free cigar!

Why Should I

ON THE SERPA PINTO.

SHOTS AT HIPPOPOTAMI.

The City of Dondo and the Peculiarities of the Natives.

FAILURES OF THE MISSIONARIES.

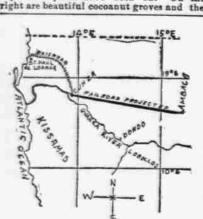
CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. CAPE TOWN, S. AFRICA, March 31.

HOUGH the Quanta river is navigable for small steamers for a distance o 200 miles from its mouthand though the Ports guese have possessed the province of Angela for four centuries, it was not until quite recent years that there has been any navigation on this river. At present one company has the sole right to run steamers on the river, and four small steamboats ply between St. Paul de Loanda and Dondo, where large rocks in the river's chan-

nel bar the progress of all One of these is the Serpa Pinto, which, by the way, is named after the Portuguese major who is said to have been the cause of the recent disturbances about the railway on the east coast of Africa which led to an interference on the part of England and America and resulted in England sending nearly a dozen men-of-war with sealed orders to the seat of the trouble. Several scores of natives standing on the Serpa Pinto's deck are the second-class passengers. There is no place to put luggage, so we will have ours all flooded on the after part of the deck, the apartments of the first-class passengers.

There are no staterooms, but there is a washroom, however, and you will wish to take a refreshing wash. But there is no water, no soap; only an empty washbowl and towel. Call up the cabindas (native servants of the boats) and say "agua" (water). After a few experiences in this province you will understand that patience is a necessary virtue, but you will get the water after awhile.

SEEN ALONG THE QUANZA. The scenery along the river is interesting. To the left is grass that is over six feet high, very thick and impossible of passage, ex-



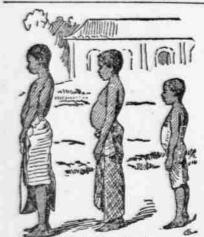
Map of the Quanza Territors

orest farther along. That is the Kissama side. The Kissamas are a tribe of natives who claim all the country just south of this river. It is all in the province of Angola but the Kissamas are powerful natives, and have never submitted to the authority of the Portuguese. No white men are allowed to settle in this country, nor would it be mafe to go through it unless well protected. They pay no taxes to the Portuguese, who say that the country is not worth the trou-ble that would be involved in taking possession of it. Perhaps, however, it require a greater military force than is now maintained in Angola to force the Kissa-mas to submit to the white man's rule. All other natives, and Portuguese as well, fear the Kissamas, and when you speak of them, they will say, "Kissamas non bon." Their country is rich and capable of being made

very productive.

I remember my only experience on the Kissama side. I arose early one morning and decided to go for a hippopotamus hunt. I took my rifle and cartridges and went to a small village near by to secure a native guide and cance. I found the man whom I wanted asleep on a mat before his hut door. I called him and made known my wants. He assured me we would find hippopotamus We started alone in the canoe, and, after going down the river for a mile, landed. I observed that my guide understood his bus ness well, so said nothing and followed him, though I very much feared being alone in Kissama territory, for I had been told that the Kissamas were accustomed to conceal maelves in bushes and shoot white men. They use the old flint-lock guns and iron alugs for bullets. We very soon found fresh hippopotami tracks and traced them from the river back through the thick grass, using a path made by the huge creatures as they returned before daybreak from the river, where they spend the night time.

SHOOTING AT HIPPOPOTAML A short distance back we found a large lagoon which my guide surveyed very care full in the hope of finding hippopotami.



Some Boys of Dondo. We were not disappointed or to our right several heads were observed just above the water. These were the first I had seen but they looked exactly like the pictures in books upon A rica. We went carefully around behind some bushes and came out near the water within shooting range of the reatures. Taking aim I fired at one of them. The animal was hit for he jumped out o the water and went down below it with an awiul splash. Meanwhile I fired again bu was unable to know whether I nit my mark. All the hippopotami now disappeared neath the water. They are not often killed. experience upon this occasion was that of many others. It is exceedingly difficult to

shoot and kill a hippopotamus. Crocodiles are o'ten seen along the river. Villages are numerous along the river and invariably the natives rush down to the bank in crowds to gaze at the passing steamer. The water is not deep and the channel of the river changes almost con-

tinually, so that it is different each month and must be learned anew by the pilots. You hear those men calling out in front. They are the "sounders." When the depth A Steamboat Ride Into the Interior of Africa.

They are the "aounders." When the depth of the water is uncertain a man is stationed on each side of the deck with a long pole to ascertain the depth. One "sounds" with his pole and calls off the number of feet in Portugese; the other does likewise, so the pilot knows the course to take.

It is now 6 o'clock and here comes the

cabinda to announce dinner, so let us go.
"What is that man saying?" you ask. He
is swearing in Portugese because his napkin is not clean. Look at yours; see mine. Throw them saide on the bench, for you will have already noticed that we are sitting on a wooden bench. So you thought that

on a wooden bench. So you thought that because you paid 20 milreis (\$21 60) for this trip you would find some accommodations. Do not deceive yourself, for you will have none.

