

When a third has gone, his heart will beat no more. blood!—die, man! Take him, Devil, for the charm done."

EGYPT—(*Hardly breathing*)—And then?

MRS. KOMELLO—Dearie, that's all. In the morn-
ing he was dead.

EGYPT—(*Trying to dispel her doubts*)—But he n-
come, gran-bebee! Faro may come yet! Why, they h-
stopped him on the road—his horse has lost a shoe—

MRS. KOMELLO—Eat, my child—eat while
wait. Men have always lied to women. And this stew
very good.

EGYPT—I—can't. — (*She looks up*) — Gran-bel-
LOOK in your tea-cup See what the leaves will
to-night!

MRS. KOMELLO—A candle, little daughter.
eyes are growing old. (*Egypt runs over to the tent, com-
out with candle, which she lights at the fire, and return-
holding it near Mrs. Komello. The latter is looking i-
her cup muttering to herself.*)

(*Meanwhile.*)

LUCRETIA—Eight o'clock! May the Devil gn-
old Faro home—for he is surely full of brandy now!

TAWNY CHAL—(*Smoking his pipe by the fire*)
What road do we take to-morrow?

PERCIVAL SMITH—North. There is a fair at Ro-
insville. The chief buys two more horses.

LUCRETIA—(*To her husband*)—And you a pair
fine gold earrings—understand?

PERCIVAL—(*Gloomily*)—Again? Oh, Lord! Wh-
is the woman made of?

EGYPT—(*Who is crouching by Mrs. Komello's si-
peering into the cup*)—I can't see—is it a cross?

MRS. KOMELLO—Lift up the candle! (*Egypt do-
so.*)—A star, as plain as day. That's sudden news!

EGYPT—(*Eagerly*)—Pour in more tea—(*She do-
so.*)

MRS. KOMELLO—(*Drinking*)—Saints in glory, th-
tea's as strong as lye!

EGYPT—Now look!

MRS. KOMELLO—(*Peering into the cup*)—A bro-
en sword!

EGYPT—That means black suffering.

MRS. KOMELLO—So it does, my sweetheart.

EGYPT—(*Suddenly*)—And now the last time—