THE FASHIONS.

Beautiful Toilets for the Opera---Rage for Neckerchiefs.

Novelties in Beaded Lace, Stockings, and Gloves.

A Venetian Skating Fete in France—Last Century Costumes—Musical Notes.

NEW YORK.

OPERA TOILETS.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—There is probably no toilette that admits of more display than does one intended for opera wear. The surroundings are so beautiful, the opportunities of being seen to the best advantage so favorable, that it is not to be wondered at that so much care and elegance are lavished upon "toilettes d' opera." A very handsome one is of rich white silk with a delicate ivory-tint, and an overdress and trimmings of pale lilac crape silver-studded. Another, still handsomer, is of heavy water-green silk with a floriated design in white. The drapery, of cream-tinted white silk, is indescribable. The cuirass basque is extremely long-waisted, and is a bewildering mixture of cream-hued silk and water-green cord, with a profusion of bows and frills of each color.

The rich, deep garnet, of which I wrote in a former letter, has been enthusiastically received, and is already much worn. There can be no doubt that with the advent of the fall styles it will become as much "the rage" as cardinal has been. A very handsome dress of silk is of this rich, clear garnet, with a long plain skirt. An overdress of almost priceless black Chantilly lace subdues the vivid coloring. The waist is trimmed with flounces of the same, and a fall of the lace about a foot deep supplies the sleeves. The fashion exists for waists extraordinarily long. The names for these waists are corset, armor, and the well-known cuirass. In all cases they fit closely and tightly over the hips. The newest importations in dresses have the skirt exceedingly smooth here, without leaving a vacancy for bustles of any description. The "latest" in petticoats or skirts are arranged to fasten on the edge of the corset, and thus guard against any interference with the exact smoothness of the basque.

An elegant costume for carriage or visiting use is of a rich seal-brown faille. The skirt has a wide box-pleated flounce, lined with an exquisite pale blue silk. The lining shows slightly above and below, as a piping, and the centre of each pleat is bent over and tacked. The overskirt falls in front in an elongated point, longer on the left than the right. The former is turned up about a foot in depth, and is faced with the pale blue silk. In the back the overdress is long and square, and is looped with bows of faille faced with blue. A heavy cording of the latter forms a finish for the edge of the overskirt. The armor basque is long, very long, and is to the last degree tight and smooth. An inserted vest of blue, with a cording of twisted brown and blue, is crossed by buttoned stripes of the faille. The coat-sleeves have a blue cording at each seam, and are open from the elbow down, showing a lining of blue silk, a bow of gros grain being placed at the point of closure. Some very charming additions to a lady's costume are the

NECKERCHIEFS

now so much in favor. These dainty little things are easily made at home, and remnants of handsome silks, muslins, etc., are finely adapted for them. Very lovely ones are of rich soft silk, square or three-cornered, and finished around the edge with thread or Malines lace or even fine old point. Others are beautified by handsome silk fringes or Swiss embroidery. A very pretty one of light blue silk has a design embroidered in darker chenille and a bordering of fringe of the same material. Charming little ones for home or other informal wear are of bright foulard with a delicate scallop embroidery of Hamburg needle-work. Two shown me are very elegant. One is of cream-colored Canton crape heavily embroidered with coarse floss of variegated colors. The other is also of China crape, in color a vivid scarlet with a border the same shade, but of soft ribbed silk. These kerchiefs are mostly made of silk, foulard, crape, and fine white lawn. Those of the latter material are generally trimmed with Valenciennes and with a tiny design in colors wrought in each corner. Knotted closely around the throat there are few styles to which these little kerchiefs are not becoming.

Many of the last imported dresses are profusely ornamented with

BEADED LACE.

The beads are of steel or blue steel, as best harmonizes with the color of the fabric, and, for black, the jetted lace is used. This fancy bids fair to become as universal as it was some time ago, and with it is introduced a variety of metal galoons and braids. Polonaises of seal-brown, gray, olive-green, or navy-blue, are made very elegant by having several rows of braid stitched around the edge.

Ladies who fancy a variety of dresses can be pleased by having several sleeveless overdresses made that will look equally well with different or the same skirts. With one black silk skirt, the following three overdresses will make as many charming suits: One of black Spanish lace is made in the Princess form. Around the bottom is a hem 1½ inches deep. In this is basted a poppy-red ribbon of similar width, and long bows of the same ribbon are placed down the entire front, and along the side-seams. A second one is prettily made of black Mexicaine, trimmed around the edge with crimped fringe. It is fastened diagonally front the right of the throat to the bottom of the left-side seam. A row of fringe forms a finish here, and bows of double ribbon, cream on one side and purple on the reverse, lend additional elegance. A third may be of soft silky gauze, in color a pale, silvery blue, fastened up the front with cluster of blue violets and crab-apple blossoms. There is room for the exercise of much good taste and ingenuity in the construction of these thousand and one little appliances of dress, that are so little in themselves and yet that are the very things that stamp a woman as well-dressed.

