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—A—

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MARS 1896.

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N. B.—Afin d'éviter des retards dans la transmission des documents, j'invite les personnes qui ont à soumettre à mon visa des actes établis en Louisiane, en dehors de la ville de la Nouvelle-Orléans, à les faire certifier préalablement, par M. le secrétaire d'Etat de l'Etat de la Louisiane.

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## DE MOTT STREET KID

### HE TELLS M. QUAD WHY HE LEFT THE SALVATION ARMY.

**He Had a Chinaman on a String and Was Knocking All the Tough Bowery Boys Into the Ranks When the Army Threw Him Down.**

"I expected it would be in de papes dis mornin, but dey didn't ketch on," said "de Mott street kid" to me as I went down for a Bowery shine.

"What was that?"

"De fact dat I've left de Salvashun Army, cully."

"But I didn't know you belonged to it."

"Well, I didn't go round shontin de noose, but I was right dere wid boaf feet jest de same. I was a sort o' outside assistant, ye know. I didn't beat de drum nor do any singin, but got in me work on de quiet. It started 'bout three months ago. A Salvashun feller cum along yere and talked to me 'bout my soul, and de fust t'ing I knowed I had tears in me peepers, genooine tears, cully. He put it to me in sich a way dat if I hadn't bin rushed wid biz I'd hev packed me grip and j'ined de Army fur red hot work. Am I flyin too high in my languidge, ole man?"

"No; I understand."

"Dat's consolin. It does me good to meet a feller w'at ketches on to me classics offhand and don't hev to consult a pocket dickshunary when I slings me tongue about. Sez I to de feller w'at brings de cologne to me optics wid his bewtiful talk:

"'I can't leave me biz, stranger, to be one o' ye at de barracks, but I'll do work on de outside. I knows a heap o' mighty wicker duffers, I does, and I'll use me influocence to drive 'em round to de meetin's.'"

"That was kind of you," I said.

"Yes, but it didn't turn out dat way," he replied. "I turned dat matter over and over in me mind, and it cum to me dat I would begin on de ole duke fust of all."

"Your father?"

"Yes, de Duke o' Mott Street. Say, cully, he's my fadder, but he's tuff. If a cable car should run over him 20 times, de wheels couldn't find a soft spot. If it wasn't fur me political influocence and finanshul standin, de ole boy would hev bin dooin time long ago. I jest went home one night and ses to him:

"'Duke, de Salvashun Army wants ye.'

"'What fur?'

"'To make a good man o' ye.'

"'How much sugar is dere in it?'

"'Not a bone, but dey'll sandpaper yer hearts and whitewash yer soul till ye'll be like a newborn child. It won't be four weeks before ye kin meet a peeler face to face and not feel weak in de knees.'"

"And did you prevail upon him?" I asked.

"Prewail nuthin, cully!" he replied in tones of disgust. "De duke broke me head and driv me out, and it cost me a pint o' brandy to square de deal. Dat didn't discourage me, however. Did ye ever hear of de Baxter street parson?"

"No, I never did."

"He's a young feller, and dey calls him de parson bekase he's wicked from his eyebrows to his toe nails. Say, ole man, I've heard him use 300 cuss words in 55 seconds by de watch, and he wasn't tryin to beat the record at dat. He gits drunk, picks pockets, tips de green goods chappies and bilks all de saloons. Dere ain't no tuffness about him. It's all wickedness, and de nails are clinched on de fur side. Well, I knows where de parson hangs out, and I hunts him up and ses:

"'Cully, cum wid me.'

"'Fur a drink?'

"'No. To hev yer bloomin soul disinfected and hung up to dry and then painted two coats o' white!'

"'I hevn't got any soul.'

"'Then we'll git a bladder and make ye one, and inside of two weeks ye'll feel respectable 'nuff to be knocked down by a Broadway car!'

"'Is it de Salvashun Army ye mean?'

