

# THE REVIEW

ISSUED  
SATURDAY MORNING,  
—BY—  
J. R. N. BELL, - - Proprietor

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1885.

# Review.

NO. 46.

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## PRETTY PIPPA.

A Tragedy Which Came Near  
Happening in a Tunnel.

Imbedded in a deep Italian valley lay  
the village of Santa Chiara. Mountains  
surrounded it on all sides except on the  
north, where the valley narrowed into  
a gorge with steep precipitous sides,  
forming a natural roadway out into the  
open country.

So the valley and village were in a  
cul-de-sac, and to this reason the peasants  
attributed a great deal of their  
poverty.

In remote, far-away times a narrow  
road had been made over the mountains  
toward the south, and the more  
enterprising of the villagers drove their  
mules once or twice a year over this  
pass—a day and a half journey—to the  
big town of Monte Caetano, to sell the  
fruits of their industry; but the journey  
took time and money, and both were  
too valuable to be spent on the road  
very often.

But with the energy and enterprise  
of the nineteenth century came a  
change. There was much talk of the  
inconvenience of not being able to get  
to Monte Caetano easily. It was a  
large and important town, but its size  
and importance would both be much  
increased if a free communication could  
be opened with the northern railways.

The inhabitants of Santa Chiara  
were startled one day by the arrival  
of engineers, but they were destined  
to be yet more astonished. In a few  
weeks the village was over-run with  
workmen, the valley resounded with  
the blasting of rocks, and they understood  
that a great tunnel was to be  
made through their mountain.

The work turned out less difficult  
than was at first anticipated. The  
tunnel had not far to go in unbroken  
solid mountain, but emerged occasionally  
into deep, narrow fissures, from  
thence making a fresh start into the  
bowels of the earth.

The work was finished at last, and  
an engine decorated triumphantly with  
flags passed the whole way down the  
line to Monte Caetano, bearing upon it  
the engineers, foremen, and chief  
workmen, and one or two gentlemen  
whose united money and ex-  
cursions had carried the great work  
through. They were received at the  
new station at Monte Caetano with  
enthusiasm, were presented with  
handsome testimonials, and made to  
feel themselves real heroes and public  
benefactors.

It was one hot, sunny Sunday evening  
in Santa Chiara, about a week  
after the opening of the great tunnel.  
Vespers were over, the bell had not yet  
rung for benediction, and all the in-  
habitants of the little village were  
strolling about the vineyards or sitting  
in the churchyard. The village  
consisted of a piazza, or square,  
round which stood the principal houses,  
and out of which a few irregularly  
built, straggling streets stretched up  
the sides of the hill. The church stood  
at the head of the piazza, in the midst  
of the churchyard. The low wall al-  
l round it was a favorite seat of the vil-  
lagers, where they lounged away many  
an idle hour. In the angle of the wall  
stood a large, shady, chestnut tree.  
Pippa Novatelli, the prettiest girl in the  
village, leaned against its trunk, with  
her little brown hands demurely  
clasped together.

"Aha! it is true that Pippa has  
beauty," said old Mariuccia to another  
old crone yet more wrinkled than her-  
self.

"Pippa may have beauty, but she is  
a little demon for all that! The holy  
saints don't give everything to one  
person, and they have taken too much  
pains in the making of her face to have  
given themselves time to look after her  
heart! Look there! The little viper!"

Pippa was looking her best, for her  
betrothed Gianni (called the Bellino on  
account of his sky-blue eyes) was  
there, sitting on the wall, and it was so  
amusing to make him jealous, the foolish  
fellow. On the other side, sitting  
on the grass with his large dark eyes  
fixed on her, and an indescribable,  
dainty grace in the pose of his light  
active figure, sat Toni, a Zeli, one of the  
subordinates of the engineers, one of  
the flood of newcomers whom the great  
tunnel had brought beyond the moun-  
tains to disturb the peace of Santa  
Chiara.

Toni had not been long in the vil-  
lage. Only three weeks ago he had  
come to replace a Piedmontese who  
had finished all the skilled work and  
passed on to new labors elsewhere.  
Toni was a beginner as yet, but he  
was quite capable of carrying on his  
predecessor's work, and his superior

pronounced him a young fellow of  
much promise.

Toni had lost his heart. From the  
moment that Pippa passed him, the  
day after his arrival in her dark gown,  
with a scarlet handkerchief knotted  
round her curly black hair, with her  
brown skin and red lips, and the won-  
derful dark eyes which flashed on him  
as she turned her head and looked at  
him over her shoulder with a glance of  
mischievous pleasure in his too-evident  
admiration.

