

A BORN GRUMBLER.

The Kentish Fruit Grower Thinks Himself a Most Unfortunate Man.

A stranger tramping in mid-June through "the garden of England," as the county of Kent is called, sees posted on boards and fences notices announcing that the growing crops of fruit will be sold by auction. He also sees the fruit—cherries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries—growing in fields and gardens, and observes the great barns bursting with thousands of bushel baskets waiting to be filled with the ripe fruit and sent to London.

"Good day to you!" said the tourist, meeting Hodge, who nods his head and mumbles: "Morn'!" "Splendid crop you have down here! I should think things must be going pretty well in these parts?"

"Yes, you're all right with your fruit—cherries and apples." "M' yes, there's a dale o' fruit this year. A sight too much to please me." "But you can't have too much of a good thing, can you?"

"Oh, I d' say. Wish I c'd git a penny a pound. But that's jist like them 'ere starve 'em, rob 'em and cheat 'em folks! Wouldn't give you so much's the parings o' their finger nails if they c'd help it!" "Then why don't you make preserves of some of your fruits?"

"Preserves! What's that, mister?" "Why, jam, you know. Besides, surely you eat some of your own fruit, don't you?" "Fruit's to sell, not to eat."

"Well, then, if you can't sell it, don't preserve it, and won't eat any of it, what do you do with it?" "Give it ter the pigs, in coorse."

A FAMOUS EXCURSION.

The Greatest Junketing Trip in the History of Our Country.

A northwestern congressman, who was on the famous excursion which Henry Villard gave to witness the driving of the golden spike of the Northern Pacific road, recalled some of its interesting features recently: "It was the greatest junketing trip in the history of the United States, bar none," said he. "Villard had planned the road, putting an enormous amount of money in it, and he decided that he could inter-ent English and German capital in the enterprise by taking the capitalists themselves out over the road. So he made up his party, including a large number of distinguished Americans—General Grant among them. I remember—and four trains of Pullman cars, each train hauled by two locomotives, started for the northwest. You never saw such entertainment as was lavished on the party. Champagne flowed like water, and no one was allowed to pay for anything—not even for a shave or a newspaper. The trip altogether must have cost at least \$400,000, for there were 400 persons in the party, and \$1,000 per head is a low estimate."

"Well, the tragic part of it was yet to come. The word of Damocles was hanging over Villard's head all the time, and he did not know it. He had invited the English and German capitalists to go out over the road. They had never seen anything except railroads between cities closely situated, and they could not appreciate transcendent lines. They could not understand how a road could pay that ran through long stretches of unsettled country, and while they were dining off Villard's wine and champagne, they were wiring back to New York and London to sell the Northern Pacific stock. The stock, which was worth 78 or thereabout when he left the east, kept dropping until it was down to 50. Villard could not account for the decline. Finally he was telegraphed to hasten to New York to bolster up his property. Hiring a special engine, he hurried east as fast as steam could carry him, leaving his guests to follow behind him, which they did, but marking every mile of the way with a drunken orgy. Champagne bottles were flung around the cars and out of the windows, and costly cigars were trampled under foot, just for the fun of crunching them."

"The sequel of that famous trip always reminded me of Napoleon's trip to and from Moscow. He went out in glory and hurried home on a sled to save his head and crown, while his army followed in a rout behind him. Villard, traveling on a special engine to save himself from ruin, was history repeating itself." —Washington Post.

Indian Children at Play.

The summer days are none too long for Indian children at their play. They mimic the occupations of their elders. Miniature tents are set up, and the mother's shawl is sometimes purloined from her back to serve as tent covering. If the boys are inclined to gallantry, they will cut tall sunflower stalks for poles, and there will be fine sport with a tent large enough to creep into; no matter if feet and legs protrude, heads are under cover and children are children all the world over in the delight of "make believe." Boys and girls sometimes join in playing "going on the hunt"; the play tents are taken down and poles and bundles tied upon the boy ponies, who are obedient or fractious, as the case may be, obstinate when fording streams and stampeding when attacked by enemies. Some boys carry their pony reputations through life. Women have laughingly pointed out to me certain elderly men who were in childhood their "very bad" or their "very good ponies." —Mrs. Alice Fletcher in Century.

