

# Rambles Over the County

J. W. L. COOK  
The Leader's Rambling Editor

O. E. Scally  
O. E. Scally believes in diversification. He says any farmer can have a flock of chickens, a cow and one or two good meat hogs. It is most always reasonable enough to have a garden. He says the farmers will have to stop raising so much cotton and raise more to eat, more feed and make their living at home as much as possible. Mr. Scally has lived in this county six years. He is a native of Texas. He was born in Ellis County and raised in Fannin County. Mr. Scally is farming one of the H. P. Thomas farms on the south of Buck Creek about 6 miles southwest of Wellington. He says his cotton will make about one-third of a bale to the acre. We were at the Scally home at the noon hour and ate dinner with them. Mr. Scally is an old subscriber to the Leader and set his date up one more year.

J. E. Driver  
J. E. Driver, who lives about two miles south of Rolla, has a good crop. Mr. Driver says he will make nearly one-half bale of cotton to the acre and will have plenty of feed to run his place. He has a nice home of 160 acres, a nice house and a good barn in fact, he owns one of the neatest homes in that part of the county.

The Beach Turkeys  
A. H. Beach has a new kind of chicken. The Kambler promised the readers he would tell them of something new in this county. We visited at the home of A. H. Beach, who lives about 7 miles southwest of Wellington. As we came up to the home we noticed a flock of some kind of fowl, a kind that we had never found anywhere in our travels over Texas, or any other state. These fowls looked somewhat like chickens, but we decided they were not, then we thought maybe they were young turkeys, but their legs were too short and we failed to hear the familiar Pee, Pee of the young turkey. Well, if they were chickens what was wrong with their necks. They had a few feathers on their head but their necks were bare, almost to their shoulders. They had long round bodies with legs shorter than the turkey. Well, we finally decided they were chickens, but what kind of disease did they have to take all the feathers off their necks. So after making the acquaintance of Mr. Beach we found that we were both right and wrong. They were what is known as Turkeys, a cross between the turkey and chicken.

We had read of this fowl being created a year or so since, over in California but had never thought of finding one in this county and were not certain but what it was one of the California booms to make people believe they could raise anything in that state, even a cross of all kind of fowls. Well as the old darkey said when he saw his first ice plant, "De white man is gettin' mighty smart, smarter dan de good Lord, he's makin' ice in de summer time an de Lord as to wait for de winter fo' he makes his ice." Mr. Beach told us he procured the queer birds at Amarillo.

Mr. Beach has lived in this county about 13 years. He is a native of Texas. He was born and raised in Hamilton County and came from that county to this. Mr. Beach has a good home. He owns 320 acres of land. There are two settlements on the place, most all the land is in cultivation. He has a good house, and a well improved place. He says he has made over one-third of a bale of cotton to the acre this year. He made 90 bales from 200 acres of land and has made plenty of feed to run his place another year. He is a paid up subscriber to the Leader.

E. J. Cox  
E. J. Cox, who lives just south of the Buck Creek bridge on the Memphis road, says he has a fairly good crop this year, says it is an average. Mr. Cox was busy building a new house and barn. He is fixing to change homes the coming year. He has rented one of the H. P. Thomas farms which is about one and one-half miles south of his present home. Mr. Thomas has built him a new house and putting up a nice barn. Mr. Cox is a renewal for the Leader for another year.

CLUB GIRLS MEET  
Miss Hill met with the Club Girls December 14. New officers were elected. The following were elected—Lena Richard, president; Augusta Phipps, vice president; Jaunita Allen, reporter; Ruby Peacock, secretary; Miss Hill showed us how to finish our caps. We made candy. The following kinds of candy were made, date loaf, fondant and Mexican candy. We will meet again the second Monday in January.

Lester Smith, who has been attending A. & M. at Arlington is home to spend the Christmas holidays.  
Jewel Ford who has been attending Clarendon College has returned home for the holidays.

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

# WELLINGTON LEADER

For Seventeen Years a Builder in Collingsworth County

May Christmas bring you happiness and a world of good things is our wish.

VOLUME XVII

WELLINGTON, Collingsworth County, Texas, Thursday and Sunday, Dec. 24 and 27, 1925

NUMBERS 43-44

## Dr. Street Dies In Wellington At Baptist Hospital

### Funeral Services Held at Methodist Church by Rev. J. T. Hicks

Dr. S. A. Street, for many years one of the leading physicians of Wellington, died at the Baptist Hospital last Monday evening at 6:35 p. m. Adhesion following an operation for appendicitis together with a weakened condition brought on his death. Last Friday Harper and Cecil Street started back to Austin thinking that their father was past all danger. Friday was the best day that Dr. Street enjoyed. Saturday his condition became slightly worse and by Sunday it was recognized that it was serious. Mrs. Street, who stayed with her husband throughout his suffering, summoned her sons Monday, but they did not arrive until after their father's death.

The funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Methodist Church. Rev. J. T. Hicks will conduct the funeral services.

Dr. Street was born Jan. 18th, 1869 at Bluff Springs, Alabama. He is the son of Robert S. and Mary Jane Street. His mother, who is 82 years old, is still living. He was educated at Southern University at Greenboro, Ala., the University of Alabama, and the University of Tennessee. He was married to Miss Florence Harper, April 18, 1897. He joined the church at the age of 18 and has been a devoted member since that time.

Dr. Street came to Wellington twenty years ago. He built up a large practice in a few years. Dr. Street owned the first automobile that was ever driven in Wellington. He is survived by the following relatives: mother, Mrs. M. J. Street of Dallas; sisters, Mrs. E. D. Emerson, Birmingham, Ala., Mrs. J. M. Quarles, Logan, New Mexico; Mrs. J. A. Pate, Dallas, Texas; brothers, Dr. O. J. Street, Gould, Okla., Mr. George J. Street, Oxford, Ala.; wife, Mrs. Florence Street and sons, Cecil C. Street and J. Harper Street and a host of nieces and nephews.

## S. P. BUSTER IS ONE OF EARLY COMERS

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling P. Buster of Wellington, came over Friday to spend a few days with Mrs. Mel J. Dwight, whose husband was Mrs. Buster's brother. Mr. Buster and a Post representative met up with each other Monday and the conversation turned to Mr. Buster's early arrival in this county, which was in 1880. Though living now at Wellington, Mr. Buster says he regards Childress as really his home.

He has the distinction of having served on the first grand juries ever convened in both Donley and Childress counties. Mr. Buster laughingly related the circumstances of his service on the first grand jury in Donley county, under Judge Willis, who removed his disabilities as a minor in order to make out the dozen grand jurors.

When Childress county was organized he served, in company with U. S. Weddington and B. T. Williams, on the first Childress county grand jury, the three being now the only ones left of that body. That term of court was held at "Old Childress" in the wooden court house later moved to the present Childress. Mr. Buster is enjoying, he says, the best health in his whole life, and gives promise of living to see as many changes in Childress as those about which he marveled while talking to this paper's reporter.—Childress Post

Car Par's Stolen  
The Dodge Car of N. L. Carter was robbed of several curtains and three curtain rods which was parked on the north side of the Methodist church Sunday night. Mr. Carter will pay five dollar reward for the return of the curtains and arrest of thief.

## AT THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

While the weather was bad, yet there was a nice crowd present last Lord's day at which time Bro. Smith preached a fine discourse. You are invited to be with us again next Lord's day. It being the last Sunday in the year, we expect a large crowd to be present. Subject at 11 a. m. is "Breaking the Alabaster Box." Subject at 7 p. m. is "The Right Name." IRA L. SANDERS, Minister

## SHAMROCK MAN IS DROWNED WHEN CAR GOES OFF BRIDGE

Scott Pinkerton, 32 years old, painter of Shamrock, was drowned; L. B. Abbott and Elim Ellard, also of that place, were severely injured late Sunday afternoon when the car in which they were riding plunged headlong off the end of the Red river bridge south of Sayre, Okla., into a lake of water.

The auto, a Dodge coupe, was turned completely over and submerged in the water. Abbott and Ellard were able to break a door and rising to the surface swam to shore but Pinkerton was drowned before he could get out. Abbott fainted just as he reached the shore and Ellard was so exhausted he was unable to lend Pinkerton assistance. He hailed a passing motorist who returned to Sayre for help.

There is a sharp curve at the end of this bridge and it is supposed the driver did not see it in time to turn. Abbott and Ellard were taken back to Sayre where their wounds were dressed. Both were badly cut about the face and hands by the glass as well as being chilled. They will be brought home this afternoon.

Pinkerton's body is being held in Sayre, awaiting word from his mother who lives in El Campo, Texas.

His body was not recovered until the machine was pulled from the lake. It was cramped in the car and indications were that he had made a desperate effort to release himself before becoming unconscious.

## TEN COMMANDMENTS TO SHOW AT RIALTO

The Ten Commandments will be shown in Wellington on Jan. 17, 18 and 19. This picture which is considered the greatest Biblical picture ever filmed costs four times as much to the producer as any other picture that has ever been shown in Wellington. This picture which is based on some of the more exciting parts of the Old Testament preaches as stirring a sermon as could be delivered from the pulpit.

Other good pictures which are coming to the Rialto in the next few months are "The Lost World," "The Border Legion," "A Son of His Father," "The Light of Western Stars" and several other good pictures.

## LET'S HAVE A SANE CHRISTMAS

"Let's have a sane Christmas," is the advice given by the state board of health, in urging that precaution be used during the Yuletide season to prevent changing a time of happiness and merriment to one of suffering and sorrow, through injury or death brought about by someone's carelessness, or through sickness caused by unnecessary exposure.

"Each Year," stated Dr. H. O. Sappington, state health officer, "we hear of the untimely death or injury of children by burns sustained during Christmas festivities. Naturally, children at this time are under undue excitement and are not as careful as usual while around lighted candles, open fireplaces and gas stoves. The practice of using lighted candles on Christmas trees is an exceedingly dangerous one, and should be dispensed with, as the lives of many innocent children are annually sacrificed through this one custom. If lighting of trees is desired, small electric bulbs are available for this purpose, and can be obtained at a very small cost. If these cannot be obtained, the lighting of a tree should not be undertaken."

## HEREFORD LADY GETS \$400 FOR EIGHTY OF HER FINE TURKEYS

Mrs. J. H. Kemp, a Deaf Smith county farm lady living six miles southwest of Hereford, proved that turkey raising is one of the most profitable industries for Deaf Smith county people, Saturday when she marketed enough turkeys and other produce to pay cash for a new Ford touring car.

Mrs. Kemp brought in eighty turkeys and received \$400 for the lot, getting thirty four cents per pound for her best ones. She sold \$80 worth of other produce, and paid the \$490 cash for a new Ford.

Mrs. Kemp is just proving what any industrious farm lady can do when she tries. She sells cream, produce the year around, but Saturday was her biggest market day during the past year. This record is nothing short of phenomenal, when one considers the fact that produce was shipped into Hereford fifteen years ago to supply the local trade. Today this place is one of the biggest exporting centers for farm produce.—Hereford Brand.

## Fifty Three New Subscriptions

In the past week and a half, The Leader has received fifty-three new subscribers. During the fall The Leader subscription force has been busy renewing the old subscribers. With over 1500 paid in advance, special attention was turned to new subscribers. The names below speak for themselves. To these new subscribers, The Leader extends best wishes for Christmas, and the coming year with the hope that our relations will continue on the same pleasant footing for years. The list of new subscribers is as follows: E. C. Parson, C. P. Riley, C. C. Blythe, W. N. Christian, J. N. Roden, T. E. Johnson, Henry Hopman, Fred Patterson, C. E. May, E. E. Langford, Elmo Essary, M. E. Clepper, Lee Chaney, J. F. Roberts, Ben A. Boston, W. B. Norman, F. E. Taylor, A. A. Carrell, W. C. Stansell, L. W. Austin, W. C. Moore, Henry Francis, Tracy Clifton, J. A. McDonald, D. D. Gilliland, T. J. Wilson, W. P. Parker, Ira Morgan, J. A. Harrell, A. J. Haley, W. O. Combs, C. W. Bradley, Mrs. C. C. Ryan, A. S. J. Lockhart, W. I. Pate, T. M. Clay, T. E. Williamson, Ed Ogletree, Mrs. J. E. Moulton, A. J. Hill, F. L. Kelley, J. J. Grooms, J. B. Curtner, A. J. Haley, Earl Henry, Frank O. Mills, G. C. Tarter, J. F. Holley, O. A. Kiker, J. T. Harrison, W. W. Hodges, Riverside Filling Station, Lee Godfrey.

