

FLASH

The Lead Dog

By
George Marsh

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

As the galloping dog team swung through the gloom down to the river trail, the flames of the burning schooner turned near 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 t'ink dat M'sien' Macbeth ees ver' sad dis night dat he try to run two little boy out of de Yellow-Leg country."

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

"He not starve; he has bees cache," added Pierre, "but se 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.

Ambushed 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 Lecroix glanced proudly at the boy who stood by the fire with misted eyes.

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It was Mar, 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 musk 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 huskies sprawled 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, the aboriginal 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 o 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 the Yellow-Leg headwaters when a black head thrust through the trade-house door.

"Cano' 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 paddle, I t'ink," answered the halfbreed.

"It's the Peterboro?"

"Ah-hah! Eet ees no bark cano'."

Mrs. McCain joined the little group of men, women and children on 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's 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. "Ta 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. "Brockie! Brockie!" 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 gasped in amazement. "Antoine, look! Raised from the dead! Well—I'll be—Hello! Pierre! Pierre Lecroix!" 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 lands of Frenchman and factor met in a long gulp. "Man, I'm glad to see you! We had given you up!"

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

"Tru de long snows, dese boys here were bunted 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 mou't of de Carcajon, 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 Lecroix, choking with emotion, then finished:

"Dese boy here, Brock and Gaspard, do dese t'ings!"

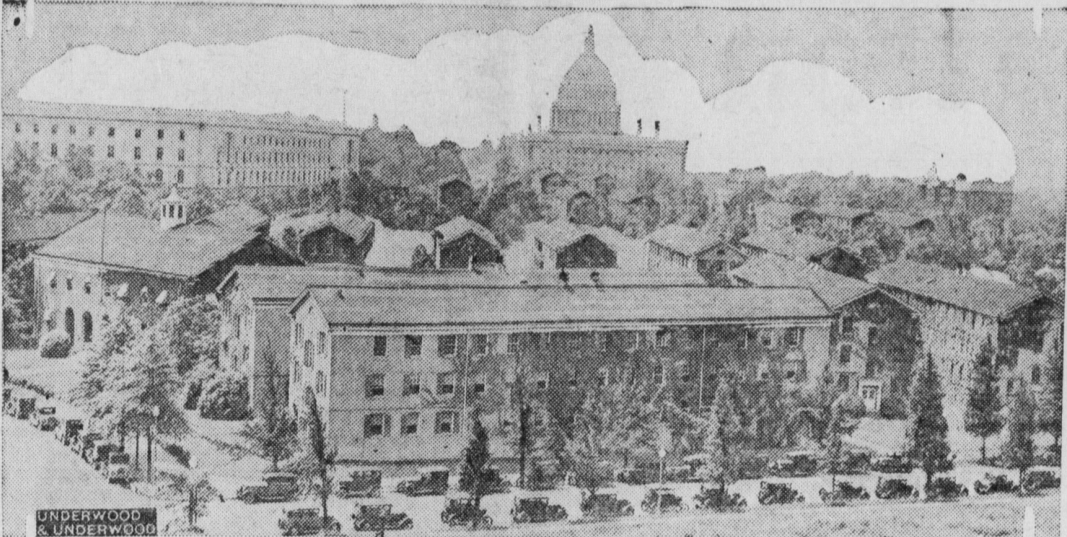
With a cheer from the crowd, the returned voyagers were led to the post clearing where the red emblem of the great company, blazoned with the white letters H. B. C. was hoisted. Then as Brock and Gaspard stood grinning at the honor about to be conferred, from the foot of the flag pole crashed a volley 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" black eyes snapped as he gave Brock his answer: "Do de bird come back in de spring?"

[THE END.]

More War Time Horrors to Be Razed



Another Washington "hang over" from the hectic days of 1918, the so-called Government Hotel, built in the Union Station plaza to house temporary war workers, is soon to be razed. The buildings are of frame and stucco construction and have been called an eye sore for years.

Watermelon Time Comes to the North



Four little negro pupils of a Chicago public school pooled resources and got a watermelon from a peddler. Then the photographer came along. How much they like watermelon is nobody's business, but actions speak louder than words.

NEANDERTHAL MAN



The Neanderthal man, who roamed the earth about 50,000 years ago, has been reproduced in lifelike figures in a setting like that in which he lived, at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. The picture shows the head of the family.

Premier Duke Assumes His Titles



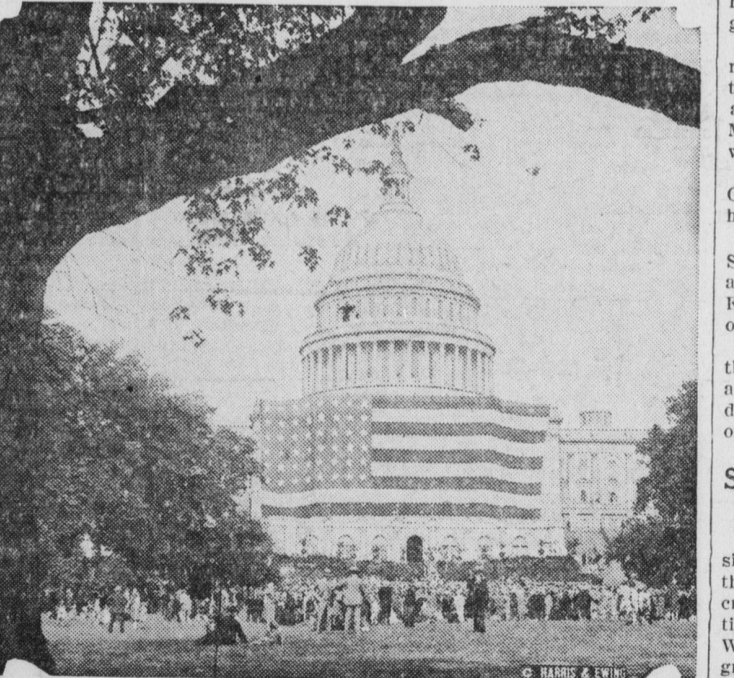
The duke of Norfolk, England's premier duke, being greeted by well wishers as he left the church of St. Philip Henri, Arundel, after attending services on his twenty-first birthday. Becoming of age, the youthful peer assumed his estates and titles.

DAWES' SECRETARY



Henry Dawes, twenty-three years old, a year out of college, has been chosen to be secretary to his uncle, Gen. Charles G. Dawes, United States ambassador to the Court of St. James in London. Young Dawes' home is at Columbus, Ohio.

Largest Old Glory on the Capitol



View of the largest American flag in the world as it was displayed across the front of the United States Capitol where flag exercises were conducted by the United States Flag association. The flag is 160 feet long and 90 feet wide. It was sent to Washington from Detroit.

VOODOO DOCTOR SLAIN BY MAN HE DENIED AID

Killer Confesses, Tells How Victim Refused to "Charm" Wife.

Birmingham, Ala.—Voodooism and witch-burning is still practiced among some negroes of South Alabama, it has just come to light by a case being reported from near Camden, Ala.

It was near midnight in a little negro settlement eighteen miles east of Camden. Brush was piled against the rude cabin of Manse Hunter, an aged negro, and the brush set on fire. As the flames commenced to shoot skyward old Manse, badly burned, fled from the cabin. Some one, concealed in the darkness, shot the old negro dead as he ran.

For several days the crime was a mystery. Then Will Cook, a neighboring negro, now held in the Wilcox county jail, confessed. He related a most weird tale of negro softery, jealousy and vengeance.

Manse was a conjurer. A voodoo doctor.

Cook was a believer. Since years ago, Manse had gone somewhere to learn black art and had returned with a "diploma," a tallman of metal resembling a watch in size and shape. Cook had seen the power of Manse's charms.

Belief Is Firm.

Cook's belief was unshattered. Manse could do anything. He had opportunity to know, for since 1924 he had hired Manse to keep for him the love of his wife, Eula, whom he suspected of going with another negro, Gene Davenport.

Frequently, almost daily, Cook saw Manse. He became intimate with him, reading to him and watching him at his work.

"He could kill anybody he wanted to; he could run mules crazy; and he could make any white man or



Cook Shot Him Dead.

negro mistreat his own family and love some other woman," Cook said in his confession.

And Eula, Cook thought, was faithful to him only through Manse's influence.

Recently Manse's charms failed. Cook's wife was again going with Davenport. But Cook went to Manse again. His wife had run away.

But Cook's faith in Manse remained. He begged, he pleaded that Manse bring his wife back to him. But Manse refused.

In an extremity of despair Cook accused Manse of double-crossing him—of working for Davenport instead of against him.

And Manse admitted it was true.

Decides to Kill.

For a few days Cook brooded. Then he decided he would kill.

But Davenport or Manse? Should he kill the man to whom Eula had gone? Or the conjurer?

Then he decided to strike at the root of the evil. He took his gun although he had planned to burn Manse alive—and, walking seven miles to Manse's cabin, built a pyre of brushwood about it.

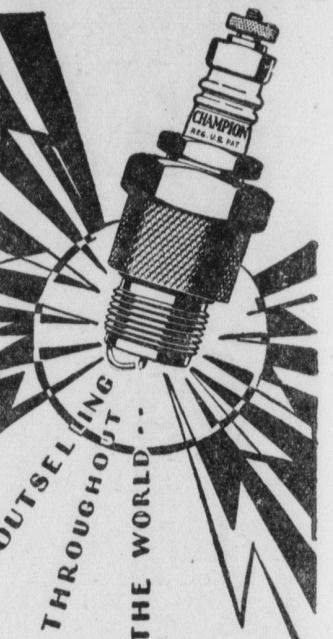
When Manse escaped the flames Cook shot him dead. Then Cook went home and to bed.

Cook's conscience is clear, he told Sheriff F. P. Taitt of Wilcox county, and Deputy Fire Marshall George N. King of Camden, in his confession of the crime to them.

Manse was a power and he used this strange power for good or evil, and in killing him Cook says he has done a great service to the people of that section of the state.

Seattle Retains Ban Against Firecrackers

Seattle, Wash.—In the face of opposition by cities of the Pacific coast, this city will not lift the ban on firecrackers for Fourth of July celebration. Numerous communities in the West have repealed the law on the ground that the firing of gunpowder aids in building up a respect for patriotism. To prevent unnecessary flame and the physical danger to children officials here will not permit the sale or use of firecrackers in any form this year.



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Findes Navarre Tombs

After a long search, Canon Dubarrat, an archeologist, has found the lost tombs of the kings of Navarre in the ancient cathedral of Lescaur, a village in the Pyrenees. The oldest part of the cathedral was built in the Twelfth century. In 1550 the roof collapsed, and in course of time, the location of the tombs was lost. The cathedral is to be restored.

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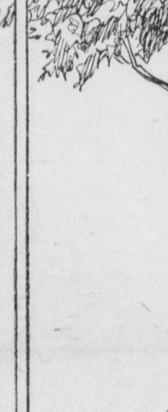
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