

# Ellen gets Her Man

(PA 3)



**SEVENTH INSTALLMENT**  
Ellen rose to her feet also. "That need not worry you, Trooper Whitlow," she stated quietly. "I had already made up my mind to return immediately. I will be ready to leave in an hour."

Angus Mackay began to object. "But you are weary, lass! You—" "I am not nearly as weary as I was," broke in Ellen with a queer smile. "In an hour, trooper."

There was a vast difference in the trip back to Mink Lake for Ellen. Coming out, she had travelled through a drab, lowering world, in which not one iota of worthiness existed. She had heard nothing, seen less. Her spirits had plumed the depths and remained there. It seemed there was no brightness, no beauty, no truth in all the universe.

Now, however, it was different. The sheen of sunlight water, the whispering incense of the forest, the gay laughter of the birds, all were responded to in kind by a thrilling inner consciousness.

Ellen made no further attempt to blind herself to the reason for this change. She knew, and found warm joy in the finding. Ellen Mackay was honest with herself.

John Benham was not a half-breed! This knowledge rang through her mind like the chiming of some brilliant tongue bell. Over and over the words rhymed, and she clung to them as to something precious and indissoluble.

There was a reason for this and that reason, too, Ellen admitted to herself. She loved John Benham. She loved through the ages it seemed.

From the first time he had bent those clear, flawless eyes upon her he had taken her heart though she had not realized it until he had turned away from her in the Indian camp and crashed the damning whiskey bottle against a tree.

Then she had known, and the knowledge had exacted a bitterness of thought and feeling that had borne down upon her with a crushing, resisting weight.

It mattered not, now that she was responsible for the information that had set this cold, brus-

que man in the bow of the canoe on Benham's trail. If he were guilty, then she would battle side by side with him to do what she could to brighten whatever exactness the law might impose. If he could by some Divine aid, prove his innocence, then she must also be there beside him and ask forgiveness for her part in his accusation.

She never thought that her utter change in spirit might be noted by Trooper Whitlow. But he had noted it, and knew that it dated from that moment when he had told of John Benham's parents. There were times, now, as he sensed the bubbling spirits of the girl, when just the shadow of a grim smile flickered across his eyes.

In the stern of the canoe stoic and still of feature, old Moosac looked at her with steady undying, dog-like adoration.

For two days they pressed northward towards Mink Lake, and the trooper and Moosac paddled from before dawn until long after dark. Their camps were swiftly and frugally prepared. The policeman and the old Indian ate quickly, and sought their blankets to combat the weariness of their ceaseless paddling. So it was that Ellen had long hours to herself through the day and beside the tiny fire at night in which to think.

There were times when these thoughts frightened her, and where, at the start of the trip, she had been consumed with eagerness, now her heart would fail her and she dreaded the moment when she must again face John Benham and steel herself to the scorn and reproach his glance would hold.

And then, on the morning of the third day, there came an interruption in their steady progress.

At a sharp turn of the river they met four heavily-loaded York boards, manned by a motley crew of half-breeds and Yellowknife Indians. Trooper Whitlow studied the boats and cargoes keenly and suddenly, just as the last boat was about to pass them he signalled Moosac, and whirled the canoe about in pursuit.

At first the boat crews bent to their oars frantically, but when they saw the swift ease with which the feather-like canoe overhauled them, they ceased rowing and crouched back, sullen and angry.

Whitlow guided the canoe to the rear boat and stepped aboard with hardly a look at the crew he flung back the tarpaulin covering the cargo to disclose several small oaken kegs and numerous cases of bottles. Catching up one of the bottles, he smashed it across the gunwale of the boat and sniffed the shattered remnant he held in his hand. Then he turned on the crew sternly.

"Where did you get this whiskey?" he demanded, his voice harsh and uncompromising.

Ellen crouched in her canoe, her eyes wide, her heart thundering in her breast. Moosac's beady orbs were gleaming in ferocious joy.

"Hurry up," snapped the trooper again. "Where did you get this whiskey?"

The crew squirmed in their seats and bent a common gaze upon a surly-looking 'breed member. This individual cleared his throat several times before his spirit broke under the boring scrutiny of the policeman.

"Dat whiskey—she's John Benham's wiskee," he stuttered finally.

Ellen, who had been leaning forward, tense and breathless, sagged back, shaking and heart-sick. Something seemed to have snapped within her. She knew now that all along she had been hoping against hope that John Benham was innocent. But here was proof irrefutable.

Then she straightened again. Whitlow was speaking and his words brought precious comfort.

"I think you are lying," snapped the Trooper.

Then old Moosac stirred. "I know for sure that he lies," stated the old Indian calmly in his mother tongue. "That man is Deteroux's man. I have seen them often together. Yes—he lies."

"What's that?" Whitlow turned on Moosac sharply. "Speak English. I don't understand you."

