A SUDDEN CHANGE

By OLIVE EDNA MAY

Tom Mackins, carpenter, passing along a lonely road to work, heard sounds of a scuffle ahead and, hurrying on, saw a well dressed man struggling with a robber. Tom ran up, intending to help the gentleman, when the latter fell.

While the assailant was rifling the unfortunate man's pockets Tom came up and jumped on the robber. After a hot fight the rascal freed himself and ran, leaving Tom covered with blood and dirt and too exhausted to follow him.

Tom sat up and looked about him, dazed. The robber had gone on in the direction Tom had been going, while from the other came the creaking of a wagon. When it reached Mackins, jumping down, those in it examined the body and found a stab in the left side. He was dead.

"You get into this wagon," said one of the men to Tom.

Tom protested and tried to tell the true story, but the men wouldn't listen to him. They put the body of the murdered man in the wagon and took Tom on the seat between them. Then they drove on to the next village, where they put Tom for safe keeping in a room over the grocery store, locking him in till they could notify the authorities.

The first thing that occurred to Tom was how much may happen within a few minutes. Half an hour before he had left home with a light heart, and now he had the prospect of swinging at the end of a rope for a murder of which he was not only innocent, but had tried to prevent. He was not slow in realizing the fact that he had no defense to offer and made up his mind that if possible he had better make an escape before he was taken over by the sheriff. The county seat where the case would be reported was twenty miles away, and it was quite probable that the sheriff might not arrive to take him away before evening.

Tom did a very quick job of thinking, the result of which was that he attracted the attention of the grocer below by stamping on the floor. The man came up and found Tom apparently writhing in agony. Tom told him that he was suffering from a liver attack to which he was subject and begged for a lemon, which he said was his only relief on such occasions. The grocer brought him the lemon. Tom swallowed some of the juice and suddenly recovered. Then he asked for writing materials that he might inform his wife of his misfortune. The grocer brought the materials, and Tom wrote the note, leaving it unsealed. It was examined by several citizens in the store below, and since it contained nothing contraband of the condition of a prisoner it was forwarded to Mrs. Mackins.

Both the wife and daughter were too shocked to read the letter carefully at first, but presently the latter took it up and read it again.

"What does this postscript mean, mother?" she asked. "'You forgot to take the candle grease out of my coat sleeve.'"

Mrs. Mackins could not understand what it meant, and her daughter Ellen began to suspect that her father meant something, the meaning of which must be diciphered.

"I think it means," said Ellen, "that we're to do with the letter what we do in taking candle grease out of cloth. I have it. We put a piece of paper on the cloth, then run a hot iron over the paper."

An iron stood on the stove, and, seizing it, Ellen ran it over the paper. Dark brown letters came out as follows:

"Bring me my circular saw at once."

Tom knew that letters made with lemon juice, though invisible when dried on the paper, if heated will come out a brown color.

Ellen ran to her father's tool chest, got the saw and started for the village. Reaching the place of his captivity, she asked to see him and was admitted. He had been left in care of the grocer and several citizens, who had agreed to keep him till the arrival of the sheriff. Ellen was admitted to see her father. She was taken up to the room where he was confined and locked in with him, being first told that when she wished to leave she should stamp on the floor. As soon as she was alone with her father she handed him the saw.

Now, the room Mackins was confined in communicated with another, the door of which was locked. Tom had already cut a hole in it with his knife and now sawed one big enough to admit an arm. The key was on the other side of the door, and, turning it, he found egress into the other room. Then he changed clothes with Ellen, who was a big, strong girl nearly as tall as himself, and with a "God save you!" from her passed through the next room, entered a hall, mounted to a third story, where he dropped on the roof of an adjoining building on which there was an outside staircase in the rear, and thence to freedom.

When the sheriff came he found Ellen dressed in her father's clothes and her father gone.

Neither Tom Mackins nor the real murderer was ever found. Tom left the country, and in time his wife and daughter followed him. Had he not made his escape he would either have been hanged or spent long years in jail. In a new land he made a fortune.

HIS ACCUSER

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

My grandfather, who made a trip to Europe fifty years ago, told me this story:

That was the day when most of the traveling was done on the continent in diligences and postchaises, there being very few railroads. The influence of the stirring up that governments got in 1848 was still felt, and a stranger was under constant surveillance. I was dining in a Berlin restaurant one day and noticed a man sitting at the other end of the table. He wore a long black beard, but no hair on his upper lip. This is not much of a description of him, but there was really nothing to mark him as unique.

It so happened that the next day I went into another restaurant in an entirely different part of the city, and who should come in and sit down opposite me but the man I had seen the day before! We both looked at and recognized each other, but I noticed that after that he kept his eyes away from me. He hurried through his meal and just before departing gave me a quick glance.

The autumn was coming on, and I determined after a brief sojourn in Switzerland to go down into Italy. I left Lucerne one morning by boat on the lake of the Four cantons on my Italian trip. What was my surprise to see hurrying aboard as the boat was about to start the man I had seen twice in Berlin—the man with the black beard.

Now, in America I should have considered these meetings simply coincidences. But at that time in Europe every man might be a plotter against the divine right of kings. I wondered if I were not a suspect on the part of a government which had put a spy upon me. I did not see my man on the boat until we disembarked at Finelen, at the other end of the lake; then he went out with the crowd, giving me one of those quick glances of his which by this time I began to interpret as meaning, "You arch conspirator, I will trap you and bring you to justice."

The route by which I was going into Italy was at that time by diligence over the St. Gothard pass, though the highest part of the pass was traversed in sledges, each sledge containing two persons sitting face to face. Who should be put into the sledge with me but the man with the black beard!

The few hours I spent sitting vis-a-vis with this creature were the most uncomfortable in my life. I felt sure that he had been sent to keep a watch on me. As for him, it seemed to me that he was ready to arrest me at any moment. He was unable to conceal his antagonism for me. It looked as if he had got himself placed in the sledge alone with me that he might hurl me over some one of the precipices we passed. He was constantly looking about him, and I inferred that he was keeping watch for points where I might leave the sledge and take to flight.

But this part of the journey ended without his throwing me into a gorge or my attempting to escape him by losing myself in a snowy solitude. Indeed, I would rather have been hanged comfortably for a conspirator than have tried it. When we again got into the diligence I missed my man, though I was quite sure his eye was upon me every minute. We descended the Italian slope of the mountains and pursued our journey toward Milan beside a quick running stream. Once only, when we stopped for a change of horses and I got out to stretch my legs, did I see my shadower. That was when, glancing up into the coupe of the diligence, I saw him looking down upon me with that cunning expression which seemed to say, "I am not ready to nab you yet, but I shall soon have you where I want you."

I stopped at Locarno, a small town on lake Maggiori. In the twilight I walked down to the verge of the water. Hearing a footstep behind me, I turned and saw the man who was following me.

"Well, sir?" I said.

"I have had enough of this," he replied. "I will make you a fair proposition."

"What proposition?" My heart beat like a drum. I had no doubt that it was that I should go with him without resistance.

"I will divide the spoil."

I stood looking at him without reply. An explanation of this singular affair was making its way into my brain. I resolved to listen, but not to talk.

"Go on."

"There are 500,000 francs in all. I will give you half."

"Where are they?"

"In my pockets."

I stood thinking, he watching me anxiously.

"Proceed to Milan," I said at last, "and meet me on the evening of your arrival at 9 o'clock on the steps of the cathedral."

"I'll be there," was his only reply. He disappeared in the gathering darkness.

On the night in question a couple of carabineers met him and arrested him. He had stolen property on him to the value of 900,000 francs he had taken from a bank.

Conscience was his accuser. My accuser must have been either an excess of timidity or the espionage to be expected from governments.

He Was Taught A Lesson

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

When Helen Armsby and I were but ten years old we were great chums. At dancing school Helen was my favorite partner, and when we were pairing off for the cotillion the other boys steered clear of her, knowing that she would be engaged to dance it with me.

Our intimacy continued through youth, and when it came time for me to choose a profession Helen objected to my choice. At school, instead of studying my lessons, I devoted my time covering the blank leaves and margins of my textbooks with little pictures. The fancy grew upon me, and the profession I selected was that of an artist. Helen was my opposite, a practical girl, not given to floating in the clouds, but walking right down on the face of the earth.

I didn't then suspect the truth. Helen had been looking forward to a union with me and realized that if I spent my time daubing on canvas marriage with me was impracticable. She had a little money of her own, but not enough to admit of her husband sitting on a three legged stool copying clouds and waterfalls. However, I started in, studied awhile in an art school, then set about practicing on the beautiful landscapes about the village in which Helen and I lived. One day while I was thus engaged she came along and stood behind me, looking at the picture on my easel.

"Very pretty," she remarked in that tone which damns with faint praise. I asked her what she especially admired in the painting.

"Well, in the first place, that machine for gathering grain is excellent."

"That isn't a grain gathering machine; it's a windmill."

"There isn't any windmill about here," she said.

"No; I am using the scene before me for a study. Putting in what occurs to me would make it more attractive."

"You mean improving on it."

Only a woman could give the cold tone to produce perfect irony.

I didn't ask her to point out any more beauties, but she did so of her own accord.

"Did you put that balloon in for an improvement?" she asked.

"You mean that tree on the hilltop? No, I copied that. You can see it in the natural landscape."

"Oh!"

There was an embarrassing silence. I dared not speak for fear I should say something I would be sorry for. Helen didn't seem afraid to speak and made another criticism.

"What kind of trees are those surrounding the tree on the hilltop?"

I made no reply. She referred to clouds covering the sky.

"You're cross today," she added and proceeded on her way.

Not long after this I took a studio in the city. No one ever came there to buy pictures, and it was very lonesome. One day a dealer came in and said he did a great deal for beginners by buying their pictures and selling them to persons who wished them to help furnish their houses. He looked over mine and selected the painting that Helen had so ridiculed, offering me the enormous sum of $100 for it. I was the more delighted because I could tell her that the picture had been sold, and the price paid for it showed plainly that her criticism was unjust and absurd.

Well, I had a new interest in life. I was absorbed in the fate of the one picture I had sold. One day I sauntered into the shop of the man who had bought it and looked for it among his stock. I did not find it. Then I asked the dealer if he remembered buying a picture from me and what had become of it. He said he remembered me and the picture very well. He had sold it at a profit.

This ended my connection with that particular picture. I went on painting, but since I sold nothing I soon found myself in a state bordering on starvation. Then another dealer came to my studio and asked me if I could duplicate the landscape I had sold. I did so, and he paid me the same price as I had received for the other. After that, about once in three months, I sold a copy of that picture for exactly the same amount—a hundred dollars. Since I had been improving in my work I could not understand why my clientele should all want that same picture.

I grew suspicious. The next time a dealer came to my studio to buy one of these paintings he paid me for it, leaving it with me and directing me to give it to a boy whom he would send for it. I asked the boy if he were to take it to the art store kept by the dealer or to the purchaser. He declined to answer the question.

This made me more suspicious than ever, but I said nothing. I watched the boy from a window when he left the house, saw the direction he took, then followed him at a distance.

What was my amazement to see him leave it at Helen's home.

I was much impressed, not only with Helen's method of teaching me a lesson, but with the tenderness for me she displayed in doing so. I went to see her the same evening and told her that I had discovered that she had been supporting me until I should recover from my delusion.

I accepted a position and went to work at that which was in my case something practical. I have long ago recovered from my artistic fever and am content in a more matter of fact field.

Deacon Carter's Goat

By M. QUAD

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When Deacon Carter's widowed daughter died she bequeathed him a goat. It was brought home and made to understand that its future lines were to be cast in pleasant places. It was given the run of the yard, and for three days its attitude elicited sympathy and commendation. It really shed tears over the mistress and the home it had lost, and then it braced up and became playful.

The deacon had a tomato patch, and he went out one morning to pick two or three tomatoes to go with his breakfast. As he gathered them there was a concussion, and it was ten minutes later when his wife came out and found him just coming to himself again.

"W-what is it, Jeptha?" she gasped.

"The—the goat!"

"What about him?"

"Came on the run and struck me with his head!"

"But I don't see how he"—

But she did see. The goat came bounding on like a cyclone and bowled her over and over until she struck the row of sunflowers. The deacon got hold of a bean pole and kept the goat off, and they got into the house, lamed in every joint. This was the outbreak. It was the end of the goat's serenity. Men had to be called to help tie him up, and those who hadn't looked upon him before now came to gaze. Nobody wished the animal ill. On the contrary, it was generally held that grief had driven him to desperation. The deacon was advised to sit up all night and watch to see that Billy didn't commit suicide by hanging.

