

ACT II.

ARRIVAL OF AUNT SUSAN.

(Aunt Susan, dressed in old-fashioned manner, black bonnet with high feather at back, shawls, carpet bag, demijohn, umbrella, bunch of flowers.

Family seated in living room, Rebecca playing piano, Alice knitting, father reading by lamp, mother, dressed elaborately, walking around arranging hair and dress).

Mother—John, I do wish that awful old aunt of your would stay in Pepper's Corners until after Senator Smith's visit to us—who knows but Reba might—well things like that do happen.

(Confusion and talking outside, door opens. Enter Aunt Susan).

(All rise in surprise. Father goes up and welcomes her. Aunt Susan lays down bundles. Shake hands).

Aunt Susan—Well, well, if this isn't my own John Thomas, as I haven't seen since he was in knee pants as I made myself out of his uncle's cousin on his mother's side which was inclined to be skimped, but I hand sewed them all myself and they wore well, they did.

John—Aunt Susan, well, indeed, I am glad to welcome you, Aunt Susan. I well remember how good you were to me.

Aunt Susan—Doing nothing more than my duty by you, John Thomas, as I promised your father as is dead and gone—but where is your missis, my boy?

John—Elizabeth, come here, this is my Aunt Susan.

Mother—(Stiff but tries to be cordial). How do you do, Mrs. Tibbs, I have often heard my husband speak of you.

Aunt Susan—Well, now; so this is your missis, John Thomas, her as was Eliza Ann Stubbs and was raised down on the back line farm. Oh, I knew her folks well; her uncle, Jeremiah F. Stubbs, raised the best fat cattle as was ever growed down our way, oh, they was well known folks was the Stubbs. You do look pale and sickly, to be sure, dear, like as not you have been bakin' up, expectin' me, and wiped your face with your apron, as was all covered with flour. Here take my handkerchief and dust it off, Eliza Ann. (Looks in bag).