"He says—he says that man is Bernard Deteroux's man," interrupted Ellen, scarcely able to speak for the sudden tumult which broke within her.

"Is that true?" growled Whitlow, whirling back on the 'breed. "Tell me the truth or you'll answer to the law. Speak up."

The 'breed paled visibly. But his sullen features grew obstinate. Whitlow stepped closer to him, his fingers working. "Speak up," he growled. "Answer me or I'll mishandle you."

Plainly the 'breed was torn between two fears—one of his master, should he speak, the other of this cold-eyed member of a force that even the most ignorant savage in the north knew was inflexible and all-powerful.

It was the act that one threat was present while the other was absent which decided him. He gave a grudging nod.

"Oui-oui, M'sieu. I am Deteroux's man."

"Ah!" Whitlow straightened and found time to flash a triumphant glance at Ellen. Then he turned back on the 'breed again. "Where are you taking this whiskey?"

"Down to dat Great Slave Lake," muttered the 'breed. "M'sieu Deteroux, she's meet us then, an' she's head for dat Yellowknife Revair."

Whitlow nodded. "Land this boat on the beach and have the rest follow suit," he commanded crisply.

Cultural orders followed, and the York boats beached side by side. With deft sureness Whitlow examined the cargoes. Only one boat contained whiskey. The other three were loaded with baled furs. Whitlow nodded as though some unspoken conjecture had found substantiation. He pointed at the whiskey.

"In the river with it," he commanded. "Every drop."

The now thoroughly frightened and subdued 'breed went to work with a will. The bottles were smashed across the gunwale, and the heads of the kegs were pounded in with a hatchet and their contents poured into the racing green water. The sweet, strong odor of raw alcohol cut through the air.

When the last drop of the stuff was gone, and the headless kegs danced down stream, Whitlow turned to Ellen. His face was glowing with the vindication of a friend.

"You see where your evidence points now, Miss Mackay?" Ellen nodded soberly, but her eyes were brilliant. "You can't guess how happy it makes me," she answered.

Whitlow grinned broadly. "I can guess better than you think. There—there, don't blush so. But you owe John Benham a real apology."

Ellen's gaze was unwavering. "I intend to give it—fully." "Fine. I knew Benham was clean stuff. But Deteroux, he'll answer, and answer plenty. I promise you. He's been playing a deep game. Under the guise of a Hudson Bay employe he has been robbing the men who trusted him."

"Thinking of it now, it was simple enough. His job was to come and go. He had legitimate access to every lake and river in

the Dominion, and no one would question his cargoes except on a long chance like this which he was prepared to gamble on.

"He knew this weakness of the Indians. He traded his whiskey to them for their choicest furs. The poorest of the lot he left them to get what they could from your father at Ford Edson."

"And—and I have heard of your father's dilemma. This evidence will no doubt give him complete exoneration. I'll see that my version of it gets to Hudson Bay Headquarters."

"You are very kind," murmured Ellen. "It—it means so much to father."

"I know," nodded Whitlow. "But Deteroux—the filthy swine! What a rotten game he's been playing. And he knew the poor devils of Indians would not dare to breathe a word of this nefarious trade, in fear of what the law might do to them. The reputation of my organization does not always work as it should, Miss Mackay. Well, this much is settled."

He was thoughtful for a moment. Then he turned with sparkling eyes.

"I'm going to send this shipment of furs directly to Ford Edson. Your father can grade them and put down a blanket credit on the books. Then it will be up to him and yourself to see that these starving tribes you have visited are carried through the coming winter with food and proper supplies. These supplies can be charged out against the fur credit."

"And no doubt there are other tribes that Deteroux has not been able to reach yet. When he fails to show up they will come slinking in to the fort with their furs. They won't dare wait too long. What do you think of the scheme?"

Continued Next Issue

Pocket money is something which a man can seldom keep in his pocket.

**NOTICE**  
State of North Carolina, County of Surry, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT BEFORE THE CLERK Ruby Norman, Adm. of S. L. Norman, deceased, PETITIONER, vs. Ellis Norman and wife, Grace Norman, Albert Norman, George Norman and Charlie Norman, Hollie Chones and children: Hazel Chones, Gertrude Chones and Robert Chones, the husband and children of Ester Chones, deceased, Martha Johnson and husband, Stanley Johnson, Lilla Scales and husband, Jack Scales, Heirs at Law of S. L. Norman, deceased, DEFENDANTS.

The above named defendants in the above entitled special proceeding, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Surry County, North Carolina, to sell the lands belonging to the estate of the said deceased, located in Marsh Township, of the aforesaid county, containing 37 acres of land, more or less, to make assets to pay the debts of the said estate, and for the distribution of any balance among the said heirs; and each of the above named defendants will furnish their take notice that he or she is required to appear within 10 days after the completion of service of this summons by publication before the Clerk of the Superior Court of the aforesaid County, at his office in Dobson, North Carolina, and answer or demur to the petition which has been filed in the office of the said Clerk, or the relief demanded therein will be granted.

