FINDS NEW SCHEME FOR SUFFRAGETTES

Will Sacrifice Worldly Goods Rather Than Pay Taxes—*The* Battle for Ballot

LONDON, May 2.—Women who want to vote in England have just devised a scheme calculated to give more trouble to the square inch than any other method of warfare hitherto devised by these enterprising modern Amazons. It is extremely simple in its methods and secures the largest amount of lime-light effect for a given outlay of capital and energy.

All women in the new movement who own property propose to sacrifice their worldly goods rather than pay taxes under man-made laws in which women have no voice. The affair has already begun to assume serious proportions owing to the fact that about 30 women householders have refused to pay income tax and other taxes. Legal proceedings are being instituted against them, and altogether there will be some lively times during the next few months.

In the forefront of the fighting are the women doctors, and all those who follow a professional career. They have long had a standing grievance, owing to the restrictions imposed upon all women in England who attempt to "break into" professional careers. Two women doctors have already been "sold up" at public auction, and within the next few weeks many sales are to occur in which property holders will immolate themselves on the altar of political freedom, which, in this instance, takes the form of the auctioneer's rostrum.

MRS. EDITH HOW MARTYN AS A STUDENT.

Society Headquarters.

The headquarters of the movement are in a big office building, 18 Buckingham street, Strand, and the instigator of the scheme is Mrs. Edith How Martyn, who has already spent some months in prison for her strenuous advocacy of women's rights. Seen recently, by the writer, and asked as to her plans for the immediate future, she gave an outline of her novel forthcoming campaign.

"We look forward to passive resistance to accomplish a great deal for our cause," said Mrs. Martyn. "The battle has been opened by the seizure of Dr. Lewin's property in Lisson Grove, London. Dr. Lewin, a woman doctor, has been prosecuted for refusing to pay taxes on her armorial bearings. Of course, she has a perfect right to display these insignia, but that is not the point. As the law which requires people to pay taxes on armorial bearings was made by men, and as women had no voice in its framing, we protest against that law. When Dr. Lewin was summoned she was ordered to pay a $50 fine or pay this tax. She told the magistrate at once that she would never pay the tax without force. As a consequence the sheriff's officers were put in possession at her home, and her goods are to be auctioned off.

"Several other women doctors have refused to pay income tax. Naturally, professional women will be the first to suffer by this passive resistance movement, as they are the ones called upon to discharge direct taxes on their incomes.

"Every day new members are joining our Women's Freedom league, and signifying their willingness to endure any hardship rather than submit to the injustice under which women at present suffer. This movement is not confined to London but is spreading all over the country.

Won't Pay Tax.

"At Glasgow another of our members, Miss Meredith, also a doctor, has refused to pay income tax, and will be sold up within the next few weeks. There are also Dr. Elizabeth Weeks of Hackney, Dr. Winifred Patch, Mrs. Despard, Miss Heyes, Mrs. Sargent Florence, Mrs. Edwards and many others, all of whom are willing to have their property seized and sold.

MRS DESPARD, SISTER OF GEN. FRENCH.

"Mrs. Despard, who is one of our strongest members and a great fighter, is the sister of General French. She is the treasurer of the Women's Freedom league.

"Our idea is to cause as much trouble as we can until we get men to realize that they have no right to tax us without representation. In a measure our grievance is the same as that of the early American colonies—we do not intend to submit to being taxed unless we have a say-so in the taxing.

MRS EDITH HOW MARTYN AS PRISONER.

"While passive resistance is expensive, we regard is as extremely effective, in the first place, immediately on our refusing to pay taxes, we are summoned in a public police court, and this gives us a chance to express our views before magistrates. They usually hear what we have to say, and some of them perhaps sympathize with us. However, they cannot do otherwise than administer the man-made laws as they find them; the consequence being that the sheriff is directed to distrain upon our goods.

Battle Really Begins.

