JOURNAL.

...ral Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects.—Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1892.

...YLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1893. NO. 16.

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...ribe for the JOURNAL ...ll the news. One ...ar in advance.

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton,
That lieth far and fair
And dreamlike in the heaven
Where skies are calm and clear?
With blown sails leaning whitely,
Sure winged 'neath storm or star,
They straightly steer, for still they hear
The love bells o'er the bar.

Within whose cots of white
Love dreams of love and listens
For footsteps in the night?
Like gulls their glad way winging
They speed from lands afar;
For still they hear, in music clear,
The love bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton?
Love blown across the foam;
For still the sea sings ever
The song of love and home;
Nor spicy isles, with splendid smiles,
Can win their sails afar,
While softly swells that chime of bells—
The love bells o'er the bar.

Oh, ships that sail to Melton,
With captains glad and grand;
The stars that light the ocean
Are the stars that light the land;
But say for me, adrift at sea
On lonely wrecks afar,
My heart still hears and dreaming nears
The love bells on the bar!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

Oh, no! Gloria Reggio didn't look like you, nor any of your cronies, nor even like pretty Janie Smith, who lives round the corner, and who has such laughing eyes and rosy cheeks. She—Gloria, I mean—had a dusky brown skin, and dusky brown eyes, fringed with eyelashes as black as ink, and a slender foot, shaped so that a stream of water—a small stream of course—could run underneath the hollow of it, and not wet the skin a bit. Gloria lived high up in the world; that is, she lived at the top of a tall tenement house, and she took care of her mother.

When they first came there, Mrs. Grady, who hired the flat below, peeped through the crack of her door and saw them going up stairs.

"Bless me sowl!" said she, looking at Gloria's mother, "what kind of hands do ye call thim? Sure, they'd not be able to wring the neck of a mouse, let alone blanketings and quilts."

You see, Mrs. Grady took in washing for a living, and had a pair of big red fists of her own, about the size of sledge hammers.

After Mrs. Grady thought the new comers had "got to rights," she went up to make a call. It was Gloria who opened the door with her fingers on her lips.

"How are ye, honey?" cried Mrs. Grady, with a voice like a watchman's rattle. "Mebbe yer didn't know I was yer next door neighbor."

She said this with a smirk, expecting Gloria to invite her in, but no, little Gloria, with her pale face and heavy eyes, did not quit her hold on the door, nor did she make any motion for Mrs. Grady to enter. She only whispered gravely, "What do you want?"

"What on earth do you suppose I want?" racketed Mrs. Grady, rather taken aback. "I ain't come a-begging. I've come up to see your mother."

"Mother isn't to be seen," said the child, still guarding the door.

"Is she sick?" inquired Mrs. Grady, without budging.

"Gloria!"

At the faint call, the stanch little doorkeeper darted away, and Mrs. Grady was free to walk in, and walk she did with a heavy tread and her head held high. But after the first few steps she stopped with a stare.

In front of her, spread loosely over the rough boards, was a small square of carpeting, the like of which Mrs. Grady had never seen in all her life before. Such beautiful colors as there were in it—yellow, that looked like melted sunshine; red and green, like rubies and emeralds!

Upon this bit of carpet cushions were piled, and among these, half sitting, half lying, Mrs. Grady saw a lady with white lips and bright scarlet cheeks. But the lady, Gloria's mother, did not see Mrs. Grady, for her eyes were closed, and Gloria, who was bathing busily her mother's head, seemed to have forgotten all about her too. Mrs. Grady began to feel out of place, and her eyes turned to the window.

There was an enormous china flower pot standing there, with awkward handles that dropped down and hung over on either side, just like a pair of giant's ears. And out of this odd vase grew an odd plant that shot up high its long, thick, ragged leaves and straggled them out, all spiked with little bunches of sharp thorns.

Then Gloria, still kneeling on the floor, began talking softly and rapidly, and once in awhile her mother, still with her eyes closed, would say a few words. The words that they talked seemed to Mrs. Grady to be twisted and doubled out of all manner of shape; indeed, she could not understand one of them. So Mrs. Grady, more and more astonished, and tongueties for the minute, tiptoed herself softly away. And as nobody knew she had come in, so nobody knew when she went out.

"Well, mother, did you see them?" asked Nancy curiously, as Mrs. Grady made her appearance in her own domains.

