

ft feet of horses, and afar off the heart of the city. So that the dead was no rest in the tomb.

golden fire—and the moon white and the perfume of the summer; but the dead in the sepulcher life entered his resting-place; the the darkness; the winds of the sea of the tomb. So that he could not consolation of tears!

ed down through the crannies of ang above him and flew to other ve his bed of stone and as noise-ised to renew her web of magical fore, but for the dead there was

nany tropical moons had waxed ne, with a presence sweet as a fair orous about her—that she whose e Shadow of Death fell upon him, e ancient place of burial, and even

robes; and from the heart of the through the fissure in the wall of and breathed out its soul in pas-

y; and the sound of her footsteps

SALT IS NOT FOR SLAVES

G. W. Hutter

Not all zombies want to eat your brains. Sometimes it's the zombies who are the victims.

* * *

Several times before I had noticed the old woman. She always squatted on her low stool as far as possible from the servants, as if her age did not separate her enough from the young, rollicking workers. Her years were impossible to reckon. She seemed as old as the island; and a definite, tangible part of it. Hayti's mountains and valleys appeared impressed on her face; and the darkness and mystery of history mirrored in her eyes; eyes which were startling in their strength and intensity; eyes which suggested timelessness more than anything I had ever seen—animate or inanimate. They were incredible in her stooped, bent old body.

She sat immovable save for the quick motions of her long fingers as she sliced pineapples or plucked doves and guineas for the hotel dinner. Her hands worked automatically— she did not need her eyes, which were staring ceaselessly up to the heights of the dark green mountains in the distance.

As I gazed out of my glassless window, waiting for the tropic sun to drop low enough to permit the evening plunge in the concrete "basin"

in the rear garden, I heard a commotion and a violent outburst of Creole. 'Tit Jean, terror-stricken, was scrambling away from the old woman as fast as his little legs could carry him. On the ground by the old woman's stool lay several empty salt cellars, their contents strewn over the grass.

Madame appeared just as the old woman was overtaking the cause of her fury. "Marie!" she shouted imperatively. The old woman turned, slunk back to her stool, picked it up and resumed her work at the end of the garden.

'Tit Jean was sobbing at the foot of the stairs when I descended in my bathrobe. I asked him the trouble. "Marie, *pas bonne*," he declared.

When I asked him why Marie was no good, he told me in Creole, broken by sobs, that when he accidentally tripped in passing her stool, she had tried to kill him because a little salt had fallen on her. Yes, that was everything he had done. Her rage was as inexplicable to me as it had been to him, and I gave him the only comfort I knew—a five centime piece. This seemed to make his world rosy once more.

He smiled, motioned me to come behind the door and then, in a voice so low that I was forced to bend my head to his level, he whispered, "Voodoo!"

He nodded his head meaningly towards the garden. When I laughed, terror leaped into his round eyes. I had heard many stories of voodoo in Hayti, but I could not connect the trivial incident of a small boy accidentally spilling a bit of table salt with any of them. 'Tit Jean, however, was silent. He would say no more. Voodoo was too real and serious a matter with him to be discussed laughingly with a foreigner.

I walked past the old woman. She looked through me as if I did not exist.

I entered the small boarded enclosure of the "basin," stripped off the bathrobe; and the heat of the day was soon forgotten in the invigorating buoyancy of clear mountain water.

As I walked, dripping wet, by the uplifted eyes, I said, "*Bon soir*."

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He came behind the door and then, in a flash, he turned my head to his level, he whis-

pered towards the garden. When I laughed, I had heard many stories of voodoo and a trivial incident of a small boy acquainted with any of them. 'Tit Jean, however, Voodoo was too real and serious a thing to laugh with a foreigner.

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she uplifted eyes, I said, "*Bon soir*."

"*Bon soir, Monsieur*," she replied. Even though she hardly glanced at me as she spoke and there was little cordiality in her voice, I felt encouraged. At least she was approachable and I might draw her into conversation.

