of Andover passed Sunday parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. The electric current wo on Monday morning to the are enjoying electricity. The Ladies Aid Society supper at the parish house

supper at the parish nodes evening. Everyone welco Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Cr. sons of Canisteo, Mr. and nold Remaley of Hornell day with their parents, Mr C. M. Crandall. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence and two children, Joe and mour, passed Friday ev

Westfield, Pa. Mrs. Donald Howard an

of Machias are visiting h Mrs. Lottie Drew. Floyd Clarke was in Ho day and Tuesday, gettir tion in the soil conserve

Mr and Mrs. Elmer two sons of Stockton, C have been visiting at W mores, started for Calif

Miss Barbara Waters wood and Robert Coats
have been visiting their
ents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A.
Mrs. Maude Clarke h from Watsontown, Pa., has been with her daught Mrs. Alfred Whitford. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mr and Mrs. W. D. Clan da were in Hornell We

Davis Hi

(Mrs. Floyd Slocum,

July 16 .-- Mrs. Esther July 16.—Mrs. Estner Onnalee Green attended Eggleston Park, Wednes pany with Pearl Coats, and daughters of Ande Bennett of Addison and

of Pingrey Hill.

Mrs. Julia Hoagland
ters and Mr. and Mrs.
and family attended a C
at the home of Mr. and
Northup at Andover,

and Mrs. Clyde son of Trumansburg w his parents, Mr. and M

cum Sunday afternoon
Mr. and Mrs. Victo
were in Hornell Frida;
Lewis Dodge was a w
at the home of his par
Mrs. John Dodge.
Mr. and Mrs. Ford G
ily of Wellsville were

ily of Wellsville were and Mrs. Orville Gree There will be an icc
for the benefit of the
tist church at the hom
Mrs. John Dodge, Tud
July 23rd. Everyone
Mr. and Mrs. Harol

ed her parents, Mr. ar at Aifred Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Charl son of Swain Hill vis Mrs. Frank Halsey, S

Elm Va (Mrs. Charley Cole

July 16 .- Mrs. Be and family of Scio w ternoon callers at Fra Mrs. Dorothy Burd weekend with relativ Mr. and Mrs. Har-children returned Su from a two weeks' vi

Virginia,
Phyllis Clair of Par at Par Ronald Atwell pase in the Arthur Leon

Olean, recently:
Miss Ermentine Sr has been spending a her grandmother, M. Mrs. Eva Growne Lima Saturday with Ethel Mac and But Who will pass the Y. T. C. camp.

All poultry discussions directly of interest discussed hirds.

By L. P. HOLMES

SECOND INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Ellen Mackay, on her

the help of one of Benham's crew, succeeds in getting Ellen on board

with axe and manner fall of spikes, Benhem went silently to work at the prow of the scow. With the poles spiked upright and a length of tarpaulin unearthed from the cargo, he fashioned a small enclosure. To finish it off he brought sut the blankets Pierre Buschard had provided for her and placed were gathering. Benham gestured the card of the slope by the fort buildings a group of Indians were gathering. Benham gestured the card of the slope by the fort buildings a group of Indians were gathering. had provided for her and placed were gathering. B. them in the new-built cubby.

"When we tie up for the night the men shall gather you enough spruce tips for a comfortable couch" he announced. "This will afford you reasonable privacy."

As announced.

you reasonable privacy."

Then, without another word or look he stowed the axe away, strode among his men and stood there, hringing out a short briar pipe which he clenched affectionately in his teeth, to smoke calmly and disinterestedly.

Lalt was made at sunfires the same. Not to me—but to other the same.

The next halt was made at sundown. The scows were tied up, fires lit and the evening meal prepared. Benham himself did not come near her, but he sent Pierre Buschard to her with several heaped dishes of strory, steaming food and a panni-kin of scalding hot tea. By the time she had finished her supper the In-dians had brought numerous arm-

answer. "Only do not go too far.

It is nearly dark and these woods

are uncharted."