"'Dat's de snap, cully.'

"'Den don't waste no more time, fur I'm already too good! Dat's what ails me—I can't git along fur bein too inperecent and childlike!'"

"Then you failed with him?" I queried.

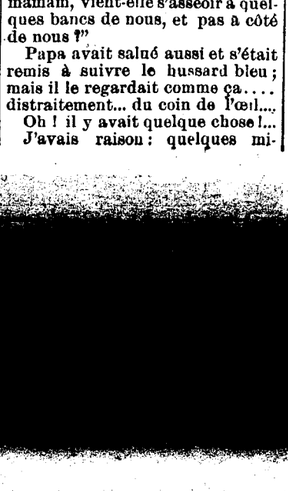
"Dat's what ye might call it," slowly replied 'de kid.' "It makes me hot under de collar to hear him work his chin after dat style, and I took off me coat and sailed in and left him a bloomin wreck on de floor. A copper run me in, and I paid 15 big dollars to keep de judge good natured. I wasn't droppin me promise to de Salvashun Army, however. I jest went around and tackled all de tuffs I had de honor o' knowin, and I gin 'em de choice o' bein made over or o' puttin up deir dukes wid me. I licked about nine o' 'em, and me hans haven't got over deir soreness yit, while de bones I parted wid at de Tombs figger up over 50. I was feelin a bit blue over de matter, but was still doin bizness, when I gits a call from dat same ole Salvashun fellar. W'at d'ye tink he'd cum for, cully?"

"To thank you for your earnest efforts but de reward was to trow me down! I had a Chinyman on de string to cum over. I was goin to gin him tree bones, and he'd already learned one verse of a gospil hymn, but de racket is off now. He'll remain a heathen all de rest of his life, but dey can't blame me. When de Salvashun Army cums to me and sez I'm trowin mud on its reputashun, dat's all I wants to know. From dis date on I 'tends to me bloomin bizness and lets de tuff and wicked chappies work out deir own salvashun. Kin ye blame me, cully?"

"Well, no."

"I tought ye couldn't. I tought ye'd see it same as I do meself. If dey'd let me alone in me good work, I'd hev had Bowery Sam, de Hester Street Terror, de Pell Street Rusher and de Third Avenue Cyclone all carryin banners and singin 'De Sweet By and By,' but I've bin snubbed and trowed down and hurt in me feelins, and ye kin hev me chin fur a jewel box if I wants any more of it!"—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

**An Idol Shattered.**



He—I see your friend Mrs. Overton has written a society novel.

She—Oh, dear! And I always thought she was such a nice minded woman!—Punch.

**An Invidious Comparison.**

Joseph Hatton, who accompanied Sir Henry Irving on one of his early tours through the United States, tells an anecdote of a certain judge who relieved the monotony of his court with a quiet though telling observation.

"And, gentlemen of the jury," said a certain flowery advocate, pleading before his honor, "as I stand at this bar today in behalf of a prisoner whose health is such that he may at any moment be called before a greater judge than the judge of this court, I"— His honor rapped sharply on his desk. Counsel stopped suddenly, and looked up with an interrogation in his protesting face. "The advocate," said the court, with great dignity, "will please confine himself to the case before the jury, and not permit himself to make invidious comparisons."—Washington Post.

**A Colorable Origin.**

"What gives your beard"—

Fatima was betraying considerable interest in her new husband.

—"that peculiar color?"

Bluebeard jingled the keys at his side and smiled indulgently.

"One of these days"—

He rubbed his cerulean chin in a playfully ferocious manner.

—"your curiosity will be the death of you. Still, if you want to know"—

Fatima was eagerly awaiting his reply.

—"the wind blue through my whiskers."

To the unsophisticated bride of a week the answer was all sufficient.—New York World.

**His Popularity.**

"I see Mr. Bobbles in society a great deal this season," remarked one young woman.

"Yes. It's the color of his hair that makes him popular."

