

FLASH

The Lead Dog

By
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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 pup and their dog team. 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. 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. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. Gaspard finds him and the two start out on Brock's trap line. They kill enough deer and caribou to supply them with meat until spring. They find an Indian who had been stalking them caught in a trap, dead. On his way was knife that belonged to Gaspard's father.

CHAPTER X—Continued

Then Gaspard unfolded his plan. "I'll take over last night, Brock. We find a good place to hide our back country and trap hard until de crusts hard on March den you start de fur and 'ee ov de dog and talk for Hungree House. Wild Yellow-Eye, I go nord. Kee I come back I go home een de canoe."

The ice-blue eyes of Brock opened in amazement—then flamed with anger.

"What?" he exploded, choking with the emotions aroused by the suggestion of his partner that he take the valuable fur pack and return safely to the Starving while Gaspard sought a sure death in the north. "You mean that? You think I'd leave you to get yourself shot by that gang, while I took your fur and headed home? What d'you think I am?"

Gaspard did not meet the snapping eyes of his friend, as he replied:

"I told your fader I tak' care of you, Brock—bring you home safe. I mus' keep de word wid heem."

"That's all right, but we're partners ain't we? Does a sure enough partner send his friend off on the long chance and run home with his dogs and the fur?"

Gaspard opened his arms in protest. "You have fam'lee—moder, fader. I have onlee brodder, and he es safe wid my oncle. Las night I hear my fader call. Somewere hees bone lie unbowed. On de March crust I go fin' out how he die." The deep set eyes of the speaker were misty with tears as he looked pleadingly at his friend.

"And I go with you," stormed the white boy. "We're goin' north—and we're comin' back! You understand? Both of us! I'm not ready to die, by a whole lot, and I won't let you throw yourself away! I'm goin' with you to see you get back!"

Gaspard smiled helplessly as Brock voiced the law of his strong-willed. To attempt to dissuade the loyal-willed Scotch lad was as futile as to try to turn back the roaring Yellow-Leg with the hand.

"You are de good partner, Brock; but why hunt fur, if we bot' go nord and leave eet to de carcajou?" But Gaspard did not argue further.

The young trappers were confident that the mysterious disappearance of three of their men had already struck fear to the hearts of the Cree who were trapping north of Big Yellow-Leg lake. The names of "Black Jack," Desnalle and Etienne Lecroix were threats to conjure with—had worked their magic or the snow south of the lake already would have been marked by the webbed footprints of more than the two solitary scouts who had gone south, never to return. Still, the day was coming when the red-bearded leader of the free-traders would come south to take his payment for the loss of his men. In the mean time, the boys never for an instant relaxed their vigilance.

In Kiverwin, January, with its withering winds and frequent blizzards, is a hard month on trappers. New snow fills the beaten sled trails and buries the traps and bait. The fur bearers are less on the move, and rabbit and wood mouse lie close until hunger drives them forth. But March was to be a busy month for Brock and Gaspard, when they would lift their traps, check fur and outfit, and start on their dangerous patrol into the country to the north. So, twice a week throughout the bitterest days of the "Moon of the Big Winds" the boys made the rounds of their fur packs. By December, they had trapped enough fur to wipe out the "debt" allowed them by Angus McCuin in August. But although Gaspard worked hard and successfully at his trapping, he took little interest in Brock's anticipation of their return to Hungry House in the spring and the wonder their rich fur pack would arouse. He was patiently waiting for the Cree's "Moon of the Crust on the Snow" when the dogs could draw provisions for three weeks, cross-coun-

try, over the wind-packed and ice-hard "going" in his heart but one hope, one desire—the longing to learn his father's fate.

Early in February, a sudden change in the weather to a succession of still, "poudre" days, as the old French voyageurs call days when the air, shot with minute crystals of frozen moisture, is alive with pin-point crystals of light, drove the restless Gaspard to action.

"Good wedder to travel!" he said one morning. "I t'ink I make a swing back nord and look for sign." "All right, partner," agreed Brock. "I'm with you. This air makes my toes itch to move."

"You bettar stay," protested the halfbreed, "I go ver fast."

"No, I'm going with you to take care of you. You're too reckless," insisted the white boy. And so it was finally arranged.

