

long story short, I got a telegram this morning that he would be here to-day. I feel it in my bones that he will do something for you.

*Gamboge.* Dear Mrs. Floyd, your words put fresh hope in our hearts.

*Maud.* Oh, Connie, you're a dear thoughtful girl.

*Connie.* Why you said yesterday that I had not but one idea in the world and that was that I had the best husband in America.

*Doctor Floyd.* You're a sensible little woman and you deserve him, ahem!

*Alfresco.* I say you are a dear, dear, kind, little sister too.

*Connie.* Why, you told me yesterday that I was an exasperating little donkey, and the only person I ever tried to please and propitiate was my husband.

*Doctor Floyd.* Again I say you are a sensible little woman, and if the world were fuller of such it would be the jolliest place to live in.

*Alfresco.* Won't it be splendid if uncle Bobbin does help us. How funny I never thought of writing for his advice.

*Maud.* If he don't help us, what shall we do to get married?

*Gamboge.* Getting married is the easiest part. What shall we live on afterward is the agonizing problem. [*Noise is heard at the door.*]

*Mrs. Floyd.* I wonder if that is not uncle Bobbin now? [*Goes to the door.*]