THE FASHIONS.

MANY VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LADIES.

Pretty and Dainty Contrivances for Bonnets—Gloves and Dresses.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch]

NEW YORK, October 16, 1886.

Among the prettiest and daintiest contrivances in bonnets for the autumn are those made upon open wire-net frames, which are filled in with small squares of velvet or chenille. A wide roll of the same finishes off the brim, and the squares are usually set in rows, so as to form a sort of pattern. With these bonnets very slight garnishment is necessary. They are in small horse-shoe shapes usually, and a cluster of ribbons on the front, with a humming-bird or other small bird fastened upon them, generally suffices by way of trimming. Black and brown are the shades principally seen, and, as the season advances and during the winter, they will be comfortably lined with velvet.

To be properly gloved this season, one must wear tan, beige, or wood shades for the promenade. These shades are, as most of my readers will observe, the same tints which have prevailed for some seasons past. They have three broad stitchings on the back, and are made with three or four buttons, to hold the upper part smoothly to the arm with tailor-made suits. Gloves are worn in reddish-brown, gray, and putty color, and they may be either of dressed or undressed kid. I think the latter have slightly the preference. Certainly undressed kid in all its shades has been very popular this season. For driving or riding about the same colors are chosen, but the kid is considerably heavier, the gloves are a little longer, and are fastened with larger buttons. They have thick stitchings on the back, in black or in self-color. For evening wear soft neutral tints are chosen, such as dove-gray, cream, ecru, lilac, and maize. A new fancy, of Parisian origin, presents long gloves for evening wear, in a pale pink or flesh-color, which gives the impression, at a short distance, of a bare arm and hand.

Mousquetaire gloves are popular this season. They will be much used with visiting toilets, and are in tan and gray shades for use during the day, but for evening wear they are selected in very light tan and cream shades, white also being frequently seen. For brides, white gloves of undressed kid are preferred, and the same rule is usual with the bridesmaids. Tan suede, however, with stockings and slippers to match, are popular for bridesmaids. At a few evening weddings recently the corsages were cut sleeveless, and the arms were left bare. At evening weddings it is proper for the groom to wear gloves, and pearl is the shade most in favor.

A dress in checked woollen goods is made with the basque opening widely over a plaited vest of surah, one side of which folds beneath the other. Above the fold is a velvet plastron, and the vest is belted with a wide band of velvet; collar and cuffs of the same. The over-drapery is in square apron form, but is laid very loosely, the back drapery being full, also of the checked goods. The underskirt is of plain material, and only a very narrow stretch is allowed to appear. The buttons for the dress (and they are many) are diamond-shaped. They are fastened down both fronts of the basque, on the cuffs, and along the edges of the apron drapery.

Many of the season's wraps are cut right around the waist behind, scarcely extending across the hips at all. In front they are allowed to fall in two long ends, with bunches of ribbon to finish them off.

Basques with passementerie trimmings are occasionally seen. Any of the many varieties of plain woollen fabrics now in use will suffice for the material of such a basque, and the passementerie, supplemented with bead fringe, is laid in wide bands down both sides of the front and back, passing across the shoulders close to the collar, which, as well as the cuffs, is covered with the passementerie. Epaulets of the same are usually worn. Many of these waists readily employ at least five yards of passementerie, besides the bead fringe, one yard of which is generally required.

As most of the imported bonnets, shown this season are small, and fit the head closely, high coiffures are the rule. The hair is worn in small, close coils on the crown, with a Russian bang in front. Small shell combs are thrust through the little coils at the top of the head.

An evening toilet, conspicuous for its richness, was recently worn at a wedding which took place in the evening. It was composed of white plush and gold brocaded satin rhadzimir, the trimmings being of gold lace. The front of the corsage and the sleeves were of lace, and the long train was shirred in rather an odd fashion, but very pretty.

Wooleln materials, plain and with wide stripes, are combined to form a very neat costume for street wear. The basque is short, and opens over a vest of the striped stuff, which extends below it, and is pointed in front. It is buttoned to the throat with little cloth buttons, a number of which are accordingly required. The collar and cuffs are of the striped material, and for some distance below the collar two wide revers of striped goods are laid. The basque has three very large metal buttons fastened on each side, which are not, however, intended for use. The over-drapery is of plain material, laced with silk cord to the back drapery, and it falls over an underskirt of the striped fabric, made perfectly plain.

Polonaises in all shapes are extremely popular this season. A costume in tobacco-colored Vicuna cloth shows a polonaise which extends very nearly to the bottom of the skirt. It divides a little below the waist, but the right side has a very wide plush border, which is drawn upward across the dress, and fastens on the waist at the left side, having two large buttons as fastenings. In this way the division is hidden for a long way below the waist. The cuffs and collars are of plush.

