

Aunt Susan—That I will, Guy, have patience, Rebecca Jane will have you yet, all the Stubbs, her ma's folks was for marrying, not being particular who they took, but making good wives, every one of them.

Guy—Thank you for your kind encouragement, I shall try to make myself worthy of her.

(Miss Redlip—Low necked and short dress).

Aunt Susan—Why, Melissa, your basque is too short and skimped in the neck and hem, the sewing girl should have cut it more full like, and laid out to have enough for sleeves and a collar.

Miss Redlip—But this is the style, you know, high necks and long skirts are so old-fashioned and dowdy.

Aunt Susan—Lay this shawl over your shoulders, child, and set by the fire in the kitchen, you will be having ammonia and swelled joints if you are not careful.

Miss Redlip—Oh, thank you, but really I do not need it.

Mrs. Sadden—I came to-night to thank you for what you did for my boy.

Aunt Susan—Why, I don't know as I did anything but just hearten him up a bit.

Mrs. Sadden—Only for you he would have gone to destruction, when the whole town turned him down you shook his hand and told him you believed in him.

Aunt Susan—Why, Joseph wasn't a bad boy, a bit thoughtless and wilful perhaps, but never fear, Maria, you will live to be proud of him yet.

Mrs. Sadden—(Kisses Aunt Susan).—You blessed comfort.

Aunt Susan—Well, what am I thinking of, standing here like as if folks was all satisfied eating and drinking, and me not laying a hand to anything.

Father—Time enough, Aunt Susan, we will have a programme of pieces you like, then mother will see that the inner man is satisfied.

Aunt Susan—Well, maybe so, John Thomas, but I never seed no man satisfied yet. (Father laughs).

(All arrange themselves for programme which father announces; old songs and recitations.)