I was still thinking of her after I had dressed and was seated at dinner. 'Tit Jean was not himself as he served me. He could hardly wait for me to empty the spoon of guava jelly on my guinea; he was in such a hurry to leave the single table I occupied in the corner of the porch. The whites of his eyes showed plainly as I smiled at his uneasiness to be away from me and serve the other guests—they would not ask cynical questions about voodoo.

As I sipped my after-dinner coffee, I glanced up at the black mountains. I imagined I heard the beat of a tom-tom and I remembered old Marie's gaze directed up to these mountains—seeing all and seeing nothing. 'Tit Jean saw me as I looked at the distant hills, and remained in a corner until I had left the table.

A squawk of a loudspeaker drew me into the large park spreading out before the hotel. A radio concert was being given from the local station and the town had assembled before an enormous receiving set placed in the bandstand. The chatter of Creole was completely stilled by the strains of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," and the native favorite, "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby."

Standing in a group, their faces beaming with delight, were the servants from the hotel. They were all there, I noticed, except old Marie. Now was a good chance to see the old woman, I thought. Obviously the servants' work was done for the night and I could catch her alone in the garden. I left the spellbound crowd in the park and paused on my way back to the hotel in a cafe to buy a large bag of tobacco.

Marie was sitting on her stool as I had hoped. Casually I strolled around the garden and stopped beside her.

"Would you care for some tobacco?" I asked in French. She reached her bony hand for the bag. "*Oui, Monsieur*. You are very kind."

She began to fill the large calabash pipe which had stuck from her apron pocket. I continued my stroll for a few minutes and then sat down on the outside rim of the "basin" a few yards from her stool.

She was again staring straight ahead at the mountains.

I lit a cigarette and we both smoked silently. A second cigarette—still another, but not a word from her. She remained motionless—staring.

"You like to look at the hills, Marie?" I began awkwardly. Without turning she said, "No, *Monsieur*."

"Then why do you stare at them?" I was determined to get some returns from my tobacco.

She took three long puffs before she replied very slowly, "It is because I cannot help but stare at my life. That large mountain is my life. It began at the topmost point and it ends at the bottom. From this seat I can see everything by casting my eyes to the top; and today, *Monsieur*, I have not raised them very high."

"You were born on the mountain?" I prodded her.

"That I do not know—but many years I spent there as a girl. My master's villa was the only one there. That, also, was many years ago.

"My master was rich and powerful and had many slaves. They say he chose the site for his villa because it was the highest point in all Hayti, and from the door of his home he could look down on his lands extending from Port-au-Prince up to the Cape. His lands were so many that he needed hundreds of slaves to till them and gather in the crops. In some years his coffee alone required a fleet of ships to carry it to France. But he had no mercy for his slaves. He drove them hard, and when they could endure it no more they dropped from exhaustion. Then he sent them up to the slave quarters at the villa just like broken-down horses to be patched up for work again.

"I was always there. I was a house servant. When I grew old enough I loved Tresaint. Tresaint was a big, strong, young man, whom his master trusted. He, like me, was there always, and the master made him the overseer of the other slaves. When business called the master away,

ash pipe which had stuck from her
for a few minutes and then sat down
several yards from her stool.

He read at the mountains.

She smoked silently. A second cigarette—
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father. That, also, was many years ago.

“He was full and had many slaves. They say
that he used it as the highest point in all
the island he could look down on his lands
at the Cape. His lands were so many
that he had to till them and gather in the crops.
He chartered a fleet of ships to carry it to
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“A servant. When I grew old enough
I was a strong, young man, whom his mas-
ter always, and the master made him
his business called the master away,

Tresaint was left in charge of everything. The key to the salt even was
left with him.”

“The salt?” I asked wonderingly.

“Yes, the salt. Years before—almost the first thing I remember—the
master called us before him, the six men and me, and gave his command
about the salt. ‘Slaves,’ he said, ‘you are to be under my roof always.
There is one order you must not disobey. You shall eat no salt. You will
grow strong. You will suffer no sickness; but let one grain of salt pass
your lips and you die.’ He looked very stern and grim as he said it, and
we knew that it was true.

