

FLASH

: The Lead Dog :

By
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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. 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. 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. Gaspard finds him and the two start out on Brock's trap line. They kill enough deer and caribou to supply them with meat until spring.

CHAPTER X

—18—

The Stalk of the Dead

The day following, as the vanished sun rimmed indigo ridges with red and gold, tinting the white reaches of lake and muskew with rose, the dogs were stopped a mile back of the main camp.

"We tak' no chance, dese day. Dose peop' not ambush us eef Gaspard Lacroix can help. I go an' have a lok."

"Right enough! But in going, too."

The hunters wired the team to trees, then, separated by a hundred yards to block a possible surprise from hidden enemies, started a complete circle of the camp to cut any approaching trails. They had nearly completed their circuit, and were close to the decoy trail, made weeks before by Gaspard, when the halfbreed, who was ahead, walked swiftly forward and stopping, bent over the snow; then raised his hand and beckoned to Brock.

"One passed here and did not return," muttered Lacroix. "He wait for us."

First, the two, again widely separated, cautiously completed the circuit. No strange trail led from the camp. He was there. Hidden in some thicket of young spruce, near the tent, lay a Cree with a cocked rifle, waiting.

The forest was purple with dusk as the two friends agreed on a line of action and started their stalk. He had hidden himself—this unknown enemy—to shoot them in cold blood. Merciless as a lynx watching a rabbit run, he was waiting for their return from their trap-lines. They would show him equal mercy.

"Why not get Yellow-Eye and Flash? They'll smell him out," Brock suggested.

"No!" had been Gaspard's decisive answer. "Een de dark, de dog weel yelp and warn beem, and he get away. Eef dey jump beem he might shoot or cut one wid de knife. I hunt dat Cree."

So they started, a hundred yards apart, to follow the trap-line in to the camp, for the one in ambush would wait, now, to shoot by the light of the fire of the returned hunters and would lie close in.

Fifty yards from the camp the moving shadows faded into black patches of scrub. An hour passed and the forest floor beneath the spruce was banked with blackness. Then from a great naked poplar beside the decoy trail floated the "Who, hoo—hoo—hoo, whooo—hoo!" of the horned owl.

Again, the hunting call of the winged assassin of the night broke the tense silence. Shortly, the answering voice of its mate drifted over the frozen spear heads of the black spruce. For a space, the frosted stars glittered above a soundless forest, then, again, the muffled threat to the little people of the snows waked the tiger night.

Shortly, like a ghost, a blur of black crossed the snow of an open space, blue in the starlight, to dissolve in the blackness of a thicket.

"See anything?"

"No," came the whisper. "I hunt every place near de camp. We get de dog. Dey weel fin' beem."

"You bet they will! If he's still here."

Stealing back to where the impatient dogs chafed and whined at their trees at being thus deserted without food, Gaspard and Brock, each taking two on leash, returned to the hunt.

With repeated pats and whispered commands, "Go get 'em, Flash! Get 'em, Kona!" Brock released the straining huskies, who sensed that something was wrong—some animal near the camp they should hunt down in the blackness.

Mad with excitement the two huskies faded into the gloom, yelping at each plunge in the deep snow. Behind them stole Brock McCain, his knife loose in his sheath, his blue fingers gripping his cocked rifle. Beyond the camp, to the east, the thick yelp of Yellow-Eye mingled with the higher voice of Silt-Ear as Gaspard set them into the hunt to hunt down the lurking enemy, and the forest was shortly a bellows as the excited dogs thrashed

through the deep snow yelping as they ran.

For a space, from the direction of the yelping, Brock knew that the dogs were beating aimlessly back and forth over a wide area; then the familiar snarl and fighting roar of Flash, not a hundred yards away, started his blood with a leap.

"Flash's got him!"

From three directions the growls of Flash had drawn the separated huskies through the murk of the spruce, yelping as they ran. Then as the floundering Brock neared the spot where his dog was blindly fighting to the death against steel and lead, from the blackness the great husky bellowed forth his pean of victory.

Reaching his dog with a few strides Brock fingered the trigger of his gun, thrust forward at a black mass in the snow.

