FLASH
: The Lead Dog :

—By— GEORGE MARSH

W. N. U. Service

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, 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. They find an Indian who had been stalking them caught in a trap, dead. On him was knife that belonged to Gaspard's father.

CHAPTER X—Continued

—19—

Then Gaspard unfolded his plan. "I t'ink eet ovair last night, Brock. We find a good place to hide een de back countree and trap hard until de crust ees hard een March den you tak' de fur and t'ree ov de dog and start for Hungree House. Wid Yellow-Eye, I go nord. Eef I come back I go home een de canoe."

The ice-blue eyes of Brock opened in amazement—then flamed with anger.

"What?" he exploded, choking with the emotions aroused by the suggestion of his partner that he take the valuable fur pack and return safely to the Starving while Gaspard sought a sure death in the north. "You mean that? You think I'd leave you to get yourself shot by that gang, while I took your fur and headed home? What d'y' think I am?"

Gaspard did not meet the snapping eyes of his friend, as he replied:

"I tole your fader I tak' care of you, Brock—bring you home safe. I mus' keep de word wid heem."

"That's all right, but we're partners ain't we? Does a sure enough partner send his friend off on the long chance and run home with his dogs and the fur?"

Gaspard opened his arms in protest. "You have fam'lee—moder, fader. I have onlee brodder, and he ees safe wid my oncle. Las night I hear my fader call. Somew'ere hees bone lie unburied. On de March crust I go fin' out how he die." The deep set eyes of the speaker were misty with tears as he looked pleadingly at his friend.

"And I go with you," stormed the white boy. We're goin' north—and we're comin' back! You understand? both of us! I'm not ready to die, by a whole lot, and I won't let you throw yourself away! I'm goin' with you to see you get back!"

Gaspard smiled helplessly as Brock voiced the law of his loyalty. To attempt to dissuade the strong-willed Scotch lad was as futile as to try to turn back the roaring Yellow-Leg with the hand.

"You are de good partner, Brock; but why hunt fur, if we bot' go nord and leave eet to de carcajou?" But Gaspard did not argue it further.

The young trappers were confident that the mysterious disappearance of three of their men had already struck fear to the hearts of the Crees who were trapping north of Big Yellow-Leg lake. The names of "Black Jack" Desaulles and Etienne Lecroix were threats to conjure with—had worked their magic or the snow south of the lake already would have been marked by the webbed footprints of more than the two solitary scouts who had gone south, never to return. Still, the day was coming when the red-bearded leader of the free-traders would come south to take his payment for the loss of his men. In the meantime, the boys never for an instant relaxed their vigilance.

In Kiwedin, January, with its withering winds and frequent blizzards, is a hard month on trappers. New snow fills the beaten sled trails and buries the traps and bait. The fur bearers are less on the move, and rabbit and wood mouse lie close until hunger drives them forth. But March was to be a busy month for Brock and Gaspard, when they would lift their traps, cache fur and outfit, and start on their dangerous patrol into the country to the north. So, twice a week, throughout the bitterest days of the "Moon of the Big Winds" the boys made the rounds of their fur packs. By December, they had trapped enough fur to wipe out the "debt" allowed them by Angus McCain in August. But although Gaspard worked hard and successfully at his trapping, he took little interest in Brock's anticipation of their return to Hungry House in the spring and the wonder their rich fur pack would arouse. He was patiently waiting for the Crees' "Moon of the Crust on the Snow," when the dogs could draw provisions for three weeks, cross-country, over the wind-packed and ice-hard "going," in his heart but one hope, one desire—the longing to learn his father's fate.

Early in February, a sudden change in the weather to a succession of still, "poudre" days, as the old French voyageurs call days when the air, shot with minute crystals of frozen moisture, is alive with pin-point crystals of light, drove the restless Gaspard to action.

"Good wedder to travel!" he said one morning. "I t'ink I make a swing back nord and look for sign."

"All right, partner," agreed Brock. "I'm with you. This air makes my toes itch to move."

"You bettair stay," protested the halfbreed, "I go ver' fast."

"No, I'm going with you to take care of you. You're too reckless," insisted the white boy. And so it was finally arranged.

Leaving Silt-Ear and Kona loose, and securely wiring Yellow-Eye and Flash, to prevent the fight which would surely follow the absence of the masters, the boys gave the dogs a gorge of caribou and started to circle the upper end of the lake, each carrying in his pack provisions for three days and a rabbit skin blanket. As they traveled in single file over the powdery new snow of the last fall, first one, then the other took the lead, for the shoes of the first man sank inches

The Keen Air, Sweet With the Tang of Spruce and Fir, Cedar and Jack-pine, Spurred the Blood in the Veins of the Travelers.

into the dry underfooting as yet unsettled, and unpacked by the wind. The keen air, sweet with the tang of spruce and fir, cedar and jack-pine, spurred the blood in the veins of the travelers like a tonic. Packs, cased rifles, and axes on backs, with a side swing of their loose arms, through the glorious winter morning the two boys put behind them the white miles of their circle through the country to the north of the lake.

"Which way do we head, tomorrow?" asked Brock, when he had cut a huge pile of birch for the night fire.

"Nord, we go to de headwater of de Carcajou."

"But we don't know how far the lakes are!" demurred Brock, "and we've got only two days' more grub."

The halfbreed smiled grimly at the husky boy, who dreaded an empty stomach. "We strike Carcajou water today, mebbe, den we circle one day east and den back sout' to de lak' We onlee starve de las' day!" chuckled Gaspard as Brock's frost burned face pictured his dislike of a supperless camp on the fourth day of the scout.

Daylight found the scouts headed for a low ridge which lifted from the flat country in which they had camped. As they reached the wind-hammered, dwarf spruce on the shoulder of the hill and stood in an opening offering a view into the white north, Brock gasped in surprise: "By the great horned owl, there she is! This must be the divide!"

Gaspard turned with a nod. "Carcajou water, for sure. Dis ees de dl vide," he said. "Eef we follow de outlet down stream, we walk into de camp of M'sieu' Redbeard eh?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Glass Windows Found in Old Roman Houses

Glass windows are not the relatively modern things they are commonly reputed to be. According to Dr. M Blaschke, a German ceramic chemist they were in use in ancient Rome. Most of the panes did not exceed 12 by 16 inches in size, though a few larger ones have been found. Glass-making, known for many centuries in Egypt, came to Rome relatively late. During the time of Cicero, who died in 43 B. C., glass objects of any kind were rarities, and glass windows were unknown. A hundred years later most households owned some, and by the time the empire was well established glass was fairly common. The famous mosaics of the later empire, notably at Ravenna and Constantinople, were made largely out of bits of glass.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

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

Rapid progress is being made on the construction of the Vale-Harper link of the Central Oregon highway.

Klamath county is scheduled to receive at least 50 miles of new highway oiling during the ensuing spring and summer.

John M. Bentley, 88, one-time sheriff of Umatilla county and well-known early settler, died at his home in Pendleton last week.

Production of butterfat in Malheur county is about 75,000 pounds annually. The average price per pound received was 50 cents in 1928.

The 19th annual convention of the Episcopal missionary district of eastern Oregon was held at St. Stephen's Episcopal church in Baker from April 12 to 14.

All the fingers of the left hand of David McGee, 6 years old, of Grand Ronde, were torn away when a dynamite cap with which he had been playing exploded.

Contrary to general opinion, Bent Landreth, county water commissioner of Jackson county, says a shortage of water for irrigation may be expected this summer

A pioneer store building across the street from the postoffice at Baker is being torn down to make room for a modern building. The old structure was erected in 1862.

Mrs. Elizabeth Payne, more familiarly known as "Grandma" Payne, is dead at her home in Ashland at the age of 94 years. She came to Rogue River valley in 1852.