"Such outlandish furriners!" exclaimed her mother, throwing her apron over her head, and sitting down with both hands on both knees.

"Germans?" asked Kate, who was the oldest of the young Gradys, and who was wiring a bonnet frame.

"Turks, more like," said Mrs. Grady, "for they don't know how to lie in beds nor sit in chairs."

"Turks!" said Mary, "who do they talk like?"

"Like turkeys, to be sure," cried little lame Jim.

Then the baby, who was in the cradle just about taking a nap, grew wide awake, and lisped, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

There was a shout at this from all the children—that is, from all but Kate, who said, "How silly," and turned to her mother again.

"What are their names?" asked she.

"The little girl's name is 'Gloria,' leastwise, that's what her mother calls her, and that's the only word out of all their lingo I could make head or tail of."

"And how does it look up there?" asked Kate, putting down her work and making a regular business of asking questions.

"Haythenish!" replied Mrs. Grady, with a jerk of her head. "There's the ugliest parcel of thorns and weeds a-growing in the window as ever you set yer two eyes on, and the flowerpot they're in is made of crockery all colors like castile soap and as big besides as a washtub."

Here the baby, getting tired of saying "Gobble, gobble," to amuse its brothers and sisters, set up a scream and Mrs. Grady let alone "the out landish furriners," and rocked the cradle, while she sung "Kathleen Mavourneen," which was a favorite of the baby's.

Some time after Mrs. Grady had taken her departure Mrs. Reggio opened her eyes. Her faithful little nurse was still beside her.

"Mamma," said Gloria, "when will you get well?"

"I do not know," said her mother with a sigh.

"Well, when you go home to Spain, where you say it is so bright and warm, that will make you well, sure, won't it?"

"I think so," said Mrs. Reggio. "Ah, the dear old home. I am afraid I shall never see it again, and you, my darling—what will become of you when I die?"

"Oh, you will break my heart if you talk so," cried Gloria. "I know that letter will come soon, with money enough to take us to Spain a hundred times, and our wallet is not empty yet, by any manner of means."

Gloria talked more bravely than she felt, but she was determined to look on the bright side of things. She went over and looked at the straggly plant in the china vase.

"Mamma," she said, laughing, "I'm getting tired of tending this prickly, cross thing, that's never blossomed since I can remember. What do you keep it for?"

"When your papa and I were ready to sail your uncle brought it to us. 'It's a century plant,' he said, 'keep it for my sake, and you will find how rare and precious it is.'"

"Well, I think he might have given you something better," pouted Gloria. Suddenly she cried, "Oh, mamma, here is a bud."

"I guess not," said her mother. "It only blooms once in a hundred years."

"The idea of waiting a hundred years for a single flower," thought Gloria.

The days went by and the money melted away like smoke. There was no letter.

One day Gloria was knocking in her turn at Mrs. Grady's door.

Said Mrs. Grady in her turn, "What do you want?" And for an answer Gloria pitched forward, and would have fallen headlong had not Mrs. Grady caught her in her strong arms.

"A pretty howdy do," said Mrs. Grady, carrying her in the room and noting how thin and pinched her face was. "She's starved intoirely."

Peggy and Jim and Tommy and Mary and Nancy and Kate gathered round, while the baby dropped his bread and butter and ate his fingers instead. When Gloria came to herself she took courage.

"I want to find some work to do. Our money is most gone."

"You're not big enough to work," said Mrs. Grady.

"I'm not big, but, oh, so strong," said Gloria, trying to stand up.

"Mother," cried half a dozen hungry voices, "the taters are getting cold."

"Bless me, sure they are, an wasn't I forgittin thim entoirely; come now, darlint."

And before Gloria knew it she was sitting at the table with a piping hot potato before her and a dab of butter on the top of it like a golden crown. How delicious it was to the poor child, who was half fainting with hunger!

"Hooray!" cried Tommy, as he seized his hat. "I only leads the hosses to drink now, but jest you wait when I get to be boss; I'll take you to ride with a four-in-hand."

"Heigh-ho!" said Nancy. "I'll be stirring my stumps, I guess. There's piles of bandboxes to carry today," and she nodded to Gloria and was gone.

Then Peggy and Mary, with baskets on their heads, danced around for a minute crying, "Shaveens, shaveens," and finally disappeared, after telling Gloria to wait till they came back.

