

THE CAUCASIAN

TUESDAY, DEC. 23, 1914.

Entered as second class matter February 1, 1904, at the postoffice at Shreveport, La., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription price \$2.00 per year. Official Journal of Caddo Parish.

Published three times a week, Sunday morning, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, at 203 Milam street, by The Caucasian Printing Co., Ltd., V. Grosjean editor.

WHY WE CHOSE THE NILE

Successful Courtship of a Truthless Lover

By MACPHERSON WILTBANK

Copyright by John Brown Walker

A Christmas Greeting. To our friends and readers we send heartfelt greetings.

Christmas is the time for good cheer, when merriment should prevail everywhere, but unfortunately there are the many who can experience only a shadow of the day.

And yet, even the poor may be comforted and be made happy as the recipient of some gift, some expression of good will.

It is more blessed to give than to receive and in the practice of this admonition, especially in its application to the poor and the needy, there may be derived the self-satisfaction which is inexpressible.

Christmas offers the opportunity of rejoicing greatly in the fullest appreciation of the blessings we enjoy. It is the day when God's greatest gift to man may be commemorated not only in grateful expressions, but in the practical exemplification of kindly acts, which diffuse happiness as sunshine; therefore let Christmas be a day of good cheer, and in the words of the poet— "May every happiness combine to make

Your Christmas blithe and bright. Good luck upon you shine With its most friendly light."

Sheriff's Sale.

No. 17,675—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Betty Ann Coats and Husband vs. Addie Southall et al.

By virtue of a commission to sell to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., in the above numbered and entitled suit, I will sell at public auction for cash and according to law at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, during the legal hours of sales, on

SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1914.

Nineteen acres of fractional section 21, township 15 north, range 11 west, of the northwestern land district of Louisiana, west of Red River, in Caddo Parish, La., also the northwest quarter of northwest quarter of section 26, township 15, range 11, in the northwestern land district of Louisiana, containing 60 acres, more or less, and in all seventy-nine acres more or less, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, except the improvements on the two acres sold by P. W. H. Cummings to J. S. Webster. Said property to be sold as belonging to the parties litigant for cash and according to law, for the purpose of effecting a partition as specified in said commission. J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Dec. 23, 1913.

Sheriff's Sale.

No. 17,612—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: G. Foster Edwards vs. Mrs. M. E. Bailey et al.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, in the above numbered and entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction for cash and according to law, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, during the legal hours of sales, on

SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1914.

Lots one and two in block fifty in the Town of Vivian, La., as per the plat of said town in the recorder's office of Caddo Parish, La., together with all the buildings and improvements thereon. Said property seized as belonging to the above named defendant, and to be sold to pay and satisfy the debt as specified in said writ, together with interest and all costs of suit. J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Dec. 23, 1913.

Notice of Tax Sale.

To G. H. Garner, Fisher, La.: You are hereby notified that at a tax sale for unpaid State and parish taxes for the year 1912, I purchased the following property assessed in the name of G. H. Garner, Fisher, La.: Lots 254 and 255 Caddo Heights, Shreveport, La., which tax deed is dated June 21, 1913, and filed and recorded June 21, 1913, in conveyance book "P," page 32, the amount of taxes, penalty and cost being \$10.00. C. E. HASTNER, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Dec. 23, 1913.

The out of the way experiences of life have, as a rule, such commonplace beginnings that they come upon us quite unawares. Our little adventures generally meet us unexpectedly—as I was, from around the corner.

In this vein my Uncle Toby was wont to discourse at great length. No circumstances, according to him, are hopelessly dismal and humdrum. For who can tell, he would say, at what moment some unforeseen event may transform the most wearisome situation into one very bearable and perhaps downright inviting? Or, if not that, at least uncommon, which to all you sufferers from boredom can be so comely demand.

So he would argue. And I at an early age imbibed his philosophy and later in life have seen found cause to doubt its truth.

And that my Uncle Toby, while he lived, was far from happy and that in my time have suffered from ennui as much as any man prove no more than the truth of that very trite saying: "Theory and practice are two very different things;" or, to quote my uncle once more, "Philosophy, though a good horse in the stable, is but a sorry jade when once upon the road."

I was in the midst of a tedious railway journey when these thoughts from the past drifted lazily through my mind. What a chance is there here, I mused, for the intervention of a merciful Providence. Ten hours of travel still before me and the conventional amusement of a traveler already exhausted—books and magazines, even the buffet, grown equally repulsive. The prospect appalled me. In despair I turned from the window and fell to searching among my fellow passengers for some means of beguiling the time.