"But it is so astonishingly red."

"That is just it. They have gotten so they feel that they cannot give a pink tea without him."—Washington Star.

**The Household Humorist.**

Mrs. Wickwire — You don't know what a grief it is to have a husband who thinks he is funny.

Mrs. Watts—What is the trouble, dear?

"I asked him last evening to bring home some good up to date literature, and he brought a bundle of almanacs."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Took Her Seriously.**

"Did you know Charlie Cadd had entered a divorce suit against his wife for nonsupport?"

"What nonsense!"

"Fact. She made a remark before witnesses that she was more of a man than he was, and he has taken advantage of it."—New York World.

**The Limit.**

"I can never love another," protested the sultan.

"Oh, go on," rejoined the Circassian

## A POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

**Some New Definitions For the Perusal of the Great Voting Public.**

The Chicago Record is at work on a political dictionary of the American people, and from advance sheets received we quote the following definitions:

Assemblage—Three men and a supply of beer, together with one of the officers of the ward club to address the party.

Antisnapper—See "Left," "Marble Heart," "Frost."

Boss—A Svengali located at the chewed end of a thick cigar.

Dictator—A highly colored and upholstered gentleman who two years hence will return to the profitable pastime of carrying a hod.

Enthusiasm—The spirit of hops.

Freedom—A word obsolete in practice, but feverishly rampant in vocalization.

Favorite Son—A living, moving sign which reads, "The Delegation For Sale."

Good Fellow—One who has failed at everything but politics and whose stock in trade is a smile permanently mortised to his features and "the price."

Hall—The back end of a saloon.

Jag—The beginning and ending of politics.

Kick—A useless but amusing action on the part of people who pay taxes.

Love Feast—A cutlery convention.

Machine—The central committee when it is one with which you cut no ice and which will not permit you to run it.

Nominee—One who buys ball tickets, subscribes to countless "funds," orders half a barrel sent to every meeting he hears of, "coughs up" and otherwise acts as a reception committee for a great and lusty touch.

Our Party—Purity, glory and worth.

Partisan—A man whose views disagree with yours.

Patriot—A man whose views agree with yours.

Quench—An impossible feat associated with a voting hobo's thirst.

Reform—A beauteous prima donna whom you discover to have been born deaf and dumb.

Statesmanship — Vagrancy in good clothes.

Ticket—A string of link sausage which looks well after it has been ground out of the mill, but which would cause one to swear off eating could he see the elementary parts before they are thrown into the hopper.

Unpledged Delegate—You ought to be able to make it $50.

Vindication—The protection afforded by the fact that there are others.

Wind — A property which becomes eloquence when the speaker is one of us.

X—The standard of value in a convention.

Young Blood In Politics—A mouthy attorney recently out of a law school who finds he cannot live on $4 a year.

Zebra—The kind of clothes frequently earned, but too frequently not worn, by statesmen.

**Some Georgia Philosophy.**

The man that sings the loudest in church throws his head so far back that he can't see the collection basket when it comes along.

Some folks are so fond of trouble they can't enjoy honey for thinking of what might have happened if the bee had stung 'em.

The road to heaven is so narrow that some people have about decided there is not room for two at a time.

When you hear a man saying that this is a hard world, ten to one but he's broken his leg trying to fly when he should have been walking.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Mum's the Word.**

Clerk — There's something wrong about this gas bill. It's twice as large as last month's bill.

Mr. Pocketall—Did we burn twice as much gas? If we didn't, just make a big kick about it.

Clerk—The trouble is we burned three times as much.

Mr. Pocketall—Oh, that's different.—Roxbury Gazette.

**All Her Own Too.**

She stood before the glass gazing earnestly. "Really," she said, "I do believe I have a mustache coming." And yet she seemed rather pleased than otherwise. In another moment the young man she had seen through the window had entered the room, bringing his mustache with him.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Monetary.**

Sinnick—After all, marriage is nothing but a financial affair in all its successive phases.