Classified.

"Josiah," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "what did that man say when you asked him for your money back after he sold you the gold brick?" "He jost went plum crazy on the spot. He looked me over an then he exclaimed, 'Well, you're a bird!'" "He didn't mention what kind of bird, did he?"

"Yes. An being it was the fust time I ever heard anybody rave, his words made a deep impression on my memory. I asked him what kind of a bird he took me for, an he grinned an says, 'Well, mister, jedge by the melancholy expression in yer eye, I should take ye ter be a blue jay.'" —Washington Star.

A Visitor's Impressions.

The Altrurian traveler was writing his impressions of the United States, and especially of its cities.

"On each side of the streets in the cities," he said, "there are wide platforms, usually of stone, which are used for the display of goods in front of the shops and for the storage of building material where repairs or new constructions are under way." —Chicago Journal.

HE LOST THE TRAIN.

The True Story of Why John Duffer Jumped For His Life.

"I'm from Missouri, and they'll have to show me!" That is what John Duffer of Pike county, Mo., remarked one morning as he was being patched up in the office of Dr. Creighton at Manitou, says a Colorado Springs correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. His face and hands were badly scratched where they had come in contact with the sharp gravel, there was a bruise over one eye where his head had struck against a fragment of Pike's peak, one elbow felt "like a tarnation wildcat had clawed it," and there was a general feeling of soreness "pretty much everywhere," as he explained to the doctor, but he was alive and thankful. John had jumped from the platform of a Colorado Midland passenger train, at the entrance to the first tunnel above Manitou, while laboring under a mistake as to the destination of the train, which appeared to be plunging into the mountain side.

"You don't catch me lettin' em run me into the ground with any of their darned trains, when I've got a through ticket to Cripple Creek in my pocket," he remarked as the doctor took another stitch in his scalp and adjusted an artistic court plaster shingle on the swelling dome over his right eye.

"You see, doc," said the Missourian, "I was agoing over to Cripple Creek to see what those gold mines look like, where they shovel up the stuff into a wagon and let her go at that, and find chunks of gold in the rocks. I had my grip and a bucket of grub in the car, and just after the train left the depot I went out on the platform to look at the mountains. Down on one side was a holler, and up on t'other side was a hill that I couldn't see to the top of, and on all sides was mountains, and I couldn't see how the train was ever going to dodge them all."

"The little shelf the train was running on kept wiggling through them hills like a snake in a plow field, and then I looked ahead and saw where a hill had been split plumb down to the ground to let the railroad through, and that was all right, because I could see daylight on the other side. And then when the train went through that split in the hill it switched around kinder to one side, and then I could see the tracks ahead of the engine, and saw a big white mountain all covered with snow, sticking clear up into the clouds, and nobody knows how much farther, and the next thing I knew the engine give a screech like she was most scared to death, and I looked quick and the whole business was going plunk into a hole in the ground. And then I jumped. Came near getting killed, but I footed them that trip. You don't catch me running up against any game that I don't know nothing about, and I ain't going into anything that I don't know the way out of. Then I came down to town to get patched up, and I'm going to Cripple Creek some other way, ovon if I have to walk."

"And what became of the train?" asked the doctor, who had been feeling of Duffer's ribs to see if they were all in place. "Didn't they stop for you?"

"Stop nothing. The last I saw of the darned thing it was still going into the hole, and I didn't care whether it ever stopped or not. I wasn't on it. Say, do you reckon I could get my bucket back if they get them out?"

"It took considerable time and the testimony of several witnesses to convince Mr. Duffer that the entire train and its contents were not hopelessly buried in the interior of Pike's peak, and quite a little crowd accompanied him to the station, where Agent Dunaway telegraphed to Cascade to return one lynch pull and grip labeled John Duffer, Pike County, Mo."

And as he left the station to fill up on "free soda biling right out of the ground," Mr. Duffer explained once more: "When the train went into that hole, I thought we'd never see daylight again, and my only chance was to jump, and so I jumped. I'm from Missouri and you'll have to show me!"

