

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 Lacroix, 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 travelers 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. Gaspard believes these men killed his father and is prevented from killing them by Brock.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—10—

Then, after a meal of frozen white fish, they tied Kona and Yellow-Eye in their hiding places of young spruce, and left on the fifty-mile circuit of their trap-lines.

Later in the day, as Gaspard was following a line of mink and other traps, he stopped on the wind-blown ice of a long dead water for a short rest and a smoke. Since he had crossed the telltale footprints in the snow—the familiar trail of his father's dog with the mutilated foot, traveling with a wolf—he had needed no further proof that Pierre Lacroix had reached this lake country for which he had started.

The men who had attacked Brock could tell why his father did not return the previous March to those who had waited in vain for the yelps of his team at the Starving river camp. Why had he weakened, he asked himself, when Brock had held him back from killing these men where they lay? They had shown Pierre Lacroix no mercy; murdered him in his sleep or shot him from ambush; given him no chance, for otherwise the rifle and knife of Pierre Lacroix would have taken bloody toll. Wiped out in his prime by these cut-throats from the North who had taken free country for their own! Left in the snow somewhere in these hills, for the foxes and ravens to gnaw and pick—Pierre Lacroix, the father he had loved.

So ran the bitter thoughts of the youth as he smoked.

December came and the long snows slowly tightened their grip on forest and muskeg. December, with its late and bitter dawns, breaking across the east, while the spruce snapped with the frost and the riven ice of the lakes boomed its muffled salute to the coming day.

And now that Flash had become harness wise and amenable to the laws of trace and trail, Brock sometimes hitched him as rear dog in the team and, with Yellow-Eye in the lead and Kona between them, drove them over his line of traps while Gaspard used Silt-Ear. For the raw Flash needed the training with the team.

Already he had reached the height and bulk of the doughty king-dog of the Hungry House huskies, and Brock instinctively shivered at the thought of what a battle between the two great beasts would mean. For the puppy, although not as yet full grown, would never again allow the king-dog to assert his sovereignty, as of old, but would battle for his independence of all control around the camp, as he had fought the timber wolf.

Never did either partner approach the camp without great caution, whether the dogs had been left as a guard or taken to the traps. With enemies such as they had met, wintering to the north, and the memory of Pierre Lacroix constantly in their minds, their life when at camp was one of constant vigilance.

Then, after two weeks of constant toll, which had netted the wily Gaspard many a prime, black mink and otter pelt, three lynx, a fisher, and to the delight of both trappers, the first silver-gra, fox of the winter, the half-breed announced as they sat in the snug tent heated by the roaring stove, one evening over their supper: "To-morrow—take a bog swing over north. I want to look for trail since de las' snow."

"You don't want me to go, too?" frowned the disappointed Brock.

"No, I weel travel hard an' camp at de outlet."

But I hate to have you tackle it alone. If they ambushed you, what would I do?"

"Wait two-three day, den tak de dog an' start for home."

Brock's round face flamed with anger. "You think I'd do that?" he demanded. "You think I wouldn't hunt for you as you did for me, and try to get the people who had jumped my partner?"

Gaspard's lean face softened as he shrugged his shoulders. "You are young, Brock, and have familiee," he objected. "I have no one left now, no order, no moder."

"But you have young brothers."

"They are safe wid my uncle."

"You promise you won't do anv-

thing wud? I want to be with you when we meet these people again—and I want Flash and Yellow-Eye. Golly! I'd like to send those dogs into that gang—what?"

So the late December dawn of the following morning discovered a wiry half-breed, caribou capote sashed tightly to his body, swinging tirelessly over the snow, as he approached the upper end of the big lake. Bobbing up and down as he strode, and slung from the sash, hung a long skinning knife in its leather sheath. One mittened hand of the traveler carried his rifle, cased in skin to protect bore and action from snow. Around the middle of the rifle barrel where the naked steel, in extreme cold, would suck the skin from the bare fingers of the left hand, was wound a thin strip of rawhide. In the same manner, the trigger-guard and lever handle were wound to protect the right hand.

On he traveled through the short hours of the day until he neared the lower end of the lake and turned south to cross the outlet. Then, as the hunter headed south for the outlet through the spruce already darkening with shadow, a rifle roared in the silent forest. Stumbling forward, the ambushed hunter stopped, swayed for an instant on his feet, both hands clutching his gun, then reeling, fell to the snow. Ag in the silence of the spruce, shot with the shadows of the creeping night, lay unbroken.