"It is only after the bailiff has been put in possession that the battle really begins. The goods are taken off to a public auction and sold. Our entire organization will attend these auctions in force, and you may depend upon it, some lively scenes will be witnessed. The goods will be sold under protest. All this will help to show that we are in earnest, and when several hundred sales are taking place simultaneously throughout the country, people will realize that we mean business.

"If women are to get anything, a fight to a finish will have to be made for it. Nothing has been gained in the past by silent endurance; and now all this is to be changed. Ours is a militant organization, and we intend adopting any means in our power to make our cause a success.

"A regular campaign will be followed from now on. In addition to passive resistance we are to make regular descents upon the houses of parliament. Our main object is to be allowed to plead our cause before the bar of the house. We have already petitioned for this right, and it has been refused. We intend keeping up 'worrying tactics' until this concession is granted.

"In addition to the house of commons campaign our members are delegated to attend police courts and watch all proceedings. As soon as a woman is brought in—no matter what the charge—one of our delegates will stand up and say: 'I protest against the trial of this woman by man-made law in which women have no part,' or words to that effect. In one or two cases our delegates have already succeeded in making a fairly lengthy speech before the magistrate has realized what was happening. With this sort of thing going on all over England in hundreds of police courts you can imagine what the effect will be.

"Then again, one of our members will attend before nominating committees at each by-election and protest against each election until our rights are recognized. At Manchester and elsewhere we have found this move to work admirably. So far we have received very courteous treatment before these committees. We issued cards to all women in the recent by-elections who, under proper conditions, should have had a vote; and these women went to the polls and stood up, exhibiting cards bearing the words: 'Because you are a woman, you may not vote. Legislation without representation is slavery; taxation without representation is tyranny.' We think this made a very good impression. Many men expressed themselves in our favor.

Use of Ballot.

"What would we do with the vote if we had it?

"Oh, that's an easy one. We have extremely definite ideas of just what we want.

"Here are the principal objects which all women's rights organizations are striving for today:

"1. Equality before the law. This especially applies to divorce laws, which must be made the same for women as for men. The mother must be given also equal rights with the father in their children. In England, the father is the only legal parent. The laws of inheritance favor men entirely. This should not be.

"2. Equal pay for equal work is another measure we shall strongly insist upon.

"3. Proper recognition for public services; that is, the same rewards should be given to women as to men. For instance, if Miss Florence Nightingale, or Miss Emily Davis, founder of Girton college, had been men, they would have received public honors long ago. Being women, they are not noticed, except when too late, if at all!

"4. No taxation without representation. Carried to its logical conclusion this, of course, means a voice in government, for legislation without representation is, as I have said, nothing but slavery.

"The statement has been made that there have been several bad splits in the suffragette movement. These dissensions have only concerned our private constitution, and have nothing whatever to do with the general movement. All the various organizations—and there are four principal ones—are united as to main causes. Our Women's Freedom league broke away from the first suffrage movement on the question of whether we should run the movement on democratic as opposed to autocratic policy. We consider that we present the democratic side of the movement. The suffrage movement as a whole has no elements of discord."

In Prohibition Georgia.

From the New York Sun.

A man who came up recently from Atlanta was showing to some friends what looked like a big cigar wrapped in tinfoil. He took it out of a breast pocket, and it looked for all the world like one of those expensive smokes.

"I got this down in Atlanta," he said.

"It must have been a good cigar to bring it up all this way," remarked one of the group.

"It isn't a cigar," said the traveler.

He peeled off the tinfoil and displayed a cigar-shaped bottle filled with whiskey.

"You know Georgia's prohibition now," he said.

Calling for Credentials.

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir—By whom were "Blue Point" and "Major Max" appointed janitors of the English language? "Blue Point's" communication is trifling and to be ignored. "Major Max's" pretentious display of erudition in quoting St. Lambert and the Goncourts does not qualify him as a critic of the Sun nor of the Sun's correspondent "G. R. P. Jr." in the latter's humorous use of the word "nuance" in connection with fried oysters.

New York, May 6. Professor.

The GOLD SEEKER

By Peter Purmester

"WILL you kindly permit me, madame, to call on your father tomorrow morning?"

"But why should you call on him, Count?"

"What a strange question when I have been trying to propose to you for nearly two weeks."

"Is it really two weeks since we met? That is a very long time, I must say."

"It has been long enough for me to find out that we would be an excellently mated couple."

"Do you really think so?"

"It is my earnest conviction."

"You don't know, then, that you seem rather uninteresting to me?"

"Rather! There, you see, you already admit something."

"You are easily satisfied."

"Oh, now there you are very much mistaken."

"Well, you are at least very easily satisfied on one point. And why do you believe that we would make a well-mated couple?"

"Well, because we have both seen a good deal of the world, because we would not ask too much of each other, because—because we are too sensible to be unhappy."

She hesitated a moment, looked down in her lap and blushed.

"I heard quite recently something rather bad about you, Count."

"You don't say so."

"People call you the goldseeker."

He bowed.

"You have many splendid qualities, madame, but none of them is more conspicuous than your absolute frankness."

"I understand you are almost as frank as I am."

"Just as you say. I do not try to conceal that I would have to remain silent no matter how strong my feelings if you were a poor girl. You see, I didn't inherit anything but my name and title, and the duty to live up to both. Don't you see, then, that I can't do anything but marry a rich girl?"

"The main thing is, then, my money?"

"I beg your pardon, your money is only a necessary evil. Besides, it will be no bad bargain for either of us, Countess."

"I am afraid you overestimate my money, Count."

They looked at each other and both laughed.

This strange conversation had been carried on in a corner of the ballroom underneath a mass of blooming camellias, laurels and palms. The two young people were sitting on a small settee in the light of a ruby lantern above.

Anna was leaning back in one corner of the settee and the count in the other. She was dressed in a costly robe of old lace, and although she was no more quite young she was still beautiful.

The count was a man about 40. His hair was rather thin, but looking at him you would immediately notice that he was every inch a gentleman.

"It would be an ideal marriage," he said, still laughing, "without prejudice, without illusions! Charming in fact!"

"Then you really meant—"

"To propose to you, Anna? Why certainly, the prospect of a marriage with you satisfies me in every way."

"Even when you know that you do not possess my love?"

"I will try to win that later."

She looked earnestly for a moment at the handsome, but already somewhat blasse sitting at her side. Then she nodded her head, arose quickly and with a swift movement of her foot arranged her long train.

The count took her hand, kissed her fingers and was about to take her into the ballroom. Then he suddenly stopped, dropped her arm and said:

"There is still time for you to take back your word, Anna. I have many debts which I must pay. I am acting solely from selfish motives, and if we should later find that we do not suit each other then—"

She threw back her head and replied proudly: "I thought you said yourself that you had no illusions. Come now!"

* *

The count and countess had been on their wedding trip for two weeks. And they were in Paris. They had taken dinner at their hotel and were now going to their apartments to dress for the opera. When they reached Anna's door the count asked earnestly.

"May I come in?"

He did not notice the expression which came into her eyes only to disappear as quickly as it had come. She looked once more tired as usual, as she turned her beautiful pale face towards him.

"If you have anything important to tell me."

The little parlor which they now entered together was furnished in excellent taste, and it was evident that the young wife had done wonders to transform the usual hotel parlor into a real cozy pleasant room.

Anna sat down in the low easy chair near the fireplace and began to play with her fan.

The count stood at the table in the center of the room picking up one after the other the many photographs, and at last he said absolutely calm: "It is strange, only a few minutes ago you were merry and seemed happy and as soon as we are alone your face looks like stone."

She bit her lip and looked at him coldly as she replied:

"A few minutes ago I was amusing myself, now I am bored."

