

*Maud.* Please, Connie, stop.

*Mrs. Floyd.* Why Doctor Sam, did you ever know two such ungrateful girls in all your life? Here I am offering to do all I can to aid them by my six weeks experience as a wife and housekeeper, and they look as if they were about to cry, and you sit there and see your lawful wife abused and don't interfere. Defend your altars and your fires and my dignity, Sam, tell them they must treat me with respect under your roof even if it is not shingled with early Dutch tiles.

*Alfresco.* Will you ever keep still about that barn. I *hate* barns.

*Maud.* So do I.

*Moddle.* I don't.

*Gamboge.* I don't either.

*Mrs. Floyd.* I used to, but I don't now, for its no end of fun to think of the sport that was carried on under that roof. When that horrid old Bricabrac used to call on Allie, and talk about Egyptian pottery and Hindoo rice plaques, I used to get behind the portière and make Cosette rattle the dishes, and once I made her fry some onions to see if I could not drive them out that way.

*Alfresco.* Won't you please, brother Sam, coax her to hold her tongue. I have eaten humble pie enough and am perfectly willing that my husband shall have a home utterly devoid of ornament, if he pleases.

*Gamboge.* Your husband is going to let his wife furnish her house to suit herself.

*Mrs. Floyd.* Your barn beautiful, you mean.