

thing, an' if ye dont do it right, he'll just whip a knife out of his pocket an' kill ye before ye can say Jack Robinson.

BEAU.—Ma foi, dis is frightful! I will go away from dis house, and never come once more.

TIM.—Oh, that wouldn't help ye, for it's the same all over Ireland. Sure if ye're not always shoutin' 'God save the King' ye're likoly to be murdered at any minute in the day or night.

BEAU.—Gracious goodness! And when you say "God save do King" dey not kill you?

TIM.—Oh, divil the kill, for then they think ye're one of themselves.

CASS.—Yes, an' there's another way of apprasin' them, an' that is to shout "Hurrah for King Bi ly" as loud as ye can.

BEAU.—Hurrah for King Beely!

CASS.—Yes; that'll stop them right off.

BEAU.—And you say dat Monsieur O'Gorman kill seventeen or eighteen peoples?

CASS.—As dead as door nails, an' put their bodies into the cellar. That's how it is that ye hear groans an' strange noises wherever ye go through the house.

TIM.—Whist, Micky, I think the masher's comin'. Let us hide.

(TIM and CASSIDY hide under pieces of furniture, leaving BEAUJACQUES in the middle of the floor). Enter O'GORMAN.

O'G.—(Looking at BEAUJACQUES.)

What is the matter with you?

BEAU.—I fall down stairs and spill some flour on me.

O'G.—You had better go and remove it. But wait—go up stairs and bring me a box you will find in a small room at the end of the corridor. Be quick now.

(Exit BEAUJACQUES). O'G. sits at a desk.)

TIM.—(From his hiding-place.) Micky, let us have some fun when Mist'er Boorjack comes back.

CASS.—What'll we do?

TIM.—Oh, we can begin by lettin' a groan or two out of us. (A loud noise as of a large box falling down stairs. O'G. rises.)

O'G.—What can that be? (Enter BEAUJACQUES pulling a large packing case after him.)

BEAU.—Eh, hy zosh, dis is a heavy box!

O'G.—What are you doing there?

BEAU.—Dis is de box I find on de leetle room, monsieur.

O'G.—I don't want that thing. Take it out of here.

BEAU.—All right, monsieur. (He is about to remove the box when a groan from TIM disturbs his balance and he falls over the box.)

O'G.—What is the matter with you?

BEAU.—(Rising and trembling.) Ah! You not hear it?

O'G.—Hear what?