

# FLASH

By  
**GEORGE MARSH**

**The Lead Dog**

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 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 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. Gaspard believes these men killed his father and is prevented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm.

**CHAPTER VII—Continued**

By nine o'clock it was light enough to distinguish objects down wind, and Brock started. Had he been well supplied with provisions, he would have weathered the blow in camp, but to wait one—two days, until the norther blew itself out, while he and Flash grew weak from hunger, was not to his liking. While he yet had his strength, he would try for his trapping camp, where there was a little flour and dried meat, and fish for Flash. It could not be far, not more than ten miles, and if the wind eased they might make it by night.

For two hours, the dogged youth, with the nose of his husky at his heels, pushed into the hammering wind. At length, weak from hunger and exhaustion, he crossed a small valley where the drifts rose shoulder-high but the wind-break of the ridge ahead eased the going. He knew he must find a camping place soon and weather it out, for his legs were stiffening. The grub at the end of the trap-line was still miles away. He must hold up for the night and wait for the norther to blow itself out. He couldn't buck this wind loaded with shot. He was beaten.

But there was no cover here. He would freeze if he stayed. They must get over the ridge and down into the thick timber. Head down, body doubled on his thighs, the desperate lad plunged into the pin-pointed barrage which bent the blood, like sand-blasts, to his frost-blackened face. At his heels crawled a dog.

Through the white maelstrom of the exposed ridge they battled; now flattened to the snow as wind fattens grass; now reeling forward until, again beaten to their knees, they sought breath for another effort. On and on went the pair, boy and dog, fighting for every white yard they wrung from the bludgeoning wind, as they sought the sanctuary of the spruce. There, at last, they won their way, and, side by side, on the snow gusted for breath as the norther hurried over them.

Rested, Brock wiped the ice from his tortured face with a blue hand. By instinct and the feel of the tails of Brock's shoes, the husky had held to his master's heels. Tenderly the boy freed the inflamed eyes of his dog from the crust which blinded him. Then, where the spruce stood thick and no drift was making, Brock dug a hole, lined and covered it with boughs and cut wood for a fire.

"We'll wait it out here, Flash," he cried. "There's a little left for supper—then—we starve; but we'll wait it out here."

Ravenous with anger after the hours of grinding toll against the force of the wind, dog and boy finished the pitiful half-ration of food which remained, and curling before the blazing logs, slept the sleep of exhaustion.

To Brock's surprise and joy, he opened his eyes at dawn to find that the blizzard had blown itself out and the snow had ceased.

"Hey, you Flash!" he cried to the dog who had dug into the snow at the side of the hole. "Wake up, you old sleepy head! Today we have a real feed."

Brock was weak from lack of food but the thought of the meal he and Flash would share at the trap-line that day, drove his hunger from his mind. Drinking the water in which he had boiled his ten bag, he lightened his belt ever his empty stomach and started on legs stiff from the exertion of the day before.

On the brow of the first ridge he mounted, Brock stopped to set his course. For a long space he gazed to the north and east, then his brows contracted as a puzzled look entered his eyes.

"By the great horned owl, Flash," he announced to the dog whose eyes watched the boy with interest, "I don't see one darned landmark!"

Brock got out his glasses from the sled and slowly swept the surrounding country. Every hill and conspicuous spruce or jack-pine, every ice-locked pond, every reach of frozen muskeg, he studied for some landmark he had noted on his way south

west along the great barren. But his search was in vain. He was in a country he had never seen.

Somehow he had been tricked by the wind. It had shifted and he had followed the shift. He had probably worked far to the east, but not more than ten miles. He hadn't made much more than that against that wind. So he turned into the northwest.

Through the short hours of the sub-arctic December day, they traveled over the fresh blanket of snow which had buried the country. But when the sun drifted into the lead-colored haze, smearing the western horizon, and Brock made camp, the wind-burned features of the boy's face, scarred by the whip of the blizzard, were sober with doubt. That day he should have reached or seen the ridge at the end of his lines and the barren to the south. As the light faded and the spruce filled with purple shadow, Brock now realized that in the two days of blinding snow with a masked sun, he had worked far to the east or west—which he did not know.

