

FLASH

: The Lead Dog :

By
GEORGE
MARSH

Copyright by
The Penn
Publishing Co.

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. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep.

CHAPTER V—Continued

The lean features of Gaspard twisted with hate as he replied: "No, we feenish dem now!"

"Walt!" Brock held the arm of his friend. "They didn't shoot or knife me today, when they had the chance—they fought me with their hands. We can't do this—after that!"

Lecroix scowled. His black eyes narrowed as he met his friend's pleading look. Then, with a nod, he agreed: "We go."

And, like the feather patrols of the forest night, the two drifted silently from the sleeping camp. As a bitter dawn slashed the eastern horizon with blue and gray, and the stars faded, Gaspard and Brock crossed the ice of the outlet and built a fire in a cedar swamp, to boil their tea, eat, and rest.

"Why do you think they tried to take me alive?" queried Brock when he had given Gaspard the full details of the fight and capture. "By golly, 'm lucky not to be stiff in the snow this minute full of knife jabs."

"Ah-hah! Eet ees ver' strange," agreed his friend. "But you mak' mistake to slip me last night. Four of dem—I fix dem all wid de knife. Now dey hunt us tru de long snow."

"I'm not so sure of that. From the way they opened their eyes when I told them that your uncle Etienne and Black Jack Desaulles were here, I'll bet you they leave the country—they're being hunted themselves. They don't want to meet that pair."

"Wal, de' will be hunted," said Gaspard, grimly. "One of dem will tell me wot he know about my fader—before de goose fly nord."

"I'm with you, partner! The bumps on my old head zel for revenge. I'm with you to the finish. I've told you once, and I tell you again, that I'll never forget what you did for me last night. When I heard that old signal of ours, I thought my heart would jump clear out of my mouth. You're a sure enough partner. Before we leave this country we'll do some tall hunting on our own account, eh?"

"You keep your eye open aftah dis," said Lecroix, soberly. "Eef dey shoot at you and miss, mak' dem tink you are hit. Fall down and wait wid your gun cocked for dem to look for you."

"Oh, I've learned my lesson. To think of that Indian getting so close without my knowing it."

As the sun turned the white lake below them into a sheet of flame, the partners followed the rock outcroppings of the long ridge which wiped out their trail and baffled any immediate pursuit. In the middle of the forenoon, four hungry and delighted huskies welcomed them home.

"Now we've got some fur to trap, Gaspard," said Brock as the partners took council for the future. "You and I are each in debt at Hungry House about four hundred dollars, and we've got our hearts set on owning a first-class outfit, haven't we?"

Gaspard nodded as he smoked. "Well," continued Brock, "my idea is to concentrate on fur until the January blizzards, while it's prime. After that, if we've had good luck, and these people let us alone, we can start, when the sledding is better and the snow packed, looking for them. What do you say?"

Gaspard's black brows contracted in a frown. "Dey neavre keep away so long tam. Dese people come and look for trail, for sure. Some day dey work sou' of de lak' and walk into camp."

"Well, we can't help that," admitted Brock. "They're bound to cross our trap-line trails if they come far enough, and the snow holds off. If they find the camp while we're away, they'll shoot the dogs and wait for us. How can we avoid it?"

"We mak' new cache for half de grub, first t'ing—back een dat swamp on de head of dis brook, and keep away from it so de snow show no trail. Den we always travel wid a dog and sen' heem ahead w'en we come back to camp. Dey got to shoot huskie or he smell dem an holler. Dat weel save us from ambush."

"That's a crackin' idea, Gaspard!" cried Brock, then his eyes shifted to the great slate-gray puppy lying in the snow. "If they shoot that feller over there, though," he nodded at his

dog, "they've got to get me too, haven't they, pup?"

The husky rose from his bed, his oblique eyes intently watching the speaker.

"But how shall we leave the other dogs? Loose? They'd hunt, of course—wouldn't be around, probably, so that wouldn't help any."

"No, we leave dem tied on weak raw-hide. Dat hold dem, but eet dey smell Cree dey go wild an' break eet. We hide dem een de scrub spruce each side de camp."

"It's the best we can do—unless we quit the country."

Gaspard knocked out his pipe on a fire-rod and rose. "You goin' leave dis cuntry, Brock?" he asked, the wrath of a smile curling his stiff lips.

"By the great, horned owl and all his descendants—no!" And sucking a long breath into his deep chest, Brock rose and clapped his friend on the back. "I'm goin' to help you find out about your fader, partner, you know that?"

"Ah-hah! I tot so!" The eyes of Gaspard pictured his gratitude.

CHAPTER VI

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.

As their traps needed their attention, the boys lost no time in sledging half their meat and fish and all their fur and emergency outfit to the hidden cache in the thick spruce swamp at the head of the stream. There it would be safe, after the next snow



"By Golly, I'm Lucky Not to Be Stiff in the Snow This Minute Full of Knife Jabs."

had wiped out their trail. Then with Kona and Yellow-Eye hidden in scrub on either side of, and a hundred yards from, the camp, the trappers hitched the other dogs to their handsleds and started south.

Before dawn, when Brock rolled out of his robes to start the tent stove, he had stared in surprise at the empty blankets of his partner. But by the time breakfast was ready, a dark face thrust through the double flaps of the tent.

"Come an' see how you lak' some-ting out here," said the half-breed with a grin.

"What you been up to?"

"Gaspard led his partner a short distance in the direction of the lake, then stopped beside a fresh trail.

"When did you make this?" demanded the perplexed boy. "This trail wasn't here yesterday."

"Ah-hah, dis trail run quite a piece—I mak' eet."

"Why, so they can walk into our camp?"

"Yes. Dat ees eet; so dey walk right into . . . dis t'ing."

"Well, I'll be skinned—the bear trap! Gaspard, you're a genius!" cried the delighted Brock.

"Eef dey walk dis far back de lak' dey hit my trail and—find de camp and de bear trap. Den he go clik!"

So, with a heavy sapling as a lever, the boys pried down the trap spring and set the terrible, toothed jaws agape, under a covering of light snow on which they left the webbed print of a shoe, and lightly swept it with a raven's wing to make it appear natural. The foot which stepped on that engine of steel was doomed to freeze stiff in a matter of minutes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Coconut Sugar

In the East Indies a sugar known as Jaggery is made from the sap of the coconut palm. The sap is obtained by cutting the flower spathe and the juice yields about 15 per cent of sugar. It is consumed locally and is very impure. Chemically, much of it is identical with cane and beet sugar.

Land of Fine Flowers

Brazil has given to the world many of the most beautiful flowering plants; its famous orchids adorn greenhouses all over the world. What is said to be the greatest water lily in the world the "Victoria Regia" is to be seen in a pond of the Rio Botanical gardens.

CRUISER BILL MAY PASS OVER COOLIDGE

President's Plea for Elimination of Cruiser Clause Faces Defeat.

Washington, D. C.—The naval construction program comes to a vote in the senate this week and President Coolidge faces almost certain defeat, in the opinion of senate leaders, on his appeal for elimination of the clause requiring that the 15 cruisers and one airplane carrier be laid down before July 1, 1931.

Passage of the bill, approved a year ago by the house, is predicted freely by both its senate supporters and opponents, and the controversy has narrowed to the demand of the president that he be permitted to determine when the ships shall be built.

Mr. Coolidge lost on this issue in the house, and the closing hours of debate recently found one of his right-hand adherents, Senator Fess of Ohio, vigorously opposing his position. Previously, Senator Watson of Indiana, another administration leader, had taken up the cause of the measure's supporters against the president for an immediate start on the proposed cruiser construction.

America's navy, in fact, will demand most of the attention of congress this week. Tuesday the house resumes consideration of the measure appropriating the \$347,000,000 asked by the navy for next year's expenses. Leaders scoffed at reports that foes of the cruiser bill would seek to prevent appropriation of funds for their construction in the event the authorization is finally approved. It was pointed out that if there are enough votes for passage of the authorization there will be enough votes for appropriation of the money to build the ships. Any attempt to filibuster the appropriation will be met by a cloture petition restricting debate, it was said.

BILL FOR FARM FUNDS PASSED BY SENATE

Washington, D. C.—The senate passed the bill carrying a total of \$145,792,541 for the activities of the department of agriculture for the next fiscal year.

The senate added \$2,334,494 over the amount approved by the house.

The differences in the bill must be adjusted in conference before the measure can go to the president.

Additions made in the senate above the recommendations of the senate appropriations committee included one of \$10,000 suggested by Senator Swanson, democrat, Virginia, for investigation of proper methods to produce peanuts; one by Senator Copeland, democrat, New York, of \$500 to deal with reindeer tick in Alaska, and one of \$280,000 by Senator Capper, republican, Kansas, which boosted the amount for extension work in agricultural colleges to \$1,550,000.

An amendment by Senator Oddie, republican, Nevada, to boost the amount for forest improvement and protection from \$6,703,000 to \$6,778,000 also was approved.

LIVING COST RISE SMALL

City of Portland Makes Best Showing in Entire Country.