C. H. M.

He Swallowed a Fish.

[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Probably one of the happiest men in the county of Burlington is Seth Bennett, of Juliustown, who has just succeeded in getting rid of one of the most unwelcome guests a man ever had. Several months ago Mr. Bennett was walking out in the country, and took occasion to slake his thirst at a small brook by the roadside. As he was drinking he felt pretty sure that he had swallowed something in the water that he ought not to, and as he travelled along he almost imagined he could feel it move. The longer his mind dwelt upon the matter the more dissatisfied and miserable he became. He didn't enjoy his food as was his wont, and for many days complained of a pain in the pit of his stomach.

Within a day or two he was seized with vomiting, accompanied with considerable distress, which lasted for some time and resulted in his vomiting up a fish about three inches in length. This he took to Pemberton and showed to a physician there, who pronounced it a species of pike. It was a perfect specimen of the finny tribe, with head, fins, and tail. Since he got rid of it Mr. Bennett's health has improved and his mental equilibrium has been entirely restored, but hereafter he will never take a drink of water without first carefully inspecting it.

VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE.

Unwritten Southern Traditions which Find Counterparts in Many Nations.

A Hampden-Sidney College correspondent writes to the *Free Press*:

About this quaint old Virginia community, seven miles from a railroad and isolated from politics, barrooms, and even the barber-shops, which make the outside workaday world what it is, there hangs a flavor of the good old times before the war. The neighboring country is the heart of Eastern Virginia and of the country which used to be famous for its vast tobacco plantations, with hundreds of negro hands on a single farm, great lawyers, and hospitable planters. Here the Virginia negro is still found in his prime of good-natured and ignorant indolence. And while there is no voodooism or fetish worship here, the hereditary traditions and mild superstitions of these descendants of African monarchs are illustrated to an edifying extent.

Whether, like the folk-lore of Georgia and the cotton States, that of Eastern Virginia is traceable directly back to Africa in nearly every case is a question. There seems to exist a Caucasian folk-lore sprung from long residence in the beautiful spurs of the Blue Ridge and the picturesque hills and secluded valleys which radiate and fill all the section of the State. That the slaves exerted a perceptible influence on this cult there can be no doubt. But that it in large part originated in imaginations and superstitions apart from them is equally undoubtable. This folk-lore embodies several legends which ought to be of interest to students of such subjects all the world over. The first on which I have been able to arrive at facts is the

LEGEND OF THE SEVEN WHISTLERS.

Once in the life of every man he hears the Seven Whistlers' call. They are strange birds on whom mortal eyes have never rested, the whistle of whose wings sometimes falls upon the startled ear. And there is always a portent of something momentous for good or for evil, even though they may not "dree their weird" for weeks after the Seven Whistlers' "call." Like all portents, their coming is mostly in the gloaming. For then, after all, is the "witching hour." There is in the quiet of a secluded country-side in the twilight hush which comes down from the mountains and the twilight shadow which falls from the heavens a mystical significance of another world and of the flimsy structure of the veil intervening, which is to be found at no other hour of the twenty-four.

It is, then, by some lonely wood pond, or in some valley circled by the woods, that this hush is broken by a faint, far-beat, distinct note in the air, not on earth or in the sky overhead, taken up and repeated six times, and ever growing clearer and more distinct, and finally pealing away with a rush of wings and a sound of passing, like that which in all the Mediterranean isles signalled the death of "the Great Pan" when Christ was born.

THE BLACK HORSEMAN.

There is a low valley on the Appomattox river, not many miles from the historic fields of the surrender, through which flows a gentle stream. Along its banks are groves of oak and ash, and farther away on either side stretches the rolling meadow land. On the top of a neighboring hill is a ruined cabin, said to be the site of what was once a famous plantation mansion. Here, in the first cool twilights of the fall, as the darkness gathers sufficiently to allow the lights of the farm-houses a mile or two away to be visible, the traveller or passer-by may hear the champing of a bit and the pawing of a powerful steed. In a few moments, just on the bank of the stream, a coal-black horse is seen, and a strange man in foreign costume stands by the saddle, ready to mount. "Whoa, sir; whoa, sir," the rider cries; "whoa, sir!" and the black steed paws and champs his bit. In an instant, on the hill, where stands the ruined cabin, a brilliant illumination flares up and the windows of a stately mansion are seen all aglow in the rays of the dying sun, which fall last upon that night. Then the strange man raises his head suddenly and says:

"Whose house is that there,
And whose house might that be,
And how came that house there
Without the leave of me?"

And in an instant he leaps to the saddle and in a flash the radiant mansion and the coal-black steed disappear, and all is silent and dark. This is known to all the gray heads for leagues around.

THE ERIE SUNSETS.

