speculators in a fever for a week by alternate bulling and bearing, made to hate the man that saved her life. he shewed his hand and cleaned up what would have been a fortune to any other man.

Other men, having made their strike, had headed south for the States, taking a furlough from the grim Arctic battle. But when asked when he was going Outside. Daylight always laughed and said when he had finished playing his hand. He also added that a man was a fool to quit a game just when a winning hand had been dealt him.

It was held by the thousands of hero worshipping chechaquos that Daylight was a man absolutely without fear. But Bettles and Dan MacDonald and other sourdoughs shook their heads and laughed as they mentioned women. And they were right. He had always been afraid of them from the time, himself a lad of seventeen, when Queen Anne, of Juneau, made open and ridiculous love to him. For that matter, ha never had known women. Born in a mining camp where they were rare and mysterious, having no sisters, his mother dying while he was an infant, he had never been in contact with them. True, running away from Queen Anne, he had later encountered them on the Yukon and cultivated an acquaintance with them-the pioneer ones who crossed the passes on the trail of the men who had opened up the first diggings. But no lamb had ever walked with a wolf in greater fear and trembling than had he walked with them. It was a matter of masculine pride that



It had struck him at the time as a funny and embarrassing thing, her bending over his hand and kissing it.

he should walk with them, and he had done so in fair seeming; but women had remained to him a closed book, and he preferred a game of solo or seven-up any And now, known as the King of the Klondike, car-

rying several other royal titles, such as Eldorado King, Bonansa King, the Lumber Baron and the Prince of the Stampeders, not to omit the proudest appellation of all, namely, the Father of the Sourdoughs, he was more afraid of women than ever. As never before they held out their arms to him, and more women were flocking into the country day by day. It mattered not whether he sat at dinner in the Gold Commissioner's house, called for the drinks in a dance hall or submitted to an interview from the woman representative of the New York Blade, one and all of them held out their arms.

There was one exception, and that was Freda, the girl that danced and to whom he had given the flour. She was the only woman in whose company he felt at ease, for she alone never reached out her arms. And yet it was from her that he was destined to receive next to his severest fright. It came about in the fall of 1897. He was returning from one of his dashes, this time to inspect Henderson, a creek that entered the Yukon just below the Stewart. Winter had come on with a rush, and he fought his way down the light's pyramiding kept him pinched for cash Yukon seventy miles in a frail Peterborough canoe in throughout the first winter. The pay gravel, the midst of a run of mush ice. Hugging the rim ice thawed on bedrock and hoisted to the surface, that had already solidly formed, he shot across the immediately froze again. Thus his dumps, ice spewing mouth of the Klondike just in time to see containing several millions of gold, a lone man dancing excitedly on the rim and pointing were inaccessible. Not until the returning sun thawed into the water. Next he saw the fur-clad body of a ted the water to wash them was he woman, face under, sinking in the midst of the driving able to handle the gold they contained. And then he mush ice. A lane opening in the swirl of the current, found himself with a surplus of gold deposited in the it was a matter of seconds to drive the cance to the two newly organized banks, and he was promptly be- spot, reach to the shoulder in the water and draw the sieged by men and groups of men to enlist his capital woman gingerly to the canoe's side. It was Freda. And all might yet have been well with him had she But he elected to play his own game and he entered not later, when brought back to consciousness, blazed combinations only when they were generally defen- at him with angry blue eyes and demanded, "Why did

This worried him. In the nights that followed, ingineered the fight and effectually curbed the growing stead of sinking immediately to sleep, as was his wont, insubordination of the wage earners. Times had he lay awake visioning her face and that blue blaze of changed. The old days were gone forever. This was wrath and conning her words over and over. They a new era, and Daylight, the wealthy mine owner, was rang with sincerity. The reproach was genuine. She loyal to his class affiliations. It was true the old had meant just what she said. And still he pon-

I'he next time he encountered her she turned ever the gang of chechaques, but this with Daylight away from him angrily and contemptuously. And yet was a matter of heart, not head. In his heart he could again she came to him to beg his pardon, and she dropped a hint of a man somewhere, some time-she the economic game according to the latest and most said not how-who had left her with no desire to live. Her speech was frank but incoherent, and all he gleaned from it was that the event, whatever it was, had happened years before. Also, he gleaned that she

That was the thing-love. It caused the trouble. that one could never guess what they would do next. This Freda woman was a splendid creature, full bodied, beautiful and nobody's fool; but love had come along and soured her on the world, driving her to the Klondike and to suicide so compellingly that she was

Well, he had escaped love so far, just as he had smallpox and a whole lot worse in running its course. It made men and women do such fearful and unreasonable things. It was like delirium tremens, only worse. And if he, Daylight, caught it he might have it as badly as any of them. It was lunacy, stark lunacy, and contagious on top of it all. A half dozen young fellows were crazy over Freda. They all wanted to marry her. Yet she, in turn, was crazy over that some other fellow on the other side of the

world and would have nothing to do with them. But it was left to the Virgin to give him his final fright. She was found one morning dead in her cabin. A shot through the head had done it, and she had left no message, no explanation. Then came the talk. Some wit, voicing public opinion, called it a case of too much Daylight. She had killed herself because of him. Everybody knew this and said so. The correspondents wrote it up, and once more Burning Daylight, King of the Klondike, was sensationally clety to flee with him in an open boat down the Yukon. featured in the Sunday supplement of the United States. The Virgin had straightened up, so the feature stories ran, and correctly so. Never had she entered a Dawson City dance hall. When she first arrived from Circle City she had earned her living by washing clothes. Next she had bought a sewing ma-chine and made men's drill parkas, fur caps and moosehide mittens. Then she had gone as a clerk

known and told, though one and all were agreed scoundrels and murderers out of men who had always that Daylight, while the cause, had been the innocent been clean and square. cause of her untimely end.

true. Always would he remember that last night he time, but looking back he was haunted by every little thing that had happened. In the light of the tragic event he could understand everything-her quietness, had been smoothed out and were gone, and that certain ethereal sweetness about all that she had said and done that had been almost maternal. He remembered the way she had looked at him, how she had laughed when he narrated Mickey Dolan's mistake in had lacked its old time robustness. Not that she had been grave or subdued. On the contrary, she had been so patently content, so filled with peace. She had fooled him, fool that he was. He had even thought that night that her feeling for him had passed, visions of the satisfying future friendship that would no dance hall attached. be theirs with this perturbing love out of the way.

And then, when he stood at the door, cap in hand, and said good night. It had struck him at the time as a funny and embarrassing thing, her bending over his hand and kissing it. He had felt like a fool, but he shivered now when he looked back on it and felt again the touch of her lips on his hand. She was saying goodby, an eternal goodby, and he had never guessed At that very moment and for all the moments of the evening, coolly and deliberately, as he well knew her way, she had been resolved to die. If he had only known it! Untouched by the contagious malady him-

And the worst of it was that Daylight knew it was He was badly and avowedly frightened. Women were terrible creatures, and the love germ was eshad seen her. He had thought nothing of it at the pecially plentiful in their neighborhood. And they were so reckless, so devoid of fear. They were not frightened by what had happened to the Virgin. They held out their arms to him more seductively than her calm certitude as if all vexing questions of living ever. Even without his fortune, reckoned as a mere man just past thirty, magnificently strong and equally good looking and good natured, he was a prize for most normal women. But when to his natural excellences were added the romance that linked with his name and the enormous wealth that was his practically staking the fraction on Skookum Gulch. Her laugh- every free woman he encountered measured him with ter had been lightly joyous, while at the same time it an appraising and delighted eye, to say nothing of more than one woman that was not free. Other men might have been spoiled by this and led to lose their heads, but the only effect on him was to increase his fright. As a result he refused most invitations to houses where women might be met, and frequented and he had taken delight in the thought and caught bachelor boards and the Moosehorn saloen, which had

CHAPTER XIII.

IX thousand passed the winter of 1897 in Dawson, work on the creeks went on apace, while beyond the passes it was reported that one hundred thousand more were waiting for the spring. Late one brief afternoon Daylight, on the benches between French Hill and Skookum Hill, caught a wider vision of things. Beneath him lay the richest part of Bidorado Creek, while up and down Bonanza he could see for miles. It was a scene

but of virtuous women and out, and the sum of the gold taken out would no more than equal what was left behind.