Pippa had many lovers. Old Pietro,  
with his farm, and the well-known  
board of money in his big gilt cassone.  
Young Ceccho, who possessed nothing  
but strong arms and wistful eyes.  
Baldovino, called il Zoppo, and  
Longo, who had so taken her refusal to  
heart that he sold his patrimony,  
bought an organ and a monkey, and  
went away over the mountains, and  
never came back again.

But after a weary courtship of alter-  
nate hopes and despair, waverings,  
coquetries and heartburnings, at last  
Pippa agreed to marry Gianni il Bel-  
lino, and he thought himself the hap-  
piest of men. He was a *veturino* on  
the great Corniche road, and he pre-  
pared a sunny little home for his bride  
near Sestri. A house at the end of a  
long avenue of acacia trees, with a  
vineyard of its own, a *loggia* looking  
over the sea, and every comfort  
that the heart of a little mountain  
*contadina* could desire. When Pippa  
should be his wife he meant to drive  
her there in state, in his big voluttier  
carriage, and he would establish her  
there, and as he drove his travelers  
backward and forward on the road,  
would look out as he passed to see her  
standing smiling at the door. The  
vision was only too sweet. The big  
carriage with the four horses—Biondo,  
Nero, Giallo, and the last purchased,  
Pippa—were all waiting at Monte  
Caetano for the happy Gianni, and the  
couple had been reined with a bright-  
shiny yellow chintz, to be worthy of  
his Pippa.

But there is no rose without a thorn,  
and the brighter the light the darker  
the shadow it throws.

Toni arrived with the polish of city  
life in his manners, and the chic of a  
city tailor in the cut of his clothes, and  
he began to make love to Pippa as no  
one had ever made love to her before.  
He paid her honeyed compliments, he  
threw an air of tender, rapt admiration  
into the adoring gaze of his dark eye,  
he offered her the commonest flower  
with an air of devotion which threw  
into the shade Gianni's far larger  
offering.

"It is too large!" she cried, pettish-  
ly, rejecting her betrothed's great posy  
of roses; and he had the mortification  
of seeing her fix Toni's insignificant  
carnation into her bodice instead.

Gianni hung away his roses fiercely,  
and Pippa was so busy talking to  
Toni that she did not notice that he  
did it. Toni perceived that he had done so.  
"Now that the tunnel is done and  
the way open, you will be leaving us,"  
she said, softly, leaning against the  
chestnut tree and playing with the fading  
carnation.

Toni answered with the soft caress-  
ing sound in his voice that expressed  
more devotion than the words he ut-  
tered.

"And if I were to be called away,  
would there be one heart in Santa  
Chiara to mourn me, one eye to shed  
tears over my departure?"

"Can you doubt?" said Pippa.  
"Friends are not so easily forgotten."  
"A fig for friendship!" cried Toni,  
with a snap of his fingers so loud that  
all started.

"That is a strange sentiment, Signor  
Rei!" said Gianni, bitterly.

Toni only stared at him, then turn-  
ing toward Pippa he rose to his feet  
and approached her.

"Ah, dear Pippa," he said, "will you  
keep the secret if I tell you some news  
that I received this morning?"

"Do not whisper," said Pippa, un-  
easily. "Gianni does not like it."  
"Ah, bah! he does not care! Look  
at him!"

Pippa turned her head and looked.  
Sore, mortified and angry, Gianni was  
feigning an indifference he did not feel.  
He sat with a staid look on his broad,  
comely face, playing with the ears of  
the little Spitz dog which accompanied  
him in all his journeys.

"I see, it is true he does not care,"  
said Pippa, trying to laugh.

"Then grant me that which I ask,"  
said Toni, coarsely. "Walk with me  
up the mountain among the vine-  
yards. You can not refuse one who  
may leave you so soon, and whose heart  
is bleeding at the very idea."

Pippa thought that Gianni should be  
more demonstrative. It was tiresome  
to see him so staid, and she wanted to  
see him angry. This betrothal was very  
dull, very monotonous.

She stood upright and said lightly:  
"Let us go to the vineyards. We shall  
have time for a short walk before benediction."

Pippa spoke with her face toward  
Gianni, but her eyes were fixed on  
Toni, thinking that she spoke to him,  
he leaped to his feet, and the light  
sparkled in his blue eyes, but the light  
faded away at the sound of her coquet-  
tish little laugh.

"No, no, Gianni! I would not dis-  
turb you for the world. Sit still, go to  
sleep if you can," and, passing her  
hand lightly through Toni's arm, she  
walked away with him.

Gianni was rather taken aback. She  
had not thought that he was going  
away, now at once, through the big  
tunnel that he had helped to make, and  
never coming back again. It was quite  
another thing that he was always to be  
there.

"Not going away!" she said, with a  
little quiver in her voice. Toni  
thought the little quiver was one of  
happiness.

