

OGRE. That's good.

OGRESS. We have a little picnic in the wood,
Tomorrow, Count; you'll come if not too tied?

TIM. Delighted, if you'll read the "Frozen Bride."

OGRESS. Oh, count, what charming compliments you
pay.

TIM. Madam, I kiss your hand. (*Kisses her hand.*)

OGRESS. La! Count!

TIM. Good day.

NOBODY. (*To OGRESS.*) Oh, that's the custom in his
native land.

OGRESS. Indeed! (*Aside.*) Perhaps he'll kiss the
other hand.

(*Puts out left hand, and turns her head away, TIM does
not see it, but speaks to PRINCESS. The
OGRE comes behind and slaps it.*)

OGRE. (*With suppressed passion.*) In Turkey you can
do as turkeys do.

Not here—

TIM. Good day!

OGRESS. (*Sweetly.*) Good afternoon!

TIM. (*Kissing his hand privately to PRINCESS.*) Adieu!

(*PRINCESS returns kiss. Exit TIM and*

NOBODY L.; *the OGRE following.*)

OGRESS. A most distinguished person, so refined.

As for his customs, well, hem! I don't mind.

I'll put him in a poem!—

PRINCESS. In a pie

You ought to say.

OGRESS. You little minx! Oh fie!

An arm around *my* waist I would'nt stand.