

CHAR. I hope 'twill turn out to be breaking into our own property.

JUNE. Oh, see, the lock is coming off!

CHAR. There, hold it, while I look at these papers. Move the lamp nearer.

JUNE. Oh, there's something with a red seal!

CHAR. 'Tis the will! Oh, how fortunate! 'Tis Aunt Eleanor's lost will.

JUNE. Oh, Charlotte, then Fannie did not take it after all!

CHAR. Yes, June, she took it, but she has repented, and we will forgive her, because she is our sister. Run now, wake her, and bring her down.

*(Exit June.)*

She has suffered enough, poor child. What anxiety she must have gone through this last month! And I am to be heiress to such a fortune! Oh, how much good I shall do with this money, but I must not forget the injunction that charity begins at home.

*(Enter Fannie and June.)*

CHAR. Fannie, I have here a paper which I wish to receive from no hands but yours.

FANNIE. It is the will! *(falling on her knees.)* Oh, Charlotte, can you forgive me! I didn't intend to keep it. It was only a moment's temptation, but I lost it and had not the courage to tell you.

CHAR. *(embracing her.)* We will not let such a wretched thing as money come between us, dear cousin. There will be plenty for all to be happy with. Now, I want you two to adopt me as a sister.

BOTH *(embracing Charlotte.)* Dear, dear Charlotte, how good you are! How we love you!

DOBSON *(without).* Fannie! June!

FANNIE. Here we are, Dobson, the whole family! What, have you a letter?

*(Enter Dobson.)*

DOBSON.—A telegram.