

# FLASH

## The Lead Dog

By George Marsh

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### CHAPTER XI—Continued

Cautiously, with as poised for a quick blow, he moved in on his shoes, measuring with his eyes the length of the chain on the snow when straightened by the leap of the trapped beast. But the carcass did not spring and thus open himself to the blow from the menacing ax. Instead, his smoldering red eyes followed the circling Brock, his body slowly pivoting to face his enemy.

Again Brock tried to lure the beast to leap to the end of the chain, within range of the poised ax, but with uncanny instinct the wolverine refused to spring.

Provoke at his failure, Brock turned to get his gun from the sled and, with the risk of injuring the pet, shoot the brute, when he had an idea.

"By golly I'll poke him into it with a stick!" he cried, with a doubtful look at the plunging Flash struggling to free himself from the rawhide which he, him to a neighboring tree. So, cutting and trimming a sapling, Brock again approached the fifty pounds of living dynamite, that watched him, head lowered, lips curled in a red snarl.

With a cough of rage the carcass crumpled the extended pole in his jaws, and with a twist of his head tore away a foot of the spruce stick.

"Mad, eh?" teased Brock, thrilled with the excitement of baiting the most savage denizen of the forest. "I'll make you jump yet!" And the boy fiercely prodded the hairy body.

With a scream the infuriated beast stiffened and sprang into the air. Dropping his pole, Brock leaped back beyond the radius of the chain. As he did, the taut chain jerked the wolverine to the snow. Stepping in, Brock swung the lifted ax, but again the beast left the snow, and ax and hairy met in mid air with a thud.

As the boy struck again, the carcass again leaped, tearing his hind foot free of the trap while the ax head buried itself deep in the snow. Springing back, Brock shielded his head with raised left arm as the maddened beast hurled himself upon him.

The shoulder and back of the skin capote were slashed like cloth, as the long skinning knife of the raging beast, again Brock thrust desperately under his upraised arm at the demon whose teeth gripped the back of the skin capote while razor-like claws ripped the hide to ribbons. Then, a great body catapulted into battling carcass and boy, hurling them to the snow.

Struggling to his knees, free of his enemy, with smeared knife blade aimed for a thrust, Brock stared at the battle in the snow beside him. In a blurred melee of slate-gray and brown, snarling their hate as they fought to the death, thrashed the husky and the wounded carcass. Hampered by the snapped traces, collar and belly-band of the harness though he was, the charging dog had found his mark as he leaped to the aid of his master. Straight to their goal the great canines of Flash had driven through the thick neck muscles of the wolverine. Desperately the beast, weakened from the knife thrusts, writhed and twisted to reach the husky with the flying dials of his claws. But the tusks of Flash, seeking the spine behind the skull, never lost their conquering grip as they knifed their way to their goal.

Neck clamped from the rear in the vise of the husky's tusks, his cruel paws snapping helplessly on air as he coughed his hate, the wolverine fought to reach his enemy with his feet, but as he squirmed to slice the great body, always with a wrench, Flash threw him and kept to the beast's back, thus avoiding the slash of the claws.

Then, as the excited Brock hung over the battle in the snow with poised knife, the rust-brown body suddenly ceased to writhe; the blood-slashed jaws gaped widely in a red grimace, the great forefeet, with their knives of claws reached out in a last quivering slash at the air.

The long fangs of the Ungava had wrenched through to their mark. The spine of the carcass was broken.

"Give it to him, Flash!" gasped Brock, suspicious, doubtful of what he saw. "Give it to him, boy!"

Lifting the head of the brute, his teeth still locked, Flash shook him with great wrenches of his iron neck. Satisfied, with a low rumble, he fiercely nuzzled his stiffening enemy. Then with the dead brute between his forefeet, Flash proudly lifted his slant eyes to the master.

"You killed him, boy!" cried Brock, proudly. "You broke his neck—a carcass's neck—and not a bad slash on you! You're a great horned owl, you're a wonder!"

Then, in the custom of his kind, the conquering dog raised his pean of vic-

tor over the body of his foe, in long drawn howls that waked the silent forest.

Throwing off his tattered coat, Brock examined his ripped duffle shirt and the scratches on arms and back.

"Flash!" he cried, "we're two lucky birds! That deer skin was so tough, I'm hardly more than scratched. I got him with that first stab—close to the heart—took the fire out of him, I guess." Brock leaned over and examined the thrusts in the body of the dead carcass.

"Yes," he added. "And one hind foot was ruined by the trap. If he had had a fair chance to get a purchase with his teeth in my shoulder, he would have slashed my old hide to pieces, boy."

Luckily for Brock the wolverine had hung on his shoulder and side barely an instant—the first snap of his jaws, owing to the thick skin coat, only breaking the skin, and his punishing claws hardly getting into action when the knife thrusts into his lungs and the charge of Flash shook him off. And it was fortunate for Flash he had not met an unwounded carcass. The neck hold he had got in his leap, had saved him from a ripped pelt.

Finding that neither he nor his dog were hurt beyond painful scratches, Brock donned his torn capote, and hurried back to the main camp to treat the slight wounds on shoulder and left arm, and get his duffle coat.

And so, through February, the boys labored on their trap-lines, unmolested by their enemies north of the big lake, while they added to the already rich catch of fur which might never see Hungry House.

Onabani-zissis, the Moon of the Crust on the Snow, was ten days old. Higher and higher, each day, swung the sun over the white wilderness of the Yellow-Leg headwaters. With fur



The First Hard Crust Would Find Them Headed North.

and surplus outfit securely hidden in the caches in the swamp, Gaspard and Brock waited for the usual break in the weather, when, for a time, the March sun would daily soften the snow surface and the following frosts, at night, form a crust which would bear the weight of men and dogs, making sledding a delight. With provisions for three weeks, cooking outfit and blankets, lashed in the tarpaulin wrapper, on the big sled, the first hard crust would find them headed north. Deep into the country the Crees were trapping for the red-bearded free-trader wintering on the lower Carcajou, they were going in search of news of the death of Pierre Lecroix. That there might be no return south over the March crust; that the Peterboro, slung from spruce, on wires, in October, to avoid the porcupines, might not, in May, run the roaring Yellow-Leg, bound home for Hungry House, the boys fully realized.

### Fish's Headstone

The purpose of the white stone-like objects found in the interior of the fish's head has not been very definitely determined, but most of the small boys who catch fish think these stones are lucky pieces and seek them for the mere purpose of pocket pieces. It is generally agreed that these stones are in some way connected with the fish's auditory faculties, but according to another theory they belong to the fish's static sense, a term referring to the complex process by means of which fishes are enabled to maintain equilibrium in water. The stones are almost entirely mineral compositions, being soluble in weak acetic acid. They show annular or periodic rings of growth, somewhat analogous to the annular rings of trees, and are frequently used to determine the age of fishes.

### Pioneer in Cataloguing

Thomas James, the first librarian of the Bodleian library, Oxford, where he held office from 1600 to 1620, was the pioneer of English librarians. He compiled the first complete printed catalogue of a public library arranged in one alphabetical order and was the precursor of the subject-cataloguer.

### Good Manners

All good manners have something theatrical in them; they are not natural; they are a performance and the best inspiration toward acquiring them is a fine desire to be agreeable to others.—American Magazine.

## TIRE MOTHER OF SIX KILLS BROOD AND SELF BY GAS

### Discouraged Woman Turns on All Jets in Apartment and Waits.

New York.—Mary Pasos celebrated the first anniversary of the birth of her youngest child, Alfreda, recently. Alfreda was sleeping, as were the other five children, when Mary tipped silently through the three bedrooms and a kitchen they called home, on the third floor of No. 493 West street, turning on the gas.

When every jet in the three rooms was open—and there were five—Mary returned to the kitchen. She flooded the oven in the range with gas, then opened the oven door. She pulled a chair up to the white enameled table and sat down.

Husband Works Nights. Jose, her husband, hadn't come home. He probably wouldn't be home for hours, maybe not at all that day. Sometimes he didn't come for several days. When he finished his night's work on the dock across wide West street, where he earned \$27.50 a week, he would go down to No. 359, where he helped his brother run a poolroom.

