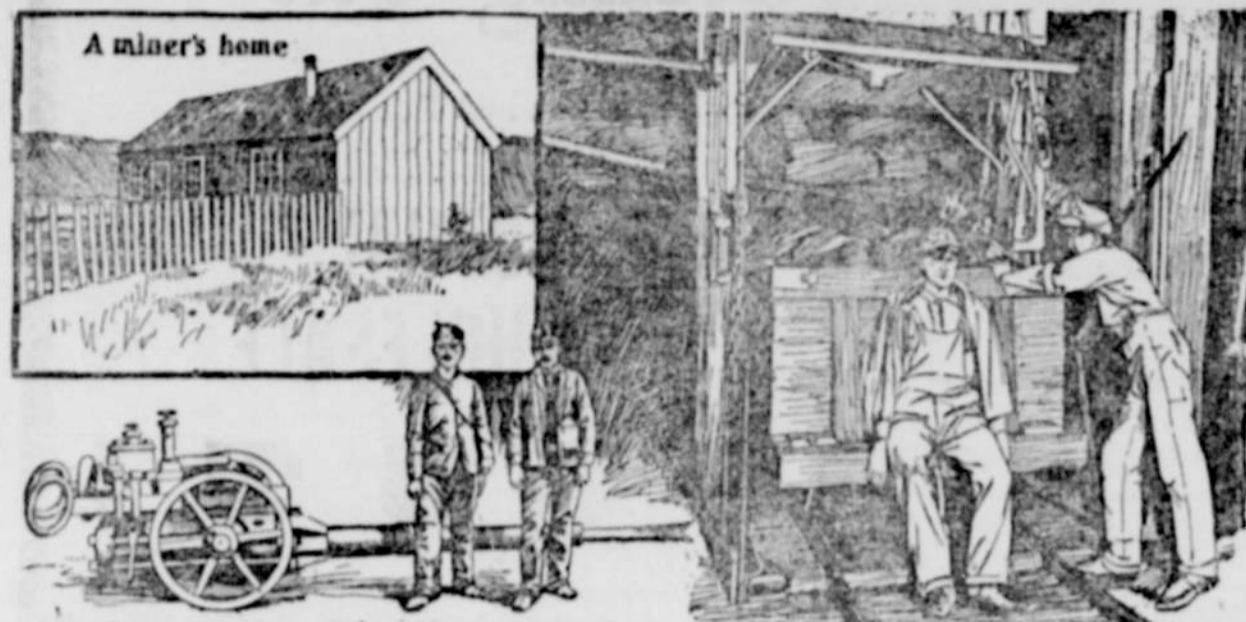


## MEN WHO MINE THE SOFT COAL



Boring 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 \$40,000,000 tons, the United States produces nearly 200,000,000 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 Johnny Bull of some 5,000,000 tons. Last year these countries produced, respectively, the United States 298,000,000 tons, Great Britain 245,000,000 tons, and 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 204,000,000 tons of coal, of which about 23,000,000 tons were anthracite and 211,000,000 tons bituminous, valued respectively at \$105,000,000 and \$220,000,000. So it seems that the figures toward bituminous coal the gain 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 it was estimated that the available tonnage of bituminous coal in Pennsylvania exceeded 23,547,280,000 tons, and last year it produced in excess of \$2,000,000,000 tons. All the coals of the Appalachian field, it is said, are bituminous, and most of that character. The Appalachian field is roughly reckoned as lying immediately west of the eastern frontier of the Appalachian mountains, extending from New York State to Alabama, a distance of about 900 miles. But this one field is hardly a "patch" upon that is known to exist in the farther 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 the fact that 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 Appalachian mountains, extending from New York State to Alabama, a distance of about 900 miles. But this one field is hardly a "patch" upon that is known to exist in the farther 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.

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It cannot be denied that 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 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 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 he turned freighter, and later, when the copper camp started at Goose Creek, he blazed 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 girl 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 Farnon 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 admiral's 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 they had come along so well in their acquaintance that she now called him "Mister Maurice," and he called "Miss Eulalie." He had told her many wondrous things about New York and the world that lay beyond and apart from the sand-girt silence of her home, of the splendor and folly, of the pagantry and the mockery, of the canon-like streets, the glories, the squalor, 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 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 prairie, 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 riddles of real fairy tales, and his romances of the Hattysons she might never see.

One day he got a fat letter from the East, and when he had read it and laughed over it, he held up the check which it brought, he ran into the black way and called for Miss Eulalie, who had ridden into town, her father said, "to trade." Maurice went to the corral and saddled his pony. It was Saturday, his holiday. He galloped gaily down the dusty road, smiling and glad, 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—cats and me. She preferred the cats, and—then she was left beyond computation—but I will say that she did better by me than I had a right to expect. See? She has left me \$500! I shall have money to burn." And his eyes looked wistfully up the heat-scoured street, with its smoking barnrooms, its empty, wooden sidewalks and its dreary accumulation 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 straddles 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 side-track where the red water tank steamed in the burning sunlight. He thought she looked as 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 blond hair as it fluttered abroad in the blustering 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 the conductor saw a woman seated at the instrument, but as they shaded eyes full across the light she rose and came, facing them, as if to draw the shades. Eulalie saw the blue whiteness of her face, the great blue eyes

and the yellow hair, the soft light hand that rested in 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 shades, and, beaming like the morning sun, 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. He held out the way and called for Miss Eulalie, who had ridden into town, her father said, "to trade." Maurice went to the corral and saddled his pony. It was Saturday, his holiday. He galloped gaily down the dusty road, smiling and glad, 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.

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### MARRIED A DYING MILLIONAIRE.

An operation that might prove fatal being decided upon as a last resort to cure Millionaire Bradford McGreggor, 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 engaged for some time. McGreggor did not recover from the operation, and his fair bride found herself widowed in a few days. Before the ordeal McGreggor, 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. McGreggor was buried at Cleveland, Ohio, his former home.



MRS. BRADFORD MCGREGGOR.

Objected to Notes. Because they objected to noise some residents of Patterson, N. J., buried a church bell recently after it had been taken down pending repairs in a few days. Before the ordeal McGreggor, 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. McGreggor was buried at Cleveland, Ohio, his former home.

## SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS.

WITH CATARRHAL DERANGEMENTS OF THE PELVIC ORGANS.



Miss Kate Brown.

Miss Kate Brown, recording secretary of the L. C. B. Association of Kansas, in a letter from 605 N. Seventh St., Kansas City, Kan., says: "After seven years I have not known what it was to spend a well-earned night's sleep, which I neglected. It was at the time of menstruation and inflammation set in and prostrated me. Catarrh of the Kidneys and bladder followed, my digestive organs gave way, in fact the cold disarranged my whole system.

"I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and medicine, got derived but little benefit until I began treatment with Peruna. I kept taking it for nearly nine months before I was completely cured, but I kept growing better, gradually, so that I felt encouraged to continue taking Peruna until my health was restored. I send my thanks and blessings to you for Peruna."—Miss Kate Brown.

### GNOMES AND DWARFS.

Tales of Folk-Lore May Have Been Founded on Pygmies of Africa. It is just possible that this type of Pngny hearts which certainly exist in the recesses of inner Africa may even have overspread Europe to remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the mythical 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 a loud hissing in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievous 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.

Back and forth the two rooked in each other's arms, back and forth, without a word, but step by step, the outer stiff and cold, was being drawn toward the open door. A moment more and the two were within, and the conqueror, losing his hold, stepped back, left the slender figure sprawling from side to side and drew a long, fierce breath.

"Darn them Indian figures!" said the cigar-shop man, according to the New York Times. "They might be made of lead from the height of 'em."

Should Keep Out of the Draft. First South American—Ah, good afternoon, senior. Looks like a "revolution."

Second South American—Yes, I've been predicting one for several days. My rheumatism always bothers me just before such changes.

