

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE SUE

CHAPTER X.

THE MEETING.

It is eight o'clock in the evening, the rain dashes against the windows of Frances Baudoin's apartment in the Rue Brise-Miche, while violent squalls of wind shake the badly-closed doors and casements.

The paved floor was soiled with mud, and a thick layer of dust covered the furniture, once so bright and clean. Since Frances was taken away by the commissary, the bed had not been made; at night Dagobert had thrown himself upon it for a few hours in his clothes, when, worn out with fatigue, and crushed by despair, he had returned from new and vain attempts to discover Rose and Blanche's prison-house.

By the faint glimmer of a candle, placed upon the little stove, now cold as marble, for the stock of wood had long been exhausted, one might have seen the hunchback sleeping upon a chair, her head resting upon her bosom, her hands concealed beneath her cotton apron, and her feet resting on the lowest rung of the chair; from time to time, she shivered in her damp, chill garments.

After that long day of fatigue and diverse emotions, the poor creature had eaten nothing. Had she even thought of it, she would have been at a loss for bread. Waiting for the return of Dagobert and Agricola, she had sunk into an agitated sleep—very different, alas! from calm and refreshing slumber.

After some minutes of silence, only interrupted by the noise of the wind, a slow and heavy step was heard on the landing-place. The door opened, and Dagobert entered, followed by SpoilSPORT.

Waking with a start, Mother Bunch raised her head hastily, sprang from her chair, and, advancing rapidly to meet Agricola's father, said to him: "Well, M. Dagobert! have you good news? Have you—"

She could not continue, she was so struck with the gloomy expression of the soldiers' features. Absorbed in his reflections, he did not at first appear to perceive the speaker, but threw himself despondingly on a chair, rested his elbows upon the table, and hid his face in his hands.

Taking a few steps up and down the room, Dagobert looked around him, as if in search of something. At length, after about a minute's examination, he perceived, near the stove, a bar of iron, perhaps two feet long, serving to lift the covers when too hot for the fingers. Taking this in his hand, he looked at it closely, poised it to judge of its weight, and then laid it down upon the drawers with an air of satisfaction.

Seized with terror, the seamstress could not forbear exclaiming: "Good gracious, M. Dagobert! what are you going to do?"

The soldier looked at her as if he only perceived her for the first time, and said to her in cordial, but abrupt voice: "Good evening, my good girl! What is the time?"

"Eight o'clock has just struck at Saint-Merri's, M. Dagobert."

"Eight o'clock," said the soldier, speaking to himself; "only eight!"

Placing the pistols by the side of the iron bar, he appeared again to reflect, while he cast his eyes round him.

"M. Dagobert," ventured the girl, "you have not, then, good news?"

"No."

That single word was uttered by the soldier in so sharp a tone, that, not daring to question him further, Mother Bunch sat down in silence. SpoilSPORT came to lean his head on the knees of the girl, and followed the movements of Dagobert with as much curiosity as herself.

After remaining for some moments pensive and silent, the soldier approached the bed, took a sheet from it, appeared to measure its length,

and then said, turning towards Mother Bunch: "The scissors!" "But, M. Dagobert—" "Come, my good girl! the scissors!" replied Dagobert, in a kind tone but one that commanded obedience.

"Now, hold the other end of the sheet, my girl, and draw it out tight."

In a few minutes, Dagobert had cut the sheet into four strips, which he twisted in the fashion of cords, fastening them here and there with bits of tape, so as to preserve the twist, and tying them strongly together, so as to make a rope of about twenty feet long. This, however, did not suffice him, for he said to himself: "Now I must have a hook."

Again he looked around him, and Mother Bunch, more and more frightened, for she now no longer doubted Dagobert's designs, said to him timidly: "M. Dagobert, Agricola has not yet come in. It may be some good news that makes him so late."

"Yes," said the soldier, bitterly, as he continued to cast round his eyes in search of something he wanted; "good news like mine! But I must have a strong iron hook."

Still looking about, he found one of the coarse, grey sacks, that Frances was accustomed to make. He took it, opened it, and said to the work-girl: "Put me the iron bar and the cord in this bag, my girl. It will be easier to carry."

"Heavens!" cried she, obeying his directions; "you will not go without seeing Agricola, M. Dagobert? He may perhaps have some good news to tell you."

"Be satisfied! I shall wait for my boy. I need not start before ten o'clock—so I have time."

"Alas, M. Dagobert! have you lost all hope?"

"On the contrary. I have good hope—but in myself."

So saying, Dagobert twisted the upper end of the sack, for the purpose of closing it and placed it on the drawers, by the side of his pistols.

"At all events, you will wait for Agricola, M. Dagobert?"

