

SOME LITTLE MARVELS.

Orders That Have Been Turned Out by Ingenious Hands.

In our days manual labor seems to have lost its prestige; the patience of our ancient workmen is entirely surpassed by our modern ateliers; day after day is done by steam and new processes.

Could one now find a workman who has enough love for his art to engrave antique vases to carve, to forge, to chisel a vase, a piece of furniture or other thing?

An example of finish in extreme minuteness is that Japanese idol which was lately on exhibition. It was well proportioned, distinct in all its parts, and placed in a niche, all of the half of a grain of rice, other half of the grain forming a pedestal upon which posed the idol in its divinity.

It is said that a German, Jean de Leisenberg, has made a fly of iron which flew around the room and came at last to rest on the hand of his master. That which is not less marvelous is his artificial eagle, which dashed in front of Emperor Frederick to a distance of 500 steps, and returned immediately to the place from which it started.

One can read in the Latin speeches of Jean Walk that two famous German workmen, a goldsmith and a watchmaker, made a bet as to which could execute the most extraordinary piece of work.

At the day appointed by the two artists, in the presence of the judges who had been chosen, the watchmaker placed a copper spider upon a table, which imitated a natural insect, and was perfectly. There was a unanimous opinion that it was a marvelous success.

Then the goldsmith presented a marvelous silver carriage, mounted on minute statuettes of men and women, and as they were already deeming that the two chefs d'oeuvres were equal.

"Wait! wait!" said the goldsmith, and I catch a fly. And, having caught one, he stuck with some wax by the legs to the top of the carriage; and the fly began to move its wings and fly, and the carriage to move over the table.

The judges were amazed, and the goldsmith guarded the solemn silence of the victor. "But wait! wait!" said the watchmaker in his turn.

He touched the spider with his finger. At once the legs of the insect moved by interior springs of unimaginable littleness, stirred, and the creature began to run like a living fly. The judges were enthusiastic, and all declared with one voice that the watchmaker had triumphed, considering that there was more merit in making a spider move by such minute mechanism than to cause the carriage to roll by the action of a living fly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PETER COOPER.

Got His Money Honestly and Used It Nobly.

In unveiling the statue of Peter Cooper recently New York paid tribute to simple, honest worth. Peter Cooper's career from beginning to end was one of work, of honesty and of fidelity to all that goes to make human character worthy and mean life worth living.

He was first of all a worker, and he always did honest work. When he built the first railroad locomotive ever constructed in this country he made the best locomotive that he new how to make. When he made his he made the best glue that skill could then produce.

Every dollar of his wealth was honestly got. Every dollar of it came to him in payment for a dollar's worth of service to the community which he lived.

And having got his money honestly, he used it nobly. In his beneficence he practiced the same common sense, the same sincerity of mind, that he had employed in his business.

The result has been that his philanthropies have borne, and are bearing and will always bear the fruit he intended. The general idea in all his beneficence was to help those who needed help to help themselves. Himself a worker, he saw clearly that the ability to work was the one necessary equipment for life, and in all that he did for the benefit of human kind he kept this principle in view.

No man is held in higher honor by the people of New York, and no man has deserved his honors more.—N. Y. World.

A Writer at Work.

A writer can write 30 words a minute. To do this, he must write pen through the space of a half-inch. In 40 minutes his pen will have a furlong, and in five and a half hours a full mile. He makes on average 16 curves or turns of the pen for each word written. Writing the letter 't' of 30 words per minute, he makes eight curves to each letter in an hour, 28,800; in five and a half hours, 144,000; and in 300 days, he writes five hours each day, he writes not less than 43,200,000 turns of the pen.

HE LOOKED LIKE JOE.

A Compliment from the Heart of a Young Man Appreciated.

An aged man and woman stopped opposite the Central high school building a few days ago and looked across at that rather imposing pile. They were plainly but neatly dressed, and while it was evident they were from the rural districts, there was nothing in their appearance to attract comment. A young man was waiting for a cross-town car close to where the strangers stopped. To him the aged man turned.

"That's a schoolhouse, I judge?" he said.

"That's the Central high school," replied the young man.

"The old man looked interested. 'That's the principal high school, Mary,'" he remarked to the old lady.

"Then he turned back to the young man. 'We haven't been in Cleveland for a number of years,' he said; 'I guess it ain't since the Garfield funeral, an' we're just lookin' around. We take a good deal of interest in schools and schoolhouses.'

