

All about us is day-lit charm of passing scene; but for *me* the sun no longer shines.

Night, with her dim mysterious beauty, enfolds the earth. In the water the pale face of the moon is mirrored and the stars look sadly down. Upon the shores a fire is burning, giving to the landscape a wild weirdness. Dark strangely clad figures are moving silently about in the firelight. From the doorway of a rough wigwam, a motionless form is silently borne down to the river bank.

Soft, warm and rich are the furs enveloping the form of the Indian maid, the pet of her tribe. But their texture is unnoted by her; their warmth unfelt; their beauty unseen. Musical is the low tinkle of the cherished ornaments with which she was wont to bedeck herself for the dance. But her ears hear not the sweet chime of the silver bells whose twisted chains entwine her graceful ankles. Her eyes sparkle not at the gleam of the yellow gold bound about her pulseless brown arms and throat.

The pale messenger of the Great Spirit has claimed her for his bride.

They have "clothed her in her richest garments, wrapped her in her robes of ermine" adorned her with bright jewels; and thus she calmly waits her journey to the Islands of the Blessed.

The narrow white canoe receives its lifeless burden. The dark oarsmen take their places. Other canoes are filled with mourners. Naught is heard save the splashing of the silvery water as the paddles strike its rippling surface. Hark! a sound of wailing! soft and low. Louder it grows, wilder and deeper still, till, echoed and re-echoed from cliff and hill, it seems the voice of Nature herself bewailing the loss of her child. The dirge dies upon the air. Once more, in solemn hush, drift the canoes, ever toward the rock-rimmed island. Thus, with alternate wail and silence, the darksome shores of "Mimaloose" is reached. In the bosom of Nature, her children lay the cold form of the young maiden, with moaning and with chanting. About her resting place these mourners will gather at sundown, for many morns, to sing their hymns of mourning and of praise.

While dreaming I have been borne down the mighty river, past scenes of

wildest grandeur. Hills have rolled in billowy waves to meet the blue sky. Basaltic walls and bluffs have reached upward thousands of feet, their sides iron-ridged, lava-ribbed, painted with lichens and bathed by waterfalls of surpassing beauty. Lest the mind weary in the midst of so great sublimity, Nature has interspersed soul satisfying pictures of quiet beauty.

We are passing "Shell Rock," a mountain formed, as its name indicates, of shell stones. Its base rises from beneath the waters. Its broken castellated summit is among the clouds.

Sombre gray, unlit by autumn hues, it stands a solemn majestic monument of the time when mountains sprang from the convulsed bosom of Mother Earth and stiffened stark and cold, ere they could return to their former home.

We near "Mitchell's Point" lifting its warning finger of stone heavenward. Beyond it a great mass of rugged moss-clad rock, terraced, strengthened by abutments, and bearing upon its top a small pointed butte. Near by, a hill, dressed in richest wine hues, smiles across at a gray bluff crowned with fir, and swathed in robes of autumnal glory.

Now the Columbia folds in her cold embrace two swift-rushing mountain streams. Upon one side, hastening from the perpetual snows of proud old Hood, his most bewitching water-child, tumultuous little Hood. Upon the other side the beautiful White Salmon swift fleeing from the icy bonds of Adams. So near is Mount Hood that we can see the shining of its ridges as they reflect the sun-rays.

Opposite, the mighty heights are cleft asunder and in the gap Mt. Adams stands in regal pride.

Now upon our left, perennial green, from the river-bank to upmost height. Fir, pine, moss and fern, each brings its emerald tribute to grace the scene.

We turn to the right and the eye is dazzled with brilliancy. High banks recede hundreds of feet all unbroken; then suddenly becomingly ruggedly irregular, they stretch into a level plateau, with velvety hills that terminate in lofty triangular buttes, the whole rejoicing in a garb of mingled hues—maroon, pale silver, gleamings of orange, with palest pinks and deepest crimsons. Surely, the fairies themselves, had to do with the coloring.

Further on, the receding bank becomes a line of points and long jagged teeth; their fierceness softened by glowing tint of clinging vine and shrub. Twenty-five hundred feet high, towers a point of solid rock guarding stern masses of gray basalt, unadorned by any fairy device of Nature.

Now the hills dip lower. The wind falls, the waters seem deeper and bluer, reflecting the rare brightness of the foliage upon the banks. A score of tiny islets rise above the river's surface, each almost black at its base, shading upward into most delicate green.

On we glide! each successive view more than worthy of an attempted description; but this, neither my time nor the patience of the reader will permit. At best how weak are all word pictures of the glories of Nature. How meagre seems our stock of words! How bound and hampered is the soul when it attempts to portray the sublime!

We have passed Wind Mountain—"Enchanted Mount" as the Indians call it, believing it the home of devastating winds.

Now we reach the Cascades, a most picturesque spot where the river foams and dashes around stony isles that bear trees and shrubs upon their surfaces. One, an exquisite bit of nature is cone-shaped with thick moss at its base, golden foliage above and at its summit a cluster of tall, dark firs.

The river plunges in white heat, lashing great black boulders; blacker still they seem from contrast with the snowy seething waters.

Upon a knoll stands the old block-house, built in early times for defense against the savages. It is dark with age and peers solemnly out from its port-hole eyes.

It is with a feeling of inexpressible awe that the traveller stands here, where mountains have been riven asunder to afford this angry waving stream its stony bed. Indian tradition says that, ages ago there was, just above this point, a natural bridge, fashioned by the hand of the Great Spirit himself, for the feet of his red children to pass over. In a moment of jealous rage, the hoary giants, Hood and Adams, leaned across in fierce combat. The mighty struggle shook the massive bridge from its foundation. Toppling, it fell; filling with its ruins, the river, and producing the foaming rapids below.