The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher. NIL DESPERANDUM. Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. XI. RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1882 NO. 52.

An Old Wife's Valentine.

The old wife stood at her garden gate
The eve of St. Valentine's day;
She watched for the post, that like a Fate
Just stopped and then galloped away;
Just stopped, and then, in the waning light,
Passed over the hill and out of sight.

Her grandchild tugged at her shawl and gown
And her daughter called, sweet and clear,
"Mother, come in, for the cakes are brown,
And the boys and father are here."
"Ah, yes," she said, "and the night is cold;
I quite forget that I'm growing old."

At breakfast lay at the father's place
A letter as white as the snow;
He looked at it with a curious face,
And said, "Now I want to know!"
The boys all smiled; the mother grew
O'er face and throat a crimson hue.

He opened the dainty letter then,
And lo! in its satiny fold
Was painted rose, and forget-me-not,
And lilies with hearts of gold;
And, under the whole, just one sweet line—
"Forever, forever, thy Valentine."

He touched the note with a tender care,
And he went to his sweet wife's side;
He stroked with his hand her snow-white hair
And he kissed her with loving pride,
Saying, with smiles and misty tears,
"My Valentine through fifty years."

"Oh, boys," he said, with a youthful pride,
"After fifty years of life,
If you find in your home, and by your side,
A fair and a faithful wife,
Count your life lucky, as I count mine,
And loyally kiss your Valentine."

—*Mary A. Barr.*

A Short-Lived Triumph.

The grand opera-house at Newtown was crowded, from the undesirable situations immediately behind the orchestral stand up to the still less desirable quarters, to be secured for a trifling sum, in the lofty elevation of the fifth gallery; that gallery built and reserved in ante bellum days for the slaves who attended their masters hither, but now only peopled when, in the attraction of popular favorite or rising star it was peopled at all, by the slaves of that harshest, most severe of all masters—impecuniosity.

The parquette and dress circle held, as usual, representatives of the wealthy, more cultivated and richly dressed in habitants of the city, most of whom had come here, as they went elsewhere, merely to wile away an idle hour, and were as wearily indifferent to the throbbing heart-pulses of the exquisite melodies as they were to all else in life, except their own gratification.

But in the less aristocratic, lower-priced positions, an oddly contrasting class to these spoiled children, nauseated with their own good fortune, had to-night found its way. Men to whom the price of this evening's indulgence meant a day of hard, uninterrupted labor; women to whom these short two hours of respite from care and worry in novel surroundings and under the exciting influence of the musical strains was a revelation, an episode to be remembered through all the coming years, and alluded to as, "That evening when I went to the opera-house;" and half-grown youths and maidens to whom the whole seemed like a poetical dream of fairy-land, from which they must soon awaken to the dull prose of their daily lives, with only a fierce resolution beating itself into heart and brain to get back into this blissful life to do something, to be somebody!

These members of the middle class, these men, women and children, who in intellect and nature were on par with their richer, highly-favored fellow-mortals in the upper seats at this wondrous banquet of sound, but who had been crushed and bent down to a lower level by the iron heel of poverty, had drunk in the musical strains from the first low notes of the orchestral selection, down through the intervening numbers on the delicately scented programme, with an unquenchable, ever-increasing thirst, until now, as the third number from the close was at hand, their excitement reached its culmination, and forgetting all their trouble and pain they glanced first at each other with smiling lips and flushed, radiant faces, and then back to the stage with eager, expectant eyes to watch for the first appearing of the evening's debutante—the young violinist.

And then she came—a radiant vision, in sheeny silk and fluttering, cloudy lace—this girl who had dwelt among these poor, hard working people—now watching her with such breathless interest, since the early days of her childhood, whose sunny face and cheery laughter had been to them all, in their distress, as the sun's own cloud-dispersing beams; whose wonderful music had so often poured forth for them, now a merry roundelay to heighten the mirth of wedding or festival; now a soft, mournful strain to carry balm to grieving soul; or, again, a crooning lullaby to still the sobbings of some fretful child.

"Our musician," they had called her, with evident pride in the possession, since the time when the small hands had first drawn the slumbering harmony from her father's priceless instrument, and had watched the budding genius as it put forth leaf after leaf, forming the gracious flower that now could could give delight to all who gazed upon it.