Leaving Silt-Ear and Kona loose, and securely wiring Yellow-Eye and Flash, to prevent the fight which would surely follow the absence of the masters, the boys gave the dogs a gorge of caribou and started to circle the upper end of the lake, each carrying in his pack provisions for three days and a rabbit skin blanket. As they traveled in single file over the powdery new snow of the last fall, first one, then the other took the lead, for the shoes of the first man sank inches



The Keen Air, Sweet With the Tang of Spruce and Fir, Cedar and Jack-pine, Spurred the Blood in the Veins of the Travelers.

into the dry underfooting as yet unsettled, and unpacked by the wind. The keen air, sweet with the tang of spruce and fir, cedar and jack-pine, spurred the blood in the veins of the travelers like a tonic. Packs, eased rifles, and axes on backs, with a side swing of their loose arms, through the glorious winter morning the two boys put behind them the white miles of their circle through the country to the north of the lake.

"Which way do we head, tomorrow?" asked Brock, when he had cut a huge pile of birch for the night fire.

"Nard, we go to de headwater of de Carcajou."

"But we don't know how far the lakes are!" demurred Brock, "and we've got only two days' more grub."

The halfbreed smiled grimly at the husky boy, who dangled an empty stomach. "We strike Carcajou water today, mebbe, den we circle one day east and den back sout' to de lak'! We onlee starve d. las' day!" chuckled Gaspard as Brock's frost-burned face pictured his dislike of a supperless camp on the fourth day of the scout.

Daylight found the scouts headed for a low ridge which lifted from the flat country in which they had camped. As they reached the wind-hammered, dwarf spruce on the shoulder of the hill and stood in an opening offering a view into the white north, Brock gasped in surprise: "By the great horned owl, there she is! This must be the divide!"

Gaspard turned with a nod. "Cu carcajou water, for sure. Dis es de di- vide," he said. "Eef we follow de out let down stream, we walk into de camp of M'alew Redbeard eh?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Glass Windows Found in Old Roman Houses

Glass windows are not the relatively modern things they are commonly reputed to be. According to Dr. M. Blaschke, a German ceramic chemist, they were in use in ancient Rome. Most of the panes did not exceed 12 by 16 inches in size, though a few larger ones have been found. Glass making, known for many centuries in Egypt, came to Rome relatively late. During the time of Cleo, who died in 43 B. C., glass objects of any kind were rare, and glass windows were unknown. A hundred years later most households owned some, and by the time the empire was well established glass was fairly common. The famous mosaics of the later empire, notably at Ravenna and Constantinople, were made largely out of bits of glass.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By
JOHN CLARENCE FUNK

KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR EYES

A SCHOOL nurse recently visited a home to report defective vision in one of the younger members of the family. Records had indicated that average acuteness was noticeably lacking in this particular scholar, while to all appearances the intelligence of the child was normal.

"You see," said the nurse, "the medical inspector came around today and discovered that Robert needed glasses. No wonder he has appeared dull!"

The point of this story is not to demonstrate the intelligent care that is being given to conserve child life and develop it to its highest state of mental and physical efficiency, but to emphasize the vital part that the eyes play in both the young and old. As a matter of fact, both parents of this youngster were chronic headache sufferers because they needed glasses; and didn't have them. But after the nurse's story they developed a suspicion of this fact and straightway went to a store and purchased glasses for themselves!

Of all the foolish things man is likely to perpetrate upon himself to tamper with that marvelously delicate mechanism which registers objects for the brain is about the worst. Yet thousands of ignorant "smart" persons will go to a counter, try on glasses until they get a pair that "fit their eyes" and march away elated over the dollar spent and the ten dollars saved!

It is difficult to understand the colossal conceit which prompts an other wise intelligent person to "pick out" his own glasses—an act which calls for most expert examination and experience.

And the mall order business is just as bad. However, urged by the high powered statements of expert advertisement writers, there are many especially those of the more remote or rural regions, who answer a questionnaire and obtain a "perfect correction in beautiful gold frames." The fact that the eyes are likely to suffer vitally as a consequence is quite beside the point.

Just remember this: No eyes are your best friends. It is your fun to wear glasses and if you do not have to do so consider yourself fortunate. But find out about this matter and obtain your information only from an oculist or registered optometrist. It is quite beyond your own intelligence.