He paused and looked toward the sweet-faced old lady, who nodded brightly.

"Then you have children?" said the young man.

"Just one," replied the old man. "Of course, he is through school."

"Long ago," said the stranger. "How long is it, Mary? Five years since he graduated, ain't it?"

"Six," said the old lady. "I guess mebbe it is," said the old man.

"Graduated from your home school, I suppose?" said the young man.

"Yes," said the aged stranger. "He was our only child, an' Mary and I made up our minds to give him just as good an education as we could afford. An' we did, too."

The young man smiled. He fancied that the boy in question had been given a decidedly limited send-off.

"You say he graduated from the home school?" he said.

"Yes," replied the old man, "but he didn't stop there. He wanted to go to West Austintown, and we sent him. Then he wanted to go to Hiram, and we sent him. And then he set his heart on Harvard, and we sent him there."

"To Harvard?"

"Yes, and he was one of the class orators, too, on graduation day. It almost broke his heart 'cause mother and I couldn't be there to hear him. But we didn't feel that we could quite afford it, did we, mother?"

The young man looked at the old lady and she still nodded brightly.

"And your son—where is he now?"

"He's a mining engineer in South Africa. Doing first rate, too. We hear from him regular every month. Why, what brought us up to town today was to get a draft cashed that he sent his mother for a birthday present. Three hundred dollars—five dollars for every year—that's what Joe wrote. Mother's just 60."

The young man took off his hat to the old lady.

"I wish you many more birthdays, madam," he said, "and trust that each will be as pleasantly remembered."

The old lady smilingly thanked him.

"Do you know what mother said?" inquired the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"Why, no; what was it?"

"Mother said: 'Let's speak to that young man—he seems so much like Joe.'"

And the young man walked away, feeling that he might journey long and far and not receive so high a compliment.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Famous Drummer.

Probably the most remarkable drummer who ever lived was Jean Henri, the famous tambour-major of Emperor Napoleon. One of his feats was to play on 15 differently toned drums at the same time in so soft and harmonious a manner that, instead of the deafening uproar that might have been expected, the effect was that of a novel and complete instrument. In playing he passed from one drum to the other with such wonderful quickness that the eyes of the spectators could hardly follow the movement of his hands and body.

Mountain Railways.

The number of mountain railways in the world in 1895 was as follows: Switzerland, 17; Germany, 14; Austria, 10; Italy, 4; France, 4; while four were distributed between Spain, Portugal, Greece and Madeira. In Asia there were three, one in Sumatra, one in Japan, and one in Syria. In North America there were three, in Central America, and in the South America four.

—A Bogota acrobat named Warner has walked a tight rope over the chasm of the Tequendama gorge, 479 feet deep.

—A Salem (Mass.) genius has invented an umbrella that can be put in his coat pocket.

THIS AND THAT.

Royal wedding cakes are never sent out until they have matured at least six months. The actual baking process lasts from five to seven hours. So great is the demand for cake on the occasion of a royal wedding that the makers have always a stock of more than 2,000 pounds in the seasoning-room.

In 50 years of the existence of savings banks in Massachusetts they have had under their control the enormous sum of \$2,100,000,000. They still control upward of \$500,000,000, and yet the entire loss to depositors in this half century, chargeable to fraud, fault or error, has been less than \$2,000,000.

England will collect the most powerful fleet the world has ever seen for the naval review at Spithead on June 26. There will be gathered together 160 ships of war, including the channel squadron, the reserve squadron and many ships that will be sent on foreign service as soon as the maneuvers are over.

While Roy Earnhart was planting corn near Princeton, Ind., a thunder-storm came up, during which his corn planter was struck by lightning. Earnhart was rendered unconscious and when he recovered his senses he found that all of his whiskers had been burned off. No other damage was sustained.

Niagara river is said to be teeming with goldfish, but as they are hard to catch and bad to eat they are not regarded as a very desirable acquisition. They have been seen there only within the past year. The fish are said to have come from a creek in Forest Lawn cemetery, Buffalo, where a few were placed several years ago.

The receipts of the street cars in Toronto, Ont., on the first Sunday on which they were ever run there, May 16, were \$1,326, and this amount will be divided among the charitable institutions of the city, in fulfillment of the promise made by the railroad officials. It was a rainy day, and disappointed those who expected the receipts to be \$2,500 or \$3,000.

ACCOMMODATING FLOOD.

How One Planter Was Saved the Trouble of Building.

Bloomson, who is more widely known for his veracity than for any other trait of character, tells this experience as the result of a former flood in the south.

"Having an idea that I would like to live in a warmer climate, I went to a handsome plantation, one side of which is bordered by the Mississippi. I was to take possession early in the spring, and intended to build, as the big, ramshackle house on the place had outlived its usefulness. But the river had broken through its artificial banks, and my plantation was under water. In June I received word that I owned dry ground again, and I hastened to the place to push improvements.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I right in the center of the tract I found a beautiful frame residence, with broad verandas, pleasing architectural effects and spacious apartments. It was new, and must have been painted by an artist. It had an art gallery, a conservatory, a grand piano, a billiard room and a regular museum of old relics. All in the world I could object to was that it was not provided with a cellar, and this defect I proceeded at once to remedy.

"I made casual inquiry as to whether any person in the vicinity missed a house, but no one put in a claim, and pretty soon my family was occupying one of the prettiest residences in the whole length of the river. Just as we began to appreciate the luxurious home, my wife, who has a woman's way of reading all the 'liners,' found under the head 'Lost, Strayed or Stolen,' that a house had floated from its foundation some 60 miles above and sailed down the river. The description was so accurate, even to the make of the cook stove and number of the repeating rifle, that we had to communicate with the owner. When he came I at once intimated that his house was in the way, that I would expect pay for storage, and that he had better sail it up the river again. This had a tendency to make him very reasonable in his figures, and I bought everything but a few keepsakes for about 15 cents on the dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

Photographs of Criminals.

A photographic pamphlet is sent out from Scotland Yard every month to the various police-stations throughout England. It is considered a precious document, only those connected with the police being allowed to see the paper. It consists of a few pages descriptive of the 30 or 40 dangerous individuals whose faces are chronicled in spaces three-quarters of an inch square, the diminutive photographs forming the front page of the paper, every one bearing a number corresponding with the description furnished inside.—Tit-Bits.

SEE WITHOUT EYES.

Creatures Which Have Skins Sensitive to Light.

Eyes are popularly considered to be quite necessary to sight; but this is an error, if we are to believe Dr. Nagel, a recent German experimenter. Many creatures without eyes can see; at least they can distinguish perfectly well between light and darkness, and even between different degrees of light. This is the lowest degree of seeing, to be sure, but still it is really sight, and differs scarcely more from the vision of some insects that possess eyes, than this does from our own clear sight.

Creatures that see without eyes see by means of their skins. All skins, says Dr. Nagel, are potential eyes; that is, they are sensitive to light. In animals that have eyes the sensitiveness has been highly localized and greatly increased—so that man, for instance, has a retina very sensitive to light, and an expanse of ordinary skin which possesses a sensitiveness to light so slight that he is hardly conscious of it. Yet his skin is sensitive in some degree, as is proved by the fact that it sunburns—that is, light may cause a disturbance in the pigment of the skin just as it does in that of the eye. In the eye the disturbance is accompanied by a nervous change which sends a telegraphic message along the optic nerve to the brain. In the skin, too, there are nerves, and there are messages also, but their tidings imprint no image on the mind; they simply express discomfort—cry out "sunburn."

But in many eyeless creatures the lack of eyes is in part made up by increased sensitiveness of the whole skin-surface to light. Darwin long ago noticed that earthworms, although they have no eyes, will suddenly withdraw into their holes at the approach of a lighted candle. Some creatures seem most sensitive to sudden increase of light; others to sudden diminution. If a number of oysters, kept in a vessel together, are found to be open, they will shut all at once if a dark object comes between them and the light. Another bivalve, called Psammobia, has long, whitish, transparent tubes which protrude from the sand in which it lies buried. If these are suddenly illuminated they contract, and the brighter the light the greater the contraction. If a number of them be carried into direct sunlight, they hasten to bury themselves in the sand; or, if there is no sand, they move restlessly to and fro in the water until they are exhausted.

In general, Dr. Nagel finds that shadows are those that live in strong shells, while those affected by a sudden increase of light live in sand or mud, from which they emerge only occasionally. In both cases, the sensitiveness of the skin to changes of light serves to protect the animal.

How does the skin acquire this peculiar sensitiveness? It will be best for the nonexpert to suspend judgment, since even the scientists do not agree on this point. It may be that it is a universal and rudimentary property of all skin, and that animals with eyes have lost it in a greater or less degree, because they have no further need for it. That is one view. Or, it may be that this property has been developed in eyeless creatures just because they are eyeless and need it. That is another view. Those who favor the latter opinion point to the fact that some of the creatures which now have skins sensitive to light are probably descendants of creatures with skins not so sensitive; in these instances the sensitiveness must have been recently developed. Snails are sensitive, but their relatives, the slugs, are not; this looks as if the former had acquired the faculty. However this may be, Dr. Nagel's study of these curious and out-of-the-way facts is certainly interesting, and may lead in the future to an advance in our knowledge of the mechanism of sight.

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK.

Briar-Root for Pipes.

The best briar-root from which pipes are made comes from the borders of France and Italy. In the mountainous districts of these countries roots are dug out which have grown for ages, and are sometimes larger than a man's body, weighing hundreds of pounds. The wood thus obtained is remarkably beautiful. These larger deposits of the root have just been discovered in France, and the price may be brought down in time. At present a good briar-root pipe is not cheap.

A Nation of Smokers.

Holland holds the first place in the world as a nation of smokers. Every Dutchman consumes, on an average, 100 ounces a year. The Belgian comes a good second with an annual consumption of 80 ounces, followed closely by Turkey with 70 ounces, and the United States with 60 ounces. Germany, France, Spain and Italy tread closely on their heels, while the United Kingdom comes comparatively low on the list.

"What's that to you?" I retorted, angrily, trying to shake myself loose from his grasp.

"What's that to me?" he answered, "do you think you can snatch a pocketbook from a lady and run off like that? I was standing on the platform of that car and saw you do it. You could not get away from me, and now you've got to come along. You ain't slick enough for a pickpocket. See?"

I a pickpocket! The blood rushed to my face. I instinctively made a motion to knock the man down, which elicited a shout of approval from several small boys standing near; but not wishing to make a scene, I said, as quietly as I could:

"Let us walk on, I will explain the matter."

"Explain," cried the officer, as he hurried along; "oh, certainly explain. Explain why you've got two eyes instead of one, why don't you?"

I stopped short and looked him squarely in the face. "It was a joke," I said; "the lady is my cousin. I am to meet her at the corner."

"Indeed," he grinned, "she'll have to wait—you dear, sweet cousin—father's side?"

My blood began to boil again, but restraining myself I requested him at least to go to the corner with me and let the lady speak for herself. I would promise to say nothing until she had spoken.

"I warrant she'll speak fast enough when she sees you," said he. "I saw her watching you out of the corner of her eye, and when she misses her pocketbook she'll have her suspicions, I bet. Oh, she'll know you when she sees you."

Oh, happy me! She had been thinking about me in spite of the engrossing magazine, and I had not had sense enough to perceive it. I felt happy in spite of my present trouble and annoyance—I felt that I could shake the policeman by the hand. My spirits rose as we neared the corner, but—great heavens—Mary was not there. My altercation with the man had taken time, and she was doubtless not inclined to wait for her troublesome companion.

The policeman chuckled again. "Yes, miss," he said, bowing to an imaginary person; "yes, indeed, miss, this is your cousin from Australia. He's come with a gold mine, but he's afraid to leave it loose in his pocket; so we're going to the station house to see what he'd better do with it." And with a leer into my face he grabbed me roughly by the arm.

When we reached the station house I insisted upon seeing the captain at once, and, after telling him my story, a friend of mine. Of course, on their arrival there was no difficulty in regard to my release, and, as we left the station house, I turned and waved my hand to the crestfallen policeman, who stood at the door wiping his face with his handkerchief.

What his thoughts were I do not know, but when our friend had left us, I turned to Mary, and said:

"Will you buy a blue gown, Mary, dear?"

She looked up quickly: "Yes," she replied, "if you wish it."

"I do," I answered.—L. Carl, in Every Month.

TWO AGED SISTERS.

Who Have Never Seen the Railroad Three Miles Away.

Lydia Shinkle, aged 80, and Celia Shinkle, aged 78, sisters, are two very eccentric old ladies residing in Brown county, O. The old ladies remain close to their little farm, and, notwithstanding the fact that the Cincinnati, Portsmouth & Virginia railroad runs three miles north of their place, and the Cincinnati, Georgetown & Portsmouth four miles south of them, they have never seen a railroad train, not even the track, and have no idea what a train of cars looks like. They have not taken a newspaper since the war, and the Bible is the only book they read, which they almost know by heart. For more than 60 years they have resided in a small log cabin on the same farm, their parents dying when they were young girls. They hardly ever leave home, and have not been to Georgetown, their county seat, for nearly 80 years. Feesburg is their nearest town, and they have only visited that village twice during the past five years.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Paperhanging by Machinery.

Paper can now be hung by machinery. The device has a rod on which a roll of paper is placed, and a paste reservoir with a feeder placed so as to engage the wrong side of the paper. The end of the paper is fastened to the bottom of the wall, and the machine started up the wall, being held in place by the operator. A roller follows the paper as it unwinds and presses it against the wall. When the top of the wall is reached, the operator pulls a string, which cuts the paper off from the roll.

Ireland sends out as emigrants to other lands from 40,000 to 50,000 of her sons and daughters annually; while Scotland parts with only from 16,000 to 18,000. The figures last year were: For Ireland, 42,222, and for Scotland, 16,866.

THE AGE OF REASON.

If you want to get rich in a brief day or two Devise a bold swindling scheme; The public will straightforwardly contribute to you.

No matter how foolish your plan may seem, If you only explain That each victim shall gain Through the losses the other investors sustain.

The wildest and craziest swindle will "go" if you only explain that.

Folks like to get something for nothing, you know!

If you have a good thing that is perfectly fair, With a sensible profit in view, Nobody will care to invest in a share.

For the purpose of helping you through We'll not cheat or steal, But most of us feel Suspicious of any legitimate deal.

Where the gains are for all and in consequence slow— Where a few do not take from the many, you know!

We laugh at the man who will buy a gold brick, Or foolishly sign a blank check; "Such Reubens," we're wont to declare, "make us sick, For they'll get it, of course, in the neck!"

Where each of us can— In a "business-like way"—be the brick-selling man— Some plan that gives only the "favored" a show.

To get something for little or nothing, you know! —Cleveland Leader.

MARY'S RECEPTION GOWN.

Having spent an afternoon in an unsuccessful attempt at shopping, we were not in very good humor. I had not concealed my opinion that we had unnecessarily wasted time, and Cousin Mary had petulantly declared that I was to blame for our futile search. And there we sat in the car, riding home. Mary was reading with intense interest a fashion magazine, deciding, no doubt, how to make her new gown, though it had not yet been purchased; nor was it ever likely to be, if she persisted in her obstinate determination to match a piece of pink silk in her pocketbook. Her "dearest friend" had sent her the sample from Paris, together with the description of what was, according to Mary, a "ravishing reception toilette."

There was to be a reception at our house in the course of the next month, and it followed without question that her dress for the occasion must be a faithful copy of the Paris gown.

I had told her that no one would look at her gown after once seeing her face, but she had only pouted, and declared that after such a stupid compliment I should go with her to buy the gown, though she knew I would prove to be a nuisance. As her faithful slave, of course, I had gone, and the result certainly answered her expectations.

I have an excellent memory for shades of color, and in almost the first store we had entered my eyes lighted upon a piece of goods of the exact shade of the sample; but with crushing sarcasm I was informed that she had no desire to have her gown made of cheesecloth. When I discovered after this rebuff that the sample was of the shade that does not look yellow by artificial light, I quietly followed her from counter to counter, and only indulged in a mild ejaculation when she finally declared, after we had tried store after store and looked at piece after piece of pink silk, that it was my fault she could not match the sample, that she would never take me with her again, and, moreover, that she was going home immediately. So I meekly hailed a car, and in we stepped.

And here we were—I clearly being punished for my shortcomings by an apparently guileless fellow. I would do something; I really felt that I deserved to be considered. I tried to read a newspaper, but it soon bored me. No one in the car interested me so much as Mary, and I soon found myself watching the absorbed little figure by my side. Ah, I perceive the pink sample peeping out of the pocketbook in her lap. The sight of it provoked me as red cloth irritates a bull, and I determined to have a little revenge; I would take that silk sample from her and then, perhaps, she would learn a much-needed lesson as to the folly of vanity. And then, without the sample she might even yet purchase a blue gown, which was much more becoming to her, and which all her sisters had advised her to buy.

Her magazine was still absorbing all her attention, and I said, very quietly:

"Mary, will you excuse me if I get out here and meet you at the corner? I want to buy some cigars before I go home."