Organization was what was needed, he stacided, and For the first time in his life Daylight lost his nerve. his quick imagination sketched Eldorado Creek fr mouth to source and from mountain top to top in the hands of one capable management steam thawing, as yet untried but bound to saw would be a makeshift. What should was to hydraulic the valley sides and ben then on the creek bottom to use gold dredges suc he had heard described as operating in Californ

There was the very chance for another big kill He had wondered just what was precisely the r for Hammersmith and the big English concerns ing in their high salaried experts. That wa scheme. That was why they had approache for the sale of worked out claims and tailings. were content to let the small mine owners go out what they could, for there would be mi And gazing down on the smoky Inferno

effort Daylight outlined the new game he a game in which Hammersmith and the have to reckon with him. But along with new conception came a weariness. tired of the long Arctic years, and he wa about the Outside—the great world of which -the great world of which heard other men talk and of which he was rant as a child. There were games out the It was a larger table and there was no re he, with his millions, should not sit in and So it was that afternoon on Sk that he resolved to play this last best K! and pull for the Outside.

It took time, however. He put trusted work on the heels of great experts, and on where they began to buy he likewise bough ever they tried to corner a worked out c found him standing in the way, owning claims or artfully scattered claims that pr plans to naught.

I play you-all wide open to win-am I once in a heated conference. Followed wars, truces, compromises, v defeats. By 1898 sixty thousand men v Klondike and all their fortunes and affairs and forth and were affected by the battles fought. And more and more the taste for t ame urged in Daylight's mouth. Here he w locked in grapples with the great Hammers winning, fiercely winning. Possibly the seve gle was waged on Ophir, the veriest of Mo whose low grade dirt was valuable only its vastness. The ownership of a bloc claims in the heart of it gave Daylight they could not come to terms. The Has experts concluded that it was too big handle, and when they gave him an that effect he accepted and bought then

e plan was his own, but he sent States for competent engineers to carry the Rinkabilly watershed, eighty mi built his reservoir, and for eighty mile wooden conduit carried the water across Ophir. Estimated at three millions, the conduit cost nearer four. Nor did he sto Electric power plants were installed, and ings were lighted as well as run by el sourdoughs who had struck it rich in excited dreams shook their heads gloomily, w that he would go broke, and declined that he would go broke, and declined to extravagant a venture. But Daylight sold out the remainder of his town of the sold at the right time, at the height o boom. When he prophesied to his old the Moosehorn saloon that within five lots in Dawson could not be given aware the property of the sold at the channel up for firm. cabins would be chopped up for firevallaughed at roundly and assured that the would be found ere that time. when his need for lumber was finished s sawmills as well. Likewise he began his scattered holdings on the various without thanks to any one he finished built his dredges, imported his machin the gold of Ophir immediately accessit five years before had crossed over from Indian River and threaded the ness, his dogs packing Indian fashion, Indian fashion on straight moose mes the hoarse whistles calling his hundreds to work, and watched them toil under the while of the arc lamps.

But having done the thing he was ready to d And when he let the word go out the Hammers vied with the English concerns and with French company in bidding for Ophir and plant. The Hammersmiths bid highest, a price they paid netted Daylight a clean mil was current rumor that he was worth a from twenty to thirty millions. But just how he stood, and that, with his last cl and the table swept clean of his winning ridden his hunch to the tune of just a trifle over eleven millions.

His departure was a thing that passed into the history of the Yukon along with his other All the Yukon was his guest, Dawson the sea festivity. On that one last night no man's do his own was good. Drinks were not to be pu Every saloon ran open, with extra relays of ed bartenders, and the drinks man who refused this hospitality and pe paying found a dozen fights on his hands. est chechaquos rose up to defend the name light from such insult. And through it casined feet moved Daylight, hell-roaring Daylight, overspilling with good nature a raderle, howling his he-wolf howl and clainight as his, bending men's arms down on performing feats of strength, his bronzed f with drink, his black eyes flashing, clad and blanket coat, his earflaps dangling and leted mittens swinging from the cord a shoulders. But this time it was neither an a stake that he threw away, but a mere may the game that he who held so many marker