At Baraca we stopped for the night, for it is, of course, impossible to find the proper channel in night time. Wood for fuel is purchased by the thousand cut sticks. Every stick is counted and the number brought aboard is checked so that several hours were consumed in getting the wood ours were consumed in getting the wood.

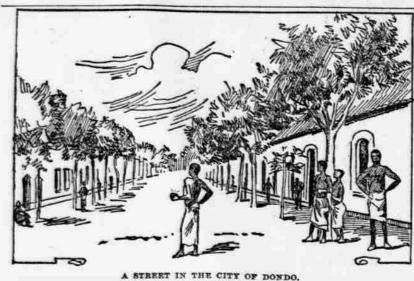
REQUIREMENTS OF ETIQUETTE. After having finished your dinner eti-quette requires that you sit here until the Portuguese have finished smoking their eigarettes and the a ter dinner conversation. This may be an hour, and as you do not understand the Portuguese language, you will undoubtedly become very tired.

Baraca is only a small station, the loca-



tives in the far interior and sell them in

First View of Dondo. sion when three natives who had stolen a trunk from a white man were being beaten with a bastinado. The official who was on Baraca is only a small station, the location of a Portugese trading house and a few native huts. In set most of the river stations are such. There are English and Dutch trading houses as well, and they do a large and profitable business trading with the natives, who bring great quantities of the profit of the



sell them rum and provisions of various In a day and a half more we arrived at Dondo, the chief town of the interior of Angola. The town is entirely surrounded by high hills, and this makes Dendo one of the hottest places in West Africa, and as very little wind can reach the town the nights are never cool. The place is unhealthy and fever is common. It is said that the only medicines used here are qui-nine, astringents and cathartics. This brings up the subject of the healthfulness of the climate of West A rica, which, as is well known, is the most unhealthy of that of any part of Africa. Angola is indeed unhealthy, part of Africa. Angola is indeed whereafthy, especially back from the coast, where the traveler must be careful to avoid fever. With proper precaution, however, there is little danger of having the fever in its worst forms. Most all white persons who live there seem to have the lever at times, but little difficulty is experienced in treating it if proper attention is given the patient. Of the six of us who spent a month in the different parts of the province, but one took quinine for several days before going there, and continued every day while there, and for several days Three of the five who had it, did not recover for a month. Whether the quinine did actually prevent the lever in the one case,

ould not be used with success by one who lived in the country for a long period of THE CITY OF DONDO. Dondo has a population of over 3,000,

cannot be known. Of course, such a method



the principal streets is shown in the accompanying cut. It was taken in the middle of the afternoon when fewer natives are to be seen lounging about the streets than earlier in the day. Several distinct tribes may be seen at Dondo among which the Bailundas, Lobollos and Kissamas are nost important. Members of these tribes are readily distinguished from physical characteristics. The Bailundas are very tall and slim. The Lobollas are short and quite effeminate in appearance, so that one could be easily deceived as to the sex of some individuals. Their legs are small and the muscles below the knees are so little developed that there is almost no "call of the leg." The Kissamas resemble the The Kissamas resemble the Lobollos in physique, but they may be known from their style of wearing the hair. Their features are coarser and betray a vicious disposition which is absent in both of the other tribes. The Bailundas are muscular and make excellent workmen as aborers and carriers. The Lobolios and Kissamas, on the contrary, do not work and have as little as possible to do with the

Nearly all the natives look upon white men with great suspicion and believe them to be thieves. This suspicion has arisen from the fact that these natives have for many years come in contact with unprinci-pled white men who have robbed and illtreated them. It is perfectly natural that the Angola natives should look upon white men as they do. Had the traders and other whites who settled in Angola, dealt honestly with the natives, their condition to-day would have been far better than it is, It is almost impossible to make natives believe you have any interest in them. This state of things is bound to exist when the aw is always executed in favor of the white

man. LAW FOR WHITES ONLY. From all that I could see and learn I am obliged to say that the laws of Angola are not executed with justice, though the laws give the same rights to both whites and tlacks, it is said the black man has no Slavery, for instance, is absolutely prohibited by law, yet it is said to exist. Upon this subject let me quote from a conversation held with an intelligent and educated Portuguese who has spent 12 years in West A rica. He says:

"Slavery does exist; I have seen it. The contract labor law is only a blind for slavery. According to this law natives may hire out for a term of years for an amount of money slipulated in the contract, but most natives know nothing of this contract. They say they are slaves, and if you tell them they are not they laugh at you and think you are joking. Portuguese buy na-

coffee to sell or trade. The trading houses seemed to convey the meaning that it was regarded a greater crime to steal from a white man than from a black man; or, in other words, the men were being punished or a crime committed against a white man

NO REFINED SENTIMENTS. One of the characteristics of the mind worthy of mention here is that of the lack of feeling; both physical and mental. They undergo great pain as shown by many in-stances, but the more important act is that the feelings of love, gratitude and sympathy seem to be almost wanting in the average native. Men who have spent years among them say they have never seen a man show any affection for a woman or vice versa, no matter what the relations might be. Cases of affection being manifested by parents for children are almost unknown. I have seen parents mourn for children and children fo parents and in each case it was a matter of form without any real feeling whatever. The ceremony consists of the dancing and wailing of the female relatives who along with the male relatives have their faces

decorated with a white and red powder.

