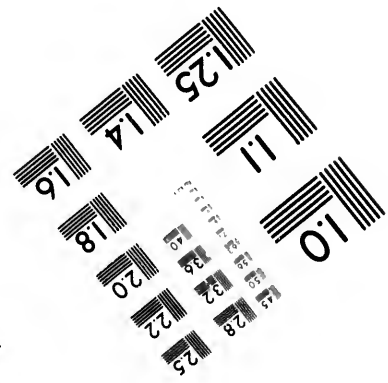
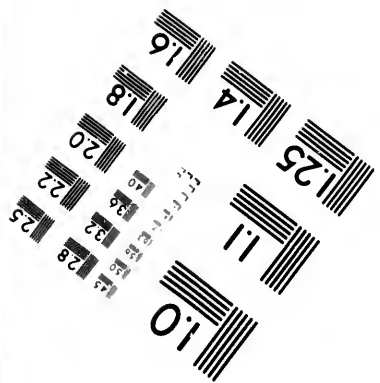
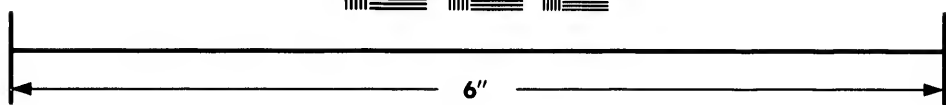
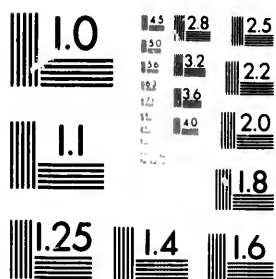


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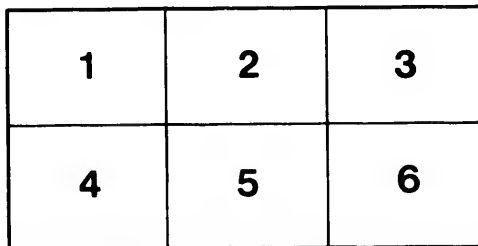
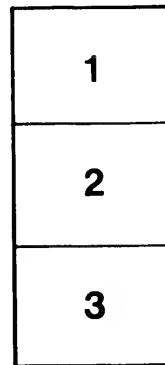
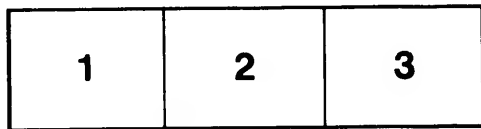
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THE PRIDE OF KILLARNEY.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE

St. Ann's Young Men's Society,

By JAMES MARTIN,

(A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.)



MONTREAL.

St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street.

1896.

CHARACTERS.

MAURICE O'DONNELL..... "The Pride of Killarney."

MR. O'DONNELL..... Maurice's Father.

MYLES O'SHAUGHNESSY..... A warm-hearted Irishman.

MR. O'DRISCOLL..... Mr. O'Donnell's Friend.

BARNEY RAFFERTY..... A Killarney Boy.

DARBY GRADY..... Another.

ADOLPHUS PENNYWORTH.... An Exquisite.

FELIX HARDING..... Maurice O'Donnell's Enemy.

RAYMOND VIBERT..... Gypsy Captain.

CARLO.....

DONTI.....

JOCKO.....

}..... { Gypsies.

MR. PRESTON A Magistrate.

M. DELANEY..... A Farmer.

CONSTABLE.....

PEASANTS, OFFICERS, &c. &c.

THE PRIDE OF KILLARNEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A WOOD. BARNEY, DARBY, and a few PEASANTS discovered, seated or lying on the ground.

BARNEY—Now Darby Grady, upon my word I thought ye had more pluck in ye. What, man! Afraid to dance on the green as we used to do! Well you're a nice Irishman.

DARBY—But, Barney, are'nt the Constabulary prowlin' about lookin' for offenders agin the law, an' does'nt the new law forbid dancin' on the green, meetin's, an' speech-makin'?

BARNEY—Begorra Darby, if the Government thinks that such a law will be obeyed, it should be out in Africa chasin' niggers for a livin'; for while there's a breath left in the lung of an Irishman, he'll stand up like a man an' defy any government that thinks it can muzzle him as if he was a dog!

PEASANTS—(in chorus). Hear, hear, Barney, keep it up!

DARBY—Perhaps yer right, Barney, but it was only the other day that a lot of the boys an' girls were havin' a bit of a dance, when down came the constabulary an' ordered every one of them to their homes.

BARNEY—An' did they go?

DARBY—What else could they do? Sure it's not arrested they'd want to be!

