

THE VENDETTA THAT DID NOT DIE

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

PAOLO SAVORINI'S widow lived with her son, alone, in a poor little house on the ramparts of Bonifacio. The village, built on the jutting-out side of a mountain, actually in places overhanging the sea. It looked across a narrow sandbar upon the lower coast of Sardinia. At its feet, on the other side, the sea had cut out a place in the cliff, which looked like a gigantic corridor, and served as the port. The water reached almost to the houses of the town, carrying upon it the little Italian and Sardinian fishing boats, and every 15 days the old sidewheeler which went to and from Ajaccio.

Clusters of little white houses showed white even upon the white sides of the chalky mountain. They looked like birds' nests stuck into the crevices of the malignant cliffs, which hung over the horrible water way, where ships dared not go. Relentlessly the wind harries the sea, and wears against the naked faces of the rock, whereon few blades of grass could cling. Pale foam flecks scattered upon the thousands of rock edges which pierce into the sea, looking like rags of white linen, floating and palpitating upon the surface of the water.

The Widow Savorini's house, placed upon the extreme edge of the passageway, opened its three windows upon this savage and desolate horizon.

She lived there alone with her son Antoine, and their dog Semillant, a big, emaciated, ragged-haired shepherd dog. She was the young man's hunting dog.

One night, after a quarrel, Antoine was murdered by Nicolas Ravollati with a poniard, who that same night escaped to Sardinia.

When the old mother saw her son's body brought in to her by the neighbors, she did not cry, but remained a long time mute, looking at him fixedly; then, stretching her wrinkled hand over the corpse, she promised it vendetta. She did not want the people to stay with her, and she shut herself in alone with her dead and the dog, which howled grievously. The dog howled steadily, erect at the foot of the bed, her head stretched towards her master and her tail wrapped tightly through her legs. She was as still as the woman, who bent over the corpse and wept big, silent tears from her un-winking eyes, looking at him.

The young man on his back, dressed in cheaply woven cloth, which was cut widely at the breast, seemed to sleep. But there was blood everywhere; on his shirt, torn away in the first efforts to stop the



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bleeding; on his vest, on his trousers, on his face, on his hands. Clots of blood had stiffened in his beard and in his hair.

His old mother began to talk to him. At the sound of her voice the dog was still.

"Va, va, you shall be revenged, my little one, my boy, my poor child. Sleep, sleep, you shall be revenged, do you hear? It is your mother who promises you, and she always keeps her word—your mother. You know that well."

Slowly she leaned toward him, pressing her cold lips upon the dead lips.

Then Semillant began to howl again. She gave long, wearying shrieks, heart-tearing, horrible.

They staid there, those two, the woman and the dog, until morning.

Antoine Savorini was buried in the morning, and soon was no longer spoken of in Bonifacio.

He left no brothers and no near cousins. There was no man there to carry on the vendetta. The mother alone thought of it.

On the other side of the strait she saw from morning till night a white spot on the cliffs. It was a little Sardinian village, Longosardo, the refuge of Corsican banditti who were hunted too closely. They made up nearly the entire population of this hamlet, which faces the shores of their homeland, and they waited there until they might return. She knew Nicolas Ravollati was in this village.

All alone, all day long, sitting at her window, she looked across, thinking of the revenge. What could she do without anyone, feeble and near to death? But she had promised, she had sworn upon the corpse. She could not forget, she could not wait. What would she do? She could not sleep at night; she had no longer either peace or rest; she sought obstinately. The dog at her feet slept, and now and then, raising her head, howled into the distance. Since her master

was no longer there she howled often in this manner, as though she were calling, as though her beast soul, inconsolable, had also a memory which would not be erased.

One night when Semillant had recommenced her wailing, the mother, all of a sudden, had an idea—the idea of a ferocious savage. She meditated upon it until the morning; then rising with the coming of the dawn, went to the church. She prayed, prostrated upon the pavement, humbled before God, beseeching him to aid her, to uphold her, to give her poor, wearied body strength to revenge her son.

