

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1878.

THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

AN ELECTRIC CANDLE THAT WILL BANISH GAS METERS.

Public Buildings, Rooms and Squares in Paris so Brilliantly Lighted with the New Invention that Even Sunshine is Rivalled.

Boston Transcript.

Paris, June 3.—That a good and steady light can be obtained from an electric current has long been known. As a lecture experiment it is familiar to the studios public, and in some engineering work it has been practically applied as a means of illuminating large places where a number of men must be employed in the night. This has been the sum of its value for a long time. The cost of the batteries and the difficulty and danger attending their use, and the difficulty of controlling the light, placed it beyond the reach of any save richly endowed colleges, and as a general public regarded it merely as a curiosity, a wonderful and shining light that scientific men obtained at times by means more mysterious than the strange, white light itself. Of course, the public asked if it could be made available in daily life; but the answer was that it was too costly to be of any practical value for streets, shops or ships.

The gradual invention of a number of dynamo electric machines whereby a current of electricity could be obtained from power (in other words the discovery of a means of turning power into electricity) put the light in a new position. It was found that the dynamo electric machine gave a comparatively cheap supply of electricity and dispensed with the trouble and inconvenience of batteries. Now all that was needed was power, and that the steam engine or any other form of motor could supply.

If this had been all, the electric light would have been at once placed on a commercial basis. It was easy to obtain a current, but it might flow forever through a wire, and to all appearance the wire would be cold and dull. There must be some means of arresting the stream, some means of damming it up, so that when it finally surmounted the obstruction, it would glow at a white heat by the effort to overcome the obstacle. It was found that sticks or pencils of gas carbon were excellent conductors of electricity, and that, if a pencil was broken, and then pulled a few centimetres apart, the electricity would leap through the air over this gap. The effort required to pass this obstruction developed heat and light, precisely as the dam develops power in the stream, and makes it available in the waterfall.

The engine having been harnessed to the dynamo electric machine, the current sprang up, and following the pencil, leaped over the gap in a magnificent arch in a blinding, overpowering glare that rivalled the face of the sun. The electric light was now on a commercial basis. It could be used for lighting houses and streets. Nothing is at first wholly successful and reasonably cheap at the same time.

The lamp in which the silent current burned with such brilliancy was not reliable. The two pencils were consumed, as they burned away they fell apart, the gap was too wide; the current could not pass, and remained dormant behind the insurmountable dam, until the pencils together and it flashed up again. Ingenious clock work was then devised whereby the two carbons could be adjusted to each other as they burned away. One pencil, it was found, burned twice as fast as the other, and this caused still further trouble: the force of the current sometimes varied, and added to the complicated clockwork must be a regulating apparatus controlled, by means of an electro magnet, by the current itself. In time the dynamo electric machines became still more improved, but this complicated and costly lamp was still a bar to the popular use of the light. An electric lighting plant cost too much, and that seemed to be the end of the whole matter.

Then appeared the electric candle, that at once placed electric lighting on a new basis. The clockwork and regulating apparatus, were replaced by two sticks of gas carbon bedded in kaolin, like a candle with two wicks. The current passed up one pencil to the top, leaped across, in its luminous arch to the other, and thence downward on its circuit. The kaolin insulated the two pencils everywhere except at the top, and as they burned away the kaolin was also consumed, and thus the lamp was literally an electric candle.

The stranger in Paris naturally desires to see the Opera House, and if he visits the grand square in front of the building he must observe in the roadway groups of gas lamps. At the top of each group is one lamp larger than the others, and apparently made of porcelain or the opaque white glass used for lamp shades. More careful inspection shows a number of large wires twisted neatly around the lamp post, all enclosing this strange white lantern. Before the Opera House are six of these lamps, and from one of the balconies extend heavy telegraph cables to each of the lamp posts. Further down the avenue are tall posts scattered about one hundred and thirty feet apart along the way among the gas lamps. Let the visitor wait until about 8 o'clock, and suddenly, without warning, these strange white lamps glow with strange fires. The dusky street flashes into sudden glare, white, intense and beautiful. The gas lamps in the shops burn in sickly yellow. Every sign on passing omnibus, or on the buildings, every detail in the architecture of the houses, every feature of the place stands out in startling colors. The flowers are real, and the trees of lively green; every dress and hat stands out clear and sharp in its true colors, as by daylight. The electric light is as cruel as the sun, and her shame would be lived in the brightness. Fresh English girls, with roses and cherries won in healthful walks, stand in glad surprise under the strange white lamps, for it is sunlight, and their charms can survive the actinic test with honor. People sit in the restaurants and read their papers. It is like daylight, and it is not necessary to go to the lamp to see the print.

