

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, 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 him. Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his dog gives out. His hopes are raised when he discovers a moose trail.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

For an instant, he paused, in doubt. He would rest his gun against a tree—if he could—had time. But suppose Flash lunged as he fired? It might be safer to lash him here. No, he did not dare. His hand shook like a leaf—he would only wound the moose—would need Flash.

So, weak with famine and excitement, Brock went on—on into the thick timber, nerves strung like bowstrings, straining uncertain eyes for the vision of a huge shape in the snow. Then, dilating his nostrils in deep sniffs of the air, Flash suddenly went mad.

Falling on the trembling husky, Brock seized his nose. "Shut up, Flash!" he gasped in desperation. "Steady, boy! Shut up!"

But the starved dog trembled where he crouched, wild to charge the beast whose scent was strong in his nostrils. With stiff fingers, Brock knotted the leash to a sapling, and left his dog, to make the stalk.

He had moved by a few yards when suddenly he saw a patch of black dimly between the dark green of two young spruce trees. Life hung on the pitiful hands which raised his rifle to his shoulder. His eyes blurred as the bead wavered past the open rear sight. Again he looked for his target. The black patch was gone.

With a groan the boy reeled, his fevered eyes peering desperately into the timber already blue with shadow. Then, to his flank, he saw a shape floundering in snow to its shoulders. It was the last chance!

Crouching, with elbow on knee, Brock fired.

As the rifle shattered the silence, a great gray and white shape, sinking to the shoulders at every leap, plunged past.

"Flash!"

With all the strength he could summon, Brock ran. He had missed—hardly seen his sights! "One more shot—only one shot!" he sobbed, as he shuffled after the dog, who had snapped his leash.

Brock reached the trail of the moose where the dog had joined it. Not a drop of blood on the snow! He had missed.

Ahead, Flash yelped, hard in pursuit of the fleeing beast. But the long legs of the moose would out distance the dog in the deep snow. It was all over! They had lost! It was—the end!

Panting in his weakness, Brock stumbled forward over the broken trail left by moose and dog. Then, of a sudden, the yelps of the husky changed to roars of rage.

Flash had caught him!

Clutching his rifle the boy kept on, hoping, still hoping for one last shot. He broke through the thicket to gasp in amazement. Rearing in the snow, a young bull, his horns still in the spike, lashed with his great forefeet at the dog who leaped around him. Hair stiff, eyes bloodshot, his breath escaping from dilated nostrils like the exhaust of an engine, with his sharp hoofs the bull flayed the air as the dog lunged in and out. And then, as the desperate beast tried to rise on his hind legs and fell back helpless, Brock saw.

"Hamstrung! Flash, boy, you've saved us with your teeth!"

Mercifully Brock ended the fight with a bullet through the beast's brain. As the animal fell, blackness closed on the vision of the exhausted boy, and he fainted.

The starving husky, mad with the taste of blood, tore savagely at the throat of the moose, then at the sight

of the crumpled figure of Brock, ran to him with a sob. Slowly the lifeless air revived the youth whose desperate exertion had sapped the last ounce of his stamina. He got to his feet while the dog went back to his red meat.

"My old Flash pup!" said Brock, caressing the husky. "Hamstrung him you did, old pal! Bless your bones!"

But the dusk was close and there was no time to lose. Leading the reluctant dog from his quarry, Brock, delirious with joy at his luck, went back for the sled. And there, in the swamp, within easy reach of the meat which would thicken his blood and give him back his strength while he rested, he built a fire and made camp.

But Brock was wise, and sitting by his fire with the gorged Flash, he drank, at intervals, a small cup only, of the broth from the simmering pot of moose broth. Full well he knew the danger of filling a starved and weakened stomach, and that night—craving it though he did—he touched no meat.

"We'll see home, now—Hungry House and the family. And old Gaspard, what'll he think has become of us, Flash?" he rambled on in his joy, to the dog at his side. "But we're lost—we've got to find the river, old pal. We'll camp right here, feedin' on that bull, 'til Brock gets his legs back, then we'll take a hundred pounds of meat and circle northwest, what?" Then the boy leaned and buried his hooded face in the gray mane of the dog who grunted with contentment at his side.

