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"MILLHEIM JOURNAL."

Her King.

She has not found her king as yet,
The golden days glide by;
They bring no sorrows to forget,
Nor any cause to sigh.
No heart for her devotion made
The passionate summers bring;
Urbanized she walks, and unaffrayed—
She has not found her king.
Men bring their titles, and their go;
She turns in scorn away.
The man must be of different mold
She swears she will obey.
Th' ugh poor in honor and in lands,
Rich in a rarer thing,
T' led by God alone, he stands,
When she will own her king.
But when he comes, as come he will,
Strong to support, and grand,
With supplication that shall fill
Her soul, like her command;
She'll place her hand in his, and take
What'er this world may bring,
Proud and contented for his sake,
Whom she hath crowned her king!
—Temple Bar.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

The sun had gone down in a red river of threatening cloud; the storm which had been impending for some days had broken at last, in a wild whirlwind of snow and tempest; and Mrs. Abraham Ackley had just put the tea-kettle on for the evening meal, with Abigail, her daughter, stirring a saucy pan of mush on the stove, and Maria, her niece, hard at work, stitching the upper parts of cheap cloth shoes for a manufacturer in the neighborhood. For the Ackleys were a thrifty family. Nothing was lost, nothing wasted, not even that slippery commodity—time.

The Ackleys were a feminine household that night, for Abraham himself, the grizzled head of the family, had gone to the city, to put in a claim for a pension, which, according to his ideas ought to have been paid half a century back, to some old Revolutionary ancestor or other.

"I ain't to be done," said Abraham, winking his watery blue eyes, "not even by the United States government itself!"

So it had happened that Abigail had foddered the cattle, fed the fowls, and locked the barn door, coming in, all powdered over with snow, her middle-aged nose blue with cold.

"Never mind, girls," said Mrs. Ackley, with a subdued chuckle, "when we inherit your Cousin Jones' property we shan't none of us have to work no more. We can be ladies, and set up in sage-green dresses, playin' with peacock-feather fans. Did you get the best chamber ready, Marier?"

"Marier" gave a grunt in the affirmative, as she bit off the end of her thread.

"I didn't light the fire yet," said she. "Thought it warn't no use burnin' up good hickory logs, until we knowed we was goin' to want 'em."

Scarcely was the sentence well out of her mouth, when a tattoo sounded loudly on the warped panels of the unpainted front door.

"Land's sake alive!" said Abigail, dropping the wooden spoon into the mush-pot, while Maria straightened herself up with a jerk, "it's Cousin Jones already!"

"Quick!" said Mrs. Ackley, in a shrill stage whisper. "Put the mush in the closet, and fetch out the cold chicken and raspberry preserves; and the best cups, Abigail, and the three-tined forks, and the table cloth with the border of daisies."

And she turned to the door, with a flaring, home-dipped candle in her hand.

"Is this Mrs. Abe Ackley's?" demanded a shrill voice. "I was told she lived half-way up Pine Crags."

"Ain't this Mrs. Jones?" said Mrs. Ackley, in her softest accents.

"That's the ticket!" said the stranger. "Do open the door and let me in. I ain't no burglar, nor yet a sneak-thief."

"I'm delighted to see you," said Mrs. Ackley. "Do pray walk in, and let the girls take your things. Marier, Abigail, this is Mrs. Jones, as you've heard so much of. Your room will be warm d'reckly. We've set great store by your comin', I do assure you."

"You're very kind," said Mrs. Jones, shaking the snow off her shabby shawl and pinched silk bonnet. "I ain't no beggar; I calculate to pay my own way."

The three women smiled obsequiously. They had been given to understand that Cousin Jones from New York city was very eccentric—that she particularly disliked any allusion to her relationship, and that there was no accounting for her various peculiarities.

"Of course," said Mrs. Ackley, "that must be as you please."

"I don't choose to be beholden to any one," stifiy added the new-found relative.

