

AMONG THE MORMONS

came down the steps and asked us to let him ride out with us. I really felt afraid of him, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy thinks herself a match for any mere man, so she drew up and the man climbed in. He took the lines and we snuggled down under the robes and listened to the runners, shrill screeching over the frozen surface.

We had dinner with a new settler, and about two o'clock that afternoon we overtook a fellow who was plodding along the road. His name was B——, he said, and he pointed out to us his broad fields and herds. He had been overseeing some feeders he had, and his horse had escaped, so he was walking home, as it was only a couple of miles. He talked a great deal in that two-mile trip; too much for his own good, it developed.

For the first time since B—— climbed into our sleigh, the stranger spoke. "Can you tell me where Mrs. Belle B—— lives?" he asked.

"Why, yes," our passenger replied. "She is a member of our little flock. She is slightly