

MRS. WHITE (*tugging at the top bolt*). John! The top bolt's stuck. I can't move it. Come and help. Quick!

MR. WHITE (*wildly groping*). The paw! There's a wish left.

(*The knocking is now loud, and in groups of increasing length between the speeches.*)

MRS. WHITE. D'yc hear him? John! Your child's knocking!

MR. WHITE. Where is it? Where did it fall?

MRS. WHITE (*tugging desperately at the bolt*). Help! Help! Will you keep your child from his home?

MR. WHITE. Where did it fall? I can't find it—I can't find——

(*The knocking is now tempestuous, and there are blows upon the door as of a body beating against it.*)

MRS. WHITE. Herbert! Herbert! My boy! Wait! Your mother's opening to you! Ah! It's moving! It's moving!

MR. WHITE. God forbid! (*He finds the paw.*) Ah!

MRS. WHITE (*slipping the bolt*). Herbert!

MR. WHITE (*has raised himself to his knees; he holds the paw high*). I wish him dead. (*The knocking stops abruptly.*) I wish him dead and at peace!

MRS. WHITE (*flinging the door open simultaneously*). Herb——

(*There is a flood of moonlight, but only emptiness. The old man sways in prayer on his knees. The old woman lies half swooning, wailing against the door-post.*)

CURTAIN.