Mary was thirty-five. Fourteen years ago, when she was twenty-one and so much prettier than now, she had married Jose. A year later Celia came. Celia was thirteen now and such a help to her. In two years



She Was on the Floor.

there was Beatrice, and in two years more Joseph was born.

It was four years more before there was another addition to the Pasos family, but Fate was dealing to Mary off a cold deck. Felia and George were born on the same day. Then, only a year ago, there was Alfreda.

Mary sat at the white table and stared at nothing. In six months there would be another child. Seven—she would not go on. Neither would she leave her four girls to live the same life she had led. The boys—well, maybe the boys could fend for themselves—but no. How could she separate them? How could she take the girls and leave the boys behind?

Neighbor Smells Gas. About five hours later, at 11 o'clock, Mrs. Mary Murphy, who lives on the floor below, smelled gas. She found Patrolman Joseph McEvoy on the corner. They went down and got Joe at the poolroom. The three broke in. Mary had fallen off her feet under the table. In the bedroom next to the kitchen they found Alfreda and Felia in the same bed. The covers were pulled to one side and trailed from the bed. These were pulled back and Felia's twin brother was found doubled on the floor.

In the next room was another bed. Joseph and Beatrice and Celia were there, Beatrice and Celia with their arms entwined. All were dead.

"Poor girl," mourned Mrs. Murphy. "Six kids and another comin'—no wonder she got tired of life."

### Boy Crippled Ten Years Again Able to Walk

Fayetteville, Va.—After being bedfast for nearly ten years, a helpless cripple, Ashton Ellison, is again learning to walk in a children's hospital.

When he was six years old Ashton suffered an attack of arthritis, which left his legs useless and his arms the same way. He was taken to the hospital for treatment eight months ago. After several operations had been performed and a system of braces devised for him, the boy now is able to walk with the aid of crutches. He also has the use of his arms, which are undeveloped.

### Novel Idea

New York.—A theory that artificial fireflies as big as peacocks will provide immortal light for man comes from Prof. Newton Harvey of Princeton university, who has made a long study of animals endowed with luminescence.

### Girls in Holdup

Brady, Texas.—Three girls, led by a youth, held up a bank here, taking \$5,000 in currency and making their escape.

## Cop Goes to Cell in Girl's Place

Pittsburgh.—Patrolman Fuhart Saba wasn't quite clear as to just what law was being violated when a young girl resisted his wooing, but he was sure it either was against "the law or ought to have been." So when Miss Katherine Certich rebuffed him after the two returned from an automobile trip he arrested her.

He took her to the North Side police station and then encountered an obstacle. Saba never had heard of the crime "jose unjuste" and wasn't sure if it was in the statute books, even if he had heard of it. He took his problem to Captain Block in order to find out with just what crime the girl should be charged. Captain Block listened to the patrolman, he listened to the girl and then he ordered the cop locked up. Saba was fined \$10.

## "RED" CAGLE FINDS HE'S ONLY CADET

Football Star Must Pay for Breaking Rules.

West Point, N. Y.—Back of the grim gray quadrangle in West Point Christian K. ("Red") Cagle, the army's great all-American halfback and the cadet corps' hero, must do a dreary penance with the nimble feet that won him fame. Every Wednesday and Saturday he must march, strictly at attention, until he has hammered out his penalty on the hard gravel for 22 hours.

He does it on his own time and he does not complain, although it bars him from track competition this year. All his extra and precious minutes must be spent marching up and down a 100-yard stretch of gravel, because he broke the inflexible regulations of West Point.

The captain of next fall's Army football team owes his dilemma to missing a foot at Hoboken. He was supposed to catch it. It was a breach of discipline. In the eyes of the West Point faculty, there is no "Red" Cagle, meteoric football star. There is only Cadet Cagle, second classman, Second battalion.

As he strides, hour after hour, executing a snappy "to the rear march!" at each end of the 100-yard stretch, his bearing is a little proud, for he is proving that he is fit to be an officer and a gentleman, as he will become by act of congress. He is graduated. He is proving that a potential officer of the United States army can accept harsh discipline as unflinchingly, as later he may pass it out.

"Red's" offense was comparatively trivial, if any offense can be so regarded in West Point. Cagle came to New York city recently with a party of cadets on an educational trip.

This particular mission was a visit to the Museum of Natural History. The cadets on the party were dismissed late in the afternoon. They were granted their freedom until 11:45 p. m., when they were to board the 11:45 p. m. Weehawken ferry for transport to Jersey in time to catch the midnight train for West Point.

What the dashing football star did with his liberty is not known. But it seems that he left himself too little time to reach the ferry.

## Refused Divorce, Man Kills Sweetheart, Self

Columbus, Ohio.—E. E. Welsh chose death for himself and his young sweetheart rather than continue the four-year illicit love affair which he believed never would be legalized.

Welsh's body and that of his stenographer sweetheart, Eleanor Porter, were found in his motor car near New Albany.

On her finger—the engagement finger—was a cameo ring he had given her. In another box in his pocket was a gold wedding band, which he could not legally give to the girl because he already was married and his wife refused to divorce him.

Welsh, forty-three, was auditor and secretary of the Gwin Milling company. He had a fifteen-year-old daughter and up to four years ago the family had appeared happy.

Several months ago Welsh and his wife separated.

A farmer discovered the two bodies in Welsh's motor car. Coroner Joseph Murphy said there was no question that Welsh had killed the girl and then committed suicide.

## Bandit Kills Victim; Car Driven by Woman

Chicago.—A bandit with a blond woman chauffeur stepped out of a sedan on the South side and aimed a sawed-off shotgun at Harry Winters and Arthur Leland as they drew up in another car with a payroll for the H. E. Robinson Roofing company.

Winters made a move as though to resist and the bandit killed him. He then took \$780 away from Leland and re-entered the sedan, which sped away.

## May Try Plane Next

Bournemouth, England.—Mrs. Julia Hames, a grandmother, has celebrated her nineteenth birthday anniversary by learning to drive an automobile. She learned to ride a bicycle when she was sixty-two.

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Some men seem to have a corner on brains. They are asked to boss everything.

When a fool doesn't act it, some of us never do have.

## Birds Hamper Flight of Australian Plane

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the noted Australian explorer, upon his arrival in Chile from his base at Devonport Island stated that he had met with an unexpected menace in flying in the Antarctic. "The plane on numerous occasions," the explorer said, "was hampered by immense flocks of birds which flew into the path of the machine in such numbers that hundreds were killed by the propeller. Luckily, however, the plane was not damaged."

Wilkins established the existence of more than 1,000 miles of coast line in the region situated to the west of Weddel sea. During one of his aerial trips of 3,000 miles he was unable to find a successful landing place and therefore failed to make interesting discoveries which might have been of great geographical importance. He did succeed in discovering, however, that Graham land, which figures on all maps as part of the Antarctic continent, is merely a series of islands separated by a strait from the mainland. —Pathfinder Magazine.

## Fight Flu With Fog

Flu sufferers may now walk into a Pimlico (London) clinic and for a few pence leave the building, quite recovered.

A "sprinkler" is the latest remedial device. It generates a "fog," a pleasant, fragrant, smoke-cloud which is said to be anything but pleasant to influenza germs.

Twenty-five "sniffers" can be treated at one sitting in the "fog" chamber, but if you want to sniff in private you can have a cubicle all to yourself for two shillings or half-a-crown. Pine scents are sprayed into the room to make the "fog" extra pleasant.

Everybody on the staff of the clinic—doctors, nurses, and clerical assistants—sniff the "fog" two or three times a week to keep the enemy at bay.

## A Free Man

"The prince of Wales wears exactly what he likes," says a newspaper.

That isn't so much because he's a prince, it's mainly because he's a bachelor.

## Guidance From the Past

Fortune Teller—You wish to know something about your future husband? Lady—No! I want to know something of my husband's past in regard to the future.

## Her Hopechest

Craig—What's that old refrigerator doing in your daughter's room? Holt—She's in love with the iceman, and calls it her hopechest.

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