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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

I thought from Betsy Jane to steal One golden curl away, To place it next my throbbing heart, And wear it night and day.

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

"Harvey Mills has failed!" said Mrs. Smithson, one chilly spring evening, as she ran in to see her next door neighbor and intimate friend, Mrs. James.

"Our comfortable and cozy appearance is all due to Helena," said she. "That dear child has taken the helm. I never dreamed she had so much executive ability."

"Yes, Mrs. Smithson, washing a great, black, greasy iron kettle that meat had been boiled in, and that had been left unwashed and gummy when the cook left."

"It seems to me as if Helena Mills was trying to make the best of her father's altered fortunes, and was simply doing her duty in the premises," spoke Miss Carlton.

"Yes, perhaps," replied Mrs. Smithson, "but how could a young girl of real noble refinement (both sides of the Smithson family were of the 'old stock') take so kindly to washing pots and kettles? The fact of it is, peo-

ple have been mistaken in Helena Mills. She never possessed that innate gentility she has had credit for. But every one finds their level sooner or later—ha, ha!"

These two women having thus summarily disposed of Helena Mills socially, they repeated their belief that the lovely and dutiful young girl had now found her proper level over and over in their set until it was the common talk in New City. Miss Carlton, in her round of professional calls among the so-called elite, was entertained in nearly every household with the information that Helena Mills had given up her studies even, and gone into the kitchen to work—and, if you'll believe it, she likes it!

This sensible, accomplished little drawing teacher was the only one to be found, who mingled in the "upper circles" of New City, who said a word either in praise or defense of Helena Mills' new vocation. Miss Carlton always and everywhere protested that the young girl's course was not only praiseworthy, but beautiful. She maintained that every woman, young or old, high or low, who took upon herself the labor of elevating the much-abused as well as despised vocation of housework—upon which the comfort of every home depends—to a fine art was a public benefactor.

Miss Carlton's friends all listened and laughed, and then went on with their senseless and malicious tirade. She was heartily glad when her engagements in New City were ended, and she was obliged to move in such "select" society, whose ideas were always a mere echo of opinion—no matter how trivial and foolish—which had been expressed by a few of its more wealthy members.

Mrs. Dr. Forbes, nee Miss Carlton, had heard very little about New City society for five years. But having occasion to pass through the place on the cars lately she treated herself to a little gossip chat with the conductor, whom she had known as a New City gallant.

"There is no particular news, Mrs. Forbes," said he, "unless it is the engagement of Helena Mills to the young lawyer Bartlett, son of Colonel James Bartlett, you remember, owner of the big corner art store. A capital choice the young squire has made, too. She's as good as gold, and everybody says she's the best girl in the city. She's a perfect lady, withal, and treats everybody well. Not a bit of nonsense or shoddy about her. Why, bless you, Mrs. Forbes, when her father failed in '75 she took entire charge of the family, and she has managed the house ever since."

"Her father is now in business again for himself, and employs more men than ever. Her mother, who had been an invalid for years, was forced by Helena's example to try and exert herself so as to share her daughter's burden to some extent. As a result of the new, active life she has followed, she lost all her ailments, and is now a happy, hearty, healthy woman. Helena's brothers have grown up to be fine, manly, helpful fellows, and the whole family are better off every way than ever before. As things were going on before Mr. Mills' failure, the whole family were in danger of being spoiled by too much luxury."

"There was a great deal of talk at first among the big bugs about Helena's 'pots and kettles,' and they used to say she has found her true 'level.' I always thought there was a spice of malice in their talk, for the girls of her set envied her beauty and accomplishments. I am rather fond of telling them now that Helena Mills has found her 'level' in the richest, most influential, and just the best family in New City."—Christian-at-Work.

They Know, You Know.

Yesterday a Woodward Avenue grocer selected a roll of the choicest butter in market and placed it at his door with the sign: "Please taste." Along came a citizen in about two minutes, and after carefully examining the roll he put a bit of it in his mouth, spat it out in great disgust and said: "I can give you my opinion of that miserable stuff in a York second! You may fool some folks on oleomargarine, but I can tell it a block away."