“We did not ask why. The master was to be obeyed, not questioned.
We also knew his powers—powers not in slaves and lands—but other
and more mysterious ones he had at his command. That is why we put
even the thought of salt from our minds, and grew strong and healthy.
Sometimes the quarters were filled with a hundred slaves stricken with
the fever of the low rice fields, or with their legs swollen the size of large
burros, and all around us were dying like flies; but none of us was sick
a day.

“Yes,” Marie went on, “all of the men were strong, but Tresaint was
the strongest of the six. When he held me in his arms I felt as if he
would break every bone in my body, but I loved him for it.

“No slave in the country was as well-off as Tresaint, but he was not
happy. Always the misery of the worn-out slaves oppressed him. The
harsh words and treatment he dealt out to them seemed to hurt him as
well. He must treat them severely when the master was around, but
when he was away on one of his trips the others would know at once
through Tresaint’s kindly manner.

“Strange rumors came to our ears, brought by incoming slaves. They
said there was a man in the north of the island around the Cape who
was preaching freedom. He taught that the slaves should rise up and
throw off the yoke of the French. That they were human beings—not
animals—and that they themselves should rule their country. This man
was a slave himself. His name was Christophe.”

I gasped. Surely that couldn't have been true! Christophe became Emperor Henry of Hayti in 1804. This would make the old woman almost a hundred and fifty years old. It was impossible. Then I looked in Marie's face—a rock in the moonlight. She seemed centuries older than anything I had ever seen before. She spoke so surely, seemed so certain of what she was saying. I was confused and undecided.

A creaking of shoes at the garden entrance, a babble of Creole and laughter, and the servants were back from the concert. When they saw Marie and me, their talking and laughter stopped. They went quietly to their rooms strewn back of the kitchen along the edge of garden.

The lights in the hotel were flicked out. Everything was quiet. Marie was puffing rhythmically at her pipe.

"And Tresaint—" I urged her on. "Was he interested in these tales of Christophe?"

"Yes, he was interested. He was too interested. That was the cause of everything." Marie spoke earnestly. "Christophe, he said, was the savior of Hayti. France, herself, had thrown off the yoke of her kings and now Hayti should throw off the yoke of France. The slave should rule his own country. All of this Tresaint would tell me until I became worried for fear that the master would learn of his trusted overseer's burning thoughts.

"Finally there came a time when the master himself was aroused. Christophe had persuaded scores of slaves on the master's lands near the Cape to leave their fields of bondage and flee to him. This news sent the master into a mighty rage. He left the villa at once to sail to the Cape.

"Before the master's carriage had reached Port-au-Prince a great change had come over the villa. Shouts, singing and laughter filled the house. Tresaint, who had always been lenient when the master was away, now became the master himself and treated the slaves as if they were the master's guests. He opened up the wine cellar and invited them in. He did not give them the *tafia* in the tin mugs which was kept for the slaves, but he rolled out a keg of the finest rum. Rum that was many

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years old; and he served it to them in the villa's finest glasses. They skipped and danced about and dropped ashes from the master's cigars on the marble floors.

"I was frightened, but Tresaint would not listen to me. He was encouraging them into complete lawlessness. He left the slaves in the main salon. Bare feet which before had known only the feel of rocks and sod plopped delightedly across smooth marble. Soon he appeared, his huge arms hugging bottles and bottles of champagne. With a blow from a sword snatched down from the wall, he cut off the necks—the wine popping and gurgling to the floor. When every slave had a bottle, Tresaint mounted the mahogany table in the hall.

"Friends,' he shouted, 'drink to the health of your new masters—yourselves! We shall be slaves no longer. The day of freedom has come. Drink!' He drained the upraised jagged bottle with one long draught and dashed it in a thousand pieces on the floor.

