

MRS. ST. F. You mentioned my dear Hyacinthe's name—You are his friend then?

SMITH. [*with excessive mystery.*] I was, ma'am, yesterday, but the fact is—in short—you perfectly understood me? [*Going.*] I'll go up to my room and change. Good morning.

[*Ecit SMITH down in flat.*]

DEMI. What a mysterious cuss it is!

MRS. ST. F. [*in great agitation.*] O, dear! O, dear! my room taken possession of by a couple of drunken idiots—It's burglary—and O! how odd the cradle looks, can they have deposited my poor Hyacinthe's remains there? [*Rocking cradle.*] It feels very heavy—yes! [*hysterically*] my poor Hyacinthe has been cut off in the flower of his youth—[*to DEMI, tragically*] Oh! don't look at me, there's blood upon thy face! Oh! oh!

[MRS. ST. F. *kneels down by cradle, overcome*—DEMI *gets up and looks at face in glass.*]

DEMI. Blood! In my most contemplative moments the idea never suggested itself that I was to become a murderer, [MRS. ST. F. *rocking the cradle wildly.*] I must have been very —— [MRS. ST. F. *upsets cradle*—JONES *rolls out dressed as a monkey—general surprise*] ah! the devil!

JONES. That's rather an uncereemonious way of disturbing one's rosy slumbers. You've rather a heavy hand with the cradle, ma'am. My head was nearly split on that last rock. Good morning, old chap, you don't look much the better for last night's work.

DEMI. [*in agony.*] What?

MRS. ST. F. Get away, you brute! you zoological reprobate! another of the gang, I suppose. But never