

Copyright by The Penn Publishing Company WNII 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 Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. 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. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in Flash engages in a desperate Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him.

#### CHAPTER IV—Continued

Before dawn, Brock left the disappointed Flash at the camp, fastened o a tree by a leg, for his wounded neck would bear no collar, while he started to look for caribou. As the eastern sky grayed then turned to a bitter blue, Brock, with his hood over his face, shivered in a clump of scrub spluce on the edge of a muskeg that reached away into the shadow. Here, at dawn, the caribou, if there were any in the vicinity, would come to dig the snow with their round-toed hoofs from the white reindeer moss which grows on the barrens of the north.

Starting slowly from the forest at his right, Brock's eyes swept the barren. In the dim light he could but a few hundred yards into the snowy plain, but caribou have poor eyes and if they were there, he knew he cour boldly stalk them ap-wind, while later, after sunrise, it would be

Brock waited until the sun lifted to turn the expanse of snow before him into a shimmering plain of fire. It was no use; there were no deer within sight. After breakfast he would make a wide circle and follow the freshest tracks he could find, for he had resolved not to leave Flash and go back to the main camp for grub.

When he had heated and skinned out the fur which he had brought in the night before, he talked to his dog in a useless attempt to soothe him in his disappointment at being tied up in camp when Brock took the trail.

He spent another day on the trail of the caribou, but, although he saw a band crossing the barren at a great distance and followed numerous fresh trails, he never came up with them. He was approaching his camp and wondering if Flash had broken loose by gnawing his wire leash, when he surprised by a chorus of yelps. "Hello, there! Got worried, did

you?" he called to his partner. The dogs of the team, wired to sep-

arate trees, joined Flash in a vocifer-

"Hello, Kona, Yellow-Eye, Slit-Eear, old socks! How're the pups?" Then not seeing a fire in the hole in the snow and receiving no answer from Gaspard, he knew that his partner had arrived early and was off on a hunt of his own. Brock built up the fire and started a good supper with the beans and caribou steak which he found on Gaspard's sled. As the early dusk filled the spruce with purple shadows, the sleeping dogs waked to ie creak of snow-shoes on the dry November snow.

"Well, you old villain!" cried Brock, as Gaspard appeared, doubled under the tenderloin and haunches of a vearling caribou. "I hunted for two days and didn't get a shot, and you go out and get one in an hour!"

Gaspard tipped his heavy load into the snow-later to be strung up out of the reach of the dogs. "Wal," he said with a grin, "w'at you do to poor

Brock described the fight with the wolf. "So dat pup kill de old wolf, eh? Eet

tak' good dog to do dat. W'en you not come home one sleep back, I t'ink you hurt, mebbe." "I knew you would show up looking for me," replied Brock, his eyes

lighting with affection for his partner, "but Flash was too sore to travel, and I was afraid of wolves finding him here or I would have come back for grub." Eating a hearty supper, the boys sat by the hot fire of birch while Gas-

pard smoked a pipe of company nigger-head. After a silence, the halfbreed blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth and said: "I see ver' strange t'ing one sleep back. I cross trail of "What was strange in that?" queried

Brock. "One wolf had onlee t'ree toe on left hind foot."

"Caugh, in trap, sometime, but whose trap?" Brock was interested. "Dat wolf was a dog," announced

"A dog? What makes you think so, Gaspard?" "Because my fader had a dog who

the other, quietly.

a track lak dat-wid her left hind foot "Your father"-Brock gazed intent-

ly into the somber features of his friend. "You say your father had a dog shy a toe? Gee. that's strange! But how could she be traveling with a wolf? The wolves would kill her, of wurse," he demurred. "No, I have hear ov such t'ing."

with a wolf?" "Ah-hah "

"And you're sure it was her track?" "I would know eet anyw'ere."
Brock thrilled to the possibilities of he situation. A dog of the last Pierre Lecroix-alive in the headwater ccun "Then your father must have been right here-last winter?" he

said, excitedly. Slowly the half-breed rose, and fropping his mitten on the thong which held it to the neck of his caribou-skin capote, drew his skinning knife from his sash. Dramatically hrusting the hand gripping the knife above his head, he spoke, as if taking an oath, while the younger youth sat wide-eyed:

"Eef dese men are een dis countree, before de snow fade een April, I weel mak dem tell me how he died"

The fixed purpose, the bitter hatred, in the face of his friend, as the firelight touched his knotted features, filled the youth who watched with awe. Brock knew that Gaspard Lecroix would never start on the trail home without easing his mind as to the fate of his father. It certainly looked like an exciting winter if these people were north of the big It might be that Gaspard and Brock McCain, also, would leave their bones in the Yellow-Leg country. Involuntarily, Brock shivered at the gloomy thought.

