The Washington Post.

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1890---SIXTEEN PAGES.

GUESTS OF OLDEN DAYS

How They Lived at Washington Hotels Half a Century Ago.

PRICES WERE VERY MODERATE

Who Loved Bitters—Alexander Stephens Wanted to Die in Clay's Room at the

Dead—The second properties and special proper

Chandler and wife, of Michigan; Senator Brown, of Mississippi; Congressman Spaulding, of Buffalo, the astute fluancier; Senator Mallory, Senator Baker, of Oregon; Hon. W. N. H. Smith, of North Carolina, and dozens of others I cannot think of on the instant.

Carolina, and dozens of others I cannot think of on the instant.

"Except for a short while, I have been proprietor of the National for thirty-three years. Away back in the twenties it was called the Gadsby House, its name being changed to that it now bears in 1830."

The handsome white pile known to fame as the Ebbitt House was in the year 1864 a small boarding house, kept by a Mr. Craney, who called it the Ebbitt in honor of his father-in-law, a New York gentleman. It was at that time a very humble structure, occupying but a scant frontage on the corner, with a big garden in the rear, where the hotel office now is. Mr. C. C. Willard bought Craney out, and commenced in 1865 to make great improvements, which he kept up for a series of years until the house reached its present noble proportions and splendid equipment. It has been for years the favorite home of military and naval officials, and is known throughout the country as their headquarters, Vice Admiral Rowan, who died at the Ebbitt last spring, had been its constant great for twenty-two years. Ben

ODD SIGNS AND CHARMS

The New Moon and the Many Superstitions Connected with It.

AVERTING MALADIES IN CHINA

Curious Beliefs in Servia Regarding the Dead-The Medicine Bag of the Indians-The "Doctor Stone" of Austra-

Service and proceedings of the control of the contr

these, owned by a chief, had been transmitted from father to son for many generations. Unfortunately, a neighbor to whom he loaned it lost this charm, and the chief brought suit in an English court to recover its value. It appeared that the charm consisted of "two round pebbles, one flat pebble, a little-stone which had been found in a bunaus, and some sand." All were sewed up together in a baz and fastened to a string. The plaintiff was awarded a judgment of 5 pence by the court.

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Perhaps the most powerful remedy employed by the native practitioners of Australia, is the "doctor-stone," which is said to be but a piece of quartz crystal. It is not even necessary for a patient to look upon this stone, nor advisable to do so, as its power is so great that for a woman merely to see it is sure death. According to good authority, recoveries by its use are frequently rapid.

It would be interesting to know whether the "mad-stone," believed by many at present to be a specific for hydrophobia and rattlesnake bite, has any more real efficacy than is possessed by the "doctor-stone" of Australia. The power of the forked-twig of witch-hazel to determine the location of water and metal deposits, is another mooted question of the same sort. Something of the allegiance to mystery still evietent is seen in the fact that thing of the allegiance to mystery still existent is seen in the fact that within two years no less than \$355.74 was paid in Loudon for a piece of cannel coal, said to have been used as a magic mirror by the astrologer, Dr. Dee, in the sixteenth conture.

entury. Not recognizing any value to religion as an element of progress, certain scientists would relegate it wholly to the realm of superstition. There is a value in the fact, would relegate it wholly to the realm of superstition. There is a value in the fact, doubtless, that the phenomena of life and darkness, of sound and silence, of heat and cold, must impress even the lowest savage with the idea of a power above and beyond himself. When suffering from disease or hard pressed by his enemies, involuntarily his mind turns to this awful something for help. What though he bowed himself before the sun, the moon and stars and reversally worshiped. What though he wrought rude figures in wood and stone and fancied they were gods.

His rough savage nature was being softened by these agencies, thought was stirring in his sluggish mind, the germs of morality were taking root. Like a star dimly seen by mariners in a fog, giving more light and less of mystery as the shadows lift, has been the influence of religion through all time, impressing man with the wonderful nature of his own heing and the world in which he lives, inspiring him with reverence for that power which he believes controls and sucors him, and filling him with aspirations which may be best realized, probably, in the clear light of truth when the cloud of superstition has all passed away.

HYLAND C. KIRK.

SUNSET COX'S LITTLE JOKE.

How He and His Friends Took Dinner with Judge Hare.
"The late Sunset Cox," said Judge Abbott, of Texas, at the Metropolitan, "was a man whose love of humor did not flud exclusive vent through his facile pen. His merry nature delighted in getting the

The Dancing Masters Decide Just What Latest and Best Things in This Line for Balls and Parties Are Arranged.

N improvement in the styles of dancing was one of the most im-portant questions that agitated the dancing masters' convention held at Brooklyn recently. There has been a tendency in that direction during the past three or four seasons, and new productions have been constantly superseding the time-worn dances. Here is a complete extaught during the coming season: The assembly gavotte is entirely a new

production, and will, no doubt, soon take the place of the time-worn march or promopen all festive gatherings. It is the product of the fertile brain of William Pitt Rivers, of Brooklyn. The dance, which can be performed to galop, schottiche, or gavotte music, is introduced after the preliminary rounds of the promenade. The dancers form in two circles, one within the other. Those in the outer circle begin by marching or gliding towards the right, still keeping the circle intact, while those of the inner circle perform a similar movement, but in the opposite direction.

After several of these revolutions, the dancers composing the outer circle gradually blend into the inner one, there being an opening left in each circle opposite the same point. The members of the inner circle, by following the end dancers of the outer ring, gradually assume the positions of those who changed to the inner circle. This is repeated several times, the constant changing producing a dazzling effect upon the observer, which is greatly intensified when the dancers change from circles to spirals, squares, octagons, &c., at the command of the conductor.

Any number may participate in this exhibition, the limit being regulated only by the accommodation of the floor.

In the dance itself, which immediately follows the promenading, the gentleman presents his right hand, his partner giving her left. The first movement is made by the dancers taking four short slides, the gentleman with the left foot the lady with her right foot. Reversing their positions an equal number of slides are made in the opposite direction. In the second position the gentleman takes his partner in the regular waltzing position and performs one complete revolution. Changing from the waltz, both partners face the front and move forward in a walking movement. It is here that the adaptability of this innovation is readily seen when the dancers take their positions for a galop, schottische, or gavotte, according to the wish of the partners.

Although this dance was not broughs before the convention, the unanimous indorsement which it received when explained to she professors' classes, and performed by them, moved the latter to bring it to members' notice, in consequence of which it has met with the waltz position and dances to galop time, changing to a balance movement, accompanied by qui The dancers form in two circles, one within the other. Those in the outer circle begin by marching or gliding towards the

A GROTESQUE SIGHT.

Drunken Painters Decorate a New Building in the Most Amusing Style. There was quite an odd spectacle the other day in front of a large business block in course of repair. The front wall was of brick, and had been freshly painted, but the "tuck-pointing," or outlining of the bricks with white paint still remained INFATUATED OUR FOREFATHERS the bricks with white paint still remained to be done. On the day in question the two men hired to do the pointing appeared at the building somewhat the worse for having been on a mild spree the night before. However, the contractors not being on hand, the men decided to go right to work. Ascending to the top of the building, where the scaffold was already hanging, they carefully climbed out and began work.

work.

All went well for a time, and the outlines of the bricks were true, but as the men lowered the scaffold to the fourth story one of them proposed having a little refreshment. Of course no objections were raised by his companion, and he shortly returned with a large pail of beer, which was soon emptied, and work was resumed, this time a little more joyously than before.

"What's the matter with making these bricks so small? I say, let's make'em big-

"What's the matter with making these bricks so small? I say, let's make 'em bigger," one fellow remarked to the other, and, suiting the action to the words, he lined out a number of bricks the size of paving blocks. This excited the rivalry of his companion, and in a short time the facade at the fourth story began to look as if it had been rented by a drygoods merchant to advertise plaid dress goods, large, small, and broken. At the the third floor more beer was consumed by the pair, and the bricks began to assume fantastic shapes. With one graceful sweep of the brush they would make a round, triangular, or octagonal brick, as the fancy struck them.

It was about 10 o'clock that the people

them.

The was about 10 o'clock that the people in the street began to notice that something was wrong. The small boys gathered below, and the remarks they made at the expense of the two jolly fellows on the scaffold would fill a column.

"Come, put in a star," cried one.

"That's it, make an eagle."

"Now paint a flag," said another.

"Why don't you draw the President's picture?" yelled a third.

The men, however, went on undaunted, making lines and curves as if their lives depended on it, crawling along the scaffold, which was suspended at a dangerous augle. At 11 o'clock the contractor appeared, and ordered the men to stop that crazy work and come in, or he would have them arrested. It was none too scone ither, for with the disappearance of the fifth pail of beer the outlines on the wall had assumed very grotesque shapes, and there were bettwo bricks on the whole facade, below the top floor, of uniform size. The effect was ridiculous, and the bricks looked as much intoxicated as the men who had executed them.

As the two painters were taken in hand by the contractor, one of the spectators was heard to say: "By Jověi I'd rather have lost \$100 than to have missed that."

POET TENNYSON'S DREAM.

Warned of the Awful Fate of a Friend-Robert Browning's Story. Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson tells of an afternoon spent some time ago with the poets Tenngson and Robert Browning. The conversation turned upon present ments and claipyeyance, and Lord Tenny son, while unwilling to acknowledge any son, while unwilling to acknowledge any belief in either, related a remarkable instance of the fermer which occurred to himself. One evening while sitting in his study writing he seemed to feel the presence of a very dear friend near him. He was unable to shake off the impression. He tried to read and to smoke, but it was no nee, for it seemed that the friend was there appealing for aid. This distressed the poet, and he went out and walked several miles, trying to dispossess himself of the thought, but it was of no avail. He could not rid himself of it; and finally retired offly to dream of his friend as being in great agony, and crying out to him for relief.

Some two menths afterward the poet

Some two months afterward the poet Some two months afterward the poet heart that the friend, who had been au explorer, had been killed and eaten by cannibals, and that this had occurred at or very near the time he had been so troubled about him.

Robert Browning, who laughingly said that his wife was the only superstitious one in his family, then told of as experience he once had with a man who cisimed aunornatural newers. Browning to the Emperor Francis Joseph, and his court, at the Gello, and San Berndetto; in Venice, is Bucharest, Odessa, Alexandria, Cairo, Brussels, Paris, and London, and always with great successand applause.

Longing to counquer the new world, she came to this country, but the outset of her career was very unfortunate. Her manager was incapable and he took her on a tour through the small towns and the

one in his family, then told of as experience he once had with a man who claimed supernatural powers. Browning discredited his assertions, and the man, wishing to prove that he could do as he said, asked if he had an heirloom of any soft about his person.

It chanced that Mrs. B. had provided her husband with some new shirts, which were made to be worn with cuff-buttons, much to Mr. Browning's disgust, and that morning he had ransacked the house for the necessary articles, finally fastening his cuffs with a pair of quaint old buttons. He showed them to the man, who, after looking at them carefully, and examining them closely, took them in his hands and told of a dark room in a house somewhere on the Island of Jamaica, in which a powerful man was struck down by three robbers, who took from him everything of value save these three buttons and left him there to bleed to death.

According to Mrs. Dr. Stevenson, this was literally true, though at the time not even Mrs. Browning knew of it, for the buttons had been found and sent to this country under the direction of Col. The should never speak of the sad affair.

them to Mr. Browning on condition the be should never speak of the sad affair.

WHITNEY AND CAMPANINI.

Conductor Thomas Furnished the Notes and They Did the Singing. At one of the musical festivals given in Philadelphia some time ago, Myron W. Whitney and Campanini sang a duet in "Die Gotterdammerung." It was a go-as-Whitney and Campanini sang a duet in "Die Gotterdammerung." It was a go-as-you-please affair, apparently, for the orchestra and the singers seemed to be running a race. When one would stop for want of breath, the other would take up the movement, carrying it along in a rapid "fortissimo," each apparently being anxious to nave the last note. There seemed to be no system. Certainly there was no melody, and the two singers went on oblivious of one another till nearly exhausted, when they wound up with an ear-splitting bit of harmony that very few appreciated and no one enjoyed.

The following morning a number of gentlemen were standing in the lobby of one of the hotels discussing the concert in general and this duet in particular, when Mr. Whitney joined the group.

"I say, Whitney, how on earth did you and Campanini manage to sing that duet last night?" asked one of the men. "It was such a hap-hazard thing that we were alf more interested in watching your facial expression, and in wondering which would come out shead, than in the music, if there was any in it."

"Why, it was the easiest thing in the world," said Whitney. "You see we did not have to know our notes. All we had to do was to watch Mr. Thomas, the conductor. He told each of us when to sing. The orchestra played all the notes but one, and all we had to do was to watch further we ended up with that final gasp, which I hopsy you enjoyed."

The gentlemen laughed and agreed that the explanation was perfectly satisfactory

Another Railroad to the Pacific. Sr. Paul, Minn., Dec. 27.—That it is the intention of the Great Northern to push the line through to the Pacific coast there can be no doubt. The contract for building the extension from the summit of building the extension from the summer. The Rockies to a point beyond the Keetani River has been let to Shephard, Seims, & Colling St. Paul. This makes the extension from the main line at Havre, Mont, about 500 miles, the first 125 miles of which has been completed and turned over to the operating department.

SENORA ISABEL CEBAS

The First Great Spanish Dancer Who Visited the United States.

The New Comer, Otero, in Much Demand by Society-A Dancer with the Artless Grace of Infancy-Mme. Achille, Mme. Augusta Taglioni, and Fannie Elleler.