Then she went home. There was in her little yard an old, battered barrel, which gathered the rainwater from the eaves.

She emptied it and turned it upside down, made it fast in the ground with heavy logs and stones; then she chained Semillant to the barrel and went into the house.

She walked then, continuously, in her room, her eye always fixed on the shores of Sardinia. He was there, the murderer.

The dog howled all day and all night. In the morning the old woman brought her water in an earthen jar, but nothing else; no soup, no bread.

The next day ended. Semillant slept, stretched out. In the morning her eyes were burning, her coat rough and awry, and she pulled desperately at her chain.

Again the old woman gave her nothing to eat. The beast, become wild, barked with a hoarse voice. The next night passed. Then, the next day, Mother Savorini begged two bundles of straw from a neighbor.

She took some old clothes which her husband used to wear and filled them with the straw, so that a human body was represented.

Having stuck a long stick in the ground in front of the barrel, she tied to it the manikin, which seemed in this way to be standing up. Then she made a head out of old cloth.

The dog, surprised, looked at the man of straw and became silent, though devoured with hunger. That night the woman bought at the grocer's two pounds of meat pudding, returned home and lit a wood fire near the barrel, and fried the pudding. Semillant, crazed, leaped and foamed at the mouth, her eyes fixed on the pan, from which the smoke entered her very stomach.

Then the mother made of the smoking pudding a cravat for the man of straw. She took great pains in arranging it about his neck, as though she wished the grease to soak in. When she had done this she unchained the dog. With one bound the animal reached the throat of the manikin, and with her feet on his shoulders began to tear. She fell back with a piece of her prey in her maw. Then she launched herself again burying her fangs in the strings around the throat and, seizing some bits of food, fell back again, and then, maddened with excitement, leaped again on the figure. She carried off the entire face by great bites, tearing the throat into rags. The old woman, motionless, watched with illuminated eyes. Then she re-chained her beast and, having fastened it again for two days, went over the strange proceeding. For three months she accustomed the animal to this exercise, to this meal gained by savage teeth attack. She didn't chain the dog now, but urged her on with gestures upon the manikin.

She taught the dog to tear it, to devour it, even when there was no food hidden in its throat. She would then reward the dog with fried pudding.

Whenever Semillant would see the manikin, she would begin to tremble violently, then turn her eyes to her mistress. The woman would scream "Va" in a piercing voice, raising her finger.

When she judged the time come. Mother Savorini went one Sunday to communion and confession. Then, having dressed in men's clothes, like those of a poor old man, she was rowed by a Sardinian fisherman across the strait.

She carried a large piece of meat pudding in a linen sack. Semillant had fasted for two days. Every minute the old woman made the dog smell the food.

They entered Longosardo. The Corsican woman walked with a limp. She went to a baker shop and asked to be pointed out the way to the house of Nicolas Ravollati. He had resumed his old trade—that of a carpenter. He worked alone at the back of his shop.

The old woman opened the door and called: "He, Nicolas."

He turned; then letting go of her dog, she cried: "Va, va, devour, devour him."

The maddened animal bounded forward and seized him by the throat. The man opened his arms, closed upon her, and rolled to the ground. For several seconds he twisted and writhed, beating the ground with his feet; then he was still, while Semillant dug into his throat, which she tore away in strips. Two neighbors, sitting on their doorsteps, saw the departure of an old man with his black dog at his heels. The dog ate, as he walked, something brown, which her master was giving her.

In the evening the old woman was at home. She slept well that night.—Chicago Tribune.

New University for Peking.
An association of all the Protestant educational institutions in the province of Chili has been agreed upon. It comprises the Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and London missions, and will be known under the name of the Peking university. The Methodists expect to secure a charter under this name, but a change has been made so as to permit the union of all the Protestant educational institutions.

THOSE SCHOONERS OF OLD.

These exciting old scenes are but memories now.

