

scrub a floor with good soft soap and wood ashes, until it's sweet smelling, and white, and not all a streaky?

Mrs Kelly—Well now, Jane, I really don't know, but she plays the melodeon beautifully and sings the dear old Irish songs, she does, until your heart is in your mouth, it is. (Wipes her eyes.)

Miss Skinning—That is all very fine, Mary, but her man, when she gets one, will want more than his heart in his mouth; and, mark my words, Mary Kelly, that's the truth I'm telling you, and no mistake.

Mrs. Goodsense—Well, I don't see any reason why Arabella, or any other girl, can't learn to keep a clean house and yet know a little about other things, too, that is if she lays her mind to it.

Mrs. De Vere—I would place the emphasis on higher education and the fine arts though.

Mrs. Goodsense—Well, if I am not mistaken, her man, when she gets one, will place the emphasis on a good, square meal, and take to the finer arts after being satisfied, and comfortable like. (Turns leaf.)

Mrs. Kelly—My sisters. You will remember them, the first is Jane—

Mrs. Goodsense—Oh, sure, I mind Jane well, she married a farmer, Samuel Hopkins by name, and moved out West.

Mrs. Kelly—That is true, Jemima; the picture is not a good one of Jane. Jane was a good looking girl in her day, was Jane. Then there is Car-