Should the visitor walk on toward the Hotel de Louvre, he would see one of the squares enclosed, in the Paris fashion, in the interior of a large building, brilliantly

lighted by electric candles within porcelain globes. At the Orangerie, facing the Place de la Concorde, nearly fifty electric lanterns shine among the trees, and light up the concert hall and restaurant. Standing in the place the lamps shine like great moons, round and clear white. The concert garden sign is visible precisely as by daylight, and all the trees stand out clear and green against the darkness. The trees to the left, beyond the gate, make simply black masses, and the gas lamps among them look like small yellow stars. Within the garden the effect is most singular. The trees and flowers are plainly visible in every detail of leaf, petal, and twig. The very stones of the gravel and mark on the statues, are visible as by day. Within the concert hall the effect is quite peculiar. The room is about 100 by 50, and quite lofty, and yet four candles placed on posts about ten feet high are sufficient to make the room lighter than it is by day. That is, there is more light than comes in by the windows in the daytime. Six lights are used, two extra lamps being placed in the orchestra; but in the adjoining hall a general of the same size, four are sufficient for all practical purposes. The orchestra fills the stage, and a large audience occupies the floor. People are reading the finely printed programmes with ease, even at a distance of fifty feet from a lamp, and the band read their music with security. The wide doors are open, and more electric candles under the trees, where a large portion of the audience is seated at the little coffee tables, make it almost equally light there. Here, again, the actinic effect of the light is remarkable. The ladies' dresses appear in their real colors, the blues and greens holding their true shades as by day. There are no gas lamps, and the only light is from the white globes that shine so silently. It is not at all unpleasant to watch the lights, for, though bright, they are not painfully intense. They burn with remarkable steadiness, the only changes being an occasional lessening of the brilliancy and a strange alteration in the color, the globes sometimes assuming pale shades of blue and red. This may be in part an optical illusion, resulting from fatigue in the eye, but it is certain that unless the lamp is steadily watched, there seems to be absolutely no change in the quantity or color of the light in the room. Once, while looking at the lights, four of them went out, leaving only two in the room. This was still sufficient to enable any one to read in any part of the hall, and a workman at once came in, and, opening a wooden box at the base of each lamp post, corrected the difficulty, and the lights sprang up again in mysterious silence.

On following the wires, hung from lamp to lamp among the trees in the garden, we can trace the light to its source—three steam engines behind the building. These are small portable engines, each turning one or more electric machines by means of belts. The machines are turning silently and swiftly, but there is neither light nor heat. The light only appears at the breaks in the circuits where the candles are placed. This is the sum of this matter: steam power turned into electricity, or, in other words, drawing electricity from the exhaustless supplies stored in the planet itself. This is the light of the future, the solution of the great question of lighting cities—the transformation of power into light. Go out into the Place de la Concorde and look up the grand avenue to the Arc de Triomphe. The great arch is as plainly visible as by day. The gas lamps shine like stars along the way, but the electric lamps before the arch outshine them all and make it plainly visible, though it is more than a mile away.

To enumerate all the places where the electric light is regularly used would be tiresome. More than forty shops, warehouses, yards, and railway stations are now lighted by the electric candles, and within a few months it is intended to light all the main boulevards and streets in the same manner. In the streets already lighted it is not the custom to give up the gas entirely. The electric lamps are lighted at dark and extinguished at midnight, the gas being then lighted to take their place. The traffic is over, and the gas is sufficient for the watchmen and late revellers.

Regarding the cost of electric lighting, the various makers here seem to differ greatly, but it may be safely stated at about one-seventh of the cost of gas per candle power per hour. This much is certain: it is being rapidly introduced into the streets of Paris, and for a part of the night at least it will replace gas.

In regard to the use of electric light in dwellings and small halls this much may be said: The electric candle, as now made, is too powerful except for grand halls, in way stations, and wide streets. That it will be modified, or that a low-power lamp will be invented, is reasonably certain, for the best inventors of two continents are at work on the problem.

