

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE BUK.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"You speak of this book in blameable terms," said Father d'Aigrigny, severely; "you were the victim of a too lively imagination. It is to it that you must attribute this fatal impression, and not to an excellent work, irreproachable for its special purpose, and duly authorized by the church. You are not able to judge of such a production."

"I will speak of it no more, father," said Gabriel; and he thus resumed: "A long illness followed that terrible night. Many times, they feared for my reason. When I recovered, the past appeared to me like a painful dream. You told me then, father, that I was not yet ripe for certain functions; and it was then that I earnestly entreated you to be allowed to go on the American missions. After having long refused my prayer, you at length consented. From my childhood, I had always lived in the college or seminary, in a state of continual restraint and subjection. By constantly holding down my head and eyes, I had lost the habit of contemplating the heavens and the splendors of nature. But, oh! what deep, religious happiness I felt, when I found myself suddenly transported to the center of the imposing grandeur of the seas—half-way between the ocean and the sky!—I seemed to come forth from a place of thick darkness; for the first time in many years, I felt my heart beat freely in my bosom; for the first time, I felt myself master of my own thoughts, and ventured to examine my past life, as from the summit of a mountain, one looks down into a gloomy vale. Then strange doubts rose within me. I asked myself, by what right, and for what end, any beings had so long repressed, almost annihilated, the exercise of my will, of my liberty, of my reason, since God had endowed me with these gifts. But I said to myself, that perhaps, one day, the great, beautiful and holy work, in which I was to have share, would be revealed to me, and would recompense my obedience and resignation."

At this moment, Rodin re-entered the room. Father d'Aigrigny questioned him with a significant look. The socius approached and said to him in a low voice so that Gabriel could not hear, "Nothing serious. It was only to inform me that Marshal Simon's father is arrived at M. Hardy's factory."

Then, glancing at Gabriel, Rodin appeared to interrogate Father d'Aigrigny, who hung his head with a desponding air. Yet he resumed, again addressing Gabriel, whilst Rodin took his old place, with his elbow on the chimney-piece: "Go on, my dear son. I am anxious to learn what resolution you have adopted."

"I will tell you in a moment, father. I arrived at Charleston. The superior of our establishment in that place, to whom I imparted my doubts as to the objects of our society took upon himself to clear them up, and unveiled it all to me with alarming frankness. He told me the tendency—not perhaps of all the members of the company, for a great number must have shared my ignorance—but the objects which our leaders have pertinaciously kept in view, ever since the foundation of the order. I was terrified. I read the caustics. Oh, father! that was a new and dreadful revelation, when, at every page, I read the excuse and justification of robbery, slander, adultery, perjury, murder, regicide. When I considered that I, the priest of a God of charity, justice, pardon, and love, was to belong henceforth to a company whose chiefs professed and gloried in such doctrines, I made a solemn oath to break forever the ties which bound me to it!"

On these words of Gabriel, Father d'Aigrigny and Rodin exchanged a look of terror. All was lost: their prey had escaped them. Deeply moved by the remembrances he recalled, Gabriel did not perceive the action of the reverend father and the socius, and thus continued: "In spite of my resolution, father, to quit the company, the discovery I had made was very painful to me. Oh! believe me, for the honest, and loving soul, nothing is more frightful than to have to renounce what it has long respected! I suffered so much, that, when I thought of the dangers of my mission, I hoped, with a secret joy, that God would perhaps take me to Himself under these circumstances; but, on the contrary, He watched over me with providential solicitude."

As he said this, Gabriel felt a thrill, for he remembered a Mysterious Woman, who had saved his life in America. After a moment's silence, he resumed: "My mission terminated, I returned hither to beg, father, that you would release me from my vows. Many times, but in vain, I solicited an interview. Yesterday, it

pleased Providence that I should have a long conversation with my adopted mother; from her I learned the trick by which my vocation had been forced upon me—and the sacrilegious abuse of the confessional, by which she had been induced to entrust to other persons the orphans that a dying mother had confided to the care of an honest soldier. You understand, father, that, if even I had before hesitated to break these bonds, what I heard yesterday must have rendered my decision irrevocable. But at this solemn moment, father, I am bound to tell you that I do not accuse the whole society; many simple, credulous, and confiding men, like myself, must no doubt form part of it. Docile instruments, they see not in their blindness the work to which they are destined. I pity them, and pray God to enlighten them, as He has enlightened me."

