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MORNING GLORY.

Once upon a time, somewhere, in Somebody's garden, there grew a Morning Glory vine. Nobody knew how it came there, for no one had planted it, but it was a pretty little thing, with green hearts for leaves and cunning little pale green curls here and there upon its fairy stem.

She wanted to get up off the ground where she had been all of her short life, so she crept slowly along to find something to take hold of that she might climb high up into the bright sunlight. She put out her tender tendrils and felt carefully along, for she was blind, poor little thing, and could not see where she was going.

As she reached out she felt something hard. "Ah, perhaps this is something so high," thought the Morning Glory, so she crawled up the side quite to the top, but she was not high at all—not much higher than the ground—for it was only a small stone that he had found; so she sadly crept back down the other side, and she lay there quite discouraged.

There was an old man who used to take care of Somebody's garden, and he saw this plant growing there and grouping about for support, so he fastened a string from a peg stuck into the ground up to Somebody's window sill, and then he quite forgot all about it.

The next morning the Morning Glory felt more cheerful, and she started upon her search again. She had not far to go this time, because the kind old man had fastened the peg very near to where she lay; so she reached about with caution to avoid another stone, and took hold of the string.

The poor, sightless little thing did not know that the old man had put it there for her, but somehow she felt that it would lead her to where she wished to go—up toward the beautiful blue sky and the great golden sun.

So she climbed along the string, slowly at first, then faster each day as she began to know the way, until, like Jack's bean stalk, she had reached the window sill.

Now Somebody, the person who owned the garden, was ill; so ill that he had to stay always in his room with an ugly black bandage over his eyes, and the doctors feared that he might never see again.

He was very unhappy, and was often—oh, so very!—cross, and the servants quite feared him when he spoke to them in a harsh and unkind tone of voice.

He had no relatives, and he lived quite alone in his great house, with many people to wait upon him, and with ever so much money to buy things to make him happy, but the things that one buys do not always make one happy, and he was terribly wrenched in his leg, too, besides.

One morning he groped his way to the open window and put his hand out upon the sill of the frame, and he felt a little, sharp nail. Now if he had been gentle the nail would not have hurt him, for it was a harmless little thing, but he made a rough, impatient movement, and it caught his finger and bruised it a little.

This made Somebody very angry, and he said some very unpleasant things about the person who dared to put a nail outside his window, and he felt about, very cautiously this time, to find the nail once more, that he might tear it out.

So he moved his hand slowly along upon the sill, and the Morning Glory was reaching her little hand about there all the same time, and their two hands met.

One did not look at all like a hand, but it was one just the same, and the little green hand grasped the great white one and they seemed to know and understand each other at once, for the little green hand said to the large white one very tenderly: "Oh! so you are blind, too! I am so sorry!"

The great hand did not try to find the nail after that; it just touched the Morning Glory with a soft caress and two great drops fell upon the leaves. They felt strangely and not at all like the cool rain drops which sometimes watered the Morning Glory, and something told her that those drops were warm.

Now, after this these two—Somebody and the Morning Glory—grew to love each other very deeply, and each day they would feel about for one another, and the dainty Morning Glory would nestle against his bearded cheek and Somebody would pet her and stroke her leaves very gently.

And the cheerful hopefulness of the little green plant helped Somebody to be a little bit hopeful, too. You see it was harder for him, for he had not always been blind, while she had never seen, and was so used to it that now she hardly minded it at all.

One morning the Morning Glory brought her friend a surprise. She had kept it a secret all the while, and now she proudly put a great, beautiful pink blossom into his hand. He could not see that it was pink, but he felt that it was lovely, and he kissed the pretty flower and murmured, "You little beauty!" and that made the Morning Glory very happy; for all mothers dearly love to have their babies admired, you know.

And the next morning Somebody had a surprise for the Morning Glory. That was a secret, too. No one knew it yet but the doctor, and Somebody drew the little Morning Glory close to his lips and whispered it into her ear. Then the little green hand twined about the great white one, and this is what it said: "I am so glad that you are not going to be blind any more." And tenderly understood it, and the Morning Glory again felt two great warm drops which she knew to be tears; but they were not bitter like the first ones; they were very sweet, because they were tears of joy.

After this Somebody went away and was quite a long time. The weeks moved and he did not return, and the little Morning Glory was very sad; she felt lost that he had left her so suddenly and with no word of adieu.

Everything was in a state of great bustle and preparation all over the place. Little Morning Glory could hear them hammering and running about, and she felt that something was going to happen. Once she ventured to word "bride," and something told her what it all meant, and a little jealous pain went through her heart, for she had once overheard the housemaid telling the cook that all men were fickle, and that when they were away from one they never thought of one at all, and were taken up with whomever was nearest them, and the cook had agreed fully with all that the housemaid had said, and the cook knew much if any one did, she said.

So little Morning Glory hung her leaves in sadness and quite forgot to feel proud of her pretty pink babies—for there were a great many of them now.

Once she felt something tug at her roots and a rough hand grasped her then a kind voice said, "Don't touch that master loved the little vine, and it must be left as it is." Oh, how relieved little Morning Glory felt at these words! She reached out and tried to touch the speaker, but the maid hurried away and never saw the little green hands at all.

Soon the nights began to be chilly, and one by one her babies left her and fluttered to the ground, and she herself grew pale and felt very weak and ill, and she feared that she was going to die. How she wished that Somebody would come back; she was afraid that he would be too late.

One morning she heard the window open, and Somebody again stood there; there was some one with him now—a beautiful lady—and he held her in his arms and called her "sweetheart." In his new happiness he had quite forgotten, his little friend, and Morning Glory's heart ached as she remembered what the maid had told the cook.

Just then Somebody looked out and saw poor little Morning Glory with her leaves all faded and brown, and he exclaimed himself because he had not thought of her before.

"Here, dearest," he said to the lady, "this is the little friend I told you of, and he laid the withered little stem in the lady's delicate hand.

A glad thrill ran through the Morning Glory, and she dropped easy they cuddle into the soft open palm; then as the wind swept around the corner a sudden shudder seized her, and little Morning Glory was dead.

"See her yet?" said Somebody, pointing to the little black seeds, "that means good luck; it is her gift to the bride."

And the beautiful lady smiled and put the seeds in a little box, saying, "Next year we will have another Morning Glory vine there just like the old one."

"No," said Somebody, "never one quite like that, for that one was like a little friend; it really seemed to understand me. But then I don't need any one to understand me now, for I have you," and again the lady was folded in a loving embrace and Somebody kissed her softly.—Marie Moore in Chicago Times.

The Poets of Ireland.

No critic has yet given us a scientific analysis of Irish genius, but there are certain features of it which all recognize as distinctive—as peculiarly Irish. The most marked of these, perhaps, is the delicate subtlety of the language used in expressing the emotions. Through all the ages this has been noted. No matter whether the poet or orator was Keltic or Norman, Dane or Saxon, if only his family had been in Ireland long enough, his effusions showed the same exquisite perception of the delicate shades of meaning in all words expressive of sorrow or love, anger, humor or hatred, devotion or patriotism. Is it in the air or the scenery?

The verses of Tom Moore, Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Maginn, Charles Lever and many others might be cited in this connection.

These are but specimens of the land cultured Irish poets, but the great point of interest in this connection is the mass mass of poetry and song floating among the common people. Another has distinguished Ireland from the earliest times. The Druids and the bards, the early Christian missionaries and later heroes, even the transplanted Danes, Normans, Scotchmen, Saxons, all were poets after their kinds, and in many sections of Ireland the trained ear often detects a sort of rhythm in the common speech of the peasantry. To sketch very as briefly the writers of popular Irish songs in recent times would simply be to write a book. And the supply is apparently without limit, the music as sweet, the language as tender, as delicately shaded as ever. No poet is more at home without its pale, no singer of Ireland but enjoys many local ballads. Yet, it must be in the air.

An instrument for testing the speed of electricity on English lines gives the rate at 288,000 miles a second. This is pretty lively going, especially for bad weather, and if the man who sends the message would stir his stumps with equal speed (hard to some fun to chase up a wheat deal.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Get Rid of a Bore.

Mrs. Greatheed—How quickly the time passes in the company of clever people, Mr. Hewby! It seems only ten minutes since you came, and it is a good two hours.—Harper's Bazar.

A Proposal.

She (piqued)—I don't know exactly what to make of you, Mr. Blind!

He eager to suggest—Er—why not try a honeymoon?—American Grocer.

If the sheets on which books are printed were of uniform size a quarter page would be as cozy as an area as a square foot or an acre, and before the invention of machines for making paper, there was such uniformity in the size of sheets. The paper molds in which the sheets were made had fixed conventional sizes.

The first locomotive to run in the south was built in New York from plans furnished by a citizen of Charleston, S. C. It was called the "Best Friend," and was placed on the Charleston railroad in 1830.

In the vast majority of instances man's the phosphorescent light is useful only in guiding one set in its search for the other, and this is probably the case with deep sea fish as well as with terrestial creatures.

CUSTOMS OF HONOLULU.

The Best Looking Girls Are Trained to Dance Before the King.

The beautiful crescent shaped harbor, with the big Diamond and Punch Bowl mountain peaks on either side and the town of Honolulu nestling between them are the changing scenes forming the prelude to a strange drama. The countrymen, farmers and peasants after but little clothing, simply what the natives call a mat, a poor apology for the big leaf. The fishermen wear other clothing when they come into the town, but as soon as they have sold their wares and return to the country or the sea the clothing is removed and carried over their shoulder. The native men are of splendid physique having fine figures and splendidly developed muscles.

When I had been in Honolulu but a few days I was riding past a country house in company with some friends. I noticed what I supposed were two bronze figures. I asked why statues were placed in a locality so remote from town and from any park. My question provoked peal upon peal of laughter. After a short time the statues walked away.

The society of the king's dancers is called the lemanos. The Hawaiian girls mature young, at 12 and 14 years. They have the dark, languid eyes and the voluptuous beauty of form that may be seen only in warm countries. From the most beautiful of these girls the king's dancers are selected. Great care is taken to secure the most attractive mold of form and the superior luxuriance of beauty. They are twenty in number. A place is prepared for them near the queen's palace. Their diet is the best that can be provided, and all their surroundings are those of luxury and dreamy, languid ease.

Upon state occasions they dance at the king's palace and also for the entertainment of distinguished visitors who wish to see all there is on the island. They wear short skirts made of birds' feathers and belted at the waist. Over the shoulder and under the arm is passed a black silk ribbon upon which is printed in gilt letters the name of the society. Their dance to the wild music of the royal band of thirty-six pieces is indescribable.

Another female society of very peculiar characteristics, and one in which a membership is eagerly sought, is the lilinokoiwa or riding society. The riding costume is called the pareo. It is a single piece of silk fifteen yards long and two yards wide. The ladies of the society all ride astride. The costume is folded in such a manner that one yard floats in the air upon either side of the horse. It is tucked in around the waist. It is usually of the brightest colors.—Cor. Denver News.

The Source of Nitrogen in Plants.

The progress recently made in studying the interdependent relations of living organisms is clearing up some of the obscure problems in the nutrition of plants that have a direct bearing on the processes of evolution and the applications of science in agriculture.

Since the discovery of the composition of the atmosphere the problem of the sources of the nitrogen of vegetation has given rise to a wide range of experimental investigation and discussion than any other in vegetable physiology. The evidence appeared to be conclusive as to its source in certain families, including the cereals, while the larger supplies of nitrogen obtained by leguminous plants were not fully accounted for.

The experiments of Hoseingarch in France and the elaborate investigations of Rothamsted, in England, seemed to show that atmospheric nitrogen is not appropriated to any extent by the leaves of plants, and that the soil is the main or sole source of the nitrogen of vegetation.—Dr. Manly Miles in Popular Science Monthly

Too Honorable.

Mrs. Heartless—Yes, it just keeps me on pins and needles to think my dear boy belongs to a football club. I'm so afraid something will happen. Does yours?

Mrs. Cheery—Indeed he doesn't. He wanted to join one, but I just necked him off to Harvard, where they don't have anything worse than duelling clubs.—New York Weekly.

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" " Wraps,	"	25.00 " 12.50
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" " "	"	2.50 " 1.00
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