THE SIX RICHEST WOMEN.

THEY POSSESS BETWEEN THEM THE SUM OF $305,000,000.

The World's Great Money Queens and How Their Enormous Fortunes Came to Them—Chili's Senora Cousino Four Times Richer Than Hetty Green—The Beautiful Mme. Barrios of Gautesmala, The Aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Charitable Miss Garrett, of Baltimore.

There are six rich women who deserve to be placed up near the top of the list of the world's great millionares. This is a really significant fact. It was not so long ago that woman had no legal rights, and therefore couldn't hold property. Nowadays a woman may rejoice in having undisputed control of all her wealth. This is something she owes to the much abused legislators. Even pagan countries nowadays concede her right to possess things. Here are the names of the six richest women, and the total of their fortunes :

Senora Isidora Cousino	$200,000,000
Hetty Green	50,000,000
Baroness Burdett-Coutts	20,000,000
Mme. Barrios	15,000,000
Mary Garrett	10,000,000
Mrs. Woleska	10,000,000
Total	$305,000,000

The fortune of Hetty Green is variously estimated. She has been credited by one authority with $65,000,000. The above figure of $50,000,000 is probably approximately correct.

SENORA COUSINO, OF CHILI.

Isidora Cousino, of Santiago, Chili, heads the list of enormously wealthy women. She has two hundred millions of dollars. She is " getting on," as folks say in this country, in years, and, although possibly near the half century, is still remarkably beautiful, and appears more youthful than do many women who have spent their thirty years in those gayeties which tend to age them.

Her ancestors were among those who conquered the simple folks and who occupied the great countries in our neighboring continent. The lust for gold was on them all, and it was sated. Her maiden name, and this should be carefully written down, was Goyenechea. For generations not only her family, but that of her husband, had owned vast tracts of land. In her father's lifetime, even, the fortunes of the two latter had increased enormously in value. Mines were developed on their property and wealth flowed in upon them.

When her father died, Senora Cousino then, as her father's only child, inherited all of his wealth. Her husband died a short time afterwards, and with two great estates to manage Senora Cousino became a business woman. She did wonderfully well with her property, and maintains three establishments at Santiago, Macul and Lota. The first is her town house and the two latter are country estates.

Her houses are finer than any palaces anywhere, and she is really a queen without assuming to be one. Her coal lands alone pay her $80,000 a month, nearly a million a year.

MISS MARY GARRETT.

Miss Mary Garrett possesses a fortune which is so large that she is unable to figure how large it is. It topped $30,000,000 a long time ago. She lives in solemn grandeur in a magnificent house on Monument street in Baltimore. The residence is magnificently furnished, and a big conservatory is one of the features. An army of servants preside over the establishment, and a French chef gets $5,000 a year for looking out for toothsome dainties for Miss Garrett. The money she possesses was made in the railroad business but, unlike the Gould millions, did not evolve from the sweat of the poor and the bitter tears of impoverished widows and orphans, whose heritage was stock in a wrecked railroad.

Miss Garrett is a student, and a business woman as well, strange as this may seem. Although getting on towards middle age, she is fond of clever persons, and the receptions she and her brother Robert used to give are pleasantly remembered. She is a Greek and Latin scholar and a skilful hand at embroidery.

Charity is with her almost a hobby, and a large part of her great income is devoted to charitable work and to the alleviation of the woes of the unfortunate. Her latest work is the founding of the Bryn Mawr School, where poor girls are prepared for college. The school building, built of Pompeiian brick, is modeled after the style of the Dutch houses of a century ago.

Miss Garrett was born in 1858, wears glasses, is slender, of medium height, and her hair is a light brown. Many a struggling musical genius owes his or her start to this little, frail, rich woman.

Miss Garrett every summer goes to Europe, with a single maid. She speaks four languages and knows every detail of the great Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which her father founded. She knows, too, what the other railroads are doing, and is a keen judge of the value of securities. Her voice is soft and low, and she is not a bit masculine, although she is masculine in her business instincts.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Few Englishwomen are better known than the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She is unquestionably the richest of her sex in that country, and has been in the public eye for many years. She resides in London and seldom goes out of town. Her home—Holly Lodge—is just outside the city, situated on the summit of a hill. A high wall surounds it, but fails to keep out her hosts of friends. Every day is a gala one with her, and every notable person in the country worth knowing has been her guest. She is a great patron of the arts, and has brought many a struggling artist or writer to the front.