"Then you don't like it?" "Like it! Why, a pound of that would kill a man!" The second man lifted up the roll, smelled all around it, and finally put a crumb in his mouth.

"Pretty fair article, isn't it?" queried the grocer. "Well, yes, though there's a trifle too much lard in it. Not going to keep the stuff for sale, are you?" "Oh, no." "I wouldn't either. Faugh! How that lard taste sticks to my tongue!"

FASHION POINTS.

"Putty" colored hose are worn in Paris. Chartreuse is a new shade of a golden green. Pointe d'Aurillac is a new and fashionable silk lace. The revival of checks and plaids amounts to a rage. Chinese embroidery is much used for adorning white cashmere tea gowns.

The shape of the jersey is closely followed in the cut of the latest bodice waists. Ombre ribbons are the newest in millinery, and Algerian scarfs are the latest in sashes. Some of the new costumes for the promenade are exceedingly masculine in appearance. Bonnet crowns of gold colored gauze push, embroidered in amber beads, are very handsome.

Firely necklaces of French gold and enamel now encircle the throats of the fair daughters of fashion. The pilgrim polonaise, loosely defining the figure, will be a very popular overdress for the spring season. The Marguerite sleeve, puffed at the armhole and at the elbow, appears on some of the newly imported French costumes.

The large "Roi de Rome" collars will be worn the coming season. They are made of white batiste and edged with ruffles of lace. Large wreaths of shaded roses, carnations, peach blossoms, clusters of fruit and cascades of lace adorn spring bonnets and round hats.

The fancy for sticking gilt ornaments through the hair, after the manner of Japanese ladies, is a growing eccentricity. The Japanese coiffure is eminently becoming to ladies with oval faces. The "Jellalabad" and satin-striped Algerian shawls will be greatly in favor for evening and summer wraps. These garments will entirely replace the shawls of zephyr wool, which are now passe.—N. Y. Post.

A Pocket Kingdom.

If you would like to see a pocket edition of a little kingdom—a tiny little kingdom, with a real live King and Queen, with lakkeys in livery thicker than rooks in England—then come to Wurtemberg, of which Stuttgart is the capital. Here you will find the little volume, gilt-edged, "bound in calf"—fresh, as it were, from the press—to be looked at, but not for sale, not even handled. Even the Emperor William could not trade for it, neither has he money enough in his pocket or in the D. M. Savings Bank to purchase it as a dainty toy, or a rare souvenir, to place on his library table or among his collection of bric-a-brac. We hear of the King of Italy, the King of Spain, the King of Prussia, the King of Belgium, and of Norway and Sweden, and various other Kings, but when we hear of the King of Wurtemberg, nine Americans out of ten—for America is nearly 1,000 miles away—come to a standstill in their geographical knowledge and naturally inquire, "Where is Wurtemberg?" It will be doubtful if you can find it on one of the school atlases. Find a map of Europe that will cover the side wall of a small bedroom, and you will probably find Wurtemberg occupying the space of what appears a small township, fitting in like the section of child's puzzle between the numerous duchies and principalities that help form the German confederation. The Wurtemberg's claim that their kingdom contains 365 square miles of territory, which is a square mile for every day in the year, but the neighboring duchies who are jealous of the kingdom which makes their own titles so insignificant, say that 365 is a gross exaggeration of its real size and that a good pedestrian will easily walk around it in twenty-four hours. The kingdom has about 1,800,000 inhabitants. It is indeed a small kingdom, but what it lacks in size it makes up in putting on a grand show of royalty.

