

THE MORNIN'-GLORY GIRL

Upstairs the lightning filled Betty's room with a weird intermittent radiance. The child had become increasingly drowsy and asked Howard to sing her to sleep.

"What song would you like, Betty?"

"Mary an' Martha hev jist gone along to ring them shinin' beils."

To the melody of the shining bells, Betty dropped off to sleep.

Nell's mirth at Betty's choice of a hymn could be stifled no longer. Howard's studied aloofness yielded before her laughter and the hand that was not supporting Betty caught and pressed the small dimpled fingers of Nell.

"Can you forgive me, Nell? This guiding star of Moses is our guiding star, too." After a moment Howard continued, "I wish we could transplant this morning-glory into *our* garden, don't you?"

Nell's answer was somehow strangely muffled.

Although she was asleep, Betty was fully conscious in that Dream-World of love and joy where values are real. Nell and Howard saw a tender smile light up her sweet