

you would use your strength against the aged and helpless ! Stand up there like a man, and use it against me !

*(Strikes him with the whip. HARDING falls back.)*

SCENE II.—LANDSCAPE. *Enter DARBY R.*

DARBY.—Faith it's better than a christenin' to be listenin' to that helf idiot Adolphus Pennyworth or Ha'pennyworth or whatever he calls himself. Barney promised to bring him down this way. I wondher what's keepin' them, anyhow, to pass the time I'll sing a bit of a song.

*(He sings At the end of the song enter R., BARNEY and ADOL.)*

BAR.—Arrah Darby, is this yourself. Mr. Pennyworth, this is an old friend of mine, an' a fine boy he is, Darby Grady by name.

ADOL.—Aw, Mr. Grady, let me shake hands with you I'm sure I shall like you, for really you know, I am getting to like the country better with every hour I pass in it, and the people too, don't ye know.

DARBY.—Yes, that's the way with us an' we can't help it; we're like money—the more ye see of us the more ye like us. Oh, indeed I admit that meself.

ADOL.—I'm sure you are very kind to agree with me, Mr. Grady, seeing that I am a stranger here, and strangers like to be agreed with, ye know.

BARNEY.—Oh, yes, we agree with ye fine, an' you agree with us—as the cannibal said to the minister when he ate him up.

ADOL.—Positively, Mr. Barney, you startle me with your quaint sayings, but I'm sure you don't mean it, ye know.

BAR.—Not a bit of it, for we're not cannibals, an' even canniba's wouldn't ate an omadhaun.

ADOL.—Mr. Barney, what is the meaning of that word ?

BAR.—What ? Omadhaun ? Oh sure it means a very smart man that has travelled a lot. When I said that you were one, it's only a left-handed compliment that I was payin' ye.

ADOL.—Yes, I'm sure, and you were very kind to say it, you know. But where shall we go now ?

DARBY.—I have it. Barney, I'll bet ye anything ye never brought Mr. Ha'pennyworth to hear the wondherful echo up in the hills ?

ADOL.—Oh, yes, Mr. Grady, he did, I assure you, and if you wouldn't mind, I would rather not go again. I am afraid of the night-mare, ye know.

DARBY.—The night-mare is it ? Oh, then Barney, you should bring him to see the Devil's Crag where all the witches ride in the air on broomsticks.

ADOL.—What ! Witches ! Why I should die of fright if I saw them !

DARBY.—Then let us go to the buryin' ground where we can have a chat with the spooks, an' the hobgoblins, an' the——

*(ADOL. runs out L.)*

Oh, begorra, the poor gossoon is out of his mind with fright. Come on Barney an' help him to get back his wits.