

DR. D.—Hold. Be just. This poor child drank the philtre at your instance. She hurried off to meet you—but, most unhappily, she met me instead. As you had administered the potion to both of us, the result was inevitable. But fear nothing from me—I will be no man's rival. I shall quit the country at once—and bury my sorrows in the congenial gloom of a Colonial Bishopric.

ALEXIS.—My excellent old friend. Oh, Mr. Wells, what, what is to be done?

MR. W.—I do not know—and yet—there is one means by which this spell may be removed.

ALEXIS.—Name it—oh name it!

MR. W.—Or you or I must yield up his life to Ahrimanes. I would rather it were you. I should have no hesitation in sacrificing my life to spare yours, but we take stock next week, and it would not be fair on the Co.

ALEXIS.—True. Well, I am ready!

ALINE.—No, no—Alexis—it must not be. Mr. Wells, if he must die that all may be restored to their old loves, what is to become of me? I should be left out in the cold, with no love to be restored to.

MR. W.—True—I did not think of that. My friends, I appeal to you, and I will leave the decision in your hands.

FINALE.

MR. WELLS.—Or he or I must die,
Which shall it be? Reply!

SIR MARMADUKE.—Die thou! Thou art the cause of all
offending.

VICAR.—Die thou! Yield thee to this decree unbending.

CHORUS.—Die thou! die thou! die thou!

MR. WELLS.—So be it, I submit; my fate is sealed;
To popular opinion thus I yield.
Be happy, all, leave me to my despair;
I go, it matters not with whom or where.

CHORUS.—Oh, my adored one!
Unmingled joy!
Ecstatic rapture!
Unmingled joy!

Pens and Pencils at J. H. Dufton's.