"The glass cut my feet as I ran to him.

"Tresaint! Tresaint! Listen to me,' I begged. 'The master will kill you surely when he returns. Stop this foolish wildness before it is too late.'

"But the idea of freedom was as strong in his head as the fumes of the liquor. He laughed at my fears and pushed me aside.

"Women are cowards,' he announced to the cheering crowd, 'but I am a man. I am no longer afraid of anybody—not even the master. Lose all fear and you shall be free. The master put fear into us from the start. You five men who have been with me here know what this key means.' He held out the smallest key that dangled on the chain around his neck.

"I was terrified. I knew the key. It was to the chest that was filled with salt! What madness was he up to now?

"He saw the terror on my face and called, 'And you too, Marie! You were placed in the master's power at the same time—all by his command about the salt. We shall eat no salt. Why? Because the master forbade it and we are not to question his command. Bah!'

"He threw the key at my feet.

"We will show the master's power is gone. Marie, fetch some salt. We will eat it and be forever free."

"I picked up the key and stumbled out of the room, on past the closet that contained the forbidden chest. From the back gallery I dropped the key beside an orange-tree. I hoped this ruse would delay Tresaint in his madness. That in a little while he would come to his senses again when the rum and the wine wore off and would thank me for preventing him carrying out his rash deed.

"I crouched in the corner of the gallery.

"Marie! Marie!" his voice thundered out from the house, but I did not answer.

"In a few minutes he came out to where I was.

"Where is the key?" he asked.

"I told him I did not know.

"That doesn't matter. The chest is not so strong that I cannot open it."

"He put his arm around me.

"You are too timid," he said.

"I returned his embrace with all my strength. I tried to draw him down on a bench while I pleaded and cajoled with him to stay with me. I pointed out the truth of the master's curse on the salt. I showed him how we had been strong and healthy always just as the master had foretold and that to disobey him would cause our death. If the master's predictions had worked one way they would work the other. But he would not hear me. I called on his love for me, but all to no avail. He left me stricken dumb with terror.

"Sounds of blows on wood, a shout of triumph and Tresaint's voice floated out: 'Here, my friends, in one hand you have the salt, in the other the wine to wash the curse away.'

"A moment of silence as I shivered in the heat of midday and then more shouts. They were dancing around in the marble salon, yelling exultantly.

"How long I remained frozen to my seat I do not know, but gradu-

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ally there beat into my ears a curious sound. The pattering of bare feet was all I heard; the shouts and singing had disappeared.

"Fearfully I crept into the room. Along the sides of the wall were stretched out the slaves from the quarters, stupefied by drink. In the centre were Tresaint and the five others skipping around with waving arms without uttering a sound. The marble floor was covered with jagged pieces of bottles.

"I stood in amazement looking at their bare feet. They seemed unaware of the glass, unaware of everything. Great gashes were in their feet. As he lifted his feet ceaselessly across the floor, two of Tresaint's toes dangled like broken palm leaves. The wounds had a strange unnatural appearance. There was no sign of blood.

"Horrified I looked in Tresaint's face. His eyes did not move, his nostrils and mouth gave no sign of breathing. And as I looked I saw his face set in rigidity, the flesh seemed to drop away leaving nothing but cheek bones and eyes. His ribs stood out through the torn shirt—bare.

"I screamed in horror. He was dead! They were all dead! They were corpses treading a fantastic dance of death.

"My screams awoke the drunken slaves from their stupor. Opening their eyes, without rising from the floor, they saw what I had seen. The truth was plain to them. They cried in terror at the dead dancing bodies. They scrambled to their feet and fled out of the house and down the road. The whole mountainside shook with their yells of horror as they raced away. I was left alone with these prancing shells of men.

"For some reason, I do not know what, unless it was for the love I had borne him, I was impelled to touch him who had been so close to me. I reached for his hand as he passed by in his endless mad dance.