Two days passed quietly, but on the evening of the second the goat quietly slipped his collar and set out to see the sights of Romeo. While ranging around he encountered six different persons on their way to prayer meeting. He took them in as fast as he came to them. Some went rolling into the ditch and some against the fence, but all underwent the same sensation. They thought a tree had fallen on them.

Even a good man can't escape consequences if he is the owner of a butting goat. Next day six limping people wanted to know what Deacon Carter was going to do about it. Like the square man that he was, he offered them $3 apiece and made settlements.

"If it wasn't that I had promised Hanner on her dying bed"— he said to his wife as the last victim limped away.

"I know—I know, deacon," was the reply.

"We'll have to keep him."

"We will."

"Durn his hide!"

"S-s-s-h! There he stands in the door!"

That night the goat was shut up in the barn, but there was a window through which he jumped, taking the sash and glass with him. Mr. Griggs, the grocer, had locked up and was on his way home when some white object flashed before his eyes and he knew no more for half an hour. The sexton of the Baptist church has spent two hours sweeping and dusting, and had started for his fireside with his hands clasped under coattails. He went down like ripe barley before the sickle.

Abraham Davis, the undertaker, was taking a little walk before going to bed, or had stepped outside the gate to take one, when he went down with a crash and was out of range of the wireless for ten minutes. Then he crept into the house on hands and knees to ask his wife how the earthquake had affected her.

There were half a dozen others that were treated to various surprises and sensations, and this time it cost Deacon Carter $50 to settle. He was a good man, and he had the interests of Romeo and the United States at heart, but his fellow townsmen didn't propose to be butted into insensiblity for nothing.

"We'll have to sell him," he said to his wife with a sigh.

"But think of Hanner looking down from heaven!"

"Then we'll give him away to some good family."

"And Hanner's ghost will haunt us!"

The goat was chained up, and for two days he was a quiet, reflective animal. He stood most of the time with half closed eyes, as if seeing his past and hoping to see his future.

Then Sunday came, and the people gathered at the church. The goat worked some sort of hocus pocus on that chain and was once more at liberty. The doors of the churches stood wide open, as if inviting goats to enter with the sheep, and this goat entered. He entered on the run, and within three minutes he had driven out the congregation. Those that were a little slow were given aid.

Could such a thing as that be overlooked and the offender forgiven? You know it could not. With pickets pulled from the fence, with clubs and rocks and umbrellas, they swarmed for the goat, and though he fought back they were too many for him. They finally hemmed him in on the bridge, closing in to take his life, when he went over the rail into the creek and was drowned.

"I s'pose Hanner is an angel," observed the deacon's wife as they sat together that evening.

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"And she saw it all?"

"Yes."

"What do you think she thunk?"

"Probably that she had a fool for a father."

A Reminiscence

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

Edith and I celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding recently and spent the evening in the same house where I proposed to her, she having inherited it. I fell to musing, and Edith asked me what I was thinking about.

"A scene that occurred right here before this fireplace a few months more than a quarter of a century ago."

"The letters?"

"Yes. And that started me to musing on the difference in our relation between now and then. Do you remember all that racket about the return of the letters after our disagreement?"

"Perfectly."

"And how long it took us to find a way to make the exchange? Well, I don't remember ever to have confessed to you the cause of my part of that delay."

"Now is a good time to do so."

"When I look back and think of what a man of twenty-three can write to a girl of nineteen it makes me shiver even now. When we got into that quarrel and I remembered that you had a trunkful of gush that I had written you"—

"It wasn't gush at all."

"Of course it wasn't gush then, and between lovers, but if you could read one of those letters now in cold blood it would make your hair curl. It certainly would mine. Just as soon as the break came between us what I had written and the possibility of any one other than you reading it filled me with horror. I got wild about it right off, imagining all sorts of absurd happenings. I became seized with a mad desire to get possession of those letters. And when I wrote for them and you made some excuse delaying an exchange what do you suppose got into my foolish noddle?"

"What?"

"Why, it occurred to me that you might sue me for breach of promise or do something horrible that would bring out the letters to the world."

Edith smiled. "What do you suppose was my reason for delay?"

"I can't imagine."

"Once before meeting you I wrote a note to a man and afterward heard of his showing it to one of his friends. When I thought of all I had written you it flashed upon me that you might do the same thing. I was as anxious to get my hands on my letters to you as you were to possess yours to me."

"And that's the reason," I replied, "you wrote me that a gentleman would consider himself bound to return a lady's letters at once; the lady might take her time?"

Edith smiled, but said nothing. I went on:

"Then followed that stupid proposition of mine that on a given day each should express the other's letters, both agreeing and neither keeping the agreement."

"I didn't fail to keep mine for the reason you suppose. The package was too heavy for me to carry to the express office, and I didn't like to have a man call for them. I knew the whole household would laugh at me."

"I didn't trust you to keep your agreement. I believed that if you got your own letters I might whistle for mine."

"To tell the truth I would have taken my time to return yours, though not with any thought of showing them. I didn't like to give them up. I used to read myself to sleep with them."

"I didn't know they were fitted even for that."

"And when the quarrel was on I cried over them."

"Do you remember how we agreed to make the exchange by leaving both packages on a certain afternoon in a clump of bushes in the wood back of this house"

"Yes, and I waited at a rear window for two hours to see you leave your package, being ready to leave mine as soon as you had done so."

"That was another failure."

"What do you suppose was the reason of my proposition to bring my letters and make the exchange here?"

"To make up, of course."

"Did that occur to you then?"

"I was sure of it, and I was delighted. I had had enough of the sport."

"But when I entered this room by that door you were standing over there and looked vindictive enough to bite my head off."

"You don't suppose I was intending to make the first advance?"

"But you needn't have looked so terrible."

"The only mention of any reason for your coming was to exchange the letters. When I saw you come in with that great bale I wanted to laugh."

"I felt like a fool."

"Do you remember what broke the spell that had been keeping us apart?"

"Yes; you were very becomingly dressed and looked as pretty as a peach. It didn't occur to me then that if you were still angry with me you would put on your most attractive finery for me, though I know it now. I said something about 'my regret' and you looked down at the floor. I went to you, put my arm around you and kissed you."

I arose from my chair and repeated the act of twenty-five years before. Somehow the reminiscence brought back the freshness of that long ago kiss.

The letters I had brought twenty-five years before were burned then and there. Edith has some of mine poked away somewhere today. After all, she got the better of me.

Telephone Users, Attention!

In order to get the very best telephone service, that is, prompt connection with the party you are calling, it is necessary to observe carefully the following rules:

1. When calling for a party, consult your directory and always give plainly the prefix and the number of the telephone very distinctly.

2. Always answer your own telephone calls promptly. This prevents impatience on the part of the party calling you, and enables you to finish your conversation promptly.

3. When calling for a party and they respond, say: "This is Mr. So-and-So speaking. I want to speak to Mr. So-and-So."

4. Speak as courteously over the telephone with your party as you would face to face. This is necessary in order to get the very best results from a prospective customer.

5. Do not become impatient when not getting your connection promptly. It may be your fault, or negligence on your part in giving the number correct, or it may be that the party refuses to respond promptly to your call, so you can assist the Telephone Operator by responding promptly to YOUR OWN calls.

6. See that your place of business is fully supplied with adequate telephone facilities. It is often the case that one telephone that is congested, and your customers become dissatisfied and call your competitor.

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CHARTER

OF LOUISIANA INTERSTATE MINERAL COMPANY.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, STATE OF LOUISIANA, CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, PARISH OF ORLEANS.

Be it known, that on this nineteenth day of the month of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve and of the independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and thirty-seventh, before me, Augustus G. Williams, a notary public, in and for the parish of Orleans, state of Louisiana, duly commissioned and qualified, and in the presence of the witnesses hereinafter named and undersigned, personally came and appeared the several persons whose names are hereunto subscribed, all of lawful age, who severally declared that, availing themselves of the laws of the state of Louisiana, and especially of act 78 of 1904, in such case made and provided, they have agreed to and do hereby form themselves into and constitute themselves a corporation, and do, by the articles of incorporation hereinafter set out, agree and bind themselves, as well as all such persons as may hereafter become associated with them, to form and constitute a corporation for the objects and purposes and under the stipulations hereinafter set forth, as follows:

ARTICLE I.

The name of this corporation shall be "Louisiana Interstate Mineral Company," and by that name it shall be known and shall enjoy corporate succession and existence for the term of ninety-nine years from and after the date hereof, unless sooner dissolved. As such corporation it shall have power to sue and be sued; to make and use a corporate seal; to enter into any contract to borrow money, purchase, own, lease, sell and otherwise deal in real and personal property; to have and employ such directors, officers, managers, agents and other employees as the business interest and convenience of the said corporation may require; to execute bonds, notes and other obligations and to secure the same by mortgage or otherwise; to make and establish such by-laws, rules and regulations for the corporate management and control of the affairs of the corporation as may be necessary.

