

THE
RAILWAY BELLE.

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

MARK LEMON,

AUTHOR OF

Arnold of Winklereid, Self Accusation, Gwynneth Vaughan, M.P. for the Rotten Borough, My Sister Kate, Love and Charity, Pupil of da Vinci, Silver Thimble, Deer Stalkers, Little Gypsy, Lost and Won, Ladies' Club, House of Ladies, Pacha's Bridal Rob of the Fen, Hearts are Trumps, The Demon Gift, Old Parr, Mind your own Business, Sea and Land, Domestic Economy, Jack in the Green, London Fog, Camp at Chobham, Bob Short, Ins and Outs, Paula Lazarro, The Grey Doublet, The Turf, What will the World say? Bashful Irishman, Yellow Husband, The Ancestress, The Dumb Bedouin, The Slow Man;

AND JOINTLY OF THE

Chimes, Open Sesame, Cold Water Cure, World Underground, Wax and Wonders, Slave Life, Don Cesar de Bazan, &c., &c.:

AND ADAPTER OF

Honesty the Best Policy, The Three Secrets, Grandfather Whitehead, The Oldest Inhabitant, Lady of the Lake, Hopes and Fears, &c.

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WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

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THE RAILWAY BELLE.

*First Performed at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, on Monday,
November 20th, 1854.*

CHARACTERS.

MR. CRABSHAW (*Station Master*) MR. GARDEN.
JOHN QUICK (*a Waiter*) MR. JAMES ROGERS.
MR. SAMUEL GREENHORNE MR. CHARLES SELBY.
MR. FALLOWS MR. R. ROMER.
LUNGS (*a Railway Porter*) MR. PAGE.
MRS. FALLOWS MRS. STOKER.
MARY FALLOWS MISS LELACHEUR.
JULIA SPRUCE (*the Railway Belle*) MISS WYNDHAM.

COSTUMES.

Crabshaw—Military coat, buttoned up, black trousers, cloth cap.

John Quick—First dress. Black coat and trousers, white waistcoat and cravat, pumps. Second dress. Extravagant plaid trousers, waistcoat, and dress coat.

Greenhorne—First dress. Grey suit. Second dress. Short tailed black coat, nankeen trousers.

Fallows—Brown great coat, grey trousers and gaiters.

Lungs—Railway porter's dress.

Mrs. Fallows—Silk dress, black cape.

Mary Fallows—Figured silk, light scarf, white bonnet.

Julia Spruce—Blue plaid delaine dress.

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THE RAILWAY BELLE.

SCENE.—*Interior of a Railway Refreshment Room.* A counter near L. side. Tables and chairs. Doors at back leading to platform.

MISS SPRUCE discovered serving customers. Among them MR. GREENHORNE, L.H., who is taking soup. JOHN QUICK very active serving bottled beer, R.

1ST PASSENGER. Meat pie!

2ND Do. Coffee, coffee!

3RD Do. Here, bitter ale!

4TH Do. Here, tea and sandwich!

5TH Do. Small glass of brandy!

6TH Do. Now then, a Banbury!

MISS SPRUCE. (*serves and takes money*) Meat, 4d.; six of brandy; coffee, sixpence; ale six; Banbury four. (*bell heard without*) Two minutes only! Meat pie, three!

PORTER. Passengers for down train a quarter of an hour; passengers for up train going on. (*general rush, bell, whistle, and all passengers exult but GREENHORNE*)

JOHN. After a storm comes a calm, eh, Miss Spruce?

MISS S. It is to be hoped so. I declare it's a wonder I can tell bottled stout from raspberry vinegar. Now, clear up, John. As soon as the down train's off, master will be over here to look after us.

JOHN. To look after *us*, to look after *you*, you mean. His attention to you is killing me. It's a shame that the station-master should be allowed to keep the refreshment-room.

MISS S. (*comes forward*) La, why?

JOHN. (L.H.) Because he must feel a divided duty.

