

New Orleans Republican OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

HERE AND HEREAFTER. A Rabbinical Tale.

My wife said: "I have a neighbor who... I walked across the blacksmith shop when I looked back before crossing the river..."

ABOUT A BARREL OF LARD.

BY A. T. LAMOS.

My uncle, Ben Slaughter, was an extensive cattle dealer, who every fall sent his drovers with herds of beef to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia...

not be far off, and the bright light would certainly attract the thieves. I pulled the barrel away from the limb of a tree that had fallen close by, and tramped out the fire. Then I removed the leaves from the hole, and in the dark I saw into my hat, and clambered up the precipice. There I covered my hat with leaves by the side of a big stone, and hiding under a bush near by, waited to see what would happen...

John Cook to open accounts here. We shall get you all mixed up. You would like the other Lewis and the other Cook to have your money placed to their credit, or to check against your accounts, would you?

ing on the identical spot. On the opposite side was an immense limestone rock, as high as this ceiling. The wood always a very fine fire. The landlord told me a queer story about the lost barrel of lard, which he said was generally believed at the time he set it there.

Some censorious journals, and among them a number not taking special interest in dramatics, have been making severe strictures upon the action of a portion of the clergy in Philadelphia in regard to a deceased actor, Julius Constant Fink...

Public Health. The discussions before the American Hygiene Association in Philadelphia are of the most interesting character. The facts brought to light are of startling importance. It is stated, for example, that in this city not a great while ago, it was remarked that the mortality rate was a good deal higher than it had been for some time...

Not with reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any of the great gentlemen, and you will find that they have a little creature clinging or clinging in its sleep you will never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The eyes will come when, all too soon, they will lay their heads on their pillows, and both. Let them, then, at least have this sweet memory of happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them.