MOVING ON LAKE TCHAD.

THE LAST GREAT MOVE IN THE PARTITION OF AFRICA.

Brussels, September 7.

The last act in the drama of African partition is the scramble for Lake Tchad. It is not the lake, of course, that is the chief object of desire, but the vast territory of which it is the centre. As yet that territory is free game for European land-grabbers, and it is the only considerable region in all the continent which is thus free. It can scarcely yet be said to have been visited by explorers, and as a whole is almost unknown. Yet it is so extensive and is believed to be so rich as to attract strongly the acquisitive attention of the Powers who have been dividing the rest of Africa among themselves.

Three European Powers have recently made advances toward taking possession of the region. One is England, whose Royal Niger Company is very directly concerned in the matter, inasmuch as its possessions border on the coveted land. English agents have already made some sort of a friendly treaty with the chiefs of Bornu, and are even now negotiating with Wadai and Bagirmi. With these latter States, however, they have not made much progress. The chiefs and people are the most fanatical in all Africa, and it seems almost impossible to convince them of the good faith of Europeans, or of the desirability of entering into friendly relations with them. The Niger Company has also just confirmed and extended the provisions of the treaty with the Sultan of Sokoto, whose Empire has been much reduced in size. It has concluded treaties of friendship with the chiefs of Adamawa, to the northeast of the Cameroons, by which the passage of foreigners through their territories is forbidden. This arrangement is said to be directed against the Germans, whom the English do not wish to have as competitors in the Lake Tchad region. Nevertheless the Germans are very much in the race. In last May a German officer, Lieutenant Morgen, set out for the country around the sources of the Binue; while Dr. Zintgraff left Hamburg a year ago for the purpose of establishing a base of operations in the Bali country on the route of Adamawa, with the ultimate intention of penetrating into the country lying beyond. Moreover, the Governor of the Cameroons, General Soden, has command of a staff of officers who are making their way little by little toward the northeast. Both the Morgen and Zintgraff expeditions were ill-fated. They were attacked by hostile natives, and almost annihilated, their survivors fleeing for safety to the outposts of the Niger Company. These disasters have not discouraged the Germans, however, but have only made them more determined than ever to subjugate the country.

The most aggresive of the scramblers, however, is France. Apparently she intends to annex a strip of territory extending from Algeria to the French Congo—a most ambitious project, including the acquisition of Bagirmi, part of Adamawa and Bornu, and the whole basin of the Shari. Matters in this direction have indeed gone so far that a railroad from Algiers to Brazzaville is seriously proposed. Various French expeditions are setting out from Senegambia, apparently with the intention of crossing the Upper Niger, securing French influence in the unappropriated part of that river, and pushing on to the countries around Lake Tchad; while advances have begun in the same direction from Algeria. Germany has protested against any invasion of the "hinterland" of the Cameroons, but the protest is not regarded. Indeed, the English are inclined to favor French advances there, as against the Germans.

Disasters have befallen some of these exploring parties. The death of Paul Crampel has already been announced. M. Forneau, who was the head of another expedition, has just got back to France, and he adds many dramatic details to the reports already made of his adventures. It was early in March that he set out from Ouasson to follow the N'Goko River, a branch of the Sangha. He went by land, but a part of the expedition went by steamer on the river. A month later they were all at the Madomba, and on April 15 they reached the junction of the Sangha and the Kalle. Three days later he reached the site of a former settlement, where the Sangha divides into two rivers, one the Massieba, flowing toward the west, the other the Likelle, flowing to the north. The steamer had preceded him here by two days. While it continued to ascend the Likelle, M. Fourneau pushed on without noteworthy incident northward till May 1.

At this date he had reached the banks of the Sodi, which was defended by a number of armed men; but the river was crossed in an hour and a half without accident, and the company advanced to a village, where parleys were held with the chief, who seemed for the moment to be kindly disposed. M. Forneau thereupon resumed his march, when one of his escort was wounded in the back by an unexpected assegai. A struggle followed, and four natives were shot. M. Fourneau burned the village, and pushed on with a slightly diminished force. On the following days the advance lay among peaceful villagers and was uneventful, till on the 8th and 9th large bands of hostile natives became very troublesome. On the 10th the expedition reached the village of the chief, N'Zaoure, and encamped for the night with assurances of friendship from the natives. But M. Fourneau distrusted them, and with reason. Early the next morning an attack was made upon the expedition by some hundreds of savages, armed with spears and assegais. It was before daybreak, and the Frenchmen were asleep. When the yelling savages charged upon them, they sprang from their beds and began firing blindly. A few steps from M. Fourneau's tent M. Thiriet was killed by two terrible assegai wounds in the right temple. M. Fourneau was knocked down by a lance, by which he was struck on the right brow, but which fortunately glanced off. At that moment M. Blom rushed into M. Fourneau's tent, also wounded by a lance in the right side, and fell down unconscious. The Senegalese guard, remaining firm at their posts, fired on the assailants, and at last drove them back. On looking around, M. Fourneau saw the bodies of seven men of the expedition, including M. Thiriet, twenty-eight carriers, and six Senegalese.

