

## THE MORNIN'-GLORY GIRL

be happy." She looked at her teacher and Nell wondered if the child had read her heart and had seen its unhappiness.

"Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,  
Wait till the clouds roll by,  
Jenny, my own true loved one  
Wait till the clouds roll by."

Mrs. Wopp's voice, a dramatic outburst before which almost any cloud would have quailed, filled the bed-room. Betty turned to Nell Gordon, "I hope all yer clouds'll hev silver linin's, Miss Gordon," she smiled.

"Why, Betty?"

"'Cause I love you, 'n' I hope the edges'll be all pink like my mornin'-glories."

Howard caught Nell's gaze. He longed to gather the girl who had so completely captured his heart into his arms and kiss away their estrangement.

"I think the linin' of Miss Gordon's cloud needs polishin' these days," ventured Betty, shyly.

"Won't you sing something else, Mrs. Wopp." Nell was growing uncomfortable