"Flash! You got . . . By the Northern Lights—the bear trap!"

Brock struck a match. With leg gripped by the toothed jaws of the bear trap, set in the decoy trail, lay the crumpled body of a Cree. Knotted in death, the frost-blackened face grimaced horribly as sightless eyes stared up at the boy who bent over it.

"So we've frozen our hands to stalk a dead man!" muttered Brock with a shiver of mingled pity and loathing, as he thrust his blue fingers inside his coat beneath the amputees to revive circulation, for the night was growing bitter. Then the excited huskies, followed closely by Gaspard, reached the trapped assassin.

"Ah-hah!" exclaimed the surprised halfbreed. "I pass not fifty yards from here w'en I circle de camp, but nevair look for de trap."

"He must have been caught yesterday," said Brock. "In forty below, he'd freeze in a few minutes. Well, this camp is getting too hot for us. We've got to move."

The body was that of a short, middle-aged Cree. The gun which was cocked, was a 30-30 Winchester, commonly used in the country, but when Gaspard drew the knife from the bead-embroidered sheath, he gave an exclamation of surprise. "By gar," he gasped, "My fader's knife!"

"What?" You're sure? You recognize it?"

"Yes; it ees de handle—dis cut here! And de same notch een de blade. He clipped een on a stone."

For an interval, the kneeling figure of the son of Pierre Lacroix set as stiff as the frozen murderer, anchored to the inexorable vise of steel jaws. Then the small eyes glittered as they met his friend's sympathetic gaze.

"I go nord an' learn from dese peop' een de moon of de crust."

"Yes, old partner, we'll go north when the snow grows hard for good sledding. Now, come, let's feed the dogs and our own empty stomachs."

So returning to the camp, the friends left the thing in the snow that had come to destroy them—shoot them down ruthlessly from ambush. To Gaspard, these murderers of the father he had loved were so much vermin. Because they desired the Yellow-Leg country for their own they had wiped out Pierre Lacroix as one crushes the blackfly on one's face, and now would deal likewise with Brock and him. In the months on the headwaters he had become a fatalist. Never again did he hope to see the Starving river and the people at Hungry House. Some day before the wedges of the returning geese crossed the sky, he would go to join his father—some day, the Cree wolves of these white traders would take toll of Gaspard Lacroix for the men who had so mysteriously disappeared.

The following morning they pried down the spring with a spruce sapling, freeing the jaws of the bear trap, and buried the Cree in the snow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Light Shed Upon Origin of Languages

It is now suggested that the student of language must look for origins in Africa. Doctor Marr, of the Russian Academy of Science, has announced that from the early Stone age, when peoples of African type picturesquely dotted the European fringe of the Mediterranean, language has been brought down with the retention of some of the Africoid elements and words. The Hottentot language was a highly sophisticated speech, instead of a crude and primitive one, although, perhaps, not as formidable as the agglutinative Tagalog of the Philippines. Hottentot seems likely now to charm etymologists away from the progenitor tongue of the Teuton and from Sanscrit. It may make the Seythian plains but tarrying spots for speech, rather than the homeland of modern related languages.

Guess Again

"Buying movement follows early nervousness." That sounds like a stock market note, but it merely refers to the fellow who finally has made up his mind to buy the ring.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Ancient Warehouse

At Nordlingen is a structure dating from the Thirteenth century which is designated "the oldest warehouse in Germany."

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week
Assembled for Information
of Our Readers.

The largest run of salmon known in years is now on in Rogue river.

The Lake county lumber mills will cut \$3,000,000 feet of timber during the current year.

Another packing plant will be established at Lebanon this season to handle the strawberry crop.

The telephone company is building a new pole line along the Roosevelt highway between Astoria and Seaside.

Construction work has been started on the Richfield air beacon, three miles north of Roseburg on the Pacific highway.

"Mrs. Herbert Hoover" is the name given the new cerise and orange geranium propagated by N. D. Jamison of Forest Grove.

The general health of Jackson county is reported to be showing continued improvement, according to the report of the county health unit.

Albany high school will lose about 125 of its 577 students if the proposed Lebanon and Jefferson union high school mergers go through.