All this had been the work of time, however. More than fifteen years had elapsed since the day when the father, himself a gifted German artist, maddened by jealousy and the unfaithfulness and harsh criticisms of erstwhile friends, bitter to death against a rival violinist whose fame soon threatened to eclipse his own, and crushed by the loss of his young wife, had seized the two treasures still left to him—his two-year-old child and his violin—and with them had fled away from all old associations and buried himself in one of the obscure streets of an American city.

Here he had eked out a scanty pittance by teaching his mother tongue to those who would learn, and here he trained his daughter, his one music pupil, for he steadily and obstinately refused to impart aught of his skill to others from the time the baby fingers could clasp the bow; and, in aiding her progress, had forgotten somewhat of his own trial.

But the wound still rankled.

"Leibchen," he would say sometimes to Marguerite, as she carefully laid away his old violin, after hours of practice, to busy herself about household matters—"Leibchen, thou goest bravely. Only see, I will tell thee a secret. Some day, when thou playest to the great people and the critics," and the old eyes would flash with scorn and the old voice tremble with bitterness, "play not these inspirations of the old masters. Make thy violin to speak, whistle like a bird, bark as the dog, or scream as a bad child. That is what these critics will like, that will bring the fame! Tricks, not music, seest thou? Only, not on my Cremona," hugging the old instrument in his wasted arms; "that would be a profanation!" his voice deep and inpressive as a roll of thunder on the last word.

Marguerite would assent to all he said, her mind entirely blank as to the brilliant career he seemed confidently to arrange for her, her thoughts wandering away to the quiet, happy home-life the loving words of a young mechanic had pictured to her as their blessed future.

At last a change came into the girl's uneventful life!

A great pianist in his rambles about the city chanced to hear the girl-artist as she practiced, and, presto! the road to the stage which had hitherto seemed barred against her progress now opened clear of all obstacles, alluring, enchanting.

Flattered, coaxed, petted by the persons whose very name had hitherto filled her with awe, urged on by poverty and by the thought that she might win back the fame that had once cast a halo around her father, it was nothing to be wondered at that her innate vanity and slumbering ambition awoke to life—that she forgot her lover and his happy planning, that she consented to be taken under her discoverer's patronage.

"I must," she urged, in reply to all young Earlston's arguments. "Don't you understand, Fred? Vaterchen is an old man, he needs rest and comforts. He cannot live with me much longer; what else can I do to care for him, to keep myself when he is gone?" and she looked up into the frowning young face above her, her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Rely on me, Marguerite. Trust to me," the man answered, firmly. "Do you think that I would ever let you suffer, dear? Come to me now, you and your father."

The girl moved away from him, her face almost sullen at this overthrowing of her own good reason, with which she sought to blind her own conscience and the eyes of others, for wishing to leave her old monotonous life. She walked slowly over to the window and looked out to where the lovely old elms were being despoiled of their fresh spring foliage by an innumerable host of small black worms with which "all green things" were that year infested; glanced from them in their writhing, wearying hideousness, up to where a swarm of gayly-colored moths, newly released from the groveling life and brief prison, were flitting and fluttering in the sunshine, then turned back to the humble room with its one waiting occupant again.

"Fritz," she said, going to him and laying a hand on each of his shoulders "I will tell you the truth. I am tired, desperately tired, of this stupid life. will die if I remain in this awful stagnation longer," passionately. "I have been crawling and held in check long enough," with a backward glance out at the marauders. "Now I, too, want to try my wings, to flutter about in the sunshine for a time. It is cruel, cruel to keep me here!"

"Liebchen," he answered, calling her by her old pet name, though a kind of despair shone from his eyes—"Liebchen, I cannot keep you against your will; I cannot even ask you to stay now," and he took the slender hands from his shoulders and held them close in his own strong palms for a moment, "and so good-bye to you—and happiness."

"But I will come back," she urged, hurriedly, frightened now at her own work. "I will come back to you some time."

"Yes," he answered, with a bitter smile, "as the moth returns to its own ways."

