

THE GREAT AMERICAN DOLLAR.

How "Our Mary" Rakes It In With an English Company, Much to the Disgust of Numerous Shining Lights of the "Rialto."

Dollars by the Hundred Thousand Lavishly Spent on the Stage this Season.

While Patti and Her Dear Nicolini it is Said Get Left in Paris, and Are Anxious to Bask in the Sunshine of the Dollar of Our Dads Again.

Freddy Gebhard Represents a New Departure, and Geo. Francis Train Thinks the World Too Wicked To Talk To.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 21, 1885.

"Harry, what all the boys on the Rialto for the past ten days or so? Seems to me they're unusually down in the mouth."

"Well, they're booming mad, and very savage because Mary Anderson took the liberty of bringing an English company over to America this season to support her. You see the boys as a class haven't much use for foreign companies anyway, even when they come over to support fore gnets, but when it comes to importing them to support American actresses, then indeed they get fierce, and even the comical end men of the third estate become tragical and blood thirsty."

"What are they going to do about it?"

"Well, they will hurl sarcasm and invective into the bottom of many an empty beer glass, and will cut Mary dead by not asking for the privilege of passes at the box office. This is about all they can do. You see it's been an awfully poor time for them during the two last seasons, and now when money is being spent so lavishly by the managers and the people it does seem a little hard that they should have to give way to a set of not very good foreign people in support of one who should be truly American enough to stand by her own countrymen. Mary has made a mistake in this matter, with the profession, and has made a greater mistake with the people by charging them \$2.50 for seats that she was very glad to see filled at a dollar price before she went to England. She isn't strong enough to stand this sort of thing, and the idea of coming back and charging her own countrymen more than she ever did before, and more than she charged the London playgoers, looks very much like she was becoming incultured with the spirit of Patti. Here's one of the boys. Hello, Burt, we're discussing Mary Anderson. What's your opinion about it?"



"IT'S AN OUTRAGE."

"Mary Anderson!" shrieked Burt, "Mary Anderson! It's the greatest outrage on the boys that ever was perpetrated. I heard that her manager wanted to let her would take in a hundred thousand dollars during her six weeks engagement at the Rialto. Now, Burt, I'll bet a dollar to a Jew-harp she won't take in half of it. I've kept several friends from going, and will keep others. Mary has got so foreign that she's asking a foreign company and a foreign price for seats, but she'll have to either come down to American prices and ideas or emigrate to London and stay there. Minnie Palmer showed more sense when she returned, although she made sixty thousand dollars, and over on her English trip. Even Edwin Booth never expected to make so much out of the American public, and Mary's greed is already acting against her, for the houses are falling off from the first night. People won't pay such prices to see Mary Anderson, even if she has got an English company. It's an outrage on American playgoers to ask such prices, and Burt skipped into a saloon near by to quench the volcano of wrath that swelled in his theatrical bosom. And the Rialto, which is that part of 14th Street extending from Broadway to 15th Avenue, is filled with anguish on account of Miss Anderson's action."

"Speaking of charging high prices for admission, do you know what an immense amount of money has been spent and is being spent this season on stage properties, dresses, etc., etc. in this city. It is enough to astound the oldest inhabitant, and distances any thing for some time past, if in fact it has ever been equalled. It is stated that six companies now running in this city, namely, Emmeline, Wally, Mary Anderson and the two Mikal companies represent an expenditure of over three quarters of a million dollars in costumes and properties, to say nothing of the numerous other attractions before the public. Add to this the immense salary roll, and you can readily see that high prices must be asked if money is to be made. It is said that Julie alone has been guaranteed \$130,000 as her profit for her American tour. You see foreigners all expect the highest prices when they come to America, as they think this the one country where money can be gathered for the asking. I shouldn't be surprised if Patti came over again this season, as it is reported that she will not sing in Paris, and is more in



PATTI ADMIRERS.

love with the American dollar than ever this year since so much cash is being laid out here. Patti is thoroughly selfish, and the country which bids highest always gets her, regardless of any personal preferences. Talking of Patti, did you know that she has a brother in this city who is absolutely useless, except what he occasionally gets from her, and that the poor devil lives a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, spending most of his time tending

down a chair in a 4th Avenue saloon. I have often seen him, and he is something of a musician himself, only he won't work, and is naturally addicted to taking life easy rather than to labor himself much about earthly affairs. Like Micawber, he's waiting for something to turn up, even if it's only fifteen cents for a drink. He looks like a musician, and a cranky one, but wouldn't you know much of the Divine Patti, as he hasn't any ambition to speak of, and probably never will have. He looks upon life as a lottery where his sister drew a prize and himself a blank. None of the men in that family, that is the brothers, amounted to much, and Patti seems to have the faculty of drawing around her men who are a drain upon her resources and are altogether a drawback to her. She is arranging to write a series of articles upon her life and receptions at different courts, and after considerable bidding upon them, it has finally been awarded to an American publishing house for being them before the public. The idea of writing herself up was suggested to her by a western publisher, the editor of the Omaha Bee, Mr. Rosewater, and Patti jumped at the suggestion, and immediately wanted to know how much she was going to make by it. Consequently the matter was put into the hands of Miss Monroe, of this city, and the publication arranged for. When they come out in book form, if Patti will give the true facts of her life, and her various receptions, the offers of princes, potentates, kings, and counts, it will make an exceedingly interesting work. But the probability is that she will not give these things. I was not surprised when Nicolini wanted to come back to America this season. Nicolini is one of the drawbacks to Patti, as his voice is no longer an attraction, and his temper is simply idiotic, so far as her conduct is concerned. Nicolini is as much in love with the American dollar as Patti ever was, and probably needs it more, since he has failed to be any attraction, and consequently does not command the salary



NICOLINI WORSHIPS IT.

for that he formerly did. Nobody is quicker to see the public pulse than the manager of an opera, and Mapleson and Abbey know better than to count upon Nicolini as any particular attraction in opera companies of the present and future. Consequently Patti's work must answer for both Nicolini and herself, and also the French Baron she married so long ago, and the wife and little ones of Nicolini. Nicolini used to be a great "masher" when his voice was in full trim, as nothing seems to the feminine heart as much as music. It appears to penetrate the heaviest silk basque and the closest woven corset, and Nicolini's conquests would go far to prove that music hath charms to soothe the breasts of other than the savage. However that may be, Patti still clings to him, and he like the sensible musician that he is, keeps up the cling on his side, and thus keeps the divine prima donna from looking askance at any other gentleman, even if she had the inclination to flirt a little. The funny part of it is that Nicolini doesn't seem to realize that his attractions are gone, so far as the public are concerned, and that he is a burden on the past is a voice for the present, and that he can charm the ear of an audience with as little effort as he once did, that all he has to do is to sing before an American audience, and the dollars will roll in as if by magic."

"So you think that Patti may come over yet this season?"

"Well, it wouldn't surprise me, one if she did."

"What do you think about Langtry, the lovely Lily of the Jerseys?"

"Oh, Langtry will get back pretty soon. She was somewhat miffed with the treatment she received here socially, but she couldn't expect anything else after the Fred. Gebhard affair. Next time she will have more discretion, and will probably get more invitations from the select circles than she did before. Freddie, by the way, isn't half as much of a dude as he was before he went to England. He only returned a short time since, you know, and the boys say he is considerably changed. He had trouble enough in America as the special champion of the Lily, and I shouldn't be surprised if he got some-what of a fever from the Lily over in her country. Just let the girls get the boys away from home two or three thousand miles, and then there is sure to be more or less snubbing. That is a noted fact, and Gebhard wasn't an exception probably to this rule. At any rate it was noticed that he didn't have much to say about the Lily's actions while in England, and kept aloof from the fray about her between Lord Londale and Sir Charles Chestnut in the Park at London. It looks very much as if the Lily had given him the cold shoulder when she got him over in her own country, and had chosen a champion from among the many English 'Sirs,' 'Lords,' and 'Earls' who



FREDDIE IS HOME AGAIN.

are popularly supposed to be in love with her on the other side of the water. Nobody ever heard of Gebhard over there as her companion, anyhow, and whether he or she got tired of it, nobody knows, but evidently there is an end to the Langtry-Gebhard flirtation, and Freddie has settled down to life in a much quieter way than before he went over the water, despite the fact that he is the dude never could get up. Gebhard has a fine stable, and it is said will devote more time to tending blooded stock than in nurturing lilies in the future."

"Will the Lily draw good horses here when she comes over this season?"

"Draw! Yes, like a porous plaster. Any thing English that you can bring to New York will draw. All that's necessary is to let it English, and forthwith it becomes a fashion. Already the term 'bretting' has gone into the showman's vocabulary, and the fear of being 'bretted' will possibly deter some managers from going into reckless ventures not backed by sufficient capital to cover the pay-roll."

Melsson is the oldest artist in Paris, having been born in 1802. He is as sensitive as a woman in regard to his age.



THE LILY WILL DRAW.

companions, and why his two theatres, the Star and Wallaces, are considered the natural home of all English companies. Wallace is shrewd, and ready at all times to meet the wants of the public. If the public craze took on a Hottentot fever then Wallace would have Hottentots, and with just as much regularity as he now has English actors."

"See Emma Nevada has returned?"

"Yes, Emma arrived last Sunday, with her brand new husband, and seems to be very happy and chirpy over it. Emma didn't have any express to arrange her marriage for her, as was the case with poor Patti and the Baron, and so will probably be much happier than Patti was in her conjugal relations. I had a friend who crossed the ocean with them in the steamer Ems last year just after the Doctor heard news of the prima donna, and it evidently was a love match if my friend can be believed, for she says that the big Doctor Palmer and the little Emma Nevada were the cynosure of all eyes on the steamer at that time, and the way he used to look at her and the strings of her hat before they went on deck, and the manner in which she looked into his eyes during the performance, and the great difficulty he had in getting the knots so that they would stick at all, indicated that he was in love with her. I am sure that there were operative scenes in store for both not advertised at that early date. It appeared that Dr. Palmer was a relative of her manager, and the manager being unable to resist her at the last moment, had induced his relative to do him the favor of escorting her across the sea, with the understanding that he would join them here in a few days, and receive the Doctor's blessing. By the time they had reached America, however, the Doctor wasn't anxious to be relieved and it is said cabled over to the manager words to the effect that there was no particular reason why he should hurry across the wide waters, that it was a dreadful season for seasickness, and that he need not come until he got thoroughly ready. He didn't, and the next time Nevada crossed the ocean for America, was just as she was the wife of the successful Doctor Palmer."

"Harry, you know everybody, now what's become of Victoria Woodhull, your old friend of Wall street and woman's rights fame?"

"Victoria Woodhull is here—now, now—do—don't for Heaven's sake say anything about her as coming from me. I believe she's in London, but don't know anything about it. Go and see George Francis Train. He'll tell you all about it."

"But George Francis won't let anybody now a-days?"

"He'll talk to you if you say Victoria Woodhull to him."

"Well, much obliged; good day. Shall I tell the folks that you're the manager of Un—"

"If you do I'll never give you another pointer and I'll regret it. Mark that. Good-bay."

George Francis sat in his accustomed seat in Madison Square. He always occupies the same seat, and is the most cheerful man in New York—so cheerful in fact that he holds a conversation with him can only be equalled by a confidential talk with the obelisk in Central Park. Both are hoary-headed relics of ancient time, and both could tell of many a sight of other days if they would, yet the strange Hieroglyphics of the obelisk and the curious nature of George Francis refuse to blossom into confidence at the impudent and inquisitive touch of the correspondent.

"Mr. Train, I believe."

The leaves rustled overhead, the paper rustled in his hands. That was all.

"I wanted to ask about an old friend of yours, Mr. Train."

The quiet stillness of his attitude seemed to invite another questioning remark, and yet there was no responsive chord of confidence established between us.

"Does Victoria Woodhull reside on earth?"

She didn't seem to hear the words, and blue grey eyes turned towards me, and in "what the devil do you mean, any ow" expression of his countenance, one could read the answer that he didn't care to enter into extended conversation on this subject.

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Geo. FRANCIS TRAIN MEDITATES.

Under the circumstances the matter was not pressed, and I departed feeling that there were some things under the blue canopy of heaven too sacred to talk about, and that one of them was Victoria. Train is a great curiosity to the man who sees who passes and re-passes his silent figure in Madison Square, and talks only to the children, who are great friends with him. He looks like a Moor or an East Indian, and his remarkably dark complexion and white hair and beard give him a sort of Father Abraham appearance that is quite interesting. His last ventures in the newspaper line haven't proven successful. The New York Herald being one of them. The Train Ledger, which was the worst paper ever published, and for which he served a term in prison as a sort of effect to his publication some ten years ago, was the most noted of his numerous newspaper experiments.

SPRINTO GENTIL.

"Bretting."

There is consternation for impetuous theater managers, writes a New York correspondent to The St. Louis Globe Democrat, in a verdict of \$43 against George Holland, the actor, in favor of Genevieve Brett, an inconspicuous actress, who was employed in a disastrous venture last year. There is a special law in this state intended to protect working women against loss of wages. It provides that an employer may, under certain conditions that are bound to technically exist in nearly every case, be imprisoned after a judgment is obtained until it is paid or at least security for its payment is given. In effect it revives the law for imprisonment of debtors so far as their dues to female employees are concerned. The counsel for Miss Brett took advantage of this statute, the judge holding that an actress is a woman working for wages. Already the term "bretting" has gone into the showman's vocabulary, and the fear of being "bretted" will possibly deter some managers from going into reckless ventures not backed by sufficient capital to cover the pay-roll.

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DOMESTIC HINTS.

Richly covered footstools are being utilized as workbaskets.

