BURNING DAYLIGHT BY CACK LONDON

JACK LONDON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

to beat him, and in the end comes victory—and thens. He is at length a great mine owner and an active big pile is his.

ylight leaves the Yukon behind for new fields of newer. His departure is an event of great imported, and as the vessel swings clear this all conquerman weeps—a little.

Sam Francisco Daylight sweeps all before him. By comes so easily that he feels the call of Wall

He goes to New York and is "done" to the rune of the most of his automatic pistol and a display of his old time courage. Wall street, he finds, is not for him. So he returns to the Golden Gate, where he becomes a financial Robin Hood. His fortune increases magically and he fives a mark, cruel life.

All of a sudden Dede Mason enters his ken.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HE time passed, and Daylight played on at the game. But the game had entered upon a new phase. The lust for power in the mere gambling and winning was metamorphosing into the lust for power in order to There were many men in San Francisco against whom he had registered black marks, and now and again, with one of his lightning strokes, he erased such a mark. He asked no quarter; he gave no quarter. Men feared and hated him, and no one loved him, except Larry Hegan, his lawyer, who would have laid down his life for him. But he was the only man with whom Daylight was really intimate, though he was on terms of friendliest cameraderie with the rough and unprincipled following of the bosses who ruled the Riverside Club.

Daylight had undergone a change. While he, with his slashing buccaneer methods, was a distinct menace to the more orthodox financial gambiers, he was nevertheless so grave a menace that they were glad enough to leave him alone. He had already taught them the excellence of letting a sleeping dog lie. Many of the men who knew that they were in danger of his big bear paw when it reached out for the honey vats even made efforts to placate him, to get on the friendly side of him. The Alta-Pacific approached him confidentially with an offer of reinstatement, which he promptly declined. He was after a number of men in that club, and whenever opportunity offered he reached out for them and mangled them. Even the newspapers, with one or two blackmailing ng him and became respectful In short, he was looked upon as a bald faced grizzly from the Arctic wilds to whom it was considered expedient to give the trail. At the time he raided the steamship companies they yapped at him and worried him, the whole pack of them, only to have him whiri around and whip them in the flercest pitched battle San Francisco had ever known. Not easily forgotten was the Pacific slope scamen's strike and the giving over of the municipal government to the labor bosses and grafters. The destruction of Charles Klinkner and the California and Altamont Trust Company had been a warning. But it was an isolated case; they had been confident in strength in numbers until he taught them better. Daylight still engaged in daring speculations, as,

for instance, at the impending outbreak of the Japanese-Russian War, when, in the face of the experience and power of the shipping gamblers, he reached out and clutched practically a monopoly of available steamer charters. There was scarcely a battered tramp on the Seven Seas that was not his on time charter. As usual his position was, "You've got to come and see me," which they did. and, to use another of his phrases, they "paid through the nose" for the privilege. And all his venturing and fighting had now but one motive Some day, as he confided to Hegan, when he'd made a sufficient stake, he was going back to New York and knock the spots out of Messrs. Dowsett, Letton and Hammersmith. He'd show them what an all around general buzz saw he was and what a mistake they'd made ever to monkey with him. But he never lost his head, and he knew that he was not yet strong enough to go into death grapples with those three early enemies. In the meantime the black marks against them remained for a future erasement day.

Dede Mason was still in the office. He had made no more overtures, discussed no more books and no more grammar. He had no active interest in her, and she was to him a pleasant memory of what had never happened, a joy which, by his essential nature, he was barred from ever knowing. Yet, while his interest had gone to sleep and his energy was consumed in the endless battles he waged, he knew every trick of the light on her hair, every quick definite mannerism of movement, every line of her tigure as expounded by her tailer made gowns. Several times, six months or so apart, he had increased her salary, until now she was receiving ninety dollars a month. Beyond this he dared not go, though he had got around it by making the work easier. This he had accomplished after her return from a vacation by retaining her substitute as an assistant. Also, he had changed his office suite, so that now the

two girls had a room by themselves.