A final warning: If you are suffering from an affection of the eye then proceed quickly to an oculist only. He alone is the person qualified to advise you, and when necessary, to tamper with this most useful member of your anatomy. Keep an eye on your eyes!

STAY OUT!

"LOVE thy neighbor as thyself," is a familiar biblical injunction. But even so, it has its qualification. And the quarantine sign is one of them.

There appears to be a popular notion that for those on the "inside looking out," quarantine is a mandatory sort of thing, but that for those on the "outside looking in," it means little or nothing.

Over-solicitous about the welfare of a sick neighbor or a neighbor's sick children, people will deliberately disobey the order plainly set forth on the sign and go visiting by the way of the back door. Thus, under a misguided idea of friendship, they will violate a rule which for their good and that of others should never be broken.

One has to be commended for the display of solicitude for friends and acquaintances, but if it takes the form of invading a home that is guarded by a quarantine sign it is carrying the thing a bit too far. It must be understood that neither fancy nor whim had anything to do with its placement. Based upon the absolute knowledge that health officials possess, it is put up for the protection of the public. It plainly says, "Stay out!" And that means everyone except the physician and persons in attendance upon the case. Others are trespassers, and criminal ones at that!

The germs of the communicable diseases are not to be tampered with. While invisible to the naked eye, they nevertheless possess the power to hang on to you, infect you, or by using you as a carrier, infect others.

Just a few days ago there was a back-door infraction of a scarlet fever quarantine. "Not a bit afraid," remarked the kind neighbor lady who was reluctantly admitted to the home. She was not prosecuted, convicted and fined for her indiscretion, but she paid a penalty nevertheless. Scarlet fever attacked her in five days later and in two weeks she was dead.

Therefore, the next time you see a quarantine sign on a friend's house, use the telephone for your inquiries and solicitations. Don't stick your head into the lion's mouth. It might bite!

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Advice

A man is hopelessly egotistic who won't listen to advice—but he is worse than that if he takes advice without giving it a great deal of thought and turning it over many times in his mind.



DOCTORS quite approve the quick comfort of Bayer Aspirin. These perfectly harmless tablets ease an aching head without penalty. Their increasing use year after year is proof that they do help and can't harm. Take them for any ache; to avoid the pain peculiar to women; many have found them marvelous at such times. The proven directions with every package of Bayer Aspirin tell how to treat colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. All druggists.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monheim-on-the-Rhine, Germany

All In
TO NIGHT
TO MORROW
ALRIGHT

For Sale at All Druggists

Rubber Airplanes Now

The newest structural material for aviation construction is a novel "lumpber" made by pressing together two sheets of hard rubber with an inner layer of sponge rubber between. Already the substance has been used to build motorboats, and now it has entered the airplane field as well.—Popular Science Monthly.

Doubting the Majority

"Do you believe in the rule of the majority?"

"Sometimes," said Mr. Chuggins, "but not when my wife and two daughters combine to drive this old flivver from the back seat."

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—Von Knebel.

Small "Republic" Bows to March of Progress

A little French district near the Swiss border calls itself the "Republic of Saugnet," claiming that its freedom dates from feudal times.

There are only about 500 inhabitants of this "republic," but they have a language all their own—a language that is as foreign to their French neighbors as to Americans. The people of the three small villages forming the "republic" call the people around them "French" as if speaking of foreigners.

But a concession has at last been made to progress. Saugnet, like her neighbor Switzerland, likes to have tourists. Heretofore the villagers have been accustomed to treat these visitors to the singing of the Saugnet national air, but deciding that it would be more courteous to sing in an understandable language they have had the song translated into French. Of course all the Saugnetians know French, for that is the only language taught in their schools.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Fight Flu With Fog

Flu sufferers may now fog into a Pimlico (London) clinic and for a few pence leave the building, quite recovered.

A "sprinkler" is the latest remedial device. It generates a "fog," a pleasant, fragrant, smoke-cloud which is said to be anything but pleasant to influenza germs.

Twenty-five "sniffers" can be treated at one sitting in the "fog" chamber, but if you want to sniff in private you can have a cubicle all to yourself for two shillings or half-a-crown. Pine scents are sprayed into the room to make the "fog" extra pleasant.