In Madison county, along the base of Prospect mountain, the sunsets are said always to be of a weird and surpassing grandeur. No such gorgeous illuminations of the western sky are to be seen anywhere in this country. Whether it be from the peculiar natural conformation of the neighborhood or the way in which the hills to the west are shaped, the splendor of these sunsets is famous. As they fade away, and the streamers of cloud which have been crimson and purple melt into the colder gray of dusk, these cloud streamers take on fantastic shapes of living things, and the upper ether, so high as to be indistinct, is twisted and moved as by the convulsions of a mighty serpent, and the tail folds undulate down to the horizon and lose themselves in the forests of the mountain. This is the Great Snake. During the recent earthquake disturbances these atmospheric and serpentine phenomena are declared to have been noticed to a marked degree.

LEGEND OF THE LITTLE DOG.

There is never a boy or a girl who was brought up in all the country-side who has not heard from nurse or colored companion the legend of the "Little Dog." It is, as the "black mammies" always warned their young charges, a small gray dog, not a puppy, but a creature grown old and gray, which suddenly appears at dusk to a truant child. At first it is small and insignificant, even harmless-looking. As the truant looks over his shoulder, and fearfully begins to speed homeward, the animal grows with the growing darkness, and whitens in the increasing blackness until it looms closer and closer behind the appalled child in great gray shape as hideous and as terrible as the gigantic white whale of the south seas to the belated islander at sea. I have often imagined I saw the "little white dog," and whether I saw him or not I was scared, like many another white child, "half to death."

The curious old town of Chester has a new museum for archæology and natural history, to be called Grosvenor Museum, in recognition of the aid given by the Duke of Westminster, who is the greatest man of Chester, as he is the richest of London.

AFRICAN HISTORY.

VOYAGE DOWN AND FACTS THAT ARE OF RECORD.

Night on Board Ship—An Able Ghost Story—Bloodless and Aimless Squabbles.

A correspondent writes from off the mouth of the Gambia:

At last we are fairly round Cape Verde (the westernmost point of the huge continent which we are skirting) and hitherto all has gone well. Wind and sea have been favorable to us throughout, and in twenty-three days more, if nothing goes wrong, we ought to find ourselves safely anchored in Banana creek, at the mouth of the Congo, with a river steamer all ready to carry us up the stream to Boma, the new local seat of Government *vice* Vivi, demolished. Meanwhile we are daily receiving ample proofs that we have got well within the limits of the tropics. Our butter at breakfast, "albeit unused to the melting mood," is rapidly becoming as soft as a drawing-room poet's head, while as if to balance matters, our beefsteaks, doubly cooked by the sun and the galley fire, are as hard as the heart of a custom-house officer. In spite of the fresh breeze and the awnings which we have rigged up fore and aft, the temperature is already that of an August day in Malta, and threatens to become what a British excursionist called "more hotterer" before long. The saloon passengers are chiefly engaged in helping each other to do nothing, or in imitating the midshipman who "fell asleep with the utmost energy" whenever he could.

But the night fully atones for all the misdeeds of the day. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," alone in his spell-bound ship on the unknown sea where no other man had ever been, saw no such spectacle as that which lies before us every evening at nightfall. Beneath the glorious tropical moonlight the calm sea lies outspread like a mighty mirror, as far as the eye can reach, while no sound breaks the deep, dreamy stillness save the lapping of the water against the vessel's sides. Every ripple in our wake flashes into living fire as it breaks and vanishes, only to be followed by fresh sparkles as bright and numberless as a swarm of fireflies. Against the cold splendor of the moonlit sky every strand of our lower rigging, from the topmast stay to the lowest ratline, stands out transfigured—no longer a black cobweb of tarred and grimy ropes, but a slender stair of enchanted gossamer leading up to some fairy palace far away among the stars. A flash of silver light suddenly shoots upward from the shadowy waters below and falls upon our lower deck in the form of a flying-fish, shaking from its glistening wings a shower of tiny rainbows. And then, as the moonlight begins to fade, the darkening sea is lighted up with an endless procession of floating lamps, shedding around them soft rays of purple, pink, or bright green, in which a matter-of-fact professor of natural history would see nothing but the "small phosphorescent jelly-fish of the tropical seas."

To this touch of natural history I may fitly subjoin the rather supernatural history recounted the other night by one of the passengers, whose fondness for telling frightful stories has rather increased than diminished since I last wrote. The worst of it is that they nearly always tell them wrong. Only a few mornings ago, after relating to one of my fellow-voyagers the fate of Stanley's lieutenant, poor Frank Pocock, who perished in the Congo while shooting a rapid, I was considerably shocked to hear him explaining to a friend that Pocock had been "drowned in shooting a rabbit." But the talk to which I have alluded above, although it may sound flat enough in its present form, contains more than one incident which, aided by the grim accessories of the savage equatorial scenery and the hideous African superstitions, would have been terribly effective in the hands of such an artist as Nathaniel Hawthorne or Edgar Poe.