As a night it eclipsed anything that Daws ever seen. It was Daylight's desire to make orable, and his attempt was a success. A go tion of Dawson got drunk that night. The far er was on, and though the freeze-up of the still delayed the thermometer was down five below zero and falling. Wherefore it essary to organize gangs of life savers, who the streets to pick up drunken men from w fell in the snow and where an hour's sleep fatal. Daylight, whose whim it was to drunk by hundreds and by thousands, was who initiated this life saving. He wanted to have its night, but, in his deeper processe careless nor wanton, he saw to it that it was without accident. And, like his olden nig ukase went forth that there should be or fighting, offenders to be dealt with sonally. Nor did he have to deal with dreds of devoted followers saw to i disposed were rolled in the snew and bed. In the great world, when great dustry die, all wheels under their erstwhil ment are stopped for a minute. But in the such was its hilarious sorrow at the depa captain that for twenty-four hours no volved. Even great Ophir, with its thouse the payroll, closed down. On this day after there were no men present or fit to go to

Next morning at break of day Dawson The thousand that lined the bank wore their earflaps were pulled down and tied. I below zero, the rim-ice was thickening, at carried a run of mush-ice. From the Seattle Daylight waved and called his f the lines were cast off and the steame the current those near him saw well up in Daylight's eyes. In a way it departure from his native land, this gri gion, which was practically the only known. He tore off his cap and waved "Goodby, you-all?" he called. "Good

"Goodby (To Be Continued.)



He tore off his cap and waved it. "Goodby, you-all!" he called. "Goodby, you-all!"

had had the slightest inkling of what she contemescaped smallpox; yet there it was, as contagious as plated. And yet he knew, furthermore, that hers was a certain stiffkneed pride that would not have permitted her to accept marriage as an act of philanthropy. There had really been no saving her after all. The love disease had fastened upon her and she had

been doomed from the first to perish of it. Her one possible chance had been that he, too, should have caught it. And he had failed to catch it. Most likely if he had it would have been in connection with Freda or some other woman. There was Dartworthy, the college man who had staked the rich fraction on Bonanza, above Discovery. Everybody knew that old Doolittle's daughter Bertha was madly in love with him. Yet when he contracted the disease of all women it had been with the wife of Colonel Walthstone, the great Hammersmith mining expert. Result, three lunacy cases Dartworthy selling out his mine for one-tenth its value, the poor woman sacrificing her respectability and sheltered nook in soand Colonel Walthstone, breathing murder and destruction, taking out after them in another open boat. The whole impending tragedy had moved on down the muddy Yukon, passing Forty Mile and Circle and losing itself in the wilderness beyond. But there it was, love disorganizing men's and women's lives, driving toward destruction and death, turning topsyturvy everything that was sensible and considerate.

self, nevertheless he would have married her if he of a vast devastation. The hills to their tops had been shorn of trees and their naked sides showed signs of goring and perforating that even the mantle of snow could not hide. Beneath him in every direction were the cabins of men. But not many men were visible. A blanket of smoke filled the valleys and turned the gray day to melancholy twilight. Smoke arose from a thousand holes in the snow, where deep down on bedrock in the frozen muck and gravel men crept and scratched and dug, and ever built more fires to break the grip of the frost. Here and there where new shafts were starting these fires flamed redly. Figures of men crawled out of the holes or disappeared into them, or on raised platforms of hand hewn timber windlassed the thawed gravel to the curface, where it immediately froze. The wreckage of the spring washing appeared everywhere-piles of sluice boxes, sections of elevated flumes, huge water wheels, all the debris of an army of gold mad men.

"It-all's plain gophering," Daylight muttered aloud. He looked at the naked hills and realized the enormous wastage of wood that had taken place. From this bird's-eye view he realized the monstrous confusion of their excited workings. It. was a gigantic inadequary. Each worked for himself, and the result was chaos. In this richest of diggings it cost one dollar to mine two dollars, and for every dollar taken out by their feverish, unthinking methods another dollar was left hopelesslyrin the earth. Given an other year and most of the claims would be worked

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