"Yes if he arrives before ten o'clock."

"Alas! you have then quite made up your mind?"

"Quite. And yet, if I were weak enough to believe in bad omens—"

"Sometimes, M. Dagobert, omens do not deceive one," said the girl, hoping to induce the soldier to abandon his dangerous resolution.

"Yes," resumed Dagobert; "old women say so—and, although I am not an old woman, what I saw just now weighed heavily on my heart. After all, I may have taken a feeling of anger for a presentiment."

"What have you seen?"

"I will tell it to you, my good girl; it may help to pass the time, which appears long enough." Then, interrupting himself, he exclaimed: "Was it the half-hour that just struck?"

"Yes, M. Dagobert; it is half past eight."

"Still an hour and a half," said Dagobert, in a hollow voice. "This," he added, "is what I saw. As I came along the street, my notice was attracted by a large red placard, at the head of which was a black panther devouring a white horse. That sight gave me a turn, for you must know, my good girl, that a black panther destroyed a poor white horse that I had, SpoilSPORT's companion, whose name was Jovial."

At the sound of this name, once so familiar, SpoilSPORT, who was crouching at the work-woman's feet, raised his head hastily, and looked at Dagobert.

"You see that beasts have memory—he recollects," said the soldier, sighing himself at the remembrance. Then, addressing his dog, he added: "Dost remember Jovial?"

On hearing this name a second time pronounced by his master, in a voice of emotion, SpoilSPORT gave a low whine, as if to indicate that he had not forgotten his old travelling-companion.

"It was indeed a melancholy incident, M. Dagobert," said Mother Bunch, "to find upon this placard a panther devouring a horse."

"That is nothing to what's to come; you shall hear the rest. I drew near the bill, and read in it, that one Morok, just arrived from Germany, is about to exhibit in a theatre different wild beasts that he tamed, among others a splendid lion, a tiger, and a black Java panther, named Death."

"What an awful name!" said the hearer.

"You will think it more awful, my child, when I tell you, that this is the very panther which strangled my horse at Leipsic, four months ago."

"Good Heaven! you are right, M. Dagobert," said the girl, "it is awful."

"Wait a little," said Dagobert, whose countenance was growing more and more gloomy, "that is not all. It was by means of this very Morok, the owner of the panther, that I and my poor children were imprisoned in Leipsic."

"And this wicked man is in Paris, and wishes

you evil?" said Mother Bunch. "Oh! you are right, M. Dagobert; you must take care of yourself; it is a bad omen."

"For him, if I catch him," said Dagobert, in a hollow tone. "We have old accounts to settle."

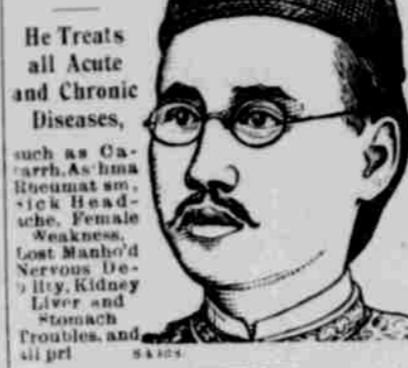
"M. Dagobert," cried Mother Bunch, listening;

"some one is running up the stairs. It is Agricola's footstep. I am sure he has good news."

"That will just do," said the soldier, hastily, without answering. "Agricola is a smith. He will be able to find me the iron hook."

(To be continued.)

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JAMES L. BROWNE, Plaintiff. By W. A. Saunders, his attorney. 11-19-14

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT. To Lottie Reinberger, Martha J. Rees, Clara Blanche Everts, Samuel Wright Everts, Frank R. Rhodes and Lela Alverna Rees Shafer, Walter Rees Miller, Charles Reed Miller, Mary Everts, Henrietta Rhodes, Homer Clyde Shafer, Estella Baker, non-resident defendants.

JAMES L. BROWNE, Plaintiff. By W. A. Saunders, His Attorney. Doc. 62. 11-19-14

W. H. RUSSELL, Attorney, New York Life Building.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m. sell at public auction, in the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, all the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit: The north one-half (N 1/2) of lot number twenty-one (21), in block number three (3), in Potter & Cobb's second addition to the city of South Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded.

To satisfy the sum of thirty-nine and 80/100 (\$39.80) dollars costs hereon, together with accruing costs, according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its September term, A. D. 1897, in a certain action, then and there commenced, wherein Robert M. Zug is plaintiff and Eli H. Doud, Minnie A. Doud, John S. Doud, Mrs. Doud, his wife, first and real name unknown, William G. Sloane, Ella M. Sloane, Isabell Jones and The Union Stock Yards Company (Limited) of South Omaha, Nebraska, a corporation, are defendants.

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