"Of course not," said Maria, help-

ing her off with her rubbers. "Uncle Abraham will be so sorry that he isn't here to welcome you."

"I can stand it, if he can," said the old lady, warming her gaunt hands before the cheerful blaze. "Eh, do you live as high as this every day?" as she saw the liberal preparations for supper.

"We are economical people," said Mrs. Ackley, apologetically; "we raise our own poultry, and Abigail picked the raspberries last summer on the mountain, and changed off eggs for the sugar, at Martin's grocery store at the cross-roads; and the tea was a present from old Captain Greer, who is in the China trade, to pay Ackley for breakin' the roan colt. So you see—" "Yes, I see," said Mrs. Jones, nodding her head jerkily, like a mandarin somewhat out of order.

"Managing people, you be! You won't never come to be boarded out like town poor, I reckon!"

"I hope not," said Mrs. Ackley, devoutly.

"The idea!" said Miss Abigail. "Well, things is ordered differently in this world," observed Mrs. Jones. "It's up-hill with some and down-hill with others. But I guess I can get along with you!"

"My son will be up to pay his respects to-morrow," said Mrs. Ackley. "He lives a little beyond here."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jones.

"He hasn't been real successful in the world," added Mrs. Ackley. "He married a schoolm'am, and they've a little family, and Ackley's had to set down his foot, as he won't help him any more."

"Every one for himself, eh?" said the old woman, with a chuckle.

Mrs. Ackley nodded. She had ventured upon this confidential family communication as a sort of hint to Cousin Jones, not to lend money to the impecunious Abraham, junior. If there was money floating around in the golden atmosphere that surrounded Mrs. Jones, why should it be given over into such velvet-like hands as those of Mrs. Abraham, junior.

"Perhaps," suggested Maria, sweetly. "Mrs. Jones would like some hot buttered toast?"

"Well, since you're so pressing, I am rather partial to it," said Mrs. Jones.

"And," added Abigail, jealous lest she should be outdone in these sweet deeds of hospitality, "there's a very good meat pie in the pantry which I made myself, if—"

"Meat pie," cried the old lady. "Meat pie is a relish for anything going. I don't know when I've put my teeth into a good meat pie before. Bring it on, young woman—bring it on!"

The three Ackleys looked on with beaming eyes, while Mrs. Jones ate and drank like a half-famished lioness, and afterward they conducted her to the bed-room, where the fire blazed brightly on the painted, red-brick hearth, and the patchwork silk quilt—Maria's own work—was laid ostentatiously across the foot of the bed.

And then they all came down stairs closed in solid phalanx around the fire, and looked at one another with meaning in their speculative eyes.

"Queer, ain't she?" said Maria.

"Dressed exactly as if she came out of an old rag-bag," commented Abigail.

"Hold your tongue, girls!" said Mrs. Ackley. "Geniuses are always eccentric! And Cousin Jones is worth a cool forty thousand dollars!"

Early the next morning, long before daylight had irradiated the sullen darkness of the wintry horizon, and Mrs. Ackley was doing her best, in curl papers and a dirty flannel wrapper, to make the kitchen fire burn, an old box-stopped at the door, and in came Abraham, junior, brown-faced, good-natured and smiling.

"Well, mother," said he, "how's the folks?"

"They're all well enough," said Mrs. Ackley, who always entertained a secret fear lest Abe should want to borrow money of her.

"Father got home yet?" said Abe.

"No!" Mrs. Ackley was blowing desperately at a crumpled bit of paper which absolutely declined to ignite the kindlings adjoining to it.

"That's you, mother, to a 'T'!" said Abraham, good-humoredly. "You're too economical even to burn enough waste papers! Goodness knows, they don't cost nothin'!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Ackley. "I know some people as ain't economical in nothin'!"

"And that reminds me!" said Abe, skating easily across the subject, "I'm going down arter my boarder!"

"What boarder?" said Mrs. Ackley, sharply.

"Didn't you know?" said Abe.

