

when the breath of summer come from the South."

"It shall be so."

"Hush! Did you not hear—?"

"I did not hear. I only see an eagle, and it flies toward Whitefaced Mountain."

And Shon McGann and Pretty Pierre turned back from the end of their quest—from a mighty grave behind to a lonely waste before; and though one was snow-blind, and the other knew that on him fell the chief weight of a great misfortune, for he must provide food and fire and be as a mother to his comrade—they had courage; without which, men are as the standing straw in an unreaped field in winter; but having become like the hooded pine, that keepeth green in frost, and hath the bounding blood in all its icy branches.

And whence they came, and wherefore, was as thus:—

A French Canadian once lived in Lonely Valley. One day great fortune came to him, because it was given to him to discover the mine St. Gabriel. And he said to the woman who loved him: "I will go with mules and much gold, that I have hewn and washed and gathered, to a village in the East where my father and my mother are. They are poor, but I will make them rich: and then I will return to Lonely Valley, and a priest shall come with me, and we will dwell here at Whitefaced Mountain, where men are men and not children." And the women blessed him, and prayed for him, and let him go.

He travelled far through passes of the mountains, and came at last where new cities lay upon the plains, and where men were full of evil and of lust of gold. And he was free of hand and light of heart; and at a place called Diamond City false

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