

counts; folks as is married don't lose their relish for a bit of candy at times, nor for having their looks spoke of neither, even if they have grown hefty, and their eyes a bit dimmed setting up darning your socks, nights, Sammy, remember that, my boy.

Senator—I will, Aunt Susan, and thank you from my heart.

Aunt Susan—See you do, Sammy, I have heard men folks say that before now, but take my advice and keep on the way you have set out, not cooling off like a flat-iron in six months, when you have took her from her pa and ma, and her home.

Senator—I did not think you had such a poor opinion of me, Aunt Susan.

Aunt Susan—No more have I, Sammy, there is no man that I would rather give my Mary Alice to, but men folks is men folks, and have to be led and told things at times, which is in the start, to my mind. (Go and find her, Sammy).

Mrs. Jenkins—We are all very sorry you are going, Aunt Susan, your influence for good has been wonderful, why ever so many more are attending church. I am going myself just as soon as my nerves improve.

Aunt Susan—Which never will be, child, if you set at home on the Sabbath day, take my advice and go where you can find real rest and healing.

Mrs. Jenkins—I promise you that I will, and my husband will go if I do.

Aunt Susan—Go, then, and take your man, which is your duty not to pull him down.

Guy de Marchmont—(Dressed plainly). I came to wish you a safe journey home, Mrs. Tibbs.

Aunt Susan—Which was kindly of you, my boy, you do look like-lier to be sure, the milk set you up and made a man of you, Guy.

Guy—I am afraid it will take more than that to make the kind of man that can win your niece, Miss Rebecca—say a good word for me, will you, Aunt Susan?

(Pats him on the back).