Renewals  
W. A. Starkey, J. W. Sorrell, P. J. White, H. L. Brewster, J. F. Elliott, Harwood Beville, J. O. Wood, A. B. Smith, E. Smith, H. L. Duncan, O. E. Scally, E. J. Cooke, G. W. Price, Buster Sullivan, J. H. Young, Mat Ellard, Jake Hess, P. H. Thomas.

## J. D. Sugg's Home Burns On Inside Sunday Evening

### Origin of Fire Which Started About 8 O'clock Is Unknown

The home of J. D. Sugg caught on fire from an unknown origin Sunday and the house was gutted by the flames before the firemen reached the scene. The fire was discovered about 8 o'clock Sunday evening. The fire boys rushed to the fire and succeeded in extinguishing it before the house was completely destroyed.

At the time of the fire, J. D. and his wife were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sugg where they had gone for Sunday dinner and remained throughout the afternoon. Bura Hanley, fire chief, says that no cause of the fire could be discovered, for it was under too much head way when they arrived.

J. D. estimates that the loss was around \$3,000. It was partially covered by insurance. The furniture and a library valued at \$400 was all that was totally destroyed.

Budge Harle, who is attending College at Durant, Oklahoma, will be home Thursday night for a ten day vacation.

Kern Aldridge and Claude Lowry, who are attending College at Lubbock, are expected home Wednesday.

## NOTICE

In ye olden days the Christmas season was a time of rest and good cheer. People made merry from Christmas Eve till Jan. 6. Only that work which was absolutely necessary was done. Partly through a liking for that ancient custom, partly through laziness, and partly to let the printers have a much needed rest, The Leader is issuing two papers in one this week. Next week we will start in again publishing a paper that you will enjoy during the coming year. We hope you will enjoy the paper as much as we enjoy serving you.

## LEE SATTERWHITE DECLINES TO CALL SPECIAL SESSION

There will be no special session of the Texas legislature in the immediate future for investigation and impeachment purposes against Governor Marian A. Ferguson or any other state officer.

Requests by fifty or more legislators for such a session in petitions to Gervener Ferguson and Speaker Lee Satterwhite, were refused by both. The governor made known her decision some days ago, saying there was no good reason for an extraordinary session and no good purpose would be served. The speaker announced his decision today, basing his declination to issue the call on danger of complicating pending litigation concerning highway repair contracts, filed by Attorney General Dan Moody. Previous to announcing his decision Satterwhite made it known the question of expenses for the legislators and any witness who might be summoned was a stumbling block. The attorney general had ruled any session called by the speaker would lack authority to appropriate expense funds.

So far as the legislators themselves were concerned that was not an issue today, Satterwhite asserted, as he said he had assurances of more than a majority that would bear their own expenses. His statement in which he said calling the session should await future developments did not mention the question of witness fees.

Agitation for the special session followed filing of suits by the attorney general against the American Road company and another highway repair contractor. The American Road company case was settled by a confession of judgment by the company, for \$600,000, the attorney general declared was excessive profits and cancellation of its contracts. Certain sums due the company were offset against the \$600,000 judgment.

The highway contracts were handled by a highway commission appointed by Governor Ferguson, and announcement of the special session of the legislature to investigate and impeach if the inquiry brought out sufficient evidence. Following resignation of two of the highway commissioners and appointment of two new men, the demand for the special session began to quiet.

## 1924 STUDY CLUB MEET THURSDAY WITH MRS. HARPER

Mrs. John W. Harper was hostess to the 1924 Study Club Thursday, December seventeenth. An instructive program on the Holy Land was led by Mrs. Bowman, who discussed The Road to Bethelhem, and the Street of Sorrow. Mrs. Moss made an excellent talk on Galilee and Jerusalem, and Mrs. Stall talked interestingly of Jappa and Bethelhem.

At the completion of the program a beautiful Christmas tree was brought in admid surprised and pleased exclamations of the guests. Little Miss Katherine Lynn distributed the gifts. Each member was given a bottle of perfume and a delightfully amusing lollipop doll.

A special gift was presented Mrs. Bowman and the regret of all the members over the anticipation departure of the Bowman family and all good wishes expressed for their future.

A lovely two course luncheon was served to the following: Mesdames O. B. Bowman, Gus Stall, S. A. McCarroll, E. W. Moss, E. W. Alley, R. R. Martin, W. H. Lynn, R. L. Gully, A. L. Wall, C. B. Anderson and little Misses Katherine Lynn, Jean and Louise Anderson.

## GINN-NEWTON

The marriage of Miss Ura Newton to Mr. L. B. Ginn was solemnized in Plainview last Sunday. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Newton, formerly of this county. L. B. Ginn has been living in Collingsworth County for the past year. The young couple will make their home in Plainview.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED IN COUNTY FOR 1925 TOTAL 189

The County Clerk's office of Collingsworth County has issued 189 marriage licenses in the past year, of which will average one every two days.

Gertrude Carter who has been attending Clarendon College has returned home for Christmas.

## Bond Issue Goes Over By Majority In City Election

### Two Hundred Majority Is Shown In Election On Bond Issue

In the city election which was held Tuesday Wellington voted in favor of the \$200,000 bond issue by a vote of 200 to 3. This issue which was voted to provide funds for the installment of the water system and sewerage system and to cover the outstanding warrants brought forth a more concerted support than any other issue ever submitted to a vote in Wellington.

The vote on proposition No. 1 was 200 for and 3 against. This proposition was: Shall the City Commission of the City of Wellington, Texas, be authorized to issue the bonds of the City of Wellington, Texas, in the amount of \$65,000.00, maturing serially within forty years from their date, bearing interest at the rate of 5 1-2 per cent per annum, and to levy a tax sufficient to pay interest on said bonds and provide a sinking fund with which to pay the principal at maturity for the purpose of the construction of sewers, as authorized by the Constitution and laws of the State of Texas, including Chapters 1 and 7, Title 22, Revised Civil Statutes of 1925.

The vote on Proposition No. 2 was 200 for and 2 against. It follows: Shall the City Commissions of the City of Wellington, Texas, be authorized to issue the bonds of the City of Wellington, Texas, in the amount of \$60,000.00, maturing serially within forty years from their date, bearing interest at the rate of 5 1-2 per cent per annum, and to levy a tax sufficient to pay the interest on said bonds and provide a sinking fund with which to pay the principal at maturity for the purpose of funding \$60,000.00 City of Wellington Waterworks Warrants, Series of 1925, by cancelling said warrant and issuing a like amount of such bonds to the holders thereof, as authorized by the Constitution and laws of the State of Texas, including Chapters 1 and 7, Title 22, Revised Civil Statutes of 1925.

The vote on Proposition No. 3 was 200 for and 3 against. It follows: Shall the City Commission of the City of Wellington, Texas, be authorized to issue the bonds of the City of Wellington, Texas, in the amount of \$75,000.00, maturing serially within forty years from their date, bearing interest at rate of 5 3-4 per cent per annum, and to levy a tax sufficient to pay the interest on said bonds and provide a sinking fund with which to pay the principal at maturity, for the purpose of funding \$75,000.00 outstanding warrant indebtedness existing against the City of Wellington, Texas, by cancelling the evidences thereof, and in issuing a like amount of such bonds to the holders thereof, as authorized by the Constitution and laws of the State of Texas, including Chapters 1 and 7, Title 22, Revised Civil Statutes of 1925.

W. H. Goforth acted as presiding judge, Ben H. Stover also judge, and R. S. Fisher and H. D. Rainey acted as clerks.

This step toward which the Mayor and the Aldermen have worked so untiringly is a concerted move in the development of a better Wellington.

## Methodist Christmas Tree

The Methodist Church will have a big Christmas tree for old and young after the fashion of the trees of long ago which brought so much comfort to all who attended. Rev. J. T. Hicks extends a cordial invitation to everyone to come to the tree.

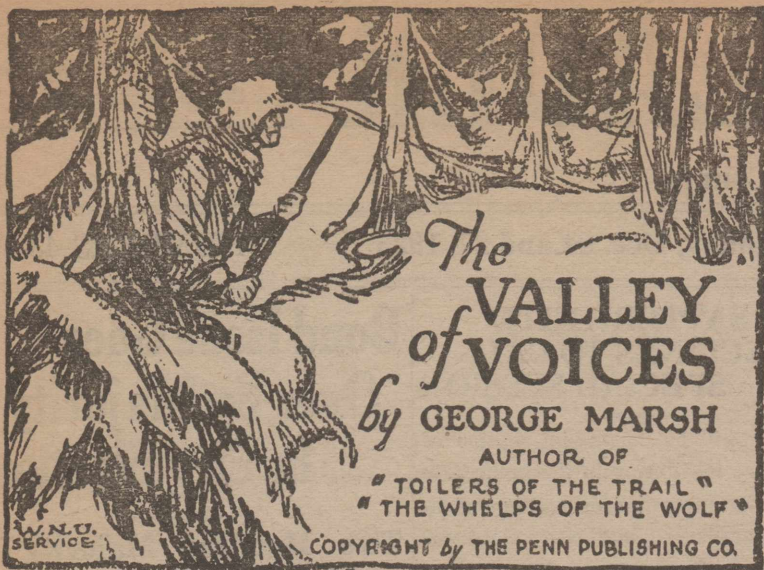
Miss Inez Cook is home from C. I. A. to spend the holidays with her parents.

Miss Edna Mims who has been attending the College of Industrial Arts at Denton is home for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Clara Leach and Miss Louise Hardy who have been attending Southern Methodist University are in town for the holidays.

Misses Ruth and Lora B. Boarman have returned from S. M. U. at Dallas to visit their parents.

Mrs. Henry Coker will give a theatre party for the members of the Senior class Wednesday afternoon. All of the seniors are expecting a very enjoyable evening.



CHAPTER XVII

Behind the slab counter in the trade-room at Ogoke a man sat at a table. On the table stood a glass and two bottles—one empty. For hours the man had not moved, except to fill and drain the glass. Although it was barely three o'clock, candle lanterns dimly lit the room, for the sun had died in cloud banks and the light had faded early. In the air outside there was snow and the night would be thick.

The yelping of dogs aroused the man from his bitter thoughts. The door of the room opened and a bulky figure entered. The muscles of his hooded face, disfigured by a long scar, twitched nervously. In his eyes was fear.

"I found him," gasped the big man, in French, breathing hard, for he had raced the dusk to the post. "Choked! Not a mark on him—his tongue out and his eyes bulging like a pike's eye squeeze in your hand! Ambushed!"

"So they got him, too?" nodded Lafamme, chin on chest.

"It's no good, I tell you," whined Antoine, his voice vibrant with panic. "That makes nine—nine who have gone out. It'll be our turn next. Tonight I leave for the Rouge."

The hard eyes of the trader, lined by worry and red from drink, lit with contempt. "You've gone like the rest. Why didn't you run away with Rose? Want to desert sixty thousand dollars' worth of fur, do you?"

The heavy features of the other filled with blood at the taunt. He leaned and struck the table with his fist, overturning the bottles.

"Soft, am I?" he snarled, "because I leave this hell before they close in and take us—hang us from the rafters here or cut our throats, you call me soft! I tell you we're done! They caught Pierre and the whole valley's after us. They're out there now, waiting." He pointed a shaking finger toward the forest. "It may be tonight—they come."

Ruined by the mystery—the menace of the inscrutable forest from which no man returned, which for weeks had ringed the post, sapping the nerve of



Suddenly the Speaker Faced the Door, Listening. "What's That?"

his people until they fled in the night, Lafamme sat, numb with despair. Slowly the whisky from the overturned bottle dripped to the floor. Then he said: "That tale Tete-Boule brought from down-river was true. The men we sent to the Jackfish to stop him fled."

Antoine nodded. "Steele got through and came back on the snow," continued the trader. "The police are not in this. They'd come straight here."

"This Steele caught Pierre himself," added the other. "When the Indians learned how we had fooled them, they took the trail. The whole valley was ours—until he got the Windigo." Suddenly the speaker faced the door, listening. "What's that?"

As the two watched the door apprehensively, it opened to admit a half-breed with drink-sodden face.

"What you eat tonight, m'sieu?" The dull eyes of the cook shifted uneasily from Antoine to his chief.

"You here still, Philippe?" sneered Lafamme. "I thought you and Jean would hit the Rouge river trail when it got dark. All the rats have left."

"They'll hang on while the whisky lasts," muttered Antoine. "You find Tete-Boule?" The face of the cook, mottled-gray in the half

light, turned to the man who had gone out that morning on the trail over which none had returned.

"He found him—with his tongue out," Lafamme laughed bitterly. "You'd make a pretty picture, Philippe, hanging from that hook, with your throat cut. You'd bleed straight Scotch; you've lived on it for months."

The stark terror in the eyes of the half-breed seemed to appease his chief, who went on: "We'll have bacon and potatoes—if they give us time to eat them. Bring that jug."

The jug was placed on the table between the two men, and the cook, muttering incoherently, shuffled to the door.

"Two left, out of the lot; and they stay for the whisky!" commented Lafamme, filling a glass and showing the jug across the table. "My friend, I'll give you a toast," he added, as the nerveshattered Antoine gulped down his drink. "May that d—d American rot in h—!"

Lafamme's glass was at his lips when a chorus of howls rose from the clearing.

The startled eyes of the men met across the table. "What's that?" demanded the trader, slowly lowering his glass, untouched.

"The dogs—hear something—out there!" The hoarse voice of the other quavered as he went to the door.

From the murk, the whimpering of the awed huskies reached the straining ears of the two at the door, who stood, nerves strung with suspense—one thought in their brains.

Then from the invisible forest beyond rose a wall—demon-like, blood-freezing, the voice of no clawed creature of the night—to die away, into silence.

"They have come!" warned Antoine, seizing the arm of his chief.

"Quick! Harness the dogs while I get the fur and the grub!" was the low answer.

The nerve of Lafamme had snapped. Racing desperately against the closing in of a ring of ruthless foes, Antoine caught and harnessed the dogs.

At the trade-house door, grub-bag, robes, and the precious pack of black fox were thrown on the sled. The whip cracked at the head of the lead-dog. "Marche, Pete!" rasped the Frenchman, and the team plunged into their collars at a gallop. Then the voice of a dog-driver out on the lake trail drifted back through the thick night.

"There go the last of the rats!" mut-

tered Lafamme. "Now the ship can sink." And they lashed the swift, six-dog team out to the lake ice, and through the gloom that masked the Rouge river trail.

CHAPTER XVIII

From the blackness of the clearing at Ogoke rose a low whistle, which was answered from the gloom behind the trader's quarters, where the kitchen windows shone, yellow patches in the thick dark night.

The whistle was repeated and, simultaneously, swart faces appeared at the windows of both buildings. Eyes, glittering with hate and the pent excitement of the stalk, searched the rooms for signs of life. But they looked on emptiness—on a table splashed with spilled liquor, a jug, an untouched glass of whisky; on a stove from which smoked a frying pan with its burning bacon.

"I knew you would stampede them, Michel," said Steele, looking quizzically at the happy Iroquois. "They got out just ahead of us. You did that for David, you rascal!"

The hour of the man from Nepigon had struck. Like a hound at leash he yearned for the Rouge river trail—and the man who traveled it.

Steele gripped the hard hand of his friend in silence. There was nothing to say—no turning the Ojibway from his heart's desire. With a word to Michel, David left them to get his dogs.

"What shall we do with last year's hunt, if we find he hasn't shipped it?" queried Steele.

"Give eet to de Indian. Dey trade eet at Walling Riviere."

"Yes, he got most of it with his whisky—by fraud. It ought to go back to them."

To the surprise of the men as they reached the fur-storing loft, the candles lighted row on row of otter and mink, lynx and fox, marten and fisher pelts, hanging from the rafters.

"Here's his whole last year's trade!" cried Steele. "He's never shipped it!"

The yellow light of his candle lit eyes snapping with delight, as Michel looked at his chief. "Much fur here for M'sieu St. Onge! He be happy man, now. De pos' not close."

"Yes, they will trade it at Walling River, unless—" The Indian waited, wondering at the qualification—"unless Lascelles refuses to sign a certain paper."

"Ah-hah! He not get her—now!" The grave eyes of the Iroquois questioned Steele's.

"Not if I can help it!" Satisfied, the Indian turned to examine the fur. Steele began counting the rows of rich pelts, in an endeavor to make a rough estimate of their value. He had reached the far end

of the loft when the dim light of the candle fell on some bulky shapes on the floor in a corner. Curious, he bent over the lashed bundles. On the canvas covering of the nearest there was lettering. He lowered his candle to read it.

"R—F," he said aloud; then, with a gasp, "Walling River!"

"Michel!" he called, "Revilleon Freres, Walling River! Well, I'll be—The fur-packs from the lost canoe! Murdered—ambushed, they were, for the fur!"

Michel knelt beside Steele. "By gar! our fur!" he said, peering at the wrappings, his voice hoarse with excitement. "Dey keel our men at de Devil's mile!" The muscles of his lean face knotted. "But Lafamme ees dead man now. Tonight Davede take his trail!"

They rolled out the fur-packs with the eighteen thousand dollars in pelts, which had left the post in the spring only to vanish on the lower Walling.

"M'sieu St. Onge be happy man dis night, eef he know dis."

"He'll know it as soon as one of the boys can reach him," replied Steele jubilantly. "We'll send him this present in the morning." After the gray days the sun was indeed breaking through. She seemed nearer—more possible of attainment, there in the dark fur-loft at Ogoke, than she had been for weeks, to the man who toiled for her.

In the morning Steele gathered his red henchmen together in the trade-room and talked to them, through Michel.

"My friends, we have worked together to drive from this valley the man who would destroy the Indians. We have won. He has gone. You have toiled, you have kept your promises and obeyed orders. You will take to your families what food and trade-goods your dogs can pull. Also, there is much fur in the loft, for which Lafamme paid the Ojibways in whisky. This the government will take, if it remains here. But it belongs to the Indians. You shall have it to divide equally among the hunters of this valley, but first it must be taken to the fork of the Stopping and cached. I am going on the long trail to Fort Albany. When I return I will meet you at the cache, divide the fur among you, and tell you where you are to take it to be traded—to Walling River or to Fort Hope, of the old company."

"In the loft we have found the fur that was lost this summer with the canoe on the lower river. Lafamme murdered the crew and stole the fur, to drive the honest trader, St. Onge, from this valley. This morning it goes back to him. Will you cache the rest of the fur at the Stopping and wait for my return from Albany?"

"E-nh, yes!" The Ojibways, delighted with their sudden wealth, readily agreed, surprised that the man who had caught the Windigo reserved nothing for himself.

The following morning, as Michel and Steele watched the last sled fade from sight on the white surface of Ogoke, bound with fur for the fork of the Stopping, a moving spot on the snow, far to the west, attracted their

attention.

"It can't be David, so soon?" queried the American.

The Iroquois shook his head. "He not kech dem so queek. Dey drive dog hard to get away."

Steele went into the trade-house and returned with his binoculars.

"There seem to be two sleds," he said, adjusting the glasses. "The drivers are riding. I can't make them out. They may be police." He handed the glasses to Michel.

For a long time the Indian studied the distant spots on the snow. Then he said, drily. "Once one man—odder team hitch to front sled. Dogs tired."

He returned the glasses to his chief, with a look which aroused Steele's curiosity.

"You think it's David, after all?" "I tink," nodded the Indian.

The two men returned to the kitchen. The man who had spent two nights and a day on the trail would appreciate a warm breakfast. When

(Continued on page 6)

**For Expert Horseshoeing and Blacksmithing Come To G. W. HOGUE**  
Just North of Wellington  
Mattress Factory

**CICERO SMITH LUMBER CO.**

**COAL LUMBER PAINT**

**S. A. McCARROLL, Mgr.**  
Phone 97

**CITY NATIONAL BANK**  
IN WELLINGTON  
Capital, Surplus and Profits \$200,000.00  
Wellington, Texas

To Our Friends:  
With the coming of another Christmas Day, we wish to extend to you the Season's Greetings—a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And, too, may we say a word of thanks for the business you have so kindly sent our way during the year now drawing to a close? This business has been, and is, sincerely appreciated—and we sincerely hope to number you as a Friend and Customer throughout the years to come.

So with a feeling of gratitude, we wish you a most Joyful Christmas, and hope that 1926, in its entirety, may be full of Happiness and Prosperity for you.

Sincerely Yours,  
CITY NATIONAL BANK

**Professional Directory**

**ARTIFICIAL HUMAN EYES**  
Reading Lenses \$2.50 each. Frames same price. Figure it. Save about \$5.00.  
Kryptok Invisible Glasses \$15.00. Other Bi-focals \$12.50. Save \$6.

**DR. CLAUDE WOLCOTT, Specialist**  
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Phone No. 45  
Office over City National Bank. Hours 8 to 12—1 to 5  
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Practice in all Courts  
Office—Over First National Bank  
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**C. C. SMALL, Attorney-at-Law**  
Practice in District and Appellate Courts  
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X-Ray, Radium and Electrotherapy.  
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**DR. T. A. HUDSON**  
Rectal Diseases a Specialty  
Piles Cured by Absorbent Method.  
Office in First Natl. Bank Building

**SCOTT-THOMAS UNDERTAKING CO.**  
Funeral Director and Embalmers  
Phone 146 Wellington  
S. S. Square



# To Leader Readers and Advertisers

With sincerest wishes for your happiness during the Christmas Season and your prosperity during the New Year. The Leader extends the Season's greetings.

## The Wellington Leader

"A Builder In Collingsworth County"

# SCHOOL NEWS

Edited By  
Will H. Howell

## CHRISTMAS BASKET BALL GAME WED.

The Hollis Indians will meet the Skyrockets in a struggle in basket ball Wednesday night at the high school gymnasium. Mr. Boston informs us the team is in trim shape and hope to defeat the Indians. The lineup will be: Forwards, Manary Brantley, Frank McInnis; center, Mac Willis and Wilfred Perrin; guards, Julius Haralson, captain and Lloyd Powell and Vernon Stafford. Come and cheer for our Wellington high Skyrockets.

## T. N. T. EXPLOSION

The Chemistry Class had lots of excitement besides the Christmas spirit Monday. A solution was being mixed by Miss Lottie Frances Morrow and a terrible noise was heard—zip, boom, bang, spow! Everybody began to run and Mr. Green came rushing to the laboratory. Lottie's face was burned, Bill Leggett's lip was cut, Roscoe Sasser suffered minor injuries. Several others had slight burns and cuts. This will probably prove a lesson, the class will be more careful of mixing explosives.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The public schools will be dismissed Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock for the Christmas holidays, great times are expected by the faculty and pupils. Many of the teachers are going to their homes for the Christmas season. Miss Cook will spend the holidays in Oklahoma City, Miss Whitely returns to Brownwood to meet Santa Claus, Misses Hix and Harle expect to be here and say please address their packages "City". Misses Calthorp and Steelman will be by their own firesides to eat candy, cake, apples, raisins, etc. If they come back and we cannot see their eyes, we will know it was too many pretzels.