(speaking hurriedly
and together)

How can he, when he sees everybody stuffing and drinking, have the heart to ring the bell and clear the premises. Hallo, here's a gent left behind (*goes to GREENHORNE*) Down train on other side, Sir.

GREEN. I'm not going down, young man.

JOHN. Up train's gone, Sir.

GREEN. I wasn't going up, young man.

JOHN. Not down, not up—where then, Sir?

GREEN. For the present I'm stationary.

JOHN. Yes, Sir, but Sir, unless we've somebody to wait on we generally close the rooms, Sir.

GREEN. I know it. Bring me another plate of soup.

JOHN. Another, Sir! do you know how many you've had, Sir? You have had five already.

GREEN. Yes, this will make six (*gives money*) and all paid.

JOHN. Yes, Sir, six plates of soup, and our soup, too! (*aside*) I hope if there's a coroner's inquest I shan't be asked to give evidence.

GREEN. (*aside*) What a wretch I am. What a scoundrel I may say, and do myself no injustice. Here have I won the affections of a pure unsophisticated girl, Mary Fallows, and been asked twice in church; yet I, knowing there are actions for breaches of promise, and what a fiery dragon old Fallows is, I am deliberately about to fascinate yonder lovely creature. Regardless of the mess—

JOHN. (L. H.) Soup, Sir.

GREEN. Yes, the mess I shall get into. I have travelled every day from this station for a week. I have eaten all sorts of pastry, from hard biscuit to Bath-buns; drank all sorts of liquids, malt and spirituous, to obtain a look, a word from that gentle angel.

MISS S. (*to JOHN, who has been whispering*) 'Pon my word, I'll smack your face if you talk such nonsense.

GREEN. To-day I have resolved to remain until I can get an opportunity of speaking with her. Five basins of soup (*emptying his basin*)—have I got in this leather bag—the other has gone the way of all flesh. (*sees JOHN*) Why the devil don't that fellow wash up his glasses, and not stand talking to her. He's smiling at her. Waiter?

JOHN. Sir.

GREEN. A bottle of brandy.

JOHN. Bottle o' brandy, Sir? Yes, Sir.

GREEN. No, no; a bottle of ale, I mean—bitter, very bitter.

JOHN. Yes, Sir; any more soup, Sir?

GREEN. No, Sir, but give me a toothpick.

JOHN. Sorry, Sir, but don't keep 'em now. So many gents used to take 'em away with 'em, Sir (*talks to Miss S. R.H.*)

GREEN. There he is again. What can he have to say to her? Can he love her? Dare he love her? the thought's distraction (*throws the ale bottle under the grate*)

(JOHN and MISS SPRUCE both start.)

MISS S. What was that?

JOHN. Nothing particular; and if it was, never mind it. These moments are too precious, Julia. You did love me once.

MISS S. Mr. Quick, I beg you won't. If, shut up on this desolate island, as I may call this railway station, I did listen to expressions which I ought not to have done, I am now ashamed of myself.

GREEN. What are they buzzing about?

JOHN. Julia.

GREEN. He's calling her Julia. Another plate of soup!

JOHN. Yes, Sir, coming, Sir! I know what it is; Mr. Crabshaw was only station-master then, now he's our master. He loves you.

MISS S. (*filling out soup*)

GREEN. What's he saying about love? Soup, waiter.

JOHN. Yes, Sir. You have listened to his flummery, and now, blinded by the splendour which surrounds you—

MISS S. I'm surprised at you; and if you dare say that again, I'll knock you down with the soup ladle.

JOHN. (*dabs down the plate*) Soup, Sir—a shilling. (*GREENHORN pays*)

MISS S. (*she walks about and JOHN follows her*) Well, indeed, things are come to a pretty pass if I am to be talked to by you, Mr. Quick; suppose he does love me (*stopped by JOHN*.)

GREEN. Are they quarrelling about me?

MISS S. Suppose I do think him a handsomer man than you—

JOHN. (*stopping her*) You can't.

GREEN. (*aside*) It is me.