OF STOCKINGS

there has been of late nothing new. The colors most used are plain brown and drab, or dove-gray. The "attrait" once possessed by stripped stockings is fast decreasing, and ladies are beginning to cede them entirely to the children. A novelty in gloves is the new French Lisle-thread. They are like stockings, being seamless, unless we except the woven lines where the seam should be. They fit the hand perfectly, but are far from being so handsome as are the English Lisle-thread. There is probably no part of the toilet on which ladies bestow more care and thought than on a becoming arrangement of

THE HAIR.

A style that may be worn with good effect by a few laces is to comb the hair straight back from the forehead and secure tightly at the back of the head with a flat silk braid. I am explicit in saying flat silk, for a braid or string of this sort does least injury to the hair. Braid the hair compactly, but not too tightly, and coil in a firm twist, leaving all the neck free. With a brush gently raise and draw forward the short loose pieces on the top and at the side of the head and form into loose, careless curls about the brow.

A rather odd arrangement, but one peculiarly becoming to a slender face, with slightly depressed temples, is brought about in this manner. The hair is parted in the middle, as usual, and drawn down straight and smooth behind the ears. The sides at the temples are separated and crimped in soft fluffy waves. These are carried lightly back, and fastened behind. The remainder of the hair is parted across the back from right to left. The upper portion is disposed in finger-puffs that must be light and "puffy." The lower part is made into two loose curls, which are allowed to hang. A style much in vogue is one that must be some near family relative to the departed, but not lamented, "spit-curls" of old times. One little piece of hair nearest the parting, say one-eighth of all between it and the ear, is drawn on the forehead, plastered there tightly with pomade or soap, and then stretched back with unparalleled tightness and sleekness. This is repeated until the forehead is well-covered with these sticky, stiff affairs, and then twisting up the back hair, the wearer stands in all the conscious glory of a fashionable coiffure. It is a most hideous style, and trying to even the prettiest face.

MATTIE S.

PARIS.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

PARIS, Aug. 5.—In searching the past for present models, dark shadows are seen at times hovering over scenes that appear most brilliant, and pomp and splendor are often framed in deepest gloom. This is brought forcibly before us now by the restoration of the Conciergerie, wherein the prison-cell of Marie Antoinette remains unchanged. There the stoutest heart grows faint, as imagination pictures the sufferings of that Queen in the damp and darkness of her living tomb, and where Fashion would disdain to enter as only a scanty mourning dress was owned by this Archduchess of Austria, Queen of France, and the daughter of an Emperor. In the Tuileries, and in her palace home at Vienna, we must seek the graceful toilettes that are more in favor now than any others of older times, and as she appears before us in her pictured loveliness, with a gold-embroidered satin robe, over which falls a sky-blue velvet court train which still bears her name, it is no marvel that it finds admirers now. Several toilettes with the Marie Antoinette train have lately been forwarded to the charming resort d'Arromanches near Bayeux, where a number of aristocratic Parisian families are spending the summer. Among them are the Neviers, Vaux, Marshal Canrobert and family, and many other equally prominent names.

Vichy also has many celebrated visitors, and an enlivening scene took place there a few days ago, occasioned by the departure of Prince Hassan Pacha for Egypt. Many persons assembled and bid the Prince adieu, and as the Royal yacht El Mahr left the shore warm greetings followed until it was lost to view.

A VENETIAN SKATING FETE

took place at Trouville last Saturday, which attracted many of the beau monde of Paris, and, rumor states, the eclat of the season could not be rivaled. Although there are no decided changes to note at the modistes, many trifles appear at times that serve to vary the toilettes made early in the season. The broche gauze ribbons now come in widths to suit every purpose, and produce a pretty effect, when well harmonized. They are disposed in scarfs, bows, and drapery, whilst narrower widths serve for the trimming "echeionnant" or polonaises, and for ornamenting pockets and sleeves. Cravats and bows for the coiffure are also formed of the medium widths.

A FEW NEW SILKS

have appeared in black or dark grounds, with Roman stripes and rich "bouquets jeties," and moire antique and heavy watered silks are also seen. If the latter are favorably received, it will be easy to predict the coming styles of making toilettes, as an abundance of trimming only mars the beauty of these goods, and plain skirts will be necessitated. One of the most becoming novelties for seaside resorts has just appeared in the floss-embroidered tulle mantillas, which come in different shapes. The capuchon is much favored, but is not so becoming as the scarfs, which after enveloping the head are tied behind, and fall in the back.

THE COMING MUSICAL SEASON

in Paris will be inaugurated by the first representation of the "Forza del Destino," by Verdi, and curiosity is on the qui vive as to its success, as all the artists who are to take part in it have never been heard here. "La Viellesse de Lovelace," just completed by Messrs. Leon and Beauvallet, will be performed at the Theatre-Cluny next September, and, with the care which has been bestowed upon it, promises great success. Another star is arising in the musical horizon, and the absence of Mme. Krauss has been the means of bringing forth another prima donna, whose future promises to be of great value to the Grand Opera. Mlle. de Reska was selected by the manager to perform the role of *Rachel* in "La Juive," to which she did full justice, although it was contrary to general expectation. This young lady, who is quiet pretty and attractive, promises to be a great favorite. A noticeable event has transpired at Toulouse, where M. Bethclier was presented with two crowns of gold leaves in commemoration of the services rendered by him and his troupe to the sufferers by the inundation of the Faubourg St. Cyprien. One was presented by the Mayor of Toulouse on behalf of the citizens, and the other by the Freemasons. Many ladies were present at the presentation of the crowns, and the effective ceremony will long be remembered by the citizens of Toulouse.

MATHILDE.

HUMOR.

The poet Street spoke of "the unwinking eagle." This is nonsense. The eagle is always a wing-king.—*New York Graphic.*

A newsboy says of the new star-spangled handkerchiefs: "If any man aims a blow at the American flag, spot him on the snoot."

A young lady, on being asked what business her lover was in, and not liking to say the bottled soda, answered: "He's a practicing fizzician."

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a 4-year-old on Main street Saturday. "No," he sobbed in reply, "b-but m-my mother is."—*Rochester Union.*

A good deal of disappointment was felt yesterday over a report that a spotted adder could be seen on LaSalle street, as it turned out to be nothing but a bank-clerk with the measles.

"I know that George Washington must have died before lager-beer was invented," remarked a Milwaukee brewer, "or he would have said something about it in his Farewell Address."

"Are these eggs poached?" inquired a customer of a colored restaurant-keeper at an Alabama station. "Yes, sah," replied Sambo. "Dey is—dat is, de chickens wat laid 'em war."

The most self-sacrificing man in the world is not he who offers to die for the woman he loves. It is the man who, without a murmur, loans his silver tooth-pick to a stranger at the dinner-table.

A petrified boat, which belonged to King Philip's fleet, has been found in a cave on the coast of Spain. When the musical ex-Queen saw it, she immediately struck the scale and sang "Dory! My fos-sil ar-ma-do!"

A printer's devil propounds the following: "What is the difference between a thirty-dollar-a-week position at the 'case' and the chief of the Sioux?" Ans. "One is a bully 'sit,' and the other is a Sitting Bull."

"This, ladies," said a Centennial showman in the Zoological Department, "this is a wild duck,—a fowl of well-known migratious habits." "Migratious! let's have a look at him," screamed an old lady in the back part of the crowd.

The New Bedford *Mercury* speaks of the "new method of whaling." We have always felt that the old theory which involved a slipper was faulty, but we have yet to see anything surpassing that based upon a bed-cord twice doubled.

The Presiding Elder of the P—— District, in a sermon a few Sundays since, took occasion to deny the charge, often made, that every man had his price and could be bought. He said he knew a man in the Pennsylvania Legislature who was offered $20,000 for his vote, and refused it, *and he was a Democrat, too!*—*Harper's Drawer.*

They were speaking in complimentary fashion of the Russian cavalry before two Polish refugees. "Don't talk to me about your Cossacks," said one; "barbarians that eat candles." "The soldiers only, my friend," said the other, with a paternal air. "You know very well that the commissioned officers have begun to eat tapers."—*French paper.*

In a thriving town of Michigan, a year or two ago, when the country was full of agents, and almost everybody was agent for something or other, a certain infant of that town, being blessed by the advent of a baby brother, was very inquisitive as to where the little stranger came from. Being informed that Dr. S—— had brought it, he stood in a brown study for a moment, when, with the intelligent look of one who has solved a difficult matter, he asked, "Say, pa, is he the agent for them?"

A certain physician on the Public Square has a large card hung up in his office with these words painted thereon: "Book-agents and peddlers charged $5 an hour for conversation." The other day a book-agent came, and was just beginning a rigmarole about "the latest and best work on——" when the physician pointed to the card. He read the words over but once, when he handed the physician a $5 bill, and was about to commence operations again, when the man of medicine said: "Take a chair, please, and keep your money. Hand me your subscription-book." He has now bought a brace of derringers.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Peasant Slavs.

Servian Correspondence New York Herald.

