

blinding, bewildering blizzard was upon us, which continued to increase until long after sunset. The wind drove the snow in hurricane masses fine as powder, sharp as steel, and continuous as the flow of a river. It was impossible to distinguish people ten feet away. Houses were invisible across the space of a narrow street. Snow which had been packed in hard drifts was torn loose by the tempest, and driven in particles so fine, and with a force so terrible, that the smallest crevice in door or window became an aperture through which an indoor snow-drift was built up. Snow rose up about the windows, over the doors, in some cases as high as the eaves, and was packed by the wind into phenomenal solidity. To the south of us, where the storm broke later in the day, the loss of life was appalling. In South Dakota, in Nebraska, and in portions of Iowa, many hearts are sad to this day, because of that snow-hurricane. No eye that witnessed those dense masses, no ear that heard the thunder of the blast which drove them continually forward, will tolerate any incredulous question when I speak of the power and terror of the snow.

A few weeks ago the miners at Silver Bow Basin, near to Juneau, Alaska, had a display of the power of the snow, which has been considered worthy to be telegraphed round the continent. Above them are the great mountains, where the annual snow-fall is one of nature's marvels. The long slopes stretch away into the