

By L. P. HOLMES

THIRD INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Ellen Mackay, on her way from school at Winnepeg, to join her father at Fort Edson, misses the boat by which she was to travel. Hearing that another boat is to start north in the morning, Ellen goes to the owner, John Benham, and begs him to give her a passage. To her surprise he flatly refuses. Angry and puzzled, Ellen tells Pat McClatchney, a kindly old storekeeper of her difficulty, and Pat with the help of one of Benham's crew, succeeds in getting Ellen on board as a stowaway.

When the vessel is well under way Ellen emerges from her hiding place and faces John Benham, who now cannot help taking her with him. During the voyage Ellen begins to be strongly attracted by John. But when she reaches Fort Edson she finds her father broken, ill and disgraced, and learns that his troubles are due to one man—John Benham.

"I have thought of little else since learning about it," she said wearily. "I refuse to give up without a battle, but it seems almost beyond hope to think of averting it."

Deteroux's cold eyes gleamed in open admiration. "You are very courageous, mam-selle. And Bernard Deteroux will be most happy to help you in any way possible. Now, because I have been much thru all this country and you have but lately come back to it, it may be that I can give you information of many kinds should you desire it. Ask me what you will. I promise that your confidence will not be abused."

Ellen looked at him seriously for a moment. She sensed breeding behind Deteroux somewhere. The man did not talk like the usual run of river-men. His brain was plainly alert, his tongue fluent.

"Very well," said Ellen presently. "In a case of this sort it is well to know one's enemies in their true light. My father feels that John Benham the free trader, is to blame for all his woes. Is it possible that one man can come into this district and in three years upset the reputation of an old, established post like Fort Edson?"

unconscious, yet none the less honest. "Is this also something you know but cannot prove?" she asked, and her manner was cold. Deteroux looked at her with inscrutable eyes. "Does it matter?" he asked answering question with question. Ellen felt the hot blood rushing thru her cheeks. Shame gripped her. Why had she flared so quickly in defense of a man towards whom all things pointed as being the cause of her father's misfortune; a man who stooped to that most dastardly of all tricks, bestialising and robbing the Indians thru the medium of forbidden whiskey.

"I wish merely to be fair," she stammered. "You are admirable, mam-selle. You would be a gallant enemy in any battle. But this thing I know—and if necessary—can furnish proof."

Ellen was silent for a long time. She knew Deteroux was watching her closely. Grudgingly she gave in. "You must be right, Mr. Deteroux. There is no other way in which he could have stolen that trade from us in so short a time."

"You reason correctly, mam-selle," said Deteroux, and it seemed as though there was an unconscious note of triumph in his voice. "I hope you will not think me now as just a gabbling old woman, but one who sincerely wishes to help your father and you. Facts, the unpleasant, are best faced squarely and uncompromisingly. And if at any time I can be of further help to you, you have but to command."

"Thank you. You have already shown me a way out of my dilemma."

"May I presume to ask what that is?" "Of course. It is to furnish proof to the law that John Benham is trading whiskey to the tribes. He will then be removed quickly and for good."

secret of John Benham's exploitation of the Fort Edson territory was plain. Her mode of attack was simple and direct. Proof of his trickery to offer to the law. And she must act now, while the trading season was at its height. Immediately a load seemed shifted from her mind. She could think clearly at last, for ahead lay action. True, there was some strange crushing weight in her breast which made her curiously cold and unfeeling. The John Benham she had known had seemed so clean and fine, yet she was now possessor of knowledge which made him that meanest and lowest of all mortals; a man who traded upon the weakness of the ignorant and primitive. And he was a half-breed!

Feverishly she began her preparations. Her father objected strenuously to what she had in mind, but she overrode his objections with firm determination. And that evening when the hush of the short night settled down over river and forest, Ellen Mackay was crouched in the bow of a slender birch-bark canoe, her face turned towards the north. In the center of the canoe was a heap of baggage. In the rear was wrinkled, hunched old Moosac, wielding a dripping paddle.

Lightly the canoe slipped away into the darkness. The dim lights of Fort Edson paled and faded from view. Twelve days after leaving Fort Edson, Ellen found her first evidence of John Benham's nefarious trading activities. She came upon a small camp of Laird Indians, and saw there the influence of "firewater" in all its hellishness. Less than a dozen families made up the camp. Their poverty was heart-rending. The bucks were bleary-eyed and besotted, sullen and stupid. Gaunt, stony-faced squaws stared at Ellen as she picked her way thru the filthy jumble of the camp. It was the plight of the children, of apathetic, half-starved papooses which particularly tore at Ellen's heartstrings. Unable to understand the brutishness of the elders, the look in their little eyes begging mutely for food and still more food, their plight was pitiful in the extreme. And if they were starving now, in the midst of spring and plenty, what would their future be when the cold, merciless hand of winter shut down again?

