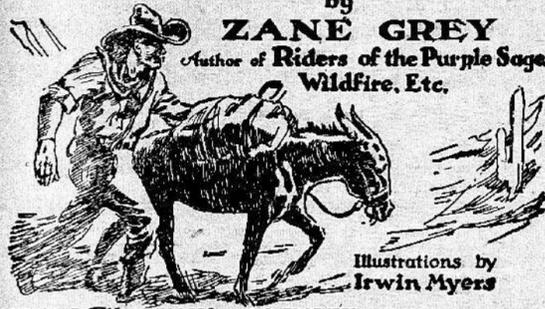


# DESERT GOLD

by **ZANE GREY**

Author of *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *Wildfire*, Etc.



Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

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### SYNOPSIS

**PROLOGUE**—Seeking gold in the desert, Cameron, a prospector, forms a partnership with an unknown man whom he later learns is Jonas Warren, father of a girl whom Cameron wronged, but later married, back in Illinois. Cameron's explanations appease Warren, and the two proceed together. Taking refuge from a sandstorm in a cave, Cameron discovers gold, but too late, both men are dying. Cameron leaves evidence, in the cave, of their discovery of gold, and personal documents.

**CHAPTER I**—Richard Gale, adventurer, in Casita, Mexican border town, meets George Thorne, lieutenant in the Ninth cavalry, old college friend. Thorne tells Gale he is there to save Mercedes Casanova, Spanish girl, his affianced wife, from Rojas, Mexican bandit.

**CHAPTER II**—Gale, "roughshoer" Rojas and his gang, with the help of two American cowboys, and he, Mercedes and Thorne escape. A bugle call from the fort orders Thorne to his regiment. He leaves Mercedes under Gale's protection.

**CHAPTER III**—The pair, aided by the cowboys who had assisted Gale in the escape, Charlie Ladd and Jim Lash, arrive in safety at a ranch known as Fort Horn River, well across the border.

**CHAPTER IV**—The fugitives are at Tom Belding's home. Belding is immigration inspector. Living with him are his wife and stepdaughter, Nell Burton. Gale, with Ladd and Lash, take service with Belding as rangers. Gale tells Belding the cause of his being a wanderer, a misunderstanding with his father concerning the son's business abilities.

**CHAPTER V**—Mercedes gets word to Thorne of her safety. Dick writes to his parents, informing them of her whereabouts. Nell's personality, and her kindness, attract Gale.

**CHAPTER VI**—Riding the range, Gale falls in with a party of three Mexican riders, encounters a "water" hole. Watching his opportunity to oust them, he sees two Indians ride into the camp. One of them, a Yaqui, is evidently badly wounded, and the Mexicans seek to kill him in a cruel way. Dick drives them off, conveying the wounded Yaqui to Belding's ranch.

**CHAPTER VII**—The Indian is taken in, cared for and remains in Belding's services, becoming Dick's admiring Gale's admiration for Nell increases, and he believes she is not averse to his attentions. Belding's horses, thoroughbred, the pride of his life, are stolen by his wife and stepdaughter, are run off by Mexicans.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Gale, with Ladd, Lash and the Yaqui, pursue the raiding party across the desert, finally capturing them. Five of the six thieves are killed and the party of whites, with the recovered horses, return to the ranch in triumph.

**CHAPTER IX**—Gale secures from Mrs. Belding what he feels is reluctant permission to allow him to seek Nell for a wife. He begins his courtship with energy, convinced that he will win her.

### CHAPTER XI

#### Across Cactus and Lava.

At the far corner of the field Yaqui halted, and slowly the line of white horses merged into a compact mass. Yaqui slipped out of his saddle. He ran his hand over Diablo's nose and spoke low, and repeated this action for each of the other horses. Gale had long ceased to question the strange Indian's behavior. There was no explaining or understanding many of his maneuvers. But the results of them were always thought-provoking. Gale had never seen horses stand so silently as in this instance; no stamp—no clump of bit—no toss of head—no shake of saddle or pack—no heave or snort. It seemed they had become imbued with the spirit of the Indian. Yaqui moved away into the shadows as noiselessly as if he were one of them. The darkness swallowed him. He had taken a direction parallel with the trail. Gale wondered if Yaqui meant to try to lead his string of horses by the rebel sentinels.