More than 1000 trees contributed by Oregon State college school of forestry have been planted by the Corvallis Lions club along the highway between Corvallis and Philomath.

Cherry blossoms will be about 30 days later than normal in Lane county this year, according to present indications, says Lee Turner, field manager of the Eugene Fruit Growers' association.

With a crew of 65 men working out from Bend and 20 men in the field near The Dalles and Grass Valley, work on the five-circuit telephone line through Central Oregon is progressing favorably.

Crook county has the distinction of being the first county in Oregon to remit its first half taxes for the year 1929 to the state treasurer. The state's part of the first half taxes in Crook county was $13,700.46.

Resources of the two banks of St. Helens on March 27 totaled $1,273,592, which is an increase since the last statement several months ago. Savings deposits in the two banks amount to $571,639, which also is an increase since the previous statement.

Decision of the state highway commission on the request of the Lane county court that grading contracts be let on the Black Canyon section of the upper Willamette highway probably will be given at the next meeting of the commission in Portland April 19, it was announced.

State prohibition agents participated in 123 arrests for violation of the liquor laws during the month of March, according to a report prepared by George Alexander, state prohibition director. Fines were imposed in the amount of $16,590, with jail sentences aggregating 910 days.

Federal predatory animal hunters took 259 coyotes and 31 bobcats in Oregon during March, according to the monthly report of Stanley G. Jewett, compiled recently. Eleven unborn bobcats, 175 unborn coyotes, one badger, 154 porcupines and eight skunks were also killed.

Expenditure of $1,250,000 annually in labor and supplies in the Baker district was announced by officers of the Stoddard Lumber company, which recently completed the organization of the largest lumber producing program in eastern Oregon. The company expects to employ 600 men.

Tentative plans for a district meeting of federal farm loan associations in the western Oregon district, to be held in Eugene June 14, are being made by W. A. Ayers, secretary of the Lane County First National Farm Loan association. It is expected that 100 representatives of various federal farm loan associations will be there.

Removal of electric and telephone poles along the highway between Marshfield and Coquille from nearness to the pavement is believed to indicate an improvement of the 17½ miles by addition of five feet on both sides of the pavement.

Margaret Purvine, 15, will be the youngest person ever graduated from the Salem high school when she receives her diploma in June. She is the daughter of Alderman Purvine and Dr. Mary Purvine. The oldest person in the class is 24.

A freak egg, laid recently by a Rhode Island Red hen, was displayed in Medford by its owner, P. W. Cody, of Jacksonville. It is soft shelled, is about six inches in circumference and three inches long. The oddity of the egg lies in the fact that a normal hard shelled egg is on the inside.

Impending strife between Albany and Lebanon over division of school districts was averted when a peace meeting was held in Albany last week. It was decided that the districts tributary to each town be defined and that the feasibility of bus systems for each apportioned group be investigated.

Members of the state fair authorized the issuance of $50,000 in negotiable warrants to apply on the construction of a new grandstand and educational building. The state legislature at its last session appropriated $100,000 for the structure, contingent upon $50,000 being raised locally.

George W. Dunn of Ashland was elected grand commander of the grand commandery of Knights Templar of Oregon in annual session at La Grande. Corvallis was selected as the 1930 convention city. Next year's convention will be held in April, but the date has not yet been decided upon.

In view of the heavy fruit damage in California, Albert Burch, president of the Jackson county fruit growers league, said that southern Oregon growers will be benefited by the misfortune of the sister state and that local growers must take all precautions possible to save their crop from similar damage.

A petition to undertake the largest street improvement project in Klamath Falls, the macadamizing of 95 blocks in mill and industrial additions, and the laying of concrete sidewalks and curbs, was received by the city council recently. That body immediately ordered the city engineer to draw up plans and specifications.

Taxes paid and to be paid in the state of Oregon this year aggregate $50,794,633.14, as against $49,794,633.14 in 1928, according to a statement issued by the state tax commissioner. The 1929 taxes are based on the assessment rolls for the year 1928. The increase of taxes for 1929 when compared with 1928 is $851,065.