"I don't vouch for this yarn myself, for I wasn't there at the time," said the narrator, "but the old fellow who told it to me gave it quite circumstantially, telling me even where this man was sitting and where that man was standing when the thing happened. There was a man of the name of F. (I dare say you've heard of him, for he was pretty well known on the coast,) had taken a house at Porto Novo, which stands upon one of the lagoons a little to the westward of Lagos. Now, as I think I told you the other day, one day's very much like another on the west coast—rise early, have a cup of tea or coffee about 6:30, work till 11, take a bath, and make a solid breakfast, to work again till 5, (with perhaps another cup of tea about 3 to keep you going,) and then start out for a ride or walk, and come back to dinner at 7. Well, it happened that F. met three of his chums one evening as he was riding home, and brought them back with him to dinner, and after dinner somebody proposed a game of cards.

"F. had just got up to fetch the cards, when one of the four candles went out. Another followed suit the next minute, and then the third, and then the fourth. They didn't go out suddenly either, as if the wind blew them, (and indeed, there wasn't a breath stirring,) but in a slow, dying sort of way, as a lamp dies in foul air. The four fellows were rather taken aback, but just at first they didn't think much of it, and lighted the candles again, meaning to go on with their game. But they were hardly lighted when they went out again one by one, just the same as before."

"That might be done without any supernatural agency," said I, "for it's a common trick with men who know something of chemistry. But what happened next?"

"Well, then, as you may suppose, they began to feel rather queer, and looked about to see if they could hit upon any explanation of the mystery. The moon was at the full, making everything almost as clear as day, and by its light they saw all of a sudden the figure of a man passing slowly along the front of the house at a little distance from them, inside the palisade of the courtyard. The moonlight fell full upon him, and they could see every point of his dress just as plain as if he were in the room."

"And what was he like?" asked I, beginning to feel interested.

"He seemed to be a tall, powerfully-made fellow, holding his head erect as if he were a man of some consequence. They couldn't see his face, which was hidden by the shadow of his broad Panama hat, leaving nothing visible but a huge black beard streaked with gray, but his dress was very outlandish indeed. He wore an embroidered Spanish jacket, a red silk scarf knotted around his waist, with a long silver-hilted dagger in it, so placed that it looked just as if it were driven into his side, and black velvet trousers, stuffed into the tops of long riding-boots. In short, he was altogether the very picture of a Spanish brigand or a buccaneer of the seventeenth century.

"Just at first F. and his party had no thought of anything supernatural. They merely supposed that this fellow was some scamp or other hanging about on the chance of some plunder, and out they ran to pitch into him. But they couldn't help being struck with the strange way in which he seemed to move—not walking like a living man, but gliding along as if he were a shadow. Then, too—although that might have been because of the soft sand—his footsteps, big and heavy though he looked, made not the slightest sound. But before they could reach him they saw him go straight up to the smaller gate of the courtyard, which was shut fast, being hardly ever used. And just as he came up to it it fell down flat and let him pass over!"

"Like the walls of Jericho," suggested I, "only in this case there was no trumpet sounded. Why, this is better and better."

"Then," resumed my companion, "the four fellows looked at each other, hardly knowing what to think, and nobody liking to be the first to say what he really thought it was. But all this was nothing to what followed. After passing the gate the figure halted suddenly, at the foot of a huge tree, against the trunk of which it made such a splendid mark in the moonlight that F., who had snatched up his revolver as he rushed out, stopped short and took a steady aim at the thing as it stood there. The figure slowly raised its arms above its head, and shook its clinched hands wildly, like a man in desperation. F. fired and seemed to hit the shape right in the breast, but at that very moment it vanished as if it had never been, and although they could see for hundreds of yards on every side, there was no trace of it anywhere. Moreover, when they came to look round the courtyard there was no sign of footprints in the sand, and the gate that had seemed to fall down when the spectre passed was standing upright and fast shut just the same as ever, with the sand drifted up against it so that you couldn't have opened it if you had tried."

"And did they never get any explanation of the mystery?" inquired I as the narrator ceased.

"Indeed they did, so far, at least, as you can call it an explanation. When the story got abroad somebody told F. that before he took the house where this thing had been seen it had belonged to a Portuguese slave-trader called Don Whiskerandos de Pickled porko, or some such name. A terrible old rascal he was, who had killed ever so many people, and at last he got knifed himself (as he deserved), and was buried somewhere not far from the house. So when F. and his chums heard that they went to work at once to dig at the root of the tree where the ghost had disappeared, in the trunk of which they found the bullet that F. had fired into the figure. Sure enough, they turned up a skeleton with a few shreds of clothing upon it, (which seemed to belong to just such a dress as the spectre had worn,) and between its ribs was sticking a long silver-hilted dagger. They took up the bones and buried 'em somewhere else, and the ghost was never seen again."

