

FLASH THE LEAD DOG

By GEORGE MARSH

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WIND Service

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. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be-slayer. While out on his trap line 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. Two months later they start out and reconnoiter an Indian camp.

CHAPTER X—Continued

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The lean face of Gaspard relaxed in a smile; his eyes glittered as he whispered into Brock's ear: "Eef de dog smell us now, onlee de cook can travel—de odors dry dere footgear."

But, notwithstanding, two 30-30's were lined through the mark on the figures in the yellow glow. Two boys, muscles tense, nerves strung like bowstrings, as they watched, listened with alert ears for the challenge of a suspicious husky awakened from his sleep by the warning from his nostrils of a strange scent in the air.

From somewhere outside the radius of the freight a low growl, followed by the warning challenge of an awakened husky, split the gloom of the spruce.

"Don't shoot—wait!" came the guttural command beside Brock's ear.

Swiftly, the awakened dogs of the team filled the forest with their yelps. But the thicket of fir, fifty yards from the fire, afforded no double flash of exploding rifles.

"Eef de dog come alone," muttered Gaspard to the tense muscled Brock, crouched, with elbow on knee, to steady his aim, "we tak' dem wid de knife. At de fire de Cree are blind."

Reaching behind him, Brock moved the sheath of his knife nearer his right side, his heart pounding under the strain of inaction. He could hear the dogs thrashing around in the brush near the fire, snarling at the unknown enemy, yelping their fears, but not getting the direction of the scent.

Still the Indians went on with the drying of their clothes, occasionally calling to the dogs to keep quiet.

"De dog are scare to leave de fire—for wolf. Onlee de one smell us. He sees scare to come."

"We'd better get out," whispered Brock. "I won't fire into that camp unless I have to."

An Indian rose and stood between the fire and those who watched, his figure silhouetted as if cut from black paper. He called to the dogs:

"Go on, you! Catch de wolf!"

Encouraged, the huskies beat about the camp, plunging through the deep snow into the wall of blackness, shortly to return.

"De find us—eef we stay. We go!" commanded Gaspard, his rifle lined on the black shape at the fire, his nervous forefinger playing with the trigger.

Noisless as the muffled flight of the snowy owl was the retreat of the stalkers to the lake shore.

"De dog no good—scare de wolf!" grunted Gaspard with contempt. "Flash and Yellow-Eye hunt us out quick!"

"Gee, but that was a tough wait!" exploded Brock. "All I could do not to fire when that husky smelled us—but I didn't want to shoot, it's too cold-blooded."

"We had dem for sure!" grunted the halfbreed. "We could get dem all before dey left de light."

There was no wind, but a few inches of snow, and the night not cold, so the boys kept on up the lake. Walking the trail which they followed by the feel of their feet, they continued until it swung in to the shore where they had first seen it. Slipping into the shoes they carried on their backs, they continued for a mile, then went ashore into the thick timber, where, with the greatest difficulty, in the gloom, they gathered and chopped enough wood for a small fire, ate ravenously, and slept.

CHAPTER XI

The Spruce Speaks

"Wake up dere! You sleep all day?" From the one hundred and eighty pounds of growing boy buried in the rabbit skin robes by the fire in the snow-hole, came groans of protest.

"Go on! Lemme sleep—a minute—will yuh?" grunted the heap on the spruce brush by the fire, which fit the dusk-filled timber circling the camp. Above, the rear-guards of the stars dimmed before the blue dawn.

Again the dark shape, squatted be-

fore the small fire on which bubbled a small tea pail, changed the frying pan seeped with sputtering caribou steak to his right hand while, with his left, he reached back and pulled at the feet of the one who protested.

"We got to leave here, Brock! De snow stop een de night; de dog find our track near de camp and dey see something walk de trail—onlee few inch snow oval eet."

"Ugh-huh! You're right—as usual!"

With a final groan of protest Brock rolled from his warm robe. "Stopped snowing, eh? By golly they'll be after us—unless they're too scared with what they see. Kind of startle 'em to learn they were watched last night, eh?"

"Come and get it," announced the cook.

"We sure got two good reasons for traveling today," said Brock, stretching. "Gee, but that was hair-raising last night! Lucky we didn't rush that camp, eh?"

Washing his hands in snow, he hungrily attacked a caribou steak which he washed down with great drafts of hot tea.

"I tink dey are too scare to follow—today, but we travel hard just de same," said Gaspard.

"You bet, we've got to, to hit camp day after tomorrow. I hate to think of starvin' on rabbit last day out," mumbled Brock through a mouthful of meat.

"We head about southeast to hit the outlet—don't we? This lake must be full forty miles north of the Big Yellow-Leg."

"Not so far, but we see plenty trap line today I tink."

