FLASH
THE LEAD DOG
By GEORGE MARSH

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team. Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep. Gaspard believes these men killed his father and is prevented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be slayer.

CHAPTER VII
—11—
Drum-Beat of the Blizzard

The following night, Brock and Flash returned from the traps to find Gaspard with supper waiting.

"Kekway!" he shouted in the manner of the Crees as he thrust his head through the tent flaps. Then seeing the broken skin of Gaspard's cheek, asked in excitement, "Where did yuh get that?"

Gaspard smiled a one-sided grimace. "Oh, I got dat from a fr'en' ov you."

"You ran into 'em? Got shot at?" demanded the aroused youth. "What're yuh holding back on me? Hurry up!"

Gaspard related the details of the ambush and his stratagem in luring the would-be assassin to his deserved doom.

"Old pard!" cried the white boy, seizing his friend with the hug of a bear. "I'm sure proud of you!" Won't their eyes stick out when I tell them at Hungry House?"

Gaspard's dark features set like stone. "We not too sure to see Hongree House, Brock. Dese people are on de hunt for us. Dat Cree follow my trail, for sure, and den cut ahead to shoot me."

"Well, if it snows every few days, they may not find the camp for weeks, and remember, they think Black Jack and Etienne are hunting them. That keeps 'em worried, and will keep 'em north of the lake, too."

The following morning Brock and Flash started for the end of Brock's trap-lines. On his last trip he had made a discovery. From a barren hill beyond the last of his fisher and marten cabane traps, which ran along a timbered ridge, Brock had studied the country to the southwest through the small field-glasses loaned him by his father. For miles, the white barren was dotted with blue-gray shapes of feeding caribou. Evidently a winter migration, of which he had often heard, was on. He would bring Gaspard and the team, and they would store a supply of frozen meat against the lean days of the spring when their supplies would run low.

But Gaspard's traps needed attention, and Brock had decided to return and hunt alone for two days, then go back to his partner.

It had not snowed for a week, and over the trail, packed hard by much use, in the timber, wind-brushed and pounded, on the ice of stream and lake, the powerful Flash romped with the light sled.

Dawn found Brock waiting in the scrub on the edge of the barren for light enough to begin his stalk of the nearest deer, for caribou are restless and often feed early and move back into the timber with the sun.

Constantly walking back and forth to keep the blood circulating, for the morning was a bitter one, Brock swung his arms and stamped his snowshoes, while the eastern sky lightened. As the dusk lifted and the white floor of the barren was vaguely revealed to his peering eyes, he saw moving shapes, like shadows, drift from the scrub, to be swallowed up in the gray murk of the distance.

"Wolves!" he muttered. "And they'll run the deer out of the country! Well, I'll pay them for spoiling my hunting this morning—I'll hunt them."

The light strengthened and shortly the first rays of the sun filtered like fingers of fire across the white plain reaching endlessly before him. But the wolves had done their work. Not a caribou was in sight. Focusing his glasses, Brock made out, miles away, some gray objects moving rapidly on the barren.

"There they are!" he muttered. "Scattered the deer to the four winds. Well, I'm going to get Flash, and see what the country looks like over west. I'll probably strike some caribou, too, and I'm hungry for fresh meat."

Returning to his camp, Brock hitched Flash to the sled, on which he loaded his blankets, a shed tent and what provisions he had, and started southwest on his wolf and caribou hunt.

Throughout the morning, although they crossed the trails left by the splayed, round-toed hoofs of hundreds of traveling caribou, not an animal did Brock see feeding on the barren. Where had they gone?

Then, as the low December sun sank, muffled by a leaden sky, warning the hunter that the swift night was hovering, he saw them. Far off, to the west, his glasses picked out groups of deer, digging the snow from the moss of the barren. But it was too late.

Turning back into the timber, Brock found a sheltered stand of spruce under a ridge, and cutting firewood, started his kettle, dug a sleep-hole, lined it with brush, and across one end anchored the canvas with brush.

With Flash between his knees, he waited for the pail to boil.

"You know, old socks," Brock said to the dog whose narrow, oblique eyes looked with worship into the wind-burned face of his master, "We're two days' travel from home, and if we don't get a shot at the deer early tomorrow, Flash has got to eat fish."

At midnight, when the boy turned out of his robes to freshen the fire, the stars had been wiped from the sky as a sponge wipes clean a slate.

"Snow!" he muttered.

Later when he waked in stygian darkness to consult his watch, he found that it was six o'clock. As his breakfast kettle heated, the snow began to fall, and the wind rose.