His eye had become quite critical wherever Dede Mason was concerned. He had long since noted her Mason was concerned. He had long since noted her pride of carriage. It was unobtrusive, yet it was there. He decided from the way she carried it that she deemed her body a thing to be proud of, to be cared for as a beautiful and valued possession. In this, and in the way she carried her clothes, he compared her with her assistant, with the stenographers he encoun-



"She put the horse into a gallop, riding away with her back toward them."

tered in other offices. with the women he saw on the sidewalks. "She's sure well put up," he communed with himself, "and she sure knows how to dress and carry it off without being stuck on herself and without laying it on thick."

The more he saw of her and the more he thought he knew of her the more unapproachable did she seem to him. But since he had no intention of approaching her, this was anything but an unsatisfactory fact. He was glad he had her in his office, and hoped she'd stay, and that was about all.

Daylight did not improve with the passing years. The life was not good for him. He was growing stout and soft, and there was an unwonted flabbiness in his muscles. The more he drank cocktails the more he was compelled to drink in order to get the desired result, the inhibitions that eased him down from the concert pitch of his operations. And with this went wine, too, at meals, and the long drinks after dinner of Scotch and sods at the Riverside. Then, too, his body suffered from lack of exercise, and from lack of decent human associations his moral fibres were weakening. Newer a man to hide anything service. decent human associations his moral fibres were weakening. Never a man to hide anything, some of his escapades became public, such as speeding and of joy rides in his big red motor car down to San José with companions distinctly sporty—incidents that were narrated as good fun and comically in the newspapers.

Nor was there anything to save him. Religion ha Nor was there anything to save him. Religion had passed him by. "A long time dead" was his epitome of that phase of speculation. He was not interested in humanity. According to his rough hewn sociology, it was all a gamble. God was a whimsical, abstract mad thing called Luck. As to how one happened to be born—whether a sucker or a robber—was a gamble to begin with. Luck dealt out the cards and the little babies picked up the hands allotted them. Protest was vain. Those were their cards and the little babies picked up the hands allotted them. Protest was vain. Those were their cards and they had to play them, willy-nilly, hunchbacked or straight backed, crippled or clean limbed, addle pated or clear headed. There was no fairness in it. The cards most picked up put them into the sucker class; the cards of a few enabled them to become robbers. The playing of the cards was life; the crowd of players, society. The table was the earth, and the earth, in lumps and chunks, from loaves of hread to big red motor cars, was the stake. And in the end, lucky and unlucky, they were all a long time dead.

It was hard on the stupid lowly, for they were coppered to lose from the start, but the more he saw of the others, the apparent winners, the less it seemed to him that they had anything to brag about. They, too, were a long time dead, and their living did not amount to real them. It was a wild animal fight; the strong trampled the weak, and the strong, he had discovered, men like Dowsett and Letton and Hammersmith, were not necessarily the best. He remembered his miner comrades of the best. He remembered his miner comrades of the Arctic. They were the stupid lowly; they did the hard work and were robbed of the fruit of their toil just as was the old woman making wine in the Sonoma hills, and yet they had finer qualities of truth and loyalty and square dealing than did the men who robbed them. The winners seemed to be the crooked ones, the unfaithful ones, the wicked ones. And even they liad no say in the matter. They played the cards that were given them, and Luck, the monstrous, mad god-thing, the owner of the whole shebang, looked on and grinned. It was he who stacked the universal card deck of existence. There was no justice in the deal. The little men

who stacked the universal card deck of existence. There was no justice in the deal. The little men that came, the little pulpy babies, were not even asked if they wanted to try a flutter at the game. They had no choice. Luck jerked them into lite, siammed them up against the jostilag table and told them:—"Now, play, damn you, play!" And they did their best, poor little devils! The play of some led to steam yachts and mansions, of others to the asylum or the paupers' ward. Some played the same card over and over and made wine all their days in the chaparral, hoping at the end to pull down a set of false teeth and a coffin. Others quit the game early having drawn carde the Others quit the game early, having drawn cards that called for violent death or famine in the Barrens or loathsome and lingering disease. The hands of some called for kingship and irresponsible and unmerited power; other hands called for ambition, for wealth wer; other hands called for amountal, for women untold sums, for disgrace and shame or for women