MISS S. Suppose I prefer riding in a shay to walking in goloshes (*stopped by JOHN*)

GREEN. (*aside*) She saw my gig at the door!

MISS S. Suppose I'm tired of service, and wish to be my own mistress. What can you do?

JOHN. Nothing at present, but wait five years.

MISS S. Five years!

JOHN. Four.

MISS S. Four!

JOHN. Three, two, one, and I'll get enough to begin business, if I steal the plate basket.

MISS S. No, Sir, I shall not wait for any such prospect, I assure you ; I've something better in view.

GREEN. She looks at me. She returns my love.

MISS S. (*aside*) I quite forgot that booby was sitting there ; I wonder what he wants. (*bell*)

JOHN. (*starts up*) Julia, there is the down train.

MISS S. Then go and attend to the passengers. Tell Mr. Crabshaw I am unwell and *shan't* come !

JOHN. That is a short message to send to a master, but to me it speaks volumes. Oh, Julia Spruce ! *Exit c.*

GREEN. She wants to be alone with me. I wanted to be alone with her, but now I am so, either my heart or the soup won't let me speak a word.

MISS S. (*coquettishly*) I declare that fellow's eyes follow me wherever I go !

GREEN. Again she looked at me. Where's my courage ? I wish I'd had brandy and not bottled ale !

MISS S. He seems very uneasy—I'll speak to him. What's your train, Sir ?

GREEN. Miss.

MISS S. I asked what train you were going by ?

GREEN. Uptrain to Picklehurst, 3·40.

MISS S. Dear me ! you've a long time to wait, Sir ; it's now only 2·10.

GREEN. That was my intention, to have a long time to wait, that I might have the pleasure of—of—

MISS S. Seeing the town ; it's a pretty place, I believe, Sir.

GREEN. Then you've not seen it ! Let us go together—let us—

MISS S. What ! what do you mean, Sir ?

GREEN. Have you not guessed why I am here ? Why I have been here every day, making myself bilious with pastry. Cannot you guess what I want ?

MISS S. No, Sir, I cannot ; speak plainly. (*stamps*) What do you want ?

GREEN. (*alarmed*) A—another plate of soup, if you please.

MISS S. Oh, impossible ! The man thinks of nothing but soup. (*goes up*)

GREEN. Now I have displeased her. She thinks I prefer that horrible compound to her society—that I've come here to stuff myself and not to unburthen my bosom.

Enter CRABSHAW, c.

CRAB. My dear Miss Spruce, what's this that John tells me ? you're ill.

MISS S. Oh, it was nothing, really nothing ; I am quite well now, and shall be ready to attend the excursion train when it arrives.

CRAB. You are quite sure—quite ?

MISS S. Quite.

CRAB. (*looks at watch*) Dear me, the next branch will be here in five minutes. Now, my dear Miss Spruce, listen to me. I am certain, from John Quick's confused manner, that he is in love with you.

MISS S. With me, Sir ?

CRAB. What so likely ?—those charming eyes, those pouting lips.

MISS S. For shame, Mr. Crabshaw.

CRAB. I can't help it.

GREEN. (*aside*) Then you ought.

MISS S. The fellow's in love with you, and that's a thing I can't allow.

GREEN. Bravo, Crab !

MISS S. La, Sir, why not ?

CRAB. Because I love—I adore you !

MISS S. Good gracious, Sir ! How can you go on so ? You've only been a widower six months !

GREEN. (*L. aside*) What courage he has.

CRAB. (c.) Don't allude to the late Mrs. C.—most obstinate woman—cried herself to death to make her friends believe she was ill-used. I never spoke to her for three years.

MISS S. (r., *aside*) A pleasant husband!

CRAB. But you—you are an angel, and I can't live without you. Say that you love me—say that you'll have me. I'll telegraph up for a license, and to-morrow at 10.30. I'll lead you to the hymeneal altar.