Trustus—In what way do you mean?

Sinnick—First matrimony, then pin money and lastly alimony.—New York World.

**Expert Opinion.**

Gizball—Guzler, what's your opinion of the gold cure?

Guzler—It's simply great. I tried it no less than five times, and I was cured every time.—Roxbury Gazette.

**Ambiguous Sympathy.**



## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

**He Was Mistaken.**

All the passengers in the car noticed that the big man on the left of the rear door was looking fixedly at the small man opposite, and by and by the small man noticed the same thing himself. After an embarrassing interval of three minutes he observed:

"Well, what is it?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the big man, "but your face seems familiar."

"Yes?"

"Though I can't place it."

"No?"

"Is your name Rambo?"

"No, sir."

"I thought it was. Didn't you use to live in Sandusky, O.?"

"No, sir. Never was in Sandusky in my life."

"Wasn't there in 1890, eh?"

"No, sir."

"That's queer. Just the minute I got sight of you I was sure you was Rambo of Sandusky. If you are"—

"But I'm not!" interrupted the small man. "I never heard of Rambo and was never in Sandusky."

"Well, that settles it, I suppose," said the big man as he looked out of the window and back again, "but if you hadn't said so I should have continued to think you were the man."

"And what of it?" retorted the small man flushing up over it.

"Oh, nothing much. He eloped with my wife from Sandusky in 1890, and I heard they were living here in Detroit. If you were Rambo, I was going to ask how"—

"If you'll get off the car, I'll lick you and Rambo and Bambo and Hoodoo and all the rest of the gang put together!" shouted the small man as he got up and went out.

"No—oh, no!" replied the big man. "No, there is no call to fight. If you are not Rambo, I beg your pardon. Your face had a familiar look, and I just thought I'd ask if"—

But the small man hopped off the car and went his way, and the big man heaved a sigh and looked around and said:

"I'm sorry I offended him, but I thought it was Rambo, and was going to ask if Maria had had her teeth fixed and her eyes straightened."

**Simply a Mistake.**

She was coming down Hastings street and he was going up, and they met at the corner of High street.

"Deevin, Miss Wharton!" he said as he bowed stiffly.

"Deevin, Mistah Carr," she replied, with her nose in the air.

"Miss Wharton," he continued as he swallowed at the lump in his throat, "when your sister dun tole me yo' was at de candy pull wid dat low down pusson from Windsor I couldn't skassly believe it."

"Mistah Carr," she replied as her nose went still higher, "when Linda Smith dun tole me dat yo' wanted her to help yo' git up a cake walk I lost my breff fur five minits!"

"Miss Wharton, I 'lows no woman to trifle wid my heart."

"And I 'lows no man to trifle wid mine, Mistah Carr."

"Under de circumstances, Miss Wharton, it will be better dat we meet as strangers."

"Dat's me, Mistah Carr."

"But as life will hev no mo' charms fur me, Miss Wharton—as each succeedin day would only add its burden to my grievin heart—I will hang myself in de wood shed tonight."

"An I will take pizen, Mistah Carr. Sooner dan live on, feelin dat no one lubs me, I will destroy myself."

"Who doan' lub yo'?"

"Yo' doan'."

"Who said so?"

"Yo' did."

"Miss Wharton—Maggie—I nebber axed dat Linda Smith to git up a cake walk wid me."

"Mistah Carr—Moses—I didn't dun go to de party wid dat pusson from Windsor."

"Den I won't hang myself."

"Den I won't take pizen."

"Maggie!"

"Moses!"

And a cuckoo clock in the nearest house struck the hour of 7 in joyful exultation, and all was love and peace.