"Me and Jane Eliza, we've bid for one of the town poor. It ain't much pay, to-be-sure. The selectmen are real close this year, on account of the Town hall havin' cost such a sight o' money.

But it's better than nothin'. And the old woman will be company for Jane Eliza and the children. It's old Huldah Jones, you know—Cappen Jones' widder, down in Frog Lane."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Ackley.

"I expected her up last night," said Abe, drawing on his blue yarn mittens; "but I guess she found the weather one too many for her rheumatiz; so now I'm goin' arter her, with an arm-chair tied into the box-sled! And, by-the-way," fumbling in his coat pocket, "here's a letter I got last night. Guess it was meant for father, but I opened it by mistake."

"Who's it from?" screamed Abigail, who had just come down stairs, half frozen, from her fireless room, tying her apron strings as she came, while Maria was visible, twisting up her back hair in the distance.

"Your rich cousin, in New York," said Abe. "She ain't comin'! She's made up her mind to rent a furnished flat in New York, where she can be near her doctor and her favorite clergyman!"

"Nonsense!" said Maria. "That's only a practical joke, as some one is tryin' to come on us. Cousin Jones is here already."

"Asleep in the best chamber, where I'm goin' to light a fire at seven o'clock," added Abigail.

"What!" roared Abraham.

"Girls!" shrilly exclaimed Mrs. Ackley, "it's a dreadful mistake as we've all of us made! This old woman ain't our Cousin Jones at all. It's the town poor as Abe has took to board—old Cappen Jones' widder, from Frog Lane."

And she struck an attitude in front of the stove like Medea before the sacrificial flames.

"And we gave her cold fowl and raspberry-jam," cried Maria, "and the whole of the meat pie."

"And my choicest linen sheets, and a fire in the best chamber!" groaned Mrs. Ackley. "My goodness me! how could we be such fools?"

"Go and wake her up at once," said Maria to Abigail. "Tell her Abe Ackley is here, to take her where she rightly belongs; and ask her how she dared to impose upon decent people like us?"

"It ain't her fault!" sighed Mrs. Ackley. "It's ours. Goodness, what idiots we've been!"

"Well, you haven't asked me to breakfast," said Abraham, junior, waggishly; "but I guess I'll stop for a bite and a sup, and take the old lady up to our home arterward. 'Taint a good plan to travel on an empty stomach such weather as this!"

And the bewildered Mrs. Jones was whisked away on the box-sled before she knew the rights and wrongs of the case, leaving the Ackley family disconsolate.

"I never was so mistook in my life before," said Mrs. Ackley.

But Abe, junior, regarded the matter as a stupendous joke.

"Old Mrs. Jones got a first-class meal and night's lodgin' free gratis out of mother," said he; "and I don't remember when anybody else has done as much."

At Sea in a Basket.

It was upon September 20, 1854, the Arctic, belonging to the now extinct Collins line, sailed from Liverpool to New York with more than 200 passengers on board. The voyage was safely accomplished until the Arctic got within sixty-five miles of Cape Race, when she was run into by the Vesta, a small iron steamer owned and manned by Frenchmen, and of about 100 tons burden. Within four hours of the collision the big vessel disappeared beneath the waves, and the little vessel was speeding on her way toward the French coast, where, unconscious of the mischief she had done, she arrived in safety about a fortnight later. About forty of the Arctic's crew and passengers were saved in a boat, and a few more were picked up from rafts and bits of the vessel, among the latter being Captain Luce and a Mr. Smith, then a resident of the state of Mississippi, but subsequently a wealthy Glasgow merchant. Mr. Smith was saved upon a raft of planks, lashed together by himself, on the top of which he tied the basket lined with tin, into which un-washed plates were put during the saloon dinner. Upon the edge of this basket, with his feet at the bottom, Mr. Smith sat for two nights and nearly three days, bailing it as it filled with time to time. It will be heard with little surprise that for many years Mr. Smith preserved this much-valued historical basket as a trophy in his drawing-room at Glasgow, and showed it to his friends as the vehicle in which he had floated upon the waves for fifty or sixty hours. The basket was concealed in the center of an ottoman made purposely to hold it, and was only revealed when Mr. Smith was surrounded by a few congenial friends.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most take it least.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

The more we do, the more we can do the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

Knavery is supple, and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright and yields not.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human, the latter is divine.

