

(Exit LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD TOLLER and LORD MOUNTARAT)

(Enter STREPHON, in very low spirits.)

STREPH. I suppose one ought to enjoy oneself in Parliament, when one leads both Parties, as I do! But I'm miserable, poor, broken-hearted fool that I am! Oh Phyllis, Phyllis! –

(Enter PHYLLIS.)

PHYL. Yes.

STREPH. *(surprised)*. Phyllis! But I suppose I should say “My Lady.” I have not yet been informed which title your ladyship has pleased to select?

PHYL. I – I haven't quite decided. You see, I have no *mother* to advise *me*!

STREPH. No. I have.

PHYL. Yes; a *young* mother.

STREPH. Not very – a couple of centuries or so.

PHYL. Oh! She wears well.

STREPH. She does. She's a fairy.

PHYL. I beg your pardon – a what?

STREPH. Oh, I've no longer any reason to conceal the fact – she's a fairy.

PHYL. A fairy! Well, but – that would account for a good many things! Then – I suppose *you're* a fairy?

STREPH. I'm half a fairy.

PHYL. Which half?

STREPH. The upper half – down to the waistcoat.

PHYL. Dear me! *(Prodding him with her fingers.)* There is nothing to show it!

STREPH. Don't do that.

PHYL. But why didn't you tell me this before?

STREPH. I thought you would take a dislike to me. But as it's all off, you may as well know the truth – I'm only half a mortal!

PHYL. (*crying*). But I'd rather have half a mortal I do love, than half a dozen I don't!

STREPH. Oh, I think not – go to your half-dozen.

PHYL. (*crying*). It's only two! and I hate 'em! Please forgive me!

STREPH. I don't think I ought to. Besides, all sorts of difficulties will arise. You know, my grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

PHYL. I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young lady, I shall know it's an elderly relative.

STREPH. You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy! (*Embracing her.*)

PHYL. We won't wait long.

STREPH. No. We might change our minds. We'll get married first.

PHYL. And change our minds afterwards?

STREPH. That's the usual course.