

ANNERLY. No. Not to-night. Not on any account to-night. Q does not wish it, but to-morrow night certainly.

GNOOF. Really. To-morrow night!

ANNERLY. Yes, dear friend. To-morrow night. Here are your slippers (*he is showing him off the door L.*) and mind, bring all the money that you have—but no more.

GNOOF. No more?

ANNERLY. On no account. Q is most strict about that. No one is to send more money than he actually possesses. Good night.

GNOOF. Good night, my benefactor.

(*Exit GNOOF L.C.*)

(*DORA bursts from behind screen and taking ANNERLY's hands dances round joyfully with him.*)

CURTAIN.