Sitting at the extreme end of the car, I was in a position to rake the entire line without a turn of my head. I began with my vis-a-vis on the left and, finding him at first sight devoid of interest, passed on to the occupant of the chair beyond.

This was an exceedingly pretty girl. I could see her profile clearly; also a mass of golden hair and a little pink ear and a faintly gloved hand. She was so pleasing an object that I devoted fully five minutes to her. But at length, finding her rather a tantalizing study, I was for passing on in my search when suddenly her chair swung round and we two confronted each other, face to face, hardly three yards apart.

Whether some lurch of the train or the fair one herself was responsible for the movement, I had not time to consider, for without delay she nodded brightly and cried:

"Why, Mr. Cushing! How strange we did not see each other before! Are you going through to New York?"

Now, although my name is Fitzhugh, not Cushing, and I had never to my knowledge set eyes on the pretty creature who spoke, I was already on my feet, shaking her hand and speaking like an old friend. The porter placed a stool for me near her chair, and we fell into conversation quite naturally.

"How odd we should have met!" she began in a soft, clear voice that won me to her at once.

"It's very delightful," I replied. "I was sinking into a state of melancholy before you spoke."

"So was I," she answered frankly. "You see, I knew you at once, but I was afraid you did not know me. However, when I saw you staring at me for five minutes at a stretch—oh, yes, I saw it all—I decided that you must have recognized the likeness."

While I was beating about for an answer she went on gayly:

"And where are you from now—Africa, Ceylon, Kalamazoo?"

"No," said I, entering gradually into the spirit of the thing: "you haven't guessed it. Try again." This was a polite stroke, for it gave me a moment to recall my geography.

"I give it up. Auntie always says your address is the antipodes, but just where that is depends—depends—"

"Upon one's point of view," I suggested.

"Yes; that's it. But you haven't answered my question."

"Tibet," I said boldly.

She clapped her hands with delight. Then, settling herself in her chair, she said, "Now, tell me all you saw, for it's a place I have always been dying to hear about."

"What a devil of a chap this fellow Cushing must be," thought I. Being myself rather a quiet, stay at home young man, with no opportunities, or, indeed, inclination, for verifying the tales by experience, I found myself in rather a tight box. I was in no way relieved by her next remark.

"Before you begin, though, draw me a little map of the country, marking the chief cities, mountains and rivers and all that. Then what you tell me will be so much clearer."

There was no help for it. I had taken the plunge and must go on. "With pleasure," said I, "but you must know that I have no map of the country."

country to lay out upon paper. This is so for many reasons—for many, many reasons. I know of one, which was quite sufficient. "However, I guess I can give you some idea of the place."

"Where?" I began, making a point on the back of my envelope. "Is the capital and name of some of the mountains and the climate?"

"But you leave out so much. What are they called? What is the name of the capital?"

"What's its name? Tibet, to be sure—Tibet? Thought the country was called Tibet?"

"So it is," I answered readily enough. "Just like New York the city and New York the state."

"Of course; how stupid of me!"

"Not at all. I assure you it is a very difficult subject."

"Well, and the mountains?" she queried, a little impatiently.

"There are several ranges, all immensely high. The Hindoo Kush is the highest. Some of the peaks of that range have never been seen even on the brightest days. Then there are the Hindoo Moosh ranges. I went on rapidly for some reason the confounded Hindoo and moosh stuck to my tongue like burrs, all volcanic and all active. There are five rivers, all longer than the Mississippi—then, realizing that I must find names for them all, I added rather wildly, 'but they're not so important as all that.'"

"And what is their use?" she asked, looking at me with a pair of white eyes.

"I don't know," I replied.

"And how?" she asked, pointing to another spot.

"I don't know," I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains.

"He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

eyes. I replied again, for I was not so involved in finding names for any more cities or mountains. 'He looked at me incredulously. 'You're from an awful country,' he continued. 'You can form no conception of the horrors and mysteries—horns every where, terrific mountains, volcanoes spouting on all sides and little squint

perfectly. It was the same that went with it that slipped me. I helped her into a cab, and as I closed the door I said, 'But after to-day I shall never forget you again.'

I was content to have her go. I needed time in which to think up some fitting mode of explaining my conduct. I carried back Cushing's name, with all the romance that goes with such a name, and I was content to have her go.

It was a regular business. I could not upon no scheme that was satisfactory. And what made it all the more annoying was that I liked my new found cousin hugely and was anxious to stand well with her.

Finally I gave it up and repaired to my aunt, determined to rely upon my good luck and the inspiration of the moment for the course I should adopt.

Coldly enough, the revelation didn't come at once, as I expected, for being a family gathering, unannounced played no part in our conversation. As I entered it was 'Hello, Dick, old chap!'

For my name is Richard, just as Cushing's from the boys, while my aunt kissed me fondly and led me over to Edith, saying, 'This, Edith, is your cousin Dick.' Evidently she had not been told of our meeting on the train.

At a moment we were all seated at my aunt's table, and I was beyond me, and I was beyond me.

We were a noisy party, but in spite of the loud laughter of the younger element and of the fact that my attention was being chiefly claimed by my aunt I frequently caught glimpses of the only person Edith and Dick. For a time it was on an indifferent matter.

Then suddenly I heard this from Edith: 'Have you ever been in Tibet?'

'It's coming,' I murmured and applied myself desperately to my plate.

'Oh, yes,' came Dick's complacent answer, 'several times.'

'How strange,' said Edith, turning to me, 'that both of you should have visited such an out of the way spot!'

Dick looked at me in amazement. 'Why, when?' he began, but I cut him off.

'Tell Edith about your last trip there, Dick, and about your ethnological investigations and the traces you found of ancient civilization and all that. He's so modest, Cousin Edith, that you have to pump him to get him started.'

She got him started, and I breathed more freely. However, I continued to keep an ear upon what they said.

'But it is an awful mysterious place, isn't it?'

'Yes; it is very strange,' assented Dick, and then continued with scientific exactness. It is an immense tableland lying between the Kuen Lun and the Himalaya mountains. These chains run eastward and diverge until they reach the meridian of Lassa, when—'

My attention was claimed by my aunt once more, and when I was able to give heed to them again I heard with joy Edith's complaining ones: 'But tell me about the lions and the lofty peaks whose summits have never been seen and the squat little natives who stab and eat people.'

'Lions!' said Cushing. 'I believe there are some lions.'

'Some!' said Edith contemptuously. 'The whole place except for the capital is alive with them.'

'As to people,' continued the infatuated Cushing, paying little attention, 'they are a Mongolic race, closely allied to—'

Again my listening was interrupted, but throughout the dinner Dick's didactic tones ever and anon reached me and added comfort to my soul. Surely his passion for explorers and 'customs' will be exhausted now, thought I. And one glance at her as she and the other women folk left the table confirmed my idea.

I was among the first to join the ladies. Seeding my cousin seated apart, I joined her at once.

'Tibet,' I began as I drew up my chair.

'Oh, don't speak to me of Tibet,' she cried wrathfully.

'I was only going to say I had never been there,' I remarked meekly.

'Never been there?'

'No, and never want to.'

'Never want to?' she echoed amazedly.

There was a pause. Then she began. 'Mr. Cushing!'—but paused again.

'Mr. Cushing!' I'm in for it now. However, I went on quietly: 'Besides, my name isn't Cushing. Why you should have thought so unless the names under auntie's photographs got mixed up in some way I don't know. I'm Dick Fitzhugh.'

'Not the explorer at all?' she cried.

'Not a bit of it. Simple Dick Fitzhugh.'

'Oh, not so very simple,' she laughed. 'So all you told me yesterday was pure fiction!'

'All—except the last few words as we said goodby.'

'She colored charmingly. 'And you expect me to believe that?'

'I do—some day.'

And one day she did. Oddly enough, my wife and I became great travelers and even went in for out of the way places considerably. But we have never visited Tibet. Once I suggested it, but she shook her head and began reciting to my cousin Dick's manner. 'In this country, owing to its isolation, some archaic customs survive. Polyandry is practiced everywhere, particularly to the north of the Kokonur lake. Supreme rule is in the hands of the Dalai Lama. The Bogdo Lama is next in—ugh!' she cried. 'Its very name makes me shudder. And indeed, sir,' she went on, turning upon me with a rippling laugh. 'I should have said that you, too, had heard enough of the place. Listen to this, pray: 'The chief mountain ranges are the Hindoo Koosh, Hindoo Moosh, Hindoo—'

'I believe you're right,' I interrupted. 'I'll try the Nile instead.'

Civil Venue. The Three Weeks Commencing the First, Second and Third Mondays in January 1914 for the trial of civil cases: 1 Poltz, Carl. 2 Johnson, S. D. 3 Owen, G. C. 4 Russell, E. B. 5 Williams, M. 6 Jones, J. D. 6 Crockett, J. D. 7 Holmes, J. V. 8 Cleveland, H. E. 9 Simmons, Jesse T. 10 Thomas, F. L. 11 Post, J. E. 12 Ash, Marion L. 13 Lyon, F. C. 14 Soards, J. F. 15 Ogden, John E. 16 Harkrider, E. E. 17 Robinson, F. M. 18 Stewart, M. A. 19 Redman, H. 20 Stewart, A. V. 21 Bonham, Frank L. 22 Meier, Richard 23 McHugh, F. R. 24 Brown, W. J. 25 Loomis, E. J. 26 Donnelly, James 27 Trumbull, S. T. For the week commencing the second Monday in January 1914 for the trial of civil cases: 1 Jacobs, R. E. 2 Smith, Herman 3 Farwell, Paul L. 4 Hayden, L. H. 5 Perkins, G. C. 6 Park, Walter H. 7 Nettles, J. H. 8 Williams, Joe R. 9 Elder, W. P. 10 Carroll, C. C. 11 Gerald, W. L. 12 Woodson, J. D. 13 Thomas, J. H. M. 14 Vauglian, J. H. 15 Groome, Chas. 16 Andrews, A. 17 Stephenson, Will A. 18 Kelly, Thomas M. 19 Grayson, James 20 Caplan, J. W. 21 Dale, George B. 22 Anton, N. C. 23 Herowick, E. 24 Corbett, P. C. 25 Gardner, L. S. 26 Keith, P. P. Jr. 27 Johnson, W. M. 28 Young, G. V. 29 Clark, G. S. 30 Spearman, M. W. For the week commencing the third Monday in January 1914 for the trial of civil cases: 1 Thompson, Leo 2 Gline, F. M. 3 Hall, R. B. 4 Forbing, John B. 5 Dawson, Jack 6 Dick, E. L. 7 Barrington, T. W. 8 Gillespie, W. A. 9 Good, L. G. 10 Sledge, P. S. 11 Rogers, J. G. Jr. 12 Lambans, Peter 13 Chance, Frank M. 14 Perry, T. E. 15 Etkin, A. W. 16 Leatherman, S. H. 17 Agurs, George M. 18 Tyson, S. S. 19 Barr, R. E. Jr. 20 McClure, S. B. 21 Nowlin, D. D. 22 Gainer, J. M. 23 Bryant, G. M. 24 Wemple, Thomas 25 James, Ben G. 26 Jolley, R. G. 27 Rivers, George T. 28 Robertson, H. W. 29 Jones, K. C. 30 Wadkins, W. F.

Sheriff's Sale. No. 17,583—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Victoria Lumber Co. Ltd. vs. George Hill.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, in the above numbered and entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction for cash and according to law, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, La., during the legal hours of sales, on

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1914.

Lots 13 and 14 of the Hopewell subdivision of the City of Shreveport, Caddo Parish, La., together with all the buildings and improvements thereon. Said property seized as belonging to the above named defendant and to be sold to pay and satisfy the debt as specified in said writ, together with all costs of this suit.

J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Dec. 16, 1913.

Sheriff's Sale. No. 17,759—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Continental Bank & Trust Company vs. John R. Brown.

By virtue of a commission to sell to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., in the above numbered and entitled suit, I will offer for sale at public auction for cash and according to law, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, La., during the legal hours of sales, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1913.

Two mules, nine head of horses, two wagons, two sets of harness, one buggy, one set buggy harness. Said property to be sold for cash and according to law.

J. P. FLOURNOY, Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer, Caucasian, Dec. 14, 1913.

Sheriff's Sale. No. 17,550—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Shreveport Mutual Building Association vs. Albert Uhl.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La., in the above numbered and entitled suit I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction for cash and without the benefit of appraisement at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, La., during the legal hours of sales, on

SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1914.

Lot 20, block "D" of the Ingersoll Heights subdivision of the City of Shreveport, Caddo Parish, La., as per map filed and recorded in conveyance book 33, page 7, of the recorder's office of said parish, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon. Said property seized as belonging to said defendant and to be sold to pay and satisfy the debt as specified in said writ, say in the sum of three hundred and forty-eight and 11/100 dollars, with eight per cent per annum interest thereon from Dec. 14, 1912, until paid, and the further sum of eleven per cent per annum interest thereon from Oct. 1, 1913, until paid, together with five per cent attorney's fees on all of said above sums and