

that they had lost their way. Nor did he make his comrade know that one night he sat and played a game of *solitaire* to see if they would ever reach the place called Lonely Valley. Before the cards were dealt, he made a sign upon his breast and forehead. Three times he played, and three times he counted victory; and before three suns had come and gone, they climbed a hill that perched over Lonely Valley. And of what they saw and their hearts felt we know.

And when they turned their faces eastward they were as men who go to meet a final and a conquering enemy; but they had kept their honor with the man upon whose grave-tree Shon McGann had carved beneath his name these words:

*"A Brother of Aaron."*

Upon a lonely trail they wandered, the spirits of lost travelers hungering in their wake—spirits that mumbled in cedar thickets, and whimpered down the flumes of snow. And Pierre, who knew that evil things are exorcised by mighty conjuring, sang loudly, from a throat made thin by forced fasting, a song with which his mother sought to drive away the devils of dreams that flaunted on his pillow when a child: it was the Song of the Scarlet Hunter. And the charm sufficed; for suddenly of a cheerless morning they came upon a trapper's hut in the wilderness, where their sufferings ceased, and the sight of Shon's eyes came back. When strength returned also, they journeyed to an Indian village, where a priest labored: and him they besought; and when spring came they set forth to Lonely Valley again that the woman and the smothered dead—if it might chanced so—should be put away into peaceful graves. But thither coming they only saw a gray