"So, my son," said Father d'Aigrigny, rising with livid and despairing look, "you come to ask of me to break the ties which attach you to the society?"

"Yes, father; you received my vows—it is for you to release me from them."

"So, my son, you understand that engagements once freely taken by you, are now to be considered as null and void?"

"Yes, Father."

"So, my son, there is to be henceforth nothing in common between you and our company?"

"No, father—since I request you to absolve me of my vows."

"But, you know, my son, that the society may release you—but that you cannot release yourself."

"The step I take proves to you, father, the importance I attach to an oath, since I come to you to release me from it. Nevertheless, were you to refuse me, I should not think myself bound in the eyes of God or man."

"It is perfectly clear," said Father d'Aigrigny to Rodin, his voice expiring upon his lips, so deep was his despair.

Suddenly, whilst Gabriel, with downcast eyes, waited for the answer of Father d'Aigrigny, who remained mute and motionless, Rodin appeared struck with a new idea, on perceiving that the reverend father still held in his hand the note written in pencil. The socius hastily approached Father d'Aigrigny, and said to him in a whisper, with a look of doubt and alarm: "Have you not read my note?"

"I did not think of it," answered the reverend father, mechanically.

Rodin appeared to make a great effort to repress a movement of violent rage. Then he said to Father d'Aigrigny, in a calm voice: "Read it now."

"Hardly had the reverend father cast his eyes upon this note, than a sudden ray of hope illumined his hitherto despairing countenance. Pressing the hand of the socius with an expression of deep gratitude, he said to him in a low voice: "You are right. Gabriel is ours."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHANGE.

Before again addressing Gabriel, Father d'Aigrigny carefully reflected; and his countenance, lately so disturbed, became, gradually, once more serene. He appeared to meditate and calculate the effects of the eloquence he was about to employ, upon an excellent and safe theme, which the socius, struck with the danger of the situation, had suggested in a few lines rapidly written with a pencil, and which, in his despair, the reverend father had at first neglected. Rodin resumed his post of observation near the mantel-piece, on which he leaned his elbow, after casting at Father d'Aigrigny a glance of disdainful and angry superiority, accompanied by a significant shrug of the shoulders.

After this involuntary manifestation, which was luckily not perceived by Father d'Aigrigny, the cadaverous face of the socius resumed its icy calmness, and his flabby eyelids, raised a moment with anger and impatience, fell, and half-veiled his little, dull eyes. It must be confessed that Father d'Aigrigny, notwithstanding the ease and elegance of his speech, notwithstanding the seduction of his exquisite manners, his agreeable features, and the exterior of an accomplished and refined man of the world was often subdued and governed by the unpying firmness, the diabolical craft and depth of Rodin, the old, repulsive, dirty, miserably dressed man who seldom abandoned his humble part of secretary and mute auditor. The influence of education is so powerful, that Gabriel, notwithstanding the formal rupture he had just provoked, felt himself still intimidated in the presence of Father d'Aigrigny, and waited with painful anxiety for the answer of the reverend father to his express demand to be released from his old vows.

(To be continued.)

Read the List of "Cut Price" Books advertised in this paper by the Cut Price Book Store—you may find something you want to read—especially if you can get it cheap.

Strong, steady nerves
Are needed for success
Everywhere. Nerves
Depend simply, solely,
Upon the blood.
Pure, rich, nourishing
Blood feeds the nerves
And makes them strong.
The great nerve tonic is
Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Because it makes
The blood rich and
Pure, giving it power
To feed the nerves.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures nervousness,
Dyspepsia, rheumatism,
Catarrh, scrofula,
And all forms of
Impure blood.

.. USE ..