**One Too Many.**

By the roadside, between two hills half a mile apart, I came upon a man seated upon a log with a shotgun across his knees. As there was plenty of small game in the woods I supposed he was out hunting, and as we passed the time of day I asked if he had bagged anything. He hesitated about answering, but finally replied:

"No, I h-hain't b-agged anything yet. Stranger, y-you p-passed a cabin b-back there about two miles?"

"Yes."

"W-was there a m-man in f-front of that c-cabin?"

"There was."

"D-describe that m-man if y-you p-please."

"Well, he was a man about 40 years of age, and he told me he had lately taken possession of the place. He was a quiet spoken man and impressed me

"H-he d-does, eh?" yelled the man as he jumped in the middle of the road and then jumped up and down and cracked his heels together.

"Yes, but what of it?"

"W-what of it? W-what of it? Why, that m-makes f-f-f-four stut-stut-stuttering families in this nayburhood, and I'll b-b-be doggoned if I s-s-stand it! He orter know better! This hain't no c-county of S-s-stam-stammerville, and this hain't no town of Stut-tut-stutterashun, and I'll go down there and f-f-fill his hide f-f-full of—of"—

"Of buckshot?" I finished as he jumped around and tried in vain to end the sentence.

He nodded and shouldered the gun and started off, but ten rods away he stopped and shouted:

"Y-y-yes, b-b-b-buck-buckshot. Good-b-b-b-by!"

**There Was No Shooting.**

This is the way the affair began: A small, beetle browed man was coming down the street with two guns buckled around him and a necklace made of the teeth of grizzly bears around his neck. A rather overgrown man, with blood in both eyes, same number of guns and a bowie knife in his boot leg, was going up the street. They met in front of the Warwhoop saloon.

"Humph!" growled the little man after looking the big man over.

"Humph!" echoed the big man as he spat over his shoulder.

"Don't rub agin me!"

"And don't tech me!"

"I know a fighter when I see one!"

"And you see one right yere!"

"Shoo! Goin out to shoot rabbits?"

"No. This ar' my day fur shootin three men! Little one, don't you start no avalanche!"

"And mebbe you don't want to start no cyclone!"

"Humph!"

"Humph yourself!"

"All wind!"

"All blow!"

"What ar' you w'arin them rabbits' teeth fur?"

"What you doin with that bread knife in your bute leg?"

"Don't you get me mad or I'll bury you!"

"And look out fur me about a minit before!"

"Shoo!"

"Shoo!"

"What's the riot yere!" demanded the city marshal as he came out of the saloon wiping his mouth on the back of his hand.

"I'm goin to chaw him up!" shouted the big man.

"He can't even chaw my ear!" howled the little man.

"Say, you!" continued the marshal as he pointed one hand up the street and the other down, "be a-gittin tu git!"

And they "humphed" at each other and got.

**He Got Some More.**

"I'd like to speak to you a minute," he said as he met a patrolman at the corner of Michigan avenue and Wayne street the other evening.

"All right. What is it?"

"About six months ago I met you down by the city hall one afternoon."

"Well?"

"I was after a marriage license and asked you where to go."

"Yes."

"When you found I was going to be married, you laid your hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way and said, 'Young man, pause and reflect.' Do you remember?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, your words struck home. I paused and reflected. I did not get a license."

"No?"

"And I didn't get married."

"You didn't, eh! Well, I am glad if advice of mine prevented you from taking a step which you might ever thereafter regret. Did you want any more advice?"

"Well, yes. The girl sued me for breach of promise and got a verdict of $2,000 and cleaned me out of my last cent and all I can earn for the next five years to come. Mebbe you want to lay your fatherly hand on my shoulder and give me some more wisdom."

"Young man," said the officer as he slid his fingers along up his coat sleeve until they rested on his collar, "you move on!"—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

**Her Logic.**

Mamma—You told me that John was worth a million before you married him, and now I discover that he's penniless.

Marie—Yes. I meant a million—

Mamma—What?

Marie—Of those dukes, counts, dudes and other idiots to whom you were trying to marry me off.—New York World.

**A Distinction.**

"There is a man who continually steals my ideas," said the young writer.

"He's a kleptomaniac, sure," replied his medical friend.

"You mean a plagiarist."

"No. A kleptomaniac'll take things whether they are of the slightest value or not."—Washington Star.

**In It, but Not of It.**

Adieu, ma Suzanne rose; si tu trouves le temps, entre deux couturières, de m'écrire un mot,—comme l'ami Pierrot,—tu sais la joie que tu me feras.

*Ta* GERMAINE.

### VIII

SUZANNE DE SEPTÈMES A GERMAINE DE BOISNEMETZ.

Paris, 15 mai.

Plus que huit jours, ma belle chérie, et ta petite Suzanne sera vicomtesse de Ségonnaux!.... C'est à ne pas y croire!.... Comme les jours vont vite!....

Je suis partagée entre deux sentiments contraires: une peur horrible que ça commence et un désir fou que ce soit fini.

Je rêve toutes les nuits que je fais mon entrée dans l'église. Des deux côtés une foule compacte qui me regarde.... et l'orgue, l'orgue qui fait un gros bruit et passe comme un grand vent chaud le long de mon voile! Je me réveille le cœur serré.

Cette nuit, le rêve est devenu cauchemar.... Figure-toi qu'au moment d'entrer dans l'église, M. de Ségonnaux, qui venait derrière moi, au bras de maman, marche sur ma robe qui avait une queue très longue. Je me retourne, furieuse; le pauvre garçon est si effrayé de mon regard qu'il reste

## LINCOLN SKEWED THE LINE.

**He Hated to See Any of His Friend's Land Cut Off.**

During a visit to Menard county an incident connected with the original survey of Petersburg was related to me.

It seems that Lincoln, then a surveyor, first platted that town. Some 20 or 30 years afterward the property owners along one of the outlying streets had trouble in fixing their boundaries. They consulted the official plant and got no relief.

A committee was sent to Springfield to consult the distinguished surveyor, but he failed to recall anything that would give them aid and could only refer them to the record. The dispute, therefore, went into the courts.

Late one autumn, while the trial was pending, an old Irishman named Maguire, who had worked for some farmer during the summer, returned to town for the winter. The controversy being mentioned in his presence, he promptly said:

"I can tell you all about it. I helped carry the chain when Abe Lincoln laid out this town. Over there where they are quarreling about the lines, when he was locating the street, he straightened up from his instrument and said:

"'If I run that street right through, it will cut three or four feet off the end of poor Tom ——'s house. It's all he's got in the world, and he never could get another. I reckon it won't hurt anything out here if I skew the line a little and miss him.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

**She Wanted Buttermilk.**

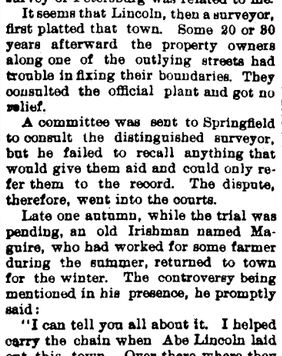
Lloyd G. Harris of St. Louis tells the following amusing anecdote of Mississippi river steamboating:

"The captain and officers of the Missouri Belle, a Mississippi steamer, were very fond of the buttermilk which a farmer who lived along the river bank supplied to them. The boat, in passing this point, would always make a landing and blow her whistle in order to notify the farmer that she was there waiting for buttermilk. The farmer would send down a negro man with a bucket of buttermilk, and having taken it aboard the boat would proceed on her way.

"On one occasion when she tried to edge up at this point she struck a sand bar and sunk. The captain blew a signal of distress, fastening the lever so that she would blow as long as there was steam, while the hungry waters were gradually rising and swallowing her up. The water had crept up to the boiler, and as it rushed in there was an expiring gush of steam into the signal pipe, which caused a most peculiar, lugubrious and nerve shattering sound. Just at that moment Pompey, who was responding to the signal, reached the water's edge with his pail. When he heard that sound, he exclaimed:

"'Great Gawd! Da's de Belle a-sinkin and callin fo' buttermilk wid her last breff!'"—Washington Post.

**A Conspiracy.**



What the Old Man Thought—Those young rascals are up to some deviltry.

What the Young Ones Said—Hully gee, what a cinch!—Truth.

**Absentminded.**

The professor was lying on the sidewalk, his face wearing its usual thoughtful expression and his feet slowly moving in circles. His bicycle lay about five yards away. The friend who espied him ran to his assistance. "Are you hurt?" asked the friend as he assisted the old gentleman to his feet.

The professor looked about him for a moment. "Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I must have run into the curb and fallen off."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Shocking Taste.**

"Gamsby was a man of atrocious ideas."

"Yes, the wretch had red hair and committed suicide with paris green."—Chicago Record.

**Just Speech.**

"And this," bitterly exclaimed the prize fighter as he encountered opposition, "is your boasted freedom of speech."—Detroit Tribune.

**The Cathode Ray.**

There's another new invention
Which these scientific crimps
Discovered, just to help along
Old satan and his imps.
It is worse than all the others
They have brought out in our day,
And the name of this new demon
Is the cathode ray.


## VENTES A L'ENCAN.

PAR JOHN H. O'CONNOR & CO.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

## SPÉCULATEURS ATTENTION

Cottages simples et doubles dans le Premier District.

Le Magasin et Résidence

No 1515 avenue St-Charles, entre les rues Melpomène et Terpsichore.

Nos 1105 et 1107 rue Liberté, entre les rues Calliope et Clio.

Nos 93 et 94 rue Franklin, entre les rues Gravier et Perdido

—ET—

Le Cottage simple avec Dépendances à deux étages,

No 433 rue Franklin, entre les rues Perdido et Gravier.

RAPPORTANT DE BONS LOYERS.

A L'ENCAN,

## Succession de William Toohey.

No 46,590—Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans—Division "E".

PAR J. H. O'CONNOR & Co—ALFRED C. GREEN, encanteur—Bureau No 828 rue Commune — JEUDI, 12 mars 1896, à midi, à la Bourse des Encanteurs, Nos 629 et 631 rue Commune, entre les rues Camp et St Charles, en vertu d'un ordre de l'Honorable G. H. Théard, Juge de la Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, Division E, daté et signé dans l'affaire ci-dessus intitulée le 24 janvier 1896, et d'un ordre subséquent daté et signé le 3 février 1896, il sera vendu aux enchères publiques les propriétés suivantes, à savoir—

1° Un certain lot de terre, ensemble avec toutes les bâtisses et améliorations qui s'y trouvent, situé dans le Premier District de cette ville, dans l'Ilet borné par les rues St-Charles, Carondelet, Melpomène et Terpsichore; le lot est désigné par le No 5 sur un plan par Joseph Pilié, le 9 mars 1840, déposé dans le bureau de A. Mazureau, ancien notaire de cette ville. Le dit lot mesure 2e pieds 5 pouces de face à l'avenue St-Charles sur 110 pieds de profondeur, entre lignes parallèles.

Les améliorations sur le dit lot de terre consistent en un magasin et une résidence en brique à un étage, contenant 4 chambres et un vestibule et connu comme le No 1515 avenue St-Charles.

2° Un certain lot de terre ensemble avec toutes les bâtisses et améliorations qui y appartiennent, situé dans le Premier District de cette ville dans l'Ilet borné par les rues Liberté, Howard, Calliope et Clio. Le lot mesure, en mesure anglaise, 29 pieds de face sur la rue Liberté sur 112 pieds de profondeur entre lignes parallèles. Les améliorations consistent en un cottage double connu comme les numeros 1105 et 1107 rue Liberté, retiré de la rue, avant 4 chambres de chaque côté gaieté de détail, tout en double et rapportant un loyer de $27 00 par mois.

