do

rom. in he

tink an in

told and a t and Now know want

Come

ter the

ie.

ris has garden,

chman ? nill.

ld be in . put faith

ll out all

nead and

at I hafe tink so? DORA—Yes, I'm sure he will. Now that father is away, will you promise to take me for a drive out in the country to see Clarence?

Ludwig-No, my dear.

DORA—Ludwig, did I ever cost you anything that you say I'm dear?

Ludwig—(confused), No, no, not dat. I don't mean dat. Your papa gave de business in my charge and I promised him, dat I would not leave it. I shall stay and no one will find fault mit me.

Dora-But no one will find fault.

Ludwig—Ah, ah! you can't tell who may be watching me, perhaps Claude D'Arville, and would tell your papa on me, den he will get angry mit me, so I shall do my duty.

DORA—Well, do your duty and keep to the best side of father. LUDWIG—I shall and when the comes home, finds everyting right and is pleased, den I shall ask him for de greatest favor dat he could confer on me.

DORA-What is that?

Ludwig-A priceless jewel.

Dora-(in surprise), A jewel, what kind?

Ludwig-Yourself, dear.

Dora-What! me, suppose I refuse?

Ludwig-(putting his arm around her waist), I don't tink you would cause me so much misery and break my heart.

Dora-Do you love me?

LUDWIG—I do. I love you better dan my life, for I will freely giff dat to protect you from all harm.

Felix. Claude and Jerry enter, C. D., and make remarks.

FELIX—I think he is mashed on the girl. CLAUDE—And the girl mashed on him. JERRY—And I am left out in the cold.

Dora and Ludwig sing a duet and then exit through R. U. E. CLAUDE—Jerry, if you can manage to persuade that Dutchman to go for a hunt in the forest I will give you ten dollars.

JERRY—Alright. I will try him. You are quite generous sir. CLAUDE—(to Felix), How is it Felix, that your father didn't give you charge of his business instead of that Dutchman?

FELIX—I suppose he thought he could not trust me. I am a

high flyer like yourself and he knows it.

JERRY—Well, if he had given you charge of the business, faith it would fly like that, (snapping his fingers), at the Brooklyn handicap.

Felix, Claude and Jerry sing a song of the races, with imaginary performances of horses running.