

DICK. No, Coast did.

GEORGIANA. Don't you think I'm doing right?

DICK. If you love him, of course, old girl, you're doing right. I think I must go now. [*Rises.*] Good-by.

GEORGIANA. No, don't go yet, please. I can't bear to have you go.

DICK. It's good of you to care so much. [*Leans against the table.*] You know only yesterday I woke up and suddenly began to hope—

GEORGIANA. What—

DICK. Nothing; I don't hope it any more, anyway! I say, Georgiana, you'll go around and see mother and father once in a while, won't you?

GEORGIANA. Of course I will—

DICK. It'll cheer them up a lot, you know— they feel so badly; it's pretty tough on them, my leaving.

GEORGIANA. *I* feel badly too—