

lulls of the storm. Not a trace of the trail was to be seen, and in places new drifts had formed, through which the horses bravely ploughed their way. We each sat on the front of our loads, shouting occasionally to our teams to cheer them on, but entirely unable to guide them, for no one could keep his face to such a storm for more than a minute.

Suddenly my team stopped, and I heard Big Ben shouting in front. I got down from my load, and struggled through the storm to see what was amiss. He had struck a deep drift, and one of his horses was down, while his load was tilted high on one side, and threatened to topple over. With a great deal of stamping and trampling down of the snow round the horses, we managed to get the horse up on its feet again, but it was hopeless to think of getting our loads through the drift.

There was nothing for it but to throw off our wood; so to work we set, and soon had it off and made a fresh start. Relieved of the heavy drag of the loads, our teams made better progress, though we could not see whether we were in the road or not, and had to trust entirely to the horses, but they brought us safely through.

After what seemed a long and weary plodding through deep, loose snow the front team turned sharply to the right, and