

them all in a bewildered manner.]

Mr. Pritchard—Say, Sambo!

Waiter—Name ain't Sambo, name Pluto.

Mr. Pritchard—Well then, Pluto, when can we have breakfast? Want it at once.

Waiter --Enty you tell me lass, brekfuss sebn sharp? 'E jess six now.

Mrs. Courtenay (taking out her watch)—Half after six, railroad time. But what do you mean by saying we ordered breakfast for seven o'clock? We have only just arrived.

Waiter—De boss say, lass night, Brekfuss fur Fibe. (counts the party before him, but fails to count Grace, who happens to be behind Mrs. Courtenay, a little out of his view.) One, too, tree, fo' fibel!

Mr. Pritchard (aside to Mrs. Courtenay)—For heaven's sake, let it be as he says. WE are the party. I don't care whose breakfast it is, we MUST have it.

Mr. Preston (to himself)—Bob's hunger is too much for his conscience. Well, we are all too sharpset to indulge in scruples.

Miss Euphemia—Yes, if it is ready, let us eat by all means. But if it isn't, do let us have a refreshing bath first.

Mr. Preston—Can you ladies get at your bathing dresses readily? Bob and I have ours at the top our portmanteaus, and could get into them in the twinkling of an eye.

Mrs. Courtenay—Oh yes, we could be ready for the sea in ten minutes.