M. Fourneau was almost blinded with blood from his own wound. But he managed to dress the wound of M. Blom, and with the canvas of his tent made a hammock to carry him away in. Then, getting together almost all his merchandise, he set fire to it, after having placed beneath this improvised funeral pile the bodies of his men, with the object of preventing their being mutilated. Beside this fire, he made another, in which he burned the body of M. Thiriet, with his tent and all that had belonged to him. In a short time the whole village was ablaze, and M. Fourneau, with what remained to him of his expedition, beat a precipitate retreat. The retreating column took a northeasterly direction, with the object of reaching the River Ekela. A quarter of an hour after their departure they were again attacked on all sides. The Senegalese kept up a sharp fire, while the column continued its onward course, traversing villages, which they burned to the ground. In this way the last box of ammunition was distributed to the Senegalese, who were ordered by M. Fourneau to spare their ammunition. At half-past three they reached the Ekela, and seized a large war canoe full of warriors, which was descending the river, the warriors escaping by jumping into the river.

A few men under Sergeant Malal were then sent up the river a little way, to capture another village. This was done, and eight good boats were secured. In these the whole party embarked and made their way down the river. During the night they travelled safely, but at daybreak the numerous villages poured forth thousands of men, who hurled missiles of every kind at the French explorers. The fire kept up by the Senegalese kept the natives from approaching the canoes; nevertheless, two men were seriously wounded by barbed arrows. Showers of these arrows fell all around the canoes, and the expedition was only saved from annihilation by the rapidity of its course down the river.

At 6 o'clock in the evening the little fleet of canoes fell into the rapids; the canoes became unmanageable, and two were wrecked in the falls. Four men were drowned. The other canoes, some carried by the current to the banks of the river, and others into the labyrinth of rocks, were stopped in their downward course. That night was spent by the expedition on the rocks in the river. M. Fourneau's men had been paddling for thirty-eight hours, and had had nothing to eat for two days and nights. At 5 o'clock in the morning a severe tornado swept over them; nevertheless, they continued the descent of the rapids of Banya, and at last arrived amid friendly villages, the inhabitants of which greeted them with shouts of peace and amity. They were the Mokolos. After a short stay there, the explorers proceeded down the river. The natives for the rest of the way were friendly, but navigation was difficult and dangerous. At last they got back to Sangha, having lost sixteen men killed and thirty-one wounded. All the merchandise and most of their arms and ammunition had been lost, while the results gained by the expedition were nothing. Nevertheless M. Fourneau is anxious for the Government to fit out another expedition and send him back at the head of it.

The steamer Stamboul, which brought M. Fourneau back to France, also conveyed a number of others from the Niger country. They told a correspondent who talked with them at Marseilles that it is commonly believed that Paul Crampel was killed by his own followers, because of his severity of manner toward them. M. de Brazza has set out on the cruiser Talisman for Loango to get accurate news of the Crampel mission. The Stamboul also brought accounts of an English expedition which left New-Calabar in last June, and, passing by Sokoto, easily penetrated into Bornou. It is thought to have reached Lake Tchad.

A recent letter to "Le Figaro" gives some further accounts of the Crampel expedition, received from seven members of it who had returned to Banghi. According to their story, during four days' march from Ubanghi, the expedition traversed a region inhabited by the Langouassis. The population met with during the fourth and fifth days' march were well armed, and constantly warring against the Arabs. As the expedition advanced, the inhabitants met with were more and more wild. On the approach of the vanguard, the inhabitants of the villages, built on almost inaccessible rocks, rushed away into the bush. Four days' march sufficed to cross this range of mountains, and then the plain opened out again; but it was deserted, having been ravaged by the Arab slave-hunters. The mission suffered greatly from thirst and hunger in this region. The mission discovered in this uninhabited region one of the tributaries of the Chari, and followed its course. At length, coming to the end of this desolate district, the expedition met with a large village of blacks who had been converted to Islamism. M. Crampel and his followers were hospitably received by the chiefs, who spoke to him of the Chief Youssouf, inhabiting the town of Elkouti, and provided him with guides to conduct him there.

The vanguard of the expedition reached that place by a good road, and found it inhabited by Mussulmans with veiled faces, like the Tuariks. They were armed with Spencer, Remington and Martini rifles, and old European and Arab matchlocks. Youssouf and all the inhabitants of the town gave the French travellers a cordial welcome. The French tricolor was hoisted over the house allotted to M. Crampel, where, after the evening and morning prayer, the natives came to greet him. Youssouf sent Crampel a fine Arab costume, begging him to wear it. Elkouti has quite the aspect of a Mussulman town of Senegal. Camels, asses and mules are to be found there. It was said at Elkouti that Massenger, the capital, where the Shereeff of Baghirmi was, lay at a distance of fifteen days' march through a desert, to cross which water has to be carried on the backs of camels. The engineer, M. Lauziere, who accompanied Crampel and the vanguard, was sent back to seek Nebout, and to bring him to Elkouti. It was during this painful march that M. Lauziere was seized with dysentery and died on arriving at Tapa, where he had found Nebout with the rearguard.

