

DEMI. And I'll follow your example. [*Exit door, L. 2. E.*

JONES. And what am I to do, if you please? ah! a grand idea!

[*Places himself R. in position of a stuffed monkey.*

[*Enter DISCOUNT. Door in flat, hurriedly, he looks around cautiously, and is evidently surprised at finding the room apparently empty.*

DISCOUNT. I don't understand this! I'm a man of business! nobody here? and my valuable time taken up with looking for,—nobody. What can Mrs. St. Féréol have meant? Her room taken possession of? Her husband murdered? Don't tell me. I'm a man of business; and the affairs of the "PECUNIARY MUTUAL IMPUNITY SOCIETY" are not to be trifled with in this way! But it certainly is very extraordinary. St. Féréol has been one of my clerks these five years, and this is the first time I've had reason to remark——

[*Going R. sees JONES, whom he supposes to be a stuffed monkey.*

Good gracious! [*Gets away to L. C.*] not alive, I hope? [*looking through double eye-glass*], O no! stuffed I see! Stuffed! What a magnificent specimen of the *gorilla vulgaris*! the last importation, I suppose. I'm a man of business! I wonder what he was invoiced at? [*Approaches JONES, to examine, and strokes monkey, JONES touches him on shoulder, and runs as a monkey to L, where he sits and chatters at DISCOUNT—Pause—DISCOUNT fearfully alarmed runs to each door in turns, but JONES intercepts him. DISCOUNT gets to table and keeps table between himself and JONES—JONES jumps on table—Business as monkey. DISCOUNT runs down R. trembling and entrenches himself behind his umbrella*]. How shall I propitiate the brute?