Minutes passed. Then the profound stillness was marred by the muffled fall of snow from a young spruce twenty yards from the dark shape which lay in the sleep of death.



"Teach You Man-Killers Some Tricks Before de Snow Melt."

From behind the spruce two headlike eyes in a hooded face furtively watched the thing in the snow. Shortly, a hunched figure stole swiftly from the tree. Within three yards of the body in the snow the stalker stopped abruptly, to finger the action of his gun as he peered sharply at his victim. Satisfied, he moved forward, and with a grunt kicked the body on the snow with the bow of his shoe.

At the movement, slinky fingers clamped like a vise on the shoe, jerking it forward. The knees of the man pulled off balance, were struck by a lunging body, and the Indian toppled with a shriek of terror, as the cut-like Gaspard fell on him.

Then, an arm lifted and felt, lifted and felt. The stillness of the dusk-filled spruce was startled by a stifled cry—a gasp. Again the arm rose and fell.

Silence returned to the gloom of the forest.

Gaspard Lacroix rose from the body of the Indian, slinky fingers still gripping his knife, to listen. Then he turned to the man who had fired on him from ambush. The Indian was dead.

"You shoot me from de bush, eh?" the infuriated Lacroix muttered, as he cleaned the knife-blade with snow and picked up his gun and mittens. "I teach you man-killers some trick before de snow melt."

Then, as he stood for an instant, looking down on the gray face distorted in death, sorry that he had not taken the Cree prisoner to learn the fate of his father something wet ran down his cheek. Slipping his hand from its mitten, Gaspard touched his face to find his fingers smeared with blood.

"Ah-hah!" he muttered, following the furrow across his cheek. "He come ver' close sendin' Brock home widout hees partner." Then the boy hurried on through the gathering dusk to the outlet and the camp ground in the swamp where he had left cut wood for a fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Police Whistles Whisper

Police whistles that "whisper" across a large city are being supplied to policemen throughout France. The notes are so high pitched that the human ear cannot detect them until they are picked up by microphones skillfully camouflaged at many points in the city. A policeman equipped with one of these whistles can summon aid to the scene of the crime without alarming the suspects. The "soundless" whistles can also be used to send Morse code signals. In Germany similar whistles summon police dogs that can hear notes mute to human ears.

I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts.—Locke

MIRIAM STUART



Miriam Stuart, Broadway actress, has been chosen from over one hundred candidates as hostess of the National Beauty show which will be held York, from March 27 to April 5.

CONGRESS REPORTED RUNNING SMOOTHLY

Washington, D. C.—A clear way lay ahead of congress for a week of work on its legislative program with the expectation that it will further contribute to one of the most smoothly functioning short sessions in recent years.

With most of its important questions disposed of, both branches will go along with the consideration of appropriations bills which frequently heretofore have been seriously threatened by becoming tangled with legislation pressing for solution.

The senate may turn from its outlined order of business long enough, however, to wrangle over two controversial subjects, the report of the senate campaigns funds committee headed by Senator Reed, democrat, Missouri, on the expenditures of Senator-elect Vane of Pennsylvania in his 1926 primary election, and the report of Senator Walsh, democrat, Montana, censuring officials of the departments of justice and interior in connection with the renewal of the contract to the Sinclair interests of the Salt creek royalty oil.

With opinion solidified more than ever against a wholesale revision of the tariff at the special session of the new congress, the house ways and means committee entered its sixth week of hearings on the subject Monday.

Silk, paper and books and sundries will demand the attention of the committee for the next five days. Next week will be devoted to sundries and the free list, with the administrative provisions coming up for consideration February 25. This will conclude the open sessions at which, to date, 630 witnesses have pressed hundreds of proposals for changes in the import duty structure, mostly increases.

BRIEF GENERAL NEWS

A bulletin issued at Craighead house says King George made a trip to a coast resort without undue fatigue and that his general condition is satisfactory.

Telephone service between Stockholm and Buenos Aires has been established, first communication being between the Swedish foreign minister and the Swedish legation in the Argentine capital.

