

IT WAS THE ART OF VENGEANCE

By FREDERICK F. MOORE

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MATIAS could see the soldiers building the gallows. He, Matias Bunagan, heretofore an honest rice cutter of El Poro and a peaceable subject of the great American President of the Philippines, and willing to pay his taxes on the crown of the United States, must be hanged.

Matias understood everything fully. He had killed Pascual de la Cruz. It was the result of an old family feud, which had started long before the Americans had come to the Philippines. In fact, the feud was so old that Matias could not remember what it was about, except that the Bunagan family had sworn by the Blessed Virgin to kill all the members of the De la Cruz family in the province of Cavite, and that was all he cared to know.

The Americans could not understand it. He had been right in killing Pascual; it was as much his duty to kill Pascual as to pay his land tax and cut rice. But the Americans were going to hang Matias tomorrow, and through the walls of his nipa prison he could see the soldiers driving the nails and cutting the beams.

He squatted on the ground and smoked and listened to the music of the hammer. The children were playing in the plaza, and he could hear the chatter of the women in the market and the hum of the Chinese tailor's sewing machine in the barrio. The leaves of the palm trees were swaying in the breeze like the arms of so many windmills, swaying as Matias would sway in the breeze tomorrow afternoon, with the black cap over his head and the white rope around his neck and his legs and arms bound fast. He had seen Filipinos hanged himself. The necks came from miles around to see an execution, and he knew how it would be with him.

He could see the priest walking with him from the prison, and the sea of gossamer flies all about—women with naked breasts, and frightened little girls saying their rosaries, and the life of soldiers keeping pace with the crowd. He saw himself going up the dozen steps which the soldiers were bringing, heard the prayer of the priest on the platform, saw the huge man in the end, caught a glimpse of the black box on the ground below, the black cap falling over his eyes, the black rope around his neck, and then the plunge into space at the end of the rope. *Madre de Dios!*

Matias brushed away the cold drops which formed on his forehead as he prepared his death the next day. It was terrible, but it could not be helped. He had killed Pascual, and his friends and neighbors would want to see him die bravely so he resolved to climb the gallows with a cigarette in his mouth and a smile on his lips for the Americans. He begged a man for KRM, and when he had sworn to do it in a blood feud.

He sat and smoked through the afternoon and reviewed his life. He saw the sun go down behind the mountains of Matia Bay and knew he would never see the sunset again. Well, he had killed Pascual, and there was some satisfaction in that.

Since his real name de la Cruz, the brother of Pascual, had come from Manila. He hated Juan and Juan hated him. He knew Juan would be there at noon tomorrow to see him mount the gallows and die, and the knowledge added much bitterness to his position.

"That dog of a dog will stand near the gallows," thought Matias, "and laugh in my face as I go by, with iron on my hips and legs. If I can, I will spit in his eye," and much comforted by this plan, he rolled another cigarette and sturdily watched the soldiers beat the new rope by dropping a sack of grain from the beam, with the sack at the end where Matias would hang tomorrow.

They brought him boiled rice, and at dark put the death watch over him. The sentry paced outside the guardhouse and Matias could see him through the back-stick wall of the prison.

Sleep? No, he would not sleep, for there were but a few hours of life left to him, and he would smoke through the night. "Pray," he said, "why should he pray? He had sworn to kill Pascual, and God would not blame him for killing his man, what the padre or the Americans said. He would die without sleeping or praying, and he would show the people of El Poro how a Bunagan could die."

It was very dark now, and all he could see was the tip of his cigarette when it flared up as he puffed it. He could hear the sentry pacing outside, and after a while he heard a bugle blowing, and the wind swishing through the palm trees, but he was going to die at noon tomorrow and did not care what happened.

What was that? Did he hear something rustle outside the bamboo wall? It was a strange noise, and the sentry heard it, for he stopped his pacing for a minute. It must have been a snake or a tree toad.

The sentry resumed his monotonous walk and Matias puffed his cigarette. There it was again! It was almost at his feet and just outside the split bamboo wall. It was a boring sound, and it came when the sentry was at the farther end of his beat. He put his hand on the wall and felt it tremble. What could it be?

It stopped as the sentry came past

again. Then the stealthy sound began again when the sentry was at the other end of the guardhouse.

"Matias," came a gentle whisper.

"Yes," hissed Matias, quivering with excitement.

"Here is a bolo—meet me at the dead palm tree in the barrio—be careful—you have a long time to cut—I will be waiting."

