

Mrs. Kelly—Mary Ann Smithers and her son, Joram.

Miss Skinning—You don't say so. Well, he was quite promising as a baby. What a pity he ever grew up. Poor Mary Ann was so proud of him.

Mrs. Barton—Why, I hope, Jane, he did not disgrace his mother, what did he do?

Miss Skinning—Do? Could'nt do worse, marrying a girl as did 'nt know a scrub-brush from a white-wash brush.

(Turns leaf.)

Mrs. De Vere—Why, Mary, I ought to know that face.

Mrs. Kelly—Yes (hesitates), an old beau of mine.

Mrs. Barton—Why, so it is. Well, well, what became of him, Mary, if I may ask?

Mrs. Kelly (sorrowfully)—Sure he was killed in the war, shot dead, in the back, only lived long enough to say: "I was coming back to you, Mary." (Much affected.)

Mrs. Goodsense—It is a pity he ran away, Mary; if he had stood his ground like a man he might not have got shot in the back.

Mrs. Kelly—Sure it was coming back to me he was, Jemima. When he saw the enemy coming he just thought how I'd feel if he was in danger, and he set out to come back to me. Oh, I mind well the day he marched away, looking so brave and true; I mind well "they were all out of step but my John."