

# COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES

FOR TWO MALES AND ONE FEMALE

*This may be made almost equally successful as a reading.*

[Enter SNOBBLETON.]

*Snobbleton (looking in the direction whence he has just come)*—Yes, there is that fellow Jones, again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he follows her like her shadow. Do we take a boating? So does Jones. Do we wander on the beach? So does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now this was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played on me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretence of doing so, if I could have my revenge.

Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted. It may prove a match, if I can not spoil it. Let me think. Ha! I have it! A brilliant idea! Jones, beware! But here he comes.

[Enter JONES.]

*Jones (not seeing Snobbleton, and delightedly contemplating a flower, which he holds in his hand)*—Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair—I saw it fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then.*) How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how—Bless me! here is Snobbleton. We are enemies!

*Snobbleton (advancing with an air of frankness)*—Good-morning, Jones—that is, if you will shake hands.

*Jones*—What!—you forgive! You really—

*Snobbleton*—Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

*Jones*—With all my heart, my dear fellow! (*They shake hands.*)

*Snobbleton*—What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.