

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE SUE.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Leaving Djalma and Faringhea in the coach, on their way, a few words are indispensable before continuing this scene. Ninny Moulin, ignorant of the real object of the step he took at the instigation of Rodin, had, on the evening before, according to orders received from the latter, offered a considerable sum to Sainte-Colombe, to obtain from that creature (still singularly rapacious) the use of her apartments for a whole day. Sainte-Colombe, having accepted this proposition, too advantageous to be refused, had set out that morning with her servants, to whom she wished, she said, in return for their good services, to give a day's pleasure in the country. Master of the house, Rodin, in a black wig, blue spectacles, and a cloak, and with his mouth and chin buried in a worsted comforter—in a word, perfectly disguised—had gone that morning to take a look at the apartments, and to give his instructions to the half-caste. The latter, in two hours from the departure of the Jesuit, had, thanks to his address and intelligence, completed the most important preparations, and returned in haste to Djalma, to play with detestable hypocrisy the scene at which we have just been present.

During the ride from the Rue de Clichy to the Rue de Richelieu, Faringhea appeared plunged in a mournful reverie. Suddenly, he said to Djalma in a quick tone: "My lord, if I am betrayed, I must have vengeance."

"Contempt is terrible revenge," answered Djalma.

"No, no," replied the half-caste, with an accent of repressed rage. "It is not enough. The nearer the moment approaches, the more I feel I must have blood."

"Listen to me!"—"My lord, have pity on me! I was a coward to draw back on my revenge. Let me leave you, my lord! I will go alone to this interview."

So saying, Faringhea made a movement, as if he would spring from the carriage.

Djalma held him by the arm, and said: "Remain! I will not leave you. If you are betrayed, you shall not shed blood. Contempt will revenge and friendship will console you."

"No, no, my lord; I am resolved. When I have killed—then I will kill myself!" cried the half-caste, with savage excitement. "This kandjar for the false ones!" added he, laying his hand on his dagger. "The poison in the hilt for me!"

"Faringhea!"—"If I resist you my lord, forgive me! My destiny must be accomplished."

Time pressed, and Djalma, despairing to calm the other's ferocious rage, resolved to have recourse to a stratagem.

After some minutes silence, he said to Faringhea: "I will not leave you. I will do all I can to save you from a crime. If I do not succeed, the blood you shed be on your own head. This hand shall never again be locked in yours."

These words appeared to make a deep impression on Faringhea. He breathed a long sigh, and, bowing his head on his breast, remained silent and full of thought. Djalma prepared, by the faint light of the lamps reflected in the interior of the coach, to throw himself sudden-

ly on the half-caste, and disarm him. But the latter, who saw at a glance the intention of the prince, drew his kandjar abruptly from his girdle, and holding it still in its sheath, said to the prince in a half-solemn, half-savage tone: "This dagger, in a strong hand, is terrible; and in this phial is one of the most subtle poisons of our country."

He touched a spring, and the knob at the top of the hilt rose like a lid, discovering the mouth of a small crystal phial concealed in this murderous weapon.

"Two or three drops of this poison upon the lips," resumed the half-caste, "and death comes slowly and peacefully, in a few hours, and without pain. Only, for the first symptom, the nails turn blue. But he who emptied this phial at a draught would fall dead, as if struck by lightning."

"Yes," replied Djalma; "I know that our country produces such mysterious poisons. But why lay such stress on the murderous properties of this weapon?"

"To show you, my lord, that this kandjar would insure the success and impunity of my vengeance. With the blade I could destroy, and by the poison escape from human justice. Well, my lord! this kandjar—take it—I give it up to you—I renounce my vengeance—rather than render myself unworthy to clasp again your hand!"

He presented the dagger to the prince, who, as pleased as surprised at this unexpected determination, hastily secured the terrible weapon beneath his own girdle, whilst the half-breed continued, in a voice of emotion: "Keep this kandjar, my lord—and when you have seen and heard all that we go to hear and see—you shall either give me the dagger to strike a wretch—or the poison, to die without striking. You shall command; I will obey."

Djalma was about to reply, when the coach stopped at the house inhabited by Sainte-Colombe. The prince and the half-caste, well enveloped in their mantles, entered a dark porch, and the door was closed after them. Faringhea exchanged a few words with the porter, and the latter gave him a key. The two orientals soon arrived at Sainte-Colombe's apartments, which had two doors opening upon the landing-place, besides a private entrance from the courtyard. As he put the key into the lock, Faringhea said to Djalma, in an agitated voice: "Pity my weakness, my lord—but, at this terrible moment, I tremble and hesitate. It was perhaps better to doubt—or to forget!"

Then, as the prince was about to answer, the half-caste exclaimed: "No! we must have no cowardice!" and, opening the door precipitately, he entered, followed by Djalma.

When the door was again closed, the prince and the half-caste found themselves in a dark and narrow passage. "Your hand, my lord—let me guide you—walk lightly," said Faringhea, in a low whisper.