An Introduction.

A clergyman who had traveled much in the south told of Dr. Dashiell's reception in a large negro church down that way. The doctor was prominent throughout the whole church, so the pastor thought he was telling the truth when he introduced the stranger as follows: "Breddern and sisters, I now hab de honnah ob introujinging to yoh de Rebbered Dr. Dashiell, who am de sounding brass and de tinkling cymbal ob de Methodist church." —Buffalo Express.

A Difference.

Gadzooks—What a perfect command of language Dr. Longwind has!

Zounds—I don't agree with you. I should say his language has a perfect command of him.

ALCESTIS.

I tell you that the gods give not—they sell. Their penalty for every golden boon, Pictorial hucksters, they demand full soon. And every souter grudging down they toll— Yes, cheat us with base metal unless well. We watch them; strain the quality of our joy. And hardest bargainer is Venus' boy. For so much heaven, so many hours of hell. Yet when I come unto that shadowy place of doom, and the gods taunt me with my pain, Shall I not answer them, though with set face And anguished eyes: "All depths of bliss I proved. Cast from my heaven, its memory yet remains. Yes, for I loved, and I have been beloved."

"Therefore of Lethe's flood I will not drink. O cruel gods, though it should quench for aye This torment of fierce thirst! I thrust away The brimming beaker. Backward from the brink Of the dark food wherein no star may blink I pass with hurrying feet. I will not stay Mine only joy! Let memory with me stay! And from your keenest torture I'll not shrink. Not like you inky waters is my soul. The star of love is mirrored in my breast. I dare your fury on me spend the whole. From your keenest torture I'll not shrink. My heart burns through my bosom like a coal. I think on love, ye gods, and I am blessed!" —Alice Williams Brotherton in Century.

After Latin and Greek, What?

Latin and Greek are not to be allowed to "tyrannize" longer in education. Gradually they will be neglected in some schools, never in all. What will do that which they have done hitherto? There is a training in the study of Latin and Greek that one gets nowhere else at present. It is not necessary to say that it is more important training, but it is as important as any. The brevity of expression, the different arrangement, the steady test of judgment in the selection of English equivalents, the whole exercise of reading the thoughts of a master in a heroic language, of thinking the sentiments, arguments and descriptions of the world's leaders in classic phrase, of translating so far as possible into smooth English the thoughts of intellectual giants, are a training in logic and an introduction to philosophy which up to the present time has not been accomplished by any other branch of instruction.

Now that Latin and Greek are sure to be neglected in many schools, it is time to ask what can take their place as a necessary discipline in the directions in which they have such possibilities. It is easier to ask the question than to answer it. It is asked. No attempt is now made to answer it. That is left for another occasion. —Journal of Education.

All the Same.

The Pall Mall Magazine gives a little illustration of the uncertainty by which we keep our hold on the future. We may faithfully perform "The actions of the just," and yet, in some minds at least, they will not "smell sweet and blossom."

A young doctor who had begun practicing in his native county was one day called in to visit an old man.

"Oh, you be Maister N., be you?" said the patient.

"Yes, I am."

"Well, to be sure, now! I remember traipsing to Bodmin to see your gran'fa'r hanged."

"Did you, though?"

"Yes, I did. I remember it as well as if 'twas only yesterday."

"Well," said the doctor, "you are partly right, but only partly. It was my grandfater who was murdered, and two young fellows named L. who suffered for it."

"Aye, that's jist what I said," remarked the old man.

Time to Leave.

I called on a prominent hardware merchant some months ago. He seemed to be very glad to see me, and after a time the conversation drifted around to bores. "They don't stay long with me," said the merchant.

"How do you get rid of them?" I asked.

"I jist touch a bell button with my foot," said he, "and there is a sudden call for me and I slip out and stay out."

Just then a redheaded boy thrust in his head and said, "Mr. Blank, they want to see you in the back office right off."

I left. —Hardware.