SAWYERS' CELEBRATED SOAP

Ask your Grocer for it and if he does not have it, CUT OUT this advertisement and have him order it for you. We manufacture the following brands:

Pure Family Soap.
Floating Soap.
Pure Castile Soap.
FRIEND

FOR SALE BY
HARRY C. SAWYER, Mgr.
150 Steuben St.,
WEST END, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Burlington Route
A Map of the United States
SEND me 15 cents in stamps and I will mail you a map of the United States, three feet four inches wide by four feet long. Printed in six colors. Mounted on rollers. Shows every state, county important town and railroad in the United States.
J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

JOHN M. DALEY,
Merchant Tailor
Suits Made to Order.
Guarantees a perfect fit in all cases. Clothing cleaned dyed and remodeled.
504 N. 16th St., - OMAHA, NEB.

Omaha Express and Delivery Co.,
J. L. TURNEY, Mgr.
H. M. 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.

Lake Linden, Mich., Feb., 21, 1898
Dear Sir:—
I received your Atlas of the World and I am well pleased; far beyond my expectations.
Yours,
JOHN COLLING.

THE WONDERFUL
Singer
Pianos
HONESTLY
CONSTRUCTED
ONE
QUALITY
DURABILITY
SINGER PIANO CO.
209-JACKSON ST. & WABASH AVE. CHICAGO

Everybody Says So.
Cascarella Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

CUT-PRICE BOOKS

Here's a Book Bargain!

Five of the Best Stories Ever Written.

We give you these just to make you hungry for other good things. These books in cloth binding sell for from \$1.00 to \$2.50 per copy. In paper covers they have never been offered at less than 25 cents a copy.

They are yours at 10 cents per copy. 3 copies for 25 cents. The whole five books for 40 cents, postpaid. They would be a bargain at five for a dollar.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; or, Life Among the Lowly. By HARRIET BECHER STOWE. No other American novel ever achieved such popularity, and although it was written over forty years ago the rising generation is now reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with the same keen enjoyment that their grandfathers and grandmothers experienced, for it is a book that will never grow old, and other generations will laugh over Topsy and her friends, and Uncle Tom. It is printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, complete, unchanged and unaltered, and contains nearly 300 large pages.

QUEEN MAB. By WILLIAM WESTALL. A Tale of Love and Adventure on Land and Sea. "Queen Mab" is without doubt the best of this popular author's work. It is an exciting, realistic and fascinating as the works of Jules Verne or H. Rider Haggard, and deals with the wonderful adventures of a young Englishman on a voyage to the tropics. Never since the days of Robinson Crusoe have such strange and startling adventures been recorded, yet all within the bounds of possibility. It contains over 250 pages, printed from new plates.

A BRIDE FROM THE BUSH. By E. W. HORNUNG. A Tale of Australian Life. This story has won for its gifted author a name and fame over two continents. There is no lack of thrilling dramatic situations throughout the book. The whole story has life and motion, pathetic and ludicrous situations follow each other in rapid succession, with a happy and satisfactory best-unlocked-for-reading. It is a fascinating book from cover to cover.

TICKET NO. 16847. By EVELYN ADAMS. Illustrated. This is a romantic tale of the wonderful adventures of a young American in Mexico. How he made \$100 in three years, and won the hand of the fair Carmelita, by the aid of ticket 16847, is a strange story of hardship and good luck, and makes interesting reading.

FOR THE DEFENSE. By R. L. FAIRBROT. This is one of the best and most interesting works of a famous author. It is a detective and love story, with a deep mystery cleverly unraveled by skillful work. It is of thrilling interest from beginning to end. 100 pages of clear type.
NOTE THE PRICE—One book, 10 cents; Three books, 25 cents; All Five books, 40 cents, postpaid.

When Joy Fills the Heart
it finds expression in song, gratifying the performer and delighting the hearer. Nothing so serves to calm the wearied soul after a storm-tossed day as the sweet melodies that recall memories of childhood and those long gone to rest. Recognizing the need of a varied list of songs, in neat and convenient form, that would appeal to all hearts and tastes, The Favorite Collection of Songs has been prepared expressly to fill this want, and contains words and music of 70 of the choicest productions of gifted and famous composers. Picture to yourself an evening at home with the following list of beautiful songs before you:

- A Year Ago..... W. S. Rockett
- All Among the Summer Buses..... F. G. Galt
- As I'd Nothing Else to Do..... J. L. Hatton
- Bring Back My Sunshine..... Marie Planchette
- Blue Eyes..... James Melloy
- Comrades..... Felix McMillen
- Come to the Sunset Tree..... Mrs. Jennings
- Dream Faces..... W. M. Hutchinson
- Doings! Tender and True..... Lady John Scott
- Dreaming of Home..... J. L. Hatton
- "Down Below the Waving Lindsens"..... E. L. Heine
- Faded Leaves..... Paul Heaton
- Forget Me Not..... William Galt
- "Five O'Clock in the Morning"..... Charles
- Girl I Met on the Farm (The)..... John Reed
- Golden Years Are Fleeting..... Louis Dick
- Goodnight..... Notturmo in "Marias"
- Hour of Rest (The)..... Joseph L. Rockett
- Happy Little Country Girls..... Elizabeth Pidge
- How Will He Ever Catch Them?—Comic..... W. Taubert
- He is an Englishman..... Sir Arthur Sullivan
- I Whistle and Wait for Katie..... Michael Nolan
- I Really Don't Think I Shall Marry..... Tom
- Just Touch the Harp Gently..... Chas. Housman
- Jenny in the Orchard..... Hamilton Aste
- Jack's Farewell..... James L. Melloy
- Kate, Over Kate, Comic..... Kate, Boye
- Kate's Letter..... Lady Dufferin
- Little Annie Rooney..... Michael Nolan
- Little Fishes-Maiden (The)..... Louis Waldman
- Little Music Run on This Best Horn.....
- Little Buttercup's Song..... Christmas Carol
- Love's Soft Greeting..... N. L. Gilbert
- Love That Slumbers..... Milton Willing
- 128 pages, full sheet music star, printed on fine cream tinted paper with sewed binding, allowing to open flat on the music rack, elegantly designed cover, gotten up in fact to make it exterior a pleasing ornament, and its interior a lasting joy. Publisher's price is \$1.00. Our
- Mary and John, or the Lovers' Quarrel..... Oswald Stoll
- Many Years Ago..... Sir Arthur Sullivan
- Mother Watch the Little Feet..... J. W. Turner
- Nancy Lee..... Stephen Adams
- Oh! You Pretty Blue Eyed Witch..... W. P. Taylor
- Old Garden Gate (The)..... W. F. Williams, Jr.
- Old Cottage Clock (The)..... Jas. L. Melloy
- Old Barn Gate (The)..... H. Ballard
- Playmates..... Edmund Rollman
- Polly..... James L. Melloy
- Ruth and I..... M. W. Belle
- Somebody..... G. A. McFarran
- Strangers Yet..... Charles
- Sailing..... Godfrey Marks
- Speak to Me..... Pablo Campaña
- Speak Gently..... W. T. Wrighton
- That is Love..... Felix McMillen
- The Sweetest Tune..... Franz Abt
- Think of Me Sometime..... W. T. Wrighton
- The Boy I Love..... Sol. Smith Russell
- Two by Two..... Nicholas Ferry
- The Dear Old Songs of Home..... Prava Aste
- The Passing Bell..... Charles
- The Country Cousin—Comic..... Vincent Davis
- There's a Silver Lining to Every Cloud..... Charles
- Tell Me Truly..... A. M. Walsford
- When Soft Eyes Smile..... Jas. L. Rockett
- Why Harries My Love..... T. Welch
- When Twilight Gathers In..... J. L. Melloy
- Will Your Heart Respond to Mine..... A. J. Duester
- When I View the Mother Holding.....
- When I See the Mother Holding.....
- Watchman, What of the Night..... Ch. Gounod
- What! What! What!..... Louk Sharp
- Won't You Tell Me Why Robin..... Charles
- Love That Slumbers..... Milton Willing
- Whisper in the Twilight..... Anthony Nash

Price, Postpaid, 50 Cents.

These prices are for "spot cash" with your order. Remit by silver, 2 cent postage stamp, P. O. or Express money order, or bank draft. Address,

CUT PRICE BOOK STORE

1615 Howard Street, OMAHA, NEB.

Fifty Years in the Church of Rome



BY REV. CHARLES CHINIQUY,
TOGETHER WITH

THE AMERICAN \$2.00

For the Balance of 1898, for

The price of the book alone at retail is \$2.25, but you get both the book and the paper for \$2.00. Send in your orders ACCOMPANIED BY THE CASH to

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

Is Marriage a Failure?—\$1.00