S. B. HICKS, President. YALE HICKS, Vice President

W. F. CHASE, Secretary-Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

YALE HICKS, S. B. HICKS. F. H. GOSMAN. W. F. CHASE

T. H. SCOVELL. R. E. COMEGYS.

The Hicks Co.

(LIMITED.)

Wholesale Grocers and Cotton Factors

Office and Warehouse Corner Spring and Travis Streets, and Corner Texas and Commerce Streets.

S. G. DREYFUS CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats

CORNER SPRING AND CROCKETT STREETS.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO COUNTRY ORDERS

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Dealers in Cooking, Stoves, Ranges, Gasoline and Blue Flame Oil Stoves, Crockery, Glassware, Refrigerators, Ice Chests and General House Furnishing Goods, Screen Doors, Window Screens and Corrugated Roofing Iron. Also agents for

The Improved Acme Washing Machine

The Best on Earth.

BANKRUPT'S PETITION FOR DISCHARGE.

In the Matter of George H. Freeman, Bankrupt—In Bankruptcy.

To the Honorable Aleck Boarman, Judge of the United States District Court of the United States for the Western District of Louisiana: George H. Freeman, of Shreveport, in the Parish of Caddo, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 21st day of August last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all requirements of said Acts and of the orders of the court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays that he may be decreed by the court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankrupt acts, except such as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 1st day of October A. D. 1906.

GEORGE H. FREEMAN,
Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

Western District of Louisiana: On this 1st day of October A. D. 1906, on reading the foregoing petition, it is ordered by the court that a hearing be had upon the same on the 21st day of May A. D. 1907, before Hon. A. D. Land Jr., Referee and Special Master, at Shreveport, in said District, at ⅔ o'clock in the afternoon, and that notice thereof be published in Shreveport Caucasian, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors and other persons in interest may appear at the same time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the court that the clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the Honorable Aleck Boarman, judge of the said court, and the seal thereof, at Shreveport, in said District, on the 27th day of April A. D. 1907.

W. JACKSON, Clerk.

April 30, 1907.

CHARTER AMENDMENT

Shreveport, La., April 29, 1907.—At a meeting of the stockholders of Robson, Stewart & McGuirt Company, Limited, held today at the office of the company in Shreveport, Louisiana, there were present the following stockholders, with the following number of shares of the capital stock of said company, to-wit: W. V. Robson, 40 shares; Mrs. Willie E. Jenkins, 10 shares; John Jenkins, 30 shares; A. Stewart, 27 1-2 shares; being all of the stockholders and all of the capital stock of said company. A. Stewart was elected chairman and John Jenkins secretary.

It was moved that Article I of the charter be so amended as to change the present name of the campany to Robson, Stewart & Jenkins Company, Limited, which motion was unanimously carried.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned. (Signed)

A. STEWART, Chairman.
JOHN JENKINS, Secretary.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Caddo: Before me, the undersigned authority, personally appeared John Jenkins, who being sworn says that the above and foregoing is a true and correct extract from the minutes of meeting of the stockholders of the above company, held on April 29, 1907.

JOHN JENKINS,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me on this the 30th day of April 1907.

J. A. THIGPEN,
Notary Public.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Caddo: Having examined the above and foregoing amendment of the charter of the Robson, Stewart & McGuirt Company, Limited, changing the name of said company to Robson, Stewart & Jenkins Company, Limited, and finding nothing therein contrary to law, I hereby approve the same.

This 1st day of May 1907.

J. M. FOSTER,
District Attorney First Judicial District of Louisiana.

Endorsed: Filed and recorded May 3, 1907.

S. O. WILLIAMS,
Deputy Clerk and ex-Officio Deputy Recorder.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Caddo: I hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original act, as the same now appears on file and of record in my office.

Given under my hand and seal of office this 3rd day of May 1907.

S. O. WILLIAMS,
Deputy Clerk and ex-Officio Deputy Recorder.

May 5, 1907.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up by J. H. Sempe on the Huron Land Company's plantation about 3 miles west from Caspiana, and estrayed before me, the undersigned authority, one sorrel mare about 15 hands high, white face and white feet, about 9 years old, no brand. Owner will come forward and prove property and pay cost, or the property will be sold at the store on the Huron Land Company's plantation at 12 o'clock m., Saturday, June 1, 1907.