And then he left her, feeling that the light had gone from his life, while she, after one day of fierce anguish, had again been soothed and stimulated by her new friends to forgetfulness of all else but the thought of her new career.

All during the spring and summer she practiced more earnestly, more assiduously than ever before; strong resolution lending her physical strength a boundless ambition guiding her fingers through the intricacies of scale and arpeggio.

In the early fall came the eventful night. The spacious opera-house, with its rows upon rows of upturned faces—the faces of those upon whose smile or frown hung the success or failure of her artist-life; the idle, lack-luster faces of amusement-seekers; and above and beyond the dear, familiar faces of her girlhood days.

As she stood looking down upon them all, for one moment she hesitated, a dull, aching fear paralyzing every nerve and muscle; then the opening notes of the accompaniment fell upon her ear, and clasping the precious old Cremona in her fair arms, she stood awaiting the signal for her playing to begin, lost to all save the love of her art.

And how she played!

Surpassing her patron's wildest hope! Carrying her whole audience as one soul spellbound into the regions of divinest sound! All her father's old skill heightened and refined by her own womanly intuition and talented grace.

One, and only one of all the vast assembly felt his heart sink, as he saw the flattering attention and heard the thunders of applause that broke forth again and again as soon as the last note had died away, and the girl turned to leave the stage. Standing far back in the shadow of a huge column, young Earlston watched the slender form as it passed off between the wings; watched the flush of pleased excitement, the sparkle and flash of the blue eyes as she returned in obedience to the enthusiastic recall; watched the triumphant mien of the old Vaterchen as he peeped from the curtains of the manager's box, and knew that his last hope of saving her from this life was dead.

A fixed purpose now shone from his deep gray eyes. Working his way through interminable corridors, through masses of machinery and avenues of unsightly scenery, he at length found himself at her dressing-room door, and heard her well-known voice bidding him enter.

Marguerite sprang to her feet as she saw him, her eyes still feverish bright, her mouth still smiling, the violin still clasped in one arm, while the other held a huge mass of the loveliest flowers—a perfect incarnation of triumph.

Earlston sprang toward her with a cry of delight, but with a little laugh she thrust forth the violin, and so held him off.

"You will spoil my flowers," she said, with a playful pout. "See! aren't they lovely?"

"Yes," he answered, starting back, "I would spoil your flowers, and so I have come to say a real farewell."

"Why? You are not going away?" she asked, a troubled expression coming into her face.

"Going West," he answered, abruptly. "Perhaps I, too, may some day break forth from my chrysalis; at all events, I will find something more to do—something beyond this every-day plodding. Good-bye!" and without waiting for an answer he was gone.

In the corridors he found old Vaterchen, his face "one vast substantial smile," his broken English pouring forth in wild attempts at oratory, shaking hands with every one—on the very topmost pinnacle of happiness.

"What! you go," exclaimed the old gentleman, seizing Earlston's unwilling arm. "Nein, nein, that makes not," as the young man attempted to offer an excuse. "We must haf a little of good times, a—sholly celebration, nichtwhar."

But Fred slipped away at last, and rushing forth into the night soon lost sight of the brilliant lights, heard no longer the clatter and laughter; saw only the awful blank in his future; heard only the voices that called to him from the awakening powers of the West.

All that winter the fame of this Marguerite, this German daisy, was sounded all over the length and breadth of her adopted country. All that winter the young girl lived the restless, uneasy, dissatisfying life of a public performer—a popular favorite. All that winter Vaterchen felt himself growing daily weaker and weaker, the strong current of excitement preying upon his old, worn frame, until with the coming of the June roses he grew tired unto death and lay down for a long rest.

Then Marguerite realized the loneliness of her position, the isolation of her new sphere, as never before. Cut off from all old associations, placed in an unreal atmosphere, surrounded by jealousy, rivalry and flattery, she longed for

"The touch of a vanished hand,
For the sound of a voice that was still!"

During the summer she wandered about from one secluded watering-place to another, finding everywhere those who were eager to claim an acquaintance with the successful violiniste, but none who cared to befriend the lonely girl.

The opening of the season found her again in the fitful maelstrom of professional life, the novelty worn away, all ambition, save to requite the ones who had drawn her out of obscurity, to pay the debts that necessity had incurred, dead or dying in her.

