

night in a cold so great that I have even seen the hoar frost lying thick on an animal's back in the morning. But they are fed enormously while they are in work. They are given in the day as much as sixteen pounds of grain, besides bran and chopped millet-stalks. When they are not at work they are eating, and the eating and the work together occupy so much time that I could never discover when they slept!

The country we passed through was pretty even in winter, and must have been really beautiful in summer. It was undulating, well covered with trees, and intersected with many little streams and rivers. At this season all was under snow, but one morning we saw one of the most perfectly lovely sights I have ever seen—a *frozen* mist. As the sun rose we found the whole air glittering with brilliant particles sparkling in the rays of the sun—and the mist had encrusted everything, all the trunks of the trees and all the delicate tracery of their outlines, with a coating like hoar frost. The earth, the trees, and everything around was glistening white, and the whole air sparkling in the sunlight. It lasted but a short while, for