

word from headquarters to frown, and he tells us all to frown, and we do our best to send the offender to Coventry. A hungry Tory would not touch a joint cooked on Grit principles. The very look of a pudding made according to a receipt furnished by one of your party would disagree with the strongest member of ours—to such an extent, he would fail to recognize the value of a five-dollar bill. We have Tory delf and Grit ware; we eat off party plate and wash our hands in basins of faction. (*They change sides*).

GEORGE.—If this be so, then I fear our opportunities of dancing together will be few, now that the season is so far advanced. But I hope we shall meet.

ANGELINA.—I fear not: my father would be very angry if he knew I had this long *tete-a-tete* with a member of the opposite—

GEORGE.—Sex. Is he so particular? (*Laughing*.)

ANGELINA.—No, no. (*Laughing*). I was about to say “opposite party.” Here comes my partner.

GEORGE.—That gigantic gentleman—“pride in his port, defiance—”

ANGELINA.—Hush! That is the Speaker of the Imperial Bund.

GEORGE.—God bless me!

(*Exit ANGELINA with the Speaker of the Imperial Bund. She smiles at GEORGE ST. CLAIR as she goes away. ST. CLAIR remains for a moment in a brown study, whence he is awakened by a tap on his shoulder from RONALD.*)