

OUR WEALTH.

FACTS FOR INVESTORS.

Some of the Natural Advantages Possessed by Big Stone Gap which will Help to Make her the Manufacturing Center of the South.

Following are five analyses of the coking coal of Big Stone Gap:

Table with 5 columns: Fuel, Fixed Carbon, Volatile Matter, Ash, Sulfur. Rows include analyses from Connellsville, Pennsylvania, and other locations.

And this that of averaged samples of the same vein by Mr. Andrew S. McCrea...

The coke made from this coal is a great success as shown by Mr. McCrea's letter:

Dear Sir: The sample of coke received from Mr. J. K. Tappan...

Mr. McCrea might have said more, and doubtless would have done so but for his indisposition with Pennsylvania interests.

When it is considered that this immense seam of coal is from seven to thirteen feet in thickness...

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compare them with prices at Connellsville.

Cost of coke at Connellsville December, 1904. Furnace coke, \$2.15 per ton. Foundry coke, \$2.40.

Table with 3 columns: Freight rates from Connellsville, Cost at these points, Furnace, Foundry. Lists various locations like Pittsburgh, Wheeling, etc.

Shipment from Connellsville for week ending November 22, 1907, rates of freight to Big Stone Gap, 1,600 cars to the West, 4,000 cars to the East, 7,100 cars.

Bessemer ore is costing at Pittsburgh \$7.50 per ton, and non-Bessemer ore costs at Pittsburgh from \$4.00 to \$6.00 per ton.

Non-Bessemer ore will cost at Big Stone Gap from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per ton, and the Bessemer ore from \$3.00 to \$5.50 per ton.

Limestone will cost at least twice as much at Pittsburgh as at Big Stone Gap.

It is said that 700 tons of Pocahontas coke passes west through Bristol daily for furnaces in the Alabama and Chattanooga districts.

These facts show the smaller cost of coke and iron ore at Big Stone Gap and require no comment.

Coke can be delivered at the yards here much cheaper than at the great centers, and still afford a large profit to the market.

OPINION OF TWO ENGLISH EXPERTS.

Mr. John W. Darby, of Westham, Eng., and Mr. F. Monk, of Warrington, Eng., members of the British Iron & Steel Institute, recently visited Big Stone Gap.

Mr. Darby is a young man, but has already reached a prominent position among the great iron and steel producers of England.

He inherits his aptness for these industries from ancestors who have been prominent in them for a century.

His grandfather was the first to make iron from smelted coal, and his own plant, located near Chester, was the first to use successfully the basic process for making steel.

Mr. Monk is one of the oldest and best known of the practical iron and steel men of England.

"The very things I wanted to see are here. I did not come to see the manufacturers' organization, for we have those at home as numerous and as nearly perfect as one could wish to see, although I must say that I have been greatly surprised among the great iron and steel makers in the North. Their equipments are not so complete nor their methods so economical as ours in England, but they are rapidly approaching it.

What those of us who mean business wished to see in America is just what I have seen today at Big Stone Gap as fine cokes as I have ever seen in England, with iron ore only two miles away, and limestone together with water power and railroads. This is a combination that is bound to make our great industry the most successful of any elsewhere. Your coke is the best I have seen in America. The brown ores we inspected today are admirably adapted to the basic process. Of course, your proximity to the magnetic ores at Cranberry is a great card in your favor, but you will not need that to make the possibilities of this point simply incalculable. We have been over a large portion of the Southern mineral belt, and I regard this as the best point we have seen for the making of iron and steel, owing to the quality and quantity of your brown ores and their proximity to this coke. I have enjoyed my day here greatly, and hope I can return soon."

Mr. Monk spoke in the same strain, saying he had been a practical producer of coke and iron for forty years, and that he had never seen better coke and the iron ore, both brown and red, were fine. He thought the best card for the future of Big Stone Gap in the iron industry was the abundant and excellent quality of place he had seen for the production of steel by the basic process.

TIMBER.

Prof. Poeter, in his report says of the timber here about 90 per cent of the area included in the Appalachian and Piedmont Provinces, Virginia, West Virginia, and Southern Kentucky, is covered with forest of valuable hardwood—oak, yellow poplar, hickory, etc.

The Black Mountains, immediately north of Big Stone Gap, are heavily timbered from base to summit with a magnificent forest as I have just seen.

