

Married to one man—loved by another—unjustly accused by her spouse—rescued by her lover—determining on a convent—saved by the timely killing of her spouse—the curtain fell upon her a widow ready (as she modestly declared) when her year expired to yield to the desires of her lover. Whereat tumultuous applause, and Mistress Charlbury breathless and lovely making her curtseys.

M. de Beaujeu arose. "A most goodly admirable farce, Mr. Wharton."

"Heigho!" Mr. Wharton yawned, stretching himself. "Damme, they rant louder every week. I got no sleep. Well, sir, shall we go see this consolable widow behind the scenes? She is wittier there. She speaks her own words." He yawned again, but from under his drooping eyelids watched M. de Beaujeu.

"Faith, one can scarce see too much of the lady," said Beaujeu.

Mr. Wharton laughed. "Why for that I can't say. But Jack should know, eh?"

Jack Dane flushed. "I'll remind you again Mistress Charlbury is a lady, Wharton."

"Damme, now, what makes me forget it?" said Wharton, sneering and laughed at the lad's red face. Whereat Mr. Healy was moved to say:

"'Tis your ignorance of the sex, sir." Mr. Wharton, of unmatched repute as libertine, laughed loud.

"I am rebuked. Lead on, Jack Wisdom!" he cried, and they went out.

In the narrow passage to the stage Jack Dane ran against a sturdy fellow in crimson silks:

"Zounds, Sherborne, for your value you take up a devilish lot of space," he cried.

"Much like to your brains, sir," said my Lord Sherborne bowing.

"Poor things, but mine own—as Buckingham said of your lady."