

MARVELS IN PHOTO PAPER.

New Platinum Prints Which Defy Time and Bleaching.

Boon for Amateurs—Quest of Years Rewarded by Heightened Tone Feeling and Permanency—Printing on Canvas Now a Success.

Two notable recent accomplishments in photographic printing have emphasized the progress of the art and brought it both practically and sympathetically nearer the masses than ever before. Kodakers and other amateurs have been relieved of one of the heaviest burdens of technicality. Those for whom the sun-painted likeness of cherished features has robbed the grave of its victory for a fading period have found an indestructible vehicle of memory. All this is the result of the use of platinum paper for printing from the negative, not altogether a theoretical novelty, but a practical accomplishment attained only within the last year or two.

One of the sorrowful facts about the common photograph is that it will fade with age and exposure. In many a home hangs the picture of a dear one passed beyond human vision, which time has deprived of its lifelikeness, mottled, brown and withered, and incapable of conveying to any but the eye of cherished affection a suggestion of the character which once beamed in the face and made it lively to look upon. The same light which magically limned the features on the sensitive plate has stolen back again its own, and the many solvents of the silver salts which the atmosphere conceals have foraged the precious likeness and rubbed it of its lights and shadows. The photograph has not been a joy forever.

Marvel of the Picture.

Here the new platinum paper works its marvel. The print defies change. The air holds no agent which can obliterate the lines or disintegrate the shadows which have been painted, sealed by the sun, into the platinum emulsion. Silver and gold have many affinities besides the human one which makes love of them the root of all evil. Lawless elements which divorce them from their artful unions—but platinum has only one practical present in the surroundings of the picture to shorten its life or destroy its sharp integrity. A hundred years are as a day to the detail and clarity of the platinum print photograph.

Science seems almost to have robbed revelation of its birthright. More and more of the material affirms its kinship with the unknown. The platinum paper and the photograph have almost bridged the chasm of the grave. In imperishable lines the platinum print keeps ever before the eye the absent face and form, and in the dots and dashes of the photograph foil are the echoes of the tones which made the air musical before the change of death had stifled beloved accents. If Pygmalion has not again found Calais in the voiceless marble, he at last finds the likeness of that land from whose shores no traveler need return because those left behind have solved the mystery of his disappearance with the alchemy of light and sound.

It is not a long stretch of imagination to see a day when every household will have an ancestral gallery, surpassing in reality the famed halls of the Ghat of the old world. No oils laid on by hand can rival the possibilities of the pictures painted by the sun, and when to this is added the thrill of a well-remembered voice, echoed from the photograph, it will may happen that those who visit us in dreams shall become also the companions and the solace of our waking hours once more.

Boon to Amateurs.

Aside from the sentimentality of the platinum paper there is a practical side which appeals strongly to amateurs. No one need any longer be de-

pendent on the technical expert for his finished pictures. The ferro-platinum paper requires no elaborate chemistry to bring to light its secret of tone and detail. A simple bath of warm water is the only developer needed. Every Kodaker can be his own painter. A milk pan, a kettle of warm water, a swift immersion, and the picture is printed. Any amateur who can develop his own negative is henceforth free from all the other technicalities of the art, and the new paper is indestructible and cheap.

Photographers have wrestled with the problems of tone, feeling and permanency in their prints from the earliest days of the art. Gold and silver for years were the precious elements they conjured to aid them in preserving what the sun had dimmed. But there were chemical faults in each. Both were in some measure incapable of reproducing the delicacy of detail for which the artist strove; the atmosphere held solvents for each which in time caused the picture to fade. These faults were inseparable from the salts of the two metals, and experts early realized that the flat of chemistry decreed the transient character of the prints made with their aid.

Fifteen years ago photographers who also were chemists began to seek in platinum a metal which should give results of detail and permanency denied by the older precious metals. The quest was long and painstaking. Platinum prints were made which gave many improved results, but technical difficulties prevented the new print paper from coming into general use. Some three years ago an Eastern expert, however, attained the long sought goal in a practical manner, and produced a paper which he called "ferro-platinum," giving the desired results.

Three things were accomplished—the new paper was cheap, it was capable of producing marvelous effects in clear, sharp blacks and whites, and it was permanent. Tone and feeling hitherto unapproachable were in its grasp. A forest scene printed on its surface retained the perspective and detail of the original. Minute gradations of tone were possible which could not be accomplished by the older papers, and which appealed to the instinct of the eye in the picture as in the natural scene. And the impression, the picture, once captured, was there to stay. The material texture of the paper might be separated, but each fragment would bear, beyond the power of fire to consume or of acid to erase, its indelible portion of the picture. The sun could not wither nor solvents destroy the impression. This is the new platinum paper.

Printing on Canvas.

Another remarkable recent achievement in photography is an emulsion which makes it possible to print on canvas direct. Efforts to this end have been made for years, but without much success. A fair imitation of the peculiar effect of a canvas sheet was produced by printing with light which had been passed through a fine net, but it was only an imitation. Now, however, an emulsion whose composition is a secret, has been produced, which is applied directly to the canvas and on which the print is impressed, as on paper. To what extent this will invade the field of oil painting is a problem as yet dependent on progress in the direction of initial color photography, but the effect thus far obtained in blacks, whites and browns are such as to mark the dawn of a new day in high-class photography.—Chicago Tribune.

o'clock train that night, and it was then the joke was to be sprung on him. At 3 o'clock the committee, consisting of a deacon, a lively stable keeper, a local editor, the county clerk and my best customer, filed in and we sat down to enjoy ourselves, and when the clerk sent up word that the train had whistled, I was ten dollars to the good and the deacon was strapped, while the others were doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances, but they hadn't told me a word about what the joke was. All they said was that I was not a participator in this, and I could look on and find out for myself. As soon as we got word of the train we concealed the evidences of our crime, and composed ourselves to the greatest quietude, while we waited for Cranky to appear. He was there in twenty minutes, and when we heard him come into his room, my place was dead dark and stiller than a store that doesn't advertise. There was a door between the rooms with a transom over it and a curtain on my side, and this the chairman of the committee had carefully shoved to one side before we put our light out. A table had been shoved up to the door, and on this and a step ladder the committee and myself distributed ourselves to watch the proceedings in the next room.

"I confess that I was as much in the dark about what was going to happen as Cranky was, only I knew it was going to happen and he didn't. All I could see, when Cranky lit the gas, was the usual appointments of a sleeping room, with a bed in one corner very neatly made.

"'Git onto the bed,' whispered the deacon; 'it's that dern pneumonia mattress so full of wind that it bulges the cover up and looks like a horse with the colic.'

ceeded to open his bed. The coverlid was fastened down so snug that he couldn't get it off, and with a muttered (ab)juration on a fool chambermaid that would tuck the covers in like that he gave it a powerful yank and jerked it half way across the room. It seemed to me as if it had been tacked on, but I didn't know as to that, for I never had heard of nailing the covers on a bed anywhere except in the cyclone belt of Kansas. Well, when he got the top piece off there was a queer commotion took place in the bed or under it. I couldn't tell which, and the blamed mattress began to hump itself as if somebody was underneath, and I thought if Cranky was a woman what a whoop he would raise. But he did not do a thing but stand back and gaze at it as if he was paralyzed. It kind a wrestled with itself for a minute, a-heavin' and a-humpin', and then it broke away from the sheets and blankets and seemed to be trying to get out of bed. It didn't take more than a minute, and then it gave a shake like a dog coming out of the water, and it rose clear of the bedstead and the clothes tettered off to one end and slipped to the floor, and when this weight was gone the blamed thing just rose in the air and sailed for the ceiling. Cranky's eyes followed it in a crazy kind of stare, and when it struck the top with a dull thud it seemed to knock the plug out of his lungs, and he let off a yell that you could have heard over in the next county. He tore open the door and went down the hall and front stairs to the office, shouting murder and ghosts and fire, and the Lord knows what all, while his long, white gown flew through the air like a seminary clothe-line on a windy wash day.

"I was nearly as badly scared as Cranky was, but the deacon whispered to me that it was working like a missionary collection in a flush congregation; and then, as Cranky shot down the hall toward the office, the committee told me to go down and take care of the office end, as they had business elsewhere, and they skipped down the back stairs, and I'm shot if I know what ever did become of them. I went to the office, meeting a hall full of frightened people rushing out in pretty much the same kind of lingerie that Cranky wore, and I headed the procession to find out what the dickens it was all about. The clerk was as innocent as a lamb, and said that Mr. C. had dashed out and down the street, and he, (the clerk) had telephoned to the station agent to head him off if he came that way, and he had sent a night watchman up to the other end of town to stop him before he got to the river. What it was all about he didn't know, but robbers or something were in his room, and if the guests cared to go up and see they were welcome to do so. I at once offered my services to head the forlorn hope, and followed by the heroes of the house, we marched up to Cranky's room. Some hesitated about entering unless we were armed, but I told them trawls that there was no danger and to come on. In we went, and there, still sticking up against the ceiling, was Cranky's mattress, just as I had seen it when the row began. One or two faint hearts shied a little at the uncanny spectacle, but I went up to it boldly and, making a grab for one corner, I hauled it down on the spot. What was the matter with it I had no idea, but being an expert in pneumatics, but I knew there was wind in it, and if the wind was let out it might be less rantankerous, so two or three of us got hold and blew her around and another man opened the valve.

"When he did so I tried to get the situation and to the joke all at once, for there came a blast out of that valley as if the whole gas works had exploded, and I knew the gang had just filled Cranky's mattress with gas and made a balloon out of it. It hadn't much lifting power, but enough, and when Cranky released its fastenings it had simply floated off and up just like any other balloon would do. We hauled it over to the window where the gas could escape into the open air and then we went to look for Cranky. He was awake when they found him, and nobody knows what would have happened to that committee when he got on his feet again, but they had done their business so secretly and could stick to a lie so tight that in spite of every effort to apprehend the culprits and punish the criminals it was impossible to get even a clue to the perpetrators of the outrage. At last, that is what one of the local papers said, and the editor ought to know what he was talking about. A week later I got a letter from that customer of mine, saying that Cranky was about to give up the pursuit and had donated the mattress to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. So you see that it is an ill wind that blows no good," and the tobacco drummer put a piece of his own goods into his mouth and ruminated in silence for as much as a minute.

VETERAN WHEELING HIS WAY.

Eighty-Year-Old Farmer Rapspe Going to Encampment on Bicycle.

Pittsburg, August 8.—On a bicycle built for one and as enthusiastic as a 14-year-old boy coasting, J. A. Rapspe, an 80-year-old farmer, of Portage, Wis., passed through Pittsburg tonight on a bicycle on his way to Philadelphia to attend the G. A. R. encampment. He is a veteran of the civil war and goes to all encampments.

He made the journey from Portage to Pittsburg, 875 miles in twenty-five days. He came to Pittsburg from Carnegie, and, going to the Postoffice, secured some mail which was there waiting for him.

The Rev. W. B. Costley, of Stockbridge, Ga., while attending to his pastoral duties at Ellenwood, that state, was attacked by cholera morbus. He says: "By chance I happened to get hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and I think it was the means of saving my life. It relieved me at once." For sale by J. H. Lann, druggist, Salem Or.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

A STATISTICAL CIRCULAR

The Pacific Coast Hop Crop for Two Years.

A CORRECT REPORT

Less Than One Thousand Bales of the 1898 Crop Remain Unshipped—Nearly All Sold.

The following communication from Lillenthal & Co., hop buyers of San Francisco, is self-explanatory:

"In accordance with our usual custom we take pleasure in handing you

Statistical record of the Pacific coast hop crop for the year 1898; compiled by Lillenthal & Co., San Francisco, August 1, 1899:

	Acres.	Bales.
California.....	6,000	44,500
Oregon.....	15,500	71,250
Washington.....	5,000	36,200

Distribution of stock from June 30, 1898, to July 1, 1899:

CALIFORNIA—

	Bales.
Stock on hand June 30, 1898.....	9,700
Received from Oregon and Washington.....	650
Crop of 1898.....	44,500

Shipped overland by rail.....	42,150
Shipped to foreign ports by water.....	6,800
Home consumption.....	2,000

On hand July 1, 1899..... 8,900

OREGON—

Stock on hand June 30, 1898.....	8,000
Crop of 1898.....	71,250

Shipped overland by rail.....	77,750
Shipped to California.....	300
Home consumption.....	500

On hand July 1, 1899..... 700

WASHINGTON—

Stock on hand June 30, 1898.....	3,000
Crop of 1898.....	36,200

Shipped overland by rail.....	37,200
Shipped to foreign ports by water.....	150
Shipped to California.....	350
Home consumption.....	700

On hand July 1, 1899..... 800

Recapitulation:

Total stock on hand June 30, 1898.....	20,700
Total Pacific coast crop, 1898.....	151,950

Total rail shipments..... 157,100

Total water shipments..... 6,950

Total consumed by coast brewers..... 3,200

On hand July 1, 1899..... 5,400

Of the 5400 bales on hand July 1, 1899, only about 2250 bales were of the 1898 crop, the balance being mostly remnants from the 1897 crop.

On August 1, 1899, there were less than 1000 bales of the 1898 crop remaining unshipped, and the bulk of these has been sold to brewers, and is held here awaiting shipment.

