SIR GUYS' WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

Sir Guy, after lengthened hesitation, evidently makes up his mind to do something, and, with his face full of purpose, follows her. This devotion on his part is more than Lilian—in spite of her suspicions—has bargained for.

"Gone to console his 'sleepy Venus' for the damage done to her 'Phidian nose,'" she says to Taffy, with rather a bitter laugh.

"Little girls should neither quote Don Juan nor say ill-natured things," replies that youth, with an air of lofty rebuke. But Lilian, not being in the mood for even Taffy's playfulness, makes no answer, and walks away to her beloved garden to seek consolation from the flowers.

Whatever Guy's conference with Florence was about, it was short and decisive, as in five minutes he again emerged from the house, and, looking vainly around him, starts in search of Lilian. Presently at the end of the long lawn, he sees her.

"Well, has her poor dear nose recovered all its pristine freshness?" she asks him, in a rather reckless tone, as he comes up to her.

"Lilian," says Guy, abruptly, eagerly, taking no notice of this sally,—indeed, scarcely hearing,—"it was all a mistake; I could not speak plainly a moment ago, but I have arranged it all with Florence; and —will you let me drive you to Mrs. Boileaus' to-morrow evening?"

"No, thank you," a quick gleam in her large eyes that should have warned him; "I would not make Florence unhappy for the world. Think of her nerves!"

"She will be quite as safe with Cyril—or —your cousin."

"Which cousin?"

"Chesney."

"I think not, because I am going with Archibald."

"You can easily break off with him," anxiously.

"But supposing I do not wish to break off with him?"

"Am I to think, then, you prefer going with your cousin?" in a freezing tone.

"Certainly I prefer his society to yours, ten thousand times," forcibly; "it was mere idleness made me say I wished to go with you. Had you agreed to my proposition I should probably have changed my mind afterwards, so everything is better as it is; I am glad you did not answer me differently."

"I did not answer you at all," returns Guy, unwisely.

"No, you were afraid," returns she, with a mocking laugh that sends the red blood to his forehead.

"What do you mean?" he askes angrily.

"Nothing. It was foolish my mentioning the subject. We are disputing about a mere trifle. I am going with Archie whatever happens, because I like him, and because I know he is always glad to be with me."

She turns as though to leave him, and Guy impulsively catches her hand to detain her; as he does so, his eyes fall upon the little white fingers imprisoned in his own, and there, upon one of them—beside his own ring—he sees another,—newer.

"Who gave you that?" he asks, impulsively, knowing well the answer to his question.

"Archibald," removing her hand quietly, but with determination.

A dead silence follows. Then, speaking calmly by a supreme effort, Guy says,—

"I suppose so. Are you going to marry your cousin, Lilian?"

"Is it in the capacity of guardian you ask that question?" defiantly. "You should remember I don't acknowledge one."

"Must I understand by that you will accept him, or have accepted him?"

"Certainly not. You told me yesterday you found it impossible to understand me every time: why seek to do what is beyond your power? However, I don't mind telling you that as yet Archibald has not made me a formal offer of his heart and hand. No doubt"—mockingly—"when he does me the honor to propose to me, he will speak to you on the subject." Then she laughs a little. "Don't you think it is rather absurd arranging matters for poor Archie without his consent? I assure you, he has as much idea of proposing to me as the man in the moon."

"If you are not engaged to him you should not wear his ring," severely.

"I am not engaged to you, and I wear your ring. If it is wrong to accept a ring from a man to whom one is not engaged, I think it was very reprehensible of you to give this," pointing to it.

"With me it is different," Guy is beginning, rather lamely, not being sure of his argument; but Miss Chesney, disdaining subterfuge, interrupts him.

"A thing is either right or wrong," she says, superbly. "I may surely wear either none, or both."

"Then remove both," says Guy, feeling he would rather see her without his, if it must only beworn in conjunction with Chesney's.

"I shan't," returns, Lilian, deliberately. "I shall wear both as long as it suits me,—because I adore rings."

"Then you are acting very wrongly. I know there is little use in my speaking to you, once you are bent upon having your own way. You are so self-willed, and so determined."

