

hasty examination of my saddle girths, take my bearings, and await the onset. My waiting is infinitesimally brief. In less than it takes to tell it, the storm has struck in all its rage and fury.

A marvellous transformation has occurred. A few minutes before, the broad, expansive bosom of the prairie was restful—without a single agency to disturb its slumber-like tranquillity—wrapped in the purity and beauty of its mantle of white—innocent, sweet, and loving, it appeared; like a maiden resting in the innocence and beauty of sweet girlhood. But what a change. Instead of a sleeping, tender beauty, there now is a raging, awful demon. Instead of beautiful tranquility, the hell-like agitation and ferocity of pandemonium, a cauldron of fiercely churned snow—penetrating, choking, and death-dealing.

One course, and one only, is open, which, if successful, will bring succor. That course necessitates the charging, in its very teeth, of that relentless storm. Can I do it? My mainstay lies in the strength and courage of my horse. Well for me was it that he was of almost inexhaustible endurance—unflinching, intelligent, and trained to obey, even when obedience might mean death. I turned him, and driving my spurs deep into his flanks gave him the command: "Eagle, forward." He hesitated not for one moment, but, bending low, plunged square into the teeth of

the storm.

Onward, onward, onward. Would it ever end? The minutes seemed like hours, my eyes were almost closed. The snow hung in frozen masses from my cheeks. My ears, neck, and even throat were palled in the same white but merciless matter. I felt the cold penetrating to the very marrow of my bones. My courage and my strength were fast waning under the awful ordeal. My horse, my noble horse: even at that critical moment, when life itself hung in the balance, when a most awful death stared me in the face, even at that time, I felt like sounding his praises loud and long, if may be I had the strength. Not for one moment had he failed to respond to the rein, not for one instant had his courage failed him. But his strength was slowly but perceptibly diminishing. I could, as I hung to his neck, feel his great body quiver, his speed slowly, but surely, falling, little by little. "Eagle, my God, Eagle," I cried, fail me not; a little while, and it will be over. He seemed to understand, and, cruel as it may seem, I rose in the saddle, my brain on fire, ungirthed my spurs, and, once more, drove the rowels deep into his quivering flanks. As from the action of a stimulant, he plunged madly forward with increased velocity. On, on, on, through the fierce maelstrom of angry elements in furious agitation and dissension. On, on, on, even when the very spirit of destruction seems