"Well, we played in luck last night. Suppose we'd kept on thinking we had



"Eef de Dog Smell Us Now, Onlee de Cook Can Travel—de Odors Dry Dere Footgear."

one surprised Indian to round up and blundered into that camp full of Cree, eh? What're they huddling together that way for?"

Gaspard's expressive, dark features lit with a smile. "Wal, I tink dey have fear of 'Black Jack' Desnuelles and Etienne Lecroix. You scare dem hard wen you tell dem dat storee. We geeve dem more to talk about t'ru dis moon."

"What d' yuh mean?"

"Hurry up, I show you."

As the eastern horizon lit with pearl and amber and rose, from a thicket of willows where the lake trail cut the shore, Brock watched. Behind him in the forest Gaspard stood beside a spruce from which the lower branches had been lopped, working with a pointed, charred stick at a white blaze slashed with his trapping ax. At his side in the snow cracked a little fire of dry spruce.

Shortly, Gaspard called, and Brock, who, from his position, commanded a view of the lake trail for miles, joined his partner.

"Let me see, now, if I can read it," said Brock, as he puzzled over the syllable character writing of the Cree burned black into the white tablet of the peeled spruce.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

French Nation Shown as Great Landowner

The greatest landowner in France is the French state. It possesses palaces, castles, mansions, buildings of all kinds, and forests—besides roads, ports, railways. A record of all its properties, just drawn up, reveals a total value of \$3,800,000,000. The castle and park of Versailles are estimated at \$240,000,000. Fontainebleau is much cheaper, \$4,280,000, and its wonderful forest is worth only \$2,000,000. Also, the lovely castle of Azay-le-Rideau, in Touraine, is entered in the inventory for the ridiculous sum of \$20,000. To make up for that, the Louvre, in Paris, with its immense palace and the Tuilleries garden, comes up to the sum of \$200,000,000.

But the French administration refused to assign any monetary value to certain monuments, such as Notre Dame de Paris and the Arc de Triomphe, which symbolize a glorious past, or to the war cemeteries in foreign countries, under the French flag, where lie the children of France who sacrificed their lives for justice and liberty.—Washington Star.

Backward Country

Afghanistan is a country of wild highlanders, without one foot of rail road, one mosque or temple or palace of architectural renown, one handicraft of noble culture or one volume of ancient wisdom.

ERNEST L. JAHNCKE



Ernest L. Jahncke of New Orleans, who has been named assistant secretary of the navy by President Hoover. He succeeds Theodore Douglas Robinson of New York.

AMERICAN EXPORTS FACE BIG PROBLEM

Washington, D. C.—Describing the recovery of Europe both as a customer and competitor as "the outstanding problem of American overseas business, Dr. Julius Klein, recently nominated by President Hoover as assistant secretary of commerce, said the outlook is far from discouraging.

Making a statement covering his observations on a recent European trip as a director of the commerce department's bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, Dr. Klein declared the situation across the Atlantic "not only has a direct bearing upon the more than one billion dollar European market for our agricultural exports, but also for the nearly comparable total of wholly and partly fabricated wares which we sell to the old world."

These two items together, he said, "represent over 45 per cent of our total exports, a formidable item not only in its ratio to our entire foreign trade but in its significance to our whole agricultural and industrial structure."

"The outlook on the whole, though by no means free from clouds, is far from discouraging," Dr. Klein said.

"Continued vigilance, careful foresight and courageous direction are certain to yield substantial results in this vital market."

SHORT NEWS NUGGETS

In recognition of his famous automobile and motorboat speed feats in the United States, King George has conferred knighthood upon Major H. O. D. Segrave, England's speed king.

British professional golfers Saturday regained the Ryder cup by a smashing victory in the singles after their American rivals had established a bare lead in foursome play Friday at Moortown, England.

Despite strong German and Russian objection, limitation on trained army reserves has been ruled out of the draft treaty of the preparatory disarmament commission. The action was taken in line with the announcement made by Ambassador Gibson, American representative at Geneva.

Withdrawal of the American objection to non-inclusion of trained reserves as army effectives in the disarmament draft treaty is a deep disappointment to the German government, says the spokesman for the foreign office, who ascribes the American action to President Hoover's desire to promote armament reduction.

Oregon Carries Billion in Insurance.

Salem, Or.—The annual report of Clara A. Lee, state insurance commissioner, will show that on December 31, 1923, 219 stock fire insurance companies carried in Oregon over \$30,000,000 insurance in excess of the previous year. Notwithstanding this increase there was a net reduction of \$526,000 in premiums. Paid net losses were \$562,000 more than for the previous year.

Fire Hits San Francisco.

San Francisco, Cal.—Fire swept through the Sommer & Kauffman building, on Market street near Fourth on Sunday afternoon, and caused damage estimated at from \$250,000 to \$300,000. Twelve firemen were injured or overcome by smoke. The spectacular blaze held up Market street traffic for hours.

Town in Flames; Several are Missing.

Little Falls, Minn.—A fire, believed to have started in a central heating plant, swept through the business section of Little Falls. Ten business establishments valued at \$350,000 were burned, several persons were unaccounted for and the fire threatened to spread to other buildings.

FARM LEGISLATION RESTS WITH SENATE

Leaders Prepare Final Fight on Debenture; Opponents Confident.

Washington, D. C.—With a close vote in prospect, the senate will reach a decision this week on the disputed export debenture plan and possibly will pass some form of farm-relief legislation.

Administration leaders are confident that they have enough support to defeat the debenture plan, objected to by President Hoover, and that they will be able to pass a measure similar to that already approved by the house. If their plans are carried out, the farm bill will be in the hands of a senate and house conference by the end of the week, with the expectation that another fortnight will see the legislation to serve as a groundwork for solving the agricultural problem enacted into law.

The calculations of the republican leaders, however, hinge entirely on the success of administration senators in blocking the adoption of the debenture plan. Should this provision, in spite of their careful checking of the senate membership, be written into the farm bill, none of them would hazard a guess as to the outcome of agricultural legislation.

It is the opinion of Senator McNary of Oregon, who as chairman of the agriculture committee has the senate farm bill in charge, that if the debenture section is eliminated, a farm bill can be sent to President Hoover by May 10. He said his aim was to get the legislation on the statute books as early as possible, so as to give the farm board sufficient time to organize and to make the legislation effective for this year's crops.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER SMASHES LEVEES

Quincy, Ill.—Having forced its muddy flood waters over 26,000 acres of farm land in this region, the Mississippi river turned a threatening face to the south and ripped open dikes protecting 27,000 acres in the neighborhood of Murphysboro.

Rising stages from Chester to the gulf were reported as the river came to a standstill at points to the north and began a gradual drop.

It was the south Grand Tower levee that gave way at Murphysboro, permitting the inundation of 7100 acres of land. Shortly after 26,000 acres were reported under water at McClure, which suffered great damage in the floods of 1927.

Although the river was rising at its southern end, crests were in sight and no further trouble was anticipated unless there were additional heavy rains.

Basements of buildings at the water-front in St. Louis were full of water, which also was spreading over the lower parts of the city. Thousands of acres of farm lands in the surrounding county were flooded.

START FRUIT PEST WAR

Florida Under Quarantine to Combat Mediterranean Fly.

Washington, D. C.—The house has passed the Wood resolution to make immediately available \$4,250,000 to combat the Mediterranean fruit fly in Florida, and sent the measure to the senate.

The amount would be reappropriated from \$5,000,000 set aside in 1923 for the establishment of non-cotton zones in Texas.

Wood explained that the sum would not be restricted to use in Florida, but would be used in other states. Stressing the need for the fund to combat the pest, Wood said that the fruit fly threatened the fruit growing industry throughout the country.

The department of agriculture has placed the state of Florida under a limited quarantine in an effort to stamp out and restrict the spread of the fly.

New York to Put Clocks Ahead.

New York.—The annual period of daylight saving will begin at 2 a. m. Sunday. Clocks and watches will be put forward one hour, remaining on the advanced schedule until September 29. The metropolitan area, 185 other cities and towns in New York state, most of New Jersey and parts of New England will make the change. Chicago and eight other cities in Illinois and several cities in Michigan are affected.

Boy Playing Indian is Fatally Burned.

Seattle, Wash.—A group of Seattle children decided to play Indian. Philip Epstein, 5, died the victim of "burning at the stake." He was tied to a fence post and sticks were piled at his feet. A flaming torch accidentally was dropped into the wood by one of the dancing, whooping warriors.



TWILIGHT

"How dreadful it would be if it were always daylight," said the Night to the Day, "or if it were always dark and nighttime."

"And it would be almost as bad if you had more of the twenty-four hours than I did all the year around."

"There are times when you begin earlier in the morning and there are times when the days are shorter."

"But we each have our special times for being around longer. Only we do divide up things nice and evenly."

"We are both popular. Sometimes people feel sorry that the days are so short—and so maybe you are more popular than I am."

"Oh I don't think so," said the Day, brightly and cheerily.

"Well, of course, they say different things at different times. People do talk a lot."

"When it's time for the long days the children find it so hard to get to bed. It is very hard to go to bed when it is still light."

"So there are all sorts of opinions and talk."

"People are the same way about the weather," said the Day. "The weather is a much abused thing—too hot, too cool, too rainy, too dry, too something."

"Old Man Weather has said to me: 'Sometimes it is so terribly hot and people complain so, and then I make it nice and cool and they still complain. They say it's too chilly.'"

"Oh, yes," said Old Man Weather to me, "I am always being too something and at times it wears me."

