The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by

H. Bedford-Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jachin Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Ansley, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who, invariably attired as an aviator, has long defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Ansley, on their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball.

CHAPTER II.—Lucie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine.

CHAPTER III.—In his library Joseph Maillard and a group of friends are held up and robbed by the Midnight Masquer.

CHAPTER IV.—Lucie Ledanois, the last of an old family, is in straitened circumstances. Joseph Maillard's handling of her funds has been unfortunate. Fell is an old friend of her parents and deeply interested in the girl. Henry Gramont, really the prince de Gramont, son of a French father and an American mother, but who spurns the title of prince, is enamored of Lucie and believes himself a not unfavored suitor.

CHAPTER V.—Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, sergeant in the American army in France, and there known to Gramont, lives with him. He was the original Midnight Masquer, and Gramont, for a particular purpose, after discovering Hammond's activities, assumes the role. Where Hammond had been a robber for financial gain, Gramont, of course, is not. He arranges to return the "loot" to those whom he has robbed. The jewels and money, in individual packages, are got ready for delivery next day to their original owners. That night they are stolen from Gramont's auto.

CHAPTER VI.—Ben Cacherre, an individual of unsavory character, appears to be associated with Jachin Fell. He has a peculiar interview with one Memphis Izzy Gumberts, notorious influential crook, in which there is significant reference to a mysterious "boss."

CHAPTER VII.—Lucie summons Gramont to her home and shows him the packages from his auto. He admits he is the Midnight Masquer, but convinces her that he had no thought of robbery. He refuses, however, to explain his purpose. The packages are returned to their owners.

CHAPTER VIII.—That evening Fell, Gramont, and Dr. Ansley, at the Krewe of Comus ball, are accosted by an intoxicated masked individual whom they recognize as Bob Maillard. He invites them to a convivial party in a private room. They refuse, and Gramont leaves the building. Joseph Maillard seeks his son, fearing public scandal as a result of Bob's condition. With Fell and Ansley they find the room where the revels are going on. Entering they discover an individual, attired as an aviator, in the act of robbing the intoxicated youths. In a struggle that ensues Maillard is shot and killed. The "Masquer" escapes.

CHAPTER IX.—Gramont, with Hammond, visits Terrebonne, a wild section of the country, to inspect Lucie Ledanois' land, which he believes contains oil. He finds indications of apparently almost unbelievable quantities of the stuff. While stooping over a pool of water which clearly shows traces of oil on its surface, Gramont hears his name spoken.

CHAPTER X.—He cannot see the speakers, but the conversation ends singularly abruptly. Gramont does not investigate. Hammond finds a dead man in some woods and is charged by Ben Cacherre and two other men with murder. Gramont can do nothing. The men take Hammd to the town of Houma. Later Gramont finds a bloodstained knife where he had heard the voices. He then realizes that Cacherre was one of the men talking, and is the murderer.

"Here he is now—"

"Shut up!" snapped one of his armed captors in an ugly tone. "Hurry up, Chacherre—get a rope and tie this gink!"

Gramont leaped from the car and strode forward.

"What's been going on here?" he demanded, sharply. "Hammond—"

"I found a dead man over in them bushes," shot out Hammond, "and these guys jumped me before I seen 'em. They claim I done it—"

"A dead man!" repeated Gramont, and looked at the three. "What do you mean?"

"Give him the spiel, Chacherre," growled one of them. Ben Chacherre stepped forward, his bold eyes fastened on those of Gramont with a look of defiance.

"The sheriff was here some time ago, looking for a stolen boat," he said, "and went off toward the Ledanois place. We were following, in order to help him search, when we came upon this man standing in the bushes, over the body of the sheriff. A knife was in his hand, and the sheriff had been stabbed to death. He drew a pistol and shot one of us—"

Gramont was staggered for a moment. "Wait!" he exclaimed. "Hammond, how much of this is true?"

"What I'm tellin' you, cap'n," answered Hammond, doggedly. "I found a man layin' there and was looking at him when these guys jumped me. I shot that fellow in the arm, all right, then they grabbed my gun and got me down. That's all."

