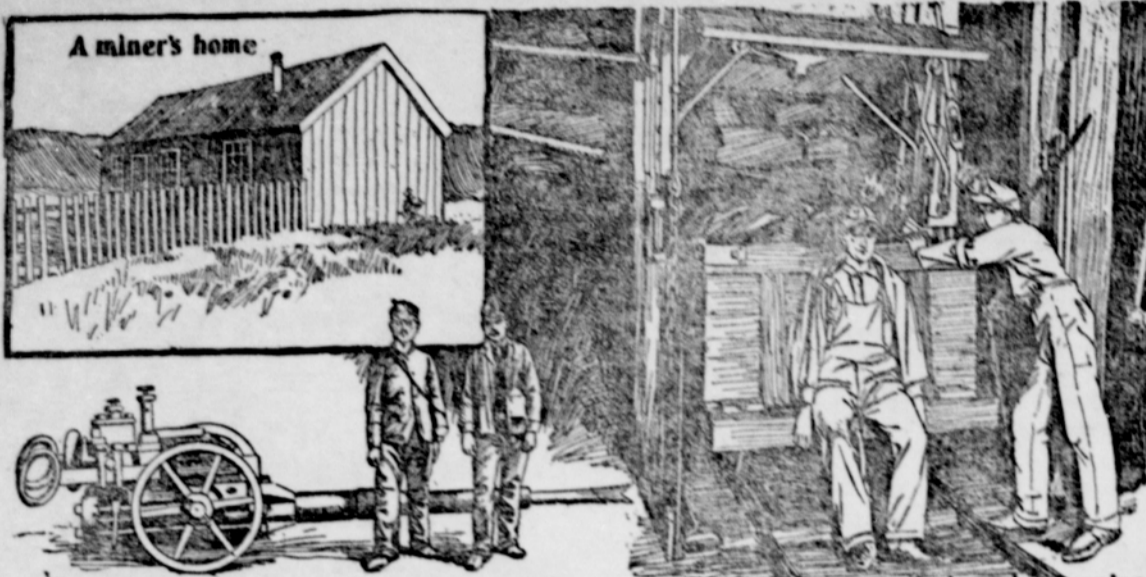


MEN WHO MINE THE SOFT COAL



Drilling machine used in soft coal mines

Moving a loaded car in the mine

It has been impressed upon the people of this country during the past few months that there is vastly more in the subject of coal mining than has ever come to light in the books of statistics. Coal, as everybody knows, is divided into "soft" and "hard," otherwise known as bituminous and anthracite. Soft coal is mined to the extent of nearly four times the anthracite.

An appeal to statistics will show that of the coal annually mined in the world, estimated at about 840,000,000 tons, the United States produces nearly 280,000,000 tons, that is the output of last year, or not far from one-third the total product. Until year before last the United States ranked second as a coal producing country, with Great Britain in the lead, but that year our country forged to the front with an excess over January Bull of some 3,000,000 tons. Last year these countries produced, respectively, the United States 288,000,000 tons, Great Britain 216,000,000 tons, and year by now the Britons are left hopelessly behind, for we are supplying the world with coal and sending it to the very ports from which a short time ago John Bull was himself shipping it to foreign parts.

While the estimates for 1901 have been compiled, yet the most reliable figures as a basis of comparison are those of 1900, when we produced a total of about 284,000,000 tons of coal, of which about 53,000,000 tons were anthracite and 231,000,000 tons bituminous, valued respectively at \$103,000,000 and \$220,000,000. So it seems that the figures award bituminous coal the palm not only for total production in tons, but for value. While the tonnage of anthracite now sent to market is fully 50 per cent greater than it was ten years ago, the production of bituminous coal has increased nearly fourfold, and its army of miners has kept pace with its enormous advance. Twenty years ago coal was estimated that the available tonnage of bituminous coal in Pennsylvania exceeded 33,547,200,000 tons, and last year it was estimated that the available tonnage of bituminous coal in the Appalachian field, it is said, are bituminous, and most of the coal distributed throughout the United States in its vast fields, extending from New England to California, is of that character. The Appalachian field is roughly reckoned as lying immediately west of the eastern frontier of the United States. The Appalachian mountains, extending from New York State to Alabama, and south of the great lakes has its immense field, chiefly in the State of West Virginia, and in the far west and middle west, though it is 20,000 square miles in area. Almost every State in the Union west of Massachusetts and south of the great lakes has its immense field, chiefly of bituminous and semi-bituminous coal, which furnishes labor for thousands and adds materially to its wealth.

