

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 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 on his trap line Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his food gives out. His hopes are raised when he discovers a moose trail. He kills a moose and finds Gaspard's trail. Gaspard finds another Indian trailing him and wounds him.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Then the youth drew his skinning knife. His glittering eyes drew close to the ash-gray face of the man who lay by the fire under the blankets. "Were you here—last long snows—in this country?" he asked, hoarse with passion.

The pinched face nodded. "There was a man—from the south—ambushed, in the month of the melting snow. Is he alive?"

In the eyes of the Indian fear gave way to a look of bewilderment, of agony, as he gasped: "I am very sick."

"You saw this hunter?" pressed the inexorable son of Pierre Lacroix. The Indian feebly nodded. "Is he alive?"

There was no answer. Gaspard glanced at the distorted face, bloodless, still; then rumbled under the Indian's capote for the heart beat. There was none.

Rising, the baffled son of Pierre Lacroix shook his fists at the insensate spruce. In his heart was no pity for this man at his feet, who had tracked him that day to shoot him through the back. These men had taken from him the father he loved—were ruthlessly hunting down Brock and himself. At that moment, his missing partner might lie somewhere, stiff in the snow, as this assassin lay here, at his feet.

It was war to the death, now, between Gaspard Lacroix and the men who had taken from him father and his friend. Through the winter he would hunt them as one hunts the wolverine who robs the trappers. Before the March crust they would learn that on their trails followed a tracker, merciless as the carcajou, untiring as the timber wolf. The war was on!

Leaving the body of the Cree to the toothed and clawed mercies of the wood-folk, who would shortly find it under the heap of snow with which Gaspard covered it, he continued on his wide circle north of the big lake. Heart-sick with thoughts of his missing partner, he approached the camp. Eighteen days now, he thought. With the country full of game Brock couldn't have starved, even if lost. And if lost, in time he was bound to find the lakes or the river. No, they had taken or killed him—the friend he loved.

The dogs, ravenous with hunger, greeted him with a chorus of yelps. Then he saw, standing in the snow, Brock's trapping sled. His heart bounded. Brock was safe—had come home! Brock was alive—his partner—was alive!

"Kekway!" he shouted in his joy, running to the tent. "Ha! You Brock!" But the tent was empty. He had gone again! Where?

Circling the camp, Gaspard found his own trail of three days before, followed by the well-known tracks of Brock's wider webs.

"By Gar! He go to find Gaspard!" cried the excited hunter. Then, in his emotion, he hugged each of the clamoring huskies.

With Brock alive, the situation was changed. He now had some one to live for—to take care of. His promise to Angus McCain, made at Hungry House, to bring Brock back, bound him. He could not ask his partner to go north with him and throw his life away in a mad attempt at vengeance. He would stay with Brock and trap while the fur was prime, then in March, he would journey north in search of his foe. If he failed to return, Brock could take the dogs and run the river to the sea, alone, and carry to Hungry House a fursack that would pull the eyes out of the factor's head.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, as Gaspard followed Silt-Ear pulling the hind-quarters of a caribou in over the ice-hard trail leading to the camp, Flash met them with as extravagant welcome.

"Hello, you man-killer! What dyuh

mean by leaving just as I totter back after starving out in the bush?"

The lean face of Gaspard shone with his joy at seeing his friend.

"You ole Brock! You geeve me some bad day, Brock!" he cried, pounding the shoulder of the stalwart white boy, as he wrung his hand. "I hunt an' hunt for your trail!"

"But tell me," Brock interrupted. "You were followed, and you waited for him. But how did you know he was on your trail?"

"I feel dat dey were after me, dat morning. And you saw them?"

"Yes, I wanted to be sure he didn't get you and leave on your shoes, so I looked at the body. Did you learn anything?"

"No, de Cree have seen my fader—he know; but he was weak an' avealre tell how my fader die."

"Too bad! I'm mighty sorry, partner," Brock rested a mittened hand on the shoulder of his friend, whose dark-features pictured the bitterness of his disappointment.

Then over a supper of caribou steaks and tea, Brock told his story.

