

WHEN PARLIN DRAWS THE BOW.

When Parlin rears up his bow... An' the horsehair whips an' squeals...

A DRAMA OF THE SEA.

Deeply touched and still quivering with emotion, I write these lines.

Many and full of terrors are the sea tragedies enacted on this island, that is nevertheless rightly named the "beautiful."

Its lovable and courteous inhabitants are divided into two distinct classes—farmers and fishermen.

The former plant wheat, corn, oats and potatoes.

The latter catch the sweet-fleshed tunny fish, sardines and lobsters.

Neither farmers nor fishermen ever become rich, and meat is almost unknown in their homes.

The people are, therefore, far from strong, the women especially being tender and delicate, with straight noses, slender, graceful necks and a slow, aristocratic carriage.

The men are of medium height and well built, but lack the vigor characteristic of the peasants of Normandy.

The islanders are proud and never beg. A careful observer cannot fail to notice that among the many wrinkles which give character to their faces those written by laughter are wanting.

Both men and women have a serious and melancholy air, and their forebears seem burdened with sad memories or a certain restlessness. They meet each other as father, a brother, or a son on the main water that lies out there—out there—enriching the island wherever as far as the eye can reach.

Here these people have lived for centuries surrounded by a moving, agitated cemetery that smiles so alluringly and at the same time so savagely.

Occasionally the laughter of a child in one of the huts bellies out toward its mother working in the fields. Her face lightens up for a moment, but she dare not seem happy, for as she turns there lies the sea, and its waves sob as they roll at her feet.

Yesterday there stood near me a dainty little girl of 13. She staid her long as possible her beauty, who was walking down the street leading to the harbor of Bordery. Seemingly as a matron she called after him: "Be careful of yourself and do not take cold. An' so, Good-bye!"

The boy disappeared, and his sister returned to arrange her little household for the home coming of both her brothers, as the three were orphans to whom the state paid a small pension.

The girl was dressed in mourning. Father and Mother Gouennantin, having died two years before—he in the hospital after 13 days of cruel suffering caused by the poisonous stings of a fish, she a few days later from consumption and grief.

Yes, there they lived, the three orphans. The elder brother, aged 18, had arisen at daybreak to be ready for his share of sardines, and the other, a lad of 15, was just to depart with his cousin Pierre-Marie to catch lobsters.

The three companions, Pierre-Marie Gouennantin, Eugene Gouennantin, the orphan, and Michel Samzun, boarded a little boat, L'Enfant du Desert, hoisted its pale blue sail and disappeared.

The heavens were slightly misty, the wind came out of the west, and I, sitting on the rocks, looked before me, dreaming the endless dreams born of the changeless yet ever changing sea as one gazes into its depths, full of charm and mystery.

Faraway cries caused me to turn my head and look about.

A flock of screaming sea gulls flying above me had attracted my attention. I was just about to leave the rocks when new cries reached my ears. These were pitiful and broken like the sobs of a child. I arose and, looking toward the island where the lighthouse of Poulains stands, saw Mother Le Pelletier, the wife of the lighthouse keeper, down on her knees, waving her handkerchief, weeping and calling for help.

Workmen, busy in the neighborhood, saw the woman just as I did. In a few moments the little island was crowded with people.

What a painful, what a terrifying spectacle!

Opposite the point of the island, 300 meters from land, lay the boat L'Enfant du Desert capsized. Her sails were under water and on her keel, which rose in the air, clung Eugene Gouennantin, the orphan. His face was as pale as a winding sheet, his eyes were closed, and his head, a plaything for the waves, swayed from right to left. With my telescope I could follow the entire development of the tragedy.

The child had become helpless and was just about to loosen his hold of the boat. Right near him lay Michel Samzun, clasping the edge of the keel convulsively, crying continually for help. His voice, hoarse with the death struggle, was partly drowned by the waves rolling furiously over him, as if reluctant to surrender their prey.