It is our hope and has long been our plea that Saint Nicholas will remember every letter and bring every article which has been requested by everyone. Let us all be happy and rejoice at this Christmas tide and enjoy the New Year.

## CHRISTMAS PARTY ENJOYED BY JUNIORS

Mrs. H. E. Singley very hospitably opened her home to the Juniors Friday night. The rooms were festooned with various Christmas decorations including a tree. The guests were asked to take a package from the Christmas tree, and each received a delicious sandwich which had a greeting card attached to it. Hot chocolate was served.

Different games were enjoyed by: Misses Olethea Singley, Hattie Lee Brantley, Myrtle Huff, Lena Loter, Lola Ricketts, Mamie Fuller, Velma Harold, Lera Mae McQueen, Luella Roy, Birtie Aldridge, Kathleen Boston, Ward Hicks, Anthony Alford, Bill Howell, Orval Couch, Howell Gray, Robert Estes, Jesse B. O'Hair, Jones Singley, Elliott Edgar, La Thaggar Green, Roscoe Sasser, Lloyd Powell, Mac Willis, Raymond Jones and Arthur Wells.

## WHAT IS SAID ABOUT ENGLISH

You know that I crave English,  
I like it very much;  
Some people say they hate it,  
And they do not use it much.  
Sometimes I don't like English,  
Because it is very hard;  
But when the end of six weeks comes,  
I have D's on my card.  
I do not like bad English,  
Most people will say that too.  
And every time you make a mistake,  
You should let me tell you.  
Nearly every body likes good English,  
Nearly everybody in our room;  
But when it comes to correcting bad English  
I'd as soon meet my fatal doom.  
—Curtis Savage, High Seventh

## CHRISTMAS TREES

By MARJORIE BARROWS  
In Child Life

LITTLE pines upon the hill,  
Sleeping in the moonlight still.

Are you dreaming now of me  
Who bloomed into a Christmas tree?

Baby moons of gold and red  
Cuddle close beside my head;

In my tangle leaves a string  
Of fairy stars are glimmering;

While my arms, for girls and boys,  
Blossom with a hundred toys.

O, little pines, it's fun to live  
To be a Christmas tree—and give!

## Texas

By Mrs. Phebe K. Warner

Twinkling stars, and tinkling bells,  
and candles all aglow. Happy voices  
everywhere. Joy and peace and  
Christmas cheer.

Isn't it grand and glorious? And  
all because a Little Babe was born  
one winter night in Bethlehem. Wonder  
what people did for Christmas  
cheer before there was a Christmas?  
And why is it we all look forward to  
this Eve and this day with more re-  
joicing than any other day of the  
year?

Is it not because of the unselfish-  
ness of the Christmas spirit? It is  
the ONE time in all the year that we  
are taught to think of others and for-  
get ourselves. Who are the happiest  
people at Christmas time? Those  
who, forgetful of themselves can  
make the greatest number of other  
people happy. Many of us might  
never know just what kind of a spirit  
we had if it were not for this great  
event. It is then that our very best  
nature is put to a test. It is then  
that the very best there is in us tries  
the hardest to assert and express it-  
self. Not alone in words, but in  
deeds. The world might never know  
how really good you are if it were not  
for Christmas. What a wonderful  
world this would be if it were possible  
for every one of us to be for just  
one day as truly good and kind and  
thoughtful as our hearts tell us to be  
on Christmas.

If it were within your reach to do  
all that your heart tells you to do to-  
day, what would you do? Just sup-  
pose for a few minutes you could do  
everything you want to do this  
Christmas. Wouldn't you be a great  
man? And wouldn't you be a fine  
woman? And maybe you are just  
that kind of a being. Who knows?  
God knows. Did you ever think of  
that? Maybe you are a lot better  
person than you think you are. May-  
be you are as good and as kind as  
you wish you were. At least the  
thought ought to put a little new life  
into your drooping spirit. For God,  
our only just judge, not only knows  
but sees everything that is in our  
hearts. And He will give us credit  
for even our good intentions and  
thoughts if that is really the best we  
can do.

If it were within your power to do  
all that your heart wants to do today  
and all that our hearts wants to do,  
there would not be a disappointed  
child in all the world this Christmas  
Day. There would not be a sad home  
or a lonely, hungry man or woman in  
the world today.  
The only reason Christmas is such a  
dear day to us all is because it is the  
only day of all the year that we allow  
Christ to reign in our lives. It is the  
only day that LOVE rules the world  
and prompts our every action. If this  
is not entirely true it comes the near-  
est being true on Christmas of any  
day in all the year. What a world this  
would be if every day were like

Christmas. Of course we could not  
keep up the gift giving every day.  
But every day could and would have  
the Christmas spirit if we were only  
willing for it to be so. Jesus came  
into the world to bring light and life  
and love to everybody for every day  
in the year. And His love is bound-  
less.

Whose fault is it if we are happy  
only on Christmas? Who is to blame  
if we do not live our best life but one  
day each year. The world needs cheer  
and appreciation and love and sym-  
pathy and food and clothes and kind-  
ness every day of the year. What a  
help it would be to have a little joy  
and sunshine scattered all along life's  
pathway every day.

Did you ever live a year when every  
day seemed like Christmas? This has  
been our experience this past year.  
Scarcely a day has passed that we  
have not received a gift of a kind  
word, a letter of encouragement, a  
helpful criticism, or a beautiful  
thought from somebody.

If it were possible to do what my  
very best nature wants to do today I  
would answer every one of those let-  
ters with a big Christmas turkey and  
a letter of thanksgiving and Christ-  
mas joy for every one of you. But like  
most of us it is impossible to do all I  
would like to do.

But here's wishing every friend a  
most joyous Christmas and the Happi-  
est New Year. And let's all begin  
today to make every day more like  
Christmas by giving away more kind  
words, doing more kind deeds, and  
thinking more kind thoughts about  
our friends. And especially let's not be  
so stingy with our words of apprecia-  
tion and sympathy and encouragement.

There are more people suffering for  
lack of kindness and love this Christ-  
mas Day than for food and clothing.  
There are more empty hearts than  
empty stockings tonight. There are  
more hungry spirits than hungry  
bodies. And it would be so easy to  
feed them. Let's make somebody hap-  
py every day this year with our gifts  
of love and cheer and human kindness.  
Let's not wait another year before we  
give our best self a chance to express  
itself. The world needs spiritual gifts  
worse than material gifts. Every one  
of us need them. Let's every one be a  
real Santa Claus this year and scatter  
more sunshine and cheer each day in  
the year.

## MASONS NOTICE

Monday night at 7:30 the Wellington lodge will hold work for interde apprentices.

ELSWICK SHERWODE  
41-2tp

Do not waste power and efficiency pulling a disc. Let us put a keen edge on it. Wellington Machine Shop and Garage. 37-47-c

Genuine line Evergreen Christmas Trees from 65c to \$4.50 at the Palace Drug Store. 41-2e

THIS WILL THRILL YOU

## The Wife-Ship Woman

By Hugh Pendexter

ALL history is connected with adventure. Hugh Pendexter, who has written some of the best adventure stories in this country, has also written some of the best American historical novels. His "The Wife-Ship Woman," a story of love and adventure, is founded upon the scheme of France to appease her soldiers and Louisiana colonists some 200 years ago by sending over ships loaded with females. Few of these were fitted to be wives, but the one in this story was an exception. Her remarkable experiences along with the remarkable man who finally won her, make one of the most stirring romances ever written.

READ IT AS A SERIAL IN

The Leader

## TO THE PEOPLE OF COLLINGSWORTH COUNTY:

There has been a practice prevalent among some merchants of this section to send customers to a neighboring town to make a purchase when those merchants are out of the article inquired for. Those customers make many other purchases while in these neighboring towns, thereby allowing a large volume of business to be taken away from Wellington merchants and losing to Wellington money that it earned here and should be spent here.

It has been charged that the reason for the exceptionally low prices found at the Home Furniture Store is that low quality merchandise is being sold at these astonishing low prices. Nothing could be further from the truth. The truth is that finer merchandise cannot be bought in this section of the Panhandle. This store handles only quality merchandise—every article purchased in this store is guaranteed to be as represented and to give satisfaction. Since we have an exclusive line and can buy in quantity lots, we are in a position to and do give you better merchandise at lower prices.

We will not knowingly misrepresent the value nor quality of any article. We are guided by the belief that "you can't fool all of the people any of the time", and that this store will gain satisfied customers by representing its goods as they actually are. Here the management will state that all customers will be assisted in every way in selecting furniture and will be given the advantage of the experience and knowledge of the management at all times.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas, we are,

At Your Service,

H. L. Todd.

HOME FURNITURE CO.

J. D. Sugg



### Are we a nation of spenders, or buyers?

THERE are persons, of course, who "throw their money to the winds." There are "free spenders" and those who "don't know the value of a dollar." Every community in America has at least a few wayward sons.

But we cannot properly be called a nation of spenders. We are a nation of industrious, progressive folks, whose buying power is tremendous. And we certainly do exert that power.

In this community, as elsewhere, we keep our money pretty much in circulation. But we are buying, not wastefully spending. We are investing in homes and their equipment, in clothing and food, in health and the comforts of life.

The greatest aid to such wise use of money is the newspaper with its group of display advertisements. Folks who consistently read the ads—and follow their advice—are not inclined to waste their earnings. They readily learn the wisdom of exchanging their funds only for those things that bring them genuine happiness.

(C. 1925 O. L. H.)



### HAWK BRAND OVERALLS

THEY WEAR LONGER

Sold Exclusively by  
J. B. ELLIS

Quality, Quantity and Volume Producing Prices  
Built this Store

Personal

Phone 111—The Texas Company.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Trew announce the arrival of a seven pound son, Dec. 14.

John William Peoples has returned home from Arlington where he has been attending school to spend the holidays.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Moore of Independence, Kansas, came in Sunday to spend Christmas with Eddie's parents Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Moore.

Denatured alcohol for your radiators, \$1.25 a gallon. Joe Hardy Drug Store. 41-1c

Joe Hemphill came Saturday from Norman, Oklahoma, to spend the holidays.

Aaron Edgar and Raymond McClure came in Sunday from Stephenville where they have been attending school to spend the holidays.

acres of land for sale. Will take as first payment. Rest, easy terms. W. H. Goforth. 37-1c

Miss Dorette Beggs left Monday for Fort Worth where she will visit her grandmother during Christmas.

John and Wood Coleman returned home from A. & M. where they have been attending school.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

Dee Coleman returned home for the Christmas holidays. He has been attending school at Arlington.

For Sale—Twenty good farms, easy terms. See Bob Scott. 30-1c

Robert Templeton returned home to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Templeton.

Daevanport Strong who is conducting an insurance business in Littlefield, Texas, is home for the holidays.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

H. L. Todd made a business trip to Altus Monday.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

Earl Elam spent a few days in Altus this week.

Let us rebuild your worn lister, mould boards and have them ready for the spring rush. Wellington Machine Shop and Garage. -46c

Ned Stringfellow left Sunday for Weatherford where he has accepted a position with the Weatherford Democrat.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Peoples of Dodsonville were in Wellington Monday.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

Guy Cansler of Dodsonville visited in Wellington Friday.

Genuine line Evergreen Christmas Trees from 65c to \$4.50 at the Palace Drug Store. 41-2c

Carrie Bell Lee of Memphis visited in Wellington over the week-end.

Don't sell your hide for nothing—green beef hides are worth 8 cents

Miss Mittie Lee Royal returned home from Amarillo Sunday.

Genuine line Evergreen Christmas Trees from 65c to \$4.50 at the Palace Drug Store. 41-2c

John William Thomas came home from T. C. U. in Fort Worth and started to work. He says he has no time to play.

Genuine line Evergreen Christmas Trees from 65c to \$4.50 at the Palace Drug Store. 41-2c

KING

Due to the cold weather many in this community killed hogs during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Weaver of Lake View spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Dollar.

Mr. and Mrs. John Melton of Hollis, Oklahoma, visited in the H. A. Winkler home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Godwin and family of Floyada visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White last week.

Mr. Billy Thomas has returned to his home at Tulia.

The people of this community are very sorry to hear of Mr. and Mrs. Holbert's accident of last Friday and wish for them a speedy recovery.

The box supper held at the King school house Dec. 12th was most successful. A large crowd attended and after a short program Mr. Sammons of Wellington auctioned off the boxes. Sixty-five dollars was realized from the sale. This money will be used to buy new library books.

Among the school visitors last week were: Supt. E. L. Winn, Mr. J. W. Cook, Mr. Sweat and Mr. and Mrs. Winkler. The school is always glad for its friends and patrons to call.

Miss Myrtle Cumbie, one of the King teachers, spent last week end with home folks in Giles.

School here will close Dec. 21 for the holidays. A short program and Christmas tree will be held at the school Monday afternoon. School patrons are cordially invited to attend.

REPORTER

Ralph Lewis, who is a freshman at Notre Dame, returned Saturday for the holidays. Ralph is a trifle fatter.

If not a new suit, your old one will look nice when properly cleaned. The Toggery, Phone 160.

Miss Hattie D. Well is home from Denton spending the holidays with her mother Mrs. Lucy B. Wells.

Genuine line Evergreen Christmas Trees from 65c to \$4.50 at the Palace Drug Store. 41-2c

Miss Daisy Birchfield, who lives at Haycamp, returned from C. I. A., last Friday.

We will do your wet washing for 6 cents per pound. Will call for and deliver. Wellington Laundry. 41-?

Miss Margarette Carter who has been attending the College of Industrial Arts at Denton is home for the holidays.

The Toggery gives you the best there is in Cleaning and Pressing. Call 160.

Preaching both morning and night next Lord's Day at the Church of Christ.

Carl and Leo Parrish and families of Carey, Texas, have returned home after several days visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Warrick.

The Right Name, is the subject at the Church of Christ at 7 p. m. next Lord's day.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

Miss Bess Pritchard, who has been attending the University of Oklahoma, is spending the holidays with her parents.

Breaking the Alabaster Box at 11 a. m. The Right Name is the subject at the Church of Christ next Lord's day at 7 p. m.



DR. V. R. JONES Registered Optometrist

Fine Spectacles Palace Drug Store Wellington, Texas

PROGRAM AT FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

The following program will be given Sunday night, Dec. 27, 1925 at the First Baptist Church:

Opening song—Holy, Holy, Holy, No. 229, choir and congregation.

Invocation—By Pastor

Primary Band—Under direction of Mrs. J. A. Longino.

Chorus—Onward Christian Soldiers Scripture reading—Pastor.

Announcements

Offertory Solo—J. B. Taylor.

Joy to the World—Choir and congregation.

Hail to the King of Glory—Choir. Cornet Solo—E. M. Lindsey.

Choir—Proclaim the Joyful Tidings Male Quartet—I can hear my Savior Calling.

All Hail Immanuel—Choir and congregation. Benediction.

PROGRAM FOR CHRISTMAS TREE THURSDAY NIGHT AT FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Hymn—It came upon the Mdi-night Invocation—J. T. Nabors

Hymn—Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

Christmas Message—Pastor.

Cradle Roll—Six Little Stars Beginners—Song

Primaries—Gifts to the Master. Juniors—Christmas Story.

Intermediates—Peace on Earth Young People—Play, "Inn Keeper"

Adult Department—Silent Night

I am booking orders for Feb. hatched chicks now, and you cannot wait until then and get them at desired dates as first orders received have preference in dates of delivery, I will have 2500 each week after Feb. 15th, but owing to the demand it will be necessary for those desiring them early to book their orders early. Silver Crest Poultry Farm. 38-1c

Mrs. W. A. Groff and son of Hammon, Oklahoma are visiting Mrs. Goff's sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Minister Ira L. Sanders.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

Lee Godfrey of Parks, Texas, is visiting his sisters, Mrs. E. M. Hix, Mrs. Kate Hayhurst, Mrs. Grady Brooks, Mrs. Joe Baumgardner and brother, Kinney Godfrey, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Cox of Whitesboro, Texas, are visiting their daughter and family Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Carvin, also Mrs. Cox's sisters, Mrs. R. C. Dryden and Mrs. G. H. Russell and families.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

J. M. Barber and family of Palaska are visiting his brother, J. V. Barber and family, this week.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM NO. 2

Subject—A true Story of a Chinese Boy.

Introduction—William McClaskey The Home of Ah-San—Junior Whittington.

The Birth of Ah-San—Opal White Ah-San goes to School—John Nabors.

Ah-San Studies—Reba Longino. At Play—Margaret Mallard. A Good Son—Jack Henson.

Ah-Sans first funeral—Comille Ah-San hears about Jesus—Lorene Ward.

Poem—Christene McQueen. Leaders 10 Minutes—J. B. Taylor.

Mrs. J. W. Seaberry and family of the Buck Creek community are visiting Mrs. D. D. Gilliland of Wellington this week.

We will do your wet washing for 6 cents per pound. Will call for and deliver, Wellington Laundry. 41-?

Homer Ball of Canyon stopped over night with Judge Myers one night this week. Mr. Ball was on his way to visit friends and relatives in Collinsville, Texas.

Genuine line Evergreen Christmas Trees from 65c to \$4.50 at the Palace Drug Store. 41-2c

Jerry Riley of Chickasha, Oklahoma, visited relatives in Wellington this week.

We do all kinds of wood work. Ed Riley.

Mr. Sherrell Gardner and Miss Ony Mayfield of Hollis visited friends in Wellington Monday night.

Everett Morton of Hollis was a Wellington visitor the first of this week.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

Lola Godfrey of Louisiana State University was in Wellington the first of the week visiting relative. Bill played quarterback on the Tiger football team during the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Willingham of Sudan, Texas, are spending the holidays with Mrs. Willingham's brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bell this place.

All kinds of toys and Christmas gifts at low prices at Wm. Cooks. 42-2c

J. E. Mattox, an employee of the Barnes & Hastings Grocery Co. left in response to a telephone call that his sister living in Altus, is very ill.

J. L. Witten, a sale representative of the Curry Music Company of Altus, sold to the Loco school a piano and the delivery has been made.

Misses Edna Riley and Gladys Nelson were Hollis visitors Tuesday night.

Monk Leggett visited in Memphis Sunday.

I have some good locations for residence for sale. V. H. Templeton.

Misses Melba Anderson, Winnie Fain, Gladys Nelson and Edna Riley visited friends in Hollis last week.

Pierre Burton, a trucker, at the depot is visiting his parents in Camargo, Oklahoma, during the holidays.

NOTICE

We will not be open for business from noon Thursday, Dec. 24, or on Christmas Day. We will also close all day, Jan. 1, 1926. Please arrange for change and other business before hand.

WELLINGTON STATE BANK CITY NATIONAL BANK FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Barnes & Hastings Gro. Co.

If Santa Claus should broadcast That he'd not come for years It would make a heap of trouble, Would cause a lot of tears; But we know that he is coming, He told BARNES and HASTINGS Store That he'd be here on Christmas And for them to order more.

Phone 109

WHITE CREST FLOUR

HOTNESS CAKES

Quality Printing

There are many things for which you will need quality printing in the next few weeks. This shop is prepared to turn out anything from Wedding invitations to two color work on double page circulars, and we do it at a cost that will compare favorably with the printing of out-of-town concerns.

PUBLIC AUCTION SALE

Will be held at the O. K. Wagon Yard

the first Saturday in every month for the benefit of the farmers and general public of Collingsworth County. W. R. Johnson is the manager of the O. K. Wagon Yard and will take care of all property that is listed with the Sale Clerk. We sell everything that consists of running a farm or household goods on the basis of 10 per cent. That will give the farmer the assistance of getting rid of his surplus property or purchasing something that he needs. Be sure to bring your property in 24 hours before the sale. Positively no by bids or no set price. This sale is run strictly on straight basis for the benefit of the farmer.

W. R. JOHNSON, Mgr.

COL. BOB SAMMONS, Auct.

Feed of all kinds sold at O. K. Wagon Yard



The Wife-Ship Woman

By Hugh Pendexter

Author of KINGS OF THE MISSOURI, PAY GRAVEL, A VIRGINIA SCOUT, ETC.

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THE WELLINGTON LEADER

Published Every Thursday and Sunday by the Leader Printing Company, Inc.

HENRY DESKINS WELLS, Editor
Duard E. Scott, Ass't Editor and Foreman

Entered as second-class mail matter August 25, 1909 at the postoffice at Wellington, Texas, under the act of March 3, 1879.

\$2.00 a Year in Trade Territory \$3.00 a Year outside Trade Territory

Special Representative Texas Press Weeklies, Inc. H. L. Grable, Manager
618 Mercantile Bank Building, Dallas, Texas

Good News for the County

ONE OF THE BEST news items of the year as far as the county as a whole is concerned is the announcement that after Jan. 1 Collingsworth County will have a county agent if the plans go through.

The present Commissioners Court has inaugurated many constructive measures during the past year, but The Leader believes that the move to secure a county agent for Collingsworth is the most noteworthy that they have undertaken.

Coming as it does in a year when the farmers will be forced to use real science in farming to make it a paying proposition, this move is indeed fortunate for the county as a whole.

Good News for the Town

IN THE LAST Thursday paper The Leader published a story saying that the Cocks addition had been taken into the city, one on the renaming of the streets and one on the letting of the contract for laying the water mains at an advantageous figure.

The Valley Of Voices

(Continued from Page 2)

they again looked down the lake, the familiar, lanky figure of David was urging the exhausted teams from the tail of the second sled.

In silence the two gripped the hand of the one who had left in the night on his grim quest—faithful to an oath and a memory.

To their questioning eyes he answered: "My brudder—he sleep soun' last night."

That was all. But Steele and Michel knew that somewhere on the Rouge river trail, two men had paled—somewhere, two bodies lay stiff in the snow.

CHAPTER XIX

All Walling River, women and children, were on the river ice to welcome the return of the men who had saved the trade. Leaving the chattering Indians, as the dogs, brave with bells and colored worsted, jingled down the trail, St. Onge hurried to meet his friends.

"My friends!" he choked, powerless to continue. Then, "My brave comrades! I can never repay you—but I will not forget."

Steele's eager eyes searched the group at the shore for a straight figure in fur coat and hood—then found her standing with the women. As the people surrounded the dog-teams, congratulating Michel and David, she came to meet him.

The sharp air had driven the blood to her cheeks. In the milk hood, he face had never so appealed to him as when she laughed up, with: "The conqueror returns for his triumph! Wel-

saving made in letting the water contract is also noteworthy.

School Christmas Week

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN of Wellington were forced to go to school on Christmas week. Now the editor of this paper doesn't know anything about the exigencies that made it necessary for the students to attend school three days during Christmas week in order to get their work done, but he does know something about the attitude of students.

Will those three days of schooling make them like their work better? No. Will they learn an appreciable amount? No. Will they study? No. Then what will they do during those three days? They will sit there and fidget, and wish that they were outside.

A school house is not a factory. It is a garden. Mass production of themes, problems, etc., should not be the aim of the teachers. Certain standards are necessary to keep the school affiliated. Certain measures are needed to make the lazy students work.

come, Monsieur Steele!" Then her dark eyes went grave. "We owe you everything—everything," she said, lowering her voice.

"But—for you?" he protested. "You know—it was for you?"

She met his gaze frankly. "I thank you—for myself."

"You have been well?" he asked, chilled by the reserve in her level eyes.

"Yes, you would know what its loss has meant. But your catching the Windigo—surrounding them—driving them from Ogoke through fear! It was wonderful, monsieur. And David is with you? The Indians told us he had left in pursuit of Lafamme—he—"

"Yes, David's account is settled," said Steele, quietly.

The girl shuddered.

"The future of the post is safe," Steele went on. "We have much to be thankful for—finding that lost fur. Your father will show a big profit this year. Montreal will not allow the post to be closed now."

He watched her face closely.

"Father wept at the news—it was wonderful," she calmly replied, as if ignorant of how great moment to her own fortunes was the rehabilitation of Walling River.

She had not changed; nothing would move her. She would go through with it, notwithstanding the assured independence of her father. She would keep her contract. That was clear. If she cared, she would have shown it there, on the river, when she met him.

At the trade-house he found Michel and David, narrating in detail the history of the campaign against the Windigo and Ogoke.

"It is unbelievable, my dear Steele," said St. Onge. "and I owe you and

Michel a humble apology. I could not believe that Tete-Boule was dangerous—a spy. For me to leave her here at the mercy of Lafamme was unthinkable—and the violin! Poor girl, that was the final blow."

Michel glanced at David's stoic face, nodding grimly. "Wal, dat ees paid—dat leetle debt."

"It was uncanny—the way you three men caught Pierre and paid them with their own medicine. I can't believe now that it isn't all a dream. And this fur of Lafamme's, you say it is cached up river? The Frenchman was puzzled."

Steele nodded.

"And you are to divide it among the Indians later?"

"Yes, when I return from Albany."

"From Albany? You are going to Albany?"

"Yes, David and I start tomorrow."

The factor was frankly bewildered. "But you need a rest, and you are apt to run right into a Keewatin northwester at this time, monsieur," objected St. Onge. What Steele's mission was he did not ask.

"Our dogs are good for it. We'll take six and go light. You can count on seeing us inside of three weeks."

"But why not send Michel and David? You do not flatter the poor hospitality of Walling River when you give us but a night. I've looked forward so to your return—and now you are leaving us," protested the mystified factor.

"It is a personal matter," said Steele, "and is urgent. We start at daylight."

After reeling off the last miles of the lower Albany on an ice-hard trail, the swift dogs of Steele trotted up to the building of the Revillon Freres at the mouth of the river, two days before New Year's.

Leaving David to protect the team, Steele entered the trade-room. At the counter a half-breed clerk was busy with a hunter, but beyond, occupied at a desk, sat the man he had come three hundred miles to see.

At Steele's "Good afternoon, mon-

the trader looked up from his work. Slowly, as he recognized the frost-burned features of the man in duffle capote, the face of Lascelles went black with anger. He rose and faced the newcomer, his mouth twitching in vain effort to articulate.

"You remember me," went on Steele, casually, openly amused at the surprise and discomfiture of the other. "My name is Steele. I met you at Walling River."

"Yes, I remember you," exploded the inspector, finding his voice. "What brings you here?"

"I came on a little matter of business which we had better discuss in private," suggested Steele, nodding in the direction of the listening clerk.

"Come in behind the counter, then." Steele passed to the rear of the counter and sat down.

"You come from Moose or Walling River?" demanded Lascelles, curious of the purpose of this strange call in mid-winter.

"I come from Walling River. You may be interested to know what has happened in the valley since September."

Lascelles was interested. "You brought letters for me?" His tone dropped its surliness.

"Oh, no! I have no letters, Mademoiselle St. Onge and her father are well, however. In fact, St. Onge is a happy man. He's got the fur he lost last summer at the big rapids."

"Got his fur? How?"

"Why, Lafamme had it. By the way, the trade of the valley is in your hands. Walling River will pay big in the future." Steele added pointedly: "You can't close the post now."

"But Lafamme? He stole that fur?" demanded the astonished and mystified Frenchman. "How did St. Onge get it back?"

"Why, Lafamme bequeathed it to him—sort of a legacy. You see, Lafamme died—with a few others."

Lascelles stared at the man across the desk as if he doubted Steele's reason. "Lafamme dead! What's happened?" he gasped.

"Well, in the first place," began Steele, lighting his pipe, "the Windigo you scoffed at proved to be an Indian from Ogoke. We got him in a bear-trap—then closed in on Lafamme and picked up half his people on the trails. When we walked in the rest had already stampeded from sheer fright. We missed Lafamme by minutes."

The American enjoyed the play of mingled incredulity and amazement on the features of the man he faced. "He was found strangled on the Rouge river trail—later," Steele added. "A private affair, I imagine. Exit all competition in the valley for St. Onge."

"It's unbelievable—Lafamme dead. And his fur? It will come, of course, to Walling River," added the trader, with satisfaction.

The moment of the American had arrived. He deliberately knocked out his pipe, as he countered: "That depends on whether you sign this." The speaker fumbled in an inner pocket and produced an oil-skin envelope with an enclosure.

Lascelles scowled as Steele drew out the paper.

"What is this?" he demanded, his small eyes shifting suspiciously from the paper to the cold gaze of the American.

"This is your title to forty thousand dollars' worth of fur, your title—when you sign it and return it to me."

Mystified on the defensive, Lascelles waited in silence.

"I'll read it to you," continued Steele.

"Mademoiselle Denise St. Onge: 'I hereby release you from your agreement to marry me.'

"GEORGES LASCELLES, 'Inspector, Revillon Freres, Albany District.'

"You dare to insult me in my own house!" raged the furious trader, getting to his feet and shaking his fists in the face of the man who sat coolly in his chair, looking up at him.

"Why—you impudent scoundrel—I'll have you thrown out of the place—you and your dogs! You—" Lascelles, choked with anger, was unable to con-

tinued. "You forget my man David," drawled Steele, "the Indian who laughed at you on the shore. You haven't got enough Swampy Crees at your post here to throw that Ojibway out."

The trader flinched from the threat in the wind-burned features, with the clamped jaw.

"Now, sit down!" snapped Steele. "At the Stopping River there is forty thousand dollars in fur under guard of my men. Sign this, and it goes to St. Onge; refuse, and it will be traded at Fort Hope, with the Hudson's Bay. Understand? Forty thousand in fur to the Hudson's Bay!"

"Did she send you with this?" sneered the patently worried inspector.

"We won't discuss Mademoiselle St. Onge, but she knows nothing of this—nothing. Furthermore, you may be glad to learn that this release will mean nothing to me. We have both lost, Lascelles—both you and I. Let's take our medicine like men."

"You expect me to believe you?"

"Believe me or not, one thing you're going to do; that is, sign this release."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Well, read this." Steele handed the other man a paper bearing the letterhead of Revillon Freres and dated at Montreal.

Lascelles' hand visibly trembled as he took the paper. While he read, his high color slowly died.

"You understand that second sentence, don't you?" taunted Steele. "Any attempt on your part to confuse the company's business with your private affairs will be summarily dealt with," he quoted. "How would you like to have the Montreal office learn that you had, for private reasons, turned over forty thousand dollars' worth of pelts to the Hudson's Bay?"

Limp in his chair, the man who had plotted for Denise St. Onge and beheld his victory near, now stared hopelessly on defeat. To Steele, confident of the answer—the answer which was inevitable from the character of the man he dealt with—the face of Lascelles reflected each stage of his mental struggle. Deep as had been his obsession for Denise St. Onge, his commercial future was his life. After an interval, he turned to the American.

"I could have you put out of the way easily, in spite of your man-killer outside; and get both fur and the girl."

Steele laughed. "You think me a

(Continued on page 7)

See R. H. Templeton for Abstracts.



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# The Valley of Voices

By GEORGE MARSH

Author of "Tollers of the Trail" "The Whelps of the Wolf"

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child? If I don't come back, the fur goes to Fort Hope. I've fixed that. I've also written to your superiors telling them of your great fur haul on the Walling. However, I'm hungry for a good fight. Say the word and I'll begin with you. Any more threats?"

Lascalles was done. There was no alternative to a refusal to sign the release but the ruin of his career. He hurriedly wrote his name and returned the paper to Steele.

"You're a clever man, monsieur," he said in a voice broken with passion, "but in the future keep away from this end of the Albany. It would please me to look at you over the sights of a rifle."

"Now, I don't feel that way about you," flung back Steele as he moved to the door, followed by the venomous eyes of the other. "While I have a foot, I'll never waste good ammunition on a cur," and he slammed the door behind him.

## CHAPTER XX

One bitter day in the middle of January six lean dogs, heads down, limped painfully across the clearing at Walling River. At the tail of the sled followed two men, whose haggard eyes and frost-cracked faces bore the scars of the barrage of the January blizzards.

"We have worried much, Michel and I," said the factor, as Steele and David thawed out before the trade-house stove. "You struck terrible weather. Did your rations hold out?"

"Yes, by cutting them in two," replied Steele with a grimace.

"We'll give you your fill as soon as it can be cooked. And your mission—it was successful?" hazarded the curious St. Onge, ignorant of the purpose of the six-hundred-mile midwinter journey.

"It was," and Steele handed the factor the oil-skin envelope. "Read that!" St. Onge read the release in open-mouthed amazement.

"Man, man! How did you get it?" he gasped.

Steele described his meeting at Albany with Lascalles.

Unchecked tears slowly gathered in the eyes of the overjoyed old man. "My boy," he said brokenly. "It would be the proudest day of my life. You still care for her, don't you?" he demanded anxiously.

"You know I care for her," Steele gently answered, "but I went to Albany for her—not for myself. You must promise me that she hears nothing of this until I have left. She would think she had to pay—feel honor bound. I know her, monsieur. You must not tell her."

"But if she cares? I feel, in her heart, that she does," protested St. Onge.

"She must be a free agent," insisted Steele. "I go south as soon as the dogs are rested. I shall talk to her first."

"I'm sorry, but as you wish it, I shall not tell her."

That night, after what, to the hungry Steele, was a sumptuous meal, consisting largely of caribou, St. Onge left his guest and daughter alone.

During the meal the girl had furtively noted the frostbitten fingers of the American, the drawn cheeks, blackened and cracked by the wind of the Albany trail, the strained look in the gray eyes. Steele had warned to the sincerity of her welcome, the evident pleasure in her greeting. Exhausted as he was, the days before his departure were too few to waste one eve-

ning by sucking rest, so he watched her with hungry eyes as they talked, wondering whether her heart had changed. But she gave no sign, and he was too proud to ask.

On the evening before he left with David for Nepigon, he again sat alone with the woman for whose welfare he had given the best that was in him—for whom he had toiled and planned, faced the sting of the norther and the pinch of the searing cold; the woman he loved too deeply to make himself the recipient of her gratitude.

"You have never told me, monsieur, why you took that terrible journey to Albany," she said, after a silence in which her black brows were drawn together in evident abstraction.

The man's eyes softened as they lingered on the clean lines of her profile, the masses of her dusky hair, for she had asked the question with averted face as if fearing his answer.

"I went to Albany," he said, "to test my judgment of human nature."

"And you found—?"

"I found—that I was a mind reader," he answered with a smile.

"Is it a very great secret?" she asked with a wistful look in the dark eyes that searched his.

"No, you will hear—tomorrow."

"But, tomorrow—you go?"

"Yes."

"And I am not to know until you have gone? So that is it?"

"You will understand—tomorrow," he put her off with.

For a long interval she sat gazing at the rug at her feet, then leaned toward him, her face tense with feeling.

"What must you think of me?" she demanded. "You have planned and worked for us, my father and me—given—given—given! And we— we have sat with folded hands while you toiled—and won. Oh, I want you to know how fine you have been through it all—want you to sense my gratitude—before you go."

She had risen and was pacing the floor—restraint gone.

"I have been selfish—inhospital," she stumbled on, her eyes avoiding his, "but I want you to know that there is nothing—nothing which I will not do—to prove my gratitude for what you have done." She turned from him and he knew by the convulsive movement of her shoulders that she was weeping.

"There are some things without price," he said gently. "What I have done, I have not done—for reward. I know—that I have your gratitude—it is enough."

She turned swiftly upon him with: "But if you knew—"; seemingly confused, checked by a surge of emotion she could not control, she stood for an instant, inarticulate; then left him alone.

Late in February, long after the last of the fur cached at the Stopping had been traded with St. Onge, a dog-team driven by a strange Indian arrived at Walling River. To the surprised questions of the factor the driver answered:

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!"

The girl turned from her bitter retrospection. "What is it?"

"Come here!"

She joined him and bent over the box. In its wrappings lay the ebony case of a violin. On the lid of the case letters of gold spelled: "Nicolo Amati, Cremona."

"An Amati!" she cried in her joy. "A priceless Amati!" Then, brokenly, "Father, father! I am paying—I am paying!"

With feverish haste the key was found and the case opened. She tenderly lifted the rare handwork of the world-famous maker from its bed of velvet and impulsively caressed it with her cheek.

"And he sends no word—no letter?" cried the perplexed St. Onge.

She smiled at his naivete. "There is no word to send, father. He is sorry there, in his gay New York, for the lonely woman he once knew in the wilderness. This," and she held aloft the violin, "is his anodyne for the desolate—the symbol of his pity."

It was May, and Brent Steele had

"A packet has arrived from Nepigon," announced the excited St. Onge, "with a box and a letter for you, my child."

"A letter for me?" she said, a wave of color sweeping her face, while St. Onge watched her curiously.

In the living room Denise St. Onge opened the letter, postmarked Kenora, and read:

"Mademoiselle St. Onge: Walling River.

"What I wrote you at Ogoko last autumn was a lie. I am sorry."

"Rose Bernard, formerly Laflamme."

The paper slowly slipped from the fingers of the numbed girl and fluttered to the floor.

"What is it? Who is it from?" demanded her father.

The face of Denise St. Onge was the color of chalk as she raised her hopeless eyes. "He went to Albany for me," she said, as if to herself, "and would not tell me I was free, fearing my gratitude. And now—I receive this."

"But what is it?"

"Read for yourself, father," and the stunned girl walked to a window, and gazed with dry-eyed emorse out on the white valley.

"All, I deserve—all," she said, turning from the window. "But you are wrong when you think I did not know why he went to Albany—I knew. And I knew I was free the night before he left, when—I tried to tell him that—I loved him. But he thought it was gratitude—thought I was trying to pay. He is proud—oh, so proud!"

"He is a gallant gentleman, and did not know you cared," murmured the old man. "But what is in this box?"

While the girl at the window gazed on the desolate hills as on the white ruin of her happiness, the factor opened the cover of the box. Removing the heavy wrappings of paper protecting the contents, he gasped in surprise.

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!"

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It was May, and Brent Steele had

been hard at work at the museum for three months. In March he had received two letters brought from Walling River by the messenger sent with the violin. The letter from the factor was strained and self-conscious. Together with brief mention of the arrival of the fur from the Stopping, St. Onge had profusely thanked his friend for the costly gift which had made the long evenings again bright with music. But of Denise he said little, except that she was well and played incessantly. So much had happened that the winter seemed unusually long—was, in fact, a bit on their nerves, and the spring would be most welcome. Some day, St. Onge suggested, it might be possible for Steele to revisit the valley of the Walling. He knew the way and his friends there would live for that day.

The other letter was shorter. It ran: "Dear Monsieur Steele:

"A violin—and a Nicolo Amati! Your generosity and your thought of me make these words but feeble things. You, to whom gratitude is distasteful, must yet endure my heartfelt thanks, not only for the rare gift, but for the journey you made for my peace of mind through that terrible wind and cold. The violin will ever be a living memory of one who came, a stranger, to two lonely and hopeless creatures, and left them, facing the future with courage."

"Denise St. Onge."

If only the letter had given him a sign that she wanted him—needed him, instead of dwelling on her gratitude. She was so proud and so brave. If only he had taken her in his arms that last night, and learned from her eyes, the blood in her face, the beat of her heart, whether she was paying a debt of honor or—loved him.

Then, late in May, came a letter—addressed by a hand unused to the pen, and postmarked at Nepigon station on the Canadian Pacific. David doubtless had news and some one had written for him. Steele opened the envelope and read with increasing wonder and delight:

"Miseu Steele—

"Iv you weesh mamsel you burn up de trail to Walling Reeveer queek. All de long snow she have play an play de sad museec an cry on her bed. Wen we go on hill first tam she lift her arm to de sout an say, Cum bak to me. Dat mean you. You cum lak de win. Michel tak dis to de railroad, he an me get marry wen meesary cum in June. Charlotte."

It was from the faithful Ojibway woman who had for so long faithfully served Denise.

That night the Montreal sleeper out of New York carried a man whose gray eyes were strangely happy. A week later two friends were poling the nose of a canoe into the spring freshet of the Jackfish as if pursued by a Windigo. Farther on they recklessly ran in succession each white-water of the swollen Rouge. Down Ogoko, the measured churn-swish, churn-swish of lunging blades marked off the miles to the outlet. Then riding the flood water of the racing Wall-

ing, one afternoon the canoe slid into the beach of the post.

In the trade-house Steele and David found St. Onge and his head-man. There were surprised greetings, then: "I have come for her," announced the American. "Where is she?"

"She has gone to the ridge," answered St. Onge with shining eyes. "You will find her with her violin—alone."

At the edge of the scrub, below the bare brow of the hill, Steele stopped, with a heart which jarred him with its beat. He wanted to watch her—listen to her playing—before making his coming known. With a shaking hand he parted the spruce and looked.

Silhouetted against the soft May sky, she stood with her violin, facing from him. Presently she tilted her head and drew the bow across the strings. Faintly drifted down to him the haunting minors of the "Elegie" he first heard at the rapids—the symbol of her fears and despair.

Then, of a sudden, the far call of errant Canadas broke in on the strains of the violin. The girl stopped short off and searched the sky for the wedge of geese. Out of the south she saw them coming and opened her arms. Then, as the violin changed its mood

—broke into her own. "When Spring Comes North," he noiselessly approached her.

She finished, and as the last of the flock passed overhead, waved her bow. "Goodby! goodby!" she called, as the wanderers faded into the north.

"I have followed them back to you," spoke a low voice behind her.

The girl turned startled eyes on the man who stood smiling. Over her throat and face up to the dusky hair mounted the blood.

"You!" she faltered. "It's not a dream?"

"I have come back," he said, "for your gratitude."

"My gratitude?" She smiled through mist-veiled eyes, as he stood beside her. "You ask no more?" At last she was in his arms, his face buried in the raven hair.

"Denise! Denise!"

She raised her flaming face to his, and there on the hilltop they stood, oblivious of the world.

"Do you think this gratitude?" she murmured at length.

"No—paradise!"

"At last—my spring—has come north," she sighed, "after the long snows."

[THE END]

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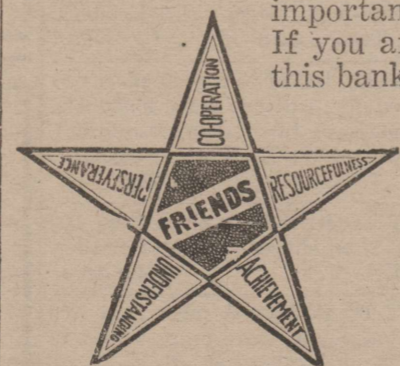
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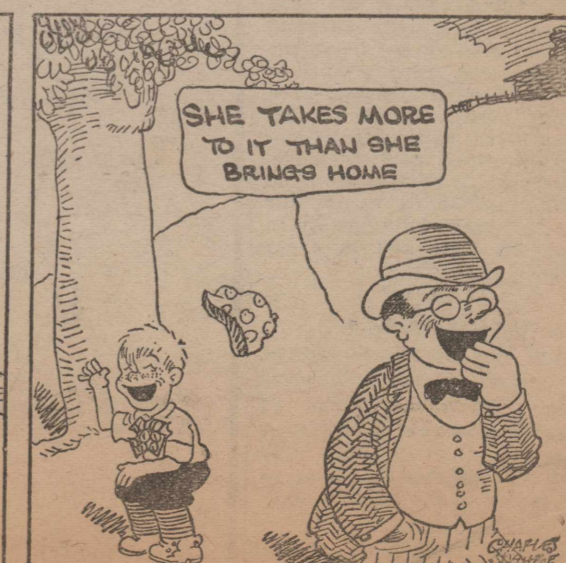
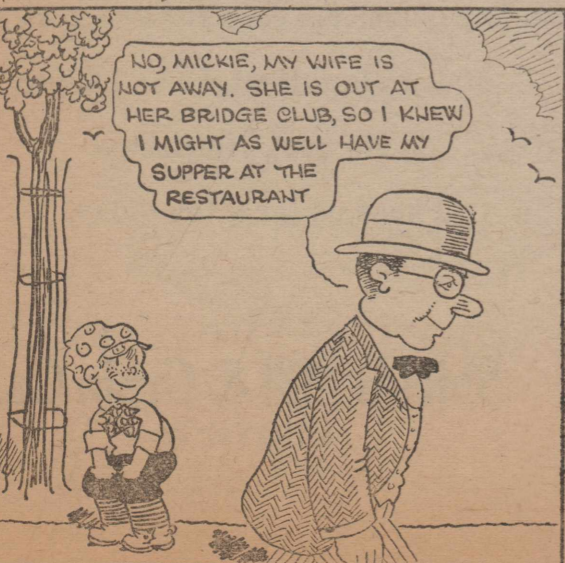


## City National Bank

In Wellington

## MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe



BALLOON PAINTS WHEN DEIFY THE COMING ARTIST, FOR THEY CAN'T BE DRAWN AS PLINY AS THEY ARE.

## She Loses

### THE PASSING DAY

WILL H. MAYES  
Former Dean  
Department of Journalism  
University of Texas

#### Recuperating From Drouth.



Texas will never cease to be a wonderful state. Two months ago a large part of the state was seriously suffering from the effects of a long drouth. The rains came too late for the cotton crop, but in time for the grass to spring up and for fall feed crops to mature. The fields are covered with oats and rye and the stock are again sleek and contented. Business men report that business is "as usual" and that people have apparently forgotten the long drouth. About the only noticeable depression is in the auto trade, for many people who might have been buying new cars are using their old ones another year.

#### Not Voting Road Bonds.

About the only topic of general conversation in Austin now, aside from the weather, is about road matters and road contracts. The rumors, investigations and revelations cast a gloom over the public that is worse than a drouth or a prolonged rainy season. No one knows what to expect next and the people are appalled about all the talk of waste and extravagance in the expenditure of their taxes. The effect has been to stop the voting of bonds for road building, with the result that road building progress in Texas will be seriously checked. When confidence in those entrusted with public expenditures is destroyed or weakened, progress stops, not knowing which way to turn. Let us hope that the beclouded atmosphere in Texas official life may soon be cleared.

#### Hotel Rest Rooms for Customers.

Leading dry goods firms at San Antonio and Dallas are doing something that might be tried to advantage by chambers of commerce or other organizations in smaller places. They are sending letters to select lists of customers telling them that when they come to the city they will find a room at a certain hotel ready for their use during the day without charge and without reference to whether they make purchases from the store. A card is enclosed that entitles the holder to all the courtesies of the hotel for the day at any time the party may be in the city.

Public rest rooms are usually cheerless places and expensive to maintain. Those who go there often have a feeling that the rooms are semi-charity institutions. Why not arrange with the local hotels to have rooms available during the day for the free use of those whose standing entitles them to such courtesies? The cost should not be great, and it would be good advertising for the hotels and for the towns showing this interest in out-of-town customers.

#### Personal Appearance an Asset.

We all know that it makes a person feel better to "doll up" a bit. The women do not put on finery and use cosmetics solely to please the men, but largely to please themselves. They have learned the value of personal appearance better than the men, although very few men fail to respond in better feelings to the influence of good clothes and attractive personal appearance. Every one knows that good clothes are a valuable business asset. Very few can get themselves in a proper state of mind for worship without putting on their "Sunday clothes."