Statistical record of the Pacific coast hop crop of the year 1897, compiled by Lillenthal & Co., San Francisco, August 1, 1899:

	Acres.	Bales.
California.....	6,000	45,000
Oregon.....	15,500	75,000
Washington.....	5,000	32,000

Distribution of stock from June 30, 1897, to July 1, 1898:

CALIFORNIA—

Stock on hand June 30, 1897.....	13,000
Received from Oregon and Washington.....	800
Crop of 1897.....	45,000

Shipped overland by rail.....	40,700
Shipped to foreign ports by water.....	4,400
Home consumption.....	4,000

On hand July 1, 1898..... 9,700

OREGON—

Stock on hand June 30, 1897.....	2,000
Crop of 1897.....	75,000

Shipped overland by rail.....	67,500
Shipped to California.....	700
Home consumption.....	800

On hand July 1, 1898..... 8,000

WASHINGTON—

Stock on hand June 30, 1897.....	2,500
Crop of 1897.....	32,000

Shipped overland by rail.....	30,100
Shipped to foreign ports by water.....	300
Shipped to California.....	100
Home consumption.....	1,000

On hand July 1, 1898..... 3,000

Recapitulation:

Total stock on hand June 30, 1897.....	17,500
Total Pacific coast crop, 1897.....	152,000

Total rail shipments..... 138,000

Total water shipments..... 4,700

Total consumed by local brewers..... 5,800

On hand July 1, 1898 (bales)..... 20,700

Of which 10,000 bales were of the 1897 crop and the balance consisted of olds and old olds.

ALL HAD READ THE CHAPTER.

Divine Questions His Flock on Their Knowledge of the Bible.

Rev. Mr. Newby, the new pastor of the Christian church, is likely to lose the confidence of his beloved flock. Luring the sermon one night he stopped abruptly and asked:

"How many of you have read the Bible?"

Fifty hands went up.

"Good," said the pastor. "Now, how many of you have ever read the second chapter of Jude?"

Twenty-five hands went up.

A wan smile overspread the divine's face. "That's also good; but when you go home read that chapter again, and you will doubtless learn something to your interest."

There is only one chapter in the book of Jude.—Guthrie (C.T.) Leader.

FOREIGN STUDENTS IN GER-

MANY.

In the universities of Germany 2284 foreign students have matriculated this summer, as against 2279 last summer and 2778 last winter. Of these 563 are studying philology, philology or history, 480 mathematics or natural history, 477 medicine, 259 jurisprudence, 150 agriculture, 134 finance of forestry,

our annual statistical circular showing the movement of the Pacific coast hop crop for the past season.

These figures have been compiled with great care and are correct.

They show that during 1898-9, the brewers on the Pacific coast only purchased 3,200 bales as against 5,800 bales the year before. This does not mean a lessened out put of beer, or that brewers used less hops to the barrel than usual, but it indicates that brewers have worked into and used up their reserve stock. We believe that this is true of the entire United States and that the brewers all over the world are going into the new season with the lightest stock ever known, while everywhere stocks in dealers' hands are practically exhausted.

For comparative purposes we enclose statement showing movement of the 1897 crop. On July 1, 1898, there were 20,700 bales remaining unshipped on the Pacific coast, while on July 1, 1899, there were only 5,400 bales of all grades, including about 1,500 bales of the 1898 crop unfit for brewing purposes. Today there are less than 1,000 bales of the 1898 crop unshipped and the bulk of these has been sold to brewers and is held here awaiting shipping instructions."

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MASCAGNI'S ROYAL CRITIC.

Mascagni, the famous composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," a few years ago was asked to entertain the royal court in Rome. He did so, and delighted his audience. When he had finished playing he started a conversation with the little Princess, who had stood near the piano during the recital, and had shown every sign of deep interest. As a matter of fact, she had been instructed by her mother to say, if any question should be asked, "that Mascagni was the greatest musician in Italy."

The composer asked her which of the great living masters she liked best, and the proud mother turned toward the child to hear the pretty little speech which had been taught her. Instead of the compliment came the withering remark:

"There are no great masters living. They are all dead."

"The musician gave a little start and then said:

"Your Excellency, permit me to congratulate you. You are the most truthful critic in Europe."—Philadelphia Post.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

"Did your husband take an active part in the war with Spain, Mrs. Parvenu?"

"Did he? Well, rather. He ran an army canteen single-handed from the beginning till the Spaniards laid down their arms."—Detroit Free Press.

EXPLAINING AWAY AN OBJECTION.

Customer—I don't think that is a genuine old edition. Too many of the words are spelled in modern style.

Dealer—Well—er—that may be a typographical error.—Puck.

CASTORIA.

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