Then came the sorrowful ending.

One December night, after an unusually brilliant ovation, as she stepped out into the icy street, holding her violin in her arms as she always would, trusting no one else with its care, in the short space intervening between hall and waiting carriage, her foot slipped and she fell heavily to the hard pavement. Even in the act of falling, however, the old instinct enabled her to hold her beloved instrument out of harm's way, but the act cost her dear; for her right arm received the full force of the shock, and was mangled and crushed into an almost shapeless mass.

Who can tell of the dreadful struggle that followed—the fierce rebellion against the skilled surgeon's hard decree?

"Oh! I cannot, I must not lose it, doctor," the poor child screamed in her terrible agony. "You will not be so cruel. There must be some way to save it. There must be."

"My dear," answered the kind old man, touched by her hopefulness when all was hopeless, "I wish—I only wish for your sake that there was."

"Then let me die," she urged, passionately, burying her face in the pillows.

But death when so entreated seldom comes, and so a few weeks later Marguerite sat in an easy reclining-chair looking out on the passers-by, her fair face pale and worn, her empty sleeve concealed under soft draperies by her loving maid, her bonny blue eyes filled with despair.

Suddenly the door opened. There was a rush of fresh, invigorating air, a thrill as if some strong presence had entered.

The girl turned her head slowly, languidly, uninterestedly, and saw her lover, unchanged save for the more resolute, manly bearing.

"Fritz!" she called, half doubtingly, and then sprang toward him.

"My darling," he answered, as he clasped her close.

"But how did you know?" she asked, a moment later—"how did you know where to come to me?"

"The goings and comings, the haps and mishaps, of noted persons, like yourself, are all choice items for the press," he answered. "Away from all news and habitations where I have been, those ubiquitous sheets do not find their way frequently, but when I saw—I came."

Marguerite looked up into his brave face for an instant, then softly moved away from him and said, with her old despair creeping slowly into face and voice:

"I sent you away when I was strong and well. You come back to find me maimed and helpless. I cannot accept the noble sacrifice—it shames me so. I am unworthy of you!"

"You are still Liebchen, my darling!" he answered, drawing her back into his strong, loving arms.

Serving a Sultan.

Solomon was an oriental despot, and out of his self-knowledge wrote, "the heaven for height, and the earth for depth, and the heart of kings is unsearchable." Two anecdotes, one associated with the late sultan of Morocco, and the other with the present despot, illustrate the "unsearchableness" of a tyrannical despot's heart.

The late sultan, having a passion for landscape gardening, surrounded a beautiful lake with a charming garden. He was in the habit of rowing on the lake with the ladies of his harem. One day the boat capsized and every person in it would have been drowned had not two men, working in the garden, rushed into the water at the risk of their lives, and saved the whole party. A European monarch would have rewarded such services by a handsome gift or a pension for life. The sultan took a different view of the deed. The men had seen their high and mighty ruler in the undignified position of floundering in the water. They had also seen the ladies of his household, and possibly their unveiled faces. Such men, according to oriental ideas, ought not to live, and he was incapable of gratitude; so the brute in his nature had its way. Immediately the two gardeners who had been so unfortunate as to save their ruler's life were walled up in a room in a palace. While some repairs were being made in the building, on the occasion of the present sultan's accession, their skeletons were found.

The present sultan is brave enough to lead his troops into battle. On one occasion, when engaged with a rebellious tribe, his army was routed. The sultan's horse had been shot under him, and the dismounted ruler was overtaken by an enemy, while running for his life. As the man was about striking the sultan down, Taieeb, a royal officer, galloped between them and with one blow killed the assailant. Dismounting from his horse he assisted the sultan to mount and guided him to a place of safety. A civilized ruler would have knighted and promoted the brave officer on the spot, and have seen to it that he should not want means to support his new state. All the recognition this sultan took of the brave act was to give his deliverer a horse.

Raise Your Own Fish.

