

## THE WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

## THE TWO BROTHERS OF THE GOOD WORK.

"The letter has been taken to its address, sir," said the old servant, bowing, "and here is the answer."

Rodin took the paper, and, before he opened it, said courteously to Faringhea: "With your permission, sir."

"Make no ceremonies," said the half-caste.

"You are very kind," replied Rodin, as, having read the letter he received, he wrote hastily some words at the bottom, saying: "Send this back to the same address."

The servant bowed respectfully, and withdrew. "Now can I continue?" asked the half-caste of Rodin.

"Certainly."

"I will continue, then," resumed Faringhea:

"The day before yesterday, just as the prince, all wounded as he was, was about, by my advice, to take his departure for Paris, a fine carriage arrived, with superb presents for Djalma, from an unknown friend. In this carriage were two men—one sent by the unknown friend—the other a doctor, sent by you to attend upon Djalma, and accompany him to Paris. It was a charitable act, brother—was it not so?"

"Go on with your story, sir."

"Djalma set out yesterday. By declaring that the prince's wound would grow seriously worse, if he did not lie down in the carriage during all the journey, the doctor got rid of the envoy of the unknown friend, who went away by himself. The doctor wished to get rid of me too; but Djalma so strongly insisted upon it, that I accompanied the prince and doctor. Yesterday evening, we had come about half the distance. The doctor proposed we should pass the night at an inn. 'We have plenty of time,' said he, 'to reach Paris by to-morrow evening'—the prince having told him, that he must absolutely be in Paris by the evening of the 12th. The doctor had been very pressing to set out alone with the prince. I knew by Van Dael's letter, that it was of great importance to you for Djalma not to be here on the 13th; I had my suspicions, and I asked the doctor if he knew you; he answered with an embarrassed air, and then my suspicion became certainty. When we reached the inn, whilst the doctor was occupied with Djalma, I went up to the room of the former, and examined a box full of phials that he had brought with him. One of them contained opium—and then I guessed—"

"What did you guess, sir?"

"You shall know. The doctor said to Djalma, before he left him: 'Your wound is doing well, but the fatigue of the journey might bring on inflammation; it will be good for you, in the course of to-morrow, to take a soothing potion, that I will make ready this evening, to have with us in the carriage.' The doctor's plan was a simple one," added Faringhea; "today, the prince was to take the potion at four or five o'clock in the afternoon—and fall into a deep sleep—the doctor to grow uneasy, and stop the carriage—to declare that it would be dangerous to continue the journey—to pass the night at an inn, and keep close watch over the prince, whose stupor was only to cease when it suited your purposes. That was your design—it was cleverly planned—I chose to make use of it for myself, and I have succeeded."

"All that you are talking about, my dear sir," said Rodin, biting his nails, "is pure Hebrew to me."

"No doubt, because of my accent. But tell me, have you heard speak of array-mow?"

"No."

"Your loss! It is an admirable production of the Island of Java, so fertile in poisons."

"What is that to me?" said Rodin, in a sharp voice, but hardly able to dissemble his growing anxiety.

"It concerns you nearly. We sons of Bowanee have a horror of shedding blood," resumed Faringhea; "to pass the cord round the neck of our victims, we wait till they are asleep. When their sleep is not deep enough, we know how to make it deeper. We are skilful at our work; the serpent is not more cunning, or the lion more valiant. Djalma himself bears our mark. The array-mow is an impalpable powder, and, by letting the sleeper inhale a few grains of it, or by mixing it with the tobacco to be smoked by a waking man, we can throw our victim into a stupor, from which nothing will rouse him. If we fear to administer too strong a dose at once, we let the sleeper inhale a little at different times, and we can thus prolong the trance at pleasure, and without any danger, as long as a man does not require meat and drink—say, thirty or forty hours. You see, that opium is mere trash compared to this divine narcotic. I had brought some of this with me from Java—as a mere curi-

osity, you know—without forgetting the counter-poison."

"Oh! there is a counter-poison, then?" said Rodin, mechanically.

