

ACT II.

EN BAS. EN HAUT. PARIS.

SCENE.—*Interior of apartments in Paris. Folding doors c. Over doors in large gilt letters "Signor 'Scargoti Astrologer." Chamber at back containing a large mirror frame, practicable, covered with curtains. Doors closed when scene opens. Pedestal to right of doors. Window L. c. in flat, backed by street. Door in flat R., backed by chamber. Doors at sides R. L. E., and L. L. E. Notice on stand by door R. L. E. "Signor Pipandore and Company, modistes. To the Ladies Show Rooms." Small Screens R. and L. Mirror on wall at L. Table and two chairs R. PIPANDOR and BABETTE discovered in chairs with their backs to each other, as curtain rises. Lights up.*

BAB. So there now, Pip., you see I will have my own way, and you'd better let me have it quietly.

PIP. Row! Row! Row! And they call this bliss. Bliss!

BAB. Nonsense. Why we've been marr' a three months. You'd never have been married at all but for me. Think of that.

PIP. Well, I suppose we'd better make it up as usual.

BAB. Make it up. Why of course. Arn't you "artist in ladies' costumes?" It's your business to "make up."

PIP. We've done it every day since we've been married. The thing becomes monotonous.

BAB. Now Pip., be good, and I'll give you a kiss. (*Kisses him.*) There. (*He tries to hold her.*) Oh, enough is as good as a feast.

PIP. I never had a feast, so I can't say.

DUETT.

A MATRIMONIAL TIFF.

PIPANDOR AND BABETTE.

When a matrimonial tiff
Mars the matrimonial bliss
Why it only wants a kiss
Like this, and this, and this. (*Kissing.*)

PIP. If you haven't called her ugly,
Or alluded to her "ma."

BAB. If you haven't said too plainly,
What you thought about his "pa."

PIP. If you haven't rashly stated,
That her reason may be rated,
With the giggle, addle-pated,
Of a goose.