

TIM—You don't say so! Faith I know there's some divilment goin' on, for he gave me a letter for the commander of the barracks, but what it's about I dont know. I didn't want to show my face there so I sent Flannagan with it.

CASS.—Look here Tim, just before ye came in I was thinkin' how we'd get even with the ould boy for drivin' us away, an' it struck me that we could get at him through the new man.

TIM—Who is that? The Frenchman?

CASS.—The very same.

TIM—How would you go about it, Micky?

CASS.—Well, ye know yourself that he's as timid as a mouse, an' I think that between the two of us we can raise a revolution in this very house. Whisht! here he comes.

(Enter BEAUJACQUES with flour sprinkled over his clothes).

BEAU.—Ah, Monsieur Cassidy, I was look for you over all.

CASS.—Ye were lookin' for me overalls? Begorra ye look as if ye needed a pair! What has happened to you?

TIM—Faith, Micky, he's the flower o' the flock.

BEAU.—I was walk on de—what you call—de—de—escaliers—de stair you know, and I hear one shout, terrible, terrible, and I fall down wit de flour I was carry.

CASS.—Ye heard a shout, did you?

BEAU.—Oh, yes, like some one who was murder or someting.

CASS.—Tim, I'll bet ye anything it was the ghost of poor Mrs. Hoolahan who was murdered by the Masther last week because she didn't cook the dinner right.

(BEAUJACQUES begins to tremble).

TIM—I'm sure it was for I've heard her meself.

BEAU.—Murder? You say murder?

CASS.—Yes, of course. Ye see the poor woman was a new hand, an' one day she burned the mate for dinner. The masther called her up stairs an' says he, "Mrs. Hoolahan, did you cook the dinner to-day?" "Yes, sir," says she. "Well," says he, "you're the devil's own cook for the mate is all burned," an' with that he picks up a knife from the table, killed her on the spot, an' then sat down an' ate his dinner as cool as ye please.

TIM—Yes, indeed; I saw him do it.

BEAU.—Mon Dieu, dis is terrible! And de law she not hang him for dat?

TIM—Not at all! Sure a little thing like that is not minded at all, here. Faith an' Mrs. Hoolahan is not the first he killed, for he has murdered eighteen of his servants altogether since I have been here.

BEAU.—(To CASSIDY) Is dat so?

CASS.—Oh, thrue as Gospel! When the masther tells ye to do a