

a raw-ribbed buckskin horse that was lying by the side of its pawing mate, in front of a load of wood. Tim jerked the club out of the fellow's hand and swore at him with terrible energy. He sent the club hurtling to the bottom of the canon and threatened to kick the man after it. In a moment or so, the horse stood up of its own accord and shook the mud and snow from its sides, - like a shaggy dog; and we drove on.

Tim said we had to gain twenty-four hundred feet in height in the next two miles; and as the snow made it slippery pulling up the trail, he and I walked behind the buck-board while the mules climbed and the wheels creaked softly through the snow which was frequently up to the hubs.

We toiled slowly up the mountain side over two small hills and saw a third white crest towering above us.

"That surely is the top of the range," I said. Tim looked at me and sniffed. The prickly bristles on his upper lip puckered scornfully as he laughed. "Young feller, by the time you've chased the Chief of Party over six hog-backs like these every morning before sunrise for six months, you won't ask whether that's the last hill. You'll just keep a climbing and say nothing."

We climbed three or four more hills that were mountains to me. Snow commenced to fall and soon there was an inch on the mules' backs; and as they were sweating, the steam rose slowly.

Tim was like a live snow man and the snow fell like clouds of feathers. I was wet with perspiration and puffing along with no knowledge of my whereabouts. It seemed as though we were wandering aimlessly around in a great snow world.

Just when I was planning to lie down in the snow, we stopped in front of a dingy white tent, half snowed in.

Tim said it was the office-tent; so I

went in and reported to Mr. Wellington, a large, big whiskered man who was arguing with his little red-nosed transitman over a location problem.

The cook's gong rang and we waded through the new snow to the cook tent where some fifteen men were eating and making music with knives and forks on tin plates.

We were all ravenous and were not long in finishing the hot corn-bread and gravy, the fresh cut beef-steak and black coffee.

The cook was swearing softly half under his breath because a lamp was smoking and blackening the canvas.

Soon the rattle of the tin plates ceased. The men left the table by ones and twos. Four inches of snow had fallen since Tim and I had reached camp. Tim said I was to be his *bunkey*; so we rolled our blankets down on a pile of pine boughs in a ten by fourteen foot tent. The last that I remembered, Tim was pulling the tarpaulin over my side of our bed and grumbling about my freezing before morning; but his voice sounded a mile away.

J. A. SARGENT.

1330 O street. Jas. Kolbach custom shoe shop.

Margaret McGinley has been called home by the serious illness of her father.

See the nobby suits that the Ewing Clothing Co. are showing this week.

The English club will meet at the Phi Psi chapter house next Saturday evening.

All the new novelties in Easter neck wear just arrived at the Ewing Clothing Company.

The ethics of the ethics class has been seriously questioned lately. The source of the questioning is the librarian.

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