

Mr. Oldays—(mollified)—“Well, you show good judgment, young woman, anyway.”

Anne—“Who is the sweet daguerrotype lady that my presence has moved to tears?”

Mr. Oldays—“This is my daughter, Rosalind.”

Anne—“My prophetic soul—my really own step-aunt.”—(Goes over to her)—“Have you no welcome for me, Aunt Rosalind. We aren’t very nearly related—but you are the nearest real aunt I’ve ever likely to own.”—(Aunt embraces her.)

Rosie—“Your aunt welcomes you child—but, oh you’ve been shamefully neglected. I can’t look at you. I must hide my face until—(louder and excited)—“Why you’ve forgotten your skirt.”

Mr. Oldays—“We wear skirts in this civilized country, Miss.”

Anne—“Do you, grandfather? How interesting. I hadn’t noticed.”

Anne—“By the way is this delightfully dour gentleman a step-uncle whom I should love and cherish after the manner of relatives three times removed?”

Mr. Oldays—“No, certainly not. This is Dr. Lochiel McCallum.”

Anne—“What a dream of a name. It reeks of heather, pipes and swaying kilts—(approaching him)—“Laddie, will ye gang doon the road and ca’ in the bonnie lassie that’s biding in the Kail-yard. Teli her to come awa in bye—and meet my ain folk.”

Doctor—“I wad fain bide here.”—(all laugh).

Mr. Oldays—“Well you’re the worst flibberty gibbet I’ve ever seen in my day. Haven’t you any proper respect or fear of man?”

Anne—“Why should I fear them? They won’t hurt you if you don’t hurt them.”

Rosie—“Don’t scold her, father, poor child—I’ll teach her gentle lady-like ways.”—(Anne runs and puts her arms round her.)

Anne—“You soft, helpless little white kitten. I’m hopeless, but”—
(Enter June dressed in sporting costume like Anne.)

Anne—“Walk right up, June. I thought you might as well get acquainted; evidently my adoring relatives had not expected me, nor requested my early presence. I was just sending the Dr. out to invite you in.”—(calls at door—whoo—whoo Doctor,