

Ellen Gets Her Man

By L. P. HOLMES

FINAL 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.

Instantly, Ellen resolves that she will fight for her father. She will reinstate him with the Hudson Bay Company, his employers, and will show up John Benham for what he really is.

From Bernard Deteroux, an employee of the company, who professes friendship for her father, Ellen hears that Benham supplies whiskey to the Indians. She sets out on a long and tedious journey to obtain proof of this, returns thinking she has got it, and gives information to the authorities.

Trooper Whitlow, of the Mounted Police, asks her to go with him to find Benham and confront him with her proof of his villainy. It develops that Benham is innocent, and the liquor is being supplied by Deteroux.

They had talked together then and Ellen had been startled by Benham's appreciation of the beauties of the north country. Most of the men she knew were rough, hardened by the rigorous life. There had been something almost poetic in John Benham's understanding. In some intangible way it seemed that a bond of friendship, of common understanding between them was born there at that moment. Now Ellen knew that it was love.

For a long time Ellen had stood there, across the dying campfire flames, staring at this strange, still, elemental man. Her mind seethed with truant thoughts, and words she dare not speak lay close to her lips. Then one of the sleeping Indians had stirred, breaking the spell. She had moved away.

"Good-night," she had called softly. "Good night—John Benham." She shivered a little now at the memory. The great disappointment at the later turn of events filled her heart almost to the bursting point. Here was her mate—the man she loved—and she had so little faith and understanding that she had believed all the false reports and lying stories about him. She had insisted on calling the Northwest Mounted Police and demanding Benham's arrest. To be sure, later events had cleared him of suspicion and trapped the real culprit, but she could well understand why Benham should hate her and refuse to listen to her apologies.

Time passed and she was unconscious of it. She merely sat and looked out towards a future which seemed very drab and very grey and very empty. At length she heard voices approaching. She rose and stepped ashore, her face stony and expressionless.

Whitlow was there with his prisoner. In the background was Moosac and John Benham, with a number of the tribe slinking furtively beyond.

"I'm sorry, Miss Mackay," Whitlow was saying. "But you and Moosac will have to return to the Fort in another canoe. I cannot chance your safety by carrying you with me and my prisoner. Deteroux is desperate."

Ellen nodded briefly. "Just as you say, trooper," she answered. Whitlow stepped up to Deteroux, a tiny key in his hands. "Let's see those cuffs, Deteroux," he said briefly. "I'll see that you earn your passage with a paddle. And make no mistake about it. I'll shoot you dead if you try any tricks."

Deteroux shrugged again and held out his hands. The cuffs fell away. The next moment Deteroux exploded into movement. One terrific back-hand blow swept Whitlow to the ground, half unconscious. With

a sweep that rivaled the speed of a diving fish-hawk Deteroux was upon him. The next second he was erect again, and in his hand was Whitlow's revolver.

"Back!" he snarled. Whirling, he thrust the canoe out into the lake with a tremendous shove, and by a flying leap settled in the stern of it. Then he caught up a paddle and sent the frail craft foaming away.

The paralyzed group behind him broke into feverish action. Benham raced away up to the shore to where other canoes were beached, but already, running like a deer, old Moosac was leading him. Whitlow lurched to his feet and shouted for a rifle.

"John!" cried Ellen, despairingly. "John Benham. He'll kill you!" Benham did not hear her. Long before she could reach him he was afloat and hurling all his splendid strength against a paddle. His canoe drove out into the lake with surging eagerness.

But before him was still another of the birch-bark crafts. In the stern of it was a hunched brown figure, with wrinkled, seamed face twisted in a mask of savage hatred. Old Moosac was launched upon some strange trail of retribution.

With perceptible speed he drew away from Benham, and closed in on the fleeing Deteroux. His ancient cunning was stronger than their great strength.

Deteroux leaned on his paddle, and the power he bent into his stroke snapped the overstrained maple, short in his hands. Snarling he whirled, whipping up the gun.

In the same second the canoes struck, and Moosac lunged out in a great sprawling leap. A moment his spread-eagled body hung clear in the air, and Ellen saw, in the upraised right arm, a length of glittering steel.

Straight into the center of that flying body Deteroux flung a bullet. But Moosac's desperate lunge carried him thru to his goal. Ellen saw him crash down upon Deteroux, and saw the glittering knife rise and fall—rise and fall. And when it fell the third time it no longer gleamed in the sun. Then both men toppled into the water.

There was a sudden whirl of foam—a hand appeared—once. In it a knife still gleamed. Then it slid slowly from sight. At this moment the straining Benham drove his canoe surging over the spot. His right arm shot down into the water to the shoulder and gripped something that struggled weakly.

