

FLASH

The Lead Dog

By
George Marsh

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

Cautiously, with ax poised for a quick blow, he moved in on his shoes, measuring with his eyes the length of the chain on the snow when straightened by the leap of the trapped beast. But the carcass did not spring and thus open himself to the blow from the menacing ax. Instead, the circling Brock, his body slowly pivoting to face his enemy.

Again and again Brock tried to lure the beast to leap to the end of the chain, within range of the poised ax, but with uncanny instinct the wolverine refused to spring.

Provoked at his failure, Brock turned to get his gun from the sled and, with the risk of injuring the pelt, shoot the brute, when he had an idea.

"By golly! I'll poke him into it with a stick!" he cried, with a doubtful look at the plunging Flash struggling to free himself from the rawhide which he, him to a neighboring tree. So, cutting and trimming a sapling, Brock again approached the fifty pounds of living dynamite, that watched him, head lowered, lips curled in a red snarl.

With a cough of rage the carcass crumpled the extended pole in his jaws, and with a twist of his head tore away a foot of the spruce stick.

"Mad, eh?" teased Brock, thrilled with the excitement of baiting the most savage denizen of the forest. "I'll make you jump yet!" And the boy fiercely prodded the hairy body.

With a scream the infuriated beast stiffened and sprang into the air. Dropping his pole, Brock leaped back beyond the radius of the chain. As he did, the taut chain jerked the wolverine to the snow. Stepping in, Brock swung the lifted ax, but again the beast left the snow, and ax and hairy body met in mid air with a thud.

As the boy struck again, the carcass again leaped, tearing his hind foot free of the trap while the ax head buried itself deep in the snow. Springing back, Brock shielded his head with raised left arm as the maddened beast buried himself upon him.

The shoulder and back of the skin capote were slashed like cloth, as the long skinning knife of the boy plunged deep into the ribs of the raging beast. Again Brock thrust desperately under his upraised arm at the demon whose teeth gripped the back of the skin capote while razor-like claws ripped the hide to ribbons. Then, a great body catapulted into battling carcass and boy, hurling them to the snow.

Struggling with his knees, free of his enemy, with smeared knife blade aimed for a thrust, Brock stared at the battle in the snow beside him. In a blurred melee of slate-gray and brown, snarling their hate as they fought to the death, thrashed the husky and the wounded carcass. Hampered by the snapped traces, collar and belly-band of the harness though he was, the charging dog had found his mark as he leaped to the aid of his master. Straight to their goal the great canines of Flash had driven through the thick neck muscles of the wolverine. Desperately the beast, weakened from the knife thrusts, writhed and twisted to reach the husky with the flying falls of his claws. But the tusks of Flash, seeking the spine behind the skull, never lost their conquering grip as they knifed their way to their goal.

Neck clamped from the rear in the vise of the husky's tusks, his cruel paws snapping helplessly on air as he coughed his hate, the wolverine fought to reach his enemy with his feet, but as he squirmed to slice the great body, always with a wrench, Flash threw him and kept to the beast's back, thus avoiding the slash of the claws.

Then, as the excited Brock hung over the battle in the snow with poised knife, the rust-brown body suddenly ceased to writhe; the blood-slavered jaws gaped widely in a red grimace, the great forefeet, with their knives of claws reached out in a last quivering snarl at the air.

The long fangs of the Ungava had wrenched through to their mark. The spine of the carcass was broken.

"Give it to him, Flash!" gasped Brock, suspicious, doubtful of what he saw. "Give it to him, boy!"

Lifting the head of the brute, his teeth still locked, Flash shook him with great wrenches of his iron neck. Satisfied, with a low rumble, he fiercely nuzzled his stiffening enemy. Then with the dead brute between his forelegs, Flash proudly lifted his stant eyes to the master.

"You killed him, boy!" cried Brock, proudly. "You broke his neck—a carcass' neck—and not a bad slash on you! By the great horned owl, you're a wonder!"

Then, in the custom of his kind, the conquering dog raised his pean of vic-

tory over the body of his foe, in long drawn howls that waked the silent forest.

Throwing off his tattered coat, Brock examined his ripped duffle shirt and the scratches on arms and back.

"Flash!" he cried, "we're two lucky birds! That deer skin was so tough, I'm hardly more than scratched. I got him with that first stab—close to the heart—took the fire out of him, I guess." Brock leaned over and examined the thrusts in the body of the dead carcass.

"Yes," he added. "And one hind foot was ruined by the trap. If he had had a fair chance to get a purchase with his teeth in my shoulder, he would have slashed my old hide to pieces, boy."

Luckily for Brock the wolverine had hung on his shoulder and side barely an instant—the first snap of his jaws, owing to the thick skin coat, only breaking the skin, and his punishing claws hardly getting into action when the knife thrusts into his lungs and the charge of Flash shook him off. And it was fortunate for Flash he had not met an unwounded carcass. The neck hold he had got in his leap, had saved him from a ripped pelt.