Washington, D. C.—Living costs in Portland have increased less since December, 1914, than in any one of 18 other major cities located in all parts of the country, the bureau of labor statistics finds. The Portland increase has been 52.4 per cent, against 67.1 per cent in Seattle, 61.7 per cent in San Francisco and 71 per cent in Los Angeles.

Since June, 1920, the same costs have decreased 24 per cent in Portland and since June of last year, 1.3 per cent. The greatest increase in cost of any item in Portland since 1914 has been in house furnishings, now 80 per cent above the figure of 14 years ago. Clothing has increased 49 per cent, fuel and light 63 per cent, housing 16.4 per cent and food 41.8 per cent.

The increases in cost of house furnishings and housing have been the smallest in Portland of any of the cities, and close to the lowest in all other items.

Treason House Doomed.

West Haverstraw, N. Y.—Treason house, where General Benedict Arnold and Major John Andre, British spy, met to discuss plans to deliver West Point to the British troops, is being torn down. The historic building, owned by a hospital, had deteriorated so in recent years that its removal was considered advisable.

German Clock Eats Cash Like Meter.

Darmstadt, Germany.—A bank is giving customers clocks to encourage savings. To keep the clock going a 50-pennig piece must be dropped in a slot daily.

COL. ROBERT STEWART



Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, who is engaged in a struggle with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for enough proxies to control the annual meeting of the company.

COMBINE OF TWO CHURCHES CERTAIN

Pittsburgh.—A definite agreement that the Presbyterian church in the United States and the Methodist Episcopal church of America should unite was reached here at a conference of commissioned representatives of the two churches, the Rev. Eugene M. Antrim, Oklahoma City, Okla., secretary of the joint committee, announced. The two denominations have a membership of 6,000,000.

Devising of a plan which also might serve for future alliance with other denominations and its adoption by the Presbyterian general assembly and the Methodist Episcopal general conference are steps toward union to be expected later, the Rev. Mr. Antrim said.

"Our beliefs, our doctrines, in fact everything about the two denominations are so similar that union is almost inevitable," he declared.

The recent conference, closed to the public, was attended by high church officials from Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, New York, Baltimore, Columbus, Washington and Philadelphia.

The conference was the result of a resolution adopted at the Methodist Episcopal conference at Kansas City last year looking to a union with the Presbyterians.

BRIEF GENERAL NEWS

The senate finance committee has approved the house bill for a settlement of the \$18,125,000 Greek war debt.

The death is announced from Portofino of the aged Elizabeth Lady Carnarvon, who made her home in Albania for many years, where she was widely known as a benefactress.

Eleven robbers and kidnapers were paraded through the streets of Peking before their execution as a warning by police to evildoers. A recent crime wave in Peking has caused much concern.

King Alfonso has ordered construction at his expense of a new bell for the University of Santa Clara, Cal., to replace the one destroyed in a fire in 1926. The new bell will be cast in Madrid and sent to the president of the university.

Colonel George L. Miller, one of the owners of the 101 ranch, was killed when his automobile skidded on the snow and ice and overturned on the highway west of Ponca City, Okla. Colonel Miller, who was 48 years old, was returning to the ranch alone from Ponca City when the accident occurred.

Lindbergh to Open Air Mail Line. Miami, Fla.—At dawn Monday, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, who left an air mail cockpit to become the first man to cross from New York to Paris in non-stop flight, flew the mail again, this time inaugurating an international service. In a Sikorsky plane, accompanied by a mechanic and a radio operator, Lindbergh left Miami and turned the nose of his craft toward Havana on the first leg of his flight to extend air mail service from the United States to Panama.

Hindenberg Sees His First Film. Berlin.—President Hindenberg has gone to his first movie. It happened last week. The show was "Waterloo," and it was depicted at the offices of the national censorship board. The president seemed surprised at the accuracy with which historical scenes were reproduced on the screen.

Gas Fumes Fatal to Five. Montreal, Quebec.—A mother and her four children were asphyxiated in their home here by carbon monoxide fumes coming from a hot water heater in the bathroom.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

CALLERS

Judy, her little friend who lived at the other end of the town, had come to play with her.

Judy didn't have any special name so she called herself Madam Judy when she played.

"Good-afternoon," said Madam Red Apple to Judy as she arrived.

"Good-afternoon," said Judy. "Are you very well indeed?"

"I couldn't ask for better health," replied Madam Red Apple. "I've been well now for three or four days or maybe more."

"Were you sick before that?" asked Judy, in a very kindly voice.

"No, I don't think so," said Madam Red Apple, "but I can well remember how healthy I've been feeling these past few days. None of my bad headaches, she added in a much lower voice. "Yes, I feel quite like my old self."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear it," said Judy.

"Have you been well too, Madam Judy?"

"Very well indeed, I thank you."

