

summit was a broad treeless zone of softly varied, yellowish green, interrupted by expanses of rock and traversed by downward sloping ribbons of richer green along the water courses. These strips of rich green reached like grass-grown lanes far down below timber line, and divided sharply the purplish waves of the monotonously dark evergreen forests, which swept roll after roll to the banks of the muddy Columbia, only here and there showing the gleaming white of a waterfall.

It struck my inexperienced eyes that these seeming strips of full herbage meadow strung on the white thread of a stream offered ready-made paths up the mountain.

It was not long before the idea was put to the test. Two of us, after some little adventures, rafted over the Columbia and undertook the ascent of our unnamed but majestic neighbor. We chose the nearest of the green lanes as our point of attack, and trudged some hours through the woods of pine and spruce before reaching it. The green half light of the forest gave way to the broad daylight of a clearing, and we stood at the lower end of our path. But what a path!

Sharply edged by tall grey ranks of standing trees was a perfect field of destruction. Huge trunks still covered with bark, or bare and weather-beaten, lay shivered and broken and tossed in confused heaps like piles of dead after a hard-fought battle.

The small river whose course we had followed was buried deep out of sight for a mile or more, but could be heard roaring and gurgling among rocks and hindrances below like a baffled wild beast. Sometimes it sounded choked and distant; at others, a glimpse of polished green water, or oftener of white foam, gleamed from between the logs, and the roar grew loud.

In places a dense growth of lithe bushes or young trees had sprung up and half hid the ranks of fallen trees. These, with tall ferns among the sharp-angled rock fragments of the steep mountain slope, made an indescribable tangle and torment for burdened prospectors to cross. The avalanche track, or snow-slide, as unimaginative westerners choose to name it, was