ALL. (Excited.) Rich! in a caper!

ESCAR. With a bank, a little printer's ink, and a big stamp, he is going to fill the peckets of all France, and let folks pay their way—

ALL. (Eagerly.) How?

Escar. With paper.
All. (Disappointed.) Oh!

Escar. Yes. Finance in a nutshell.

CHAT. (Dubiousty.) Paper ! Morning paper !

Pip. (Excitedly, coming forward.) I know. (Calls out in newspaper boy fashion.) Morning pepper! Morning pepper! "Times," "Telegraph," "Standard," "Daily News." (Varied according to locality.)

CHAT. Someone put a cork in that boy. (PIP. is pulled back.)

No. Paper suggests something to me. (Meditatively) What?

HELENE. I know! Parcels! Delightful!

CHAT. Pooh!

Pip. (Coming forward.) Paper collars.

CHAT. Bah!

MAD. GIG. Bills ?

Chat. Pooh! pooh! Ha! I know! My last note at three months, gone to protest. (Sinks head on shoulder.)

Escar. (Slapping him on the back.) Never mind, cheer up, old boy!

Come to Paris and make your fortune.

ALL. Come to Paris! Make our fortune! Delightful!

CHAT. I'd have you know, sir, that though the House may be poor, it is ancient, very ancient.

Escar. (Looking at Chateau, aside.) Aint shunted yet, eh?

CHAT. (Taking up family tree, pompously.) This, sir, is our pedigree..

ESCAR. Your What? CHAT. Family tree.

ESCAR. Curious vegetable, isn't it? Grow it yourself?

CHAT. Grow it myself? Why it represents a long line of noble ancestry. What do you think of it?

ESCAR. It is most encouraging — and extremely umbrageous.

(Bows. Chat. aitto.)
Chat. I will tell you how the old House rose.

THE OLD HOUSE.

CHAT. This is the way the old House rose, sir,

Our noble House of Chateaugris, These are the roots from which has grown, sir,

These are the roots from which has grown, sir.

That splendid trunk of our family tree.

These are the branches stout and strong,

So proud and spreading;
These are the arms that all belong,
By right of wedding.

ESCAR.

PIP.

MAD. GIG. (Interesting very, if we only knew.

Tell the grand old story, how the old House grew,

BAB.) Oh, Chateaugris, with ancestors so many,

Oh Chateaugris.

How noble you must be,