MISS S. Really, Mr. Crabshaw, this is so unexpected, so sudden—that—(*aside*) I wouldn't have him for the world. (*bell*)

CRAB. There's the branch. I'll be back for an answer in ten minutes. *Exit c.*

GREEN. Why couldn't I say that? Why couldn't I propose in that way? I see it all; John loves her, Crab loves her, I love her—John's poor, and he won't do—Crab's cross and he won't do—I'm neither, and I shall do. I'll propose to her at once, I'll—

Enter JOHN, c.

Damn that waiter, he's always in the way!

JOHN. (*to Miss SPRUCE*) Julia!

MISS S. Miss Spruce, if you please.

JOHN. Miss Spruce, then, I am going out of my mind—I'm losing my faculty of waiting—I've just shot Mr. Crabshaw!

MISS S. What?

JOHN. With a bottle of soda-water!

GREEN. (*aside*) And that's not felony, confound it!

JOHN. I've lost the corkscrew, and believe I've swallowed it, and all through you!

MISS S. What have I done?

JOHN. (*beats his breast*) Here, here!

MISS S. O, this persecution is cruel. Why is everybody in love with me?

GREEN. (*falls on his knees as she approaches him*) Because they can't help it! (*she turns and crosses to JOHN*)

JOHN. It's natural—your beauty!

MISS S. My beauty! then I'll take a small-tooth comb and scarify myself.

JOHN. (*seizing her hand*) Do, do—tattoo yourself—make yourself into a Sandwich, I mean a Sandwich Islander—still I shall love you. (*kisses her hand violently, and falls on his knees and appears to faint*)

GREEN. The fellow's an ass.

Enter CRABSHAW, c., who stands agast.

MISS S. John, John ! Why don't you answer ? He is insensible ! John, John !

GREEN. Waiter !

JOHN. (*raises his head rapidly and then subsides again*) Yes, Sir.

CRAB. (*all start*) I'll bring him to his senses, I warrant me. John Quick !

JOHN. Yes, Sir.

CRAB. Leave this place directly.

JOHN. Yes, Sir : I mean no, Sir. Excursion train coming down, and there'll be nobody to wait on the passengers, but—

CRAB. I don't care ; the passengers must fancy it's Sunday, and do without. But here you do not stop another hour.

JOHN. Oh, Sir !

CRAB. I'm resolved.

JOHN. But, my month ?

CRAB. Shall be paid you—but go you shall !

MISS S. Poor fellow, I'm sure he loves me !

JOHN. Very well, Sir. Where are my things, my hat ? (*is about to put on soup tureen*; **MISS SPRUCE** takes it from him)

MISS S. John, John, be a man !

JOHN. Never more. Drag the water butt in the morning.

MISS S. Oh, John—dear John—

JOHN. Eh—what did she say—dear John ?

MISS S. Hush !

JOHN. She did, and she meant it. (*to CRABSHAW*) Sir, you are using me very ill.

CRAB. Go !

JOHN. You are degrading me in the eyes of the waiters of Europe.

CRAB. Go !

JOHN. But I will have my revenge.

CRAB. Go!

JOHN. I'll let the world know how you make horse-beans do duty for coffee.

CRAB. Do.

JOHN. I'll disclose the mystery of your meat-pies, and when the world knows *that*, what will they think of the soup?

CRAB. Go, libeller, go!

Exit JOHN, c.

GREEN. (R. H., aside) Yes, it's a capital idea. I never did wait at table, but it must be very easy. Egad, I'll try my luck.

CRAB. (*who has been speaking to Miss S.*) Well, I'll promise to give him a character, but it's more than he deserves.

MISS S. What fools we women are! (*goes into bar*) If we do love a man, we are always afraid to tell him so. Poor John!—I'm sure he'll do something very desperate—perhaps marry me.

Exit, door R. H.

CRAB. (*comes forward with GREENHORNE*) Well, that is very odd to be sure—that you should be a waiter wanting a place, and here should be a place wanting a waiter. Have you a character?

GREEN. Yes, Sir; Mr. Greenhorne, who lives at the Hall, knows me. I lived with him a good many years before I took to this.

CRAB. Well, we'll see what we can do. (*calls*) Miss Spruce.

