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Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889. McMinnville, Oregon, Thursday, October 16, 1890. VOL. II. NO. 37.

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GIVE CARE FOR SICK HEADACHE, and all troubles arising from Indigestion or Constipation.
The Liver is the most important organ of the human system, and its health is the foundation of all our vitality. It is the great purifier of the blood, and its action is essential to the health of the entire system. When the liver becomes diseased, the blood is impure, and the system suffers. Dr. Harter's Little Liver Pills are a safe and reliable remedy for all liver troubles, and will restore the liver to its normal state of health. They are the most effective and most pleasant of all liver pills, and are sold everywhere.

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—THE FAMOUS—
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STORY OF MY FIRST PLAY.
An Unpublished MS. of Dion Boucicault, the Dead Dramatist.
The following sketch was written by Mr. Boucicault in 1841 for A. M. Palmer's managerial articles. By permission of Mr. Palmer the New York Mirror has published it from the original MS.
I was eighteen then—I am sixty now. Forty years ago!
Ah, me! Where was I?
Down a narrow street leading from the Strand to the river. Up four flights of greasy stairs—turn to the left; it is the back attic. The door is open, for the room is small as it is neat; five shillings per week; and the open door includes the landing and study for the accommodation of the trunk. A cheap bed, a table, a chair, a washstand and a rag of a blind nailed over the lower half of the window furnishes the room miserably—but fully.
On the mantle shelf is a row of books, consisting of prizes won at college, in their showy bindings; French novels, ragged and disreputable as their contents; Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," a Shakespeare and a collection of Cumberland's edition of the London Stage, flanked by an earthen pot of tea and a teacup. The floor is strewn with sheets of paper covered with writing, while two very untidy-looking manuscripts sprawl about the small table, on which a brown ink bottle stands monumental, with a quill pen stuck in it, in the year of grace, 1840, steel pens were not so universally used as now.
Standing at the window and leaning there disconsolately is something older than a boy and something younger than a man. His slim, erect figure, broad in the shoulders, thin in the flank; his black hair and gray-blue eyes; his complexion, as fair as that of a girl, indicates Irish blood.
The clock of St. Martin's neighboring church struck 3.
"Three o'clock," murmured the youth. "I heard that they dine at 4; the rehearsal must be over by this time. I may succeed in seeing him. It shall be my last effort!"
He slung himself into a pea-jacket, snatched his hat and dived down the four flights of stairs. With swift steps and clinched teeth—half in resolution, half in despair—he made his way up Bedford place along Henrietta street into Convent Garden Theater. It looked like a vestibule of a prison.
The stage-door-keeper recognized him with a nod, half familiar, half sympathetic.
"Is the rehearsal over yet?" asked the visitor.
"Oh yes, an hour ago."
"Will you take my name up to Charles Mathews?"
"It is all right," said the janitor, glancing at the card. "Mr. Mathews has been expecting you since 2 o'clock. Did you not get the message?"
"No," replied the youth, tingling all over with delight. "When did he send?"
"An hour ago. Oh! here is his own man. Is my, William, take the young man's name to Mr. Mathews. Quick say Madison Morton is waiting!"
William disappeared before he could gasp out. "No it is a mistake. My name is Lee Moreton."
"Then why did you not tell him so?" growled the porter.
"You never asked me," retorted the boy. He stood for some moments irresolute; then the situation burst upon him, and while he was laughing, in spite of his chagrin and disappointment, William reappeared.
"This way, sir—take care! The staircase is dark. Allow me to guide you. And up the dismal stairs and across the great, gloomy stage they wended their way to a corridor where several doors opened. At each of them the guide knocked discreetly and withdrawing aside allowed his companion to enter a comfortably furnished room—half parlor half office.
Sented beside the fire in a light-gray dressing-gown, faced with blue silk, I saw a little figure, surmounted by the beaming face of Charles Mathews. He was reading a manuscript. Without raising his head he mentioned his visitor with his hand to a chair.
"One moment my dear Morton; not a word until I have finished this scene. Just half a page."
The young man took a chair and waited, watching the expressions of pleasure that crossed his face and listening to half uttered exclamations. At length he rose, and, putting aside the manuscript on the mantle piece, he said:
"Well Morton, you have put plenty of fun and animal spirit into that farce. But it does not read like you. I like the part you have written for me immensely."
"I beg your pardon Mr. Mathews—," began the youth.
"Hallo!" exclaimed the comedian, turning about. "Who are you?"
"My name is Moreton, and by mistake I have been shown to your room. Allow me to explain how it happened."
Mathews laughed cheerfully at the blunder, and then—eyeing his visitor with some curiosity—he asked what he wished to see him about. Young Moreton told him that he had sent him a manuscript of a one-act piece some weeks previously, in hope that he would find time to look it over; that he had called many times—he was ashamed to confess how many.
Mathews listened with great goodhumor and answered that dozens of such works came in weekly; that he would get Mr. Planche or Mr. Bartley to look it up—it would be found among those docketed for return to the author when called for. He had only sent the title to either of these gentlemen. As the manager said this he walked to the desk in a manner to convey a dismissal. Moreton rose, and bowing, was at the door when he murmured: The title of the farce is "A Lover by Proxy."

What? cried Mathews, and returning to the mantle piece he looked at the manuscript he had been reading. It was the farce in question.
"I mistook the name," he said quickly. "I see it is by L. Moreton, not by Madison Morton." After a moments reflection he said: "And this is your work."
"Yes."
"What is your age?"
"I shall be eighteen next month," replied the boy, coloring to the roots of his hair, for he now felt and understood the impudence of the intrusion.
"And you had no assistance in this play? I mean it is all your own writing—your first attempt?"
"Yes, sir; I know it is full of faults, but—"
"Stop!" said Mathews, eyeing him with great kindness "tell me what you are and who you are."
He related that, desolate and penniless, he clung to the hope of earning some livelihood in London rather than return to Dublin to his family, not to well beloved but forlorn.
He had been for months utterly alone in London, and at one of sympathy he broke down like a schoolboy—indeed, he was little better.
The comedian put his hand on the lad's shoulder pressing him back into the chair from which he had risen. Then in the most delicate, generous and affectionate manner, he placed before him all the trials, the heart-breaking failures and poor returns a dramatist author must encounter. He urged him to adopt some other occupation.
When he concluded Moreton took his hand between both of his own, and he said: "I had rather break my heart and starve than abandon a hope that fills me to the exclusion of any other feeling or power. If this fails, I do not care what becomes of me."
"I wish heartily," said the manager, turning away and looking moodily in to the fire, "I wish I could help you, but we are glutted with farces. What we do want nowadays is a five-act comedy. Now if I could find such a part as you have sketched here in a modern comedy, there would be room for such a work. We have nothing of that kind for many years." Then, after a pause, he resumed:
"Well, in any case, let me retain your farce. I would like Madame Vestris to read it. Meanwhile, I must put your name on the free-list of the theater, and I hope you will avail yourself of the privilege frequently."
With full heart and throbbing brain the lad took his leave, but hesitating a moment at the door he turned and said: "You have been kind to me, Mr. Mathews, and you have taken interest in me. I had no claim on your attention nor on your sympathy, so I am the more grateful. Let me confess before I go that the name Lee Moreton is one I assumed when I assumed when I appeared as an amateur in private theatricals. My name is Dion Boucicault. It does not matter much, but I don't like to wear my disguise with you."
"I see no reason for assuming any name but your own. It is the better one for such as it is."
"I received his remark as advice and from that moment I shook off the silly incognito I had adopted."
Four weeks after this interview I presented myself once more at the stage door of Convent Garden Theater, and requested the porter to send up my name to Mr. Mathews. And again I was piloted into the room I remembered so well.
"Ah," said Mathews, who met me heartily, "What can I do for you?"
I handed a big roll of manuscript from under my coat, and, placing it on the table before him, said simply: "There is the five-act comedy you wanted."
"What comedy?" he cried.
"Well, Mr. Mathews, I understood you to say that if you could find in a new five-act comedy a part similar to that I wrote for you in 'A Lover by Proxy' there would be room for such a work."
"Did I say so? Perhaps—yes, I think I did."
"Well there is the comedy. I went home full of that little bit of hope and set to work with all my heart."
"Do you mean to say you have written a new comedy in five acts since I saw you a few weeks ago?"
"Yes, such as it is. If you will read it it will decide my future one way or the other."
"Read it," cried Mathews heartily, "of course I will. But, pray, do not build any hopes upon this venture. We have a little party next Sunday at our villa at Parson's Green, consisting of Planche, John Cooper, Bartley, Madame Vestris and myself. We shall hold court over your offence. Good day!"
This was Thursday. How I spent the three following days standing on the brink of Destiny and looking into the abyss of life, is not within my power to describe. The agony of a lover awaiting the verdict during the retirement of the jury! Oh the exquisite pain of suspense!
On Monday morning Bartley sent for me to see him in his private room at the theater. I hurried there with my heart in my mouth.
"Sit down, my dear boy," said he, regarding me as tenderly as if I had been his own son. "Let me at once lay your anxiety at rest. We read your comedy and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews think very highly of it. Indeed, so greatly are they impressed that it is their intention to put it into rehearsal at once. I tell you candidly I do not share in their raptures. The play is undoubtedly a very remarkable—a wonderful one for a youth of your years; but, remember our opinion is not that of the public. It is not a verdict—accept it as an encouragement. Keep your head cool. Do not be sanguine."

All this came upon me so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that I broke down, and tears—very boyish tears—filled my eyes. I apologized for emotion, of which I felt ashamed.
"Don't," said the old man kindly. "It does not need it. Have it out now, before you meet the management. Your comedy will require great attention. Be prepared for all kinds of wounds to your pride as an author. Like a young bear all your troubles are about to begin."
Then he conducted me across the stage to the room of Madame Vestris, the monumental beauty of the period. Vestris, at this time was verging on the wrong side of forty, but retained many of the perfections of the great divinity she had been.
Planche, Cooper and Mathews were there. Seeing that I was speechless and very awkward, she came to me and took me by the hand and led me to the sofa, making me sit down beside her.
Oh! to the sweetness of manner of these artists and their affectionate reception of a poor unfledged boy, this heart still bears an undying tribute.
They stooped to encourage a lad to restore him, for they saw how bewildered he was, how unable he felt to speak. He listened to these voices, so familiar to him on the stage—these people whom he regarded with worship as the gods of his theatrical antheum. They were tendering homage to him—and receiving his humble self among them as somebody.
It is all there before me now.

A few days after this the comedy was called for reading to the actors in the greenroom. The cast included Farren, Bartley, Anderson, Mathews, Stanley, Keely, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nesbitt, and Mrs. Hourly. They were all there. Stars of the first magnitude, no such group has ever since been assembled.
I can remember nothing of the effect produced by the reading, but after it was over Vestris, who sat beside me, rose, and taking me in her arms, she said:
"We cannot tell what reception your comedy may meet with, but the public cannot alter my opinion that it is a brilliant play, and that you will be numbered among the dramatists of the period. You have a fortune and we are glad and proud to be interpreters of your first work."
The rest of the company crowded round me, full of delighted assurance. Their applause was the first I ever enjoyed—and the sweetest—oh, yes, the sweetest by far.
The comedy was without a title. Vestris suggested "London Assurance." Alas! every one of those great artists great hearts, gentle hearts—for without great and noble hearts they could not be the great artists they were—all these treasures of nature are gone—these.

