

Ah! yes, (*feeling in pocket and producing bag of nuts*) these nuts,—English filberts at two shillings a pound, as I'm a man of business!—But my life is in danger! Here! (*coaxingly*) here!

[*Gives nuts—JONES eats several—throwing shells at DISCOUNT.*]

JONES [*spitting out a bad nut, and coming down L. C. as a man.*] You may be a man of business, but you keep darn mean things in nuts!

DISCOUNT. [*Furious on discovering the deception.*] I repeat, sir, I am a man of business, and I must speak my mind.

JONES. That wouldn't be saying much!

DISCOUNT. A truce, sir, to this flippancy—I am——

JONES. Yes, you've told me so already.

DISCOUNT. You will provoke me into premature apoplexy, Sir! I came here to enquire for Mr. St. Féréol, and I find in his absence, his apartment has been turned into a—a——Damn it, sir, I shall choke! (*Very angrily.*) Where is my clerk, sir?

JONES. You don't know? (*Aside.*) Well, ignorance is bliss. [*Aloud.*] I'm not at liberty to mention. [*At door in flat.*] Good morning, sir.

DISCOUNT. Very well, sir, very well! But this mystery shall be cleared up. I'll not wait an hour longer! I am a man of business! My clerk loses his situation! Good morning.

[*Exit D. in flat. JONES holds door open for DISCOUNT, and as DISCOUNT exits, pulls door to violently, shutting in his tail, half of which is cut off.*]

JONES. (*picking up the end of tail and coming down*