The Indian appeared as he had vanished. He might have been part of the shadows. But he was there. He started off down the trail leading Diablo. Again the white line stretched slowly out. Gale fell in behind. Peering low with keen eyes, he made out three objects—a white sombrero, a blanket and Mexican lying face down. The Yaqui had stolen upon this sentinel like a silent wind of death.

Once under the dark lee of the river bank Yaqui caused another halt, and he disappeared as before. Moments passed. The horses held heads up, looked toward the glimmering campfires and listened. Gale thrilled with the meaning of it all—the light—the silence—the light—the wonderful Indian stealing with the slow inevitableness of doom upon another sentinel.

Suddenly the Indian stalked out of the gloom. He mounted Diablo and headed toward the river. Once more the line of moving white shadows stretched out. Gale peered sharply along the trail, and, presumably, on the pale sand under a cactus, there lay a blanketed form, prone, outstretched, a carbine clutched in one hand, a cigarette, still burning in the other.

The cavalcade of white horses passed within five hundred yards of campfires, around which dark forms moved in plain sight. The lights disappeared from time to time, grew dimmer, more flickering, and at last they vanished altogether. Belding's feet and restless steeds were out in front of the desert ahead while the

behind, eating, drinking, careless. The somber shadow lifted from Gale's heart. He held now an unquenchable faith in the Yaqui. Belding would be listening back there along the river. He would know of the escape. He would tell Nell, and then hide her safely. As Gale had accepted a strange and fatalistic foreshadowing of toil, blood and agony in this desert journey, so he believed in Mercedes' ultimate freedom and happiness, and his own return to the girl who had grown dearer than life.

A cold, gray dawn was feeling before a rosy sun when Yaqui halted the march at Papago well. The horses were taken to water, then led down the arroyo into the grass. Here packs were slipped, saddles removed. Jim Lash remarked how cleverly they had fooled the rebels.

"Shore they'll be comin' along," replied Ladd.

They built a fire, cooked and ate. The Yaqui spoke only one word: "Sleep." Blankets were spread. Mercedes dropped into a deep slumber, her head on Thorne's shoulder. Excitement kept Thorne awake. The two rangers dozed beside the fire. Gale shared the Yaqui's watch. At the end of three hours the rangers grew active, Mercedes was awakened, and soon the party faced westward, their long shadows moving before them. Yaqui led with Blanco Diablo in a long, easy lope. The heated air lifted, and incoming currents from the west swept low and hard over the barren earth. In the distance, all around the horizon, accumulations of dust seemed like ranging, mushrooming yellow clouds.

Yaqui was the only one of the fugitives who never looked back. Gale had a conviction that when Yaqui gazed a backward glance he would see the stinging plain beyond, there would be reason for it. But when the sun lost its heat and the wind died down Yaqui took long and careful surveys westward from the high points on the trail. Sunset was not far off, and there in a bare, spotted valley lay Coyote tanks, the only waterhole between Papago well and the Sonoyta oasis. Gale used his glass, told Yaqui there was no smoke, no sign of life; still the Indian fixed his falcon eyes on distant spots and looked long. No further advance was undertaken. The Yaqui headed south and traveled slowly, climbing to the brow of a bold height of weathered mesa. There he sat his horse and waited. No one questioned him. The rangers dismounted to stretch their legs, and Mercedes was lifted to a rock, where she rested. Thorne had gradually yielded to the desert's influence for silence. He spoke once or twice to Gale, and occasionally whispered to Mercedes. Gale fancied his friend would soon learn that necessary speech in desert travel meant a few greetings, a few words to make real the fact of human companionship, a few short, terse terms for the business of the day or night, and perhaps a stern order or a soft call to a horse.

The sun went down, and the golden, rosy veils turned to blue and shaded darker till twilight was there in the clear. Darkness approached, and the elect peaks faded. The horses stamped to the move.

"Malo!" exclaimed the Yaqui. He did not point with arm, but his falcon head was outstretched, and his piercing eyes gazed at the blurring spot which marked the location of Coyote tanks.

"Jim, can you see anything?" asked Ladd.

"Nope, but I reckon he can." Then Ladd suddenly straightened up, turned to his horse, and muttered low under his breath.

"I reckon so," said Lash, and for once his easy, good-natured tone was not in evidence. His voice was harsh.

Gale's eyes, keen as they were, were lost of the rangers to see tiny needle-points of light just faintly perceptible in the blackness.

"Laddy! Campfires?" he asked, quickly.

"Shore's your're horn, my boy." "How many?"

Ladd did not reply; but Yaqui held up his hand, his fingers wide. Five campfires! A strong force of rebels or raiders or some other desert troop was camping at Coyote tanks.

Yaqui sat his horse for a moment motionless as stone, his dark face immutable and impassive. Then he stretched his right arm in the direction of No Name mountains, now longing for their last faint traces of the lingering, and he shook his head. He made the same impressive gesture toward the Sonoyta oasis with the same somber negation.

Thereupon he turned Diablo's head to the south and started down the slope. His manner had been decisive, even stern. Lash did not question it, nor did Ladd. Both rangers hesitated, however, and showed a strange, almost a sullen reluctance which Gale had never seen in them before. Raiders were one thing, Rojas was another; Camino del Diablo still another; but that vast and desolate and unwatered waste of cactus and lava, the Sonora desert, might appall the stoutest heart. Gale felt his own sink—felt himself alone.

"Oh, where is he going?" cried Mercedes. Her poignant voice seemed to break a spell.

"Shore, lady, Yaqui's goin' home," replied Ladd gently. "An' considerin' our troubles, I reckon we ought to thank God he knows the way."

They mounted and rode down the slope toward the darkening south. Not until night travel was obstructed by a wall of cactus did the Indian halt to make a dry camp. Water and grass for the horses and fire to cook by were not to be had. Mercedes hore up surprisingly; but she fell asleep almost the instant her throat had been allayed. Thorne laid her upon a blanket and covered her. The men ate and drank. Gale lay down weary of limb and eye. He heard the soft thump of hoofs, the sigh of wind in the cactus—then no more.

Day dawned with the fugitives in the saddle. A picketed wall of cactus hedged them in, yet the Yaqui made a tortuous path, that, zigzag as it might, in the main always headed south.

The Yaqui, if not at fault, was yet uncertain. His falcon eyes searched and roved, and became fixed at length at the southwest, and toward this he turned his horse. The great, fluted saguaros, fifty, sixty feet high, raised columnar forms, and their branching limbs and curving lines added a grace to the desert. It was the low-bush cactus that made the toil and pain of travel. Yet these thorny forms were beautiful.

In the basins between the ridges, to right and left along the floor of low plains the mirage glistened, wavered, faded, vanished—lakes and trees and clouds. Inverted mountains hung suspended in the lilac air and faint tracery of white-walled cities.

At noon Yaqui halted the cavalcade. He had selected a field of bisnagi cactus for the place of rest. Presently his reason became obvious. With long, heavy knife he cut off the tops of these barrel-shaped plants. He scooped out soft pulp, and with stone and hand then began to pound the deeper pulp into a juicy mass. When he threw this out there was a little water left, sweet, cold water which man and horse shared eagerly. Thus he made even the desert's fiercest growths minister to their needs.

But he did not halt long. Miles of gray-green spiked walls lay between him and that line of ragged, red lava which manifestly he must reach before dark. The travel became faster, straighter. And the glistening thorns clutched and clung to leather and cloth and flesh. The horses reared, snorted, balked, leaped—but they were sent on. Only Blanco Sol, the patient, plodding, the indomitable, needed no goad or spur. Mercedes reeled in her saddle. Thorne bade her drink, bathed her face, supported her, and then gave way to Ladd, who took the girl with him on Torres' broad back. The middle of the afternoon saw Thorne reeling in his saddle, and then, wherever possible, Gale's powerful arm lent him strength to hold his seat.

The fugitives were entering a desolate, burned-out world. The waste of sand began to yield to clinders. The horses sank to their fetlocks as they toiled on. A fine, choking dust oiled back from the leaders, and men coughed and horses snorted. But the sun was now behind the hills. In between ran the stream of lava. It was broken, sharp, dull rust color, full of cracks and caves and crevices, and everywhere upon its jagged surface grew the white-thorned choya.

Again twilight encompassed the travelers. But there was still light enough for Gale to see the constricted passage open into a wide, deep space where the dull color was relieved by the gray of gnarled and dwarfed mesquite. Blanco Sol, keenest of scent, whistled his welcome herald of water. The other horses answered, quickened to their gait. Gale smelled it, too, sweet, cool, damp on the dry air.

Yaqui turned the corner of a pocket in the lava wall. The file of white horses rounded the corner after him. And Gale, coming last, saw the pale, glancing gleam of a pool of water beautiful in the twilight.

Next day the Yaqui's relentless driving demand on the horses was no longer in evidence. He lost no time, but he did not hasten. His course wound between low clunder dunes which limited their view of the surrounding country. These dunes finally sank down to a black floor as hard as flint, with tongues of lava to the left, and to the right the slow descent into the cactus plain. Yaqui was now traveling due west. It was Gale's idea that the Indian was skirting the first sharp-toothed slope of a vast volcanic plateau which formed the western half of the Sonora desert and extended to the Gulf of California. Travel was slow, but not exhausting for rider or beast.

Thirty miles of easy stages brought the fugitives to another waterhole, a little round pocket under the heaved-up edge of lava. There was sparse, short, bleached grass for the horses, but no wood for a fire. This night there were question and reply, conjecture, doubt, opinion and conviction expressed by the men of the party. But the Indian, who alone could have told where they were, where they were going, what chance they had to escape, maintained his stolid silence. Gale took the early watch, Ladd the midnight one, and Lash that of the morning. The day broke rosy, glorious, cold as ice. Action was necessary to make useful benumbed hands and feet. Mercedes was fed while yet wrapped in blankets.

It was a significant index to the day's travel that Yaqui should keep a blanket from the pack and tear it into strips to bind the legs of the horses. It meant the dreaded choya and the knife-edged lava. That Yaqui did not mount Diablo was still more significant. Mercedes must ride; but the others must walk.

The Indian led off into one of the gray notches between the tumbled streams of lava. At the apex of the notch, where two streams met, a narrow gully wound and ascended. Yaqui led Diablo into it, and then began the most laborious and vexatious and painful of all slow travel.

The disintegrating surface of a lava bed was at once the roughest, the hardest, the meanest, the cruellest, the most deceitful kind of ground to travel. The fugitives made slow progress. They picked a cautious, winding way to and fro in little steps here and there along the many twists of the trail, up and down the unavoidable depressions, round and round the holes. At noon, so winding back upon itself had been their course, they appeared to have come only a short distance up the lava slope.

It was rough work for them; it was terrible work for the horses. Blanco Diablo refused to answer to the power of the Yaqui. He balked, he plunged, he bit and kicked. He had to be pulled and beaten over many places. Mercedes' horse almost threw her, and she was put upon Blanco Sol. The white charger snorted a protest, then, obedient to Gale's stern call, patiently lowered his noble head and pawed the lava for a footing that would hold.

The lava caused Gale toil and worry and pain, but he hated the choya. He came almost to believe what he had heard claimed by desert travelers—that the choya was alive and leaped at man or beast. Certain it was when Gale passed one, if he did not put all attention to avoiding it, he was hooked through his chaps and held by barbed thorns. The pain was almost unendurable. It was like no other. It burned, stung, beat—almost seemed to freeze. It made useless arm or leg. It made him bite his tongue to keep from crying out. It made the sweat roll off him. It made him sick.

Moreover, bad as the choya was for man, it was infinitely worse for beast. A jagged stab from this poisoned cactus was the only thing Blanco Sol could not stand. Many times that day, before he carried Mercedes, he had wildly snorted, and then stood trembling while Gale picked broken thorns from the muscular legs. But after Mercedes had been put upon Sol Gale made sure no choya touched him.

The afternoon passed like the morning, in ceaseless winding and twisting and climbing along this abandoned trail. Gale saw many waterholes, mostly dry, some containing water, all of them catch-basins, full only after rainy season. Little ugly bunched bushes, that Gale scarcely recognized as mesquites, grew near these holes; also stunted greasewood and prickly pear. There was no grass, and the choya alone flourished in that hard soil.

Darkness overtook the party as they unpacked beside a pool of water deep under an overhanging shelf of lava. It had been a hard day. The horses drank their fill, and then stood patiently with drooping heads. Hunger and thirst were appeased, and a warm fire cheered the weary and footsore fugitives. Yaqui said, "Sleep." And so another night passed.

Upon the following morning, ten miles or more up the slow-ascending lava slope, Gale was in the rear of all the other horses, so as to take, for Mercedes' sake, the advantage of the broken trail. Yaqui was leading Blanco Diablo, winding around a break. His head was bent as he stepped slowly and unevenly upon the lava. Gale turned to look back, the first time in several days. He thought, of course, of Rojas in certain pursuit; but it seemed absurd to look for him.

Yaqui led on, and Gale often glanced up from his task to watch the Indian. Presently he saw him stop, turn, and look back. Ladd did likewise, and then Jim and Thorne. Gale found the desire irresistible. Thereafter he often rested Blanco Sol, and looked back the while. He had his field-glass, but did not choose to use it.

"Rojas will follow," said Mercedes. Gale regarded her in amazement. The tone of her voice had been indefinable. If there were fear then he failed to detect it. She was gazing back down the colored slope, and something about her, perhaps the steady, falcon gaze of her magnificent eyes, reminded him of Yaqui.

Many times during the ensuing hour the Indian faced about, and always his followers did likewise. It was high noon, with the sun beating hot and the lava radiating heat, when Yaqui halted for a rest. The horses bunched and drooped their heads. The rangers were about to slip the packs and remove saddles when Yaqui restrained them.

He fixed a changeless, gleaming gaze on the slow descent; but did not seem to look afar.

Suddenly he uttered his strange cry—the one Gale considered involuntary, or else significant of some tribal trait or feeling. Yaqui pointed down the lava slope, pointing with finger and arm and neck and head—his whole being seemed to have been animated and then frozen.

"Shore he sees somethin'," said Ladd. "But my eyes are no good." "I reckon I ain't sure of mine," replied Jim. "I'm bothered by a dim movin' streak down there."

Thorne gazed eagerly down as he stood beside Mercedes, who sat motionless facing the slope. Gale looked and looked till he hurt his eyes. Then he took his glass out of its case on Sol's saddle.

There appeared to be nothing upon the lava but the innumerable dots of choya shining in the sun. Gale swept his glass slowly forward and back. Then into a nearer field of vision crept a long white-and-black line of horses and men. Without a word he handed the glass to Ladd. The ranger used it, muttering to himself.

"They're on the lava fifteen miles down in an air line," he said, presently. "Jim, shore they're twice that an' more accordin' to the trail." Jim had his look and replied: "I reckon we're a day an' a night in the lead." "Is it Rojas?" burst out Thorne with set jaw.

ful in her helpless and appealing moments, now, when she looked back white-faced and flame-eyed, it was transcendent.

Gale drew a long, deep breath. The mood which had presaged pursuit, strife, blood on this somber desert, returned to him tenfold. He saw Thorne's face colored by black veins, and his teeth exposed like those of a snarling wolf. These rangers, who had coolly risked death many times, and had defied it often, were white as no fear or pain could have made them. Then, on the moment, Yaqui raised his hand, not clenched or doubled tight, but curled rigid like an eagle's claw, and he shook it in a strange, slow gesture which was menacing and terrible.

It was the woman that called to the depths of these men. And their passion to kill and to save was surprised only by the wild hate which was yet love, the unfathomable emotion of a pen slave. Gale marveled at it, while he felt his whole being cold and tense, as he turned once more to follow in the tracks of his leaders. The fight predicted by Belding was at hand. What a fight that must be! Rojas was waiting for him and for the fugitives.

