

# 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.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

Before dawn, Brock left the disappointed Flash at the camp, fastened to a tree by a leg, for his wounded neck would bear no collar, while he started to look for caribou. As the eastern sky grayed then turned to a bitter blue, Brock, with his hood over his face, slithered in a clump of scrub spruce on the edge of a muskeg that reached away into the shadow. Here, at dawn, the caribou, if there were any in the vicinity, would come to dig the snow with their round-toed hoofs from the white reindeer moss which grew on the barrens of the north.

Starting slowly from the forest at his right, Brock's eyes swept the barren. In the dim light he could see but a few hundred yards into the snowy plain, but caribou have poor eyes and if they were there, he knew he could boldly stalk them upwind, while later, after sunrise, it would be more difficult.

Brock waited until the sun lifted to turn the expanse of snow before him into a shimmering plain of fire. It was no use; there were no deer within sight. After breakfast he would make a wide circle and follow the freshest tracks he could find, for he had resolved not to leave Flash and go back to the main camp for grub.

When he had heated and skinned out the fur which he had brought in the night before, he talked to his dog in a useless attempt to soothe him in his disappointment at being tied up in camp when Brock took the trail.

He spent another day on the trail of the caribou, but, although he saw a band crossing the barren at a great distance and followed numerous fresh trails, he never came up with them. He was approaching his camp and wondering if Flash had broken loose by gnawing his wire leash, when he was surprised by a chorus of yelps.

"Hello, there! Got worried, did you?" he called to his partner.

The dogs of the team, wired to separate trees, joined Flash in a vociferous welcome.

"Hello, Kona, Yellow-Eye, Silt-Ren, old socks! How're the pups?" Then not seeing a fire in the hole in the snow and receiving no answer from Gaspard, he knew that his partner had arrived early and was off on a hunt of his own. Brock built up the fire and started a good supper with the beans and caribou steak which he found on Gaspard's sled. As the early dusk filled the spruce with purple shadows, the sleeping dogs waked to the creak of snowshoes on the dry November snow.

"Well, you old villain!" cried Brock, as Gaspard appeared, doubled under the tenderloin and haunches of a yearling caribou. "I hunted for two days and didn't get a shot, and you go out and get one in an hour!"

Gaspard tipped his heavy load into the snow—later to be strung up out of the reach of the dogs. "Wal, he said with a grin, "what you do to poor Flash?"

Brock described the fight with the wolf.

"So dat pup kill de old wolf, eh? Eet tak' good dog to do dat. Wen you not come home one sleep back, I tink you hurt, mebbe."

"I knew you would show up looking for me," replied Brock, his eyes lighting with affection for his partner, "but Flash was too sore to travel, and I was afraid of wolves finding him here or I would have come back for grub."

Eating a hearty supper, the boys sat by the hot fire of birch while Gaspard smoked a pipe of company nigger-head. After a silence, the half-breed blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth and said: "I see yer strange 'ring one sleep back. I cross trail of two wolf."

"What was strange in that?" queried Brock.

"One wolf had onlee tree toe on left hind foot."

"Caught in trap, sometime, but whose trap?" Brock was interested.

"Dat wolf was a dog," announced the other, quietly.

"A dog? What makes you think so, Gaspard?"

"Because my fader had a dog who mak' a track lak dat—wid her left hind foot."

"Your father"—Brock gazed intently into the somber features of his friend. "You say your father had a dog shy a toe? Gee, that's strange! But how could she be travelling with a wolf? The wolves would kill her, of course," he demurred.

"No, I have hear ev such 'ring."

"You mean she might have mated with a wolf?"

"Ah-hah!"

"And you're sure it was her track?"

"I would know eet anywere."

Brock thrilled at the possibilities of the situation. A dog of the lost Pierre Lecroix—alive in the headwater country! "Then your father must have been right here—last winter?" he said, excitedly.

Slowly the half-breed rose, and dropping his mitten on the thong which held it to the neck of his caribou-skin capote, drew his skinning knife from his sash. Dramatically thrusting the hand gripping the knife above his head, he spoke, as if taking an oath, while the younger youth sat wide-eyed:

"Eef dese men are een dis countrie, before de snow fade een April, I weel mak dem tell me how he died."