Unconsciously, Ellen stayed longer than she had intended. she finally threaded her way back to the fire but a single figure re-mained seated before the fading flames. It was Benham. He looked at her without speaking.

had known in the north country be-same hardened to its beauties. But there was something almost poetic in John Benham's simple words and In some intangible way seemed that a bond of friendship common understanding them was born there at that mo-

words that frightened her lay close to her lips. Then one of the sleep-ing Indians stirred in his blankets. The spell was broken. Ellen moved

"Good-night," she called softly.
"Good-night.—John Benham."

death of still another day, the bri- frightened, gade tied up there on the beach be- ghastly about low Fort Edson.

rage and his imprecations. And this father of hers who had wasted away from school at Winnepeg, to foin her father at Fort Edson, misses the beat by which she was to travel. Hearing that another boat is to start soorth 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 Angry and puzzled, Ellen tells Pat Sangry and puzzled and dropped upon her knees beside was tits hebit tite was tits hebit the was of the old school who, the father of hers who had wasted aw of the word. If such fires burned within them, then such fires were smouldering ones, hidden, banked fires which would need to know the With axe and hammer and a hand-fal of spikes, Benhem went silently

were gathering. Bennam gestured towards this group.

"They will take care of your lug-

gage," he said slowly. "It is best that I leave immediately." Ellen hesitated. "That first day, below Cascade Rapids—the norning you discovered that I had stowed

"I don't understand."
"You will." He held out his hand.
"Good-bye, Ellen Mackay."

Ellen looked agnast. "Father!" she cried. "Father "She flew to him, to this stooped and gnarled patriarch. What had happened? When she had left, four out and rested on Ellen's dark head years before, this father of hers had

rent.

For a long time Ellen stood there, cross the frames from this strange, till, elemental man. Her mind eathed with truant thoughts, and overds that frightened her lay close to her lips. Then one of the sleem.

"Ye came with—who?"
Something icy closed about Ellen's heart. Yet she had to answer.
"With John Benham, father. He—he was very kind to me, where he had reason, perhaps, to be otherwise."

"Good-night," she called softly. "Good-night—John Benham."

The low sturdy log buildings which comprised the Hudson Bay Post at Fort Edson, were spread eut against the rising slope of a low, thickly-wooded ridge which meanted from a short beach of shingle on the west short of the Mackansie River, the last and mother river of those three great streams which carried the brigades of the fur traders into the vast bosom of the north.

Down the Athabasca River to Lake Athabasca, from there along the brigad, smooth reaches of the Back River, to Great Slave Lake, there at last into the twisting flood of the Mackansie, John Benham's old, he'll boast of it. Great God! Why did not the sickness of first with large and passed in number since last the start, and near, at the Blee was both sickness and

frightened. There was something ghastly about this old man's wailing rage and his imprecations. And this father of hers who had wasted away

"You must rest, father. You arnot well. You have been too long alone. I am young and strong. You must let me take most of the load from your shoulders. I have not forgetten how to handle the Indians not

Again the old factor laughed and it seemed to Ellen that all the elements of despair were in that laugh. He was shaking; a man palsied by the scalding outpourings of rage and hate. Over and over again he mut-tered the name of John Benham cursing and rivilling. It was before he quieted, and the re-left him weak and shrunken. the reaction eyes, staring out beneath shaggy brows were glazed and bloodshot. He panted weakly for breath.

At that moment all the murk At that moment all the murky shadows in the world seemed to close in on Ellen Mackay. During those thoughtless, carefree years which she had spent at school, some great tragedy had been enacted here in the fastnesses of the north. Alon and in silence this father of her had fought some great, overwhelming misfortune, to be slowly beaten down and shattered until it seemed that even his reason was tottering.

And the cause of his misfortune had

mer with several heaped dishes of a savory, steaming food and a pannilin of scalding hot tea. By the time the had finished her supper the Indians had brought numerous armfulls of fragrant spruce tips for her
bed.

Then he had stepped back on to the scow. His deep voice calldo orders. The Crees bent to the seeps and a moment later the hungry river current was wafting him
full narranged her own couch,
then, with sudden determination, she
went ashore. Benham faced her.

