

## THE MORNIN'-GLORY GIRL

"Betty dimples in an' out, like Mar's dough," he remarked, joyously, "she's shore gittin' better."

Going down the stairs his loud unmelodious singing reached the ears of those in the bedroom. When he arrived at the foot, Betty, whose ears were attuned to all acts of outlawry, had reason to believe that Moses performed three successive somersaults.

"That boy'll sartinly spill the tea," prophesied Mrs. Wopp, with laughing pessimism.

"I don't give two whoops ef he does," Betty was bubbling with suppressed mirth.

Moses reappeared with a tray. The tea had been spilled as foretold by his Mother, but sufficient was left for the party. Betty drank from a dainty cup, her little finger straight and rigid as was fitting for the delicate hand-painted china

The effulgence of Mrs. Wopp's smile was somewhat obscured by "I told you so's," but the aroma of the steaming tea-pot soon restored its radiance.

"This is like the cup I had at Mrs. Newman's, in Calgary," said Betty, then turn-