



CHAPTER XIV—Continued

As the galloping dog team swung through the gloom down to the river trail, the flames of the burning schooner turned her masts into fingers of fire thrust upright into the wall of blackness. Around her burning bulk dark shapes ran helplessly to and fro. Then they left her to her fate as the flames, bursting through the windows of the cabin, drew them back to save their provisions and fur.

On went the dog team into the south, bound for the Big Yellow-Leg while the hearts of two boys beat high with pride and happiness. Since the freezing moon when the men of "Red" Macbeth had started to hunt them from the Yellow-Leg, they had traveled a long trail. And now they had won—found the father whom the loyal Gaspard could not put from his heart.

Before turning the first bend, the dog team stopped.

Lighting the river shores, schooner and cabin sent red flames high into the smother of murk. Seizing the hand of his partner, Gaspard said, as his eyes measured the completeness of his revenge on the men who had taken him from his father, "Wal, Brock, I think dat M'sieu Macbeth ees ver sad dis night dat he try to run two little boy out of de Yellow-Leg countree."

"He'll be lucky not to starve this spring," laughed Brock.

"He not starve; he has been canche," added Pierre, "but he lose de fur and stuff in the shack."

When the team stopped, later, to boil the kettle and rest the dogs, Pierre told them his story.

Amushed one day, the previous March, he had received a shot shattering his ankle, and in the knife fight following the rush by three Indians, had been badly slashed across the face. Brought, half-dead, on a sled to Macbeth's quarters, Pierre had later amputated his own foot, and not until autumn had he regained his strength.

His knowledge of fur and ability to handle Indians had been put to valuable use by the free-traders, who had not treated him badly. For this reason, alone, he had not killed them in their sleep, but was waiting for spring, to steal a canoe and follow the coast home. But his boy, instead, had come for him. And the shattered Pierre Lacroix glanced proudly at the boy who stood by the fire with misted eyes.

It was May, called by the Crees the "Mating Moon" of the birds. To the south, in the land of the Ojibwas, it was the "Moon of Flowers." Long since, the black-tipped wings of the snowy geese had flashed overhead on the long flight to the arctic islands. Already the gray Canadas were nesting in the muskeg ponds back of Hungry House, and the little brothers of the air, duck and snipe and plover, guarding their eggs on lonely backwaters.

The grinding ice had plunged and churned past to the bay. River billows and alder were reddening and the young grass thrusting green from the post clearing where bushes sprang in the warm sun. But there was an air of unrest at the house of Angus McCain. Daily, a mother, anxious of face, talked nervously with the grave factor and his head-man, of the absent Peterboro, which had, the August before, started for the unknown Yellow-Leg.

Ten days overdue, there was hardly a moment of the lengthening days when some one at Hungry House was not searching the river where it forked at the delta islands for the black speck of moving canoe, and the flash of dripping paddles.

"I'm worried, Angus. I don't want Antoine to wait another day," said Mrs. McCain, one morning. "They may have been smashed up in the rapids—lost their food. I wish you'd send him and Saul tomorrow."

"Yes, Mother," answered the sober Angus, picking up his telescope and starting across the factor's plot, guarded by dog-stockade, on his way to the high shore.

"In a half hour he returned.

"Nothing in sight?" demanded his wife.

"No," and McCain went to the trade-house to talk with his head-man. The two were getting together an outfit which would take the search through to the Yellow-Leg headwaters when a black head thrust through the trade-house door.

"Canoe comin'—at de islan!" announced Saul.

"The boys!" cried Angus McCain and he hurried to his house to tell the worried mother of Brock; then joined Antoine and Saul on the high shore above the swollen river.

Where the river split into three channels at the delta islands, a black spot moved slowly upstream close to the main shore. Focusing his small

telescope, for a space McCain then handed it to Antoine.

"I can't make it out yet, but there seem to be more than two in the boat." "Ah-hah! Three—four paddles, I think," answered the halfbreed.

"It's the Peterboro?" "Ah-hah! Eet ees no bark canoe."

Mrs. McCain joined the little group of men, women and children in the cliff shore, watching the approaching boat.

"You're sure, Angus—there's no mistake? It's not Indians?" "It's the boys for sure, mother," and the relieved trader patted the shoulder of the anxious mother.

"Four paddles, dere!" announced Antoine, handing the glass to his chief.