A DOUBLE CITY IN TWO STATES.—Bristol is, perhaps, the only city in the world that has two Mayors and two city governments, police, etc., and taxed in two States. The line between Tennessee and Virginia is in the centre of the city, and it gives rise to many funny incidents. For instance, the runaway couple needs no coach-and-four, but arm in arm, step across Main street and are wedded. The fugitive commits a crime in Virginia, goes to the pavement on the other side of the street, and talks defiantly to the officer on the opposite side, who has a warrant for his arrest. A mistake or a too bold disposition will sometimes, however, bring him to grief. Several instances have occurred of a fugitive being hustled across the line by a party prepared, while in the act of holding such a conversation, and they tell of a man who defiantly perched himself on a pile of store boxes within six feet of the line, jerking the officers on the other side, and giving rise to many funny incidents. More law-abiding citizens tilted the boxes and when he reached the ground he was in the other State.

The longest stage line in the world has just been opened. It extends from Fort Worth, Texas, the present terminus of the Texas and Pacific railway, due west to Yuma, Arizona, the present terminus of the Southern Pacific, a distance of 1,500 miles. If the traveler over this weary way averages seventy miles a day, which he will hardly accomplish if he stops for rest at night, it will require over three weeks to make the journey that will ere long be easily accomplished by rail in three days. It will be interesting to note the gradual shortening of this stage line as the locomotives push forward toward each other from either end.

For particulars regarding Electric Belts, address "Pulvermacher Galvanic Company," Cincinnati, Ohio.

STRUCK BY A SWORDFISH.

The lookout of the Bounding Billow, a Gloucester mackerel schooner, lying to about twenty miles off the Lightship early on Sunday morning, sighted two black objects, seemingly drifting logs close upon the weather bow. These objects drifted nearer and then the lookout saw that they were monster swordfish, far out of their latitude. They were basking, motionless, in the sun. A boat was lowered and was soon within a few lengths of the swordfish. The harpooner buried his harpoon with unerring aim at the smaller swordfish. The keen steel sank deep into its body. With one slap of its tail, which is much like a three-bladed propeller, the swordfish darted away, leaving a wake of foam. The harpooner's line whizzed out from the boat until thirty-five fathoms had gone. Then there was a sudden stop. Some of the crew began to congratulate themselves on the death of the swordfish, but the harpooner cried out: "Look out, he's coming!"

The swordfish darted toward the bow of the boat direct. The crew backed water, but unavailingly. The sword of the fish pierced the thick oaken planking of the boat as though it was tissue paper, and the boat careened until water poured in. The harpooner escaped by jumping backward. With a hatchet he chopped off the part of the sword protruding through the side and then he backed the fish until it died.

This funny, strangely enough, had not disturbed the other swordfish. The harpooner sent a harpoon well home just behind its head, and after darting about and churning the water into a great expanse of foam it died.

The swordfish were sold to John B. Lynch of New York. According to his measurement, the larger swordfish measured from the tip of the sword to the extremity of the tail nearly seventeen feet, the sword constituting one-fourth of this length. Its weight was 355 pounds. The smaller swordfish was only a few inches shorter and a few pounds lighter.

An employee of Mr. Lynch said that the presence of the swordfish near the entrance to New York bay is probably an indication that whales are not far away, for the swordfish is the natural foe of the whale, and is probably the only fish that the whale dreads. In a duel between a whale and a swordfish, the result is almost always a foregone conclusion in favor of the latter.

THE SCOTTISH GIANT.

DEATH OF THE HEAVIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

William Campbell, landlord of the Duke of Wellington public house, Higbridge, Newcastle, England, and widely known as the Scottish giant, died at that establishment on May 26. The deceased was a little more than 22 years of age, having been born in Glasgow on the 2nd of April, 1856. He came to Newcastle only in November last, and his extraordinary dimensions, which soon found publicity, attracted crowds of visitors to the levees which he regularly held in his newly acquired house. Campbell was one of a family of seven children, none of whom besides himself are of more than ordinary proportions. His father, who for many years was manager of Tennant's Chemical Works, in the city of his birth, was of average weight, although he stood 6 feet 2 inches high, while his mother was rather under the usual weight of women. From his birth William Campbell showed a remarkable disposition toward stoutness. At nine months old, according to his own statement published in the form of an autobiographical pamphlet, he weighed 50 pounds, which at ten years of age had increased to 252 pounds, and his bodily size continued to develop until immediately before his indisposition he had attained the following marvelous measurement: 96 inches round the shoulders, 70 inches round the chest, 47 inches round the thigh, and 35 inches round the calf of the leg. He weighed 728 pounds, and stood in his stockings 6 feet 3 1/2 inches high; none of these startling dimensions having been appreciably diminished during the illness which was ended in his death. Campbell was brought up as a printer, but was compelled to give up that occupation, to which he had become much attached. He boasted of being the largest subject in her majesty's realms, and some conception of his claim to this title may be gathered from the fact that it required more cloth for his one suit of clothes than it took for three ordinary men. His powers of locomotion, when well, were considerable, taking into account his huge bulk. His appetite was not more than an average one; and although not an abstainer, he was moderate in his use of alcoholic drink. He was married, but has left no issue. For a giant he lived in somewhat circumscribed quarters, and at first it was thought it would be necessary to remove the roof to get in his coffin. Finally a window was enlarged and that difficulty was solved. How to get it and the dead giant out was the next problem. The two weighed a ton. At last a derrick was procured and they were hoisted out. From all this it plainly appears that the being a giant has its drawbacks.