Slowly Benham straightened and dragged the limp figure of Moosac over the side of his canoe. His glance seemed to probe the placid depths of the lake again for a moment, then with a gesture of resignation, he spun the canoe about and drove it back towards the shore.

Moosac was still breathing when they lifted him gently out, but it was plain that life was ebbing swiftly. He was shot thru the center of the body.

White-faced, and murmuring with pity, Ellen cradled the old Indian's head in her lap, and with gentle fingers smoothed back his thin, black, dripping locks.

"Moosac," she murmured brokenly. "Oh, Moosac—how can I face Gitchie now? What can I tell her?" Moosac stirred. His eyes opened. Strangely enough, he had heard Ellen's words.

"You may tell her our honor is clean, now, little gentle-heart. You may tell her our own Fawn Eyes, who has long been in the arms of the Great Spirit, is smiling again, for, the Moosac was old, his hand was cunning and his arm strong.

"Many, many summers ago it was when Fawn Eyes danced and sang thru all the seasons. She was young and joyous. Her sweetness and beauty was that of the wood violet. Then Deteroux came.

"He, too, was young, and good to look upon. Yet even then the man was evil and his tongue was forked. And so there came a day when Fawn Eyes crept home to us. Her spirit was gone and her shame like some terrible disease. And one dark night her spirit went away to the Great Master.

"Long—long has Moosac waited. But today the trail ended, and at its ending Moosac's arm was strong and his aim was true. And Fawn Eyes is smiling."

Moosac's eyes closed again and, gradually, the harsh, savage set of his features softened into a look of peace. Tears blinded Ellen's eyes and trickled down her cheeks. They

fell moist upon Moosac's wrinkled forehead.

Ellen felt a hand upon her shoulder, powerful—yet gentle. She looked up. John Benham was bending over her. "He was a very brave man, Miss Mackay," Benham murmured. "And he shall have a brave man's grace."

They buried Moosac when the purple gloom of the forest was massing in the shadows. Then began the furry of departure. Tepees were stripped of covering, implements of the hunt, and trapping industry were gathered. Bales of furs unheated.

Ellen sought John Benham. She found him at the lake edge—alone. A single Peterborough canoe rested on the sands. Ellen's pulse leaped, and she looked at the silent Benham shyly.

Presently Benham cleared his throat. "I owe you an apology, Miss Mackay," he said, a trifle awkwardly. "I'm afraid I've acted pretty boorishly. But Whitlow told me of the source from which you and your father had received certain—certain misinformation."

But Ellen shook her head. "No," she exclaimed. "You owe me nothing. It is the other way round. I was the offender. There are some things in life that simply cannot be. That was one of them, and I should have had sense enough to know it, despite what was told me. I would like you to know, John Benham, that I am bitterly sorry for my unjust words and thoughts. And it is I who apologize fully."

Suddenly she smiled, a gentle, child-like smile. Benham smiled back at her, his eyes warm and glowing. Ellen laid her hand in his, while her heart fluttered and her breath came fast. Benham's clasp tightened with spasmodic intensity and he held her hand imprisoned.

"He laughed low, triumphant. "Ellen," he muttered huskily. "Ellen."

Her hands stole upward until her fingertips were caressing his swollen eyes. "I'm sure your poor eyes would be quickly well again if you would let me kiss them, dear," she said softly.

The next moment she was gasping and writhing with exquisite pain, for Benham's arms were crushing her to him, vibrant withes of steel.

At last the man and woman stirred and stood slightly apart, their eyes locked in strange glory.

The lonesome trail was over. (THE END)

His Difficulty
"My advice to you, Colonel, is to go thru the movements of driving without using the ball," said the golf instructor.

"My dear fellow," answered the Colonel, "that's precisely the trouble I'm wanting to overcome!"

Illustration of a golf ball and club.

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Questions Mr. Wright

In the June issue of the Dairy Farmers Digest published in Metuchen, N. J., the following article "Information Please, Mr. Wright" signed "V. R. Tompkins, Editor," appeared. By request we are republishing the article:

"Last month we asked Mr. Gandall a number of questions in the Dairy Digest and to date we have failed to receive a reply. So, as to make the record continuous we're going to sit back, smoke the old pipe and ask you a few questions which I believe the readers of the Dairy Digest, to a great majority, have felt should be answered for quite some time. Understand, the writer is only asking because he does not know except thru data and information gathered from other sources.

"It seemed quite strange to us, Mr. Wright, that you should take to your breast the slogan, 'The Yanks Are Not Coming,' and on the other hand, it was not so odd when one considers the difficulties you had with the Draft Board back 22 years ago when the World War was being carried on. Does your memory fail you or does it refuse to go back that far?"