For a dining room furnished in mahogany the wall paper should be red if harmony is wanted, or green if a contrast is desired.

The newest style of picture frames is in the woven strands of split bamboo. The light straw hue is well adapted to water color paintings.

Picture frames may be ornamented by ropes, silvered or gilded, or by interlaced cards fastened at the corners by some fanciful metal ornaments.

In painting cornices dark colors should be avoided, red used very sparingly, blue plentifully and yellow and gold—the former especially—in moderation.

A pretty device to set off a small oil painting or water color drawing is to have a graceful bird with bright plumage holding on to the upper portion of the frame by its beak and claws as if trying to get a footing.

Do not take tuberoses to a lecture or a concert. You may be very fond of their overpowering scent, but that is no reason why you should take the liberty of chloroforming the neighborhood with this heavy perfume.

A common bread pudding may be improved by putting a sort of finish on the top of the whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of cocoanut. If you choose you can use chocolate in place of cocoanut.

This is an excellent recipe for Graham gems, and differs from any before given: One cup of Graham flour, one cup of fine flour, two eggs, two cups of sweet milk, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Have the gem pans hot and the oven hot, and twenty minutes will be long enough to bake them.

Three teaspoonfuls of tea, made hot first in the dry teapot before adding the hot water, will give you a stronger and better "drawing" than four which are thrown into a cold teapot and immediately deluged with boiling water. There is a fine art in making tea, and it is very easily learned.

A pretty way of arranging the ceiling in a sitting room is to cover it with a small patterned, quiet looking chintz, over which place three inch wide flat headed pine moldings, painted cream buff color, and crossing each other in such a way as to divide the ceiling into panels of about three feet square.

Potato packages, made of grated raw potato, are a light breakfast dish. Grate eight large pared potatoes, put to them one and a half teaspoonfuls of milk, a beaten egg or two, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, pepper, salt, and enough flour to make a batter. Add a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder if only one egg is used. Drop from the spoon and fry in butter or dripping to a rich brown.

A nice way to serve eggs with broiled ham is to butter some patty tins, sprinkle with fine crumbs of bread, break an egg into a saucer and then, without disturbing the yolk, pour it into the tin. Set the tins into a hot dripping pan and let them stand in the oven until the white is cooked. Then, after putting the thin slices of nicely broiled ham upon a hot platter, take the eggs from the oven and turn out on the ham. It is not necessary to close the door of the oven while the eggs are in; indeed, it is better not to do so.

Pity the sorrows of those families when the tea-kettle simmers all day long and is simply filled in from time to time at the top as it boils away. The late Charles Delmonico taught his friends how to boil water. The secret is to put good fresh water into a clean, dry kettle, already quite warm, and then use the freshly boiling water immediately for tea, coffee or "the hot water breakfast drink" and before it gets sordid with boiling. To let water steam until all the life is boiled out into the atmosphere of the kitchen and the dregs, only, left in the kettle is worse, Delmonico used to say, "than no water at all!" This simply means that the tea-kettle must be emptied frequently and dried on the range so as to be quite hot when the fresh water is put into it.

The excellence of the following receipts for keeping tomatoes is vouched for by two good women who have proved its virtues for many years: Choose perfectly sound, ripe tomatoes, the skin must be unbroken, and the tomatoes must not be soft, but should be taken from the vines at the stage when they have just turned red; put them into a jar, and pour over them vinegar and water in the proportion of two quarts of water to one of vinegar; turn a plate over them, and put a weight upon it so that the tomatoes will all be kept well under, then tie a cloth over the jar, put the cover on and set it in a cool cellar or closet. Tomatoes preserved in this way have been known to keep for months; it is essential that the tomatoes shall be kept covered with the vinegar and water, for if one oven is not, it will decay and the ferment occasioned by it will spoil all the others.

To grill oysters, have the griddle ready as you do for hot cakes, heated for a considerable time before on the range. When the oysters are ready just touch the griddle over with butter, or fat bacon, tied up in a clean white rag. Lay the oyster carefully on the hot surface with a spoon, and turn them with a spoon, not a fork. The whole secret of good griddled and panned oysters is to have them dry as dry as can be, before cooking. Let them drain a long time in a colander and afterward pat them in a doubled nylor and thick "tea towel," until every particle of outside moisture is removed. It is the same way with panned oysters that are to be served on toast. The large piece of butter in the pan should be cooking, but not brown, before they are put in, and they should be so dry that they will immediately begin to brown in it. Thus the outside cooks plumps up immediately and all the juices are kept in the oyster, instead of being "fried out" and leaving it tough by the longer cooking that is required to brown it when it is not perfectly dry to begin with.

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