

JUNE. 'Tis Fanny—come, stand back here.

(Enter Fanny, asleep. Her eyes are open and fixed. She speaks in the manner of one talking in sleep.)

FAN. No one sees me.—They will never guess it. Here—I hid it in this drawer, but the keys are gone—(feels in bosom.) lost! Oh, if I could only find it.—She can never make another will.—Ah, when I find it I will give it back to Charlotte, poor Charlotte!—I must be quick, they are coming to bury her. (Starts, then laughs lightly). But she is dead, she will never come out of her grave.—“To my niece, Charlotte Irwin, I give and bequeath.” (She nervously hides paper in her bosom.) It is dark—(shivers) and cold. But how can I tell them I stole the will?—Come in, June, it is too damp to play.

(Exit Fanny.)

JUNE. There, didn't I tell you? But I never heard her talk before. I should have been dreadfully frightened if you were not here.

CHAR. She tried to open this drawer.

JUNE. Yes, and she said something about a will. Could it be the one the lawyer has been looking for?

CHAR. Where is the key of this drawer, June!

JUNE. Lost! Dobson has looked all over for it.

CHAR. Run and fetch me a screw-driver from the sewing machine, quick.

(Exit June.)

Fanny got possession of that paper some way or other and hid it, perhaps during her sleep. I've heard of such things. Oh, Heaven help me to set all right.

(Enter June.)

JUNE. What are you going to do with the screw-driver, Charlotte?

CHAR. You'll see. (She proceeds to take off the lock.)

JUNE. Why, Charlotte, this looks as if we were breaking into other people's property.