

*All.* What is the matter, what ails you?

*Ben.* Dreful news, Miss Frisco.

*Gamboge.* Tell us quick what is the matter?

*Ben.* Oh, Mars Gamboge de barn bu'ful's dun sploded. Dar was dynamite in the las' picture dat was sent Mars Brown, an' it done blowed de whole cabin up.

*Gamboge.* What picture?

*Ben.* De lilly one wid de curly headed bats.

*Gamboge.* Curly headed bats!

*Ben.* Yes, sah!

*Alfresco.* Why, what can he mean?

*Maud.* I don't remember it!

*Mrs. Floyd* [*laughing*]. Perhaps he means the Sistine Cherubs.

*Gamboge.* Oh, to be sure, the copy by Vert Green. [*Aside to MODDLE.*] You know Brown played the mischief with him in the papers.

*Moddle* [*aside*]. Yes, I know, but this is a dreadful revenge to take.

*Gamboge.* Any loss of life, Ben?

*Ben.* I don' understan you.

*Gamboge.* Did any one get killed?

*Ben.* Yes, sah, two ob' em.

*Gamboge.* Great Heaven! speak quick—not your master and his wife?

*Ben.* Not zackly, sah—Tabby she los' one ob her eyes, and Towser he had his tail cut smove off.