As for himself, he had drawn a lucky hand, though he could not see all the cards. Somebody or something might get him yet. The mad god Luck might be tricking him along to some such end. An unfortunate set of circumstances and in a month's time the robber gang might be war dancing around his financial carcass. This very day a street car might run him down or a sign fall from a building and smash in his skull. Or there was disease, ever rampant, one of Luck's grimmest whims. Who could say? To-morrow or some other day a prameine hug or some other row or some other day a ptomaine bug or some other of a thousand bugs might jump out upon him and drag him down. There was Dr. Bascom, Lee Bascom, who had stood beside him a week ago and talked and laughed, a picture of magnificent youth and strength laughed, a picture of magnificent youth and strength and health. And in three days he was dead—pneumonia, rheumatism of the heart and heaven knew what else—at the end screaming in agony that could be heard a block away. That had been terrible, it was a fresh, raw stroke in Daylight's consciousness. was a fresh, raw stroke in Daylight's consciousness. And when would lits own turn come? Who could say? In the meantime there was nothing to do but play the cards he could see in his hand, and they were battle, revenge and cocktails. And Luck sat over all

CHAPTER XXIV.

NE Sunday, late in the afternoon, found Daylight across the bay in the Piedmont hills back of Oakland. As usual, he was in a big motor car, though not his own, the guest of Swiftwater Bill, Luck's own darling, who had come down to spend the clean up of the seventh wrang from the frozen Arctic gravel. A nofortune wrang from the frozen Arctic gravel. A notorious spender, his latest pile was already on the fair road to follow the previous six. He it was in the first year of Dawson who had cracked an ocean of champague at \$50 a quart; who, with the bottom of his gold sack in sight, had cornered the egg market at \$24 per dozen to the tune of 110 dozen in order to pique the lady-love who had filted him; and he it was, paying #ko a prince for speed, who had chartered

The dealer was right. Daylight examined the mane and found it finer than any horse's hair le had ever seen. Also its color was unusual, in that it was almost auburn. While he ran his fingers through it shoulder.

"Saddle him up and I'll try him," he told the dealer. "I wonder if he's used to spurs. No Engpaying #ko a prince for speed, who had chartered

It was a merry party, and they had made a merry day of it, circling the bay from San Francisco around by San José and up to Oakland, having been thrice arrested for speeding, the third time, however, on the Haywards stretch, running away with their captor. Fearing that a telephone message to arrest them had been flashed ahead they had turned into the back road through the hills, and now, rushing in upon Oakland by a new route, were boisterously discussing and by a new route, were boisterously discussin what disposition they should make of the constable.

"We'll come out at Blair Park in ten minutes," one of the men announced. "Look here, Swiftwater, there's a cross road right ahead, with lots of gates, but it'll take us back country clear into Berkeley. Then we can come back into Oakland from the other side, sneak across on the ferry and send the machine back around to-night with the chauffeur."

But Swiftwater Bill, falled to see why he should not go to Oakland by way of Blair Park, and so decided. The next moment, flying around a bend, the back road they were not going to take appeared. Inside the gate, leaning out from her saddle and just closure it. the gate, leaning out from her saddle and just closing it, was a young woman on a chestnut sorrel. With his first glimpse Daylight felt there was something strangely familiar about her. The next moment, straightening up in the saddle with a movement he could not fail to identify, she put the horse into a gallop, riding away with her back toward them. It was Dede Mason—he, remembered what Morrison had told him about her keeping a riding horse, and he was glad she had not seen him in this riotous company. Swiftwater, Bill stood up, clinging with one hand to the back of the front seat and waving the other to attract her attention. His lips were the other to attract her attention. His lips were pursed for the piercing whistle for which he was famous and which Daylight knew of old, when Daylight, with a hook of his leg and a yank on the shoulder, slammed the startled Bill down into his

"You m-m-must know the lady," Swiftwater Bill

spluttered.

"I sure do," Daylight answered. "So shut up."

"Well, I congratulate your good taste, Daylight.
She's a peach, and she rides like one, too."

Intervening trees at that moment shut her from view, and Swiftwater Bill-plunged into the problem of disposing of their constable, while Daylight, leaning back with closed eyes, was still seeing Dede Mason gallop off down the country road. Swiftwater Bill was right. She certainly could ride. And sit. Bill was right. She certainly could ride: And, sitting astride, her seat was perfect. Good for Dede. That was an added point, her having the courage to ride in the only natural and logical manner. head was screwed on right, that was one thing sure.

