

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE SUK

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

His reverence having, doubtless, regularly laid his plan of attack, at length broke silence, heaved a deep sigh, gave to his countenance, lately so severe and irritated, a touch of kindness, and said to Gabriel, in an affectionate voice, "Forgive me, my dear son, for having kept silence so long; but your abrupt determination has so stunned me, and has raised within me so many painful thoughts, that I have had to reflect for some moments, to try and penetrate the cause of this rupture, and I think I have succeeded. You have well considered, my dear son, the serious nature of the step you are taking?"

"Yes, father."

"And you have absolutely decided to abandon the society, even against my will?"

"It would be painful to me, father—but I must resign myself to it."

"It should be very painful to you, indeed, my son; for you took the irrevocable vow freely, and this vow, according to our statutes, binds you not to quit the society, unless with the consent of your superiors."

"I did not then know, father, the nature of the engagement I took. More enlightened now, I ask to withdraw myself, my only desire is to obtain a curacy in some village far from Paris. I feel an irresistible vocation for such humble and useful functions. In the country, there is so much misery, and such ignorance of all that could contribute to ameliorate the condition of the agricultural laborer, that his existence is as unhappy as that of a negro slave; for what liberty has he? and what instruction? Oh! it seems to me, that, with God's help, I might, as a village curate, render some service to humanity. It would therefore be painful to me, father, to see you refuse—"

"Be satisfied, my son," answered Father d'Aigrigny; "I will no longer seek to combat your desire to separate yourself from us."

"Then, father, you release me from my vows?"

"I have not the power to do so, my dear son; but I will write immediately to Rome, to ask the necessary authority from our general."

"I thank you, father."

"Soon, my dear son, you will be delivered from these bonds, which you deem so heavy; and the men you abandon will not the less continue to pray for you, that God may preserve you from still greater wanderings. You think yourself released with regard to us, my dear son; but we do not think ourselves released with regard to you. It is not thus that we can get rid of the habit of paternal attachment. What would you have? We look upon ourselves as bound to our children, by the very benefits with which we have loaded them. You were poor, and an orphan; we stretched out our arms to you, as much from the interest which you deserved, my dear son, as to spare your excellent adopted mother too great a burden."

"Father," said Gabriel, with suppressed emotion, "I am not ungrateful."

"I wish to believe so, my dear son. For long years, we gave to you, as to our beloved child, food for the body and the soul. It pleases you now to renounce and abandon us. Not only do we consent to it—but now that I have penetrated the true motives of your rupture with us, it is my duty to release you from your vow."

"Of what motives do you speak, father?"

"Alas! my dear son, I understand your fears. Dangers menace us—you know it well."

"Dangers, father?" cried Gabriel.

"It is impossible, my dear son, that you should not be aware that, since the fall of our legitimate sovereigns, our natural protectors, revolutionary impiety becomes daily more and more threatening. We are oppressed with persecutions. I can, therefore, comprehend and appreciate, my dear son, the motive which, under such circumstances, induces you to separate from us."

"Father!" cried Gabriel, with as much indignation as grief, "you do not think that of me—you cannot think it."

Without noticing the protestation of Gabriel, Father d'Aigrigny continued his imaginary picture of the dangers of the company, which, far from being really in peril, was already beginning secretly to recover its influence.

"Oh! if our company were now as powerful as it was some years ago," resumed the reverend father, "if it were still surrounded by the respect and homage which are due to it from all true believers—in spite of the abominable calumnies with which we are assailed—then, my dear son, we should perhaps have hesitated to release you from your vows, and have rather endeavored to open your eyes to the light, and save you from the fatal delusion to which you are a prey. But

now that we are weak, oppressed, threatened on every side, it is an act of charity, not to force you to share in perils from which you have the prudence to wish to withdraw yourself."

So saying, Father d'Aigrigny cast a rapid glance at his socius, who answered with a nod of approbation, accompanied by a movement of impatience that seemed to say: "Go on! go on!"

Gabriel was quite overcome. There was not in the whole world a heart more generous, loyal, and brave than his. We may judge of what he must have suffered, on hearing the resolution he had come to thus misinterpreted.

"Father," he resumed, in an agitated voice, whilst his eyes filled with tears, "your words are cruel and unjust. You know that I am not a coward."

"No," said Rodin, in his sharp, cutting voice, addressing Father d'Aigrigny, and pointing to Gabriel with a disdainful look; "your dear son is only prudent."