"I must go to the shop after more bonnet frames," said Kate, tieing on her hood. "Goodby, little baby," she said to Gloria, and she went off with a big bundle.

Lame Jim, too, had gone somewhere.

Mrs. Grady answered Gloria's questioning look. "Yes, they all work," said she, "but you could not leave your mother, and you are not old enough to wire bonnet frames, like Kate."

"No," said Gloria sadly, and she thought, "what will become of me?"

And now she caught sight of Jim in the corner. He was busy over a pile of something that looked like old rope.

"Even Jim there earns his salt," said Mrs. Grady; "he picks oakum."

"Couldn't I do that?" asked Gloria eagerly.

"It is dirty work."

"I shouldn't care, if it would only buy mother grapes and jellies."

"Law!" cried Mrs. Grady. "It wouldn't buy her mush, let alone them illegances. I only have Jim to do it just to keep him busy and get him into industrious habits."

"She can't live without them," said Gloria firmly.

Mrs. Grady shook her head.

"It's a hard case," said she, "but I'll be thinking over what can be done."

Gloria went up stairs with a heavy [illegible] still sleeping, and she went and took a look at the leather wallet. It had shrunk and shriveled up sorrily; there was nothing in it. Only a very little jelly in the dish, just [illegible] in the plate.

"What will mamma do when these are gone!" said she, and then thought how kind it was of Mrs. Grady to give her a breakfast.

"That was the reason I fainted," said she, "because I was hungry." Indeed the poor child had pinched herself for some time as much as possible, so as to get things for her mother.

The tears dropped from her eyes as she went slowly across the room.

"I hope," said she, "that mamma will sleep till late, for I must tell her how the last cent is gone."

The sun streamed in at the window, but it wasn't that that blinded her. There were some pigeons cooing outside. Could they have startled her?

Not at all. Something pink and gold was swinging above her. Was it the bud that had blossomed? Yes; just that. The ragged century plant had flowered.

At first Gloria felt nothing but delight, and then she thought:

"Dear, dear; after all it is no good. It is neither victuals nor drink. If it was only a gold dollar or even a silver quarter hanging there it would be better.

However, she drew up a chair, and standing on it pulled down the sweet scented flower to a level with her nose.

"It is better than cologne," said she. "I wish I could get it over by mother so the minute she wakes she could see it and have a snuff."

Then she measured the size of the flowerpot with her eye.

"I mean to try it," said she.

She could just clasp the two clumsy handles. She tugged away at it. It was pretty heavy, but, thanks to the big, buttered potato she had eaten, she managed to lift it.

Then a slip, and away it went!

The crash woke her mother, who started up to see the great vase broken in two upon the floor and Gloria on her feet crying.

"Do you see, mother? The bud has blossomed. Look at the pink flower and the river of gold."

Gold, gold, gold! It tumbled and rolled from the great crack in the vase. It chinked and clinked and made merry music I think. At any rate Gloria and her mother thought so.

"We are happy now. We will not need to wait for a letter. It is no matter though the brown wallet is empty," said Gloria, heaping up the dollars in her hands.

"Oh, my dear, good uncle!" cried Mrs. Reggio with clasped hands. "Now I know why you so charged me to keep this, your gift. Oh, that you could only see the despair you have saved us from."

Not long after all the Gradys stood on the doorstep, for Gloria and her mother had just bidden them goodby. They walked away up the street, and a man wheeled the century plant in a wheelbarrow by the side of them.

"It's the end ov 'em," says Mrs. Grady.

And so it is, to the Gradys, and to America, and to us.—New York News.

Some Misnamed Drugs.

Some misnomers of the drug store: Oil of vitrol is not an oil. Copperas is an iron salt and contains no copper. Salts of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but it is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid. Soda water contains no soda. Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur. Sugar of lead has nothing to do with lead, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream. Oxygen means the "acid generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element, and many acids contain oxygen. German silver contains no silver, and black-lead contains no lead. Berberine is usually made from hodrastis canadensis. Wormseed is unexpanded flower buds. Milk of lime has no milk. Quicksilver is purely mercury. Oil of origanum is made from thyme, and not from origanum.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Old American Warships.

It would be well if we in America could catch enough of the spirit of the protest which has resulted in the rescue by a private English syndicate of Nelson's flagship to secure the proper preservation of our own historic vessels. Most of those which would have been our chief pride have already been destroyed. But there remain in the navy four ships that possess a true historic interest. The old Constitution is the receiving ship at Portsmouth, N. H. She was saved from destruction some years ago by the protest of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and others. But for their agitation she would have been broken up.

