

FLASH

By GEORGE MARSH

The Lead Dog

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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. 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, to come to as you did! Louie, here, wanted to put a knife into you. You sure slugged him for fair. Now shake yourself together! We got 'make camp."

Slowly Brock's confused head cleared. Yes, he recalled, he was tightening a heel thong, 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 fumbling brain. His fingers were freezing! Gropping 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 different—to answer.

Rubbing his hands vigorously with snow, the 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 barren. He would wait there, faithful old Gaspard, anxious, wondering.

As usual, Gaspard had been right. It was smoke, not haze, they 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 caribou 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 lit 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 older 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?" fiercely demanded Brock. "And when did you become the law in this country?"

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

Here the imagination and Scotch shrewdness Brock gave him an inspiration. "I'm not afraid to tell you," he said sarcastically, "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 to Cree to his men.

"Another is Black Jack Desaulles—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" Desaulles; 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 discomfort 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" Desaulles had given them! If only they 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 off 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 black screen of surrounding spruce, then closed them with a sigh. Once more he drew near to sleep.

Then again, the jangling call of the gray owl boomed through the soundless forest. "Who, hoo-hoo-hoo, whoo-who!" 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 in 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 skins. Again the razor edge of the knife worked to free Brock from the blanket Gaspard did not dare remove because of the nearness of the sleepers. At 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

Why is it men resent changes in the arrangement of furniture in a room? Perhaps if the economical side were pointed out to them in regard to the wear on rugs and furniture they would comprehend more quickly than the fact that a change seems 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 clear. Lunacy must be a cold excitement, not such insanity as a torrid sun on the brain would produce.—Thoreau.

REMODELED LIVING ROOM IN COUNTRY HOME



One of Pleasant Features of Country Home.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The remodeled living room in Mrs. Roop's country home in Montgomery county, Va., is one of the pleasantest features of the house, and one of the most successful changes Mrs. Roop effected. After consulting with the home demonstration agent, it was decided that a boxed-in stairway could be entirely removed from between the door and the window in the left-hand corner, and also a partition between this room and a narrow hall, since another staircase was used for getting up stairs. As a result the room became much better proportioned and improved in every way. The fireplace was restored and repaired, the walls floor and woodwork were refinished, and selected pieces of furniture were retained and done over. Several crocheted rag rugs were made for the floors.

By the advice of the home dem-

onstrator agent, who was interested in encouraging home improvement throughout the county, several other substantial changes were made in Mrs. Roop's home at the same time. A parlor was done over for a daytime sitting room, and made to open on a porch converted into a sunroom. Upstairs the space above the porch was taken for a nursery, bathroom and enclosed sleeping porch. The bathroom was made possible by the installation on the outside of the house of a water tank which could be filled by a ram at a spring at the foot of the hill, and also from the roof by gutters.

The kitchen, as well as the living room, parlor and bathroom, came in for its share of attention in the general doing over of the house. While it is not always possible to put into effect such extensive changes as Mrs. Roop's, almost any of these improvements will contribute to the increased comfort and well-being of the family.

ONION REMAINS FOOD FAVORITE

Has Ever Been Highly Esteemed as Article of Food.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

From the earliest times of which we have authentic records the onion has been highly esteemed as an article of food. In desert regions it was early used also as a preventive of thirst by travelers and soldiers on the march. The original home of the plant, of which there are many varieties, was probably southern Asia or the borders of the Mediterranean sea.

Egyptians cultivated the onion at the dawn of their history, according to W. R. Beattie, of the United States Department of Agriculture, and now the Egyptians offer competition to the Texas producers of winter-grown Bermuda onions.

The onion, says Mr. Beattie, belongs to a widely variable species, *Allium cepa*, which forms a part of the botanical family of plants which includes many of the lilies, the several forms of asparagus and smilax, and similar plants with a scaly or fleshy enlarged root. A characteristic of this family is that most of its species grow naturally upon soil having an abundance of moisture, many of them being natives of low-lying areas along the seashore. Another characteristic of plants like the onion and asparagus is that they will withstand considerable salt in the soils on which they grow. Conditions favorable to onion culture are found in many sections of the United States and the crop is widely grown.

Good prices for onions one year are likely to stimulate heavy production the next year. This is true not only because commercial growers expand their acreage but also because good prices will lead many individuals to plant onions in small patches or home gardens that supply more than the needs of the growers and so enter the local markets in competition with the field-grown crop. Onions demand intensive culture, which makes them particularly adaptable for truck patch and back-lot cultures, in which the grower can cultivate and weed them in the time outside his usual hours of employment. The average yield of an acre of onions is about 200 bushels, but on soils that are suitable and fertile good cultivation often results in yields of from 400 to 600 bushels an acre.

Lettuce for Food and Garnish Is of Value

Lettuce is a valuable food and can be used as the main dish at a meal, or as a garnish.

The fresh green leaves of lettuce make any meal look more attractive. A plate of plain lettuce salad is often the most tempting dish made in hot weather, and as it is the easiest salad to prepare, it should be served often. Lettuce is rich in certain vitamins, so in addition to making summer meals appetizing, it is healthful.

Head lettuce is the most popular form for salads, but leaf lettuce may be served chopped or shredded. For a plain lettuce salad cut the head in sections or separate the leaves to form cups for the dressing. Almost any kind of salad dressing is suitable, but French and Thousand Island dressings are general favorites.

Hot Puddings for Cold Days Always Popular

Hot puddings for cold days have always been popular. The old-fashioned menu, however, that often included baked and steamed puddings, was sometimes too heavy. The foods that preceded the dessert course were as rich and hearty as usual, and the rich pudding, coming as the last course, was more than the system could properly take care of. But there is no reason why, if the rest of the meal is planned accordingly, one of these excellent desserts should not top off a modern "balanced" menu. Precede this hot pudding given by the bureau of home economics with an omelet or "madeover" meat dish such as minced lamb or turkey on toast, and a mixed vegetable salad.

1/4 cup butter	2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 egg	1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup milk	1 1/2 cups soft wheat flour, sifted
2 cups finely chopped figs.	

Cream the butter and the sugar and add the well-beaten egg. Take out about 2 tablespoonfuls of the flour and mix with the figs. Sift together the remaining flour and the other ingredients and add them alternately with the milk to the butter and egg mixture. Stir in the flour-coated figs and add the vanilla. Bake in a greased baking dish for about 1 hour in a moderate oven (about 375 degrees Fahrenheit.) Serve hot with lemon sauce or hard sauce to which a little lemon juice has been added.

Household Accessories

A great many necessary objects in the home are being made of wrought iron. This attractive metal is used for lamps, desk sets, magazine racks and even for larger objects. Care should be taken to keep the intricate scroll work from being obliterated by dust and soot. Beside the daily process of dusting, an occasional washing is desirable. Use soft warm water and soap suds and go over the surface carefully, then rinse. See that the surface is then thoroughly dried.

Cake Stock Formula

At Dunwoody Institute a cake "stock" has been developed for use in many kinds of cake. Boll four and three-quarter pounds water and one and three-quarter pounds sugar and cool to 150 degrees Fahrenheit. Add one ounce cornstarch and half pound dry skim milk. For every pound of sugar in the formula, one pound of "stock" is added and one pound of water omitted.

Banana Puffs

Take as many bananas as there are persons to serve. Peel and roll each banana in sugar and cinnamon, then roll up in thin pie crust and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Serve with whipped cream or with lemon sauce.

Winter Dainty

Allow one orange for each person. Wash, cut off the top, then remove the inside of the orange. Cut eyes, nose and nose in the orange skin. Fill with fruit salad made of any fruit desired, mixed with salad dressing, and serve each orange in a lettuce cup.

Poor Economy

It is likely to be poor economy to make over clothes so worn that they will last only a short time.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Tis morn—Behold the kingly Day now leaps
The eastern wall of earth with sword in hand,
Clad in a flowing robe of mellow light,
Like to a king that has regained his throne,
He warms his drooping subjects into joy,
That rise rejoiced to do him fealty,
And rules with pomp the universal world."
—Joaquin Miller.

FOODS THAT ARE DIFFERENT

Variety in our menus is what all housewives find interesting. The following are a few suggestions which will help with the meal planning:

Potato Soup With Stock—Pare and slice six potatoes. In a frying pan melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and slowly cook the potatoes in it with one sliced onion and one-half cupful of celery. When the vegetables are tender and yellow add two cloves and one quart of veal or chicken stock. Season to taste with salt, pepper and simmer until well done. Rub through a sieve and return to the heat. Add more broth if needed. Beat two eggs, add three tablespoonfuls of cream, just as it is ready to serve. Garnish with chopped parsley.

English Beef Soup—Take two and one-half pounds of lean beef, cut off and reserve a quarter of a pound and put the remainder through the meat grinder. Pour over it three pints of cold water, let stand for half an hour, then heat to a simmering point, simmer three hours, then strain. Boll two tablespoonfuls of barley and one-half cupful of finely minced carrot until tender. Cut the reserved meat into small pieces, add a sliced onion and fry in hot fat; add a cupful of celery and one cupful of boiling water and simmer one hour.

Roast Pork With Cherry Sauce—Parboil a loin of pork, then place it in the roaster with three sliced carrots, two chopped onions and a sprinkling of thyme, parsley and cloves. Cover tightly and it will not need basting. Place on a platter, sprinkle with fine bread crumbs and a dash of cinnamon. Serve with cherry sauce. To a pint of cherries, using some of the kernels for flavor, add sugar, sliced toasted bread and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. When the fruit has simmered until soft put through a sieve and reheat until thick.

Green Stuffing for Fowl—Mix together two cupfuls of soft bread crumbs, one-half cupful of melted butter, the grated rind of a lemon, one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter, one-fourth of a cupful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful each of thyme and marjoram, one-half teaspoonful of salt and pepper, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green pepper and a tablespoonful of scraped onion.

Delicious Desserts.

Even during the winter weather we like an occasional dessert which is "a trifle light as air."

Marshmallow and Fruit Pudding—Soak one-fourth cupful each of candied cherries and pineapple into small pieces, cover with orange juice, or other fruit juice at hand and let stand one hour. Cut one-half pound of marshmallows into six pieces each. Beat one cupful of thick cream until stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar gradually, then one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix the marshmallows, one-half cupful of pecan nut meats broken into small pieces and the fruits; fold into the cream mixture, then into a mold and chill. Serve with lady fingers or macaroons.

Peach Rosettes—Cut sponge cake into rounds three inches in diameter, saute them in butter until delicately browned; place on top or each the half of a well-drained canned peach. With a pastry tube pipe flavored, sweetened and whipped cream around it with a rose of cream on top of each peach. Sprinkle with finely chopped candied cherries.

Yankee Plum Pudding—Chop suet to fill a cup, mix well until like meal, add one cupful of New Orleans molasses. Sift three cupfuls of flour with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, nutmeg and salt; add alternately with one cupful of milk. Take some of the flour to dredge one cupful each of raisins and walnut meats, mix well and turn into buttered molds. Steam three hours, serve with an egg sauce.

Sponge Pudding With Fruit Sauce—Bake sponge cakes in gem pans and serve with a thin boiled custard flavored with orange juice and a little of the grated rind. Plain cooked rice served with a hot chocolate sauce is well liked by all chocolate lovers.

Cream Tongue—Boll a fresh tongue and after skinning and trimming it serve it with the following sauce poured over it: Into a double boiler put a glass of currant jelly, a cupful of orange juice, one tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth pound each of raisins, citron and currants and chopped almonds, one-fourth cupful of lemon juice; soak in the fruit juice and serve after heating, not too hot.

Big Trees Saved by Fire-Resisting Bark

The bark of a California big tree is, on large specimens, as much as three feet thick and is almost as resistant to fire as asbestos. A sample of the bark twelve inches square was placed in a lumber mill furnace, surrounded with dry pine and fir wood and burned for eight hours. When taken from the furnace the bark was merely charred on the outside. This resistance to fire is one reason for the longevity of the California big tree, which is known to attain an age of 4,000 years and may reach 6,000 or more. A mature specimen, twenty feet or more in diameter, sustained scores of forest fires in the days before the national parks and forests were protected. Other conifers of the western mountains, notably the sugar pine, yellow pine, red and white fir, also possess thick fire-resisting bark.

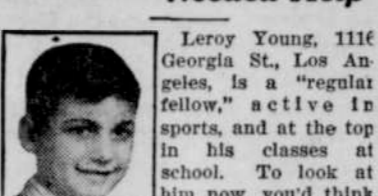


DR. CALDWELL'S THREE RULES

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not habit forming.

The Doctor never did approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their system. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headaches, and to break up fevers and colds. Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois.

Los Angeles Boy Needed Help



Leroy Young, 1116 Georgia St., Los Angeles, is a "regular fellow," active in sports, and at the top in his classes at school. To look at him now, you'd think he never had a day's sickness but his mother says: "When Leroy was just a little fellow, we found his stomach and bowels were weak. He kept suffering from constipation. Nothing he ate agreed with him. He was fretful, feverish and puny."

"When we started giving him California Fig Syrup his condition improved quickly. His constipation and biliousness stopped and he has had no more trouble of that kind. I have since used California Fig Syrup with him for colds and upset spells. He likes it because it tastes so good and I like it because it helps him so wonderfully!"

California Fig Syrup has been the trusted standby of mothers for over 50 years. Leading physicians recommend it. It is purely vegetable and works with Nature to regulate, tone and strengthen the stomach and bowels of children so they get full nourishment from their food and waste is eliminated in a normal way.

Four million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it. Always look for the word "California" on the carton to be sure of getting the genuine.

Why Stop There?

It was a lecture about modern woman, being delivered by a modern woman.

One of the speaker's chief points concerned the modern, common-sense style of woman's dress.

"Do you know," she cried to her audience, who were nearly all of her own sex, "that our present style of sensible clothing has reduced accidents on trams, trains, and buses by at least 50 per cent?"

She paused to let this sink in. It gave a young man his long-awaited opportunity.

"You'll excuse me," he said politely, "but why not do away with accidents altogether?"—Stray Stories.

Charity Trail

Laying a trail of pennies placed edge to edge in the roadway and stretching from one end of the main street of Gibraltar to the other, was the novel method adopted to obtain a large amount of money for the Earl Haig fund for disabled soldiers. Sir Alexander Godley, the governor of Gibraltar, placed the first penny on the trail, which grew rapidly.

Such Is Fate

Wife (reading paper)—Here's a London doctor who has discovered a cure for blushing.

Hubby—He's out of luck just now. Women can paint it better than ever.

Like Many Others

"If you had five hundred dollars what sort of car would you buy?"

"One that cost a thousand dollars."

FOR COLDS

BAYER

ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Nellie Maxwell

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid