

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. 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 find an Indian who had been stalking them caught in a trap, dead. On him was knife that belonged to Gaspard's father. They decide to camp until spring and then continue their journey.

CHAPTER X—Continued

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Taking his glasses from the pack, Brock searched the glittering shell of the big lake which, molded by recent wind, rippled from the north in endless drifts, like a white sea.

"I can't make out any signs of a trail down here," he said and handed the binoculars to Gaspard.

For a space the halfbreed studied the shores of the lake, then Brock saw the taut muscles of the mouth of his friend relax in a gesture of surprise.

"What is it?"

"There ees a trail down de east shore 'bout t'ree mile. Eet ees long thin line—a sled trail."

Then Brock looked through the glasses. "Yes, you're right! I see it now, by that long point of black spruce," he agreed. "I'll bet they've got a line of fox traps along that shore. What shall we do?"

"We work down dat shore back een de bush."

Both boys drew their rifles, slung on their packs, from the skin cases which protected them from the snow, and carried them in their mittened hands. They had left no man's land and reached the enemy's country. Anyone crossing their trail would follow them up. Their lives now might hang on the slightest mistake.

So, on reaching the black timber of the eastern shore of the lake, they separated and traveled abreast, a hundred yards apart; near enough to support each other, immediately, in case of trouble, but too far apart to be caught in the same ambush. The warning which should mean danger or a discovery of importance, was to be the "eek-eek" of the willow ptarmigan; the rallying call for help, the squawk of the horned owl.

So, with cocked rifles in the hollow of the left arm, ready for swift use, eyes roving in a circle, the two stole noiselessly through the cover of the spruce down the lake shore, stopping by agreement, every quarter mile, to listen.

Where the point they had seen from the ridge began to make out into the lake, Brock, a little in the rear, owing to the thickness of the scrub spruce, heard a faint "eek-eek."

"He sees something!" muttered the excited boy, turning and making his way noiselessly toward the lake shore.

There, waiting in a clump of small spruce, he found Gaspard.

"Look!" said the halfbreed.

Fifty feet away, a well-beaten trail, over which a sled and dogs had recently passed, as evidenced by the condition of the last light fall of snow, ran to the lake.

"They're hunting east of here for sure; what'll we do?" whispered Brock.

"Keep on nord, today."

"Why not wait here, and pick him up?" demanded Brock.

The black eyes of Gaspard twinkled. "Because he pass here dis morning."

Gaspard pointed to a young spruce leaning over the sled path. "See dat twig! Eet ees pushed and broke toward de lak'. Eet he pass east, de las' time he push de odder way."

"By golly, you're right!" muttered the white boy, convinced by his partner's wood-craft. "He had to go that way, and it had to be this morning for it snowed an inch here last night, and the sled's packed down the snow."

So, through the morning, the scouts worked down the lake. At noon, through an opening in the timber, Gaspard looked long at the north, then said with a nod of his head, "Snow—soon!"

In an hour the northern sky was the color of lead, but there was no wind. Suddenly from the lake shore Brock

heard the low squawk of the horned owl.

Danger!

Swiftly on noiseless shoes he moved out of the shadows to the rim of the timber, eyes and ears strained, right mitten swinging from his neck by its thong, right hand fingering the trigger of his cocked rifle.

A low "Eek-eek!" drifted to his ears from a clump of scrub. "Ah, he's not in trouble!" thought the boy. In the scrub he joined Gaspard.

"Look!"

Following the pointing mitten, Brock saw, miles away, a dark spot on the lake trail.

"Dog-team!" said Gaspard. From the cover of the shadowy spruce, the two watched the spot far down the white-surfaced lake.

"He's coming this way, Gaspard!" said Brock, holding his glasses. "He's passed that point!"

"Yes, he travel up-lak'. We wait. He weel turn into de timber, soon."

Two miles away, the dog-team moved at a walk toward the watchers in the spruce. Then, like a curtain, the snow swept up the lake, wiping the approaching team from sight as water swallows a flung stone.

"By gar! Dat man ees crazee!" stormed Gaspard, in his disappointment. "We go out on de trail an' get heem dere! We lose heem eef we don't."

In the pitch-like gloom which now blanketed the lake, the dog team might pass them in silence. It was the only way. So, walking out over the packed surface until they found the trail by the feel of their shoes, they cautiously started down the lake in the murk, separated by a hundred feet, the trail between them.

For a half hour, the moving ambush stole through the softly falling snow, for there was no wind. Then, meeting, held a council of war.

"He's gone ashore or we'd have struck him," whispered Brock to the blurred shape of Gaspard, whom he could touch, but see only because of his sheathing of snow.

"Yes, he went ashore w'en de snow come. We keep on and find hees trail."

Slowly, in single file, the hunters continued on the shore side of the lake trail. Then, after a short space, Brock stumbled into the crouched figure of his partner.

"Eet ees here!" said Gaspard.

With his mittens Brock felt the gouge of the swing toboggan sled in the wind-packed snow, where it turned shoreward.

"We'll see his fire before the dogs smell us; then we'd better rush him before he has a chance to get at his gun."

"No!" came the sharp objection. "Een dis snow de huskle not smell us until we are ver' close. We have a look, first, upwind."

They were passing through some young fir when Gaspard suddenly seized Brock's arm.

"De fire! By gar! Good t'ing we miss dem! Dere are four Cree at dat fire—mebbe more."

"Four Indians? By the great horned owl!" gasped Brock, craning his head for a clear view of the distant camp.

"Ah-hah!" muttered the disgusted Gaspard. "Dat ees why he travel so late on de lak'. His head for dat camp."

For a space Lacroix was silent; then he thrust his face close to the crusted hood of his friend.

"We go close to dem; we can shoot all but one and tak' heem wid us," he said, bating his tones. "Some day dey shoot us."

The mighty grip of Brock's steel fingers shut on Gaspard's arm. "I'll sneak up with you and have a look—but I won't stand ambushing them. I can't do it—even if they're hunting us."

"But dey keel my fader, lak dis—at hees fire!" protested the other, desperately.

"Partner, we're crazy to do it, with those dogs there, but I'll go u, closer with you," replied Brock. "I'm with you, heart and soul—but no shooting unless they catch us!"

"All right!" And a sigh of bitterness escaped Gaspard as, with rifle crooked in his left arm, and his knife loose in its sheath, he started to approach the campfire.

Noiseless as the boys worked their way into what slight movement of air there was, to avoid betrayal by the sleeping dogs. And they knew as well, that the falling snow would greatly dilute their scent.

At last, side by side, they crouched in the thick timber, with a good view of the fire. The brush windbreak, roofed with snow, faced them. One man was cooking the supper while the others occasionally rose from where they sat on the bed of spruce boughs to turn their drying foot-cloths and duffle socks, hung on sticks near the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gradation of Heavens

To be in the seventh heaven means to be supremely happy. According to Mohammed, there are seven heavens. The seventh, says the Koran, is formed of divine light beyond the power of description. Each inhabitant is bigger than the entire earth, and has 70,000 heads, each head 70,000 mouths, each mouth 70,000 tongues, and each tongue speaks 70,000 languages, and all of them are continually engaged in chanting the praises of the Most High. It was in the seventh heaven that Mohammed met Abraham. The Cabalists also believe in seven heavens, each rising in happiness above the other, the seventh being the abode of God and the highest class of angels.

There are about 26,000 miles of fishing streams in California.

OREGON STATE NEWS
OF GENERAL INTERESTPrincipal Events of the Week
Assembled for Information
of Our Readers.

The Abbey, a frame apartment building at Newport was destroyed by fire last week. Loss is estimated at \$4000.

Observance of music week, May 5 to 11, was urged in a letter issued by C. A. Howard, state superintendent of public instruction.

A radio station to cost \$3000 is being erected by the government on the La Grande air field and will be ready for operation within six weeks.

A full carload of broom handles from the Prouty broom handle factory were shipped to New Jersey, leaving Warrenton over the S. P. & S. railway.

Bulb growing is a rapidly growing industry in Josephine county. In 1923 3 carloads of bulbs, valued at \$6000 a carload were shipped out of Grants Pass.

There are still four and a half feet of snow at Lake of the Woods and two feet at Diamond Lake Lodge, and both these places expect to open about June 1.

The department of agriculture announces that the condition of winter wheat in Oregon is 86 per cent as compared with 93 per cent on April 10 last year.

The 10,000-pound load limit signs on the Old Oregon Trail between Baker and Haines have been removed and the load limit has been moved back to 20,000 pounds.

Operation of buses instead of streetcars in the city of Salem resulted in a loss of \$10,000 during 1923, according to officials of the Southern Pacific company.

Due to the declining market prevailing since the first of the year, approximately 300,000 bushels of last year's wheat crop remain unsold in the hands of Oregon farmers.

The Washington County National Farm Loan association has made loans in the county amounting to \$1,030,800, according to a report of A. R. England, secretary-treasurer.

Faced by the most acute water shortage in years, ranchers in the Brogan and Jamieson sections of Malheur county are urging the early completion of the Vale project.

The Salem city council passed an ordinance authorizing the sale of \$50,000 of municipal airport bonds. The bonds were voted at a special election held three months ago.

Cool bay was surprised last week when it was found an oil drilling outfit had been working for the past week on the shingle house property, three miles south of Marshfield.

All southern Oregon cities will join Glendale May 1 in a monster celebration marking the opening of the big sawmill recently completed by the Glendale Lumber company.

The Deschutes County fair board has decided on September 26, 27 and 28 for the fair this year. Improvements will be made on the grounds and buildings will be painted.

Observance of Salem's annual blossom day, originally set for Sunday, April 21, has been postponed until April 28. The event is being sponsored by the Salem Cherrians.

During the year 1923, 17,170 carloads of fruits and vegetables were shipped out of Oregon, according to reports to the bureau of agricultural economics from railroad agents.

Plans for a new Astoria industry for the manufacture of charcoal to be used in poultry feed are reported to have been launched by Henry Niemi and A. J. Anderson of that city.

The tanks of the Standard Oil company on the outskirts of Union were broken open recently and 20 gallons of oil and a large quantity of gasoline were taken away by unknown parties.

Camp Phyl, summer playground of Boy Scouts of eastern Oregon, will open in Baker county June 30 for three 10-day periods. A court of honor will be held at the close of each period.

Practically all the independent dairies of the Central Point-Medford district operating milk routes in the valley towns are combining their interests by incorporating a creamery company and establishing the main plant on the Pacific highway in the Berrydale district just north of Medford. A large concrete building is being remodelled for the purpose.

Approximately 125,000 one and two-year-old seedlings were shipped to 275 persons in Oregon from the Oregon forest nursery during the spring distribution of planting stock, according to a report issued by F. A. Elliott, state forester.

In what is known as the Eagle Creek Heights district, near Estacada, 2000 walnut trees have been set out by orchardists this spring. The soil seems adapted to successful walnut growing. A large number of orchards are already thriving well.

All the streams in Curry county, with the exception of the Rogue, are closed to commercial fishing, and will remain closed until September 15, when they will be open until November 20.

Mrs. Elsie Kenworthy, early Oregon pioneer, who died recently at Corvallis at the age of 97 years, left four children, 34 grandchildren, 53 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

Fruit trees sufficient to plant more than 200 acres of land near The Dalles have been shipped in this year and distributed among orchard owners through the county chamber of commerce.

Six thousand acres of summer fallow land in Umatilla county have been leased until September 25 at a cost of \$3 an acre and will be planted to beans by the Eckhoff Farm Products corporation.

Work started recently on the construction of 50 new houses at Seneca that will be used to house employees of the Edward Hines Western Pine company. About 350 men will be employed by May 1.

The gates of the Savage Rapids dam have been closed and the Grants Pass Irrigation district is now ready to serve its patrons for the coming irrigation season. The plant supplies water to 10,000 acres.

The Oregon state highway commission has made application to the United States engineers' office for a permit to construct a bridge across Alsea bay at Waldport, about two miles from the ocean.

Purchase of the water system at Lakeview by the city has been recommended and a petition is being circulated asking the council to place a measure on the ballot to vote \$64,000 bonds for this purpose.

Game birds in Baker county were fed two tons of grain during the two months of severe winter weather, according to W. B. Fellows, game warden. Pheasants, quail and deer are now in good condition.

The Canby chamber of commerce set Sunday, May 5, as the date for the annual blossom day, and arrangements are being made for entertainment of hundreds of visitors who are expected to visit the tulip farms on that day.

A bronze tablet, bearing names of 19 charter members of Clatsop Plains Presbyterian church, organized in 1846 and said to be the oldest Protestant church west of the Rocky mountains, was dedicated at the site of the old church at a meeting of the Portland Presbytery held last week.

Walter Nash, well-known Dead Indian district rancher, was bitten a few days ago by a rattlesnake when his dog by barking called his attention to a hole in the ground. Mr. Nash reached into the hole with a forked stick and the snake fastened its fangs in his thumb. He held on grimly until he pulled it out of the hole.

Because his cap was the color of a squirrel, Nels Peterson of John Day was seriously shot recently. With several other boys Peterson was out along the river and had become separated from the others. He was sitting on a rock. The other party came along and his brother saw him. He fired with his rifle and the shot struck the boy's scalp and plowed a furrow about two inches long.

Everett Flowers, a settler on the Ochoco project, near Prineville, heard a pipe organ recital one Sunday morning recently while cleaning out a well on his place. Looking around he discovered that the music was issuing from the end of an iron pipe connecting the well and the kitchen pump, one end of the pipe being disconnected at the time. There was no radio set within a mile radius of his ranch.

Twelve persons were killed and 312 injured in 2060 traffic accidents in Oregon during March, according to a report prepared by T. A. Rafferty, chief inspector for the state motor vehicle department. Approximately 945 of the accidents were due to carelessness on the part of drivers, while 185 were caused by drivers attempting to pass on the wrong side. In 327 accidents the drivers did not have right of way.

State highway crews are at work rebuilding that portion of the Oregon trail between Baker and the town of Haines, a stretch of about ten miles. For several weeks the highway has been in the worst condition in years, the foundation having caved in. After repair work had been done cave-in process continued on account of frost in the substance, and much difficulty has been encountered getting the trail in shape for the heavy traffic which already is in progress.

Construction of a new bridge over the Rogue river at Grants Pass and improvement of the Fremont highway from Lakeview to the California line are two of the projects the state highway commission has placed on the 1924 building program.

Construction of a new grade school at Lakeview, which is to be named Bernard Daly school in honor of Dr. Bernard Daly, who established a fund of nearly \$1,000,000 to pay college expenses for all worthy Lake county high school graduates, will start, soon.

HOW TO LIVE
LONGERBy
JOHN CLARENCE FUNK

MODERATION

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Of course it does. But a fair amount of work and the wrong type of play can give the same results. Don't lose sight of this fact, either.

Recreation is essential to human happiness, health and welfare. But in these days of highly commercialized attractions one should give some thought to the manner in which the leisure hours are spent. This is perhaps too infrequently done.

While the radio, for example, is one of the most fascinating of modern amusements, it scarcely pays night after night to sit up until the wee small hours trying to "get" hither, thither and yon. It would be more sensible to shut off the current at a more reasonable hour and "get" sleep.

