

## ACT III.

## VISITORS.

(Rebecca in parlor dressed elaborately, entertaining Mr. Coggs).

(Enter Aunt Susan).

**Aunt Susan**—Are you there Rebecca Jane? I thought I would just come in the parlor and set a while. Oh, you have a young man visiting you, I see. (Goes up and shakes hands). I did not know as you was keeping company with anyone, Rebecca Jane. Well, well, and what might your name be, my boy?

**Mr. Coggs**—My name, madam, is Mr. Guy de Marchmont Coggs, son of Guy Bigsley Coggs and grandson of the late Jonathan Coggs whose grandfather was cousin to the late Squire Coggs of Coggsville.

**Aunt Susan**—Well, now, you don't say, who'd of thought; seems like the race is kind of dwindling out, Guy, you do look puny and weakish to be sure, if I was your ma I would set new milk before you three times a day regular, there is nothing like cow's milk for growing boys and calves, as no one can deny.

**Guy**—But I cawn't drink milk.

**Rebecca**—(Aside) Oh, Aunt, do stop.

**Aunt Susan**—Don't worry and take on about him, child, three months of milk regular will make a man of him.

**Mr. Coggs**—You speak in an unknown language, madam, I have always moved in circles where culture and refinement were paramount.

**Aunt Susan**—Well, that may be, Guy, but you'll not move in circles or any other way soon being so pasty and stunted looking, if you don't tell your ma to look after you, growin' boys is all the same.

**Rebecca**—Mr. Guy de Marchmont Coggs, won't you come out on the verandah a while?

**Mr. Coggs**—I would indeed welcome the diversion and would consider it a happy release.

**Aunt Susan**—Be careful now, Rebecca Jane, and don't let Guy get his feet damp, he might get bedfast with rheumatiz—and mind the milk.