THE BEARDS OF US.

Mr. Thomas McBurye, of New York, is persuaded that the beard which he has carefully nurtured for these fourteen years, is the most beautiful appendage of the sort which is worn by any of his fellow citizens. When spread out like a peacock's tail it is about four feet broad, and when the sun shines on it it is a glory of the eye. His friend, Mr. Charles Blake, of Jersey city, has also a famous beard fifty-two inches long and as soft and silky as a maiden's tresses. It is naturally both men pride themselves upon their superiority to the common herd, and laugh at the story that any full-grown person now living has a beard upon which he can stand. They have no warrant for their haughtiness, since what nature once has done she may do again, and history tells us that George Killingworth, who was one of Queen Mary's agents at Moscow in the year 1555, was a splendid in a beard five feet and two inches long, which caused even Ivan the Terrible to smile. German annals also tell of one Johan Mayo, surnamed the Bearded, the hair of whose face was so long that it would have tripped him up when he walked had he not taken the precaution to tuck it into his girdle. Apparently the old Assyrians were so greatly gifted in this way—unlike the Egyptians, who were a close shaving people—that

their kings were forced to "do up" their beards in curl-papers over night and wear them in ringlets next day. As men have been bearded from time immemorial it is highly probable that enthusiasts have existed in all ages who have sedulously cultivated this beauty, if so it is to be called, until some of them could not only stand on it but use it as a garment and even as a door-mat, if so they felt inclined. But as it is a fine thing to be the greatest man in a community in any respect, Messrs. McBurye and Blake are fully entitled to wear their hairy honors thick upon them and rejoice therein and be glad in their respective cities.

"SELLS"

It would puzzle a philosopher to give an exact definition of the word "sell." Nearly related to the hoax, it differs from it in being more innocent in its reception and less mischievous in its consequences. Some little ingenuity is required to concoct a happy "sell," but any one may perpetrate a hoax who is equal to "lending a lie the confidence of truth." The latter is a deliberately planned deception, oftenest attaining its end by persuasion, or flattery, or something closely akin to it; whereas a sell needs no such playing with edged tools, and may not only be unpremeditated, but even unintentional.

The Irishman who undertook to show an exciseman private still, and introduced him to his brother, who had been twelve years in the army and was a private still, sold the guardian of the revenue very neatly; although it is possible the victim of the joke did not see the fun of the thing, any more than the official of the North London Railway Company did, when, overbearing a third-class passenger aware that any one could travel from Broad street to Dalston Junction without a ticket, as he had done only the day before, he interviewed him when he alighted. The traveler not proving communicative, the zealous railway servant conveyed a coin into his hand, and then asked, "How did you go from Broad street to Dalston Junction yesterday without a ticket?" "Oh," was the unwelcome reply, "I walked!"

As readily trapped was the amateur musician who responded to the advertisement, "Wanted, a trombone player for Barnum's Balcony Band," by waiting upon the famous showman without delay. "You want a trombone player?" inquired he.

"Yes," said Mr. Barnum.

"What is the place worth?" asked the applicant.

"Oh, about twenty-five dollars a week, I suppose."

"Very well, I should like it." "All right," said Mr. Barnum: and the trombone did frightful execution through the week. Saturday came, and with it Mr. Green for his salary instead of drawing which he received a paper on which was written: "Mr. Green to Mr. P. T. Barnum. To playing the trombone on his balcony one week, twenty five dollars." The recipient smiled.

"It's all right, isn't it?" asked Mr. Barnum.

"Why," said the musician, "you've made an odd mistake; you've made me the debtor instead of you."

