

Angry ! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. Heaven bless you both.

Jones—You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got her consent yet.

Snobbleton—Well, that is something, to be sure. But leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know ; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect—

Jones—Defect ! You surprise me.

Snobbleton—What ! and you did not know of it ?

Jones—Not at all. I am astonished ! Nothing serious, I hope.

Snobbleton—Oh, no, only a little—(*He taps his ear with his finger knowingly.*) I see you understand it.

Jones—Merciful heaven ! can it be ? But, really is it serious ?

Snobbleton—I should think it was.

Jones—What ! But is she ever dangerous ?

Snobbleton—Dangerous ! Why should she be ?

Jones (*considerably relieved*)—Oh, I perceive ! A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration—scorning the dull world—a mild—

Snobbleton—Zounds, man, she's not crazy !

Jones—My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then ?

Snobbleton—Slightly deaf. That's all.

Jones—Deaf !

Snobbleton—As a lamp-post. That is, you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

Jones—Is it possible ! However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably*), "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers ?" I suppose she could hear me, eh ? How would that do ?

Snobbleton—Pshaw ! Do you call that elevated ?

Jones—Well, how would this do ? (*Speaks very loudly*): "Miss, will you make me happy—"

Snobbleton—Louder, shriller, man !

Jones—"Miss, will you—"

Snobbleton—Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

Jones (*almost screaming*)—"Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers ?"

Snobbleton—There, that may do. Still you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose