



BURNING DAYLIGHT

BY JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD,"
"WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE

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CHAPTER V.

Still men were without faith in the strike. When Daylight, with his heavy outfit of flour, arrived at the mouth of the Klondike, he found the big flat as desolate and tenantless as ever. Down close by the river, Chief Isaac and his Indians were camped beside the frames on which they were drying salmon. Several old-timers were also in camp there. Having finished their summer work on Ten Mile Creek, they had come down the Yukon, bound for Circle City. But at Sixty Mile they had learned of the strike, and stopped off to look over the ground. They had just returned to their boat when Daylight landed his flour, and their report was pessimistic. But an hour later, at his own camp, Joe Ladue strode in from Bonanza Creek. He led Daylight away from the camp and men and told him things in confidence.

"She's sure there," he said in conclusion. "I didn't slue it, or cradle it. I panned it all in that sack, yesterday, on the rim-rock. I tell you you can shake it out of the grass-roots. And what's on the bed-rock down in the bottom of the creek they ain't no way of tellin'. But she's big, I tell you, big. Keep it quiet, and locate all you can. It's in spots, but I wouldn't be none surprised if some of them claims yielded as high as fifty thousand. The only trouble is that it's spotted."

A month passed by, and Bonanza Creek remained quiet. A sprinkling of men had staked; but most of them, after staking, had gone on down to Forty Mile and Circle City. The few that possessed sufficient faith to remain were busy building log cabins against the coming of winter. Carmack and his Indian relatives were occupied in building a sluice box and getting a head of water. The work was slow, for they had to saw their lumber by hand from the standing forest. But farther down Bonanza were four men who had drifted in from up river, Dan McGlyvary, Dave McKay, Dave Edwards, and Harry Waugh. They were a quiet party, neither asking nor giving confidences, and they herded by themselves. But Daylight, who had panned the spotted rim of Carmack's claim and shaken coarse gold from the grass-roots, and who had panned the rim at a hundred other places up and down the length of the creek and found nothing, was curious to know what lay on bed-rock.

He had noted the four quiet men sinking a shaft close by the stream, and he had heard their whip-saw going as they made lumber for the sluice boxes. He did not wait for an invitation, but he was present the first day they sluiced. And at the end of five hours' shoveling for one man, he saw them take out thirteen ounces and a half of gold. It was coarse gold, running from pinheads to a twelve-dollar nugget, and it had come from off bed-rock. The first fall snow was flying that day, and the Arctic winter was closing down; but Daylight had no eyes for the bleak-gray sadness of the dying, short-lived summer. He saw his vision coming true, and on the big flat was upreared anew his golden city of the snows. Gold had been found on bed-rock. That was the big thing. Carmack's strike was assured. Daylight staked a claim in his own name adjoining three he had purchased with plug tobacco. This gave him a block two thousand feet long and extending in width from rim-rock to rim-rock.

Returning that night to his camp at the mouth of Klondike, he found in it Kama, the Indian chief he had left at Dyea. Kama was traveling by canoe, bringing in the last mail of the year. In his possession was some two hundred dollars in gold-dust, which Daylight immediately borrowed. In return, he arranged to stake a claim for him, which he was to record when he passed through Forty Mile. When Kama departed next morning, he carried a number of letters for Daylight, addressed to all the old-timers down river, in which they were urged to come up immediately and stake. Also Kama carried letters of similar import, given him by the other men on Bonanza.

"It will sure be the gosh-dangdest stampede that ever was," Daylight chuckled, as he tried to vision the excited populations of Forty Mile and Circle City tumbling into poling-boats and racing the hundreds of miles up the Yukon; for he knew that his word would be unquestioningly accepted.

