

# FLASH

By GEORGE MARSH

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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. 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 fight with a wolf and kills him. 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.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

The lean features of Gaspard twisted with hate as he replied: "No, we feenish dem now!"

"Wait!" Brock held the arm of his friend. "They didn't shoot or knife me today, when they had the chance—they fought me with their hands. We can't do this after that!"

Lacroix scowled. His black eyes narrowed as he met his friend's pleading look. Then, with a nod, he agreed: "We go."

And, like the feather patrols of the forest night, the two drifted silently from the sleeping camp.

As a bitter dawn slashed the eastern horizon with blue and gray, and the stars faded, Gaspard and Brock crossed the ice of the outlet and built a fire in a cedar swamp, to boil their tea, eat, and rest.

"Why do you think they tried to take me alive?" queried Brock when he had given Gaspard the full details of the fight and capture. "By golly, 'm lucky not to be stiff in the snow this minute full of knife jabs."

"Ah-hah! Eat ever' strange," agreed his friend. "But you made mistake to stop me last night. Four of dem—I fix dem all wid de knife. Now dey hunt us tru de long snow."

"I'm not so sure of that. From the way they opened their eyes when I told them that your uncle Etienne and Black Jack Desaulles were here, I'll bet you lley leave the country—think they're being hunted themselves. They don't want to meet that pair."

"Wal, de' will be hunted," said Gaspard, grimly. "One of dem will tell me w'at he know about my fader—before de goose fly nord."

"I'm with you, partner! The bumps on my old head rel. for revenge. I'm with you to the finish. I've told you once, and I tell you again, that I'll never forget what you did for me last night. When I heard that old signal of ours, I thought my heart would jump clear out of my mouth. You're a sure enough partner. Before we leave this country we'll do some tall hunting on our own account, eh?"

"You keep your eye open aftah dis," said Lacroix, soberly. "Eef dey shoot at you and miss, mak' dem tink you are hit. Fall down and wait wid your gun cocked for dem to look for you."

"Oh, I've learned my lesson. To think of that Indian getting so close without my knowing it."

As the sun turned the white lake below them into a sheet of flame, the partners followed the rock outcroppings of the long ridge which wiped out their trail and baffled any immediate pursuit. In the middle of the forenoon, four hungry and delighted huskies welcomed them home.

"Now we've got some fur to trap, Gaspard," said Brock as the partners took council for the future. "You and I are each in debt at Hungry House about four hundred dollars, and we've got our hearts set on owning a first-class outfit, haven't we?"

Gaspard nodded as he smoked.

"Well," continued Brock, "my idea is to concentrate on fur until the January blizzards, while it's prime. After that, if we've had good luck, and these people let us alone, we can start when the sledging is better and the snow packed, looking for them. What do you say?"

Gaspard's black brows contracted in a frown. "Dey nevaire keep away so long tam. Dese people come and look for trail, for furs. Some day dey work sout' of de lak' and walk into camp."

"Well, we can't help that," admitted Brock. "They're bound to cross our trap-line trails if they come far enough, and the snow holds off. If they find the camp while we're away, they'll shoot the dogs and wait for us. How can we avoid it?"

"We mak' new cache for half de grub, first t'ing—back en dat swamp on de head of dis brook, and keep away from it so de snow show no trail. Den we always travel wid a dog and sen' heem ahead w'en we come back to camp. Dey got to shoot huskie or he smell den an holler. Dat weel save us from ambush."

"That's a crackin' idea, Gaspard!" cried Brock, then his eyes shifted to the great slate-gray puppy lying in the snow. "If they shoot that feller over there, though," he nodded at his

dog, "they've got to get me too, haven't they, pup?"

The husky rose from his bed, his oblique eyes intently watching the speaker.

"But how shall we leave the other dogs? Loose? They'd hunt, of course—wouldn't be around, probably, so that wouldn't help any."

"No, we leave dem tied on weak raw-hide. Dat hold dem, but eet dey smell Cree dey go wild an' break eet. We hide dem een de scrub spruce each side de camp."

"It's the best we can do—unless we quit the country."

Gaspard knocked out his pipe on a fire-log and rose. "You goin' leave dis countree, Brock?" he asked, the wrath of a smile curling his stiff lips.

"By the great, horned owl and all his descendants—no!" And sucking a long breath into his deep chest, Brock rose and clasped his friend on the back. "I'm goin' to help you find out about your father, partner, you know that?"

"Ah-hah! I ot so!" The eyes of Gaspard pictured his gratitude.

## CHAPTER VI

### He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.

As their traps needed their attention, the boys lost no time in sledging their meat and fish and all their gear and emergency outfit to the hidden cache in the thick spruce swamp at the head of the stream. There it would be safe, after the next snow



Afterward a Beam, Which Smashed a Motor Car.

had led the life of a recluse, hardly ever coming down from his lofty dwelling 200 feet above the ground. Only he could have hurled down the stones and the beam.

And so it turned out, when police officers climbed up and questioned him he declared quite serenely that the world had become so wicked that he felt obliged to chastize it from time to time. But the citizens of Steyr did not fancy having a monitor of their sins immediately above their heads, so the man was removed to a lunatic asylum.

### Wife, Back After 30 Years, Finds Mate Wed

New York.—The span of years found Louis Engel, now grizzled and on life, settled in a comfortable home at 1821 Fifty-third street, with a devoted wife and a collection of grown children and a son-in-law gathered around him.

Then fate overtook him in the person of his first wife, from whom he had separated so many years ago that he hardly remembered her.

But she faced him the other day in equity term of the Supreme court, where she told Justice MacCrute that she must have a divorce because he had been living for years with "an unknown woman."

The first wife, Mrs. Feiga Engel, who came here from Radom, Poland, two years ago, said that she and Louis were married in 1896, and that they have a daughter who is married and has children of her own.

Chestern Solez, counsel for Engel, had put in an answer, saying that in 1897, under the French laws, Louis had obtained a divorce. Then a search was made for records or evidence to prove it. But 30 years seemed to have obliterated all trace of the decree that Engel claimed to have received.

Under the circumstances, Solez withdrew the answer and allowed the first Mrs. Engel to get divorce by default.

Justice MacCrute granted an interlocutory decree, and when that is made final Louis Engel and the little woman he has called "mother" for the last 28 years, or more, will get married over again.

### Robber Makes It Easy for Cops to Trail Him

Mount Carmel, Pa.—A burglar made it easy for police to trail him when he attempted a robbery at the home of Dr. R. B. East, in Kulpmont, near here. The robber got away with \$105 in cash but he dropped his key ring. On the ring police found the name and address of the robber. He was taken into custody and the money recovered.

### Land of Fine Flowers

Brazil has given to the world many of the most beautiful flowering plants; its famous orchids adorn greenhouses all over the world. What is said to be the greatest water lily in the world, the "Victoria Regia," is to be seen in a pond of the Rio Botanical gardens.

## STONES CITY TO CHASTISE IT FOR ITS WICKEDNESS

### Puzzled Austrian Town Discovers Czarian War Veteran in Tower.

Vienna.—The ancient tower of the venerable parish church of Steyr, Austria's Detroit, is one of the architectural sights of this country, and the citizens of Steyr and visitors from outside look up to it with pride and admiration.

But lately too close an approach became dangerous, for it happened now and again that a stone or a piece of the wooden joisting of the roof was detached and tumbled down on the church square. The tower was carefully examined and, as no signs of dilapidation could be discovered, closely watched.

### Find Crazy Veteran.

The cause of the descents of material became suddenly apparent a few days ago, when at a busy hour, while many people were passing the church, there rushed down a hail of stones, seriously injuring some of the passers-by, and afterward a beam, which smashed a motor car.

