

*Gamboge.* It says in this notice, which he has enclosed, a Miss Cosette Crest.

*Alfresco.* Cosette!

*Maud.* Cosette!

*Mrs. Floyd.* Cosette Crest! It used to be Cosette Crust.

*Doctor Floyd.* Who the deuce *is* Cosette, anyhow?

*Mrs. Floyd.* Why, Cosette's our maid.

*Doctor Floyd.* No, she is not. She is your mother.

*Mrs. Floyd.* Our mother! I'd like to see myself—

*Doctor Floyd.* No; but seriously, who is she? or who was she?

*Alfresco.* She was our maid. Have you forgotten her?

*Doctor Floyd.* No, for I never remembered her. I never laid eyes on her.

*Mrs. Floyd.* Oh, what a story! You saw her a hundred times!

*Doctor Floyd.* Upon my word, I did not.

*Gamboge.* Neither did I.

*Moddle.* No more did I.

*Gamboge.* I don't believe any of us ever saw her, though I confess to having seen on several occasions a pair of ankles; but I never saw the face of the owner; and unobserved, one day, when the noise in the culinary department was the loudest, I took the liberty of making a sketch of them. Here it is.

[*Exhibits sketch of a dreadful pair of ankles. All crowd about it and laugh.*]

*Gamboge* [*aside to MODDLE*]. What do you think of the news?