

The latest investigations by the United States and Canadian Governments show the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in purity and leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to the contrary have been declared by the official authorities falsifications of the official reports.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

AMERICAN POSTERS.

PICTURES IN WHICH THIS COUNTRY LEADS THE WORLD.

The Growth of Lithography and Its Relation to the Art of Advertising Theatrical Attractions—How the Business Has Been Built Up.

The American poster has utterly changed its standing since the printers have been producing their work by lithography. It has become an artistic creation. Wood cuts may be as fine and delicate as etchings, but in poster work they depended on their coarseness. They needed to be bold and conspicuous, and the printing of them required such a great amount of ink that any amount that might have been done upon them would have clogged up and become a great blot. The old fashioned poster picture was always a wood cut and was always coarse and rude.

With the advent of lithography into the business the only artistic drawing but brilliant color effects became possible. The Americans found few artists here who were accustomed to the work. There were famous painters who were masters in their use of colors, but it was not possible to employ them in a calling that had not then attracted wide attention and that in all probability never will rank near that of lithography.

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THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

An Interesting and Valuable Auxiliary to the G. A. R.

The G. A. R., as everybody knows, originated in Illinois, and Maine claims the honor of having organized the first part of the Woman's Relief Corps, but this year Illinois captured the honors in both organizations, with Colonel Thomas G. Lawler of Rockford as the new commander in chief of the G. A. R., and Mrs. Emma R. Wallace of Chicago as the new president of the Woman's Relief Corps.



Mrs. Emma R. Wallace.

Mrs. Wallace has won some honor as a member of the board of lady managers of the Chicago World's fair and organizer and manager of an industrial school, in which 150 waifs are cared for, has been identified with the Woman's Relief Corps for 18 years and for the past two years department president of Illinois.

HARD TIMES.

It is not merely the fact that a million men are laid to be out of work, with consequent loss of time, place and money that makes the times seem so tough, but there are other aggravations superadded, growing out of the willful neglect of so many, that makes the times seem hard, indeed. If better times were at hand and good places open to all that are now idle, there are thousands who would be totally unfit to go to work by reason of the neglect of some infinitely which totally unfit to them to accept of a better time. What better opportunity could there be to get their physical condition in good shape than the enforced idleness gives them. To do so is making hard times so much harder. It is poor logic to make anything bad grow worse, and it is no economy at all to save expense by sacrificing health. A man wants brain, muscle and brain in as nearly a perfect condition as is possible to gain a victory in the battle of life. It is mostly from the home-sick in the things that the greater ones accumulate and finally overwhelm us. There is hardly one man who labors with his muscles, from his skinner pick and shovel, but has some bodily ailment neglected. What costly trifling it is, looked at from results. For example, the home-sick in the things that the greater ones accumulate and finally overwhelm us. There is hardly one man who labors with his muscles, from his skinner pick and shovel, but has some bodily ailment neglected. What costly trifling it is, looked at from results.

Pretty Things Made of Coal. One of the interesting new industries of the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania is the manufacture of "coal novelties." The novelties are articles of ornament or use made of coal dust, of the finest anthracite coal, such as candlesticks, inkstands, napkin rings, matchboxes, watch charms and several others. None but the very best coal is used. It is susceptible of a high polish, and the articles made from it are genuine novelties to people who live in places that are not coal regions. A one armed man in a neighboring town makes a good living in the manufacture of coal novelties, and a Lehigh Valley engineer turns out some nice ornaments of anthracite with his machine. The articles are high priced, but they are brittle and break easily.—Cor. New York Sun.

One Mother's Way of Raising Clothes. The wife of one of our best known novelists has her peculiar notions of household economy. These in no wise prevent her from being a mother who is a great help to her husband. She has a large family for a rather extended period of time. She puts without reservation into her children's hands. They are careful and painstaking, and thus save it, or they can be reckless and run through it and then go without. Generally in the end they go without.

HAUNTED! A haunted house in these practical and unromantic days is something of a rarity, but an old-fashioned tale of this kind is being told in the city of New York. The tale is of a house on Fourth Street, between Broadway and the Bowery. The house is a three-story building, and it is said to be haunted by the spirits of a family who lived there in the early part of the century.

A Youthful Story Teller.

In a down town barber shop is employed a little boy to keep the files of the patrons of the place in summer and act as general utility man in winter. Having nothing else to occupy his mind, he has developed a wonderful faculty for telling remarkable stories. He bids fair in time to out rival Joe Mulholland and several others who have become noted as prevaricators. His talent in this direction is so marked indeed as to astonish the patrons of the shop, whom he never fails to regale with one of his choice selections.

The other afternoon a gentleman who was in a hurry to catch the train took a seat in one of the chairs. He had not got fairly settled in the comfortable chair when the youthful story teller, with a most serious countenance, began a new work of the imagination.

"You are going away on the train, ain't you, mister?" There was an assenting nod. "I suppose you must be going down to Georgia this time of year. It is so cold, you know, I need to live down in Georgia with my gran ma. Me an him raised popcorn together. We had 80 acres in our farm, an on four of them we raised popcorn. When it got ripe, we shucked it an put it in a big barn. It was hot, an the barn was dry.