By all the holy saints! Who could it be that was bringing the much-desired bolo? Who was bringing him sweet life? With a sharp bolo he could cut his way to freedom easily.

Matias felt along the wall cautiously and his hand encountered the hilt of a great bolo, thrust through a hole in the wall. Inch by inch he drew it inward, and the blade cut its way through the bamboo strips noiselessly.

Sometimes he took ten minutes to cut through a strip of bamboo the size of his finger. When a dog barked he gained a couple of inches—when "Taps" sounded he cut a slit a foot long in the wall. In an hour his little door was complete, and when the sentry went around the guardhouse he crawled through and slipped away in the darkness.

Queen of Angels! It was good to be free again. And here he was, under the very gallows which had been built for him. He stopped to curse the timbers and the Americans, spat on the steps, and then stole through the palm grove to meet his unknown friend at the dead palm.

"Is that you, Matias?"

"Yes. Who is my savior? Forever I am your slave."

"Come," said the unknown, "follow me. They will miss you in a few minutes when the watch is changed, and you must hide."

Matias followed on in the darkness, afraid that it was all a dream and that he would wake up to hear the guard calling him to make ready for death.

On through the jungle they went to reach the hills, and Matias knew his rescuer was taking him to a cave somewhere in the great canyon, where he could hide until an opportunity presented itself to escape to Manila.

Soon he heard the sound of dripping water and he was guided into a small cave, and he could feel the damp and slimy walls of rock.

"Now," said the stranger, "give me the bolo, for I must go back through the jungle and I need a weapon. Lie here until I come in the morning with food. Don't stir outside or make a noise, for the soldiers will be seeking for you everywhere, and if I am long in coming do not fear, for we must be cautious. Good-by."

"Who are you?" asked Matias.

"You must not know until you are safe—I am a good friend—fear not."

"May God bless you," said Matias, and he kissed the hand of the stranger.

"Ten thousand blessings on your head and I am your slave for life."

The unknown glided away, and Matias heard him roll a stone in the entrance of the cave, and then all was still, except the incessant dripping of the water. It was better than the guardhouses he thought, with the sentry pacing outside and the dreadful gallows with the rope swinging from the beam in the prison yard. He rolled a cigarette and smoked, and sat on his heels.

Although he stared into the blackness, burning his hand at times with the fire of his cigarette when he found himself wondering if it were a dream. Finally, the light filtered through the opening, and then a tiny sunbeam crept in through the entrance of the cave, but he did not move from the place where he had sat all night.

After a long time he heard some one at the stone and a form came in, and after his eyes had become accustomed to the light he saw a well-dressed native standing over him with a bolo.

"Juan de la Cruz," he cried, drawing back in terror.

"Yes," Juan de la Cruz, the brother of Pascual, whom you killed. It was I who helped you to escape last night."

"The feud?" groaned Matias. "You have come to kill me! You dog, you took me from prison to bolo me here. Why did you not let them hang me? I would rather be hanged a thousand times by the hated Americans than to die by your hand."

"I have not come to kill you," said the other. "That was my plan last night, for a De la Cruz must have his vengeance. But the American colonel has offered five hundred pesos for your capture. Five hundred pesos will buy many masses for the soul of my brother. The Americans will hang you, and I will have no blood on my hands, come—the hangman is waiting."

He led Matias back to the village. The soldiers put the irons on his hands and he saw the blood money paid to Juan. He saw the rope swinging in the breeze. The priest prayed. He stepped on the trap, and swung into eternity.

London Journal Has Had Eventful History

The London Morning Post has celebrated its 153rd birthday. Among its contributors have been Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, all of whom not only contributed verse but editorial articles considered of weight in their day. Charles Lamb contributed "smart paragraphs," for which he was paid at the rate of 12 cents each, the New York Times says.

Poets seem to have marked the Morning Post for their own, for Mackworth Praed, a writer of fine lyrics, was its chief political writer in 1832. Praed was followed by Benjamin Disraeli, and in later years Andrew Lang and Rudyard Kipling were contributors. The Morning Post has through the years preserved its die-hard conservatism, and is recognized as the organ of the British aristocracy.

DEATH IN BED NOT FITTING FOR RULER

Proof That Custom Is Strong in Far East.

Some of the customs of the East are very peculiar, as the following story, from a Calcutta (India) paper, will amply show:

In the center of a richly furnished apartment lay the maharajah of Pipal de...
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 Soon he heard the sound of dripping water and he was guided into a small cave, and he could feel the damp and slimy walls of rock.
 "Now," said the stranger, "give me the bolo, for I must go back through the jungle and I need a weapon. Lie here until I come in the morning with food. Don't stir outside or make a noise, for the soldiers will be seeking for you everywhere, and if I am long in coming do not fear, for we must be cautious. Good-by."
 "Who are you?" asked Matias.
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POINTS ON KEEPING WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

THE IMPORTANCE OF BABY TEETH

ANY parents think that baby teeth are of no importance. It's the use of botching with a. They'll soon drop out and be with.

It is a serious mistake. Few people know that, at birth, every child already in its jaws all its teeth, baby teeth and permanent teeth. They can't be seen or felt but they are there in storage. Early in life, baby teeth begin to appear, showed through the gums by the permanent teeth. Below, just as a cork is forced of a popgun by the plunger being it. By the time the child is three all the baby teeth should be out.

The baby teeth are smaller and not numerous as the permanent teeth. Mother and nurse should know where the baby teeth and how to care for them. She can check them as they come and know the first permanent tooth when it appears.

There are four in the middle line there in each side, the two incisors, or g teeth. Two on each side, and below. That makes eight, are the biters, with sharp thin teeth. Then the eye teeth, one on each side, above and below. That makes four more.

The eye teeth are long, sharp teeth, biting but far behind. They are sometimes called the canines, because they are especially large and pointed, in dogs, which are descended from the canines, two on each side and below. That makes eight or twenty in all.

So are the baby teeth and if they are healthy and the teeth are kept they work perfectly from the first of age when they are all in position until eleven or twelve, when they are pushed out.

If by decay or accident one of the baby teeth is lost before the permanent tooth behind it is ready to take its place, then the whole program is upset. The teeth back of the lost one are pushed forward and the teeth in front are pushed back by the force of the lips, so that the vacant space left by the missing tooth is filled by the permanent tooth to grow up into position. It is crooked and so comes crooked. This is the most common cause of crooked teeth.

The tooth grows in crooked, and the lips are apt to be affected. Correcting this defect is very slow, painful and expensive.

It can't improve in nature. Keep baby teeth clean and sound and permanent teeth will come in straight and perfect.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

COUGH WRETCHES

Peter Gnome was feeling very sad. He was angry, too. You know how much Peter Gnome loves children and it makes him both angry and sad if children have to have any trouble whatever.

He is always going about, wearing an invisible robe so people cannot see him, trying to do all he can to help children.

He is happiest when children are happy. He is sad when anything goes wrong with them.

He had been busy arguing with the Tonsil Twins, who had been bothering a little friend of his, when he heard that the Whooping Cough Wretches had gone to visit some children in a beautiful town overlooking the sea. He was particularly fond of these children.

In fact he didn't know any children of whom he was more fond than these two children in particular whose names were John and Gordon.

Gordon was very little—not little for his age, but little compared to his older brother, John. Gordon was not so very old. He had not been in the world very long, but every minute and every day since he had been in the world he had been growing more wonderful.

Peter Gnome thought he was very wonderful. He loved the look of his children.



"You Wretches," He Said.

straight little back and sturdy legs. He liked the way his bright golden hair curled up a little at the ends.

He liked him when he was not looking at his back but when his face was to be seen, for his face, thought Peter Gnome, was just about as all right as a face could be.

Gordon was not called Gordon very often though it was his real name. He was usually called Honey or something very affectionate.

It was even hard for him to call his baby, though he was a baby no longer. But he was lovable and sweet and appealing in much the same way that a baby is lovable and sweet and appealing.

When he was fast asleep he looked so adorable, the low adorable he looked then. And when he woke up and his gay voice could be heard all over the house he seemed even more adorable. He was always suddenly so wide-awake and so bright.

John was a splendid boy, fine and unselfish, handy and admirably in every way, which meant, of course, that Peter Gnome admired him greatly. Peter could never have told you whether he thought more of John than of Gordon, or more of Gordon than of John.

Yet perhaps because John had been in the world longer than Gordon he had had more time in which to grow fond of John.

And now those wretched wretches of Whooping Cough creatures had gone, without being invited, to see John and Gordon. They took their whoops along with them. True, John and Gordon and their mother and daddy were always welcoming friends to the house, but when those wretches came along no one wanted them at all.

They played their same mean games. Every so often they made John give a whooping cough and they did the same thing with Gordon.