For I am sixty now, and then I was eighteen.
No.
The heart and the brain never grow old—and when I recall those events, those faces, I feel their hands in mine, I see their smiles, I hear their voices.
I am eighteen again.
DION BOUCICAULT.
Mr. Boucicault has supplemented the information given in this account with the following autobiographical notes that were published last year in the North American Review:
"The first night—March 4, 1841—came to pass. The name of the author was unknown to the public; so a half-filled house assembled to witness the first performance of "London Assurance."
"During the performance the woe-begone author wandered about the corridors of the house, for he had been warned off the stage by Madame Vestris, who said his presence would make the actors nervous. So he crept up to a back seat in the upper boxes and there listened to his play. Oh, how slow it seemed, how bald! The first act provoked a little laughter here and there, and then he drew a breath. The beautiful stage setting off the second act elicited the first round of applause. As the play proceeded he discovered Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold and Gilbert a Beckett seat together in the front row of an adjacent box. He crept into the row behind them and tried to overhear their opinions of the piece. When the situation arrived at the end of this act, Jerrold turned to his companions.
"That is fatal," he observed. "He has reached his climax too early in the play. Nothing will go after that."
The public had indeed greeted the scene with the wild enthusiasm an English audience alone are capable of displaying.
"Wellington never awaited the arrival of the Prussians at Waterloo with the pale anxiety that the appearance of Lady Gay Spanker and Dolly in the third act was waited for by that young dramatist. Nesbitt came, she spoke, and conquered. She out-ranked herself. The hunting speech carried the house by storm. Jerrold, Lemon and a Beckett rose in their seats and cheered the existence of helical nebulae, that is to say, of nebulous masses, which by some wonderful process, have been drawn out into vast spiral coils, like the thread of a screw. These are not insignificant but so extensive that if our own huge globe were expanded into a cloud of the thinnest vapor it would be but a speck beside them. The new 40-inch telescope ought to throw a flood of light upon these strange forms. Then in astronomical photography, which has made astonishing strides within a few years past, the new telescope may fairly be expected to perform wonders. Its great objective glass will grasp forty thousand times as much light as can enter the pupil of an average human eye, and his light, concentrated upon the extremely sensitive plates which the modern art of photography furnishes will picture three scenes in the depth

of space which no eye has ever beheld or could ever hope to behold in any other way. A marvellous field for research of this description has within a few months been discovered in the constellation of Orion, where many square degrees of the sky surrounding the Belt of Orion have been found to be covered with a network of nebulous streaks and patches, amid which shine thousands of stars. How this wonderful region will appear in the new telescope when it has been mounted on its mountain top in the transparent air of Southern California, can, as yet, only be imagined. A great deal of light may be thrown upon some of the vexed questions concerning Mars, Venus, and the other planets by the new telescope. There are very puzzling appearances on their surfaces, some of which seem to demand for their solution but a comparatively slight increase of telescopic power beyond our present limit.—New York Sun.

The Blondes Disappearing.
Blondes are said to be disappearing both in England and America. Persons who can look back a half a century unite in declaring that there is a marked decline in the number of blondes. In New York a reporter recently made an interesting experiment, which any one who doubts it may repeat. In the course of five minutes' walk on Broadway he counted 200 women, young and old, with hair ranging from a medium brown to the darkest shades which all but artists call black. He passed only thirteen women of the pronounced blonde type. Three of these had red hair, and the hair of two had apparently been bleached. At the theater the same evening he scrutinized fifty women within easy range, and only six had fair skins, blue eyes and light hair. They sat surrounded by a levy of dark women, who gazed with prevailing tone to the complexion of the house. The public school yielded a similar result. One class of eighty girls had eight blondes among them, another of sixty-five had sixteen, a third of fifty-seven had only seven.
Another observer hazards the statement that not more than ten per cent of New York women are blondes. "Go anywhere where pretty girls congregate and you meet tall, striking-looking figures with dark hair and big dark eyes. The blondes are disappearing. And why?" Science steps in with an explanation. Dr. Beddoes of the British Royal Infirmary in London declares that after examining the hair of nearly 1,000 young women who came before his notice, he has arrived at the conclusion that in matrimony the brunette was preferred over the blonde in the ratio of three to two, and so, gradually but surely, through the selection of dark women for wives and through the hereditary transmission of brunet traits, the blonde becomes extinct.

