

JONES (*coming down R, and crossing to L*). D'ye think this will do? You see I have found something. So I'll wish you good morning. (*Going*).

[*Enter, door in flat, ST. FÉRÉOL, MRS. ST. FÉRÉOL, MR. DISCOUNT and McWHITEYE. MR. ST. FÉRÉOL, is in top boots and breeches, and has his head bound up.*]

ST. FÉRÉOL, L.C. Come along. Nonsense. They'll be delighted to see you.

SMITH. What, not dead yet? My dear St. Féréol! Then we are innocent. Hurrah! [*Embracing him.*]

DEMI, R. Hurrah! Let me restore your property (*Takes off coat, and places it on chair*). (*Aside*) I won't say any thing about the money.

JONES, L. Hurrah. [*Dancing with joy.*]

SMITH [TO DEMI]. And I was going to suppress you.

DEMI [TO SMITH.] And I had similar intention.

ST. FÉRÉOL. Arabella, my love, these gentlemen are my most intimate friends. I need not turn them out now, I suppose. You heard all about last night in the Police Office, so I need not tell you again, especially as I remember nothing myself.

SMITH. But what became of you? We thought you were defunct and were going cheerfully to execution for the supposed murder. What do you mean by disappointing your friends in this way?

ST. FÉRÉOL. I simply got my head broken—but my cranium bring of a comfortable thickness, I am not much the worse. Finally I passed the night in Quod; was fined for being drunk, and here I am.

McW. Ah! bedad! and now its all clear to me—you thought I knew of the murder, which nivr took place,