

SERGEANT. You wouldn't believe me, if I was to tell you.

HERBERT. I will, every word.

SERGEANT. Magic, then!--Don't you laugh!

HERBERT. I'm not. Got it on you now?

SERGEANT. Of course.

HERBERT. Let's see it.

*(Seeing the SERGEANT embarrassed with his glass, MRS. WHITE rises, takes it from him, places it on the mantelpiece and remains standing.)*

SERGEANT. Oh, it's nothing to look at. *(Hunting in his pocket.)* Just an ordinary—little paw—dried to a mummy. *(Produces it and holds it towards MRS. WHITE.)* Here.

MRS. WHITE *(who has leant forward eagerly to see it, starts back with a little cry of disgust).* Oh!

HERBERT. Give us a look.

*(MORRIS passes the paw to MR. WHITE, from whom HERBERT takes it.)*

Why, it's all dried up!

SERGEANT. I said so.

*(Wind.)*

MRS. WHITE *(with a slight shudder).* Hark at the wind! *(She sits again in her old place.)*

MR. WHITE *(taking the paw from HERBERT.)* And what might there be special about it?

SERGEANT *(impressively).* That there paw has had a spell put upon it!

MR. WHITE. No? *(In great alarm he thrusts the paw back into MORRIS'S hand.)*

SERGEANT *(pensively, holding the paw in the palm of his hand).* Ah! By an old fakir. He was a very holy man. He'd sat all doubled up in one spot, goin' on for fifteen year; thinkin' o' things. And he wanted to show that fate ruled people. That every-thing was cut and dried from the beginning, as you might say. That there warn't no gettin' away from