"The fingers closed cold around my hand. The two arms pressed me against the body which stopped still. I could hear and feel my own heartbeat—nothing more. It was as if I was being enfolded by the cool marble of the villa.

"He placed a hand over my heart, then quickly on one of the other

forms. He turned his unseeing eyes full from my face to the others. Then those eyes, which had been as glassy and dead as the eyes of a fish two days from the bay, mirrored such horror as the world had never seen. From the dead caverns of the throat came a cry. Half shriek and half groan of such force and terror that my blood froze.

"The others took up the cry. I was mad from horror."

Marie was living again those dead days. Her body was shaking with emotion. Her voice rose and fell, reflecting all the horror of her story.

She arose from her stool, stepping fantastically in the moonlight, to show how that macabre measure was trod by the moving dead in the glass covered marble of the salon.

I was too engrossed to interrupt. She talked on:

"Those shrieks of horror meant that they knew they were dead. It was their spirits crying out—crying to be released from their dead bodies.

"My hand was still held by the lifeless fingers—fingers without blood, but with all the strength of iron bands.

"With one accord the forms rushed through the villa, bounding me along with them. Down the road they tore. My feet did not seem to touch the ground. I felt as if I were being whisked through the air. I screamed at the top of my lungs, but so mighty were their cries that my ears never received a sound coming from my lips.

"Down, down the road we flew. A sight to strike terror into the bravest heart. For miles the screams could be heard and we met nothing on the road, but deserted burros. The travelers had heard the fearful noises and the dust that the leaping spirits raised in the afternoon sun had sent them scurrying from the approaching horror, to a safe retreat from the roadside. God, *Monsieur*, it was such a sight that would strike you dead. Six dead men racing and falling down the road, dragging along a woman more gripped by fear and horror than death itself holds. Heads like death; bodies stripped of clothes, the rags fluttering behind them; skeleton ribs showing the dust of the road through their gaunt gaps; the

full from my face to the others, ashy and dead as the eyes of a fish in the water. The horror as the world had never known before came a cry. Half shriek and half wail, and at my blood froze.

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lifeless fingers—fingers without life, without hands.

It sped through the villa, bounding me up and down. My feet did not seem to be being whisked through the air. It was so mighty were their cries that they came from my lips.

It was right to strike terror into the bravest hearts; we heard and we met nothing on the road. The travelers had heard the fearful noises and had fled in the afternoon sun had sent us to a safe retreat from the sight that would strike you dead. The road, dragging along a woman in her death itself holds. Heads like flags fluttering behind them; skeletons trod through their gaunt gaps; the

fleshless arms raised, threshing the air; and above all the shrill, deep, unearthly yells that came from still throats. On down the road!"

Marie had worked herself up into a fearful pitch of excitement. She arose from her stool.

"Like this they ran!" And with that she threw open her dress, lifted her arms and began bounding around the garden. Her dress trailed after her as she ran, her arms clutched wildly at the air, and from her throat came a low horrible cry.

There in the moonlight I myself saw that mad race down the mountain. She was no longer an old woman of more than a hundred years, she became a deathless spirit.

I jumped to my feet, throbbing with excitement. She dashed up and caught my hand in a viselike grip. I had become part of the mad cavalcade.

She ran on, pulling me by her side. I was the living being dragged along by death. I shuddered and wrenched my hand loose from her cold clutch.

She was too wrought up to resume her seat. She continued to move about spasmodically as she spoke:

"On down the road we came—never stopping. On, on, near the city. The other slaves had run down before us and spread the news that dead men were dancing in the master's villa. Crowds filled the roads out from the city. They had heard us coming. They wanted to see with their own eyes. As we bounded around a curve into their midst, they shouted in horror. They had not expected so terrifying a sight. Screaming they turned in their tracks and rushed down the road before us. Like a herd of wild cattle from the hills they stampeded into the city, shoving one another wildly, tripping and falling—all screaming in terror at the oncoming spectacle. Such confusion, fright and horror as no one could picture.

"On in the city we came, heralded by the crazed multitude. Old men throwing away their crutches and running lamely away. Mothers with

babies clutched to their breasts, fleeing as if from death itself. The very animals in the town were overcome with terror. Drove of burros charged wildly around the Champ de Mars; horses, deserted by their drivers, crashed their empty carriages against the palms as the crazed beasts sought to escape the tumult. Goats, dogs and fowls sensed the terror and added their voices to the bedlam of the humans. Still on, on, I was dragged. I was as powerless as a baby in that grip of death. Those long strong bones that had only a few hours before been the hand of my lover jerked me along as if I were one of the rags that fluttered behind the crazed spirits.

"My whole soul had gone out in horror. I thought there was no feeling left in me. Drained by terror as I was, I saw before me a sight that seemed to draw all the horror of the fear-stricken city into my own breast. Directly in front of me were the gates to the cemetery!

"The spirits' screams grew wilder and louder than ever. There seemed a note of triumph to the din as I was whisked through the gate.

"On over the graves we went. My mouth was open wide, but no sound came. My eyes felt as if they had fallen on my cheeks; my throat as if it were being clutched by the ghosts of the countless dead as I was yanked from one grave to another.

"With one last effort I tore at the bones around my hand. It was like tearing at the marble tombstones. My eyes could see no more. They closed.

"My body swung through the air and bounded over the ground like this—" The old woman hurtled herself on the grass, turning over several times.

I rushed to her side. It was a violent jolt to an old woman of her years. But she lay there as she fell and continued talking. Spellbound I drank in every word.

"*Oui, Monsieur*, I lay like this. I do not know how long and then I noticed that the cries seemed far away—and different. They were the cries from the frightened city, not the wailing screams of the spirits.

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I lifted my right hand—it was free. I opened my eyes. There beside me were the bodies, perfectly still, lying peacefully on their backs all in a row. That which had once been Tresaint was nearest me. I reached out fearfully and touched the hand. It was stiff in death.

"I staggered over the graves and out through the cemetery. Some of the braver of the town people did not run when they saw me approaching. They knew that the spirits' shrieks had ceased and that I was alive. They went into the cemetery, on back into the corner where the bodies lay.

"As they lifted up the corpses they discovered a curious looseness to the earth. There were six graves under the covering of sod. Each body had lain evenly over a waiting grave. The spirits had known that, *Monsieur*, and that is why they had rushed down the mountain to set themselves at rest, to release themselves from the dead bodies. That which was Tresaint had tried to drag me to the grave with him, but when he found only the six graves he had flung me aside. There would have been seven graves in the cemetery yonder at the foot of the mountain if I had eaten of the salt.

"Ah! If Tresaint had listened to my warnings my lover would be with me now."

"But the salt, Marie?" I enquired. "By obeying the master—is that what keeps you well and strong?"

"What else could it be?" she answered earnestly. "As surely as the rains come from the sea, if I never tasted salt I should live to be as old as the mountains and as strong."

"Then you will never die?" I asked, struck by the earnestness in the old woman's voice.

"*Monsieur*, have you a match?"

Wonderingly I made a light as she ran her thin fingers over the grass near her head.

"Would you taste this for me?" She dropped a few grains of salt she had pinched between her fingers into my hand.

I made as if I tasted it. "It is salt," I said in a low voice. I was becoming strangely upset—so in sympathy with the old woman's story that I was afraid of a grain of salt.

"Yes," she said, "I thought so. That is why I have told you all this. Everyone who knew my story died many years ago, but now I wanted someone to learn it before I go."

"But you said you would never go unless you tasted—salt." I hesitated on the word. My voice was jumpy. The old woman's strange calm and cryptic remarks after her delirious running around the garden had upset me more than I cared to admit.

"Oh! but I have—this afternoon." Her voice became sharp and venomous. "That little imp of the Evil One threw some in my mouth. He said he stumbled and accidentally a few grains hit my tongue—but," her voice became low again, "but what difference does it make how it happened? I have eaten and the curse is upon me. Perhaps a little more will hasten the time."