"Without a friend, what were humanity,
To hunt our errors up with a good grace?"

quotes Lilian, lightly. "There is no use in your lecturing me, Sir Guy: it does me little good. You want your way, and I want mine; I am not 'self-willed,' but I don't like tyranny, and I always said you were tyrannical."

"You are of course privileged to say what you like," haughtily.

"Very well; then I shall say it. One would think I was a baby, the way you—scold—and torment me," here the tears of vexation and childish wrath rise in her eyes; "but I do not acknowledge your authority; I have told you so a hundred times, and I never shall,—never, never, never!"

"Lilian, listen to me——"

"No, I will not. I wonder why you come near me at all. Go back to Florence; she is so calm, so sweet, so—somnolent,"—with a sneer, "that she will not ruffle your temper. As for me, I hate disagreeable people! Why do you speak to me? it does neither of us any good. It only makes you ill-mannered and me thoroughly unhappy."

"Unhappy!"

"Yes," petulantly, "miserable. Surely of late you must have noticed how I avoid you. It is nothing but scold, scold, scold, all the time I am with you; and I confess I don't fancy it. You might have known, without my telling you, that I detest being with you?"

"I shall remember it for the future," returns he, in a low voice, falling back a step or two, and speaking coldly, although his heart is beating wildly with passionate pain and anger.

"Thank you," retorts Lilian: "that is the kindest thing you have said to me for many a day."

Yet the moment his back is turned she regrets this rude speech, and all the many others she has given way to during the last fortnight. Her own incivility vexes her, wounds her to the heart's core, for, however mischieviously inclined and quick-tempered she may be, she is marvellously warm-hearted and kindly and fond.

For full five minutes she walks to and fro, tormented by secret upbraidings, and then a revulsion sets in. What does it matter after all, she thinks, with an impatient shrug of her pretty soft shoulders. A little plain speaking will do him no harm,—in fact, may do him untold good. He has been so petted and spoiled all his life long that a snubbing, however small, will enliven him and make him see himself in his true colors. (What his true colors may be she does not specify even to herself.) And if he is so devoted to Florence, why, let him then spend his time with her, and not come lecturing other people on matters that don't concern him. Such a fuss about a simple emerald ring indeed! Could any thing be more absurd?

Nevertheless she feels a keen desire for reconciliation; so much so that, later on,—just before dinner,—seeing Sir Guy in the shrubberies, walking up and down in deepest meditation,—evidently of the depressing order,—she makes up her mind to go and speak to him. Yes she has been in the wrong; she will go to him, therefore, and make the amende honorable; and he (he is not altogether bad!) will doubtless rejoice to be friends with her again.

So thinking, she moves slowly though deliberately up to him regarding the while with absolute fervor the exquisite though frail geranium blossom she carries in her hand. It is only partly opened, and is delicately tinted as her own skin.

When she is quite close to her guardian she raises her head, and instantly affects a deliciously surprised little manner at the fact of his unexpected (?) nearness.

"Ah, Sir Guy, you here?" she says, airily, with an apparent consummate forgetfulness of all past broils. "You are just in time: see what a lovely flower I have for you. Is not the color perfect? Is it not sweet?" proffering to him the pale geranium.

"It is," replies he, taking the flower mechanically, because it is held out to him, but hardly looking at it. His face is pale with suppressed anger, his lips are closely set beneath his fair moustache; she is evidently not forgiven. "And yet I think," he says, slowly, "if you knew my opinion of you, you would be the last to offer me a flower."

"And what then is your opinion?" demands Lillian, growing whiter and whiter until all her pretty face has faded to the "paleness o' the pearl." Instinctively she recoils a little, as though some slight blow has touched and shaken her.

"I think you a nearness coquette," returns he, distinctly, in a low tone that literally rings with passion. "Take back your gift. Why should you waste it on one who does not care to have it?" And flinging the flower contemptuously at her feet, he turns and departs.

For a full minute Miss Chesney neither stirs nor speaks. When he is quite gone, she straightens herself, and draws her breath sharply.

"Well, I never!" she says, between her little white teeth, which is a homely phrase borrowed from nurse, but very expressive, and with that she plants a small foot viciously upon the unoffending flower and crushes it out of all shape and recognition.

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Dinner is over, and almost forgotten: conversation flags. Even to the most wakeful it occurs that it must be bordering upon bed-hour.

Lilian, whose nightly habit is to read for an hour or two in her bed before going to sleep, remembering she has left her book where she took off her hat on coming into the house some hours ago, leaves the drawing-room, and, having crossed the large hall, turns into the smaller one that leads to the library.

Midway in this passage one lamp is burning; the three others (because of some inscrutable reason known only to the under-footman) have not been lit: consequently tonight this hall is in semi-darkness.

Almost at the very end of it Miss Chesney finds herself face to face with her guardian, and, impelled by mischief and coquetry, stops short to confront him.

"Well, Sir Guy, have you got the better of your naughty temper?" she asks, saucily. "Fie, to keep a little wicked black dog upon your shoulder for so long! I hope by this time you are properly ashamed of yourself, and that you are ready to promise me never to do it again."

Guy is silent. He is thinking how lovely she is, how indifferent to him, how unattainable.

"Still unrepentant," goes on Lilian, with a mocking smile: "you are a more hardened sinner than I ever gave you credit for. And what is it all about, pray? What has vexed you? Was it my cousin's ring? or my refusing to accompany you to-morrow to Mrs. Boileau's?"

"Both," replies he, feeling compelled to answer. "I still think you should not wear your cousin's ring unless engaged to him."

"Nor yours either, of course," with a frown. "How you do love going over the same ground again and again! Well," determinately, "as I told you before, I shall wear both—do you hear?—just as long as I please. So now, my puissant guardian," with a gesture that is almost a challenge, "I defy you, and dare you to do your worst."

Her tone, as is intended, irritates him; her beauty, her open though childish defiance, maddens him. Gazing at her in the uncertain light through which her golden hair and gleaming sapphire eyes shine clearly, he looses all self-control and in another moment has her in his arms, and has kissed her once, twice, passionately.

Then recollection, all too late, returns, and, shocked, horrified at his own conduct, he realeases her, and, leaning against the wall with folded arms and lowered eyes, awaits his doom.

Standing where he has left her, pale as a little colorless ghost, with her lips as white as death, and her great eyes grown black through mingled terror and amazement, Lilian regards him silently. She does not move, she scarcely seems to breathe; no faintest sound of anger escapes her. Then slowly—slowly raising her handkerchief she draws it lightly across her lips, and with a gesture full of contempt and loathing flings it far from her. After which she draws herself up to her extremest height, and, with her head erect and her whole figure suggestive of insulted pride and dignity, she sweeps past him into the library, closing the door quietly behind her.

When the last sound of her footsteps has disappeared, Guy rouses himself as if from a hateful dream, and presses his hand to his forehead. Stooping, he picks up the disdained handkercheif, that lies mournfully in the corner, thrusts it into his bosom, and turning away towards his own quarters is seen no more that night.

CHAPTER. XVIII.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
Andlea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy."—[Burns.

All next day Lilian treats him as though to her eyes he is invisible. She bestows upon him none of the usual courtesies of life; she takes no "good morrow," nor gives one. She is singularly deaf when he speaks; except when common etiquette compels her to return an answer to one or other of his speeches, she is dumb to him or, when thus compelled, makes an answer in her iciest tones.

At five o'clock they all start for the Grange, Mrs. Boileau being one of these unpleasant people who think they can never see enough of their guests, or that their guests can never see enough of them,—I am not sure which,—and who consequently has asked them to come early, to inspect her gardens and walk through her grounds before dinner.

As the grounds are well worth seeing, and the evening is charming for strolling, this is about the pleasantest part of the entertainment. At least so thinks Lilian, who (seeing Guy's evident depression) is in radiant spirits. So does Archibald, who follows her as her shadow. They are doth delighted at everything about the Grange, and wander hither and thither, looking and admiring as they go.

And indeed it is a charming old place, older perhaps than Chetwoode, though smaller and less imposing. The ivy has clambered up over all its ancient walls and towers and battlements, until it presents to the eye a sheet of darkest, richest green, through which the old-fashioned casements peep in picturesque disorder, hardly two windows being in a line.

Inside, steps are to be met with everywhere in the most unexpected places,—curious doors leading one never knows where—ghostly corridors along which at dead of night armed knights of bygone days might tramp, their armor clanking,—winding stairs,—and tapestries that tell of warriors brave and maidens fair, long since buried and forgotten.

Outside, the gardens are lovely and rich in blossom. Here too the old world seems to have lingered, the very flowers themselves, though born yesterday, having all the grace and modesty of an age gone by.

Here
"The oxlips and the nodding violet grow:
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

Here too the "punlike lily" hangs its head, the sweet "neglected wall-flower" blows, the gaudy sunflower glitters, and the "pale jessamine, the white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet," display their charms; while among them, towering all through the might of its majesty, shines the rose,—"Joy's own flower," as Felicia Hemans sweetly calls it.

Now—being late in the season—the blossom is more scarce, though still the air is heavy with delicate perfume, and the eyes grow drunk with gazing on the beauty of the autumn flowers. Through them goes Lilian, with Archibald gladly following.

All day long he has had her to himself, and she has been so good to him, so evidently pleased and contented with his society, alone, that within his breast an earnest hope has risen, so strongly, that he only waits a fitting opportunity to lay his heart and fortune at her feet.

"I can walk no more," says Lilian, at last, sinking upon the grass beneath the shade of a huge beech that spreads its kindly arms above her. "Let us sit here and talk."

Archibald throws himself beside her, and for a few minutes silence reigns supreme.

"Well?" says Lilian, at length, turning lazy though inquisitive eyes upon her companion.

"Well?" says Archibald in return.

"I said you were to talk," remarks Lilian in an aggrieved tone. "And you have not said one word yet. You ought to know by this time how I dislike silence."

"Blame yourself: I have been racking my brains without success for the last two minutes to try to find something suitable to say. Did you never notice how, when one person says to another, 'Come, let us talk,' that other is suddenly stricken with hopeless stupidity? So it is now with me: I cannot talk, I am greatly afraid."

"Well, I can," says Lilian, "and as I insist on your doing so also, I shall ask you questions that require an answer. First, then, did you ever receive a note from me on my leaving the Park, asking you to take care of my birds?"

"Yes."

"And you fed them?"

"Regularly," says Archibald, telling a fearful lie deliberately, as from the day he read that note to this he has never once remembered the feathered friends she mentions, and even now as he speaks has only the very haziest idea of what she means.

"I am glad of that," regarding him searchingly. "It would make me unhappy to think they had been neglected."

"Don't be unhappy, then," returning her gaze calmly and unflinchingly: "they are all right: I took care of that." His manner is truthful in the extreme, his eyes meet hers reassuringly. It is many years since Mr. Chesney first learned the advantage to be derived from an impassive countenanco. And now with Lilian's keen blue eyes looking him through and through, he feels doubly thankful that practice has made him so perfect in the art of suppressing his real thoughts. He had also learned the wisdom of the old maxim,—

"When you tell a lie, tell a good one.
When you tell a good one, stick to it,"

and sticks to his accordingly.

"I am so pleased!" says Lilian, after a slight pause, during which she tells herself young men are not so wretchedly thoughtless after all, and that Archibald is quite an example to his sex in the matter of good nature. "One of my chiefest regrets on leaving home was thinking how my birds would miss me."

"I am sorry you ever left it."

"So am I, of course. I was very near declining to do so at the last moment. It took Aunt Priscilla a full week to convince me of the error of my ways, and prove to me that I could not live alone with a gay and (as she hinted) wicked bachelor."

"I have never been so unfortunate as to meet her," says Archibald, mildly, "but I would bet any money your aunt Priscilla is a highly objectionable and interfering old maid."

"No, she is not: she is a very good woman, and quite an old dear in some ways."

"She is an old maid?" raising himself on his elbow with some show of interest.

"Well, yes, she is; but I like old maids," says Lilian, stoutly.

"Oh, she likes old maids," says Mr. Chesney, sotto voce, sinking back once more into his lounging position. He evidently considers there is nothing more to be said on that head. "And so she wouldn't let you stay?"

"No. You should have seen her face when I suggested writing to you to ask if I might have a suite of rooms for my own use, promising faithfully never to interfere with you in any way. It was a picture!"

"It pained you very much to leave the Park?"

"It was death to me. Remember, it had been my home all my life; every stick and stone about the place was dear to me."

"It was downright brutal my turning you out," says Archibald, warmly: "I could hate myself when I think of it. But I knew nothing of it, and—I had not seen you then."

