

seen, but you must substitute for my name that of Maurice O'Donnell. Do you promise?

ADOL.—But he is innocent; he will be hanged, and I will be his murderer!

HARD.—(*Producing pistol.*) Promise—at once!

ADOL.—Harding, do not murder me! I will do what you tell me. Yes, I promise.

HARD.—Very good; now for the rest. From this day, until I order otherwise, you will sleep at my house—your tongue might betray your head and ruin me.

ADOL.—Yes, yes, I will do anything—everything you wish!

(*Hides his face on the sofa.*)

HARD.—Now, Maurice O'Donnell, you are entrapped! Fate has placed this fellow in my way, and I shall use him for your destruction! The pride of Killarney has fallen!

SCENE II.—A ROAD. *Enter MAURICE and MYLES, L.*

MYLES.—The villainous scamp! I'll look him up, and by the Rock of Cashel call him out and shoot him like a dog!

MAUR.—No, uncle, I have just found you and your life shall not be placed in jeopardy because of my fault. Heaven knows you have already suffered enough through me!

MYLES.—Tut, boy, don't speak of it, and as for any risk I'd run in meeting Harding,—faith I'd run fifty risks for the satisfaction of thrashing the rascal! What was that he said to your father?

MAUR.—He swore that he would at once set the authorities upon my track.

MYLES.—And he will, faith, but it'll only cause you a little inconvenience, my boy, for his own unsupported word will never convict you.

MAUR.—Perhaps not, but circumstances tend to substantiate the charge. My natural enmity against the unfortunate gypsy will prove a strong link in the chain of evidence.

MYLES.—Maurice, my lad, if the rascal attempts to forge any such chain, I'll smash it into smithereens and throw the pieces into his face! or if I don't succeed in that, I'll have him tarred and feathered and give him an hour to leave the country!

MAUR.—Uncle, you must promise not to act rashly. I will be arrested, 'tis true, but for my defence, I must trust to my innocence.

MYLES.—(*Moving R.*) Perhaps you're right my boy, for it's seldom that a really innocent man is put in the wrong box, except for a time.

(*Exit MAURICE.*)

And the boy'll never be hanged, for if anyone at all is hanged, I'll bet a hundred pounds that it'll be a man by the name of Felix Harding.

(*Exit R. Enter DARBY and BARNEY, L.*)

BAR.—Darby, I wonder what's the matter with Mr. Adolphus Penny-