Gale had bought his men with gold, with extravagant promises, perhaps with offers of the body and blood of an aristocrat hateful to their kind. Lastly, there was the wild, desolate environment, a tortured wilderness of jagged lava and poisoned choya, a lonely, fierce and repellent world, a red stage most somberly and fittingly colored for a supreme struggle between men.

Yaqui looked back no more. Mercedes looked back no more. But the other looked, and the time came when Gale saw the creeping line of pursuers with naked eyes.

A level line above marked the rim of the plateau. Sand began to show in the little lava pits. On and upward tolled the cavalcade, still very slowly advancing. At last Yaqui reached the rim. He stood with his hand on Blanco Diablo; and both were silhouetted against the sky. That was the outlook for a Yaqui. And his great horse, dazzlingly white in the sunlight, with head wildly and proudly erect, mane and tail flying in the wind, made a magnificent picture. The others tolled on and upward, and at last Gale led Blanco Sol over the rim. Then all looked down the red slope.

But shadows were gathering there and no moving line could be seen. Yaqui mounted and wheeled Diablo away. The others followed. The Yaqui led them into a zone of craters. The top of the earth seemed to have been blown out in holes from a few rods in width to large craters, some shallow, others deep, and all red as fire. Yaqui circled close to abysses which yawned sheer from a level surface, and he appeared always to be turning upon his course to avoid them.

The plateau had now a considerable dip to the west. Gale marked the slow heave and ripple of the ocean of lava to the south, where high, rounded peaks marked the center of this volcanic region. The uneven nature of the slope westward prevented any extended view, until suddenly the fugitives emerged from a rugged break to come upon a sublime and awe-inspiring spectacle.



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They were upon a high point of the western slope of the plateau. It was strange to Gale, and perhaps to the others, to see their guide lead Diablo into a smooth and well-worn trail along the rim of the awful crater. Gale looked down into that red chasm. It resembled an inferno. The dark cliffs upon the opposite side were veiled in blue haze that seemed like smoke. Here Yaqui was at home. He moved and looked about him as a man coming at last into his own. Gale saw him stop and gaze out over that red-ribbed void to the Gulf.

Gale divined that somewhere along this crater of hell the Yaqui would make his final stand; and one look into his strange, inscrutable eyes made imagination picture a fitting doom for the pursuing Rojas.

(Continued next week)

**NOTICE.**  
Don't forget to pay your poll and road tax for 1922. If the poll tax of \$1.00 is not paid before December 31st, 1922, you will be distrained for two years; same from 21 to 60 years.  
If the road tax of \$1.00 is not paid before December 31st, 1922, you are subject to prosecution; same from 18 to 65 years.  
Residents of incorporated towns not made for Parish Road Tax.  
WALTER GALATAS,  
Sheriff and Tax Collector.

**ORDINANCE.**  
An ordinance amending and re-enacting Section One of Ordinance No. 53, adopted December 15, 1916, and entitled "An ordinance fixing the fire limits in the Town of Covington, La., and regulating the erection and construction of buildings within said limits" as amended.

Section One. Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Covington, La., in legal session convened, That Section One of Ordinance No. 53, adopted Dec. 15th, 1916, as amended by Ordinance No. 59, adopted March 6th, 1917, and by Ordinance No. 75, adopted July 17, 1919, and entitled "An ordinance fixing the fire limits in the Town of Covington, La., and regulating the erection and construction of buildings within said limits, be amended and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

Section One. Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Covington, La., that the fire limits of the Town of Covington, La., be hereby established as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the corner of Columbia and Rutland Streets, thence running westerly down Rutland street to the west side of New Hampshire street, and running back 130 feet from the front of the north side of Rutland street, and 120 feet back from the front of the south side of Rutland street. Thence from the corner of New Hampshire and Rutland Streets, northerly along New Hampshire street, to the north side of Lockwood street, and running back 130 feet from the front of either side of said New Hampshire street, the entire distance thereof. Thence easterly along Lockwood street from the corner of New Hampshire street, to the east side of Columbia street, and running back from the front of either side of said Lockwood street a distance of 180 feet the entire distance thereof.

