

Thro' his dizzy brain there suddenly flashed: "She'll carry me no more!"

Mrs. Oleson, knitting by the stove, looked up as he neared the gate—

What madman was it, rode like this?—his horse in such pitiful state!

Then, recognizing Graham Grant, she called,—“Be as quick as you can!

O, Oscar! hitch up our fastest team, for Graham's a desperate man;

My heart misgives me when I think of the state of his poor young wife.

He has almost killed the mare that he loved; it must be to save her life!”

Few were the words they spoke as they flew over the wintry waste.

The squeak of the runners rank loud in their ears, yet despite their desperate haste,

The gold and the green and the turquoise blue, aflame in the Western sky,

Were beginning to fade and the light grew dim as mile after mile flew by.

And it seemed to him that the spectral form that rode alongside before,

Was leading, now, and would be the first to enter his cabin door.

Like a winding sheet lay the dead-white snow around his little shack;

No gleam of light sent its warm welcome forth—the window panes were black:

The only sign that there was of life was the mournful, dreary sound

That came from the stable—the long-drawn howl of his good coyote hound.

“Evelyn!” he cried. Silence answered him—and the sound of his own sharp breath.

No voice could awaken the Mother and babe from their dreamless sleep of death.

The eyes of the Woman were blinded with tears as she did what could be done,