Some quaint and curious toys, 1,500 years old, were recently found in a child's grave in course of some excavations in an old Roman cemetery made in Rheinhessen, Germany. Most of them were made of glass.

Schoolma'ams are getting the upper hand in Great Britain. While 20 years ago there were 11,816 male teachers to 14,901 female, last year the numbers were 26,270 men and 66,310 women.

EPICURUS.

He Lived Chiefly on Bread and Water and Was a Philanthropist.

The Quarterly Reviewer, who contributes an essay on Epicurus and his sayings, reminds us once more how easily the label of a sect or of a school may come to mean exactly the opposite of that which it originally conveyed. It is a melancholy reflection that Christian may often appear to Christ as utterly opposed to his ideas as the idea conveyed in the word "epicure" must appear to Epicurus. Epicurus, according to The Quarterly, was the last man in the whole world to be described as an epicure.

So far from being a disciple of gluttony and indulgence, he practiced a severe asceticism and lived chiefly on bread and water.

"The disciples of Epicurus followed closely in their master's footsteps. They lived, as Diogenes tells us, upon the plainest food and were contented with half a pint of wine daily, but, as a rule, their drink was water. Their temperance was noted and often ridiculed."

So far from sacrificing everything to the selfish pleasures of the plate, "Epicurus appears to have been a man of boundless sympathy and practical benevolence. There are plenty of witnesses of his unsurpassable kindness to everybody," says Diogenes Laertius, who also speaks of his gratitude to his parents, his beneficence to his brothers, his gentleness to his slaves, as is evident both from his will and from the fact that they took part in his studies of philosophy, and his universal kindness to all men. His three brothers cherished toward him the utmost reverence and were among his most enthusiastic disciples. "In respect of his kindness and self denial, the life of Epicurus, when compared with the lives of other men, might pass for a fairy tale. His notion of pleasure is the reverse of 'sensual' in the ordinary meaning of that word."

Epicurus, however, undoubtedly endeavored to emancipate mankind from the belief in the gods. His mother is said to have been a sorceress or priestess of some oriental rite, and the notion is that the force of the recoil from what he saw in his boyhood carried him into a passionate crusade against superstition. Care and fear seemed to him to be the great curses of existence and to emancipate mankind from their yoke, and especially to break the power of superstition, he propounded two doctrines by which he believed he would break forever the fetters in which the human soul had been chained.

First.—The blessed and incorruptible nature neither has trouble of its own nor causes trouble to others, so that it feels neither anger nor favor, for all such emotions belong to that which is weak.

Second.—Death is nothing to us, for that which is dissolved has no consciousness and that which has no consciousness is nothing to us. Yet, notwithstanding this antagonism to religion, he seems to have anticipated in some respects more of the essential features of the Christian religion. The Reviewer says: "Other philosophers addressed themselves especially to the well to do and the cultivated, but Epicurus takes as much thought for the poor, the untaught, the suffering, as for the fortunate. Indeed he seems to have the former most in view. Of his slaves he made fellow students and friends. It is not too much to say that he regarded all men and women as his fellows whom he would gladly help. We do not wonder that no head of any school of philosophy in Athens was so loved as Epicurus." —Collier's Weekly.

A Dog Story.

Two senators were telling tall stories about their dogs. Outlying each other, the dog tales grew longer and longer. At last a southern member of the house broke in: "You think those things are marvelous, do you? I can tell you something about a pointer that beats them all to pieces. Several of us fellows were out gunning. Suddenly, in the midst of a lonely country road, my pointer stood stock still. There was no evidence of game. There was no one on the road but an old country farmer standing stock still, too, gazing at us. A moment later we found that the farmer's name was Partridge."

Sure to Succeed.

Original men are not contented to be governed by tradition. They think for themselves, and the result often is that they succeed where others fail.

A certain Paris photographer never says to a lady customer, "Now look pleasant, madam, if you please." He knows a formula infinitely better than that.

In the most natural manner in the world he remarks, "It is unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise." Then click goes the camera, and the result is never in doubt.

THE MAD KILLER.

Malay Methods of Suicide Are Picturesque, if Somewhat Troublesome.

