

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY HERBERT A. S. C.

CHAPTER LX. (CONTINUED.)

THE CONFESSION.

Instead of answering, M. de Montbron appeared still more absorbed in thought...

It would, perhaps, be indiscreet in me to listen to your soliloquy, my dear count, said Adrienne.

Excuse me, my dear child; but what I see surprises me so much.

And pray what do you see?

The traces of so great and novel an interest in all that relates to India, said M. de Montbron, laying a slight stress on his words...

Well! said Adrienne, stoutly.—Well! I seek the cause of this sudden passion.

Geographical? said M. de Cardville, interrupting M. de Montbron: you may find this test somewhat serious for my age...

These last words were pronounced with a bitterness that was not lost on M. de Montbron...

No; I speak of him with indifference.—Yet he deserves a very different feeling.

On the part of some other person, perhaps, replied Adrienne, dryly.

He is so unhappy! said M. de Montbron, in a tone of sincere pity.

What have I to do with it? exclaimed Adrienne, with an accent painful and almost angry impatience.

I should have thought that his cruel torments at least deserve your pity, answered the count, gravely.

Pity—from me! cried Adrienne, with an air of offended pride. Then restraining herself, she added coldly: You are jesting, M. de Montbron...

There was so much cold disdain in these last words of Adrienne, her pale and agitated countenance betrayed such haughty bitterness...

I do not understand you, M. de Montbron, said she. Well then, since I must speak plainly, cried the count...

As Adrienne started.—Oh! you cannot deny it, resumed the count; your paleness and melancholy for the last few days...

Hurt by the manner in which the count spoke of the sentiment he attributed to her, M. de Cardville answered with dignified staidness...

Oh, my dear friend, if I use the poor privilege of experience—if I guess that you are in love—if I tell you so, and even go so far as to reproach you with it...

It would be singular, returned Adrienne, with redoubled coldness, and still more bitter irony, if my love—admitting I were in love—could have any such strange influence on Prince Djalma...

What can it matter to him? Now really, my dear friend, permit me to tell you, that it is you who are jesting cruelly...

He loves me then? cried the young girl, with an accent impossible to describe.—He loves you to madness, I tell you; I have seen it.

Adrienne seemed overcome with amazement. From pale, she became crimson; as the redness disappeared, her lips grew white, and trembled...

What I tell you!—Yes—that Prince Djalma—Loves you to madness? Alas! it is only too true.

No, no, cried Adrienne, with a charming expression of simplicity; that could never be too true.—What do you say? cried the count.

But that woman? asked Adrienne, as if the word scorched her lips.

That woman?—She who has been the cause of all these painful struggles.

That women! why, who should it be but you? What, I? Oh! tell me, was it I?—On my word of honour. I trust my experience. I have never seen so ardent and sincere a passion.

hand to her heart, as if to moderate its pulsations. M. de Montbron, almost frightened at the sudden change in Adrienne's countenance, hastily approached her, exclaiming: Good heaven, my poor child! what is the matter?

Instead of answering, Adrienne waived her hand to him, in sign that he should not be alarmed; and, in fact, the count was speedily tranquillized, for the beautiful face, which had so lately been contracted with pain, irony, and scorn...

What I tell you!—Yes—that Prince Djalma—Loves you to madness? Alas! it is only too true.

No, no, cried Adrienne, with a charming expression of simplicity; that could never be too true.—What do you say? cried the count.

But that woman? asked Adrienne, as if the word scorched her lips.

That woman?—She who has been the cause of all these painful struggles.

That women! why, who should it be but you? What, I? Oh! tell me, was it I?—On my word of honour. I trust my experience. I have never seen so ardent and sincere a passion.

Oh! it is really so? Has he never had any other love?—Never.

Yet I was told so. By whom?

M. Rodin.—That Djalma—Had fallen violently in love, two days after I saw him.—M. Rodin told you that, cried M. de Montbron, as if struck with a sudden idea.

Why, it is he who told Djalma that you were in love with some one else.

I!—And this it was which occasioned the poor youth's dreadful despair.

It was this which occasioned my despair.—You love him, then, just as he loves you? exclaimed M. de Montbron, transported with joy.

Love him! said M. de Cardville. A discreet knock at the door interrupted Adrienne.

One of your servants, no doubt. Be calm, said the count.

Come in, said Adrienne, in an agitated voice.—What is it? said M. de Cardville. Florine entered the room.

M. Rodin has just been. Fearing to disturb mademoiselle, he would not come in; but he will return in half an hour. Will mademoiselle receive him?

Yes, yes, said the count to Florine; even if I am still here, show in him by all means. Is not that your opinion? asked M. de Montbron of Adrienne.—Quite so, answered the young girl; and a flash of indignation darted from her eyes, as she thought of Rodin's perfidy.

Oh! the old knave! said M. de Montbron, I always had my doubts of that crooked neck. Florine withdrew, leaving the count with her mistress.

CHAPTER LXI.

LOVE.