And the last of the food was gone! How long could he travel without grub? Starving as they were, he and Flash could make the trap-lines and home camp—if he only knew in which direction they lay. But to wander—lost!

Supperless, the two friends slept, while out under the glittering stars stole the clawed patrols of the forest night, pitiless eyes scouring thickets and moonlit reaches for that which would still the ache of their hunger. Ghostly shapes, like gray shadows, drifted noiselessly through the stinging air, talons tense for the swift thrust at hapless mouse or rabbit.

"Flash, you look hungry," said Brock in the morning, with a wry grin, as he tightened his belt, and started into the north. "Today we hunt as we go. A couple of rabbits would taste pretty good, eh?"

If only they could run into caribou, thought the boy. But the presence of wolves on the flanks of the migration doubtless had scattered the deer far and wide.

At noon, Brock built a small fire and rested. While Flash as yet showed little effect from his lack of food, Brock was fast weakening. The ache of his clamoring stomach had now ceased but in its place stole a heaviness—a numbness into his limbs. He wondered how long he would be able to travel, searching for the river and lake, if he failed to strike game; two—three days, possibly another, then a starvation camp, where day by day, he would weaken, until he could no longer cut wood to keep his fire and the numbness of the white dead, would find him beside his dog, Poor old Flash!

He would still hang on, for a husky starves slowly. And then again, before the husky was too weak, he might find rabbits, or caribou, and work back to camp and Gaspard.

Filling his stomach with hot water, with a shrug Brock turned to the dog. "Flash, like a fool, I got you into this mess. Now I'm going to get you out. Come on, old boy, and we'll shoot some supper."

Before dusk dropped like a blanket on the Kiwiedk wastes, Brock shot two rabbits, which he shared with Flash, and that night, for a space, the fear left his heart was dulled.

Wrapped in his robes by the fire, Brock's harassed thoughts thrashed back and forth over the days just passed. Often he had heard his father say that bushcraft, backed by nerve, would, in the end, bring any lost man home. What beat them was losing nerve and head at the same time.

Well, ruminated the boy in the robes if nerve would drive him to the Yellow-Leg, he would make it tomorrow or the next day. Then it would be a case of having the strength to reach the camp on the headwaters. But his strength was going fast. To the east, past his trap-lines, in the blinding snow, if only he could meet caribou! What a feast he and Flash would have on red meat!

Then, there was Gaspard! Already, in search of his missing partner, he would have visited the trap-line camp! But Brock's trail to the big barren had been wiped out by the snow. Poor Gaspard!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Tommy Objected**

Little Tommy, Jr., of Overbrook became balky at donning new short hose that his mother insisted upon.

"But the weather is so nice I should imagine that you would be glad to wear these cool, white hose instead of the heavy long ones you have been putting on," she admonished.

Tommy continued to squirm and dissent. Mother asked him his objection to the change.

"Ah-h," he grumbled, "when I wear 'em I've got to wash my knees as well as my feet before I go to bed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Not a Busy Spot**

The railway station in the British empire with the least traffic is probably Oodnadatta, in Australia, which has one train in two weeks.

It is sometimes hard to love a man who loves his enemies too voraciously.

**WM. S. VARE**



Senator-elect William S. Vare, republican, Pennsylvania, who has never been seated by reason of his alleged vast expenditures during his 1926 campaign.

**FIGHTING CONTINUES IN SHANTUNG AREA**

Chefoo, China.—The Shantung peninsula has been the scene of heavy fighting for the past few days between royal nationalists troops and a large force of ex-northern soldiers under command of Marshal Chang Tsung-Chang, one-time military governor of Shantung.

Thus far the nationalists, although greatly outnumbered, have been victorious because of superior arms and better organization, but they are seeking reinforcements, which at present are not in sight.

The fighting between the two armies began at daylight on February 21, but because of the breakdown of communications and the difficulty of traveling, news has been coming to Chefoo only with the greatest difficulty.

Although both the foreign and Chinese communities are uneasy, outward calm prevails. The foreigners, as a precautionary measure, however, are developing plans for concentration and evacuation in the event of disorders should the city be captured and looted. There are three Japanese destroyers and one British gunboat off Chefoo.

Manila.—The light cruiser Trenton left Manila under orders to proceed to Chefoo, as the result of the uprising in Shantung. It was understood that the Trenton was moving under forced draft.

**SHORT NEWS NUGGETS**

Without division, the Canadian house of commons approved a motion providing for the ratification of the Kellogg-Briand war treaty.

Leon Trotzky, exiled soviet leader, is free to leave Turkey at any time, says an official statement issued by the ministry of foreign affairs at Ankara.

The Mexican government has gone on a cash basis. The secretary of the treasury announces that hereafter all purchases by the government will be paid for as received. Liquidation of old debts is said to be proceeding rapidly.

The Free State parliament, by a vote of 53 to 50 at Dublin, approved a motion ratifying the government's signature to the Kellogg pact for renunciation of war. The motion was strongly opposed by republican followers of de Valera.

Declaring that Ambassador Howard was on firm ground in his recent statement to the American press, the London New Statesman says negotiations regarding naval disarmament will certainly be resumed on British initiative after general elections in May or June.

Misery which resulted from floods following extreme cold weather in southeastern Europe has been intensified by return of arctic conditions. Heavy snowfall and sub-zero temperatures are reported over wide areas. Millions are in distress because of lack of food and coal.

**Philippine Bill Given to Senate.**

Washington, D. C.—Independence of the Philippines was demanded in the senate by Senator King, democrat, Utah, who introduced a bill to that end. The senator charged that American sovereignty over the islands was being maintained to permit "exploitation by American capitalists."

**J. T. Washington Dies in California.**

San Francisco, Cal.—While the country was observing the birthday of George Washington, death came to his great-grand nephew, John Thornton Washington, 83, in a hospital here. He was a great-grandson of Samuel Washington, oldest brother of the first president.

**William (Bill) Russell Dies.**

Los Angeles, Cal.—William Russell, motion picture actor, died here. He was the husband of Helen Ferguson, stage and screen actress.

**MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN CONGRESS**

Eleven Members Honored in First Group Services Held for Dead.

Washington, D. C.—Laying aside party differences, republicans and democrats joined recently in honoring the dead of the 70th congress in the first group memorial service ever held in the house.

The exercises were a distinct departure from the usual ceremonies of recent years. Unlike former occasions, which frequently were attended by only a few members, both the floor and the galleries were crowded with colleagues, friends and relatives of the 11 members of this congress who have died.

After the regular reading of the house journal and recitation of the 23d Psalm by Dr. James Shera Montgomery, chaplain, William Tyler Page, clerk of the house, called the roll of the dead in the order which they died.

The list was headed by the name of Senator Frank R. Gooding of Idaho. It was followed by those of 10 representatives, William N. Valle, Colorado; Martin B. Madden, Illinois; Thaddeus C. Sweet, New York; Thomas S. Butler, Pennsylvania; Henry R. Rathbone, Illinois; Louis A. Frothingham, Massachusetts; Thomas L. Rubey, Missouri; William A. Oldfield, Arkansas; Charles L. Faust, Missouri, and Edward J. King, Illinois.

As Mr. Page read the roll he paused at the name of the late Chairman Butler of the house naval committee, whom he described as the "father of the house." Butler's continuous service in the house was the longest of any other member—16 successive terms, or a total of 32 years.

The services were closed with a few fitting remarks by two members of the house.

**GOVERNORS TO AID INAUGURAL PARADE**

Washington, D. C.—Governors of 28 states have signified their intention of participating in the inaugural parade on March 4.

Hubert Work, commander of the second grand division of the parade, which is composed of civilian organizations, announced the order in which the governors and their staffs will march. It is based on the order of admission to the union of their respective states.

Major-General Charles P. Summer all, grand marshal of the parade, has detailed an army officer as military aide to each governor, designating as far as possible an officer native of the state to whose governor he is assigned.

The states whose governors thus far have indicated their intention to parade are: Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Maine, Michigan, Florida, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico.

**COLD GRIPS MID-WEST**

Gale Starts in South and Goes Northward Over Wide Area.

New York.—From Canada to the Carolinas and westward in an almost solid blanket to the Mississippi, snow piled up Friday in the most widespread storm of the winter.

It was the worst storm in three years in New York city, and Manhattan's snowfall was far below that in many other places.

Ten counties in Pennsylvania reported 17 inches of snow. New York had seven; Nashville, Tenn., 14; Charleston, W. Va., 12, and many other towns were nearing the one-foot mark.

More than 15,000 shovelers worked all day to keep New York's streets open to their congested traffic, and throughout the snowy band across the eastern states the snow removal forces were marshalled in a great offensive against the drifts that threatened to paralyze transportation.

**Volcanic Ash Covers Mexican Town.**

Mexico City.—Dispatches to Excelsior from Tapachula, in the state of Chiapas, near the Guatemalan border, say that the sky was suddenly darkened and a rain of volcanic ashes began, which continued most of the day. The town was covered with a gray mantle. The source of the ashes was believed to have been a volcano farther south.

**Chicago Votes \$50,000 For Gang.**

Chicago.—Reward of \$50,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the perpetrators of the North Clark Street massacre was voted at a conference in the office of Commissioner of Police William F. Russell.



**BEARS' ADVENTURES**

One day Billy and Brownie Bear went off on a hunting and seeking trip.

They had a great deal of luck and came back to their cave with all sorts of good things to eat.

But the things they had found that they liked best, and which they had found only a short distance away, were what they had found in an old farmyard—the other side of the edge of the woods.

They had found a garbage pail! This they had dragged off for a distance, and they had found tins which had once held jam and old jars to be licked out, and many other delicacies which bears do not often get.

They scattered the old tins after they had left them quite, quite clean, and they didn't bother to pick anything up.

Then they heard the farmer. "I do believe that those bears who live off in the caves in the woods have been here."

"They know just how to get at tins with their claws—and they love jam and sweet tings."

Then he heard a rustle through the woods. "I believe they are there now. 'I'll get a shot at them if I can.' So he went for his gun."

After all, the bears had only taken his garbage tins and garbage wasn't



Many Other Delicacies.

such a tremendous thing to steal, but the farmer was feeling angry and cross.

Off went his gun, but Billy and Brownie rushed back to their cave for all they were worth.

"How selfish of him," they growled, "when we were cleaning up his place for him."

But before they reached the cave they had picked up some more goodies.

"We have narrow escapes, don't we?" they said to each other as they went into their cave.

But now they had eaten all they wanted and they went way into their cave for another long nap—until the spring was really around, really around!

They went fast, fast asleep and their dreams were of jam and garbage pails but not of men or guns, so you may know they had very happy, pleasant dreams.

The farmer took care to keep his garbage pail from the bears during the next few weeks.

But it was quite useless for him to have bothered, for the bears weren't going near him for awhile.

They were too pleased with their lovely dreams, and they were no longer hungry.

They would be hungry a little later on in the spring.

**Jumbled Stories**

Most boys and girls know the amusing game of "Consequences." Another capital diversion, played on similar lines, is jumbled stories. Each player is served with a sheet of notepaper and a pencil, and on the signal for starting being given each proceeds to write three lines of an original story. The first two lines are then folded over, but the third is left exposed to view.

The papers are then passed on to the neighbor on the left, and he or she, after reading the exposed line continues with three lines of story. And so on, until the paper is filled, and then the whole set is collected, and one of the players, who is a good reader, reads the contents. The result is most amusing, and the most extraordinary mixtures are made.

**Proud of Baby's Cry**

Joan was the proud possessor of a new baby sister, whose favorite means of expression was crying loud and long.

Some little friends of Joan came to see her. As usual, baby's voice was floating through all the air.

"Is that your baby crying?" asked the little friends.

"Yes," said Joan very proudly. "If you want to hear her real plainly, go and stand on the kitchen porch."

**Can You Guess This?**

First of all I am a town in England, the best known of all in that county. After my first letter and I can be many things—first something you use at the table; secondly, something you eat at the table; thirdly, something you do; also something in a bottle. What am I?  
Answer: York, Fork, Pork, Work, Cork.

**YOU CAN'T DYE with Good Intentions**

You can get results—after a fashion—with any old dye; but to do work you are proud of—takes real amines. That's why we put them in Diamond Dyes. They contain from three to five times more than other dyes on the market! Cost more to make? Surely. But you get them for the same price as other dyes.

Next time you want to dye, try them. See how easy it is to use them. Then compare the results. Note the absence of that re-dyed look; of streaking or spotting. See that they take none of the life out of the cloth. Observe how the colors keep their brilliance through wear and washing. Your dealer will refund your money if you don't agree Diamond Dyes are better dyes.

The white package of Diamond Dyes is the original "all-purpose" dye for any and every kind of material. It will dye or tint silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye, for silk or wool only. With it you can dye your valuable articles of silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. When you buy—remember this. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk and wool. Your dealer has both packages.

**Diamond Dyes**  
Easy to use Perfect results  
AT ALL DRUG STORES

No Credit for Sis  
"I wonder if George knows that my sister has money?"  
"Has he proposed?"  
"Yes."  
"Then he knows."—Passing Show.

**Quart of Water Cleans Kidneys**

Take a Little Salts if Your Back Hurts, or Bladder is Troubling You

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Eating too much rich food creates acids, which excite the kidneys. They become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood. Then we get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys, or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin drinking a quart of water each day, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys may act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush and stimulate the kidneys; also to help neutralize the acids in the system, so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby often avoiding serious kidney complications.

Poor Risk  
Blinks—Is it safe to trust him?  
Jinks—As safe as it is to trust thin ice.—Cincinnati Enquirer.  
Ingratitude is a vice that renders all others less disgusting.

**SCHOOL FOR MEN**  
Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS  
Enroll any time. Send for literature  
OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
Y. M. C. A. Bldg. Portland, Oregon

For Piles, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, etc.  
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

**RECTAL & COLON CLINIC**  
SUFFERING ELIMINATED  
15-years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. C. J. Dean NON-SURGICAL method enables us to give WRITTEN ASSURANCE OF PILES ELIMINATED or FREE REFUND.  
Send today for FREE 100-page book describing causes and proper treatment of such ailments.  
DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC  
PORTLAND SEATTLE  
BOSTON NEW YORK PHOENIX  
MONTREAL VANCOUVER  
MEXICO CITY SANTIAGO DE LOS CABALLEROS

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 9-1929.

Way Back When—  
Does anyone remember the thrill they got when they went to the theater once, long ago—they had cleaned their white kid gloves with gasoline and some one whispered that the people next to them must have come in an automobile?—Boston Globe.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Limits of Gratitude  
There's nothing like being grateful for small favors and a girl in a new fur coat remarked to us yesterday: "Thank heaven I'm warm nearly down to my knees."—Ohio State Journal.

Universal Desire  
It is the beautiful necessity of your nature to love something.—Douglas Jerrod.

**ACHING JOINTS**



If you ever have rheumatism, lumbago or other pains that penetrate to the very bones and joints, Bayer Aspirin offers quick relief, and such complete comfort that it's folly to suffer. Keep these tablets handy in the house; and carry them in your pocket. Then you need never suffer long from any attack of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, or even from a bad headache, Bayer Aspirin is a marvelous antidote for all pain and has no effect on the heart. Proven directions for many valuable uses in every box of genuine Bayer Aspirin. All druggists.

