

M. Two strings to my bow
I choose, sir, to show.
In fact, I think that is too few.

P. In love, miss, you're told
To be off with the old,
Before you are on with the new.

M. Your wish, then, I'll obey, sir,
(*Courtesying*) And bid you now good-day, sir,
I've nothing more to say, sir.
Good-day, good-day, good-day.
(*Going off.*)

P. Oh, very well, then, go, miss,
Be off to your new beau, miss,
Since you will have it so, miss.
Good-day, good-day, good-day.
(*Exit Pierre, R.*)

MARIE. Poor Pierre! I do really love him; but one may as well have some fun before marriage, one gets so little after. M. Duval a conspirator indeed! (*laughs.*) Ah, Pierre, lad, if you only knew who are conspirators here you would be rather astonished. You might treat "silly little heads" with more respect, perhaps!
(*Enter Duval, L. U. E.*)

DUVAL. Ah, my pretty Marie, what have you been doing to poor Pierre? I passed him just now, and he looked as black as ten thunder storms.

MARIE. Nothing. We were only playing at Proverbs. He doesn't want me to dance with you at the fête to-day.

DUVAL. Not dance! Indeed you shall, though, if Pierre goes into a straight waistcoat on the spot. But I say, Marie, I want you to do something for me.

MARIE. Well?

DUVAL. Have your uncle's black mare saddled, and send some one out to see if there are any news of that big race I told you about over in England.

MARIE. And you are going to give me a thousand francs if your horse wins?

DUVAL. Yes. I will, too.

MARIE. I'll go and send some one off directly. A thousand francs! What fun! Won't I tease Pierre!