

get rid of this habit of sneezing, I should be a proud and happy (*sneezes*) official. Nature interferes sadly with my vocation. Ah! here come Marie and Pierre, billing and cooing like a pair of—cats. I will retire and observe. (*Goes up and off, R. U. E.*) (*Enter Marie from house, followed slowly by Pierre.*)

MARIE. I tell you, Pierre, I shall just dance with anybody I choose—there! and as for Monsieur Duval, the strange Englishman, as you call him, he dances splendidly: just for all the world like Punchinello. I could dance all day with him; and I will, too, if you tease me—there!

PIERRE. But, Marie, come now. (*Coaxingly.*)

MARIE. I won't!

PIERRE. This fellow, this Monsieur Duval! no one knows who he is, or what he is, or what he is after—no good, I'll be bound.

MARIE. He's an artist.

PIERRE. You're a woman. Now, I believe he is plotting with these Chouans; he's a spy, a conspirator! Artist, indeed! Why he's been lodging these three weeks past with your uncle, and he has not done a picture bigger than a spade yet. He's managed to turn all your silly little heads, though.

MARIE. My head is not silly, sir. You used to say it was a very pretty little head once. (*Pretending to cry.*)

PIERRE. There, now, don't cry, Marie. It is a very pretty little head, and I don't like to see it on this Englishman's shoulder. There! Don't dance with him, Marie. I don't wish it.

MARIE. (*Sarcastically.*) Oh! you don't wish it. That certainly is an excellent reason. You're jealous, that's what you are. I hate jealousy. Remember, sir, we are not married yet. No, and not likely to be! There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

### QUARREL DUET.

[Marie and Pierre.]

M. 'twixt the cup and the lip  
There is many a slip,  
As many a lover has found.

P. There's a proverb as good,  
If it's well understood,  
'Twixt two stools you fall to the ground.