I once went among some natives who were
mourning the death of child, and I chanced to
have a Colt repeating rifle. In a few after leaving. This person was the only one of the six who did not have the fever. minutes I was surrounded by a very curious men, women and children, in cluding the parents of the deceased, who were intent upon examining the rifle. It was especially puzzling to them to see a rifle that would carry so many cartridges. All mourning had been forgotten and re-placed by an intense curiosity to see the

> The question as to the future of the Angola natives is a difficult one to treat. That African natives cannot civilize themselves is certain: that contact with white men has a powerful influence either for good or bad is also certain. I am sorry to believe that the influence of the whites upon the natives of Angola has in many respects been bad. WORK OF THE MISSIONARIES.

> I certainly saw no natives who were "thirsting for Christianity" as stated in a missionary journal, but I did see most all thirsting for rum. One gets a very different idea of missionary work by going upon the ground than he does from missionary talks or printed reports. It may be, however, that ar to the interior of Angola the natives do really desire Christianity and civilization. I inquired at a mission station on the coast as to the success of their work, and was informed that very good success marked the results of their work, especially at the older stations. The station in question has been in existence for five years, I believe. I asked to be told of any natives who had become thoroughly converted and civilized, and was told of but one man who went about

clad in an old coffee sack only. The missionaries of Angola certainly have much against them. I met no whites, Portuguese or English, who were not in one way or another opposed to their work. The objections were of various kinds. Many have no desire to see the condition of the pecuniarily if they are not civilized. Others object to the persons sent to do the work and to their methods. The objections of these latter people alone are worthy of considera-tion. Their objections seem to be based upon good grounds, for it is well known that any person "who feels called upon" is sent to labor among the heathen to do a work that ought to require a trained mind, one that can see the practical side of things and one that is not so hampered by religious belief, as not to be able to pursue a course which will be the best and most practical under given circumstances. It is true so far as my observation and information go wrong.

that many missionaries belong to the class unsuited for such work. There methods are ANOTHER PLAN PROPOSED. The problem is a most difficult one and probably not fully appreciated by the average missionary. Would you endeavor to remove the superstitions by replacing them with a system of religion many of the teachings of which are beyond the comprehension o the savage mind and which see to him to embody superstitions as gross as those to be removed? For example, thousands of the African natives firmly believe that the spirits of their ancestors interfere with their daily affairs, so they are very cautions about their actions. How shall we attempt to overthrow his belief by the doctrine of the immortality of the soul in any form, however simple? To teach a native that the spirit of his ancestors cannot interfere with his affairs, and then teach him that his ancestors still live and will forever live in another world, to my thinking only tend to strengthen his conviction that his ancestors, if they still lived, would surely take part in his affairs. Instead of employing such a method, would it not be wiser to begin by educating the mind, and thus train the faculties so the superstitions would become gradually under-mined and finally fall because the had nothing on which to rest, and then give the religious instruction afterward, if it is to be given at all? In short, why not begin by educating the native mind, and leave religous instruction until the mind is CLAIRE A. ORR. to receive it?

STREETS graded, walks laid, trees planted. See page 14, to-day's Dispatch. HOUSEHOLD goods packed for shipment. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33-34 Water st.

PFAFF'S ROUND TABLE

Angola for 25 or 30 milreis. Many mer-chants buy them and then go to the chief of A Little Cellar Alcove Where Literary Genius Once Thrived.

BOHEMIA'S CENTER IN NEW YORK.

Brilliant Men Who Gathered Inspiration Over Beer and Cigars.

ADA CLARE WAS A LEADING SPIRIT

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, May 3 .- Ptoff is dead and a ew days ago he was placed beneath the sod. With him was buried an unequaled fund of needote of the Bohemia of New Yorkthat undefined and undefinable land which nowadays has disappeared beneath the turbulent seas of the modern, practical, commercial methods which has brought even literature, and especially newspaper literature, under the staid regulations of methodical ways. For years Pfaff's place was an institution of New York City, and to this day many eyes which glisten in graycapped heads twinkle more brightly when the name is mentioned. What delightful memories cluster about it! At its sound what thoughts arise of sparkling stories, of merry jests, of biting quip, of tuneful lays, of bright faces, of curling smoke that wreathed itself as smoke never does nowadays, and of foaming beer, which tasted as beer never tasted before and never will taste

again.

Pfaff's place was in a cellar on the west side of Broadway, above Bleecker street. Sawdust covered its floor. It made no pretensions to style, but that fact did not lessen the smoothness of its Welsh rarebits, or the succulence of its famous liver and bacon, Through the center of the main room a long table extended around which on equal plane the patrons of the place were seated. But the rare resort, the inner penetralia of the shrine, was under the payement where in an alcove stood a large, round table which gathered at various times the brightest men known to literature and art. The bonds of conviviality fastened these into a sort of clique whose fame under the title of

KNIGHTS OF THE BOUND TABLE spread throughout the city. Goodfellowship was the only test of admission to this unorganized body. In time it was fashioned into a semi-formal condition under the name of the Bohemian Club, of which Ada Clare was by acclamation made the presiding genius. While occasionally other women known upon the stage or in literary circles found sufficient courage to drop in upon the with revelers at Plaff's, Ada Clare was the only one who possessed all the qualities constituted in the terms acceled lower and whose only one was possessed all the quanties contained in the term good ellowship and whose presence was found to enhance the conviviality of every occasion in which she took part. She was the embodiment of female Bohemianism. Seated at the table with her big blue eyes fairly smiling, her mass of yellow hair shining above her head, her face flushed with excitement, she parried thrusts of wit as de tly as a swordsman would a foil, and her laugh rang the clearest

when an unfortunate one was unhorsed in the shock of intellects. She had ran through almost the entire social range, contributing much to the current literature of the day, sacing the foot-tights as an actress and making occasional marital experiments. From 1859 until about 1862 she reigned as Queen of Bohemia, and during that time the circle at Pfaff's was brightest and best. Beer was the favorite beverage of this coterie. It was only a short time prior to this period that this drink was first manufactured in this country, and the Bohemian Club became quite an important factor in making it the popular beverage, a revolution which forever drove away the daily brandy tippling which was the practice

AROSE WITH THE SUN. With Plaff's beer and Plaff's pipes and humor and poetry and prose time passed so quickly at the Round Table in the cellar alcove that all too frequently the sun rose upon the close of the session. Pfaff himself was the most genial and kindest of men, and with most benevolent intentions (requently, though mildly, endeavored to enforce his nightly violated rule that his house was to be closed at 1 o'clock in the morning. Upon these occasions, which became rarer and rarer, it generally occurred that it required about one hour to get the proprietor into a proper frame of mind to humbly apologize for having dared to suggest that he wished to close his doors upon the Princes of Bohemia, and when this amend had been made it was Pfaff himself who was most reluctant

to end the proceedings. O. the men who were among the Knights of the Round Table many have passed away dy-ing generally in happy poverty, and of those who still remain upon life's scene some have reached affluence and others are still busy, but more prosperous workers with the pen. Ada Clare's Minister of State was Henry Clapp. He was one of the brightest newspaper men of the day and his contributions to various New York journals invariably attracted attention. But he heaveds invariably attracted attention. But he unfortunately went beyond the bounds which contined the conviviality at Pfuff's and gradually drifted away until he was lost sight of entirely. His closest friends did not know what had become of him until by an accident it was discovered that he had died under the saddest circumstances and that his unidentified remains had been buried in Potter's Field.

Joe Howard, Piaff and one or two others inspired by Howard formed a fund with which a burial lot was bought in a com-manding and delightful location in Green wood Cemetery and there poor Clapp's body, after having been disinterred, was taken and placed beneath a tenderly inscribe A favorite figure about the alcove table

was that of young George Arnold. He and Willie Winters were almost inseparable companions. They were not of the rollicking spirits who gathered about the board, but they rarely tailed to contribute some thing, generally a poem, to enliven the occa-sion or enhance the value of the flying moments. Winters who was even then on the Tribune staff was a spirituelle, ears the bells and distant minarets were always softly chiming. His first toyings with the muse did not invariably meet with figancial response from hardhearted publishers, and when he did succeed in getting his name upon the page of a magazine there was rare rejoicing at Piaff's which Winters always subsequently complained cost him more than he had received for the poem. Arnold was at times buoyantly cheerful and at others moodily sad. Although his literary career only extended over a period of 12 years, he dying when he was but 31 years of age, the quantity of written material which he produced during that time was surprisingly large. As Winters has said of him: "He wrote with equal fluency and versatility stories, sketches, essays, poems, comic and satirical verses, criticisms of books and of pictures, editorial articles, jokes and pointed paragraphs. His poems, which were collected and published by Mr. Winters a few years ago, display man of rare genius,

ONE OF AENOLD'S SONNETS. It was on the round table at Piaff's and in commemoration of the delights of the alcov that Arnold wrote these lines:

Here, With my beer I sit.
While golden moments flit;
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by;
And, as they fly,

Meep, wall or sigh?
Wheat if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead—
My pleasures fied?
Have I not still
My fill joying Life in Washington.

Of right good cheer-HER FIRST SHOWER OF SILVER. Go, whining youth, Forsooth!

Go, weep and wall,

Sigh and grow pale,

Weave melancholy rhymes

On the old times,

Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,
But leave me my beer! Let Alone a Husband

Gold is dross-Love is loss—
Love is loss—
So, if I guip my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown,
Without the cross!

Arnold wrote for the press until within four weeks o his all too sudden cutting down. As his bosom friend and admirer has said of him, "To the end of his life he worked with the pen, incurring the perils, bearing the sorrows, surmounting the obstacles and enjoying the pleasures of the noble and fascinating profession of letters."

THE GOOD GRAY POET. There were many other courtiers of the Muse who were numbered among the Knights of the Round Table. For several years be ore the breaking out of the war a picturesque figure at the Plaff gatherings was that of Walt Whitman, who even then, through the premature whitening of his locks and the beneficence of his character, was called "The Good Gray Poet," and who even then wore his flowing shirt collar thrus back in display of a hairy chest. He owed much in those days to the openhaudedness of his friends in Bohemia, and he only left them when President Lincoln gave him a sinecure in the Attorney General's office in Washington; a post which he continued to occupy until the Haves administration drove forth the man who had been guilty of

drove forth the man who had been guilty of writing "Leaves of Grass."

A frequent trio at Pfaff's was formed by Charles G. Halpine, better known to fame as Miles O'Rielly; the late Fitz James O'Brien, one or the brightest of the young literary men of the day, and Hugh Farrar McDermott. It was on the Round Table that the last named wrote his verses beginning, "O do not sing that song again." McDere "O, do not sing that song again." McDermott is a remarkable exception to all rules governing poets, if those who are frenzied by the Muse are governed by any rules. He is now affluent and a political power, and yet, like Silas Wegg, hestill "drops into verse." In his Pfaff days Harper's Weekly frequently gave a full page to his effusions. It was not poetry, however, which brought him riches. He got into politics, started the Jersey City Herald, through his influence MADE IT OBLIGATORY

that all legal advertisements should be inserted in the columns of that newspaper and thus he piled up hundreds of thousands of dollars, while his son Albert McDermott has been installed as the Democratic boss of the State of New Jersey.

It was at Pfaff's that the brightest liter-

ary men of those times read many of their effusions before submitting them for publication, the Bohemian circle being, as it were, the fortunate canine upon which they were tried. There William O'Brownell first read his lines beginning, "All that I Ask is Let Me Alone;" there Stephen Mas-set, who is still a valued contributor to humorous publications, submitted the pungent sayings of "Jeems Pipes, of Pipesville;" there Henry Clay Lukens who is still wielding his pen, notably for the Arkansas Traveller, had judgment passed upon the prose humor of "Erratic Enrique;" there Frank Bellew invited criticism of the sketches which were to be submitted to the Harpers or Frank Leslie; there Thomas Worth, now the high salaried carleaturist of Texas Siftings, displayed the clever pencilings which he sold wherever he could find a purchaser; there Edward H. House, now occupying responsible and confidential relation with the Imperial Government of Japan, tascinated the circle with the brilliancy of his conver-sation and won its admiration with the breadth and depths of his general in orma-

OTHERS THAN WRITERS AND APTISTS But there were others than writers and artists who made the Pfaff coterie brilliant. Frequently seen about the Round Table were Edwin Adams, genial, whole-souled and the most versatile of all actors; Lawyer Charles W. Brooke, whose recitation of "The Bells of Shandon" was then and is now considered the perfection of rhythmic and melodious elecution; the late Dan Bryant, the king of all negro minstrels; the late Nelse Seymour, one of the husbands of Effic Ger-mon, and with whom died a peculiar phase of burlesque in negro minstrelsy of which he was the only exponent; self-assertive and dogmatic "Show" Bateman, the father of the Bateman Sisters; Dolly Davenport, a popular actor of his day and the one-time husband of Lizzie Weston, who afterward married Charles Matthews, the celebrated English actor. There were also occasiona droppings in of such men as James W. Wallack and John Brougham, and E. L. Davenport and others, who could add to the onviviality of a collection of choice spirits. It was a famous coterie while it lasted, but ruthless progress soon caused this order, whose knights had never felt the touch of accolade, to dwindle and pass away. Bleecker street, which had been the avenue for fashionable residences, was given up to commerce and became "far down town." But the first blow delivered at Pfaff's was

when a man named Garrad opened a rival chop house in Bleecker street next to the savings bank, which was also graced with a Round Table. This caused a division in the Bohemian circle, and from that time the fame of the cellar alcove began to pale until it was no longer found profitable to keep it open and Pfaff went uptown in a vain search for his former patrons. That ended the story which his death now revives.

LOUIS N. MEGARGER.

This is a synonym for that gloomy, harrassed condition of the mind which has its origin in dyspepsia. All the ugly suirits that under the name of the "blues," "blue devils," "megrims" and "mulligrubs" terments the dyspeptic almost ceaselessly, banish when attacked with Hosteiter's Stomach Bitters, that, moreover, annihilates biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, kidney complaints and nervousness.

Lors given away to builders. See page 14, to-day's Dispatch.

640 Liberty avenue.

Wood Mantels. Visit our wareroom fitted up with the atest styles in all the hard woods now fash-JAMES C. THOMPSON,

Homes! homes! homes! See page 14, to day's Dispatch.

