

knows nothing, and has gone into manufacturing Macramé lace, for which, I admit, he has some talent, in fact—

*Muddle.* All's well, that ends well.

*Gamboge.* Ah, but here's the rub. We have not yet got to the end. Now I was about to propose this poser to you. What are we going to live on when we get married? But softly, here comes Mrs. Doctor Sam.

*Enter* MRS. DR. SAM FLOYD, *formerly* MISS CONNIE BROWN.

*Mrs. Floyd.* I am so glad to see you, alone for once. I have been trying to get a word with you two alone, ever since we returned from our wedding tour, for I must thank you for your efforts in persuading my misguided family to leave that detestable barn. What magic have you about you? How did you accomplish it? I ask the doctor, but he invariably replies, "Riddles, Connie, I know no more than you do." But come to confession, now, and tell me, how did you go about it?

*Gamboge.* Why really, Mrs. Floyd, you know we were in the neighborhood when they were in that scrape, and it was our duty to help them, which we did, and since then a more amiable feeling has been established between your father and ourselves.

*Mrs. Floyd.* Yes, I know, papa used to be severe on your pictures. I always thought them lovely, and it was so generous of you to get him out of that scrape, when by leaving him alone, you might have had revenge by seeing the disgraceful story in the papers. But I don't think papa really meant any harm by his art-