When the pop of the bullwhacker's whip sharply rang, ere the Wild West had scarce felt the glow

Of Progression's great oncoming ship. And but few now remain of that dust-begrimed host

Who had nerve in the dim long ago To fight and if need be to die at their post

When the schooners rolled out of St. Joe. In the dust of the valley great serpentine trains

Rolled from civilization's last gate And slowly wound onward toward the great plains

Where the red men were lying in wait. But every bronzed whacker trudged bravely along;

Feeling never a fear of the foe— Their heavy whips cracked to the volcings of song

As the schooners rolled out of St. Joe. When the sun seemed a ball of raw fire in the skies,

When in torrents the rain sheeted down, When the winds blew the alkali dust in their eyes,

When the clouds wore threatening frown, To the men with the bulls it was always the same,

That the duty mark manfully toe, True philosophers all, they took things as they came

When the schooners rolled out of St. Joe. Those schooners of old are now rotting away,

But bones of the cattle remain, The whackers surviving are wrinkled and gray

No more does the wagon boss reign. The swift-flying trains drawn by monsters of steam

Now fly o'er the plains to and fro, And the stirring old days we recall as a dream.

When the schooners rolled out of St. Joe. —Denver Post.

A Case of "Horse Sense"

"LOOK out there," shouted the man in the gray suit, as he seized his companion by the arm and jerked him away from the curb. "That horse seems to bear you a deep-seated grudge."

"Thanks, old man," said his companion. "I believe you just saved me from a rather savage bite." "Now, why on earth do you suppose that quiet, staid old hack tried to injure you?" "I give it up," answered the other. "I admit I do not understand horses a little bit. I have managed to trust them when no trust should have been imposed and I have failed to rely on them when I ought to have done so. There is mighty little 'horse sense' about me. Maybe that animal instinctively knew that I did not understand him and his kind, and just tried to grab me and shake a little equine knowledge into me. I once had an experience with a wise horse away out in California. At the time I was superintending a piece of railroad construction on the crest of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Every day I was required to ride about 20 miles along a deer trail on the side of a canyon. The animal furnished me by the company was a little mountain cayuse, buckskin in color and as full of knowledge as an octogenarian professor of philosophy. Her name was Dolly, and way back in the sixties she had seen the light of day in those same mountains. We got



"WE WERE JUST AT ONE OF THE BAD PLACES."

along very well together, because I liked her and she tolerated me to a certain extent. She did not give me her full confidence, and I was always doubtful whether she really had even the remotest glimmer of respect for me and my riding. As a matter of fact, her reservation in regard to my riding and experience in mountain craft was very well taken. I was a 'greeny' if there ever was one, and on more than one occasion when she was treading her way gingerly and delicately over a particularly dangerous part of the trail, I would gasp and drop the reins on her neck and shut my eyes in prayer. When I gave any of the preliminary symptoms of nervousness she would look around over her shoulder with an expression in her eyes that said plainer than spoken words: 'Just keep still and I will take you across.' Well, one day in June, when the blazing California sun burned down on the side of the canyon and I was thinking in a kind of careless way how nice it would be to be at the edge of the little stream that tumbled along some 2,500 feet almost straight below me, when the mare aroused me from my day-dreaming by stopping abruptly. We were just at one of the bad places, and I was startled when I noticed that I could see the little stream by looking down between my knee and the skirt of the saddle. She stood there perfectly still, with the one exception that her intelligent eyes were turned on me in an inquiring sort of way. I was nervous about the place and provoked with her for stopping and waking me from my reverie. These matters did not have much weight with

her, for she made no effort to respond when I chirruped and told her to go on about her business. For perhaps a minute she stood still, but when I raised my quirt and made a motion as if I was going to bring it down on her rough side, she laid her ears back on her neck and switched her tail with menace in every movement. I had never quarreled with her before, but I was provoked and finally struck her with the whip. She quivered all over, but made no effort to obey me. Again I brought the lash down and at the same time drove home my rather cruel Mexican spurs. She turned and gave me a look that I will never forget as long as I live, and said as distinctly as anything I ever heard: 'Well, look out for yourself, I'm going to town.' Her remark was only barely finished when she added: 'Cling tight with your knees, this is a bad place.'