She consented without looking up from the paper, and stealthily picking up the pocketbook from her lap I quickly jumped from the car. I regretted that I could not be with her when she would discover the loss, but I feared to betray myself were I there with the missing property in my possession. It was a capital joke, to be sure, and I chuckled inwardly as I tried to make up my mind how long her punishment should last. But I had to hurry, or else I could not make the short cut to the corner before the car reached it; there was no time to buy cigars even if there had been a store in the neighborhood.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and turning, I faced a policeman.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

Bureau de la Nouvelle-Orleans. Bureau d'Etat et de l'Etat. No. 635 rue St. Peter. Nouvelle-Orleans 20 juillet 1897.—Conformément à la section 1 de nos règlements, une réunion générale des actionnaires de cette compagnie aura lieu le jeudi 20 juillet 1897, à 2 heures P. M. présents, aux bureaux de cette compagnie.

AVIS IMPORTANT. Les soussignés étant obligés d'absenter de la ville pour la saison d'été, ont confié à M. E. J. Préval, Agt Génl, 45 rue Narbonne, le soin de représenter la Compagnie de l'Etat et de l'Etat. J. A. BISSON Agt.

Chemins de fer Louisiana et Nashville. Le temps le plus favorable fait entre la Nouvelle-Orleans et New York est fait maintenant par le service quotidien limité du chemin de fer Louisiana et Nashville. Full-rate.

VENTES A L'ENCAN.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

MARDI, 17 AOUT.

Un joli cottage élevé No 810 RUE LOUISA, Troisième District.

PAR LOUIS A. RICHARDS & Co. Louis A. Richards, Encanteur.—Bureau No 629 de la Communauté, 17 août 1897. A midi. A la Bureau des Encanteurs, Nos 629 et 631 rue Commerce, en vertu et conformément à un arrêt du Juge P. A. Maurice, Juge de la Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans Division C, ledit arrêt en date du 10 juillet 1897, dans l'affaire de la succession de Catherine Batman, veuve de Jamé Joseph Segrave, No 5134 du Dossier de la Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, l'encan à l'enchère, la propriété ci-après décrite, à savoir:

Un terrain lot de terre et dans le Troisième District de la paroisse d'Orléans, bordé par les rues Louisiana, Dauphine, Bourgoine et Claret, mesurant au total américain 40' 0" de front sur 100' 0" de profondeur, à partir de la ligne de la rue Louisiana, et d'une superficie de 85' 0" entre lignes parallèles, huit poises et quatre lignes de largeur, et des propriétés des lots par la rue Louisiana, dans toute la mesure, en faveur de la propriété atteinte aux droits ou au profit de la succession de Catherine Batman, dans le fond résultant de la destination du père de famille.

Les acquéreurs consentent en un élégant cottage en bois, élevé et retiré de la banquette, avec une cour pavée de côté. La maison contient six chambres à coucher, une salle à manger et sept (7) cabinets, gaz dans toute la maison. Les murs dans les chambres sont peints et ornés de papier d'indes. L'eau est prise au puits de 25' par puits.

Conditions.—Un tiers en espèces et le reste en crédit, au gré de l'acquéreur, payable en six (6) mois, à compter du jour de la date de l'adjudication jusqu'à l'achèvement des travaux de construction. Le vendeur se réserve le droit de résilier le contrat si l'acquéreur ne paie pas les intérêts dus à la date prescrite, et si l'acquéreur ne paie pas les intérêts dus à la date prescrite, et si l'acquéreur ne paie pas les intérêts dus à la date prescrite, et si l'acquéreur ne paie pas les intérêts dus à la date prescrite.

PAR W. H. FITZPATRICK.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Successeur de Richard L. Robertson. No 28 448.—Cour de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans—Division D.

PAR W. H. FITZPATRICK Encanteur.—Bureau, 326 rue Carondelet—M. A. R. H. 17 août 1897. A midi. A la Bureau des Encanteurs, Nos 326 et 631 rue Commerce, en vertu et conformément à un arrêt du Juge P. A. Maurice, Juge de la Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, Division D, ledit arrêt en date du 10 juillet 1897, dans l'affaire de la succession de Catherine Batman, veuve de Jamé Joseph Segrave, No 5134 du Dossier de la Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, l'encan à l'enchère, la propriété ci-après décrite, à savoir:

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