

choir—procession—join them as they reach the Avenue—my apologies—disturbing you at such an hour—(*At the door, fumbling blindly with the key*)—I beg you to accept—very best wishes—coming year—my—my—good-night—good-bye— (*He is gone without looking back once. As he spoke the pistol has dropped from her hand. Her lips move rapidly in silent prayer. She shuts her eyes and crosses herself. Her head droops and she begins to sway. She tries to cross herself again, cannot, and, as the door closes, she sinks on the floor in a little heap, like a tired child. The hymn swells up in triumph as the lights fade. The scene is in darkness. The noise of the bells continues—whistles take it up. For a moment the bells and whistles nearly drown the hymn. Then they again to die away. The voices singing are no longer heard. And the band playing the hymn has evidently shrunk. It is now almost grotesque—so very thin and cracked and out of tune. To this music and the fading sound of the bells the lights are gradually turned up again, and reveal the scene set for the Epilogue.*)