Movies, too, while having their place in one's diversion schedule, should not become one's sole idea of a good time after working hours. Even the best of picture palaces are crowded; and while ventilation systems are efficient in some of them, vitiated atmosphere is more likely to be the case than otherwise. Consequently to walk in the evening occasionally for two hours is a decidedly more beneficial type of distraction.

A word of caution needs to be directed at the older boys whose pride in the imaginary possession of lost youth leads them into all sorts of physical extravagances. The exceptional man over fifty can play hard games of tennis, basketball or hand ball—and live to tell the tale. But one is foolish to try to prove himself to be in that class by vigorously indulging in "kid" games.

Diversion, therefore, that leads one of mature years to the gymnasium for hand ball or to the club for squash is a concealed sort of affair. It may even cause a strike on the part of your heart which spells finis to the game and possibly to you also.

Remember that the physical exertions of our driving civilization have most of us going at high speed during our work period. And that a healthy let-down is not only good for the soul but for the body also.

There is no implication in this advice that a man over forty-five should arbitrarily forsake all the athletic activities to which he has been accustomed and join a sewing circle. Just the same, always keep in mind that "the old gray horse ain't what he used to be"—and govern yourself accordingly.

A FRIEND

THE most outstanding friendly enemy of man is pain, only he doesn't know it. Moreover, when he is informed of the fact, he is decidedly loath to believe it.

As a general rule, the first thing a person does when he gets a pain is to grumble about it. It frequently is also the last thing he does about it.

True, if pain hurts badly enough, one is likely to try a pill or so to deaden it; and if it hurts worse than that, a physician will be consulted. But one's attitude toward pain is always the same—dislike and disrespect.

Well, if pain merely hurt, there might be some reason for such an attitude toward it. But that is the least that it does. As a matter of fact, pain is the language of the body talking to direct and forceful terms to the brain. It is indicating that something is wrong, and that scientific attention is immediately required.

That so many turn a deaf ear to pain is positively pathetic; that so many who know absolutely nothing about the particular pain's cause are so egotistical and silly as to indulge in self diagnosis and self medication is much more so.

How many times, for instance, have you throttled a headache by some favorite pill or potion? And this, without a real knowledge of the condition back of the thing. Headaches are merely symptoms. And it is a blind physician indeed who goes about his business on that flimsy basis.

What is true in a minor way about headaches is equally and more true concerning other bodily pains. Long and healthy life demands that you lend a receptive and affectionate ear to pain. This can only be done in one way. Take your pain, great or small, to your physician. Let his practiced eye and specialized intelligence go behind it and find the cause. For the cause is the only thing after all that matters.

People who get angry at pain and treat it themselves or attempt to ignore it, sometimes wake up to find themselves dead!

The hospitals always have an appreciable number of guests who are such simply because they lack the right attitude toward pain.

Pain is your servant. Use it as such. Life lengthening and even life saving is in this advice. Three cheers for pain!

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Family Tree a Gallows

The British college of arms says that fewer persons these days are tracing their ancestry. They have probably learned from the experience of others that when it gets back to a certain distance it isn't so hot.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MEXICO'S WEST



Young Yaqui Indian soldiers of Mexico.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

MEXICO'S West, Sonora and Chihuahua, and the states immediately south of them, has been the scene of the major events in the republic's latest revolution.

Both Sonora and Chihuahua have considerable areas of desert and still larger regions of semidesert where the sun pours down on rocky plains and hills; where the principal vegetation is made up of cacti and hardy, thorny shrubs, and where cattle must range over many acres to find enough forage to keep them alive.

But there are other aspects of Sonora and Chihuahua. There are rich fertile valleys, and above all, mines—mines that have been looted since the first Spaniards came but which still harbor their millions of dollars worth of silver and gold.

As a traveler starts down the West coast of Mexico by rail through the state of Sonora, if he is not a seasoned traveler his first impulse is to turn back. This enormous expanse of blowing sand, white rock, and burning sun is depressing unless one has a little history, a little imagination, and some liking for the desert.