He extended his hand to the prince, who took hold of it, and they both advanced silently through the darkness. After leading Djalma some distance, and opening and closing several doors, the half-caste stopped abruptly, and, abandoning the hand which he had hitherto held, said to the prince: "My lord, the decisive moment approaches; let us wait here for a few seconds."

A profound silence followed

these words of the half-caste. The darkness was so complete, that Djalma could distinguish nothing. In about a minute, he heard Faringhea moving away from him; and then a door was suddenly opened, and as abruptly closed and locked. This circumstance made Djalma somewhat uneasy. By a mechanical movement, he laid his hand upon his dagger, and advanced cautiously towards the side, where he supposed the door to be.

Suddenly the half-caste's voice struck upon his ear, though it was impossible to guess whence it came. "My lord," it said, "you told me, you were my friend. I act as a friend. If I have employed stratagem to bring you hither, it is because the blindness of your fatal passion would otherwise have prevented your accompanying me. The Princess de Saint-Dizier named to you Agricola Baudoin, the lover of Adrienne de Cardoville. Listen—look—judge!"

The voice ceased. It appeared to have issued from one corner of the room. Djalma, still in darkness, perceived too late into what a snare he had fallen, and trembled with rage—almost with alarm.

"Faringhea!" he exclaimed, "Where am I? where are you? Open the door on your life! I would leave this place instantly."

Extending his arms, the prince advanced hastily several steps, but he only touched a tapestried wall; he followed it, hoping to find the door, and he at length found it; but it was locked, and resisted all his efforts. He continued his researches, and came to a fireplace with no fire in it, and to a second door, equally fast. In a few moments, he had thus made the circle of the room, and found himself again at the fireplace.

The anxiety of the prince increased more and more. He called Faringhea, in a voice trembling with passion. There was no answer. Profound silence reigned without, and complete darkness within. Ere long, a perfumed vapor, of indescribable sweetness, but very subtle and penetrating, spread itself insensibly through the little room in which Djalma was. It might be, that the orifice of a tube, passing through one of the doors of the room, introduced this balmy current. At the height of angry and terrible thoughts, Djalma paid no attention to this odor—but soon the arteries of his temples began to beat violently, a burning heat seemed to circulate rapidly through his veins, he felt a sensation of pleasure, his resentment died gradually away, and a mild, ineffable torpor crept over him, without his being fully conscious of the mental transformation that was taking place. Yet, by a last effort of the wavering will, Djalma advanced once more to try and open one of the doors; he found it indeed, but at this place the vapor was so strong, that its action redoubled, and, unable to move a step further, Djalma was obliged to support himself by leaning against the wall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OBJECT.

A dispatch to the Chicago Inter-Ocean, dated Havana, July 29, contains this item: "The sisters of charity here have written a protest to the bishop of Havana against the entrance into the convents of sanitary inspectors acting under orders from Major Davis. The sanitary condition of the convents is alleged to be bad. Many of them have cemeteries within their walls, where nuns are buried. Owing to their non-

hygienic condition, they are considered dangerous to the health of the city by Major Davis, who is trying to remedy the evil. The bishop has not yet communicated the protest to the authorities."

NOTICE

is hereby given that there will be a special stockholders' meeting of the American Publishing Company, at the office of the Company, 1517 Howard street, Omaha, Neb., at 4 o'clock p. m., on Sept. 15th, 1899, for the purpose of electing a member of the board of directors to fill a vacancy, and winding up the affairs of said Company, and settling liabilities.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 14th, 1899.
M. L. ZOOK,
Secretary.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of an order of sale on a decree of foreclosure of mortgage issued out of the District Court for Douglas County, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 19th day of September, A. D., 1899, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the east front door of the County Court House, in the city of Omaha, Douglas County, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the property described in said order of sale as follows:—To-wit: The east forty-four (44 ft. 3 in.) feet and five inches of the north one hundred and twenty-eight (128 ft. and 5 in.) feet five inches of lot seven (7) in Johnson's addition to the city of Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded, all situated in Douglas County and State of Nebraska.

Bald property to be sold to satisfy George M. Grant, plaintiff herein, the sum of four thousand one hundred and fifty-eight and 45/100 (\$4,158.45) dollars judgment herein with interest thereon at the rate of eight (8) per cent per annum until paid from May 1st, 1899. To satisfy the further sum of one hundred and eight and 95/100 (108.95) dollars together with accruing costs, according to a judgment rendered by the District Court of said Douglas County, at its May term, A. D., 1899, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein George M. Grant is plaintiff and Frank N. Clarke, D. N. Goldberg, first and real name unknown and Mrs. Goldberg, his wife, first and real name unknown, Anton Larson and Mary Larson, his wife, Walter Moise and Minnie Moise, his wife, are defendants.
Omaha, Nebraska, August 18th, 1899.
JOHN W. McDONALD,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska.
W. A. BAUNDER, Attorney.
Grant vs. Clarke et al. Doc. 40, No. 229.

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