The King and Queen reside in Stuttgart through the winter, and they live in as much style and grandeur as did ever Louis XIV. in the Tuileries at Paris. The palace, which is said to be one of the finest in Germany, forms three sides of a square, and is nearly as large as the Louvre, in Paris, which it resembles in architecture. It contains over 300 rooms in addition to its vast halls and corridors. These rooms, of course, are all elegantly furnished, and are overflowing with wealth in the shape of rare paintings, statuary, bronzes and vast collections of costly bric-a-brac and objects of vertu. Within a stone's throw of the new palace, as it is called, although built about 100 years ago, is the old castle or palace, an immense building with high round towers at each of its four corners, and evidently constructed with the intention of its being a place of refuge and a fortress for defense during the old German wars.

It was built over 350 years ago by one of the ancestors of the present King and was occupied by the royal family until the new palace was built. At present it serves as an appendix, with cook house, servants' quarters, lavatory, etc., for the royal palace. At the right of the palace and extending a distance of two miles to the village of Cannstatt is the King's park, an elegant stretch of woods, which is the King's private property, although open to the public. This park is beautifully embellished its whole length, and made as attractive as great wealth and taste can possibly make it. Its landscaped walks and drives are adorned with fine statuary, its fish ponds are full of beautiful and rare fish, and on the quiet waters of its artificial lakes all varieties of swan and water fowl are to be seen.—Foreign Letter.

Our Young Readers.

LOOKING THROUGH CROOKED SPECTACLES.

An elf lived in a buttercup, And, waking after dawn, He donned his golden spectacles, And stepped out on the lawn. "Dear me," said he, "I scarce can see, The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumble-bee Within the clover gay, Who buzzed "Good-morning!" in his ear—"It is a pleasant day."

He saw an airy dragon-fly Float o'er the meadow-fall; "Pray stop, Sir Dragon-fly!" he cried; "So upside down you sail."

Then a wise owl, upon the tree, Blinking his great, staring eye; "To folk in crooked spectacles The world looks awfully queer."

Most young people know a great deal about the social bees that live in the hive, but not so much about the solitary species that begin and finish every part of their wonderful nest without assistance of any sort, while the hive bees labor for one common end, bringing their beautiful work to its completion together.

The solitary bees constitute a very interesting part of the insect kingdom, and they are not behindhand in their ingenuity and skill. Let me tell you of some of the homes which they make for the protection of their young, and you can see for yourselves how very curious they are.

We will take first the little carpenter or "violet bee," so called because of the beautiful coloring upon her wings. But her workmanship is much more to be admired than her beauty of color. Her home is a sort of tunnel, or several tunnels, in some piece of wood which has been softened by decay, and which, when finished, is twelve times the length of her body, chiseled out as smoothly as if by the tool of an experienced workman.

Now, that our little bee architect has finished her home, she places there her first egg, and over it the pollen of flowers—which, you know, is the fine dust of their stamens—making it into a soft paste by the use of honey. This paste is nearly an inch high—for she knows exactly how much the young grub will need before it can take care of itself. This again is covered with the cemented ceiling, which serves for the next chamber in this little house. So she goes on until she has completed ten or twelve cells, each containing an egg. The main entrance is then closed by a wall of the same material.

Having done all this, the knowing mother leaves the rest for Nature to do, and very soon the perfect little bee appears in this comfortable nursery. Of course, the first cell contains the first living occupant. But how is it to get out of its prison hedged in as it is? When the carpenter built the nest, see how admirably this emergency was provided for. If you could examine the cells, you would find at the bottom of each a hole bored, and waiting for the exit of each new-comer when it is ready to come forth.

lets, that this little upholsterer is greatly distinguished. The only material which she uses in the adornment of her nest is the petals or leaves of the scarlet field poppy, which are very beautiful, as you know. This gives her the name of "poppy bee."

But I have not told you how this nest is formed. A hole is dug in the ground about three inches deep, gradually widening as it descends, until it assumes the form of a small flask. Inside this excavation it is uniform and polished, in order to prepare it for the tapestry with which it is to be hung, and which is the next step in the work. Then the architect begins at the bottom, laying three or four leaves, one above the other, and around the sides there are never less than two; and to fill in the crevices, she prepares small oval pieces, seizes them between her legs and conveys them to the spot, and if the piece is too large, she cuts off what is not needed and throws the shreds away. If we were to do this, the leaf would shrivel up under our hands; but the bee understands it better than we do and knows well how to spread the pieces she uses and have them as smooth as satin.

