

the cake entire and not spoil it with nibbling, therefore we will cast no glance behind until we reach the very summit. Before us lie loose rocks, whose frequent boom, as they go thundering into the crater, reaches our ears with frightful distinctness.

Before us the wind drives the brimstone breath of the crater, whose noxious gases are almost suffocating. Before us lies a long ridge of snow, soft and treacherous on account of the heat of the crater; the green ice-chasm spanned only by a narrow bridge of ice; and lastly the almost perpendicular wall sheeted with ice which forms the summit of the mountain.

To such forcible arguments one is very likely to signify his acquiescence by retiring from the scene of action. But we gird ourselves for final struggle. Coats and scarfs, which we had worn thus far under the impression that they might protect us from the cold, are flung aside. One member, who began to show signs of weakening, disposed of his hat and vest, and even his vail.

The snow on the long ridge is soft by reason of the increasing heat of the sun, so that we sink to our knees at almost every step. Exhuming ourselves we find to be a painful process. From the ice-crevasse we look down a steep incline into the crater. It is like looking into a gigantic funnel partly broken down on one side.

On the narrow bridge of ice which spans the crevasse we pause a moment to admire the wondrously beautiful kaleidoscopic flashes as the sunlight plays on the lips of the chasm. Green and gold and saffron and purple chase each other in quick succession over the huge icicles and flit like butterflies of light from one icy ledge to another. That must be the home of rainbows, down there beneath the frost, and these varying tints the flashings of their finger-tips pressed against the windows of their palace.

From the crevasse upward the ascent is at an angle of fifty degrees; at one point steeper. We can go but a few steps at a time. We make our way only by firmly planting our spike-poles in the ice, and then sustaining ourselves by that, chopping steps in the ice for our feet. Then, being securely footed, we withdraw our poles and proceed as before. A half hour of

most exhausting toil brings us to the summit. Conquered at last, hoary-headed old volcano! Thy head beneath our feet! Man, though small, is movable; Thou, though mighty, art immovable. Man, though born in the valley, can claim thy stature for his own and make thy crown his throne of vision; while Thou art sightless to the valleys where the sunbeams play, and dumb to the thunders of the tempests, and to the tumult of the waterfalls beneath.

A fierce north wind flings the dry snow in eddies around our heads. The sun though blinding bright has lost his heat, and we stand shivering while we look around in wonder at the vast panorama before us. The first feeling is one of utter bewilderment. We can recognize no familiar points at first. The hills and valleys over which we journeyed are flattened out as with an enormous roller. Laurel Hill, which we had thought a very respectable mountain, is at first invisible, but after some search we discover a bare patch of ground, large enough for a medium sized mole-hill, which by the aid of reasoning we conclude to be Laurel Hill.

The lower part of the Willamette valley is covered with clouds. The vast masses pulsate like a sea beneath the sun and wind. Southward, Mt. Jefferson stands in bold relief, seeming almost within rifle shot, though sixty miles away. Beyond Mt. Jefferson the Three Sisters; and still beyond, the rugged mass of Diamond Peak. And yet further, a cluster of snowy peaks, two hundred miles distant, close the southward view. Eastward, vast plains, dimmed by the dust of summer. The great bunch-grass empire, with its strange lakes and sunken rivers, with its abysmal canons and foaming waterfalls; with its cities of rocks, its volcanic caverns, its mastodon cemeteries and petrified forests; with its vast herds of cattle and its self-complacent though scanty population, stretches mazy away, bounded by a line of almost invisible mountains. The scene reminds us of the unfortunate savage, whose battle-field it recently was. Perhaps we might rather say the savage unfortunate, who is almost as heartless, even though by no means so unscrupulous as the political sharks who would attain their dearest wish in a Kilkenny fight

between the settlers and Indians in order that they might possess themselves of the land. One more turn and we face northward. We look for the Columbia river. After straining our eyes to find it in the distance we suddenly discover it flowing apparently at our feet. The dark, green current is wonderfully distinct as it rolls on amid its protecting crags. Three great snow peaks dominate over the northern landscape. Mt. Adams, farthest to the right, is a flat and massy pile, wore nearly bare of snow and more easy of ascent than any of the great peaks. Tacoma, in the center, sublimest of American mountains; throned amid almost inaccessible crags, fringed by well-nigh impenetrable forests, down into whose depths a dozen glaciers stretch their fingers; a hundred and fifty miles away, yet lifting its fifteen thousand feet of altitude above all surrounding objects. To the left, Mt. St. Helens, in beautiful contrast with Tacoma, rises from a purple base, a smooth and shining dome, fit queen to Hood, as the old legend of the Indians represents it to be. This old legend tells, too, of a little domestic infelicity in which a huge rock was hurled by the irate lord at the bride's white brow, but falling short of the mark, dashed down the natural bridge which till then had spanned the Columbia. With this story in our minds we again search out the great river, as it appears here and there amid the hills, until at last unvexed by mountain barriers, expanding like a sea, it fades amid the mists of the ocean.

South and east and north and west! Now suppose we look downward. We advance cautiously to the northern edge. We almost leap backward at sight of the dizzying abyss below. Three thousand feet almost perpendicular! The basaltic columns point right up at us like huge fingers. Ten of our tallest firs, planted on the glacier, which lies like a marble pavement at the foot of the precipice, would scarcely reach us. We are dizzy as we look down and start back with a nervous feeling that the mountain is about to fall headlong northward.

The summit of the mountain is a long ridge, the precipice of three thousand feet on the north, and the crater on the south. Late in the season the snow melts from the crater, making a perpendicular descent into that also,