For days Brock camped beside the frozen moose meat, while his strength returned. As his endurance increased he climbed the nearest ridges to search the horizon for a familiar landmark.



"Ham-Strung! Flash, Boy, You've Saved Us With Your Teeth!"

but to his bewilderment and chagrin, found none. In the end, he was forced to the realization that, instead of being south of the headwater lakes and the river valley, he must have worked to the west, in the two days' blizzard.

Taking a hundred pounds of meat, a heavy load for the husky traveling across country, Brock turned south-east. In the hollow of his arm he carried his uncased rifle, for he was now sure he was well beyond the big lake, in the enemy's country. Constantly, as he traveled, he watched his flanks and back trail, for the memory of his capture was still vivid.

Brock camped that night in a country still unfamiliar, but the next day at noon, from a barren hill, he sighted, far to the east, the well-known ridges circling the great lake. As the short day waned and he looked for a camp ground, suddenly he came to a dead stop.

Cocking his rifle, the boy knelt beside his curious dog, as his roving eyes covered the spruce and jack-pine timber surrounding him, in a searching inspection. A snowshoe trail! How old? he wondered.

Hearing, seeking nothing, after a space Brock walked to the tracks in the snow and bent to study them.

"By the great horned owl, Flash!" he said to the dog sniffing at the trail, "it's Gaspard!"

The familiar shape of the shoes, which Gaspard had himself made, and a spicule in the webbing, identified them.

"Now what is he after, I wonder?" said the curious boy, aloud. "He's given me up as wiped out, I'll bet, and has gone on a man hunt."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Devise Dance Notes

Like Sheet Music

Twenty years of experiment on the part of the leader of the foremost German school of rhythmic dancing, Rudolph von Laban, have resulted in a new standard "choreography" which is receiving attention from Berlin's critics of music and dancing.

It is claimed for this system of dancing notation that all forms of movement can be read as easily as a sheet of music, after a few hours' study. The five parallel lines upon which the signs are printed resemble those of a musical score. But dashes and curves, arrows and dots, take the place of ordinary notes.—London Observer.

Unfortunately Not

You can't choose your friends for their taste in interior decorating or refuse to go to Aunt Lydia's because her living room makes you feel insignificant.—Woman's Home Companion.

RABBI LEE LEVINGER



Rabbi Lee J. Levinger, Ph. D., of Columbus, Ohio, was elected national chaplain of the American Legion by the national executive committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rabbi Herman J. Beck.

WILL PAY GERMAN CLAIM ON VESSELS

Washington, D. C.—A decision has been handed down by the war claims arbiter, Edwin B. Parker, dismissing claims against the United States for seizure of four former German ships and allowing claims for four others.

The claims dismissed were for three North German Lloyd vessels, the Kronprinz Wilhelm, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich and the Lockau, and the Hansa line vessel, Liebenfels, which the decision held were not considered merchant ships and therefore not entitled to remuneration.

The following ships were declared to be merchant ships at the time of their seizure: Princess Alice and Coblenz of the North German Lloyd; Holsatia and Sambia of the Hamburg America line.

The term "merchant vessel" used by congress in the settlement of war claims act of 1923 was "intended to exclude all vessels which, at the time of the taking, were German public ships, complete title to which vested immediately in the United States through the mere act of capture, independent of any congressional resolution and without the necessity of adjudication."

Parker held that the Princess Alice, the Holsatia, Coblenz and Sambia were unarmed, had no naval crew on board and were privately owned German merchant vessels when they were taken over by the American authorities. He held that it was clear under the war claims act that congress intended to pay for these vessels.

SHORT NEWS NUGGETS

A Havas Agency report from Teheran says that Persia and Russia have signed a tariff convention on the most favored basis.

Elsie Janis, American actress who is ill with a complication of appendicitis and influenza at Paris, was reported to be progressing slowly.

A severe earthquake seriously damaged railroad tracks at Canterbury, N. Z. The shock was felt at Christ church. No casualties were reported from either place.

A semi-official message from Tokio says the United States contemplates proposing a conference of powers concerned to consider the advisability of abolishing extra-territoriality in China.