These words from Rodin made Gabriel start; a slight blush colored his pale cheeks; his large and blue eyes sparkled with a generous anger; then, faithful to the precepts of Christian humility and resignation, he conquered this irritable impulse, hung down his head, and, too much agitated to reply, remained silent, and brushed away an unseen tear. This tear did not escape the notice of the socius. He saw in it, no doubt, a favorable symptom, for he exchanged a glance of satisfaction with Father d'Aigrigny. The latter was about to touch on a question of great interest, so, notwithstanding his self-command, his voice trembled slightly; but encouraged, or rather pushed on by a look from Rodin, who had become extremely attentive, he said to Gabriel:

"Another motive obliges us not to hesitate in releasing you from your vow, my dear son. It is a question of pure delicacy. You probably learned yesterday from your adopted mother, that you will perhaps be called upon to take possession of an inheritance, of which the value is unknown."

Gabriel raised his head hastily, and said to Father d'Aigrigny: "As I have already stated to M. Rodin, my adopted mother only talked of her scruples of conscience, and I was completely ignorant of the existence of the inheritance of which you speak."

The expression of indifference with which the young priest pronounced these last words, was remarked by Rodin.

"Be it so," replied Father d'Aigrigny. "You were not aware of it—I believe you—though all appearances would tend to prove the contrary—to prove, indeed, that the knowledge of this inheritance was not unconnected with your resolution to separate from us."

"I do not understand you, father."

"It is very simple. Your rupture with us would then have two motives. First, we are in danger, and you think it prudent to leave us—"

"Father!"

"Allow me to finish, my dear son, and come to the second motive. If I am deceived, you can tell me so. These are the facts: Formerly, on the hypothesis that your family, of which you knew nothing, might one day leave you some property, you made, in return for the care bestowed on you by the company, a free gift of all you might hereafter possess, not to the poor, of whom we are the born shepherds."

"Well, father?" asked Gabriel, not seeing to what this preamble tended.

"Well, my dear son—now that you are sure of enjoying a competence, you wish, no doubt, by separating from us, to annul this donation made under other circumstances."

"To speak plainly, you violate your oath, because we are persecuted; and because you wish to take back your gifts," added Rodin, in a sharp voice, as if to describe in the clearest and plainest manner the situation of Gabriel with regard to the Society.

At this infamous accusation, Gabriel could only raise his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaim, with an expression of despair, "Oh, heaven!"

Once more exchanging a look of intelligence with Rodin, Father d'Aigrigny said to him, in a severe tone, as if reproaching him for his too savage frankness: "I think you go too far. Our dear son could only have acted in the base and cowardly manner you suggest, had he known his position as an heir; but, since he affirms the contrary, we are bound to believe him—in spite of appearances."

"Father," said Gabriel, pale, agitated, trembling, and with half-suppressed grief and indignation, "I thank you, at least, for having suspended your judgment. No, I am not a coward; for heaven is my witness, that I knew of no danger to which the Society was exposed. Nor am I base and avaricious; for heaven is also my witness, that only at this moment I learn from you, father, that I may be destined to inherit property, and—"

(To be continued.)

Let the Blow Be Struck. Dresden, Mo., March 11, 1898. Editor American.—Dear Sir: Having received three communications in regard to whether I want to continue my subscription to your most excellent paper, my answer is yes, but I am not able to pay the subscription just now as money matters are very close with me at present. Being in debt on my home and trying to meet my payments this winter has made it pretty tough for me. I like the American and would not like to do without it, and I thank God that we have a man who is not afraid to boldly and earnestly unfold the devilry of Romanism. The time is come that something must be done and done quickly to rid this country of the dreadful viper which the American people have been fondling, petting and caressing, until now enfolded in its slippery coils and threatening to fasten its dreadful fangs into the very heart of our nation. The treachery manifested in the Maine disaster and the destruction of Americans is only a faint picture of the diabolical spirit of Jesuitism and priestcraft, and yet some would advise a small indemnity to heal the breach, setting a price on American blood and patriotism as if this nation had nothing to do but raise up victims for Rome to glut her vengeance upon and over, which she can fearlessly practice her infamous tyranny. No, let the blow be struck at once and let it be a decisive and final one; blotting forever from our land the red hand of Romanism, and put an end to those dirty dens of vice where so many poor girls are imprisoned and treated so shamefully, which is a disgrace to any country, and especially one who longs to boast of independence and liberty. But perhaps I am getting my letter too long. You can publish it if you think it worthy. Respectfully Yours for Liberty, REV. L. M. WHITE.