The Klamath county court has gone on record in favor of the extension of the Great Northern from Klamath Falls to Lookout, California.

Wild canaries, swallows and bluebirds are making their appearance in Oregon City and Parkplace. The canaries have come in large numbers.

The Southern Pacific Motor Transport company has purchased the independent stage line operating between Medford, Ashland and Klamath Falls.

A spruce log 36 feet in length and measuring 90 inches at the top and 103 inches at the bottom and scaling 14,000 feet has been sawn at the Moore mill at Bandon.

The mayor and city council of Medford have gone on record against the establishment of too many small grocery and other stores in residence sections of the city.

The Bandon school district has made application to the state board of vocational education for the establishment of a Smith-Hughes vocational agricultural department.

Medford voted by an overwhelming majority for a \$120,000 bond issue for establishment of a class A airport. The count was: For the bonds, 2243; against the bonds, 182.

A 6-year-old Holstein cow in Clatsop county has given birth to triplets, a heifer and two bulls. The trio weighed 115 pounds. The same cow was mother of twins last year.

The Benton county commissioners have been getting so many inquiries from citizens desiring to have a look inside the new county jail that they have decided to hold open house.

For the convenience of the traveling public a telephone toll station is to be established near the summit of Green-springs mountain on the highway between Ashland and Klamath Falls.

Klamath sheepmen have been warned by Walter A. Holt, secretary of the Oregon Wool Growers association, not to offer a higher rate for shearing than obtains in other parts of the state.

A survey of the walnut and filbert acreage in Polk county shows that the total acreage is considerably less than supposed. Seventy-six growers report 463 acres of walnuts and 67 acres of filberts.

A movement to secure for a national park 66,000 acres in the Lake Basin area south of Willows lake is under way at La Grande. To meet the objection of sheep owners, grazing will be permitted.

A pair of mute white swans has been purchased by the Bend Kiwanis club through cooperation of residents living along the Deschutes river. The swans will be kept in the river near Drake park.

Motor vehicle registration fees during the period January 1 to March 31, 1929, aggregated \$6,073,567.97, as against \$5,831,183.33 during the corresponding period in 1928, according to a report prepared by the secretary of state. Fees for the entire year of 1928 totaled \$6,969,220.87. This was an increase of more than \$2,000,000 when compared with the returns for the year 1924.

The public service commission at Salem received a copy of the application of the Idaho Pacific Railroad company for a certificate of public necessity and convenience authorizing the construction of a rail line of 235 miles from Nyssa, Or., to Winnemucca, Nev.

Construction of a modern filtration plant by the Oregon-Washington Water Service company will insure Salem consumers pure and wholesome water the coming summer, according to an announcement by officials of the corporation. The plant will cost \$250,000

The Lincoln county court and the Alsea port commissioners have approved the plans for a state highway bridge across Alsea bay at Waldport.

The scarcity of hay and pasture is becoming a serious problem for cattle owners of Jackson county, according to C. W. Ashpole of Medford, who reports that pasture grass is hardly an inch high.

Total deposits of the three Baker banks as of March 27, this year, show a gain of \$11,880.16 over the same call period of last year, according to bank representatives. Deposits this year were \$3,982,685.56.

The largest chinook salmon of the season, weighing more than 46 pounds, was landed by Robert Krueger, 18, student at the Oregon City high school. Krueger caught the salmon in the Clackamas river.

Members of Till Taylor memorial committee have reported to the city council of Pendleton that \$6000 is needed to put the Till Taylor park in condition for the dedication of the memorial statue next fall.

The city council of Jacksonville has requested the Medford city council to remove from that city the old roundhouse and other remains of the old Jacksonville railroad purchased some years ago by Medford.

Lee Port, ranger in charge of the Star ranger station of the Crater National forest in the Applegate section, will try the experiment this summer of using carrier pigeons to report fires to station headquarters. His district is large and consists of rough and almost inaccessible country.

Riley Rucker, 41, Albany, who was the heaviest man in the United States army during the world war, died at the Lebanon hospital following an operation necessitated by a ruptured stomach ulcer. Rucker weighed 399 pounds when with the depot brigade at Camp Lewis, Wash., in 1918.

With a whirlwind finish in which more than \$40,000 was raised in a single day, the Eugene gift campaign for the University of Oregon, was completed when at a banquet attended by several hundred citizens, J. H. Hoke, drive chairman, announced that \$153,253.50 had been subscribed.

With two mammoth incubators in operation, the Ashland Associated Breeding Farms are endeavoring to keep up with the demand for baby chicks. Approximately 15,000 are being taken from the big incubator each week, and thousands of turkey eggs are being sent in for custom hatching.

Turkey growers from various sections of the county, meeting in the chamber of commerce rooms at Baker, organized the Baker County Turkey Growers' association, elected officers and accepted by-laws proposed by County Agent Roger Morse, who suggested the formation of the association.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Merwin, residents of Baker for the past 34 years, celebrated their 63rd wedding anniversary recently. During the gold rush in Baker county Mr. Merwin freighted between Umatilla and Auburn and later engaged in mining in the "boom days" of Sparat. He later operated a farm in the lower Powder district.

The two-story schoolhouse at Myrtle Creek was burned recently with a loss estimated at \$50,000. While the origin of the fire has not been ascertained, it is generally believed that it was started by a firebug who last summer burned a hotel, two residences and a barn at Myrtle Creek, causing heavy losses and endangering the entire town.

According to E. C. Solinsky, superintendent of Crater Lake national park, in about two weeks an extensive drive will be made to eradicate the pine beetle in the park, which is killing many forest trees. The work will be done from three camps in the park, employing about 60 men, and the work will have to be carried on with about four feet of snow in the park. Only experienced woodsmen, axmen and cooks will be employed. An appropriation of \$9000 has been set aside by the park service for this work.

A satisfactory protective tariff on filberts coming into the United States, probably will be fixed by congress at its next session, according to W. H. Bentley, manager of the Oregon Cooperative Growers' association of Dun dee, who returned recently from Washington, D. C., where he appeared before the tariff commission. He reported that Senator McNary and Representative Hawley favor the proposed tariff. Oregon filbert growers are asking that the duty on filberts be increased from 2½ cents to 6 cents per pound.

Shipments of pears and apples are still being made from Medford daily to eastern markets on the average of three cars a day. There are 40 cars in cold storage yet to be shipped, which will all be gone in a month.

The first term to be held in the new eastern Oregon normal school at La Grande will begin June 17. H. E. Inlow, president, announced. The summer term will continue for a full quarter, although it will be divided into two divisions for the convenience of students.



THE ELVES' RIDE

The Elves whispered to the Snow Flakes all the places they wanted to visit and the Snow Flakes began taking them hither and thither.

They scampered about, showing the Elves what wonderful air boats they made, and how they could skim along the ground, too.

Sometimes they would stop for a few minutes on the earth to get their breath. And then they would dance off again.

How the Elves did enjoy it. "We're having a regular party," they said.

"We'll take you wherever you want to go," said the Snow Flakes.

After a bit it seemed as though they were going so quickly and in such different directions, first one and then another, that it made the Elves a little puzzled and a little nervous.

Strangely enough when they spoke to the Snow Flakes the Snow Flakes didn't seem to hear them.

"Did you hear us, Snow Flakes?" whispered the Elves.

Still the Snow Flakes didn't pay any attention, and now they seemed to be going more quickly than ever before.

First they scampered one way, then another.

The Elves thought it was becoming dangerous.

"Perhaps we had better go back to our home in the woods," they suggested.

"We've had a lovely ride, many lovely rides, and perhaps now you're tired. We have so enjoyed our trips."

"Oh, no, oh, no," said the Snow



How the Elves Did Enjoy It.

Flakes at last. "We're not tired of you. We don't want to see you go." And they appeared very unhappy as they spoke.

"You see," they continued, "we didn't tell Mr. Wind about this riding party, and now he's angry."

"He just does as he wants with us."

"We have no say at all when he's around."

"He didn't like the way we were going and so we were turned the other way, and when we were turned the other way he changed our route again."

"He loves to boss, that's what he loves to do."

"Now he'll be cross as he'll hear us telling you this."