The sheriff—murdered!

Into the mind of Gramont leaped that brief conversation which he had overheard between Ben Chacherre and the sheriff; the strange, unnatural silence which had concluded that broken-off conversation. He stared from Hammond to the others, speechless for the moment, yet with hot words rising impetuously in him.

Now he noticed that Chacherre and his two companions were watching him very intently, and were slightly circling out. He sensed an acquaintance among all these men. He saw that the wounded man had finished his bandaging, and was now holding his unwounded hand in his pocket, bulkily, menacingly.

Danger flashed upon Gramont—flashed upon him vividly and with startling clearness. He realized that anything was possible in this isolated spot—this spot where murder had so lately been consummated! He checked on his very lips what he had been about to blurt forth; at this instant, Hammond voiced the thought in his mind.

"It's a frame-up!" said the chauffeur, angrily.

"That's likely, isn't it?" Chacherre flung the words in a sneer, but with a covert glance at Gramont. "This fellow is your chauffeur, ain't he? Well, we got to take him in to Houma, that's all."

"Where's the sheriff's body?" demanded Gramont, quietly.

"Over there," Chacherre gestured. "We ain't had a chance to bring him back yet—this fellow kept us busy. Maybe you want to frame up an alibi for him?"

Gramont paid no attention to the sneering tone of this last. He regarded Chacherre fixedly, thinking hard, keeping himself well in hand.

"You say the sheriff was here, then went over toward the Ledanois land?" he asked. "Did he go alone, or were you with him?"

"We were fixin' to follow him," asserted Chacherre, confidently. This was all Gramont wanted to know—that the man was lying. "We were trailin' along after him when he stepped into the bushes. This man of yours was standing over him with a knife—"

"I was, too, when they found me—I was cuttin' me a fishpole," said Hammond, sulkily. He was plainly beginning to be impressed and alarmed by the evidence against him. Gramont only nodded.

"No one saw the actual murder, then?"

"No need for it," said Chacherre, brazenly. "When we found him that way! Eh?"

"I suppose not," answered Gramont, his eyes fastened thoughtfully on Hammond. The latter caught the look, let his jaw fall in astonishment, then flushed and compressed his lips—and waited. Gramont glanced at Chacherre, and launched a chance shaft.

"You're Ben Chacherre, aren't you? Do you work for Mr. Fell?"

The chance shot scored. "Yes," said Chacherre, his eyes narrowing.

"What are you doing here, then?"

For an instant Chacherre was off guard. He did not know how much—or little—Gramont knew; but he did know that Gramont was aware who had taken the loot of the Midnight Masquer from the luggage compartment of the car. This knowledge, very naturally, threw him back on the defense of which he was most sure.

"I came on an errand for my master," he said, and with those words gave the game into Gramont's hands.

There was a moment of silence. Gramont stood apparently in musing thought, conscious that every eye was fastened upon him, and that one false move would now spell disaster. He gave no sign of the tremendous shock that Chacherre's words had just given him; when he spoke, it was quietly and coolly:

"Then your master is evidently associated with Memphis Izzy Gumberts, who owns this place here. Is that right?"

Both Hammond and Chacherre's two friends started at this.

"I don't know anything about that," returned Chacherre, with a shrug which did not entirely conceal his uneasiness. "I know that we've got a murderer here, and that we'll have to dispose of him. Do you object?"

"Of course not," said Gramont, calmly. "Step aside and give me a moment in private with Hammond. Then by all means take him in to Houma. I'd suggest that you tie him up, or make use of handcuffs if the sheriff brought any along. Then you'd better take in the body of the sheriff also. Hammond, a word with you!"

This totally unexpected acquiescence on the part of Gramont seemed to stun Chacherre into inaction. He half moved, as though uncertain whether to bar Gramont from the prisoner, then he stepped aside as Gramont advanced. A gesture to his two companions prevented them from interfering.

"Keep 'em covered, though," he said, shifting his own rifle slightly and watching with a scowl of suspicion.

Gramont ignored him and went up to Hammond, with a look of warning.

"You'll have to submit to this, old man," he said, in a tone that the others could not overhear. "Don't dream that I'm deserting you; but I want a good look at this place if all three of them go away. They must not suspect—"

"Cap'n, look out!" broke in Hammond, urgently. "This here is a gang—the whole thing is a frame-up on me!"

"I know it—I was present when the sheriff was murdered; but keep quiet. I'll come to Houma later tonight and see you." He turned away with a shrug, as though Hammond had denied him some favor, and lifted his voice. "Chacherre! How are you to take this man into town? How did you get here? Will you need to use my car?"

"No." The Creole jerked his head toward the barn. "I came in Mr. Fell's car—it's got a sprung axle and is laid up. We'll take him back in another one."

"Very well," Gramont paused and glanced around. "This is a terrible blow, men. I never dreamed that Hammond was a murderer or could be one! You don't know of any motive for the crime?"

They shok their heads, but suspicion was dying from their eyes. Gramont glanced again at his chauffeur.

"I'll not abandon you, Hammond," he said, severely, coldly. "I'll stop in at Houma and see that you have a lawyer. I think, gentlemen, we had better attend to bringing in the body of the sheriff, eh?"

The wounded man dodged into the barn and returned with a strip of rope. Chacherre took this and firmly bound Hammond's arms, then forced him to sit down and bound his ankles.

"You watch him," he ordered the wounded member of the trio. "We'll get the sheriff."

Allowing Chacherre and his companion to take the lead, Gramont went with them to the place where the murdered officer lay. As he went, the conviction grew more sure within him that, when he lay there by the rivulet, he had actually heard the last words uttered by the sheriff; that Chacherre had committed the murder in that moment—a noiseless, deadly stab! That Hammond could or would have done it he knew was absurd.

They found the murdered man lying among the bushes. He had been stabbed under the fifth rib—the knife had gone direct to the heart. Chacherre announced that he had Hammond's knife as evidence and Gramont merely nodded his head.

Lifting the body between them, they bore it back to the barn.

"Now," said Gramont, quickly, "I'm off for Houma—if I don't miss my road! You men will be right along?"

"In a jiffy," said Chacherre promptly.

Gramont climbed into his car and drove away. He had no fear of anything happening to Hammond; the evidence against the latter was damning, and with three men to swear him into a hangman's noose, they would bring him to jail safe enough.

"A clever devil, that Chacherre!" he thought, grimly. "We're up against a gang, beyond any doubt. Now, if they don't suspect me—"

He turned in at the Ledanois gate, knowing himself to be beyond sight or hearing of the Gumberts place. He drove the car away from the house, and into the thick of the densest bush-growth that he could find, where it was well concealed from sight. Then, on foot, he made his way along the bank of the bayou until he had come to the rivulet where oil showed.

Here he paused, concealing himself and gaining a place where he could get a view of the Gumberts land. He saw Chacherre and Hammond there beside the body of the sheriff; the other two men were swinging open the barn door. They disappeared inside, and a moment later Gramont heard the whirr of an engine starting. A car backed into the yard and halted.

The three men lifted the body of the sheriff into the tonneau. Chacherre took the wheel, Hammond being bundled in beside him. The other two men climbed in beside the body, rifles in hand. Chacherre started the car toward the road.

"All fine!" thought Gramont with a thrill of exultation. "They've cleared out and left the place to me—and I want a look at that place."

Suddenly, as he stood there, he remembered the slight "plump" that he had heard during that interminable silence which had followed the conversation between the sheriff and Ben Chacherre. It was a sound as though something had fallen near him in the soggy ground.

The remembrance startled him strangely. He visualized an excited murderer standing beside his victim, knife in hand; he visualized the abhorrence which must have seized the man for a moment—the abhorrence which must have caused him to do something in that moment which in a cooler time he would not have done.

Gramont turned toward the little marshy spot where he had lain listening. He bent down, searching the wet ground, heedless that the water soaked into his boots. And, after a minute, a low exclamation of satisfaction broke from him as he found what he sought.

CHAPTER XI

The Gangsters.

Gramont left the covert and walked forward.

He was thinking about that odd mention of Jachin Fell—had Chacherre lied in saying he had come here on his master's business? Perhaps. The man had come in Fell's car, and would not hesitate to lie about using the car. For the moment Gramont put away the circumstance, but did not forget it.

He walked openly toward the Gumberts buildings, thinking that he would have time for a good look around the place before dusk fell; he would then get off for Houma and attend to Hammond's defense.

As for the place before him, he was convinced that it was abandoned. Had any one, other than Chacherre and his two friends, been about the buildings, the late excitement would have brought out the fact. No one had appeared and the buildings seemed vacant.

Gramont's intent was simple and straightforward. In case he found, as he expected to find, any evidence of illegal occupation about the place—as the sheriff seemed to have discovered to his cost—he would lay Chacherre and the other two men by the heels that night in Houma. He would then go on to New Orleans and have Gumberts arrested, although he had no expectation that the master crook could be held on the murder-accessory charge. If this place were used for the lotteries, even, he was fairly certain that Memphis Izzy would have his own tracks covered. The men higher up always did.

He walked straight in upon the barn. It loomed before him, closed, lurid in the level rays of the westering sun. The doors in front had been only loosely swung together and Gramont found them unlocked. He stood in the opening, and surprise gripped him. He was held motionless, gazing with astonished wonder at the sight confronting him.

Directly before him was a small roadster, one which he remembered to have seen Jachin Fell using; in this car, doubtless, Ben Chacherre had driven from the city. He recalled the fact later, with poignant regret for a lost opportunity. But, at the present moment, he was lost in amazement at the great number of other cars presenting themselves to his view.

They were lined up as deep as the barn would hold them, crammed into every available foot of space; well over a dozen cars, he reckoned swiftly. What was more, all were cars of the highest class, with the exception of Fell's roadster. Directly before him were two which he was well aware must have cost close upon ten thousand each. What did this mean? Certainly no one man or one group of men, in this back-country spot, could expect to use such an accumulation of expensive cars!

Gramont glanced around, but found no trace of machinery in the barn. Remembering the motor that he had heard, he turned from the doorway in frowning perplexity. He strode on toward the long shed which stood closer to the house. At the end of this shed was a door, and when he tried it, Gramont found it unlocked. It swung open to his hand, and he stepped inside.

At first he paused, confused by the vague objects around, for it was quite dark in here. A moment, and his eyes grew accustomed to the gloomier lighting. Details came to him: all around were cars and fragments of cars, chassis and bodies in all stages of dismemberment. Still more cars!

He slowly advanced to a long bench that ran the length of the shop beneath the windows. A shop, indeed—a shop, he quickly perceived, fitted with every tool and machine necessary to the most complete automobile repair establishment! Even an airbrush outfit, at one end, together with a drying compartment, spoke of repaint jobs.

Comprehension was slowly dawning upon the mind of Gramont; a moment later it became certainty, when he came to a stop before an automobile engine lying on the bench. He found it to be the engine from a Stutz—the latest multi-valve type adopted by that make of car, and this particular bit of machinery looked like new.

Gramont inspected it, and he saw that the men had done their work well. The original engine number had been carefully dug out, and the place as carefully filled and leveled with metal. Beside it a new number had been stamped. A glance at the electrical equipment around showed that these workers had every appliance with which to turn out the most finished jobs.

As he straightened up from the engine Gramont's eyes fell upon a typed sheet of paper affixed to the wall above the bench. His gaze widened as he inspected it by the failing light. Upon that paper was a list of cars. After each car was a series of numbers plainly comprising the original numbers of the engine, body, radiator and other component parts, followed by another series of new numbers to be inserted. That sheet of paper showed brains, organizing ability, care and attention to the last detail!

Here was the most carefully planned and thorough system of automobile thievery that Gramont had ever heard of. He stood motionless, knowing that this typed sheet of paper in itself was damning evidence against the whole gang of workers. What was more to the point, that paper could be traced; the typewriting could be traced to the man higher up—doubtless Memphis Izzy himself! These men ran in cars by the wholesale, probably from states adjacent to Louisiana. Here, at this secluded point on the bayou, they changed the cars completely about, in number, paint, style of body, and then probably got rid of the new product in New Orleans.

Gramont stood motionless. Surprise had taken hold of him, and even a feeling of slight dismay. This was not at all what he had hoped to find there. He had thought to come upon some traces of the lottery game—

"Seen all you want, bo?" said a voice behind him.

Gramont turned. He found himself gazing directly into an automatic pistol over which glittered a pair of blazing eyes. The man was a stranger to him. The place had not been deserted, after all. He was caught.

"Who are you?" demanded Gramont, quietly.

"Me?" The stranger was unsmiling, deadly. In those glittering eyes Gramont read the ferocity of an animal at bay. "I s'pose you would like to know that, huh? I guess you know enough right now to get all that's comin' to you, bo! Got any particular business here? Speak up quick!"

Gramont was silent. The other sneered at him, viciously.

"Hurry up! Turn over the name and address, and I'll notify the survivin' relatives. Name, please?"

"Henry Gramont," was the calm response. "Don't get hasty, my friend. Didn't you see me here a little while ago with Chacherre and the other boys?"

"What's that?" The glittering eyes flamed up with suspicion and distrust. "Here—with them? No, I didn't. I been away fishing all afternoon. What the h—l you doing around this joint?"

"Your best scheme," said Gramont, coldly, "is to change your style of tone, and to do it in a hurry! If you don't know what's happened here this afternoon, don't ask me; you'll find out soon enough when the other boys get back. You'd better tell them I'm going to get in touch with Memphis Izzy the minute I get back to the city, and that the less talking they do—"

"What the h—l's all this?" demanded the other again, but with a softening of accent. The moniker of Gumberts had its effect, and seemed to shake the man instantly. Gramont smiled as he perceived that the game was won.

"I never heard of no Gramont," went on the other, quickly. "What you doin' here?"

"You're due to learn a good many things, I imagine," said Gramont, carelessly. "As for me, I happened on the place largely by accident. I happen to be in partnership with a man named Jachin Fell, and I came out here on business—"

To Gramont's astonishment the pistol was lowered instantly. It was well that he ceased speaking, for what he had just said proved to be open to misconstruction, and if he had said any more he would have spoiled it. For the man facing him was staring at him in mingled disgust and surprise.

"You're in partnership with the boss!" came the astounding words. "Well, why in h—l didn't you say all that in the first place, instead o' beefin' around? That's no way to butt in, and me thinking you was some dick on the job! Got anything to prove that you ain't pullin' something cute on me?"

"Do you know Fell's writing?" asked Gramont, with difficulty forcing himself to meet the situation coherently. Jachin Fell—the boss!

"I know his mitt, all right."

(Continued next week)

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RECEIVER'S SALE.

R. A. McCormack et al vs. Birmingham Graphite Company.

No. 3594

Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, Parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to orders of sale rendered in the above matter by Honorable Robert S. Ellis, Judge of the Twenty-Fifth Judicial District Court, acting for Judge P. B. Carter, Judge of the Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, Parish of St. Tammany, who is absent from the State on leave, said orders being dated the 21st day of Sept., 1922, I will sell at public auction, at the front door of the court house at Covington, La., to the highest bidder, for cash, without the benefit of appraisement, on

Saturday, October 28, 1922,

the following described property as a whole, for what it will bring:

Real estate situated in the Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, together with buildings, switch track and improvements, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the south line of section 3, township 9 south range 14 east, being the southeast corner of a tract of land known as Lot 3 of section 3, township 9 south, range 14 east, according to a sketch of survey of November 5th and 6th, 1888, by Richard Lewis, which sketch is recorded in Book N, page 211, of the records of the Clerk and Recorder of the Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, and running north along the dividing line between said Lot No. 3 and Lot No. 4, one thousand and sixty-four and eight-tenths (1,064.8) feet to a point on the dividing line between said Lots Nos. 3 and 4 of said sketch of survey of Richard Lewis of November 5th and 6th, 1888; then running west at right angles to said dividing line between Lots Nos. 3 and 4, thirty (30') feet to the beginning point of the land hereby conveyed; thence running north at an angle of ninety (90) degrees and parallel to said dividing line between Lots Nos. 3 and 4, two hundred (200) feet to the northeast corner of the land hereby conveyed, thence running west ninety (90) degrees two hundred (200) feet to the northwest corner of the land hereby conveyed; thence running at an angle of ninety (90) degrees south two hundred (200) feet to the southwest corner of the land conveyed; thence running at an angle of ninety (90) degrees east two hundred (200) feet to the beginning point, being the southeast corner of the land hereby conveyed.

The above described property being a part of a tract of land acquired by the said Southern Creosoting Co., Ltd., from Slidell Brick Works, Ltd., by act of sale dated July 20, 1910, registered in the Conveyance Records of St. Tammany Parish in Book 52, pages 529-530. Said property being acquired by the Birmingham Graphite Co., Inc., from the Southern Creosoting Co., Ltd., as per deed recorded in the conveyance record of St. Tammany parish, La., book 77, folio 613, and is designated by the letter "B" on blue print of sketch made by E. L. Eustis, deputy surveyor, of New Orleans, La., dated May 20, 1920, signed by the seller and the buyer and annexed to the Act of Sale to the Birmingham Graphic Co., Inc.

Tools and Equipment.

Koven steel cooking kettles, special steel cooking kettles, paint whips, bars 1-in steel, steel pail, wooden bench, steel lid lifters, steel strikers, steel dipper, kettle covers, scythe, steel shovels, axe, pick axe, high temperature thermometer, steel spatulas, steel mason's trowel (square), steel mason's trowel (pointed), garden trowel screw driver, steel file, yard rule, ground union 1½ in., bung hole reamer 1¼ in, bung hole reamer 2 in., cooper's hammer, 4-lb. sledge hammer, flagging tool, cooper's adze, cooper's driver, pair tweezers, steel center punches, glass cutter, black iron staple, reducing oil 1½ to 1¼, 1¼ to 1½ reducer and plug, 2 in. plugs, rasp, scraper, small monkey wrench, quart measure, agitators 110 gal. each (new), 2½ gal. iron buckets, flour sifter, scoops, iron kettle 20 gals., steel wire, brush for barrels, putty knife, paint brushes assorted, striping brushes, 10-in. funnel, 8-in. funnel, small assorted funnels, 5-gal. measures black iron, 3-4 in. barrel oil faucets, No. 2 Gould's hand rotary pump, No. 2 Gould's hand rotary pump, pair scissors, stencil, barrel, measuring gauge 1½ in. brass valves, 3-way 2-in. brass valves, 1½ 3-way valves, steel riveted heavy GE tanks 570 gallons each, galv. iron tanks 350 gallons, pallet knife, No. 2 tee and plug, covers for galvanized iron, gray graphite, black graphite paint, box car red paint, assorted samples, half pints underbody paint, ¼ pint stove enamel in cans, half pints ST enamel in cans, half pint ST enamel in cans, cans roof coating, cans black graphite paint crated, can graphite paint, cans boiler paint, cans stack paint crated, cans stack crated, cans crated stack, cans Loco front end, cans standard red car, cans red car, can machinery paint, barn brown, can standard red car, barn brown, special roof, machinery paint, machinery paint, 1019 oil, stack paint, machinery paint, gloss oil, special stack paint, B. G. oil, heat resisting paint, gray graphite paint, black graphite paint, regular roof paint.

The following in tanks in building No. 3: Tank roof paint, tank roof paint, tank special roof, tank heat resisting paint, tank heat resisting paint, tank heat resisting paint, tank 1019 oil, tank gloss oil, black graphite paint, gray graphite paint, asbestos roof paint.

