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JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES...

As soon as muscular form, and tall withal, had by taking advantage first of a projecting portico, then of some detached column, and eventually of jutting portions of the architecture of the bridge, succeeded in following her from the Quai of Slaves to the Rialto...

the chin, a silk cap of the same colour, which only partially confined his crisp and abundant hair. But few minutes had elapsed after the return of Maria la Bella with the artist when Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier, rushed into the tavern...

Antonio Barbarigo, who stood gazing on Maria, pale with excess of joy, now threw himself, with true Italian enthusiasm, at the feet of his benefactor, "One more boon," he exclaimed, "one more—who are you?"

however, they were regular professional thieves, and then he had more respect for them. The captain of the band—there were just forty of them—approached a rock hard by and uttered the words, "Open Sesame!" when, as Ali afterwards expressed it to his wife, "you'll order see Sammy open."

"EARTH to EARTH, and DUST to DUST." BY REV. GEO. ORRIST, D. D. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!" Here the evil and the just, Here the youthful and the old, Here the fearful and the bold...

It formed in contrast with his own burly figure, a picture that the poet or the painter might in vain have sought elsewhere. Beauty was not then so rare in Venice as now; but there was then found a style of beauty distinct from that which those great masters loved to portray. It was a beauty formed by an exquisite delicacy united with firmness of form and feature.

Barbarigo, thou hast spoken well. Confidence and success are twin brothers. Maria la Bella shall be your wife! "Never!" exclaimed Gianetti. "Master Jew!" continued the artist, turning disdainfully toward Gianetti, suppose that this man put six hundred pistoles in the wedding basket!

Antonio Barbarigo still remaining in the same spot, holding the piece of vellum upon which that expressive hand had been traced, and which still seemed to cry out "Gold—give me gold!" He looked toward Maria for aid. "She read the question in his eyes, and with the ardency of love, but scepticism of fear, she hesitatingly whispered rather than spoke the words, 'who knows?'"

There was an old cobbler, who lived on a corner hard by, who opened his stall very early in the morning to accommodate anyone who, having been drinking hard the night before, wanted an early cobbler. He consented to sew Casim together for a considerable sum, and was accordingly blindfolded and led to the house.

"THE HAND" OF MICHAEL ANGELO. FLORENTINE TRADITION. It was a soft Italian though very dark night in the year 1520, when a female figure enveloped in a black woollen mantle, was seen traversing the space that separates the Quai of Slaves from the Rialto at Venice.

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AN OLD STORY RETOLD. Well, indeed, may the celebrated conundrum, Whither are we drifting? be perpetually propounded. On all sides, people are playing the very mischief with the venerable objects of our affection, and making such havoc generally of the things that we used to admire that—well, well, it is no use lamenting. But we have just come across one of those modern perversions of old poetry and romance with which most newspaper readers have become familiar, and it put us in the humor to make the above remark.

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