

was some shelter. Bill felt very thankful they had got into some kind of a shelter, for he was so tired he could hardly stand up. He observed that the side of the stack they were on was perpendicular and looked as if it had been cut with a hay-knife. He thought there must be a house somewhere near, so he began to look around for a light.

Suddenly Mr. Doncaster said, 'Bill, I believe I see a light over there.'

Bill looked in the direction his father had indicated and could see a light which looked very faint and dim.

'Let us try to see if we can't reach it,' his father said.

'Let me lead Maud, father.'

Mr. Doncaster gave Maud's rope to Bill and they started towards the light, the sight of which gave Bill new courage. As they advanced the light grew brighter and nearer. At last they could distinguish the outlines of a shanty. Then they struck the sheltered side of the shanty and soon found the door. Bill tapped and the door was opened by a large, tall man with a black moustache. The light streamed out of the doorway and across the snow.

'If you could let us stay here—' Mr. Doncaster began.

'Let you stay here?' the man asked in a voice of surprise. 'Well, we would be funny people if we didn't; why, we could not turn a dog out in this storm. Come in, and be welcome; you've got a horse there; give it to me and you can go in. Harry, make some supper for them.'

The man took Maud while Bill and his father passed into the house. In the house were two men; one of them was sitting with his feet in the oven of a large cooking stove, while the other was standing over a table. The interior of the shack was plastered and in the corner of the room were two bunks.

'How far is it from Doncaster's?' Bill asked.

'About four miles,' the man at the table replied.

'In which direction?'

'Straight south.'

'Then we are at Maxwell's?' Bill's father said.

'That's where you are all right,' the man said, 'And you are old Doncaster, and you are Bill, ha! ha!' and the fellow laughed.

'Those are our names,' Bill said.

'Take off your coats and sit down there in front of the stove. Jack, you put some more sticks in the stove.'

Mr. Doncaster began to take off his fur coat and cap. Bill pulled off his cap and became aware of a stinging sensation on his nose, cheeks, and ears. As he unbuttoned his coat, the man at the stove observed, 'Your face is frozen, and so are your ears.'

'Yes, they feel it,' Bill replied. He then sat down on the chair in front of the stove and tried to remove his moccasins. But they would not come off; they were frozen to his feet. Just then the man who had taken Maud came in and said to Mr. Doncaster, 'Did your other horse play out or how did you happen to have only one horse?'

'Oh, we went for a load of wood this morning, and just as we were leaving the bush the storm came on; our other horse played out when we were about four miles out of the bush. We left him and the load, and tried to reach Payne's; but we got lost and struck here.'

Bill and his father ate a hearty supper and then all of them went to bed.

The Maxwells were two bachelors, whose names were Tim and Harry. The storm

continued next day till about ten o'clock, when it stopped snowing, and the clouds cleared away. It still continued to drift till about four o'clock, when the wind went down. It was intensely cold and the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero. Mr. Doncaster borrowed one of the Maxwell's horses, and with Tim Maxwell and Bill he started out to find the load of wood. Tim and Bill carried shovels. They went straight east till they reached the main road. A team had gone along about an hour before and had broken a road. They followed this track for about three miles, and then they came on the load of wood, which was almost covered with snow, while no sign of Pete was visible.

Tim Maxwell started to dig at the side of the load, while Bill began to dig in front of it. He had dug down about two feet when he came on the dead body of Pete lying across the tongue of the sleigh. Pete had been frozen to death and the snow had drifted over him. They removed Pete's body, and after about half an hour's work

the last time he was at B—, and we'll tie it to this post, and then we will start out reach the house then we can come back to the stable.'

'That's a good plan, let's try it,' said Charlie.

They went into the granary, and Dan took down off a peg a large coil of rope which was about sixty feet long. He tied on to its end another rope about fifty feet long; he then took the whole length out of the granary and fastened it to the post near which they had been standing. Dan tied the other end around his waist and then he took Charlie's hand and they set off in the direction of the house. By the time they reached the end of the rope they saw a light in the window which their mother had just put there. Dan untied the rope and they found no difficulty in reaching the house.

'I thought 'oo was lost,' Molly said, as she ran to the kitchen door to meet them.

'Well, we were nearly lost, anyway,' Charlie said in an indifferent voice.

'Why, Dan, your nose is frozen,' Molly



HE CAME ON TO THE DEAD BODY OF PETE

they hitched on the horses and started. Tim Maxwell went to his home while Bill and his father started for theirs. They promised to take the horse home next day.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of the storm when Dan and Charlie went to the stable to do up their night chores. They finished them and were about to return to the house when they found they could not see a rod away from the house.

'We can't get to the house to-night,' said Charlie.

'Yes, we can if we try,' Dan replied.

They started but did not go far before they rushed back; they could not distinguish the stable when they were twelve yards from it.

'I've got an idea,' Dan said, 'We'll go into the stable and get that long rope father got

said.

'I don't think they will come home to-night,' Dan said, 'the storm is so bad.'

Next day Dan did not go to the stable till the storm was over. It was nearly dark when Bill and his father reached home that evening.

CHAPTER III.—A THUNDERSTORM.

It was a beautiful evening about the first of August. The prairie was all green, dotted here and there with lovely flowers, pink, blue, red, white, and orange—every shade and variety seemed to be there. The yellow fields of wheat stretched away in the distance. Charlie had brought the cattle from the lower end of the pasture and they were shut up for the night in the corral. Everything was silent and peaceful.

The Doncaster family had all gathered