A hundred meters from them Pierre Marie Gouennantin disappeared in the water, the boat's car under his shoulders; but, strong and vigorous as he was, he arose with a cry of joy, for he had seen Father Le Pelletier coming. The lighthouse keeper, hearing the cries for help, had jumped into the boat and pushed from the shore without waiting for any of his companions for fear of being too late.

He was obliged to round the point.

"Courage! Hold fast!" called Michel Samzun to the little sailor hanging to the keel. "Courage! Father Le Pelletier is here, our gallant deliverer."

Then on came a wave, a sheer wall of water, with a foaming crest, and buried the boat. When it had spent itself, Michel raised his head and looked about—the keel was empty. Far away the wave was now rolling, and in its cruel bosom it held the orphan boy. Finally it disappeared in a whirl of waters, boiling and swirling in a horrible struggle for their victims.

The sun just then pierced the fog and shone dimly on the raging, tumultuous sea. In the meantime Father Le Pelletier had rescued Pierre-Marie Gouennantin, and then rowed to the place where the accident occurred. Great tears rolled over the weather-stained cheeks of the brave lighthouse keeper, as with inexpressible tenderness he loosened Michel Samzun's cramped hands from the boat's keel.

For three-quarters of an hour the three fishermen had struggled with the waves and with the winds that had been blowing furiously for the last 20 minutes. When Michel's fingers were released, Father Le Pelletier drew him into the boat and placed him next to Pierre-Marie. It being now certain that the orphan was lost, the lighthouse keeper made for the island where Mother Le Pelletier was waiting with dry underclothing, stockings, shoes and coats, while my maid had prepared a drink of hot wine.

Finally Le Pelletier stepped on shore and the two poor shipwrecked mariners followed. The pilot shook the former by both hands, saying over and over: "Brave fellow, brave fellow! Another rescue added to your long list."

"Oh," answered Le Pelletier, pale with sorrow and in a bitter tone, "a life has been lost!" And, although worn out and wet to the skin, he assisted the two fishermen, whose teeth were chattering, into some dry clothing.

Michel Samzun could not open his hands, so swollen were they. They hung down limp as the hands of the dead and seemed to be clenching something invisible.

Pierre-Marie, the elder—this was his second shipwreck—recovered first. With half-suppressed anger he looked at the sea and cursed it. Then in taking off his soaked wool jacket he felt his watch. He held it to his ear. "It did not stop," he exclaimed, tapping the lid lightly. "It is a very good watch."

When the sailors were dressed again and somewhat warmed by the wine, they asked about their boat. A deep flush spread over Pierre-Marie's face when he heard that the pilot, Alexander, had saved it. Although the sailors' limbs were still trembling and their hair stiff and wet from the salt water they at once stepped into the vessel, hoisted sail and steered for the pretty harbor of Bordery. Some one must tell "la petite Gouennantin."

I took the road and arrived at the same time. The murmurs of the sympathetic crowd was the first proclamation the little girl had that something was wrong. She came out of her door, still dressed in black, her restless little head covered with a white veil. She saw the farmers and fishermen form in a group. She knew they were pitying her as they turned aside their heads. She could hear the "alas, alas!" which the wind carried to her.

A nameless fear urged the girl forward to meet the crowd. With pale face and eyes wide open with horror the child understood at once when she saw the two fishermen alone. She fled back home, calling out in tones broken by grief: "He is dead! He is dead!" This was her message to the unseen dwellers above.

"He is dead! He is dead! Dead without confession!" she cried and fell down before the black crucifix that hung on the white wall.

"He is dead! He is dead!" she whispered, kneeling on the floor, her head pressed against the stones, her arms spread out toward the crucifix.

And the crowd of fishermen and farmers stood on the doersill. They held their hats in their hands. They did not speak. They found no word of comfort.

And I—I was in their midst, one of them.—From the French of Sara Bernhardt for Chicago Times Herald.

Ignorance In Motion.

I do not in the least mind if England, when the people are less ignorant and more experienced in self government, eventually becomes a democracy.

