

JUNE. Was she nice, Dobson?

DOB. One of the most angelic dispositions, my child.

JUNE. Dobson, I think she must be a changeling!

DOB. A changeling? Why?

JUNE. If she has an angelic disposition, she can't be a niece of Aunt Midge.

KAT. And she can't be nearer than thirty-second cousin to you, June.

FAN. Oh, listen, isn't that the carriage?

JUNE. Oh, let us see!

KAT. (*pulling her back by the dress.*) Come back here, June Fairfax!

FAN. (*at the door.*) Yes, they're driving up the avenue!

JUNE. Oh, Dobson, should I kiss her when she comes in?

FAN. You might wait until she asks you.

(*Enter Charlotte.*)

DOB. Ah! My sweet young lady, 'tis welcome you are, my dearie.

CHAR. My kind old friend, Dobson! It seems really like coming home, to meet you.

DOB. And so you are at home, my dear, and so you are. For here are your two cousins, Frances and June. Now make her welcome, girls.

FAN. You don't know how glad we were, Cousin Charlotte, when we heard you were coming.

DOB. You must be very good friends, all of you.

CHAR. I am sure I shall love them. I have been so many years among strangers, that I am quite prepared to appreciate my aunt and cousins.

FAN. And we have been so anxious to see you, cousin.

JUNE. We were just asking Dobson a lot of questions about you.

CHAR. I hope she gave me a good reputation. Dobson and I are old friends, are we not, Dobson?

DOB. We ought to be, Miss Charlotte, for I made your acquaintance the day you were born.

CHAR. So you did.

DOB. I was young and spry as the best of them, then. Eighteen years have made a great change in me.