

**LE SELVE**

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Le Selve by Ouida

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*LE SELVE*

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BY

OUIDA

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## *Le Selve.*

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### I.

**I**T was a cold black night, with neither moon or stars, and an old peasant lay dying. He was all alone. No one thought it worth while to waste time beside him. He was eighty-three years old, and, according to his sons, ought to have been dead long before this autumn.

They and their families sat round a fire of logs and chips, and talked amongst themselves; not of him, he was no more of any account. On the morrow, or at farthest the day after, he would be carried to the ditch in the burial-ground at the nearest village and tumbled into it;