

MAYOR. What! those letters of yours to the little shop in the Rue Carabacel!

MAD. B. Those letters to the little shop in the Rue Carabacel, which you have so kindly forwarded, contained all the arrangements for the restoration of the Comte de Provence. Ah, I told you you underrated your services.

MAYOR. And you are really this Comtesse!

MAD. B. I really am. Come, my fellow-conspirator, shall I tell these good folks all about it?

MAYOR. Why I shall be ruined!

MAD. B. Most certainly.

MAYOR. They would think nothing in Paris of—
(*Makes sign of beheading.*)

MAD. B. Oh! nothing. I see we shall understand each other perfectly.

MAYOR. Madame, you are a clever woman! The game is yours, your hand's all trumps, but, (*appealingly,*) you won't stay here?

MAD. B. (*Archly.*) What! tired of the charming widow Barrie already? (*Sings, mockingly.*) "Charming widow Barrie, say that you will marry,"—(*breaks off, laughing.*) Come, forget and forgive. Here: as a favor, you shall have this rosette of mine to wear in memory of the charming widow. (*Pins rosette on his breast, he at first objecting, but afterwards giving way.*)

MAYOR. Madame, you are a witch.

MAD. B. No, only a woman.

MAYOR. Ah, it's the same thing.

MAD. B. Bless the man! He's only just found that out!

(*Crosses to Duval, Blacksmith comes forward.*)

BLACKSMITH. I say: what about this arrest?

MAYOR. Arrest! what arrest? My dear Bouillet, you must be very drunk.

BLACKSMITH. But, Monsieur le Mayor—

MAYOR. Can you keep a secret?

BLACKSMITH. Like an anvil.

MAYOR. (*Taking him by the arm.*) You're a fool! (*Blacksmith starts.*) And I'm another. Shake hands! (*They shake hands, and Blacksmith goes back, looking puzzled.*)

(*Enter Marie, running with letter.*)

MARIE. Monsieur Duval! Monsieur Duval! here's your letter; and here's a big one for you, sir. (*Gives a despatch to the Mayor and a letter to Duval.*)

MAYOR. (*Reads.*) "The Count's conspiracy is all over. You may relax your vigilance. Orders for arrests all can-