

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE WEE.

CHAPTER LXIX. (CONTINUED.)

Night was almost come as the mutilated body was thrown into the river. Having succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of the quarryman, but still closely pressed by the multitude that surrounded him, crying, "death to the poisoner," Father d'Aigrigny retreated step by step, trying to parry the blows that were dealt him. Though he had little hope of being heard, the Abbe continued to call for help with all his might. Disputing the ground inch by inch, he maneuvered so as to draw near one of the lateral walls of the church, and at length succeeded in enconcing himself in a corner formed by the projection of a buttress, and close by a little door.

At the very moment when the abbe, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, uttered one last call for help, in a heart-piercing voice, the door against which he leaned opened behind him, and a firm hand caught hold of him, and pulled him into the church.

The quarryman stopped short, and then fell back a couple of paces, so much was he amazed at this sudden apparition, and impressed, like the rest of the crowd, with a vague feeling of admiration and respect at sight of him who had come so miraculously to the aid of Father d'Aigrigny. It was Gabriel. He exclaimed, in a sonorous voice: "Have mercy, my brethren! Be humane—be just!"

The quarryman advanced a step toward Gabriel, and said to him: "No mercy for the poisoner! we must have him. Give him up to us, or we go and take him!"

"You cannot think of it, my brethren," answered the Gabriel: "the church is a sacred place—a place of refuge for the persecuted."

"We would drag our poisoner from the altar!" answered the quarryman, roughly; "so give him up to us."

"Listen to me, my brethren," said Gabriel, extending his arms toward them.

"Down with the shaveling!" cried the quarryman; let us go in and hunt him up in the church."

"Yes, yes!" cried the mob, again led away by the violence of this wretch, "down with the black-gown!"

"They are all of a piece!"

"Down with them!"

Let us do as we did at the archbishop's!"

"What do our likes care for a church?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I'll show you the lead!" cried the quarryman; and followed by Ciboule, and a good number of determined men, he rushed toward Gabriel.

The missionary hastily retreated into the church and barricaded the door with a wooden wooden bar, which he held in such a manner as would enable the door to resist for a few minutes.

Whilst he thus defended the entrance, Gabriel shouted to Father d'Aigrigny: "Fly, father! fly through the vestry! the other doors are fastened."

The Jesuit, overpowered by fatigue, covered with contusions, bathed in cold sweat, feeling his strength altogether fail, and too soon fancying himself in safety; had sunk, half fainting, into a chair. At the voice of Gabriel, he rose with difficulty, and, with a trembling step, endeavored to reach the choir, separated from the rest of the church by an iron railing.

"Quick, father!" added Gabriel in alarm, using every effort to maintain the door, which was now vigorously assailed. "Make haste! In a few minutes it will be too late. All alone!" continued the missionary, in despair, "alone to arrest the progress of these madmen?"

He was indeed alone. At the first outbreak of the attack, three or four sacristans and other members of the establishment were in the church; but, struck with terror, and remembering the sack of the archbishops palace, and of Saint Germain Auxerrois, they had immediately taken flight. Some of them had concealed themselves in the organ-loft; and others fled into the vestry, the doors of which they locked after them, thus cutting off the retreat of Gabriel and Father d'Aigrigny. The latter, bent double by pain, yet roused by the missionary's portentive warning, helping himself on by means of the chairs he met with on his passage, made vain efforts to reach the choir railing. After advancing a few steps, vanquished by his suffering, he staggered and fell upon the pavement, deprived of sense and motion. At the same moment, Gabriel, in spite of the incredible energy with which the desire to save Father d'Aigrigny had inspired him felt the door giving way beneath the formidable pressure from without.

Turning his head, to see if the jesuit had at least quitted the church, Gabriel to his great

alarm, perceived that he was lying motionless at a few steps from the choir. To abandon the half-broken door, to run to Father d'Aigrigny, to lift him in his arms, and drag him within the railing of the choir, was for the young priest an action rapid as thought; for he closed the gate of the choir just at the instant that the quarryman and his band, having finished breaking down the door, rushed in a body into the church.

Standing in front of the choir, with his arms crossed upon his breast, Gabriel waited calmly and intrepidly for this mob, still more exasperated by such unexpected resistance.

The door once forced, the assailants rushed in with great violence. But hardly had they entered the church, than a strange scene took place. It was nearly dark; only a few silver lamps shed their pale light around the sanctuary, whose far outlines disappeared in shadow. On suddenly entering the immense cathedral, dark, silent and deserted, the most audacious were struck with awe, almost fear, in presence of the imposing grandeur of the stony solitude. Outcries and threats died away on the lips of the most furious. They seemed to dread awaking the echoes of those enormous arches, those black vaults, from which oozed a sepulchral dampness, which chilled their brows, inflamed with anger, and fell upon their shoulders like a mantle of ice.

Religious traditions, routine, habit, the memories of childhood, have so much influence upon men, that hardly had they entered the church, then several of the quarryman's followers respectfully took off their hats, bowed their bare heads, and walked along cautiously, as if to check the noise of their footsteps on the sounding stones. Then they exchanged a few words in a low and fearful whisper. Others timidly raised their eyes to the far heights of the topmost arches of that gigantic building, now lost in obscurity, and felt almost frightened to see themselves so little in the midst of that immensity of darkness. But at the first joke of the quarryman, who broke this respectful silence, the emotion soon passed away.

"Blood and thunder!" cried he; "are you fetching breath to sing vespers! If they had wine in the font, well and good!"