Duty cannot be neglected without harm to those who practice as well as to those who suffer the neglect.

Precept is instruction that is written in sand, and washed away by the tide; example is instruction engraved on the rock.

Whoever has a contented mind has all riches. To him whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, it is not as though the earth were carpeted with leather?

Try to repress thought, and it is like trying to fasten down steam—an explosion is sure to follow. Let thought be free to work in its own appropriate way, and it turns the machine, drives the wheels, does the work.

Caviar.

There are many people who pretend to like caviar, and it is possible that a few may have forced themselves to relish the intensely salt or rancid preparation of sturgeon eggs called by this name. We believe the "delicacy" first came from Russia, and we can imagine that a native of Siberia, half Indian and half Esquimaux, might find caviar a delightful change from whale's blubber and decayed seal. We have tasted caviar, and think that old rusty mackerel brine is nectar beside it.

The Germans pretend to love caviar and Americans who have been abroad eat it before their friends to show their acquired taste contracted in foreign lands. We read in the *Deutsche Fischer Zeitung* that some Germans have been making caviar from the eggs of the pike, and we wish them success in their search after a new source of supply of delicatessen. Shakespeare speaks of something which the general public cannot relish as being "caviar to the general." The bard is correct, as usual. Caviar is caviar, whether made of triple-salted rancid sturgeon eggs or of the ova of the pike flavored with seal blubber and stale mackerel brine.

To our friends who have not yet met this luxury we will say that at dinner, after the pudding, ice cream, cheese, nuts, figs and raisins have passed, you take a piece of toast about three inches square and cover it with a quarter inch layer of something that looks like broken rice stewed in coal tar. On this you put a thick layer of finely-chopped raw onion and squeeze lemon over it. You raise it to your lips; you bite into it and roll your eyes heavenward and declare that you never tasted anything half so delicious before. At the first opportunity you slip down stairs and take a quiet drink out of the kerosene can to get up a proper after-taste in your mouth.

Yes, the Germans have discovered a new source of caviar in the pike, and don't we wish we had some of it. The memory of the caviar we have eaten comes over us like the recollections of an Arctic explorer when he thinks of the train oil he has swallowed.—*Forest and Stream.*

Expecting a Letter.

"I don't see how it is," exclaimed an east side man, as he entered the post-office the other morning; "I can never get my letters on time!"

"Are you expecting something by mail?" asked the postmaster, politely.

"Expecting something! I should think I was. I've been expecting it for the past three days!" continued the man, impatiently.

"This is probably what you expected," said the man of letters, with a self-satisfied smile, as he took a bill from the man's box and handed it to him.

"Yes," growled the man, taking the envelope which he supposed contained the expected letter, without looking at it; "this was due three days ago!"

"Three days ago!" exclaimed the postmaster, a little surprised. "Why, your tailor said when he put it in that it was due three months ago!"

It did not take that man long to discover the true inwardness of the postmaster's remarks, but when he did he was mad enough to lick the postmaster and every stamp in the office.—*Statesman*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

M. Fourmant has concluded a series of exact experiments upon trichina in a cat. He finds that to pack the diseased flesh in salt for fifteen months does not kill the parasites; mice fed upon the meat died of trichinosis.

Remains of a mastodon and a number of curious bones belonging to various other animals have been found near a salt mine at New Iberia, La. Among them were some fossil teeth of horses, and they have been presented to the Yale college museum.

