

**A MYSTERIOUS KISS:  
A COMEDY IN ONE  
ACT AND IN PROSE**

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A Mysterious Kiss: A Comedy in One Act and in Prose by Albéric Second & Jules Blerzy

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**ALBÉRIC SECOND & JULES BLERZY**

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*Second, Skobic, and Blerzy, ya*

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# MYSTERIOUS KISS.

A COMEDY

*IN ONE ACT AND IN PROSE.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF

ALBÉRIC SECOND AND JULES BLERZY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE BOSTON AMATEUR  
DRAMATIC CLUB.

By N. A.



BOSTON:  
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.  
1870.

**A MYSTERIOUS KISS.**

## A MYSTERIOUS KISS.

*A small and elegant drawing-room. Door at the back. Doors on the right and left. Fireplace in the first side on the left. Mirror and clock. Sofa on the left. Work-table on the right. Easy-chairs on each side of the work-table. Fire in the grate.*

### SCENE I.

GASTON, alone. *He ties his cravat before the mirror and looks at himself with evident satisfaction.*

What is it my good friend René de Tavenay said the other evening at the club? By Jove, he said I was getting too stout. It is only one's best friends who make disagreeable remarks. I even think the wretch added that I was rounding out here (*he touches his stomach*). O insult! My figure is developing, it is true; my chest widens, certainly; but, all conceit apart, I was never in better condition than now. My wife thinks so, naturally enough; and then, if René had hit the truth, should I have been only last night, at Madame de Barny's masked ball, the hero of the most charming adventure? . . . But what am I about to say? And why do I let out such souvenirs in the conjugal nest? It is not to be forgotten, too, that in the drawing-room of a married man the walls, however thick they may be, have ears. Happily, Lucie has not yet left her chamber. Quarter before twelve! One can be virtuous without caring to see the sun rise.

## SCENE II.

GASTON, RENÉ.

A SERVANT *announces*Mons. René de Tavenay. (*Retires.*)

RENÉ.

Ah! I catch you at it, you prinking before the glass!

GASTON.

I am not prinking at all. I am tying my cravat, and I confess that the assistance of a glass is necessary for this. Why does this shock you?

RENÉ.

It does not at all, I assure you. (*They shake hands.*)

GASTON.

That is all right, . . . and now how do you like it?

RENÉ.

Like it? . . . What?

GASTON.

My cravat.

RENÉ.

A poem in silk.

GASTON.

And does it become me?

RENÉ.

To perfection, but I know another which will please me more, my dear Gaston.

GASTON.

Eh! what in the world can it be?



RENÉ.

Much more simple, infinitely quieter in color.  
It will be quite another kind of tie.

GASTON.

You mystify me.

RENÉ.

I speak of the white cravat that I come to beg  
you to do me the favor to put around your neck  
on the second of next February, at noon exactly.

GASTON.

Who? me? I bud out in a white cravat at  
twelve, like my parson? I can't see it.

RENÉ.

You will have to do it though, for I ask you, in  
the name of our old friendship, to be my witness.

GASTON.

You have an affair on hand? What is it?

RENÉ.

There is no duel concealed, old fellow; the sec-  
ond of February is the day fixed for my wedding.

GASTON.

What, you think of marrying, you, René de  
Tavenay?

RENÉ.

I am not a Knight of Malta, you know.

GASTON.

This is serious?

RENÉ.

An official announcement.

GASTON.

And you marry?

RENÉ.

Your surprise astonishes me. And you cannot even guess a little?

GASTON.

Not a little, nor at all.

RENÉ.

Very well! I marry . . . Come, be frank, say that you know at least the name of my intended.

GASTON.

On my word of honor, I do not know it.

RENÉ.

Let me tell you then that Madame Henriette de Chailly does me the honor to accept me as husband.

GASTON.

What do you say?

RENÉ.

Madame de Chailly.

GASTON.

The widow?

RENÉ.

If she was not a widow, how could she marry me? Bigamy is still a punishable offence.

GASTON.

Come, no dodging, let us clearly understand. . . You speak of Madame Henriette de Chailly, the friend of my wife.

RENÉ.

Madame de Marsac's best friend, I am sure.

GASTON.

And who lives in the Rue de Varennes ?

RENÉ.

She is the only one I am acquainted with.

GASTON.

And whose house is No. 120 ?

RENÉ.

Certainly ; but what do you mean by this cannonade of questions you are levelling at me for a quarter of an hour ?

GASTON (*to himself*).

I must be prudent. (*Aloud.*) As matters are so far advanced that even the wedding day is appointed, will you allow me just one more question ?

RENÉ.

Yes, but on the express condition that it be short and the last.

GASTON.

How then is it, my dear fellow, that last night you were not with your fiancée at Madame de Barny's ball ?

RENÉ.

For the very good reason, stupid, that she did not go there herself.

GASTON.

O, she was not there ?