"Just as there are people quite contrary to what we are, brother of the good work. The Javanese call the juice of this root toohee; it dissipates the stupor caused by the array-mow, as the sun disperses the clouds. Now, yesterday evening, being certain of the projects of your emissary against Djalma, I waited till the doctor was in bed and asleep. I crept into his room, and made him inhale such a dose of array-mow—that he is probably sleeping still."

"Miscreant!" cried Rodin, more and more alarmed by this narrative, for Faringhea had dealt a terrible blow at the machinations of the socius and his friends. "You risk poisoning the doctor."

"Yes, brother; just as he ran the risk of poisoning Djalma. This morning we set out, leaving your doctor at the inn, plunged in a deep sleep. I was alone in the carriage with Djalma. He smoked, like a true Indian; some grains of array-mow, mixed with the tobacco in his long pipe, first made him drowsy; a second dose, that he inhaled, sent him to sleep; and so I left him at the inn where we stopped. Now, brother, it depends upon me, to leave Djalma in his trance, which will last till tomorrow evening, or to rouse him from it on the instant. Exactly as you comply with my demands or not, Djalma will or will not be in the Rue Saint Francois tomorrow."

So saying, Faringhea drew from his pocket the medal belonging to Djalma, and observed, as he showed it to Rodin: "You see, that I tell you the truth. During Djalma's sleep, I took from him this medal, the only indication he has of the place where he ought to be tomorrow. I finish, then, as I began: Brother, I have come to ask you for a great deal."

For some minutes, Rodin had been biting his nails to the quick, as was his custom when seized with a fit of dumb and concentrated rage. Just then, the bell of the porter's lodge rang three times in a particular manner. Rodin did not appear to notice it, and yet a sudden light sparkled in his small reptile-eyes; while Faringhea, with his arms folded, looked at him with an expression of triumph and disdainful superiority. The socius bent down his head, remained silent for some seconds, took mechanically a pen from his desk, and began to know the feather, as if in deep reflection upon what Faringhea had just said. Then, throwing down the pen upon the desk, he turned suddenly towards the half-caste, and addressed him with an air of profound contempt. "Now, really, M. Faringhea—do you think to make game of us with your cock-and-bull stories?"

Amazed, in spite of his audacity, the half-caste recoiled a step.

"What, sir!" resumed Rodin. "You come here, into a respectable house, to boast that you have stolen letters, strangled this man, drugged that other? Why, sir, it is downright madness. I wished to hear you to the end, to see to what extent you would carry your audacity—for none but a monstrous rascal would venture to plume himself on such infamous crimes. But I prefer believing, that they exist only in your imagination."

As he barked out these words, with a degree of animation not usual in him, Rodin rose from his seat, and approached the chimney, while Faringhea, who had not yet recovered from his surprise, looked at him in silence. In a few seconds, however, the half-caste returned, with a gloomy and savage mien: "Take care, brother; do not force me to prove to you that I have told the truth."

"Come, come, sir; you must be fresh from the Antipodes, to believe us Frenchmen such easy dupes. You have, you say, the prudence of a serpent, and the courage of the lion. I do not know if you are a courageous lion, but you are certainly not a prudent serpent. What! you have about you a letter from M Van Dael, by which I might be compromised—supposing all this not to be a fable—you have left Prince Djalma in a stupor, which would serve my projects, and from which you alone can rouse him—you are able, you say, to strike a terrible blow at my interests—and yet you do not consider (bold lion! crafty serpent as you are!) that I only want to gain twenty-four hours upon you. Now, you come from the ends of India to Paris, an unknown stranger—you believe me to be as great a scoundrel as yourself, since you call me brother—and do not once consider, that you are here in my power—that this street and house are solitary, and that I could have three or four persons to bind you in a second, savage strangler though you are! and that just by pulling this bell-ropes," said Rodin, as he took it in his hand. "Do not be alarmed," added he, with a diabolical smile, as he saw Faringhea make an abrupt movement of surprise and fright; "would I give you notice, if I meant to act in this manner? But just answer

me. Once bound and put in confinement for twenty-four hours, how could you injure me? Would it not be easy for me to possess myself of Van Dael's letter, and Djalma's medal? and the latter, plunged in a stupor till tomorrow evening, need not trouble me at all. You see therefore,

that your threats are vain—because it is not true that Prince Djalma is here and in your power. Begone, sir—leave the house; and, when next you wish to make dupes, show more judgment in the selection."