Enter MISS SPRUCE, R. H.

CRAB. Fortunately, here's a waiter to supply that fellow's place.

MISS S. He a waiter?

GREEN. Yes, miss. (*makes signs*)

CRAB. And I'm determined to give him a trial—he can't be a greater fool than his predecessor.

MISS S. (*aside*) We shall see. (*crosses to L.*) Young man, you have undertaken a very difficult position. Can you uncork fifty bottles of beer in ten minutes, discriminating between ale and stout, serve twenty plates of sandwiches in the same time, and never confound beef with ham, or ham with beef? Is your ear sufficiently good to say how many variety of liquids are contained in three gings, four sodes and six lems, pine o' ale and a biskit?

GREEN. Yes, miss. (*aside*) I've not the remotest notion what she means.

MISS S. I thought I should puzzle him.

CRAB. Very well. What's your name?

GREEN. Adolphus. (*aside*) It's Sam.

CRAB. Adolphus?—nonsense! James—we'll call you James. Now go into that room, (L. H.) you'll find a jacket and apron, which you can wear until you can send for your luggage.

GREEN. Yes, Sir. (*aside*) What a happy fellow I am! She knows I'm no waiter, and yet she won't betray me.

Exit L. H.

Enter JOHN, c. from R., very smart.

JOHN. (*sits at L. table, with back to them*) Waiter.

CRAB. { I could have sworn that was John's
starting voice.

MISS S. { And so could I. Did you call, Sir?

JOHN. (*turning round*) Yes, my dear; I want a plate of mixed sandwiches.

CRAB. Why, you impudent rascal, I told you to leave this place.

JOHN. So I did, as waiter. I'm now here as a customer.

SPRUCE. Well, I never did—

CRAB. But I'll not allow you to be served.

JOHN. Then I shall write to the directors. This room is open for the accommodation of the public—I am the public. You agree to supply the wants of the public—I am the public, and want a plate of sandwiches mixed—two ham and two beef.

CRAB. He's quite right. I dare not turn him out, and yet my boiler's bursting with indignation that—(*bell*) There's a telegraph of some kind. Here, you, James.

Enter GREENHORNE, L. H., goes to c.

Do you see that fellow?

JOHN. Hollo, hollo! "One of the public." "Pater-familias," anything you like but fellow.

CRAB. There, that—(*choking with anger*) Keep your eye upon him. (*aside*) Don't let him speak to that young person; (*aloud*) and look after the spoons, Sir. *Exit c.*

GREEN. Yes, Sir. (*goes to counter*)

MISS S. (r.) Oh, John, how could you run this risk of a collision?

JOHN. (l.) Do you think I've lived so long on a railway, and care about a collision?—No, Julia, to see you once again, I'd ride on a buffer. (*they embrace*)

GREEN. Hallo! (*they separate*) You musn't do that.

JOHN. Why not?

MISS S. Ah, why not combine pleasure with business?

JOHN. (*perceiving GREEN*) Eh—what's this? (*crossing to r. h.*) Why, you're the great soup cormorant. You're not a waiter, I'm sure, or you'd never have taken six basins of that mixture as before.

GREEN. But I am a waiter, Sir—(*aside*) I've been waiting here all day.

JOHN. (*crossing to l. h.*) If he's in the line I'd eat him, and that wouldn't be desirable even at the present high price of provisions. Julia.

MISS S. (*up at counter*) There, now, don't talk to me any more. The excursion train will be here directly, and nothing ready.

JOHN. Nothing ready. (*busies himself with counter*)

MISS S. I'll thank you not to touch anything, Sir. James, be kind enough to come and wash up.

GREEN. Wash up! anything to please you Miss Spruce! (*goes to work awkwardly*)

JOHN. (*goes to table*) A muff, a pump, a spoon—He a waiter! (*aloud*) Waiter. (*pause*) Why the devil don't you answer, waiter?

GREEN. (*drops a plate*) Yes, Sir.

MISS S. How clumsy!

JOHN. He pays for breakages—I used to do so—and he'll break enough to repair all the roads in the parish. Waiter!

GREEN. Yes, Sir!

JOHN. Nothing, and bring it directly.

GREEN. What do you mean by that, Sir?

JOHN. Miss Spruce, am I to be insulted by one of your menials?

MISS S. James, you really must control your temper—impertinence can be charged for in the bill.

GREEN. But my dear Miss Spruce, he ordered nothing.

MISS S. The gentleman knows best what he can afford

to pay for—if he has ordered nothing, you will take him nothing.

FALLOWS. (*without C.D.*) How many parcels be there, Susan?

MRS. FALLOWS. (*without*) Only nine.

GREEN. Good gracious! that's Mr. Fallows' voice. (*goes to door*) As I live, there they are—Mary Fallows, and her parents; if they should come in here! (*disorders his hair*)

JOHN. Hallo! here's something wrong. My friend has evidently recognised an acquaintance, and is afraid of being discovered (*goes to bar R.*)

GREEN. If they should find me out, I'm a martyr for life; or a victim at the Assizes. What a fool I've been —this girl don't care a Banbury cake for me, and evidently prefers that waiter.

JOHN. He's perplexed—he's in a mess—I'll get him deeper into it, and then help him out of it—if he can pay for it. Julia, dear Julia.

MISS S. Now, go along—Mr. Crabshaw will be here directly, and I shall be losing my place, and perhaps my character.

JOHN. Never mind—I'll take you without one. The John Quick's arms is open to receive you.

MISS S. Oh, John! if you only had a little ready money and plenty of credit, I think I could trust you.

JOHN. Bless you for your confidence.

Enter FALLOWS, MRS. FALLOWS, MARY FALLOWS, and PORTER with baskets, &c., c. from R.

FAL. So the Picklehurst train don't go till 40 minutes past three. Whoi time-table says three o'clock? (*pulls out Bradshaw*)

PORTER. I don't know how that can be, Sir. (*looks at book, which FALLOWS shews him*) O, I see, this is Bradshaw for June, and now it's November—change of time since then.

Exit c.

FAL. O, dang't, what shall we do to fill up the toime? Let's have summat to eat and drink, Susan.

MRS. F. Yes, Jacob.

MARY. Yes, father.

JOHN. Capital plan, Sir, and I'll join you, if you've no objection.

FAL. Wi' all my heart, Sir. What shall we have?

JOHN. If I might suggest, soup to begin with; a gent, this morning, had six plates of it at a sitting, (*aside*) and still survives.

FAL. Well, soup all round.

JOHN. Four soups, waiter.

GREEN. Yes, Sir. (*aside*) What shall I do?

MISS S. Now, James—plates—spoons.

MARY. (*takes up bag*) La, Father! if here isn't Sammy's bag! What can be in it?

FAL. What, Greenhorne's? Why, the careless fellow has left it behind him.

JOHN. O ho! they know him, and he's a greenhorn!

GREEN. (*in his trepidation rattles the plates and is greatly confused*) I shall betray myself, I'm sure I shall!

JOHN. Now, waiter, come, look alive.

GREENHORNE brings plates, and, averting his head, appears to spill soup over MRS. FALLOWS.

MRS. F. Oh, what's the stupid fellow about?

JOHN. That's not the way to hand soup, you sir. Here, look at me—soup, ma'am—soup, sir—soup, miss—soup, sir! (*hands plates rapidly, and then sits down next to MARY*)

MISS S. (*aside*) How John does love his art!

GREEN. I shall swoon in a minute. (*to MISS SPRUCE*) A glass' of brandy on my own account. (*MISS SPRUCE gives him some*)

FAL. You see, mister, we be all pretty sharp set, for, to tell you the truth, we none on us made a breakfast. Bread, waiter!

JOHN. (*mechanically*) Yes, Sir—that is, no, Sir. Bread!

Exit MISS SPRUCE, c.

GREEN. (*hands the bread, averting his face*)

FAL. We'd a letter this morning has took away all our appetites.

JOHN. (*aside*) Somebody's split upon Greenhorne.

FAL. It war good news, too—it war to say an old aunt o'mine were dead.

JOHN. Do you call that good news? Then, I presume, Sir, you're an undertaker.

FAL. Not I, man ! but she's left my daughter Mary here three thousand pounds in consols.

GREEN. (*drops a tray*) Three thou—

FAL. Dang the fellow, how he made me jump. Well 3,000 pounds in consols ain't a thing to fret over.

JOHN. Certainly not—there's something very consoling in consols.

FAL. Now, my daughter Mary, there, is going to be married.

MARY. (*ashamed*) La, Father !

FAL. Well, perhaps.

GREEN. (*aside*) What's he mean by perhaps ?

FAL. Married to a Mr. Samuel Greenhorne, who's gone this morning to Picklehurst, to the lawyer's, as he were to settle £800 on Mary—but things is changed a bit—the grey mare's the better horse.

GREEN. If I am discovered !

JOHN. (*aside*) O ho, here's a bit of luck—I'll make his situation agreeable.

FAL. Waiter, a bottle of sherry.

JOHN. Yes, Sir—I mean, no, Sir. Here, waiter—bottle of sherry—black seal.

GREEN. Certainly. A bottle of black sherry, Miss Spruce (*going off R., and returning with sherry*)

JOHN. Did you say Greenhorn was this lady's intended ?

FAL. Yes, Sir, of Badger Hall, about 8 mile from here.

JOHN. Good gracious—if it should be the same man.

GREEN. What's he mean ? (*puts sherry and glasses on table*)

Enter PORTER, C.D.

PORTER. Here, James—You, Sir—James. Your master wants you.

GREEN. Very well. I've a great mind to run away, but I dar'n't leave them.

PORTER. Now, then—come along.

Exeunt PORTER and GREENHORNE, C.

JOHN. (*mechanically wipes glasses*) Greenhorne—it must be that scou— No, no—I may be mistaken,

MR., MRS., and MARY FALLOWS. What do you know, Sir ?
(all crowd round JOHN, who walks about, polishing glasses)

JOHN. Don't ask me. *(crossing to R.H.)*

ALL. *(as before)* But we do ask you.

JOHN. Have you all nerves—strong nerves ?

FAL. Cart ropes.

JOHN. If—mind, I say, if—but you won't believe me.

(crosses to L., all follow)

ALL. We will ! we will !

JOHN. If this very Mr. Greenhorne should be making love to somebody else—if he should not have gone to Picklehurst this morning.

FAL. How to know that ?

JOHN. Ask the station master, he can tell you.

FAL. He can. Darn his buttons if he's deceivin' on us—I'll leather him first, and bring an action for damages afterwards. Come along, Susan.

MRS. F. Yes, Jacob, yes.

(FALLOWS and MRS. FALLOWS, run out C. and L.)

MISS F. Oh, if—if he should be false ! *(crying)*

JOHN. Now, if I'd thought you cared for the chap—*(she cries)* La, bless me ! how odd I feel ? I never had an heiress in my arms before.

MISS F. *(cries)* Oh, Sam, Sam, Sammy !

JOHN. Come, come—I may be mistaken—don't go on so. *(kisses her)* Innocent duck ! *(kisses her again)* Don't.

MISS F. That's what I say, Sir—don't if you please.

Enter MISS SPRUCE and GREENHORNE, C.

BOTH. What do I see ?

MISS F. Ah, what a resemblance ! His legs, eyes, nose, hair—O ! it must be Sammy ! Father ! Mother ! *(runs out C. and L.)*

GREEN. *(again tries to disguise himself)* There goes 3,000L for ever.

MISS S. Oh, John, you most perfidious of waiters ! Is this your love for me ?—But I'll instantly find Mr. Crabshaw, and accept the offer of his hand and refreshment rooms.

JOHN. Julia, don't be a silly puss.

MISS S. A silly puss, Sir ? I wish I were one, you should

feel my claws—you should, Sir. But no matter—after all you're only a waiter out of place, so now for Mr. Crabshaw.