Importers at Melbourne vigorously protest the proposed United States tariffs on Australian meats and wool and urge Premier Bruce to take action, suggesting retaliation by increasing duty on American automobiles.

Police at Bogota report discovery of a communist plot to march on the cities of Girardot, Medellin, Barranquilla and Cali. Twenty persons were arrested, including the head of the social revolutionary party. Bombs and other explosives were also discovered.

Professor Edward Kemmerer, international expert employed by the Chinese government to investigate and advise on reorganization of the government's fiscal affairs, accompanied by a group of 16 American financial experts, arrived at Shanghai for a year's study of China's fiscal needs and to recommend reforms.

Postal Pay Increase Bill Passes Senate

Washington, D. C.—A bill increasing the salaries of postal employees in third class offices passed the senate last week. It provides for a new scale of salaries ranging from \$1200 to \$2300 for postmasters and from \$320 to \$1600 for clerks.

War Department Pensions Gain.

Washington, D. C.—Uncle Sam pays war pensions to nearly 500,000 persons. The exact number when the fiscal year 1925 ended was 491,194, an increase of 1952 in the year and the first gain since 1905.

MEXICAN PRESIDENT HAS NARROW ESCAPE

Train of Portes Gil Wrecked
by Dynamite at Bridge;
Fireman Killed.

Mexico City.—An unsuccessful attempt upon the life of President Emilio Portes Gil was made Sunday morning when the train upon which he was traveling was dynamited. The president was not injured and his coach did not leave the tracks, although two other coaches and the engine were derailed and badly damaged. One fireman was killed.

The attempt upon the president came within 24 hours after the execution of Jose de Leon Toral, who was put to death by a firing squad in Mexico City Saturday for the assassination of General Alvaro Obregon, president-elect of the republic.

A dynamite bomb which had been placed on the track at the entrance to a bridge exploded with great force, killing the fireman instantly as the engine turned over, followed by one Pullman in which were several members of the president's official party and the private car of the director-general of railroads.

A scout locomotive which, as always, preceded the presidential train, had passed over the bridge without incident. Just as the locomotive and the first cars ran upon the bridge structure it was blown to pieces beneath them. The remaining cars of the train remained upright on the rails.

VATICAN SIGNS PACT ON ROMAN QUESTION

Rome.—Conclusion of an agreement between the holy see and Italy, settling the question raised by the fall of the papal states and providing in detail for the future relations between the church and state, was formally announced by Cardinal Gasparri, papal secretary of state, to the vatican diplomatic body.

The cardinal and Premier Mussolini signed the agreement and concordat on Sunday afternoon at the Lateran palace. Simultaneously, the pope will distribute to the cardinals the printed text of the documents. These were published on Monday in the Italian press. Some persons believe that Pope Pius XI will leave the vatican under the freedom of the new order for the first time at Easter.

"It seems God's will," the pope is reported to have exclaimed.

The premier has a true liking for the pope, who comes from Milan, where Mussolini spent most of his life. This sentiment is evidently reciprocated, for on every occasion lately when the premier has shown his appreciation of the personality of the pope and admiration for his work the pontiff has shown friendship and even tenderness toward the chief of the fascist party.

Despite this openly displayed affection the two never have met.

The application of canon law to the kingdom of Italy is one of the most important and sweeping measures incorporated in the concordat which accompanies the agreement for solution of the Roman question.

5 NATIONS SIGN PROTOCOL

Russia, Poland, Latvia, Estonia and Rumania United in Peace.

Moscow.—Soviet Russia signed with four neighboring countries a protocol making immediately effective among themselves the terms of the Kellogg pact for renunciation of war. Maxim Litvinoff, assistant commissar of foreign affairs, signed for Russia; Minister Patek, for Poland; Minister Osolski, for Latvia; Minister Belyama, for Estonia, and Rumanian Minister to Poland DeVilla signed for his country.

The signing was converted into a peace demonstration participated in by countries which, since the end of the world war, have been considered as perpetually in danger of new military conflicts.

Each of the delegates spoke briefly drinking Crimean champagne, which and most of those present joined in closed the ceremony.

Billions Wiped Out on Stock Exchange

New York.—Two billion dollars, or more, in quoted values were wiped out recently in a sweeping reaction on the New York stock exchange, caused by the federal reserve board's ultimatum that speculative credit must be restrained, and by the increase from 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 per cent in the Bank of England's discount rate, checking the flow of gold from London to New York.