"No hunt today, Flash; home for us!" announced the boy to the dog who sprang from his hole in the snow to shake himself and stretch.

Then, heads down, into the rising wind, Brock led the way to the end of the trap-line trail. Gradually, as they traveled, Brock breaking trail for his dog and the sled, the wind gathered velocity, and the pin-pointed crystals bit their faces with increasing sting.

"A norther, for sure!" muttered the boy, between his teeth, as he doubled into the drive of the toothed wind, followed by the great husky, nose at the heels of Brock's shoes, coat already crusted, slant eyes shut against the torment of the pelting, sand-like crystals.

As they toiled on into the pounding wind, sheathed with snow like two white wraiths, the thoughts of Brock flashed back to the warning of his father: "Many a good man, stronger, older and wiser than you, my lad, has starved out after a big snow—lost!"

"But I'm not lost," he muttered in his teeth, "and once I strike the line, I'll get into camp in a day."

But Brock knew he was not traveling two miles an hour and would have to stop and make camp while there was light. That meant, if the wind held, he would take another day to reach his lines.

Finding a windbreak of thick growing spruce, the exhausted Brock rubbed the numbness from his hands, and dug a sleep-hole where, after many attempts, he kindled a fire of dried spruce sticks, then across it felled whole trees to feed it.

At last, rested, and warmed by the fire and hot tea, Brock gave the ravenous Flash half the frozen fish he had brought, and made a stew for himself of half the dried caribou. For dog and boy who had floundered all day through drift into the beat of the wind, the half ration of food left stomachs aching in protest. But before them lay many a white mile, shoulder deep with drift, so Brock saved his food.

As massed artillery pounds enemy trenches, through the night the norther pounded the Kiwedin wastes. Hour by hour the drifts rose in height on the trail back to the trap-line.

In the blackness preceding the late dawn, Brock waked cold to find his fire-hole half buried in drift, for the wind had shifted. With numbed fingers he shoveled out the hole and gathering dead twigs from the under side of spruce, finally, peeling bark from a birch, got a fire going while the gray drift swept steadily overhead.

"Three-day blow, Flash!" he greeted the dog, returning from an inspection of the drifts surrounding the thicket. "If we don't want to starve we've got to make tracks today."

Finally the water boiled and Brock, allowing himself a small piece of cold bannock, filled his aching stomach with tea.

"Queer the wind should shift!" he mused. "Must be in the northeast now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fast Work

It has been only one generation from horse-shed to seven-story garage.—Boston Herald.

Human Body Depends on Toe for Balance

The most perfectly formed feet are found among savages. Civilization tends to compress the feet, spoiling the shape of the toes and in many cases actually deforming them. Originally intended to be used as a sort of second set of fingers, the toes still play a prominent part in the lives of many natives. Indian craftsmen, for instance, hold a tool between their toes with an ease almost equal to handling it. Amongst the more advanced peoples, however, this use of the toes is completely obsolete, and in another hundred years our toes may be out of work. In the meantime, however, we must certainly have a use, though limited, for our toes. On them we largely depend for the balance of our bodies, the spring of our walk. If we were toeless, every step would be a jar. For cycling, football, dancing, to name but three instances, toes are practically essential. In them we carry about with us a sliding lever more delicate than any science could devise, which helps us to keep our balance. Decidedly, we cannot yet afford to dispense with our toes.

Not Exactly a Relish

The Borgias and other notorious prisoners of history were reputed to have mixed finely powdered glass in food and drinks which they offered their victims. But recently, according to Popular Science Monthly, Dr. Roche Lynch demonstrated to the Medico-Legal society of London that this supposedly murderous material usually passes through the human digestive system without causing death or even doing serious damage. Larger pieces of glass with sharp edges, however, are dangerous.

His Best Possessions

Man's most precious possessions are his friends and his credit rating.—Atchison Globe.

GETTING READY FOR WARM SPRING DAYS

Attired in a Crisp New Hat and Gingham Dress.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Ready for the first warm spring days—in a crisp, new, gingham bloomer dress with short sleeves and loose neck, is Miss Five-Year-Old. She has a new straw hat, too, with a turn-down brim, just wide enough to shade her eyes from the sun without cutting off too many of the important ultra-violet rays from the rest of her face.