"There're no Indians wintering up the coast—who in thunder have they picked up?"

For an hour the canoe bucked the drive of the current, hugging the shore for the easier going there. They were less than a mile distant when some one shouted: "There are the dogs!"

On the beach, three huskies kept abreast of the canoe.

"There's Brock in the bow!" cried Angus McCain as the craft approached the post. "I'd know his shoulders, anywhere; and Gaspard's steering her!"

Closer came the wanderers, and the little group of excited people on the high shore ran to the beach below to welcome those who had returned from the ruthless maw of the Yellow-Leg wilderness.

"Brock!" called his mother, waving her white apron, her eyes blinded with tears. "Brock! Brock!" yelled in chorus two young brothers and a sister, leaping like rabbits in their excitement and joy.

"Gaspard! Kekway, Gaspard!" shouted the halfbreeds, as the bow and stern men stood grinning, waving their paddles at the shore.

Then, as he waved his arms at his hulking son in the bow of the approaching canoe, Angus McCain gaped in amazement. "Antoine, look! Raised from the dead! Well—I'll be—Hello! Pierre! Pierre Lacroix!" shouted the astounded trader, running out into the water to meet the canoe.

Standing in water to his knees, Angus McCain took his son in his arms, then passed him on to the mother who waited.

"Pierre!" The hands of Frenchman and factor met in a long grip. "Man, I'm glad to see you! We had given you up!"

Then McCain saw the crippled leg. Pierre Lacroix swung himself from canoe to beach, then standing surrounded by the excited group, said proudly, as he rested a hand on the shoulder of his son:

"Tru de long snows, dese boys here were hunted by 'Red Macbeth, and twenty men. Dey want de Yellow-Leg country for demself. Did Gaspard and Brock run home? No, in March dey hunt Macbeth—clear to de coast."

The silent audience, Indian and white, listened breathlessly as the scarred Frenchman went on: "At de mont' de Carcajou, dey find schooner and Macbeth's camp. In de night I see de sky red wid fire of burning ship and shack—and dey tak' me home."

Pierre Lacroix, choking with emotion, then finished:

"Dese boy here, Brock and Gaspard, dese 'ings!"

With a cheer from the crowd, the returned voyageurs were led to the post clearing where the red emblem of the great company, blazoned with the white letters H. B. C. was hoisted. Then as Brock and Gaspard stood grinning at the honor about to be conferred, from the foot of the flag pole crashed a volley from a dozen rifles.

With an arm about the mother who smiled beside him, and a hand on the massive skull of the great gray and white husky nuzzling his sleeve, Brock said to Gaspard, "Do we hunt the Yellow-Leg next long snows, partner?"

Gaspard's black eyes snapped as he gave Brock his answer: "Do de bird come back in de spring?"

[THE END.]

Willie Evidently Had Heard of That Breed

Willie's mother was entertaining the members of her bridge club, and Willie had been instructed as usual as to conduct, etc., in the presence of the visitors.

The guests arrived singly and in pairs, and with each ringing of the doorbell Willie would run to the door to "assist" his mother in receiving. Between times he showed much interest in the maid's preparation of tea and the dainties that were to be served.

All the guests had arrived save one, and the ladies were all seated around the room waiting. Finally the dilatory one arrived, bringing with her in her arms a small Chow dog. Willie took charge of the dog and the party got under way.

Right in the midst of a silence unusual for a women's afternoon bridge party, Willie appeared in the room leading the dog.

"Mother," shouted the youngster, "is this dog a tea hound?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**They Knew**  
The woman orator was raving and ranting to an audience of men.

"Women," she shrieked, "at all times have been the backbone of all nations. Who was the world's greatest hero? Helen of Troy! Who was the world's greatest martyr? Joan of Arc! Who was the world's greatest ruler? Who, I say, was the world's greatest ruler?"

And simultaneously that entire crowd of men arose and answered in one voice, "My wife!"—London Tid Bits.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

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

The Eugene water board has established a department of merchandising and public relations.

A large panther was recently killed about seven miles south of Bandon near the Roosevelt highway.

With more than 200 bankers in attendance, the 24th annual convention of the Oregon Bankers' association was held in La Grande recently.

Dan Becker, head rigger in Western Lumber company's logging camp at Westfir, was killed when the top of a tree fell, striking him on the head.

The Clatsop county court has obtained listings of land available for farming, dairying and poultry raising purposes, as a step in land settlement.

The annual convention of the Sunday school and Christian Endeavor societies of the United Brethren church of western Oregon was held in Salem recently.

Notwithstanding fears of damage to the strawberry crop in Washington county through weather conditions, a very large yield of particularly fine fruit is being gathered and marketed.

The mysterious yellow sediment noticed on pools of water\* and along Bend streets is pronounced to be pine pollen. The pines are now shedding their pollen throughout the Deschutes region.

One hundred and eighty-two students had enrolled for the summer term of the Eastern Oregon Normal school at La Grande, and President Inlow expects the total to reach 200 before the term starts.

Despite the prevalence of cloudy, damp weather in the Dayton locality, growers report that strawberries are ripening well and they are large and of excellent flavor. Other crops are also thriving.

The 22d annual summer session has opened at Corvallis with an initial enrollment of 591 adults in addition to the 645 boys and girls club members already there for the two weeks' 4-H summer session.

There were 1,992,376 pounds of milk produced in Tillamook county during the month of May and \$2,875 pounds of butterfat, according to the report of the Tillamook Dairy Herd Improvement association.

General and special road warrants in the sum of \$21,417 were issued by Tillamook county during the month of May. Of this amount \$21,417 was expended in securing right of way for the Roosevelt highway.

Eugene was selected as the convention city of the state aerle of Eagles for 1930, and Dr. J. E. Schofield of Eugene was elected president of the state order at the close of the 1929 convention in Klamath Falls.

E. C. Tubbs, traveling man from Steilacoom, Wash., lost his life in an automobile wreck on the Roosevelt highway at Bruff creek, midway between Port Orford and Gold Beach. Tubbs' car plunged over an embankment, landing bottom up in the creek.

V. L. Calavan was re-elected and Edwin Fortmiller was elected to the Albany school board recently at the most spirited election ever held in district No. 5. A record vote of 1351 was cast. Calavan received 696 votes, Fortmiller 562 and Dr. A. P. Howells 153.

Police officers will be offered a two weeks' training course at Willamette university next January, according to announcement made at Salem by members of the faculty. The purpose of the school is to offer specialized training which will enable the officer more efficiently and intelligently to perform his official duties.

**THE MARKETS**  
Portland

Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, hard white, \$1.25; soft white, western white, \$1.13; hard winter, \$1.10; northern spring, western red, \$1.09.

Hay—Alfalfa, \$20@21 per ton; valley timothy, \$22; eastern Oregon timothy, \$24@25; clover, \$20; oats, \$23; oats and vetch, \$23.

Butterfat—43@44c.  
Eggs—Ranch, 30@32 1/2c.  
Cattle—Steers, good, \$11.75@12.50.  
Hogs—Good to choice, \$10.25@11.50.  
Lamb—Good to choice, \$11.75@13.25.

**Seattle**  
Wheat—Soft white, western white, \$1.13; hard winter, western red, northern spring, bulk Montana No. 1, \$1.11; bluestem, \$1.32.

Eggs—Ranch, 20@30c.  
Butterfat—47c.  
Cattle—Prime steers, \$11@12.50.  
Hogs—Prime light, \$12.05@12.35.  
Lamb—Choice, \$13@13.75.

**Spokane**  
Cattle—Steers, good, \$11@11.50.  
Hogs—Good and choice, \$11.85.  
Lamb—Choice, \$11.25@11.50.

A camp has been opened and work started at Larch mountain on the extension of the forest road which is to be built around Larch. The road was completed almost to the mountain last year. It is expected three miles of new road will be completed this season.

The Tri-County Grange picnic has been set for June 29. It will be held at Redmond's fair grounds. Prizes will be given by Redmond business men for the winners of various contests in sports. Vern Livesay, who is on the entertainment committee, has promised a good speaker.

George Brownlee of Jacksonville, employed on the Bear creek bridge, being built on the right of way of the Medford-Sams valley highway, sustained a badly crushed chest when a heavy pump fell upon him, pinning him beneath the waters of Bear creek, from where he was rescued by fellow workers.

The Salem city council has adopted the report of the police committee rejecting all bids for the proposed new street traffic lights. Money appropriated for the purchase of the traffic signals will be expended in employing additional police officers during a number of conventions to be held there during the summer.

Continued heavy rains in the Enterprise section during the first of the month have insured a good crop of fall grain and have done much for other crops and the stock ranges. Stockmen report that grass was never better than at present, and cattle and sheep are in prime condition.

An open season on antelope in Lake and Harney counties would, if properly regulated, do no particular harm, in the opinion of Stanley G. Jewett, Oregon chief of the United States biological survey. Mr. Jewett recently returned from a trip through the antelope country. He estimated there are at least 25,000 antelope in the two counties.

The 49th annual G. A. R. encampment came to a close at Newberg recently with the installation of the newly elected officers. When it came to the final election of department commander, all opposition to the candidacy of L. C. Washburn of McMinnville, former junior vice-commander, disappeared. Dr. Hall of Portland was elected medical adviser.

The surf caught several automobiles recently at Waldport, but all except one were rescued by the McMillin wrecking crew with little damage. A truck loaded with cement for the Roosevelt highway went off the Alsea highway a few miles east of Waldport and landed 50 feet down the grade, with not much damage. The cement was for the sea wall now being built.

One of the biggest events of the year for the people of the Pacific northwest, the combined brigade review and combat demonstration at Camp Clatsop, which is one of the few of its kind in the entire United States, was held Saturday, with Major-General John L. Hine, commanding officer of the 9th corps area from the Presidio, San Francisco, acting as reviewing officer.

The land settlement committee of the Enterprise chamber of commerce met at Wallowa with committees from the chambers of other towns in Union and Wallowa counties and formulated a plan for advertising the two counties and making an effort to bring new settlers to this section for diversified farming. Dairying will be especially stressed, as it has proven to be very profitable and the industry is steadily growing.

The Coos County Fire Patrol association can see a cheap season ahead, for the forests are soaked with recent rains sufficient to carry them through into mid-July without much danger of fire. J. A. Walsh, secretary and manager of the association, has preliminaries such as new trails and clearing of old ones, repair of telephone lines, about completed, but with present wet conditions can see only for the present, a satisfactory condition.

The salmon, shad and sturgeon take from the Columbia river by Oregon fishermen during May was 40 per cent greater than in May, 1928, a check of reports completed recently by M. T. Hoy, master fish warden, revealed. In May, 1929, 2,200,000 pounds of fish were reported from the Oregon side of the river as against 1,500,000 pounds in May, 1928. In revenue to the state accruing from poundage fees the increase was about 25 per cent. Mr. Hoy stated, owing to the larger catch of shad, the fee on which is only one-quarter as large as the fee on salmon.

The 22d annual conference of the Apostolic-Lutheran church (Finnish), completed its four-day session at Pendleton recently. About 800 delegates attended the meeting with most of the services being held in the Finnish language.

In a few days, if the weather holds good, the haying season will open in full blast at Sweet Home. Several farmers already are making hay in barn lots and dooryards. The hay crop is going to be good since so much moisture fell the last few days.



MAGNIFICENT TRICKS

"Well, how about some tricks today?" asked the keeper of his pet elephant.

All the children gathered around the keeper and said to him: "Will the elephant do some tricks today? Oh, won't that be fine!"

"Oh, please ask the elephant to do some tricks, Mr. Keeper."

"Well, how about it, Maggie?" asked the keeper, going into the zoo home of his pet elephant whose name was Maggie.

Maggie didn't answer, but made a tiny little noise, and taking her great trunk knocked off the keeper's hat.

All the children gathered nearer and laughed, and the keeper said: "I guess you feel like doing some tricks today, all right, Maggie," as he put his hat on once more, and no sooner had he put his hat back on his head than with another swing of her trunk and a funny little elephant chuckle, Maggie had knocked the keeper's hat off again.

"What does that mean?" asked the keeper. "I suppose you think that is a very fine trick, and so you must do it over, the way people do songs over if others have enjoyed them."

"Is that the idea, Maggie?" Maggie said nothing, but waved her trunk from side to side as though to say, "Yes."

"Well, another trick," said the keeper, and he nudged the end of Maggie's trunk, so she knew that was the signal to stand up straight on her hind legs.

Then she swung the keeper up, too; and then she slowly got down to the ground, let the keeper off, rolled over and then got up once more.

"Maggie means," the keeper said, "yes, we'll do some more tricks."

So Maggie stood on her front feet, and then she knelt down while the keeper got under her, and she got up



Straight on Her Hind Legs.

once more, very carefully stepping so as not to hurt the keeper.

Then the children were allowed to give Maggie some peanuts, and they didn't see at first that Maggie was taking as many as she could, and not trying to eat them at once, for fear she would miss getting a few others.

She held them in her trunk as she took more, and if she had been able to speak to the children she would have said:

"Goodness, gracious, mercy me! There is no use in having a trunk if one cannot store away things in it."

"I have no best clothes to pack away, no winter furs to store for the summer and no summer swimming suits to put away when winters comes around."

"But I can put away a peanut or two or three while I am getting a few more."

When the children saw what the elephant was doing they were highly amused.

They fed the other elephants, too, but only when the keeper told them that night, for they knew that giving elephants or any animals all the food they wanted was not being good to the animals.

They didn't know how much food the animals had always had, so they always asked the keeper first, for they didn't want the animals to be sick.

It is not any fun to be a sick animal, any more than it is fun to be a sick person, and it is even harder for an animal as an animal cannot explain what is the matter.

An animal can't talk about his aches and pains.

So they gave just what the keeper told them they might, and they thanked Maggie most politely for doing her tricks for them, and as they thanked her, Maggie once more knocked off the keeper's hat, which the keeper said meant:

"Good-by, children, call again!" And the children certainly felt they had seen some magnificent Maggie tricks.

**Just Her Father**  
The Boy Friend—Say, who's the dumb-looking guy that drives your car around, and works in the garden? I notice he always gives me a nasty look when I come in.

The Girl Friend—Oh, don't mind him. That's just father.

**Wrong Number**  
Little Boy, calling father at office—Hello, who is this?  
Father, recognizing son's voice—The smartest man in the world.  
Little Boy—Pardon me, I got the wrong number.

Safety for Aviators in New Light System

The dangerous possibilities of fog at the airport landing place is reported to have been successfully overcome by a new system of lighting recently installed experimentally at the municipal airport at Cleveland. Incorporated in the design of this multi-light unit are several principles of lighting, each a distinct aid to night pilots.

It provides a fan of light which, when rotated, reaches the pilot at any angle at which he may approach the field. One-half of this fan of light is white and the other half red. The rotation produces alternate red and white flashes which instantly attract the pilot's attention and enable him to identify the airport from brightly lighted parks, railroad yards and streets.

The high intensity beams are projected by the lower, drum-shaped units, of which there are four—two red and two clear—identical in design with those used to mark airways.

The upper units set to project a less intense beam of light at higher angles, are standard, narrow beam, floodlight projectors.

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

**Post-War Complexions**  
The late C. E. Montague, the English editor and author, hated post-war conditions.

An American publisher, after listening to Mr. Montague's complaints for an hour or so one day, said soothingly:

"The post-war girl, anyhow, thanks to athletics, is shapelier than the pre-war girl."

"Maybe she is," said Mr. Montague, "and maybe she isn't. Still there's one thing I will admit about her. Her complexion is better than it used to be."

"Naturally," said the publisher. "No, not naturally," said Mr. Montague. "Artificially."

**Odd Hiding Place for Money**  
While cleaning old rubber tires before they went into a regenerator at a Hanover (Germany) factory, a woman employee discovered in one of the tires a small package, neatly tied, containing \$265. Both the woman and the factory owner claimed it. The judge decided in favor of the finder, unless the American who, to judge from the wrappings of the package, lost it, should turn up to claim it.

**Constituents of Honey**  
Honey contains 18 parts water, 73 parts carbohydrate (including 70 parts sugar and 2 parts dextrin), .02 mineral substances or 4 parts of pollen grain, gum, bee glue, formic acid and volatile oils and other flavor substances.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

**Muzzles More Appropriate**  
Several masked tenors are featured where muzzles would be more appropriate.—Toledo Blade.

**Mexico's First College**  
The first university in Mexico was established in 1553 and was founded by a royal order from Spain.

**After Operations**  
"I was three times under an operation and I was very weak and nervous and could not eat. I suffered for ten years. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my husband bought me a bottle. I felt a little better and he bought me two more. I had the Compound in my home for two years and took it all the time. Now I feel strong and can do anything."—Mrs. A. Michalk, 5443 Mitchell Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

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Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

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Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of