

DUVAL. No, madame, no. (*Aside.*) My dressmaker for a guinea! I'll give her a chance. (*Aloud and with emphasis.*) The fact is that I'm a kind of silk merchant; I'm traveling in silk.

MAD. B. Indeed! I am very much interested in silk myself.

DUVAL. (*Aside.*) I thought so. (*Aloud.*) My uncle is in the silk business in England.

MAD. B. (*Markedly.*) I hear it said that in England silk is rising.

DUVAL. (*Aside.*) My dressmaker! (*Aloud.*) Madame, I perfectly understand. I have the honor to place this letter from my uncle in your own fair hands. (*Gives letter, as she takes it he attempts to kiss her hand; she withdraws it hastily with an angry glance, and goes up back, reading letter.*)

DUVAL. H'm, well, for a dressmaker, I must say that's a charming creature; looks like a queen, and talks like a duchess, has the voice of a siren, and the hand of an angel, and a foot like a fairy, and, and—Oh, hang me if I'm not in love at first sight! Odd though! I've seen her somewhere before. I know that voice as well as my own. Where? I must have a talk with this mysterious dressmaker. Madame?

MAD. B. Monsieur!

DUVAL. (*Tries to put his arm around her waist.*) Shall I help you to read your letter?

MAD. B. Thanks, no. I can read very well. I'll read you a sentence to show you. (*Reads.*) "Though Charley——"

DUVAL. Charley! Does he mean me?

MAD. B. Oh, yes, Charley's you! Oh, you need not mind, your uncle and I are old friends.

DUVAL. Are you?

MAD. B. (*Reads.*) "Though Charley does not understand our business, he is a gentleman and may be safely trusted to behave as such."

DUVAL. I beg a thousand pardons, madame. I was rude. But you are no dressmaker.

MAD. B. Ah, you are not quite recovered yet. Come, never mind. I forgive you. I see we shall be friends. No, I am not a dressmaker, but I am in the same business as your uncle.

DUVAL. Silk?

MAD. B. Silk.

DUVAL. I wish I were in the same business. (*Goes up stage.*)