In my last letter I promised to say something about the history of the West African coast, but there is really very little to be said as regards that portion of it which we are now passing. Macaulay himself could hardly have succeeded in giving any permanent interest to the endless and monotonous beadroll of bloodless and aimless squabbles between chiefs with about ten acres of territory apiece, which, checkered with occasional aggression on the part of the French masters of the Senegal, represent the modern history of Western Africa. Just at present the general state of affairs in this quarter appears to be more unpromising than ever. From the mouth of the Gambia to that of the Gaboon, business is now (as a veteran trader lately remarked), "as flat as ever it can be, and flatter." The French are still doing their best to "tap" the upper course of the Niger by establishing a direct commercial route thither *via* the Senegal, with the intention of ultimately drawing off in this way all the rich internal traffic which the British merchants of the Guinea coast have coveted so long. In Ashantee, again, the disastrous results of England's invasion in 1873-'4 have exactly reproduced those which followed her ill-advised interference in the affairs of Zululand five years later. The reigning King has been overthrown, and as a matter of course all the rabble of minor chiefs whom his strong hand had kept down are now quarreling and fighting among themselves to the utter destruction of the rising trade of the country. The inhabitants of Coomassie (the Ashantee capital) are endeavoring to compel the inland tribes to send all their goods down to the coast through that town itself, thus securing for it a monopoly of the local-carrying trade. This attempt has naturally been met by the most determined opposition on the part of the other tribes—several of which have been dispossessed of the lands bestowed upon them by the English in 1874—and not a few competent authorities are now declaring that before very long the whole Anglo-Ashantee war will have to be waged over again.

Further to the eastward France and Portugal are trying to establish rival settlements upon the seaboard of Dahomey, while the former Power is even attempting to edge itself into the British possessions along the Bight of Benin and to obtain the control of various small rivers and lagoons, the importance of which England will never realize till she has fooled them away. But however unceremonious the proceedings of the European Powers in this quarter may have been, it must be owned that even the rude form of government which they are gradually establishing is a vast improvement upon the sanguinary and devastating anarchy which has hitherto been the normal condition of that unhappy region. For generations past the history of the whole of that vast tract which lies between the Bight of Benin and the Niger has been one frightful and burdensome repetition of wars, burnings, massacres, and horrors of every kind, which reads like a hideous parody of "The House that Jack Built. "This is the Portuguese trader on the Guinea coast. These are the Fellatahs that kidnapped the slaves for the Portuguese trader on the Guinea coast. These are the Houssas, burned out by the Fellatahs that kidnapped the slaves for the Portuguese trader on the Guinea coast. These are the Egbas, massacred by the Houssas, who were burned out by the Fellatahs, that kidnapped the slaves for the Portuguese trader on the Guinea coast. These are the Dahomians, at war with the Egbas, who were massacred by the Houssas, who were burned out by the Fellatahs that kidnapped the slaves for the Portuguese trader on the Guinea coast." In this way one might continue the dismal catalogue as long as any one had patience to listen.

But to a certain extent this evil wrought its own remedy. The persecuted Egbas, discovering to their cost that they were no match for their numerous enemies while parcelled out broadcast in small and ill-protected villages, determined to concentrate their strength. The result of this resolution was the founding of a great commercial town eighty miles up the Ogoon river, bearing the now-celebrated name of Abeo-Kuta (foundation stone), against whose walls the whole might of Dahomey has twice broken itself in vain. This African Manchester—respecting which I shall have a good deal to say a few weeks hence, when I come to describe the country lying immediately to the west of the Niger Delta—has found its Liverpool in the port of Lagos, which, although at present sharing in the universal depression of West-African trade, is confidently declared by the best local authorities to have a great future before it. Even during its brief existence as a British colony it has given satisfactory promise of a brilliant development hereafter. As long ago as 1870, barely nine years after its annexation by England, the annual estimate of its imports and exports ranged as high as £400,558 (upwards of $2,000,000) for the former and £515,365 for the latter, while in the ensuing year the local revenue derived from customs dues, crown lands, &c., was slightly in advance of £40,000 ($200,000). The position of the town on a low island near the mouth of the Ogoon river in one of the countless shallow lagoons from which the place takes its Portuguese name of "Lagos" (lakes), cannot strictly be called healthy, but there can be no doubt whatever as to its commercial advantages, regarding which I shall have occasion to speak more fully in a future letter.