"I saw that she was about to start quick, so I settled myself in the saddle and she certainly did start. She left the place where she had been standing and shot right straight into the air for a distance that seemed to me a hundred feet. When she landed we were still in the deer trail and she made several more astounding leaps. The hair on my head stood upright between the effects of the wind and my fright. On the mountain side of the trail, right ahead of us, was a boulder about the size of a freight car, and beyond it several other stones of smaller size. Now that was the particular spot in the whole length of the trail that frightened me most. In passing over it before I had said more prayers than I ever said before or since that summer. The big boulder projected so far over the trail that my leg often came gently in contact with it when we passed that way. In order to pass the rock Dolly

swerved out, and for a fraction of a second we hung over a precipice nearly half a mile above the rocky bottom of the canyon. She had to almost bend her body in order to regain the course of the trail after passing the rock, and in doing so my left leg came against the rock with a force that makes me sick to remember even now. The blow must have been a powerful one, for as she scraped past I felt the girls give and heard the rending tear of the webbing as it gave way. Down I went, but luckily on the hillside in the trail. I struck hard enough to render me unconscious. I suppose I must have been where I fell for several minutes before I came to, and then I learned my lesson. About ten feet from my head, coiled, and with head and tail ready to do business, was the grandfather of all the rattlesnakes I ever saw.

"He was in a most perturbed state of mind, too, shaking his rattles and moving his head slowly from side to side. I had read that a rattler will not deliberately go hunting for trouble, and will not molest a person if the person will treat him with the same measure of consideration. I looked at the rattler, and I guess he looked me over pretty carefully, and I believe I did not find much favor in his sight, for after a few moments of hair-raising suspense on my part, he slowly crawled away and lost himself in the rocks. By that time the pain in my leg had succeeded the numbness which followed the shock. I thought the limb was broken, but pretty soon I found that I could wiggle my toes, and consequently was immensely relieved. But, to my dismay, when I tried to get up from where I had fallen I found that I could not bear any of my weight on the injured leg. There I was on the side of a mountain ten miles from camp, in the middle of the blazing day. Furthermore, I knew that the first person who would pass that way was one of the timekeepers, and that he could not be reasonably expected before about four o'clock. I had just determined to crawl along the trail and find some sort of shelter, when I raised my head and saw Dolly without the saddle walking sedately around the bend in the side of the mountain. I called to her and she slowly came up to where I lay, and after looking me all over with distinct disapproval allowed me to pull myself up by her legs and after a struggle to throw my injured limb across her bare back. My head was swimming, and to use a common expression 'I was all out.' But I put my arms around that old mare's neck and she carried me back to camp. Now if a man ever could learn anything about a horse I by rights ought to be that man, but do you know it was fully two weeks before I realized that the mare had smelled or heard the snake rattle, and stood still behind the rock in order to give his snakeship a chance to get out of the trail. Then when I remember that she came back to me and carried me to camp when I was sorely injured, I surely ought to have been able to gather a lesson in horse sense from it, but in my ignorance I thought it had just 'happened.' No, you can never tell about a horse." —N. O. Times-Democrat.

She Didn't Give It Up.
Robson, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed Robson, opening his eyes wide. "I don't." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." The jest pleased Robson immensely, for he at once saw the opportunity of a glorious dig at his wife. So when he got home he said: "Mrs. Robson, do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat pityingly as she answered: "I suppose it's because you were born so." —Chicago Journal.

Curious Coincidence.

A remarkable coincidence about the death of Gen. Lawton was that he was killed by Filipinos under a native chief of the same name as an Apache chief fighting against whom Lawton won his spurs.

WHEN TED'S AWAY.

When Teddy has gone for a visit Such a change as comes over the house! There's not from one day to another Enough racket to startle a mouse

The cook is no longer molested, The puppies are never at strife, Grandpa's mid-day nap is unbroken, And the cat has some peace of her life.

There is no one to ask endless questions And no one to race through the hall, There is never a whoop or a whistle And never a door banged at all;

No coaxing to "tell us a story" And never a lesson to say— Oh, the house is delightfully quiet And peaceful when Ted is away!

