

DEMI. [*in despair*] Everything!

JONES. Pay him, somebody. I've got no pockets in this dress!

CAHOT. [*very impatiently*] Trois piastres!

SMITH. All right—cinq piastres.

JONES. Perfectly correct—dix piastres.

DEMI. [*taking money from pocket*]. Vingt piastres! good day! [*Exit CAHOT, D. in flat. [Aside]* It's not my own money,—so I've done that job cheap. Never mind. Our case can't well be made worse. O my poor head!

[*Retires.*]

JONES. And this is the result of what is called a spree! Despair! ruin! murder! The illustrious and hitherto unsullied name of Bogus will head a sensation paragraph in the "*Daily Witness*," and the crime of Jones will furnish a fifth edition to the newsboys! But, after all, one French Canadian more or less in the world does not much matter! Perhaps not! but an infatuated public denies the luxury of manslaughter to Jones,—and Jones, the ill-used Jones must suffer!

SMITH. [*coming down*] And Smith who has made his fortune by the gallon must perish miserably by the cord!

DISCOUNT. [*speaking without*] The first door to the left? Thank you. All right! I am a man of business, and——

SMITH. [*meeting DEMI C.*] Demijohn!

DEMI. Smith!

SMITH. That voice!

DEMI. Those ominous words!

SMITH. We are found! [*In despair.*]

DEMI. We are lost [*In despair.*]

SMITH. Then I'm off.

[*Exit door, R. 2. E.*]