"Nevalre travel een a norder again," commented the bush-wise Gaspard. "Wait for de sun; den you don't get lost."

"By gar, dat Flash ees smart dog!" cried the half-breed, when Brock told of missing the moose. "De wolf hamstring caribou; but bull-moose, in de deep snow ees ver' strong. Dat ees cross dog, dat Flash!"

"His heart's all iron, and the way he traveled on an empty stomach was a caution. He hadn't eaten for days when he tackled that moose. Gaspard, if anything happened to that pup, I'd want to quit."

The lean features of the other lighted in understanding. It was Brock McCain's way, to love his friend, his dog, with all the capacity of his big heart. There were no reservations in Brock.

Hitching the dogs to the long, hauling sled which had come on the canoe load all the way from Hungry House, with Flash in the rear, behind Silt-Ear, to separate him from the leader, Yellow-Eye, the boys started next day over Brock's trap-line trail, buried under the new snow. Gaspard led the team, tramping the new snow down to the ice-hard trail beneath, now frozen solid to the ground by the constant traveling of Brock and Flash with the trapping sled.

With the tangible warnings Gaspard and Brock already had had, to attempt to finish the winter on Yellow-Leg lakes meant a life of constant vigilance. Once their enemies from the north worked south of the big lake and found the trap-line trails, they might be ambushed or taken in their sleep, for the dogs could be poisoned or shot. But never, for an instant, did the two hunters consider a retreat. The heart of Gaspard Lacroix knew but one desire—desire for knowledge of how his father died and for vengeance on those responsible for his death. And little as Brock relished the idea of leaving his bones in the wilderness of the Yellow-Leg, his loyalty to his friend and his fighting spirit admitted no thought of avoiding what the long snows held for them. Already they had given the strangers good proof of what man hunters might expect in the forests of the south. Two had gone out, never to return. And later, on the March crust, when the going was good, the hunted ones would turn hunters. So ran the thoughts of the friends as they made camp on the eve of the hunt on the big barren.

Under stars still bright in a purple sky, Brock and Gaspard cooked breakfast. Leaving the whimpering dogs—begging to be taken—wired to trees, the partners snowshoed to the flank of the barren and waited for dawn. Two days before, Gaspard had counted a hundred caribou, but now, as the blue east grayed, and the frosty stars paled and faded, they wondered whether or not the patrols of the phantom wanderers of the north were out there in the shadows digging with round-toothed hoofs for the reindeer moss of the barren.

At last the bitter dawn slashed through the ashen east with rose and pearl and amber slits of light.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Sea Serpent" Myth

The comparative safety and comfort of the modern ocean vessel may be blamed for the disappearance of the sea serpent. In the opinion of Austin H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institution. The tales of marvelous and fearful sea monsters all belong to the days when sailing the seas was highly dangerous and the large fish could come uncomfortably close to the ship's passengers. A man on the dry, secure deck of the modern vessel lacks the stimulus to his imagination that would make him see queer creatures in the sea, although occasionally even now tales are told in all sincerity of sea serpents being seen.—Exchange

Doing Well, Too

"Is your son a success?" "In his line." "What's his line?" "Oh, he demonstrates what the well-dressed young man will wear this season."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MICHAEL MacWHITE



A recent portrait of Michael MacWhite, the newly appointed Irish Free State minister to the United States, who recently arrived in Washington to assume his post. He succeeds Timothy Smiddy.

PRESIDENT TO WORK ON MAJOR PROBLEMS

Washington, D. C.—President Hoover began an intensive study of four major problems which are to be acted upon within the next few days. These are:

1.—Program for the American delegation to the league of nations naval disarmaments conference at Geneva in April.

2.—Important changes in the diplomatic corps.

3.—Final selections of his law enforcement commission.

4.—His message to the extra session of congress.

On naval armaments it appeared evident that the president will insist upon an adequate navy, based upon American defensive requirements, and the refusal to scrap the new cruiser program.

Among the prospective changes in the diplomatic corps are those at London, Paris and Berlin and several important Latin-American posts.

