

CASPER—(*Interrupting*)—Oh—oh! You cheat! You stepped outside!

LUCRETIA SMITH—(*A stout, handsome gypsy matron, calling to them from the fire*)—Be still, you dirty brats! If you want a bite to eat!—(*To another woman*)—Set on the kettle for the tea. Lord love us—it's almost eight o'clock.

MRS. KEERGOR—Old Faro and his son are still away. Can we eat without the chief?

TAWNY CHAL—(*One of the poker-players, with a laugh*)—Three kings! This is my lucky day! (*He rakes in his winnings.*)

PERCIVAL SMITH—(*Admiringly, yet maliciously*)—You have a liar's face. God has been good to you, Tawny Chal.

TAWNY CHAL—(*Shuffling and dealing again*)—I wear a charm the black witch-doctor sold me.

JOE KEERGOR—What is it, brother?

TAWNY CHAL—(*Grinning*)—I may not tell. So—play. (*They look at their hands and fall into silence.*)

STELLA—(*Who is basket-making, as the fiddler pauses*)—Your new fiddle is much sweeter than the old one!

THE FIDDLER—It's not so bad—that's true. But I bought it with my gray mare, and *she* was worth a hundred dollars.

ANNIE—Lord! You can steal another worth two hundred.

LUCRETIA—(*Tasting*)—The stew is done. (*To the other woman, who is looking at Mrs. Komello curiously.*) What are you gaping at?

MRS. KEERGOR—(*Turning*)—Old Mrs. Komello. I think she is talking to devils.

LUCRETIA—She is a devil—she and her great-grand-child, too.

MRS. KEERGOR—Egypt? But she pens dukkerin so well. She'll swear to some young gorgio man that twenty girls are sick of love for him, and then he'll grin and give her as much as two dollars. I know, for I've seen them do it.

LUCRETIA—(*Who has crossed, during this last, to where Mrs. Komello is sitting under the great pine tree*)—Mrs. Komello! (*A pause.*) Mrs. Komello, where is your serpent descendant? (*Pause.*) I said where is Egypt?