The Turkish peasant Slavs, like the Russians, never use the ordinary knife and fork in eating. They carry a knife in a sheath hung on a belt, which serves as both these implements of table industry, and even many of the would-be "swells" of Belgrade carry their table-knives with them. I remember my feelings last summer when, landing at Abo, on the coast of Finland, I noticed all the people carrying these instruments about. My conclusion was formed at once that I had arrived in a barbarous country where blood ran like water and bodies lay around like "leaves in Vallambrosa." This impression was heightened by the furious gestures and ferocious manner of speaking, even in ordinary conversation, of the natives; but I soon found that they were eminently harmless people and very little addicted to quarreling. The Slavs generally have a ludicrous way of expressing anger and defiance. After a torrent of furious ejaculations and much frantic swinging of his arms in the air, one suddenly spits on the ground, a regularly frantic and emphatic expectoration. This is the climax of wrath. The other at once follows suit, and afterward each sentence is followed by a catlike spitting, until they either "clinch" one another or march off in opposite directions, stopping at each five yards to jaw and spit. If a struggle takes place, there is no hitting, as in England and America, but instead thereof a confused pulling and hauling, which is eminently fatal to the wardrobe, but not dangerous to the corporeal frame. I saw a duel of this kind in Russia last winter that lasted, with short intermissions, all day, and neither combatant lost a drop of blood, but both were mortally wounded in the tailors' department.

PEOPLE WE KNOW.

Something Said Concerning Several Celebrities.

Vanderbilt and His Sons---Frank Moulton---Bowen---Gen. Kittary---Emma Abbott---Anna Dickinson---"Leander"---"Orpheus C. Kerr"---The Sullivans.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Vanderbilt must stand at the head of my picture-gallery to-day, because he is the centre of great interests which rise and fall with the daily bulletin. The old gentleman clings to life with a tenacity which surprises those who do not know that he has a frame as tough as that of one of his locomotives, rendered extraordinarily enduring and flexible by great regularity of habits and utter temperance. He is cheerful and even hopeful, and when one of his daughters, Mrs. Thorne, stooped over his pillow the other day prior to leaving for Saratoga, the plucky old railroad king said: "Tell Thorne to move into my cottage; I shan't want it till next summer!" It recalls the question of Thad Stevens to the blackamoors who were carrying his' palsied frame up stairs to his seat in Congress, "Boys, how shall I get up these steps after you are dead?" If Vanderbilt makes up his mind to live, he probably will live, and go to his Saratoga cottage next summer. When a man with an iron will like Vanderbilt's takes a grip on those nerves of vitality which centre at the back of the head, he can fight off death and the doctors.

HIS CHILDREN.

Commodore Vanderbilt has ten living children, two sons and eight daughters; some thirty odd grandchildren, and half-a-dozen great grandchildren,—one, a son of William H., being a man grown. The probable shape of the will is being discussed. It is understood that William H. Vanderbilt, the older son, will be well provided for, and endowed with a large part of the railroad interests which his father has managed with such consummate skill. This city is full of gossip concerning the probable provision that will be made for the other son, Cornelius J. Vanderbilt. Those who believe the Commodore to be a man of stern justice think the second son will be endowed with some important railroad interest, while others accept the current rumor that he will be classified with the daughters, and, like them, receive only a small portion of the vast estate. Cornelius is a man of perhaps 40. For thirty years of his life, beginning in infancy, he was the victim of an affliction from which few ever recover, and which entirely incapacitated him for any exertion whatever. Some eight years ago he began to throw it off, and his constitution has now acquired nearly its normal tone. He is tall, about 6 feet, and a slight stoop of the shoulders betrays a mark of the disease which he has conquered. He has a thin, high head, clear blue eyes, facile speech, an earnest manner, and quick, expressive gestures. He dresses with neat plainness, and looks more like a Methodist minister without a parish than a son of the great commercial millionaire. He has a very good education (and how he attained it with his disabilities is a wonder), and much more literary taste and ability than any other Vanderbilt. He is social, amiable, affable, and popular, and much liked by a wide circle of acquaintances, who, like the buzzing city outside, wonder whether the stern old man will brand him as a social pariah, or give him a liberal "setting-up" in business. Public opinion inclines to the latter conclusion. Perhaps the sequel will reach you before this letter does.

"MY DEAR VON MOLTKE."

Coming home from my office to-day, I dropped into the salt store presided over by Frank Moulton,—the man whom Henry Ward Beecher embraced and said in a letter "God had lifted up" to hide his sins for him. I found the Mutual Friend submerged in a pile of MS., and I actually had not the brass to ask him whether it was a brief of his pending case or a treatise on the best method of salting sheep. He had just come in from the three days' international yacht race; he sailed in Ben Butler's gallant old yacht America, which beat the Countess of Dufferin in her holiday rig without half trying. Moulton's face was a ruddy brown, and even his tremendous shock of fiery hair seemed to have gathered a redder tinge from exposure to the sun, and it was full of wind and stood "six ways for Sunday." He is in prime health, hopeful and confident, believing that the truth will all come out at last, and that an average jury will see it and head it. I did not hug him, but I felt like it; for I believe him to be one of the most persecuted, maligned, and long-suffering men that this country has produced,—plucky and yet tender, of a chivalrous, magnanimous, and truly heroic temper.

"THE PATRIARCH."

This is the honorable nickname which sarcastic Plymouth Church now applies to the man who built it and left it when it had become demoralized and corrupt,—Henry C. Bowen. I met one of Mr. Bowen's sons in the street on Saturday, and asked him if his father would testify in Moulton's suit against Beecher for defamation of character. "Certainly he will," Mr. Bowen promptly replied, "if he is summoned, and, if the truth can come out, mark my words, he will be completely vindicated." It is believed that the Patriarch will make the fur fly if he is allowed to stand up and tell his story with the protection of a court of justice.

The old gentleman, who is such a terror to evil-doers, is spending the summer at his picturesque country-seat at Woodstock, Conn., where the dreadful letter was written which Mr. Claflin tried to induce him to "explain to mean something else." He has been there since June 1. On the Fourth he threw open his beautiful Roseland Park, and has celebrated the Centennial ever since with Saturday-afternoon concerts, with music by the Putnam Band. The park includes 50 acres of land, with ample groves, with boating, bathing, and sporting facilities, and 5,000 people from the country round attended the last concert. Till October Mr. Bowen will stick to his pleasant retreat with his family, keeping clear of scandal-mongers.

CONFECTIONERY.

"What is the most expensive candy you ever saw?" asked Col. H. S. Olcott as I dropped in on him the other day. I ventured several answers to his saccharine conundrum, instancing an unsuspecting young man who received a paper of caromels from a lady, and was thereby cajoled into paying for ball-tickets, water-ices, and innumerable sleigh-rides. "Not on the track of the solution," said Olcott, "for that youth probably received his pay as he went along." He then said he had just helped eat a $14-pound of candy. It seems that Gen Kittary, the Centennial Commissioner from Russia, while calling on the Countess Blavatski in this city, received from a friend in Moscow a box of bon-bons,—candied fruits,—just a pound. They are sold for $1 at our candy stores. The charges were as follows, and the polite diplomat, with an infernal shrug and grimace, footed the bill and perspiringly laid the sacred box in the lap of his wife:

Bon-bons—Expressage from Moscow to New York	$ 6.00
Tariff at Port of New York	4.60
Custom-House brokerage	3.00
Cartage in New York	50
Total	$14.10

The consignee being not only a Centennial Commissioner, but also a member of the Privy Council of the Russian Empire and Professor of Technology in the University of St. Petersburg, could not afford to make a protest, so he merely passed the box around, and expended his indignation upon the weather! However,—to be candid,—$14 a pound is too much.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT.

One word about the new American primadonna. I, among others, was misled by the current stories about her marriage. I have since learned that B. F. Carpenter's version recently published by you and copied here, is strictly true and just. A correspondent criticises it in your columns, and calls Miss Abbott to account for "keeping her clandestine marriage secret for years." What is she talking about? Miss Abbott has at the present time been married only two or three months; her contemplated marriage was known to all of her friends and approved of by them; it was performed in public, and was announced in the Paris papers of the same day; and her husband is worth from $50,000 to $100,000, and would take his wife off the stage at once if she were willing to forego the triumphs that seem to be in store for her. So much for that.

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

I spent a pleasant hour last evening with Miss Dickinson at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where she tarries for a day or two in transit. (Isn't this a letter of personalities, and can't I gossip as much as I please?) She has been living for months with her mother and sister in the pleasant Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania, and she has been working, studying, and writing. What she has written, and to what end, I will tell you in my next, if it be then mature. Suffice it now that she looks superbly. The wounds of her spring battles seem to be healed. She is plump and full of vitality again; her face is ruddy, her steel blue-gray eyes bright, and she shakes her black shock of short hair and announces that victory is hers. What is the use of an ephemeral critic entering the lists against such a bundle of unconquerable forces? She speaks as if she possessed courage enough to head an expedition to the North Pole, and patience enough to find a new asteroid. In a week or two she begins her fall campaign in the East and proceeds Westward.

"TWENTY BULLETS IN HIS BODY."

