

you retire for a short time, and I will prepare her for the introduction.

Jones—Very good. Meantime, I will go down to the beach and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see : "Miss, will you oblige me—"

[Exit JONES, still speaking.]

[Enter PRUDENCE, from other side.]

Prudence—Good morning, cousin. Who was that, speaking so loudly ?

Snobbleton—Only Jones. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

Prudence—Why, I was not aware of this. Is he very deaf ?

Snobbleton—Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he is in love.

Prudence (with some emotion)—In love ! with whom ?

Snobbleton—Can't you guess ?

Prudence—Oh, no ; I haven't the slightest idea.

Snobbleton—With yourself ! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

Prudence—Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly*), "Good-morning, Mr. Jones ?"

Snobbleton (*compassionately*)—Do you think he would hear that ?

Prudence—Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones !" How would that do ?

Snobbleton—Tush ! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

Prudence (*almost screaming*)—"Good morning !"

Snobbleton—A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now, do try and make yourself audible.

[Enter JONES.]

Snobbleton (*speaking in a high voice*)—Mr. Jones—cousin. Miss Winterbottom—Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires, but remains in view.*)

Jones (*speaking shrill and loud, and offering some flowers*)—Miss, will you accept these flowers ? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Prudence (*in an equally high voice*)—Really, sir, I—I—

Jones (*aside*)—She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone*): Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS ? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.