This the 1st day of March, 1937.

F. T. LEWELLYN, 3-26 Clerk of the Superior Court

Patronize Tribune advertisers. They offer real values.

**Hugh Royall INSURANCE**  
FOR EVERY NEED  
PHONE 111 ELKIN, N. C.

**TOBACCO GROWERS; TRUCK GARDENERS!**  
We introduce the Greatest Planter of all time  
**MASTERS' NEW IMPROVED 1937 PLANT SETTER**  
Plants, Covers and Waters With One Operation  
Masters built the first practical automatic plant setter over forty years ago. Since then it has been continually improved. Our new 1937 model is the last word—it has no competition. Others may imitate but never equal Masters' efficiency and durability. Tobacco buyers say they can tell when a crop has been Masters' planted by its uniform high quality. They gladly pay highest prices for this finer yield. Masters' Improved Plant Setter is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in planting.  
Tobacco, Tomatoes, Cabbage, Sweet Potatoes and other plants  
Nearly all first-class hardware and implement dealers handle, recommend and sell Masters' Improved Plant Setters. Ask your local merchant to show you this newest and best device of its kind. If your dealer doesn't have it in stock, write for full information direct. Don't wait until planting time. ACT NOW.  
**MASTERS PLANTER CO.**  
Makers of Fine Implements  
4914 West Grand Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.

TRIBUNE ADVERTISING GETS RESULTS!

## "MY DIGESTION ROLLS RIGHT ALONG"

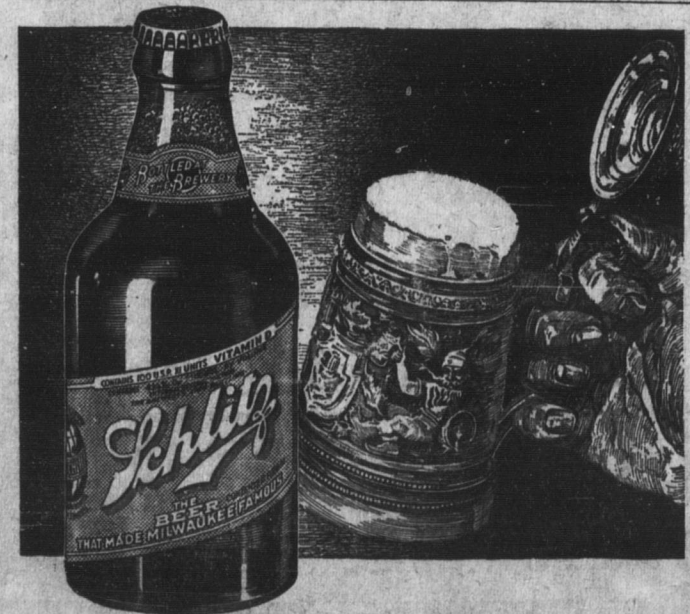
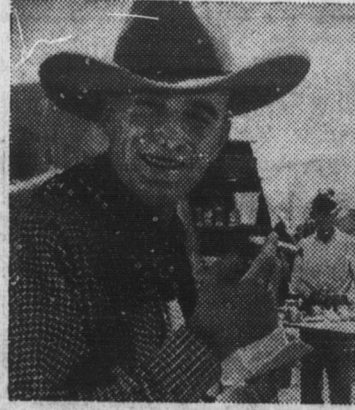
—says Fred McDaniel, Cowboy

"I SMOKE PLENTY of Camels, and enjoy my meals," McDaniel says. Camels at mealtime step up the flow of digestive fluids—alkaline fluids—that help you enjoy a sense of well-being.



MACHINE OPERATOR, Frances Morel, says: "When I feel low, I get a 'lift' in energy with a Camel. And Camels aid my digestion." Camels set you right

**CAMELS COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

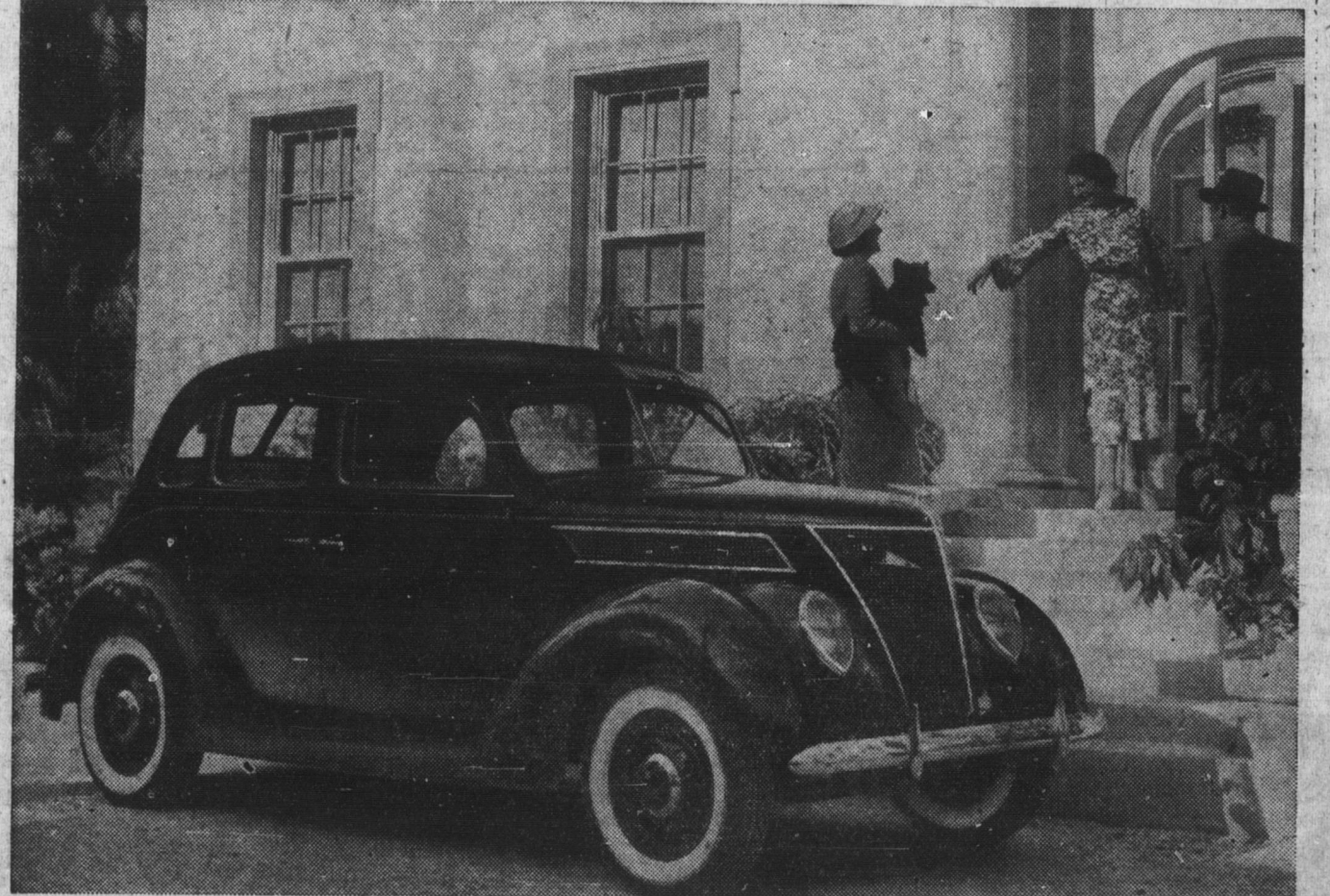


ENJOY THE BEST...  
**"Schlitz in Steinies"**

UNLIKE other beers, you don't have to cultivate a taste for Schlitz. You like it on first acquaintance and ever after. You like it because Schlitz is really fine beer... brewed rich, ripe and mellow, winter and summer, under Precise Enzyme Control. Enjoy Schlitz today in the compact, easily-stored "Steinie" Brown Bottles... for a glorious treat in old-time flavor. Also available in the familiar Tall Brown Bottle and Cap-Sealed Can.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. **Schlitz** MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN  
Copyright 1937, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.—45  
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

"and we averaged better than 25 MILES TO THE GALLON"



The new "60" Ford V-8 (illustrated) is the thriftiest car in all Ford history! Drive it all day on a tankful of gas—owners report 22 to 27 miles per gallon. And it carries the lowest Ford price in years.  
Yet the new thrifty "60" V-8 is as big and roomy, as well engineered as the "85." You get the same all-steel body with safety glass throughout. The same new quietness and beauty. The same easy-acting, quick-stopping new Ford brakes. The same large luggage

compartments.  
And it's a real performer! Like most cars it bows a bit to the brilliant "85" Ford V-8 in pickup and top speed but you will be amazed at what it will do just the same. The thrifty "60" V-8 is a car you will own with pride and drive with pleasure. A car that will save you not just pennies but dollars! A car that's built so fine and priced so low you will have to drive it to believe it exists. Your Ford dealer invites you to drive this car yourself. Call him today.

**FORD V-8**  
\$25 a month, after usual down payment, buys any model 1937 Ford V-8 car through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of Universal Credit Co.

See The New 1937 V-8 Fords At Our Showroom  
**ELKIN MOTORS, Inc.**  
SALES SERVICE