One day in December Daylight filled a pan from bed-rock on his own claim and carried it into his cabin. Here a fire burned and enabled him to keep water unfrozen in a canvas tank. He squatted over the tank and began to wash. Earth and gravel seemed to fill the pan. As he imparted to it a circular movement, the lighter, coarser particles washed out over the edge. At times he combed the surface with his fingers, raking out handfuls of gravel. The contents of the pan diminished. At is drew near to the bottom, for the purpose of fleeting and tentative examination, he gave the

the good creeks, such as Sulphur, Dominion, Excel's, Wash, Cristo, Alhambra, and Docilite. The thousands he poured out flowed back in tens of thousands.

Dawson grew rapidly that winter of 1896. Money poured in on Daylight from the sale of town lots. He promptly invested it where it would gather more. In fact, he played the dangerous game of pyramidizing, and no more perilous pyramidizing than in a placer camp could be imagined. But he played with his eyes wide open.

Corner lots in desirable locations sold that winter for from ten to thirty thousand dollars. Daylight sent word out over the trails and passes for the newcomers to bring down log-rafts, and, as a result, the summer of 1897 saw his saw mills working day and night, on three shifts, and still he had logs left over with which to build cabins. These cabins, land included, sold at from one to several thousand dollars. Two-story log buildings, in the business part of town, brought him from forty to fifty thousand dollars apiece. These fresh accretions of capital were immediately invested in other ventures. He turned gold over and over, until everything that he touched seemed to turn to gold.

With the summer rush from the outside came special correspondents for the big newspapers and magazines, and one and all, using unlimited space, they wrote Daylight up; so that, so far as the world was concerned, Daylight loomed the largest figure in Alaska. Of course, after several months, the world became interested in the Spanish War, and forgot all about him; but in the Klondike itself Daylight still remained the most prominent figure.

(To be Continued.)

Admires Pastor Russell's Book.

Atlanta Constitution—Bill Arp, the "Southern Philosopher," wrote the following review of "The Divine Plan of the Ages" some time before he died:

"It is impossible to read this book without loving the writer and pondering his wonderful solution of the great mysteries that have troubled us all our lives. There is hardly a family to be found that has not lost some loved one who died outside the church—outside the plan of salvation, and, if Calvinism be true, outside of all hope and inside of eternal torment and despair. We smother our feelings and turn away from the horrible picture. We dare not deny the faith of our fathers, and yet can it be possible that the good mother and the wandering child are forever separated?—forever and forever?"

"I believe it is the rigidity of these teachings that makes atheists and infidels and skeptics—makes Christians unhappy and brings their gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave—a lost child, a lost soul!" *

"This wonderful book makes no assertions that are not well sustained by the Scriptures. It is built up stone by stone, and upon every stone is the text, and it becomes a pyramid of God's love, and mercy, and wisdom."

"There is nothing in the Bible that the author denies or doubts, but there are many texts that he throws a flood of light upon that seems to remove from them the dark and gloomy meaning. I see that editors of leading journals and many orthodox ministers of different denominations have endorsed it and have confessed to this new and comforting light that has dawned upon the interpretation of God's Book. Then let every man read and ponder and take comfort, for we are all prisoners of hope. This is an age of advanced thought and more thinking is done than ever before—men dare to think now. Light—more Light—is the watchword."

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Notice of Final Settlement.

In the matter of the estate of Christian Schultz, Deceased.

In the Jasper Circuit Court, April Term, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as executor of the estate of Christian Schultz, deceased, has presented and filed his account and vouchers in final settlement of said estate, and that the same will come up for the examination and action of said Circuit Court on the 22d day of April, 1912, at which time all persons interested in said estate are required to appear in said Court and show cause, if any there be, why said account and vouchers should not be approved.

And the heirs of said estate, and all others interested therein, are also hereby required, at the time and place aforesaid, to appear and make proof of their heirship or claim to any part of said estate.

AUGUST R. SCHULTZ,
Executor.

Genuine Quaker Parchment butter wrappers, either blank or printed, in any quantity desired



JESUS' SOUL RESURRECTED.

1 Corinthians xv, 1-11—April 7.

Text: "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses."—Acts ii, 22.