Just a Trifle Stout.
The largest and heaviest girl of her age that ever lived has been unearthed at the little village of Cokeland, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, near the Indiana county line, about a quarter of a mile from Blairsville Intersection and Blairsville. Her name is Della Beck, her age is 15 and she weighs 450 pounds.
The girl is the daughter of a respectable coal miner, and is one of eight children. Her parents are of ordinary size, and none of her brothers or sisters show signs of exceeding average limits in points of physical development. One sister reached the weight of 45 pounds at the age of five years, but she died at that period.
Recently a dressmaker measured Della for a dress. Some of the measurements were as follows:
Sixty-one inches around the waist, 64 inches around the bust, 12 inches around the neck, and 31 inches around the fleshy part of the arm. Her height is 5 feet 4 inches. Her feet are not long, but are abnormally broad, so that it is impossible to procure any ordinary pair of women's shoes to fit her. The same difficulty is experienced in fitting her with hose. Her mother explained that to meet the embarrassment which this causes she buys two pair of hose for Della and makes them into one.
Della's chair is a curious piece of furniture, specially made for her, and a settee intended for two people. Her bed is furnished with extra supports. Della was asked if she experienced any difficulty in walking. "No," said she, "but in going up stairs I puff a little." Considering her enormous size she is wonderfully high and active on her feet.

The Old Way the Best.
While you may not witness any direct act of cruelty toward the negro rust-about on a Mississippi steamer by the mate, you can't help except every time the boat makes a landing. He is always provided with a stick or cane, and the way he flourishes it and curses the hands is enough to drive a nervous person to his stateroom. I was talking of this to a mate one day, and he told me of an incident that happened on the Robert E. Lee. One of the owners of the boat happened to see the mate strike a hand, and he made such a fuss about it that the captain promised a change of programme from Vicksburg down. The mate was told how to demean himself, and when the boat swung out he was as gentle as a lamb. Before she made her first landing he had on a plug hat, a dress coat, and gloves, and was smoking a dainty cigar. As the steamer swung in to take on 200 bags of cotton-seed at a plantation the mate quietly disappeared.
"Please get up of them bow and stern lines. Please hurry with that gang-plank. Now gentlemen, bring on them bags."
The hands looked at him in great astonishment, consumed double time in making fast, and when all were ashore went into convention to discuss matters.
"Here, you, what's the matter there?"
"Gwine to quit," replied one of them.
"Quit! What for?"
"Sunthin' wrong wiv de Lee on this trip, cap'n. She's gwine to blow up or strike a snag."
"What makes you think so?"
"Look at the mate, sah. Sunthin' wrong dar!—sunthin' mighty wrong. When a mate stop dat cussin' sunthin' gwine ter break."
The owner was consulted and he said it was possible he had taken a wrong view of the case. As a test the mate might go back to his old tactics.
"Here, you black devils," shouted the mate, as he peeped off his finery and grabbed a club. "Git along now! Up with them bags! Hi, there, Reuben walk your heels! Tote that seed! Cuss your lives, but don't be four minutes at this landing or I'll murder every black devil of you."
"Dat's mo' like—dat's ole talk," shouted the crowd, and in three minutes and a half the boat swung out.

Non-advertisement is financial paralysis, and the latest proof is the Louisiana Lottery. As the mails are forbidden to newspapers containing notices the business goes down.
The Empress of Germany dresses with great plainness and thus sets an excellent example to her husband which is wholly lost.
From a nutting tree in a public park in Kingston on the Island of Jamaica as many as 5,000 nuttings have been gathered in a single year.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE