

FARO—(*Laughing*)—That's right! You'd have caught it if you had!—(*Turning to where Egypt stands*)—Egypt! What are you looking at? Come along—I want my onion-stew!

EGYPT—(*Turning*)—I'm coming, Faro.

FARO—(*Lifting his whip, ready to start*)—We'll be in camp by nine o'clock! Look!—the big moon's going to light us on our way!—(*To Egypt, who has climbed up beside him*)—All right, little sweetheart?—(*He puts his arms about her.*)

EGYPT—(*Cheerfully, as she puts little Faro between them and settles the baby in her lap*)—All right!

(*Faro cracks his whip, the horse starts, and the cart goes creaking off towards the moon and the distant hills. It soon is lost around the first bend of the road. Faro's voice comes back faint, but good-tempered.*)

FARO—(*Singing*)—

“Oh, I was born when the world began,
When the world ends I shall die——”

CURTAIN.