Peter Gnome rushed off to see them. "You wretches!" he said. "You mean, mean wretches, to come and play your horrid games in the house where John and Gordon live, and even when they go out into their back garden you follow them along!"

The Whooping Cough Wretches are such wretches that they like to be mean. That just shows you what they are like. And they laughed at Peter Gnome and made John whoop and then made Gordon whoop.

"You should be ashamed of your selves," said Peter Gnome.

"Whoop, whoop, whoop," cackled the Whooping Cough Wretches.

"Oh, you have been here long enough now, do, for pity's sake, leave my two friends, John and Gordon, alone now."

Well, they didn't mind when they were called wretches, they were never ashamed of themselves, but when Peter Gnome suggested they had been around long enough they thought to themselves that maybe they were tired of playing here, and they began to pack up their things and leave. And as they began to pack to leave Peter Gnome said:

"And you never, never, never need come back again."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. H. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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Lesson for August 2

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

LESSON TEXT—Jas. 1:19-27.
 GOLDEN TEXT—Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.—Jas. 1:22.
 PRIMARY TOPIC—Love and obey.
 JUNIOR TOPIC—Be Ye Doers of the Word.
 INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Doers of the Word.
 YOUTH PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Religion According to James.

The book of James was written to Jewish Christians scattered abroad who were passing through sore trials and persecutions. The pre-eminent aim was to show these humble believers how to live in such trying times. James recognized the difficulties of Christian living resulting from the attitude of the unbelieving Jews, and knew also the added difficulties of pride, jealousy and cowardly compromises which might spring up within.

He showed that all these must be met with the realities which inhere in the religion of Jesus Christ.

I. Receiving the Engrafted Word (vv. 19-21).

1. What is the Engrafted Word?
 "Engrafted" means implanted. In verse 18 he speaks of having been begotten by the Word. The figure is that of a planting of the seeds of truth. The Christian doctrine as implanted in the Word, when quickened by the Holy Spirit result in regeneration. The divine method of regeneration is the producing of God's word made living and active by the Holy Spirit.

2. How the Word is Received (v. 20).
 (1) "Be swift to hear." This means to be ready and eager to receive every opportunity to get acquainted with God's word.
 Obedience to this injunction will make one diligent in the reading of the Bible, and in attendance at the church services where the Word of God is being taught.
 (2) "Show to speak." From what follows we infer that this refers to religious controversies. It means that whether in the places of worship or in whatever circumstances, we should give respect and thoughtful attention to what our Christian brethren are saying.
 (3) "Show to wrath." Heated discussions sometimes develop in our conferences, even when we gather to consider the doctrines of God's word. Sometimes one may even fancy that anger is justifiable. In such cases we should remember the injunction, be slow to wrath.

3. The Reason for Receiving the Word (vv. 20-21).
 "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Angry debating among Christians never helped to make known God's righteousness. Man's anger springs out of the foundation of his depravity. Therefore its expression can only have a blighting effect upon those who listen, and even upon the speaker in its reaction upon him.

II. Coming into Self-Knowledge (vv. 22-25).

Receiving the engrafted Word through swiftness to hear, and obeying its holy precepts will result in that experimental knowledge of one's self which brings true blessings. Be "doers of the Word," is meant those who make obedience their habitual attitude.

The truths of God's word will permeate their very life and be expressed in everything they do and say. Those who hear and do not obey are self-deceived. Those who go through the form of religion without coming under its power are likened to men who gaze into the mirror beholding their natural face, and then go away and forget how they look.

III. Pure Religion (vv. 26-27).

This means that those who have become doers of the Word will in their outer lives manifest the following traits:

1. Bridling the Tongue (v. 26).
 This means that they will speak with discretion. God gave man two ears and but one tongue. The ears are exposed, but the tongue is walled in by the teeth. Just as the tongue reveals the condition of the physical system, so the use of the tongue reveals the religious condition.

2. Sympathizing With and Helping Those in Need (v. 27).
 The widow and orphan are the symbols of helplessness and need. Those who have true piety will visit such and render the necessary aid.

3. Keeping Himself Unspotted From the World (v. 27).
 The one who has the true life will separate himself from the world.

Giving Up Pleasure

When we have given up an inner pleasure for character's sake, we are impressed with how much we have sacrificed. Jesus was impressed with how much a man had gained.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Overcoming

We sometimes sing, "The Crowning Day Is Coming." That is true, but remember that coronation in Scripture is associated with overcoming.—Charles Ingalls.