TO-DAY, appropriate to the Easter season, we are to consider our Lord's resurrection. At the very outset we are confronted

with certain errors which have gradually crystallized around the central truths of God's Word. One of these errors is the supposition that the resurrection of the dead, which the Scriptures hold forth as the hope of the Church and of the world, is to be a resurrection of the bodies which go down into death.

This mistake has given ground for infidelity to sneer at this precious doctrine of the Bible.

We are asked, How could the dust which once constituted the bodies of thousands of millions of humanity ever be re-collected and rearranged so that we could say that those bodies were resurrected? The infidel urges that



"He is risen."

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(To be Continued.)



The Whole Bottom Showed as if Covered With Butter.

Just above Carmack's Discovery claim. Even Daylight disliked the looks of Eldorado; but, still riding his hunch, he bought a half share in one claim on it for half a sack of flour. A month later he paid eight hundred dollars for the adjoining claim. Three months later, enlarging this block of property, he paid forty thousand for a third claim, and, though it was concealed in the future, he was destined, not long after, to pay one hundred and fifty thousand for a fourth claim on the creek that had been the least liked of all the creeks.

In the meantime, and from the day he washed seven hundred dollars from a single pan, and squatted over it and thought a long thought, he never again touched hand to pick and shovel. He said to Joe Ladue the night of that wonderful washing:

"Joe, I ain't never going to work hard again. Here's where I begin to use my brains. I'm going to farm gold. Gold will grow gold if you all have the sylvan and can get hold of some for seed. When I seen them seven hundred dollars in the bottom of the pan, I knew I had seed at last."

The hero of the Yukon in the younger days before the Carmack strike, Burning Daylight now became the hero of the strike. The story of his hunch and how he rode it was told up and down the land. Certainly he had ridden it far and away beyond the boldest, for no five of the luckiest held the value in claims that he held.

And, furthermore, he was still riding the hunch, and with no diminution of daring.

Back in Dawson, though he remained true to his word and never touched hand to pick and shovel, he worked as hard as ever in his life. He had a thousand irons in the fire, and they kept him busy. Heavy as were his expenses, he won more heavily. He took lays, bought half shares, shared with the men he grub-staked, and made personal locations. Day and night his dogs were ready, and he owned the fastest teams; so that when a stampede to a new discovery was on, it was Burning Daylight to the fore through the longest, coldest nights till he blazed his stakes next to Discovery. In one way or another (to say nothing of the many worthless creeks) he came into possession of properties on

the few during this Age who have become the followers of Jesus, begotten of the Holy Spirit, will be granted spirit bodies like to the Savior's. The remainder of mankind, not having been begotten of the Holy Spirit, will in the resurrection be granted human bodies, the same as they previously had; and their raising up will bring them eventually to the perfection of the first Adam, unless they refuse the grace of God, in which event they will die the Second Death, from which there is to be no resurrection.

Jesus' Soul Resurrected.

St. Peter, on the Day of Pentecost, laid stress upon the fact of Christ's resurrection, and he reminds us that this was foretold. The Prophet David declared, "Thou wilt not leave My soul in sheol, nor suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption"—Acts ii, 27.

St. Peter's quotation of this, in the Greek, substitutes the word *hades* for *sheol*, showing that the *sheol* to *Emmanu* words were a prophecy of the resurrection of Jesus—that His soul, poured out in death as the redemption price for Adam's soul and for the race, was not left in death, in *sheol*, in *hades*, but was raised from the dead.

St. Paul tells us that "He was put to death in *flesh*, but quickened in *spirit*." He declared that Jesus, in His resurrection, was exalted to a higher than human nature—"far above angels and principalities and powers"—the divine nature.

As angels could materialize and appear in the flesh and disappear, and had done so in the past, so did Jesus. In order that His disciples might not misunderstand He appeared in different forms—on two of the occasions, in forms representing the Crucified One. On the other six occasions, in various forms, as the gardener, the sojourner, etc.

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