"One night it caught fire. The corn popped an flew all over the farm until it looked like it had snowed. The next morning when our old cow come out o' her shed she saw the popcorn ever' thing, an thinkin it was snow she lay down and froze to death."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PICKETT AND THE ARCHIVES.

The Light Turned on a Hidden Chapter of Wartime History.

Frank Riggs, the son of the famous banker and his father's successor in the financial circles at Washington, tells me an interesting story that corrects a false impression which many good people have carried for years. During the second term of President Grant a man of the name of Pickett sold to the government of the United States the records of the executive departments of the southern confederacy. From these documents was obtained much evidence that prevented the payment of claims of southern citizens who pretended loyalty for losses growing out of the war.

In a single instance they saved several millions by showing that mail contracts throughout the south had been paid from the Confederate treasury for services performed by them for the postoffice department of the United States before the outbreak of the rebellion. They proved to be of great value in many other directions, and the price paid Mr. Pickett for them, which was something like \$60,000, proved to be one of the most profitable investments ever made by the government.

Pickett had been the chief clerk of the Confederate state department or held some similar office which made him custodian of the archives. When President Davis and his cabinet fled from Richmond, Mr. Pickett carried the records away and hid them in some place that escaped the searchers of the Union army, and the manner of their disappearance was a mystery until they were delivered to Secretary Fish. It was always believed that Mr. Pickett pocketed the money, and he was universally condemned by southern people for betraying the secrets of the lost cause for a price.

"The facts have never been told," said Mr. Riggs, "for Mr. Pickett exacted the strictest pledges of secrecy from my father in regard to the disposition of the money. But both of them are dead now, and there is no reason why the truth should not be known. Mr. Pickett never had the benefit of any penny of the money he received from the government for those records. He deposited the entire amount as soon as he received it in our bank to the credit of 'George W. Riggs, trustee for,' and it was distributed in small amounts among the widows of Confederate officers. Mr. Pickett made out the list of the people to whom he wished it sent. The checks were all signed by my father. Each one was accompanied by a letter, which he prepared and which my father signed, saying that the inclosure was forwarded at the request of a gentleman who felt an interest in their welfare, but for reasons of his own desired that his identity should not be disclosed. The account was carried for several years, and all the checks and vouchers are now packed away in our bank."—Chicago Record.

Experiences With Lions.

Mr. Selous, having spent 21 years in Africa, has returned to London from Mashonaland. Mr. Selous confessed that he had killed 100 elephants and 35 lions. His best lion story was that he once carried in Mashonaland. The man in question was riding one horse and leading another, which carried the mails, when the lion made his appearance and his spring. The latter demoralized the mail completely. One horse was bowled over, the other broke away without its rider, and the mail carrier very naturally lost all interest in the mail.

The lion did not succeed in detaining either of the horses (they turned up next day at the fort, one very badly wounded and without the mailbags), so he returned to the unfortunate carrier. Him the lion treed and then sat down at the foot of the tree to await developments. Fortunately for the carrier they did not develop entirely as the lion could have wished, for the next day a caravan passed and the lion stalked away into the bush, doubtless with an increased contempt for the refinements of civilization. The mailbags were not found for months afterward.

"Are lions fond of man meat?" "No," said Mr. Selous, "they prefer donkeys. I think the donkeys remind them of zebras. They have no distaste for horses, but they will attack human beings. I once knew a lion to walk into a camp where I was staying and walk off with one of the policemen. I've brought his skin home—the lion's. I think it is in that corner—no, it isn't. I remember I have sent it away to be cleaned."

"Lion hunting is dangerous, isn't it?" "It depends. One learns to run fewer risks as one gets older. When I wound a lion now, I let him go. When I was younger, I used to go after him. I shall do so no more."—London Graphic.

Cashier Sawyer's Strange Gift.

C. M. Sawyer, cashier of the Dexter National bank, possesses a very peculiar faculty for telling the weight of things offhand. He cannot explain what the power is, but that he can exercise it correctly there can be no doubt. Numerous instances of its use are told. One is that a merchant was one day preparing to weigh a boxful of old copper scraps, all shapes and sizes thrown in at haphazard. Just then Mr. Sawyer stepped into his store. Seeing the box and the scales he remarked:

"You needn't weigh that, for I can tell you to an ounce just what it weighs. The thought came to me just as I came in the door that that box and contents weighed just 673 pounds."

The dealer was not prepared to adopt this mode of weighing without verifying it, so he put the box on the scales, and it tipped the beam at exactly the weight named.—Lewiston Journal.

THE NEW PLANTERS' HOTEL.

St. Louis Very Proud of the Successor to a Historic Hostelry.

St. Louis is more than proud of her new Planters' hotel, which supersedes and stands upon the site of the long famous "Planters." The old hotel was first opened to guests on April 1, 1841, and was long not only the finest hotel in the west, but so much finer than all in the southwest that no comparison was attempted. Despite the wonderful improvement, the new Planters' only ranks as one of many fine hotels in the west, but the builders have almost neglected the long desired result of being able to give every guest a front room.

This is accomplished by letting in two alleys, so to speak, which extend from the third story up, thus giving that part of the hotel the form of a reversed E as far back as the street extends. The frontage on Fourth street is 230 feet, covering the whole block from Chestnut to Pine street; but, counting the alleys or inlets named, there is for guestrooms a total frontage of 780 feet, and as each alley is 76 feet deep and 46 feet wide there are practically 36,000 feet of sleeping room. The frontage on Chestnut street is 120 feet, and as each alley is 76 feet deep and 46 feet wide there are practically 36,000 feet of sleeping room. The frontage on Chestnut street is 120 feet, and as each alley is 76 feet deep and 46 feet wide there are practically 36,000 feet of sleeping room.



Portrait of a man, likely related to the Planters' Hotel.

It is a fine example of the art of hotel building, and it is a pity that the architect who designed it should not have been a student of the art of hotel building. The hotel is a fine example of the art of hotel building, and it is a pity that the architect who designed it should not have been a student of the art of hotel building.

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WE GIVE AWAY Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets

To any one sending name and address to us on a postal card. ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR. Hence, our object in sending them out broadcast. ON TRIAL. They absolutely cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia and kindred derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Don't accept some substitute said to be "just as good." The substitute costs the dealer less. It costs you ABOUT the same. HIS profit is in the "just as good."

WHERE IS YOURS? Address for FREE SAMPLE. World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y. A NOVELTY—Protection from wick pick and wick-pick will not wear out. Price, 10 cents (stamp). Sent free by return mail. W. S. WOODRUFF, 219 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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Image of the New Planters' Hotel building.

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Midsummer Honors From the Midwinter Fair.

California, in her golden prime, never before achieved so grand a triumph as at the Midwinter Fair just closed. Among the honors conferred at the fair was bestowal of the highest award including gold medal, on Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

As at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, the award to Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder at San Francisco, was for highest quality, demonstrated by expert analysis, under direction of U. S. Government Chemists. The requisites, in each instance, were superiority in leavening power, perfect purity of constituents, uniformity and wholesomeness. Dr. Price's is thus confirmed and permanently established as positively the Best Baking Powder Ever Made.

Prepared to Turn on Her Tears. One young woman went to the matinee prepared for the affecting parts of the play. She carried lightly sewed in the center of a second handkerchief a tiny powder puff, which she proceeded to dust with powder from a little enameled box into which it fitted. With the puff concealed in the handkerchief she calmly watched the scene progress to the agony point, ignoring the tears that, sure enough, began presently to stream down her cheeks. When the curtain fell, however, she took instant advantage of the momentary reaction of the audience, and wiping her face with one handkerchief, with the second she cleverly dusted her too red nose and cheeks with the toning down powder, and beamed upon the women about her who were not forewarned.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Archduchess' Splendid Gift. The Austrian archduchess who was recently married did not take her splendid bridal robe with its embroideries of silver margarites and costly lace to her new home, but made a gift of it to the church where her sisters and brothers prayed continually for her recovery during a serious illness. The beautiful gown is to be made into a set of Easter garments for the priests, and the bride will keep only for her remembrance of the day the veil of tulle and the myrtle wreath which, all German and Austrian brides wear in token of their purity.

Washington has salmon fisheries worth \$1,000,000 a year and catches 10,000 fish seals. It exports \$8,000,000 worth of lumber and coal and raises 15,000,000 bushels of wheat. Tweed, as a cloth name, arose from a mistake. Its name was twill, but in a blotted invoice sent to a London merchant the word looked like tweed, and so it came into use.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOES. THE BEST. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

GOLDEN WEST Baking Powder. If you are going to have a party, be sure to make the cake with Golden West Baking Powder.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE. The most powerful healing ointment ever. HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE cures sores, ulcers, boils, abscesses, hemorrhoids, piles, itching, burns, scalds, cuts, lacerations, snake bites, and other ailments.

CALIFORNIA UTERINE TONIC. Best Home Remedy for Female Diseases. Lady Agents wanted in every town. Address: Cal. Uterine Tonic Company, 406 Buller Street, San Francisco.

ENGRAVING!! FINEST WORK. Engraving on wood, metal, and stone. We have the latest and best machinery, photo apparatus, and other modern appliances. Write for catalogue and prices.

BUY YOUR CLOTHING AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Men's Suits at \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$20.00. Men's Overcoats, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00. Young Men's Suits, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00. Boys' Knee-Pants Suits, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00. Oregon Wool Socks, 3 pairs for 50 cents. White Laundry Shirts, 50 cents. Write for Price List and send orders by mail.

"FAMOUS," CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS. "A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES SAPOLIC. KIMBALL'S PIANOS AND ORGANS. KIMBALL & CO., PORTLAND, OREGON.

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY. Three doses only. Try it!