And now that our poppy bee has hung the little chamber with this gorgeous drapery—and she uses it very lavishly, too, for she even carries it beyond the entrance—she fills it to the depth of half an inch with pollen mixed with honey. In this full store-house, which she has prepared for her young, she leaves an egg, and over it she folds down most carefully these beautiful scarlet petals from above! The upper part is then filled with earth.

How very much alive must this little mother be to the beautiful in color when she prepares such delicate hangings for her offspring; and even if they cannot appreciate this, in the darkness of their nursery, one thing they do know, and that is the store of honey so tenderly prepared for their use.

And now we are wondering what her motive can be in this choice of poppy petals for her nest. But why may not a bee see warmth and brightness and cheer in this selection as well as we? At any rate, they must have a very refined taste. If we were only a poppy bee, we should know all about it.

The rose-leaf cutter is another wonder worker in upholstery. Naturalists have long noticed this bee. So extraordinary is her nest that it is said of a French gardener, in digging one up, that he was sure that it must be the work of a magician! If you look at the rose-bushes in the summer you will see certain leaves out of which have been cut one or more pieces of a circular form, as smoothly and with as great regularity as if done with a pair of scissors. These cuttings show the scissor-like jaw of the bee that has been at work there. It would be a pleasant thing to watch this busy little body at her cutting-out, and then to follow her as she carries her work home to some old wall or post—wherever it is, it is in the form of a cylindrical hole, excavated. If you can find it, you can see for yourself this wonderful leaf-lined nest, six to ten inches deep in the ground, the cells about the size of a thimble and about that shape, lined with these bits of rose-leaves—from nine to twelve pieces in each, one inserted in the other like a row of tumbler—and as each is finished she makes a sort of "rose-colored conserve" of the pollen and honey from flowers and the common thistle.

Then comes the egg, placed in this labyrinth of sweets. This little provider covers it all over with three or more pieces of leaf, cut in a circle "as truly accurate as compasses could describe," room being left above this ingenious cover for another cell. Our upholsterer thus works until her nursery tunnel is completely filled up.

Are these not wonderful creatures that we have been talking about? It will not be very long before you will be able to watch their architecture, if you feel inclined to do so. Many valuable lessons may be learned from the bees. When we see how much they can do, let us be very diligent in our sphere, and God, who watches over them and us, will be as well pleased with us as He must be with them.—Mrs. G. Hall, in N. Y. Observer.

A Gutenberg Bible Sells for \$8,000.

At the Brinley Library sale, at Clinton Hall, New York City, the other evening, there was a very large attendance, owing to the announcement that the Gutenberg Bible would be sold. This Bible is in Latin, with the prologue of St. Jerome, in the original binding, thick oak boards, covered with stamped calf, with ornamental brass corners, and center pieces with bosses. It was printed by Joannes Gutenberg, in 1450-55. The first volume contains 321 leaves, ending with the Psalms. The second 317 leaves. It is said to be the first book ever printed with movable types. This copy was purchased for Mr. Brinley in London, in 1873. When the book was put up there was a long silence. At length a voice asked if a moderate bid would be taken. The auctioneer said yes, and John R. Bartlett, who has been buying for the Carter Brown Library, at Providence, bid \$5,000. Then \$6,000 was offered, and then \$6,500, \$6,750, \$7,000. From this point until the book was sold the contest was between Brayton Ives, the banker, and Hamilton Cole, a lawyer of this city. After a long silence, \$7,500 was bid. Then \$250 was alternately added by each bidder until the sum reached \$8,000, when it was knocked down to Mr. Cole.

—A young colored woman in Brooklyn, N. Y., bears the remarkable name of Minnie Loretta Proget Under-the-Snow Sypher.