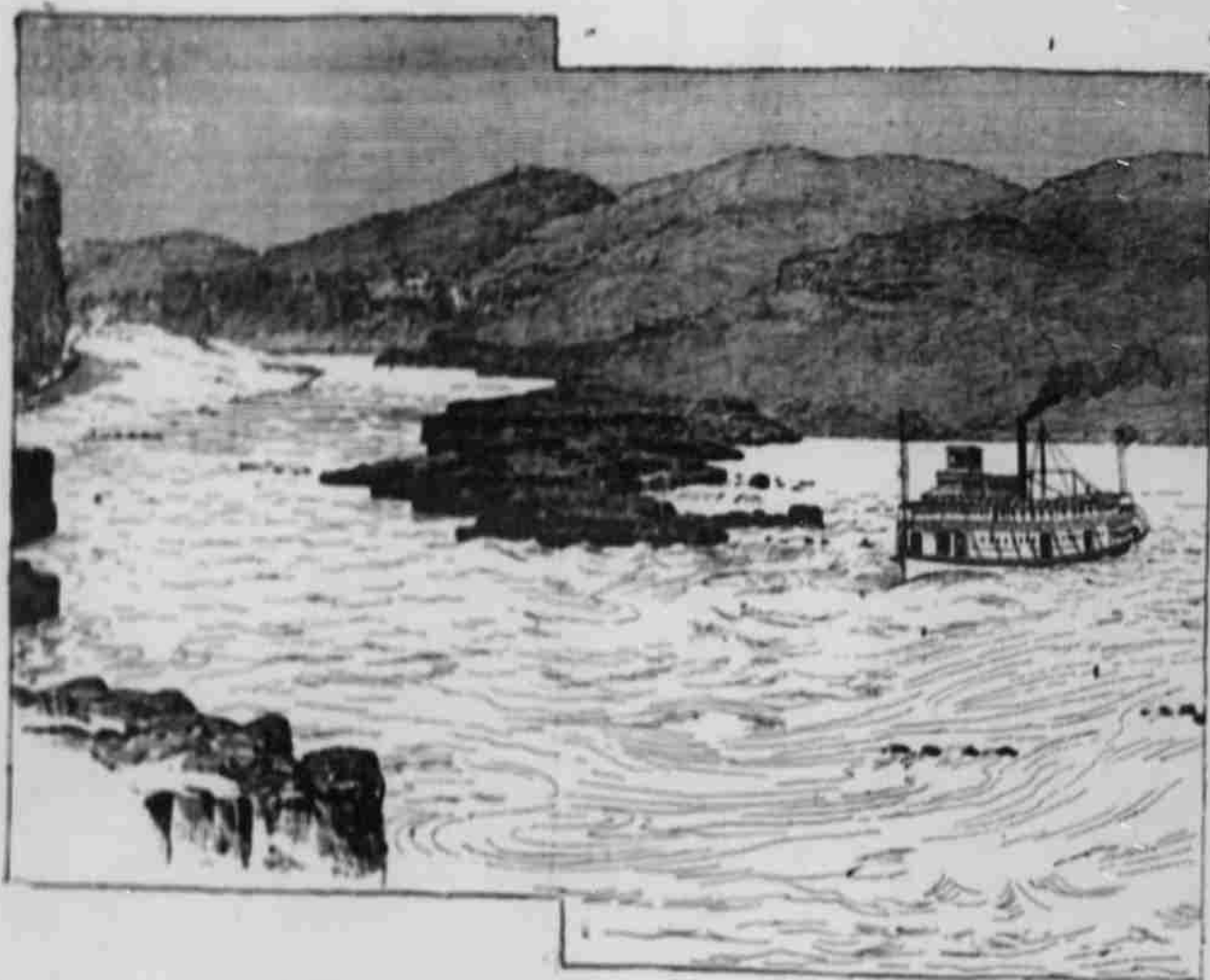


projected beyond the smooth curve of the rim an instant but to plunge deep into the seething undertows a moment later as the steamer came over in faultless style. But her stern dropped too low on the brink, and, unknown to the spectators, or the pilot even, the rudders, together with a portion of her wheel, were carried away, leaving the boat adrift at the most critical point of the passage. The pilot rang to reverse the engines, for he saw that she was not going to mind her helm, as he had expected; the engineer shouted back that the starboard eccentric was broken and his engine was disabled. The boat swung round upon a ledge near the Oregon shore, but the heavy swells carried her past the obstruction and down against a

great river roars and surges in the fiercest turmoil. Captain Troup found the current too swift to back against, and instantly decided to "open her out." The powerful machinery forced the beautiful boat forward at a bound almost, causing her to answer the helm nobly and clear the narrow defile before the guests on board were fully aware of the situation. Then came a long, sweeping stretch of the river, gradually trending southwesterly, the rock-bound shores broken occasionally by sand beaches, little land-locked coves, or broad bays, the mirror-like surfaces of which flashed beneath the winter sunlight indescribably. The hoarse cough of the steamer's exhaust awoke the echoes along shore while she plowed the blue waters and rolled



THE "HARVEST QUEEN" RUNNING TUMWATER FALLS IN JANUARY, 1881.

jagged reef below. Recoiling, she drifted helplessly on until she crashed into another reef which caused her to reel as though wounded unto death. One anxious moment the spectators saw her falter, then stagger on, swept by the resistless current to the comparatively quiet reach below, where, slightly listed to port, she floated slowly down until the lines could be made fast to the shore. It was found that the steamer was not seriously harmed beyond the injuries indicated, for the hull was constructed in a most substantial manner and furnished with numerous water-tight compartments. Repairs were soon completed and the voyage continued. At the Little Dalles a rock-walled chasm about fifty yards wide, where the whole body of the

great swells shoreward to dash upon the black rocks or sweep far up the glittering beaches of sand.

Arriving at the "mess house," just above the Grand Dalles—Irving's "Long Narrows"—the boat was tied to await the necessary fall of the river. During the delay thus occasioned Captain Troup examined the dangerous channel through which he had next to pass, forcing his way amid snowdrifts and over countless boulders.

When the temporary flood had subsided final orders were given to bring the boat on to The Dalles. Breaking away from her haven near the site of the historic Indian village of Wish-ram, the *Harvest Queen* straightened up for her last desperate conflict with the rapids.