

taught me the gambling life. My brother Felix, who was the pet could get all the money he wanted, some days as much as five dollars. One day I made a mistake in the accounts, when, my father in his anger threatened me for my carelessness, at this Claude D'Arville persuaded me to forge my father's name and skip the country. I forged for \$2,000, but was caught, tried and sentenced to seven years imprisonment.

LUDWIG—And you knew dis D'Arville? Who are you?

CONVICT—Clarence Harris. Oh! for mercy's sake hide me before the guards come and find me.

LUDWIG—Clarence Harris! sure I will hide you. Put on these clothes, so that you hide them striped one. (taking some clothes off a peg).

Ludwig looks if anyone is coming.

LUDWIG—Dere are two guards coming mit deir guns.

CLARENCE—If they see me they will shoot me, if not catch me.

LUDWIG—Come quick, jump into dis bag, I shall take you to a safe place in a little while, you will be alright to-night, I shall take you down to de farm mit some more bags. It will be better to be fet to de pigs, than to be killed by de guards.

Enter guards in a hurry from rear of mill and search everywhere.

The bag in which Clarence is hidden, heing tied is moved to one side, then others are filled. The wagon appears and the bags are loaded up.

LUDWIG—Vat do you vant here anyvay, putting your noses into everyting?

1ST GUARD—Did you see a young man with prison clothes on? We will get into trouble on account of his escape.

Ludwig shakes his head, "No."

1ST GUARD—Well, I think he came around here. We must search the mill.

LUDWIG—Alright, go aheat and search.

The guards search around again.

2ND GUARD—You cannot blame anyone but yourself.

1ST GUARD—Well, we must offer the miller a reward, he may give us some information about him, regarding his hiding-place. Ludwig mounts the wagon and prepares to drive away.

1ST GUARD—(calling), Here miller! I will give you one hundred dollars if you will tell us where the convict is hidden.

LUDWIG—I tink more of a man's liberty in dis world dan of de hundred tollars. (driving away).

Guards look dumb-founded at each other.

CURTAIN.