In appearance she is very prepossessing, tall and slight and with a fine figure for so elderly a woman. In 1837 she assumed by royal license her additional name of Burdett. She was a Miss Coutts, and inherited then the vast fortune of her grandfather. In 1871 she was raised to the peerage for her public services to charity. In 1873 she received the freedom of the city of London, and she was the first of her sex to receive that honor. In 1881 she was married to William Ashmead Bartlett, who assumed the name of Burdett-Coutts. He was thirty and she was sixty-seven.

The Baroness is a splendid musician, and plays as well as she paints. Among her remarkable jewels is a tiara that belonged to Marie Antoinette and a bracelet formerly worn by Queen Anne.

With all her benevolence the Baroness is not to be imposed upon, and has many advisers. Her mail daily contains hundreds of begging letters from all sorts of persons. As a notable figure in English high life, she is eminently respected and has advanced the interests of her young husband, who is now a member of Parliament.

HETTY GREEN.

Hetty Green, the richest woman in the United States, is sixty-one year old and as spry as a young girl. In fact, her vitality counts in a measure for her success in handling her vast properties. Of Quaker stock, she was borne in Rhode Island. Her $50,000,000, more or less, was largely inherited, although by her own shrewd methods she added much to it.

She believes now, and has for years, in fact, that she is being robbed. If it's not a suit against the executors of a will, it's an action against some big railroad company. She seems to be fond of litigation, which must cost her an enormous sum every year. A son and a daughter will inherit her money. Her husband is never much in evidence, as he is a sort of invalid and likes the quiet retirement of an easy-chair and something to read.

For years Mrs. Green has attired herself in a plainly made black dress and a faded bonnet to match. Thus armed she could go to a trust company, draw $1,000,000 in $10,000 bills and carry it in an old satchel without the slightest fear of being robbed.

Her daughter, Sylvia, is a good-looking young woman with a great deal of common sense. She has been courted a great deal by ambitious young men, but has cared for none of them. Mrs. Green some time ago announced that the successful young man must be poor but honest, and as a result about five hundred applications for preferment were received by her. It is needless to add that none of them received any encouragement to speak of. A cablegram to a German newspaper to the effect that a suiter was wanted put the Green family to much embarrassment, and bushels of communications were received from impecunious noblemen who wished to avail themselves of the offer.

Hetty Green lives so simply and does so many queer things that she is now regarded as eccentric. She washes her handkerchiefs and makes a cup of tea over the gas if she likes, and above all hates to be stared at. Her meals are taken at some dairy restaurant, and she never goes to any place of amusement. Her life is one long business tangle apparently and if her great wealth brings her happiness she doesn't seem to show it.

MME. BARRIOS.

The beauty of this sextet of rich women is Mme. Barrios that was, now Marquis de Roda, wife of a Spanish grandee. When she was but fourteen years old, at a convent in Gautemala, Gen. Barrios, the President, visited the school. He was a great big fellow, with fierce cavalry moustachios, and the moment he set eyes on the young girl he vowed she should marry him, and she did, but not until he had put the mother superior in prison for refusing to allow the ceremony. He idolized her and was immensely rich. The money to an extent was of course taken from the people of that hot country, but as Barrios was dictator he did as he liked.

One day he was riding on horseback past a suburb of the city, when a man in ambush assassinated him.

His widow was then thirty years of age and the mother of seven children, all of whom are now living. Her father, Mr. Aparicio, is a coffee broker in New York and a very charming man, too. He helped settle the estate and did so well that when Mme. Barrios went to reside in New York she had considerably over a million apiece for each child, and "something for myself and family," she said.

A type of dark beauty, young and wealthy, she had many admirers, but none won her favor until de Roda arrived. He is a Marquis and rich. Now she is living in Spain and the children are at different schools.

The Marquise de Roda is a brilliant musician, the harp being her favorite instrument. A house in Paris is one of her possessions, and she speaks English fairly well. She has five sisters, all younger than herself, and all well provided for although unmarried.

MME WOLESKA.

Mme. Woleska, a widow whose wealth is mostly in lands and towns, is of Russian birth and lives in that country. Her vast wealth was inherited and has greatly increased in value. Village after village is owned by her. Although, of course, she has hundreds of agents to collect her rents and look after her property she is a thorough business woman and spends two or three hours every day in going over her accounts with her head stewards.

She is up to date, too, and has seen much of the world. Improvements in farming utensils and machines she has introduced to such an extent that she gets a higher rate for leases than her less progressive neighbors. Her daughters are well married, one to a nobleman, and one son is in the army. Her life is quiet and uneventful, and the care of management of her estate is the most exciting thing she experiences.

