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friends came about him, and gave him champagne wine to drink, and struck him down and robbed him, leaving him for dead.

And he was found, and his wounds were all healed: all save one, and that was in the brain. Men called him mad.

He wandered through the land, preaching to men to drink no wine, and to shun the sight of Gold. And they laughed at him, and called him Père Champagne.

But one day much gold was found at a place called Reef o' Angel; and jointly with the gold came a plague which scars the face and rots the body; and Indians died by hundreds and white men by scores; and Père Champagne, of all who were not stricken down, feared nothing, and d'd not flee, but went among the sick and dying, and did those deeds which gold cannot buy, and prayed those prayers which were never sold. And who can count how high the prayers of the feckless go!

When none was found to bury the dead, he gave them place himself beneath the prairie earth—consecrated only by the tears of a fool—and for extreme unction he had but this: "*God be merciful to me, a Sinner!*"

And it happily chanced that Pierre and Shon McGann, who travelled westward, came upon this desperate battlefield, and saw how Père Champagne dared the elements of scourge and death; and they paused and labored with him—to save were saving was granted of Heaven, and to bury where the Reaper reaped and would not stay his hand. At last the plague ceased, because winter stretched its wings out swiftly o'er the plains from frigid ranges