But then there is no boyish laughter To make even burdens seem light, And no little tired lad to cuddle On a motherly shoulder at night;

And no one to whisper at bed time, With a shy, tight hug and a kiss. That in all the wide world he is certain There isn't a mother like his.

There is no one to run on an errand And no one with "secrets" to tell, There is no one to find Grandpa's glasses And hunt for his slippers as well;

And somehow or other we're feeling That an hour seems as long as a day— Oh, the house is so dreadfully quiet And lonely when Ted is away.

—L. M. Montgomery, in Ram's Horn.

SALVAGE

By HENRY GALLUP PAINE.

Author of "Statute of Limitations," "Sunday Sam," etc.

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"My Dear Mr. Marcy: "Hal has told me how things stand between you and him, and I write to tell you that I will never marry him so long as your opposition continues. I absolutely refuse to stand in his way. I want to assure you that nothing he can say will alter my determination. This decision is final. So there is no reason why you should consider me in planning for him or in carrying out any of your intentions regarding him. You are at liberty to show him this letter. Yours truly,

"AMANDA GRAY."

"Wa'l, son, w'at be ye a-goin' ter do, naow?" asked Josiah Marcy, when Hal had finished reading Mandy's note, and had handed it back to his father.

"Nothing different, father. I cannot accept this sacrifice at her hands. I would be less than a man if I accepted what you offer me at such a cost."

"Don't be a fool, boy," Josiah protested.

"No; nor I won't be a poltroon either," declared Hal. "To-morrow I shall go away and try to disappoint you by showing you and Mandy, too, that somewhere and somehow I am capable of earning my own living, and when I have shown that I can earn enough for two I shall come back for her."

In the light of his previous experience Hallett Marcy was laying out a rather large contract for himself in making this declaration. In fact his demonstrated lack of business ability was responsible for the present situation. Yet in other respects he was far from a failure. He had a fine character, an affectionate nature and a handsome presence. He had stood high at college. He had refined tastes. But he was entirely deficient in those practical commercial qualities that had enabled his father to develop from a common laborer to a wealthy mill-owner.

Josiah was ambitious to realize in his son the culture and social privileges that fortune had denied to him.



"WHEN I AM IN A POSITION I SHALL ASK YOU AGAIN."

He had planned that Hal should go abroad, travel, study, write and do the things that interested him, and in time perhaps marry some girl who should be his intellectual equal and his social superior—though Josiah did not put it to himself in exactly that way.

But Hal loved Amanda Gray, his quondam schoolmate and playmate, and wanted to marry her. Amanda was poor; her mother ran a boarding-house for Josiah's mill hands; but Hal loved her. He knew the strength and sweetness of her unselfish nature, and he had refused to carry out his father's wishes unless Amanda could share in the advantage Josiah had planned for him. And when his father had refused his consent, Hal had astonished that local and domestic autocrat by demanding the few thousand dollars held in trust for him from his mother, and had gone to the city and invested it in business.

It was the old story of the man with capital and the man with experience over again. In six months his little patrimony was gone and Josiah had been forced to pay out heavily to save the family credit. But the old man loved his son, though in his own way, and he renewed his former offer to settle a handsome sum on the boy if he would give up Mandy. He gave him two days in which to make up his mind.

Hal laughed his father to scorn and swore he would marry Mandy anyhow. "She'll marry me no matter how poor I am," he declared. But Mandy would not listen to

him. She loved him too well and she knew him too—she had known nothing else all her life—but she feared it for him. She knew that he could never succeed by his own efforts, she doubted her own ability to help him, and refused to stand in the way of his future. Then to clinch the matter she wrote the short note to Josiah which Hal had just read.

"Wher' be ye goin'?" asked his father, as Hal started for the door. "Oh, just to tell Mandy what I just told you," and he went out.

"By dum, that boy's got me beat sure," mused the old man. "I—I ain't never asked no man's advice before in all my life, but I reckon I'll hev ter git some light threw onto this sitchooation. I—I'll go down and git Parson Marvin ter wrastle an hour with it this evenin'."