A quick survey and a question or two, to which she received hardly more than a grunt in answer, showed Ellen that their winter's catch of furs were gone. These furs had gone to purchase "firewater," when they should have been used to trade for food and blankets, clothes, ammunition, and other supplies to carry the camp thru another winter. There was nothing Ellen could do. She left presently, with the whole tawdry picture etched upon her brain beyond all forgetting. There was no mistaking this evidence. It lay all about the camp in the form of dozens of empty whiskey bottles. Ellen travelled ceaselessly. Bending her strong young body to the task of padding, she drove Moosac to his labors until the old Chippewyan was lunched with weariness. She found camps of Yellowknives and Dogribs, of Rae and Simpson and Hay River Indians in which conditions approximated to those of that first camp. Everywhere lay the evidence of the white man's murderous greed and the Indian's stupid weakness. She shivered whenever she thought of what would happen when winter shut down again. Everywhere she looked, instead of seeing the rioting splendor of the spring, the dread spectre of famine and wholesale death seemed to loom. It was there before her eyes as she dropped to sleep at night, and was still with her when she awakened at dawn.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The farm population of the United States on Jan. 1, 1940 was 32,246,000, the largest in 24 years. It was close to the 1916 all-time high record of 32,530,000. Low-producing hens lay most of their eggs in the spring and do not add much to the fall production. To keep costs down, frequent culling should be done the remainder of the summer.

Romans Loved Cinnamon; Used It in Their Balms

The strong fragrance of cinnamon greeting our nostrils, gives us pleasure even before we eat the food that it flavors. The human nose has always responded to this odor and the ancient Romans held it in particular esteem. They used it liberally in their ointments and balms as well as in their cooking, and as the ultimate mark of their appreciation of this spice they set it apart as the incense for sacrificial and ceremonial fires. When a god was to be appeased, or the shade of a departed spirit was to be honored, it was the perfume of cinnamon wafted heavenward upon uprising clouds of smoke that carried the message. No Roman doubted that an odor so pleasing to man could fail to placate the Olympian deities. The Roman media of atonement was not buns but bonfires, and their theory was that the more cinnamon consumed, the greater the incense and therefore the greater the pleasure of the deity or the spirit who was being honored.

Robert Cavalier de la Salle On March 19, 1687, near the Trinity river, Texas, Robert Cavalier de la Salle was murdered by mutinous followers. He had attempted to start a French settlement near Matagorda bay, which he had mistaken for the mouth of the Mississippi, discovered by him in 1682. Disaster after disaster, now culminating in his death, had attended the enterprise. Yet the credit due his former exploit remains undimmed: he had traced the length of a continent's greatest inland waterway, later to become an all-important factor in the development of American travel and communication. Of him the historian Parkman writes: "America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

Four-H Club members are being offered an opportunity to take part in a farm youth tour to the New York World's Fair, Aug. 16, 17 and 18. Lower costs are extended to them. The food stamp plan for distributing surplus agricultural commodities has been extended to Utica, Nassau county, and the borough of Brooklyn. Other cities where the plan operates are Rochester and Yonkers.

Hoss Swappers' Extravaganza

To you who have sighed and sobbed over the fate of Black Beauty or followed the meteoric career of Maude S. down to the ardent admirers of Man of War and his grand achievements in a more recent era, and to every one who loves the thrill of such names as Silver King, Toney and Heigh-O Silver, the saga of the 20-mule team of pioneer days and the myriad other of history's famous animals, Almond has become a Mecca of the Faithful. Started a few years ago by an enthusiastic old horse swapper, George Kame of Almond, George has seen his first unknown and unheralded efforts to revive interest in an age old custom (almost as old as the faithful servitude of the equine to man) develop into an event of first magnitude in the minds of horse lovers and horse dealers thruout the Atlantic States and as far west as Iowa. Just as the first efforts to revive interest in horse trading involved many old, decrepit and worn-out specimens of horse flesh, when dealers were much fewer and the numbers smaller, so now as the interest has grown and the number of animals exchanged each year becomes greater, so too has the quality of horses improved and many splendid animals changed hands at last year's event. Last year according to the County traffic authorities, the number who attended the convention was between eight and ten thousand. Horses, mules and ponies were brought in by the truck load from hundreds of miles distant. This year several new features, such as pulling contests, mule races, pony ride and jumping contests will be arranged as soon as the committee in charge can complete their work. One horse fancier, Harry Hennessy from Florida has already made his reservation and several others from nearby points have written to renew their reservations for last year. Prizes will go to the largest animal as well as to the tiniest pony. A reward will also go to the dealer who comes the greatest distance, bringing a group of horses and the most beautiful animal will also get recognition. The most unique horse and carriage will rate a prize. A parade of the animals will take place on one of the convention days and

to the best rider on the most beautiful animal will go the grand prize. Ample parking space will be provided, picnic parties will be welcome and refreshment booths will do their utmost to take care of the hungry. If you have a soft spot in your heart for horses and if you use them for business or pleasure you will get a real kick out of the affair, not to mention watching the old-time "hoss swappers" who will be so engrossed in outswapping that, like David Harum, they will not sense there is an audience. The dates of August 12th to 17th inclusive for the annual Horse Traders' Convention.

AROUND OUR HOUSE

WAYS TO PREPARE LIVER Liver is a nourishing and economical meat. Beef, calf, lamb and hog livers vary in price, but all can be prepared in savory ways and have a delicate flavor if properly prepared. Lamb and hog livers should always be scalded before cooking. Here are a few suggestions from the New York State College of Home Economics for serving liver: Liver and Bacon Pan-fry the bacon slowly, turning it frequently. As soon as it is done, drain oil paper, and keep it warm. Sprinkle the pieces of liver with salt and pepper, dip them in flour, and cook them in the bacon fat at a moderate heat until the liver is slightly browned. Serve it surrounded by the crisp bacon on a hot platter. Liver and Rice Loaf Wash one cup of rice and cook until it is tender in one quart (or more if necessary) of boiling salted water. Do not drain, but let the rice absorb the water so as to form a sticky mass. Use about one pound of liver-cooked liver, or sliced liver fried just long enough to brown the pieces on both sides. Grind the liver or chop it fine; slice an onion, chop several sprigs of parsley, and 3 or 4 stalks of celery and cook them together for a few minutes in the drippings. Mix the rice, liver and seasonings with salt and pepper to taste; if desired, add canned tomatoes, catsup, or chili sauce. Bake the mixture in a greased shallow pan in a moderately hot oven (375 to 400 degrees F.) from 45 minutes to one hour. Cooked oatmeal or mashed potatoes may be used instead of rice.

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South Hill

(Mrs. Earl Schoonover, Rep.) July 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Clark were business callers over, Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schoonover daughter Dorothea, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Schoonover at Woodhull. Mrs. Jerome Schoonover home with them to pass a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Evered family, Mr. and Mrs. Evered and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick and family, Mr. Wm. Joyce and family and Mrs. Anthony Dougherty all enjoyed a get-together picnic lunch at Loon Lake Sunday. Miss Dorothea Schoonover Monday night with her sister Howard Barney of Fulmer. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent L. Wellsville called on Miss Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Seaton and son Gerald, sister Mrs. Behl and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Schoonover attended one of their cousin, Mrs. Crisman at Derrick City, Pa. day afternoon. Lewis Dean, Miss Elnora Mary Dean spent Tuesday in the village. Mrs. Earl Schoonover and Mrs. Dorothea, accompanied Mrs. Jerome Schoonover home in Woodhull, Wednesday afternoon. Miss Elnora Dean, Mr. Dean and Mrs. Helen Dean day evening callers at the Leary home in Andover. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Seaton were business callers in Monday evening.

West Greenw...

(Mrs. Dan Mullen, Rep.) July 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Davis and family of Andover Friday evening with Mr. Arthur Terbury. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley R. sons of Danville and Mr. Frank Radcliff of Revlon Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Len and family. Beverly Terbury is passing time with her sister, Mrs. Foster and family of Canaan. Mrs. Fred Brewster and daughter, passing two weeks with her brother, Henry Hall relatives in New Jersey. The West Greenwoods played with Troupsburg field Sunday with a score in favor of West Greenw. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Belvidere spent Friday with Mrs. Dan Mullen and family. Mr. and Mrs. Olie E. near Jasper on business.

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