M. de Cardville was transfigured. For the first time, her beauty shone forth in all its luster. Until now overshadowed by indifference, or darkened by grief, she appeared suddenly illumined by a brilliant ray of sunshine...

Who would dare to follow them into that blazing sphere, whither they went, so beautiful and happy, to blend together in their inextinguishable love, protected by the proof-armour of their own happiness?

Hardly had Florine left the room, when Adrienne approached M. de Montbron with a rapid step. She seemed to have become taller; and to watch her advancing, light, radiant, and triumphant, one might have fancied her a goddess walking upon clouds.

When shall I see him? was her first word to M. de Montbron.

Well—say to-morrow; he must be prepared for so much happiness; in so ardent a nature, such sudden, unexpected joy might be terrible.

Adrienne remained pensive for a moment, and then said rapidly: To-morrow—yes—not before to-morrow. I have a superstition of the heart.

What is it?—You shall know. He loves me—that word says all, contains all, comprehends all, is all—and yet I have a thousand questions to ask with regard to him—but I will ask none before to-morrow, because, by a mysterious fatality,

to-morrow is with me a sacred anniversary. It will be an age till then; but, happily, I can wait. Look here!

Beholding M. de Montbron, she led him to the Indian Bacchus. How much it is like him! she said to the count.

Indeed! exclaimed the latter. 'It is strange!'—'Strange?' returned Adrienne, with a smile of gentle pride; 'strange, that a hero, a demi-god, an ideal of beauty, should resemble Djalma?'

'How you love him!' said M. de Montbron, deeply touched, and almost dazzled by the felicity which beamed from the countenance of Adrienne.

I must have suffered a good deal, do you not think so? she said, after a moment's silence.

If I had not made up my mind to come to-day, almost in despair, what would have happened?

I cannot tell; I should perhaps have died, for I am wounded mortally here!—she pressed her hand to her heart. But what might have been death to me, will now be life.

It was horrible, said the count, shuddering. Such a passion, hurried in your own breast, proud as you are—

Yes, proud—but not self-conceited. When I learned his love for another, and that the impression which I fancied I had made on him at our first interview had been immediately effaced, I renounced all hope, without being able to renounce my love.

Instead of shunning his image, I surrounded myself with all that could remind me of him. In default of happiness, there is a bitter pleasure in suffering through what we love.

I can now understand your Indian library.

Instead of answering the count, Adrienne took from the stand one of the freshly cut volumes, and, bringing it to M. de Montbron, said to him, with a smile and a celestial expression of joy and happiness: I was wrong—I am vain. Just read this—aloud, if you please. I tell you that I can wait for to-morrow.

Presenting the book to the count, she pointed out one passage with the tip of her charming finger. Then she sank down upon the couch, and, in an attitude of deep attention, with her body bent forward, her hands crossed upon the cushion, her chin resting upon her hands, her large eyes fixed with a sort of adoration on the Indian Bacchus, that was just opposite to her, she appeared by this impassioned contemplation to prepare herself to listen to M. de Montbron.

The latter, much astonished, began to read, after again looking at Adrienne, who said to him, in her most coaxing voice: Very slowly, I beg of you.

M. de Montbron then read the following passage from the journal of a traveller in India: "When I was at Bombay, in 1829, I constantly heard amongst the English there, of a young hero, the son of—"

The count having paused a second, by reason of the barbarous spelling of the name of Djalma's father, Adrienne immediately said to him, in her soft voice: The son of Kadja-sing.

'What a memory!' said the count, with a smile. And he resumed: "A young hero, the son of Kadja-sing, king of Mundi. On his return from a distant and sanguinary expedition amongst the mountains against this Indian known as Djalma, hardly beyond the age of childhood, this young prince has in the course of this implacable war given proofs of such chivalrous intrepidity, and of so noble a character, that his father has been surnamed the Father of the Generous."

'That is a touching custom,' said the count. 'To recompense the father as it were by giving him a surname in honor of his son, is a great idea. But how strange you should have met with this book!' added the count, in surprise. 'I can understand, there is a matter here to inflame the coolest head.'

'You are required to answer said bill of particulars on or before the hour of ten a. m. of the tenth day of November, A. D. 1896.'

W. A. SAUNDERS, Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT. To Charles Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith, his wife, first and real name unknown, non-resident defendants: You are hereby notified that on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1896, James L. Browne, plaintiff herein filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, against Charles Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith, his wife, first and real name unknown, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose two certain tax certificates such dated November 16th, 1895, upon the following described real estate, to wit: Lot one (1) in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition, upon which there is due the sum of \$17.50, and also on lot three (3) in block three (3) in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition, upon which there is due the sum of \$24.45, all of which said lots being situated in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition to the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, with interest on each of said amounts at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from September, 1896, for which sum, with interest and costs together with an attorney's fee amounting to ten per cent of the decree, plaintiff prays for a decree that he has a first lien upon said real estate, that the defendants shall pay the same, and in default thereof that the said property be sold to satisfy the amount found due, and upon sale thereof the defendants be debarré of all right, title and interest in said real estate, and for equitable relief. You are hereby notified that you and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 7th day of November, 1896. Dated at Omaha, Nebraska, September 30th, 1896. JAMES L. BROWNE, Plaintiff. By W. A. Saunders, his attorney. 9-30-4.

