

WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE SUE.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Faringhea seemed struck with astonishment. All that he had just heard seemed very probable. Rodin might seize upon him, the letter, and the medal, and by keeping him prisoner, prevent Djalma from being awakened. And yet Rodin ordered him to leave the house, at the moment when Faringhea had imagined himself so formidable. As he thought for the motives of this inexplicable conduct, it struck him, that Rodin, notwithstanding the proofs he had brought him, did not yet believe that Djalma was in his power. On that theory, the contempt of Van Dael's correspondent admitted of a natural explanation. But Rodin was playing a bold and skilful game; and, while he appeared to mutter to himself as in anger, he was observing, with intense anxiety, the Stranger's countenance.

The latter, almost certain that he had devined the secret motive of Rodin, replied: "I am going—but one word more. You think I deceive you?" "I am certain of it. You have told me nothing but a tissue of fables, and I have lost much time in listening to them. Spare me the rest; it is late—and I should like to be alone."

"One minute more; you are a man, I see, from whom nothing should be hid," said Faringhea. "From Djalma, I could not only expect alarm and disdalin—for, with a character like this, to say to him: 'I am going, because I might have betrayed you, and did not,' would be to provoke his anger and contempt. I could have killed him twenty times over, but his day is not yet come," said the Thug, with a gloomy air; and to wait for that and other fatal days, I must have gold, much gold. You alone can pay me for the betrayal of Djalma, for you alone profit by it. You refuse to hear me, because you think I am deceiving you. But I took the direction of the inn where we stopped—and here it is. Send some one to ascertain the truth of what I tell you, and then you will believe me. But the price of my services will be high; for I told you that I wanted much."

So saying, Faringhea offered a printed card to Rodin; the soecus, who, out of the corner of his eye, followed all the half-caste's movements, appeared to be absorbed in thought, and taking no heed of anything.

"Here is the address," repeated Faringhea, as he held out the card to Rodin; "assure yourself that I do not lie."

"Eh? what is it?" said the other, casting a rapid but stolen glance at the address, which he read greedily, without touching the card.

"Take this address," repeated the half-caste, "and you may then assure yourself—"

"Really, sir," cried Rodin, pushing back the card with his hand, "your impudence confounds me. I repeat that I wish to have nothing in common with you. For the last time, I tell you to leave the house. I know nothing about your Prince Djalma. You say you can injure me—do so—make no ceremonies—but, in heaven's name, leave me to myself."

So say, Rodin rang the bell violently. Faringhea made a movement as if to stand upon the defensive; but only the old servant, with his quiet and placid mien, appeared at the door.

"Lapierre, light the gentleman out," said Rodin, pointing to Faringhea.

Terrified at Rodin's calmness, the half-caste hesitated to leave the room.

"What do you want, sir?" said Rodin, remarking his hesitation. "I wish to be alone."

"So, sir," said Faringhea, as he withdrew, slowly, "you refuse my offers? Take care! tomorrow it will be too late."

"I have the honour to be your most humble servant, sir," said Rodin, bowing courteously. The Stranger went out, and the door closed upon him.

Immediately, Father d'Algrigny entered from the next room. His countenance was pale and agitated.

"What have you done?" exclaimed he, addressing Rodin. "I have heard all. I am unfortunately too sure that this wretch spoke the truth. The Indian is in his power, and he goes to rejoin him."

"I think not," said Rodin, humbly, as, bowing, he reassumed his dull and submissive countenance.

"What will prevent this man from rejoining the prince?"

"Allow me. As soon as the rascal was shown in, I knew him; and so, before speaking a word to him, I wrote a few lines to Morok, who was waiting below with Goliath till your reverence should be at leisure. Afterwards, in the course of the conversation, when they brought me Morok's answer, I added some fresh instructions, seeing the turn that affairs were taking."

"And what was the use of all this, since you have let the man leave the house?"

"Your reverence will perhaps deign to observe that he did not leave it, till he had given me the direction of the hotel where the Indian now is, thanks to my innocent stratagem of appearing to despise him. But, if it had failed, Faringhea would still have fallen into the hands of Goliath and Morok, who are waiting for him in the street, a few steps from the door. Only we should have been rather embarrassed, as we should not have known where to find Prince Djalma."

"More violence!" said Father d'Algrigny, with repugnance.

"It is to be regretted, very much regretted," replied Rodin; "but it was necessary to follow out the system already adopted."

"Is that meant for a reproach?" said Father d'Algrigny, who began to think that Rodin was something more than a mere writing-machine.

