

Gentleman. Certainly; go on with the demonstration. You have a scientific mind.

Irishman. Sure I have. The sun begins to sink gradually down, down (*pointing with one hand while he holds the stick level with the other*), until he gets behind the hills. There! (*Triumphantly.*)

Gentleman. Well; go on.

Irishman. Go on, is it? Why should he go on any more? It's his time of rest, isn't it?

Gentleman. But you have got to fetch him around to the east to rise to-morrow morning.

Irishman. Is that it? Well, the sun sinks to rest in the rosy west.

Gentleman. Well?

Irishman. He sinks to rest in the rosy west.

Gentleman. So you told me; but you must get him back, or we shall have no sunrise to-morrow.

Irishman. Well, he does get back.

Gentleman. But how?

Irishman. (*Scratches his head*). Why, he waits till it gets dark, and then he slips back while we are all dead asleep.

Gentleman. (*Laughs and walks off.*)

Irishman. Laugh, do you now? (*Shakes his shillalah.*) How else should he get back? (*Follows.*)

W.

Home from Young Ladies' College

CHARACTERS: Laura and Isabel. The girls are dressed very stylishly, both with hats on. Enter hand in hand.

Laura. My dear Isabel, I was so afraid you would not come. I waited at that horrid station a full half hour for you. I went there early on purpose, so as to be sure not to miss you.

Isabel. Oh, you sweet girl!

L. Now sit right down; you must be tired. Just lay your hat there on the table and we'll begin to visit