The fixed purpose, the bitter hatred, in the face of his friend, as the firelight touched his knotted features, filled the youth who watched with awe. Brock knew that Gaspard Lecroix would never start on the trail home without easing his mind as to the fate of his father. It certainly looked like an exciting winter if these people were north of the big lake. It might be that Gaspard and Brock McCain, also, would leave their bones in the Yellow-Leg country. Involuntarily, Brock shivered at the gloomy thought.

"But how are you going to make them tell?" demanded Brock.

For a long space Gaspard's half-shut eyes stared into the fire. Then he said: "Eef I find one alone, on hees trap-line, dere are way to mak' heem talk." And he again drew his skinning knife, and suggestively ran a calloused thumb along its edge.

A few days later, Gaspard and Brock, leaving their dogs wired to trees at camp to avoid their yelping, started on a two days' scout through the country to the north of the big lake. Obsessed by the discovery of the dog tracks in the snow, the memory of his father gave Gaspard no rest. And, moreover, for their own safety it was necessary to learn if the men who had made the tracks on the lake shores were still in the country.

Creeling the upper end of the lake ten miles to the west, for they had no intention of leaving a trail across the white level which could be detected from the ridges to the north, Gaspard and Brock traveled through the back country. But that night as they dug a fire hole in the heart of a spruce swamp and roasted their caribou steak, they were in frank disagreement.

"I don't think there's a soul within a hundred miles to the north of us, argued the skeptical Brock. "We must have made forty miles today and we haven't seen a shoe track."

"They are on de lower lak' or the riviere," grunted the stubborn Gaspard. "We fin' dem tomorrow."

Brock looked hard at his friend. "You really believe they are in the country?"

Gaspard nodded.

"From dat high ridge back dere, to-day, I see smoke."

"Oh, you mean that haze?" Brock McCain's heart beat faster. What he had laughed away that afternoon as the imagination of his friend, now, as they sat walled in by the gloom of the spruce, seemed more worthy of belief as something other than haze. "Of course, it could have been smoke, but it looked like haze to me," he compromised.

The small eyes of Lecroix glittered.

"Eet was smoke."

As he wound his plaited rabbit-skin robes around him under the brush roof they had built across the sleep-hole to hold the heat of the fire, Brock wondered what the next day would bring forth. If Gaspard proved to be right and they met some of these hunters, what would happen? Would they attack them on sight or attempt to drive them from the country by threats? Or would they appear friendly, only to track them later to their camp and deal with them as they must have dealt with the missing Pierre Lecroix?

For the first time since leaving Hungry House, Brock felt a touch of homesickness—a desire to see his father and mother and the children in the little fur post at the mouth of the Starving, two hundred lonely white miles to the south. And if anything should happen to him and Gaspard, at the post they would never know until June, when the canoe they waited for failed to return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Leave-Taking Customs Among Various Races

People who live in different countries and speak different languages have different ways of saying "Good-bye." In the Philippines, for instance, a man rubs his friend's face with his hand when he bids him farewell.

When you leave a Hindu he falls in the dust at your feet, while the Burmese bend low and say, "Hip, hip." South Sea Islanders rattle each other's whalebone necklaces.

The Othelloid Islander will twist the end of the departing guest's rope and then solemnly shake his own hand three times. The Japanese will take his slipper off as you depart, and say, with a smile, "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeyings—I regard thee."

The Sioux and the Blackfeet will dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence, while Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers.

## Giant Among Bells

The great tenor bell in St. Paul's cathedral, London, weighs 62 hundred weight.

# Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

## A GOOD NAME

"I hate to see these creatures who let the mothers do all the work," said Mr. Tumble Bug the beetle.

Tumble Bug always lay their eggs in a ball, which is a curious habit they have.

"So many animals and insects," continued Mr. Tumble Bug, "won't help their mates."

"No one could be any kinder than you are, my dear," said Mrs. Tumble Bug.

"I can't help it," said Mr. Tumble Bug. "You are such a nice beetle and I do think so much of you that I simply can't help working with you."

"It gives me pleasure to assist you," Mr. Tumble Bug wiggled his legs as he said this, and Mrs. Tumble Bug was tremendously pleased.

"All the Tumble Bugs help their wives," she said.