The soft coal miners are, as a rule, more contented than the hard coal men, and this is owing not so much to any improvement in their condition as compared with the others, but somewhat to their nationality. Most of them have been born in the old world. Poles, Hungarians and other immigrants, so that conditions are not exactly the same now as they used to be. But in the main the soft coal miners are well housed, well dressed and good natured. Many of them have neat little homes with gardens attached, and as their rents are low, their fuel is had almost for nothing and the wear and tear of their clothing, especially of their boots and shoes, nothing to be compared with that of the hard coaler, their necessary expenses are relatively small.

It cannot be denied that on the whole social conditions are more conducive to well being in the soft coal districts than in the hard. As these districts are usually near the agricultural regions, the miners are well and cheaply supplied with food.

LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

It is well to wander sometimes in the land of Make-Believe, Through its ever-smiling gardens, where the heart may cease to grieve, Where the beds are gay with roses and the paths are paved with gold, And our hopes, like soaring songsters, their mercantile wings unfold. Let us all be little children for a while and make our way Through the sweet and sunny meadow land of Make-Believe to-day.

There's a Queen within an arbor, where she rules in high renown, With a lily for a scepter and a rose wreath for a crown, And her laws are love and laughter, for they know not sorrow there— Never hate or pain or money enters in her kingdom fair.

So we sing the songs the children sing and play the games they play, As we wander in the golden land of Make-Believe to-day.

—St. James' Gazette.

The Overland Eastbound

HER name was Eulalie, but everyone in Elkton called her Dottie. "Old Man" Lebrun, her father, had started Elkton. He came down as a hunter and trapper in the old days when the territory was as primeval as his own Canadian frontier, but when the wild game was pretty well hunted out and the white emigrants and the soldiers commenced to come turned freighter, and later, when the copper camp started at Goose Creek, he opened a stage route thither and founded the traffic that made him rich—for a frontiersman. When Mrs. Lebrun died Dottie was a chubby, big-eyed child of 4 and so the women, who were few, and the men, who had never more than one tender side in their make-ups in those harsh days, petted the child and made life very sweet and radiant as she grew. Now she was 20, with the eyes of a doe, so lustrous and wondering; broken skin, peeling a little from her oval face from the whipping, sand-spattered winds of the plains, the form of a stately woman and the heart of a yearning child. She had been "through school," had taught in it for a term and was esteemed as the most learned inhabitant of Elkton "next to Parson Davies and Squire Beeson," and, perhaps, Professor Swinton, who was, however, a newcomer and therefore yet on probation.

Professor Swinton "stopped" at Lebrun's. He was a New-Yorker, frank, boyish, unaffected, gentle and generous. He laughed deprecatingly at the "professor" idea, for he was only a "principal" of the three-room school, and he had that admirable desire to be called by his given name that is strong in all young, ingenuous natures. His coming had made quite a "difference" with Eulalie, and had come along so well in their acquaintance that she now called him "Mister Maurice," and she said "Miss Eulalie." He had told her many wondrous things about New York and the world that lies beyond and apart from the sand-girt silences of her home, of the splendor and folly, of the pageantry and the mockery, of the cannon-like streets, the glories, the splendor, the romance and the emptiness of the life he had left to grow up, as he said, with the free West. Sometimes he told her love stories, of which she forgot to ask him, "How do you know?" and silent and eager-eyed, like the child in the nursery at night, she only listened and hoped that his legends might never come to an end.

Sometimes, when the sun had gone, they rode their ponies away into the short grass, endless plateaus, that dip

and rise above the mesa walls of the little town; sometimes they galloped through the narrow trails of the remote hills, but always she listened, smiling half sadly, half raptly, and always he told his quaint jokes, his true tales of real fairies, and his romances of the Babylons she might never see.

One day he got a fat letter from the East, and when he had read it and laughed over it, and held up the check which it brought, he ran into the hall-way and called for Miss Eulalie. She had ridden into town, her father said, "to trade." Maurice went to the corner and saddled his pony. It was Saturday, his holiday. He galloped gallop down the dusty road, sniffing the hot wind and twirling his quirt like a man with good news. He met Eulalie in the main street, just mounted upon her old white pony, and waved his letter at her.

"Aunt Von Werdon is dead, Miss Eulalie," he said, stopping and looking at her merrily.

"That one that gave the tea party to the cats and kittens? But you're sorry, ain't you, Mr. Maurice?" she asked, wondering at his levity.

"Yes—and no, You see, she had only two reasons for living—and me. She preferred the cats, and—then she was old beyond computation—but I will say that she did better by me than I had a right to expect. See? She has left me \$5000. I shall have money to burn." And his eyes looked wistfully up the heat-scorched street, with its reeking barrooms, its empty, wooden sidewalks and its dreary sameness of frame-shanty stores. "Will you wait till I cash this check, Miss Eulalie?" he added; "I'd like to ride home with you."

She rode into the shade of the town well and let her pony drink while he went to the bank. But when he came back she said: "It's train time, Mr. Maurice," (with a pouting little grimace); "you know I love to see the train go past. The Overland sidetracks here, and I'd like to look at the people. Then you might see somebody you know."

He laughed again at her childlike curiosity, and they paced down the street toward the station. The Overland whistled as they rode into the space by the depot and down by the sidetrack where the red water-tank steamed in the burning sunlight. He thought she looked very beautiful as they waited there, for he was accustomed to the rough buckskin gloves she always wore, and he knew that the grace which made her homespun gown seem picturesque and appropriate, was none of the dressmaker's art. The choking sand swept down from the red mesa and dusted her ebony hair as it fluttered abroad in the blistering wind. The little drops of perspiration that started and trickled down her brown cheeks made muddy streaks upon her handkerchief as she wiped them away.

The train, groaning and trembling as it slowed down past them, brought with it a tornado of dust and paper that hid from him the sweet mouth of the girl beside him, but when he looked up he saw that his face was near the window of a private car. Within he could see the white and silver splendor of the traveling palace. In the sconces of the walls were cut flowers and lush vines trailing between the windows. As the hiss of the engine ceased he could hear the tinkling music of a serenade that he had not heard since he left New York.

"Let's ride up to the forward window," Miss Eulalie, he said. "Somebody is playing the piano."

When they were opposite the window they could see a woman seated at the instrument, but as their shadows fell across the light she rose and came, facing them, as if to draw the shades. Eulalie saw the lily whiteness of her face, the great blue eyes,

the yellow hair, the soft light hand that rested an instant on the window's sill. She must have dreamed the smile, it was so beautiful, and the voice, bell-like and tender, as the lady raised the sash, and beaming like the morning, said:

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, that is you, isn't it?"

Eulalie had not turned her eyes to him before Swinton was down, flushed, eager and trembling. "Stand at the end of his bridge to Eulalie and she'll look at you," he said, and she took it mechanically, her lips apart, wondering as she always wondered, the angelic face had vanished from the window, and Maurice had gone into the car, but Eulalie sat there in the furnace breath of the sun and held his pony. She did not hear the locomotive bell nor the voice from the platform shouting "all aboard." She was yet dreaming. But the windows slipped silyly past her, and presently she was staring after the rushing cars, yet wondering if Maurice would tell her some stories about that fairy, the first she had ever seen from that wonderland of his. But though she waited for an hour he did not come back. She asked the station master if Professor Swinton had left the train. No body had seen him since he and she had been sitting on their ponies together.

"The next stop east is Brussels," said the agent. "If he gets off there he'll be back on the night coach."

So she left his pony at the depot, rode slowly home through the dust, and came back to the night coach. He did not come. He never came to Elkton since, and Eulalie no longer wonders. She knows—The Argonaut.

MARRIED A DYING MILLIONAIRE.

