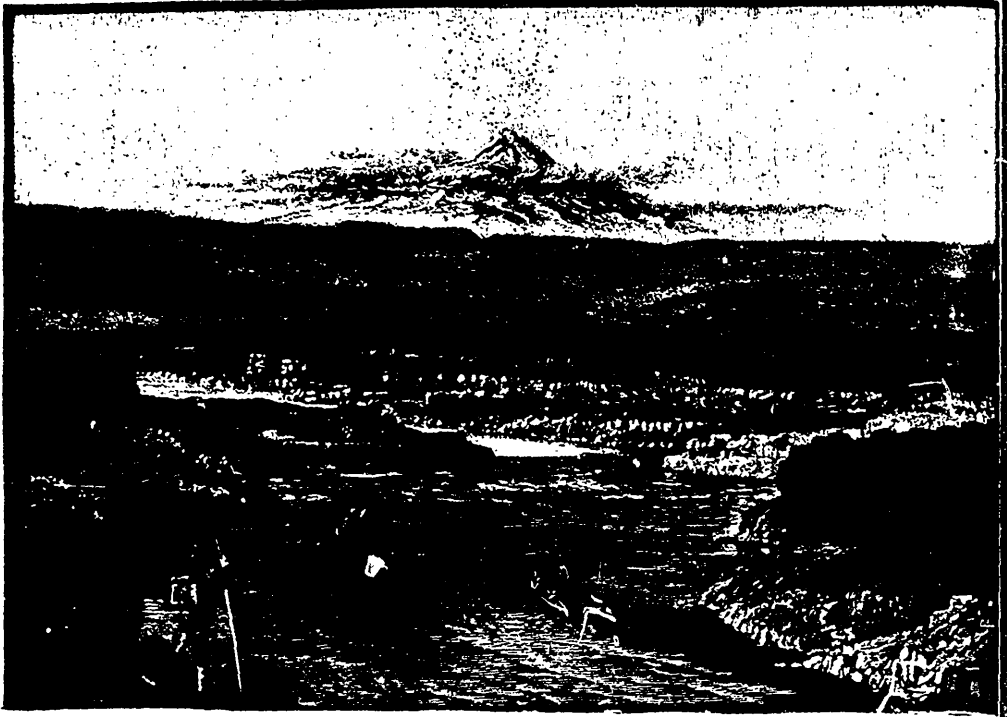


in flood—no, they were not fools enough for that." Some recommended us to have a look at the Dalles, five miles up, before we started; while others darkly hinted that within a week an empty dug-out would drift past Farwell and four more names would be added to the list of missing prospectors. Pulling the canoe half a mile above

stepped into the bow, and off we swung into the current. At last, good-bye, Farwell!

Splash went oars and paddles, and we pulled with all our strength, but to our dismay, the canoe went steadily down stream, stern foremost. The current was too much for us, and in a minute we should be drifting past the town to the delight of the kind



THE LOWER COLUMBIA AND MOUNT HOOD, 11,225 FEET HIGH.

the town to avoid curiosity, we made ready to start. The flour and beans and pork, the tent and rolls of blankets, and "dunnage bags" with our few personal effects were stowed in the canoe as she tugged at the rope. The French-Canadian raftsmen, whom we had chosen captain, took his place at the stern; an ex-army sergeant and I laid our clumsy oars in the row-locks; the fourth man, letting go the line,

friends who had offered such good advice. There was no help for it but to land, and when we stood on shore again, surely four more disconsolate men were not to be found in all British Columbia. But we were not to be beaten in this ridiculous way. Slowly we uncoiled the eighty feet of tow-rope, and throwing the end over our shoulders, the sergeant and I trudged off, dragging the dug-out, with the other two men as