Leo Albertson, 4, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Albertson of Yocum valley, near Lakeview, shot and killed his brother, Charles 9, at the Albertson ranch. With another brother, Leo and Charles had gone to the house to build a fire. While the two older boys were busy at the stove Leo got a 30-caliber carbine, loaded it and pulled the trigger.

Her throat torn by the fangs of a supposedly rabid coyote, Miss Mable Gordon, 17-year-old Silverlake girl, was in Bend waiting for serum being rushed there from the state board of health laboratory in Portland. The wound is regarded as very serious, since the poison will spread quickly from the throat to all parts of the body.

Whales have invaded Port Orford reefs. For many days commercial fishermen and trollers have told of large numbers of whales seen off the reefs. A local trolling craft returned recently with the report that a large whale rose within a few yards of their boat and began spouting. Before the astonished fishermen could move out of the danger zone their boat was half full of water.

Increase of automobiles registered in Oregon last year was next to the smallest of any state, according to the federal bureau of roads. The number of cars on the registration books there was 248,118 in 1928 and 244,572 in 1927, an increase of 3546, or 1.4 per cent. Indiana, with 1.2 per cent, was the only state reporting a smaller increase, while Florida reported a decrease of 10.6 per cent.

President Hoover, Governor Patterson and mayors of neighboring Oregon cities joined Corvallis and the state college population recently in celebrating opening of the street lighting system, just installed. President Hoover pressed a telegraph key in the White House, which sent an impulse over 4000 miles of wire to throw a switch in Corvallis, turning on the lights for the first time.

A "crooks exchange" to cover eastern Oregon and western Idaho was put in operation at Vale recently with 32 sheriffs and police officers agreeing to post each other on crooks at large in the territory. The organization, known as the Eastern Oregon Officers Cooperative association, will operate through A. L. Helms, of La Grande, association secretary, who will act as a medium of exchange for information on underworld characters.

By a vote of 180 to 16 at the special election held recently, Baker taxpayers approved the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company franchise, which calls for the payment of the city of $65,500 over a period of 25 years.

With the installation of a second rotary tubular furnace by the Quicksilver Syndicate, operating cinnabar mines at Black Butte, 18 miles south of Cottage Grove, the capacity of the furnaces has been increased to 180 tons daily. The crew has been increased to 50 men.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham Bonner

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PINKY PIG

"I will give a prize at the end of the week," said Mr. Rooster, "to the one who does the noblest deed."

"I don't want to be noble," said Pinky Pig.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Rooster. "Here is your chance. Just show that you can be noble."

"What must I do to be noble?" asked Pinky Pig.

"Well," said Mr. Rooster, clucking to himself with amusement, for well he knew what Pinky would say to his suggestion, "why don't you find food for some one else instead of yourself?"

"Or when you see some put in your pen, ask one of the rest of us if we won't have it instead."

"How absurd," said Pinky. "Then your idea of being noble is to have the rest of us feed you?"

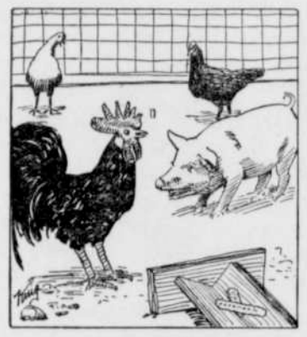
"Oh, no," said Mr. Rooster, "I don't mean I want to be fed. I just mean you can do something for some one beside yourself."

"Being noble is silly to my mind," said Pinky. "The idea of giving something away."

"Too absurd!" And he grunted in annoyance.

"But I am offering a prize," said Mr. Rooster.

"Oh," squealed Pinky, turning around. "That's a little different.



"Oh, the Prize Will Be a Surprise."

And just what have you offered for a prize?

"It should be a mighty big one if you want so much for it."

Mr. Rooster crowed delightfully. Pinky was indeed funny.

"Oh, the prize will be a surprise!"

