

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE SUW.

CHAPTER LXIX.

It is necessary to go back a little before relating the adventure of Father d'Aigrigny, whose cry of distress made so deep an impression upon Morok just at the moment of Jacques Rennepont's death. We have said that the most absurd and alarming reports were circulating in Paris; not only did people talk of poison given to the sick or thrown into the public fountains, but it was also said that wretches had been surprised in the act of putting arsenic into the pots which are usually kept all ready on the counters of wine-shops. Goliath was on his way to rejoin Morok, after delivering a message to Father d'Aigrigny, who was waiting in a house on the Place de l'Archeveche. He entered a wine-shop in the Rue de la Calandre, to get some refreshment, and having drunk two glasses of wine, he proceeded to pay for them. Whilst the woman of the house was looking for change, Goliath, mechanically and very innocently, rested his hand on the mouth of one of the pots that happened to be within his reach.

The tall stature of this man and his repulsive and savage countenance had already alarmed the good woman whose fears and prejudices had previously been roused by the public rumors on the subject of poisoning; but when she saw Goliath place his hand over the mouth of one of her pots she cried out in dismay: "Oh! my gracious! what are you throwing into the pot?" At these words, spoken in a loud voice, and with the accent of terror, two or three of the drinkers at one of the tables rose precipitately, and ran to the counter, while one of them rashly exclaimed: "It is a poisoner!"

Goliath, not aware of the reports circulated in the neighborhood, did not at first understand of what he was accused.

"Rascal!" cried one of the men, with so much violence that several of the passers-by stopped to listen; "you shall tell us what you threw in the pot!"

"Ha! did he throw anything into the wine-pot?" said one of the passers-by.

"It is, perhaps, a poisoner," said another.

"He ought to be taken up," said a third.

"Yes, yes," cried those in the house—honest people, perhaps, but under the influence of the general panic; "he must be taken up, for he has been throwing poison into the wine-pots."

The first accuser, seeing his fears shared and almost justified, thought he was acting like a good and courageous citizen in taking Goliath by the collar and saying to him: "Come and explain yourself at the guard-house, villain!"

The giant, already provoked at insults of which he did not perceive the real meaning, was exasperated at this sudden attack, and knocked his adversary down and began to hammer him with his fists. During this collision, several bottles and two or three panes of glass were broken with much noise, whilst the woman of the house, more and more frightened, cried out with all her might: "Help a poisoner! Help! murder!"

After struggling for some minutes with seven or eight persons, knocked down two of his most furious assailants, disengaged himself from the others, drew near the counter, and, taking a vigorous spring, rushed head foremost, like a bull about to butt, upon the crowd that blocked the door; then, forcing a passage, by the help of his enormous shoulders and athletic arms, he made his way into the street, and ran with all speed toward the square of Notre-Dame. A hundred voices exclaimed: "Stop—stop the poisoner!"

A threatening crowd advanced toward Goliath. The first who approached him was Ciboule. The hag, heated and out of breath, instead of rushing upon him, paused, stooped down, and taking off one of the large wooden shoes that she wore, buried it at the giant's head with so much force and with so true an aim that it struck him right in the eye, which hung half out of its socket. Goliath pressed his hands to his face and uttered a cry of excruciating pain.

"I've made him squint," said Ciboule, with a burst of laughter.

Goliath, maddened by the pain, instead of waiting for the attack rushed headlong upon the nearest. Such a struggle was too unequal to last long; but despair redoubled the Colossus's strength, and the combat was for a moment terrible. The unfortunate man did not fall at once. For some seconds, almost buried amid a swarm of furious assailants, one saw now his mighty arm rise and fall like a sledgehammer, beating upon skulls and faces, and now his enormous head, livid and bloody, drawn back by some of the combatants hanging to his tangled hair. Goliath was overpowered and thrown down, just after the quarryman succeeded in reaching him.

A long savage cheer in triumph announced this fall, for, under such circumstances, to "go under" is "to die." Instantly a thousand breathless and angry voices repeated the cry of "Death to the poisoner!"

Then began one of those scenes of massacre and torture, worthy of cannibals, horrible to relate, and the more incredible, that they happen almost always in the presence, and often with the aid, of honest and humane people, who, blinded by false notions and stupid prejudices, allow themselves to be led into all sorts of barbarity, under the idea of performing an act of inexorable justice. As it frequently happens, the sight of the blood which flowed in torrents from Goliath's wounds inflamed to madness the rage of his assailants. A hundred fists struck at the unhappy man; he was stamped under foot; his face and chest were beaten in. There was one moment of frightful terror.