EW YORK, Dec. 27.—The rage for Spanish dancing continues unabated in Gotham, and the rivals, Carmencita and Otero, nightly make their salatorial displays before admiring thousands, who pack their respective auditoriums to the walls. The newcomer, Otero, is much in demand by society this winter. Her manager, Mr. Reynolds, told me the other night "I have had no less than fifty applications for private performances by her this winter from promiuent society people, but I have accepted none of them as yet, as I am determined that her first social appearance shall be before the Van-derbilts." There is managerial tact for The first woman of prominence to pre-

sent a Spanish dance in this country was Mme. Achille, who appeared with her husband at the Bowery Theater as far back as 1827. They were also presented by Mme. Vestris at the Park Theater in 1829, by Mile. Agusta, at the same house in 1836, and by the great Taglioni in 1839. In 1840 Fannia Ellsler, who set young America wild with enthusiasm, presented several very pretty Spanish dances, but the possibilities of Spanish terpsicorean inflammation, if I may term it such, were not fully understood in this country until 1857, when the famous, or to speak more properly, the infamous Lola Montez appeared in this city in her famous dance the "Tarantula." In this dance the gave peared in this city in her famous dance the "Tarantula." In this dance the gave an instation of a woman dancing and attacked by a tarantula. Her writhings, twistings, and beunds as she endeavored to free herself from the imaginary deadly assailant may fatally be imagined. They certainly causet be described by any words of mine. Lolo was also extremely graceful and sensuous in "La Cachuca," to my mind one of the prettiest of Spanish dances. In 1860 their arrived in this country the most famous Spanish dancese that ever visited our shores. Her name was Senor Isabel Cubas, prengunced Coobah. She was a true Andalusian and was descended from arace of dancers. Her grandfather, Pedro Cubas, was the greatest comic dancer of his day. When he was about forty he suffered a terrible actions, the paralysis of his feet, which, of course, prevented him from any further dancing. So great a favorite was he however, with the Court of Madrid and the populace of Spain that a play was written for him by a Spanish poet in which he was required to sit during his entire appearance upon the stage, and hisbery tells us that the Spaniards, mindful of the pleasure he had given them years before, patvonized his new performances well that he was enabled to retire from the stage with a competency. His sen, John Cubas, followed in his

them years bases, patronized his new performance se well that he was enabled to retire from the stage with a competency. His sen, John Cubas, followed in his father's terpsichorean footsteps greatly to his fame and group. I subel Cubas, was, born in Cadiz in 1831. She can'y gays, exiling a first that excelled in many of the deages of the day. Of course she was given at spic opportunity to display her abilities upon the stage, and before she was out of her teens she was the most famous dansuese in Spain. Unlike her ancestors, who had been satisfied with their country's applause, she longed for trumphs in foreign lands, and before she was twenty she had appeared in Turifi, in Milan, where she was honored by the presence of the Essperor Francis Joseph, and his court, at the Gello, and San Berndetto; in Venice, in Bucharest, Odessa, Alexandria, Cairo, Brussels, Paris, and London, and always with great success and applause.

Longing to conquer the new world, she

most unbounded enthusiasm and her houses were invariably crowded to repletion.

Speaking of her the other day to Col. Brown he said to me: "There never was such a Spaniah dansness in this country as Cubas. She was full of Andalusian fire and abandon, and if I may paraphrase the poet she was 'grace made a living thing.' People talk nowadays about Verona Jarbeau's skill with the fan. I wish they could have seen Cubas in her fan dwnce. In her hands it became a living, sensient being, capable of expressing all the passions of the soul, but especially those of love and desire, in the most eloquent manner. Every feather in it seemed tongue and every spectator felt that at least one of its most suggestive speeches was for him. She also did a scarf dance which was the personification of noetry. As a pantomimist she was also exceedingly graceful and expressive. When I say graceful I do not mean the grace of ordinary womankind but that of the artless infant.

It does seem to me that Cubas could not be awkward if she tried. Once in Pitts burg I saw her step on a banana peel which threw her to the ground. She did not clutch wildly at a fistful of air as I have seen strong men do, who have met with a similar accident but she went down as gently and apparently as easily as I have seen thistledown alight in a field. I never knew her to disenchant an audience but once, and that was at the National theater, in Cincinnati, in 1861. She had appeared in, "The Wiziard Skiff," in the "French Spy" and "Narramatta" in which she had to speak but one word, "Father," just as the curtain went down on the end of the piece. When she came to it it seemed to stick in her throat like a fishbone and she finally with great effort uttered it "farder." The house screamed with laughter as it always did thereafter when she ever attempted this part.

Cubas married a Spaniard named Blosse. She died in this city June 20, 1804, leaving

Cubas married a Spaniard named Blosse.
Cubas married a Spaniard named Blosse.
She died in this city June 20, 1804, leaving behind her a little daughter who had all her mother's beauty and fire but who did not go upon the stage. Cubas was buried in Greenwood cemetery at the expense of Mr. Nixon.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 26.-A laborer named Gustav Larson løst himself in one of the city's big sewers yesterday and wandered over three miles before he could wandered over three miles before he could get out. He had gone down to do some repairing, and the man-hole closed after him, leaving him in the dark. The foul air had almost overcome him, when he made his exit at Cedar avenue and Fourth street.