By attaching a pump, propelled by the wind, to a well you can supply a basin from fifty to seventy-five feet in diameter and six to eight feet deep, with water sufficient to raise several thousand carp or other fish. The cost of this pond and appurtenances need not exceed fifty dollars. The bottom and sides need to be cemented thoroughly. When the basin is complete, place in it a small quantity of brush or floating weeds. If you intend to raise carp, do not place other fish of a predatory character in the pond. The spawning will occur during the spring months, the female laying from 50,000 to 500,000 eggs. The eggs will adhere to whatever they touch, and will soon hatch. The green scum of a partially stagnant pond is fine food for the young fish. Mud in the bottom of the pond is beneficial. The fish will feed readily on kitchen-garden refuse, such as cabbage, leek, lettuce, hominy or other substances. Water seldom becomes too warm for these fish. During freezing weather they bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the pond. While in this condition they should not be disturbed. In a pond of the given dimensions several thousand fish have annually been taken, If weeds and grass grow profusely about the borders of the pond, so much better for the fish. In two years' time you can have an abundant and constant supply of sport and food, and the advantage of a pond to assist in beautifying your home.

Type Writing.

Any one, writes the New York correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat*, who reads the papers will notice the frequent advertisements of type writers, who are now becoming almost a guild. Professional type writers make the business more profitable than any other method of copying, and hence there is a constant increase in the number of practitioners. They are in common use in law offices, and have become so popular that they will in such places become a substitute for ordinary penmanship. The neatness and legibility of this method prevent mistakes, and this adds vastly to their value. This is specially important in matter which is intended for the printer, in which errors might easily occur when the copy is in writing, especially when the latter is so often illegible. Byron found that the works he sent in MSS. from Italy to London suffered so much from the printer's inability to decipher his writing, that he had them printed in Italy merely for the sake of correctness. A few copies were then struck off and sent to Murray merely as copy for the London printer. What an enormous saving could have been made in such an instance had the type writer been in use! Girls who are now using the type writer find it a better way of making a living than the use of the needle. Editors and clergymen are also among its patrons, and insurance companies are applying it to their immense correspondence.

Thomas H. Henry (colored) has been admitted to practice in the courts of Pennsylvania. This is the first case of the admission of a colored lawyer in Philadelphia.

SAVAGE ATROCITIES.

A Missionary's Account of Ghastly Scenes Witnessed by Him in Africa.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: Father Joseph Zimmermann, a Catholic priest who has been acting as a missionary in equatorial Africa, in reply to inquiries as to his own experience among the savages of that region, gave some interesting particulars. There is an almost universal custom of making human sacrifices to the idols or fetiches of the different tribes. Father Zimmermann has himself witnessed the preparations for these horrible orgies, but was compelled to withdraw before the slaughter commenced, not, however, sufficiently far to be out of earshot of the blood-curdling shrieks of the wretched victims. He showed the *Gazette* man several pictures, copies of those taken on the spot by one of the fathers, who is an artist. In one of these weird works of art the human sacrifice is represented in a fearfully mutilated condition. The head having been completely severed from the body, is nailed high up on the trunk of a palm tree, the feet of the body are nailed just under it, and the stomach and chest are ripped open, the skin being pinned back by iron skewers. At the right of the picture sits the fetich, with the still palpitating human heart laid before it. Another picture, the original scene of which was actually witnessed by the father, portrays the tall trunk of a palm tree bending toward the earth, having suspended at its extremity the writhing body of a human being, toward whom are hurrying several vultures, buzzards and other beastly birds of carrion. Another picture represents a human holocaust. The fiends are heaping on the gathered fuel more palm oil, the lurid flame and dense smoke leap up toward heaven like the rock of hell. Thousands of human lives are annually thus sacrificed, and the missionaries are powerless to stop the carnage.

On one occasion several of the fathers stationed at the mission of Adjaje, while walking with the pupils of their school, discovered a small hut in the woods a short distance from the mission-house. Curious to know who inhabited so queer a structure, the missionaries entered the place and were horrified to discover the body of a full-grown man nailed head downward to a beam. Horrified beyond description, the fathers fled the spot, and becoming fatigued shortly afterward sat down in the shade to rest. Scarcely had their little party been seated than a great shouting and rush of feet were heard in the adjoining wood. Presently a number of savages appeared, dragging a young girl by the feet on the same footpath which they were about to take. The savages ran as if possessed, and when the body of the poor girl was nearly torn to pieces they left it hanging to a tree before an idol.