Sonora is the second largest state in Mexico and one of the richest mining districts in the world; but, gazing out of the car window, these facts at first leave one cold.

The desert hides its best. Far back in the opal-tinted hills are green valleys and golden mines. The stranger sees only the numb misery of the half-naked Indians, sheltering like animals in the remains of adobe huts that have been ruined in the fighting of the past twenty years.

The wide plains are empty of life. The herds have gone to feed the revolutions.

Cabeza de Vaca was the first Spaniard to find gold in Sonora, on his trip to the Florida everglades in the early sixteenth century. It is not the fact that he found gold that interests the traveler, but that he was able to march at all through these inhospitable wilds.

The mere thought of the journey is frightening. The Spaniards did not know the trail; they were encompassed about by the most dangerous Indians in Mexico—for the Yaqui, cousin of the Apache made this his home—and they were burdened by heavy armor in an arid and savage land.

The longer one travels through Mexico the higher mounts one's admiration for these grim old adventurers. No doubt they were as brutal as they have been charged with being; but it may be questioned whether their like can be found in the history of the world for sheer, stubborn, furious courage.

Finest Churches in America.

Today, Sonora must present much the same aspect that it offered to the Cow's Head—the literal translation of Cabeza de Vaca—and his companions. It is hard, glittering, and superficially inhospitable; yet in the folds of the hills are hidden the finest churches in North America—churches as distinguished from cathedrals—whose altars were once plated with gold and silver and hung with jewels.

They are abandoned in great part. It is true. Many of those that were still open to worshippers before Mexico's religious restriction laws went into effect were served only at intervals by priests who rode muleback over a wide circle of weeks.

It was because of these old churches that Sonoran mines were opened three centuries ago. The friars built them in villages that at their best cannot have maintained more than a few hundred poor Indians, and sacked the treasures of the hills for the glorification of the Cross.

One establishes one's first real contact with the land at Magdalena. It is but a small, soiled, dusty Indian town clustered about an old church. It is on the edge of the desert, sun baked, specked with the varying greens of mesquite and manzanita and cactus, rimmed about by blue-tipped, silver-ined hills.

The old-timers called this "the horned-toad belt."

One thinks the desert unpopulated. One rides for miles without seeing more than a "dobe" but or a wandering Indian behind a burro, or perhaps a twinkling light at night.

Yet during the fiesta of St. Francis Xavier 40,000 Indians swarm into Magdalena. At night they roll in their blankets and sleep in heaps in the dust of the street. By day they

pray to the saint and eat their everlasting cakes.

It was from the vicinity of Magdalena that the golden treasure came which so aroused Spanish cupidity at the court of Montezuma. Long before Cortez came, these mines had paid a regular tribute to the Aztec rulers.

Farther south one finds that Sonora has its fertile lands as well as its arid silver-filled hills. The valleys of the Sonora rivers—the Yaqui, the Ascension, the Mayo, the Sonora, the Montezuma, the San Agustin, the San Ignacio, the Mayo, the Sonora, the Montezuma, the San Miguel, to name a few—are fat.

Wonderfully Fertile.

The unwatered land seems infertile as a concrete pavement or the bottom of a gravel pit. It is bare, dusty, brown, burned. Then the farmer sprinkles a little seed, adds a little water, stirs it with a wooden plow, and it bursts into bloom. The crops possible to Sonora's bottoms are incredible.

Guaymas, chief Sonoran port, was on the way to riches when the Diaz regime collapsed in 1911. It has never fully recovered from that blow, and the silting up of a portion of its harbor has made its situation worse. The bay at Guaymas is hemmed in with hills that come down to the water's edge, and the gateway is invisible in their brown folds. It is one of the extraordinary beauty spots of the world.

The water has the hue and iridescence and sparkle of gems, changing and shifting and glittering anew as the light descends. In varying reflections from the summits overhead.

It is a paradise for fishermen