Everybody on the staff of the clinic—doctors, nurses, and clerical assistants—sniff the "fog" two or three times a week to keep the enemy at bay.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Adopts American Idea

The minister of health of Australia proposes to call a conference of life insurance companies and employers of labor to discuss a plan for the establishment of free dental clinics by employers along the lines of those of large companies in America.

Easy to Raise

One thing that is always easy to persuade in a back yard garden is perspiration.—Louisville Times.

Not So Bad as That

"I've lost my spectacles, shall I have to be examined all over again?" "Oh, no, dear. Only your eyes."

The time made by the losing horse isn't money to the owner.

WORKS HARD IN THE FIELD

Relies Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rankin, Illinois.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a tonic before and after my first child was born six years ago. Then when my second child came and I felt weak and run-down, I took it again. I am still taking it and I am feeling better. My mother used it for herself when I was small and always got good results. She still takes it. I do all kinds of heavy work, including my housework and I also help in the field. I recommend the Vegetable Compound and will gladly do so at any time. I am willing to answer any letters asking about this medicine."—Mrs. DEN. ORENLAND, Route 2, Rankin, Ill.



8% Write for circular. We have no salesmen. Bank references. THE PEXEL CO. Food Products 119 N. 4th St., Camden, N. J.

You Must Wear Shoes BUT DO they hurt? Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes, it takes the friction from the shoes and makes walking or dancing a real joy. Sold everywhere.

Foundation Stone Misaid After a long search the foundation stone of the permanent parliament building of Australia at Canberra, which was "laid" by the prince of Wales in 1920, has just been found. It had been stuck away in the commission's storeroom "to insure its safety against blasting operations," says an official announcement, and its exact resting place forgotten.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, MO. 19-1929.

Venomous Slander

Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in the persons who listen to it.—St. Bernard.

A good many of our narrow escapes, we never know about.

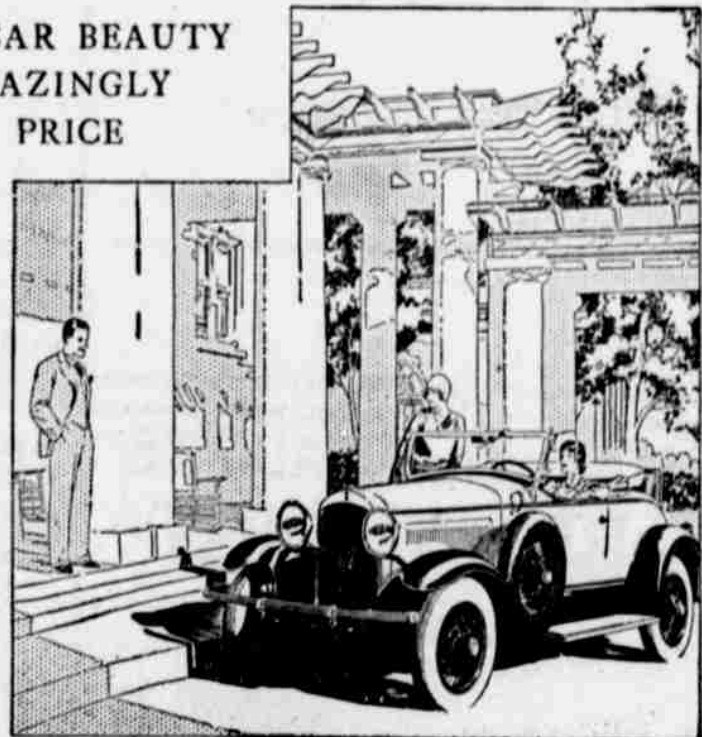
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WHIPPET 6 ROADSTER with 7-Bearing Crankshaft \$850

Coach \$925, Coupe \$975, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$725, Sedan \$700, De Luxe Sedan \$850. All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

WHIPPET 4 COACH \$550

Coupe \$550, 4-pass. Coupe \$580, Sedan \$625, De Luxe Sedan \$625, Roadster \$500, 2-pass. Roadster \$530, Custom Roadster \$595, Touring \$495, Commercial Coach \$580.

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