"To be sure," continued the Day, "the weather has things pretty much its own way."

"It goes along and doesn't bother about the complaints that people make."

"If it did, of course, it would have a hard time. The only way for it to



"Too Something."

do is the way it does do—and that is to do as it pleases."

So the Day and the Night chattered, and pretty soon, along came Fairy Princess Twilight Bell and she was singing softly.

"Oh, how I love this time of the day," she said.

And the Day and the Night smiled at each other.

Then they heard some people talking and the people were saying that their favorite time of the day was just at twilight.

This pleased both the Day and the Night so very much, and then the Night had to make a request of the Day.

"I'm sorry," said the Night, "but I must ask you to leave now. I love your company but I feel I must be darker now."

"You're only fair," said the Day. "for I will do the same way with you in the morning."

So the Day went completely and the Twilight vanished, and only the dark Night was left.

PUZZLES

How many seas in the ocean? One C.

What do they call bananas in Omaha? Bananas.

What vegetable is most neglected? A policeman's beat.

What goes upstairs on its head? Tacks in your shoes.

Feed it water and it will die, feed it hay and it will live. Fire.

What is it that they take away from you before you get it? Your picture.

What is the best way to make a slow horse fast? Tie him to a post.

What is it that looks like a cat, eats like a cat, but isn't a cat? A kitten.

Why is a young girl like a pancake? Because she gives one the heart burn.

Do you want to hear something great? Rub a couple of bricks together.

What is that which goes from Boston to Providence without once moving? The railroad.

Why is a lame dog like a boy in arithmetic? Because he puts down three and carries one.

There were eight people under one umbrella. How did they manage not to get wet? It wasn't raining.

Four Claim Possession of Pen Lincoln Used

The recent sale at auction of a pen purporting to be the implement used by President Lincoln when he signed the emancipation proclamation has brought to light three other pens for which the same honor is claimed. One is owned by Mrs. Stuart Pritchard of Battle Creek, Mich. Another was sold in Philadelphia a few years ago. The third one, recently offered for sale, is backed by the affidavit of Louis Bergdorf, who was a White House messenger at the time, and he says he held the precious document while the President signed it, and a week later he was given the pen and the table upon which the signing was done by the President. The fourth pen exists somewhere in the western part of this country. The Philadelphia pen referred to above is said to have been given by Charles A. Sumner of Lincoln's cabinet to James Wormley, a negro who owned and operated the Wormley hotel in Washington years ago. The history of the Pritchard pen seems to be just as authentic as the others, but Mr. Lincoln could not have made use of more than one pen, and which is the right one is an open question.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Talks Without Tongue

John L. Nichols, a winter visitor at Los Angeles, has not had a tongue for sixteen years, but he proved to be one of the most fluent speakers heard by the Toastmasters' club there. Surgical removal of his tongue was necessary in 1912 and eight weeks later he began gradually to develop the power of speech. There are only fourteen of the twenty-six letters in the alphabet that can be pronounced without the aid of the tongue, Nichols says. The other twelve he sounds by blowing or whistling. Once he talked to 300 men at a convention for two hours and a stenographer taking down the speech misunderstood only one word.

Magazine in Arabic

Publication of an educational magazine in the Arabic language has been inaugurated by the America university at Cairo, Egypt. It is said to be the first magazine in the Arabic language devoted entirely to the general discussion of modern education and the adaptation of progressive principles to the educational problems of the Near East.—School Life.

Within the Reach

of every woman—health and strength. They're brought to you by Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is sold by druggists. It will build up, strengthen and invigorate the "run-down," nervous, or delicate woman.

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"My mother took the 'Prescription' during middle life and was never down in bed a day during the whole time."—Mrs. M. E. Kennedy, 425 E. Ash St., Portland, Oreg.

Those True Stories

Maxwell Bodenheim, the poet, sitting in the lounge of the Ritz, laid down with a laugh one of the new type of magazines, the true story type, which contains nothing but authentic personal confessions of the most extraordinary kind.

"This magazine," he said, "reminds me of an anecdote."

"Father," a young man said—his father had caught him in the act—'father, I cannot tell a lie.'

"Aha!" his father replied. "Then it's no wonder the true story magazines send back all your MSS."

Submarine City

Photographers are making pictures of the submerged city of Jamestown, once the capital of Nevis, an island in the West Indies. The remains of the city may be seen near the shore, beneath the level of the sea. Jamestown, on April 30, 1680, was visited by an earthquake, and the town slipped into the sea, carrying with it all its riches and a population estimated at 14,000.

Light Diet

Romantic Young Thing—When I come out onto the front piazza after dinner and gaze at the moonlit sea, I feel too full for words.

Practical Youth—You wouldn't feel like that if you stayed at our boarding house.—Vancouver Province.

A cunning woman confides in few persons; a wise woman in none.

What Will you do



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