"I also understand, Mr. Wright, that over in Steuben county at a union meeting held at Campbell you were reported to have made remarks that you have served terms in jail and you again expect to do the same thing again.

"Somehow, Mr. Wright, in my book of learning gained thru living the stigma of serving a jail term was 'not so hot' and still six people over in that county have told me of the remark you made.

"Now let us go back a few years and go 'down memory lane.' According to records in four western states there was an organizer for the I. W. W. by the name of Archie Wright. This party spoke to the farm workers in Nebraska, later on went up into Washington and worked with the lumber workers and finally ended up with the Seamen down along the coasts of California.

"Other information reaches us to the effect that a certain Mr. Archie Wright found it necessary to make a hurried trip to China and while on the trip got into plenty of difficulties. I hope that you are not the party, but we are asking these questions because out at Los Angeles certain records reveal that a party by the name of Archie Wright, alias A. Smith, was secretary of an I. W. W. defense group. Then for a period of years it seems as though the trace of this party was lost except now and then they would show up in various places but not for any great length of time. However, down here in New York City the Trade Union Unity League which was set up by the Communist party and controlled until its dissolution by the Communist group had an outfit known as the Metal Workers Industrial Union. Records here in New York that one Archie Wright was secretary for one of the locals for a time. Possibly you have a double, Archie, and if so, would certainly like for you to clarify the questionable situation which arises just at this time.

"Several days ago, Archie, to be exact, on May 16 at Mansville, you were reported to have made two remarks that are quite significant. The first one was 'There is certainly one more strike coming in this industry and let us hope it will be the last one.' The second was, 'You vote a strike and we will put it on.' All I

know is what I read in the newspapers, but on the strength of those two statements, Mr. Wright, I think somebody should take you to task because in the past four and one-half years the dairy producers of the New York milk shed have listened to more agitation and threats of strikes from the organization you represent than at any time for a number of years in the milk shed. You have consistently refused to go along with the Federal Marketing Order. You have refused to permit the union to incorporate and in addition to this from all reports reaching me quite a lot of your conversation and remarks made it quite evident that you thoroughly understand the philosophy of Carl Marx. Need I say any more along these lines?"

"Mr. Wright, let us go back just a few years ago up in the vicinity of Ogdensburg when you and Mr. Carnal first organized the Farmers Protective Committee and later on four or five other producers formed the Dairy Farmers Union, but somehow or other you managed to get control of it. The story about what you and the boys did to the Peiseck Brothers is known all over the milk shed in the famous meeting at Watertown, but if you had not had the help of one of the largest publishers of the north country you would have had as much chance of going as far as you have at the present time as a proverbial snowball in Hades.

"The point that I am trying to get at is if you can recall certain conversations it is reported to me, that you had with several persons now working in the office at the Ogdensburg Journal. Stop and think a minute, Mr. Wright, because these boys did a thankful thing not long ago and according to what was reported to me you and Mr. Carnal had decided that you were going to make a pretty good living off of the backs of the dairy farmers. Understand, I am not saying that you have done any of these things, all I am doing is asking you what other people are talking about. In a number of sections of the milk shed where your organization which claims 21,000 members there are people connected up in an official capacity that if the spotlight of investigation was turned on them it might reveal some startling facts.

"By the way, word has just reached me that some of your organizing committee doesn't think so hot of some of the so-called radical activities that the union seems to pride itself in carrying on. One of the leaders is reported to have recently made the remark: 'We would kick that — out but in case of a strike he knows what to do.' Possibly that is the foundation for some of the success that you have enjoyed but there is coming a day in the New York milk shed when possibly the producers are going to wake up and find out for themselves that when they pull the curtain back and it is revealed what is going on, then they might change their minds about the leader who goes about sneering at the Commissioner of Agriculture, sneering at the Federal Order and always attacking well organized incorporated co-operatives to secure for the producers a fine price for their milk.

"In closing, Mr. Wright, there is one thing that puzzles me, that is that most of the publicity in New York City concerning the Dairy Farmers Union activities only ap-

Holsteins Lead in Number

Holstein cows outnumber all other breeds combined in New York State, but their importance is decreasing as cows with higher-testing milk have increased.

This was learned by Dr. W. M. Curtis of the department of agricultural economics at Cornell University in a study of breeds of dairy cows on New York farms. About 60 per cent of the cows reported were Holstein, 20 per cent Guernsey, 8 per cent Jersey, 7 per cent Ayrshire, and the remainder of other breeds.

Holsteins were most prevalent in the northern and central districts, comprising nearly three-fourths of all cows. In the western and southwestern districts, slightly less than one-half of the cows were Holstein, with a higher proportion of Jerseys and Guerneys. Nearly one-third of the cows in Western New York, where the herds were small, were Guerneys.

A latecomer to the circus performance was fussily pushing his way to a seat.

"Did I tread on you, old man?" he remarked, as he saw one of the audience wince.

"It must have been you, I'm afraid," was the reply. "All the elephants are in the ring."



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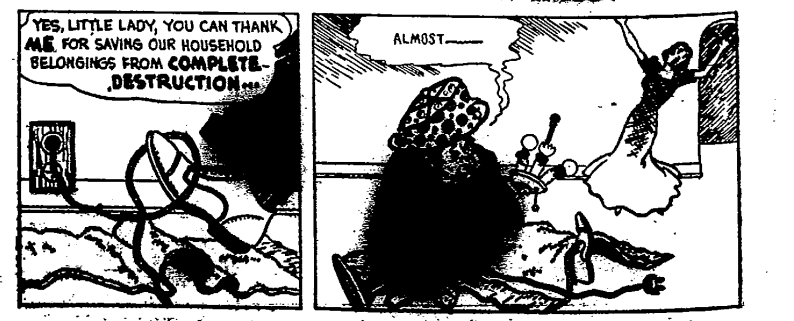
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appears generally in one newspaper and that is the Communist Daily Worker, published at 50 East 13th Street. Why is this, Mr. Wright, and also I wonder if you ever read the Dies Committee report, especially the section relative to certain Consumer groups? You will notice in that report that the Milk Producers Protective Committee and the Farmer-Consumer Co-operative are prominently mentioned. I wonder if Mr. Willard Pratt could give the producers a little information as to what happened to him as legal counsel for the union and how it was that an official of the Consumers Protective Committee and the head of the Consumer-Farmer Co-operative was made general counsel for the Dairy Farmers Union. We are only asking you these questions and possibly we are all wrong, but I believe the old saying still holds good, 'Where there is so much smoke there must be a little fire.'

Yours most sincerely,
V. R. TOMPKINS, Editor."

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur



Con

All

Davis Hill

(Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Re)
Aug. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Ordiway attended a reunion at Hazelhurst, Pa., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Saloman were Sunday guests at the home of Mrs. Frank Halsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Dean, N. Y., were guests of Mrs. Ed. Dean, Wednesday. Dean accompanied them on their daughter, Mrs. Ray Victor Hoagland road.

Kathleen Slocum and Charles of Wellsville were visitors at Slocum's, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Billy Schriener visited Mr. Schriener at the Memorial at Wellsville, Sunday.

Mrs. Alta Hoagland, Ruth Slocum of Andover, Hoagland of Canadice and Mrs. Floyd Slocum enjoyed a roast at the home of Mr. Victor Hoagland, Saturday.

Misses Althea and M. Hoagland are visiting the Mrs. Francisco at East this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francisco and Mr. Mrs. Spring of East Rochester were evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hoagland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Wellsville were visitors Green's, Saturday evening and Onnabee returned them and stayed over the Bruce Green attended in a fair, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor I. added the Angelica fair

Independence

(Mrs. Floyd Clarke, I)
Mr. and Mrs. Carl V. Carolyn were guests Sunday and Mrs. LaVern Howland.

Mr. and Mrs. Stub Clark and two sons, Howard Clark and Mrs. Deacatur Clark of Whitesville were Sunday guests.

S. W. Clarke returned to York City, Thursday.

Miss Wanda Matteson is passing a few days with Mrs. Cleon Clarke.

Joseph Seymour was Arcade and Cuba, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Danville were Saturday guests of I. A. Potter.

Wallace Clarke and Drew drove to St. Thursday, after Mrs. who was in the hospital auto accident on her way to Battle Creek, returned home Saturday is so to be about the

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sally were dinner guests Mrs. Theron Grantier Sunday.

Messrs. Carl and Foster attended a farewell dinner at Belmont, Monday.

Director S. W. Clark and Mrs. E. Spicer attended men's League sub-dinner at Canaseraga, Monday.

Carl Seymour in of friends from Canastota at Cuba Lake.

The Howe family home on at the parish home Mr. and Mrs. Floyd in Canistota Wednesday Pairs for their demolition.

Mr. and Mrs. Rod and son of Westfield Monday with their Mrs. Clarence V.

Mrs. Paul Vincent dren of Andover spent Saturday with her p Mrs. R. E. Spicer.

Mrs. Romain Bass returned to their home III, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Barbara and Miss they attended the League at Frank Langcester, N. Y., on Tuesday.

Messrs. Herbert and Schack of Voorhees visited their grandparents H. H. Hawks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Maxson, Jr., and C. Conn., and Mrs. H. Alfred spent Sunday Mrs. R. E. Spicer.

Miss Anna Laur accompanied Miss E. New York City Friday outing.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Washington, D. C., Greene and Kennet