Exit, C. D.

JOHN. If she should go and marry Crabshaw—I've made a nice mess of it—it would serve me right. Here, Mr. Greenhorne. (*shakes GREENHORNE*)

GREEN. What! you know me, then?

JOHN. Here, I've put my foot in it—I mean you've put your foot in it.

GREEN. I have, I have! To think that I should have been such a fool as to have lost Mary Fallows and £3,000 to have become a waiter!

JOHN. Wretched maniac! I'd have taught you the art and mystery for half the money.

GREEN. But what am I to do? you seem to have made matters worse.

JOHN. Amputation before cure. They suspect your designs upon Miss Spruce.

GREEN. I thought as much.

JOHN. The old buck declares that, "Darn his buttons, but he'll leather you first, and damage you afterwards."

GREEN. I know he's a dragon—a regular dragon.

JOHN. Unless you can undeceive him, you may hang yourself in your wedding favors before they'll let you marry Miss Fallows.

GREEN. And become a deadly example to all backsliding bachelors?

JOHN. I can save you—I alone.

GREEN. Bless you, my deliverer!

JOHN. Dare you trust me?

GREEN. With my life.

JOHN. Then trust me with £200?

GREEN. I said with my life.

JOHN. What, will you lose £3,000 for—

GREEN. No, no! I'll lend you the money.

JOHN. Honor?

GREEN. Honor!

JOHN. Your hand.

GREEN. My hand. (*they shake hands*)

JOHN. A bargain.

Enter Miss SPRUCE, c.

Ah, Julia, you've not seen Crabshaw?

MISS S. Perhaps I have, perhaps I haven't.

JOHN. Then you haven't. You know I love you, adore you! This gentleman has promised to give me £200.

GREEN. No, no; only to lend.

JOHN. Well, it's all the same thing—there's the ready money and the credit combined, Julia—what say you?

MISS S. Oh, John, I always thought I loved you, and now I know it!

Enter Mr., Mrs., and Miss FALLOWS, c., from L.

FAL. Where's that waiter that's so like Sammy?

JOHN. I'm the waiter, Sir, and there's Sammy.

FAL. It is—now what's all this mean?

GREEN. What's he going to say?

JOHN. We've had a wager, Sir.

GREEN. Yes; a wager.

JOHN. Mr. Greenhorne's blowed me up for being awkward; I offered to lay him £5 that he couldn't do it better; I said that he couldn't make a waiter.

GREEN. And I said he couldn't make a gentleman.

JOHN. And so we changed places.

GREEN. Ha, ha! changed places—I was so ashamed that you should see me here, that—that—ha, ha!—you understand.

JOHN. Of course you do—ha, ha!

FAL. No, I don't quite understand. Here be a young girl and rather a pretty one, too—who—

JOHN. Is to become the partner of my bosom and business; a generous friend has kindly given me £200 (*to GREEN*) I think he said he gave!

GREEN. Yes, yes; (*aside*) and I'd make it double to be out of this scrape.

MARY F. Oh, Sammy! (*embraces him*) Then you are true to your engagement?

GREEN. True as the Bank.

FAL. (*to JOHN*) Well, young man—I wish you joy of your wife.

Enter CRABSHAW, C., from R.

CRAB. Wife—no, she's not his wife—she's about to become mine.

MISS S. May I be allowed to correct that mistake. The pleasing account which you gave of your domestic relations with the late Mrs. Crabshaw, quite settled me—as I've no doubt they did that unhappy lady.

CRAB. Then I'm done at last.

JOHN. You, are. (*bell*) There's the excursion train—that bell invites you to attend to your duties.

This Belle invites me to attend to mine. (*kisses her*)

MISS S. La, John! before all these passengers.

JOHN. Oh! they are our best friends, my dear, and constant patrons of this favourite little station. Let us hope that they have had a pleasant trip to night, and will take return tickets to come again, when summoned—

MISS S. By the Railway Belle.

CURTAIN.