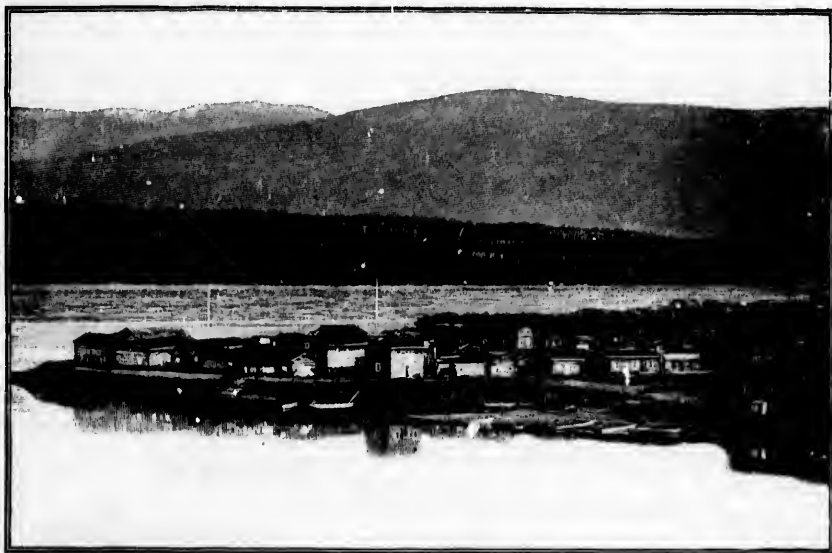


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From a photograph.

FORTY MILE POST.

of the water warned us that we were nearing the Grand Cañon. We landed on the right bank, in an eddy just above the entrance.

The cañon is three-quarters of a mile long, and its perpendicular walls of rock are about one hundred feet high. The walls are not more than one hundred feet apart, but through this space the river, seven hundred feet wide, must force its way. The rush of the water forms an arch or crest in the middle, several feet higher than at the walls, and on this a boat must be kept to avoid striking the sides; should that happen, it would mean death to the occupants. The portage on the right bank is about a mile in length.

In the morning, after unloading nearly all of our supplies, three of our number undertook to run our three boats through the cañon. We removed our boots and heavy clothing, that we might make a struggle in case of accident. Our craft was shoved well out into the stream, and the men rowed fiercely to gain steerage-way and avoid a large rock near the entrance; then the current caught us, and the rush began. Through the first large breakers the boat darted, rolling and plunging, but shipping only a little water; then on to the crest beyond, into nearly absolute darkness. The black, wet, over-

hanging walls of rock darted by; the uproar was overwhelming; we could not have heard each other shout; then the walls separated, the speed slackened, the eddy was reached, and half the trip was finished. But immediately it all began again and was repeated, and then the boat rested against the bank in the sunshine and the thing was done. I realized that a close finish under the wire or the tie touch-down of the Thanksgiving game were things unworthy of attention. The second boat I timed from the rocks above with watch and revolver, and the trip was made in 2:29.

Lake Lebarge, the last of the series, is a beautiful body of water, some five miles broad and, I believe, nearly forty miles long. We rowed the entire distance and rejoiced when we reached its outlet, the Lewis River, which has a current of more than five miles an hour and follows a very crooked course.

About thirty miles below the Hootalinqua River joins the Lewis, flowing from the southeast, where it rises in Teslin Lake. It is longer than the Lewis, with its connecting chain of lakes, but does not carry so great a volume of water. Fine gold has been found along its course, but the reports from there last year were not encouraging. Several bars below this