The history of this curious settlement is not easy to trace, those of the natives who really know something about it being obstinately uncommunicative, while those who know little or nothing are—as is often the case in far more civilized countries—eager to tell all that they know and a good deal more. It may, however, be considered as satisfactorily ascertained that Lagos owes its origin to a seventeenth-century migration of some brisk young men of the Yoruba tribe, who anticipated by two hundred years Horace Greeley's advice to "go West." The leader of this exodus was a chief bearing the simple but musical name of Ogoonfuminireh, which, being interpreted, means "the god of iron has given me success." The packing of all this into one word is a striking tribute to the compressive powers of the Yoruba language, although even this falls short of the similar exploit achieved by one of Thackeray's Indian heroes, who translated the single word "Futtehghur," (which means literally "home of victory,") into "the abode of the white man near the mango tope consecrated to Ram."

Under the polysyllabic chief and his successors the Yoruba settlement grew and flourished. From their first town on the edge of the lagoon the immigrants crossed to Iddo, an island lying close to that upon which Lagos now stands, the latter being colonized somewhat later, partly by themselves and partly by successive bands of settlers from the neighboring kingdom of Benin, who were gradually naturalized among the Yorubas after the fashion of the Danes in Saxon England. Established in this miniature Venice, the colony of Eko (as Lagos was then called) speedily rose to the rank of an independent State, defied all its enemies on the mainland, and acquired a very considerable commerce, chiefly in slaves, which were supplied in inexhaustible abundance by the constant wars of the interior.

But the new State, like other kingdoms of greater renown, was destined to prove that a house divided against itself cannot stand. In 1845 its throne was disputed by two powerful chiefs, one of whom, a staunch upholder of the slave trade, succeeded in driving out the other, who was avowedly opposed to it. The latter's cause was espoused by the English, who, in November, 1851, sent a small force to attack the town. Its defences proving more formidable than had been supposed, the first attempt was repulsed with some loss. Five weeks later, however, it was successfully renewed, the exiled King reinstated, and a mission station established by the Church Missionary Society in the captured town, from which all the Portuguese slave-traders were summarily expelled. But the King's death by treachery, two years later, was instantly followed by the outbreak of fresh disorders, and on the 6th of August, 1861, the whole territory of Lagos, from Odi on the east to Denham Water on the west, was formally annexed by the British Government.

Ex-Senator Tabor's Cordiality.

[The Chicago News.]

A gentleman recently returned from Colorado tells of an amusing experience he had in Denver. He took his wife to the Tabor Opera-House to hear the Madison-Square Company in one of their elegant comedies, and shortly after the play began he noticed that an elderly gentleman, with a big black moustache and conspicuous diamonds, and accompanied by a lady (apparently his daughter), entered the box across the auditorium with a tremendous flourish. After this conspicuous old gentleman had finally got himself seated he happened to discover the Chicago stranger in the opposite box, whereupon he arose and executed a profound bow—a bow at once so ostentatious and so respectful as to attract the attention of the multitude in the auditorium. The Chicago man and his wife were greatly embarassed, and they wondered who under the sun the funny old gentleman could be! He looked like a reformed gambler, yet they certainly had never made the acquaintance of any member of the sporting fraternity. To satisfy curiosity the Chicago man stole out *entre actes* and asked one of his Denver acquaintances who the strange old person was.

"Why, that's old Tabor," was the reply; "old Senator Tabor; he of the ruffled-night-shirt fame!"

"But he bowed to me," expostulated the Chicago man, "and I pledge you my word I never saw him in my life before."

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," said the Denverite. "You see that the old man wants to make us Denver people believe that he knows everybody. He saw you in the box, and he saw you were a stranger. He didn't know you, but he accepted the chance that you were a distinguished man, and he executed one of his prodigious bows to you merely to make the rest of us think that he knew you, even if the rest of us didn't. It is one of his favorite tricks. He hits you if you are a deer and he misses you if you are a calf—but he thinks the effect is all the same on us simple Denver folk."

The American Abroad.

[The Cleveland Leader.]

These antiquity stores have made many fine old paintings, and they do a great business with Americans. The Dutch merchant who presided over the one above spoken of told me he had just sold about 8,000 guilders, or over $3,000, worth of goods to Robert Garrett, and that he made sales to Americans daily. He had great faith in American honesty, too, and when I admired a piece of this same old Flemish lace and regretted that I had not the time to get money from the bank before leaving to purchase it, he doubled it up and told me to take it along and send him price at my leisure. "You can trust me," said he, "from Antwerp. You sail if you have time, or, if inconvenient, take it with you and send the money when you get home to America." But I said: "You do not know me. I am a stranger here, and have Amsterdam this afternoon. To-day I sail for New York. You have no security for your money." "Take me your visiting card and your address, and that is all I care for. I have been trusted Americans, and I am sure no American merchant who did business in this way would be liable to imprisonment for lunacy.

NOTHING BUT A MUMMY.

The Police, However, Find It for a Modern Murder.

