

As we look northward again at Mt. Adams, we see that it stands isolated from its brotherhood of mountains. Unlike Hood, which stands right on the main ridge of the mountains, Adams has been severed from all connecting ridges.

The backbone of the Cascade range has apparently been torn asunder at this point, and the shattered vertebrae piled up in Adams and St. Helen.

The former, shaggy and massive, bound with chains of stiffened lava and beaded with half-melted boulders, seems just on the verge of boiling forth again. The latter, smooth and symmetrical, has veiled the old volcanic strife beneath a mantle of the purest snow.

The pilgrim to Mt. Adams lands at White Salmon on the sand, into which the steamer butts head-first with force enough to hold her during the few moments of her stay. Then with an impatient snort, she backs off and bounds Dalles-ward.

White Salmon, with its peaches and tomatoes, lifts the physical man to a point commensurate with the elevated task before him, while its pine groves and curiously carved rocks form a fit vestibule to the majestic temple in which he is about to worship.

Twenty-five miles on the backs of horses obtained for money, not for love, brings us to Camas Prairie. There would be about as much sense, by the way, in naming every other hill on this side the mountains, Fir hill, as there is in fastening upon every other prairie on the other side, the odious appellation of Camas. Our people should exercise a little more ingenuity in christening their homes. From this prairie, which is the principal feature of the upper Klickitat, a person can make almost a complete plot of his course up the mountain. There are three summits, ranging from northwest to southeast. From the southeasterly of these, extends a long rocky ridge, dividing the valley of the Klickitat from that of the White Salmon.

Crossing the foot of this ridge, we enter again the valley of the White Salmon. A beautiful scene awaits us. No longer a rugged canyon, as below the valley expands to a width of several miles. It is carpeted with the greenest grass, and brightest flowers. Graceful pines with trunks as straight as Grecian columns, and with wide-

spreading, fragrant coronals dot the grassy park. Through the eastern edge of it, the river, with an average width of fifty feet, a current broken constantly by rapids, as cold as ice from the snows of the mountain right above us, makes its swift and noisy way.

Having followed the river for a distance of four miles, we begin the ascent of the long ridge leading to the summit. This ridge has the same lawn-like beauty as the valley below.

Flowers of all colors variagate the rich green of the grass. The mountain itself, with alternate streaks of snow and rock, is constantly visible through the trees. The grass becomes smaller and fresher, the trees become dwarfed, and the soil ashy. Then an ice-cold little creek, babbling on the chunks of basalt that have been thrown down from their high station above. Pretty soon a smutty snow-bank appears amid the trees. Beyond this is a little valley, which the architect of this mountain must have designed expressly for camping parties. A perfect oval, embracing about three acres, fringed with miniature hemlocks and traversed by the little stream, this charming spot has yet one dreadful plague—mosquitoes! They say that every house has its skeleton, and there seems to be no mountain retreat where persecuted man can be free from all articulated pests. Let us draw a veil over the piercing experiences of that night. Indeed, we made strenuous efforts to draw veils over ourselves at the time, but to no avail whatever. The bills of our tormentors made light of all defense. There was a definite line of attack arranged between mosquitoes and gnats. The mosquitoes covered us as thickly as their size would permit, and then the gnats filled all the interstices, after which both varieties of animal gorged themselves.

However, after the lances of the August sun had ceased to sting the earth and the gentler touch of the moon had cooled its fever, the attentions of our tenuous adversaries became less pointed, and by the time the starlight had begun to sparkle on the frosted grass and the iceberg above us had stretched out its long fingers and half throttled the murmuring creek, we were left in peace.

The morning light revealed a long stairway of boulders, ranging in size

from a man's fist to a piano. This stairway extends, with a few interruptions, to the first summit of the mountain. The boulders of which it is composed, look as if they had been half melted and then stuck together. They furnish a much less wearisome road than the slippery snow-fields.

Mt. Adams has a much wider base than Hood. It is fully five miles, if not more, from the snow-line to the summit. It is quite possible, however, that the snow limits are greater this year than usual. These five miles furnish no dangerous climbs along the edge of fathomless ice-creeks as Hood does, nor does one seem so near the infernal regions as on the latter mountain. A faint sulphurous odor is noticeable at one or two points, but it is faint indeed compared with the brimstone breath of Hood. Nor do the rocks go booming into the crevices at a slight touch as on Hood. Though neither so upright nor so holy as our great Oregon peak, Mt. Adams is much better regulated, and altogether graver. Almost any one of good lung and leg capacity, and of average moral character, can attain the summit of Adams. The toppling crest of Hood is reserved for the stout-thighed few whose battle-cry is "Excelsior."

Our long rock-stairway of many thousand steps terminates in the south-eastern peak of the mountain. The central dome is about three hundred feet higher and half a mile further. Midway between the two is a beautiful snow-field, which terminates on the northeastern side in a tremendous precipice, over which hangs a frozen Niagara. That cataract, with its green waters above, its black depths below, and the foam-flecked, rainbow-girdled flood between, with its perpetual smoke of mist and its roar and rumble from the under-world, is a revelation of sublimity which reduces man to a mere atom. Here on Mt. Adams, at the other end of the continent, is the ghost of the great waterfall. With a movement apparent only to the eye that sees it always, with a silence that is more awful than the loudest noise, the great ice-fall, of mingled green and white, creeps down the black and chilly cliffs which once were hissing hot. A huge island of basalt which has survived the common downfall, stands midway and presents almost the only barrier to the general congelation.