An operation that might prove fatal being decided upon as a last resort to cure Millionaire Bradford B. McGregor, New York, a Standard Oil magnate, he lately married Miss Clara Schlemmer, a beautiful society girl, while he lay on his sick bed. They had been



MRS. BRADFORD MCGREGOR.

engaged for some time. McGregor did not recover from the operation, and his fair bride found herself widowed in a few days. Before the ordeal McGregor, it is said, had made a will leaving his wife \$1,000,000, in case of his death. During his critical illness she nursed him with devoted care. McGregor was buried at Cleveland, Ohio, his former home.

Objected to Noise. Because they objected to raise some residents of Patterson, N. J., a church bell recently after it had been taken down pending repairs in the church. The congregation later dug it up.

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS.

WITH CATARRHAL DERANGEMENTS OF THE PELVIC ORGANS.



HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS SPENT IN VAIN—PERUNA CURED.

A neglected cold is frequently the cause of death. It is more often, however, the cause of some chronic disease. There is not an organ in the body but what is liable to become seriously deranged by a neglected cold. Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and digestive organs are all frequently the result of a neglected cold.

Hundreds of dollars are spent on doctors and medicines trying to cure these diseases, but until the true cause of them is discovered there will be no use in using medicine.

Diarrhoea medicine, diarrhoea medicine and constipation medicine is of no good whatever when catarrh is the cause. The catarrh must be treated. The cause being removed, the derangements will disappear.

Peruna cures catarrh of the digestive organs, the urinary organs or any of the internal organs.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to send you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

GNOMES AND DWARFS.

Tales of Folk-Lore May Have Been Founded on Pygmies of Africa. It is just possible that this type of pygmy negro which survives to-day in the recesses of inner Africa may even have overspread Europe in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds and fairies.

The demeanor and actions of the little Kongo dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the traits attributed to the brownies and goblins of our fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and prankish good nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celt regarding a dwarfish people of quasi-supernatural attributes.

The dwarfs of the Kongo forest can be good or bad neighbors to the big black people, according to the treatment they receive. If their selfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are conciliated by small gifts of such food left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them in their nightly visitations gifts of meat and products of the chase, such as skins or ivory.

I have been informed by some of the forest negroes, says Sir Harry H. Johnston in McClure's, that the dwarfs will occasionally steal their children and put in their places pygmy babies of spot-like appearance—changlings, in fact—bringing up the children they have stolen in the dwarf tribe. These collections of pygmies, which one can scarcely call tribes, certainly exhibit from time to time individuals of ordinary stature and with features not strongly resembling those of the pygmy type.

Unpleasant for Both. An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape happened also to be as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him and asked: "How are you, Pat?"

"Mighty bad! Sure, 'tis starvation that's starvin' me in the face."

"Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be pleasant for either of yes?"

An Opening. Stage Director—What shall I do with the wealthy young amateur you engaged this morning?

Manager—What can he do?

Stage Director—He says he is willing to play the smallest parts.

Manager—Cast him for the armor in the baronial castle scene—Judge.

Left Helpless. Mrs. Brown—So your girl has left you? What for, for mercy's sake?

Mrs. Black—Absolutely for nothing.

Mrs. Brown—Oh, that's it? I remember you told me she wouldn't leave you for anything.

He Took Advice. "Why have you failed in life?" "My employers always told me that a man with my brains could make more money doing something else."—Judge.

WISDOM'S CURE FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT COME FROM THE LUNGS. Best Cough Syrup. Sold by druggists. In time.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE. Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargains in Boilers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

GENATOR MORGAN AS PROPHET. Great National Undertakings, He Thinks, Will Eventually Come. "Let me see," said Senator Morgan, the veteran legislator from Alabama, "the last time I heard of it there had been about \$100,000,000 of the Pacific refunding debt paid into the Treasury. Suppose we add to this the Chinese indemnity, and the proceeds of the sale of public lands for half a decade. That would make a sum of about \$300,000,000. Now suppose we make of that amount a fund for great public improvements.