The dress she is wearing was designed by a clothing specialist of the bureau of home economics. It is made of blue and white checked gingham, trimmed with white. Any of the cotton wash fabrics such as printed zephyr, colored crepe, or broadcloth

Fully Prepared for Spring.

could have been used. Pongee silk is another good wash fabric for this style. The pattern selected has raglan sleeves, which are excellent because they do not limit the stretch of the arm or the width across the chest and do not tear out at the underarm seam if the child climbs a tree or swings on a piece of playground apparatus. Gathers at the neck provide additional body fullness. These gathers can be put in any plain raglan pattern very easily by allowing extra material along the front fold. The short front opening is bound with bias gingham and has only one button, which fastens through a loop of tape stitched double.

Care has been taken to make the white collar, cuffs, and leg bands wide and loose, for at Miss Five-Year-Old's age, every few months there is a marked increase in every part of the body. The bands on the tops of the gathered pockets are also white and equal in width to the tops and leg bands. They prevent articles in the pockets from falling out.

At first a very deep hem is put in, to be gradually let down as need arises. Some mothers put a tuck in the first hem or turn the goods under its full width for later lengthening. Hems look best if sewed by hand, and are more easily ripped out when necessary. Allowance tucks, too, should be hand sewn or stitched with a large, loose, stitch. If they are stitched at half-inch intervals, opening up the first line of stitching will let the garment down an inch. If growth allowance is being made in the upper part of a bloomer dress a tuck should also be taken in the bloomers on a level with the placket, where it will not show.

Bloomers should be cut with short sides to prevent their slipping down over the knee, but the leg bands should be loose and the length through the crotch should always be ample. The inside leg seams will be stronger if a straight piece of material is stitched across from knee to knee. About two inches of bloomer shows below the hem in a dress for a little girl of this age.

TEXTILES USED FOR MEN'S WEAR

No Change in Fibers Used for All Garments.

While fashion dictates shorter or longer skirts or sleeves, slender or draped silhouettes for women, men apparently adhere more or less constantly to the same sorts of suits, overcoats, and other garments that they have worn for half a century. Even in the textile fibers used for their clothing men change very little, apparently, in comparison with very noticeable changes that are taking place in the materials women prefer at the present time.

Colorful underwear, it is true, may catch the fancy of the youthful male, but it is generally made of the same textile fiber, chiefly cotton, that he has worn since childhood. In socks only is there any real departure from tradition in men's clothing; silk and rayon socks are replacing to some extent the cotton or wool socks in their everyday wearing apparel.

In the course of a study of the textile fibers being used in the home in 1927, as compared with 1922, recently completed by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, information was received from 675 men. Almost without exception all reported no change in textile fibers used in their suits, extra trousers, work shirts, dress or office shirts, and nightshirts and pajamas during this 5-year period. For such garments as union suits, undershirts and drawers, and bath robes the men reported either no change in textile fiber or no use of that particular garment. However, 454 men, using more silk and rayon socks in 1927 than in 1922, gave reasons for making this change. About 38 per cent of these reasons came under "style," meaning more appropriate, more attractive, or less bulky; 23 per cent said "comfort," meaning more comfortable, a preference for the feel of silk or more suitable for a given climate.

MAKING BEEF CROQUETTES SUCCESSFULLY

Leftovers Made Attractive in the Shape of Croquettes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To paraphrase an old epigram, leftovers occur in spite of the best regulated housekeeping. When they consist of meat and perhaps potatoes, the family expects them to reappear as hash, and puts on a resigned expression. Why not surprise them with one of the most select foods appearing on any luncheon menu, one which is quite hearty enough for dinner, and sure to be as popular as it is with the ladies' clubs? Have croquettes, which, if you insist, are really only one of the forms of meat hash, cooked in a special way, but such a way that they have an elegance that is quite their own.

Some important points on making croquettes successfully are: Mold them long enough in advance for the egg coating to set. For frying, have plenty of mild-flavored deep fat, and a frying kettle with a basket. Heat the fat to just the right temperature and do not let it smoke. Fry only two or three croquettes at a time, and watch them constantly. As soon as they are golden brown, remove them from the fat, and drain on absorbent paper so they will not be greasy. The following recipe, from the bureau of home economics, is for beef croquettes made from left over roast or steak, but any preferred cooked meat or chicken may be used:

Beef Croquettes.

2 cups ground cooked beef
1 cup mashed potato.
3 tbs. gravy or stock
1 tbs. onion juice
1 tbs. chopped parsley.
1 tbs. butter
Tabasco sauce, as desired
Salt
Pepper
Dry grated sifted bread crumbs
1 egg beaten up with 1 tbs. water
Fat for deep frying

Cook the parsley in the butter, and mix with the meat, potato, gravy, and other seasonings thoroughly. Mold into croquette shapes. Dip into the egg mixture, roll in the bread crumbs, and let stand an hour or longer to dry the coating. Heat the fat in a deep vessel to 350 degrees Fahrenheit or until a cube of bread browns in 40 seconds. Place two or three croquettes at a time in a frying basket and lower slowly into the hot fat for two minutes or until they are a golden brown. Remove the croquettes and drain on a sheet of paper. Serve hot with parsley garnish and tomato sauce.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

For safety, reboil home canned foods 20 minutes before using.

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Fur which has been wet should be brushed to keep it from matting.

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Rolling out the dough with a light touch is important in making good baking powder biscuits.

• • •

When wringing towels from the last rinse water, fold them lengthwise and put them through the wringer flat and smooth.

• • •

When buying wool hose get them from one-half to one full size longer than the foot and eliminate the danger of cramped toes when shrinkage occurs.

• • •

Dried fruits, such as apples, raisins, prunes, dates, figs, peaches and apricots, are particularly valuable at this time of year when fresh fruit is scarce and likely to be expensive.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.—Emerson.

THIS AND THAT

Sauces to serve with meat always add to the appearance and flavor of the dish.

With roast beef serve horseradish sauce, chilli sauce, pickle relish, or parsley butter.

Roast veal—tomato or mustard sauces, chopped sweet pickles or an onion sauce.

Roast pork—applesauce, chutney, olives, or jelly.

Ham—horseradish, mustard, pineapple slices with pineapple sauce, pickle relish.

Breaded Pork Chops.—Take four chops one inch thick. Mix two egg yolks or one whole egg with two tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Wipe the chops with a damp cloth, dip into bread crumbs, then into egg and again into crumbs. Pat the crumbs into the chops so they will stay. Place four tablespoonfuls of fat in a frying pan and fry the chops until brown on both sides. Remove the chops to a baking pan, add two cupfuls of tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, two stalks of celery chopped, to the frying pan and boil two minutes. Pour over the chops, cover tightly and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Date Meringue.—Use rounds of sponge cake. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, fold in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and one cupful of chopped stoned dates. Heap the meringue in mounds upon the cake and place in a moderate oven until brown. Sprinkle with nuts or cocoanut, if liked, before browning.

Kabo Curry.—Cut lean lamb into one and one-half-inch squares. Take fresh ginger, if this cannot be obtained use the dry, soaked in water until soft, then cut in thin slices, two onions sliced thinly. Run the skewers through the centers of the meat, place a slice of ginger next, then a slice of onion. Chop two onions fine and brown them in a tablespoonful of butter, add one teaspoonful of curry powder and one finely chopped apple. Cook all together for a few moments, then add one cupful of stock, or boiling water with one teaspoonful of salt, and simmer ten minutes.

Lay in the skewers, cover the saucepan and simmer for one hour. Add more water if necessary. Serve on the skewers with boiled seasoned rice and curry sauce.

Vegetable Greens.

With the wealth of vegetables and greens from which to choose, as the fresh green things of spring come, there will be no need of the sulphur and molasses treatment, when plenty of the tonic greens are eaten.

Mustard—(like poke, which grows wild in the South)—if not found in the neighborhood sow a few seeds of the black mustard and grow a row or two in the vegetable garden. It is good cut up with lettuce as a salad and fine cooked as a green. Dandelion greens are too well known and appreciated to mention. Cooked they make fine vegetable food, cut fine with young onions and french dressing, they make a most delectable salad. The Italian dandelion is a larger, coarser green than the wild and is considered and cultivated in many gardens.

Broccoli is not so well known in the North, however it is a great favorite when once eaten. There is a slight flavor of cabbage but not enough to be noticed, except by one keen sense of taste. It grows much like spinach in clusters like kale. It is one of the aristocratic Italian vegetables. If cooked properly it comes to the table very green, very hot and served with a hollandaise sauce. Served cold it is well liked also. The Italians also grow besides the dandelion, broccoli, and a most delectable squash called zucchini. Steamed and served with butter or a butter sauce, these are especially well liked.

In the spring the water cress is greatly enjoyed. This piquant, graceful, green water plant is an appetizer and a blood purifier. Served with lamb chops, one needs no condiment. Added to lettuce or as a nest for sliced tomatoes, there is nothing better. Served plain, with french dressing, it is always a favorite.

Our foreign cousins use the leek freely and grow it in quantities in many sections. We will do well to learn the value of the leek. It is larger, milder and by the French highly appreciated as a flavor for soups and sauces.

Poke may be found in the markets of Virginia and places farther North. Tied in bunches it looks something like asparagus, but without its flowered top. It is cooked and served as one does asparagus and makes another spring green worth eating.

Nellie Maxwell

Century Computation

The Twentieth century includes the years from 1901 to 2000. This is because the First century embraced the years from 1 to 100, inclusive. The Twentieth century commenced immediately after midnight December 31 1900.

Metropolis Has Grown

The first New York city directory appeared in 1786. It had 846 names, not going above Roosevelt and Cherry streets on the East side or Dey street on the west.

Wit and Humor

CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS

"I should think," said the visitor, "that you people would get together and try to have the railroad put up a better and more modern passenger station."

"Huh!" replied the native, "our chamber of commerce, civic associations and women's clubs are too busy trying to get finer filling and hot dog stations to bother about a railroad station."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

That Source of Worry

Mr. Nickelpinch—You'll have to get along with your last year's clothes. We must save something for a rainy day.

His Wife—Oh, dear! Can't we get an irrigated farm in some desert where we won't have to fret about rain?

KEPT HER

Friend—Have you kept your love letters?

Successful Breach-Of-Promise Suit actress—Sure, and they've kept me.

What's in a Name?

His foes called him everything,
His friends called him Brown;
His stenog called him Daddy,
His wife called him down.

Candid Self-Appreciation

"You made a wonderful speech," said the admiring friend.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have had some doubts about the accuracy of the position I am expected to assume. But that speech was so good that it convinced even an analytical observer like myself."—Washington Star.

Slighting the Description

Mr. Justwed—Here's my discharge from the army. Nice, isn't it?

His Bride—Let's see. "Had gray eyes, brown hair, light complexion—." Why, Edwin, that's horrid. It doesn't say a word about those dear amber glints in your eyes, nor that soft, tempting wave of your hair, nor your simply adorable complexion.

JUST WORK TO HIM

"Oh, don't you simply adore the sunsets?"

"I don't know, lady, that I git so much kick out of it. Yuh see, I'm a lamplighter by trade."

Different Kinds

As "Beautiful but Dumb" we name
The silent lass so gracious.
We then salute another dame
As "Lovely but Loquacious."

A Family Name

Mr. Johnsing—Huccome you name you-all's girl "Ferocia"? I ain' nebber heerd dat name. Did you'all git it outen er book or sumpin?

Mrs. Jeffersing—Outen er book! Ah should say not. We-all named hub aftar hub Uncle Ferocious.

The Warning

Golf Pro—Now, one important thing for me to tell you, sir, is always keep your eye on your ball.

Suspicious Novice—Oh! Is that the sort of club I've joined?—Humorist.

Home Sweet Home

"Don't you and your wife ever try to find anything you can agree on?" demanded the friend of the family.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "but usually when we are looking for it we run across something else to quarrel about and the hunt is off."

Substantial Proof

"Just think, son, where we are now standing there was once an immense lake swarming with all kinds of fish."

"Yes, father, look! Here is an empty sardine can."

The Very Idea

The Registration Clerk—Name, Polly Peachblow; age twenty-one. Where do you live, Miss Peachblow?

The New Voter—It won't do you a bit of good to know. You will not be received.

Making Good

Mr. Checknote—You don't expect me to believe that you're a director in the bank when you've only worked there a month.

George—Sure! I'm a director of envelopes on the addressing machine.

Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptional product.

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All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

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Ancient Locomotive

Built by James Watt in 1797, the "Sun and Planet" engine is in working order again after 42 years' rest. The engine is now in the Science museum at South Kensington, England, and it was put in motion recently for the first time since 1885, when it was dismantled and moved to the museum. Compared with modern engines, it looks and sounds a strange affair, with its beams of wood and iron rods, and its grunts, groans and weird clankings.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Ouch

"What is the latest news?"

"A policeman led a bride away from the altar today."

"What was the matter?"

"He had just married her."—Die Muskete, Vienna.

IT'S DANGEROUS GROUND

you stand on—with a cough, a cold or grippe, and your blood impoverished. You must do something! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood—builds health and strength.

Mrs. Thomas Stewart, 1534 E. 3rd Ave., Spokane, Wash., remarked: "I am never without a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the house. I don't think there is any medicine so good for family use. I have practically reared my family on this medicine—have given it to all my children for coughs, colds and bronchial weakness and know there can be nothing better. In addition to this, it is a splendid blood enricher and spring tonic. I cannot praise this medicine too highly."

All druggists. Tablets or fluid. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c if you desire a trial pkg. of tablets.

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Bilious, constipated? Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative. You'll feel fine in the morning. Promptly and pleasantly rids the system of the bowel poisons that cause headaches—25c. TO-NIGHT TO-MORROW ALRIGHT
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