The post-mortem examination of a mulatto who died recently in Cincinnati revealed a brain weighing sixty-one ounces. There are on record but two brains heavier than this—that of Cuvier, weighing 64.33 ounces, and Abercrombie's, which weighed sixty-three ounces.

Dr. Reklam considers that headaches and other consequences of sleeping in rooms containing flowers do not arise from any special properties of the flowers themselves, but are due to a straining of the nerves of smell in the presence of perfumes for an unwonted length of time. The effect is analagous to that produced upon the eyes by an unusual exposure to light, or on the ears by long-continued sounds.

An enormous quantity of water passes through the roots of plants. An English experimenter has ascertained that for every pound of mineral matter assimilated by a plant, an average of 2,000 pounds of water is absorbed. At the French agricultural observatory of Montsouris it was found that in rich soil, 727 pounds of water passed through the roots of wheat plants for every pound of grain produced; while in a very poor soil, 2693 pounds passed through the wheat roots for each pound of grain."

Scotch Plowmen's Vests.

It has long been the custom of agricultural laborers in Scotland to distinguish themselves by the grandeur of their Sabbath kirk suits, "Sunday claes." The vest or waistcoat was especially the center of their pride or vanity. It had a combination of all the prismatic colors of the rainbow, the more brilliant prevailing, forming a complete aurora borealis. About forty years ago, in a border parish on the south of Scotland, the principal heritor and patron, according to the law and custom, was allotted the chief seat in the gallery opposite the minister's pulpit. He, however, was non-resident and an Episcopalian. He therefore dedicated his seat to the unmarried plowmen of the parish, who for many years availed themselves of the privilege. Generally their number fully packed the seat. So soon as a member left the parish, he, of course, ceased his seat-possession, and so soon as he entered the holy bonds of matrimony he had to provide accommodation for himself and his wife elsewhere, as the pew was held to be of the kind of the "limited (mail) male." Sabbath after Sabbath the juvenile rustics vied with each other who could show the newest pattern in the design and color for his chest covering. Often have clergymen who have never before ascended the pulpit stair of this parish been startled as the opposite gallery brilliantly flashed on his wondering eyes. The rustic band got the title of the "robin redbreasts" or "canaries," and their seat was commonly known as their "nest" or "aviary." A change, however, did occur. The heritage fell to a brother of the late proprietor, who "knew not Joseph," and was rather displeased at this weekly display of foppery. The new laird granted the pew to a new tenant, who had become possessor of the home farm, and had a numerous family. It was easy to grant and possess, but not so easy to annul a previous grant and dispossess former occupants. The bovans refused to remove, pleading a grant with long possession, even for the prescriptive period—in fact, that they had acquired both figuratively and literally a "vested interest." The sheriff had to be approached by way of interdiction. It was, however, more by suasion than by force that at length matters were peacefully arranged. For many years the display of colors which once flaunted from the gallery ceased from the memories of the parishioners of Sunnyside. The epidemic which prevailed in the south spread to other portions of Scotland.

Deal very gently with those who are on the downhill of life. Your own time is coming to be where they now are. You too are "stepping westward." Soothe the restlessness of age by amusement, by consideration, by non-interference, and by allowing plenty of occupation to fall into the hands that long for it. But let it be of their own choosing, and cease to order their ways for them as though they were children.

THE HAIR AFTER DEATH.

Curious Instances in Which It Has Grown to Great Length.

Most people understand that hair does sometimes grow after death, but there are perhaps few who know that there is a very considerable growth in at least one-third of the cases where bodies are interred in the usual manner. A story was told by Oscar Wilde at a dinner party in New York which illustrates this fact. When Gabriel Dante Rossetti was very young—scarcely more than a boy—said Mr. Wilde, he was deeply in love with a young girl, and, having a poet's gift, he sang a poet's love in numerous sonnets and verses to her. She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts of these poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head, so that even in the last sleep they should be, as they always had been, kept beneath her pillow. Years passed by and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writings most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried. He had kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events he could furnish none, and when they asked him to rewrite the verses he declared that he was utterly unable to do so.

