

Bill: What, you won't drink? Well, we wo'nt coax you. Like as not you can't afford to. It's certainly tough luck to be poor (sarcastically). Obed and me just delight in throwin' away twenty dollar gold pieces. That's part of a rich man's heritage.

(Both laugh at Jim's expense).

Jim (sourly): A fool and his gold are soon parted.

Obed (sitting on edge of table): Ho! Ho! Philosophisin', eh? Well, Jim, Bill'll tell you I'm somewhat of a philosopher myself, and mine and yours don't agree.

Bill: They sure don't. That's why our licker is so d—d scarce tonight.

(Jim shivers and crouches in his chair).

Obed: The fella that said, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrer we die," sure got my number. Believe that, Bill?

Bill: You betcha. Ha! ha!

(Both visitors are becoming hilarious as a result of their recent drinking.)

Obed: What do you think of it, Jim?

Jim: I think you're both fools, as well as rogues, and I wish you'd leave me alone and git out.

Obed: We'd best be keerful, Bill, or we'll be wearin' out our welcome.

Bill: Ha! ha! I don't think we ever had one to wear out.

Obed: (more seriously). Now looka here, Jim, we're here for the night, and you've got to put up with us. I'd be callin' you a rogue yourself, to think of sending us off in the rain. Wake up there and be sociable.

Bill: I've always heard as how Jim was very rich—

Jim: No! No!

Bill: (winking at Obed):—and perhaps he thinks we come to take his money.

Jim: I lost all my money last year. You—

Bill: All except a few twenty dollar gold pieces.

Obed (taking up the flask from the table): Come on, Jim, have a swig of this. (Jim shakes his head and crouches down further on the stool). Well, if you won't, you won't. Aha!—Aha! Here Bill.

(Bill takes a drink too).