and Lockwood streets, southerly along Columbia street to the corner or south side of Rutland street, the point of beginning, and running back a distance of 180 feet from the front of either side of said Columbia street, the entire distance thereof.  
Section Two. Be it further ordained, etc., That all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict herewith, from the corner of Columbia with, be and the same are hereby repealed, provided that nothing in this ordinance shall be construed to in anywise vary, amend or repeal any other section of said ordinance No. 53, adopted Dec. 15, 1916.  
Section Three. Be it further ordained, etc., That this amendment be and the same is declared an emergency ordinance, and the same shall take effect immediately after its adoption.  
Upon a vote being taken the following voted yea: M. P. Planche, A. R. Smith, H. A. Mackie, C. H. Sheldahl, C. E. Sonenberg, Robt. W. Badon, mayor. Nay: Emilie Frensdorck.  
The petition of Mr. J. H. Warner to close and vacate that portion of Johnson street lying between 21st and 22nd Avenues, New Covington, was read, and on motion, seconded and carried, referred to the Improvement Committee.  
It was moved by M. P. Planche, seconded by A. R. Smith, that the bill of J. M. Simmons for \$500.00 be paid. Carried.  
It was moved by A. R. Smith, seconded by M. P. Planche, and carried, that the mayor be and is hereby authorized to execute a contract with the Eureka Hosiery Co. for 1000 feet of new hose and two hose reels.  
There being no further business, on motion of C. H. Sheldahl, seconded by A. R. Smith, the council adjourned subject to call.  
ROBT. W. BADON,  
Mayor.  
L. A. PERREAUD,  
Secretary.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
Sandy D. Bulloch vs. May Harrell, Alphonse Lossett and Eugene E. Lossett.  
No. 3653.  
Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana.  
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a judgment of partition and sale rendered by the aforesaid Court, dated December 14, 1922, I will proceed to sell to the last and highest bidder, for cash, at the principal front door of the courthouse in the town of Covington, Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, between legal sale hours, on Saturday, January 27, 1923, the following described property, to-wit:  
A portion of lots nine (9) and ten (10) in square twenty-four hundred and one (2401) in New Covington, bounded by the aforesaid Court, bounded by 25th Avenue and Madison street, having a frontage on 25th Avenue of 100 feet by a depth of 90 feet on Madison street, with the improvements thereon.  
Terms of Sale—Cash.  
WALTER GALATAS,  
d23-6t Sheriff.

and Lockwood streets, southerly along Columbia street to the corner or south side of Rutland street, the point of beginning, and running back a distance of 180 feet from the front of either side of said Columbia street, the entire distance thereof.

Section Two. Be it further ordained, etc., That all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict herewith, from the corner of Columbia with, be and the same are hereby repealed, provided that nothing in this ordinance shall be construed to in anywise vary, amend or repeal any other section of said ordinance No. 53, adopted Dec. 15, 1916.

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There being no further business, on motion of C. H. Sheldahl, seconded by A. R. Smith, the council adjourned subject to call.

ROBT. W. BADON, Mayor.  
L. A. PERREAUD, Secretary.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
Sandy D. Bulloch vs. May Harrell, Alphonse Lossett and Eugene E. Lossett.  
No. 3653.  
Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana.  
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a judgment of partition and sale rendered by the aforesaid Court, dated December 14, 1922, I will proceed to sell to the last and highest bidder, for cash, at the principal front door of the courthouse in the town of Covington, Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, between legal sale hours, on Saturday, January 27, 1923, the following described property, to-wit:  
A portion of lots nine (9) and ten (10) in square twenty-four hundred and one (2401) in New Covington, bounded by the aforesaid Court, bounded by 25th Avenue and Madison street, having a frontage on 25th Avenue of 100 feet by a depth of 90 feet on Madison street, with the improvements thereon.  
Terms of Sale—Cash.  
WALTER GALATAS,  
d23-6t Sheriff.

Advertising in The Farmer pays.