Please don't mourn any more for Leander S. Richardson, who was reported killed by Indians on his way to the Black Hills. He has turned up in a telegraph dispatch. Mr. Injun didn't get him. His memorandum-book was reported found on a "riddled" cadaver; even his excellent step-mother was a little anxious about him, well as she knew him; his old cronies put their tongues in their cheeks and made gestures of incredulity; his poor young wife, Addie Gilman, who plays the part of a soubrette at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, invested $50 in frantic dispatches to Omaha, Chicago, Bismarck, Cheyenne, and Salt Lake City, and now he lives to have more obituaries written about him. The odd puzzle is, how such a story could get started concerning the young man. He has been the hero of previous episodes—this pensive youth has. After the Chicago fire he was engaged with Sage in the printing business on Peck court, South Side. Then he came to New York and married the pretty soubrette; then a fierce young man made a remark about her, and Leander called the fierce young man to account, and the F. Y. M. stuck a pen-knife blade under one of the Leander ribs. Then Leander took his bed and summoned a doctor. Doctor put on a piece of court-plaster and prescribed a diet of warm biscuit and sausages. Leander went out and got some embroidered night-shirts and sent letters to some score of acquaintances of both sexes and all ages, informing them that he was sadly wounded, and inviting them to call and condole with him. They called and found the punctured youth holding a gorgeous reception in bed with wine, cigars, and chicken-salad on the sideboard for his guests. And now he isn't dead. Ah! Let us rejoice.

"ORPHEUS C. KERR."

Only a word about the genial humorist to-day. I see that some papers through the country fancy that my story about Mr. Newell's long abstinence from food was "only a joke." They must have ghastly notions as to proper subjects for a joke. I can tell such, in all seriousness, that six weeks have now passed since Mr. Newell ate a mouthful or a morsel of food of any kind, except perhaps ice-cream enough to aggregate two saucers during the whole time, a cup of coffee each morning and a glass of milk-punch or wine-whey every other day. Nothing whatever else has passed his lips. He is very feeble and almost literally a skeleton, yet he visits his desk at the *Graphic* office every day, and once last week he walked 4 miles. In May he weighed 140 pounds; now he weighs considerably less than a hundred. He studies himself with whimsical interest as a living phenomenon, and wonders what will be the end of it. Withal, he is distressed at being talked about and made a spectacle of.

THE CHICAGO TRAGEDY.

The dreadful death of Prof. Hanford has caused a profound shock here, where all the parties were more or less known. The precipitation of Sullivan is universally condemned, but those who know him and his wife, their usual kindness and generosity, sensibility, and courtesy, cannot be brought to believe that they could have intended the lamentable result or have contemplated the possibility of it for a moment.

JEROME.

GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—For the benefit of the Republican party, and justice to the many Kansans who regularly read your valuable paper, I take this method to make a few corrections. In your political heading in this morning's TRIBUNE it should read Captain instead of Colonel George T.. Anthony. The nominee for Governor of Kansas, Capt. George T. Anthony, is a cousin of Col. D. R. Anthony. He has been United States Revenue Collector of Kansas for a number of years, and has been a strong Republican since the birth of the party. Although he has never been so active nor so well known as his cousin, Col. D. R. Anthony, he has shown himself worthy to head the Republican ticket. A former resident of Malone, N. Y., the birthplace of William A. Wheeler, and a citizen of Kansas of fifteen years, I fully predict 25,000 Republican majority for Hayes, Wheeler, and Anthony, from "bleeding Kansas." Respectfully yours,

S. M. R.

[The writer of the editorial paragraph was misled by the dispatches to the evening papers, which said it was Col. D. R. Anthony who was nominated.—ED.]

A Tunnel More than a Mile Long.

San Francisco Bulletin.

A dispatch reaches us to-day that the work of cutting through the San Fernando Tunnel, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, has been completed. This is one of the greatest achievements in railroad construction accomplished on the Pacific Coast. The length of this tunnel, cut through the San Fernando Mountains, is 6,966 feet, or 1 mile and 1,936 feet. With the completion of this work, the Southern Pacific Railroad between San Francisco and Los Angeles will soon be opened for traffic. There have been some remarkable specimens of engineering skill in building this road. The tunnel through the Tehachipe Pass is unique, from the fact that in the windings of the tunnel one part of the roadway is over the other. The San Fernando Tunnel is by far the longest one on the Pacific Coast. The longest on the Central Pacific in crossing the Sierra is not more than 1,200 feet, not a fifth of the length of this one piercing the San Fernando Mountains. The work has also been carried out with unprecedented dispatch. It is not two years since the first borings were made. Many difficulties have had to be encountered. San Fernando is the petroleum region of Los Angeles, and there were some fears lest in tunneling the mountain the workmen might come upon a vast reservoir of petroleum, or equally noxious fluids and gases. The great obstacle has been the character of the rock, and the enormous pressure upon the timbers placed as supports. To obviate this pressure, the tunnel will be lined with masonry of strong resisting power.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. FRITZ,

S. E. Cor. Madison & Clark-sts.

LIFE AND DEATH.

THINK WELL, and decide quickly. If you are afflicted death is on your track. Other physicians have failed to cure you. You know by our past years of success that we can positively cure all cases of chronic diseases, such as Catarrh, Consumption, Cancers, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, and diseases of the blood and nervous system. By mail send for a list of questions. At office we describe diseases without asking any questions, have the best success in their treatment, and the largest practice in the city.

