

The Minister (rising)—Miss Buck and friends, I hesitate very much to speak in this way but I am forced to do so, as there is a gross misunderstanding. I never have at any time paid Miss Bersheba Buck any more attention than I have paid to any other woman in the congregation. I regret very much that she has taken any slight courtesy I have extended to her seriously. I am proud to tell you I have secured the promise of a young woman to be my wife, one whom you have all learned to respect and love (takes Miss Wise's arm and they stand up) Let me introduce to you, your future Minister's wife.
(Bersheba flies out angry)

Ikey (jumps up quickly)—Well as this seems to be the right place to break news of this kind, I want to say that Mary has decided to take me at last, now that I have decided to settled down and make good as a farmer.

(Shaking hands and congratulations by all)
(Quiet)

Ma—Well this do beat all.

Pa—Come Ma, we might as well hold our golden weddin' day, it's as good a time as any.

(Takes her out by the arm).

Ma—Pa where's the bit of sense you had when you married me?

Pa—I don't care a bootjack Ma where it is, long as I had sense enough once to get you for my woman.
(Hear, hear.)