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Origin of The Morning Glory

By Virginia Horton.

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It was the festival of the flowers. They had come from every clime, and every forest and garden, every hill and dell, had sent its representative. High carnival had been held, and this morning, the last of the festival, was devoted to story telling, either history or legend or incident of travel. As the Morning Glory had not yet spoken some one proposed hearing her, ere she fell asleep in the heat of the day.

"I am not much given to talking," the Morning Glory said, "but as you have called upon me you shall hear the history of my family."

And this is the story that she told: We were not always morning glories. No, indeed. The time was, if you count back far enough, when my first ancestor was a brown one, living in the darkness of the earth and dreading the beautiful light and the warmth of the glorious sunshine which today is our breath of life, for you must know that among the brown ones the light of day is forbidden, and woe to the one that is caught by its rays, for he is instantly changed into

Well, in this long gone time it happened that the queen of the fairies fell ill. No one knew why or how, for such a thing had never before happened, and well you may imagine the consternation that filled the court.

Of course the underground people knew nothing of all this, but one night, when they were permitted to come to earth, to travel in the light of the moon, they found how desolate a place it had become, and then they heard the fairies weeping, and they marveled more and

The young prince, son of the brown king, determined to find out the cause of the trouble, and, mounting a chariot made of trembling night dew and drawn by eight fireflies, he drove directly to the palace and sought the king.

When he heard of the queen's illness, he promised the king that he would find out what had caused it and a means of bringing back her health even if he lost his own life doing so.

That very night, against the will of his father and all the brown ones, for they looked to him to govern them if ever they lost their king, the prince set out on his quest. Only in the night dared be go. At first feel of the gray dawn he would creep into the ground and lie concealed until nightfall, when again he would set

He encountered all kinds of dangers. but he never ceased asking every stick and stone, every blade of grass and every drop of water if it could tell the reason for earth's sadness. Always, too, he received the same answer, and he knew that he must go until one should answer as he wished.

One night he came to a great fire raging through a wood.

"Fire, fire, can you say why the world is sad?" he asked.

But the fire answered only: "I crackle! I crackle!"

Then he went on until he same to an avalanche, and to it he said:

"Avalanche, can you tell why the world is sad?"

And its only answer was: "I fall! I fall!"

The brown prince was almost in despair, but soon he reached a rushing torrent and asked it the same question: "Torrent, torrent, do you know why

the world is sad?" And to his joy, instead of answering as

he expected that it would, "I rush! I rush!" the torrent said:

"Yea, for the fairy queen is ill." "That is the answer I have been waiting for!" the brown prince cried. "And now you must yield up the secret and tell me how to cure her.'

"The fairy queen has lost her talisman-ic pearl. You must find it, and she will

then recover."

"But how shall I find it?" "Go back to the fairy court, the torrent answered, "catch the first golden ray of the morning sun and lock it in the drop of dew that lies on the queen's heart. It will instantly form into the pearl that has been destroyed, and the queen will once more be well."

Then the brown prince was sad, for he knew that if he caught that ray of light, while it gave life to the queen, it would be death to him. But then he remembered his promise, and so instead of going back to his underground home and letting the earth perish as well as the queen of the fairies be returned to the court and told the king what he had

"Then all is lost," said the king, "for I cannot ask you, Prince Brown, to die. Life is as dear to you as to any of us.

and so we must suffer and bear.' Prince Brown did not answer, for he suddenly felt the gray dawn creeping up, and, being determined, at the risk of his own life, to save the queen and the earth, he ran to her palace, and just as the first sunbeam climmered through the wood he caught it and imprisoned it in the dewdrop on her breast. Instantly the dewdrop glowed with life, and the queen sat up, beautiful and strong as ever. All the world, too, burst once more into gladess and bloom, but Prince Brown droped to the ground, a piece of stone.

When the king told the queen all that

had happened, she said:

"He gave his life for mine, so hear me one and all! I cannot restore what he gave, but I will give him life forever-more. He shall climb up to the sun's

light which caused his death, and it shall benceforth be his life, and to repay him for his weary wanderings he shall have rest by night."

As she ceased speaking the queen touched the stone, and instantly a vine sprang up, with flowers opened to the sunlight.

Then the king said: "And since he brought us joy after the night of despair I give to Prince Brown the name of Morning Glory and to his

flowers the many hues of the sun's own light,-St. Louis Star.

WHY HE LIKES MUSIC.

A Physician Whose Reputation as a Critic Was Blasted.

There's a physician in Baltimore who adores music. His taste, to be sure, runs rather to "Old Black Joe," "Suwannee River" and such classics, but still any sort of music will do, and he listens to it all ecstatically and with a properly intelligent look on his face.

It was therefore believed that he had a fine taste for harmony, and his reputation as a critic was established and grew apace as reputations will, good or

The other evening as his daughter approached the house in which this 9 p m. physician lived she heard the strains | Phone 27. of "Home, Sweet Home," proceeding from the library.

"Father's at it again," she said to herself softly. "I wonder who he has coerced into playing for hun now?"

A glance disclosed the fact that he had bribed three street musicians, two violinists and a harpist into giving him a private recital. They finished the air just as the young woman entered, and the physician turned to her with a beaming face. "That 'Nearer, My God, to Me,' is a beautiful thing, isn't it?" he asked.

It was the first time he had committed himself on the subject of "tunes," and his glory began to diminish from that moment, for his daughter told the incident as what she considered an ex-

Now the worthy man says that he likes music solely as an incentive to thought and listens to it when he wishes to solve some knotty problem of arfrom insomnia go to church and listen to the sermon to be put to sleep.—Baltimore News.

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TRAINS GODG SOUTH

DATED July 22d, 1900,	No 23, Daily	No 35 Dally	No 108, Daily ex Sunday	No 41, W	No. 4		
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Ar. Weldon..... 4 32 1 00 P. M. A. M. P. M. Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 3:55 p. m., Halifax 4:17 p. m., arrives Scotland Nock at 5:08 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m. Greenville 8:53 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:18, a. m.. Weldon 11:23 a. m., 44:19 except Sunday.

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