

Mrs. Kelly—It's yourself, Caroline Barton, that has the soft heart, and the kind word for all, but I'm afraid I'll be wearing you all out; you'll be tiring of my photograph album.

Mrs. De Vere—Not at all, it is a great pleasure I am sure.

Mrs. Goodsense—I am afraid I shall soon have to go, it is most milking time, and I never like to keep the cows waiting, but let us see a couple more before I go.

Mrs. Kelly—Yes, set down, sure the cows can wait. (Turns leaf.) My brother Jake's wife.

Miss Skinning—Let me get a look at her. I wonder if she has any better liking for the work than she used to have. She was always for fussing over her hair and changing her dress every afternoon. Oh, she was all for looks was Jake's wife, as I said to Jake when he was looking after her, says I, looks don't count, Jake.

Mrs. Barton—And what did he say to that, Jane?

Miss Skinnnig—Say! You'd as well talk to the wind as talk to a man when his mind is set. I did my duty a warning him, but he took her.

Mrs. Goodsense—And a good wife she has made him. Jake is very proud of her I hear, and she dresses pretty to please her husband.

Miss Skinning—A likely story, that.

(Turns leaf.)

Mrs. Kelly (proudly)—These are my boys—the first is James, you mind James, Jemima?