WANDERING JEW

BY EVERNE BUR

CHAPTER LXIII

to the fullness of his jay, spo- call the poor slave your friend" decision will be at an end." ken thus to Paringhea, whose harm. You are wicked, because do you think it possible ?" ship.'

gold, and appeared to accept the and laugh." friendship of the son of Kadjaa letter in the post to the ad- pearances ?" dress of Agricola Baudoin, the struck with the desponding air course to you." of the man, asked him kindly and repeatedly the cause of his

After a moment's silence, and feeling of hesitation, Faringhea threw himself at the feet of Djalma, and murmered in a weak, despairing, almost supplicating voice : "I am very mis. erable. Pity me, my good lord."

The tone was so touching, the as bronze, such a heart-rending love." Trust me, friend-for my angel Djalma, more and more affected, herself said to me, that happy exclaimed, as he seized the love cannot bear to see tears other's hand : "Calm this fury, about him."

love, betrayed love-weeps tears influence. Speak to me!" of blood," replied Faringhea, with painful dejection .- "Of what love dost thou speak?" asked Djalma, in surprise.

"I speak of my love," answer ed the half-caste, with a gloomy air .- "Of your love?" said Djalma, more and more astonished; not that the half-caste, still young, and with a countenance of sombre beauty, appeared to him incapable of inspiring or feeling the tender passion, but that, until now, he had never imagined him capable of conceiving so deep a sorrow.

"My lord," resumed the halfcaste, "you told me, that misfortune had made me wicked, son I had to believe myself beand that happiness would make trayed. I spoke to you of vague the almost candid simplicity, me good. In those words, I saw suspicions, refusals, coldness a presentiment, and a noble That is not all-this eveninglove entered my heart, at the moment when hatred and -she made an appointmenttreachery departed from it. I, with a man that she prefers to fury. Deeply affected, Djalma the half-savage, found a woman, me." beautiful and young, to respond "Who told you so?"---"A and said: "You were entitled to my passion. At least I thought stranger who pitied my blind- to ask of me a mark of friend-But I had betrayed you, ness," my lord, and there is no happi- "And suppose the man de- forestalled you. Courage! be of

seen shamefully betrayed."

Then, seeing the surprise of

"And your friend thanks you treachery he had just discovers for the confidence," answered ed, "You leagued with my one Dialms. "Far from mocking, wandered as it does now, and I mies, and I had done you no he will console you. Mock you! came to you for advice."

you are no doubt unhappy. I "Betrayed love merits con- spair, he proceeded with a say will strive to make you happy, tempt and insult," said Farin- age laugh: "Advice? It so that you may be good. Would ghea, bitterly. "Even cowards from the blade of my kandjiar you have gold "-you shall have may point at one with scorn- that I should ask counsel! It it. Would you have a friend ? for, in this country, the sight of would answer : 'Blood ! blood !'

nary power of dissimulation, the hesitation, that proved the you as a friend." the prince of the sincerity of his to me, and forgive me for speak-for his gratitude and attachment from so confiding and generous goodness of his heart: "Listen But Faringhea, seemingly a derical modical discovery of the age, principle and attachment from so confiding and generous goodness of his heart: "Listen But Faringhea, seemingly a derical modical discovery of the age, principle and mute frenzy, stood with fixed and haggared and haggared which is gratitude and attachment from so confiding and generous goodness of his heart: "Listen But Faringhea, seemingly a derical modical discovery of the age, principle and the prince of the sincerity of his to me, and forgive me for speak-line and haggared and haggared and haggared stood with fixed and haggared another proof, that I cherish no eyes, as though he did not hear granteed to care by all denggists. from so confiding and generous evil memories, and that I fully Djalma. a character. A few days after believe in your repentance and The latter laid his hand on the interview last described be- affection. Remember, that I his shoulder, and resumed tween Adrienne and Djalma, and also once thought, that she, who "Faringhea, listen to me "on the morrow of the day when is the angel of my life, did not "My lord," said the half-caste Rodin, certain of the success of love me-and yet it was false, starting abruptly, as from a Ninny Moulin's mission to Who tells you, that you are not, dream, "forgive me-but-Sainte-Colombe, had himself put like me, deceived by false ap-

had appeared oppressed with a it. My brain wanders uncer- friend."---"My lord----" violent grief, seemed to get so tain, I cannot come to any resomuch worse, that the prince, lution, and therefore I have re-

cions ?"--"Her coldness, yes!" said the half-caste, in a which sometimes succeeds to hollow voice, and with a bitter apparent tenderness. The re- smile ; "I shall be there." as if struggling with a painful fusals she gives me in the name of duty. Yes," added the halfcaste, after a moment's silence, lord ?" cried the half-caste. "she reasons about her love—a "Who will accompany me?" proof, that she has never loved me, or that she loves me no more."