Raw Materials: Creosote oil, Mexican crude oil, jet asphalt, Mexican crude, Texaco asphalt, carbon black, BG oil, Menhaden oil, Chinawood oil, rosin, Venitian red paste in oil, Venitian red in oil, Princess Metallic in oil, Chinawood oil, Manganese, graphite, yellow ochre dry, Venetian red dry, Manganese, lamp black dry, HB oil, raw linseed oil, BG oil, 1029 oil, machinery paint.

In unbroken packages: F rosin, pone oil, HB linseed oil, Menhaden oil, Chinawood oil, boiled Mexican crude, Gilsonite, sacks jet asphalt, fire clay, acme plaster, lime.

Office furniture and equipment: flat top desk dark, swivel office chair oak, swivel office chair oak, sections steel filing cabinet letter size, index card file, drawers, Fuller map, spear files, glass moistener and sponge, Underwood typewriter, window green window shades, art square grass, laboratory table, hydrometer, 75-watt elec. lamp, 12-inch rule, roll toilet paper, salesman's portfolio, boxes of No. 10 envelopes, boxes Noesting paper clips, Carter typewriter ribbon, pads statements in blank, file holders, pkg. caution slips two colors, pads invoice sheets, pad Dennison's gum labels, bundle journal sheets, bundle price lists, pkg invoice sheets, boxes shipping tags, bottle quart Waterman's ink, full, strong box, endlock binders, box rubber bands, box carbon paper, note books, vault door and combination.

Containers: cans new, cans new, cans plain, cans jacketed, cans jacketed, 5-gal. pails steel, cans jacketed, wood barrels new, steel drums new, wood barrels, wood, steel drums box shooks KD, cardboard containers, cardboard containers, crates for can containers.

Miscellaneous: pad locks varied, pad locks varied, label paste, barrel glue, water pipe, ladder, water barrels, label paste, marking pot and brush, lot assorted barrel stain, black pipe 2 in., black pipe, 20 penny nails, assorted nails, 10 penny nails, keg assorted bungs, pkg spikes for barrels, roll tar paper, steel drum, hoop nails, second-hand cans, lot flagging, wooden barrels w-c for mixing, Ford touring car, coke.

All as per inventory on file in these proceedings, less articles sold while this company was operated by Receiver, and articles sold at sale on August 12, 1922, all of which can be definitely ascertained by reference to the proceedings filed in this cause.

Terms of Sale—Cash, without the benefit of appraisement.

WARREN THOMAS,
Receiver.

a23-6t

ORDINANCE making it unlawful to operate any motor vehicle on the streets of Town of Covington, La., unless same is registered and equipped with two license plates, as provided by Act 120 of 1921 of Acts of General Assembly of Louisiana.

Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Covington, La., in regular session convened, as follows:

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to operate any motor vehicle, or for the owner or custodian of such vehicle to permit the same to be operated on any of the streets or alleys of the Town of Covington, La., unless such vehicle is registered under the provisions of Act 120 of 1921 of the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, and unless equipped with two license plates issued by the Secretary of State of Louisiana, in accordance with said Act, same to be displayed in a conspicuous place in the front and rear of said vehicle. Provided, that motor vehicles owned by non-residents of Louisiana who have complied with the laws of the State or County from which they came, relative to motor vehicles and the operation thereof, may be operated on the streets of the Town of Covington, La., without such registration, for a period of 90 days, provided such vehicles display two license plates, as above required, of the State or County from which they come.

Section 2 Be it further ordained, etc., That any person, firm or corporation violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon trial and conviction thereof, be fined not more than $100.00, or be imprisoned not more than 30 days, or both, in the discretion of the court.

And said ordinance having been reduced to writing and read, was adopted by sections and as a whole on roll call by the following vote: Ayes: C. E. Schonberg, C. H. Sheffield, A. R. Smith, H. A. Mackie, and Robt. W. Badon, mayor. Nays: None.

ROBERT W. BADON,
Mayor.

L. A. PERREAND,
Secretary.