

CAPT. T. Oh, weally, pon my life, you're vewy pwetty.

COQ. I thank you kindly, Sir.

CAPT. P.

And weally witty.

Yes. If I'd got some place to which to cawwy you,  
Upon my word I'd weally like to mawwy you.

COQ. (*Aside.*) The darling! He's a man a girl can  
love.

CAPT. T. (*Looking on ground.*) I fear I've lost it  
now.

COQ.

Your heart?

CAPT. P.

My glove.

(*Loud sneezing from cupboard.*)

What's that.

COQ. The ginger beer has burst a bottle.

CAPT. P. It sounded vewy like a human thwottle!  
(*Rap heard at door.*)

COQ. Ah, here's mamma! quick, hide in this, now, see!  
(*Puts him into barrel. Business.*)

To-morrow meet me by the haunted tree.

(*Throws cloth over top of barrel.*)

I'll have such fun to-morrow for an hour.

CAPT. P. (*Rising.*) Look here, I say, this bawwel's  
full of flour!

(*She runs to him, forces him back and puts coverlet on  
again. Rap again. She goes to door and opens it.*)