"No mistake at all," said Barnum. "You see this is how it is. There are a great many men in this city fond of practicing on wind instruments; but they can not do so at home because of their neighbors' objections; so I find them in my room on my balcony during so many hours a day, where the street is so noisy that it does no harm; and they keep me so much a week for my trouble in keeping the organization complete. You don't think me such a fool as to pay such a wretched lot of players, surely? However, as you seem to have seen honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week, but hereafter I can make no reduction." There was a vacancy in the balcony band the following Monday.

A Swiss locksmith has perfected, after many years of labor, a target which does away with markers altogether, and even with the necessity for the rifeman's watching his target after he has pulled the trigger. The face of the target is divided into a number of concentric rings, each of which is further divided by two lines drawn right across the faces and crossing each other at right angles to the centre. In each of the subdivisions of the duplicate target at the firing station a small hole is pierced. When a bullet strikes the other target, connected with its double by electricity, a number is shown—something on the principle of the hotel annunciator, we presume—in the hole in the corresponding division of the target near the shooter. If it strikes on the line between two subdivisions the fact is indicated by the appearance of both numbers. The process is instantaneous, and during an eight days' trial the apparatus has worked perfectly.

SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS EASY.—An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions without ever betraying the least impatience. A friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he thought impossible to imitate, one day asked the Prelate if he would communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man. "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to go to God. I then look down upon the earth, and all to my mind how small a place I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and see what multitudes there are who in all respects are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason we have to repine or complain."

Temperance songs in praise of water as an inspiring beverage do not find favor with the *Sunday School Times*, which says that Sparkling and bright in its liquid light, Is the water in our glasses.

is frequently sung with a decidedly forced enthusiasm, and adds: "It is demonstrated, after protracted experiment, that water, taken straight, contains only the most trifling percentage of those exhilarating properties which pertain to some other beverages. It falls, somehow, to produce what is described by the most physiological of our poets as 'the warm, champagney, old particular, brandy punchy feeling.' Connoisseurs complain that it lacks body and flavor; that they miss in it certain taog or bouquet they admire in the other liquors."

You may chew, you may swallow the clove if you will. But the scent of your breath is the scent of the still.

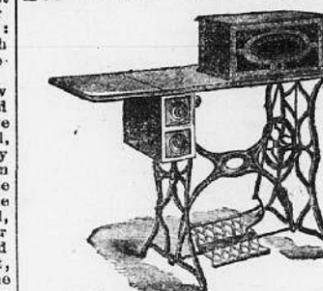
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INSURANCE.

TWELFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE Factors' and Traders' Insurance Co. No. 37 Carondelet Street.

NEW ORLEANS, May 31, 1878.

The Trustees, in conformity with the charter of the Company, publish the following statement of its affairs for the fiscal year ending April 30th, 1878, to wit:

Premiums for the year—

On fire risks.....\$319,704 33

River risks.....214,983 64

Marine risks.....45,789 70—\$580,477 67

Less—

Underwritten premiums April 30, 1878.....85,533 60

Return premiums.....9,129 65—94,703 25

Net earned premiums.....\$485,814 01

Losses paid—

On fire risks.....\$55,458 14

River risks.....139,641 26

Marine risks.....16,550 00—\$315,699 53

Rebates.....32,371 99

State and city taxes.....14,017 28

W. O. Board of Underwriters.....9,551 93

Gross general expenses.....41,575 80

Profit and loss.....24,091 56—359,513 40

Balance.....\$118,504 02

Add interest and discount and savings received.....69,680 96

\$188,184 98

Defect first semi-annual interest on capital stock, 5 per cent paid, and second, 5 per cent now due.....100,000 00

Net profit.....\$188,184 98

Reserve.....32,536 55

Balance to be divided on net premiums.....\$155,707 93

The Company have the following assets, to wit:

Cash on hand.....\$640,921 30

Accounts in course of collection.....97,191 50

Bills receivable on pledge.....628,131 17

Unpaid rates for premiums.....39,800 16

Bank and other stocks.....208,100 16

City and State bonds.....19,025 00

Bonds of Masonic Grand Lodge.....8,000 00

Bonds of Old-Fellows' Hall Association.....5,000 00

Bonds of Association for relief of Jewish Widows and Orphans.....9,500 00

Real estate.....\$1,408 11

Total.....\$2,985,316 14

The foregoing is a true and correct transcript from the books of the Company.

ED. A. PAL