

ACT II.—THE PLOT.

ORCHESTRAL OPENING—"ANVIL CHORUS."

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE 1.

SCENE.—*A Forrest, MANRICO asleep at the back; a band of Indians and squares discovered engaged in a wild dance to the music, beating tom-toms. Orchestra continuing.*

CHORUS.—INDIANS.

AIR—" *Vu ti le fosche notturne spoglie.*"

See how the shadows of night are flying,
Morn breaketh Heaven's glorious arch unveiling.
Like a young widow who, weary of sighing,
Lays by her garments of sorrow and wailing.

Rouse up to labor,
Take each his tom-tom.
(*Strike tom-toms in regular measure.*)
Who makes the Indians a life with trouble laden,
Who makes the Indians a life with trouble laden, who?
Who the Indian's life adorns?
Who makes his life one with trouble laden?
The Indian Agent.

[Enter RUIZ L., HOOPER UP SAM R.]

Ruiz (a Chief).—Our cause is in very bad shape. Hooper Up Sam!

Hooper Up Sam (advancing).—Yes, sir!

Ruiz.—How have the collections been of late for our Indian League fund?

H. U. Sam.—We have *found* them very poor. The Chicago people say the Irish Home Rule fund requires all their attention, besides they think we have too much rule now.

Ruiz.—Yes, we have been quite unruly, but our cause has dwindled since our old Chief "Too Late in the Day," shuffled off his mortal coil.

H. U. Sam.—You mean he died.

Ruiz.—Yes, he died. He died very suddenly, before an awe-struck audience of deputy sheriffs and newspaper reporters. 'Twas only for a petty theft, a few paltry thousand cattle, but the Crown Attorney described on a parchment epitaph in monumental terms his offence; but in our hearts we have raised a more tender tribute to his memory. But enough! Let us go somewhere—where farmers let their cattle roam.

H. U. Sam.—

Yes, most everything has gone to ruin',
What with Bailey, Purvis and the Farmer's Union.

Ruiz.—

If things keep on we will get quite poor,
But say, shall we go and take in Clougher?
And put a red streak through the town.

H. U. Sam.—I say boys, is it not fun playing we are Indians? This is just like the stories we read off in the "New York Boys Weekly."

Ruiz.—Hush! or, to use a vulgar phrase, the police will "catch on."
(*Whistle outside.*) That signal—at this hour! What does it mean