

# FLASH

THE LEAD DOG

By GEORGE MARSH

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## CHAPTER XII—Continued

"When they come, I won't be here!" Brock rasped through his teeth. Straight back into the thick spruce he forced the raging and bewildered dogs reaching good cover, he halted, holding the dogs by sheer power alone.

Then, suddenly from the direction of the river rose the brittle yelps of Silt-Ear and Kona. They had found the Cree! A rifle crashed—then another.

With a sob, Brock muttered: "If they've shot 'em! They'll pay for it—pay for it!"

His wrists were raw with the plunging of the maddened huskies fast getting out of hand, when he caught a fleeting glimpse of a dark patch moving through the scrub. Loosing the dogs, Brock fired. The dark spot in the distance vanished. Pumping a shell into the chamber of his 30-30, he cautiously advanced, while the great Ungava roared ahead through the forest to the succor of their comrades.

Brock found the trail of the Indian leading out to the river. He had missed.

Where was Gaspard? Had he heard the firing? Was he coming? Where was Gaspard?

Free of his dogs, Brock started a counter stalk of the men hunting him. Eyes strained, nerves taut, with cocked rifle he followed the trail. Again rifles crashed ahead of him, above the yelps of Flash and Yellow-Eye—and again.

"They're shooting the dogs!" Then Brock's rifle reached the battle in the bush. With a sob, he saw through an opening fifty yards away, a great yellow-and-white body stretched on the snow.

"Yellow-Eye! They've got Yellow-Eye!" choked the boy, as he ran, searching the scrub for the smoke of a rifle.

With his rifle covering his advance, Brock approached to where the great dog lay stretched in the snow, head on forefeet. Then the roving eyes of the boy saw a hooded figure swing from the branches of a spruce to the snow, a grimace of satisfaction wrinkling his swart face.

Dropping on a knee, Brock lined his sights as a knife flashed from the Cree's sash and the killer of the king-dog leaned over the motionless shape. Then, as his forefinger curled on the trigger of his 30-30, Brock gasped. Up from the snow lunged the yellow-and-white shape. The great tusks snapped on the exposed throat of the man bent forward. With a muffled snarl the mighty Ungava bore the Indian to the snow beneath him. Once—twice, the long fangs ripped and tore at the jugular of the stricken Cree whose knife slipped from nerveless fingers.

The staring eyes of the thrilled youth saw the massive head of Yellow-Eye lift from the mutilated shape. The jaws opened. A hoarse rumble vibrated in the deep throat. Then the great head fell limp on the snow.

Standing over him, Brock's eyes saw a great wound in the Ungava's side from which blood welled out to rim and the snow.

Dauntless in death, as in life, Yellow-Eye had joined his fathers.

"They'll pay for this, boy—pay!" sobbed the lad as he hurried on in search of Flash. Somewhere, beating through the bush, Brock heard the voice of his dog. Cautiously now his eyes swept the trees for a sniper. Then he struck a trail which led toward the river.

Dodging from clump to clump of young growth, he followed. Suddenly a rifle cracked, and, swaying for an instant on his feet as his consciousness faded, Brock slowly crumpled in the snow.

From a thicket twenty yards on his flank rose a low grunt of satisfaction. A hooded shape pushed aside the spruce seedlings and approached the huddled mass on the snow. The sprawled figure did not move.

The Cree swiftly advanced. As he moved, the hammer of his rifle clicked as his thumb cocked it. He raised the gun, to shoot again the one already stricken, when a movement in the scrub behind him drew his eyes.

Then through the air catapulted one hundred and forty pounds of gray dynamite to strike the surprised Indian and hurl him to the snow, as the wind tosses a leaf. With a scream the Cree reached for his knife as the white fangs of Flash slashed again and again in demoniac fury, for he had scented his master and was seeking him, when he reached them.

Frenzied with battle-lust, the great beast lapped and tore at the throat of the helpless man. Then, leaving the stiffening body crawling, whimpering, to the silent master he loved.

Nuzzling the hood back from Brock's forehead, Flash flicked at the red fur row across a temple, his black nose trills quivering in a low wail. But the gray-faced master made no response. The dog worked off a mitten and covered the limp hand with the caresses of a hot tongue. But the fingers did not move in answer. Then sniffing long at the inert body, Flash sat down and pointing his nose at the sky wailed out his despair and his grief.

After a space, the dog repeated his attempt to arouse the man he worshipped. Then, as if he knew that

Brock had left him, lay close to the still shape, his head on the chest, slant eyes closed to slits, as he breathed his sorrow in low, quivering whimpers.

Later, the guardian of the dead suddenly rose, baring his great fangs in a warning snarl. Wide-eyed with fear, Gaspard stood them.