The most bitter opponents of the Christian missionaries are the idolatrous priests, the upper class of whom form a perfect caste, transmitting their faculties from father to son. These poor barbarians preserve the vague tradition of a one god, named Olleron, who created the world, and was good to men, but becoming angry he went away behind the clouds, and henceforth concerned himself no more with humanity. The tribes have, therefore, transferred their allegiance to a second class of gods, whom they style "Oreesha." Of these they treasure a perfect mythology. The gods to whom they make human sacrifices are: Shongo, the god of war, an idol formed of iron; Elecha, the unhappy god or devil, represented in clay; Oggun, the god of water, and several others. At Adjaej, where he was staying for some time, Father Zimmermann at one time saw no less than six victims, all bound ready for sacrifice. He quickly retired to the mission house hard by, but even there the horrid yells penetrated, as he fell on his knees to ask God's pardon for the act.

The present king of Dahomey, named Toffa, has been warned by the English to discontinue the practice, and he now hesitates to perpetrate the horrid act publicly, but it is still carried on at night. The missionaries have to be very careful in speaking against the act, as open opposition would be suicidal on their part, and at once put a stop to their work. They study medicine, and practice gratuitously. They gain the confidence of the native by receiving the sick into their hospitals, and taking charge of old and worn out savages.

These poor old people are thrown out of the huts and allowed to starve to death. The missionaries also buy numbers of children exposed for sale in the regular slave trade. When the tribal chiefs are unable to obtain captives in their raids upon rival tribes, they buy these children and slaughter them instead. The unfortunate little ones have learned by experience that the white men will not kill them, and consequently when they appear in the market they are immediately assailed by piteous cries: "Oibo rami!" "Oibo rami!" (White man, buy me! white man, buy me!") And they buy them to the extent of their limited finances. The missionaries usually pick out boys and girls of about six to eight years of age, take them to the Christian colonies and train them until they are old enough to marry. Some pictures shown to the *Gazette* man of these Christianized barbarians were inexpressibly funny. One young gentleman in a very scant blanket, but crowned with an exceedingly battered stovepipe hat, seemed to be fully impressed with the imposing dignity of his newly donned costume. Hundreds of these children are bought by the Catholic missionaries every year. They pay for them in couries or sea-shells, old guns and glass. The price fluctuates from the value of $5 up to $15.

Mr. Mulhall, of the Statistical Society of London, estimates the amount earned by commerce, manufactures, mining, agriculture, carrying, and banking in Europe in 1880 at £7,683,000,000, showing an increase for Great Britain of £337,000,000, against £1,218,000,000 for the rest of Europe.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Woman of Endurance.

Living in a town in New Hampshire is an Amazon, not in the sense of apparent masculinity, but in actual strength and agility, and her enterprise is equal to her endurance. It was reported in the papers of the county that she picked and marketed 400 quarts of blueberries the last season. She assured the writer that the quantity was much larger than reported. These berries she carried on foot two miles to the village and peddled them out to the residents. Recently she wheeled a wheelbarrow two and one-half miles over a rough and hilly road, and returned with it, trundling home two good-sized pigs. She performed a feat a few weeks since that few men would care to undertake, yet she accomplished it without ado or difficulty. Having purchased at the village an outside dwelling-house door, one and one-half inches thick, she placed it on her back and carried it in that manner to her home, a distance of two long miles. Yet she is slender in form, and agile and elastic as a deer. She is often seen walking in the street engaged in knitting, her fingers and feet moving as if in vigorous competition with each other. When not incumbered, in passing to and from the village, she frequently strikes into a run, sometimes maintaining it up the steepest hills and for most of the distance. Occasionally she essays journeys of ten or fifteen miles on foot into the neighboring towns, if not at a corresponding speed, yet at one surprising to people with ordinary powers of locomotion.—*Boston Journal.*

Spring Cotton Goods.