"Indeed I am angry," said the Wind. "I'll blow the Snow Flakes the way I wish."

"Impudent little things to call themselves and their way of traveling Air Boats!"

"But they were giving us a good time and a glorious ride," said the Elves. "They were making us very happy."

"Well, why did you leave me out of it, and not invite me?" asked the Wind.

"Can't I have a good time, too? I'm sure I'm entitled to it—I have so much work to do, and am such a busy old soul."

"Yes," agreed the Elves, "you do rush about a great deal."

"Well," persisted the Wind, "if you don't invite me to this party, I'll come anyway."

"Then we might as well invite you," said the Elves.

And the Snow Flakes seemed to agree that the Wind might just as well be invited.

As a guest then Mr. Wind joined the air-trips, and a fine time of it they all had—Elves, Snowflakes and Mr. Wind—as the invited guest at last.

What Am I?

My first is an animal, wild, that one sees

In a country where grow many trees; It is thought by the farmer to be his foe;

A very fine fur does this animal grow. My second a lady does wear in the street.

If she is stylishly dressed and neat And men and women wear it also

If the weather is cold and there is frost and snow.

My two joined together a flower will be:

It grows in a country surrounded by sea;

From it a powerful drug is taken. If you can't solve this I'm much mistaken.

Answer.—Foxglove.

One of Those Who Failed

A little fellow, aged five, arrived home from school while the family was at the lunch table. With a disgusted look on his face, he said, "Say, ma, some of the kids in our class didn't know how to spell 'sarcastic.'"

"Well, dear," replied his mother, "how do you spell it?"

"Me?" he asked. "Oh, I was one of them."—Border Cities Star.

Mason and Dixon Line Only Divided States

The Mason and Dixon line was the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, as surveyed in 1767, and popularly accepted before the Civil war as the dividing line between the free and slave states. If that line were to be extended due west it would divide such northern states as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois and leave Kansas in the south. As a matter of fact, the states south of the Mason and Dixon line which are generally regarded as southern states are Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland and Delaware. Cumberland, Maryland, is south of the line. The slave-holding states just before the Civil war included all of those mentioned above except Oklahoma, which was not then a state. Slavery had been abolished in the northern states before that time.

Laughs at Advancing Years and Blindness

A sixty-seven-year-old blind pastor, who must travel nearly 100 miles each session day to serve, is chaplain of the Connecticut senate. He is Rev. Edward P. Ayer of Branford, now serving his third term in the office. Despite his years and affliction, Ayer is strong and active. In his youth—before excessive study robbed him of his sight, he was captain of the Amherst college from Yale Divinity school. The blind chaplain heads an organization known as the Society for the Handicapped, a group which seeks to alleviate the misfortune of the blind in Connecticut. During the World war he donned overalls and managed a sizable "war garden." In addition, he milked five cows, fed three yearlings, two calves and twenty-five hens and raised ninety-two chickens.—Indianapolis News.

Philippine Coinage

Money coined for the Philippine Islands first arrived in the Philippines from the Philadelphia and San Francisco mints in June, 1903, and was first placed in circulation in July, 1903. This was done in accordance with the provisions of a tentative law passed in 1902. On June 23, 1906, an act was passed to establish the standard of value and to provide for a coining system in the Philippine Islands. From that time on the San Francisco mint, when requested to do so, has coined money for the Philippines. For the past few years the United States has not struck coins for the Philippines. The old dies are still in use.

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coast to coast.—Adv.

What Do You Mean, "Aged?"

Speaking of Chief Red Fox, an article says, "Though nearing his sixtieth year he is wiry and active and able to engage in campaigns, were they necessary." Age is a relative matter. The young reporter in referring to any citizen past forty speaks of him as "aged." The other day we heard an elderly gentleman say, "Youth has no time for age. I called to take my niece, fifty-eight years old, out to lunch, but she told me she had a luncheon engagement, so I was compelled to lunch alone."—Houston Post-Dispatch.

Useless Attainments

First Explorer (indicating gestulating native)—Can you understand what he's saying?

Second Ditto—Not a word.

First—Darned lot o' good you are with your university education.—Passing Show.

There is no day without sorrow.

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