"Brock! He eos hurt, Flash?" With a side glance at the body of the Indian in the snow, Gaspard hurried to his stricken friend, his gray face set with anxiety. But the hairy bulk of Flash quietly barred his way.

"What de trouble, Flash? You tink Gaspard hurt Brock?" And the half-breed stared apprehensively over the barrier of Flash's intervening bulk at the furrow in the forehead of the body in the snow. Offering no violence, with no rumble of hostility, Flash stood stoically on guard, refusing to share the beloved body.

Gaspard was in a quandary. It was clear Brock had been shot in the head—how badly he could not tell. There was the path of the bullet across the temple. He must lift a to his heart! And there stood Flash, barring the way—Flash who had given his love and allegiance to one man, forever.

Sitting down on the snow, Gaspard began to talk and croon to the dog whose heart lay with the still figure he guarded. For a long space the dog ignored him, but, in the end, with rumbling protest, suffered the friend of Brock to touch the still shape.

Then the eager ears of the half-breed listened at Brock's chest. Yes,



With a Muffled Snarl the Mighty Ungava Bore the Indian to the Snow Beneath Him.

the heart was beating! The gouge in the temple had not fractured the skull.

Swiftly building a fire, Gaspard returned from the river with a young Cree, his prisoner, whose hands were bound behind him with thong. And with them came Silt-Ear and Kona, whose white shoulder was smeared red from a flesh wound.

Leaving the Cree at the fire, Gaspard found the loaded sled on the shore, and brought it to the fire with the aid of the two dogs, while Flash stood guard beside his master.

Shortly Brock was wrapped in blankets on a bough bed, beside the roaring fire fed by the Cree, whom Gaspard had released from his thongs. In an hour the laboring half-breed had revived the circulation in Brock's inert body. Later, the boy, suffering from a slight concussion, opened his eyes and swallowed the steaming cup of tea offered him. With a groan of relief Gaspard cried:

"Brock, you know me, Brock? Gaspard fix you all right, old partner! I sees all right now! He shoot close—dat Cree, but old Flash get beam!"

As returning consciousness lit Brock's eyes, the hot tongue of the friend who had mourned him touched his cheek. Then with a throat rumble of contentment, the guardian of the sleeping Brock settled back, head on paws, for his watch through the night.

The stars still blinked dimly above the camp on the carcajou and the violet dusk hung in the spruce, when the silence of the still sleeping forest was marred by a long wail. Then a second voice joined the first, and in chorus, a mournful threnody lifted on the freezing air. Shortly, out near the shore, other voices joined the two back in the timber.

"What dey do dat for? queried Gaspard, standing near the breakfast fire. "Stop, Flash! You bodder Brock!" ordered the youth, but with nose pointed at the dim stars overhead, the great husky added his lamentations to those of his comrades.

"Unlee two out dere; where eos Yellow-Eye?" muttered the half-breed tilted head listening to the familiar voices of Silt-Ear and Kona. "Hey you, Yellow-Eye!" he called.

But the yelp of the king-dog would never again answer the voice of Gaspard.

"Our lead-dog, I cannot hear him!" said Gaspard, in Cree, to the boy whom he was treating as a friend rather than an enemy, for the prisoner's hands were not bound and he squatted by the fire watching the frying pan.

"I saw but three dogs here last night," replied the Cree. "Shall I go to the river and stop my team howling?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The big trees of the West owe their great age partly to the fact that they are unusually free from tree diseases

# The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

My life shall touch a dozen lives before this day is done— Leave countless marks for good or ill 'er sets this evening's sun. Shall fair or foul its imprint prove, on those my life shall halt? Shall benison my impress be, or shall a blight prevail. —Strickland Gillilan.

## DRESSINGS FOR SALADS

During hot weather frozen salads and frozen dressing for well chilled salads make a strong appeal.

There is no limit to the way this idea may be developed. A tart lemon sherbet with a tablespoonful or two of peanut butter added makes a delicious dressing for a banana or a shredded cabbage salad.

With the salad well chilled and the dressing placed on it just at the time of serving, the result will be satisfactory. The flavors are better blended if the salad is moistened with a little mayonnaise or cream dressing and topped with the icy one.

**Frozen Tomato Dressing.**—Place one quart of tomatoes (canned will answer) in a pan with a pint of water, one stalk of celery chopped, one green or red sweet pepper sliced, a slice of onion, half a bay leaf, a few cloves and a few sprigs of parsley. Simmer for about thirty minutes, then pass through a sieve. To this tomato juice add four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one cupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Freeze as any sherbet. It should be soft and mushy, not too firm. When nearly finished stir in a cupful of finely chopped celery or grated apple, or an equal quantity of crushed pineapple drained from its juice. Serve with cauliflower or cabbage, or cheese and macaroni salad.

**Frozen Raspberry Dressing.**—To one and one-half cupfuls of raspberry juice add one-half cupful of water, the juice of a lemon and one-fourth cupful of sugar. Freeze as usual and when partly frozen add a pint of whipped cream lightly sweetened with powdered sugar. Freeze to a mush, then pack down in ice and salt and let stand two hours. Serve over cubed melon and bananas, or over any fruit salad.

**Frozen Cream Mayonnaise.**—Fold one cupful of mayonnaise flavored with lemon juice into a cupful of whipped cream sweetened with one tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Pour into a mold, seal and pack in ice and salt and let set an hour before using.

## Salads for Summer.

Summer for the housemother in many homes means just more work and worry. Try to make this summer one long vacation, with the children home from school, with planning each to do his share, the mother, too, may have some of the joy of the good old summer-time.

Salads, sandwiches, cold drinks may take the place of hearty meals during the warm weather, with the family feeling better for the simple foods. Today every boy and girl is called upon occasionally to prepare a dish for supper on Sunday night, or camping trips and they, if well practiced at home, are happy to share in such entertainment.

To be able to mix a tasty salad, or prepare a rarebit well is an accomplishment of which to be proud. Everybody likes a fruit salad and they are simplest of all to prepare.

**Simple Fruit Salad.**—Use a combination of pineapple, firm, good flavored apple, a bit of fresh or canned pear, a half dozen or more of minced marshmallows, cover with whipped cream to which a tablespoonful of any good mayonnaise dressing has been added in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a cupful of the whipped cream. Serve all well chilled.

**Mixed Fruit Salad.**—Take one-half cupful each of chopped pineapple, oranges, orange and grapefruit pulp, halved maraschino cherries, with one and one-half cupfuls of sliced bananas. The banana when well ripened is a deep yellow flecked with brown and no sign of green at the tips. Do not be afraid to buy bananas that are quite brown, if firm, for they are best when very ripe. Nuts and bananas supply carbohydrates and proteins, pineapple has a digestive element, apples have always been known to keep the doctor away, so with this combination one may be sure to have a healthful dish. Serve with the following dressing: Take two egg yolks, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls each of butter, lemon juice, vinegar, one of olive oil, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika and three-fourths of a cupful of whipped cream. Cook egg yolks, beaten with sugar, butter and other ingredients over water, stirring constantly. Cool, add the cream and pour over the salad.

**Easy Living**  
United States Attorney Sawyer Smith was talking in Covington about a bogus missionary.

"The man," he said, "held prayer meetings all over the country, and the money he took in for missions in Dahomey and Senegal enabled him to live like a prince for many years.

"It reminds me of the little girl who was asked:

"What does your father do for a living?"

"He takes up the collection in church," she answered."

**Carried a Spare**  
Mrs. Fatleigh (at the beach)—My chin is getting all sunburnt.

Her Friend—What do you care? You've got another.—Smith's Weekly.

**Russ Ball Blue** delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

**Treat 'Em Rough**  
Perhaps if your bees haven't been doing so very well it's because you have been treating them too tenderly. The latest bulletin from a well-known bee expert says: "Don't coddle your bees."—Kansas City Star.

**Surprising the Waiter**  
"For the first time since I've dined at this restaurant the charge is reasonable," said the guest.

"Reasonable?" echoed the waiter, surprised. "I had better have another look at the bill. There must be some mistake."—Inverness Courier.

**Sawed into Cache**  
For years John Bettis had seen an old log lying in his farmyard near Eldorado Springs, Mo. Recently he needed firewood and decided to cut the log into stove lengths. He sawed it open and revealed \$250 in gold dust hidden in a can thrust into an auger hole.—Indianapolis News.

**Wary**  
The Automobile club of southern California has several members who are more than ninety years old.

"I simply can't understand it," protested Secretary Stan Mitchell, "As nearly as I could ever figure it out, a man who has lived to be ninety has either never seen an automobile or else he has been smart enough to have seen them all before they saw him."

**Frank Comment**  
During a trip to England an American woman engaged a guide to show her around.

After he had explained the principal attractions of the neighborhood she remarked, as she handed him his fee: "I trust that what you have told me is absolutely true; I never feel as though I should pay for untruths."

"Well, ma'am," said the old fellow, scanning the coin, "truth or untruth, you've had your money's worth."

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**To Go Around**  
"Miss Strong," asked Mrs. Human Dynamo, unbending a trifle, "may I ask why you are trimming the corners off that stationery?"

"You told me to get up a circular letter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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