BARNEY—Faith if they had any pluck in them they'd soon teach the police that the green fields of Ireland were made for Irishmen, an' not for a pack of thievin' landlords an' their rascally servants, the constabulary. Oh begorra, if one of the spalpeens would only show his nose this minute, I think I'd beat him within an inch of his life!

DARBY—(looking L.) Then be the powers ye've got yer wish for here comes one of them!

(Enter CONSTABLE L.)

CONS.—Here, you fellows, no loitering allowed here. Move along!

BARNEY—Hold on a minute. Who is it that orders us about as if we were omadhauns?

CONS.—I order you.

BARNEY—An' who the divil are you?

CONS.—No insolence, for I wont stand it. Get away with you!

BARNEY—Wait a bit. Who gives you yer orders?

CONS.—The law, and I am its representative.

BARNEY—Boys, look at the representative of the law. Look at it so

that ye'll know it again. Ha, ha, ha, but it's the law that's hard up for representatives when it picks out the like of you to do its work.

CONS.—Another word and you'll be my prisoner. Men, I call upon you in the name of the law to disperse or suffer the consequences!

BARNEY—Then Mr. Man-of-Law we'll suffer the consequences, but as I'm a livin' man it's yerself that'll suffer more than we will.

(Seizes CONSTABLE and trips him.)

So ye'll order us to disperse, will ye? *(Holding him down.)* Faith we'll show ye how we obey yer law. Boys, bring a rope till we tie his heels.

(Enter MR. O'DONNELL, L)

MR. O'D.—What is this? Barney, you rascal, what are you doing?

BARNEY—Faith yer honor, I'm only layin' down the law.

MR. O'D.—Let the man go this minute!

BARNEY—Well since it's Mr. O'Donnell that orders it I'll obey, but I'd rather take some of the law-consate out of him.

(Releases CONS. who rises.)

CONS.—You scoundrel, you'll pay for this!

MR. O'D.—Tut, tut, man; the boy meant no harm. Leave matters as they are.

CONS.—Leave matters as they are! I'll have every one of them in jail in an hour! I'll teach them to have respect for the law, the young vagabonds—

(Stops suddenly as MR. O'D. places in his hand a piece of silver.)

Thank you; sir, thank you. It'll be all right. I know the young fellow meant no harm. It was only a joke—only a joke, sir. Good-day, sir, good-day and thank you, sir.

(Touches his hat and exit R.)

MR. O'D.—Barney, I would advise you to keep your hands off the law in future or it may prove stronger than you. Have you seen Maurice down this way?

BARNEY—No, Mr. O'Donnell, he has'nt been around since we have been here.

MR. O'D.—*(Moving to R.)* I will find him below, I suppose. Remember what I said, Barney,—take care of the law.

(Exit R.)

BARNEY—Begorra boys, Mr. O'Donnell spoiled our fun. Did ye see the law puttin' out its fist an' pullin' in its tongue when it saw the money? Bad cess to the law, say I!

DARBY—Never mind the law, Barney, but tell me what's the matter with young Mather Maurice?

BARNEY—Faith I don't know Darby, but I must say that there is something wrong. Him that used to be so jolly an' light hearted is now

like a man that was goin' to die. However it's none of our business to pry into the masher's troubles. Hello! What's that I hear!

(Voices heard singing :)

Sing ho, for a gypsy life,
No worry, nor care, nor strife,
But the emerald green, and the glittering sheen,
Of sparkling waters bright,
And onward we stroll along,
The forest re-echoes our song,
Which merrily tells to the listening dalls,
Our gypsy heart's delight.

Enter L. CARLO, DONTI and JOCKO.)

CARLO—Ho, ho! I thought we had the place to ourselves. (To BARNEY.) Comrade, I hope we don't intrude?

BARNEY—Narry a bit, whoever ye are, so long as ye don't come in the name of the law.

CARLO—Law! Ha, ha, ha, who ever heard of a roving gypsy being on the side of the law! (Cracks his fingers.) That for all the laws that were ever framed!

BARNEY—Then give me yer hand, for we get nothin' but law here, an' we're tired of it.

(Shaking hands.)

CARLO—So are we, comrade, for the law is always against us.

(Looks Around.)

What a splendid place for a gypsy camp The green woods, the sky for a covering, and a merry heart for the best or the worst that may happen. I hope the woods are free to ail?

BARNEY—Faith an' they are, especially to boys that can sing as well as yerselves; an' as we're out here for a bit of divarsion, would ye mind givin' us a stave or two of the song ye were singin' as ye came along?

CARLO—With pleasure, comrade. Up lads for a song.

(The gypsies sing :)

I.

We're gypsies three, and merry and free
Is the rollicking life we lead;
The sky above is the cover we love,
And the air our only need.
We skip along with an elfin song—
Our hearts as light and gay
As the soaring lark or the amorous spark
Abroad on a Summer's day.

CHORUS—Then give us a gypsy life, &c.

II.

We envy none, for the glittering sun
 Glows alike on the sons of earth ;
 Our color is dark but humanity's spark
 Is bright at the gypsy's hearth.
 Our camp is as free as the tumbling sea
 And bright as the toppling foam
 And seen from afar, as a glistening star
 Is the light from our gypsy home.

CHORUS :—Then give us &c.

BARNEY—A capital song that, an'well sung too. (*To FIDDLER.*)
 Thade, me boy, would ye give us a bit of a jig er reel or somethin'for if
 we dont have a dance this minute, then call me a haythen. Come Thade
 me son, up with a reel.

(*FIDDLER plays a reel and all dance.*)

BARNEY—(*After the dance.*) Now, Mr. Gypsy come along with me,
 an'I'll show ye a place where ye can pitch yer tent an'live like lords.
 Come along.

(*Exeunt R. Enter FELIX HARDING and MAURICE, L*)

HARDING—Ha, ha, you have lost a thousand pounds, eh ? A pretty
 figure I must say !

MAURICE—Yes, and no matter which way I turn I see ruin staring
 me in the face.

HARD—How is that ? Will not your father advance you the amount ?

MAUR.—No, I will not ask my father, for the mention of such a sum
 would compel explanations that would reveal to him the fact that I had
 gambled.

HARD.—Yes, of course. Then how about the money-lender ?

MAUR—I have already been to see him but he refuses to help me.

HARD.—That's bad. Well my dear Maurice you *are* in a fix. If
 your father should learn that you had gambled, he might send you adrift,
 for I know his opinion of such matters. Let me see—will not some of
 your friends lend you the amount ?

MAUR.—I would ask none of them—that is I would ask only one, and
 that one is, yourself.

HARD—I ! My dear fellow, I could'nt raise £1000 by to-morrow if
 my head were the forfeit !

MAUR.—Then to-morrow I shall be dishonored. Maurice O'Donnell's
 name will be banded about as that of a ruined gambler—my father's
 honored name dragged in the mire of his son's disgrace. Oh, why have I
 brought ruin upon myself and sorrow to those I love !

HARD.—My dear fellow, you must not take it so badly. I said that
 I could not raise the amount *at once*, but in two or three days I can place
 in your hands the necessary funds, and you can repay me at your leisure.

MAUR.—Harding, you are a good fellow, but in this you cannot help me. The money *must* be paid to-mo-row.

HARD.—There you are wrong, my impulsive friend Myles O'Shaughnessy, the man to whom you have lost this amount, is my friend, and I am very much mistaken if I cannot induce him to wait a few days. There is my hand on it.

(Extends hand which Maurice grasps.)

MAUR.—You will do this ?

HARD.—Yes, I will, to give you conclusive proof that the old animosity between us is dead, and buried with the past.

MAUR.—My friend now and always ! Oh Felix, you do not know that from which you have saved me ! I cannot thank you—God keep you till we meet again.

(Exit R. hurriedly.)

HARD.—Fool ! Fool !! He is overcome with emotion at the thought of my disinterested friendship. Have I forgotten the hatred I bear him ? Have I forgotten the blow he dealt me one year ago, and which stings me at this moment ? Have I forgotten that he has all but won the hand of Florence O'Driscoll ? No, I have *not* forgotten, and I shall never forget. Why did I teach him to gamble ? Why have I bent every energy to get him within my grasp ? Because I hate him—because I wished to ruin him ! I shall drag him from his present place in the estimation of the people, and he who is now the pride of Killarney, shall be its disgrace !

(Enter, L., MYLES O'SHANGHNESSY.)

MYLES—Ah, Harding, the very man I want ! Felix, my boy, have you heard of last night's doings at the club ?

HARD.—Yes Myles, if you refer to the losses sustained by our mutual friend, Maurice O'Donnell.

MYLES—The very thing, the very thing, my boy. I caught him to the extent of £1000, and I've given him till to-morrow to pay up, or—you know the rest.

HARD.—Then he wont pay up for he cannot.

MYLES—How do you know ?

HARD.—He has not half the sum at hand. He dare not appeal to his father, and the money-lender has refused to aid him.

MYLES—Indeed ! Faith then he's in a bad fix, and I'm beginning to feel sorry for the lad. You should have seen him last night as he reeled from the room like a drunken man. By George ! I think I'll give him a week to pay up,—or a month if he likes.