"These words were received with a burst of savage laughter. "All this time the villain will escape," said one.

"And we shall be done," added Ciboule.

"One would think we were cowards here, who are afraid of the sacristans!" cried the quarryman.

"Never!" replied the others in chorus; "we fear nobody."

"Forward!"

"Yes, yes—forward!" was repeated on all sides. And the animation, which had been calmed down for a moment, was redoubled in the midst of the renewed tumult.

"The prisoner is here, hid in some corner," cried the quarryman. "We must force this parson to give us back the villain."

"He shall answer for him!"

"He took him into the church."

"He shall pay for both, if we do not find the other."

"Yes, yes!" cried many voices, "we must have the life of one or the other!"

"Or of both!"

"So much the worse for this priest, if he wants to prevent us from serving out our poisoner."

"Death to him! death to him!"

The quarryman, followed by his gang, ran toward Gabriel, who had advanced a few paces from the choir-railing, and exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with rage:

"Where is the poisoner? We will have him!"

"Who has told you, my brethren, that he is a poisoner?" replied Gabriel, with his deep, sonorous voice. "A poisoner! Where are the proofs witnesses or victims!"

To be Continued.

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GIVE POLICEMAN THE LAUGH.

How can the Will Know They're Not?

The southern approach to Clark street bridge, Chicago, while not a long or steep hill, has always been a serious obstacle for horses drawing very heavy loads to surmount, and until recently it was frequently the cause of much vexatious delay to north-bound traffic, particularly for the street cars, which could not be run around the "stalled" wagon as other vehicles could. The difficulty was also aggravated by the steady stream of wagons crossing on Water street at the foot of the hill, which precluded the possibility of a flying start. Formerly the only thing to be done when a team would not or could not pull its load up the incline was to block the wheels and wait until another team could be hitched in front to assist or else for the policeman and a number of conductors from the delayed cars to get behind the wagon and push. This was both slow and tiresome, and so a short time ago a remedy was found in the shape of a short wooden stake, which was put in charge of the policeman. Now when a team "stalls" he puts one end of the stake against the buffer of an electric car and the car is moved slowly forward until the other end of the stake is against the rear of the wagon. Then the motorman turns on the current and the wagon is easily pushed to the top of the hill without any exertion on the part of the horses. The bridge policeman, however, says that this solution of the problem is worse for him than the former difficulty. He says both the drivers and the horses know that they will get a boost at the hill, and in consequence he is kept busy all day with the stake. Generally, he says, the horses turn around and give him a horse laugh, and some of them are getting in the habit of stopping on the bridge as soon as they feel the strain of the load, evidently in the hope of being pushed farther. Now he thinks he will try to have the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals station an officer there to make formal complaints of overloading. In the meantime he is losing five pounds a day in weight.

SOME BEGGARS GAIN WEALTH.

Example of European Mendicants Who Left Fortunes.

From the London Mail: The wealthiest known living professional beggar, Simon Oppasich, an Austrian, was born without feet or hands, and sympathy for his infirmities brought him a large fortune in the shape of alms. In 1880, when he was 47 years old, he had saved £12,000, and in 1888 he had increased his fortune by speculation to £25,000 in cash and about £40,000 in Trieste and Parenzo estates. Since then he has quadrupled his wealth by speculation on the bourse. When Tori, a well known Italian beggar, died last year, bank books, securities, gold and silver and other articles, to the value of upward of £80,000, were found in his rooms. His heirs were two nephews, who had been existing in a state of miserable poverty for years. A beggar who died in Auxerre, France, in 1895 was found to have bonds to the value of 1,000,000 francs in an old trunk and 400 bottles of wine of the vintage of 1790. The French seem to be a generous nation, for in the same year an old woman, who lived in a wretched garret in the Rue de Sevres, Paris, died, leaving government securities representing an annual income of £21, all made by begging. A beggar named Gustave Marcellin of Avignon died in November, 1892, and left £20,000 in French government bonds, to be divided equally between the city and the Bureau di Bienfaisance, the great French charity society.

The Elaborate Chinese Novel.

It is a proof of the high degree of elaboration to which fiction literature in China has been carried that most of their novels are thickly interspersed with poems of all orders of merit. So stronger evidence could be afforded of the fact that, whatever they lack, it is not literary finish. If anything, they have this in excess. These poems are introduced in a variety of ways. The hero sends one in a billet-doux to the heroine, or he overhears her singing one, or perhaps a poetic contest is struck up, the fine on defeat being generally the compulsory drinking of so many extra flagons of wine. Wine drinking and poetizing almost invariably go together in Chinese novels, though whether they do so in real life we are unable to say. Above all things, every man who sets up to be anything in the way of a hero in Chinese fiction must be prepared to extemporize by the ream in inimitable poetry.—The Open Court.

Breakfasts.
"Red nose, with thy lips compared, look mean!" exclaimed the fervent lover. "Thine eyes are as the soft, deep skirts of Italy! Thy tresses would shame a Helen's locks!" The maiden sat cold and unresponsive. "Thy bicycle is the best ever!" protested the youth, and thereupon a crimson flood suffused her glorious countenance.—Detroit Journal.

A Mixed Message.
"Dicksie, did you give your papa and mamma my Thanksgiving dinner invitation?" "Yes'm; ma said she'd accept with pleasure, an' pa said 'at he wouldn't go if yo' come after him with a policeman.'"—Detroit Free Press.

How Could He Be.
Rose—Was he on his knees when he proposed? Mary—No; but I was.—Boston Journal.

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