W. B. DANIEL,
Justice of the Peace, Eighth Ward Caddo Parish, Louisiana.

May 2, 1907.

Subscribe for The Caucasian and keep up with the procession.

W. J. BROWN
Contractor and Builder

No. 1053 HICKS STREET.
New Telephone 689.

Prompt and Satisfactory Attention Given on Short Notice.

Talmage Sermon

By Rev.
Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 19.—In this sermon the preacher shows that we are not sufficiently appreciative of or thankful for the blessings we enjoy and that to make life sweeter and better we should bear these constantly in mind. The text is Ps. ciii. 2. "Forget not all his benefits."

Memory's grip is not always firm. Her pen is not necessarily a chisel. Her memorial tablets are not always cast in bronze or iron or steel. Her death masks are not impervious to time. They crumble and decay like the bones and the flesh and the life they represent. Her thoughts are not always recorded upon the leaves of solid rock by the sharp pencil of the lightning. Her broad manuscripts are often like the sands of the seashore, washed clean at least once a day by the inflowing tides. They are the blackboards in the schoolroom of a little child. The written words of the morning are obliterated by the teacher to make room for the arithmetic class and the figures of the afternoon. What we do and say today may be swallowed up in the great, deep, impenetrable abysses of oblivion of what we will do and say tomorrow.

Indeed, if I might use the illustration, memory has always seemed to me to be like a French bastile. It is similar to a great walled in castle of chivalric times. It is filled with secret closets and secret rooms and secret subterranean passages. It has its treasure vaults, where are concealed the precious stones and the gold and the silver no one knows anything about. It has its cedar chests where the fabled brides have hidden their wedding robes and where families hide their decomposed grinning skeletons, so that no one may find them, yet there memory stands a huge castle with her watchtowers and her moats and her drawbridges and her banquet halls and her ballrooms and her cellars and also with her secret chambers, about the contents of which even the owners themselves have forgotten.

Perhaps I can illustrate my thought even more simply than this. A very dear friend of mine is the owner of one of the most historic of Virginia mansions. Every one conversant with the history of Washington's commonwealth knows about Westover, the home of the famous Colonel William Byrd of James River. One day some few years ago my friend was making some repairs in his cellar. Suddenly the pick of the workman went through the wall. A large opening was made through the wall. Lights were brought. Then my friend entered and found a secret tunnel, which old Colonel Byrd had built, leading from his mansion down to the river bank, through which if necessary in times of danger he and his family could have escaped and fled by water to the coast or to England. Thus memory's castles have their secret halls and secret chambers and secret subterranean passages. We ourselves have built them. But after we have built them we have shut the secret doors which lead to them and have then forgotten their very existence. What we said and did as boys, where we went as young men, the warnings and advice we have received in the past, may be swallowed up in the great sea of forgetfulness. Memory held these in tight grip for a little while, but memory's viselike hold after a time grew less and less strong. Now they have slipped out of her hands. They will be lost to us forever unless some one opens for us memory's secret chambers and says: "Brother, look in. Sister, here are your treasures."

Even David Forgot.

David in my text realizes how easy it is to forget. Especially by bitter experience he had learned how easy it was to forget the mercies and kindnesses with which God had surrounded him in his past life. No sooner had God rescued him from Saul's javelin than the shepherd boy fled to King Achish's court, thinking he would be safer with his country's enemies than with Saul. Hardly had God seated him firmly upon the Hebrew throne than David forgot all of God's mercies and care. He stayed at home from his country's wars. He made love to Bathsheba, another man's wife. He then murdered her husband. According to Nathan's parable, he killed the poor man's lamb. Ah, yes, David knew what it was in his prosperity to forget the love and the mercy and the protection of God. Today we find him opening the One Hundred and Third Psalm with practically these words, "O God, do not let me forget what thou hast done for me." He thus bids us study "gospel mnemonics," or the laws by which we shall be able to hold in tighter grip the remembrances of the benefits with which God surrounds our lives now, as he has done during our past years. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

How is the psalmist's prayer to be answered in my life? First, by clearly and distinctly and emphatically getting an impression deep enough upon my mind and heart so that I can remember the benefits of what God has done for me and my dear ones. By clearly and distinctly grasping in the first place that God is good, and God is just, and God is gentle and kind and forgiving. By having my consciousness aroused so that the thoughts which are peopling the temple of my brain today, as gospel messengers may be recognized as individuals next week, next month, next year, as I go about my daily occupations. If God's blessings do not make a deep impression upon the mind and heart, then memory, even though strong, will have nothing to remember.

The Phonograph Method.

If I might use a familiar illustration, we must deal with the scrolls of memory as the phonograph maker or owner makes the records for his instruments. You have often seen him do it. He takes a round cylinder of wax. Then on the surface of this cylinder of wax he places a little needle. Then attached to this needle he has a huge trumpet. Then the orator or singer or the orchestra starts the waves of sound. These waves of sound surge into the open mouth of that trumpet and drive the needle into the revolving wax, and the impression is made. Then by these indentations the phonograph is able to sound forth for you the songs of a Gadsky or a Melba, the stringed instrument playing of a Theodore Thomas' orchestra, the oration of a Depew or a Bryan and the vociferous laughter of a happy child. The deeper the indentation upon the wax the louder the phonographic voice. The deeper the impressions which are made upon the mind and the heart, as a rule, the longer memory will hold these records and repeat them when wanted.

You must make the first impression deep or else you can have no vivid remembrance of a fact or thought. "Why do I forget names?" I asked a friend some time ago. "When I was young, I could remember about everything. I knew the history of all the leading men of this country. I never forgot a face. I rarely forgot a name. I must be growing old." "No," answered my friend, "you are not growing old in the sense that your brain is growing weaker. It is growing stronger all the time. The reason you do not remember certain people as you once did is that your mind is occupied with other matters. New people do not make the deep impressions upon you they used to do. You must have a strong mental impression made upon your brain or else there can be no memory." My frien was right. If you would remember what are the benefits of God's love you must first clearly and distinctly recognize them and have them impressed fully and deeply upon your hearts.

Deep Impressions.

Have we had any deep impressions of the divine love? Oh, thou scroll of memory, among thy records is there to be found the joy, the deep joy of the consciousness of sins forgiven? Can we find there any songs, any merry-makings, by which we, as returning prodigals, were welcomed back to the divine Father's home? Among thy records, did we ever read the promises of the Holy Scripture as covenants for us? Oh, the joys, the transcendent joys of the gospel! Have they made any impressions upon us? Diagoras of Rhodes was so overwrought with joy because his three sons were all crowned as victors in one day in the Olympic games that when these three sons brought to him their victorious palms he dropped dead into their arms. If joy for an earthly conquest could make such an impression upon Diagoras, have we had no deep impressions made upon our minds and hearts because Christ comes and freely offers to us the palms of his sacrifice? If you would remember the benefits of God's mercy you must first fully grasp and know what the birth and the death and the resurrection of Christ mean. You can fully grasp the atonement of Christ if you will only kneel as penitent sinners at his altars and plead for the divine gift of grace.

Just an Imitation.

But to have first impressions of God's love is not enough. An idiot can get a great impression upon the mind, and this mental impression will do him but little good. For many years there has been going up and down the world a strange genius. He goes by the name of "Blind Tom." He is a full blooded negro, as black as coal. He has a wonderful musical memory. He comes into the public auditorium with the peculiar smile of the mental incompetent upon his lips. Any musician in the audience who wishes to volunteer can go forward, seat himself at the piano and play there the most difficult classical music. He can play any one of Beethoven's sonatas, or Liszt's rhapsodies, or Chopin's ballads, or Hummel's concertos. Then at once this ignorant black man, who cannot spell his own name, will sit down at the ivory keys and duplicate the same music. Then as soon as the rendition is over as a little child he will laugh and clap his hands and call: "Good for you, Blind Tom! Good for you! Good for you!" Then almost immediately he will forget what he has done and how he does it. Oh, yes, in order to have true "gospel mnemonics" you must have more than mere mental impressions. You must be able to combine your first impressions of God's love with the great mnemonic law of association of ideas. Then you will remember God's love, because like the links of a great chain that link is held by other links.

Then, too, you must have a central thought. Just as each constellation of the heavens revolves about some one center, and you cannot think of that center unless you think of the stars that compose that constellation, each thought by the law of the association of ideas brings up other thoughts which revolve about that thought. When I mention to you the name of your dead mother at once you picture all the scenes of your childhood. You see the old homestead. You hear the laughter of your brothers and sisters at play. You see yourself trudging away to the village school. You picture the family pew in church and the evening hour of family prayers. You think of her funeral and the lonesomeness of the house after she was gone. When I mention the name of your dead wife at once there comes before you the picture of the girl you courted and the marriage altar and of the first home you set up and of the first baby and of the struggle of young manhood. One name, seemingly an insignificant name, may marshal before your mind whole regiments, whole brigades, whole armies of incidents and facts. The law of association makes them one and all a cohesive entity. The old poet well expressed my idea by asking this question:

Why should at times a passing scent,
Just sniffed a moment on the breeze,
Its sensuous power so swiftly spent,
Come laden with more memories
Than the low hum of honeybees,
Or sound of old familiar strains,
Or rustling of the autumn grain,
Or voices of the whispering trees,
Or running brooks or pattering rain?

On the fatal night when Abraham Lincoln was shot in Ford's theater a young man was seated by the side of a young lady. She was offering to him a little flower at the moment that John Wilkes Booth's pistol shot rang out. Though this young man lived to be an old man, yet so powerful was the law of the association of ideas that he never saw that kind of a flower which this young lady offered to him that fatal night than there rushed through his mind the awful scene of a dying president; of the young tragic actor limping across the stage; of the blanched faces of men and the fainting forms of women dropping under the horror of the tragedy. Thus, my brother, if you and I would remember the benefits which God has given to us we must remember them by the law of the association of ideas.

Law of Association.

We must find these benefits everywhere. When you and I go to the dinner table we must see God's mercies there. We must look for him and find him. We must in our blessings say, "O Lord, as thou dost feed the birds of the air and clothe the lily of the field may we find thee feeding us today." When we, as pedestrians, go swinging down the street in perfect health may we say: "O Lord, thou didst heal the sick in olden times. We thank thee that thou hast done more for us. Thou hast kept us well that we may not know the pangs of physical suffering." When we come home at night after a hard day's work in the store to greet a dear wife or a little child may we say: "The Lord gave and the Lord gives to us our dear ones. We thank thee, Father, that thou hast not taken them away." If you would remember the benefits which God has placed on every side of us, then you must find God everywhere. By the law of the association of ideas you must see him in the smile of a baby cooing in the crib, in the coat that you wear upon your back, in the refreshing slumber of the past night. You must see him and feel him everywhere about you. What God takes away we miss. But when God blesses the present we often take for granted that God is not in the blessing and that God is nowhere around.

But "gospel mnemonics" imply more than mere mental absorption and the law of the association of ideas. In order to remember well a fact you must be able mentally to take that fact in. Oh, yes. But, more than that, you must be able to give out that fact. If the waters within a reservoir have no outlet and only inlets those waters become murky and brackish and muddy. But if the streams of knowledge which flow into the mind are allowed to flow out then those streams, instead of becoming stagnant pools, as mountain brooks will gurgle and splash, will leap and sparkle in glorious life.

All a Jumble.

It is by broadening knowledge that the grip of the memory becomes stronger. You can illustrate this fact by your travels. When a young man with your parents you took a trip to Europe. You went from city to city and from capital to capital. You visited cathedral and palace and art gallery and ruined castle and famous homes without number. Every step seemed to you an enchantment. But when you returned home after a three months' tour what was the result? Your whole journey was a big jumble. You could not remember what you had seen or where and how you saw the sights you did remember. A few years later, however, you made a second trip to Europe. Then you went as a correspondent of a newspaper. You used to write weekly articles for your county paper. What was the result? You saw the same stones and spires and groves as you did before, but you saw these in a new light. In describing them for others you fixed those facts indelibly in your own mind. The reason Benjamin Franklin had such a marvelous memory and such wonderful clearness of thought and expression was due to one custom. From the time he was a young man he never read an important book, he never heard an important speech, he never listened to an important conversation but he always went home, took his pen and paper and made a clear and succinct abstract of the thoughts he wished to remember. Now, my friends, how can you and I by "gospel mnemonics" ever be able to hold clearly and distinctly in our minds and hearts the benefits which God has placed about us unless we are able to write them down and also are able by long practice to tell them to some one else?