"First build the isthmian canal. The canal will pay for itself within fifteen years after its completion, but with the money that comes in from the canal other public works of improvement could be started. We would see the Chicago drainage canal extended to the Gulf of Mexico. That would be a great improvement and would soon pay for itself. Then we would see the inside route from New York to Florida made navigable for the largest ships afloat. That would be useful to commerce and of great strategic value in the event of war.

"Then we should build great fortifications at Havana, at San Juan, Porto Rico, and in the Danish West Indies, which will eventually be our property. This would flank the British line extending along our coast, and which has menaced us for years in the event of war with that nation. Great public highways could be built, parks established, and all these works accomplished from the tolls on some of the improvements mentioned.

When Senator Morgan took up the isthmian canal fifteen years or more ago in the Senate every one thought that it was a visionary enterprise. Now that the construction of the canal seems to be an assured fact those who heard the Alabama Senator are wondering whether they have heard a prophecy.—Washington Times.

Something Good. Would you like to buy a can of canned peaches as delicious in flavor, as sweet and as genuinely good, as even your mother put up for you? If so, ask your dealer for Monopole Peaches and don't let him give you any other kind. Monopole Peaches are put up from the very finest extra selected fruit in the heaviest of syrup, and we guarantee them the best to be had in any place at any time. Don't forget the name—Monopole, and see that you get it from your grocer.

Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Packers, Portland, Ore.

Kitchener Still Fancy Free. General Kitchener, it is announced, will be superintending the military maneuvers at Delhi, India, in December. This disposes of the rumor of an engagement matrimonial which gossips had set for the Christmas season.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fit of occurrence after the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Sold by all druggists.

Worse. "So Smith acted as judge?" "At a church raffle. Foolish man!" "No, no; not at a church raffle—at a baby show."

Pain—Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Use the last on the first, and you will neither have one or the other.

Undisputed Points. Attorney for the Defense—You are a blackguard and a bluff, sir!

Attorney for the Prosecution—And you, sir, are a shyster and a rascal!

The Court—Come, come, gentlemen, let us get down to the disputed points of this case.

As He Called It. "But why," asked the man who always wants to know—"why do you call that little jump you made from a tower into the water a 'leap for life'?" They tell me it is not at all dangerous.

"Well," replied the artist, "don't I make a livin' by it?"

What was the Reading? Too much reading is given as the cause of the downfall of a New England young man who became a burglar. Until a list of the culprit's favorite authors is published Sir Conan Doyle and Mr. Hornung will be under suspicion.

My Lungs

"An attack of la grippe left me with a bad cough. My friends said I had consumption. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it cured me promptly."
A. K. Randles, Nokomis, Ill.

You forgot to buy a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral when your cold first came on, so you let it run along. Even now, with all your hard coughing, it will not disappoint you. There's a record of sixty years to fall back on.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, bad colds, etc.; 75c, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

W. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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MALARIA An Invisible Enemy to Health

Means bad air, and whether it comes from the low lands and marshes of the country, or the filthy sewers and drain pipes of the cities and towns, its effect upon the human system is the same.

These atmospheric poisons are breathed into the lungs and taken up by the blood, and the foundation of some long, debilitating illness is laid. Chills and fever, chronic dyspepsia, torpid and enlarged liver, kidney troubles, jaundice and biliousness are frequently due to that invisible foe, Malaria. Noxious gases and unhealthy matter collect in the system because the liver and kidneys fail to act, and are poured into the blood current until it becomes so polluted and sluggish that the poisons literally break through the skin, and carbuncles, boils, abscesses, ulcers and various eruptions of an indolent character appear, depleting the system, and threatening life itself.

The germs and poisons that so oppress and weaken the body and destroy the life-giving properties of the blood, rendering it thin and watery, must be overcome and carried out of the system before the patient can hope to get rid of Malaria and its effects.

S. S. S. does this and quickly produces an entire change in the blood, reaching every organ and stimulating them to vigorous, healthy action. S. S. S. possesses not only purifying but tonic properties, and the general health improves, and the appetite increases almost from the first dose. There is no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic or other mineral in S. S. S. It is strictly and entirely a vegetable remedy. Write us about your case, and our physicians will gladly help you by their advice to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases sent free.

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