

THE CHRONICLERS *speak*.

*First Chronicler:* Events go by. And upon  
circumstance

Disaster strikes with the blind sweep of chance,  
And this our mimic action was a theme,  
Kinsmen, as life is, clouded as a dream.

*Second Chronicler:* But, as we spoke, presiding  
everywhere

Upon event was one man's character.  
And that endures; it is the token sent  
Always to man for man's own government.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE END