

A pyramid of ice, a hundred feet in height, stands on the verge of the glacier. It is more regular than the pyramids of Egypt. All the tints of heaven and earth have been showered broadcast on its slippery sides. In the tremulous heat-waves, it seems just on the point of tumbling headlong. From the foot of the glacier, a white thread issues and crawls away amid the rocky desolation. This white thread is one of the sources of the Klickitat. From it, two thousand feet below us, floats at intervals the faintest murmur.

From the summit of the mountain, St. Helen to the west, Hood to the south, and north Tacoma, the mightiest, lie glowing in the sunbeams. The snow doesn't look cold where the living sunlight touches it. Rather does it seem the cast-off vesture of last night's sunset. The average height of the range is much greater here than around Mt. Hood. To the west and north are a dozen or more peaks spotted with snow.

The Yakima and Klickitat valleys occupy the greater part of the eastward view. Toward The Dalles, we see the rolling plains succeeded by the hills, and they again by other hills and plains, until they all merge into the sky.

The park lying south of the mountain seems to extend nearly to Mt. St. Helen. This most beautiful of peaks has seldom been climbed, though it is apparently accessible on the southeastern side. It is said that on its southern slope is a large lake, full of fish and water-fowl. These lakes are one of the most attractive features of all this beautiful region. There are three on the southeastern slope of Mt. Adams, just below the snow line. The reflection of the surrounding trees within their unruffled depths, is as distinct as the trees themselves.

As we view this varied expanse, over which the sunlight plays, touching the peaks with flame, descending into the canyons to brighten some lonesome creek, and chasing the shadows through the woods, we cannot forbear the reflection: by how few, after all, is this or any other scene of beauty and sublimity known and appreciated!

All the beauty of pine trees and lakes and waterfalls, the blood-brightening and reanimating air of the mountains, the sublimity of these ice-zoned, fire-

hearted volcanoes, all this heritage of humanity as freely bestowed as air and water, is seldom claimed by its legatees. There is no danger of a wrangle among the heirs-at-law over the last will and testament of our life-giver, nature, for it is seldom even opened. Practicality is the watchword of modern civilization. These native outpourings of feeling we generally throttle, or turn into a flume to run a saw-mill. The Greeks got more out of life, after all, than we. They took their cups direct from nature, kissing the hand that gave.

Beauty, health, happiness, for today, letting to-morrow look out for itself, the first article in the Grecian creed, is certainly vastly more attractive than ours of a far-off, feverish future dancing through the heat-waves of a smelting-furnace, or the smoke of a locomotive.

All visitors to Mt. Adams should visit Ice-cave. It is about twelve miles southwest of the mountain. It can be reached by an Indian trail by which generations of berry-pickers and deer-slayers have gone into the mountains. The entire distance to the cave, and apparently for some distance beyond, is through the grassy park of which we have before spoken. Before reaching the cave we pass a number of lava-beds and extinct craters. These old craters are usually nearly circular in form, thirty or forty feet in depth, and from twenty to a hundred or more feet in diameter. They are pretty nearly overgrown with grass and flowers and shrubbery. This whole park, now so peaceful, has evidently been the scene of volcanic action that must have shaken the earth and melted the rocks like snow. When we reach the cave, we see nothing at first but a circular opening about eighteen feet in diameter. A chilly gust of air comes out of the opening, so commingling with the hot atmosphere outside as to give one a perfectly realizing idea of spring in New England. It is about fourteen feet to the floor of the cave. The floor is sheeted with ice varying from two to four feet in thickness. Advancing into the cave, the light of pine torches reveals a small forest of icicles. The largest of these are about ten feet in length, tapering from the size of a man's waist to a knife-like point, just touching the ceiling of the cave. This part of the cave terminates in a rocky

wall, perforated by one narrow fissure too small to admit a man of ordinary size. Judging from the sounds made by dropping stones down, there must be a deep cavity here. Just in front of this cavity is a cluster of icicles, looking like the pipes of an organ. Their lower parts are covered with the most delicate tracery, like the finest silver work. The effect when a pine torch is placed behind them, is indescribably beautiful. This ice-chamber is about forty feet in length. On the other side of the circular opening is another chamber of about the same size, containing no ice, but plentifully supplied with magnificent specimens of lava. Some hang like clusters of grapes, others look like the most delicate moss. This cave, though so small, comparatively, is full of beauty and interest. The philosophy of the ice-formation is still unexplained. Surrounded with the scattered pines through which deer can often be seen feeding on the luxuriant grass, with superb wild strawberries and huckleberries near at hand, with a fine trout-lake but a few miles distant, this now silent spot will in time attract many visitors. To them we commend the task of further expatiating on its beauties.

And so good-bye again to the mountains. They will wait for other visits. For best of all about the mountains, they can wait. The mighty Tacoma still haunts us from afar. If its cloudy divinity shall sometime condescend to admit us up higher than we have yet been, we promise to bring down thence a snow-flake and a slice or two of the upper atmosphere for the readers of the WEST SHORE.

WOMAN.

Women are more prudent than men. As a rule, women are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as men. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she had been morally wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman, with her white arms lift man from the mire of degradation, and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.—*Ingersoll*.

"SIR, do you mean to say that I speak falsely?" said a person to a French gentleman. "No, sare, I say not dat; but, sare, I say you walk round about the truth very much."