But violent, unreasonable democracy would bring expensive bureaucracy and the trouble of a Cromwell and the damage of a Cromwell. "Liberty Great Britain," and nothing better than "reason." The hero of the morning is too often the traitor of the afternoon. It was the mob who smashed the Duke of Wellington's windows on the anniversary of Waterloo. As Goethe says, "The worst thing in the world is ignorance in motion."

The world would grow into the wickedest of worlds should all this bubble and gabble ever succeed in impressing on the people that the obligations of contract are mere tyranny and that law is nothing but coercion.—Temps.

Quite Likely.

Teacher—Willie, if your father gave you 10 cents and then took away 4 and gave them to your brother, what would that make?

Willie—Trouble.—Yale Record.

Wouldn't the ocean waves get angry when the wind is continually blowing them up?

The most popular female in the United States is the blond lady whose face adorns the \$20 gold piece.

The average man never fully realizes at midnight how very sleep he is going to be at 6 o'clock the next morning.—Chicago News.

A Resemblance.

Over a cocoon brown they fought, A dozen big monkeys or more, And the wear-sighted college boy asked in sur: "In Africa too? What's the score?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Clinton, Missouri.

Mr. A. L. Armstrong, an old druggist and a prominent citizen of this enterprising town, says: "I sell some forty different kinds of cough medicines, but have never in my experience sold so much of any one article as I have of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. All who use it say it is the most perfect remedy for Cough, Cold, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs they have ever used. It is a specific for Whooping Cough and Croup and Whooping Cough. It will relieve a cough in one minute. Contains no opiates. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by The North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr."

Lady Pendulum.

From the New York Tribune comes a story, which Mr. Moody recently told, illustrative of the fact that to the power of single hearted perseverance there is no known limit.

When I was in London some years ago, I saw a lady in my audience who could not walk and had a chair on wheels in which she was brought into church. The look of disgust on her face and the attention she attracted in being brought into the meetings made me take notice of her. I spoke to her one day, and she said:

"Mr. Moody, when this excitement is over and you have gone back to America the people will go back to their old ways. They won't keep on. They can't do it."

I talked with her for some time, but she stuck to her point. A day or two afterward I told the fable of the clock: the pendulum could have many times it would have to tick before it was worn out, and it was so appalled at the number that it wanted to give up right there, saying, "I never can do it."

"But," said one of the other parts of the clock, "it is only a tick at a time."

"That is just what some of you are doing," I said, "saying that 'after Mr. Moody goes back to America the excitement will die out. We will not keep it up. We can't get grace enough to do so.' Get grace enough to live a tick at a time, a step at a time," said I.

That woman went home and bought a clock with a pendulum in which she placed where she could see it, she preached so much about "a tick at a time" that her friends called her Lady Pendulum.

The day before returning to America I received a package from her. In it was a clock, and the letter with it said: "Please put this clock in your room, and when you look at it remember that Lady Pendulum is still living a tick at a time."

Old Seams.

A correspondent who signs himself V. C., evidently meaning Victoria Cross, sends the following reminiscence to the London Telegraph: "Your account of the tailor who has invented gummed seams for several years reminds me of the experience of a gallant French officer who was a friend of mine, then a young man, in the Crimea—General Pelissier. He was rather careless about his dress except when in uniform, and one day he surprised all his friends by appearing in a magnificent shagreened turtan suit, with all the carvings of his splendid turban. At night he was joined in the conviviality which was taking place in one of the huts, warmed by a cheerful blazing fire. The place got intolerably warm, and when Pelissier rose to go the company were amazed to find the shepherd turtan 'complex' fall to pieces in an extraordinary manner. The sleeves of the coat dropped to the floor, then the back, and the trousers also fell in detachments. An examination showed that the seams, instead of being sewed, were glued together, and the heat of the fire had completely melted the composition. Pelissier had bought them from a Greek peddler and paid a high price for them. If that enterprising merchant had fallen into the general's hands within the next few days, I am afraid he would have had short shrift. Unless the new system is capable of better things than that most of us will be quite content to stick to the stitches."

His Handwriting.