She licked her hands hungrily, then ran her tongue over the grass. I shuddered and rose to my feet.

"Good night, Marie," I called weakly as I walked to the hotel door. "Adieu, Monsieur," she answered.

I climbed the stairs to my room. Why did she say farewell instead of good night? I did not want an answer. "Don't be such a fool," I told myself, "as to be worrying over some voodoo spell of over a hundred years ago."

I undressed and got into bed, but I could not sleep. I arose and poured a stiff drink of rum from a bottle on the washstand. With the drink and a cigarette I felt that I could get to sleep. I reached for my matches. Then I remembered I had left them in the garden. The moon had gone down and the night was inky black, but I thought I could find them by locating the stool and feeling around in the grass.

I slipped on my shoes and bathrobe, and groped my way down the back stairs. As I opened the door I hoped that old Marie had gone to

said in a low voice. I was becoming with the old woman's story that

is why I have told you all this. my years ago, but now I wanted

unless you tasted—salt." I hesitated. The old woman's strange calm running around the garden had

her voice became sharp and vented. He threw some in my mouth. He grains hit my tongue—but," her experience does it make how it happened on me. Perhaps a little more will

I ran her tongue over the grass.

as I walked to the hotel door.

Why did she say farewell instead of her. "Don't be such a fool," I told the voodoo spell of over a hundred

I could not sleep. I arose and sat on the washstand. With the light to get to sleep. I reached for my keys in the garden. The moon was black, but I thought I could find the keys around in the grass.

I stepped, and groped my way down the path. I had ped that old Marie had gone to

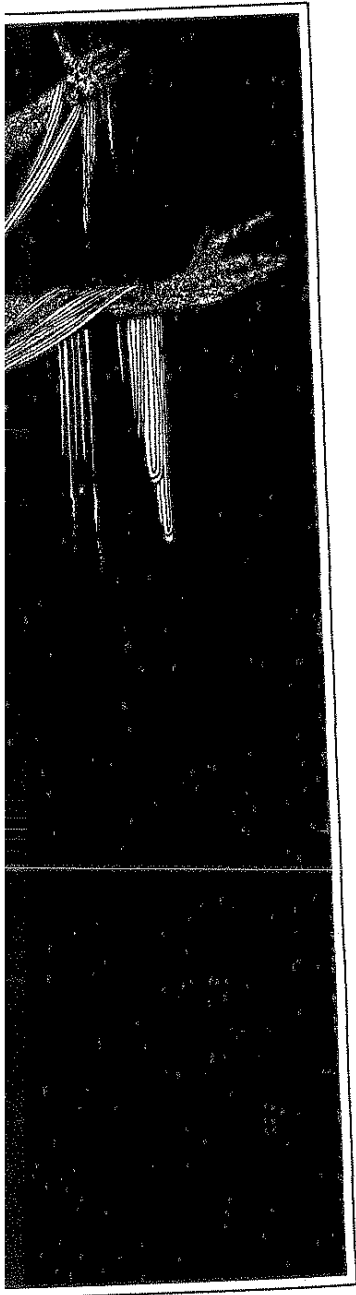
her room. The dark was thick enough to cut with a knife. I hesitated a moment to get my bearings. I did want a cigarette.

Then out straight in front where I was looking I saw a faint glow. She was still there. The glow brightened and the huge bowl of the calabash pipe took shape before my eyes. And then the face! Plainer than in the moonlight!

Great drops of perspiration rolled down my chilled forehead. I was rooted in horror. My heart pounded the roof of my mouth.

That face! The flesh melted away under my terrified gaze. Nothing was left, but the grim bones of the dead.

As I watched, stricken with cold terror, old Marie fell headlong on the cool grass of the garden. I knew she was dead, and I knew how it was she had died.



THE
BOOK
OF THE
LIVING
DEAD



EDITED BY
John Richard Stephens



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