A narrow-gauge line is now being built. "I can't stand this any longer. I shall see the doctor in the morning," said Mr. Manor-Parkie, as he watched the child in a toy car, to each other in a room, one on hand while they held the nostrils tightly closed with the other.

"It is very strange," murmured the wife.

"I can't get rid of that infernal odor. Last night I took a hot bath with a quart of Florida water in it; and today I was as bad as ever."

"The thing follows me wherever I go. Coming down on the train, I had the whole car to myself. As I stood on the front deck of the ferry out, Mr. Horning came up to me and said: 'There are oil factories at Bergen Point are an outrage on the community; the way they poison the atmosphere is simply unbearable; something out to be done about it at once!'"

"On change, I can see that everybody avoids me. Why, this morning, I went into the ladies' room to fill a big order, and in less than a minute the brokers all melted away and left me alone with the sign post."

"It's ruining my business! When I go into the private office, the customers get up and leave; and old Mr. Bander told me that he couldn't imperil his health by coming there any more until I had those gas pipes removed!"

"Pray let the doctor be able to remedy it," said Mrs. Manor-Parkie. "And I wouldn't worry too much about it if I were you. You are getting so nervous and forgetful. Only last Saturday I tried you to bring a cake of compressed yeast from the city and you never remembered it. You know we can't get it out here!"

"No, I didn't forget it; I distinctly recollect bringing a five dollar bill to pay four cents for it," returned Mr. Manor-Parkie, indignantly.

"Well, you never gave it to the girl."

"Hum! let me see. Ah, here it is. Great Coeur's salt!" exclaimed Mr. Manor-Parkie, as he drew from an obscure pocket a little square package wrapped up in tin foil.

"As he had it on the table in front of the molybdenum coked through a break in the cover and a powerful odor filled the room."

"Oh dear! 'at's it away," laughed Mrs. Manor-Parkie. "Take it out and bury it deep in the garden. There's your complaint John, you won't need any doctor. How long have you been gargling that thing around with you?"

"That was a week, I assure her husband. Then grow up, grow up," said "See here, Bellerophon, we'll do our marketing by express for this; it will be cheaper. I suppose that infernal thing has cost me about five thousand dollars' worth of business!"—Henry Romaine, in Duty.

Backs and the Bedding Expenses.

A country swain of Fayette co., Va., has a sweet girl right from the green hills of Virginia. The other day he treated her to a square and the first she had ever seen, and she ate the bread and all. "That's a pretty good fruit," she said, "but I don't like to eat it to be sure, but I'll eat it if you'll buy me a new one." Then he brought her up one in a sack, water brought, remarking, "I don't care a darn for expense, but I'll get it if it will you have, sailor!"—N. Y. Tribune.

Also a Poem.

"Do you know, Mr. Dolly," said Amy, "I have found the King's Daughters?"

"Indeed?" replied Dolly, with a glance of admiration at the fair young girl. "I wouldn't mind joining one of them myself."—Judge.

Time to Go Home.

Charlie D. Terry—Did you see the home run I made in the baseball game this afternoon. Miss Withering?

Miss Withering: No, but I should like to see you make one now.—Munsey's Weekly.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A Short Chapter from the "Personals" Which occur here and there.

That there is a need for every mistress and a mistress for every maid is as certain as that for every Jack there is a Jill.

Even that most hopeless of applicants for a position in an American kitchen, the Irishman, who would only accomplish his "mildly reindeer" would be a treasure to a family who kept maid-servants.

The difficulty is that employers are always trying to fit wrong people into wrong places, and will never quietly consider their own peculiarities.

I shall startle you by saying that the best servant in the abstract is by no means always the best for you. For you must consider, not so much what she has done in her last place, as what she will be expected to do in yours.

If your family is like a regiment, so that all rise, go to meals and retire with exact regularity, the well-trained English servant is the best for you. She will serve you seriously, answer your orders with an invariable "Very well, ma'am," have your Sunday dinner ready for you when you come home from church all in a row, lock the front door, extinguish the hall lamp and banish the family cat at ten precisely and allow you to have an occasional regular party with ice cream and salads, and the company all in full dress. In fact she will rejoice to serve so exemplarily a family, and feel that it is owing to her influence that you keep so strictly to the right way.

If, on the contrary, you are professional people, with wildly Bohemian habits and a desire to have some innocent jollity and a sense of good-fellowship, avoid this perfect servant as you would a fiery dragon.

Her worth on learning that the various members of the household rise when they please and sit up until two o'clock when they desire to do so, that they have imprudent languets at irregular hours, that they do as they like without asking what others do, will be too great for utterance. Her first discovery of a Flemish jug and mugs to match in the dining-room of a morning will crush her. She will sweep the cigarette boxes away with anguish in her soul, and will be seized with symptoms which force her to pin a white handkerchief about her forehead.

From that moment her shocked expression will be permanent, and you will feel as though you had established somebody else's family ghost on the premises until you part, very, very gladly.

No, this perfect servant will never do for you. Get a jolly Irishwoman, or a comfortable, fat, southern black amty, who can understand that you keep house to live and do not live to keep house.

The matron whose family love to live well spends half a day at a bureau to engage at last a mild, milk-and-water sort of a female, with a small chin and no mouth to speak of, who in reply to every affable question utters the same "I've no choice, ma'am."

Why, Heaven knows, forty years of experience ought to have taught her that a woman like that always serves meals half cooked and barely warm, steeps her coffee, water-soaks her vegetables, sends up her puddings in a liquid condition and flavorless, is incapable of getting up a good fire or giving a comfortable effect to a room that she arranges of opening a door widely to admit a guest or quite shutting one on any occasion; that while she dominates the kitchen the household will feel half starved and wholly wretched.

Meanwhile a sensitive person, with strong feelings on the subject of graves and original ideas as to salads and sauces, has been engaged by a lady who keeps her family on short rations, principally of bread and smoked beef, while the timid elderly spinster in glasses has been so far left to herself as to take home with her to her little flat an immense, red-haired, fury, with blood-hot eyes and an evident bottle in her pocket, and Mrs. McGillicuddy, who boasts of quelling commotions in her kitchen by such heroic means as the throwing of pudding-pans and flatirons, captures a meek, cross-eyed woman, who mentions that she left her last place because after seeing a ghost in the cellar she "wouldn't go down for coals never no more, nor if it was ever so."

But all these women, having eyes, saw not, and blindly selected a servant as from a grab-bag, a fair, when the matter might have been one of sensible and well-aided choice, and the contract a tolerably permanent one in consequence.—Mary Kay, Dallas, in N. Y. World.

AN INNOCENT QUESTION.

But It Was Asked of the Wrong Person That Time.

The little man was slowly and wanted to make friends and the big man with his left arm in a sling seemed to be the only one in the smoking-room of the car who seemed to have no one to talk to. The little man picked him out.

"Arm hurt?" he asked pleasantly.

"The big man took his pistol out of his pouch, looked at the little man severely, and said:

"See that sling?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Think it pretty?"

"Well, no. I—"

"Doesn't look like a decent one, does it?"

"Of course not. You see—"

"Personally you wouldn't wear it for an ornamental would you?"

"No, certainly not. I—"

"Well, do you suppose I am wearing it to improve my personal appearance?"

"Not at all. I meant to ask what the matter with your arm was."

"Well, why didn't you say what you meant. It's hurt."

Then the big man settled back in his seat and put his cigar in his mouth again; and the next time the little man tried to strike up an acquaintance he'll be more careful of the language he uses, and will study the man.—Chicago Tribune.

FASHIONABLE FABRICS.

Light-weight Goods for Summer Comfort.

Now that the India silks have come into such general use for traveling and street wear, it is well to note one of their peculiarities, which lies directly in their quality of surface. This is their liability to spot with water. The Oriental manufacturers, in the preparation of their silks, use a sort of gum which runs when wet. To overcome this disadvantage India silks should be carefully prepared before making, as are cloths, the dressmakers have a way of sponging these silks with damp cloths. A process recommended is to dip the silk in clear water, washing it, shaking it out, and ironing it as though it were a silk handkerchief; this especially for the white and light colored silk used for underwear.

Pongee is classed by itself, owing to its being worn from the undyed silk.

and then left undyed in the fabric.

It is the natural color of the raw silk. The foreign "wash silk" having the colors dyed in the silk before weaving are the best and the prettiest, showing a delicacy of shading not seen in the printed silks. They will wash without injury. Although some of the printed "wash silks" will be the test of the washability, many of the cheap domestic fabrics sold under that name will not, the colors running and intermingling, to the utter ruin of the gown.

In buying wash silks, if the house selling them is not known to be absolutely reliable, it is safest to secure samples and wash them before selecting material for a gown or shirt waist. These silks may be worn so long without becoming noticeably soiled that it is seldom necessary to have them washed when made up in gowns, but shirt waists and blouses, especially if worn in traveling, often are the better for cleansing.

Florida, a domestic silk used for some time in umbrellas, is being brought forward for dresses, and promises to be popular. Its peculiar recommendation is its durability, which it owes to an admixture of wool. For umbrellas it has proved far superior to pure silk, while selling cheaper. An umbrella of Florida will wear for years, though carried continuously summer and winter for sun and rain. It has a twill something like serge, though less decided, and retains its freshness of appearance to the end. Its good qualities naturally have suggested its use for dresses.—N. Y. Times.

A Serious Objection.

A German peasant family had made all their arrangements to emigrate to the United States. The day before the family was to take its departure the eldest son, Hans, who was a numerous court, informed that he did not care to go west.

"Has some village maiden beguiled thee to remain behind?" asked the father.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Why, then, dost thou not wish to go with us?"

"I've been talking with the school-master, and—"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He says that it is twelve o'clock with us here in Germany that—"

"What that?"

"When it is twelve o'clock here with us, that in America it is nine o'clock in the evening."

"Well?"

"I don't want to go to a place where I have to wait that long for my dinner, and the poor fellow completely broke down at the mere thought of it.—Texas Siftings.

Dishonorable Druggists.

Numerous complaints are heard against retail druggists who, when asked for a well known proprietary article, endeavor to dispose of an imitation bearing their own trade mark and represented to be "just as good."

This practice is a growing one and it seems proper that steps should be taken to put a stop to it. It is a dishonorable attempt on the part of the druggist to profit at the expense of proprietors of medicines, remedies and other articles that have been extensively advertised and by taking advantage of the demand thus created, to work off upon the people's superstitions of their own concoction. It is only necessary to warn the public against this species of imposition in order to awaken a sentiment that will result disastrously to the dealers who practice it. If standard articles can not be found in one store they may be had in another, and consumers alert to their own interests will not fail to apply the remedy.—Chicago Herald.

Furniture Painting.

There is another craze which is hovering over us and threatens to drop on us at any moment—and that's furniture painting. It has made its way into the art shops, where women buy their china outfits and that sort of thing, where enamel paints appeared fully two years before they struck the furniture and upholstery trade proper. The craze has for some time prevailed in England, and we will undoubtedly be but a short while free of it. The wood is selected in the plain, and is in screens, over mantels, cabinets, clock cases, tables, cupboards, corner brackets, hat racks and articles of light ware, and the idea is to paint them in feivorous styles or apply to them potterwork, gesso work or other decorations.—Up-holsterer.

A California Desperado and the Man Who Was Too Quick For Him.

Joe Dye, the bad man of Ventura county, has gone the way of his sort. He got "Ploche fair play" at the hands of a man whom he had threatened to kill, and a double lead of Luchshot made so many holes in him that the doctors couldn't keep him alive. The threatened man lay for Joe at a second-story window, and when he came along the street the man called out "Hello, Joe!" having some scruples about taking a man entirely unawares and shooting him when he wasn't looking. Joe looked up, saw the man with the gun, and pulled his pistol, but just as he raised the weapon the man turned loose both barrels, and that was the end of the man who had been the terror of the southern counties for years.

In dealing with a man like Joe Dye, who had a record of several homicides, public opinion in California requires only that his attention shall be called to the fact that he is about to be shot, and if the warning and shot are nearly simultaneous no harsh criticism is heard.

"Craw and bang—defend yourself!" That is Ploche fair play. Joe got it, and his slayer will be acquitted on the ground of self-defense. Joe himself had been acquitted on no better grounds several times.

The only man who ever was too quick for Joe Dye before this magical event was Petroleum Scott, the old Ventura oil man, a tall, wiry, nervous chap, who would be the terror of stenographers if he were a public speaker. Phillips Brooks is a leisurely dravler compared to Scott. Scott and Dye had a legal contest over an oil claim on the Sespe, and while the case was pending Scott prudently avoided discussing it with Joe, whose temper and trigger finger were notoriously quick and apt to act in concert.

One day Scott and Dye met in a Santa Paula saloon, and sitting down at a table together, clinked glasses and chatted about things in general. Scott carefully abstained from talking about oil claims, but Joe finally broached the subject and made some statement about the records that were not correct. This is the way Scott tells the story: "Without thinking, I said, 'Joe, you're a blamed liar, and as soon as the words were out of my mouth he yanked his revolver and stuck it under my nose. But I was too quick for him. I took it all back before he could shoot.'"—Santa Paula (Cal.) Herald.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Plain Pound Cake.—Put one pound of butter in an earthen pan until it is a fine, thick cream; then beat in nine whole eggs until light. Put in a little lemon peel finely shredded and work in one-quarter of a pound of flour. Bake for one hour.—Detroit Free Press.