The president is expected to complete his selection of the commission of nine men who are to make a nationwide study of prohibition and other law enforcement. He is anxious for the commission to be named and begin its duties.

President Hoover also must begin work on his message to congress on farm and tariff legislation. He has talked with house and senate leaders and formed definite ideas. He will limit his message to the two subjects, it is now planned.

SHORT NEWS NUGGETS

Two men were burned to death and a third perhaps burned fatally in a fire which, spread by a high wind, burned four business houses "shacks" on Main street of Borger, Texas, a new oil town.

The Spanish army aviators Iglesias and Jimenez were believed to be well down the African coast in an effort to set a new long distance flight record by reaching South America from Seville, Spain.

After long debate the upper house of the Japanese diet has approved a bill removing certain articles from the 100 per cent luxury tax list. They include cocoa, coffee, black tea, cheese, cameras and athletic equipment, all of which were placed on a lower basis.

The dirigible Graf Zeppelin started its Mediterranean flight Monday evening from Friedrichshafen, Germany. Hugh Eckener laid the course of his giant airship over Lake Constance in the direction of Basle, Switzerland, first land mark on the 5000-mile voyage, which is to occupy four days of air voyaging without a stop.

Rum Imports Opposed by Church.

Philadelphia.—The Methodist men's committee of 100 of the United States, meeting here, adopted a resolution recommending that diplomatic representatives to the United States be handed their passports unless they refrain from importing intoxicating beverages. A copy of the resolution was sent to President Hoover and to the secretary of state.

Hawaiian Governor To Quit in June.

Washington, D. C.—Governor Wallace R. Farrington of Hawaii has advised Secretary Wilbur he will not be available for reappointment when his present term expires in June, the secretary said. The president has not yet decided on his successor.

Kansas City Has Heat Record.

Kansas City.—Kansas City's heat record for March was believed broken last week. The temperature was 87 degrees at 3 P. M., and P. Connor, weather forecaster, said this was the highest for March in his memory. He did not consult his records.

RIVAL ARMIES NOW CLAIM MAZATLAN

American Aviator Held By Mexican Rebels; U. S. May Intervene.

Nogales, Ariz. — Following the report issued at rebel headquarters in Nogales, Sonora, that Mazatlan, Sinaloa, had been wrested from the federal soldiers by rebel troops under General F. R. Manzo, and that Federal General Jaime Carrillo had fled in the gunboat Progresso, no word had been received from that key city of the Mexico west coast late Sunday.

In the meantime, two problems which might have some bearing on United States' relations with the warring Mexican factions, loomed up.

Buzz Morrison, Reno, Nev., who had been flying a Mexican federal army plane, was forced down and captured by rebels. American officers here sought without success, so far, to have him released to them.

In Bisbee, Ariz., the department of justice was known to have been investigating the whereabouts of 37,000 rounds of ammunition and a machine gun which belonged to the city of Bisbee, and was sold about March 1. Investigators said that they believed there was a possibility that the munitions had fallen into the hands of the rebels.

Mexico City. — General Lutarco Elias Calles informed national headquarters here that federal forces might be expected to raise the rebel siege of Mazatlan and to strike their first blow in the Chihuahua campaign. Reinforcements now at Rosario, Sinaloa, were expected to reach Mazatlan soon to aid in the garrison which has withstood rebel attacks for more than two days.

FOCH, WORLD WAR LEADER, SUGGUMBS

Paris.—Field Marshal Ferdinand Foch, supreme commander of the allied armies in the World war and probably the world's most brilliant modern military strategist, died at his home in Paris last week. He was 77 years old.

The mild little Frenchman, who never before had known actual defeat, surrendered to death only after he had battled to the last ounce of strength in his slender, shrunken body.

Heart disease and complications which developed into uremia caused his death.

The world-renowned leader, whose name is inseparably bound with the glorious victory in the world's great war, laid in state by the tomb of the Unknown Soldier who symbolizes France's sacrifice that that victory might be won.

Together, Ferdinand Foch, marshal of France, and his country's unknown poilu, rested for two days, side by side beneath the black-draped mass of the Arc de Triomphe, the impressive monument raised to commemorate the triumphs of France's military genius, Napoleon.