But, though this fact is true, some people never think of telling their friends what God has done for them. They do not care whether any one else knows their divine blessings or not. If these same people have received an honorary degree from some college they have their diplomas framed and hung up in their studies, where every visitor can see them. If they belong to some secret order and are high up in the councils they always have the lodge's pictures or their badges in conspicuous places to let you know their positions. They seem to care but little whether you know the benefits they have received from God. The result is that as they do not talk about their divine blessings they are very apt to forget them. The weakest memory I ever knew belonged to a bookworm. He read about everything. He did nothing but read. But no sooner would he read than he would forget. If you would not forget the benefits with which God has surrounded you you must talk about them. Write them down in the letters which you send through the mails. Tell them to your friends and neighbors. Tell them if for no other purpose than that the Davidic prayer of my text may be answered in your life.

Gospel Mnemonics.

The theme, "gospel mnemonics," is suitable for all. How especially is it appropriate for the young! The older a man grows the harder it is for him to start as a new student in school or college. The grandfather has ten times, aye, fifty times, as hard work to learn how to read and to spell as has his ten-year-old grandson. The younger a boy the easier it is for him to commit the gospel lessons and talk about the benefits of what God has done for him. Therefore, young man, I would advise you to matriculate now in God's great university, called his church. I would have you come at once as a student, because now learning the lessons of Christ will be to you such an easy task.

My boy, would you not like to start to learn the gospel language when you are young? Would you not sit at the feet of Christ and learn to think as Christ thought? Do you not see how much easier it is for you now to learn the Christ tongue instead of for the old sinner after speaking the language of sin for years to learn the language of Christ? We do not want to translate thought to express our thoughts.

I have spoken to the young, so I would speak one word in closing to the old. Sometimes a brainy man may have a blow upon the head which will for a time bar and bolt the chambers of memory and turn his mind into a dark cavern filled only with the bats and the owls and the vermin of a hopeless insanity. Sometimes by a blow of sinful temptation the thoughts of God and the benefits of Christ's atonement may be blotted out from some of us for a time. But thank God all losses of memory are not forever. O man! O woman! You who have been groping about in the darkness of sin, will you not today come back to your right senses? Will you not again see the divine and the loving and the forgiving face of your Saviour? Will you not remember again all that Christ has done for you? As he has forgiven your sins in the past, will you not feel and see that he is forgiving your sins now?

[Copyright, 1907, by Louis Klopsch.]

Philadelphia's Negroes.

There has never been a time in the history of Philadelphia when there were no negroes here, but when they first came or how we may never know. In the first laws for the government of the province of Pennsylvania black servants are mentioned along with white servants, plainly showing their presence in the colony during the time of William Penn. Indeed, there is evidence that they were in Pennsylvania and Delaware before the proprietor came to this country. Today Philadelphia has about 5 per cent of its population negroes, which is two and a half times as great a percentage as in New York or Chicago. Philadelphia has the largest aggregate negro population in the north and the fourth largest in the whole country. Our negro population for numbers is only exceeded by Washington, which in 1900 had 86,702; Baltimore, 79,258, and New Orleans, 77,714. Philadelphia had 62,613 negroes in 1900, and at the present time the colored population is nearly 80,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Forty Pound Lapdog.

She boarded a train at Huntingdon street, on the Reading railway, for the terminal, accompanied by a large water spaniel that weighed about forty pounds. After taking a seat she was accosted by the conductor, who collected her fare and then told the lady that no dogs but lapdogs were allowed in the car; that she would have to remove the animal into the baggage car and pay 10 cents for transportation. "Why, it is only 5 cents fare to the terminal," she replied. "Yes," was the rejoinder, "it is 5 cents for passengers, but 10 cents for dogs." "How much is it for lapdogs?" she asked. "Nothing, madam," was the reply; "only you must hold the dog on your lap." "All right," retorted milady. "Get up here, Fido; I'll hold you." And she carried the animal to the terminal and saved her dime.—Philadelphia Record.

Utah's Natural Bridges.

