

Mrs. Chubb—(Flustered)—“Oh, I must go. I’d rather not talk—I—.”

Anne—“Was he a friend of your son? Did they grow up together?”

Mrs. Chubb—“He was that. Just like brothers. You see my husband was a gentleman—an officer in the army—and he married me. I was pretty in those days. You wouldn’t think the village belle—.”

Anne—“I’m sure you were, Mrs. Chubb. You are nice and comfortable looking yet.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, no. Since my troubles I haven’t cared for my looks—that is—.”

Anne—“What trouble Mrs. Chubb? I want you to tell me—perhaps I could help you. I never betray secrets.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, no, Miss, I couldn’t. Don’t ask me.”—(Jumps up, wrings her hands and paces floor.)

Anne—“Mrs. Chubb, I think I can guess. Shall I?”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, no, no. I couldn’t stand it.”

Anne—“I’m going to tell you. Your son was in financial difficulties and you shielded him.”—(Breaks down, falls in chair crying.)

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, how did you find out? Oh, don’t breathe it to your Grandfather. I would give my life if I could undo my mistake.”

Anne—“Well, now that much is settled. I want you to tell me the whole truth and I’m going to help you.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, if you only could. My life is miserable. But nothing can be done. I will go to my grave bearing—”

Anne—“You don’t look the least bit like going to your grave. I think it is in my power to help you.”

Mrs. Chubb—“Oh, if you only would.”

Anne—(Puts hand on shoulder)—“Now, tell me all. Have no fear. Whether I can help you or not, no one will be the wiser.”

Mrs. Chubb—“I believe you, but promise me you won’t give me over to the law.”

Anne—“I will not. You have my word. Now tell me.”