"Dearest," he said, "it is true. Some-  
one is required to be always on the spot.  
Every night I must go through the tun-  
nel to see that all is well. This will be  
done for long months, till we see that  
the work is perfect in every part,  
that no unexpected dangers may arise.  
And it is I that have received the ap-  
pointment."

Toni hit his breast with a sound of  
triumph, then suddenly he threw his  
arm round Pippa's waist.

"Say, beautiful Pippa, dearest of my  
heart," he cried, "say that you re-  
joice as I do. We shall not be separated."

Pippa was too much astonished to  
resist. Toni had his arm round her,  
and now he bent forward and kissed  
her once, twice, before she could speak,  
when there came a sudden shout that  
sounded more like the roar of a wild  
beast than a human voice, and Gianni  
threw himself between them, his eyes  
flashing, his face convulsed with rage.

Pippa was terrified, and in her terror  
she listened with the heart of a  
guilty animal. A rush of footsteps,  
a cry of shout, a sound of a death  
struggle. Pippa bounded forward with  
a cry, the guiding light disappeared.  
She heard the crash as the lantern fell,  
and all was total darkness.

Suddenly she saw the lantern stop;  
there was a sound that made Pippa  
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In a few minutes quite a crowd had  
gathered round the mouth of the tun-  
nel.

Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached  
her destination. The opening looked  
fearfully dark and gloomy in the fading  
light, and she had no lantern with  
her; but terror lent her courage; she  
never hesitated, but quickly crossing  
herself she darted in.

It was quite dark now. Pippa guid-  
ed herself along the wall; she was  
obliged to move slowly, for several  
times she caught her foot against one  
of the sleepers and nearly fell. Oh,  
how pitch dark it was, and how cold!  
She gasped for breath. Now her  
hands rapidly passing along the wall  
encountered something cold and slimy,  
and she tried to fling it off, but it  
clung.

"A slug," she thought with a shud-  
der as she got rid of it at last, never  
slackening her steps. All was deadly  
still—she could hear her own panting  
breath. Now a sort of pale color be-  
gan to show on the blackness, and a  
warmer breath of air; she could see  
again. The big tunnel opened into a  
little gorge not ten feet wide. She  
looked up through the rocks almost  
like one from the bottom of a well, and  
saw the friendly blue sky, then taking  
courage, plunged on again into deeper  
night than before.

Pippa could feel the darkness, the  
cold, breathless atmosphere; she was  
getting into the longest, most unbroken  
part of the tunnel.

She gasped for breath, her brain  
began to reel, her eyes throbbled and  
ached with the strain to see where  
nothing was visible.

Then suddenly, quite suddenly it  
seemed to her, in the far distance she  
perceived a little moving spark; a light  
that could be nothing but Toni's  
lantern. Her heart beat almost to  
suffocation, she paused for an instant  
to gain breath, then bounded on, for it  
seemed to her intensely strange sense  
of hearing that there was some one else  
ahead of her, some footsteps swiftly  
following the lantern, in pursuit of it.

Pippa pressed on faster and faster,  
and the distance between them seemed  
to be diminishing. Would she arrive  
in time?

She had grown accustomed to the  
sleepers now and knew mechanically  
when to expect them as she ran. She  
was getting nearer and nearer.

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guilty animal. A rush of footsteps,  
a cry of shout, a sound of a death  
struggle. Pippa bounded forward with  
a cry, the guiding light disappeared.  
She heard the crash as the lantern fell,  
and all was total darkness.

Suddenly she saw the lantern stop;  
there was a sound that made Pippa  
pale to listen with the heart of a  
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to Monte Caetano to see the departure  
of Gianni and his bride.

They sat in the coupe of the big car-  
riage, and Pippa's dark curly hair and  
bright eyes looked brilliant on the back-  
ground of golden yellow calico. The  
four horses were decorated with rib-  
bons of every color, and the bride wore  
a beautiful *vezzo* of pearls which had  
come down to her through many gen-  
erations.

"Buon viaggio! buon viaggio!"  
shouted the crowd, and they drove  
away along the road through merry  
dancing clouds of dust, the little bell-  
on the harness jingling harmoniously.

Old Giacomo stood watching till they  
were out of sight, then as he turned  
away he muttered: "All the same, all  
women are false."

"No! no!" cried the peasant girls,  
laughing and showing their white teeth.  
Giacomo turned round with a kind of  
snarl.

"Bah!" he cried, "And all men are  
fools."  
"That's as may be," said the lads,  
and they also laughed.—*Cornhill Mag-  
azine.*

## LOW COTTON BURNS.

Remarkable Carelessness of Those Who  
Handle the Staple.