Tim going ashore for a little exertiese," she said defiantly. "Or am
I a prisoner?"

Not in the least," was the quiet
answer. "Only do not go too far.

It is nearly dark and these woods

"Good-bye, Ellen Mackay."

For a moment her hand trembled her bis. Then he had stepped back on to the scow. His deep voice calldo orders. The Crees bent to the seeps and a moment later the hungry river current was wafting him
agry river current was wafting him
full not the mists.

Something gathered in Ellen's
throat. She looked away and startdef everishly up the slope. And
(zage. Gone in an instant were all
memories of that thousand-mile trip
from the north. In a flicker of an
evelash she placed John Benham! J hite-haired man. new status. An enemy now—an
Ellen looked aghast. "Father!" enemy who had shattered and had

and gnarled patriarch. What had kngus Mackay. One thin hand came she finally threaded her way back to the fire but a single figure remained seated before the fading flames. It was Benham. He looked at her without speaking.

A stir of response gripped Ellen. She knew he had been awaiting her return. "I'm sorry," she said, quietly, "Sorry if I've kept you from your rest. But somehow it seemed that I had at last come home, after being sway too long. I realize I am very succh in your debt."

Benham nodded, "I understand," It was dusky in the cabin. The door closed behind them and the old man sank into a chair with a deep, quavering sigh. "So ye haye come tall, ruddy and stalwart, almost at tall and stalwart as John Benham. And now—How thin were his hunched shoulders! How fee be his step. She began to sob. It seemed that neither could speak in the selligently now. Slowly they climbed the slope together and entered he factor's cabin.

Benham nodded, "I understand," It was dusky in the cabin. The door closed behind them and the old man sank into a chair with a deep, quavering sigh. "So ye haye come tall, ruddy and stalwart, all this speaks." A brief gesture return. The sorry, "she said, quietly sway too long. I realize I am very succh in her since a babe in swaddling that all this speaks." A brief gesture encompassed the wilderness about them.

Ellen was startled. Most men she lately the same hardened to its beauties. But known in the north country between the same hardened to its beauties. But were manded to the same hardened to its beauties. But were manded to the same hardened to its beauties. But were manded to the same hardened to its beauties. We had forgotten me, when the same hardened to its beauties. But were manded the same hardened to its beauties. But we have a stall and stalwart at John murmured. But murmured. Bu

without ye."

— without ye."

— without ye."

— There was hurt reproach in her to was her tenerate a spotless counterpane. On a little her withouse. "I came immediately. I am a Mackay," she finished proudly.

— "Thank God for that, lass. And tho was it that brought ye?"

— Before she thought the name slipped out. "John Benham."

— The old factor seemed to reel in his chair. His sagging head came up. His hands gripped the arm the chair in bloodless that he had a spotless counterpane. On a little as protess, which filled the air with fairly incense. Swiftly she distributed between cool, caressing sheets. But as she relaxed the darm the chair in bloodless the chair in bloodless that we have the contraction of the contractio But as she relaxed the darkness brought many thoughts and many images. Try as she fould she could not keep a certain picture from drifting before her closed eyes. It was that of John Benham, as she had seen him many times. He stood before her again, clean, splendid, powerful, his strong, still face grim and purposeful; his brilliant eyes addream with the metals with the set addream with the metals. dream with the mystery of the derness.

Twice her father had called him a "squaw's whelp"—a "half-breed," and somehow this thought was like a dagger thrust in Ellen's heart. It seemed beyond all reason that such

a thing could be so, far John Ben-ham's eyes, were blue and clear and his hair was richly brown. Yet— She thought of her father, broken and discouraged, and by his own words brought to such a state by the evil machinations of this_this breed. And now Ellen had taken her stand by her father's side. His battle was to be her battle; his hate

her hate.

It was long before the fit slept and when she did so there the moistness of tears cheeks.

In the week that followed Ellen Mackey learned the meason for her father's despute and broken pride.

