

it was not a sound that you could hear so much as feel.

I do not suppose I should have paid any attention to it had I been alone, but it filled Big Ben with uneasiness.

"There is going to be a storm, Tom, and the sooner we are out of this the better."

We had loaded our sleighs with dry wood before we had dinner, so we "hitched up" our horses, and were soon started for home. By the time we got out of the thickly-wooded bush there was already a great change; the sky was dull and leaden with clouds, the air was thick with falling snow, and fierce gusts of wind went soaring through the tree-tops, making the frozen branches creak and groan under their sudden attacks. So far, however, we had had no trouble with our horses and loads, for there was sufficient shelter from the brushwood and small bluffs to keep the snow on the ground from drifting to any serious extent. When, however, we reached the open prairie, we felt the full force of the blizzard, and I was honestly afraid. It was not only that snow was falling heavily, but the wind swept along the prairie, carrying the loose snow that had fallen the night before high into the air. Big Ben was just in front of my horses with his team and load, though often I could not see them, except dimly in brief