W. A. SAUNDERS, Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT. To Peter Burkey and Mrs. Burkey, his wife, first and real name unknown, non-resident defendants: You are hereby notified that on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1896, James L. Browne, plaintiff herein filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, against Peter Burkey and Mrs. Burkey, his wife, first and real name unknown, the object of which is to foreclose one certain tax certificate dated November 16th, 1895, upon the following described real estate, to wit: The south one-half (S. 1-2) of sub lot three (3), of tax lot three (3) in section 21, township 15, range 15 east, in Douglas County, Nebraska, upon which there is now due the sum of \$98.00 with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from September 26th, 1895, for which sum with interest and costs together with an attorney's fee amounting to ten per cent of the decree, plaintiff prays for a decree that he has a first lien upon said real estate, that the defendants shall pay the same, and in default thereof that the said property be sold to satisfy the amount found due, and upon sale thereof the defendants be debarré of all right, title and interest in said real estate, and for equitable relief. You are hereby notified that you and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 7th day of November, 1896. Dated at Omaha, Nebraska, September 30th, 1896. JAMES L. BROWNE, Plaintiff. By W. A. Saunders, his attorney. 9-30-4.

W. A. SAUNDERS, Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT. To Charles Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith, his wife, first and real name unknown, non-resident defendants: You are hereby notified that on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1896, James L. Browne, plaintiff herein filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, against Charles Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith, his wife, first and real name unknown, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose two certain tax certificates such dated November 16th, 1895, upon the following described real estate, to wit: Lot one (1) in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition, upon which there is due the sum of \$17.50, and also on lot three (3) in block three (3) in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition, upon which there is due the sum of \$24.45, all of which said lots being situated in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition to the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, with interest on each of said amounts at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from September, 1896, for which sum, with interest and costs together with an attorney's fee amounting to ten per cent of the decree, plaintiff prays for a decree that he has a first lien upon said real estate, that the defendants shall pay the same, and in default thereof that the said property be sold to satisfy the amount found due, and that upon sale thereof, the defendant be debarré of all right, title and interest in said real estate, and for other equitable relief. You are hereby notified that you and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 7th day of November, 1896. Dated at Omaha, Nebraska, September 30th, 1896. JAMES L. BROWNE, Plaintiff. By W. A. Saunders, his attorney. 9-30-4.

W. A. SAUNDERS, Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT. To Charles Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith, his wife, first and real name unknown, non-resident defendants: You are hereby notified that on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1896, James L. Browne, plaintiff herein filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, against Charles Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith, his wife, first and real name unknown, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose two certain tax certificates such dated November 16th, 1895, upon the following described real estate, to wit: Lot one (1) in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition, upon which there is due the sum of \$17.50, and also on lot three (3) in block three (3) in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition, upon which there is due the sum of \$24.45, all of which said lots being situated in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition to the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, with interest on each of said amounts at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from September, 1896, for which sum, with interest and costs together with an attorney's fee amounting to ten per cent of the decree, plaintiff prays for a decree that he has a first lien upon said real estate, that the defendants shall pay the same, and in default thereof that the said property be sold to satisfy the amount found due, and that upon sale thereof, the defendant be debarré of all right, title and interest in said real estate, and for other equitable relief. You are hereby notified that you and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 7th day of November, 1896. Dated at Omaha, Nebraska, September 30th, 1896. JAMES L. BROWNE, Plaintiff. By W. A. Saunders, his attorney. 9-30-4.

W. A. SAUNDERS, Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT. To Charles Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith, his wife, first and real name unknown, non-resident defendants: You are hereby notified that on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1896, James L. Browne, plaintiff herein filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, against Charles Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith, his wife, first and real name unknown, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose two certain tax certificates such dated November 16th, 1895, upon the following described real estate, to wit: Lot one (1) in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition, upon which there is due the sum of \$17.50, and also on lot three (3) in block three (3) in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition, upon which there is due the sum of \$24.45, all of which said lots being situated in O'Neill's subdivision of Lowe's second addition to the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, with interest on each of said amounts at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from September, 1896, for which sum, with interest and costs together with an attorney's fee amounting to ten per cent of the decree, plaintiff prays for a decree that he has a first lien upon said real estate, that the defendants shall pay the same, and in default thereof that the said property be sold to satisfy the amount found due, and that upon sale thereof, the defendant be debarré of all right, title and interest in said real estate, and for other equitable relief. You are hereby notified that you and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 7th day of November, 1896. Dated at Omaha, Nebraska, September 30th, 1896. JAMES L. BROWNE, Plaintiff. By W. A. Saunders, his attorney. 9-30-4.