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Said property to be sold to satisfy Gertrude S. Collier, plaintiff herein, the sum of two thousand four hundred and eighty-six and 50/100 (\$2,486.50) dollars judgment, with interest thereon at rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from September 28, 1896, being a first lien upon said lot 10, in block 5, Shinn's addition, and a second lien upon lot 8, in block 3, Patrick's addition above described, being subject to a mortgage of \$2,300.00 and interest on said last described lot.

To satisfy the sum of fifty-four and 72/100 (54.72) dollars costs, together with accruing costs, according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its September term, A. D. 1896, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein Gertrude S. Collier and Russell E. McKelvey and Hianche L. McKelvey, his wife, are defendants.

Omaha, Neb., March 25, 1898. JOHN W. McDONALD, Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska. W. SAUNDERS, Attorney. Collier vs. McKelvey. Docket 57, No. 42—Ex. Docket Z, Page 157.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a corporation, the name of which is OSCAR MILLSAP COMPANY, having its principal place of business in Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, and which is organized to own, buy, sell, let or lease merchandise and personal chattels of all kinds and descriptions, and to own, buy and sell such real estate as may be necessary for the legitimate business of the corporation, the amount of whose capital stock is \$10,000, \$5,000 of which shall be subscribed and \$2,000 thereof paid in, before beginning business, the balance of the capital stock to be subscribed and paid for as prescribed by the board of directors. Said corporation shall begin business, on the 19th day of March, 1898 and terminate twenty-five years thereafter, and the highest amount of indebtedness to which said corporation shall at any time subject itself, shall not exceed two-thirds of its capital stock. The corporation shall be conducted by a board of directors, consisting of three members and by a president and secretary and treasurer.

OSCAR MILLSAP, M. T. MILLSAP, O. M. HART, Incorporators.

J. T. PATCH, Attorney, Room 22 Patterson Block.

In the matter of the estate of Charles B. Evans, deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, William W. Keyser, Judge, made on the 12th day of November, 1897, licensing the sale of the real estate hereinafter described belonging to said estate, there will be sold at the north door of the court house, in said county, on the 11th day of April, 1898, at 10 o'clock, at public venue, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit: The west one-half (1/2) of lot eighteen (18), Peiham place, an addition to the city of Omaha, said county. Said sale will remain open one hour.

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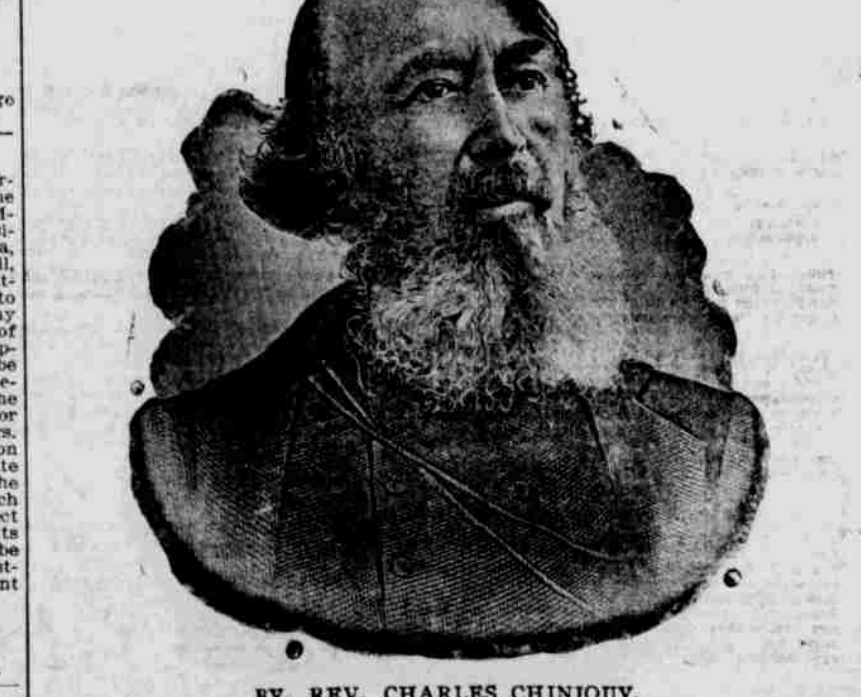
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