

the glossy backs of the bays which the lash was never allowed to touch.
behind him another sledge
appeared in turn, with two figures on the seat, but even at that distance
they looked neither so huge
nor so stolidly reconciled to the bite of the wind. Fallon was driving;
Shyane was beating his arms
across his chest. and the second team was fagged and caked with frozen
lather. Big Louie had been
breaking trail for twelve bitterly hard hours, but his animals were
still far from spent not so tired in
fact but what they could throw forward their heads and Kohler at the
sight of warm stables. Big Louie
loved horses as he loved nothing else in his whole dull world. sober he
fed them bits of sugar, with
is strong with all of us, even in the face of death. moreover, hers was
one of those shallow minds that
seem instinctively to escape by any avenue from a painful subject; and by
the time that I was in the
chariot, she had got over the first shock, and there was an almost
infectious cheerfulness in her
farewell. it must be all right, Dolly then I fell back, and we started.
the warm light of the open door
became a spack, and then nothing; and in the long dark drive, when every
footfall of the horses seemed
to consume an age, the sickening agony of suspense was almost intolerable.
oh, my dear never, never
shall I forget that night. the black trees and hedges whirling past us in
the darkness, always the
same, like an enchanted drive; then the endless suburbs, and at last the
streets where people lounged in