BRING your photos to be copied to Elec-tric Portrait Company, 10 and 12 Sixth st.; crayons, water colors, etc.; best work;

A HOME on \$1 capital. See page 14, to day's Dispatch. Louvre-Dressmaking-Louvre.

Now is the the time to leave your special orders for ladies' and children's gingham suits; all work done on short notice. LOUVRE, 24 Sixth st., Directly opp. Bijou Theater. No Branch Store.

HERE is the place to put your money l'o-day's Dispatch, page 14. REMNANTS of table linens at about by

price on Friday and Saturday, May 9 and 10 HUGUS & HACKE. SAFE, sure and profitable. See page 1 to-day's Dispatch.

DABBS has made many beautiful and fine photographs this past week of notable and prominent people.

HIGH, dry and healthy. See page 14, to

A CHAT WITH LOTTA.

The Richest Actress of America En-

She Has All She Can Do to Manage Herself,

PATTI'S THOUSAND-DOLLAR LETTERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] HE charming actress
Lotta, whom John Brougham immortalized as "the dramatic cocktail" of Amerion, has this year spent the quietest winter of her life. The sprain in her ankle, which she reriage in Boston, has has kept her indoors at Washington and out of society, and

winter to art. She s delighted, she says, in the discovery that she has a new talent, that of painting, and Washington artists tell me that her work is very creditable indeed. She has picked up all she knows herself, and without a lesson she has painted a half dozen pictures, all of which are of more than ordinary merit.

I looked at these recently. Some of them are country scenes, and the air, the sky, the fields and the log cabins carry one back to



As She Captivated Us All.

Lotta's early days in California, and the scenes look as real as though they were painted out of doors. In portraits, also, she is doing very well, and I took a sketch of a picture of a little negro model who stood for her as Topsy. Lotta's painted Topsy is as black as ebony, and she has as bright, dancing, mischievous eyes as those possessed by the character made lamous in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The figure has real life, and it

actresses who can afford to take vacations and she is by all odds the richest actress in America. She is said to be worth at least \$1,000,000, and her mother is one of the shrewdest financiers, and Lotta says one of the best managers in America. It was through her that the Park Theater in Boston was bought and the International Hotel in connection with it. For this Lotta paid \$350,000 in cash, and she paid \$25,000 additional for the furniture which it contained. She has investments scattered all over the United States, and she told me that she and her mother had lately planted some money in Kansas City, which she hoped would grow a good harvest. She has investments in California, is said to have \$100,000 in New York property, and she has \$400,000 in United States bonds laid aside in case of a panic. Her mother manages all in everything. She is here with her this winter, and she has taken such good care of her that Lotta will be able to return to the

stage next fall.

When I called upon Lotta at her home, on Fourteenth street, above Newspaper Row in Washington, I found that she had discarded her crutches. Her eyes were as bright as they have ever been upon the stage, her skin was as fresh and clear as that of a baby's and her plump round form ac-corded with the statement that she made to me that she was in perfect health and that she weighed 125 pounds. Strange enough the conversation first turned to making and acting and I asked Lotta the secret of her financial success. She re-

OWES MUCH TO HER MOTHER.

"I owe nearly everything to my mother, and I really know very little about our money matters, but I think one reason for our prosperity has been in the fact that we have not been extravagant. We do not care to pay anything for pure show, and when we are making a tour we do not take all of the give great dinners. I do not wish to make a trouble with many actresses is that they al-ways spend as much as they make, and never learn the philosophy of interest and accumulation. People on the stage receive very good salaries. The public has been very kind to me, and I have been very suc-cessful in pleasing them through a long eries of years. "You began to act almost as a baby,"

"Yes," replied Lotta, "my first acting was so long ago that I can hardly remember it. My father was, you know, a book-seller in New York, and he had a store on Nassau street when gold was discovered in California. After a lew years he got the fever and went West, and three years later my mother and I went out to him. We lived in a little log cabin at the mining set-tlement of Laporte, but times were not very good and my father, though he got some gold, never 'struck it rich,' as they say. When I was about 7 years old a dancingschool was opened in the camp and I there took my first lessons in dancing. I learned the steps easily, and, they tell me, developed at once some musical talent.

HER FIRST SHOWER OF SILVER. "At the close of the term a performance was gotten up at a little theater of the town and after much urging my mother allowed me to take part. I both sang and danced me to take part. I both sang and dauced and I was a great success. The miners, you know, were especially foud of children and they went wild over me. When I came out on the stage at the close of the performance I was received with a shower of silver half-dollars and dollars, which the audience threw at me. Our funds were rather low at that time and this ovation was quite acceptable.

able.
"That night decided my career as an actress, and shortly after this I started out with my mother and traveled over California and I a Petite nia as a star. I was known as Le Petite

Lotta, and my name was the biggest one on the bilibeads. This was in the days of mining excitement and mining profits, and our troupe made money. The miners were very liberal, and this custom of throwing presents to the successful actress was in vogue. I received all kinds of things, from \$20 gold pieces and ruby rings to sets of jewels and diamond-backed watches. I re-member two elegant diamond-studded

watches that were given me in San Fran-cisco, and I was everywhere received very kindly."

"But was not the society and the life a rough one?" I asked.
"As to the lie," replied Lotta with a smile, "there were a few hardships. We had no modern conveniences in the shape of railroads, gas and theater arrangements. There were no roads and we had often to travel from mining camp to mining camp by

BRIDLE PATHS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. "I had a suit of boy's clothes made for me and I used these on these trips. As to the society, ladies were as well treated by the miners as they are treated in any of the drawing rooms of the world—I might say even better—and among the miners were as well-bred men and as well-read men as you will find in any of our cities. The gold ex-citement drew all classes to the West and a graduate of Harvard or Yale with the bluest ceived in jumping of Mayflower blood in his veins might be from a runaway carthe theater. Mother traveled with me and she was very careful of both my manners and morals. I was more polite then than I am now. I remember it was a custom at and and society, and Laporte for the children to go about on the has devoted the Christmas to the stores and ask for Christmas presents. I was never allowed to do
this and the merchants evidently appreciated the fact, for they sent me presents of
their own accord and one Christmas I remember I received seven new dresses.

"Do you ever get any such presents now?" "Not in the way of having them thrown upon the stage," replied Lotta. "That has gone out of fashion, and the best we get are flowers. You may remember an incident which occurred while I was playing Musette at Philadelphia a few years ago. A lady sitting in a box was so delighted with the acting that she threw me a most beauti ul ring. It contained two large diamonds and

ten smaller ones and these were set about two rubies and two sapphires. I noticed the lady in the box while I was sitting on the stump chatting with Billy Bradshaw. A RING WITH A STRING TO IT. "She was pointing her finger at the stage and thrusting it out again and again in a way which I feared would attract the atten tion of the audience. I wondered what she wanted and was considerably annoyed. I told Billy to look at the woman. He did so and his eyes collowed her finger and saw this ring lying on the stage. He handed it

to me, and I was, of course, delighted to re-ceive such a beautiful souvenir. Billy remained some time sitting on the stu and I asked him why he did so. said he was waiting to see her throw him a said he was waiting to see her throw him a ring. After the play was over the lady came behind the scenes and I had a very pleasant talk with her. This, however, was not the end of the story. About two years after this I received a letter from the tamily of the lady asking for the return of the ring. At the same time the lady wrote me that she had given the ring out of pure admiration for me and she did not want it returned. tion for me and she did not want it returned. I could not keep it when I knew that her family did not like it, and I sent it back to

The conversation here turned to Philadelphia and New York, and Lotta told me the story of her first success in the East. Said story of her first success in the East. Said she: "I was playing in New York when I was 14 years old and my great hit there was "The Marchioness," which was written for me by John Brougham, and from the acting of which he dubbed me the 'Dramatic Cocktail of America.' The play was a great success, and I have been playing it for

A FORTUNE FROM A QUARTER. "You ask me for my favorite characters. Cabin. The figure has real life, and it glows upon the canvass with all the vivacity of Lotta upon the stage.

RICHEST ACTRESS IN AMERICA.

Lotta had expected to have rested this winter and to have gone much into Washington society. She is one of the few really ashamed to show my face in it upon the stage again. That play has always been a great hit and it has brought me in no end of We paid just 25 cents for it, the cost of the book from which it was adapted to me, and we have made thousands upon thousands out of it."

"How about your future? It has been re

ported that you will soon retire from the "There is no truth in any such report," replied Lotta, emphatically. "I expect to have three new plays next year and Mr. Ford, of Baltimore, will be my manager. These plays are now being written for me and I expect to spend next summer by the and I expect to spend next summer by the sea at Nantasket studying them. Two of the plays are adaptations from the French and the German and the other is an American play written for me by Mr. Kidder, the man who wrote 'A Poor Relation' tor Sol Smith Russell. This play is entitled 'Mis-chief,' the German has the name of 'Doctor Lol' and it is the translation of a German comedy fitted for me. The French play is entitled 'Flourette.'

"As to retiring from the stage, when I get ready to go I will not make a great fuse about it. I don't believe in making a farewell tour again and again. I want to keep before the public as long as the public wants me, and when I do take a notion to retire i may be that I will change my mind after I have had a few mouths' vacation and want to go back again. The report of my retirement probably came from the fact that I had set aside this winter as a vacation. I find my life upon the stage, as much as I love it, an unnatural one, and the atmosphere is different from that of real life. During these periods of rest, which I take, I am able to get acquainted with my audiences, and I beieve that I act all the better for them.

YOUNG WOMEN ON THE STAGE.

"What do you think of the stage as a place for young women?"
"I think," replied Lotta, "that there is no better field in the world for the young best rooms on the ground floor of every hotel woman, provided she possess talents and has we stop at, ride out in a coach-and-four, nor a guardian to watch over her as a balance give great dinners. I do not wish to make a splurge, and I prefer quiet rooms higher up and then hang around the stage cannot where we do not attract so much attention and have more rest. Besides the profits of my acting have been well invested, and my and one in which she may find both profit mother is a shrewd business woman. The and happiness. I presuppose, of course, trouble with many actresses is that they al-I here showed Lotta a paragraph pretending to give a resume of her lovers and asked her whether she was still among the ranks

> as she replied and brought it down with emphasis, saying:
> "Yes, thank beaven! It is all that I can do to manage myself with the aid of my mother, and I can see no reason why I should undertake the management of a hushand or accept a husband to let him manage me. I am satisfied with my present condition, and I expect to continue in it."

