

MOSBY.

Avoids my company!—So much the better.
His may not be so proper. [*Afide.*]—An hour hence,
If you are not engag'd, we'll meet at Fowl's.

ARDEN.

I will be there.

MOSBY.

Till then I take my leave. [*Exit Mosby.*]

ARDEN.

How have I been mistaken in this man!

FRANKLIN.

How are you sure you're not mistaken now?

ARDEN.

No doubt he loves me; and I blush to think
How I've suspected him, and wrong'd Alicia:

FRANKLIN.

May you be ever happy in your wife;
But——

ARDEN.

Speak——But what? let's have no riddles here.
Can she be innocent, and Mosby guilty?

FRANKLIN.

To speak my thoughts, this new officious fondness
Makes me suspect:—I like him worse than ever.

ARDEN.

Because I like him better. What a churl!

FRANKLIN.

You're credulous, and treat my serious doubts
With too much levity. You vex me, Arden. [*Exit.*]

ARDEN.