

# FLASH: The Lead Dog

By GEORGE MARSH

### 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 tracker 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 what 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. Gaspard believes these men killed his father and is prevented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his food gives out. His hopes are raised when he discovers a moose trail. He kills a moose and finds Gaspard's trail. Gaspard finds another Indian trailing him and wounds him.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued

Then the youth drew his skinning knife. His glittering eyes drew close to the ash-gray face of the man who lay by the fire under the blankets. "Were you here—long snows—in this country?" he asked, hoarse with passion.

The pinched face nodded.

"There was a man—from the south—ambushed, in the month of the melting snow. Is he alive?"

In the eyes of the Indian fear gave way to a look of bewilderment, of agony, as he gasped: "I am very sick."

"You saw this hunter?" pressed the inexorable son of Pierre Lecroix.

The Indian feebly nodded.

"Is he alive?"

There was no answer. Gaspard glanced at the distorted face, bloodless, still; then fumbled under the Indian's capote for the heart beat. There was none.

Rising, the baffled son of Pierre Lecroix shook his fists at the insensate spruce. In his heart was no pity for this man at his feet, who had tracked him that day to about him through the back. These men had taken from him the father he loved—were ruthlessly hunting down Brock and himself. At that moment, his missing partner might be somewhere, stiff in the snow, as this assassin lay here, at his feet.

It was war to the death, now, between Gaspard Lecroix and the men who had taken from him father and friend. Through the winter he would hunt them as one hunts the wolverine who robs the traplines. Before the March crust they would learn that on their trails followed a tracker, merciless as the carcajon, untiring as the timber wolf. The war was on!

Leaving the body of the Cree to the toothed and clawed merits of the wood-folk, who would shortly find it under the heap of snow with which Gaspard covered it, he continued on his wide circle north of the big lake. Heart sick with thoughts of his missing partner, he approached the camp. Eighteen days now, he thought. With the country now of game Brock couldn't have starved, even if lost. And if lost, in time he was bound to find the lakes or the river. No, they had taken or killed him—the friend he loved.

The dogs, ravenous with hunger, greeted him with a chorus of yelps. Then he saw, standing in the snow, Brock's trapping sled—his heart bounded. Brock was safe—had come home! Brock was alive—his partner—was alive!

"Kekway!" he shouted in his joy, running to the tent. "Hal! You Brock!" But the tent was empty. He had gone again! Where?

Circling the camp, Gaspard found his own trail of three days before, followed by the well-known tracks of Brock's wider webs.

"By Gar! He go to find Gaspard!" cried the excited hunter. Then, in his emotion, he hugged each of the clamoring huskies.

With Brock alive, the situation was changed. He now had some one to live for—to take care of. His promise to Angus McCain, made at Hungry House, to bring Brock back, bound him. He could not ask his partner to go north with him and throw his life away in a mad attempt at vengeance. He would stay with Brock and trap while the fur was prime, then in March, he would journey north in search of his foe. If he failed to return, Brock could take the dogs and run the river to the sea, alone, and carry to Hungry House a fur-pack that would pull the eyes out of the factor's head.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, as Gaspard followed Sleet-Ear pulling the blind-quarters of a caribou in over the ice-hard trail leading to the camp, Flash met them with an extravagant welcome.

"Hello, you man-killer! What d'yub

mean by leaving just as I totter back after starving out in the bush?"

The lean face of Gaspard shone with his joy at seeing his friend.

"You ole Brock! You geeve me some bad day, Brock!" he cried, pounding the shoulder of the stalwart white boy, as he wrung his hand. "I hunt an' hunt for your trail—"

"But tell me," Brock interrupted. "You were followed, and you waited for him. But how did you know he was on your trail?"

"I feel dat dey were after me, dat morning. And you saw hem?"

"Yes, I wanted to be sure he didn't get you and leave on your shoes, so I looked at the body. Did you hear anything?"

"No, de Cree have seen my fader—he know; but he was weak an' nevalre tell how my fader die."

"Too bad! I'm mighty sorry, partner." Brock rested a mittened hand on the shoulder of his friend, whose dark features pictured the bitterness of his disappointment.

Then over a supper of caribou steaks and tea, Brock told his story.

"Nevalre travel een a norder agaln," commented the bush-wise Gaspard. "Wait for de sun; den you don't get lost."

"By gar, dat Flash ees smart dog!" cried the half-breed, when Brock told of missing the moose, "De wolf hamstring caribou; but bull-moose, in de deep snow ees ver' strong. Dat ees cross dog, dat Flash!"

"His heart's all iron, and the way he traveled on an empty stomach was a caution. He hadn't eaten for days when he tackled that moose. Gaspard, if anything happened to that pup, I'd want to quit."

The lean features of the other lighted in understanding. It was Brock McCain's way, to love his friend, his dog, with all the capacity of his big heart. There were no reservations in Brock.

Hitching the dogs to the long, hauling sled which had come on the canoe load all the way from Hungry House, with Flash in the rear, behind Sleet-Ear, to separate him from the leader, Yellow-Eye, the boys started next day over Brock's trap-line trail, hurried under the new snow. Gaspard led the team, tramping the new snow down to the ice-hard trail beneath, now frozen solid to the ground by the constant traveling of Brock and Flash with the trapping sled.

With the tangible warnings Gaspard and Brock already had had, to attempt to finish the winter on Yellow-Leg lakes meant a life of constant vigilance. Once their enemies from the north worked south of the big lake and found the trap-line trails, they might be ambushed or taken in their sleep, for the dogs could be poisoned or shot. But never, for an instant, did the two hunters consider a retreat. The heart of Gaspard Lecroix knew but one desire—desire for knowledge of how his father died and for vengeance on those responsible for his death. And little as Brock relished the idea of leaving his bones in the wilderness of the Yellow-Leg, his loyalty to his friend and his fighting spirit admitted no thought of avoiding what the long snows held for them. Already they had given the strangers good proof of what man hunters might expect in the forests of the south. Two had gone out, never to return. And later, on the March crust, when the going was good, the hunted ones would turn hunters. So ran the thoughts of the friends as they made camp on the eve of the hunt on the big barren.

Under stars still bright in a purple sky, Brock and Gaspard cooked breakfast. Leaving the whimpering dogs—begging to be taken—wired to trees, the partners snowshoed to the flank of the barren and waited for dawn. Two days before, Gaspard had counted a bundled caribou, but now, as the blue east grayed, and the frosty stars paled and faded, they wondered whether or not the phantom wanderers of the north were out there in the shadows digging with rounded hoofs for the reindeer moss of the barren.

At last the bitter dawn slashed through the ashen east with rose and pearl and amber slits of light.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Clerk Routs Armed Robber With Knife

Portland, Ore.—Infuriated when a man tried to rob him, Irwin Fabriander, grocery store clerk, picked up the establishment's fruit knife and started after the robber.

The robber had entered the store, drawn a gun, and confronted the clerk, saying: "Gimme all the money in that cash register."

"Get out of here, or I'll carve you with this knife," Fabriander said, grabbing the murderous-looking weapon.

The robber left the store closely followed by the enraged clerk.

## ROBBER TELLS OF PRISON ESCAPES

Caught Few Hours After Hold-up of Train.

Herkimer, N. Y.—Thomas Flalowski, thirty years old, of Buffalo, was arrested here by state troopers in connection with the holdup of a New York Central train just outside Herkimer.

According to the troopers, Flalowski admitted the holdup. Two watches stolen from passengers and a little more than \$40, the amount obtained in the holdup, were found in his possession, troopers said.

The bandit who held up the passengers in the day coach on the train escaped after firing shots over the heads of the terrorized victims. One shot was fired at him by Dominik Dee, of Frankfort, as he leaped from the train while it was moving at about 35 miles an hour.

According to the story told troopers by Flalowski he was knocked unconscious after leaping from the train and laid beside the tracks for five hours. Later he made his way to Herkimer and boarded a bus for Coldbrook.

Flalowski is said also to have told the troopers that he had escaped from two prisons within the past two years and was wanted in this state and in Missouri as an escaped convict.

Flalowski's head was bruised and his clothing was torn. George Standfener, driver of the bus, had become suspicious of the man and asked James Kennedy, a passenger, to notify state police. Kennedy dropped from the bus without arousing suspicion and telephoned police, who pursued the bus in an automobile and took Flalowski off between Middleville and Newport.

Flalowski said he was sentenced from Buffalo in 1925 to ten years in Auburn for assault, but escaped August 18, 1927, with three other convicts. Later he was sentenced from St. Louis to ten years in the Missouri state prison, but escaped on December 14, 1928, after serving seven months. Coming East again to "see the world," he said, he wandered through the Eastern states and was in Schenectady, where he was drinking heavily before boarding the train.

## Veteran Saves War Time Buddy Who Rescued Him

New York.—Maybe they were just fighting that old war over again—Charles Fitzpatrick, American doughboy, and his buddy, Allen Smith—but "He saved my life in France!"

"That's what Allen told the judge in Essex Market court when he was asked to sign a complaint against Fitzpatrick charging him with felonious assault. There was a quiver in Allen's voice as he added, "I'll sign a complaint against Charley on no consideration!"

Allen, now fifty-five, was thinking back to the thunderous day in 1917 when the battlefields of France were red and muddy. He was lying wounded in a shell hole in No Man's Land. Charley came crawling through the mud and dragged him to safety.

Charley now is fifty-nine, and the two have been rooming together at 28 Greenock street.

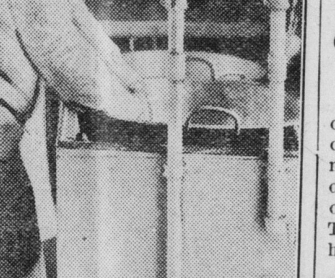
## DISHWASHING IS MADE MUCH EASIER

Sinks and Other Surfaces Should Fit the Worker.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The way one stands while washing dishes or doing any other household task has much to do with the way one feels after the job is done, and also with one's speed and efficiency in doing the work. Sinks and other working surfaces should therefore be installed at the best height for the worker so that a good posture may be maintained. By taking a home demonstration club of farm women to two different homes in their vicinity, a Massachusetts extension agent was able to show very effectively how great a difference it makes in posture and reduction of fatigue to have the sink properly placed at the right distance from the floor for the one who is to do the work.

Notice how low the sink is in the first picture. The dishwasher has to bend over most uncomfortably to reach the bottom of the dishpan. Although not inconvenient if it were raised, it has a counter at the left on which to place dishes, a draining rack, and good light from a window. The very modern sink in the other picture has been carefully located with reference to the worker's position. She can wash dishes while standing normally. Undoubtedly the gleaming white porcelain finish and swinging



Sink Too Low, Causing Bad Posture.

double faucet contribute to her satisfaction when she does her work, but her posture is the important thing. After getting her working surfaces placed at the right height any woman will find it interesting to see how much more efficiently she can do the dishwashing job if she times herself at it and then tries to beat her own record. Some of the helps to this end, are: Have soiled dishes scraped and compactly stacked before beginning. Have a clear space for running hot water. Have a clear space for putting washed dishes down for drying or draining.

## BETTER GROUPING OF KITCHEN EQUIPMENT



Rest Corner in a Large Kitchen.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The large old-fashioned kitchen had its merits in spite of the unnecessary distances often walked by the housekeeper in doing her work. Better grouping of the equipment into more compact work centers often eliminates most of this objection to the large kitchen, and its advantages as a spacious, warm, comfortable room for several family activities remain.

The modern bungalow, frequently with an extra dining room, frequently having a "breakfast nook" or "dining alcove." The large farm kitchen often provides for serving the everyday meals in one of its corners, reserving the formal dining room for special occasions. The kitchen is preferred not only because it is warmer and meals may be served more quickly, but because men coming in from out-of-doors jobs feel that their working garments are out of place at meals in more formal surroundings. Fuel, too, as well as time and effort, may be saved by keeping only the kitchen at maximum temperature.

Another corner of the farm kitchen is sometimes arranged so that the younger children can play under their mother's watchful eye while she attends to her housework. Shelves or cupboards are built for storing play-

## Little Journeys in Americana

By LESTER B. COLBY

### Lafadio Hearn—The Misfit

CHARLES B. HEARN was an Irishman in whose blood a strain of gypsy flowed. We meet him, briefly, in the 1840's. He is a surgeon-major in the British army. His regiment is stationed somewhere in the Mediterranean, Gypsy and Celtic blood, with an infusion of Latin, probably, for the French and Spanish have traded for centuries with Ireland. Hot blood when love surges.

Rosa Cerigote, a Greek girl of charm and beauty, catches the young surgeon-major's eye. He is in garrison, gayly uniformed and the wines are good. One night he carries her off, by main force, and carries her—cave man stuff.

Thus another chapter in Americana begins.

A son is born to them on the island of Lafadio in 1850. They name the child Lafadio Hearn. Years pass, the child grows. Dr. Charles B. Hearn returns to Ireland taking with him his wife Rosa and the boy. But soon after Lafadio is six years old the mother runs away. We do not see her again. The father also vanishes out of the picture.

Lafadio falls into the hands of wealthy relatives. They raise him in castle halls. He has fine raiment, money to spend, everything. Finally he is placed in a good Catholic school. They have great hopes for him. He is brilliant, brainy. Perhaps, some day, a priest.

Suddenly Lafadio turns rebellious. He storms at the laws the church lays down. He announces that he is not a Christian. He says he cannot believe the Bible. To the consternation of those who have showered their blessings upon him he walks out. He is gone.

In the flight of time Lafadio Hearn appears again. He is in Cincinnati, in America, down on the Ohio river. And he is in poverty. Lafadio, the misfit. He is somewhat mature now; a short, squat man, swarthy and with large bulbous eyes—like those of a telescope fish. One eye is blind and there are white blotches over it.

Lafadio Hearn, who has a gift for infinite detail, is proofreader on a Cincinnati newspaper. Dull stuff he reads. He can do better than that. So he begins to write.

When Lafadio Hearn writes, men stop instantly to read. Few writers have ever attained so quick and spectacular a success. His seems certain to rise to great heights. But suddenly—

Perhaps there is something primitive that stirs his blood. It seems that civilization and savagery are always at conflict within him. No sooner does his station appear assured than he, in one of his expeditions out of higher realms, meets a girl.

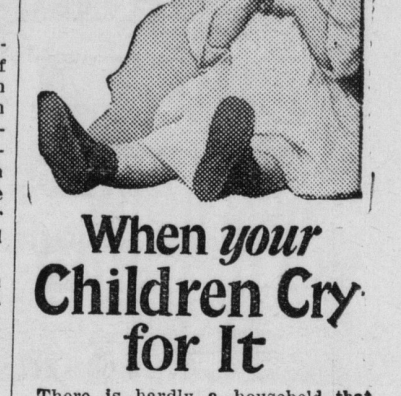
Octaroon she is, black blood in her veins. And this in Cincinnati, too. Lafadio Hearn announces that he will marry her. His position on the newspaper is gone. Hunger is soon with him. He travels down the river, to Memphis, and the girl whose skin is pastel shade, is left behind. And that is that.

The old Cordova bar, Gayoso street, these and other things; stone steps worn into holes ankle deep by innumerable feet. That was Memphis in those days. Then, in 1861, he is in New Orleans. He is broke and hungry, too. He gets a job on the item.

Soon a series of wonderful stories begins. They are intimate romances dealing with Creole, Spanish, French, and negro life. He becomes prolific. He starts to translate early European writers—Maupassant, Pierre Loti, Flaubert, Tolstoy, Zola, Coppée, Daudet, Baudelaire—many others. The man is clever, extremely so. The literary world applauds.

European literature skimmed of its cream, he turns to the Orient. Here he finds a field of entrancing color and amazing richness. Harper's sends him to Japan. He decides to stay there. He becomes teacher of English in the University of Tokyo. He marries a Japanese woman, Satsuko Kaizumi, and fathers two sons.

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