At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with the grave which had been sealed for many years was opened.

Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proved to be of perishable material and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death and had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's paper, colling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eye that had made response to that love.

There is nothing improbable in the story so far as it relates to the physical phenomenon. That hair grows after death is too well established a fact to be challenged, and is readily enough to be understood by any one who will give even a little study to its formation, it being an appendage to the human form, and not, strictly speaking, a part of it. It might indeed be almost called a friendly parasite.

A well known New York undertaker said: "A gentleman who had lost his little boy five or six years before came to the establishment where I was working and said he wanted the remains taken up and carried to Boston. He had moved to that city, where he had lost another child, and his wife was anxious that they should both be buried in the plot he had bought in the Laurel Hill cemetery. This gentleman was anxious to see for himself that everything was done right and went over with me to Greenwood. We had buried the child and there was not any trouble about finding the right grave and the right coffin, but he was nervous about it. He insisted on having the coffin opened after it was taken up and seeing for himself that there was no mistake. I had it done and as soon as he saw the body he said 'I knew it; that isn't my boy. His hair was cut short while he was sick, and look at that!' In this case there was a rather unusual growth. I should say the hair was a foot long. In cases where the body has been buried a good many years—say a hundred years—the hair is sometimes found a yard long on a man's head and much longer, of course, on a woman's."

Another undertaker said that he was employed at one time to remove a great number of bodies that had been buried in a cemetery which had been sold. They had lain undisturbed for an average of about twenty-five years and in nearly one-half the cases the hair on the heads of the men was from a foot to a foot and a half long. In cases of women it was evident enough from the arrangement of their hair that it had grown a great deal after death. There was no way, so far as he knew, of determining what causes the difference between cases, some hair growing and other apparently no growing or only growing a little, but he said he believed that in cases of fever there was apt to be such a growth.

It might be supposed that if a post mortem growth of hair is as common as has been indicated mention of the fact would have been made in the accounts that have been preserved of the remains of noted persons after burial but the only such instance that is recalled is that of Napoleon I. Of him it is said that when his body was removed from St. Helena to France it was found that the hair had grown to a great length.—*New York Herald.*

Gloves remain very long.

Prophecy.

I have heard it in the forest
Where the branches gray and bare,
From the sea of pines upstarting,
Stand like phantoms in the air;
Ghosts of beauty once so fair.

I have heard the distant echoes,
Faint and far, but wondrous sweet,
Telling that the summer cometh
Crowned with ecstasy complete;
And earth thrills beneath my feet.

I have seen the tidings written
On the far blue of the skies;
I have heard the brooklet singing
Softly 'neath its roof of ice,
Of the coming mysteries.

"Summer's coming, coming, coming,"
Sped the news from tree to tree.
Clouds of heaven bear it onward,
River, tell it to the sea.
"Summer comes! the earth is free."
—George L. Heath.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Always out of countenance—The nose.

The blandest counsel may be a cross-examiner.
High words—"Tip top," "peak," "summit," etc.

Now the thrifty fisherman figures up his net gains.

A man's tongue often betrays him, but he always can count on his fingers.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

The great question of the day at present is how to wear a high all-round collar and still be able to sneeze hard without cutting your throat.

One of the sweetest pictures of domestic economy is a poet blacking a white stocking so that it won't show through the fissure of his boot.

"He's grown to be a polished gentleman, anyhow," said an old lady gazing fondly as she spoke at the shining bald head of her son, just returned after a long absence.

"Papa," said a lad the other night, after attentively studying for some minutes an engraving of a human skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

A little chap in Gallatin, Tenn., son of a prominent turfman, was asked by his school-teacher to define "good breeding." "A mare with two Lexington crosses," was the instant reply.

"Johnnie, how many bones are there in the human body?" "Whose human body? Mine?" "Yes, yours, for instance." "Can't tell. You see