Long totals the court the

books of the post. A hundred leng-thy tallies she drew up, studied and destroyed. Her thoughts were drivent on inevitable conclusion. The fur trade at Fort Edson was no long-tur trade at Fort Edson was no long-turation and precise of such a part date of several trade at Fort Edson. She voiced this wondows, of the fur trade had known beaver, otter, marten and other skins dev to her father just once, and his the present return was but a few answering spasm of rage left her trembling and disheartened.

Scanty hundreds.

Angus Mackey hated all free To win there would fight back, fight to the last onnee of strength and will ale possessed. And if swan will are provided to the last onnee of strength and will ale possessed. And if swan in particular, opposed her, she would fight back, fight to the last onnee of strength and will ale possessed. And if swan in particular, opposed her, she would bring back the meth ods. of open hattle the very earliest date. The fur trade had known trembling and disheartened.

To win there would fight back, fight to the last onnee of strength and will ale possessed. And if swan were reasonable, that one lone may will ale possessed. And if swan will are possessed. And if swan will

post buildings. A few Indians were there, a very few. And she could the man a dozen lines. Yet the words, tremember when, at this time of the poorest. Dog-ribs and Yellow-knives and Hayriver Indians, notoriously poor and unthrifty. Their tepees were ragged and filthy; their families plainly undernourished; their dogs mere perambulating skeletons. And the scanty furs they brought in for trade would, in the older, better years, hardly have been considered.

The shelves of the storehouse Angus Mackey heted all free-were piled high with trade goods traders violently and unswervingly, that had not been moved for over All his life had been spent in the emthat had not been moved for over all his life had been spent in the embed the season when the decline had the was of the fludson Bay Company. He was of the old school who, the started. Three years ago it was. Ellen probed further. Three years before had been the peak of the old franchise in 1870, thought in his old franchise in 1870, thought in his old of the fled, somehow.

ago was far below normal.

Ellen went to the fur store room. Ruthlessly she ripped open several bales, and from old experience graded the furs disclosed. They were all far below par, not a prime skin in the whole lot.

Her lips trembled and tears came again to her eyes. How deep the shame of it must cut her father, for in the past Fort Edson had been the boast of the company. From there had come the richest returns, the finest furs. Rich in the pride of schlevement, Angus Mackay had gloried in the reputation of his post. And now he must drink the bitterest dregs.

There were many like him, scat as a Vork boat or two were grouped on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the service, and to whom the Hudson Bay Company was both life and religion. There was something apport, by these two advanced up port, yet there was something tragic that and support, yet there was something tragic that and support, yet there was something tragic based on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the store. There was something tragic that had grown old in the numerous posts of the north—stern, uncompromising men who had grown old in the short. Ellen saw her father talking too one of them, a big bove. Presently these two advanced up bodies against the post care the polar one of them, a big bove. Presently these two advanced up bodies against the post. Angus and rivermen were grouped on the rest like a not religion. There was something tragic that he post of the middle and religion. There was something tragic the post of the morth—stern, uncompromisant or the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the shingle. A crowd of Indians on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and riverm

gloried in the reputation of his post. And now he must drink the bitterest tading room and read, for the hundredth time it seemed, a brusque, authoritative letter, written on the trade room and looked out upon the open ground which surrounded the post buildings. A few Indians were there, a very few. And she could than a dozen lines. Yet the words.

would not dare.

At that moment Ellen Mackay

of her fled, somehow.

She put away the books and records, locked the storrooms and strode off to the home cabin. As she went she became aware of shout down upon the beach. From the doorway of the cabin she surveyed the scene helow. Several scows and the scene below. Several the scene below. Several scows and a York boat or two were grounded on the shingle. A crowd of Indians and rivermen were grouped on the short. Ellen saw her father talking the one of them a his burtle for them.

And the scanty furs they brought in for trade would, in the older, better years, hardly have been considered. An overwhelming discouragement flooded Ellen, particularly harsh because she was at a loss to understand this terrible decline.

John Benham was the cause, her father claimed; John Benham, who, by nefarious free trading methods, had enticed the Indians from him who had gleaned the richest and best furs and left to him only the