AMONG THE BRIGANDS.

A FRENCHMAN'S EXPERIENCE AMONG MOST COURTEOUS OUTLAWS.

Constantinople, Sept. 1.—Full particulars have now been made known of the release of M. de Raymond, who was captured by brigands at Omourdja on the 10th of August. The two dragomans of the French Consulate who, with a guard of twelve gendarmes, accompanied M. Ruflica upon his mission to convey the ransom to the bandit chief had been waiting for some days at the farm, when, on Friday last about midday, a strange peasant appeared and proved to be an emissary of the brigands. With a good deal of mystery he produced a letter, remarking: "I have been enjoined by those who hold M. de Raymond captive to bring you this, under the pain of death, and charged, in the event of your desiring to release M. de Raymond, to act as your guide to the spot where he is confined. You may bring three men with you."

Having delivered this message the man disappeared. M. Ghilbert, the Chancellor of the French Consulate, then opened the mysterious missive, and found that it contained a communication in pure Greek corresponding with the peasant's verbal announcement. At the foot of the note, which was in the handwriting of Thomas, the brigand chief, there was a postcript written by M. de Raymond to the effect that he was quite well. M. Ghilbert told the man to wait for him, mounted his horse and galloped as fast as the animal could carry him to Rodosto, in order to seek the advice of the French Consul. That officer urged him not to lose a single moment in availing himself of the peasant's guidance to send the ransom to the robber chief. M. Tacchella, another dragoman of the Consulate, who is possessed of great physical strength, and his servant, a sturdy peasant, were selected to carry out this critical mission, both of them being familiar with the country.

It was evening before M. Ghilbert, accompanied by these agents, got back to the farm. Shortly before 10 o'clock at night they set out on foot upon their expedition. The journey lay through desolate mountain fastnesses and deep ravines, amid which, when they had been five or six hours on the march, the party halted for rest and refreshment. After nearly fourteen hours' hard walking they arrived at the outskirts of a forest. It was now noon on the Saturday. The guide, who throughout the journey had kept from two to three hundred paces in front of M. Tacchella and his servant, here stopped until they came up. He requested them to envelop their heads in white handkerchiefs and to continue to follow him. They complied with these directions, and the party then entered the forest. They had not proceeded far when they suddenly found themselves confronted by three brigands, armed to the teeth, who appeared to spring out of the earth. Covering the travellers with their rifles, they demanded whether they had brought with them M. de Raymond's ransom. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the bandits declared they were ready to escort the passengers to the headquarters of the gang. The journey was continued about two hours longer, and then a halt was called in an extremely remote and picturesque retreat. A few minutes later the brigand chief Thomas, attended by five of his gang and accompanied by M. de Raymond, appeared. M. Tacchella and his servant then each produced his quota of the ransom. The former stated that he was the dragoman of the French Consulate at Rodosto, and that in addition to the £5,000 which he had brought as M. de Raymond's ransom, he had with him a sum of £100, intended to cover the expenses of the journey back to Rodosto. He expressed a hope that the money would not be taken from him. To this the chief replied in the most affable manner, "Why, of course not. You shall keep everything you have upon you. No one shall molest you. We have no right to anything but the ransom we have exacted. Here is M. de Raymond, whom I deliver up to you safe and sound. You may depart in all security, for you have my assurance that no harm shall befall you."

Thereupon Thomas took a sheet of notepaper and began to write out in the most business-like manner a formal declaration that, having received the ransom set upon the head of M. de Raymond, that gentleman was now free; and that, for the future, he would be at liberty to traverse those regions in perfect security, and would never again be molested or interfered with by any member of the band. The robber chief insisted upon kissing M. de Raymond, and begged him not to harbor resentment for the trouble and inconvenience to which he had been put. The brigand who had struck M. de Raymond over the head on the occasion of his capture also approached and besought his forgiveness for that injury, which, he declared, he had only inflicted under the stress of circumstances.

The party had not been more than a couple of hours on the march back when they fell in with a patrol of gendarmes, who insisted upon searching them and demanded to see their papers. It was in vain that M. Tacchella endeavored to explain who he was and what was the nature of the mission he had been fulfilling. As the gendarmes would not listen to reason, M. de Raymond protested so vehemently that the sub-lieutenant in command of the patrol ordered him to be bound, and with a good deal of needless ill-treatment marched the whole party off to the lock-up in the village of Milio. On the way thither, however, M. Tacchella's servant succeeded in convincing the sub-lieutenant that his master's account of himself was perfectly true, and M. de Raymond was thereupon unbound. On arriving at the headquarters of the police, the party met with a much more hospitable reception, and were enabled to continue their return journey without further let or hindrance.