HARD.—Then, Myles O'Shaughnessy, you have a bad memory. Do you forget that this Maurice O'Donnell is the man who accused you of cheating ? Do you forgive that ?

MYLES—Upon my word I believe I do, and if I remember rightly I *did* cheat, but it was at your suggestion, and I think I would forgive the boy if he had thrown me into the first bog we met. Upon my honor I

dont know what you have against the lad that makes you so bitter. Faith I'll go and tell him to take a year to pay if he likes. (*Moves to L.*)

HARD.—My dear friend, you seem to forget that I am to be consulted in the matter. You fail to remember that I am the person who advanced the money you have used in your transactions with Maurice O'Donnell. You are not a free agent and it will be as well for you to remember the fact.

MYLES—Hang it man, don't be so dictatorial or you may learn that I have'nt fallen so low as you imagine. Money is'nt everything to every man.

HARD.—Yes, but I know what it is to you, and here are my last words on the subject. Allow this fellow to escape, grant him one day's delays, and I will throw you over—not another pound of mine will you handle; but press him for payment—crush him, and the £1000 shall be yours!

MYLES—Now I'll have *my* say. You and I have led this boy a merry dance. You found him an innocent Irish lad, easily led, and with my help you have brought him to his present state. Now listen well, Felix Harding. If I were a poor vagrant without a morsel to eat, and you were Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and made this proposition to me, I would throw it back in your teeth, call you an arrant scoundrel, and tell you that there is not enough money in all Ireland to buy Myles O'Shaughnessey!

HARD.—Fellow, what do you mean by thus bearding me? Do you realize your position?

MYLES—I do, faith, but *you* don't, for the clever Felix Harding has been nothing but a braying jackass. From the moment I first heard you ask young Maurice to play for money, I knew your game. I made myself your confederate and I did it, not to serve you, but to teach him a lesson and to save him, and by the Rock of Cashel he will be saved!

(*About to leave.*)

HARD.—Hold! Wait a minute; is it your intention to find Maurice O'Donnell and tell him this?

MYLES—Faith you've guessed it.

HARD—Are you in earnest?

MYLES—I'll tell you that to-morrow.

HARD—Then, I am in earnest, too!

(*Springs upon Myles and deals him a blow which stuns and fells him.*)

HARD.—Yes, I am in earnest, and 'twill take a better man than you to thwart the desires of Felix Harding!

SCENE II—LANDSCAPE. *Enter* GYPSIES, CARLO and DONTI. L.

CARLO—Perdition seize that stuttering, blundering fellow! The fool will have the people on our backs in no time!

DONTI—You mean Jocko?

CAR.—Yes, hang him!

DON.—Why ; what has he done ?

CAR.—Done ! Well, to begin with, he has done for us. Captain, Raymond sent him to buy a ham, and the fellow, as usual, kept the money and stole the ham.

DON.—And what do you see wrong in that ?

CAR.—Nothing ; only this—through his blundering the thing has been overdone.

DON.—What ? The ham ?

CAR.—Oh, don't be so smart. No, the ham is all right : but the fool was seen stealing it !

DON.—Oh, ho ! And what happened ?

CAR.—He was chased, and ran straight to our camp. I put his pursuers off the scent, but in a few minutes I expect to have a dozen of them about our ears.

DON.—But they didn't get the ham ?

CAR.—No, Jocko has got it ; but I don't know where the fellow has gone to. Hello ! Who is this ? Why, if it isn't Jocko, himself !

(Enter Jocko, R., carrying a ham.)

JOCKO—S—s—say, Carlo, wh—wh—where will I p—p—put this c—c—c—con—f—f—founded ham ?

CAR.—Throw it into the river and yourself after it !

JOCKO—I g—g—guess not ! W—w—what do you t—t—take me for ?

CAR.—I take you for what you are—a fool !

JOCKO—*(Dropping the ham.)* Me a f—f—fool ! I'll let you s—s—see I'm no f—f—fool !

(About to attack Carlo.)

DON.—*(At L.)* Here comes Capt. Raymond ! Quick, let us disappear !

(Jocko picks up the ham and all run out R. Enter RAYMOND L.)

RAY—Curses upon the fate that compels me to share my lot with a set of vulgar thieves ! Raymond Vibert was born to something better than the life of a roving gypsy—an outcast from civilized society. And the chance to better myself has been offered me. Why do I hesitate ? Why do I halt because the proposition has a flavor of crime to it ? Bah ! Why should I care ? Heretofore I have allowed chances to slip past me, but *this* will be stopped in the running ! Yes, my mind is made up—I will see this fellow and accept his terms.