A special dispatch from Pittsburgh, Pa., says: "The remains of a man or woman have been found in a box in the dump." Such was the first startling announcement made over the telephone to the Allegheny mayor's office, the message having been sent at half-past 11 this morning by Ordinance-Officer Brown. The remains had been enclosed in a box, the lid of which had been broken off when it was dumped over the bank. The remains had rolled out and were exposed to full view as they were lying in the filthy water. The discovery was first made by the men on the dump boat, and as Ordinance-Officer Brown was near at hand he was called. A hasty examination showed that the box had been landed in New York from a steamship, but whether the body had been placed in it before being shipped from over the ocean could not be made out, and the telephone message, as given above, was sent to the mayor's office.

The detectives were directed to the spot to make an investigation. A number of old ashmen who were about said that they had seen a colored man, "old Charley Carson," throw the box from the wagon.

"Yes, I helped him to throw the box off his wagon," said an old white man named William Buck, who stays about the dump for the purpose of gathering up whatever he may consider of value. "But, then," he added, "I help him to unload things almost every day." Old man Buck further stated that he had seen the remains fall out of the box as it tumbled down the bank, but that he had said nothing to "Old Charlie" about it, and the latter had said nothing to him. Detective Braun soon joined Ordinance-Officer Brown at the dump, and every effort was made to throw some light on the mystery. By this time a great crowd had gathered about and many theories were offered. The box was floating in the horrid pool top downward, about six feet from the bottom of the dump, and the remains, as stated, were just at the edge of the water. Had the lid remained on the box as it tumbled down the bank until it had made one more revolution the contents would have dropped out and sunk from sight in five feet of water, and nothing would have been known of what it contained. The remains were picked up by Detective Brown and carried up and placed on top of the bank, and the box pulled to the shore. The box, it seemed, had been made for the purpose for which it had been used. It was constructed of oak planks an inch thick. The box had been caulked with some material which made the box not only water-tight, but prevented any stench from escaping. A wooden cleat was upon each end, and through these passed rope handles. The box was about three feet long, one and a half feet wide, and one and a half deep. Upon the end was the label:

PACIFIC MAIL
STEAMSHIP CO.
DATE OF SAILING
NEW YORK.

Below the slip was the label of the New York office of the Adams Express Company, showing that the box had been received in that city by the company named. The date of shipping had been almost obliterated from the Pacific steamship label, but the detectives hoped to be able to decipher it.

The body was that of a medium-sized woman. The bones were small, particularly those of the hands. The hair found in the box was long and was several shades darker than auburn. The body was covered with flesh, but it was as dry as it was possible for it to have been, and clung tight to the bones. The body looked as if it had been put through some process to prepare it for shipment, the flesh and bones being about the color of iron rust. Detective Braun thought from the appearance of the body that it had been in saltpetre, the object being to dry it up so as to prevent any unpleasant stench. A number of others who looked at the body also asserted positively that the body had gone through some such preserving process. The head was turned to one side and the neck twisted, as if the body had been crowded into the box. The left foot rested close to the breast and the right arm was torn from the socket. The legs were also torn from the body, apparently by violence, for the purpose of crowding the body into the box. The detectives after having the body removed to an undertaker's establishment started out in pursuit of the ash-hauler.

The authorities were in a state of great excitement. After great exertions the police found the box had been turned over to "Old Charlie" by another colored man, who was found and placed under arrest. He increased the excitement by saying that the box had come from the cellar of the Pittsburgh Female College, the Methodist institution on Eighth street. He said the college authorities told him to have the box hauled away and dumped. This evening Dr. Pershing, who was president of the college up to a few days ago, was found, and on being told what had happened he had a hearty laugh. He said the body was that of a member of the family of Rameses, of Egypt, and the death occurred about four thousand years ago. The mummy was on exhibition at the school for months, and then began to smell bad, and a short time ago it was placed in the cellar in the oak box. The college was recently cleaned up, and among other rubbish the mummy was sent away to be thrown into the river. The poor old wanderer will be buried decently at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Art Notes.

Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke will lead the American archæological campaign in Southern Italy. The site of Tarentum is suggested as the right field.

A Venus Genitrix of marble, life size, has been found by the excavators on the site of the temple of Esculapius at Epidaurus, Greece. It has lost the feet only.

Rosa Bonheur has received a present of three cowboys and one mustang from Mr. Mark Dunham, who tells her, "*Profitez des instants ou il dort*"—meaning the mustang.

A curious case of subterranean dwellings and store-houses came to light on the English coast this summer. A clergyman while drawing water from a deep well lost the bucket, which had swung to one side half the way up from the surface of the water. Going down thirty-two feet he found an opening into passages and chambers, one passage leading toward the shore, but not finished. The chambers are eight feet high, and were evidently used at one time by smugglers.

The Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, has written his impressions of painting. A translation by Miss Charlotte Adams will appear with George J. Coombes, No. 275 Fifth avenue.

The Berlin museums are weeding out their collections by a sale of paintings not good enough to be hung, in bad condition, or made by artists who are otherwise sufficiently represented.

The cross to which children are ridden when they "ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross," is about to be restored, have a garden placed round its base, and its stem used for the support of gas-lamps.

Quaritch, of London, is about to publish a dictionary of miniaturists, calligraphers, and copyists, by John W. Bradley, the compiler of a manual of illumination. The work will cover the first sixteen Christian centuries.

Van Kirtis, writing from Munich concerning the late Karl von Piloty, says that "few painters had his technique and knowledge of composition. Everything in his works is coolly buried and calculated, exactly laid out as with a compass." One must look off at work of the *feu sacre*, with which there can be no true work of art.

A statue to John Cleves Symmes has been proposed for Cincinnati. He was the father-in-law of the "Tippecanoe" conveniently whose name rhymed with "Tyler, too," during the presidential campaign of 1840. Judge Symmes is said to have done more to settle Ohio than General Harrison, and to have greater claims for remembrance in Cincinnati.

The oldest institution devoted to the arts in Italy is the Academy of St. Luke at Rome. It took its name from a small church of St. Luke, on the Esquiline, granted by Pope Gregory XI., in 1371, when he was at Avignon, the Papacy having been expelled from Italy. The society to which this concession was given is said to have had a very great antiquity; but it is certain that Ghent had an Academy of St. Luke in 1338, and Bruges and Paris similar guilds of artists a little later. Pope Sixtus IV. favored it, and under Sixtus V. it removed to the Forum, where it now is. Artists of all creeds and nationalities can be Fellows; it organizes prize competitions, gives pensions to students, and attends to the preservation of old monuments. The Government is according to statutes given by Napoleon I. Resident Fellows are twelve, and non-resident twenty, for each department of painting, sculpture, and architecture. It has a collection of pictures and one of medals, a gallery of portraits of former members, and a fine library given by Antonio Sarti, an architect, who has been made perpetual honorary president.

A personal friend of the late Asher B. Durand, one of the founders of the Academy of Design, in 1825, gives the following description of the methods of the veteran engraver-painter when he was still using the brush: "The modest dwelling was full of art treasures of his own production and those of his friends. It was the custom of the family for many years to spend the summer in the Catskill mountains, near the Hudson. There they led a charming bucolic life, all of them more or less proficient in the graphic arts, while Mr. Durand himself spent many happy days in making careful studies of the foliage, the moss-covered rocks, the tree-trunks hoary with age, and the blue mountain-tops with their ever-shifting lights and shadows. The walls of his studio were covered with these studies of a uniform size, thirteen by nineteen inches. It was his custom to select a group of trees, commendable on account of their picturesqueness, then to introduce a background of mountain and sky, and a foreground of rocks, ferns, a pool of water, or maybe a running shallow stream, in representing which he was most happy. When completed the result was not only a faithful transcript of nature, but a complete picture in itself. I doubt not but what these studies, such as the family choose to part with, will find their way into many collections. At other seasons of the year these studies were used in working up compositions."

BABY'S SKIN.

INFANTILE AND BIRTH HUMORS SPEEDILY CURED BY CUTICURA.

For Cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning, and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin- and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin-Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin-Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood-Purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure.

MY OLDEST CHILD,

now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin-disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash—ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no restat night; no peace by day. The physician did not know, and does not know now, what it was. Finally we were advised to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. Without the knowledge of our physician I procured a box of CUTICURA and a cake of CUTICURA SOAP. The effect

WAS SIMPLY MARVELLOUS,

using the two together, first washing him thoroughly with CUTICURA SOAP, then anointing him with CUTICURA. From the first application a change for the better appeared. The doctor said we had no further need of him, and ceased his visits. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion your valuable remedies saved his life, and today he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred. You are welcome to make any use of this you may deem best.

GEORGE B. SMITH,
Attorney at Law and ex-Prosecuting Attorney, Ashland, Ohio.

REFERENCE: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, Ohio.

CUTICURA REMEDIES

are sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25 cents. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisitely perfumed Skin-Butifier.

RHEUMATIC PAINS,

Neuralgic, Sciatics, Sudden, Sharp, and Nervous Pains and Strains relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. Warranted. At all druggists; 25c., five for $1.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.,
oc 13-W(w)&su Boston, Mass.

AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

By Sutton & Co.,
Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers.

GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF EXCELLENT HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c., AT AUCTION.—At the request of the owner who is declining housekeeping, I will sell at the residence, No. 2804 east Marshall street, on

TUESDAY THE 19TH INSTANT

at 10