"Mandy," said Hal, a few minutes later. "Last night you refused to marry me, because you would not stand in the way of my future; and after I had gone home you wrote my father to the same effect. Now, I have not come to ask you to reconsider your decision. I believe to-day it was a wise one. But I have come to tell you that I absolutely refuse to take advantage of it. The people who took over the wreck of my business offered to take me with it on a salary. I have written, accepting their offer, and I shall leave for the city to-morrow morning. When I am in a position to marry you, I shall ask you again."

"Hal, Hal!" she protested.

But he would not let her go on. "No, sweetheart; if this must be a contest between wills, you will find that I have one as well as you and father. And now, kiss me good-bye, little playmate, for I am going away in the morning, and I may not see you again for a long time."

Mandy never quite knew how she got through the rest of the day. There was supper to get; and boarders going and boarders coming. Her duties seemed endless.

It was nearly ten o'clock before she could break away from it all and be by herself and think.

Her mood was restless and troubled and drew her, as if by some unconscious attraction, to the river. She walked out on the wooden foot bridge that spanned the rapids above the mill, and leaning against the hand-rail gazed into the turbid current which ran swiftly far below. She tried to set in order the thoughts that surged through her brain. She might as well have tried to calm the bubbling, roaring stream beneath. Like one in a dream, she seemed to see the events of her short life pass in review before her in weird and impenetrable procession. She saw little to attract her, few compensations for all its hardships and narrowness. Hal was the one bright spot in it. Sadly she turned from the past to look into the future, and contrasted what it might have been with Hal—what it would be without him. She looked into the river-running tumultuously, darkly, distractedly through its contracted, rock-walled channel to its ceaseless task at the mill. In one smooth, eddy-like spot in all its turbulent course, she saw the reflection of a single star; but it was only the reflection, and the star itself was shining far above. She felt the likeness of the stream to her own life and strangely attracted to it by a sort of hypnotic fascination. Then she remembered how beyond the mill the stream broadened out and flowed placidly through a fair meadowland. And the thought came to her with a fierce bitterness, how through the stream another, feebler woman in her case might find peace, while she must struggle blindly, hopelessly on. A strange dizziness came over her, she swayed and clutched at the railing. With a sickening feeling she felt the frail support give way. The weary, despondent soul said to itself: "I did not seek this—then let me, too, find peace." But the active, healthy, human woman screamed.

"What's that, brother?" Josiah and Mr. Marvin had been "wraslin'" over Hal all the evening; and the parson was returning with the older man to light him through the glen.

"Some gal's fell in!" shouted Josiah; and with unsuspected agility he bounded down the steep bank in the direction of the splash that closely followed that night-riding, heart-rending cry.

"Hold the light!" he commanded as he stood an instant on the brink peering into the darkness, before plunging in to where a small, dark object momentarily appeared above the surface.

The river was deep and swift, but it was narrow, and though long out of practice, Josiah had been a famous swimmer, and his strength had not left him. With the aid of the ministe who rushed in waist deep to help Josiah soon had the limp form of the girl stretched on the shingle.

"Fetch the lantern, parson," he said as he chafed her hands, and bent to listen if she breathed. "She's livin' let's see who we got."

Mr. Marvin obeyed.

Josiah gazed guiltily into the returned, unconscious face. He felt if his heart were in the grip of tourniquet.

"Parson," he faltered, "do ye s'p'ose she done it a-puppose?"

Mr. Marvin looked up at the bridge. "No," he added, pointing to the broken hand-rail.

"Thank God fer that!"

"Amen," echoed the minister. "Now, brother, what is best to do?"

"There ain't ca'ny one thing tew done—fetch her hum."

"Isn't that rather far, neighbor?"

"Tis, ter her hum, 'tain't ter me. That's wher' she b'longs naow; 'tw'her' Hal is. Ther', lift her e. Does seem's ef we c'd'n't git on 't' your help, after all, parson."