Following this last tribute, the marshal's remains were buried beside those of Napoleon and other great French chieftains.

Tuesday throughout France was a day of the deepest mourning—shops were closed, buildings draped in black, lights dimmed, theatres silent. It was the nation's hushed farewell to its beloved leader.

Gen. Sarraill Dies; Defended Verdun.

Paris.—Another of France's war heroes died as the final details were being made for the funeral of Marshal Foch. General Maurice Sarraill, former commander of the Sixth army corps of the Third army and formerly commander in chief of the French armies of the Orient, died at the age of 72. He was the possessor of the Grand Croix de the Legion of Honor, the Medaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre.

COAST GUARD IS UPHELD

Officials Declare Chasers Were Acting Within Their Rights.

Washington, D. C.—An official statement issued at coast guard headquarters Monday said the pursuit and sinking of the British auxiliary schooner Imalone, a suspected rum runner, by the Gulf of Mexico coast guard patrol was "in accord with the well-known doctrine of international law which authorizes continuous pursuit of a vessel that has violated the law within the waters over which the United States has control."

The announcement was predicated upon a report from Captain A. L. Gamble at New Orleans, commanding the coast guard forces in the gulf, which will be transmitted to the state department as a basis for reply to the inquiry concerning the incident made Sunday by Sir Esme Howard, the British ambassador.



WOODCHUCK WEDDING

"Haven't I a fine home?" Mr. Woodchuck asked. "I would be honored if you would be the joint-owner of it."

"I would like to call you Mrs. Woodchuck and give a wedding party."

"Thank you, thank you," said Miss Woodchuck coyly. "I would be honored to become Mrs. Woodchuck."

"When can we have the wedding feast?"

"I have a fine room for you," said Mr. Woodchuck, who could talk of nothing else besides his new home, "lined with grass and leaves."

"It will be very delightful, very delightful, I feel quite sure."

"I am sure it will be, and I shall be so happy to have such a lovely room," said Mrs. Woodchuck.

"But where is that wedding feast we're to have?"

"There'll be no guests," said Mr. Woodchuck.

Mrs. Woodchuck looked quite pleased that there would be no others at the party, for she felt hungry enough to eat up her share and the share of many guests.

"I am glad to see," said Mr. Woodchuck as they soon began eating their wedding feast, "that you have such a good appetite, my dear."

"I think I do not have to worry about you. To eat so much you must be in the best of health."

"I am," said Mrs. Woodchuck, as she swallowed a piece of clover.

"This is very nice," she said, as she nibbled a piece of fresh grass.

"And what good vegetables you have near your home."

"It isn't that I have such nice vegetables near my home," said Mr. Woodchuck, "but I put my home near a place where nice vegetables were to be had."

"An excellent idea," said Mrs. Woodchuck, "and I am glad to see



"It Will Be Very Delightful."

that I have such an excellent woodchuck to look after me."

"Bow-wow, bow-wow," came the sounds from a distance.

"Hurry into the hole," said Mr. Woodchuck. "Get way inside. I will stay in our hallway room, near the entrance, and I'll protect you. Do not be frightened."

Mr. Woodchuck's voice was rather shrill and his squeal was very shrill, but his words were comforting to Mrs. Woodchuck, who was frightened indeed.

"How glad I am that I have Mr. Woodchuck to protect me," she said to herself. "I don't have to meet that dog all alone."

"Mr. Woodchuck is splendid."

The bark of the dog came nearer and nearer, and Mrs. Woodchuck trembled all over when she heard the sounds.

"Oh, if Mr. Woodchuck should get hurt," she thought.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow, gr-owl," came from the dog.

A sharp squeal and then a long yell came from Mr. Woodchuck.

"Oh, I'm so afraid my dear Mr. Woodchuck is hurt," she cried.

And then followed another growl and snarl from the dog, and another longer, piercing yell from Mr. Woodchuck.

She couldn't bear it any longer. Hide! When her dear, splendid Mr. Woodchuck was in danger of his very life! It couldn't be done!

"I'm coming," she cried in woodchuck talk.