"If you had would you have let me stay on?"

"I think so," returns he, softly gazing with dangerous tenderness at the delicate rose-tinted face above him. Then, "Even so, I wish you had asked me; I so seldom go near the place, you would have been thoroughly welcome to stay on in it, had you been the ugliest person breathing."

"So I said at the time, but Aunt Priscilla would not hear of it. I am sure I heard enough about the proprieties at that time to last me all my life. When all arguments failed," says Miss Chesney, breaking into a gay laugh, as recollection crowds upon her, "I proposed one last expedient that nearly drove aunty wild with horror. What do you think it was?"

"Tell me."

"I said I would ask your hand in marriage and so put an end to all slanderous tongues; that is, if you consented to have me. See what a narrow escape you had," says Lilian, her merriment increasing: "it would have been so awkward to refuse!"

Archibald gazes at her earnestly. He has been through the hands of a good many women in his time, but now confesses himself fairly puzzled. Is her laughter genuine? is it coquetry? or simple amusement?

"Had you ever a proposal, Lilian?" asks he, quietly, his eyes still riveted upon her face.

"No," surprised: "what an odd question! I suppose it is humiliating to think that up to this no man has thought me worth loving. I often imagine it all," says Lilian, confidentially, taking her knees into her embrace, and letting her eyes wander dreamily over to the hills far away behind the swaying trees. "And I dare say some day my curiosity will be gratified. But I do hope he won't write: I should like to see him do it. I wouldn't," says Miss Chesney, solemnly, "give a pin for a man who wouldn't go down on his knees to his lady-love."

This last remark under the circumstances is eminently unwise. A moment later Lilian is made aware of it by the fact of Archibald's rising and going down deliberately on his knees before her.

"It can scarcely be news to you to tell you I love you," says he, eagerly. "Lilian will you marry me?"

"What are you saying?" says Miss Chesney, half frightened, half amused: "you must be going mad! Do get up, Archie: you cannot think how ridiculous you look."

"Tell me you will marry me," entreats that young man unmoved even by the fact of his appearing grotesque in the eyes of his beloved.

"No; I will not," shaking her head. "Archie, do move: there is the most dreadful spider creeping up your leg."

"I don't care; let him creep," says Archibald, valiantly: "I shan't stir until you give me a kind answer."

"I don't know what to say; and besides I can do nothing but laugh while you maintain your present position. Get up instantly, you foolish boy: you are ruining the knees of your best trousers."

Whether this thought carries weight with Mr. Chesney I know not, but certainly he rises to his feet without further demur.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Deepest Mine in the World.

The silver mine at Przibram, in Bohemia, is said to be the deepest mine in the world. It is more than 3300 feet deep—that is, considerably more than half a mile in depth. The temperature at that great depth was found to be about 76 degrees Fahrenheit; the temperature at the surface was a little higher. A driven well in this country was sunk to about 2700 feet, we think, and the temperature was found to increase about 2 degrees for every 100 feet of depth; but, of course, no man went down the small shaft made by the tools.

Gluttony kills more than the sword.

A man should have before him either great men or great objects; otherwise he loses his powers; like the magnet when it has not been turned for a long period toward the right point of the compass.—[J. P. Richter.

The secret of being pure in heart is to choose and retain pure thoughts. Ah, if bewildered humanity only new this! If it only knew that the way out of its tangle of vice and error was just to get hold of one pure, good thought, and cling to it until another came to it by the law of attraction, and then cling to that, and so on until evil thoughts were displaced and temptations disappear, because the soul has climbed above them.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Gossipping and lying go hand in hand.

Hearts may agree though heads differ.

It is easier to blame than to do better.

Haste makes waste, and waste makes want.

Good wives are made by good husbands.

There is a mighty difference between being just a little behind and a little before.

Hard work pays better than looking for legacies or dreaming of fortunes. Great expectations are a breakfast for fools.

To be untruthful is one of the surest proofs of a fallen state, and since falsehood is universal, so also is human depravity.

Some men are like pickles, a little of them at a time is quite enough; others are like saccharine, a dust of them sweetens the cup of life.

The first test of a truly great man is his humility. * * * All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it.—[Ruskin.

Work is only done well when it is done with a will; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place.