Finding that neither he nor his dog were hurt beyond painful scratches, Brock donned his torn capote, and hurried back to the main camp to treat the slight wounds on shoulder and left arm, and get his duffle coat.

And so, through February, the boys labored on their trap-lines, unmolested by their enemies north of the big lake, while they added to the already rich catch of fur which might never see Hungry House.

Onabani-glassis, the Moon of the Crust on the Snow, was ten days old. Higher and higher, each day, swung the sun over the white wilderness of the Yellow-Leg headwaters. With fur-



The First Hard Crust Would Find Them Headed North.

and surplus outfit securely hidden in the cache in the swamp, Gaspard and Brock waited for the usual break in the weather, when, for a time, the March sun would daily soften the snow surface and the following frosts, at night, form a crust which would bear the weight of men and dogs, making sledging a delight. With provisions for three weeks, cooking outfit and blankets, lashed in the tarpaulin wrapper, on the big sled, the first hard crust would find them headed north. Deep into the country the Crees were trapping for the red-bearded free-trader wintering on the lower Carcajou, they were going in search of news of the death of Pierre Lecroix. That there might be no return south over the March crust; that the Peterboro, slung from spruce, on wires, in October, to avoid the porcupines, might not, in May, run the roaring Yellow-Leg, bound home for Hungry House, the boys fully realized.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fish's Headstone

The purpose of the white stone-like objects found in the interior of the fish's head has not been very definitely determined, but most of the small boys who catch fish think these stones are lucky pieces and seek them for the mere purpose of pocket pieces. It is generally agreed that these stones are in some way connected with the fish's auditory faculties, but according to another theory they belong to the fish's static sense, a term referring to the complex process by means of which fishes are enabled to maintain equilibrium in water. The stones are almost entirely mineral compositions, being soluble in weak acetic acid. They show annular or peridic rings of growth, somewhat analogous to the annular rings of trees, and are frequently used to determine the age of fishes.

Pioneer in Cataloguing

Thomas James, the first librarian of the Bodleian library, Oxford, where he held office from 1690 to 1620, was the pioneer of English librarians. He compiled the first complete printed catalogue of a public library arranged in an alphabetical order and was the precursor of the subject-cataloguer.

Good Manners

All good manners have something theatrical in them; they are not natural; they are a performance and the best inspiration toward acquiring them is a fine desire to be agreeable to others.—American Magazine.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

March ain't nothin' new,
April's altogether too
'Brash for me! and May—I jes'
'Bominate its promises—
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timberland—
A few promises, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout or two—
Drap asleep, and it tucks in
'Fore daylight and snows ag'in!—
—Riley.

SOMETHING TO TRY

While the fresh green apples are in their prime of flavor make a few jars of:

Apple Chutney.—Cover one pound of button onions with one cupful of water and eight ounces of salt. Let stand two days, renewing the water and salt once. Peel, core and slice one pound of green, sour apples. Soak

one pound of raisins, one pound of soft brown sugar, two ounces of fresh ginger, four ounces of chili peppers, one tablespoonful of crushed celery seed and a clove of garlic in a pint of vinegar for eight hours. Now add the onions and put through a meat chopper. Add another pint of vinegar and cook with the apples until they are soft. Pack boiling hot in small jars and seal.

Cucumber Sauce Uncooked.—Peel and grate cucumbers and place in a cheesecloth bag to drain over night. Some leave the cucumbers unpeeled. Grate one-half dozen onions, add to the cucumbers. In the morning add salt, cayenne pepper or a bit of finely chopped chili pepper; add vinegar to make the right consistency. Pack in cold jars and seal.

Celery and Shrimp Salad.—Dissolve two-thirds of a teaspoonful of gelatin in three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, add one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon juice. Add a tablespoonful of cold water to the gelatin to soften before adding the boiling water. When cool add one-fourth of a cupful of broken shrimps and one-fourth cupful of finely cut tender celery, salt to taste. Mold and chill, serve with any good dressing.

Luncheon Salad.—Take one envelope of gelatin, soften in one cupful of cold water ten minutes and dissolve in one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Add one-half cupful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of sugar, three tart apples, one-half cupful of pecan meats and one cupful of celery. Mold.

Some Sandwiches.

A chicken sandwich is always a favorite for any occasion.

Toasted Chicken Sandwiches.—Grind very fine one-fourth of a cupful of the white meat of chicken and moisten with a little cream. Season and heat. Spread the mixture on a slice of trimmed toast. Sprinkle with finely chopped cheese and paprika. Place under the broiler and melt the cheese, cover with another slice, cut in two. Garnish with potato shoestrings and water cress.

Chicken a la King.—This is a very attractive open sandwich. Cut slices of bread one and one-fourth inches thick, cut out a small place in the center, butter and toast in the oven. Fill the depression with hot chicken a la king, sprinkle with cheese and brown under the broiler. Garnish with mushrooms.

Chicken and Grape Sandwich.—Spread buttered toasted bread with mayonnaise, then arrange thin slices of the white meat of chicken on it. On top of the chicken place thin slices of seedless grapes, press on a leaf of lettuce and cover with another slice. Trim, cut into any desired shape and serve on lettuce. Other grapes seeded and chopped may be used.

Chicken and Almond Sandwich.—Chop and mix one-fourth cupful each of the white meat of chicken and blanched almonds. Add just enough mayonnaise to bind, season and spread on toast. Garnish the border with thin slices of pickles, cover with another slice and serve on lettuce.

Chicken and Broccoli Sandwich.—Chop one cupful of cooked seasoned broccoli well drained, mix with the pounded white meat of a chicken to make a good mixture. Spread on buttered bread, cover with another slice and pour over a hot rich cream sauce.

Cocoa Bread.—Dissolve one cake of compressed yeast and a tablespoonful of sugar in two cupfuls of scalded and cooled milk; add three cupfuls of flour and beat until smooth. Cover and set in a warm place to rise—about one and one-half hours, then add one-fourth of a cupful of butter creamed with one-fourth cupful of sugar, two eggs well beaten, one-half cupful of cocoa, one-half teaspoonful of salt; knead lightly and place to rise again. Mold into loaves when light, filling the pans half full. Use two and a half cupfuls of flour in the second kneading. This is particularly good for sandwiches.

Curried Sandwich of Chicken.—Place thin slices of chicken on buttered bread and pour over a rich white sauce that has been seasoned with a teaspoonful of curry powder. Serve hot.

Nellie Maxwell

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Took Name From Locality

The woman's garment known as a "basque" derived its style as well as its name from a similar garment worn by the peasants of the Basque country in France and Spain.



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Self-Deception

"The world is fairly honest," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "and egotism is what we have most to fear. No other deceives us so much as we deceive ourselves."—Washington Star.

Nothing to Wear

Tim—Aren't you going to invite your roommate to your wedding?

Jim—No, he's only got one dress-suit.—Life.

Knowing your friend to be in distress is what brings your affection for him to fever heat.

Motorists Slow Down in German Small Towns

The typical German highway is full of curves and sharp turns. It proceeds from one country village to the next, going through the main streets of every town and hamlet where traffic is frequently blocked by all sorts of hindrances. As villages are usually only a short distance apart, the time for getting through them often nearly equals the time spent traveling at high speed between them.

Outside the village proper, however, the road may be an excellent one kept up by the provincial government. Inside the village boundary the road becomes the main street, paved with the roughest kind of cobblets but quite satisfactory to the inhabitants, who possess no automobiles of their own.

The villagers wish to keep their streets rough and crooked in order to slow down fast automobiles and so prevent injuries to geese, pigs and chickens, and possibly to induce motorists to stop in the village.—New York Times.

The Only Way

Two golfing rivals were contesting the final of their local championship. They were all square at the eleventh hole.

One made a perfect drive from the next tee, but his opponent was unlucky, and the ball, curving high in the air, landed in jungle country.

When he went to investigate, he discovered that his ball had gone down a rabbit hole.

"Your niblick, sir?" inquired the caddy, reaching for the club.

"No," returned the other in a resigned voice. "Hurry back to the clubhouse and get me a ferret."

Modern Marriage

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, who advocates changes, but not freak changes, in the marriage laws, said in a discussion of modern marriage:

"The latest freak idea is to take the honeymoon before instead of after the ceremony. A popular novelist has done this, and a popular movie star is now doing it. But, unfortunately, the basic freak idea of modern marriage—that is, marry often—still prevails.

"A girl said to a young man: 'No, Clarence, I can't marry you.' 'Oh,' he pleaded, 'just this once!'"

The Dog, Sometimes

Among gardeners and others the pro-and-anti dog season is on. One canine authority says: "A good dog is known by his master. Give the dog the proper guardian and he will reflect intelligence. It isn't the dog, it's you." The pup, however, has a few instinctive ways of his own that even the worst master cannot be held accountable for.—Minneapolis Journal.

Three-Season Bed

Landlady—Good morning, Mr. Slippe. Did you sleep well?

New Boarder—Only so-so. I'm afraid I'm not used to a three-season bed.

Landlady—Three season? New Boarder—Yes, one with no spring in it!—Border Cities Star.

Light That Did Not Fail

Father—Didn't your friend stay rather late last night?

Daughter—Perhaps—but I was showing him some photographs.

Father—Well, sometime show him some of my light bills.

Doing the Impossible

Viscount Reading's speech in behalf of the Kellogg anti-war pact, which electrified the house of lords, led an editor to say:

"Lord Reading did the impossible. He electrified the upper house. I remember a remark he once made when he was over here as ambassador during the war.

"Addressing the house of lords is the most difficult thing in the world," he said. "It's like addressing tombstones by winter moonlight."

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