"But how are you going to make them tell?" demanded Brock.
For a long space Gaspard's half-

shut eyes stared into the fire. Then he said: "Eef I find one alone, on hees trap-line, dere are way to mak' heem talk." And he again drew his skinning knife, and suggestively ran a calloused thumb along its edge.

A few days later, Gaspar. and Brock, leaving their dogs wired to trees at camp to avoid their yelping, started on a two days' scout through the country to the north of the big Obsessed by the discovery of the dog tracks in he snow, the memory of his father gave Gaspard no rest. And, moreover, for their own safety it was necessary to learn if the men who had made the tracks on the lake shores were still in the country.

Circling the upper end of the lake ten miles to the west, for they had no intention of leaving a trail across the white level which could be detected from the ridges to the north, Gaspard and Brock traveled through the back country. But that night as they dug a fire hole in the heart of a spruce swamp and roasted their caribou steak, they were in frank dis-

"I don't think there's a soul within hundred miles to the north of us, have made forty miles today and we haven't seen a shoe track."

"Dey are on de lower lak' or the riviere," granted the stubborn Gas-pard. "We fin' dem tomorrow." Brock looked hard at his friend. "You really believe they are in the country?"

Gaspard podded. 'Why?"

"From dat high ridge back dere, today, I see smoke."

"Oh, you mean that haze?" Brock had laughed away that afternoon as the imagination of his friend, now, as they sat walled in by the gloom of the spruce, seemed more worthy of but it looked like haze to me," he compromised.

The small eyes of Lecroix glittered. "Eet was smoke."

As he wound his plaited rabbit-skin robes around him under the brush roof they had built across the sleepld the heat of the fire, Brock wondered what the next day would bring forth. If Gaspard proved to be right and they met some of these inters, what would happen? Would they attack them on sight or attempt to drive them from the country by threats? Or would they appear friendly, only to track them later to their camp and deal with them as they must have dealt with the missing Pierre Lecroix?

For the first time since leaving Hungry House, Brock felt a touch of home-sickness—a desire to see his father and mother and the children in the little fur post at the mouth of the Starving, two hundred lonely white miles to the south. And if any. thing should happen to him and Gaspard, at the post they would never know until June, when the canoe they waited for failed to return. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Leave-Taking Customs Among Various Races

People who live in different countries and speak different languages have different ways of saying "Goodby." In the Philippines, for instance, a man rubs his friend's face with his 1 most of the pullets ought to be mahand when he bids him farewell. When you leave a Hindu he falls fority of hens should be through the

whalebone necklaces. The Othalheitol islander will twist April.

the end of the departing guest's rope and then solemnly shake his own hand three times. The Japanese will take his slipper off as you depart, and say, with a smile, "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeyings—I regard thee." The Sioux and the Blackfeet will dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence, while Fiji islanders

cross two red feathers.

Giant Among Bells The great tenor bell in St. Paul's

cathedral, London, weighs 62 hundred hen houses.

EARLIEST HATCHED CHICKS ARE BEST

Experiment Shows the April Pullets Produce Good Eggs.

Reports from poultrymen in Colo-rade show that the tendency to earlier hatching is gaining a foothold among successful breeders. Early-hatched chicks make better winter layers, they have found, and the rapid development in the early-hatched chick results in more economical production of broilers.

The cold weather of this season of the year seems to give much greater development in a short period of time, while those that are hatched late and grow during the warm weather are slower in their development. Cold weather seems to retard the sexual development, thus holding back egg production until warmer weather, ac cording to observations of Charles N. Keen of the poultry department at the Colorado Agricultural college.

If pullets are raised from latehatched eggs and pushed for produc tion, they attain a sexual maturity before the body maturity is attained. Then the first eggs produced will be small and continue so until body maturity is completed.

In the case of light breeds, such as Leghorns and Anconas, these small birds which have been forced break down under heavy production and go into a winter neck molt and often a full molt. With the larger breeds there may be less of this trouble with the late-hatched birds, but they are and facilities for cooking, keeping harder to force into laying. It takes approximately five months to mature a Leghorn or Ancona pullet and approximately seven months to mature Rhode Island Reds, Rocks, Wyandottes and other birds of the larger breeds. They should be laying not ater than November 1 and not earlier than September 1 for best results.

#### Mash Essential Part

of Ration for Layers The mash is an essential part of the hen's diet, for she cannot make eggs economically from grains alone. In the mash should be included some of the common by-products such as argued the skeptical Brock. "We must wheat bran, middlings and gluten feed. These feeds are palatable and furnish

relatively cheap vegetable protein. The hen must be supplied with enough animal protein either included in the mash or fed in addition to it. ome of the more common home su plies of animal protein may consist of skim milk, buttermilk or some form of waste meat and, in the summer, insects that the hen can find on the

range. Repeated tests at the Wisconsin and other experiment stations have shown McCain's heart beat faster. What he that hens cannot find the necessary amount of animal protein on the range to make profitable egg production possible. Even in the summer unless the hens have all the milk they can drink belief as something other than haze. It will pay to have some additional "Of course, it could have been smoke, animal protein in the mash. In the winter the hen will not drink enough milk to supply her needs and some ad-

## Ventilation of Poultry

House Is Big Problem The ventilation of the poultry house tory for indoors wear. is a much discussed problem and many times local conditions are responsible for troubles. Sometimes the location of the house is such as to interfere with the usual results. However, if the walls of the house became damp last year it is an indication of too little fresh air. There are two methods of ventilation which are quite One is the use of muslin frames which may be closed at night and opened during the day. In houses 14 to 16 feet deep one should have one square foot of cloth frames for every foot the house is long. Deeper houses require more while narrow houses require less. Even with muslin frames one must not be persuaded to close them too tightly as this may result in too little ventilation at night. Their use requires discretion as does any other plan for ventilation.

Feed Heavily January and February are the

nonths when all flocks should be fed heavily, says T. S. Townsley, extension poultry specialist of the Missouri College of Agriculture. By January ture and ready to lay, while the main the dust at your feet, while the molt. Consequently with proper feed, Burmese bend low and say, "Hip, hip." egg production ought to pick up rap-South Sea islanders rattle each other's idly during January and February and reach its maximum during March or

### Give Hens Chance

Poor housing of farm hens during the winter plays a big part in keeping the production of the average Illinois hen down to about 50 eggs a year. It takes contented hens to keep the winter egg basket full and poultrymen who do not insure the contentment of their fowls are apt to get high egg production only during the natural laying season in the spring. It will be profitable for chicken raisers to spend money in repairing the old

WINTER MENUS FOR COMMUNITY DINNERS



Gathering at a Community Supper.

(Prepared by the United States Department | holds, they were all equally good and Church suppers and community dinners are better than they used to be, despite all the laments we hear about the "good old days." No one will ques-tion though the excellence of the pies, cakes, and other rich viands that were brought to these old-time gatherings. The trouble was, they were too good and too much of a kind. Calories were not reckoned with but overloaded digestive systems had to be-the next day.

Nowadays the committee of womer in charge of the community meal meets beforehand. The menu is talked foods hot or cold during serving, and handling the crowd quickly. Then each person is made responsible for certain dishes and serving arrangements. Plenty of everything-not an oversupply of pickles and a shortage of bread-is thus assured. The meal is a model, too, from the nutrition standpoint and is as well-balanced and wholesome as any at the family table.

In winter there is sure to be a hot meat and vegetable or fruit combination, celery or slaw, if salad cannot be managed, plenty of milk for the children, rolls or some other attractive breadstuff, tart relishes, or jellies and just enough dessert to top off the

One committee intent on having everything up to a high standard not only planned the menu, but chose and distributed recipes for the main dishes. Consequently, when the foods were assemble from various housecompanied by a well-flavored sauce or Hot hamburger or roast beef toasted sandwiches with vegetable salad.

economics suggests the following:

bined with onions, celery, green pep-

pers, and raw Jerusalem artichokes.

This should be served with flaky boiled rice and perhaps fried noodles.

A fruit cup with ginger pears or pre-

served ginger would be excellent for

Meat pies-large or individual, de-

pending on the available crockery—made of chicken, pork, veal, lamb, or

Sausage turnovers served with hot or cole slaw. The turnovers are made

by cooking small sausage-meat cakes

until done, then folding them within

rounds of pastry in semicircular shape

Sausage cakes on slices of fried

Meat loaf, either hot or cold, served

in slices. It may be made of beef,

fresh pork, or veal and should be ac-

pineapples served with hot hominy

beef, with gravy and vegetables.

and baking them.

Fricassee of rabbit or chicken on hot biscuits. Roast spare ribs with apple dress-

ing and sauerkraut. Fish, clam, or oyster chowder, containing potatoes and served with

crackers.
Stuffed boned shoulder of lamb or fresh pork with browned potatoes.

#### WASHABLE DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL

### Children Soil School and Play Clothes Easily.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Many mothers find it practical to keep their children in washable out fits the year around, since children soil their school and play clothes very easily, and necessitate frequent laundering of their little dresses and suits. Even in rather cold climates, with a knitted union suit underneath and a sweater for days when the house temperature is below normal, a cotton omer dress is found quite satisfac-

Long sleeves and a more close-fitting neckline are the chief changes to



Winter Dress for Little Girl.

be found in winter dresses for the little girl of from four to ten years of age. The little dress in the illustration is made of a simple red-and-white cotton print, with white pique or linen collar, cuffs, and leg-bands on the was designed by a spebloomers. 7 cialist in children's clothing in the bureau of home economics. The epaulet shoulder in which the yoke is cut in one with the sleeve, is used to give plenty of width across the chest. Extra fullness is gathered on to the yoke extension of the sleeve. Another good type of sleeve for a growing child is the raglan, which might have been used in this case if desired. While the neck is sufficiently high for winter weather it is not tight-fitting.

#### CONVENIENCES FOR HOME EASILY MADE

#### Few Simple Tools and Ability to Use Them Needed.

(Prepared by the United States Department Various of Agriculture.) tached to the ling to find out. for the farm home may be made at few simple tools and the ability to use them. Most of these help save the time and energy of the house- with the day before her death by a keeper or add to her comfort, to sister, Mrs. Alexander McFall. the economical management of her

household, or to its sanitation. Reese, of the office of co-operative ex- going to dress and go out. tension work, are the kitchen cabinet, the fireless cooker, the dish drainer, didn't answer. I called early this frigerator," the cold box, the fly trap, had happened." and the cook-stove drier or evaporator. These conveniences have been developed in the course of home demonstration work for farm women, in different parts of the country, and receiving an answer. have been found successful. Attenfaces suited to the worker, and a in the house. method of raising the height of a kitchen table by means of fitted blocks under the legs is suggested. Labor-saving equipment for buttermaking and cheese-making is included. and directions for installing a supply of clean running water in the farm kitchen. A number of suggestions are made regarding cleaning utensils which save time and make the work easier, such as having a bucket with an attached mop wringer, having a square board on rollers for moving this bucket about, using a long-handled dustpan, an oiled floor mop, and many other accessories. The bulletin, which is a revision of

an earlier publication, is free upon application to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington,

#### Don't Iron Lace.

The careful and efficient housewife ever attempts to iron lace, other than narrow edgings on garments, etc. The proper method of smoothing lace is to stretch it to the original shape and pin to a padded board in exactly that shape, pinning down each of the points carefully. When an iron is used, there is danger of tearing the

#### Sour Cream.

seasoned, it is tasty on lettuce.

#### DETROIT POLICE MYSTIFIED BY WIDOW'S DEATH

Found Murdered in Attitude of Prayer in Basement.

of Home. Detroit.-Mrs. Jane Lantz, fifty-one, who lived alone in a two-room house furnished in what was the grand manner of 30 or 40 years ago, was found murdered recently, and in her death the police are confronted with a mys

She was the widow of Frank H. Lantz, who died about a year and a half ago. Before death he had retired to live on the income from a fortune amassed as a real estate broker and dealer in oriental rugs.

Mrs. Lantz was found in the base ment of the old-fashioned home at 600 West Grand boulevard. She was kneeling near the furnace, her body bent forward as if in prayer. In the back of her head was a large wound.

Rear Door Open. A rear basement door leading to a flower garden of frost-blackened blooms was open. A heavy iron fur nace shaker lay near the body. Po-

nobody was disappointed.

As a center for the menu at a comlice took it to headquarters for minute examination for blood stains o munity meal, the bureau of home finger prints. Every room of the Victorian home American chop suey, made with was searched. Detectives peered unfinely shredded pork or chicken, comder four poster beds covered with old-



She Was Kneeling Near the Furnace as if in Prayer.

poked among old trunks in the attic, filled with memories of years-old bits of finery, old gowns and laces. There were many valuable things in the house, including diamonds and money, ut nothing had been disturbed.

Robbery, police said, was not the motive of the murder, in admittiing that they do not know what the motive might have been. Every detective attached to the homicide squad is try-

Deputy Coroner George A. Berg small expense by anybody who has a agreed that it was murder. There could be no other conclusion, he said.