The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creatures is "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are.—[Ruskin.

Oh, what a little thing can turn
A heavy heart from sighs to song!
A smile can make the world less stern;
A word can cause the soul to burn
With glow of Heaven all night long!

If thou wish to be crowned thou must fight manfully and suffer patiently. Without labor none can obtain rest, and without contending there can be no conquest.—[Thomas a Kempis.

A staying pace is what is desirable. Begin as you hope to go on; and mind you do go on. Rush and dash make a head-way for a short time, and then there comes a fall or a stop.—[Spurgeon.

To exercise self-restraint amid provocations, and thus acquire the habit of keeping the door of our lips, should not be counted a hardship. The rich fruit resulting from this is an abundant reward.

Dead in the Snow.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning when we got down to the plain. Six inches of snow had fallen since midnight. The plain was fourteen miles wide at the point, while its distance east and west was one hundred. It was almost as level as a floor, and the first sight of it elicited exclamations of astonishment. No snow ever seemed so white. Not a tree or bush, not the track of a deer or wild beast, not the faintest trace that life existed between us and the faraway fort. The dead white of that plain made one think of the face of a corpse.

The wrinkle-faced old sergeant, who had superintended our work of bridging a chasm in the mountain pass, looked up at the sky, and across to the foothills and seemed in doubt.

"Let's chance it!" called three or four of the men in chorus, and this decided the matter. In single file, the sergeant leading, the fourteen of us struck out across the plain. As soon as clear of the trees and brush every man felt a sort of giddiness. We had not gone two miles when the man in front of me seemed to have suddenly increased his height by a foot. I was puzling over it when he just as suddenly became a dwarf. I heard the men laughing and knew that it was an optical delusion, but it frightened me. The seregant had a mountain peak in view and seemed to strike a straight course, but when I looked back I saw that our trail zigzagged in a curious way.

We had made five miles of the journey when there was a sudden halt, and a groan of despair ran down the line. The clouds were driving away and the sun threatening to come out. Even as we turned and looked back and wondered if there was time to retrace our steps the gray film drove off to the south, and the sun burst forth like an explosion. Every man cried out in alarm, while half the column swayed and reeled as if wounded by bullets. What was the peril? What had veteran soldiers to fear? Something more dreaded than a band of Indians in warpaint; something less merciful than a pack of starving wolves—snow blindness! In one brief minute every man's eyes seemed aflame. To open them was to see a purple flame dancing about in a fantastic way; the giddiness increased all of a sudden, and we sank down in our tracks for fear of falling.

"The rope! The rope!" was wailed along the line, but the sergeant had already taken it from his knapsack. It was a light rope fifty feet long, and he made one end fast to his own body. Each man then passed the free end back to his comrade till the end of the line was reached. We were to turn back and attempt to reach the spot from which we started. There was no such thing as seeing. If you opened your eyes after a long interval, the snow was blood red. The sergeant felt for the trail with his feet, and we proceeded at a snail's pace. We had not made half a mile on the return journey when every man in the column was weeping or cursing. It was a species of drunkenness. Later on some shouted at the top of their voices. In the swaying about the sergeant was pulled away from the trail and could not find it again, and one of the men would have killed him with a knife if he could have laid hold of him by groping. During a moment of silence the officer said:

"Boys, I am sorry for this, but I am not to blame. If you will lie down and cover your heads with your blankets, you will be all right when the sun goes down."

Of the fourteen only four of us did as advised. The others seemed to have lost all reason. They sobbed like children: they cursed in a way to make you chill; they sang hymns and ribald songs; they groped about to find each other and fought like furies. It was mid-afternoon before I lost the sound of their voices. At 5 o'clock the sun was out of sight, and a bitter, biting wind blew down from the mountains. Our eyes still ached, but we could see our way and we took the snowy trail back to the hills. The night came down with a blizzard and even in the shelter of a thicket, with a great fire blazing, ears and toes were frozen. Next morning, with a cold, gray sky and the air full of snowflakes, which seemed to burn as they touched the flesh, we went down on the plain to look for our lost comrades. They were lying here and there, to the right and left of the trail. No two were together. Some had walked about in circles, and some had crept for a mile on hands and knees. Every one was dead and frozen stiff—ten out of fourteen!