ISAAC—Yes, I've been avay on my second honeymoon, but I cut it short, for I vanted to do a ferry particular bit of bishness, now that Col. Vindale lies vith his toes turned up to the daisies—

LIEUT.—Is Windale dead?

ISAAC—His horse threw him, and rolled on him, and it vas vorse than if he had been shmited on the cranium—oom.

LIEUT.—Windale dead!

ISAAC—As dead as he'll ever be, and as he deserves to be, for he vas a great rascal.

LIEUT.—And you, Jew, are second only to him!

ISAAC—Holy Abraham! That vas a nice vay for YOU to talk. That vas Satan reproving sin, vith a vengeance!

LIEUT.—Hold your taunts, you dog!

(Assumes a menacing attitude.)

ISAAC—Oh, I'm not afraid of you—not a bit afraid of you!

LIEUT.—Say what you have to say, and be done with it.

ISAAC—No, I vont—I've changed my mind: I have nothing to say to you—except this: You think you are the son of the now vealthy Mishtah O'Halloran, don't you?

LIEUT.—What do you mean?

ISAAC—That I have fooled the Colonel, and Mishtah O'Halloran, and the whole crowd of you—

(LIEUT. makes as if about to spring. ISAAC puts hand in pocket.) —and if you come near me I vill blow your head off.

(Aims pistol. LIEUT. steps back.)

Ah, ha! You vasn't so courageous now, ah? The ex-Lieutenant lost his courage vhen he laid aside his soldier's coat, ah? Nobody knows who you are; I don't know who you are; but I know this: Vhen I picked you up off the streets of Dundalk, there vere no enquiries made about you—

(Begins to back towards REAR.)

There vere no salt tears shed over your disappearance—no von to say: "Oh, vhere's my losht boy!" (Reaches exit.)

Good-bye—good-day—Mishtah Nobody. Good-day, Mishtah Nobody—oom.

(Bows ironically. Exit. LIEUT. stands irresolute, a moment or two, then turns to R, and goes off quickly.) Re-enter ISAAC.

ISAAC—(Looking R.)—He can run pretty fast, and he'll come back soon, but vhat do I care—I'm not afraid of him. (Looks L.) Ah! Here is the von I vant to see. (Steps to REAR.)

Enter O'HALLORAN, L. (Faint heering heard. O'HALLORAN looks