Royality in England Pays Its Fare.

It is very frequently asserted in ill-informed quarters, says London Sketch, that the Queen travels free over all the railways in Great Britain, while the expenses of members of the royal family are paid by the Treasury. This, of course, is absolute nonsense. The Queen pays her own expenses averaging about $40,000 a year for the home journeys alone ; and the royal family pay their fares whenever they travel, just like ordinary passengers.

Guided Aright.

Father—I am very much afraid our daughter will elope with that young rascal.

Mother—No danger. I reminded her last evening that girls who eloped got no wedding-presents, and I feel sure that my words sunk keep into her heart.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Ventilating the Barn.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, writing on this subject says :

"The season is upon us when the farmers are planning their new barns, but there is one thing that the average farmer will be sure to neglect, and that is some system of stable ventilation. We sometimes read an article on ventilation, but the subject is considered very little indeed, in proportion to its importance to our housed animals.

"Like others, I depended upon windows and fodder chutes in the floor overhead until I lost several tons of splendid fodder corn by rising moisture and consequent mold. This led me to buy a few boards one foot wide and make two boxes or chutes ten or twelve inches inside, setting them just through the barn floor, which made an opening in the ceiling of the basement extending out through the roof. The work they have done during the past seven years is wonderful. Their cost was only a trifle, and the stable with twenty-four cattle, which was once very foul, was thereby improved in value fully 50 per cent.

"If I were building now, I would try to have them so placed as to extend near to the stable floor, having another opening at the ceiling, to be closed with a slide in very cold weather, permitting the warm air to descend nearer the floor, and in warm weather opened for more and better ventilation.

"Most stables, if well filled with stock, become so warm and foul that when the door is opened a cloud of suffocating steam comes rushing out, and you wonder how the animals can live. This never bothers me ; for the steam may be seen pouring from the top of the ventilator certain days like the smoke from a slow fire. Any farmer can devise some system suited to his location and conditions if he will but study it a little, and after once used would not have it removed for ten times its cost."

Milk and Butter.

In producing a pound of butter, says Prof. Robertson, there are sixty-six times more room for skill than in the production of one pound of potatoes. Dairying offers a man the best chance for putting his skill into money. The object of the butter-maker is to get the fat out of the milk with as little of the other constituents in the milk as possible. In every 100 pounds of butter there should be about thirteen pounds of water, eighty-two pounds of butter fat, three pounds of salt, and two pounds of the other constituents in the milk. A cow is not a machine, but a living organism, and therefore will not give a different product because she takes different food. The food does not affect the blood of a cow, from which milk is largely formed. Food will affect the quality of the milk sometimes by changing the composition of the fat itself. If the quantity of fat is not affected the volatile fats from the food will become part of the fat in the milk, and give its peculiar flavor to the milk. These volatile flavors can be expelled by heating milk or cream to 150 degrees. The ease with which cream may be separated from the milk sometimes depends upon the kind of food a cow takes. Cows for making butter should be handled under such conditions as will give them perfect repose. Cleanliness should be strictly observed. Impure air of the stable will affect the milk, and ensilage will not injure the milk when fed to cows. When cows have been milking a long period or have been overheated, or without salt, the milk will become sticky, and prevent a complete separation of the cream. By having a few fresh-calved cows' milk to mix with the milk of cows that have been milking a long time, a better quality of butter can be made. Keep the cream sweet and cold, and use a suitable fermentation tarter, and you will get a quality of butter in January as good as the quality of June butter. If cream is properly tempered, a temperature of from 54 to 58 will be suitable for churning and 45 minutes will be long enough to get butter.

An Animal's Suicide.

A mare once committed suicide. She had a colt of which she was more than usually fond. One day the colt fell into an irrigating ditch and broke its leg. The animal had to be killed, and its mother was inconsolable. She would whimper and call for the colt, and when it failed to come nothing would induce her to eat. For several days all the efforts to induce her to partake of food were in vain, and it was feared she would starve. One morning she was seen standing by a barrel of water from which she was in the habit of drinking. Her attitude was singular, and going to her it was found that she was dead, with her head stuck into the water as far as she could reach. There was no other conclusion possible than that she had deliberately drowned herself.

Sheltering Machinery.

To get the most out of the machinery purchased for use on the farm it is very essential that when not in use it should be placed under a good shelter. But to keep in the best condition storing is not all, unless properly protected the iron and steel will rust and the wood rot ; for this reason it pays to keep all well painted.