With his face all bruised and covered with mud, his garments in rags, his chest bare, red, gaping with wounds—Goliath, availing himself of a moment's weariness on the part of his assassins, who believed him already finished, succeeded, by one of those convulsive starts frequent in the last agony, in raising himself to his feet for a few seconds; then, blind with wounds and loss of blood, striking about his arms in the air as if to parry blows that were no longer struck, he muttered these words, which came from his mouth, accompanied by a crimson torrent: "Mercy! I am no poisoner. Mercy?" This sort of resurrection produced so great an effect on the crowd, that for an instant they fell back affrighted. The clamor ceased, and a small space was left around the victim. Some hearts began even to feel pity; when the quarryman, seeing Goliath blinded with blood, groping before him with his hands, exclaimed in ferocious allusion to a well-known game: "Now for blind man's buff!"

Then, with a violent kick, he again threw down the victim, whose head struck twice heavily on the pavement.

Just as the giant fell, a voice from amongst the crowd exclaimed: "It is Goliath! stop! he is innocent!"

It was Father d'Aigrigny, who, yielding to a generous impulse, was making violent efforts to reach the foremost rank of the actors in this scene, and who cried out, as he came nearer, pale, indignant, menacing: "You are cowards and murderers! This man is innocent. I know him. You shall answer for his life."

These vehement words were received with loud murmurs.

"You know that poisoner," cried the quarryman, seizing the Jesuit by the collar; "then perhaps you are a poisoner too."

"Wretch," exclaimed Father d'Aigrigny, endeavoring to shake himself loose from the grasp, "do you dare to lay hand upon me?"

"Yes, I dare do anything," answered the quarryman.

"He knows him; he's a poisoner like the other," cried the crowd, pressing round the two adversaries; whilst Goliath, who had fractured his skull by the fall uttered a long death rattle.

At a sudden movement of Father d'Aigrigny, who disengaged himself from the quarryman, a large glass phial of a peculiar form, very thick, and filled with a greenish liquor, fell from his pocket, and rolled close to the dying Goliath. At sight of this phial, many voices exclaimed together: "It is poison! Only see! He had poison upon him."

The clamor redoubled at this accusation and they pressed so close to Abbe d'Aigrigny, that he exclaimed: "Do not touch me! do not approach me!"

"If he is a poisoner," said a voice, "no more mercy for him than for the other."

"I a poisoner?" said the abbe, struck with horror.

Ciboule had darted upon the phial; the quarryman seized it from her, uncorked it, and presenting it to Father d'Aigrigny, said to him: "Now tell us! what is that?"

"It is not poison," cried Father d'Aigrigny.

"Then drink it!" returned the quarryman.

"Yes, yes! let him drink it!" cried the mob.

"Never," answered Father d'Aigrigny, in extreme alarm. And he drew back as he spoke, pushing away the phial with his hand.

"Do you see? It is poison. He dares not drink it," they exclaimed. Hemmed in on every side, Father d'Aigrigny stumbled against the body of Goliath.

"My friends," cried the Jesuit, who, without being a poisoner, found himself exposed to a terrible alternative, for his phial contained aromatic salts of extraordinary strength, designed for a preservative against the cholera, and as dangerous to swallow as any poison, "my good friends you are in error. I conjure you, in the name of heaven—"

"If that is not poison, drink it!" interrupted the quarryman, as he again offered the bottle to the Jesuit.

"If he does not drink it, death to the poisoner of the poor!"

"Yes—death to him! death to him!"

"Unhappy men!" cried Father d'Aigrigny, whilst his hair stood on end with terror; "do you mean to murder me?"

"What about all those, that you and your mate have killed, you wretch?"

"But it is not true—and—"

"Drink then!" repeated the inflexible quarryman; "I ask you for the last time—"

"To drink that would be death," cried Father d'Aigrigny.

"On! only hear the wretch!" cried the mob,

pressing closer to him; "he has confessed—he has confessed!"

"He has betrayed himself!"

"He said, 'to drink that would be death.'"

"But listen to me!" cried the abbe, clasping his hands together; "this phial is—"

Furious cries interrupted Father d'Aigrigny.

