

middle of a dispute with the umpire, an Indian squaw standing close by stole a——

Guard.—Stole a base, sir?

Ferr.— No ! she stole a boy
While the nurse flirted with Tom Gilroy.

Guard.—She must have been in *league* with someone to do so *foul* a deed.

Ferr.— Searches were made by the police in every quarter,
Pawnbroker shops, *Wolf's* auction rooms to loiter
They searched the Sioux, the Mohawk and the Cree,
Went to Sunday school and rewarded each missionree,
But neither they, the Count, or even *Constantine*,
Have found a trail of the wandering infantine. *(sings)*

SONG.—FERRANDO.

AIR—"Abbiotta Zingara."

Stood there an Indian squaw, witchlike appearing,
She wore a red blanket and just one ear-ring,
O'er the babe sleeping, with fierce looks bending,
Gaz'd she upon him, black deeds intending.
Horror profound, seiz'd she the babe that dark moment;
Sharp cries of terror soon rent the air around her,
And swiftly as thought flies, there rose a great foment;
The police, the nurse search'd everywhere for the squaw but never again
[have found her.]

Then by their threatenings, beatings and yelling,
Then by their threatenings, their blows and yelling,
The dark offender was soon expelled,
The guilty nurse was soon expelled,
The guilty nurse was soon expelled,
The guilty nurse was soon expelled.

Guard.—How sad that our dear master should lose his little brother. The whooping cough or measles would have been a better fate.

Ferr.— Yes, for years the Count sadly passed his days,
'Till the beautiful Leonora met his gaze.
He loved her and sings to her, while from the top flat
They pour water and throw boot jacks at his hat.
He has no chance. She thinks him quite a bore.
She loves another, the handsome troubadour.
But whist, she comes this way, let's cross the lawn,
And as they say in tragedy—"villain begone!"
[All creep off burlesque R. and L.]

[Enter LEONORA R. down steps at back.]

Leo. (sighs).— Ah ! me ! I wonder where he is now !
If he doesn't come soon there will be a row;
And I won't play my part, the little minx,
Perhaps he's at the Queens playing for the drinks. *(sings)*

SONG.—LEONORA.

AIR—"Di Tale Amor."

Oh where is my troubadour,
Grinding on the organette,
All day that sweet melody,
The Babes—the babes—the babes upon our block.