On Monday morning, coming in for dictation, he looked at her with new interest, though he gave no sign of it, and the stereotyped business passed off in the stereotyped way. But the following Sunday found him on a horse himself, across the bay and riding through the Piedmont hills. He made a long day of it, but no glimpse did he retter of Dedy Masse. of it, but no glimpse did he catch of Dede Mason, though he even took the back road of many gates and rode into Berkeley. Here, along the lanes or multitudinous houses, up one street and down another, he wondered which of them might be occupied by her. Morrison had said long ago that she lived in Berkeley, and she had been headed that way in the late afternoon of the previous Sunday-evidently returning

concerned, and yet not entirely fruitless, for he had enjoyed the open air and the horse under him to such purpose that on Monday his instructions were out to the dealers to look for the best chestnut sorrel that money could buy. At odd times during the week he examined numbers of chestnut sorrels, tried teveral and was unsatisfied. It was not till Satur-day that he came upon Bob. Daylight knew him want he wanted the moment he laid eyes on him. A large horse for a riding animal, he was none too large for a blg man like Daylight. In splendid condition, Bob's coat in the sunlight was a finme of tire, his arched neck a jewelled confingration.

a sure winner," was Daylight's comment but the dealer was not so sanguine. He was selling the horse on commission, and its owner had insisted on Bob's true character being given. The dealer

"Not what you'd call a real vicious horse, but a dangerous one. Full of vinegar and all around cussedness, but without malice. Just as soon kill you as ness, but without matice. Just as soon kill you as not, but in a playful sort of way, you understand, without meaning to at all. Personally, I wouldn't think of riding him. But he's a stayer. Look at them lungs. And look at them legs. Not a blemish. He's never been hurt or worked. Nobody ever succeeded in taking it out of him. Mountain horse, too, trail that being raised in rough counter. broke and all that, being raised in rough country Sure footed as a goat, so long us he don't get it into life head to cut up. Don't shy. Ain't really afraid, but makes believe. Don't buck, but rears. Got to but makes believe. ride him with a martingale. Has a bad trick of whirling around without cause. It's his idea of a joke on his rider. It's all just how he feels. One day he'll ride along peaceable and pleasant for twenty miles. Next day, before you get started, he's well nigh unmanageable. Knows automobiles so's he can lay down alongside of one and sleep or eat hay out of it. He'll let nineteen go by without batting an eye, and maybe the twentieth, just because he's feeling frisky, he'll cut, up were like. maybe the twentieth, just because he's feeling frisky, he'll cut up over like a range cayuse. Generally speaking, too lively for a gentleman and too unexpected. Present owner nicknamed him Judas Iscariot, and refuses to sell without the buyer knowing all about him first. There, that's about all I know, except look at that mane and tail. Ever see anything like it? Hair as the as a baby's."

cept look at that mane and tail. Ever see anything like it? Hair as fine as a baby's."

The dealer was right. Daylight examined the mane and found it finer than any horse's hair he had ever seen. Also its color was unusual, in that it was almost auburn. While he ran his fingers through it Bob turned his head and playfully nuzzled Daylight's shoulder.

special trains and broke all records between San Francisco and New York. And here he was once more, the "luck-pup of hell," as Daylight called him, throwing his latest fortune away with the same old-Daylight superintended the preparations, adjusting the curb strap and the stirrup length and doing the cinching. He shook his head at the martingale, but yielded to the dealer's advice and allowed it to go on. And Bob, beyond spirited restlessness and a few playful attempts, gave no trouble. Nor in the hour's And Bob, beyond spirited restlessness and a few playful attempts, gave no trouble. Nor in the hour's ride that followed, save for some permissible curveting and prancing, did he misbehave. Daylight was delighted; the purchase was immediately made, and Bob, with riding gear and personal equipment, was despatched across the bay forthwith to take up his quarters in the stables of the Oakland Riding Academy.