"On the contrary, she perhaps grief under which the half-breed loves you all the more, that she suffered seemed to give to his takes into consideration the infeatures, generally fixed and hard terest and the dignity of her

expression, that Djalma was Pausing suddenly, Faringhea deepty affected, and, bending to hid his face in his hands, and raise him from the ground, said heaved a deep sigh. His feato him, in a kindly voice; tures expressed a mixture of "Speak to me! Confidence ap- hate, rage, and despair, at once peases the torments of the heart. so terrible and so painful, that and listen to the voice of friend-"But unhappy love, miserable ship! It will disperse this evi

"No, no! it is too dreadful!" -"Speak, I bid thee."

"No! leave the wretch to his despair !"---"Do you think me sapable of that?" said Djalma, with a mixture of mildness and dignity, which seemed to make an impression on the half-caste

"Alas," replied he, hesitating; do you wish to hear more, my

"I wish to hear all."

making this confession, shame only to tell you of my miseryback. You asked me what rea-

the prince, the half-caste added, snable me this evening to wit by false appearances." as if overwhelmed with confu-ness the interview. 'It may be, sion: "Do not mock me, my said he, that this appointment It will, perhaps, be remem lord? The most frightful tor may have no guilt in it, not bored that Djalma, when he tures would not have wrung this withstanding appearances to the wrapped in their cloaks, got inheard for the first time that he confession from me; but you, contrary. Judge for yourself, to a backney-coach. Faringheawas beloved by Adrienne, had, the son of a king, deigned to have courage, and your cruel in. ordered the coachman to drive

"And what did you answer ?" Columbe, "Nothing, my lord. My head

Then making a gesture of de

-though you are a slave, a the man deceived in what is Knowing, by his own experking's son offers you his friend- dearest to his soul, the very life- ience, to what madness a blind blood of his life, only makes fury may be carried, and wish-Faringhea had refused the people shrug their shoulders ing to tame the half-caste by affectionate kindness, Djalma "But are you certain of this said to him in a grave and mild sing. Endowed with remarka- treachery ?" said Djalma, mildly. tone : "I offered you my friendble intelligence, and extraordi- Then he added, with a visible ship. I will now act towards

"In the anguish occasioned by these cruel suspicions, it is not "Alas, my lord! could I only of your kandjiar that you must half-caste, who for some time believe so! But I dare not hope take counsel-but of your

> "To this interview, which will prove the innocence or the treachery of your beloved, you "But what causes your suspi- will do well to go."---"Oh,

> > "But you must not go alone," "What do you mean, my

"I will."-"You, my lord ?"

"Yes-perhaps, to save you from a crime-for I know how blind and unjust is the earliest outbursts of rage."-"But that transport gives us revenge!" cried the half-caste, with a cruel

"Faringhea, this day is all my own. I shall not leave you," said the prince, resolutely Either you shall not go to this interview, or I will accompany

The half-caste appeared conquered by this generous perseverance. He fell at the feet of Djalma, pressed the prince's hand respectfully to his forehead and to his lips, and said: "My lord, be generous to the end! forgive me!"-"For what shall I forgive you?"

"Before I spoke to you, I had GREAT the audacity to think of asking for what you have just freely offered. Not knowing to what ROCK ISLAND extent my fury might carry me, I had thought of asking you this favor, which you would not perhaps grant to an equal, but I did not dare to do it. I shrank even "Well, then! I have not told from the avowal of the treachery you all-for, at the moment of I have cause to fear, and came and the fear of ridicule kept me because to you alone in all the world I could tell it."

It is impossible to describe with which the half-breed pro-"Go on !"-"This evening soft tones, mingled with tears, which had succeeded his savage raised him from the ground, ship. I am happy in having

he repent. In my turn, I have self " -- "He has offered me you to this interview, and, if my proofs of what he advances." hopes do not decrive me, you "What proofs ?"---- 'He will will find you have been deluded

> When the night was come, the half-breed and Djalma, to the house inhabited by Sainte-

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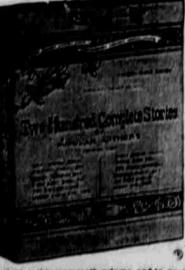


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