"Well I must admit that you are at least frank."

"A quality which you praised rather highly when we first met," she replied.

"At that time we were not yet married. Then your frankness seemed rather original and charming, for at that time I was looking at you simply with the eye of the gold seeker."

He stood now only a few steps from her and spoke quickly and excitedly, his face was flushed and his eyes were sparkling with an expression which might mean hatred as well as love.

She saw it and it pleased her. Still her voice sounded as cold as ever when she said: "At that time you humiliated me—you humiliated me before myself. Without prejudices, without illusions. Those were your words, that was the kind of marriage you proposed to me, and now I am about to live up to your ideas."

He believed the words were meant as they were said, for his passion made him blind and deaf. He saw only her marble face and heard only the icy voice, he did not see that her lips were trembling, that her bosom was heaving, nor did he hear the sigh she tried to suppress.

"Very well! Very well!" he cried. "You want to pay me back, you want to humiliate me as I humiliated you, but don't forget that things have changed now. I am your husband.

"I beg your pardon—"

"I am your husband according to the law, even if we are not really in love, and even if you refuse me even to kiss your hand. I demand from you if not love at least that you shall respect me as your husband, and I forbid you to make any man you happen to meet believe you are full of life and spirit and sighing only for love that I can not give you."

"It really sounds as if you were jealous," she said with a smile, "and a man without prejudices and illusions should be far above such common passion. I assure you it is a great surprise to me. When they called you the gold seeker—"

"Call me that now, too," he interrupted her. "I am still the gold seeker. I have got the gold fever, the genuine gold fever, the longing after riches, compared to which the wealth of your father is only a miserable tip."

She either did not understand him right away, or she did not want to understand him. Blushing at her own words she said:

"I regret very much that I'm not able to satisfy your growing appetite."

It was like a blow in the face.

"Anna!"

What a world of feeling and sentiment in this one word. It was like a cry which showed to her unexpectedly his real soul. As he stood there devouring her beautiful form with his eyes it seemed to both of them as if the word came back a thousand times like a distant echo.

The countess stood up. She wanted to speak, but she couldn't. She stepped over to a small rosewood table in the corner of the room and began to look at a book. She couldn't bear to look at him. He followed her and spoke to her over her shoulder so that she felt his breath on her cheek.

"So that is the reason: And even if I have to humiliate myself still deeper, you shall know everything. The wealth that I am longing for, that I am dreaming of night and day, that wealth you can give me. Since you have become my wife I have learned to love you, and the love of you, and the longing for you is driving me almost insane. The gold fever that I was speaking of, other people call love. I know that I have given up forever my right to happiness that I have lost, the gift I might have possessed. I am too proud to force you to give me what you refuse to give, but remember I shall not allow any one to stretch out his hand to touch what belongs to me."

He was about to turn away, to leave her alone when the book fell out of her hand and she turned towards him. She seemed to have been entirely changed. She looked younger than he had ever seen her, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes beaming as she threw her arms around his neck and whispered into his ear with the fervor of a girl who loves for the first time:

"At last."

PORT ARTHUR.

Japanese Busily Reconstructing the Defences on New Plan.

In view of the renewed interest aroused in Port Arthur by the recent condemnation of General Stoessel, it may be interesting to translate from the Voice of Moscow portions of the article of a Russian correspondent in that great Japanese fortress, who seems to be particularly observant.

He says that Port Arthur and Dalny have changed very much since the war. Under Russian rule Port Arthur was an international town, full of life, and after the Japanese came into possession of it it promised to be even livelier than ever. The roads were repaired, the quays renewed, the water supply improved, Japanese and Chinese merchants began to establish themselves in the town and business houses began to be built.

But suddenly something happened. All at once Port Arthur became a city of the dead. Business men quietly abandoned their shops, builders left their uncompleted buildings, and from that time up to the present no private individual has begun any new building in Port Arthur. The great supplies of provisions and other goods were sent back to Japan or into other parts of Manchuria. But none except the Japanese knew what was the word that had gone forth.

The whole fortress is being reconstructed on a new and unknown plan. The fortifications are being extended beyond their old limits and the laborers and overseers are selected with the greatest care.

The old redoubts are not destroyed, but all useful material in them has been moved to other sites. In the construction of the fortifications great attention has been paid to the selection of the best positions whence a plunging fire can be concentrated on the passage through the hills in front, and in order to attain this end constant practice firing is carried on.

The landward side is protected by long-range guns mounted in excellent forts. At one point alone there are 120 guns. On the seaward side rows of guns are visible—many of these guns were taken from the Russians.

Trial firing is carried on more and more frequently at night with the help of reflectors, and to assist the gunners a whole series of signal stations has been erected on the hills. At the bottom of both harbors and out along the seacoast up to a distance of two miles from the fortress some sort of work is being carried on; perhaps mines are being laid.

All the way to Mukden strategic positions are being selected and prepared, and strategic roads are being run through the mountains.

As for Dalny, it is strongly fortified on the landward side, the entire environs of the village of Loukku having been converted into fortress positions and guns have been mounted there. On the seaward side Dalny is more weakly fortified, but on the whole it is very much more strongly defended than when the Russians were in possession of it.

The enormous barracks in Port Arthur and Dalny are full of troops, and great stores of grain, fodder, beans, etc., have been collected. There has lately appeared in Dalny a peculiar four-wheeled castiron platform for carrying field guns of the largest caliber.

To the fortified points of Port Arthur and Dalny special railway branch lines have been built from the main railway.

Large parties of Japanese officers come frequently from Japan to study the ground, not only at Port Arthur and Dalny but in Mukden and Liaoyang. Lately many troops have come and have all gone to Mukden.

THE SPENDTHRIFT

By Mrs. John A. Logan

(Copyright, 1908, by W. R. Hearst.)

THAT women are sometimes extravagant and allow their love of dress and luxuries to carry them beyond the limit of reason there is no denying. But where you find one woman spendthrift you will find ten men who will exceed her most lavish expenditures by many hundreds or thousands, as the case may be.

Women's foibles and follies are rarely based upon the spending of large sums of money—their tastes run to trifling things—while men spenders must have bigger things. Cheap ones never satisfy them, and besides, they love to show off by literally throwin' money away, as for instance, lighting high-priced cigars with bills of greater or less denomination, according to the lack of brains, amount of money and sobriety of the prodigals.

I cannot believe that women are responsible for the present financial crisis. The causes which have produced such lamentable results are far more serious than the petty follies of women. In the first place there are few men who cannot stop their wives' extravagances if they are going too far beyond their means.

Creditors do not and should not hesitate to present wives' bills to their husbands, hence it is impossible for women to go very far into debt without their husbands knowing all about it.

I have known few men who would not refuse to give their wives money if they felt they were spending too much. Women are more likely to do without things rather than ask for the money to buy what they want or have things charged to their husbands if they can get along without doing so.

There always will be rivalries in dress as well as love between women, but the woman who has the best taste and judgment in dress is sure to win out. They can rarely force their husbands to desperate means to meet their excessive expenses. When women are charged with extravagance and their husbands are pitied on that account, if the cases were fairly investigated it would be found, nine time out of ten, that the men's own recklessness was the cause of their desperation.

The stock market, the races, gambling? No. Questionable associations, expensive cigars, cigarettes, liquors are not infrequently causes of men's downfall, although before their fall they may have been regarded as models of morality. This class of men are the very ones to insinuate or cowardly lay the blame on their wives when their just deserts overtake them.

Many American women are shamefully extravagant with and thoughtless about money, but few are heartless, and it is the exception when they are deaf to the appeal of their husbands to be more economical. They can be and are self-denying many times when they know that their husbands are squandering their money on others.

