

## THE MORNIN'-GLORY GIRL

After this vigorous onslaught upon the quondam admirer of Nell, Mrs. Wopp ordered Moses to help her prepare the spare room on the ground-floor for the young rancher.

"The storm'll be worse yet, Mr. Howard, so you jist stay here till the cock crows fer risin', an' I'll cook you a breakfast better'n a pore lonely bachelor kin cook fer hisself."

From the kitchen came an unmistakeable odor of cheese. Ebenezer Wopp was having a slight snack before retiring. With the back of his nervous hand he was wiping from the corners of his mouth the tell-tale crumbs.

"Ebenezer Wopp, no wonder you talk sich ridicilsome nonsense in yer sleep, eatin' cheese at night. It's 'nough to make you dream of boer-constructors."

Uplifted by limburger, Mr. Wopp grew emboldened, "Jist a mouthful of somethink don't hurt no-body, an' I'll be asleep afore you kin say Jack Robinson, an' ef I talk as loud as you snore, we're even I reckon."

"There ain't a shadder of a doubt Moses takes arter his Par in the gift of the gab," was Mrs. Wopp's genial rejoinder.