(Enter L. FELIX HARDING.)

HARD.—Ah, Vibert, well met. Have you decided to undertake the work I offered you ?

RAY.—Yes, the devil has me in his clutches, and while his hold is tight, you may do as you will with me.

HARD—That's right, and now let us to work at once. This way *(L.)* I knew you were a sensible fellow, and that you would act in a sensible way. *(Aside)* Now, Maurice O'Donnell, my hour is near at hand !

(*Exeunt L. Enter the THREE GYPSIES R. JOCKO with the ham.*)

CARLO—Have we escaped them? (*Looking L*) No, curse it, they see us! (*Shouts heard.*)

JOCKO—Here they c—c—come! W—w—what'll we do?

CARLO—Run for it—that's all!

(*They run R., but are stopped by BARNEY and DARBY who enter R.*)

BAR.—Ha, ha, me fine buckoes, yer caught in a trap!

(*Enter L. 3 PEASANTS.*)

Yes, me hearties, surrounded on all sides, centre an' right an' left flanks! Surrender ye gypsy vagabonds, surrender!

(*Presents a musket.*)

DARBY—Don't shoot them, Barney!

BAR.—Divil the shoot, Darby.

CARLO—What does this mean? We are peaceable people going about our business!

BAR.—Are ye? Then what are ye doin' with that ham, I'd like to know? Darby, what'll we do with them?

DARBY—Begorra, Barney, we'll take them to the lock-up.

BAR.—Divil a bit! No lock-up for them, for they'd buy their way out. Darby, (*aside*) Darby I see a chance for a good joke. We'll thry them all right where we stand!

DARBY—Thry them here! But where is the judge?

BAR.—Arrah, dont let a little thing like that stop a bit of fun. I'll be the judge, an'the jury too, begorra!

(*To PEASANTS.*)

Boys, dont let them escape!

(*To CARLO.*)

Now, Mr. Gypsy, listen to me. A little while ago ye came among us an'we made ye welcome, as we would any strangers, but, ye, bad cess to ye, ye repay us by stealin' our property.

(*To DARBY.*)

Darby, I'm goin'to thry them in the righ't style.

(*To CARLO.*)

Prisoner at the bar —

(*To DARBY*)

Darby, divil a bar is there here, an'I wish there was, for I'm as dry as a frog.

(*To CARLO*)

Prisoner at the bar, are ye guilty or not guilty?

CARLO—Guilty of what?

BAR.—Of stealin'a ham.

CARLO—I stole no ham.

BAR.—Oh, I was forgettin'— prisoner, have ye someone to defend ye,— for I dont want to hang ye without givin'ye a chance ?

CARLO—Bring me before a court and I'll defend myself.

BAR.—It's agin the rules, an'not a court will ye see except the one that's before ye. Darby I appoint ye as counsel for the prisoner.

DAR.—But, Barney, sure I dont know anything about law !

BAR.—Faith an' that'll make ye all the more like a lawyer. Prisoner, yer accused of stealin'a ham ; are ye guilty or not guilty ?

CARLO—I'm not guilty.

BAR.—Then what were ye doin'in Micky Delaney's barn ? Answer that.

DARBY—Barney, if I'm to be the prisoner's counsel, I must object to that question.

BAR.—An'why do ye object ?

DARBY—Because yer fishin'for evidence !

BAR.—Fishin' for evidence ? But was'nt he in Micky's barn, an'was'nt he seen with the ham under his arm ?

DARBY—Who saw him ?

BAR.—Micky himself saw him.

DARBY—Well then, let Micky give his evidence.

BAR.—Micky Delaney, come here.

(MICKY approaches.)

Micky, tell us all ye know about the stealin'of the ham.

MICK.—Begorra I will. One of these fellows took the ham from the place where I had laid it.

DARBY—Barney, I object.

BAR.—An'why Darby ?

DARBY—Because we have no evidence to show that Micky laid the ham anywhere at all !

BAR.—But sure he says he did ! Go on, Micky, yer evidence is all right.

MICK.—Well, I'm not sure if this is the man that took the ham for he does'nt stutther, an'the fellow that stole it, did.

BAR.—Begorra, perhaps we're thryin'the wrong man ! Prisoner at the bar, d'ye stutther ?

CARLO—No, I do not.

BAR.—Then who the divil does stutther ?

JOCKO—Oh, s—s—s—say, I did'nt s—s—s—steal the ham, I f—f—f—found it.

BAR.—Darby, I'm a Solomon ! See how I discovered the guilty man ! Come up here, you that stutthers. Now what have ye to say for yerself ?

JOCKO—I just f—f—found the ham.