A very nice white cake is made by beating a half pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar to a cream, and then gradually stirring in a pound of arrowroot and the whites of five eggs. A teaspoonful of rose-water makes a delicate flavoring. This mixture is baked in a buttered tin one hour and a quarter.—Christian at Work.

Opening the window in front of a stove will stop a smoking chimney. The smoking is sometimes caused by an insufficient supply of air. Often times simply fanning the fire vigorously will stop the smoking. Nothing is more annoying than a smoking chimney. Two openings in the same flue will cause this trouble, the first it is necessary to make space for flues for every fire. A tree above the level of the chimney opening may stop the draft; this can be remedied only by cutting down the tree.—Boston Herald.

It should be remembered that quick boiling hard-boiled meat and too much water renders it tasteless. To boil a leg of mutton an approved plan is to put it into water that is boiling fast and let it boil about five minutes; the object being to harden the outside and prevent the escape of juices; then add enough cold water to reduce the temperature and when on the point of boiling again skim it carefully, then draw it to one side of the stove and let it simmer slowly until done.—N. Y. World.

Caramel Pie (1875).—One cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, six tablespoonfuls of water, three eggs, a little salt, three tea-spoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Cream (filling).—One pint of milk, two eggs, one cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour, a little piece of butter; flavor with vanilla. Caramel (top).—One cupful of grated chocolate, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of water; dissolve the chocolate in the water, add the sugar, and cook till it is almost as hard as candy when tried in water. It is a delicious pie.—Good Housekeeping.

Shrimp Sauce.—Half-pint of pickled shrimps, a gill of glycer or water, half a pound of butter, a little flour, one spoonful anchovy liquor, one of ketchup, half a lemon.—Take half a pint of pickled shrimps, and wash them clean; put them into a stew pan, with a gill of glycer or water, half a pound of butter and a little nut of butter mixed with the flour, a spoonful of anchovy liquor, one of ketchup, and half a lemon; boil it till the butter is melted and it is thick and smooth; take out the lemon and squeeze the juice of the other half into it; stir it well, and serve in a tureen.—Boston Herald.

Very Fine Gingerbread.—Take one and one-half pounds of honey, melt it over the fire, then turn it out into a warmed crock. While the honey is yet hot, stir into it nine ounces of moist sugar, six ounces of sweet almonds, blanched and cut into thin slices, three ounces of candied lemon finely sliced, and one and one-half ounces of powdered cinnamon. Stir these well together and gradually add enough flour to form into a stiff paste, adding enough ginger flavor to taste. Roll out several times until quite smooth and stiff and about half an inch or over in thickness. With a sharp knife cut into squares, place in square buttered tins, and bake until a pale brown.—Detroit Free Press.

IT WAS A SURE THING.

A Learned Astronomer Gets a Few Points From a Countryman.

A very learned professor of astronomy—one who was skilled in the signs of the skies and the winds and clouds—was once traveling. While on his journey he lost his way, and wandering about, came across a simple looking countryman, who was sitting under a tree tending a flock of sheep.

"Friend," said the professor, "can you inform me of the direction and distance of the nearest adjacent town?"

"Yes, sir, it is all of five miles; but," he added, "you will get a good walking before you get there."

This surprised the professor. He could not discover any signs of a storm, and he was so sure of his own knowledge in such matters that he laughed at the countryman, and started his horse on the road pointed out to him.

But before he had gone two-thirds of the distance a sudden black cloud covered the sky, the rain poured in torrents, and the wise man reached his inn soaked and disgusted.

The next morning, before he had proceeded on his journey, he determined to ride back and if possible find out by what hidden signs—of which he, a great professor, was ignorant—this foolish countryman had foretold the storm.

So he rode back, and after spending a day in the search, found the countryman, and explained what he wanted to know.

"I will not tell you my sign," said the countryman, "without a good sum of money."

They struck a bargain. The professor was so anxious to hear this valuable secret that he was willing to pay the large amount demanded.

"Do you see, sir," asked the countryman, "that black sheep with a white face over there—the only black sheep in my flock?"