Office hours, for the poor, free from 9 to 10 a. m.; those able to pay, from 10 a. m. till 4 p. m. Sundays, for the benefit of the laboring classes, 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

EUPEON.

EUPEON!

Testimonials from well-known citizens of Chicago and Cincinnati, and other places, demonstrate beyond a doubt that EUPEON will cure all pains and aches in a shorter space of time than any other known remedy.

EUPEON

Cures Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

EUPEON

Cures Headache and Toothache.

EUPEON

Cures Burns and Bruises.

EUPEON

Cures Pleurisy and Felons.

EUPEON

Cures Carbuncles and Bunions.

EUPEON

Cures Diphtheria and Sore Throat.

EUPEON

Cures Corns, etc., etc.

For certificates see circulars.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WHOLESALE WESTERN AGENTS,

H. A. HURLBUT & CO.,

75 & 77 Randolph-st., Chicago.

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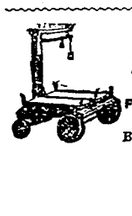

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SCALES

OF ALL KINDS.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.

111 & 113 Lake St., Chicago.

Be careful to buy only the Genuine.

AMUSEMENTS.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Opening of the 20th Season.

NEW COMPANY.

New Orchestra, New Scenery, New Costumes, New Appointments.

The Brilliant Romantic Drama,

THE THREE GUARDSMEN.

MISS HELEN TRACY, MRS. MURDOCK, MRS. S. A. BAKER, and MESSRS. E. F. THORNE, W. A. STEPHENS, HARRY LEE, J. H. ROWE, HARRY HOTTO, M. RAINFORD, W. H. SEYMOUR, A. JOHNSON, in the principal characters.

This brilliant Drama, from the celebrated work of Alex Dumas, abounds in

Exciting Scenes, Mirthful Situations, Sparkling Dialogue.

Ticket Office open daily from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Seats can be secured six days in advance.

Price of tickets, with seats secured, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, and $1, according to location.

THREE GUARDSMEN EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE.

NEXT WEEK, the Grand National Drama,

THE SPY.

CHAS. BARRY as.... ....GEN. WASHINGTON.

THE ANNUAL

PICNIC

OF

ST. GEORGE'S

BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

THURSDAY, AUG. 31,

AT RIVER GROVE, Desplaines Station, on the C. & N. W. Railway.

Trains will leave corner Canal and Kinzie-sts. at 9 and 12 o'clock, returning at 4 and 6 o'clock, stopping both ways at the North Side Rolling Mills, Irving Park, and Jefferson.

The Great Western Light Guard Band and Frank Lumbard's Quartette Club have been engaged.

Usual Games and Pastimes, including a WASH-TUB Regatta.

A new feature has been added, with a DINNER IN THE WOODS, at $1 each, including a bottle of wine, under the care of John Wright.

Ample arrangements have been completed to insure good order.

Tickets, $1 each. Children under 12 years, 50c. Parties driving out can go by the way of Jefferson Plank Road, where gate-tickets can be had for 50c.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle.

MAGUIRE & HAVERLY.....Proprietors.
WILL E. CHAPMAN.....Manager.

MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 21,

GRAND GALA OPENING!

RETURN OF THE FAMOUS

CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS!

REORGANIZED AND ENLARGED.

The management takes pleasure in announcing the opening, for the Fall and Winter Season, at this home of Comedy, with a new MATCHLESS ORGANIZATION, headed by the supreme favorites, Billy Emerson, Ben Cotton, Schoolcraft & Coes, Sanford & Wilson, Mackin & Wilson, Ernest Linden, Scanlon & Cronin, and J. H. Kemble, with A VOCAL CORPS OF SIX ARTISTES, and an ORCHESTRA OF TEN SOLO PERFORMERS, which will make its reappearance after an absence of several months, with all the old and tried favorites, as well as many new candidates for public favor, who will present each evening an entertainment of Artistic Excellence that has never been equaled by any minstrel organization in the world. For further particulars, and complete list of this Mammoth Company, see illuminated posters, bills, programmes, &c. Matinee on Wednesday and Saturday. Bob Hart, Cool Burgess, Billy Courtwright, and many others are engaged, and will shortly appear.

HOOLEY'S NEW CHICAGO THEATRE.

"THE MINSTREL PALACE." Monday, Aug. 21, every evening at 8:15, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2:15 p. m.,

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS!

THE PEOPLE'S OWN.

Four New Stars Appear This Week in an Entirely New Programme.

First week of Geo. Knight's Grand National Military Spectacle, entitled

100 YEARS AGO,

Introducing a Miniature Regiment of Continentals and Grand Allegorical Tableau.

