

FLASH

The Lead Dog:

By
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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock, McCain and Gaspard, 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.

CHAPTER V

The Patrol of the Gray Owl.

Brock opened dazed and puzzled eyes to find himself lying on the snow where he had been knocked unconscious by the knife handle of the Cree. With throbbing head, and brain still dull from the blows of the knife handle, he drew himself to a sitting position.

"He's up now!" said the white man, in Cree, then turned to the boy.

"You're lucky, my young fighter! Come to me as you did! Louie, here, wanted to put a knife into you. You sure slugged him for fair. Now shake yourself together! We got 'nake camp."

Slowly Brock's confused head cleared. Yes, he recalled, he was fighting a bear, when they jumped him. He got the first, then the others piled on, hit him from behind on the head. The boy got to his feet and raised his hand to his swollen head. The fingers were without feeling!

Like the shock of ice water the realization of what that meant spurred Brock's floundering brain. His fingers were freezing! Groping in the snow where he had fought, he found his mittens.

"Come on now, you!" rasped the white man as the Indian started. "You behave or I'll bore you! Walk off lively now; it's late."

Brock was too dejected—too half-frenzied—to answer.

Rubbing his hands vigorously with snow, then slowly bringing back the blood by putting them inside his shirt beneath his armpits, Brock followed the Cree, one of whom carried his rifle, while the white man brought up the rear.

As the exertion of snowshoeing in the keen air started the circulation in his numb limbs, the clearing brail of the boy began to busy itself with his situation. Poor Gaspard! He would never know why his partner had not met him at the far side of the barrier. He would wait there, faithful old Gaspard, anxious, wondering.

As usual, Gaspard had been right. It was smoke, not haze, that had seen smoke from the fire of these people. There was one consolation in it all; they wanted to take him alive. It would have been easy to shoot him from ambush—or knife him. And now, who were they, and what would they do with him? When they made camp, the white leader would show his hand—question him; and, as he had not spoken to the Indians, Brock decided that he would pretend complete ignorance of Cree. He might learn something.

Then, at the exclamation "Kekway!" from the leading Indian, Brock looked up to see the light of a campfire in the distance. A third Cree was waiting for their return with a steaming "ribbin' stew and hot tea."

As he ate his supper beside the fire, Brock listened intently to the conversation. From his looks and manner of speaking, Brock decided that the bearded chief of the party was an English Canadian, and after they had eaten, and in their pipes, the white man began his examination of the prisoner.

"So you and your partner thought you'd hunt the Yellow-Leg this winter?"

"Yes," replied Brock, looking the other man squarely in the eye. "It's free country; and I ask you what you mean by jumping me this way, and what you think you're going to do with me?"

The bearded man laughed as he exhaled a cloud of smoke. "My boy," he said, "this ain't free country. It belongs to me and my partners—we were here first. And you Hudson's Bay people have got to keep out—or take the consequences."

"Who are you and your partners?" Brock demanded Brock. "And what did you become the law in this country?"

The white smiled good-naturedly at the spirit of his prisoner. He seemed to hear no ill will toward Brock, but the boy remembered Pierre Lecroix. "That's better! Who are you and yours?"

Have the imagination and Scotch shrewdness Brock gave him all in explanation. "I'm not afraid to tell you," he said earnestly, "that one

of my partners is Etienne Lecroix of Fort Albany. Ever hear of him?"

At the name of the famous Etienne Lecroix, the white man gave an involuntary start, his eyes widened in surprise, as he repeated this news in Cree to his men.

"Another is Black Jack Desautels—ever heard of him?" The faces of his auditors, for the curious Cree had joined their chief at the fire, filled Brock with inward delight. They had indeed heard of the chief of the Albany River patrol of the provincial police—dead shot and known from God's lake to Rupert House as a man without fear. Brock had certainly thrown a bomb into the camp of his captors from the grave looks they exchanged.

The older man puffed for a space on his pipe, evidently digesting the startling information that two of the ablest and most feared men in the Hudson's Bay country were wintering on the Yellow-Leg—Etienne Lecroix, uncle of Gaspard, and head man at Fort Albany, and the famous "Black Jack" Desautels; and that being so, were there for but one purpose—the solution of the mysterious disappearance of Pierre Lecroix. As Brock secretly reveled in the disclosure of his captors, he wondered if he had helped rather than injured his own chances.

He was silent as the camp prepared for the night. He had his own blanket in his pack, and when they had tied him up with rawhide, so he could not move easily without disturbing the Indians who lay on either side on the spruce boughs near the fire, he was wrapped in the robe.

With his arms and legs fettered, escape was impossible, so his thoughts ran the gamut of the events of the day which had placed him here, a prisoner—a prisoner, who, like Pierre Lecroix, might never again be heard from. What a jolt the names of Gaspard's uncle and "Black Jack" Desautels had given them! If only it were true, and these men were back there with Gaspard, to come to his aid. Like wolves they'd take the trail. Like wolves they'd fall on these people. But his partner was alone. What could he do single-handed against four?

At last Brock tried to sleep, for he would need his strength, whatever happened. After a time, his tired body brought him to the frontiers of unconsciousness, only to be waked by the call of a gray owl.

He opened his drowsy eyes to watch the glow of the fire on the back screen of surrounding spruce, then closed them with a sigh. Once more he drew near to sleep.

Then again, the hunting call of the gray owl boomed through the soundless forest. "Whoa, hoo-hoo-hoo, whoo-whooh!" he, this time to be followed by a faint squawk.

The signal! The signal of their boyhood! Gaspard! He had trailed them, Gaspard had gone to search of the partner who failed to meet him at the rendezvous, found the trail and followed. He lay there now out in the snow, warning Brock of his coming. Staunch old Gaspard!

Shortly Brock heard a faint sound behind the snow hole, and he turned his eyes to see a dark head and shoulders, and the glint of steel where the light from the fire touched a knife blade. Cautiously Gaspard worked his way through the hole in the snow he had dug beyond the sleepers' heads, under the roof of boughs.

Locating his friend, Gaspard thrust his face close to Brock's lifted head and whispered, "Where are you tied?" "Knees and elbows," replied Brock under his breath, desperate with impatience and taut nerves.

Gaspard's arm reached down over his body and the knife slit the cotton jacket of the plaited rabbit skin. Again the razor edge of the knife worked to free Brock from the hide. Gaspard did not dare remove because of the nearness of the sleepers. A last, in desperation, Lecroix seized Brock's shoulders and slowly drew him from between his neighbors, and back through the hole in the snow. A slash at his elbow and knees, and Brock was free, with his recovered rifle jammed into his hands.

For a space, the two stood in the snow, guns cocked, ears straining for a sound from the sleep hole. Then, slipping his feet into the thongs of his snowshoes, Brock whispered, as an arm gripped the shoulders of his partner: "Come on—they're dead asleep!"

TO BE CONTINUED

No Changes

What is it men resent changes in the arrangement of furniture in a room? Perhaps it is the economical side were pointed out to them in regard to the wear on rugs and furniture here they would comprehend more quickly than the fact that a change means good to the housewife who is home so much.

Reflecting by Moonlight

Moonlight is peculiarly favorable to reflection. It is a cold and dewy light in which the vapors of the day are condensed and, though the air is obscured by darkness, it is more clearly than by a cold excitement, not such usually as a feverish sun on the brain would produce.—Thoreau.

Crown and Church Jewels

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

RUMOR from time to time that the new Turkish regime is planning to sell the jewels amassed by the sultans, and that the Soviet government wishes to dispose of gems of the tsars and the Russian church turns attention to these and the other great collections of precious stones and treasure.

The Turkish crown jewels, for many years hidden in the Green Vaults of Constantinople, are among the world's largest collections. The Sultan's throne is of massive beaten gold, studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds set in mosaic. It has been appraised at more than \$15,000,000.

Few travelers have ever broken through the seclusion of the treasure room to see the jewels and only lately have photographers been permitted to take pictures of the collection. There is another throne of ebony and sandalwood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, rubies, emeralds and sapphires; a toilet set thickly studded with turquoises and diamonds; and armor, pistols, saddles, sandals, simitars, turbans, daggers, swords and canes all bejeweled, not to mention the long strands of pearls as large as cherries, rings, bracelets, anklets, and all sorts of other gorgeously designed jewelry for various uses.

Some authorities claim the Russian horde of jewels is the world's largest. The head of the tsar must have glommed mightily at royal functions, with 22,800 carats of diamonds and rows of pearls, when he wore his best headdress. There are other regal crowns of magnificent filigree work, artistically set with colored stones above a base of expensive fur.

The famous Shah diamond which formerly hung in front of the Peacock throne when it was in possession of one of the mogul emperors of India, is in the collection; and scattered here and there among the gorgeous array are diamonds as big as walnuts, rubies and emeralds as large as pigeon eggs, inlaid golden plates, bejeweled wall hangings, robes, swords, scepters, pendants, canes, stiffs, religious emblems, tapestries, and what-nots. The famous Orloff diamond reposes in the handle of Catherine the Great's scepter.

Jewels in Tower of London.

The brightest spot within the grim gray walls of the Tower of London, if not in London itself, is the jewel room where the crown jewels of Great Britain are on exhibition. To reach the large glass case which incloses the gems, one has to run the gauntlet of guards from the lofty but dignified "beefeaters" (yeomen of the guard) to some of the picked guards of the empire. And should a visitor attempt to take one of the gems he likes most, he would find that an unseen steel safe would immediately encase the treasures, the door behind him would become fast, and the outer gates of the tower walls would clang shut to avert his escape. Appraisers admit that \$30,000,000 is a low estimate of the value of the royal jewelry.

One of the most striking pieces is Queen Mary's crown. Lying on a white satin pillow, it scintillates with many jewels including the famous Kohinoor (Mountain of Light) diamond. Some of the smaller diamonds were cut from the Cullinan, the largest diamond ever found. In the rough it weighed 3,104½ carats. The Kohinoor is believed by the Indians to bring an evil spell upon a masculine being, hence, it is Queen Mary's stone.

Fortunately the king wears the crown of England but a few minutes during his coronation ceremony. It is a magnificent creation weighing five pounds—somewhat heavy for comfortable headdress. Its golden form is nearly hidden by diamonds, rubies and sapphires. The king's crown, of lighter weight, contains the Black Prince ruby and beneath it 700 diamonds cut from the Cullinan stone. The crown of Queen Victoria, also on exhibition, sparkles with 3,000 diamonds, 571 pearls and many sapphires in an arch over a purple velvet form while atop is a mound of 248 diamonds and a cross with four large sapphires and four diamonds.

The princes of India have been collecting jewels for thousands of years and among them are some of the most elaborate displays of gems. It was from India that the famous Peacock throne was taken to Teheran, Persia. Shah Jahan, one of the great Indian Moguls, daily sat on this solid gold four poster seat, dispensing justice. The monarch's back rested against rubies, emeralds and sapphires which adorned the person's tail, while overhead was a pearl-tinged canopy. His turban was ablaze with diamonds, his chest hid den by ropes of pearls, and his fingers

literally wrapped in gold and precious stones.

Baroda's Carpet of Pearls.
The Carpet of Pearls, in the Nuzerbagh palace at Baroda, is one of the world famous jeweled creations. It is 8 by 6 feet square. Besides the pearls, which form the larger part of the carpet, there are three large diamonds, 32 small diamonds, 1,200 rubies and 500 emeralds which form a flower design in the center. Imagine an Eastern potentate sitting on the gorgeous Peacock throne with his shoulders nearly stooped under the weight of pearls, his legs and arms arrayed in golden jeweled bracelets and anklets, his head crowned with more stones than some jewelers handle in many years, and with a Carpet of Pearls hanging before him.

The gajewar of Baroda is said to have the largest collection of pearls and the maharajah of Indore runs a close second. A royal wedding or state function attended by the Indian princes in their jewels represents many millions of dollars. At one royal wedding the maharajah of Indore wore a scarf of pearls valued at \$3,500,000. Eighteen of the pearls were set with carat diamonds. This potentate also has one of the most bejeweled turbans in India which is a mass of rubies, emeralds and diamonds.