"I could not permit myself to blame your reverence," said Rodin, cringing almost to the ground. "But all that will be required is to confine this man for twenty-four hours."

"And afterwards—his complaints?"

"Such a sounder as he is will not dare to complain. Besides, he left this house in freedom. Morok and Goliath will bandage his eyes when they seize him. The house has another entrance in the Rue Vierge-des-Ursins. At this

hour, and in such a storm, no one will be passing through this deserted quarter of the town. The knave will be confuted by the change of place; they will put him into a cellar of the new building, and tomorrow night, about the same hour, they will restore him to liberty with the like precautions. As for the East Indian, we now know where to find him; we must send to him some confidential person, and, if he recovers from his trance, there would be, in my humble opinion," said Rodin, modestly, "a very simple and quiet manner of keeping him away from the Rue-Saint-Francois all day tomorrow."

The same servant with the mild countenance, who had introduced and shown out Faringhea, here entered the room, after knocking discreetly at the door. He held in his hand a sort of game-bag, which he gave to Rodin, saying: "Here is what M. Morok has just brought; he came in by the Rue Vieille."

The servant withdrew, and Rodin, opening the bag, said to Father d'Algrigny, as he showed him the contents: "The medal, and Van Dael's letter. Morok has been quick at his work."

"One more danger avoided," said the marquis: "it is a pity to be forced to such measures."

"We must only blame the rascal who has obliged us to have recourse to them, I will send instantly to the hotel where the Indian lodges."

"And at seven in the morning, you will conduct Gabriel to the Rue Saint-Francois. It is there that I must have with him the interview which he has so earnestly demanded these three days."

"At last, then," said Father d'Algrigny, "after so many struggles, and fears, and crosses, only a few hours separate us from the moment which we have so long desired!"

We now conduct the reader to the house in the Rue Saint-Francois.

CHAPTER XVII. THE HOUSE IN THE RUE SAINT-FRANCOIS.

On entering the Rue Saint-Gervais, by the Rue Dore (in the Marais), you would have found yourself, at the epoch of this narrative, directly opposite to an enormously high wall, the stones of which wore black and worn eaten with age. This wall, which extended nearly the whole length of that solitary street, served to support a terrace shaded by trees of some hundred years old, which thus grew about forty feet above the causeway.

Through their thick branches appeared the stone front, peaked roof, and tall brick chimneys of an antique house, the entrance of which was situated in the Rue Saint-Francois, not far from the Rue Saint-Gervais corner. Nothing could be more gloomy than the exterior of this abode. On the entrance side also was a very high wall, pierced with two or three loopholes, strongly grated. A carriage gateway in massive oak, barred with iron, and studded with large nail-heads, whose primitive colour discoloured beneath a thick layer of mud, dust, and rust, fitted close into the arch of a deep recess, forming the swell of a bay window above. In one of these massive gates was a smaller door, which served for ingress and egress to Samuel the Jew, the guardian of this dreary abode. On passing the threshold, you came to a passage, formed in the building which faced in the street. In this building was the lodging of Samuel, with its windows opening upon the rather spacious inner courtyard, through the railing of which you perceived the garden. In the middle of this garden stood a two-storied stone house, so strangely built, that you had to mount a flight of steps, or rather a double flight of at least twenty steps, to reach the door, which had been walled-up a hundred and fifty years before. The window-blinds of this habitation had been replaced by large thick plates of lead, hermetically soldered, and kept in by frames of iron clamped in the stone. Moreover, completely to intercept air and light, and thus to guard against decay within and without, the roof had been covered with thick sheets of lead, as well as the vents of the tall chimneys, which had previously been bricked up. The same precautions had been taken with respect to a small square belvedere, situated on the top of the house; this glass cage was covered with a sort of dome, soldered to the roof. Only, in consequence of some singular fancy, in every one of the leaden plates, which concealed the four sides of the belvedere, corresponding to the cardinal points, seven little round holes had been bored in the form of a cross, and were easily distinguishable from the outside. Everywhere else the plates of lead were completely unperforated. Thanks to these precautions, and to the substantial structure of the building, nothing but a few outward repairs had been necessary; and the apartments, entirely removed from the influence of the external air, no doubt remained, during a century and a half, exactly in the same state as at the time of being shut up. The aspect of walls in crevices, of broken, worn-eaten shutters, of a roof half fallen in, and windows covered with wallflowers, would perhaps have been less sad than the appearance of this stone house, plated with iron and lead, and preserved like a mausoleum. The garden, completely deserted, and only regularly visited once a week by Samuel, presented to the view, particularly in summer, an incredible confusion of parasites and brambles. The trees, left to themselves, had shot forth and mingled their branches in all directions; some straggling vines, reproduced from off-shoots, had crept along the ground to the foot of the trees, and climbing up their trunks, had twined themselves about them, and encircled their highest branches with their inexorable net. You could only pass through this virgin forest by following the path made by the guardian, to go from the grating to the house, the approaches to which were a little sloped to let the water run off, and carefully paved to the width of about ten feet. Another narrow path, which extended all round the enclosure, was every night perambulated by two or three Pyrenees dogs—a faithful race, which had been perpetuated in the house during a century and a half. Such was the habitation destined for the meeting of the descendants of the family of Renepont. The night which separated the 12th from the 13th day of Feb-