(To be continued.)

## WHAT ROME TEACHES

In 1900 Hundred Rome Will Take This Country and Keep It—Hecker.

She Boasts That Religious Liberty Is Only Endured Until the Opposite Side Can Be Put into Effect Without Injury to the Roman Church.

Education outside of the Catholic Church is a damnable heresy.—Pope Plus IX.

Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities, even to war and bloodshed.—Catholic World.

I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools.—Father Phelan.

I would as soon administer sacrament to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to public schools.—Father Walker.

The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards.—Father Shaner.

It will be a glorious day in this country when under the laws the school system will be shivered to pieces.—Catholic Telegraph.

The public schools are nurseries of vice; they are godless and unless suppressed will prove the damnation of this country.—Father Walker.

We must take part in the elections, move in a solid mass in every state against the party pledged to sustain the integrity of the public schools.—McCloskey.

The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell.—Chicago Tablet.

The time is not far away when the Roman Catholic Church of the Republic of the United States, at the order of the Pope, will refuse to pay their school tax, and will send bullets to the breasts of the government agents rather than pay it. It will come quickly at the click of a trigger, and will be obeyed, of course, as coming from Almighty God.—Mr. Capel.

"We hate Protestantism; we detect it with our whole heart and soul."—Catholic Visitor.

"No man has a right to choose his religion."—Archbishop Hughes in Freeman's Journal, Jan. 29, 1852.

"If Catholics ever gain sufficient numerical majority in this country, religious freedom is at an end."—Catholic Shepherd of the Valley, Nov. 23, 1851.

"Protestantism, of every form, has not, and never can have any right where Catholicity is triumphant."—Dr. O. A. Brownson's Catholic Review, June, 1851.

"We have taken this principle for a basis: That the Catholic religion with all its rights, ought to be exclusively dominant, in such sort, that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted."—Plus IX, in his allocution to a Consistory of Cardinals, September, 1851.

"Protestantism—why, we should draw and quarter it, and hang up the crow's head. We would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons! Fill it with molten lead and sink it in hell fire one hundred fathoms deep."—Father Phelan, Editor Western Watchman.

"Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite side can be carried into effect, without peril to the Catholic Church."—Bishop O'Connor.

The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country."—Father Hecker, in the Catholic World, July, 1870.

"Undoubtedly it is the intention of the Pope to possess this country. In this intention he is aided by the Jesuits and Catholic prelates and priests."—Brownson's Catholic Review, July, 1864.

When a Catholic candidate is on a ticket and his opponent is a non-Catholic, let the Catholic candidate have the vote, no matter what he represents."—Catholic Review, July, 1894.

"In case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the laws of the church must prevail over the state."—Plus IX, Syllabus 1864.

"We hold the state to be only an inferior court, receiving its authority from the church and liable to have its decrees reversed upon appeal."—Brownson's Essays, p. 222.

"We do not accept this government or hold it to be any government at all, or as capable of performing any of the proper functions of government. If the American government is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principles of the Reformation (that is, the government by the people), and the acceptance of the Catholic principle, which is the government of the pope."—Catholic World, September, 1871.

"I acknowledge no civil power."—Cardinal Manning, speaking in the name of the Pope, S. R. S., 1873.

"The Pope, as the head and mouth-piece of the Catholic Church, administers its discipline and issues orders to which every Catholic under pain of sin must yield obedience."—Catholic World, of August, 1868.

"In 1900 Rome will take this country and keep it."—Priest Hecker.

"The will of the Pope is the supreme law of all lands."—Archbishop Ireland.

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