SUMMER'S ART HARVEST.

NEW MATERIAL FOR THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

ARTISTS RETURNING TO THE CITY—NOTES GATHERED IN THE STUDIOS—AUCTION SALES IN PROSPECT.

The artists are bestirring themselves for the winter exhibitions. The few who have remained in town are bringing important works to completion. The many who have been in the country are coming back from day to day, singly and in groups. The studio buildings show signs of animation after a long spell of dust and drowsiness.

At 51 West Tenth-st. Mr. William M. Chase is one of the first arrivals, having just returned from Shinnecock Hills. He is rearranging his studios and, like many of his colleagues at present, is in the midst of confusion. There is a very prosaic side to the rather poetical spectacle of a body of men settling

"WELCOME"—BY WILL H. LOW.

down to their winter's task of transmuting things seen into things glorified by the touch of art. Studios yawn for the reception of countless stretchers, each with the useful study or impression, but neither studios nor stretchers are as yet quite under the control of their owners. Everything is in disorder, and a period of the merest drudgery must be gone through before the more congenial work may be undertaken.

Mr. Chase does not know when he will begin his process of "glorification." When he does take it up, he says, it will interest him chiefly as a matter of strengthening, but not in any way modifying, the character of his first impressions. Mr. Chase lays great stress upon this point. To preserve the first impression is his ideal. He goes direct to nature and paints only what he sees. Later, in his studio, if he wishes to do so, he introduces figures, but never attempts to change his atmospheric effects. The elucidation of this principle has been one of Mr. Chase's most absorbing occupations at the Shinnecock school this summer. Some of his pupils have grasped the idea cleverly. They have been trained to identify the relative values in landscapes, to select the essentials in their right proportions. Few of the pupils had ever painted out of doors before and the novelty, as well as the value of the experience, has aroused their enthusiasm. Mr. Chase is confident that a larger class will be formed next year and he proposes to build at Shinnecock. His house will not be connected with the school, but his studio will be open to the students occasionally. The Shinnecock school is said to have indirectly assisted the New-York Art Students' League. Many of the pupils come from distant cities where art instruction is not always of the best, and having seen how well the League prepares students for outdoor sketching, they have resolved to come to New-York this fall.

Of his own paintings done at Shinnecock, the one to which Mr. Chase gives precedence is a large oil at this moment unfinished. The subject is a woman in black, standing, lost in thought, among trees, with the last rays of sunlight touching her face. Mr. Chase describes it as the first twilight picture he has ever done, with sentiment in the atmosphere and "poetical feeling." It will probably figure in one of the winter exhibitions. Other large works are still at Shinnecock, but some of the smaller pictures have been brought to the city. They are bright studies of the Shinnecock moors, which present simple but beautiful attractions to the artist in their undulating semi-barrenness. In one of these studies Mr. Chase borrows a pretty note of color and vivacity from two children who pause among the furze bushes just beside the tawny road up which the eye travels till it reaches the sky line. Mr. Chase thinks the air of Shinnecock unusually clear and favorable for outdoor work. The landscapes he shows are experiments with it. He has also made more than one experiment with the figure and has a dainty pastel of a girl seated at a window with gray mosquito netting softening the effect of the grass outside. Mr. Chase is in doubt as to whether the Pastel Club will have an exhibition this season or not. Mr. Blum is in Japan. Should he return in a few months, an exhibition would be more probable.

Mr. George Wharton Edwards has spent the summer at Monhegan, that little-visited rock on the Maine coast known to voyagers by its weird whistling buoy. There his activity has been almost continually in the direction of housebuilding. He has an enormous studio in course of construction for use next summer. The sketches gathered in the intervals of superintendence are mostly of fishermen and their boats. Some of these will appear at the exhibitions of the Water Color Society and Academy of Design. Mr. Edwards has also prepared illustrations for the series of "Thumb Nail Sketches" which is to be continued in the "Century." In addition to all this he has under way several pictures in damp gray tones begun in Brittany a year ago.

California with its warm and varied tints, and Nantucket with its subdued, restricted scale of color, have in turn excited the sympathy of Mr. George Inness, but on returning from those regions, he has finished first three or four pictures for which material had been found elsewhere. It is the singular charm of Mr. Inness's work that wherever he goes he paints in the mood of the place as decidedly as in the mood of his mind, and "The Home of the Heron" is in spirit as pure a transcript of the South as the "Storm on the Coast of Cornwall" is of the North. The former, with its heavy golden lights, rank marshy greens, and shadowy depths, is full of the rich mystery of the savannahs. The latter, with its bare headland against which the waves splinter themselves, and its one or two forlorn white buildings standing out garish under the bleak sky, is convincingly true to Northern characteristics. In the tender, poetic "Harvest Moon," painted at Montclair last month, Mr. Inness proves his versatility again and his right feeling about the human figure considered as an incident in landscape. He treats it as Corot nearly always did and as George Fuller never failed to treat it. He recognizes the comparative insignificance of a figure in a landscape and generalizes accordingly. But while generalizing, he is careful to construct and to endow his figures with the sentiment of their surroundings. Consequently they contribute exactly their proper part to the harmony of the total impression.