"Are your dear little children well?" asked Madam Red Apple.

"Yes, they are well too. I left them all at home taking naps, except Edna. I brought Edna with me."

"Do let me see Edna," said Madam Red Apple.

So Judy went back to the hall where she had left Edna with her hat and coat.

Edna was a china doll with lovely bright pink cheeks, a very red mouth and dark hair.

"She looks well and healthy," said Madam Red Apple.

"I don't have to worry about her,

"Gussie is Very Well," said Madam Red Apple.

I'm thankful to say. How is your Gussie Goodstoney?"

"Gussie is very well," said Madam Red Apple. "Last week her ear ached a little and mine did, too, but she got over it in no time at all."

"Why the very next day we were both as well as could be. We just had to be careful."

"Of course, to be sure," said Judy.

"Won't you have some tea?" asked Madam Red Apple. "You always have such delicious food at your house that mother said we could have something to eat here today."

That pleased Judy and it pleased Madam Red Apple too for she loved to entertain her friends.

So she went to her mother who had the cups and saucers all ready and poured the cambric tea into the cups.

There were thin slices of bread and butter on another plate, and pieces of sponge cake on still another.

What a delicious tea they had! How pleased Judy was with her visit.

Madam Red Apple enjoyed her guest, too, so very much, and both Edna and Gussie Goodstoney got along quite beautifully.

"I am so sorry you must be going," said Madam Red Apple later, as Edna and her mother, Madam Judy, were putting on their wraps.

"I've had a lovely time," said Judy. "I'm delighted to hear that, my dear," said Madam Red Apple.

"Don't be such a stranger another time. Come around soon."

Gussie Goodstoney was really very proud of her mother. She had such perfect manners.

You could hardly tell the difference between her manners and the manners of almost any grownup mother.

RIDDLES

What is it that sings and has eight legs? A quartet.

What is it that goes but never gets anywhere? A clock.

What is the strongest day? Sunday, because all of the others are "week" days.

If Dick's father is Tom's son, what relation is Dick to Tom? Tom is his grandfather.

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation would she be to you? Your mother.

When may a man's pocket be empty and yet have something in it? When it has a hole in it.

Why is a printing press like the forbidden fruit? Because from it springs a knowledge of good and evil.

Not All Groundhogs Hibernate in Winter

Although the tradition still clings, the belief that the groundhog emerges from his hole promptly on February 2 each year has been long disproved. And now comes J. M. Nelson, who has made a study of the little rodent, to tell us that many of the species do not hibernate at all. Here is his account of their habits as published in the Farm Journal:

"There are some which burrow into the soft earth along streams and store their food for the winter months. These are never seen throughout the winter. They are the real hibernators. But there also are groundhogs which make their homes in caves and sink-holes in which they store quantities of food. They may be seen most any time during the winter, when the weather is fair.

"The groundhogs along rivers often make winter homes in places which later are covered with water for days at a time. Sealed tunnels and air-chambers give protection and, while the water may be running overhead, the groundhog will be enjoying his cache of food which he was wise enough to store before he was shut off from the world."

"Lucile is the Happiest Girl"

So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from home prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from ripe California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties.

It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks, and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Roma Lucile, was constipated from babyhood. I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is imitated, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.

Just the Thing

Woman Customer (to druggist)—My husband's nerves are that bad 'e can't seem to get ahead; 'e's lost his ambition. Do you think it would do any good to give 'im a dose of them aspirin tablets?—Boston Transcript.

Peace never chums with worry.

For Colds



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetateester of Salicylic Acid



Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia! When tongue or breath tells of acid condition—correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose. No household should be without it.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

PISO'S for coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 65c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes dandruff—stops itching—restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair. 50c and \$1.00 at druggists. Also at Parker's Hair Balsam, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ilcoex Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Huge Magnet

The world's largest magnet, a 120-ton monster that weighs more than many a locomotive, has recently been completed and will act as an aid in important researches in light, electricity and radioactivity.

Torrents of water cool its huge copper coil, which carries a terrific electric current of 3,000 amperes—enough to light, say 6,000 ordinary lamps. According to its designer it keeps a powerful magnetic field unabated for hours, during prolonged experiments.

Can't Be Done

"Get a new body and have your top repaired," says an advertisement. Don't you wish you might?—Houston Post-Dispatch.

DERIVED from DAILY Use of the

Cuticura PREPARATIONS

THE Soap, pure and fragrant, to cleanse the skin; the Ointment, antiseptic and healing, to remove pimples, rashes and irritations; and finally the Talcum, smooth and pure, to impart a pleasing fragrance to the skin.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sample each free.

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B6, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.