It was a thick air that hung about the spice stalls. The smell of cloves and sandalwood breathed over Batavia like a sweetened cloud, and the searching, pungent reek of brewed pepper that hung round the inner shops was almost painful. Moreover, the Javanese is the craftiest fisher round the rim of the seas, and glorious are the hauls he brings ashore from the bays and rivers that slice Java to north and south. But he does not approve of fresh fish, preferring to smoke his prey in green wood smoke. His crowning delight is the fermenting of a seething mass of fish fry and prawns in the sun, stewed by natural heat to a noisome mess that gladdens the heart of Malays.

Away beyond the low houses I could see the long ridge of mountains that is the ragged backbone of Java. Some of them are volcanoes, extinct long eons since. Here and there in the swarming crowds of the town I found a man from the hills—stark, wiry and of more muscular limbs than the dreamy lollers that love the plain. There was the gleam of the higher air on his skin and his hair was short and crisp. On his shoulders he carried sable leopard skins and in his eyes an open scorn for the feeble men around. This is the way of all mountain men, even nearer home than Java.

By and by, in the hush of the glaring noon, there sounded an angry scream up the street, three seconds later a yell of pain and the sobbing cry of a man cut deep through the lungs. It touched off the whole teeming populace like a match in a powder barrel; there was a frenzied rush of swarthy loafers for safety, and a shrieking chorus of "Amok, amok!" the street cry of the far east which means many deaths in a short period. Out of a byway a lithe Malay tore blindly down the road, driving his knife into the stomach of a water carrier as he passed. The carrier fell on his face with a thick cough, and the frantic man spun forward, with starting, bloodshot eyeballs, foaming at the mouth like a rabid dog, a narrow, dripping kris in his right hand. He dashed furiously among the deserted stalls, and on through the town, till a big Lascar, fresh from his ship and hungry for a fight, sank his knife under the madman's ribs with the slipping up stroke which is the legacy of all Lascars throughout the earth.

These ten minute dramas occur 20 or 30 times a year in Batavia and in most cities of the remotest east. The pleasant Malay prefers this method of suicide to any other, and after losing his wealth at a gambling den in the east city slums, or his betrothed through fever, he decides on an amok. It is far less cold blooded than common self murder, and the hot, rabid frenzy appeals to the red blood of the ruined Malay. He buries his kris in the body of the nearest man and keeps the line of a maddened jackal through the town, killing to right and left, till a reader knife ends him. I have known 11 victims to succumb to one amok, and at times a powerful hillman will cut down a score of bystanders before he meets the point. In all countries of the farthest east you will find that ruin breeds this fever for the running kill. —London Answers.

Desperate Gamblers.

Apreros of gambling at Cairo, Pat Sheedy, the famous gambler, declares that "the Russians are the most desperate gamblers that come to Cairo, the Greeks the shrewdest. The Russians bet the biggest money, although some of the wealthy Turks are as daring. The American is a good gambler, but his game is like marbles against billiards as compared with the gambling of Europe. I saw old Castellane, the father of Count Castellane, who married Anna Gould, play baccarat until he had a roll of money amounting to \$49,000. This money he put in his trousers pocket and started to go out."

"He had just reached the door when three men who knew him came in. They were broke, but anxious to play. I saw Castellane hand them \$2,500 apiece, and then start to deal the cards for them himself. The old gentleman actually put the balance of his money against that which he had loaned his friends. They were three to one. Castellane broke one of the three, but the other two broke him, and after passing back \$5,000 to him, they went out richer together by some \$4,000. Where in all of this country would you find a man in whose veins the gambling blood flowed as swiftly as that?"

Toothache In Switzerland.

Toothache will no longer be accepted by the Geneva postoffice as an excuse for absence of employees. The canton superintendent has issued a circular directing them to have their teeth extracted rather than have the service suffer.

Bureaux de la Nouvelle-Orleans. — Bureau de la Nouvelle-Orleans, 29 juillet 1897. — Conformément à la section I. de nos règlements, une réunion générale des actionnaires de cette compagnie aura lieu le mardi 29 courant à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de cette compagnie. Le secrétaire, H. LAPOSTOLLE, secrétaire. 20 juillet — 107.