Too Extravagant. "No, sir!" roared the stern father, "you may own horses and lands, and automobiles, but you can't marry my daughter."

"Why not?"

"Young man, you've got the Panama hat habit; that's why."—Newark News.

### 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 ailments, but until the true cause of them is discovered there will be no use in using medicine.

Dyspepsia, medicine, diarrhoea, melicene 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.

### SEEN IN A GREAT CITY.

Pathetic Incident of the Cold Streets.—A Daily Herald. Through the bleak street the cold wind whistled. In front of the brightly lighted shop one slender figure stood motionless with outstretched arms. Inside was hibernation and warmth, but the rays from the electric lights, which shone through the windows only accentuated the piercing cold without.

Hours passed; the frosty air became more biting and crowds of gay shoppers passed without a glance at the appealing hand stretched out to them.

It was growing late, the streets were deserted, when, suddenly, without warning, a man rushed, bareheaded, from the shop, a look of grim determination upon his face. Without an instant's hesitation he grasped the figure, still standing there, in a firm embrace, and, silently, unperceived by the crowd, he carried him to a doorway where he lay him down.

Back and forth the two rooked in each other's arms, back and forth, without a word, but step by step, the outer stiff and cold, was being drawn toward the open door. A moment more and the two were within, and the conqueror, losing his hold, stepped back, left the slender figure sprawling from side to side and drew a long, fierce breath.

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### UNDISPUTED POINTS.

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

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

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

Motherly will find Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

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.

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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 starin' me in the face."

"Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically. "It can't be pleasant for either of you."

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 CONSUMPTION.

WISDOM'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. It gives you the best results in all cases of Consumption, Cough, and all other ailments of the Lungs, Throat, and Chest. It is a pure, natural, and powerful remedy, and is the only one that will cure Consumption, Cough, and all other ailments of the Lungs, Throat, and Chest. It is a pure, natural, and powerful remedy, and is the only one that will cure Consumption, Cough, and all other ailments of the Lungs, Throat, and Chest.

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North Phone: Oregon, South 2201; Columbus 208. Open evenings 11:15 to 9:15 days from 9 to 12.

### WISE BROS., Dentists.

### SENATOR MORGAN AS PROPHECY.

Great National Undertakings, It 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 \$200,000,000. 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 question about 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 Cool.

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 found 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 dispenses of the rumor of an engagement matrimonial which gossip had set for the Christmas season.

### FITS Permanently Cured.

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

"Idiot!"

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

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### WISE BROS., Dentists.

## My Lungs

"An attack of the 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.

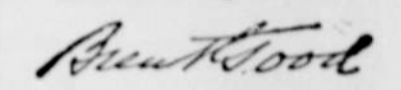
Three sizes: The smallest for an ordinary cold, the middle for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard cough, etc.; the largest for chronic cases and for those who have had.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

### CURE SICK HEADACHE.

### ALL SIGNS FAIL IN A DRY TIME.

THE SKIN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME.

THE FISH as a sign has a long history. This is told in an interesting booklet which is yours for the asking. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. WET WEATHER CLOTHING. OUR GOODS ARE ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

### GRISWOLD SCOTT ACADEMY.

Founded 1870. A Home School for Boys. Military and Manual Training. Write for Illustrated Catalogue. ARTHUR C. NEWELL, Proprietor.

### St. Helen's Hall.

PORTLAND, OREGON. A Home for the Poor. Has a Normal Kindergarten Training Department, which has separate classes for all degrees of blindness. The boarding department provides a cheerful and well arranged home for young ladies. For Catalogue or other information apply to Miss ELIZABETH THIBRETT, Portland, Ore.

### Fancy Chinook Salmon.

A home-made product of the finest salmon available in the world. It is perfect in flavor and is the most delicious of all salmon. If you want the best kind, the finest to be had, ask for MONOPOLE. WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Packers, Portland, Ore.

### Mitchell Wagon.



### Best on Earth.

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