"Ciboule, make an end of that one!" cried the quarryman, spurning Goliath with his feet. "I will begin on this one!" and he seized Father d'Aigrigny by the throat.

The terrible cry which had so startled Morok was uttered by Father d'Aigrigny as the quarryman laid his formidable hand upon him.

To be Continued.

ALL THE CREW GREW FAT.

Treatment of the Company of the Good Bark Zion.

The German bark Zion, which arrived at this port Sunday from Povey, England, brought a rather peculiar cargo. It consisted of 1,800 casks of china clay, but in addition there were on board 300 casks of arsenic. This part of the cargo had a remarkable effect on the crew. The fact that arsenic as well as strychnine helps the formation of adipose tissue when taken into the human system in minute particles is well known, and both drugs have become favorite tonics for convalescents. On board the Zion the men slept near the large array of barrels containing the drug. They were stored in the hold, near the forecabin and partially exposed to the rays of the sun, which streamed in through the open hatch. When only about a week out from port one of the crew mentioned to his messmates that a peculiar and indescribable odor was coming from the casks containing the drug. It was not long after their attention had been called to it that they noticed the same thing, and, strange to say, noticed it all the more forcibly a week later. Several of the German tars became aware of the fact that they were filling out their clothes to a much greater extent than when they shipped. Many others, as days went by, became abnormally stout, in vast contrast to the former slim appearance which many of them presented before the land was left. One man gained, it is said, twenty-five pounds. Others were affected to a less extent. But the aggregate weight put on by the entire crew was little less than 400 pounds. Several of the sailors are known here, and they are said to be scarcely recognizable when contrasted with the old days. The entire sudden taking on of avoirdupois is attributed to vapor, which, generated by the action of the sun on the casks, was inhaled by the seamen as they slept, and acted in precisely the same manner as a tonic in a prescription. Capt. Hammes, who slept aft in the vessel, entirely removed from the arsenic, does not show any effect of the inhalation.—Philadelphia Times.

MARRIAGE CONTRACTS.

Strange Conditions Sometimes Incorporated in Them.

One hears from time to time of strange conditions being attached to the marriages of couples in love, sometimes by themselves and sometimes by other people more or less concerned. An American girl of a somewhat romantic disposition made the conditions herself. Some four or five years ago a young lieutenant in the United States army was attracted to her and proposed. She confessed her warm regard for him and the deep interest which she took in his profession, but declared that she could never unite herself to a soldier who had never known what active service was. A bond was therefore drawn up and signed by the pair, which was to the effect that for the space of seven years they should be considered engaged to each other. During that period neither party had the right to break the engagement nor insist upon marriage, except in the case of the young officer having been on active service during a campaign, when the lady would at the most opportune moment become his wife. If the seven years passed away and the lieutenant had not sniffed powder, the whole compact was to be at an end.

Checking System Applied to Babies.

In some of the New York department stores babies can be checked like so many umbrellas, while their mothers pursue the elusive bargain from counter to counter. A small boy is detailed to stand guard over a certain number of infants. The small boys and the infants have not been asked for an opinion, but the mothers are enthusiastic in their approval. In Brooklyn the checking system as applied to babies has appeared in a new form. Brooklyn being recognized as the city of churches, the new development is naturally along the ecclesiastical line. The Rev. Dr. Wiley of the Nostrand Avenue Methodist Episcopal church is the originator of the scheme, and the mothers are once more the gainers. A large room has been fitted up with hammocks and cribs, perambulators and toys. Here a volunteer committee of young women assembles every Sunday morning, and here the mothers, who would otherwise be kept at home, leave their babies, while they themselves attend the regular church service. The plan is a novel one, but promises, and deserves, to be popular.—Harper's Bazar.

A Millionaire's Ruse.

An American millionaire who has a palace at Venice is more superstitious than his countrymen usually are. Recently he invited to a dinner a party of friends, including a Roman nobleman

of the queen of Italy's status of nobility, and various sprigs of Italian aristocracy. The Roman prince, however, failed him at the last moment, and the host refused to sit down to dinner on finding that the company consisted of thirteen persons. He made various fruitless attempts to secure another guest, and at last, in despair, he announced that he intended to follow the custom of the Arabs, who always wait upon their guests, and eat their own dinners by themselves afterward. The meal proved a great success.

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