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A STORY OF A STRING OF BEADS.

The whirl of a lathe fell upon the close, hot air of the narrow Venetian street, the Via Bardo, while the sharp click of hammer on chisel marked a stronger note in the industrial symphony.

Away toward the Grand Canal a blue bloused fisherman cried his wares, and Mere Ricordo's shrill and kindly chatter rose and fell as children stopped and bought her cherries and apricots.

"The mother is in good spirits," said Pietro in the carpenter's shop, as he deftly inserted his sharp chisel beneath a cupid's wing, and carved a shred away to make the feathers still more downy.

"The child is but sixteen," said another worker. "The signora will scarce have a maid so young as that."

"Have I not told you," said Pietro, getting up and strolling toward the door, "that the signora has taken a fancy to Rosa?—and when these Americans take ideas into their heads they carry them through."

"The little Rosa will come back a rich woman; her wages will be a thousand liras, I hear," said the gossiping Pietro. "She will save a fine dot while away, and come back when she is thirty."

A hundred times he rehearsed the scene as he sat at his work. He would watch her face as she opened the little parcel. Perhaps she would let him clasp them round her throat.

Come out on to the canal? Of course she would! Her laughter sounded softly as an accompaniment to the swish of the oar in the water. Nello, from his place as gondolier on the graceful craft, looked down on the little figure enveloped in the thin, black fringed Venetian shawl.

"No, it is black and ugly; I love bright colors." They had reached the Rio Santa Maria della Salute. He guided the gondola to the low steps, and came down from the poppe.

"I shall wear them often," she said; "that is, if the signora will allow me. And if she will not I shall take them out of my little trunk, and look at them when I am alone, because?"

"Because?" said Nello hungrily. "Because," she added airily, "they are so pretty."

For once the hum of his busy lathe was silent; the merry Pietro nudged his fellow, and whispered that the master was moonstruck, his head turned since the good fortune had come to him.

It was a sound that came but seldom in that narrow way. The simple folk, whose horizon was bounded by those unembarked walls, held little commerce with the outside world, whose messages of love, or life, or death were flashed cross wide seas, or carried in the bosoms of snorting trains.

"She is still but a child," he told himself, "and I am a dull fellow. Perhaps she has forgotten?" He checked the thought as unworthy, and in the days that followed the whirl of his wheel was the busiest in the shop, till the people wondered and whispered among themselves that it was strange and

ly and late. Had Nello, then, the making of a miser in him? Lizette Ricordo looked at him with tender, blue Venetian eyes.

They reminded him of another pair that had laughed into his own in the moonlight on the canal, but they woke no tender light in his own. He waited and trusted. Rosa must write soon.

"The American signora has turned the child's head; she will not return," he sighed. "And as he sighed the cry of 'La posta!' sounded hoarse and long drawn out above the babel of voices.

Rosa and he had played out there together, and one day he had bought her promise to be his little wife with a handful of cherries, he thought bitterly, as later he had bought it with a string of brightly colored beads.

He would forget—he must forget—but the dry sob that racked him showed that the wound would be ill to heal. It drowned the sound of a light, soft step. He did not see the girl who entered and picked up the envelope, its gayness marred with the delaying postmarks.

On last Monday evening Mrs. Katherine King, a widow, lost her pocket-book, containing \$13, the savings of weeks, and a rent receipt, on 3rd Avenue, New York, says the American "Herald."

About 7 o'clock Tuesday evening a knock came at Mrs. King's door. Opening it, she saw a shabbily dressed young man, who asked her if she had lost anything.

More astonished than at first was Mrs. King when the man refused the money. "That was a lucky find for me," he said, "and I wouldn't touch a cent. I've been out of work for two months, and was nearly starving. I was on my way this afternoon to see a man and ask him for work when I found your pocketbook."

"You are an honest man, and you look hungry; here's a reward." Mrs. King when the man refused the money, "That was a lucky find for me," he said, "and I wouldn't touch a cent. I've been out of work for two months, and was nearly starving. I was on my way this afternoon to see a man and ask him for work when I found your pocketbook."

Father Vaughan's Work Among the Poor.

From his beautiful church in Farm street, one of the best residential sections of London, Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., has gone to the "slums" of that great city and is there engaged in a grand and noble work amongst their inhabitants.

His unique methods are described in the following excerpt from a report in the London "Monitor and New Era":—"Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., in continuation of his slum crusade, spoke at 4 o'clock on Sunday in a dark, grimy court off Periwinkle street and within hailing distance of the Stepney Railway Station.

"The court in which he preached is about fifty yards long, four yards wide, and the single-story little houses were all barred and shuttered externally and in friendly communication by a series of clothes lines extending across the street and not more than six feet high.

"The exterior is practically finished, and the interior will be complete and the church ready for occupancy in two years, it is thought. In all \$120,000 has been spent on the building, and it is estimated that the further cost will be between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

Prayer to St. Anthony

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Notes for Farmers

A GREAT RECORD.—Rev. John L. Setters, S.J., well known in the United States and who is said to have heard 1,000,000 confessions in thirty-four years, died recently at St. Ignatius College, Chicago. Pneumonia was the cause of death.

Father Setters was seventy-three years old. He was born near Antwerp, Belgium, Dec. 7, 1830. He came to America when a youth and entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Mo., in 1853, as a novice.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.—The new Cathedral of Westminster, begun seven and a half years ago, has just been completed by the fixing of a gilt cross ten feet high on the top of the campanile.

SERVICES ON STEAMERS.—The Cunard and White Star steamship companies, at the request of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, have consented to the following arrangement in regard to the observance of religious ceremonies for Catholics on board of their steamers:—

BUILT WITHOUT DEBT.—A feature in modern church building is presented by the imposing structure which the four thousand Catholics of Ansonia, Conn., have been rearing for the last thirteen years, and which is now nearly completed.

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fall about five inches deep. Apply the barnyard manure during the winter and gang it under in the spring.

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