Those familiar with the results of American exploration have known for a few years that there are natural bridges in southeastern Utah as much larger than the Natural bridge in Virginia as Pike's peak is than Mount Washington. It is only within a short time, however, that much accurate information about these Utah wonders has been accessible. In 1905 an expedition of Salt Lake City men visited them in company with an artist and a surveyor. Pictures of the bridges have lately been published. The Augusta bridge, with a span of 320 feet and a height of 265 feet, is the largest, and so far as known there is none larger in the world. The Caroline bridge has a greater span, 350 feet, but is smaller in other ways, and the third, the Edwin bridge, although not so high as the bridge in Virginia, has a span several times as large.—Youth's Companion.

AN ORDINANCE

For the levy and collection of a special tax on the property in School District Number Six (6) of the Parish of Caddo, State of Louisiana, for the purpose of erecting and constructing a brick school building, and other public school houses in said school district, the title to which shall be in the public, and for a special election for that purpose, by the property taxpayers of said school district, under the provisions of Act No. 131 of the Acts of the General Assembly for the year 1898 and Article 232 of the Constitution of the State of Louisiana.

Be it ordained by the Police Jury of the Parish of Caddo, in legal session convened, that one-fifth of the property taxpayers of School District No. Six of said parish having petitioned therefor, a special tax of five (5) mills per annum for the years beginning with the present year 1907 and ending with the year 1916 inclusive, be and the same is hereby assessed and levied against all the property in said school district subject to taxation, for the purpose of erecting and constructing a brick school house and other public school houses in the said school district, the title to which shall be in the public.

Provided, that when the amount of twelve thousand dollars ($12,000) shall have been collected from said special tax the said tax shall cease, even though the ten years shall not have expired.

Be it further ordained, That a special election be held under the general election laws of the State of Louisiana, at the polling places at which the last preceding general election was held, in the said School District Number Six (6) of the said Parish of Caddo, after due and legal publication, for the purpose of obtaining the wishes of the property taxpayers of said school district in regard to said assessment and levy.

The form of ballot shall be in the following form, to-wit:

"For the special tax of five mills (5) on the dollar of the assessed valuation of the property in Public School District Number Six (6) for the period of ten years for the purposes expressed in the petition of the property taxpayers."

Or—

"Against the special tax of five (5) mills on the dollar of the assessed valuation of the property in Public School District Number Six (6) for the period of ten years for the purposes expressed in the petition of the property taxpayers."

And the name of the voter with the value of his assessed property be written on his ballot.

That said election shall be held on 11th day of June 1907, with the following commissioners and clerk for said School District Number Six:

Jewella—J. A. Monkhouse, G. A. Fory, Joe Mulhaupt; E. D. Bland, clerk.

JULES DREYFUSS,
President Pro Tem.

A. L. DURINGER, Clerk.

SUCCESSION NOTICE.

No. 9,943—First District Court, Parish of Caddo, State of Louisiana: Succession of J. H. Curlee.

Notice is hereby given that Will Curlee, administrator, has this day filed his final account in said succession, and unless opposition be made thereto within the time specified by law the same will be duly homologated as prayed for.

Witness the Honorable T. F. Bell, judge of said court, this 20th day of April 1907.

F. A. LEONARD,
Ajril 21. Clerk.

SUCCESSION NOTICE.

No. 10,979—First District Court, Parish of Caddo, State of Louisiana: Succession of Lucy Jane Hawkins, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that W. W. Waring, administrator, has this day filed his final account in said succession, and unless opposition be made thereto within the time specified by law, the same will be duly homologated as prayed for.

Witness the Honorable T. F. Bell, judge of said court, this the 4th day of May 1907.

W. M. LEVY,
May 5. Deputy Clerk.

SUCCESSION NOTICE.

No. 10,303—First District Court, Parish of Caddo, State of Louisiana: Succession of Walter H. Wood.

Notice is hereby given that Mrs. Exa G. Salter, executrix, has this day filed final account in said succession, and unless opposition be made thereto within the time specified by law, the same will be duly homologated as prayed for.

Witness the Honorable T. F. Bell, judge of said court, this the 9th day of May 1907.

S. O. WILLIAMS,
May 12. Deputy Clerk.

BOARD OF REVIEW.

The Police Jury of Caddo Parish, La., will meet as a board of reviewers to review the assessments of 1907 according to law, on the first Monday in June 1907.

JULES DREYFUSS,
President Pro Tem.

A. L. DURINGER, Clerk.

If your stationery is not just what you would like it to be, give us a trial with your next order, and we will fix it right. Phone 1000.