JULES ANDRIEU, Successeur de ROCHEREAU & ANDRIEU AGENT D'AFFAIRES, 912 rue Gravier.

Chemin de fer Louisville et Nashville. Le temps le plus rapide fait entre la Nouvelle-Orleans et les stations situées sur le service quotidien limité du chemin de fer Louisville et Nashville. — Louisville, Tenn. — 1011—dis.

VENTES A L'ENCAIN.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

MARDI, 17 AOUT.

Un joli cottage élevé

No 810 RUE LOUISA,

Troisième District.

PAR LOUIS A. RICHARDS & Co. — Louis A. Richards, Encanoteur.—Bureau No. 629 rue Commerce—MARDI, 17 août 1897. — Conformément à la section I. de nos règlements, une réunion générale des actionnaires de cette compagnie aura lieu le mardi 17 courant à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de cette compagnie. Le secrétaire, H. LAPOSTOLLE, secrétaire. 17 août — 107.

Un certain lot de terre et situé dans le Troisième District de cette ville dans l'Etat de Louisiane, mesurant au pied américain, 40' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne, et d'une profondeur de 55' 0", est divisé en deux lots, dont l'un mesure 25' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne et d'une profondeur de 55' 0", et l'autre mesure 25' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne et d'une profondeur de 55' 0". Les deux lots sont situés sur la parcelle de terre appartenant à M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, et sont destinés à être vendus séparément ou ensemble, au plus offrant et dernier enchérisseur, le mardi 17 août 1897, à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de la vente de terres de M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, situés au No. 629 rue Commerce.

Les enchères consistent en un élégant cottage en bois, situé dans le Troisième District de cette ville, dans l'Etat de Louisiane, mesurant au pied américain, 40' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne, et d'une profondeur de 55' 0". Le cottage est divisé en deux lots, dont l'un mesure 25' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne et d'une profondeur de 55' 0", et l'autre mesure 25' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne et d'une profondeur de 55' 0". Les deux lots sont situés sur la parcelle de terre appartenant à M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, et sont destinés à être vendus séparément ou ensemble, au plus offrant et dernier enchérisseur, le mardi 17 août 1897, à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de la vente de terres de M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, situés au No. 629 rue Commerce.

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PAR W. H. FITZPATRICK.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Succession de Richard L. Robertson, Senior.

No 28,448.—Cout. Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans.—Division D.

PAR W. H. FITZPATRICK, Encanoteur.—Bureau No. 336 rue (aroudeuse)—MARDI, 17 août 1897, à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de la vente de terres de M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, situés au No. 629 rue Commerce. Les enchères doivent être déposées au plus tard, le mardi 17 août 1897, à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de la vente de terres de M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, situés au No. 629 rue Commerce.

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Les enchères consistent en un élégant cottage en bois, situé dans le Troisième District de cette ville, dans l'Etat de Louisiane, mesurant au pied américain, 40' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne, et d'une profondeur de 55' 0". Le cottage est divisé en deux lots, dont l'un mesure 25' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne et d'une profondeur de 55' 0", et l'autre mesure 25' 0" de front sur la rue Duquesne et d'une profondeur de 55' 0". Les deux lots sont situés sur la parcelle de terre appartenant à M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, et sont destinés à être vendus séparément ou ensemble, au plus offrant et dernier enchérisseur, le mardi 17 août 1897, à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de la vente de terres de M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, situés au No. 629 rue Commerce.

Conditions.—En tiers ou plus comptant et le reste de prix s'il y en a, au plus, au et deux ans de la date de la vente. Les enchères doivent être déposées au plus tard, le mardi 17 août 1897, à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de la vente de terres de M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, situés au No. 629 rue Commerce. Les enchères doivent être déposées au plus tard, le mardi 17 août 1897, à 2 heures P. M. précises, aux bureaux de la vente de terres de M. J. B. LAPOSTOLLE, situés au No. 629 rue Commerce.

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