

THE MORNIN'-GLORY GIRL

under Betty's reference to the unburnished state of her cloud.

Mrs. Wopp obligingly gave as an encore, "There were ninety and nine," apropos of nothing whatever. Then turning to a portrait on the wall, she enlarged on the musical ability of a great-uncle from whom she reckoned she had received her gift of song.

"I sorter hoped Moses'd take arter Uncle Josh, too," she said, regretful'y.

The inexorable portrait on the wall seemed to gaze down on the recalcitrant youth with disapproval.

"He's been pushin' up the daisies fer thirty years, I ain't goin' to warble to please no tombstun." Moses swung a ponderous foot to give emphasis to his decision.

"Don't sit there wool-gatherin' anyways, Mose, or the moths'll nest in yer head. Ef you carn't sing in toon, you kin bring up a cup of tea fer Miss Gordon an' Mr. Eliot, an' don't fergit Betty an' yer Mar."

Betty was still faintly laughing at Moses' spirited retort to his mother's observations on his singing.