ruary was near its close. A calm had succeeded the storm, and the rain had ceased; the sky was clear and full of stars; the moon, on its decline, shone with a mild lustre, and threw a melancholy light over that deserted, silent house, whose threshold for so many years no human footstep had crossed.

A bright gleam of light, issuing from one of the windows of the guardian's dwelling, announced that Samuel was awake. Figure to yourself a tolerably large room, lined from top to bottom with old walnut wainscoting, browned to an almost black, with age. Two half-extinguished brands are smoking amid the cinders on the hearth. On the stone mantelpiece, painted to resemble grey granite, stands an old iron candlestick, furnished with a messenger candle, capped by an extinguisher. Near it one sees a pair of double-barrelled pistols, and a sharp cut-throat, with a tilt of carved bronze, belonging to the seventeenth century. Moreover, a heavy rifle rests against one of the chimney jambs. Four stools, an old oak press, and a square table with twisted legs, formed the sole furniture of this apartment. Against the wall were systematically suspended a number of keys of different sizes, the shape of which bore evidence to their antiquity, whilst their rings were affixed divers labels. The back of the old press, which moved by a secret spring, had been pushed aside, and discovered, built in the wall, a large and deep iron chest, the lid of which, being open, displayed the wondrous mechanism of one of those Florentine locks of the sixteenth century, which, better than any modern invention, set all picklocks at defiance; and, moreover, according to the notions of that age, are supplied with a thick lining of asbestos cloth, suspended by gold wire at a distance from the sides of the chest, for the purpose of rendering incombustible the articles contained in it. A large cedar-wood box had been taken from this chest, and placed upon a stool; it contained numerous papers, carefully arranged and docketed. By the light of a brass lamp, the old keeper Samuel, was writing in a small register, whilst Bathsheba, his wife, was dictating to him from an account. Samuel was about eighty-two years old, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, a mass of grey curling hair covered his head. He was short, thin, nervous, and the involuntary petulance of his movements proved that years had not weakened his energy and activity; though, out of doors, where, however, he made his appearance very seldom, he affected a sort of second childhood, as had been remarked by Rodin to Father d'Algrigny. An old dress, in-gown, of maroon-coloured camel, with large sleeves, completely enveloped the old man, and reached to his feet.

Samuel's features were cast in the pure, Eastern mould of his race. His complexion was of a dead yellow, his nose aquiline, his chin shaded by a little tuft of white beard, while projecting cheek-bones threw a harsh shadow upon the hollow and wrinkled cheeks. His countenance was full of intelligence, fine sharpness, and sagacity. On his broad, high forehead one might read frankness, honesty, and firmness; his eyes, black and brilliant as an Arab's, were at once mild and piercing.

years younger than himself, was of tall stature, and dressed entirely in black. A low cap, of starched lawn, which reminded one of the grave head-dresses of Dutch matrons, encircled a pale and austere countenance, formerly of a rare and haughty beauty, and impressed with the Scriptural character. Some lines in the forehead, caused by the almost continual knitting of her gray brows, showed that this woman had often suffered from the pressure of intense grief.

At this very moment her countenance betrayed inexpressible sorrow. Her look was fixed, her head resting on her bosom. She had let her right hand, which held a small account book, fall upon her lap, while the other hand grasped convulsively a long tress of jet-black hair, which she bore about her neck. It was fastened by a golden clasp, about an inch square, in which, under a plate of crystal, that shut in one side of it like a relic-case, could be seen a piece of linen, folded square, and almost entirely covered with dark red spots that resembled blood a long time dried.

After a short silence, during which Samuel was occupied with his register, he read aloud what he had just been writing: "Per contra, 5,000 Austrian Metalles of 1,000 forins, under date of October 19th, 1826."

After which enumeration, Samuel raised his head, and said to his wife: "Well, is it right, Bathsheba? Have you compared it with the account book?"

Bathsheba did not answer. Samuel looked at her, and, seeing that she was absorbed in grief, said to her, with an expression of tender anxiety: "What is the matter? Good heaven! what is the matter with you?"

"The 19th of October, 1826," said she, slowly, with her eyes still fixed, and pressing yet more closely the lock of black hair which she wore about her neck: "it was a fatal day—for, Samuel, it was the date of the last letter which we received from—"

Bathsheba was unable to proceed. She uttered a long sigh, and concealed her face in her hands.

"Oh! I understand you," observed the old man, in a tremulous voice; "a father may be taken up by the thought of other cares; but the heart of a mother is ever wakeful." Throwing his pen down upon the table, Samuel leaned his forehead upon his hands in sorrow.

Bathsheba resumed, as if she found a melancholy pleasure in these cruel remembrances: "Yes; that was the last day on which our son, Abel, wrote to us from Germany, to announce to us that he had invested the funds according to your desire, and was going thence into Poland to effect another operation."

"And in Poland he met the death of a martyr," added Samuel. "With no motive and no proof, they accused him falsely of coming to organize smuggling, and the Russian governor, threatening him as they threaten our brothers in that land of cruel tyranny, condemned him to the dreadful punishment of the knot, without even hearing him in his defense. Why

# THE MARCH 4TH EDITION OF THE AMERICAN

WILL CONTAIN A COMPLETE REPORT OF

## THE SALINA CLEWETT CASE

AGAINST

### THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,

of St. Paul, Minnesota.

THE Daily Newspapers have not dared to publish the proceedings in this celebrated case, which has been on trial in the St. Paul Courts for some weeks, but THE AMERICAN will give its readers a full report made up from the Court Records. Everybody should read it.

Owing to the large demand for extra copies of the March 4th edition of THE AMERICAN already booked we have decided to print many thousands of extra papers and will supply them at the following prices: 1,000 copies, \$10.00; 500 copies, \$7.50; 100 copies, \$2.00; 50 copies, \$1.25; 10 copies, 30 cents. Cash must accompany the order.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1615 Howard Street, - OMAHA, NEB.

should they hear a Jew? What is a Jew? A creature below a serf, whom they reproach for all the vices that a degrading slavery has engendered. A Jew bent on death! Who would trouble themselves about it?"

"And poor Abel, so good, so faithful, died beneath their stripes, partly from shame, partly from the wounds," said Bathsheba, shuddering. "One of our Polish brethren obtained with great difficulty permission to bury him. He cut off this lock of beautiful black hair—which, with this scrap of linen, bathed in the blood of our dear son, is all that now remains to us of him." Bathsheba covered the hair and clasp with convulsive kisses.

"Alas! said Samuel, drying his tears, which had burst forth at these sad recollections, 'the Lord did not at last remove our child, until the task which our family has accomplished faithfully for a century and a half was nearly at an end. Of what use will our race be henceforth upon earth?' added Samuel, most bitterly. 'Our duty is performed. This casket contains a royal fortune—and yonder house, walled up for a hundred and fifty years, will be opened tomorrow to the descendants of my ancestor's benefactor.' So saying, Samuel turned his face sorrowfully towards the house, which he could see through the window. The dawn was just about to appear. The moon had set; belvidere, roof, and chimneys formed a black mass upon the dark blue of the starry firmament."

Suddenly, Samuel grew pale, and, rising abruptly, said to his wife in a tremulous tone, whilst he still pointed to the house: "Bathsheba! the seven points of light—just as it was thirty years ago. Look! look!"

Indeed, the seven round holes, bored in the form of a cross in the leaden plates which covered the window of the belvedere, sparkled like so many luminous points, as if some one in the house ascended with a light to the roof.

(To be continued.)

**THE OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT.**  
"What We May Do to be Saved" is a little book, giving full particulars of a reliable cure. Free to J. L. Stephens, 125 N. Tenthon, Ohio.

The editor of this paper takes pleasure in recommending to all patriots Rev. Christian's great anti-Roman book, entitled, "Americanism or Romanism, Which?" It is bound in cloth, neatly printed on good paper, and it is full of facts. It is interesting. Price only \$1.00. It is worth \$2.00. Order of American Pub. Co., Omaha, Neb.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**  
Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C.C.C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

We have plenty of the issue of January 28, containing the exposure of Rome's plot to take this country by the sword. Ten for 30 cents; fifty for \$1.25; 100 for \$2.; 500 for \$7.50; 1,000 for \$10. Have you sent any of that number to your friends? You should! They should not sleep longer.