The next day being Sunday Daylight was away early, crossing on the ferry and taking with him Wolf, the leader of his sied team, the one dog which he had selected to bring with him when he left Alaska. Quest as he would through the Piedmont hills and along the many gated back road to Berkeley, Daylight saw nothing of Dede Mason and her chest-nut sorrel. But he had little time for disappoint-ment, for his own chestnut sorrel kept him busy. Bob proved a handful of impishness and contrariety and he tried out his rider as much as his rider tried him out. All of Daylight's horse knowledge and horse sense was called into play, while Bob in turn worked every trick in his lexicon. Discovering that his martingal and more slack in it than usual he proceeded to give an exhibition of rearing and hind leg walking. After ten hopeless minutes of it Dayproceeded to give an exhibition of rearing and hind leg walking. After ten hopeless minutes of it Daylight slipped off and tightened the martingale, whereupon Bob gave an exhibition of angelic goodness. He fooled Daylight completely. At the end of half an hour of goodness, Daylight, lured into confidence, was riding along at a walk and rolling a cigarette, with slack knees and relaxed seat, the reins lying on the animal's neck. Bob whirled abruptly and with lightning swiftness, pivoting on his hind legs, his fore legs just lifted clear off the ground. Daylight found himself with his right foot out of the stirrup and his arms around the animal's neck. And Bob took advantage of the situation to bolt down the road. With a hope that he should not encounter Dede Mason at that moment, Daylight regained his Dede Mason at that moment, Daylight regained his seat and checked in the horse.

Arrived back at the same spot, Bob whirled again. This time Daylight kept his seat, but, beyond a futile rein across the neck, did nothing to prevent the evolution. He noted that Bob whirled to the right, and resolved to keep him straightened out by a spur on the left. But so abrupt and swift was the whirl that warning and accomplishment were practically simul-

"Well, Bob," he addressed the raimal, at the same time wiping the sweat from his own eyes, "I'm free to confess that you're sure the blamedest all-fired quickest animal I ever saw. I guess the way to fix you is to keep the spur just a-touching—ah, you burte!"

For, the moment the spur touched him, his left hind leg had reached forward in a kick that struck the stirrup a smart blow. Several times, out of curiosity, Daylight attempted the spur, and each time Bob's hoof landed the stirrup. Then Daylight, following the horse's example of the unexpected, suddenly drove both spurs into him and reached him underneath with the quirt.

"You ain't never had a circle lighting before" he must

"You ain't never had a real licking before," he mut-tered, as the animal, thus rudely jerked out of the circle of its own impish mental processes, shot ahead. tered, as the animal, thus rudely jerked out of the circle of its own impish mental processes, shot ahead. Half a dozen times spurs and quirt bit into him, and then Daylight settled down to enjoy the mad, magnificent gallop. No longer punished, at the end of a half mile Bob eased down into a fast canter. Wolf, toiling in the real was catching up, and everything oiling in the rear, was catching up, and everything was going nicely.

"I'll give you a few pointers on this whirling game,
"I'll give you a few pointers on this whirling game,

"I'll give you a few pointers on this whirling game, my boy." Daylight was saying to him, when Bob whirled.

whirled.

He did it on a gallop, breaking the gallop short off by fore legs stiffly planted. Daylight fetched up against his steed's neck with clasped arms, and at a gainst his steed sneck with clasped arms, and at against his steed's neck with clasped arms, and at the same instant, with fore feet clear of the ground. Bob whirled around. Only an excellent rider could have escaped being inhorsed, and as it was Daylight have escaped being theorsed, and as it was Dayight was nastly near to it. By the time he recovered his seat Bob was in full career, boiting the way he had come, and making Wolf side Jump to the bushes.

"All right, darn you," Daylight grunted, driving in spurs and quirt again and again. "Back track you want to go, and back track you sure will go till you're dead sick of it."

When, after a time, Bob attempted to ease down the mad pace spurs and quirt went into him again with undiminished vim and put him to renewed effort. with undiminished vim and put him to renewed effort. And when, at last, Daylight decided that he had had enough, he turned him around abruptly and put him into a gentle canter on the forward track. After a time he reined him in to see if he were breathing painfully. Standing for a minute, Bob turned his head and nuzzled his rider's stirrup in a roguish, impatient way, as much as to intimate that it was time they were going on.

they were going on.

