

JUNE. Just what we so often said about you.

CHAR. About me!

FAN. How fortunate you were to be *out* of the care of good Aunt Eleanor.

CHAR. But has not she been like a mother to you?

FAN. Well, there are mothers and mothers. She's quite a unique specimen.

CHAR. Ah, girls, it must be that you do not understand her. She certainly means well by you. Have you ever tried to find the way to her heart?

FAN.—There is no way—'tis a blind alley.

JUNE. If you undertake to look for her heart, better furnish yourself with a microscope.

CHAR. No, but seriously, girls, how much happier you'd be in trying to find her good qualities and bearing with her little failings. Remember, she's old, and may not be with you long. Wouldn't it be sad for you if she were to die now?

FAN. Sad!—Oh, yes indeed!

JUNE. There might be two opinions about that.

FAN. June!

JUNE. Well, you might as well be honest about it. Fanny Fairfax. You know we couldn't be worse off than we are now, and—why—to be plain, she'd leave us her money,

CHAR. She has then made a will in your favor?

FAN. Oh, yes, some years ago; you see, she gave us to understand when we came, that we were to be her heirs.

CHAR. Indeed, I hope you may.

JUNE. But, anyhow, we'll forget all our scrapes and troubles while you are here.

FAN. What shall we do to entertain you, Cousin Charlotte, since we can't have music or games?

CHAR. You won't find me hard to entertain. My tastes are very simple.

JUNE. I suppose you wouldn't like to go out picking blackberries?

CHAR. Oh, wouldn't I! I'd be charmed!

FAN AND JUNE. Really?

FAN. Why, then, we can go on a picnic to-morrow.

JUNE. Dobson will put us up a lovely lunch.

FAN. And we'll take Mr. Parker's boat and go up the