Jose De Leon Toral Executed.

Mexico City.—Jose de Leon Toral, the young Mexican artist who assassinated President-elect Alvaro Obregon, was executed by a firing squad in the federal district penitentiary yard.



SNOWBALLS

"Oh, look," said Peter Gnome, as he arrived at the Brownies' place for their party, "there are great enormous snowballs all ready for some sort of a game."

"They're certainly too big for a snowball fight," said the Elves.

"Yes, laughed all the Gnomes, "it would take about ten of us to lift one of them."

"Let's see just how heavy one of the snowballs is," said the Elves.

"All right," said the Gnomes.

They started to move the snowball.

It was very, very heavy.

"It seems to me," said Peter Gnome, "that I feel something moving in this snowball, and I hear a queer sound."

"Look! It's going to burst."

The snowball did burst. And what should come rolling out of it but Billie Brownie!

"Well, of all things," said Peter Gnome, "to think that I should take hold of the snowball in which you are hiding."

"Are there other Brownies in the other snowballs?" asked the guests.

They had been wondering why the Brownies hadn't come forth to meet them before.

"Look and see," said Billie Brownie, laughing.

"It seemed strange to see that you had made so many of these great big



They Started to Move the Snowball.

snowballs, but now I see that every one of the Brownies is hiding that way.

"Did you hear us talking?"

And Peter Gnome went on chatting about their surprise in not finding the Brownies around, and then the still greater surprise when Billie Brownie fell out of one of the snowballs.

Of course Billie Brownie was delighted to hear that their joke had been such a good one and that they had really surprised the Elves and the Gnomes so much.

Then the different Brownies came out of the snowballs.

"We have to put the snowballs back again," said Billie Brownie, "as we're going to use these as our picnic tables."

They put them back again, covering up the places where the Brownies had hidden, and they used these huge snowballs for their picnic tables.

Well, the Gnomes and the Elves had a great deal to say about the surprise the Brownies had given them.

In fact the snowballs and the great surprise were talked about in Brownie-land and Fairyland for days and days.

It was such a huge, unexpected surprise.

The party was such fun, too, and it was almost the last one of the season.

Dog Saves Child

In one of the garden suburbs of Budapest, Hungary, a motor lorry was going along at a brisk pace. A man coming from the opposite end of the road saw it from afar and told his dog to beware of it. The dog walked by his master's side till the danger should have passed. But before that time something occurred which changed the whole situation.

Through an open garden gate a child's ball shot out, and the child, all unaware of the approaching lorry, came running after it. For a horrible second it seemed that the vehicle must pass over it, but one sharp word of command sent the dog dashing to the rescue. Catching the child's frock in his teeth, he hurled it with all his force out of the motor's way; but unfortunately he was unable to save himself.

Got Eggs When Milking

Little Bernice dearly loves to visit her grandparents, who live on a farm. She arrived early in the afternoon and that evening she hurried out with a little pal "to help Uncle Dan milk." On her way she saw her grandmother feeding the chickens. Changing her mind, Bernice went over to the hen house.

Soon she came running to the house, greatly excited. "Oh, look, Aunt Emma," she called, "I went milking and got three eggs."

Uncle Jack Knew

Jane lives with her uncle and aunt. "I am going to get a pair of roller skates," she told her nearest neighbor.

"Oh," Mrs. W. said, "has your Aunt Nan said you could have skates?"

"Well, no," Jane replied. "Aunt Nan said I was too little, but Uncle Jack said, 'Oh, I guess she's big enough.'"

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Not Exactly

Blinks—I always count ten before I speak when I am angry.

Jinks—That's commendable—

Blinks—No, hardly; you see, I use the time it takes it think up meaner things to say than I could if I spoke right out.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When Benjamin Franklin recommended a plan for daylight saving, more than 150 years ago, the idea was ridiculed.

Rhymers to Royalty

There seems to be no authentic record of the origin of "Poet-Laureate of England" but it is recorded that Richard Coeur de Lion had a "versificator regis," a development of the practice of earlier times, when minstrels and versifiers were part of the retinue of the king.

Some people seem to live in the air and every time they touch earth they get into trouble.



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