"Ah," said Mr. Tumble Bug, "that is because there are such nice Tumble Bug ladies."

"We cannot do anything else but be nice. We would not be gentlemen beetles if we were rude, you know."

"And you take an interest in the eggs, too, don't you?" said Mrs. Tumble Bug.

Mr. Tumble Bug bowed his beetle head.

Then they started to work at once. They took the ball in which were rolled all the eggs. Mr. Tumble Bug began pulling at the ball, for he thought that was the hardest part of the work.

Mrs. Tumble Bug pushed as hard as she could.

They kept on pulling and pushing. Mr. Tumble Bug always trying to do the heaviest part of the work, until they tumbled their ball of eggs into a hole in the ground which they had planned as their children's nursery.

That is the reason Mr. and Mrs. Tumble Bug and their relations are all called Tumble Bugs instead of beetles, for they always tumble their children into a hole, where they come out—later on—as Tumble Bug children.

Mr. and Mrs. Tumble Bug are extremely pleased that they are not called plain, ordinary beetles, for they think in this way they are most distinguished.

"I think the children will be a fine lot, this time," said Mrs. Tumble Bug. "You always think so," said her husband, smiling a beetle smile.

As they looked about them they saw other Tumble Bug families tumbling or rolling their balls of eggs into holes in the ground.

The daddy was always pulling and the mother pushing.

"You see," said Mr. Tumble Bug. "We bugs can't help being nice to you. It is the habit of every one of us to help our dear little beetle mates."

All the mother beetles felt very proud that they were looked after and assisted with the housekeeping and the bringing up of the children.

So Mr. and Mrs. Tumble Bug took a fine nap and every little while a mother beetle was helping a mother to tumble the eggs into a hole.

For, as they both do the same work, they both deserve the name of Tumble Bug.

They are glad they Both Deserve to have the Name.

All the Daddy Tumble Bugs want to be able to always live up to their name, and from the way they work, I feel sure they always will.

Oh, they consider their name a very good one.

**Mama Wanted Him**

Mrs. E., living next door to a kindergarten school, has a small Boston bull dog. The children at the school are fond of it and will take any kind of a chance to get it away from the house.

The other day Mrs. E. came out on the porch and saw the dog following some small boys down the street and she immediately called it. One of the boys stopped and looking at the dog seriously, said: "Tun on back now, your mamma wants you."

**Natural History Lesson**

The teacher was examining the class to see how much they remembered of a natural history lesson given the day before.

"Now, Johnny," she said, "which animal do you remember?"

"The warmer," replied Johnny.

"Nonsense! There's no such animal. Sit down!"

"Please, miss, I know what 'e means," said another boy. "'E means the otter."

## PORK CHOPS WITH APPLES ARE GOOD

Excellent for Winter Dinner Menu When Stuffed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Delicious for a winter dinner menu are these stuffed pork chops, cooked and served with the apple that tradition seems to require with pork in any form. Buttered cabbage or Brussels sprouts would be a good choice of vegetable to accompany these chops, with something else a little crisp in texture, such as raw celery, or raw Jerusalem artichokes, sliced very thin, or a plain lettuce salad with French dressing, suggests the bureau of home economics.

6 rib pork chops, 2 tbs. minced onion  
1 1/2 inches thick. 1/2 tsp. salt  
2 cups fine bread 1/2 tsp. pepper  
crumbs. 1/4 tsp. celery  
1/2 cup chopped celery 1/4 tsp. savory  
ery and tops. 1/2 cup parsley  
1 tbs. chopped par- 2 large red apples  
sley. 2 tbs. butter.

After the rib chops are cut 1 1/2 inches thick, have the butcher slit the meat portion in half, cutting from the outer rim of fat toward the bone, so that a layer of stuffing can be inserted. Be careful, however, not to cut so that the meat is separated from the bone. Or, if preferred, the pockets for stuffing the chops can easily be cut at home with a sharp knife.

Make a stuffing of the bread crumbs, celery, and other ingredients listed, except the apples. Cook the celery, onion, and parsley in the butter for 5 minutes. Add the bread crumbs and seasoning, and stir until well mixed.

Sprinkle the chops lightly with salt, pepper, and flour. Have a heavy skillet very hot and sear the chops until lightly browned on both sides. Then fill each chop with the stuffing and insert toothpicks to hold the edges together. Put the chops on a rack in a baking dish or pan with cover. On the top of each chop place, skin side up, one-half of an apple which has been cored but not pared. Cover and bake in a moderate oven from 3/4 to 1 hour, or until the meat is tender. Lift out the chops from the pan onto a hot platter and remove the toothpick skewers. Be careful to keep the apples in place on top of the chops. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

## Celery Fritters

Wash and scrape one bunch of celery, cut in inch pieces and cook for five minutes in boiling salted water. Drain and cool slightly. Mix and sift two-thirds cupful of flour with one-third teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Mix one well beaten egg with half a cupful of milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Beat until smooth, add the celery and drop from a teaspoon into deep fat that is hot enough to brown a cube of bread in one minute. Cook until golden brown, drain on soft paper and serve with tomato sauce.

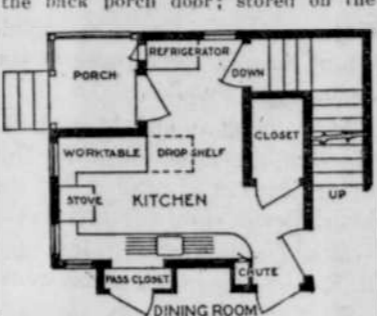
## WORK CENTERS IN HANDY KITCHEN

Well Placed and Away from Main Lines of Travel.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

While the oblong-shaped kitchen is most often recommended for compactness and convenience, it is possible for a room of irregular shape to answer all the needs of the housewife in her kitchen if the work centers are well arranged in relation to each other. Here is a floor plan of a kitchen studied by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. In spite of the fact that the wall space is broken by five doors—three are usual, and it is possible to get along with two—the work centers in this kitchen are well placed, away from the main lines of travel, and properly related to each other.

For example, food is delivered at the back porch door; stored on the



Well Arranged Kitchen of Irregular Shape.

drop shelf, to be placed in the refrigerator or closet; prepared at the work table; cooked at the stove, and served through the pass close to the dining room. All the necessary platters and vegetable dishes are at hand in the cupboard above the sink, reached from both dining room and kitchen. When the meal is over soiled dishes are cleared away by passing them through directly to the sink, where they are washed and stored in the dish cupboard.

There is a window at the end of the work table and two at the counter which continues into the sink drainboard. One of the doors in this kitchen leads to the cellar and laundry. Those to the closet, to the main hall and stairs, and to the dining room open onto what is virtually a small hallway and so do not in reality encroach on the kitchen space or the usual lines of travel from one task to another.

## Neck of a Blouse

To bind or face the neck of a blouse or dress quickly and neatly, cut a double bias binding of the material (thin silk is the best for heavy material). Place raw edges of binding to raw edge of neck and stitch. When the binding is turned you will fold to hem to the garment instead of an extra turn to be made. It will help to keep the binding true if it is basted before being cut.

## STUFFING FOR ROAST SHOULDER OF LAMB



Preparing Shoulder of Lamb for Stuffing.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The slight peppery flavor of watercress gives an unusually good flavor to stuffing for shoulder of lamb; or if you like mint with your lamb, you can try putting it into stuffing instead of sauce or jelly.

A shoulder of lamb has tender delicious meat, but ordinarily is rather hard to carve because of the shoulder blade and other bones. The butcher will remove these for you so that the meat may be cut very easily. The pocket left by taking out the shoulder blade can then be filled with any preferred stuffing.

Select a shoulder of lamb, weighing from 3 to 4 pounds. Have the butcher remove all the bones and the fell. Save the bones for making soup. A lamb shoulder may be stuffed and either left flat or rolled. The flat shoulder is easier to sew up than the rolled, and the pocket holds twice as much stuffing. Either of these completely boned stuffed shoulders can be carved straight through in attractive slices of part meat and part stuffing.

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth. Sprinkle the inside of the pocket with salt and pepper, pile in the hot stuffing lightly, and sew the edges together. Rub salt and pepper, and flour over the outside. If the shoulder has only

# THE KITCHEN CABINET

(1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine  
Yet let's be merry; we'll have tea  
Custards for supper and an endless host  
Of syllabubs and jellies and mince pies  
And other such ladylike luxuries.  
—Shelley.

## NATIONAL DISHES

The following is a Dutch dessert which seems enough American to please the most exacting:

**Gelatin Rice Custard.**—Cook one-half cupful of rice in one quart of milk. Add one-half cupful of sugar and one

teaspoonful of softened gelatin. Mix all well and add a pint of whipped cream. When it begins to stiffen stir and set away to chill in a mold. Flavor to taste.

**Dutch Fruit Pudding.**—Add a piece of orange peel to one quart of milk and scald. Mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch with one-half cupful of sugar and the yolks of two eggs. Pour on the milk, removing the orange peel. Cook in a double boiler ten minutes, stirring constantly. Add the juice of three oranges and two lemons, stir in the beaten whites of two eggs and set away to cool.

**Norwegian Butter.**—Use one pound of sugar, six egg whites, juice and rind of three lemons and one-fourth of a pound of butter. Put into a double boiler and simmer until of the consistency of honey. Cover and keep for months in a cool place. Nice for cake filling.

**Gestoofd Konijn.**—Stew a Belgian hare slowly one hour. Melt six tablespoonfuls of butter, add five tablespoonfuls of flour, three cupfuls of water in which the hare was cooked and the juice of one lemon. Cut the hare into serving-sized pieces and simmer in the sauce for forty-five minutes.

**Stuffed Noodles.**—Prepare a noodle dish, using one egg, salt, and one-half eggshell full of water with flour to roll. Roll out very thin and fry three or four hours. Cut into squares of six inches. Fill with forcemeat made of fried sausage and bread crumbs; season. Roll up the squares like cinnamon rolls, pinch ends together and cook fifteen minutes in boiling soup stock.

## Choice Recipes.

The following are dishes gathered from various sources, all very good:

**Dutch Beets.**—Roll four to six beets and slice. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of boiling water, salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of chopped onion and two

tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook a few minutes, then add the beets. Stand ten minutes, then serve.

**Ryst Pudding.**—Cook a cupful of rice in one quart of milk, add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of almond extract, the yolks of three eggs slightly beaten, then fold in the whites of the eggs. Put into a baking pan and brown in the oven.

**Ananas Pudding.**—Cut a can of pineapple into pieces and heat in the sirup, add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of gelatin dissolved in one-half cupful of cold water, cool and add a pint of whipped cream and mold. Serve well chilled.

**Apple Custard.**—Heat one pint of milk, beat two egg yolks with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch and a pinch of salt. Cook until the starch is well cooked, then add the egg mixture. Stir in one and one-half cupfuls of raw grated apple and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Pour into a mould, cover with the whites beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven.

**Prune Dumplings.**—Soak the amount of prunes for the number to serve in plenty of water over night, or eight hours. Bring to the boiling point, stew them until nearly tender, then cover with small, partly raised biscuits. Cover tightly and cook for twenty to thirty minutes. The prune juice will permeate the biscuits, making a delicious dish. Serve with the prune liquor, if any, or with cream.

**Sour Beef.**—Cut soup meat into pieces and simmer in stock seasoned with a small onion, salt, pepper and one-half cupful of vinegar. Just before serving thicken with browned flour. Use one pound of meat.

**Caraway Seed Cake.**—Cream one cupful of butter, add one cupful of sugar and cream again, add six eggs one by one and beat well after each addition, add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and three cupfuls of flour that has been mixed with one ounce of caraway seeds. Beat well and bake in a buttered and floured tin forty minutes in a fairly hot oven.

**Lemon Filling for Layer Cake.**—Take three cupfuls of granulated sugar, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter and the juice of two lemons. Cook until thick, stirring well. Take from the heat and spread on the cake while still warm.

Nellie Maxwell

# What Will you do



## When your Children Cry for It

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# Fletcher's CASTORIA



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**Turkish Prodigy**  
A four-year-old child who has a full-grown beard and mustache has been taken to Constantinople, and is being exhibited at performances for the benefit of the Red Crescent society. The child, born at Trebizond, has the voice and appearance of an adult. He is about two feet tall.

Reminiscences are delightful for yourself, but they can irritate other people.



# A Sour Stomach

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