Mr. Wyatt Eaton has an enthusiasm somewhat similar to that of Mr. Inness for a perfect correspondence of sentiment between figure and landscape, no matter which is subordinate from the "title" point of view. "Aenone" is the title of the picture Mr. Eaton is now painting and the figure represented half fills the frame. But the brook at her feet, the bank upon which she is sitting, the tangle of thicket and wood in the background, will all exhale the same essence which is to find its finest expression in the face. Mr. Eaton obtained his natural facts in Canada. He has visited for the first time in many years a region not far from Montreal with whose beauties he was once intimately acquainted. Rediscovering the paintable qualities of the hills and forests, he has brought home memoranda of them, hoping to preserve them now from the treachery of memory. Mr. Eaton observes an old rule in painting his pictures. The simple outlines of his figures are drawn first and nothing further is attempted until they are satisfactory. Afterward, in modelling or in working on the landscape, the actual lines disappear of course, but they are never forgotten, their structural value is felt underneath.

This question of outline is of less consequence to Mr. F. S. Church, whose figures are so often veiled by the waves, but in his latest work, painted for Potter Palmer, of Chicago, vagueness of outline is carried, perhaps, further than he ever carried it before. "The Battle of the Sirens" it is called. Mr. Church would even give it the sub-title of "A Dream." He has meant it to be as mysterious in effect as possible. This picture, which will be exhibited here in the spring, has interested Mr. Church so much that he has remained in New-York all summer working upon it, and his return to the haunts of artists has been a return from busy retirement in his studio. His composition is more complicated than is usual with him, the principal group being a siren on horseback struggling against five or six foot warriors. Behind her in the dim vastnesses of the ocean are contending armies, indicated in the slightest fashion, but with the sense of great numbers well conveyed. For the color scheme Mr. Church went to an opal and his picture is a beautiful study of whitish pinks, faint yellows and emerald greens. He has hit upon another good color motive in the lotus now in the Park, and a new picture of his is of a fairy-like maiden sleeping in one of the huge pink and white blossoms. The pyramids rising faintly on the horizon help to give the design a flavor of the East. For a New-York periodical Mr. Church has composed "A Dolls' Matinee," a picture of a child in the centre of a long line of bears, cats, raccoons, owls and foxes, each holding a doll. In humor, it is one of Mr. Church's best productions.

Mr. Charles S. Reinhart is studying plein air problems. He has a studio at Flushing, L. I., where he has remained all summer. It is near enough to New-York for him to still work there part of the time, and before long he will have completed the picture which he hopes to exhibit in the season, a figure subject, treated under out-door conditions, with strong light. Mr. Reinhart is firm in the belief that open-air work is sure to have the saving grace of vitality in a pronounced degree, as it reveals nature at her freshest. Then it makes for picturesqueness more spontaneously than does work executed in the artificial light of a studio. Picturesqueness, Mr. Reinhart thinks, is not as popular as it ought to be. He is too familiar with the charm of the summer girl to give her up altogether as a model, but he would like to deal at times with costumes less piquant than hers, but in their way no less decorative. The fisherman, for example, has been painted and repainted, but there are possibilities in him yet of which something good could be made.

At Fisher's Island, off New-London, Mr. Frederick Dielman has been engaged upon a piece of reproductive etching, a plate after a peasant subject, by Kowalski, the Russian, and upon a large composition for the Chicago Exposition in 1893. The latter will occupy him steadily, preventing, very probably, any contributions to exhibitions in New-York this winter. It represents the wedding at Plymouth, in 1653, of Francis Le Baron and Mary Wilder, the young couple whose history is given, with many romantic additions, in Miss Austen's novel "A Nameless Nobleman." There are fifteen or twenty figures in the old New-England room, and their grouping and costumes afford Mr. Dielman opportunity for what he expects will prove some of his best painting.

Mr. Eastman Johnson comes back from Europe with stores of inspiration found in the great galleries, but with few sketches. He is finishing a portrait of Jackson Schultz for the Union League Club.

Mr. George W. Maynard is working upon the second of three circular ceiling panels for the restaurant in the Hotel Imperial—"Morning," "Evening" and "Day." "Day," the centre panel and largest, is not yet begun. "Morning" is conventionalized in a design of three lively little cherubs, scattering morning-glories through the sky, which extends to the extreme edge of the canvas. In "Evening" two cherubs are disposed in attitudes of rest upon the clouds, while a third sprinkles poppies over their heads. The coloration in both these is in a light, delicate key. The compositions are conceived in a graceful, pleasing spirit. Mr. Maynard is the third well-known artist who has been employed to adorn this hotel. Last winter Mr. Abbey painted a Knickerbocker bowling scene for the cafe, and since then Mr. Dewing has done some decoration in the building.

Another New-York hotel, the Plaza, has enlisted the services of Mr. Will H. Low. He is completing a panel to represent "Godspeed," which will be placed over

"SEA TIGER"—By F. S. CHURCH.

one of the mantlepieces in the main hall. A companion to this, also by Low, illustrating the first part of the old proverb, is already in place.

Mr. D. W. Tryon has painted a series of landscape decorations for the house of Mr. Freer, in Detroit.

A number of artists have returned to town to prepare for auction sales of their works. Messrs. J. G. Brown, Hamilton Hamilton, F. K. M. Rehn, G. H. Smillie, N. A. Dolph, and the executors of the Jervis McEntee estate have made engagements with the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries for exhibitions, to be followed by sales. These will naturally bring forward much old work as well as recent paintings. The first exhibition of any artistic society will probably be that of the New-York Water Color Club, which opens at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on November 23. Mr. Leonard Ochtman will show a small collection of his landscapes at the Avery Gallery in January. Possibilities of special exhibitions or of attractive contributions to the shows of the Water Color Society and Academy are suggested in the news that Mr. Winslow Homer is painting hunting scenes in the Adirondacks, that Mr. Hopkinson Smith is sketching in Venice, that Mr. Weir is practising pure impressionism at Branchville, Conn., and that Mr. Ranger is accumulating material in Holland. The return of these artists to New-York is sure to be fraught with interest to the public. The public will be asked to welcome some strangers also this winter. Walter Crane is coming and will exhibit some of his work. Caton Woodville, the black-and-white illustrator of "The Graphic" and other London journals, is expected. From Paris will come Boldini, the portrait painter and pastellist, whose productions are gaining him a wide and unique reputation in Europe. Boldini will not hold an exhibition, but some of his portraits will very likely be seen here and there during the season.

"STOCKING-MENDER OF BRITTANY"—BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

HOLLANDER'S,

290 FIFTH AVE.

Opening of New Goods.

LADIES'

JACKETS AND MANTLES,

ULSTER AND TRAVELLING WRAPS

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

DRESSES AND GARMENTS.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Exclusive Designs and Materials.

TOO SYMPATHETIC FOR BUSINESS.

HOW THE MANAGER OF A PRESS SYNDICATE WAS DISAPPOINTED.

The manager of a press syndicate sat in his easy chair, and as his eye wandered with satisfaction over the luxurious appointments of his office, he said to his private secretary: "How many publishers have accepted that story I bought the other day from Squawkey, the rising young Wilkie Collins I discovered in the police courts?"

"Ten, seignior," replied the respectful secretary.

"How much does each pay for it?"

"Fifty dollars."

"What did I give the fellow for it?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Too much, too much," growled the manager. "These scribblers are too well treated altogether. I must do better than this. Generosity and business ought, in the nature of things, to be separated as widely as possible. The next one that comes in here, just watch me turn him down."

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of a young woman with a roll of manuscript in her hand and a face and figure that quickly melted what the manager used for a heart. How could he bear to hurt her feelings!

"I have written a story——," she began.

"Yes, yes," he interrupted. "But I assure you, Miss, there is no demand for stories just now."

"Perhaps not for ordinary stories," she replied, with pretty assurance, "but this one is different. The plot is entirely original, and——"

"I have no doubt of it," said the manager, "but the remuneration for such work, even where original, is so small, and so many are engaged in it, that it really is not worth your while, I am sure, to engage in it."

"The heroine on her death-bed writes to a man who never saw her, telling him of her love for him. Then she recovers and tries to cut her throat with mortification and——"

"Mortification is a hard thing to cut with, I know," said the manager, "and few people can manage it, though when once it is inserted in the throat it is generally fatal, yet for all that——"

"I don't understand," she gasped.

"I say the story, novel though it may be, would not sell. I could not offer you anything worth while for it."

"Nothing at all?" she sighed, and her violet eyes filled with tears.

"I am ashamed to name the small amount of its actual value to me," said the manager, quailing before those tears.

"Oh, don't mind that," she moaned. "I can bear it, I think."

"Well," said the manager, nervously, "if you insist, I should say about $1 50," and he threw himself back in his chair and mentally drew himself together to resist the flood of grief and reproach he expected. He was disappointed.

"Do you mean it?" she chirped, gayly, jumping off her chair and advancing toward him. "A dollar and a half! Take it! Take it! Oh, my!" and she slapped the manuscript down on his desk, held out her hand for the money, took it with a lavish smile, thanked him profusely and vanished.

"Jewed again," grumbled the manager as he dropped the story into his waste-paper basket.

AUTOMATIC DELIVERY OF LETTERS.

From Iron.

An invention which is exciting a good deal of interest on the Continent, where the flat system of residence is so much in vogue, is an automatic electric letter and parcel deliverer, produced by a resident of Geneva. As its name implies, the apparatus is designed to distribute automatically on each floor and to all the tenants of a house the letters or parcels which may be addressed to them. A large box situated on the ground floor contains as many apertures as there are floors or tenants in the house. When a letter or other object is introduced into one of these openings the box rises and, in passing, distributes in each of the receptacles fixed in the antechamber of the addresses the articles intended for them, each tenant being in turn advised of the arrival of the article by the ringing of an electric bell. The working of the apparatus is extremely simple, as the following few details will show, and its cost is insignificant. The object introduced into the box on the ground floor effects, at the top of the house, an electric contact, which opens the valve of a water tank. The water fills a cylinder, which serves as a counterpoise, and raises the letter box, which, while in the act of passing each private box, opens itself by an ingenious yet simple mechanical arrangement, and deposits the respective contents therein. When the carrier box has arrived at the top floor the cylinder empties itself, and the box descends to its place and is ready for another trip.

THE STAGE IN EUROPE.

MR. SARGENT'S VIEWS OF THE TENDENCIES OF DRAMATIC ART.

WORK OF "REALISTS" AND OF AMATEURS—WHAT HE THINKS OF IT.

Franklin H. Sargent, who while instructor in oratory in Harvard University was connected with the production of the Greek play of "Œdipus Tyrannus" at Sanders Theatre, and who afterward brought out "Electra" and "Antigone," and thus awakened a new interest in the classics, has just returned from a novel trip abroad. A reporter for The Tribune obtained from him the following account of a unique journey in search of methods and ideals in dramatic art:

"I sailed for Paris," said Mr. Sargent, "early in May, and after visiting the larger cities of Europe, started for Athens, via Constantinople. My stay in Athens was short, and I was able on the return trip to pass hurriedly through Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Genoa, Barcelona, Saragossa and Madrid.

"The object of this trip was somewhat unusual. It was to obtain a comparative view of the stage, the prefent methods of producing acting-plays, to survey, in fact, the whole field of dramatic work in Europe. I was not in search of adventures, but the trip was not without its incidents. My mother, Mrs. Sargent, was taken for the Queen of Servia, who, having been exiled from her dominions, was suspected of a desire to return to them incognito. She had considerable difficulty in explaining to the conductor of the fast express, which was conveying us to Constantinople, and a couple of gendarmes, that she was not that supposed illustrious personage. As for myself, the refusal to comply with the exorbitant demands of a Turkish courier led to my being confined to a boat which would have dropped me off at Morocco instead of Athens had I not fortunately discovered the mistake in time. With the exception of these episodes, my journey was one of quiet observation in my peculiar branch of artistic work."

Mr. Sargent was then invited to sum up the total of his impressions with regard to the stage of Europe.

"Briefly," he said, "I might state as a general conclusion that the tendency of dramatic art, is in a twofold direction—toward more honesty, sincerity and realism in methods of production and a higher plane of thought with regard to the subject matter. In other words, I must candidly admit that in the struggle between Romanticism and Realism, Zola and his disciples have as yet the best of it. But, make this important qualification. By virtue of the operations which these surgeons of the drama have been inflicting upon the stage, the health of the patient has been improved.

"With naturalism in art has come a thirst for the better and purer. Indeed, the fanatics of realism have discovered to their amazement that their methods are more adapted to the representation of what is noble than that which is base. But this transitional period is a trying time for most theatrical managers. The independent theatres have stolen their thunder—and I might add their fire. The incident no longer pays nor does the common place. The most successful play in Europe to-day is that idyl of Alsatian life 'L'Ami Fritz.'"

"But, Mr. Sargent, do the independent theatres pay?"

"Without an exception. The Theatre Libre of Paris has made large earnings for a number of years with constantly increasing subscription. The purchasing value of a subscriber's ticket may be appreciated from the fact that I paid $6 for a seat which cost the owner $2. But besides the organization headed by M. Antoine, there are four other independent theatres in Paris, all making money. In these last cases a singular thing is that the managers of the regular theatres willingly lend their artists to the managers of the independent theatres, and this I take to be an evidence of their consciousness that there is a mighty literary movement abroad which is revolutionizing the stage and of which they are carefully taking note. But the contrast is striking—the subsidized official homes of the drama in Paris are neglected, and the tents of the Ishmaelites thronged to overflowing. This contrast is to be met with in a more or less degree in other cities of Europe. The independent theatre in London is successful. The Freie Buhne in Berlin is eminently so, and as for the Auf den Neugeshichte Theatre of Munich—here are produced the plays of Shakespeare under the same conditions as attended the performance of his plays in the days of good Queen Bess; no scenery, costumes nor accessories are allowed, and the proscenium is that of Blackfriars and not that of a Theatre Francais or La Scala. Whatever may be thought of these performances now, and in spite of what had been predicted, the weekly performances of this theatre are so crowded that only initiates can get a seat. To these strictly independent theatres I could add a long list of regular theatrical organizations which have yielded to the wave of realism which is sweeping Europe, notably such as the Gartner-Platz of Munich, which though not technically independent, is virtually so in its choice of plays and in its method of producing them. Again I must remind you, however, that the most significant note of this movement is the deliverance of the author from the tyranny of the banking side of theatrical production. Originality is no longer at a discount, although Tolstoi and along with him many another great name has been compelled to seek refuge on the boards of the Theatre Libre of Paris, because the boards of the regular theatres are closed to him. In the interests of freedom, it would appear, even the frivolous Parisians are willing to endure the dramatic sermons of the davotti Tolstoi."

"How about Athens?"

"Well," said Mr. Sargent with a smile, "even Athens is stirred up. Athens, you know, up to a few years ago, had sunk, artistically, to the plane of a fourth-rate French city. Even to-day the cafe chantant is the reigning type of dramatic resort. However, the independent theatre idea has found lodgment even here, and presents a curious compromise between the classic ideals of the past, well nigh buried in the tawdriness and obscenity of the French variety stage, and that drama of realism expressing the promise of the newer time.

"I had the pleasure of making the very pleasant acquaintance of Demetrius Koromelas, the best and principal actor in Greece and the leading playwright of his country, author of a great number of plays, written, of course, in Greek. I have in my collection of plays thirty from the hand of this gentleman, with full authority to produce them. Koromelas is the leader of an independent theatre organization, the only one that can be called a stock company, in our sense, in Athens. This organization is carried on in the same way that an amateur association is here in New-York. The repertory runs all the way from ancient Greek plays to modern farce.

"However, so great has been the success of this company of players that it has been made the basis of a national theatre. I can state, upon the authority of the secretary of the Athenian Parliament, M. Soutzo, and M. Corlypathakis, who, by the way, will take such a chair as is now filled by M. Jules Claretie, of the Theatre Francais, that the King of Greece has decided to establish a national theatre which will utilize the enterprising spirit of M. Koromelas and his associates. M. Koromelas, by the way, is purely an amateur, though both playwright and actor. He is a wealthy gentleman of Athens, and proprietor of the principal hotel. Curiously enough all these gentlemen were perfectly familiar with the minutest details of the representations in this country of the Greek plays produced under my direction or advice, notably the 'Oedipus Tyrannus' at Hartford, and the 'Antigone' of Boston and New-Haven. They had also heard of my production of 'Electra.' In fact that is the extent of their information about America. I forgave them this injustice to my country the more readily because I had lost my letters of introduction, and was only able to make them good by the free-masonry of a common interest in the same subject. In fact, I was invited to produce a Greek play in Athens according to my ideas of classic methods. 'Mr. Sargent,' said Mr. Soutzo, 'stay in Athens—we will teach you Greek and you shall teach us acting.'"

"Is the realistic wave to strike America, Mr. Sargent?"

"I do not well see how we can escape influences which are affecting modern thought all the world over, especially as they have already made themselves felt in the novel of the day, as written by Mr. Howells and Henry James. Both these writers are considered realistic abroad. Of course, the Athenian style has thus far fairly well resisted the encroachment of Naturalism as it is technically called by the French. Still, American managers are perfectly well aware that they are passing through a transition period, and it seems to me that they are husbanding their resources, watching for the signs of the times, and waiting for that reawakening of taste both in playwright and public which none would welcome more than they. The habit of giving matinee performances at theatres to test the merit of new plays is certainly an evidence of this disposition to be on the lookout for that new thing which is coming. Of course, their patience has been wearied by a long series of stupid failures on the part of alleged American dramatists. But with the manager patience is a virtue, and as one of them said the other day, 'If there are a thousand oyster shells for one pearl, we must still watch for the pearl.'"

GERMAN SOLDIERS.

From The London Daily News.

To a colonel in the French Army a writer in a German contemporary attributes the following: "The Germans (says the colonel) are in truth good soldiers, brave and honorable. We should have reason to be proud of them as allies. I lay seriously wounded, dying from thirst, on the battle-field of Sedan, when two German soldiers came by. I called to them in German, 'Trinken!' One hastened to me and handed me his field flask. 'Here, comrade, drink,' said he. As I drank, a bullet struck him. He fell. When the ambulance came to take me off the field I told the bearers not to forget the soldier. But he was dead. I would have given anything to shake the hand of that brave man who, in a hail of bullets, had so nobly befriended an enemy. As wounded and as prisoners of war we had nothing to complain of. I have fought in the Crimea, in Lombardy and Mexico, and am well able to form an opinion on the matter."