Dr. J. G. Springer, superintendent of the Austin State Hospital, says he has found that most women with mental ailments respond to "beauty parlor" treatment, even when they are unresponsive to every other appeal. Often the most dejected and downcast become smiling and happy after beauty treatment. You owe it to yourself to look your best.

#### Band Music in Texas.

Fourteen bands from neighboring towns gathered at Lampasas recently and gave a massed band concert. A few years ago such a thing would have been impossible, for there were not many more than fourteen brass bands in Texas. Now every town of any consequence and most country communities have good bands taught by competent directors. Music dealers find that their best business is in band instruments and band music. Music in whatever form it appears evidences the culture of a people.

#### The Texas Pecan Crop.

Texas pecans are now being gathered and marketed. While the crop is short in some localities, the yield in the state is said to be about the average. Pecans are growing more in favor everywhere as a food and as a substitute for meat. Prices are becoming more stable and more in line with prices of other food products. Texas is destined to become as noted for its pecans as for its cotton, for pecans can be successfully grown in all parts of the state and in every kind of soil.

#### Civic Clubs and Service.

Civic clubs are being accused of praising themselves too much—of self-boasting. While there may be much of the "look-at-us" attitude in the methods of some of the clubs, they are showing the churches that to serve God one must serve his fellow-men.

All kinds of Truck Beds at Ed Rileys.

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To my friends in Wellington and surrounding country: I here extend to you my Christmas Greetings with my Best Wishes for a Happy New Year. It is impossible for me to express to you in words my great appreciation for your kindness and many favors shown me during the past year together with your presence at many of our services at the Church of Christ. And my humble prayer is that I may live so as to continue to retain your good will and confidence during the coming year, and that I may see you often at the Church of Christ during 1926. Any time I can be of service to you, be sure and command me. May the Lord, who has been good to us in the past, continue to prosper you in health, and finally bless you with eternal happiness in the home of many mansions, is my humble prayer. Yours in hope of Heaven,  
IRA L. SANDERS

Never was there a time when crop diversification should be preached with more fervency than right now. If all would practice ordinary business methods, farmers would try to put more than one kind of merchandise on their shelves. Their business is no different from other business. If a merchant should only provide one kind of merchandise and a big lot of it, he would be forced to sell it at a sacrifice. So it is when a farmer raises a lot of only one kind of his merchandise. He is at the mercy of the market. If he has a little wheat, or other grain, and some dairy and poultry products he is much more independent and far more prosperous.—Mangum Star.

I am installing a 12096 egg incubator, and the small ones ranging from 130 egg size to 230, are for sale at money making prices, as I will have to have room by Jan. 1. See them at the Silver Crest Poultry Farm.

If you want to sell, see me. W. H. Goforth. 18-tc

### LILLIE

On account of the bad weather there were no services here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Graham left Monday for Royce City to spend the holidays with relatives.

The singing at Mr. Graham's Saturday night was enjoyed by a large crowd.

Clarence Proctor and family visited at Memphis the past week-end.

J. B. Hill, who has been visiting his sister Mrs. C. S. Graham, has returned to his home at Royce City.

School will begin Monday, December 28, also the compulsory attendance law will begin on the above date.

#### CORRESPONDENT

#### NOTICE

All automobile licenses must be paid before the first of January, 1926. There is a penalty for all licenses paid after that date.

CLAUDE McKINNEY, Sheriff Collingsworth Co. 44-1c

Let us true up that flat crank shaft. Wellington Machine Shop and Garage.

#### WARNING

No hunting allowed on my farm, this means YOU.

J. W. LOTER

Will pay 8 cents per pound for green beef hides. Ruffian Cocks. 2-tfc

High grade ribbons for all brand of typewriters for sale by The Wellington Leader. \$1 a ribbon for extra good grade.

Call 82 Wellington Tailoring Co. for cleaning and pressing. 21-tfc

## THE LEADER WANT AD SECTION

Want ad users prefer Collingsworth's leading want ad paper— Each ad is a testimonial.

Phone 16

#### For Rent

FOR RENT—Good five room house, one mile east from north east corner of town section. C. R. Neese. 38-Jan 1

BED ROOM FOR RENT—to men only. Mrs. Maples, Phone 121 41

LOST—Motor meter for Buick car, lost Wednesday, Dec. 16, finder leave at Leader office or reward. 41-tfc Ed Blain

FOR RENT—Nice clean beds to rent. Second door south of Ozark Hotel, just three blocks east from North West Corner of Square. Mrs. May S. Gillespie. Phone 101. 30-tfc

BED ROOMS FOR RENT—Bed rooms for rent three blocks south of Lewis Grocery, men preferred. Mrs. W. R. Brickey. 41-tfc

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms, 4 blocks south of First National Bank. Phone 454. Mrs. McQuerry.

STRAYED—Jersey fawn colored mule and has cropped ears. Notify Roy Dobbs or the Leader. 42

ROOM FOR RENT—will have bath and hot water. Man preferred. Phone 149. 44

FOR RENT—Two bedrooms with modern conveniences, two blocks from city drug store west and second house south. Call 142. 43-4p

#### Lost

FOUND—Ladies' glove. Owner may have same by paying for this ad and calling at Leader office. 43-1c

FOUND—One Lee Casing, 30x3 1-2 tube and rim. Owner may have same by paying for this ad, D. C. D. Service Station. 39-tfc

#### \$25 REWARD

For anyone who finds for returns Lewellyn Setter Bird Dog, weight 50 pounds, long white hair, with smoked spots. One side of head smoke color and other side white. Collar has name "Wade Holman" on it. Goldwin Milner at Highway Garage. 42-2c

LOST—One hand axe end of handle sawed sloping. Please return to Electrical Department, City of Wellington. 41-?

#### Wanted

WANT TO TRADE—A Ford Touring Car, A1 mechanical condition, for a house or ground. Apply Leader office.

MIDDLE AGE LADY WANTED—At once to wash dishes at the Welcome Cafe, \$9.00 per week and room. G. F. Anders. 43-tfc

WANTED—M. G. Koen wants to rent a farm containing from 80 to 150 acres of good land. Has plenty force and teams and wants to buy feed and tools. See D. B. Koen. 36-tfc

WANT TO RENT—A place from 100 to 125 acres either on shares or third and fourth, can furnish reference if needed. J. T. Watson, care of R. L. Porter, Wellington, Rt. 2 43-2tp

WANTED—50 White Leghorn pullets. C. L. Geesey, 7 miles south of town.

WANT TO WORK IN NICE HOME—Want to keep house for small family, will begin work at once or by Jan. 1, phone or write Miss Julia Lambert, Quail, Texas, care of W. C. Dollar.

WANT TO RENT—A good place of medium size, will buy team and tools. Am located at John Isbon's, Childress, Arlie route. W. M. Wottenbarger. 41-2tp

WANT TO RENT—A place from 100 to 150 acres on shares. Care of Leader. Box "K". 42-7tp

WANT TO RENT—A place from 200 to 300 acres as share crop. 4 men to work. I am located at T. E. Wood, Wellington, Texas, Rt. 5 2 tp

WANTED—Pair of mules or horses to work for feed another year, plenty of feed to take care of the stock. Phone W 53 or see D. W. O'Brian, rt. 4. 41-2tc

WANTED—Colored woman to do washing and ironing for family of three. Will pay \$10 a month. Can give husband work at \$3 a day and overtime. Apply to Mrs. Dick Wiles Phone Plymouth 3F51. 35-tfc

#### For Sale

FAT HOGS FOR SALE—Mish Dukeminier. 41?

FOR SALE—Brand new mailing lists 1925 Tax roll. See Mrs. L. J. Campbell, County Treasurer's office. 32-tfc

FOR SALE—320 acres Improved wheat and cotton land, Elm Valley, \$22.50 per acre, will consider some trade. For particulars see or call F. A. Page, Shamrock, Texas 33-tfc

FOR SALE—Ten incubators ranging from 130 egg capacity to 230 egg capacity that I must sell between now and the first of January in order that I may have space for the larger incubator. See these incubators at Silver Crest Farm. Real bargains. 41-tc

FOR SALE—Three span of good mules. Joe Baumgardner. 42-9p

FOR SALE—Maize, bundle kaffir and cane. L. S. Keller, route 3, phone LW 51. 42-2tp

FOR SALE—25,000 acres of fine red catclaw cotton land, running up to within four miles of Sudan on long easy terms. Buyer gets the commission. We have no agent in your county and if you will come direct to us you get the commission off. This country is already settled around these lands. Price from \$25 to \$32.50 per acre; \$5 down and balance lone time at 6 per cent interest. Come direct to us. Wells & Nelson, Sudan, Texas. 39- 4t-4w

FOR SALE OR TRADE—320 acres of land in Wheeler County. Will trade for land near Wellington or property in Wellington, or will rent to party with large force who can furnish themselves. Mike Capp. 40-3tp

FOR SALE—Two large fat hogs.—W. W. Neeley. 37-tfc

FOR SALE—Fat hogs and lard at my place our miles east of town. J. F. Nipper. 43-2p

FOR SALE—100 English White Leghorn Cockerels \$1.00 to \$3.00 each. From Tom Borrows \$300 to 314 Eggs Strain. Remember we won first old Pen, first young Pen, first pullet, and first Cockerel at the fair. Can spare a few pullets, hatching eggs \$5.00 per 100. See what you can buy one mile west of Wellington. B. L. Knowles. 43-tfc

FOR SALE—480 acre farm 225 acres in cultivation, well improved, located on Highway just one mile from good brick school. Price \$40.00 per acre, \$3,000.00 cash, terms to suit on remainder. Gibbs & Graham. Phone 241

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Nice up-to-date Suburban Drug Store in Fort Worth doing good business, for sale or will trade for Drug Store in small town. G. C. Johnston, 3101 Hemphill, FortWorth Texas. 38-?

FOR RENT—Furnished bed room, two blocks from square. See Mrs. Woody at Style stop or call 88. 41-2tc

FOR SALE—640 acres of catclaw land in Hale Co., 7 miles of Abernathy, 2 sets of improvements—400 acres in cultivation—choice farming land. One mile from good school and church. Priced at a bargain. \$35 an acre cash sale or will sell for \$40 an acre if terms desired. Write C. I. Rhodes, Star Route, Hale Center, Texas. 40-6tp

FOR SALE—Pair of Pea Fowls. Mrs. J. A. Richardson at Fresno. 41-3p

FOR SALE—White Wyandotte roosters. See Mrs. J. G. Wright. 42-4c

TAX SALE LOTS—For sale cheap—Abstract Furnished. Sledge-Julian 34 Jan 1

FOR SALE—Good stock farm, 1280 acres, located 11 miles southwest of Wellington, 350 acres in cultivation, about that muca can be put in, fairly well improved, price \$17.50 per acre; \$5 per acre cash, terms to suit on the remainder. See us for farms and city property. Gibbs & Graham. Phone 241

LOST—One \$20 bill and one \$1 bill on square Wednesday. Please return to Mrs. L. J. White or Leader office. 41-2tp

FOR SALE—I have three small farms for sale or trade. Will make good terms. R. L. Templeton. 41-3tp

BABY CHICKS FOR SALE—For all orders of Baby Chicks received by Jan. 1 I will deliver there in 5 miles of Wellington, not later than 2 hours after they have been taken out of the hatchery. Order your chicks now and take no chance on being disappointed when you want them. LeRoy Stafford, Manager, Silver Crest Farm. 42-tfc

#### FOR SALE

25 model Ford Touring car. Early 25 model Ford Touring 25 model Ford Touring 23 model Ford Coupe 24 model Ford Roadster Essex Touring for sale at big bargain. FANCHER MOTOR CO. 44-2c

#### TO THE PEOPLE OF THE 100TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT:

At this time our thoughts are of our friends, to wish for them Joy and Happiness, and I'm expressing for each of you the wish and desire that you may have a most Peaceful Christmas this year, and that 1926 may hold in store for each of you the Happiest, Best year of your lives. Harwood Beville, District Attorney 43-1c

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PHONE 72