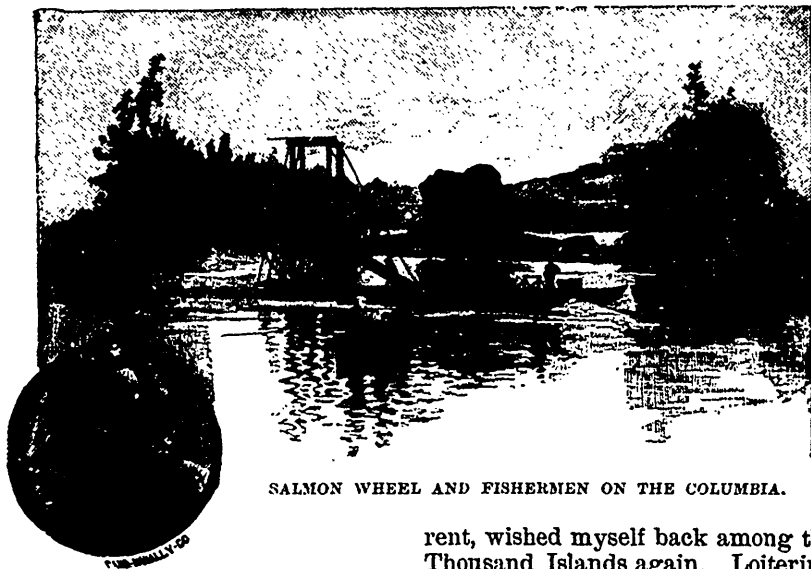


CANOEING ON THE COLUMBIA.*

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.



SALMON WHEEL AND FISHERMEN ON THE COLUMBIA.

FROM the St. Lawrence to the Columbia is more than two thousand miles, but in these days when the earth is shrinking so fast, that is only a trifle; so that not long after making up my mind to visit the Big Bend gold region I found myself at Farwell on the Columbia, the nearest point by rail. But here commenced my troubles. Laporte, the gateway to the mines, was only fifty miles up the river. From the mountains opposite, one could almost see it far away in the long valley; but it seemed as hard to reach as the sources of the Nile.

Heartily tired of the ugly and wicked little place, with its log saloons and gambling hells crowded with navvies of all nations eager to spend their hard earnings as fast and as viciously as possible, I wandered one hot morning along the river, and, watching its muddy cur-

rent, wished myself back among the Thousand Islands again. Loitering past the much-needed, but little used, "City Bathhouse" floating on its platform of logs, all at once the yellow of fresh-hewn pine struck my eyes, and before me lay a log canoe. Beside it stood three men in their shirt-sleeves, deep in consultation and broiling in the sun. They had just come to the "city" for supplies. In five minutes they were persuaded to go up to Laporte; and in consideration of the sum of \$12.50 I became a fourth partner in the dug-out, with the understanding that I should provision myself and do my share of the navigation.

When Farwell learned our intentions it took a sudden interest in us. All the loafers and railway men, and they made up nine-tenths of the city, proceeded to give us advice, often emphasized with profanity. "They were going up to the Big Bend too, when the river went down; but to attempt it now, with the river

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