It has been proven that men's dress is more expensive than women's and if they were obliged to have as many clothes as women have, the most discreet man in the world would find it hard to be presentable on the same amount which his wife expended for her clothes.

While American women are the most generous in the world to their families, there are but few who do not know exactly how much they give their wives. They are the exceptions who exceed what they can afford in their allowance to their families.

Reference to the cases of trusted men who defaulted will prove that in not a single case was the legitimate wife responsible for the desperate means of the defaults. The wives of such men have invariably been found to be ignorant of the character of their husbands. Bad associates are in most cases responsible for men being driven to desperate means to pay for extravagances.

LIKED SALT WATER.

Where Remains of Extinct Animals Are Most Likely to Be Found.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Wherever you find salt or sulphur springs," says a gentleman connected with the United States geological survey, "you may expect to find the bones of mastodons and other huge creatures that have now become extinct.

"Many persons suppose that the presence of these bones in great numbers indicates that the animals had a sort of common cemetery, like the llamas of Chile, which, when they felt death coming on, always made for the nearest stream or pond, and if they could get there died in the water.

"That, however, is likely only a superstition. The mastodon bones in a salt or sulphur marsh indicate that the animals went there to drink the water, and occasionally one got mired and was suffocated. The great number of the bones does not prove that a whole herd of mastodons was drowned at once, but that one being mired every year or so during several centuries would in time cause a great accumulation of bones.

"Missouri has a bone marsh at Sulphur Springs; there is a great mine of them at the Salt Springs in Kentucky, and at several places in Ohio and Indiana where there are saline springs. A great spring in Florida, one of the four or five huge outlets which are grouped under the name of Silver Spring, is called the Bone Yard because the bottom and sides are masses of mastodon bones."

Cure for Headache.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"The best cure I know of for a headache is to wash your face," said a bright looking man. "Yes, I believe to suddenly cleanse your face with cold water will open up the pores and probably start the blood in circulation, and I know it will relieve you of a headache in a jiffy. I have tried it myself a great many times and have always been successful. There is something in the nature of a stimulant in the cold water treatment that braces me right up. My head when it aches gets hot and throbs, and the water makes it cool and fresh. I have a theory, too, that people don't wash their faces nearly enough anyhow, in these days of dusty asphalt streets and soft coal smoke."

Hard Bet to Win.

"I expect to die with my boots on."

The speaker glared about the workroom of a Detroit factory with a dauntless eye—or, to be exact, with two dauntless eyes.

"Bet you $1 you starve to death," bluffed a fellow workman.

"I'll take the bet," said the dauntless one.

The money is in the hands of a stakeholder, who is anxiously awaiting developments.

BEFORE THE PORTLANDERS CAME TO THE WILLAMETTE

THAT the march of progress, as applied to the development of the Oregon country, has more than kept pace with the march of time, is fittingly illustrated by the foregoing picture of the "City of Oregon," now Oregon City, and the following description of the Oregon Territory, reproduced from "Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion," published at Boston, of date May 29, 1852, in the days when Portland was not.

"This picturesque city is the largest in that portion of land known as the Oregon Territory, lying on the extreme northwest of the United States bordering on the Pacific ocean. The city of Oregon is situated in a fine fertile valley, at the falls of the Willamette river, near its junction with the Columbia, the principal river of Oregon. The rapid march of emigration westward has given all our western states and territories a new importance; and as ere long Oregon, with the rest is destined to exert a power and influence of immense import on the political and social character of the United States, we subjoin an account of the territory, that those of our readers who desire a minute acquaintance with the geographical locality and characteristics of this outer wall of our republic, may understand what a world of resources is yet to be developed there. This territory is divided into three belts or sections, separated by ranges of mountains running very nearly parallel with the shore of the Pacific. The first or western section lies between the Pacific ocean and the Cascade mountains or President's range.

Between the Mountains.