John Newton Tillman, 70, democratic member of congress from 1915 to 1929 and ex-president of the University of Arkansas, died at his home at Fayetteville, Ark., following a nine months' illness.

Plans are under way for the establishment of a Dutch Ford company with a capital of about \$2,000,000, and extension of Ford business later into a factory for the complete manufacture of Ford motors.

Three Appointments Made by Hoover

Washington, D. C.—President Hoover has appointed former Governor Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, assistant secretary of the interior, and David S. Ingalls of Cleveland, assistant secretary of the navy in charge of aviation. E. C. Finney, present assistant secretary of the interior, is to become solicitor of the department.

Flood Hits Smyrna.

Smyrna.—A deluge of rain that turned the streets into rivers and caused the collapse of houses and bridges has given Smyrna its fourth disaster in a year.

League Will Meet Next in Old Madrid Geneva.—The council of the League of Nations has accepted an invitation of the Spanish government to hold its June session in Madrid.

CALLES OUTWITS MEXICAN REBELS

Army Tricked by Federals; Four States Claimed by Revolutionists.

Mexico City.—Defeat of General Urbalejo and his rebel detachment at Canitas, state of Zacatecas, was officially announced here Sunday night.

The rebel general was said to have fled with an escort of 30 men before the victorious advance of the federal troops, whose campaign was under the personal direction of Secretary of War Calles.

The capture of Canitas, strategic rail junction, opened the way for a federal northward push toward Torreon, where one of the largest rebel bodies is concentrated.

In explanation of the victory at Canitas it was said that the troops of Urbalejo had been duped into thinking themselves fighting for the government and they promptly turned on their leader when they found he was a rebel. Meanwhile Federal General Almazan ordered an advance of his command from Monterey westward toward Torreon. If this movement is carried out successfully the rebels would face attacks from two sides.

The government said that General Aguirre, rebel commander who fled Vera Cruz in defeat, had telegraphed an offer to surrender if the government allowed him safe passage out of the country. The government replied that his surrender must be unconditional.

Nogales, Sonora, Mex.—Advices received by Sonora revolutionary leaders Sunday over seized government telegraph wires said that the southern district of Baja California joined the Mexico revolutionary movement at midnight Saturday.

Governor Amada Aguirre of that district has informed revolt chieftains that 1300 soldiers who have espoused the revolutionary cause are on their way by boat to Guaymas Sonora, to join the revolutionary army on its march south toward Mexico City.

TRUSTEE PROPOSED FOR REPARATIONS

Paris.—A substitute for political machinery which will take the liquidation of Germany's international obligations out of the realm of political discussion and transfer it to the orderly form of business is the way the reparations experts' international bank plan is described in an official summary issued recently.

Emphasis is laid on the fact that the whole scheme is as yet tentative, subject to rejection in whole or in part on further examination.

The primary function of the institution at the beginning will be to act as trustee for receiving annuities under the head of reparations from Germany and disbursing them among creditor nations. This function, it has been thought among the experts, was likely to develop other uses, such as financing, deliveries in kind and facilitating transfers between creditor nations.

The purpose of the experts is to set up an institution that will be as advantageous to debtor as to creditor nations.

FLOOD RAVAGES OIL TOWN

Grey Bull, Wyo., Citizens Forced to Abandon Homes.

Greybull, Wyo.—Forced to abandon their homes Sunday night by rampaging flood waters from the Big Horn river, hundreds of citizens of this little oil town Monday returned to take toll of their property damage after spending the night in the nearby mountains.

One life was lost and property damage amounting to approximately \$200,000 was left in the wake of the "flash flood" which rolled over the sleeping city when an eight-mile ice gorge in the river backed the water into the streets and inundated homes.

One of the few to remain in Greybull, besides the telephone operators, was Elizabeth Wiley, known as the "fighting woman mayor" of Greybull. An airplane was sent from Cody, Wyo., with explosives to be dropped on the ice jam. The plane traveled over the entire eight-mile stretch, dropping several bombs, and succeeded in breaking it up.

28,000 Canary Birds on Ship to U. S. Hamburg, Germany.—Tweet-tweet is coming from 28,000 throats on the steamship Deutschland. There are 28,000 canaries aboard. They left Hamburg with 14 attendants, bound for New York.

King Alfonso's Niece Bride.

Madrid.—Her royal highness the Infanta Isabel Alfonso of Bourbon, a niece of the king of Spain, was married to Count Zamolsky. The count is a Polish nobleman.

DAIRY FACTS

CARE FOR COWS AFTER CALVING

Because of Her Low Vitality Good Treatment Needed.

The care of the cow after calving depends upon a variety of things. Her vitality is low following parturition and she should be treated accordingly. She should be protected from cold drafts and in cold weather her water should be warmed for two or three days or at least she should not be compelled to drink very cold water. For the first few days the ration should be light in character and not very abundant. A bran mash made by moistening bran with warm water is well adapted for the grain portion with which may be fed such hay as the cow will consume. If the udder is swollen and hard, the grain ration should be increased very slowly, possibly using two weeks before attempting to get the cow on full feed. With heavy milkers it may be well to postpone this even longer. No alarm need be felt if the udder remains inflamed and hard for a number of days, providing milk can be drawn freely from each quarter. It is recommended that if the cow is a good milker she should be milked at least three times daily or oftener until the inflammation leaves the udder.

It is preferable to allow the calf to suck for at least the first twenty-four hours and some allow them to suck for even a longer period than this. With high producing cows it is able to have milk fever, it is quite a common practice to milk out a little milk several times a day until danger from this trouble is past. This may be continued for two or three days or until such time as may seem necessary with the individual cow. It is believed advantageous to leave enough milk in the udder to cause considerable pressure during the dangerous period and for this reason only sufficient milk is drawn to relieve the extreme pressure.

After the first two or three days the frequency of milking will depend very largely upon the ability of the cow to produce milk. As a general rule, it is advisable when a cow produces 50 pounds or more a day to milk her more than twice daily. For lower producing cows it is of doubtful advantage to milk oftener than this, at least so far as profit in milk production is concerned. It is estimated that milking cows three times a day instead of twice will increase the production by 12 to 18 per cent, particularly with the better producing animals.

Red and White Holsteins Are Not Very Desirable

Occasionally the offspring of a purebred Holstein bull may be red and even when the dams are likewise purebred animals of the same breed. When this happens it shows the cows also carry the red color, but it is not seen until mated with a bull that also carries it, then about half the calves will be red and white in place of black and white. Red and white Holsteins are not accepted for registry but are just as good for ordinary use.

As a matter of fact when such animals appear in a Holstein herd they are usually disposed of at once. This red and white color is very interesting from a scientific breeding standpoint and the facts as stated are well understood. Another interesting fact is that if red and white offspring of black and white Holsteins are mated the offspring will be all red and white. The black color is lost forever unless black and white blood is again introduced.

Keep Milking Machines Sanitary at All Times

The milking machine is coming in common use on dairy farms. It is a splendid labor-saving device for milking, but it does require some extra labor to keep it clean and this is apt to be overlooked.

Off-flavored cream is often traced to unwashed milking machines. It should be remembered that milk is the most fertile ground for the growth of bacteria, and when the milking machine is not kept clean it is very apt to become unsanitary.

The extra labor required to keep the machine clean and sanitary is small in comparison with the amount of labor it saves in milking. It is simply a matter of seeing that it is properly done every day.

Keeping the milking machine in proper condition requires study and care the same as it requires study and care to learn how to run any important piece of machinery. Give it your attention!

Maintaining Cows

The cost of maintaining cows is best shown by example. A dry cow weighing 1,000 pounds, if maintained on corn silage and clover hay, would require daily 20 pounds of silage and eight pounds of clover hay. This does not appear to be much, but a herd of 12 cows of similar weight would require in a year 43.8 tons of silage and 17.5 tons of hay if fed throughout the year on these two roughages. If no more than two roughages, there would be very little milk produced.



TURKEYS' IDEAS

"Ha, ha, gobble, gobble," laughed Mr. Turkey, as he spoke to the Cranes. "Why do you stand on one foot—everyone of you seem to do the same—when you each have two feet."

"Why not use all you have? If you had four feet, would you hold three under your wings?"

"I have never seen anything so funny in all my life."

Now Mrs. Turkey was a little afraid that they might think Mr. Turkey was rude, so she said politely:

"Are you here for a long visit? Do you like our master?"

"We're here for ever so long," said the gray Cranes, "and we like the master very much."

"You don't give us much information," said Mr. Turkey.

"Perhaps you will when you know us better," chuckled Mrs. Turkey.

"I don't think you're sociable animals at all," said Mr. Turkey crossly. At that the gray-feathered creatures stepped down on both feet, raised their long necks and stamped about, their legs seeming longer every minute, and so thin that the turkeys were afraid they would break.

"When we arrived," they said, "you called us animals. And we're not animals," they exclaimed.

"No, we're not!"

"And what are you, pray tell?" asked Mr. Turkey, gobbling with excitement.

"You certainly aren't Gnomes or Fairies or Brownies," chuckled Mrs. Turkey.

"We're birds," they said, "yes, birds! The very idea of calling us animals."



"And What Are You?"

"Indeed, we are surprised. We're never called animals—never, never, never."

"We wouldn't allow it, for it wouldn't be true."

"We are birds, nice, lazy birds, and let's be restful for us to stand on one leg."

"But you're so big to be called birds," said Mr. Turkey.

"You needn't think that makes any difference to us," they said.

"We are the Crane family, as fine a family of birds as is known."

"We might even call ourselves birds," said Mrs. Turkey.

"It makes no difference, and maybe it would be a bother," said Mr. Turkey.

"Almost any name will suit us," he added.

"We must be called birds," said the Crane family. "We're big, beautiful, happy birds who can stand on one foot."

"When we can stand on one and own two, we insist on being called birds."

"If ever we have four feet we shall call ourselves animals, but such a thing will never happen, no, two feet for us will do—and one of them to stand on."

"Well," said Mr. Turkey afterward in a whispered talk with Mrs. Turkey, "my ideas aren't nearly so decided as theirs, but they're an interesting addition to our little bird-animal group here."

CONUNDRUMS

What age has a ship?—Steering.

What young lady should you avoid? Miss Trust (mistrust).

What is a button? A small event that is always coming off.

When time flies, who can stand up and beat it? An orchestra leader.

When is a blue book not a blue book? When it's read (red), of course.

Why is an elephant like a brick? Because neither of them can climb a tree.

Why does a dentist put his teeth in a show case? So his patients can pick their teeth.

When has a man a right to scold his coffee? When he has more than sufficient grounds.

Why are fowls the most economical things that a farmer can keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.

Why is paper money more valuable than silver? Because when you put it in your pocket you double it and when you take it out you find it in creases.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very like nature's gas is expelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take. Any drug store has the genuine, prescription product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Subject to Change

"Are you on a diet?" asked the commercial traveler's acquaintance when he saw him having milk and biscuits. "No; on commission."—Tit-Bits.

Drink Water If Back or Kidneys Hurt

Begin Taking Salts If You Feel Backache or Have Bladder Weakness

Too much rich food forms acids which excite and overwork the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Flush the kidneys occasionally to relieve them like you relieve the bowels, removing acids, waste and poison, else you may feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, the stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get irritated, obliging one to get up two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste, begin drinking water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine and bladder disorders disappear.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help prevent serious kidney and bladder disorders. By all means, drink lots of good water every day.

Cheese 150 Years Old

At a recent agricultural show near Zurich, Switzerland, a cheese made in 1778 and handed down from generation to generation in the same family, was exhibited. Its weight was fourteen pounds. When first made it was valued at three cents a pound.

Coast to Coast good Grocers sell and recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better value than any other.—Adv.

"Because" is Eve's legacy to her daughters as an excuse for the inexcusable.

ALWAYS KEEPS IT ON HAND

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I was just completely run-down. I had tired, heavy, sluggish feelings and I could not eat. I was losing weight. I read so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what a good medicine it is, that I started taking it. I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

—Mrs. Ella Richards, 21 Chautauque St. N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

and about the same in tablet form. This is one medicine a woman should have in the house all the time. I am improving every day and I sure am able to eat. I am willing to answer any letters I get asking about the Vegetable Compound."

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