



THE FIRST SET—TOP COUPLE.

His Lordship together. A—A! I—A!
 Her Ladyship together. A—A! I—A!
 His Lordship together. BEG PARDON. YOU—A—WERE ABOUT
 Her Ladyship TO—A!
 His Lordship together. OH—A! NO—A! [Silence.]
 Her Ladyship together.



THE FIRST SET—BOTTOM COUPLE.

Thing of Sentiment, to more Material Creature. WE ARE TOO
 CORPORAL, DON'T YOU THINK, MR. STUBBS! WHAT WE WANT IS
 SOUL—MORE SOUL!
 Male Creature. AND A LITTLE BODY TOO, DON'T YOU THINK!
 [Thing of Sentiment replieth not.]



TRUE LOVE.

Imogene. I CANNOT HELP IT, ALONZO; I FEEL SO HORRIBLY ILL, I
 MUST CRY!
 Alonzo. WELL, IF YOU CRY, I SHALL CRY TOO!
 [So they both cried.]



NECESSITAS NON HABET BYE-LAWS!

Guard (excitedly, to First-Class Passenger, who had evidently been dining—the Train has stopped suddenly, to the general alarm). "DID YOU TOUCH THE COMMUNICATOR, SIR?"
 First-Class Passenger. "C'MUN'CAT'R! I WANG THE BELL JUST NOW FOR SOME BWANDY-'N'-SODA!!"



ON A BROKEN EGG-SHELL.

Inspired Being. "WHENCE, O WHENCE, LADIES, WHENCE, O WHENCE CAME THE MARVELLOUS INSTINCT THAT PROMPTED THE MINUTE BRING ORIGINALLY CONTAINED IN THIS FRAGILE SHELL TO BURST THE CALCAREOUS ENVELOPE THAT ENCLOSED IT FROM THE GLORIES OF THE OUTWARD WORLD!"
 Chorus of Admiring Ladies. "WHENCE, O WHENCE, INDEED, MR. HONEYCOMB!"
 Master Tommy. "P'RAISE THE LITTLE BEEGAR WAS AFRAID HE'D BE BOILED!"



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Female Exquisite. "QUITE A NICE BALL AT MRS. MILLERFLEURS', WASN'T IT?"
 Male Ditto. "VERY QUITE. INDEED, REALLY MOST QUITE!"