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CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

How sweet the chime of Sabbath bells! Each peal that floats upon the air, As soft as song, as pure as prayer...

been up all night. His black hair and small mustache were scrupulously well arranged, but his eyes blinked in the day, seemingly for want of a night's rest.

greasy brick wall blocked the other end of the place, so I knew we had reached our destination. Scarcely more than one of the dilapidated wooden houses remained.

PRASE. Cover blossom, let me true. Why was your perfume given to you? That all might know, the flower confessed...

A DUEL A L'OUFRANCE. [From the New York World, July 27.] Medicine Lodge, the great rendezvous for hunters and trappers, is annually the scene...

Wasted Effort. We are informed by the most trustworthy authority possible, says the Toledo Blade, of the discovery of a marvelous amount of gold...

talk in quiet, at the same time pushing open the door of a small room close at hand, which, after we had entered and he had seated himself in a chair, he proceeded to close and fasten.

McCluskey was the first to fire, wheeling as he did, though the smoke had scarcely curled up from his pistol before the report of Anderson's weapon followed.

cracked open, great flakes of petrified rosin were revealed. They encrusted the wood like a crust of sugar.

But our most singular discovery was a nest of petrified chips. Some of them were as large as a sheet of foolscap paper. They seemed to have jumped red-hot from Anderson's pistol.

Quite Enough Married. [From a California Letter.] An incident of crossing the plains in the early days of the gold fever is related in the following letter from a gentleman who has been in California since the gold fever broke out.

AMONG SHARPS.

In February, last year, I came to London for the first time, and I think I look me in the city. Having accomplished the purpose of my visit more quickly than I expected, I was strolling leisurely along St. Paul's churchyard, with the view of making my way into the Strand, and I was moving on, nearly as slowly as I, seeing me smoking as he passed, at last stopped and asked me for a light.

He nudged me again, and bestowed upon me an encouraging wink. "Reckon now you won't bet my friend here he hasn't got five sovereigns about his person?"

He nudged me again. "Yes, I will," said Mr. Church, languidly. "I often do it for a lark. I am generally about right twice out of three times."

Midway down one of the long sides of the table rests an old-fashioned arm-chair, reserved exclusively for the use of the dealer, who sits in it, leaning back, with his feet on a stool, and his hands on his knees.

McCluskey recovered his equanimity immediately on receiving the notification of the acceptance of his challenge. As he emerged from the house, he had a picture of himself in his mind, and he looked at it with a certain satisfaction.

PETRIFIED STUMPS.

[Manitou, Colorado, Letter in the New York Sun.] I believe that a petrified stump, or a piece of petrified wood, is to be found in every house or cabin within forty miles of Pike's Peak.

What Breaks Down a Young Man? It is a common received notion, that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years of graduation is found in that portion of the class that pursued a liberal course.