ARTICLE II.

The domicile of this corporation shall be in the city of New Orleans, state of Louisiana, and all citation or other legal process shall be served upon the president, and in the event of his absence or inability to act from any cause, upon the secretary of this corporation.

ARTICLE III.

The objects and purposes for which this corporation is organized and the nature of the business to be carried on by it are hereby declared to be as follows:

To purchase, own, hold, sell, mortgage, lease, alienate, receive and otherwise acquire, dispose of or deal in real estate, including oil, gas, asphaltum, petroleum, coal, iron, gold, silver, copper, and lead properties; to deal in mineral lands of every description; to build and operate manufactories for the production and sale of lime, cement, fertilizer, stone, marble, brick, china and glass; to mine and smelt all kinds of minerals; to buy, sell, erect, own, lease or otherwise acquire and operate drilling outfits and machinery, appliances, apparatus and buildings suitable for use in the extraction of oil or any minerals from the earth, and for the housing, preservation, handling and transportation of same when so extracted; to buy, sell or otherwise acquire and alienate and to ship, export or import oil, minerals or mineral products of every description and in connection with said objects to lease, buy, sell, build or otherwise acquire and alienate and maintain warehouses, sheds, dwellings, storehouses and repair shops; to do a general real estate and mercantile business; to buy, sell, own, and otherwise deal in the stock of other corporations; to buy and sell timber, timber lands, and wood products generally as well as to manufacture same; to own, lease and operate saw mills, pull boats, skidders, and other machinery for handling logs; to do a general saw mill and logging business; to build dry-docks and ways, to charter, lease, own, and operate railroads, railways, trams and tramways; to build, own, and operate ships, tugs, launches, barges and other vessels for the transportation of freight for hire; to lease, build and operate dredges; to dig canals for transportation and reclamation purposes; to construct, own, maintain and operate telephone and telegraph lines with all necessary equipment; to build, own, maintain and operate electric plants and generally to deal in the electric light and power business; to build and maintain wharves, pipe lines and machine shops; to own and control letters patent and inventions; to build, own and operate hotels and other improved realty and generally to do all and everything necessary, suitable or proper for the accomplishment of any of the purposes and the attainment of any of the objects hereinbefore enumerated, or which shall, at any time, appear for the benefit of the corporation, capable of being carried on in connection with the above powers, or calculated directly or indirectly to enhance the value of or render profitable any of the corporate property or rights.

ARTICLE IV.

The amount of the capital stock of this corporation is hereby fixed at the sum of three million dollars ($3,000,000.00), which shall be divided into common and preferred stock. Of the common stock there shall be ten thousand shares, of the par value of one hundred dollars ($100.00) each; and of the preferred there shall be twenty thousand shares of the par value of one hundred dollars ($100.00) each. The said two million dollars ($2,000,000.00) of preferred stock shall be entitled to receive dividends at the rate of seven per cent (7%) per annum, payable annually on the first day of September of each year, out of the earnings of the corporation before any dividend shall be paid upon the said common stock, and such dividends shall be cumulative so that any deficiency in the dividends to be paid on said preferred stock in any year shall be made good out of the earnings of subsequent years before any dividend shall be paid upon the said common stock. And in case there shall remain a surplus after paying the said dividend on the preferred stock, the said surplus, wholly or in part, as the directors may deem advisable shall be paid to the holders of the common stock. On the final liquidation of the corporation all arrears of dividends, if any, shall be paid to the holders of the preferred stock, and the preferred stock shall be paid in full before any payment shall be made to the holders of the common stock; but when such arrears of dividends and the face value of the preferred stock shall have been paid, the holders thereof shall receive no other or additional payments whatever; but the balance of the assets of the corporation shall belong entirely to the holders of the common stock.

The preferred and common stock of this corporation shall be issued only for cash, services rendered, or property actually received by the corporation and when issued shall be fully paid and non-assessable. Whenever shares of stock are paid for in services rendered or property received the said services or property must have a value equivalent to the face value of the stock issued for them.

Each share of common stock issued by this corporation shall be entitled to one vote whenever voting is necessary for any purpose. The preferred stock shall have no voting power at all, the entire management of the corporation is hereby vested in the owners of the common stock.

No transfer of stock will be recognized by the corporation unless it be made on the books of the corporation by the owner in person or by written power of attorney, and all certificates of stock shall be signed by such officers as may be designated by the board of directors.

ARTICLE V.

All the corporate powers of this corporation shall be vested in a board of directors, composed of seven stockholders, five of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of all business. These directors shall be elected at the annual meeting of the stockholders to be held on the first Monday of each year, unless such Monday be a dies non, in which case the election will take place on the next legal day thereafter, beginning with the year 1913. The said election shall take place upon ten days notice duly mailed to each stockholder at his last place of residence known to the company. The election of officers and directors shall be by ballot and each holder of common stock shall be entitled to one vote for each share of stock owned by him. This stock may be voted in person or by written proxy, and a majority of the votes cast shall be necessary to elect. Any vacancy occurring in the board of directors shall be filled by the remaining members of the board. The new members, so elected, shall hold office until the next annual meeting of the stockholders. The officers and directors elected at the said annual meeting shall hold office for one year; but the failure to hold the said annual meeting or to elect the officers and directors shall not forfeit the charter of this corporation—the then officers and directors continuing in office until their successors are appointed.

ARTICLE VI.

The board of directors to manage the business and affairs of this corporation for the first year will be named at a special meeting of the stockholders of this corporation within thirty days after the passage of this act, and will hold office until the first Monday of January, 1913, or until their successors are duly elected.

At the same time that the first board of directors is elected a president, vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer will be named to conduct the affairs of the company and to hold office until the first Monday of January of 1913.

ARTICLE VII.

These articles of incorporation may be modified, changed or amended, or this corporation may be dissolved, upon an affirmative vote of three-fourths of the outstanding common stock represented at a general meeting held for that purpose after thirty days previous notice is given in one newspaper published in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana. In addition to the notice by newspaper publication, each holder of common stock shall receive written notice of any stockholders meeting, which notice shall be mailed to him, at his last address known to the company at least ten days before such meeting.

On the dissolution of this corporation by any method known to the law, a special meeting of the holders of common stock shall be called to appoint three commissioners (who may be stockholders) to liquidate the affairs of the corporation. A majority of the common stock represented at said meeting shall elect, and the commissioners so elected shall remain in office until the affairs of the corporation shall have been fully liquidated and settled. In case any one or more of said commissioners die the survivor of the company will be settled by the survivors.

ARTICLE VIII.

No stockholder shall ever be held liable or responsible for the obligations, debts or defaults of this corporation in any manner or in any sum further than the unpaid balance due on the shares of stock owned by him; and mere informalities in the organization of this corporation shall not render this charter void, nor shall it expose any stockholder to any liability beyond the amount due on his stock.

ARTICLE IX.

This corporation shall become a going concern when ten thousand dollars ($10,000.00) of the common stock shall have been subscribed for.

Thus done and passed, in my office in New Orleans, Louisiana, in the presence of Ferdinand H. Wagner and Louis Teissier, competent witnesses of lawful age, residing in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, who have hereunto signed their names together with the said appearers and me, notary, on the day and date first aforesaid.

Original signed: C. F. Peterson, 100 shares common stock; Clarence L. Forstich, 1 share common stock; W. F. Williams, Five shares common stock.

Witnesses: Louis Teissier, A. H. Wagner.

AUGUSTUS G. WILLIAMS, N. P.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Orleans, City of New Orleans.

I, the undersigned recorder of mortgages in and for the parish of Orleans, state of Louisiana, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing act of incorporation of the Louisiana Interstate Mineral Company was this day duly recorded in my office, in book 1055, folio 516.

New Orleans, September 20, 1912.

(Signed) EMILE LEONARD, Dy. R.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Orleans, City of New Orleans.

I, the undersigned notary, do hereby certify the above and foregoing to be a true copy of the original act of incorporation of the Louisiana Interstate Mineral Company and of the certificate of the recorder of mortgages in and for this parish thereto attached, the whole extant and of record in my current notarial register.

In faith whereof, I grant these presents under my signature and the impress of my seal of office.

New Orleans, September 27, 1912.

AUGUSTUS G. WILLIAMS, Notary Public.

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