SOMETHING ABOUT PATTI.

Speaking of Lotta's early career reminds

of the single blessed and whether she in

tended to remain so. She raised her hand

ne of a talk I had at Washington with one of Patti's first managers. This man is now a little white-whiskered clerk in the Treasury Department. His name is Widdows and he is the most noted chime-ringer of America. Patti was 13 years old when she starred the country in a concert troupe, with Ole Bull, under him. She then got \$100 a week instead of \$5,000 a night. I understand that Patti will spend the summer at her castle in Wales, and it may be that she will devote her time to writing her reminiscences. Not long ago Harpers Brothers offered her \$1,000 a letter for a series to be used by them in Harper's Weekly. Patti agreed to write the articles, but she was not satisfied with the way her manuscript was treated in New York, and she threw up the contract. The price had, I think not, much to do with the matter, as an article which would take s or so to construct is a bagatelle at \$1,000 to a woman who can make \$5,000 FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Your money works while you sleep. See page 14, to-day's Dispatch.

INNOCENT MR. NAST.

Continued from Nineth Page. tace! How can they do such a thing? I shouldn't think the law would allow it. I

should think-"
Mr. Nast did not conclude his remark. Another journalist uttered a witticism, and it struck my companion dumb. He looked around as if he expected to see the heavy hand of the Federal law swoop down upon the press gallery for its unseemly levity in

the presence of this august assembly.
"I think I'll be going now," he said, with a timid tremble in his tone. He promised, however, to come to the Senate with me again. I anticipate some real pleasure in showing the sights of Washington to Mr. Nast, and in getting from him some pictures of scenes as they appear to one whose interest is whetted by his own sweet simplicity and childrike innocence. WILLIS B. HAWKINS.

Able Brooklyn Jurymen.

Brooklyn Citizen.] After a jury in one of our courts brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, the other side asked that they be polled; that is, that each juror be asked individually whether it is his verdict. Beginning, of course, with the first juror, the clerk asked:

"Is this your verdict?"
"No, sir; its the plaintiff's," was the prompt answer, in a tone of surprise.

Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."

— J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."— Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers. MARVELOUS Triumph Over DISEASE

MARY ELUUS ITHINDITUVET DISEASE

DR. WILFORD HALL'S HEALTH PAMPHLET shows how Dyspensia, Constipation, Piles, Fevers, Rheumatism, Colos, Liver or Kidney Troubles, or amost any atiment is Conquered Without Maddens and Alment is Conquered Without Maddens and English and Permanent. It is neither Mind Cure. Faith Cure nor a set of rules, but a Positive Treatment based upon the Laws of Life. For particulars and indersements address (with 26 stamp) Hygienic Treatment and consequents. Agents, P. O. Box 225, Pittsburg, Ph. Agents, P. O. Box 225, Pittsburg, Ph. api8-64-Tressu



gy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the SCOTT'S

become listless, fretful, without ener-

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda, They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PRE-VENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IM BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered

oc28-2mwrsu CATARRH CURED TO STAY CURED

AN AGGRAVATED CASE OF FIVE YEARS SUFFERING CURED BY DR. BYERS OVER TWO YEARS AGO REMAINS WELL TO THE



Mrs. Perry, cor. Ann and Moultris Bis., city For five years Mrs. Perry suffered from such For five years Mrs. Perry suffered from such severe pains that she could not give attention to her household duties, could get air through neither nostril, consequently slept with her mouth open and snored so loudly that none could sleep in adjoining rooms. Food she could not retain on her stomach, especially supper; this she vomited as soon as eaton. Dr. Byers removed the swellings from her nostrils, opening them up so she could breathe through them, reduced the soreness and inflammation, and gave her medicine for her stomach. She never vomited after taking the first dose of medicine, and in three months was entirely well. A few days ago Mrs. Perry called to consult Dr. Byers about ner aru and said her head and stomach still remained well, thus disproving the popular idea that catarrh cannot be cured to stay cured.

HOME TREATMENT A SUCCESS.

HOME TREATMENT A SUCCESS. A lady patient of Howard, O., writing for her second month's treatment, says: "I am feeling much better, my head has not pained me for over two weeks, and the terrible pain I had in my back is gone."

TREATMENT \$5 A MONTH.

Dr. Byers continues to treat estarrh and all chronic diseases for \$5 per month, medicine included. That the public appreciate good honest treatment at low rates is evidenced by the fact that he is kept husy from morning till night. One day he treated 24 people for catarrh alone. He commits with and treats every patient himself. Office established 1863. OR. BYERS,

Successor to Drs. Logan & Byers, 421