

MAURICE. Never mind. Well, there's a pretty little schooner here that I want to command; oh, a regular beauty! And the commodore wants to give her to an old chap not fit to run a collier. What would you do if you were me?

GIG. Why cut her out. Clap on all sail, and show 'em a clean starn.

MAURICE. Just what I propose to do.

GIG. I say, though, Master Maurice, if you're going to smuggle a cargo of kisses aboard, see that they *is* kisses first.

MAURICE. Kisses, why of course. We'll be married at the first port we touch.

GIG. Well, I took in a cargo of that kind once, and when I got 'em down in the hold, blest if they was'n't all salts and senna and brimstone.

MAURICE. Your married life wasn't successful, eh bo'sun?

GIG. Not exactly. Mrs. G. and me we didn't agree. I haven't set eyes on her for twenty years. She thinks I went down in the "Nannette" and I didn't care to undeceive her.

MAURICE. (*Laughing.*) Well, well, my cargo will be the real thing, I promise you. But come with me and we will settle what to do.

[*They go off* R.]

(*Stage dark. Moon effect. Chorus of pond beaters enter, R. U. C.*)

DANSE DE SABOTS.

CHOR. Brwack! Brwack! Brwack!

This, night by night, 's our cheerful duty;
Thrashing his Lordship's ponds and streams;
So that his Lordship's frogs loud croaking
May not disturb his Lordship's dreams.

(*They dance solemnly.*)

Brwack! Brwack! Brwack!
Sons of the soil, in mud we wallow;
Whacking his frogs to stop their song.
Oh, how we love our cheerful duty,
Choking their croaking all night long.

[*They go off* L. U. E.]

(*PIPANDOR enters from house.*)

PIP. That's all nicely arranged. Mam'selle is quite ready. Now to wait for the signal. Confound it! Here's the Marquis! (*retires back.*)
CHAUTEAUGRIS *goes to table and takes up the dead box.*

CHAT. I had nearly forgotten the box: luckily there are no thieves about here. (*Comes front.*) Duke! Duke of what? Never mind; there's plenty of time to think of the like—when it comes. What a rise for the old House? Why, I shall be cousin to the King. Our well-beloved cousin. Place for the Duke of—oh, bother! I must get my new title. Let me see: Duke of—(*PIPANDOR sneezes.*) Hullo! who's there? (*Goes up and discovers PIPANDOR, brings him down by the*