

Guy—But I cawn't drink milk, madam.—(Enter mother).

Mother—Aunt Susan, perhaps you would like to go for a drive this evening, we are having some company, and I am sure it would not be pleasing for you to meet so many strangers.

Aunt Susan—No, thanks, Eliza Jane, I'll just set here and sew up these carpet rags, I like to meet John Thomas' friends.

(Enter Father).

Father—Well, Aunt Susan, you are looking fine. Just as young as when I was a little chap and punishments were quick and effective.

Aunt Susan—It was all for your own good, John Thomas, as I always explained careful to you before laying a hand on you.

Father—You did your duty by me, never fear, Auntie.—(laughs).
—By the way mother, Senator Smith may call this evening.

Mother—(Excited). Oh, is it possible? Where is Reba? I am so anxious to have her meet him—who knows—poor Alice is a dear, but so plain no one ever would look at her. I must tell Reba to wear her pink dress.

Aunt Susan—Senator Samuel Smith, did you say? Well, now, I do wonder if that is little Sammy Smith grewed up, him as used to spend the summers with his grandfather, Farmer Mudpole, out of Pepper's Corners.

Mother—Impossible, Aunt Susan, I do hope you won't suggest such a horrible possibility to Senator Smith. Why he is one of the most well-bred and cultured men in the whole State.

Aunt Susan—Sammy was a promising boy, as I mind him, he stayed lots of times at our place; oh he was a hand for pumpkin pie, he was, like as not it is him alright.
(Father laughs, mother wrings her hands).

Mother—Oh, what shall we ever do—how impossible.

Father—Well, it is not an unusual name, Auntie.—(Reads paper).

Mother—Aunt Susan, Mrs. Johnston Highborn will call today. She is very wealthy and aristocratic, and we are very careful how we address her: we hope to be invited to her house some time. She is quite the most prominent person in town.

Aunt Susan—Well now—I'd be glad to know her.