Linseed oil with Spanish brown or red vermillion or ochre mixed to a proper consistency makes a good paint for all kinds of good work in machinery, while there are a number of good universal paints made especially for iron and steel. But in all cases before any paint is applied all of the dust should be cleaned off.

As soon as the other farm work will permit all of the implements should be gathered up and brought to the tool house and a thorough cleaning up be given and if necessary a good coat of paint be given.

A good coat of paint helps materially to preserve the wood, while to a very large extent at least it prevents rust on iron or steel. Rust and decay caused by exposure, by changes in the weather and by dirt, damage machinery in many cases nearly or quite as much as the work done by or with them.

The iron or steel working parts should be well covered with unsalted grease or oil, or a light coat of paint can be applied as a little coal oil or turpentine will readily clean off when the tools are needed for use.

A little care taken now will save a considerable loss as well as considerable work and time also when the implements are needed for use again next spring.

Another item should be looked after in storing away the implements and that is to put away so that they can be got at conveniently when needed. Plows and harrows are generally first needed in the spring and then the corn planters, cultivators and lastly the binders, mowers and sulky rakes. A little pains taken in storing away will save considerable work when the tools are needed in the spring.

PECULIAR HOBBIES.

Queer Collections Made by Persons Occupying High Stations.

A very peculiar hobby was that of an old woman who had been employed at court in the capacity of nurse, and who had a most extensive collection of pieces of wedding cake. The cakes to which the fragments belonged had been cut at the marriages of the highest in the land. The place of honour was given to a portion of Queen Victoria's wedding cake, and nearly every royal marriage that had occurred since the accession of William IV. wa represented in this curious collection.

Lord Petersham, a noted dandy in his day, had a hobby for walking sticks, and also for various kinds of tea and snuff. All round his sitting-room were shelves, those upon one side laden with canisters of Souchong, Bohea, Congou, Pekoe, Russian and other varieties of tea. The shelves opposite were decorated with handsome jars, containing every kind of snuff, while snuff boxes lay here, there, and everywhere. Lord Petersham prided himself on possessing the most magnificent array of boxes to be found in Europe, and was supposed to have a fresh box

FOR EVERY DAY

in the year. When some one admired a beautiful old light blue Sevres box he was using, he lisped out, " Yes, it is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear."

Count Henry von Bruhl, a famous German diplomatist, busied himself in collecting boots, shoes, slippers, and wigs of all shapes, sizes and fashions. This curious hobby was rivalled by that of a late King of Bavaria whose collection of hats was unique.

A King of Wurtemberg boasted the possession of above 9,000 copies of the Bible ; and a nicotine-loving American revelled in a treasury of pipes, of which he could count 365 specimens in meerschaum, briar, glass, china, and clay.

The Duke of Sussex, brother of King George II., had a pair of hobbies that were wide as the poles asunder. He was an indefatigable collector of Bibles and of cigars.

Pope Pius IX. was a collector of slippers. He always had 24 pairs in his wardrobe, made of red cloth embroidered with gold, and ornamented with a solid gold cross ; his chamberlain being strictly enjoined not to part with a single pair, however well worn they might be, to any of the many devout applicants for them.

WIGS AND WALKING STICKS

were the especial vanities of Mr. William Evans, some time principal clerk in the prothonotary's office for Anglesea, Carnarvon, and Merioneth, and so highly did he value them that he bequeathed one of each to three different maiden ladies, for whom he had in turn felt a tenderness in early life. Another gentleman had a hobby for scarf pins. He is said to have kept a book containing as many pages as there are days in the year, in each of which a different pin was stuck. Every morning he fastened into his scarf the pin which occupied the space allotted to that particular date, returning it to its place when he undressed at night.

M. Nestor Roqueplan, a Frenchman of letters, was a collector of warming-pans, and devoted a gallery in his house to this article of furniture, where visitors might enjoy the privilege of beholding the indentical warming-pans that had aired the beds of such celebrites as Queen Mary of Scotland, Catherine de Medici, Gabriel d'Estrees, Diana de Poitiers, Mme. Pompabour, Marie Antoinette, Mlle. de Fontange, and other noted personages. Another eccentric Frenchman was

A BEAN ENTHUSIAST.

He wrote a book upon the history of haricots and their influence upon humanity, and rejoiced in collecting beans from all quarters of the globe, and carefully labelling and arranging them. Some of the specimens were very valuable, having cost as much as 500f. His death was hastened by the mysterious disappearance of some Japanese beans, upon which he set especial value.

A European lady living in Japan acquired no fewer than 700 teapots of various patterns and kinds. Another lady a hobby for collecting bonnets. She made a rule never to part with one she had worn, and when she died left behind her a wonderful collection of feminine head adornments.

Gillott, the founder of the world renowned steel pen business, had a passion for Cremona fiddles, although he was absolutely without musical knowledge. A London barber's hobby was the collecting of dressing-cases—a hobby which he pursued with such avidity that on his death 300 of these articles came into the hands of his executors.

The Queen of Italy is said to be an enthusiastic collector of boots and shoes. Her collection includes shoes of Marie Antoinette, of the Empress Josephine, Mary Stuart, Queen Anne, and the Empress Catherine of Russia.

Where there is no hope there can be nn endeavor.—Johnson.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

The Narrow Escape of A Well Known Newburgh Man.

By the Loss of a Finger Mr. Chas. Moore of That Village Nears Death's Door, but is Rescued After Doctors Have Failed.

From the Napanee Beaver.

In the pleasant little village of Newburgh, on the Bay of Quinte Railway, seven miles from Napanee, lives Mr. C. H. Moore and family. They are favorably known throughout the entire section, having been residents of Newburgh for years. Recently Mr. Moore has undergone a terrible sickness, and his restoration to health was the talk of the village, and many even in Napanee and vicinity heard of it, and the result was that The Beaver reporter was detailed to make an investigation into the matter. Mr. Moore is a carriage maker and while working in Finkle's factory last winter met with an accident that caused him the loss of the forefinger of his right hand. It was following this accident that his sickness began. He lost flesh, was pale, suffered from dizziness to the extent that sometimes he could scarcely avoid falling. He consulted physicians and tried numerous medicines, but without any benefit. He was constantly growing worse and the physicians seemed puzzled, and none of his friends thought he would recover. One day a neighbor urged Mrs. Moore to persuade her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and after much persuasion he consented. After a few days he began to feel better, and it no longer needed persuasion to induce him to continue the treatment. A marvellous change soon came over him. Each day he seemed to gather new strength and new life, and after eight boxes had been taken he found himself again a well man. Mr. Moore is now about sixty-five years of age, he has been healthy and has worked hard all his life until the sickness alluded to, and now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is once more able to work in his old accustomed way, and does not hesitate to give the credit to the medicine that restored him to health, at a cost no greater than a couple of visits to the doctor.

Time and again it has been proven that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when physicians and other medicines fail. No other medicine has such a wonderful record and no other medicine gives such undoubted proofs of the genuineness of every cure published, and this accounts for the fact that go where you will you hear nothing but words of praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This great reputation also accounts for the fact that unscrupulous dealers here and there try to impose a bulk pill upon their customers with the claim that it " is just as good," while a host of imitators are putting up pills in packages somewhat similar in style in the hope that they will reap the reward earned by the merit of the genuine Pink Pills. No matter what any dealer says no pill is genuine unless it bears the full trade mark, " Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Always refuse substitutes which are worthless and may be dangerous.

A TALK ON ADVERTIS ING.

What a Veteran in the Business Has to Say on the Subject.

There are two ways of looking at advertising, both of them right. Advertising should be done during the dull time, for the purpose of stirring up trade at that time, and also for the sake of the benefit which will come from being continually before the public's eye.

A man should just as quickly think of stopping his advertising in the summer, or in the dull time after the holidays, as he should think of closing up his store for several months in the year, and keeping it open only when trade would keep him busy. There is, probably, no store in the country that could not shut up for three or four months out of the year and be ahead in cash by doing so, but, at the end of the next four months, the gain would not be apparent. It does not take people very long to forget things, and, if a store was closed four months, or the advertising stopped four months, a great many people would have forgotten that the business was in existence.

The other view of advertising is that it ought to be pushed during the busy time, when people are ready to buy. Advertising cannot be expected to sell goods when people do not want them, and it will naturally be most effective when it gives publicity to some desirable article at just the right time.

To be sure, advertising will sell anything at any time, if the price be made low enough and the advertisement sufficiently attractive. Some lines of goods can be forced, and some cannot, but even those which cannot be forced should not be allowed to drop out of sight.

Value vs. Beauty.

Husband—Why do you hang those lace curtains straight up and down ?

Wife—Why, my dear, if I should draw them back into graceful folds, no one would know that they are real.

Taxes in France.

A Frenchman having an income of $4,000 a year pays one thousand of it in direct or in direct taxes to the government, according to a careful investigation made by M. Beaurin-Gressier for the Societe de Statistique. In other words, the French taxpayer must work eighty-six days in the year solely to earn what is due to the treasury.

For twenty-five years
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.