The Constellation is now the practice ship at the Naval academy, Annapolis, but with the completion of the new ship Bancroft in the coming spring, she probably will go out of commission and may be sold for junk, for there is no special provision for her maintenance or repair. Ought she not to be saved as an object lesson to school children and a tangible memorial of our old navy? It is gratifying to know that the Kearsarge and the Hartford are protected by special acts of congress, which provide that these two ships shall not be sold, but shall be kept in repair even if the cost should exceed the 20 per cent. limit fixed as the maximum that may be allowed for the repair of wooden ships.—Review

LOCKS AND THEIR HISTORY.

Interesting Facts in Relation to Their Invention and Evolution.

Since man became secretive or covetous locks and bolts have been a necessity. To keep a would be intruder on the right side of a door and the fingers of a thief from the object of his cupidity our ancestors improvised the wooden bar and designed the mysterious lock. The latter was of course the later product as involving mechanical skill and a knowledge of metals. The ancient Egyptians the original lock, which was simple in construction and by no means proof against the ingenuity of the primitive burglar. They were mostly made of wood, with an occasional example of iron or copper. The warded lock was a further evolution, and during the Middle Ages, in which so much of mechanical work was associated with sacerdotal instincts and objects the products were characterized by elaboration and the highest style of finish.

The religion of mechanics in those mediæval times was conscience in work and faith in its thoroughness, to which in modern days we cannot honestly make so valid a claim. The result in the art of lock making was the production of specimens, of which it is said that history and antiquarians tell of no finer specimens, art and handiwork being happily compared. The tumbler lock is Mongolian, and has been in use in the Celestial empire for centuries, the ancient Chinese being artists in mechanical devices, and by no means the blockheads so liberally scandalized on the sand lots and platforms of modern times. The combination padlock has also a venerable record, and is attributed to the genius of a French locksmith, the opinion, however, being held by antiquarians that its inception dates back to a remotor period.

Be that as it may, it is evident that in locks as in everything else in pure mechanics, we are but improvers on our predecessors. Ingenuity has adapted itself to changing conditions. The lock is more a necessity than ever. It has more valuables to protect, and better educated rogues to frustrate, and we are getting eminently rich in both articles, while in the skill of the locksmith as much as in the valor of the police we place the faith that leaves no headache in our nightcaps, and keeps our bonds and ledgers safe. We have evolutionized in lock manufacture from the Egyptian article to the modern combination mystery of which, as far as burglarious intentions are concerned, there is no key but a deposit of giant powder or a pinch of dynamite.

It is, however, to the four types of locks named that we owe all subsequent evolutions, and are not perhaps, except in improvements, so far ahead of elderly skill as we sometimes assume. It is simply a matter of pedigree, and in mechanical ingenuity, as in a family calendar, we could as reasonably expect to be on the census roll without a grandfather, as to be where we are in manufactures without our antecedents. In the matter of locks we care more about practical protection than in making their brass and iron monumental of a canonized man or act, and in this sense we are in keeping with the age that is more anxious about its deposits than its biographies. It is, however, none the less a fact that in the ingenious mechanism of the modern lock we are but simply amplifying the discoveries of our predecessors.—Age of Steel.

Write Interestingly.

In writing letters to your friends or acquaintances, make what you say not only worth reading, but as free as possible from all affectation. Say very little about the affairs of others, and be guarded in what you write of your own private concerns, but apart from this do not pick and choose words, nor feel obliged to consider how each sentence shall be "rounded." Your letters will, in case you are constantly considering your mode of expression, be dull a... stupid and not worth their po... Write to your friends as y... talk to them.

In the last century ... was a fine art, and ... have the most charming ... pictures of the times. Horace Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Mme. d'Arblay are three among a hundred famous letter writers of that day, when to send a letter any distance cost some shillings, and therefore all "the news," as well as the social and domestic events, was chronicled.—Harper's Young People.

Little Essay for a Tea Party.

Did you ever think about the logic of stimulus? Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do if you give her a chance. In how short a time will she revive the overtired brain! A breath under the apple tree, a siesta on the grass, a whiff of wind, an interval of refinement, and the balance and serenity are restored. A clean creature needs so little and responds so readily! There is something as miraculous as the gospels in it. Later in life society becomes a stimulus. Occasionally the gentle excitation of a cup of tea is needed. A mind invents its own tonics, by which, without permanent injury, it makes rapid rallies and enjoys good moods.—Emerson.

That which Carlyle names as the chief of life's tragedies, "that a human creature capable of knowledge should die ignorant," need be no longer enacted among us now that the university extension movement makes advanced study possible for those engrossed with cares or hampered by conditions which prevent their entrance in college or university. In England the extension movement has become a vital part of educational life.—New York Sun.

IN ONE SCHOOLROOM.

Alarming Ignorance Shown by Both Teacher and Scholars.

In the sixth grade the subject of the lesson was California. During this recitation no textbook was used by the teacher. The teacher opened the lesson with the question, "How long does it take to go to California?" Then correcting herself, she said, "No, tell me first why you would like to go to California," though no one had expressed any particular de... sire to visit. "I like to take a dri... around the mountains," answered one of the children.

"I should like to see the Golden gate," said another.

This answer was followed by a cry of "chestnuts" from one of the boys. This remark did not, however, attract the attention of the teacher. In fact during the entire lesson there was a complete absence of discipline.

After the children had given their reasons for desiring to go to California, the teacher remarked, "Now, tell me how long it takes to go there?"

In reply to this all sorts of guesses were made, the lowest being five days and the highest seven weeks.

At last a little girl said: "I know. My mamma went to California last winter. She started on a Thursday evening"——

This manner of solving the problem did not, however, appear to meet with unanimous approval, as the child's remarks were cut short by a cry of "Come off."

Unfortunately to the teacher herself the whole subject of California appeared to be involved in as deep a mystery as the language of the Hindoos. Indeed the children appeared to do more toward the enlightenment of the teacher than the latter did to enlighten them. Nevertheless she finally put an end to the agonizing suspense by saying, "I think it would take about a week."

"Through what cities would you pass in traveling from Buffalo to California?" was the next question.

"Chicago," said one of the children.

"Let me see," the teacher remarked, as she walked to the wall map to verify the answer. When other cities were mentioned, she did the same thing.

"What can you tell me about San Francisco?" she asked later. "It is the largest city in California," a pupil replied.

"It is one of the largest, but I don't know that it is the largest," said the teacher.

This ridiculous recitation was closed with the reading of an extract from an article on California which one of the children had found in an encyclopedia.—Dr. J. M. Rice in Forum.

The Hero Was Rewarded.

"A little child kept me from killing a man once," said C. E. Edwards, a guest of the Southern. "Some years ago I was conducting a sto... for other parties at Winneconne, Wis. I had a clerk who systematically robbed me. I finally came up with him and he made a clean breast of the matter. He said that he had been hired to plunder the store by one of the owners, who was my rival for the hand of a young lady in Fond du Lac. His object was to fix upon me the crime of embezzlement and send me to Waupun. I was young and hot headed, and at once went gunning for the heavy villain of my little drama. I found him in a store at Fond du Lac, and informed him that his time had come.

The miserable wretch got down on his knees and begged for his life, but I was pitiless. As I brought my pistol down on him his sister, a wee toddler whom I had not before noticed, threw her arms about his neck. She thought he had knelt down to play with her. That was too much for me. I pitched ... into the river, and ... sition. But ... was re... unw... o...

Now a ... presently a be...

If we knew ... indicative of the ... "by" might be as... beyond.

"By the bye" was in ... used in a different, almo... sense to that in which w... ploy it, as an equivalent to th... a propos, not as expressive o... thing apposite, but, on the con... as, according to Johnson, "... thing not the direct and immediate object of regard." In neither case is the employment of "by" in these two familiar expressions accounted for.—Notes and Queries.

A story is told of an eminent naturalist (I forget his name) who was hoping to develop the intelligence of a monkey to whose education he was devoting himself. One day he saw with delight that the monkey was sitting at the other end of the room turning over the leaves of a valuable book on entomology and looking at the plates with apparent interest. But on going nearer he saw, with dismay, that the monkey was turning over the plates in order that, when he came to a particularly large beetle or butterfly, he might pick it out and eat it. As the paper could not have had a nice taste, I think he may have been actuated rather by the fun of the thing than by a mere depraved appetite. Perhaps he was verifying the like method of learning among the philosophers of Laputa.—London Spectator.