Many stories are told relative to the illegibility of the penmanship of Rufus Choate, the famous lawyer. It is said that he once openly commiserated himself on the fact that "if he failed to get a living at the bar he could still go to China and support himself by his pen—that is, by decorating tea chests."

He once asked that a case might be postponed owing to his engagement in another court. The judge replied that the case was one in which he might write out his argument.

With a mock solemnity of countenance which he knew so well how to assume at a moment's notice he said: "I write well, your honor, but slowly."

This was too much for the judge and the assembled bar, and the courtroom echoed with prompt and unstrained hilarity. There was not a lawyer present who had not more than once seen a specimen of what one of Mr. Choate's friends called his "wildcat tracks," and the joke needed no explanation.—Youth's Companion.

His Modest Role.

The fond mother of three children was obliged to remonstrate with her oldest boy because in the children's games he would always take the lead and assign subordinate positions to his little brother and sister. The boy promised not to be selfish in the future. A few days later the mother, happening to go into the nursery, saw the two younger children engaged in amateur theatricals. The elder boy stood aside with arms folded, moodily watching them. "We are playing Adam and Eve," said the youngsters. The mother was much gratified as she supposed that in this instance at least the boy had allowed his brother the principal role. She turned to the silent figure in the corner, about to praise him. "Who are you?" she asked. "God," was the answer.—New York Commercial.

Useful Adjunct.

"I always like to have at least one boarder who is a little slow about paying," Mrs. Haskroft admitted to her dearest friend. "A man of that kind, especially a young man, is always so handy to use up all the chicken necks, the cold biscuits and so on."—Indianapolis Journal.

Capacity Gets There.

"What is business capacity, Uncle Bill?" "Business capacity is having sense enough to go to the back door when people won't answer a ring at the front door."—Chicago Record.

A Sound Liver Makes a well Man.

Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick-headache bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin pain in back and between the shoulders, chill and fever &c. If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order and slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act promptly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr.

CURRENT COMMENT.

That St. Louis saloon keeper who is turning to chalk probably made the mistake of swallowing everything he put on his slate.—Washington Post.

Thieves at Port Chester, N. Y., stole a flight of stairs. It would be interesting to know if these were their first steps in crime.—Philadelphia North American.

If Queen Victoria continues to shower aristocratic honors on London families in the male line, the anarchists may yet be driven to champagne.—Washington Star.

A society has been formed to demolish the Santa Claus myth. It ought to be christened "The Society to Rob Childhood of Its Chief Delight."—Philadelphia Press.

Kentucky colonels will not overlook the moral in the case of the St. Louis man who is turning to stone as the result of having drunk too freely of spring water.—St. Louis Republic.

Chicago has a Human Nature club. It would not be strange if its members proved worthy of their names by being prone to peck.—The payment of dues long as possible.—Boston Globe.

Now the hubonic plague has attacked the monkeys in India. Probably this will expedite measures for repressing the plague. Monkeys are rated as valuable, but native Indians are not.—Boston Herald.

Missouri has the most fine dice centenarian. He was married on his one hundredth birthday to a lady 33 years his junior. There was no elopement, as it was unnecessary to ask the paternal consent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The consolation of the Traylor and Waterloo chariots from the London lord may or's parade this year was appreciated in France. There came a time in the life of every nation when it pays to stop grooving over ancient and defeated foes.—Springfield Republican.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Here are a few rules for you, under the decimal system. Though not exactly correct, they are about what should be the case.

Ten hens in a house 10 by 10 feet are enough.

The yard should be at least ten times as large as the floor of the house.

Ten weeks from shell to market is the time allotted a chick.

Ten cents per pound is about the average price of hens in market for the whole year.

Ten cents should feed a chick ten weeks and it should then weigh two pounds, if highly fed, the 10 cents covering the great abundance of food.

Ten months in the year is usually the highest limit of time during which a hen will lay.

Ten hens with one male is about the proportion.

Ten quarts of corn or its equivalent should feed a hen ten weeks, if she is of a large breed, but ten quarts in three months is a fair proportion.

Ten pounds is a good weight for males of the larger breeds, 1 year old.

Ten eggs is the average number to one pound.

Ten flocks, each consisting of ten hens, are enough for an acre.

Ten chicks, when just hatched, weigh about one pound.

Ten hens should lay about 1,000 eggs during the year. This allows for some laying more than 100 eggs each, while others may not lay so many.—Poultry Keeper.

TOWN TOPICS.

When a New Yorker tries to remember the part of the city he lives in, he will find that he has just commenced to brough trouble.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Boston asylum advertises for "gratuitous contributions of perished literature for anonymous distribution." The Bostonians have such a charming way of putting things.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Reading (Pa.) woman knocked her sister through a plate glass window and broke her nose with a flatiron. Reading is the place where the nice folks have started a crusade against lights.—Cleveland Leader.

Helena may be a good town to sleep in after the cares of the day, but Butte is the best town in which to keep wide awake day after night. There are saloons here that never close.—Butte (Mon.) Int. Mountain.

Chicago papers should beware of trying to shame the city into a regard for art. Better for the windy citizens to go on plowing the Chicago river than make idle with things of which they know nothing. That solidified sewer is easier to cultivate than art.—Kansas City Times.

CANADA.

If we will play for fun while she plays for keeps, Canada kindly consents to come into our yard and play her one alley against our whole pocketful of marbles.—Milwaukee Journal.

The military spirit is not strong in Canadians. There is not in this country that Dominion air of pressure that there is in England that the day may come when by our arms our rights must be defended.—Montreal Herald.

The popular idea in this country, and in Canada also, is that those who can read between the lines, is that the people of the Dominion are not quite so sure that "triotic independence" will butter Canadian parsnips.—Tacoma Ledger.

WHEEL WHIRLS.

What commission do these doctors get away for prescribing bicycles.—Boston Globe.

In India when a native sees a bicycle he reverently prostrates himself. He does not wait to be run over.—Washington Star.

The chief advantage of the chainless bicycle appears to be that no one can mistake it for a last year's model.—Detroit News.

In Germany it is proposed to put a very heavy tariff on American bicycles. It will be a revenue raiser, for the world is not willing to be deprived of its American wheels.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SNAP SHOTS.

In a new magazine camera the plates are placed in a row in a chamber opposite from the lens and held by a spring, each plate dropping down into a recess in the bottom of the camera after it is exposed.

The amateur photographer who has not a ruby lamp for use in the developing room or closet may develop the bulb of an electric light with a red bag shade, with the same result as to workmanship, an entire freedom from smoke, and also a much stronger and sturdier light.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

This wonderful Liniment is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf. It is the most penetrating Liniment in the world. It will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Wounds, Old Sores, Burns, Scalds, Sore Throat, Sore Chest and all inflammation after all other have failed. It will cure Barbed Wire Cuts, head and wounds where proud flesh has set in. It is equally efficient for animals. Try it and you will not be without. Price 50 cents. Sold by The North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, the Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER CHATEL MORTGAGE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage, dated on the 10th day of January, 1897, and duly filed in the office of the county clerk of Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 15th day of January, 1897, and recorded by Ed. Marie to Joe Hershey to secure the payment of the sum of \$25.00 and upon which there is now due the sum of \$129.40, default having been made in the payment of said sum, and no sale or other proceedings at law being had to recover said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will, sell the property therein described, viz: one lot in block 10, one lot in block 11, one lot in block 12, one lot in block 13, one lot in block 14, one lot in block 15, one lot in block 16, one lot in block 17, one lot in block 18, one lot in block 19, one lot in block 20, one lot in block 21, one lot in block 22, one lot in block 23, one lot in block 24, one lot in block 25, one lot in block 26, one lot in block 27, one lot in block 28, one lot in block 29, one lot in block 30, one lot in block 31, one lot in block 32, one lot in block 33, one lot in block 34, one lot in block 35, one lot in block 36, one lot in block 37, one lot in block 38, one lot in block 39, one lot in block 40, one lot in block 41, one 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