BAR.—That's not the question. Yer guilty, an'ye know ye are, an'so do I. Yer sentence is that yer to be hanged till yer kilt, an'then yer to be transported for life.

DAR.—Barney, I object.

BAR.—Why, Darby ?

DAR.—I want to see the ham, first.

BAR.—Micky, bring the ham here ; now Dorby, what have ye got to say ?

DAR.—(After looking at the ham.) I want ye to discharge the prisoner !

BAR.—To discharge him ! Why ?

DAR.—Because he's charged with stealin' a ham, an' ye say that this is what he stole !

(Holding up the ham.)

BAR.—Yes, so it is.

DAR.—Well, then, ye must discharge him, for there is no proof before us that this is a ham at all !

BAR.—But a man with one eye could see that it's a ham, ye omadhaun !

DAR.—Yes ; but the proof, Barney, the proof !

BAR.—Micky, there, 'll prove it.

DAR.—We'll see. Micky Delaney, what is this ? (The ham.)

MICK.—It's a ham.

DAR.—How d'ye know it's a ham ?

MICK.—Sure anyone 'd know it !

DAR.—Micky, tell us what a ham is.

MICK.—It's the hind leg of a pig.

DAR.—Very well. Now, ye say that a ham is the hind leg of a pig, an' in that way ye prove that this is a ham !

MICK.—Yes ; I do.

DAR.—(Producing a note.) Well, look here now ; this is a letter I received to-day. Tears off a piece, which he hands to MICKY.) Now, tell me : What is that piece of paper ye hold in yer hand ?

MICK.—Why, it's a piece of a letter.

DAR.—How d'ye know ?

MICK.—Because I saw ye tear it off !

DAR.—An' how would ye prove that it's part of a letter ?

MICKY.—By joinin' it to the piece ye have in yer hand.

DAR.—All right ; by joinin' the two together ye'd prove that that was a part of a letter. Very well, then ; go and get the pig that that leg was taken from, join the two together, an' then ye'll prove that it's the hind leg of a pig, but not before. Barney, discharge the prisoner !

BAR.—Prisoner at the bar, yer counsel has saved yer life. Yer charged with stealin' this ham, but he has proved that it isn't a ham at all, an' if we let him go on, he may prove that a pig is a goat, an' that we're descended from jackasses. Yes, yer discharged, but I warn ye to leave the country at once, for if yer found here to-morrow, the law must take its course. Come now, off with ye, an' whether this is a ham or an elephant, ye'll leave it behind ye. Micky Delaney take yer ham, or whatever it is. Boys, disperse the prisoners !

(Peasants rush Gypsies off, R.)

BAR.—Darby, yer a lawyer, every inch of ye, an' I'm proud of ye; the way ye hauled that case was surprisin', an' I'll go bail that when ye die, if ye have the misfortune to go below, ye'll prove that the divil himself is a very dacent fellow, an' ye'll end by cheatin' him out of his rights.

DAR.—Faith, then, Barney, if I did that, it'd be all the better for you. Come down to Pat Flannagan's, an' we'll get the taste of that ham out of our mouths, for, be the powers, it was a very salty ham.

(While Darby speaks they move to L. Enter, L., MYLES)

BAR.—Mr. O'Shaughnessy, what in the world is the matter with ye!

MYLES—Matter with me! Boy, your young master is in danger; that scamp Harding is hatching some deviltry, and, perhaps, by this time he has brought it to a head. Have you seen Harding about here!

BAR.—No, I have not. Master Maurice, ye say, is in danger from Felix Harding? What'll we do? How will we save him?

MYLES—We must find Harding, and at once. I don't know what he intends to do, but whatever it is, depend upon it, poor Maurice will suffer. Come, we may save him yet!

(Exit R.)

BAR.—Darby, did ye hear that? Master Maurice in danger from Harding! Come, an' with that tongue of yours, prove that Harding is a scoundrel, an' by the mortal powers, I'll do the hangin'!

(Exeunt, R.)

SCENE III.—ROOM IN MR. O'DONNELL'S HOUSE. MR. O'D. discovered alone, seated.

MR. O'D.—I wonder what is the matter with Maurice? Of late he has been acting strangely. Demand after demand for money has been met by me without a question, but it must stop. He has already exceeded a generous allowance by many hundreds of pounds. (Takes some letters from his pocket and proceeds to open them.) Well, well, young men are extravagant nowadays. However, for his own sake, I will have a talk with him. (Begins to read a letter.) What is this? Only a few lines, but, heaven! What do they mean?

(Reads) "Dear Mr. O'Donnell,

"Look to your son. A report is current in certain circles that of late he has been losing heavily at the gaming-table. Save him while there is time.