**No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

If you want something nice as well as interesting and instructive, get Edith O'Gorman's Convent Life Unveiled. Price, \$1.25. We have sold hundreds of them and they always give satisfaction. Order from us, American Pub. Co., Omaha, Neb.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**  
Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C.C.C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

We have plenty of the issue of January 28, containing the exposure of Rome's plot to take this country by the sword. Ten for 30 cents; fifty for \$1.25; 100 for \$2.; 500 for \$7.50; 1,000 for \$10. Have you sent any of that number to your friends? You should! They should not sleep longer.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 25c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.

We have plenty of the issue of January 28, containing the exposure of Rome's plot to take this country by the sword. Ten for 30 cents; fifty for \$1.25; 100 for \$2.; 500 for \$7.50; 1,000 for \$10. Have you sent any of that number to your friends? You should! They should not sleep longer.

**50 Cents a Number; \$5.00 a Year.**  
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, N. Y. Mention The American when you write.

## HAVE YOU A FAVORITE??

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1900!! LET US HEAR THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE!!!  
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT IN 1900!! THE PEOPLE!!!

Send in the Ballot below with **SILVER DIME**, or **Five 2-Cent Stamps**. For the Ten Cents we will mail to any address 50 copies of THE AMERICAN OF JANUARY 28, 1898, which contains a complete exposure of the Roman Church to capture and overthrow this country by force of arms. Every one of your friends should read it. CUT OUT the following Coupon, write the names of your choice thereon and the names and addresses of the person to whom you wish the papers sent on another slip of paper and enclose all in an envelope together with a silver dime and mail it to us; such coupon will be entitled to one vote for choice for President and Vice President:

<b>CUT OUT THIS COUPON</b>	<b>BALLOT.</b>
	For President in 1900,
	For Vice-President in 1900,

**JUST THINK** of the vast amount of good you will be able to do by sending to your friends a few sample copies of THE AMERICAN in sending a silver dime cut a hole in a thin card board the size of the dime. Paste paper over dime on both sides of the card and the dime will not be lost when enclosed in an envelope. Any FRIEND who will send 50 of THESE BALLOTS with \$5.00 in cash can have 250 copies of that edition of THE AMERICAN and can CUT OUT the following Coupon, write the names desired for the balance of 1898 or one copy of any one of the books we carry in stock, viz: "FIFTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH OFROME" "THE PRIEST, WOMAN AND CONFESSORIAL" "DREDS OF DARKNESS" "AMERICANISM OR ROMANISM WHICH?" "PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE WORLD" "FAIR" "LIFE OF BLAINE" or any other book now carried by us. Send all orders to the Book Department of the AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 1615 Howard Street, Omaha, Neb.

### The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits

Price 25 Cents. 30 Cents if sent by Mail.

### Secret Confession to a Priest.

Price 25 Cents. 30 Cents if sent by Mail.

These two books were written by Evangelist Thomas E. Leyden, and are second to none in Anti-Roman literature. We have a limited supply on hand which are bound in paper covers. Send all orders to AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 1615 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.

### THE NESTOR OF MAGAZINES

**Our Friend**  
S. G. HOFF,  
is Agent for all the Best Grades of

## Hard and Soft COAL.

Telephone 1818, Office 315 So. 16.

### Your Patronage Solicited

### Omaha Express and Delivery Co.,

**J. L. TURNEY, Mgr.**  
H. H. HAYFORD Sec. Treas.  
Moving and light express work at reasonable prices. Piano moving a specialty. Household goods stored, packed and shipped. Carry-alls for picnics.

Office, 410 North 16th Street. Telephone 1203.

### JOHN M. DALEY, Merchant Tailor

Suits Made to Order.

Guarantee a perfect fit in all cases. Clothing cleaned, dyed and remodeled.

504 N. 16th St. - - OMAHA, NEB.

Passengers arriving at Chicago by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y can, by the new Union Elevated Loop, reach any part of the city, or for a five cent fare can be taken immediately to any of the large stores in the downtown district. A train will stop at the Rock Island Station every minute. These facilities can only be offered by the "Great Rock Island Route."

Address  
JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarella's Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. H.C.C.C. Druggists refund money.