

in the West. And then Père Champagne fell ill again.

And this last great sickness cured his madness : and he remembered whence he had come, and what befell him at Diamond City so many months ago. And he prayed them, when he knew his time was come, that they would go to Lonely Valley and tell his story to the woman whom he loved ; and say that he was going to a strange but pleasant Land, and that there he would await her coming. And he begged them that they would go at once, that she might know, and not strain her eyes to blindness, and be sick at heart because he came not. And he told them her name, and drew the coverlet up about his head and seamed to sleep ; but he waked between the day and dark, and gently cried :

"The snow is heavy on the mountain . . . and the valley is below . . . *Gardez ! mon Père ! . . .* An, Nathalie ?"

And they buried him between the dark and dawn.

Though winds were fierce, and travel full of peril, they kept their word, and passed along wide steppes of snow, until they entered passes of the mountains, and again into the plains ; and at last one *poudre* day, when frost was shaking like shreds of faintest silver through the air, Shon McGann's sight fled. But he would not turn back—a promise to a dying man was sacred, and he could follow if he could not lead ; and there was still some pemmican, and there were martens in the woods, and wandering deer that good spirits hunted into the way of the needy ; and Pierre's finger along the gun was sure.

Pierre did not tell Shon that for many days they travelled woods where no sunshine entered ; where no trail had ever been, nor foot of man had trod :

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