

He made a sign to her not to disturb him. A greasy smell of burnt flesh pervaded the passage: a crackling and small explosions were heard.

"Leiba! What is it?" repeated the woman.

It was broad day. Sura stretched forward and withdrew the bar. The door opened outwards, dragging with it Gheorghe's body, suspended by the right arm. A crowd of villagers, all carrying lighted torches, invaded the premises.

"What is it? What is it?"

They soon understood what had happened. Leiba, who up to now had remained motionless, rose gravely to his feet. He made room for himself to pass, quietly pushing the crowd to one side.

"How did it happen, Jew?" asked some one.

"Leiba Zibal," said the innkeeper in a loud voice, and with a lofty gesture, "goes to Jassy to tell the Rabbi that Leiba Zibal is a Jew no longer. Leiba Zibal is a Christian--for Leiba Zibal has lighted a torch for Christ."

And the man moved slowly up the hill, towards the sunrise, like the prudent traveller who knows that the long journey is not achieved with hasty steps.

#### AT MANJOALA'S INN

By I. L. CARAGIALE

It took a quarter of an hour to reach Manjoala's Inn. From there to Upper Popeshti was about nine miles; at an easy pace, that meant one hour and a half. A good hack--if they gave it oats at the inn, and three-quarters' of an hour rest--could do it comfortably. That is to say, one quarter of an hour and three-quarters of an hour made one hour, on to Popeshti was one hour and a half, that made two and a half. It was past seven already; at ten o'clock at latest, I should be with Pocovnicu Iordache. I was rather late--I ought to have started earlier--but, after all, he expected me.

I was turning this over in my mind when I saw in the distance, a good gun-shot length away, a great deal of light coming from Manjoala's Inn, for it still retained that name. It was now really Madame Manjoala's inn--the husband died some five years ago. What a capable woman! How she had worked, how she had improved the place! They were on the point of selling the inn while her husband was alive. Since then she had paid off the debts, and had repaired the house; moreover, she had built a flight of stone steps, and every one said she had a good sum of money too. Some surmised that she had found a hidden treasure, others that she had dealings with the supernatural.

Once some robbers attempted an attack upon her. They tried to force the door. One of them, the strongest, a man like a bull, wielded the axe, but when he tried to strike he fell to the ground. They quickly raised him up--he was dead. His brother tried to speak, but could not--he was dumb. There were four of them. They hoisted the dead man on to his brother's back, the other two took his feet that they might carry him off to bury him somewhere away.

As they left the courtyard of the inn, Madame Manjoala began to scream from the window, "Thieves!" and in front of her there suddenly appeared the sub-prefect with numerous men and four mounted soldiers. The official shouted: