

"Ah!"

"She does not move—"

"She will never move?"

"She will never move."

"The breath o' my body hurts me. . . . There is death in the valley, Pierre?"

"There is death."

"It was an avalanche—that path between the pines?"

"And a great storm after."

"Blessed be God that I cannot behold that thing this day! . . . And the woman, Pierre, the woman aloft?"

"She went to watch for some one coming, and as she watched, the avalanche came—and she moves not."

"Do we know that woman?"

"Who can tell?"

"What was it you whispered soft to yourself, then, Pierre?"

"I whispered no word."

"There, don't you hear it, soft and sighin'? . . .
Nathalie!"

"*Mon Dieu!* It is not of the world."

"It's facin' the poppet-head where she stands I'd be."

"Your face is turned toward her."

"Where is the sun?"

"The sun stands still above her head."

"With the bitter over, and the avil past, come rest for her and all that lie there!"

"Eh, *bien*, the game is done."

"If we stay here we shall die also."

"If we go we die, perhaps." . . .

"Don't spake it. We will go, and we will return."