"Well, I'll be plum gosh-darned!" was Daylight's
comment. "No ill will, ne grudge, ne nothing—and
after that lambasting! You're sure a hummer, Bob." Once again Daylight was lulled into fancied securonce again Dayight was funed into funcied security. For an hour Bob was all that could be desired of a spirited animal, when, and as usual without warning, he took to whirling and bolting. Daylight warning, he took to whirling and bolting. Daylight put a stop to this with spurts and quirt, running him several punishing miles in the direction of his bolt. But when he turned him around and started forward Bob proceeded to feign fright at frees, cows, bushes, Wolf, his own shadow—in short, at every ridiculously conceivable object. At such times Wolf lay down in the shade and looked on while Daylight wrestled it out.

So the day passed. Among other things Bob developed a trick of making believe to whiri while not whirling. This was as exasperating as the real thing, for each time Daylight was fooled into tightening his for each time Daylight was fooled into tightening his leg grip and into a general muscular tensing of all his body. And then, after a few make believe attempts, Bob actually did whiri and caught Daylight napping again and landed him in the old position with clasped arms around the neck. And to the end of the day Bob continued to be up to one trick or another, after passing a dozen automobiles on the way into Oakland, suddenly electing to mad with tright at a west ordinary. ing a dozen automobiles on the way into Oakland, suddenly electing to go mad with fright at a most ordinary little runabout. And just before he arrived back at the stable he capped the day with a combined whirling

and rearing that broke the martingale and enabled him

to gain a perpendicular position on his hind legs. At this juncture a rotten stirrup leather parted and Daylight was all but unhorsed.

But lie had taken a liking to the animal and relight was lied taken a liking to the animal and relight pented not of his bargain. He realized that Bob was not vicious nor mean and that his trouble was that he was bursting with high spirits and was endowed with more than the average horse's intelligence. with more than the average horse's intelligence, it was the spirits and intelligence, combined with inordinate roguishness, that made him what he was What was required to control him was a strong hand, with tempered sternness, and yet with the requisite

'It's you or me, Bob," Daylight told him more than once that day.

"My, but ain't he a looker! Ever see anything like

him? Best piece of horsefiesh I ever straddled and I've seen a few in my time."

And to Bob, who had turned his head and was up And to Boo, who had turned his head and was up to his playful nozzling:—
"Goodby, you little bit of all right. See you again next Sunday A. M., and just you bring along your whole basket of tricks, you old son of a gun."

CHAPTER XXV.

IROUGHOUT the week Daylight found himself almost as much interested in Bob as in Dede; and, not being in the thick of any big deals, he was probably more interested in both of them than in the business game. Bob's whiching was of especial moment to him. trick of whirling was of especial moment to him. How to overcome it? That was the thing. Suppose he did meet with Dede out in the hills; and suppose, by some lucky stroke of fate, he should manage to be riding alongside of her; then that whirl of Bob's would be most disconcerting and embarrassing. He vas not particularly anxious for her to see h thrown forward on Bob's neck. On the other hand suddenly to leave her and go dashing down the back

track plying quirt and spurs wouldn't do, either.
What was wanted was a method wherewith to
prevent that lightning whirl. He must stop the animal before it got around. The reins would not do this. Neither would the spurs. Remained the quirt. But how to accomplish it? Absent-minded moments were many that week, when sitting in his office chair, in fancy he was astride the wonderful chestnut sorrel and trying to prevent an anticipated whirl. One such moment, toward the end of the week, occurred in the middle of a conference with Hegan. Hegan, elaborating a new and dazzling legal vision, became aware that Daylight was not listening. His eyes had gone lack-lustre, and he, too, was seeing with inner vision.

"Got it!" he cried suddenly. "Hegan, congratulate

me. It's as simple as rolling off a log. All I've got to do is hit him on the nose, and hit him hard." Then he explained to the startled Hegan, and became a good listener again, though he could not refrain, now and again, from making audible chuckles of satisfaction and delight. That was the scheme. Bob always whirled to the right. Very well. He would double the coult in his head and the instant. would double the quirt in his hand, and the instant of the whirl that doubled quirt would rap Bob on the nose. The horse didn't live, after it had once learned the lesson, that would whirl in the face of

More keenly than ever during that week in the office did Daylight realize that he had no social, nor even human, contacts with Dede. The situation was such that he could not ask her the simple question whether she was going riding next Sunday. It was a hardship of a new sort, this being the employer of a pretty girl. He looked at her often, when the routine work of the day was going on, the question he could not ask her tickling at the founts of s he could not ask her tickling at the founts of speech—was she going riding next Sunday? And as he looked he wondered how old she was, and what love passages she had had, must have had, with those college whippersnappers with whom, according to Morrison, she herded and danced. His mind was very full of her those six days between the Sundays, and one thing he came to know thoroughly well, he wanted her. And so much did he want her that his old timidity of the appen string was not to rout. He old timidity of the apron string was put to rout. He, who had run away from women most of his life, had now grown so courageous as to pursue. Some Sunday, sooner or later, he would meet her outside the office, somewhere in the bills, and then, if they did not get acquainted it would be because she did not care to get acquainted.

Thus he found another card in the hand the mad

become he did not dream, yet he decided that it was a pretty good card. In turn, he doubted. Maybe it was a trick of luck to bring calamity and disaster upon him. Suppose Dede wouldn't have him, and suppose he went on loving her more and more, harder and harder. All his old generalized terrors of love suppose he went on loving her more and more, harder and harder. All his old generalized terrors of love revived. He remembered the disastrous love affairs of men and women he had known in the past. There was Bertha Doolittle, old Doolittle's daughter, who had been madly in love with Dartworthy, the rich Bonanza Fraction owners and Dartworthy, in turn, Bonanza Fraction owner, and Dartworthy, in turn, not loving Bertha at all, but madly loving Colonel Walthstone's wife, and eloping down to Yukon with her; and Colonei Walthstone himself madly loving his own wife and lighting out in pursuit of the fieeing couple. And what had been the outcome? Certainly Bertha's love had been unfortunate and tragic, and had the love of the other three. Down below nook, Colonel Walthstone and Dartworthy had so had Minook, fought it out; Dartworthy had been killed. through the Colonel's lungs had so weakened him that he died of pneumonia the following spring. And the Colonel's wife had no one left alive on earth to

And then there was Freda, drowning herself in the running mush ice because of some man on the other side of the world and hating him, Daylight, because he had happened along and pulled her out of the mush ice and back to life. And the Virgin The old memories frightened him. If this gripped him good and hard, and if Dede wouldn't have him, it might be almost as bad as being gouged out of all he had by Dowsett, Letton and Ha smith. Had his nascent desire or Dede been less he might well have been frightened out of all thought of her. As it was he found consolation in the though that some love affairs did come out right. And for all he knew maybe Luck had stacked the cards for him to win. Some men were born lucky, lived lucky all their days and died lucky. Perhaps, too, he was

such a man, a born luck-pup who could not lose.

Sunday came, and Bob, out in the Piedmont bills.

behaved like an angel. His goodness at times was of the spirited, prancing order, but otherwise he was a Daylight, with doubled quirt ready in his right hand, ached for a whirl, just one whirl, which Bob, with an excellence of conduct that was tantalizing, refused to perform. But no Dede did Daylight encounter. He vainly circled about among the hill oads, and in the afternoon took the steep grade over the divide of the second range and dropped down into Maraga Valley. Just after passing the foot of the descent he heard the hoofbeats of a cantering ! It was from ahead and coming toward him. What if it were Dede? He turned Bob around and started to return at walk. If it were Dede he was born to lu he decided, for the meeting couldn't have occuriunder better circumstances. Here they were both going in the same direction and the canter would bring her up to him just where the stiff grade compel a walk. There would be nothing else for a to do but ride with him to the top of the divide, an once there, the equally stiff descent on the other side would compel more walking.

The canter came nearer, but he faced straight ahead The canter came nearer, but he raced straight ahead until he heard the horse behind check to a walk. Then he gianced over his shoulder. It was Dede. The recognition was quick, and, with her, accompanied by surprise. What more natural thing than that, partly surprise. What more natural thing than that, partly turning his horse, he should wait until she the up with him, and that when abreast they should continue abreast on up the grade? He could have sighed with relief. The thing was accomplished, and so easily. Greetings had been exchanged, here they were slide to the same direction with the same direction. by side and going in the same direction, with and miles ahead of them.

noted that her eye was first for the horse and To Be Continued.)

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