Fresh importations of cotton fabrics for spring and summer dresses are shown each week at the wholesale stores, and many are exposed for sale in the retail shops. Chintz patterns are found among these both in light and dark colors, and with borders or without them. The percales are especially pretty in their cobweb patterns, on white grounds with web-like lines, on which gay figures are thrown. There are also many in Watteau colors and designs combining blue with pink, or rose with gray, and showing birds, baskets of flowers, tiny landscapes, or pipes, shepherdess hats, and flowers bound up with ribbons. The polka dots prevail, however, in all the soft finished goods, and come in all dark bronze, brown, garnet and blue shades. The Madras cloths are the popular zephyr ginghams in all the old-fashioned checks, bars and stripes that wash and wear so well, and in many new contrasts of color besides. The cheviots are excellent for service, and represent the twilled and plaid effects of the Scotch wool cheviots. English calicoes, heavier than percales, come in the chintz patterns that they always repeat from French calicoes, and in the popular polka dots of white on dark grounds; the latter are particularly liked in black and white for ladies dressing in mourning.

Satinette is a new cotton fabric that can scarcely be distinguished from foulard, as it is "silky" even to the touch. This has a costly twilled surface, is not nearly so thick as the usual cotton satines, and is brought out in most artistic colors and designs, with plain satinette to match the ground of each pattern. It comes with a cream ground strewn with Marshal Niel rose-buds, or pale pink with deeper pink roses, or blue grounds with either pink or yellow roses. To make up with these olive-colored plain satinette will be used with the cream ground, or deeper blue with pale blue, or they may have the same ground throughout. Dark brown, green, wine color and purple are shown in the plain shades, and these will make excellent foundations for the satinettes in "stained-glass" designs, as those are called that cover the fabric with figures, leaving no single color for the ground; similar designs were used last year in foulards, and were sometimes employed for the entire dress, though combinations with olive, dark blue, seal brown or bronze shades were found to be very effective. For lighter colored dresses these satinettes have white, gray, pearl or pink grounds strewn with carnations, nasturtiums of natural size, baskets filled with flowers, bouquets without baskets and bird patterns of most varied coloring. All these pretty designs are repeated in sheer batiste of most beautiful quality that is handsome enough to be made up over silk; fifty cents a yard is the price of the satinettes and also of the new batistes. Fine cambrics and shirtings have blue grounds with white figures, or white with colored figures. The new pattern for these is called the Comet of 1881, and represents two comets crossing each other, one blue the other red, or some other contrasting colors. There are also anchor patterns, rings, squares, stripes, bars, the curved line of beauty forming the letter S, horseshoes and polka dots so small that they are mere specks of color graduating up to those like great balls or moons.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fashion Notes.

Bonnets grow a little smaller.

The rage for old gold is on the wane.

The name for new sateens is satinette.

Percales show pretty cobweb patterns.

The capote, of good size, is the coming bonnet.

Shrimp pink and shell pink will be much worn.

Peacock feather embroideries enjoy high favor.

Tiny landscapes appear as figures on some of the new printed cotton goods.

Broad moire sashes are seen upon many stylish winter cloaks and visites.

The new organdie muslins are woven in large plaids, bars and stripes of pure colors.

Dark ball dresses, lighted only by a bunch of bright flowers, are worn in London.

Scotch ginghams show the same heather mixtures that appear in the new cheviots.

Large red rosebuds in chene effects on a ground of shrimp pink are among new sateens for spring wear.

The first importations of spring silks have moire grounds with geometric and flowered damasse designs.

Fringe or folds of plush are used to trim all pointed waists, except those made for the most slender women.

Colored stones set with diamonds are considered more fashionable than solitaires or onyx incrusted with the gems.

High Elizabethan collars, closely covered with facetted pearls, are very fashionably worn with elegant evening toilets.

Scarfs, sashes, plaited side panels and Watteau tunics, made of Roman striped merveilleux, are much worn over dresses of a monochrome color.

Pink, a leading color this season, is brought out in any number of tones and shades—sea-shell, primrose, flesh, shrimp, coral, geranium, laurel, periwinkle, and, most fashionable of all, the exquisite pink tint shading to gold, and known in the esthetic world by the name of aurore or dawn.