The dog heard the squeal of another woodchuck, and he had already received a horrid bite from Mr. Woodchuck's sharp teeth.

"Oh, this is too much," thought the dog. "I can't fight two woodchucks, and as he went burrowing off Mr. and Mrs. Woodchuck rubbed their heads together, and said how lucky they were to have each other."

And the wedding feast continued.

Scotchman's Treat

Kid—Daddy, take me to the zoo, will you?

Dad—No, I can't.

Kid—But I want to see the animals!

Dad—Well, here's a nickel; run down and buy a box of animal crackers and when you have looked at them, eat them and save me buying you a lunch.

Painless or Painful?

Little Jack had been to the dentist to have a troublesome tooth removed. On the way home his mother casually remarked: "I think that dentist was a very nice gentleman. He took a great deal of pains."

"Took!" repeated Jack, scornfully. "You mean gived, don't ya?"

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

May Have Secret of Famous Violin Maker

A violin maker of Milan has every reason to believe that he has the secret of Stradivarius, the master violin maker of Cremona, whose instruments have long been regarded as the best ever made. The Milanese is in possession of several papers which seem to be the work of Stradivarius giving details of the preparation of wood and varnish for the manufacture of violins. The papers were subjected to the scrutiny of a handwriting expert, and by making comparison with authentic writing of Stradivarius he has declared the writing to be that of the old Cremona violin maker. The Milanese maker has made an instrument following these directions, and it is said to have all the qualities of a genuine "Strad." The papers were discovered by a Roman antiquary to whom an old desk had been sent for restoration. They had been reposing for years in a secret drawer.

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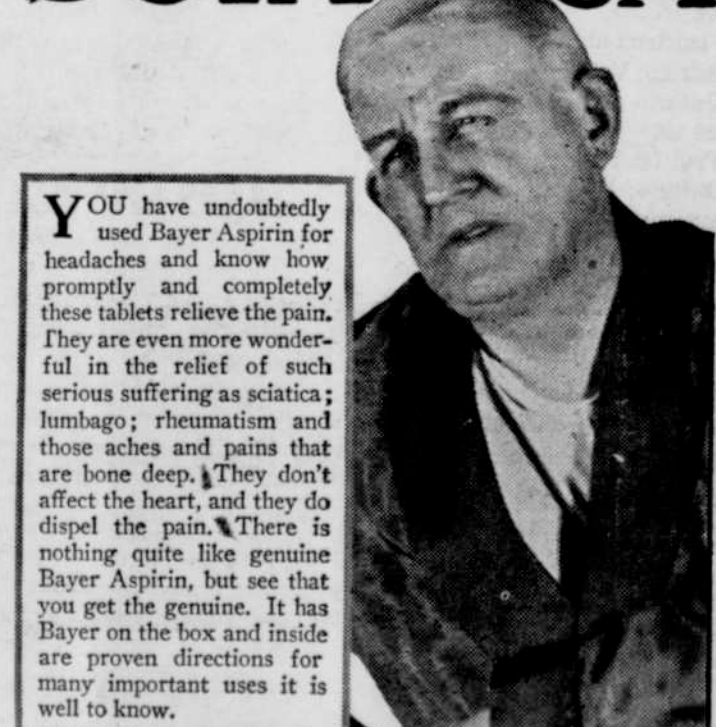
Burros Out of Business

The burro was once one of the institutions of the West, but now in many sections, particularly in the Southwest, the animal has been thrown into the discard. Once they were valued burden bearers, but now they have been abandoned, as their work is done by the automobile. They have been set at large in many instances by their one-time owners, and roaming in small bands they have become a nuisance. They enter the smaller towns at night and, besides annoying the residents with their noise, they do considerable damage to crops and other property in their search for food. The town of Santa Fe in New Mexico for a while employed a man to kill wandering burros.

World's Dark Ages

Historians differ as to the exact period known as the Dark ages. It is generally believed to comprise the earlier centuries of the Middle ages, a period of probably about 700 years. Hallam regards the Dark ages as beginning with the Sixth century and ending with the Fifteenth.

SCIATICA



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