

Harold:—

To his task he devotes all his art and his wiles ;
Scatters broadcast bright beams, and roses, and smiles.
As craft on the waters go down to the sea,
The wheels of his chariot speed to pleasures to be.

Raimond. The jingle is good.

Mildred. Harold is in teasing mood.

Harold:—

He never desists 'till, with function replete,
He sees all the signs of his mission complete ;
Like desert marauder who moves in the night,
With canvas all folded, gives wings to his flight.

Raimond. Capital.

Mildred. Pretty conceit.

Harold:—

The groom he is silent ; his lips will not speak.
The roses have faded ; the bride she is meek.
The white breasted Dove who chirped when they wed
Speeds to the Orient ; or perhaps,—gone to bed !

Raimond. Ha, ha, ha ! Any more ?

Harold. The rest in good time.

Mildred. If you have played the eavesdropper be not the babbler.

Raimond. Yes, good jester ; short memories have much to commend them.

Harold. Now-a-days, when humor is a scarce as a bald-head's hair, even lover's vaporings are not to be slighted, by one, whose wealth, is filchings from the short comings of others.

Mildred. (*Putting her hand on his shoulder*) But for me ?

Harold. Come, come ! I'm too honest to be purchased—

Mildred. Now ; now—

Harold. And too useless for the waste of pleasant smiles.

Raimond. 'Tis a lady pleads—

Harold. And a winsome one at that. Andrew and I will take it under advisement ; won't we Andrew ?

Mildred. Then we're safe. Thanks. Harold's tongue is sometimes bitter, but his heart is ever right.

Raimond. We are grateful.

Harold. (*Rising*) I hope you may both live to give my doggerel the lie it deserves. (*Exit Raimond and Mildred D. L. 2, laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha ! (*Throws himself on lounge.*) Innocence ! It's breath is good ! May it prevail uncontaminated by this lecherous atmosphere ! Happy, youthful, eyes that see through tears only a rainbow's glory.