

with agony! Come—if you are a man with a man's heart, come with me! We shall find him—the cunning devil shall not escape us! Come!

O'H.—Cease, boy, cease! This is madness—delirium—

LIEUT.—(Pressing hands to head.)—Madness? Yes, my brain is on fire! It burns, and nothing save revenge will cool it! Give me revenge—revenge!

(Looks at table and around the room.)

Where is my pistol? My pistol, I say!

(O'H. kicks pistol out of the way.)

Curse you—you would cheat me! You, my father! You, with your milk-and-water blood, the father of Lieutenant Douglas!

(Moves to R., turns.)

The tiger claims not kinship with the lamb!

(Exit R. Door. O'H. looks after him.)

O'H.—Oh, my boy—my lost boy! Can this be my son—the little child that was torn from me—his kisses still felt upon my lips, even after those terrible years! And his lips now giving utterance to awful blasphemies! O, my God!

Enter O'Rourke, L. Door. (He enters hurriedly. Sound of rain when door is opened.)

O'R.—It's a terrible night—a terrible night! I never saw such rain!

(Sees O'H.)

Oh, you must excuse me—I thought I was entering the public parlour.

O'H.—Phelim!

O'R.—Yes, that's my name, and I'm sorry that I haven't the pleasure—

O'H.—Phelim, don't you know me?

O'R.—(Looking closely at O'H., extends his hand.)—Why, it's you, O'Halloran! I declare I'd pass you by in the street if I had met you. You're greatly changed, man. Where have you been?

O'H.—Where have I been? Phelim, Phelim, why do you ask that question?

O'R.—Why? Because I want to know, of course. We were always great friends—you and I.

O'H.—Phelim, what is wrong with you?

O'R.—Nothing, O'Halloran, nothing at all. I have good health, thank God, and you?—have you been away—

O'H.—O'Rourke—my God, O'Rourke! Why do you speak like this? Have you forgotten?

O'R.—Forgotten! Forgotten what?

O'H.—Man—man! Can you have forgotten that terrible night