

failed to reveal anything else but the fact that few human beings could live for any length of time in such an atmosphere. And so the trumpeters blew the "recall," and the search was postponed until morning.

The poor major! It was in vain that we assured him that the money would surely be recovered—that no human being could escape through such a blizzard. He could not or would not be comforted. Theories were advanced that the two men were confederates and had absconded together, using a relay of ponies, but the intense bitterness between the men of the two troops seemed to overthrow such an argument; and I could never believe that Barney Hogan's honest blue eyes were those of a thief. We sat around the fire until the gray dawn began to steal in at the windows and our unobscured view of the men's quarters proved that the storm had abated. Our eagerness to resume the search then put an end to all speculation. We breakfasted at *réveille* with our troops, and immediately afterwards a systematic search was begun. It hardly seemed possible that men could have gone far from the post alive, in such a storm. Nevertheless, details of mounted men were sent out from each organization to scour the surrounding country. All other available men of the command explored every nook and cranny of the post. At the noon hour nothing had been discovered by any of the search-parties to account in any way for the mysterious disappearance of the two soldiers. Mine were the first in the long line of Officers' quarters. Outside and beyond lay the prairie, practically boundless in extent. Straight away towards the west, and not always following the rough waggon-road, ran the telegraph line, the connecting link between the post and the distant railroad station, its icy poles the only dark objects in all the white landscape. After dinner, at the suggestion of the major, the search was prosecuted in this direction. Doubts had sprung up in the minds of many as to the success of our labours, and it was a forlorn hope that caused us to turn towards this eye-wearying expanse of snow. And yet men who were lost had often before followed the friendly line of telegraph poles, so that the search in this direction was well worth the trial.

A skirmish-line of soldiers was formed to cover a hundred yards of prairie, and the advance was begun. Occasionally, a larger drift than usual would attract the attention of the men, and they would rush forward with

a shout, their brown canvas storm-coats buried to the armpits in the yielding mass, and scatter the snow in all directions. But progress was slow and the labour fatiguing. The enthusiasm which had been evinced in the early part of the day had gradually disappeared as the search went on. And now, as failure seemed assured, disappointment was universal and marked.

But suddenly the wildest interest and excitement were aroused by a clue. A great shout arose at the centre of the long line. Disregarding military strictness, the men came hurrying in from both sides, and we were soon gazing on what proved to be the frozen carcass of an Indian pony. It was tied to a telegraph pole, and the taut-drawn knot of the raw-hide halter showed that the poor animal's struggle for life had been a brave one. With the pole as a centre, the soldiers eagerly set out in radial directions to cover the surrounding ground, while a little knot of officers stood by the dead pony, our excitement roused to the highest point of expectation.

Soon a shout from a tall trooper on the right, not a hundred yards away, brought us to the spot with a rush. Then, except for the voice of a sergeant as he directed the men in their labour of scraping away the ice and snow, there was dead silence. Quickly the work progressed, and soon two frozen forms were brought to view. The under body, with hands clasped tightly around the waist of the other and the face wearing an expression of abject fear, was that of Private Eckstein, of Troop "H." The other one, hatless and bootless, his face a study of courage and stern determination, and his right hand grasping Eckstein's throat in a grasp which two men could scarcely break, was the lifeless body of Private Barney Hogan, of Troop "C." Not ten feet away, a valise was picked up, which contained unharmed, fifteen thousand dollars in gold and greenbacks.

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A Conservative Statement—A very conservative and serious-minded member of the House of Commons recently arose in his place, and speaking urgently against certain radical measures contemplated, said:

"Since I came into the House, four years ago, the confidence of the public in it has been much diminished."

And he was too deeply in earnest to understand the laughter that followed.