

OGRE. That trunk, my dear, 's a perfect saratoga.
You won't move that. (*Ironically.*) Don't leave your
poor old Ogre.

OGRESS. (*Reading from letters.*) "The Ladies Mangel-
Wurzel much regret
They've all got coughs and colds through getting wet."
"The Dowager Duchess Drumstick must decline."

No reason! Very rude! That's twenty-nine.

OGRE. (*Taking up letter.*) What's this? From Admiral
Fitz Mizen.

OGRESS. That's enough!

OGRE. The Admiral sends compliments; he's old
and tough.

He thinks he'd not be nice if broiled or stewed.

He hopes you won't be vexed.

OGRESS. He's very rude.

PRINCESS. What fun! I hope they'll all decline.

OGRE. Ha! stay, by

Jove! "P.S., Where's Mrs. Jones' baby?"

That's most unkind! I did the best I could.

I put the darling where it did most good.

OGRESS. It's all your fault. Why did I marry you?

OGRE. You couldn't help it; handsome men are few.

OGRESS. We're a most ill-matched pair.

OGRE. Why, bless my stars!

Your *jargon Nell's* preserved in family jars.

What more dy'e want? Come, stop this silly raving.

Its constitutional with me, this little craving.

OGRESS. Society, it's clear, is growing very shy.

OGRE. (*Mockingly.*) To think society won't taste that
pie!

OGRESS. In fact, this time, I really almost fear