No less imposing are some of the religious collections of jewels. Since the dawn of history people have been lavish with their gifts for religious purposes, whether they worshiped idols or an unseen God. The result is that in all ages treasure, usually in the form of gold and silver and precious stones, has flowed to temples and churches, monasteries and other religious institutions. Archeologists find that the pagan temples of civilizations dead for thousands of years were ornamented with a wealth of precious metals. Indian temples of several faiths have had their rich treasures and their ornaments of gold and silver for centuries; and they have made use as well of a glittering array of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other jewels. Many an idol today, from the dim interiors of Indian temples, looks out through eyes of great lustrous, precious stones, and wears other gems that might ransom an emperor.

Treasures of Christian Churches.

The marked enrichment of Christian churches began in earnest in Italy and the East in the Fifth and Sixth centuries and spread in early medieval times to France and other Western countries. Not only did the churches accumulate gold chalices, patens, candleabra and other small objects, but many had large screens of gold and silver, as well as fonts and statues. To a few of the churches altars of solid gold were presented, but later church regulations prescribed stone and wood as the only permissible materials for altars. Precious stones also came into use to ornament images of the saints or as gifts to them. Thus the Sacred Baby of the Church of Ara Coeli in Rome has been given over a space of many years a wealth of jewels.

The accumulation of treasure by temples and churches and monasteries has not been unbroken. Time and time again these convenient stores of precious metals and precious stones have been seized by conquerors. Pagans have looted the shrines of other pagans. Mohammedans looted Roman churches, including St. Peter's in 846, and the churches of Constantinople in 1453. Saints Sophia, after the break between the Western and Eastern churches, was sacked by Western Christians during the Fourth Crusade; and church vessels were taken or destroyed in many cases at the time of the Reformation.

Russian church treasures have been among the richest in existence in late centuries. When Russ envoys were sent out by the then semi-civilized state in 987 to choose a national religion, they were most impressed by the wealth and rich beauty of the services at Santa Sophia. Since that time Russian churches have been marked by their wealth of ornamentation. Screens, reliquaries and canopies of precious metals were to be found in all of the well-to-do churches.

Probably the wealthiest of all religious institutions in Russia was the Lavra or super-monastery at Kiev. Before the World war it had an annual income of half a million dollars and a well-stocked treasury. The second most important institution, the Lavra of St. Sergius, near Moscow, had treasure with a present value of about \$125,000,000. At the Cathedral of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg, there was more than a ton of silver in the form of ecclesiastical vessels, and in addition much gold.

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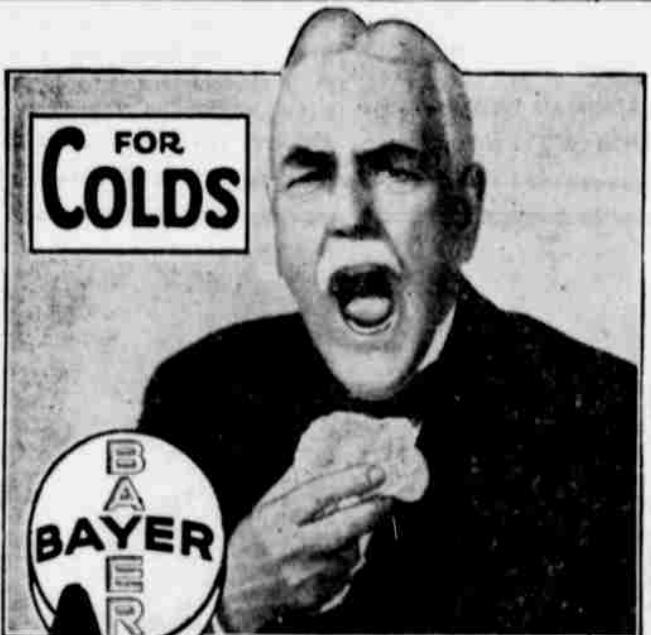
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