High up in the tower is the garret of the keeper, a war-invalid, who served for years as fire watchman of the city. For some time this man



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## Enlightened Business, and the Press, Has United the American People

By CHARLES M. SCHWAB, Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

The unity of the American people is an outcome of the process of enlightened business. Through the investment of capital in the means of transportation and communication, the American people throughout this vast area have been brought into closer contact with one another, and to each of our people has been made available the results of the effort of the people as a whole.

You buy a newspaper for 2 cents. It brings to your table the results of the efforts of news gatherers in all parts of the world. To bring these results to you involves a vast expenditure of capital for printing presses and plant, as well as enormous expenditures for cables and other charges, all of them made cheap by the investment of huge sums of capital in other directions.

That the average man today enjoys, in a measure, the wealth of all men, museums and art galleries that wealthy men have given to the people are proof.

## Urgent Need for Eight-Hour Law for Women Engaged in Industrial Pursuits

By WILLIAM L. BODINE, Chicago School Official.

Thousands of wives in Illinois are forced to work in order to support and educate children left behind by fathers who desert and leave their families at the mercy of the world. Wife desertion is one of the greatest causes of juvenile delinquency. If the hours of working mothers could be shortened, they would have more time to attend to home duties, and keep better vigilance over their children outside of school hours. If eight hours is long enough for a man to work it is long enough for a woman to work.

The overworked and underpaid woman means the underfed child. The underfed pupil often becomes the pathetic victim of mental retardation. The backward boy at books means the forward boy in truancy. It seems a travesty on justice to see able-bodied men quitting work at the end of eight hours, while frail women must work two hours longer for the bread of life in this state that gave Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, to the world.

## Marvelous Story of the Nativity Enables Man to Hold God Close to His Heart

By REV. DR. IVAN LEE HOLT (Methodist), St. Louis.

The story of the Nativity, as told in the Gospels, is so marvelously romantic that no one could have invented it. When man invents a god he makes him so powerful and mighty that his god inspires awe and terror. Were it not for Christmas, God would be remote. Now we can catch Him up in our arms and hold Him to our heart.

With all the knowledge of facts that you have, but mindful of the mystery, go and kneel with the shepherds at the manger, in the world of hopes and dreams and love, so that the world of so much mystery will be to you the world of glorious reality.

## Present Christmas Customs, Pagan Survivals, Must Be Christianized

By REV. CHARLES B. KETCHAM, Cleveland.

BECAUSE the celebration of Christmas became general before any large body of custom and ritual had had time to grow up around the day, many of the old pagan observances were taken over bodily by the Christians. Some of these symbols and customs were given a new meaning; some brought their old pagan associations over with them; some lost their old meaning without taking on any new significance.

The use of the holly is an example of a pagan survival that has lost its original meaning without gathering any clear-cut new significance. To the early sun worshippers, the holly berries stood for the drops of blood shed by a mythical hero who lost his life rescuing the sun from a great dragon that had seized it and was carrying it away, so that the earth experienced shorter days and colder weather.

To these survivals of paganism, the church, of course, added new customs of her own as, for instance, the placing of a lighted candle in the window on Christmas eve to guide the Christ child. Christmas carols and legends of the Christ child soon began to gather about the day to give it religious significance.

But even today there is more folklore and ancient custom in our observance of Christmas than there is of Christian significance. The giving and receiving of gifts bulks larger than religion with most people. Not a few even of our Sunday school entertainments feature Santa Claus more than they do the Christ.

This condition of affairs is a challenge to the church. The Christmas customs that we cannot thoroughly Christianize must be replaced by new customs that will emphasize the meaning of the day. The elements that can be infused with the Christ spirit, must be, if they are to be preserved.

## Great Duty of Science Is to Give Vision to Man Beyond His Ordinary Abilities

By DEAN ROBERT R. WICKS, Princeton University.

The job of the scientist is to find what can be put in place of conventional religion. But the spirit of true religion has not vanished so long as the spirit of unselfish devotion to our fellow man continues in the world. The vast majority of people find that our present conventional religion puts a strain on their imagination that almost breaks it down. We must think about religion in a natural, living way. To the average man religion tends to become unreal and to deal with things out of his reach. But that is just where science comes in—it gives a vision to man beyond his ordinary abilities.

We think that the things we can feel and handle are more real than the things of the spirit. But now we have learned that these material things are just made up of electrical energy, and we can think as readily of spiritual energy now, so that spiritual forces become just as true to reality as objects and things. Young people try to find their own reality for themselves. But sheer self-expression never got man anywhere. He is made to express something more and greater than himself. If you want to make more of your life, connect it and transmit its influence to other people. Keep your life merely for yourself, and it becomes no more than a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing.

## Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocaceticester of Salicylicacid

**Too Late**

Governor Johnston, of Oklahoma, was discussing a legislative difficulty in an interview in Oklahoma City.

"Bluff," he ended, "and like most bluffs it came too late."

"It reminds me of the fish man. A lady looked at his pile of dry, dingy fish and snuffed a little and said: "Are these fish fresh?"

"Fresh, lady?" he said. "Fresh? Why, look at 'em."

"And he gave one of the dingiest of the lot a whack with his fist and growled: "Hey, lay down there, can't ye?"

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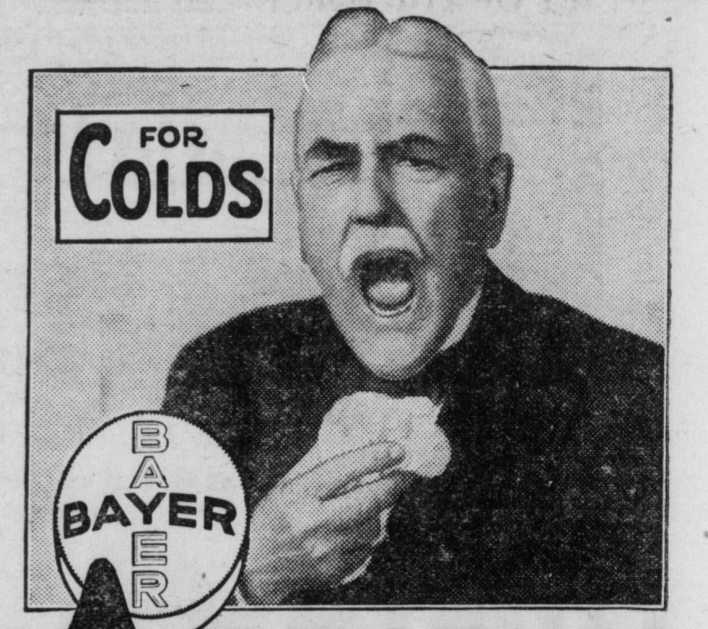
Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1045 No. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

## In the Long Ago

Who can remember when the girl was pretty well fitted out to go away to school with a couple of blue skirts and three middle blouses?—Detroit News.

## The Tired Ones

You can say this in defense of the modern girl—she dearly loves the spinning wheels.—Atlanta Constitution.



**FOR COLDS**

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## Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

**Heavy**

"Heavy dessert, seems to me." "Heh?" "Marble cake and brick ice cream."

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## Bilious/AR

Bilious, constipated? Take **AR**—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative. You'll feel fine in the morning. Promptly and pleasantly rid the system of the bowel poisons that cause headaches—25c.

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## Standards Differ

Salesman—That car's worth its weight in gold. Customer (unconvinced)—Must be considerably heavier than it looks.

## "Many Sleepless Nights!"

For Mrs. King:



(But Relief Was Quick to Come)

"I WAS in a run-down condition from Catarrh of the stomach—put in many sleepless nights—couldn't enjoy a meal." [So many people suffer so needlessly, in this way.] "A lady friend kept telling me to try PER-UNA—a few bottles and I was like a new person." [It's nice to know that such quick relief is always at hand.] "I am happy over the fact that there is a medicine like PER-UNA!" [Signed: Mrs. Angeline King, Indianapolis, Indiana.] [Thousands of other folks are too. Why not buy PER-UNA today—you'll find it at any drug store.]

## FINNEY



## THE FE