3° Un certain lot de terre avec toutes les bâtisses et améliorations qui s'y appartiennent, situé dans le Premier District de cette ville, dans l'Ilet borné par les rues Franklin, Liberté, Gravier et Perdido.

Le lot mesure 49 pieds 8 pouces de face à la rue Franklin sur 127 pieds 11 pouces de profondeur.

Les améliorations consistent en une résidence à deux étages, contenant 7 chambres et un cottage simple avec 4 chambres, rapportant un loyer de $48.00 par mois.

4° Un certain lot de terre avec toutes les améliorations qui s'y trouvent, situé dans le Premier district de cette ville, dans l'Ilet borné par les rues Franklin, Liberté, Gravier et Perdido. Le lot mesure 33 pieds de face sur la rue Franklin, par 127 pieds 10 pouces et 3 lignes de profondeur sur la ligne du côté de la rue Perdido, et 127 pieds 9 pouces et 4 lignes de profondeur sur la ligne du côté de la rue Gravier.

Les améliorations sur ledit lot de terre consistent en un cottage simple avec une bâtisse à deux étages dans le fond contenant en tout 11 chambres, connu comme le No 433 rue Franklin et rapportant un loyer de $18 par mois.

Conditions de la vente—Un tiers ou plus comptant et le reste en quatre ans, et la balance 9 ans à un et deux ans de crédit avec hypothèque et lien, portant 8 pour cent d'intérêt par an à partir de la date de la vente, garanti par hypothèque et liens du vendeur et toutes les clauses usuelles de sécurité, les acquéreurs devront assumer en plus et au delà du prix d'adjudication le paiement de toutes les taxes dues et exigibles pour l'année 1896, et les acquéreurs devront déposer 10 pour cent du prix de vente au comptant au moment de la vente. Actes de vente aux frais des acquéreurs pardevant James J. Woulfe, Esq., N. P.

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PAR REINACH & OTERI.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

## Cottage double dans le Deuxième District.

Succession de Jules P. Conrey.

No. 48,446, Cour Civile de District pour la Paroisse d'Orléans, Division B.

PAR REINACH & OTERI—Solomon REINACH, Encanteur—Bureau No 636 Place Commerciale. MERCREDI, 18 mars 1896, à midi, à la Bourse des Encanteurs, Nos 629 et 631 rue Bastrop, en vertu d'un ordre de l'Hon Fred D. King, juge de la Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, Division E, daté le 12 février 1896, rendu dans l'affaire de la succession susdite, il sera vendu aux enchères publiques, la propriété décrite ci-dessous:

Un certain lot de terre avec toutes les bâtisses et améliorations qui s'y trouvent situé dans le Deuxième District dans l'Ilet borné par les rues Conti Bienville, Broad et White, désigné comme lot No 12 de l'Ilet No 41. Le lot mesure 30 pieds de face sur la rue Conti sur 102 pieds 3 pouces et 4 lignes de profondeur entre lignes parallèles.

Termes et Conditions—Un tiers ou plus comptant et la balance s'il en reste a un et deux ans de crédit en billets de l'acquéreur ou des acquéreurs, portant 8 pour cent par an d'intérêt à partir de la date de la vente, hypothéqué en paiement et garantis par hypothèque spéciales, liens et privilèges du vendeur sur la propriété vendue. Acte de vente devant contenir les clauses usuelles de pacte de non aliendo, transfert de la surance, désistement de l'exemption, et 5 pour cent d'honoraires d'avocats, dans le cas d'un procès, l'acquéreur devant assumer les taxes de 1896 en plus du montant de son enchère et fera un moment de l'adjudication un dépôt de dix pour cent du prix de son enchère pour lier la vente.

Actes de vente aux frais de l'acquéreur, pardevant Hunter C. Leake, Esq., notaire public.

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