Geo. S. Knight in New Specialties.

First week of John Hart's 3 a. m. Train.

Billy Rice's Coming Man. J. W. Norton, Conway & Kerrigan, Johnson & Bruno, A. C. Morland, and Justine Robinson in new acts, songs, dances, &c. See programmes.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.

COMPANY "E" FIRST REGIMENT, I. S. G.,

For one week, commencing Monday, Aug. 21, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoon Matinees at 2 o'clock. After several weeks of active preparation, will be given under the exclusive management of CO. E FIRST REGIMENT, I. S. G., the grand Allegorical Military Drama, entitled "Andersonville, or The Union Spy, assisted by MAJ. JOSEPH BARTON, in his famous character, the *Spy*. The grandest Military display ever witnessed on any Stage, including Battles, Scenes, Reviews, Army Comicalities, Prison Scene, etc., etc.

Tickets of Admission—Orchestra Chairs, $1; Dress Circle, 75c; Balcony Circle, 50c; Family Circle, 25c. Matinees, 25c and 50c. No charge for secured seats.

LAKE EXCURSIONS TO-DAY.

The Steamer Geo. Dunbar

Will leave Madison-st. Bridge for

SOUTH CHICAGO,

at 2 p. m. returning at 6 p. m.

Evening Excursions on the Lake, leaving at 7:30; return at 10:30. Good music in attendance.

Tickets for round trip, 50 cents.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

To-Night, Sunday, Aug. 20, Ladies' Night, NEW PICTURES in

LIVING ART STATUARY,

By BERTHA COLUE, ELIZA GUILLAIME, and 30 beautifully formed young women. New acts by Carrol and McCarthy, Reynolds Bros., the Little Four, and all the old favorites in a rattling Indian drama.

☞ Monday Next—JIM MACE, STEVE TAYLOR, and other new and immense attractions.

COLISEUM.

This afternoon and evening. Last performances of the season.

Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp.

Grand Amazonian march by fifty young ladies. SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT and last appearances in America of FOSTELLE, previous to his departure for Paris Sept. 2, who will appear as the Modern Belle and "Womans' Suffrage," together with an immense

SPECIALTY OLIO.

Afternoon at 3. Evening at 8.

EXPOSITION BUILDING.

Last Day of the CRYSTAL GARDEN CONCERTS.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT

This evening at 8 o'clock. Last appearance of the German Military Band in this city. Admission, 50 cents.

THE TOLEDO,

141 East Madison-st.

GRAND CONCERT

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,

Also every night, by the World-Renowned

VIENNA LADIES' ORCHESTRA

Admission during week days free. Sunday Evening, 10 cents.

DANCING.

UNION HALL, NO. 181 CLARK STREET, CORNER OF NER MONROE. Grand soirée every Saturday evening, commencing Aug. 26. Tickets 75c. Music by Wedgwood's Band. J. A. WEDGWOOD, Manager.

AUCTION SALES.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, August 26, the entire stock of Moldings and Picture Frames, finished and unfinished, Mirror Frames, Mirrors, and Mirror Plates, Picture, Glass, Walnut, Pine, and Whitewood Lumber, Store Fixtures, Safes, &c. Also

MACHINERY,

Consisting of Engines, Boilers, Planers, Edging and Rip Saws, Molding Machines, Jig Saws, Band Saw, Shafting, Belting, and Pulleys, and all the Tools, Utensils, and other goods, belonging to the Appleby Manufacturing Company, in the building Nos. 160 and 162 Monroe-st.

Sale commences at 10 o'clock a. m., Saturday, Aug. 26, and will continue until the goods are sold.

GEO. H. KENASTON, Receiver.

By JAS. P. McNAMARA & CO.,

117 Wabash-av., N. W. cor. Madison-st.

1,300 cases Boots, Shoes, Brogans, and Slippers at Auction, Tuesday Morning, Aug. 22, at 9:30 o'clock.

JAS. P. McNAMARA & CO., Auctioneers.

AUCTION SALES.

By G. P. GORE & CO.,

68 and 70 Wabash-av.

Tuesday, Aug. 22, 9:30 a. m., regular trade sale in

DRY GOODS.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Feltings, heavy Cottonades, suitable for fall and winter use.

Children's Suitings, Furniture Checks, Hats and Caps, Ladies' Undergarments, and Gents' Underwear, Hardware, Notions, etc., etc.

We shall also sell peremptory an invoice of Gents' White Shirts, regularly assorted in sizes in each dozen.

Fifteen cases Ladies' Hose, well assorted in quality.

A case of well-selected Mohair and Merino Dress Goods: latest styles.

A case of Sprague Prints. A case of Garner's English Camorics.

An invoice of real Whalebone Whips.

An invoice of Table Cutlery and Butcher Knives from the well-known manufactory of John Russell