

*(All Rise.)*

GUST. *(to Mrs. Smith)*—My dear Mrs. Smith, how do you think you'll like it here?

MRS. S.—Oh, I feel sure we shall be very happy. Don't you think so, John?

BILL. *(to Miss Reesor)*—I will.

REV. JOHN.—Foster's Cyclopadia of Poetical Illustrations says:

The bluebird twitters on the wing  
 And sweetness dwells in every wind.  
 Our life is one eternal Spring  
 When brothers study to be kind.

CURTAIN.

