

sailors in storms at sea. The chief of the muleteers having become the veritable captain of the troop ordered to throw off the baggage, and put all under cover. A large carpet was stretched on the earth at the foot of a rock. Then all the travellers huddled together in a group, and drew over them a covering as a vault. They formed thus a sort of living mound, which the snow was not slow to cover. One of the muleteers, with care, kept open above a passage for the air to those below. They tell that companies surprised by the *tipi* have survived twenty, thirty, forty hours in this imprisonment. If the tempest lasts longer, cold and hunger do their work. In the following spring, the first passengers who cross the country after the thaw find the dead bodies untouched, in the situation in which they met death. There is no hope which can hold out against the fatality of such a situation. The most impatient know that the strife is impossible, and resign themselves. Those who have seen death in that form pretend that it is even sweet. The cold benumbs before killing them, and they perceive not their end. A profound, invincible sleep spares the dying the horrors of agony.

At nightfall the tempest was more violent than ever. Lucy was seated between her cousin and Mrs. Morton, who had at last comprehended that the caravan was in serious danger, and was weeping, not for what would happen to herself, an aged woman, but to the youthful daughter of her adoption, cut short in the spring of life. Stewart thought that, if it was necessary to die, it would be sweet to do so near her he loved the dearest in all the world. Lucy, to whom the terrors of such a situation could only raise the serenity of her soul, repeated her prayers in a low voice; as to the Armenian and the Persian muleteers, they took their own part. Orientals behold their last hour approach without tears or complaint.

The travellers did not suffer greatly from cold as yet. The heat of their bodies, combined in a small space, kept around them a temperature higher than that without. But the snow still fell, and might so fall for days or a week. The time would come when it would accumulate in such heavy mass that there would no longer be access to the upper air. The hours passed, long as ages, and hunger began to make itself felt.

Both Europeans and natives were silent. They heard only the blasts of the wind and the dead sound of the masses of snow falling