

to c.) Now upon my word! Here's an interesting tail brought to an abrupt conclusion!

*Enter SMITH, cautiously. [Door R. 2. E.]*

SMITH. Is it all right?

JONES. All right?—No! It's only half left!

*[Showing tail.]*

*Enter DEMIJOHN cautiously. [Door L. 2. E.]*

DEMI. Can I come in? Gone? eh?

JONES. Gone? yes! all but the stump! *[Showing tail.]*

DEMI. What? I don't see the point—

JONES. No. Here it is! *[Showing end of tail.]*

SMITH. Nonsense! Has our friend cleared?

JONES. Friend?—It's more like a direct cut.

*[Showing tail.]*

SMITH. My dear Jones, how can you joke in this extremity?

JONES. Extremity! *[Same business.]* Pshaw! My dear boys, we are safe so far. The respectable old party knows nothing,—does not suspect me, and has no idea that you two are in the house.

DEMI. Smith, I congratulate you!

SMITH. Demijohn, I give you joy!

*[They shake hands all round, during which McWHITEYE looks in D. in flat, and enters—he carries a CHARLES 2ND jacket in his hand.]*

McW. Does Mither Dimmijohn stop here?

*[DEMIJOHN, SMITH and JONES, together down R. in excessive agony, as McWHITEYE'S advances L.]*

DEMI. O, no! no! *[Aside.]* Our fate is sealed! O my poor head! *[Sinks head on JONES' shoulder.]*