

*Bailiff's Daughter.* — "Ah! but in one case the term of service is limited; in the other, permanent."

*True Love.* — "But in the one case you are the slave of the employer, in the other the employer of the slave. Why *did* you run away?"

*Bailiff's Daughter.* — "A man's mind is too dull an instrument to measure a woman's reason; and my own fails sometimes to deal with all its delicate shades; but I think I must have run away chiefly to taste the pleasure of being pursued and brought back. If it is necessary to your happiness that you should explore all the Bluebeard chambers of my being, I will confess further that it has taken you nearly three weeks to accomplish what I supposed you would do in three days!"

*True Love* (after a well-spent interval). — "To-morrow, then; shall we say before breakfast? Ah, do! Why not? Well, then, immediately after breakfast, and I breakfast at seven nowadays and sometimes earlier. Do take off those ugly cotton gloves, dear; they are five sizes too large for you and so rough and baggy to the touch!"