Neighbor Discovers Murder. "She told me," Mrs. McFall said, Among the most useful of these "that the house was chilly and that Farmers' Bulletin 927-F, by Madge J. furnace fire. Then, she said, she was "I called later in the evening. She

the serving table or wheel tray, the morning and I kept on calling until folding ironing board, the iceless "re- finally a neighbor discovered what Mrs. McFall's final call was to Mrs. Priscilla Selmis, a next-door neighbor of Mrs Lantz She explained she had

Mrs. Selmis then found the body. tion is called to the importance of She was guided to it by a light in the having the heights of working sur- basement. There was no other light

telephoned time after time without

When killed, Mrs. Lantz was dressed in a sleeveless kimono and house slippers. One of the slippers had fallen from her foot.

#### Prisoner Would Spend Rest of Life in Jail

Columbia, S. C.-Henry Scrivens, Charleston negro, South Carolina's oldest prisoner in point of service, lives in fear that the law may force him to leave the penitentiary which has been his home forty-three years. The negro was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1885 for burglary and larceny. In 1924 Gov. Thomas G. McLeod paroled him, but hardly three months passed before the negro returned to the prison and begged to be readmitted.

He is partly paralyzed and is almost deaf. The only time he leaves his cell block, except for meals, is daily trip to the canteen for cigarettes. He knows only one of fellow prisoners by name, his deafness having made it difficult for him to learn others and the men he knew in former years are either dead or have left prison.

#### Eagles Fight Duel Naniamo, British Columbia.-Two

eagles fought a duel to the death Sour cream should be cherished.

Dressing made from it is ideal for cucumber and other salads and, just to battle until a truck driver ended to find the first to battle until a truck driver ended to find the first to battle until a truck driver ended to find the first and the first to battle until a truck driver ended to be first to battle until a truck driver ended to be first to battle until a truck driver ended to be first to be first to battle until a truck driver ended to be first to be f here. Locked in combat, they fell the fight with a club.

# "I Had a Bad Attack!"

Says Mr. Gunther:



(Now He's Fit at 64)

"I AM 64 years of age and always physically fit. I never have a cold or suffer pain of any kind and I owe it all to PERU-NA." [Many thousands write grateful letters like this one.] "I had a bad attack of la-grippe which left me in a run-down condition lost considerable weight—had just —lost considerable weight—had just about given up hope when a friend advised PERU-NA." [Such good advice has helped many to new health and vigor.] "Since taking it I feel better. Before I had taken a full bottle I began to gain in weight—my appetite was better—I took 4 bottles and was no longer constipated." [Signed: Chas. L. Gunther, Louisville, Ky. [Isn't it wonderful to think that PE-RU-NA is able to give such thorough, immediate relief as fashioned patchwork quilts. They this? Get it at your druggist - and get it now-today-why wait?]



A Herb Compound Cure for ASTHMA, HAY FEVER and CATARRH. \$3.00 a bottle, Bear Medicine Co., Box 277, Cuddy, Penna

Gentle Hint

He-Those dramatists are always making their lovers propose in the same old way.

She-Well, anyhow, they do propose, and that's the main thing.

Cold Need Cause No Inconvenience Singers can't always keep from catching cold, but they can get the best of any cold in a few hours-and so can you. Get Pape's Cold Compound that comes in pleasant-tasting tablets, one of which will break up a cold so

Those who go to the city and un dertake to keep the pace can quit and say they don't see any sense in the

quickly you'll be astonished .- Adv.

You may have more than you need, but you never have more than you



or grippe—put your system and your blood in order. Build up your health with that splen-did herbal tonic Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has stood the test of sixty years of approval. The air we breathe is often full of germs, and if your vitality is low you are an easy mark for colds

or pneumonia. One who has used the "Discovery"

One who has used the "Discovery" writes thus:

Toledo, Ohio. "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best blood enricher I know of. I had very poor blood. About every three or four months I would have an abscess, I was sick, rundown and miserable. I doctored but did not get rid of this condition. Finally I began taking the 'Discovery' and it drove all the poison out of my system, cleared my blood and I have never had a return of the trouble."—Mrs. Pearl Rose, 125-11th St. Fluid or tablets. All dealers.

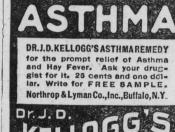
Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

# **Garfield Tea** Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashloned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ille and other derange ments of the sys

tem so prevalent these days is in ever greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.



THE F

FINNE

"Member v "You mus"

"That resta

flies in the soup

The Comic Strip ANNTHING GOE

TOWN PESTS THE BOZO YOUR PAPER

> Sh! It's From

By PER