

had traveled miles. At last, in a drift, the half frozen man stumbled and fell. The snow was soft and inviting and the wind did not strike as fiercely as it did when he tried to walk and he thought in a sleepy way that he would rest a minute before getting up. A sharper blast than usual quickened the man's dulled senses and he realized that he must be freezing. He was angered at the idea of giving up to the cold, and rose to his feet. His horses were gone—he did not know the direction they had taken for their tracks were already covered, but he started again determined not to give up as long as he could stand. The struggle was fierce. The drift were deep and hard and his strength was nearly gone, but still he fought. The wind pulled and tugged in one direction; and then turned and rushed fiercely in the other. It dashed the snow into his face; and then whirled around and pitched him forward into a drift.

At last, after what seemed like hours of wandering, he suddenly found that he was no longer on the lake but that he was ascending a slope, and the thought that he might soon reach a house gave him new courage. He pushed on and soon came to a farm house where he was well cared for, and in a few days he was back again to his teaming. The horses reached shelter sometime during the night for in the morning they were found in a farmyard under a shed; while Caleb found his sleds, after a search, two miles up the lake from the house where he reached shelter.

H. H. H. '02.