"Then I don't think I'll try for it. It might be something I wouldn't like."

Pinky strutted off again. Back he went to his pen, and digging his nose into some soft mud he forgot all about Mr. Rooster, and his prize for being noble.

The rest of the animals had been very much interested.

They got Mr. Rooster to tell them some more about his plans and they all decided they would enter the contest.

The farmer hardly knew what to make of his animals that week. They seemed so wonderfully good and pleasant and nice.

"It's a very hard matter to decide," said Mr. Rooster, at the end of the week. "You've all been so noble!"

They all clucked and chatted and quacked and crowed, and Mr. Rooster continued:

"I think I have decided to give the first and second prizes to Mrs. Cow and her family and Mrs. Hen and her family.

"Mrs. Cow and her sisters have given so much good milk, and Mrs. Hen and her family have been wonderfully kind the way they have given eggs.

"But the rest of the animals must all have prizes, too."

"Does Mrs. Cow, or does Mrs. Hen, win first prize?" one of the animals asked.

"It's a toss-up," crowed Mr. Rooster "You mustn't ask me."

Then he gave the prizes.

He had been saving grain and delicacies the farmer had left for him, all through the week.

So you see he had been noble himself, and had saved some of his own food for the rest.

Pinky Pig did not receive a prize, and he dug his snout into the soft, squashy mud in his pen and he grunted with disgust at all this nonsense. He thought it so very foolish.

The Grand Total

Teacher (to class)—Work this sum—Two eggs at 5 cents each, a pint of milk at 6 cents a pint, and half a pound of sugar at 10 cents a pound. What do they make together?

Small Girl—Please, miss, a custard.—Progressive Grocer.

Yes, Why?

Ikey was learning subtraction.

"If you had eight pennies and lost three, how many would you have left?"

Ikey—But for why should I lose three pennies?

Technically Correct

Children's Party Hostess—Won't you have another meringue, Betty?

Betty (remembering her promise not to answer "yes")—Well, the idea is not repugnant to me.—Montreal Star.

Wine Brought Out Wit of Master of Melody

Brahms, the great musical composer, was not a cheerful person. He was invariably somber. When more cheerful than usual he would sing such songs as "The Grave Is My Joy." He was, however, a great lover of a glass of good wine, had a certain sense of humor, and enjoyed a joke whether against his friend or against himself. Once when he was the guest of a rich merchant, who knew the master's weak spot, the latter fetched several bottles of very old and good wine from his cellar. Filling the glasses, he handed one to Brahms, at the same time bowing reverently and saying: "Master, this is the Brahms among my wines." The composer sipped the wine, evidently with satisfaction, then tasted it again, and emptied his glass.

"Yes," he said, with a contented smile, "not bad, not bad at all, but, my dear friend, I should be delighted if you would let me also make the acquaintance of your wine Beethoven."

Color Keeps Steel Cool

That color may be employed indirectly to increase the strength of some structures is the interesting conclusion suggested by a series of experiments by an English authority, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. He has found that a certain shade of blue diminishes the effect of the sun's rays on steel and preserves a more even temperature. Since extreme heating and cooling may tend to weaken a structure, under certain conditions, the proper color might insure longer life and greater strength. Physicians long have recognized the importance of the right color in hospitals and sickrooms and in the home, the use of color in decorations is being studied more carefully.

Paris Artists in Want

Paris has too many artists, and as a result there is overproduction and misery. Thus declared Louis Forest in commenting on the suicide recently of a well-known French sculptor who had won the Prix de Rome, but could not make a living. Forest pointed out that there are 40,000 painters, as well as many other artists, in Paris. Even the open-air exhibitions of pictures, which are sometimes called "crust of bread" exhibitions, often fail to bring in the crust.

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

Forgotten Art

"So Helene is playing the shy, demure young thing now?"

"Yes, and her grandmother's trying to teach her to blush."

Tribute

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Mrs. Brearley—Yes, I sometimes ask his advice about things.

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