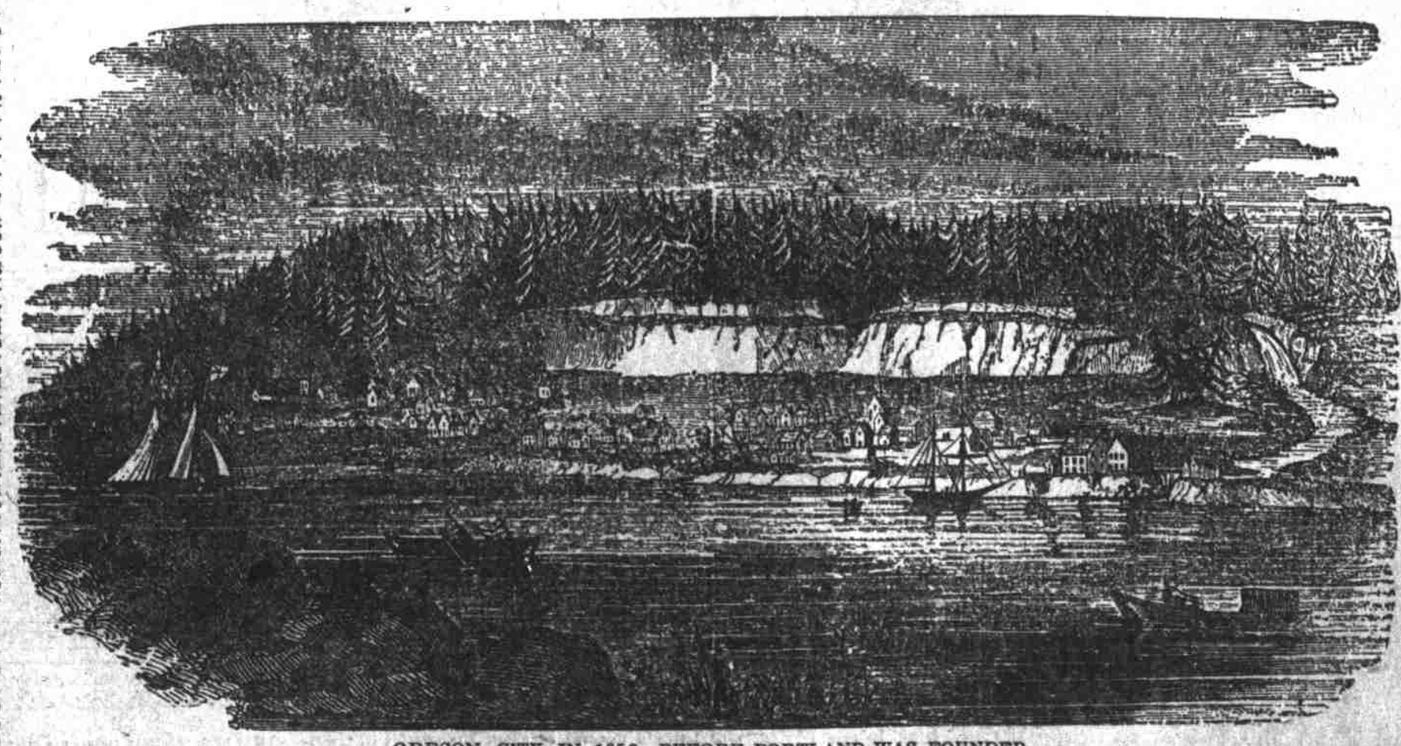
The second or middle section is between the Cascade mountains and the Blue mountains. The third or eastern belt is between the range of the Blue mountains and the great range of the Rocky mountains. These sections have a distinction of soil, climate and productions. The first range of mountains is continuous, from 100 to 150 miles from the coast, and has many high conical peaks of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, that are above the region of perpetual snow, which is here 6,500 feet high. The Blue mountains are irregular in their course and occasionally interrupted, but generally proceed from the east of north to the south of west. On the south part of the territory is the Klamet range, running on the parallel of 42 degrees north latitude, and dividing the territory from California. The climate of the region between the ocean and the first range, though not unhealthy, is not in general very favorable to agriculture. The climate is mild throughout the year, neither experiencing the severe cold of winter nor heat of summer. The mean temperature is 54 degrees of Fahrenheit.

Rains Not Heavy.

The winter continues from the last of December until February; the rains begin to fall in November and last till March, but they are not heavy, though frequent. Snow sometimes falls, but it seldom lies longer than three days. The frosts are early, occurring in the latter part of August. This, however, is owing to the proximity of the mountains, as the winds from them always cause a fall in the temperature. The country is in general well timbered with pine, fir, spruce, oaks (red and white), ash, arbutus, arbor vitae, cedar, poplar, maple, willow, cherry and yew; with an undergrowth of hazel, rubus, roses, etc. Near the coast the trees grow to an astonishing height. A fir tree growing near Astoria, eight miles from the sea, was 46 feet in circumference 10 feet from the ground, and 152 feet in length before giving off a single branch, and not less than 300 feet in its whole height.

A Great Tree.

Another tree of the same species, on the banks of the Umpqua, was 57 feet in circumference, and 216 feet in length below its branches; and sound pines, from 200 to 280 feet in height, and from 20 to 40 feet in circumference, are not uncommon. Near the foot of the Cascade range the climate and soil are adapted to all kinds of grain, wheat, rye, oats, barley, peas, etc.; and apples and pears succeed well. The low grounds of the eastern section are well adapted to grazing, and cattle subsist on the green or dried grass through the year, which favors the rearing of great numbers of horses and horned cattle. The valley of the Willamette river is thought to contain the finest land in Oregon. This river has a course of about 100 miles, nearly north, and enters the Columbia on the south side. The wheat of this valley is of a superior quality, and yields from 20 to 30 bushels to the acre. The soil of the second or middle section is generally a light sandy loam; in the valleys a rich alluvian and barren on the hills. The third or eastern section of Oregon between the Blue and Rocky mountains, is a rocky, broken and barren country.



OREGON CITY IN 1852, BEFORE PORTLAND WAS FOUNDED.

Stupendous mountain spurs traverse it in all directions, affording little level ground; and in its elevated parts snow lies nearly through the year. It rarely rains and no dew falls. The difference of temperature at sunrise and noon is often 40 degrees.

Great Is the Columbia.

The Columbia is the great river of this territory. Its northern branch rises in the Rocky mountains, in 50 degrees north latitude, and 116 degrees west longitude, and thence pursues a northern route to McGillivray's pass in the Rocky mountains. Here the river is 3,600 feet above the level of the sea, and receives Canoe river; it then turns south, and, receiving many tributaries—among which are Kootanie or Flat Bow, and the Flat Head or Clark's river, from the east—proceeds to Fort Colville. The Columbia is thus far surrounded by high mountains, and often expands into a line of lakes. At Colville it is 2,049 feet above the level of the sea, having fallen 550 feet in 226 miles. To the south of this it tends to the west, receiving Spokane river from the east. Thence it pursues a westerly course for 60 miles, and bending to the south receives Okanagan river, which has its source in a line of lakes, extensively susceptible of canoe navigation. It thence passes to the southward until it reaches Walla Walla, in 46 degrees north latitude, and receives Saptin or Lewis river. It now takes its last turn to the westward, previously to passing through the range of the Cascade mountains. Thence there is a still water navigation for 40 miles, when it is again obstructed by rapids. Thence to the ocean, 120 miles, it is navigable for vessels requiring 12 feet of water, at the lowest state, though obstructed by many sand bars. In this part it receives the Willamette, on which the City of Oregon is situated."

The Journal is indebted to W. C. Wight of 270 Portland boulevard, for the copy of the interesting publication containing the foregoing article.