A unique style of evening dress affected by many young ladies is a costume of white nun's veiling, with black satin sandals over black silk hose, embroidered with crimson star flowers, elbow sleeves, with very long black Suede saxe gloves, high-standing fraise and bertha of old Spanish lace, and garniture of artificial Jacqueminot roses, delicately perfumed.

Many ladies in New York city are wearing velvet, silk or satin toilets, with the long-trained skirts entirely plain, but adorning the corsage with costly lace garniture—a bertha of point, duchesse or other valuable lace, with ruffles or turn-over cuffs upon the sleeves to correspond. Where this fashion is adopted the fabric composing the dress is of a superior quality.

The Fortune of the Barings.

The Barings have been among the most famous of English bankers. They are of German stock. There is a kind of ecclesiastical flavor about them. Their English founder was a Bremen pastor, settled in this country. His grandson married the niece of an English archbishop. One of his descendants became bishop of Durham. The money was originally made in the rich profitable clothing business in the west of England. Ashburton gave a title in the peerage to the chief of the house of Baring. It has been a rule in the house that when any one of them has got a title he goes out of the business. Sir Francis Baring, the first great banker, who, dying in 1810, left a fortune of $2,000,000, and had three sons—Thomas, Alexander and Henry. Thomas succeeding to the baronetcy, gave up the business. Henry had a rather romantic reputation as a lucky gambler, who was frequently able to break the bank of a gambling table. He was the amazement of beholders when he would sit down at a gambling table at the Palais Royal—before such tables were happily abolished—with piles of gold and notes before him. The reputation of a successful gambler was barely suited to the intense respectability of the firm, and Mr. Henry was induced to retire from the business. Alexander Baring, often known as "Alexander the Great," sustained and extended the fortunes of the house. He went to America, and the richest banker in England married the daughter of the richest citizen of the United States. One of his gigantic transactions possesses a historical importance. After the conclusion of the great European war he paid down a sum of £1,100,000, by which France was freed from the occupation of Russian, Austrian and German armies. "There are six great powers in Europe," said the Duc de Richelieu: "England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia and Baring Bros." In 1835 he was made Lord Ashburton. Two of his sons held the title, and each successively retired from the business. The head of the firm, Thomas Baring, became chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Melbourne's ministry, and another member, Lord Northbrook, has been governor-general of India.—*London Society.*

Some Rich Americans.

The New York *Star* estimates the wealth of a few rich men as follows: W. H. Vanderbilt, $200,000,000; Jay Gould, $100,000,000; Mackey, $50,000,000; Crocker, $50,000,000; John Rockafeller, of the Standard Oil company, $40,000,000; C. P. Huntington, $20,000,000; D. O. Mills, $20,000,000; Senator Fair, $30,000,000; ex-Governor Stanford, $40,000,000; Russell Sage, $15,000,000; J. R. Keene, $15,000,000; S. J. Tilden, $15,000,000; E. D. Morgan, $10,000,000; Samuel Sloan, $10,000,000; Commodore Garrison, $10,000,000; Cyrus W. Field, $10,000,000, Hugh J. Jewett, $5,000,000; Sidney Dillon, $5,000,000; David Dows, $5,000,000; J. F. DeNavarro, $5,000,000; John W Garrett, $5,000,000, and W. W. Astor, $5,000,000. The *Star* adds: The real estate of Crœsus, the Lydian king, the richest man of antiquity, was worth $8,500,000, about two-thirds the value of Vanderbilt's and his house cost $400,000, while that of Vanderbilt will cost $3,000,000. The value of the late W. B. Astor's real estate alone was worth more at the time of his death than that of any uncrowned head in Europe.

The Richest Man in Ireland.

Francis Wise, who died recently in Dublin, was the richest man in Ireland, leaving a fortune of over $15,000,000, which he made as a brewer. He had an investment of over £800,000 in the government funds, and a sum to his credit in the bank of £100,000. The interest of his English funded property would be £24,000 a year. Then his income from land and securities in land so far back as 1870 was estimated at £80,000 a year. His holdings in American securities, into which he bought in depressed times, was at least £200,000. He lived in an inexpensive manner, but was very generous to relatives and friends, and gave freely to religious and charitable institutions.