(Signed)

"A FRIEND."

Is this—can this be the explanation? No, this has been written by some enemy. A friend would boldly face me and not sting me thus anonymously. Maurice would never stoop to win or lose money as a common gambler. (Crumples the note.) Such friends are not to be trusted, and Maurice shall not be condemned upon this evidence.

(Throws paper on floor. A knock at the door followed by the entrance of HARDING.)

HARD.—Good-night, Mr. O'Donnell. I hope you do not consider it too late for a visitor!

MR. O'D.—Not at all, my dear Felix, especially for you. Take a seat.

HARD.—I would that I were not the bearer of bad news, Mr. O'Donnell, but friendship for you overcomes every consideration.

MR. O'D.—What is wrong, Felix? Has that wild boy, Maurice, got himself into another scrape?

HARD.—Alas, yes, and out of which I cannot help him.

MR. O'D.—Felix, there is something serious behind this. Let me know it.

HARD.—Yes, indeed, there is; and, although it will shock and pain you, yet you must hear it. To all my intercessions, to all my prayers, Maurice has turned a deaf ear; for a time I thought all would be well, but I was mistaken. Maurice has been a member of a certain club for some time, and there he has learned to—*to gamble.*

MR. O'D.—To gamble! Maurice learn to gamble!

HARD.—Alas! It is too true. Hoping that I might win him back, I had refrained from telling you of this, but I was wrong—I should have told you earlier.

MR. O'D.—Yes, Felix, but I know you have acted from the best motives. Maurice a gambler! And only a few moments ago I called that letter a lie!

(Rises—taking a few steps.)

Yes, in my pride, I said that an O'Donnell would not thus lower himself, and now I am punished. But it is not too late. We will save him, you and I, my dear Felix. We will save him from those who have led him astray. It is not too late yet, Felix, it is not too late.

HARD.—Oh, heaven, that someone else could give my message!

MR. O'D.—Felix, there is something worse untold! I see it in your face!

HARD.—Yes, my poor friend, but he was not in his right mind—he could not have meant the words he said!

MR. O'D.—What is this? Felix, for God's sake speak!

HARD.—I must tell all. Maurice, poor fellow, has been ensnared by villains. Last night he lost the sum of £1000. Maddened, not by his loss, but at thought of your anger, and fearing to face you, he has decided to—oh, I cannot say it!

MR. O'D.—*(Clutching his arm.)* You must! You shall not leave this room till I hear all. Speak, I command you!

HARD.—Then I obey. Maurice has planned to rob you and flee!

MR. O'D.—Did I hear aright? To rob me, his father? Maurice to rob me! 'Tis a lie, Felix Harding—a black lie!

HARD.—Would to heaven that it were! But my own ears have heard him avow his intention. Hearing of his trouble, I looked for, and found him. Poor fellow, he had been drinking to drown his remorse, and, in

his weakness, he told me what I have told you. This very night he has determined—

MR. O'D.—And did you, his friend, allow him his liberty, after what you had heard?

HARD.—Alas! I was compelled to leave him, for when I attempted to reason with him he drove me away at the point of a pistol!

MR. O'D.—Ah, this is strange. I cannot understand it all. My head whirls. My mind is confused.

HARD.—I will stay with you, my dear old friend, and if the unfortunate boy should keep his word—

MR. O'D.—No, no, Felix. I must meet him, alone. I am his father and will control him. Leave me, now, my boy, and forgive me if I have said anything to hurt you.

HARD.—If you insist, I must obey, but I would willingly lose my right hand to be of service to you.

MR. O'D.—I know it, Felix, I know it; but leave me now—I must be alone. Good-night, and thank you for your warning. Maurice may come, but I will manage him. Good-night.

(Sees him to door. Exit HARDING. MR. O'D seats himself, back to R. door.)

MR. O'D.—So this is the explanation—the terrible explanation of my son's strange conduct—this the reason for his many demands for money, and I ignorant of it all until now. Do I believe Felix? I must until I find he has lied. And he has been Maurice's true friend for years—they have been like brothers. But if I believe him, then I must look upon Maurice as a scoundrel, unfit to be called a man. How do I take it so coolly? Why do I not go mad at the very thought? Is it all a hideous dream, and will Maurice walk in with his light step and cheery smile? Ah, his step has been heavy and his smile has been gone for many weeks past! Will I awake in the morning and hear Maurice calling me for a canter before breakfast, or, Oh God! will he steal in like a thief with dark thoughts in his heart? No, Maurice, no, you could not do this terrible thing!

(Bows his head. Enter RAYMOND R. door. He approaches MR. O'D., and taking a handkerchief from his pocket, envelopes MR. O'D's face with it. O'D. rises and struggles, but RAYMOND prevents him from turning, so that he cannot recognize his assailant)

MR. O'D.—*(Struggling, partially frees his mouth.)* Maurice, Maurice, take the money—take all I have but do not damn your soul with murder! Release me, release me, Maurice, you are killing me! Take the money, the money, take it—

(His voice dies away gradually, then he lies inert in Raymond's arms. The latter lays him on the floor, and disappears through R. door. He returns with keys, opens the safe, takes out a handful of bills which he scatters on the floor. He also throws the handkerchief there, then exit thr. R. door. Steps are heard and enter MAURICE L.)

MAUR.—I thought I heard cries !

(Sees his father and throws himself on his knees beside him, raising his head.)

Good heaven ! Chloroform ! Father, father, speak to me ! 'Tis Maurice who calls. Oh, God, is he dead ? No, thank heaven he breathes ! Father, it is I, Maurice !

(He assists MR. O'D., to a chair on which the latter sits. He appears dazed. Suddenly he looks to the floor, sees the bills—then to the safe. He rises and confronts MAURICE.)

MR. O'D.—So you have suddenly repented ? You were not sufficiently steeped in guilt to consummate your crime !

(Points to the bills on the floor.)

Take them. There are over a £1000 there,—more than sufficient to release you and take you from my sight forever. Take them—take them, and go !

(Points to door.)

MAUR.—Father, for God's sake tell me what you mean ! A robbery has been attempted and you have been chloroformed ; but your wild words—

MR. O'D.—Stop ! not another word. You are a consummate actor, and now that you are foiled, you seek to shield yourself. I know all. Your gambling life has been exposed. Your immediate need for a £1000 is known to me. Deny it if you dare. Invent some quick lie. Deny it !

MAUR.—Father I cannot, for alas ! it is true. But of this crime, which I now see you accuse me, yes, before Heaven I swear that I am guiltless !

MR. O'D.—(Picking up handkerchief) Forbear—forebear ! Do not perjure yourself before that Heaven which you invoke. Look at this chloroform—soak ! handkerchief ; see your initials in the corner, worked, yes, worked by your mother's loving fingers. Look at it and deny that it is yours. Ah, you start ! Out of my sight ! Away from a father's curse ere it fall from my lips. You are no longer a son of mine. I cast you off, forever. Go !

(Points to door.)

MAUR.—Father, listen to me. I know not why you think me guilty of this crime. I acknowledge my fault ; I have wandered from the path of rectitude ; I have sullied my own honor, but never have I raised my hand against my father. Speak as cruelly as you wish—I deserve it, but do not charge me with this crime.

MR. O'D.—Who, then, has done it ? What guilty hand has rifled that safe ? Why was not the money carried off ? I will tell you : you saw your father lying helpless—you saw the evidence of your own work. You thought that you had killed me. Fear stayed your flight and you could not carry out your base intention. You are free ; the law shall not lay its heavy hand upon you, but from this moment you are a stranger to me. You are disowned !

MAUR.—Father, hesitate before you do this. Believe me, believe me guiltless. By the memory of that woman you so loved—by the memory of my dead mother, I conjure you to hear me, to believe me—

MR. O'D.—What! Your false tongue dares to utter your mother's name! Oh, God! I thank thee for having called *her* away, thus saving her the knowledge of her son's disgrace. Wretched boy, your appeal shall not weaken my purpose. Speak no more, but go!

MAUR.—Yes, I will go. Your terrible mistake has become to you a certainty, and my words are unheeded. But if in the time to come you learn that you were wrong, call me back, and if I be at the end of the earth I will hasten to answer your call. And now, father, I obey you. I go. Good-bye.

(Exit L.)

MR. O'D.—He is gone, gone, and I am now childless. I have driven him away—my only son, and I am left alone with my grief. Oh, Maurice, Maurice, how could you do it!

(Falls into a chair, bowing his head in his hands on the table.)

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I —THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT. HARDING AND RAYMOND
discovered.

RAY.—Yes, it was a lucky piece of business for me—and for you too. I earn £300, and you get rid of a fellow you hate, and clear the road to the affections of a wealthy girl. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word it *was* lucky for both!

HARD.—Not so loud my friend Raymond—some one may be prowling about.

RAY.—Little fear of that, especially at this hour, so you may speak freely.

HARD.—Well, this fellow O'Shaughnessy will cause trouble.

RAY.—He will, for when he left here, he swore a round oath that he'd get even with you.

HARD.—Bah, the fool! I could out-manceuvre ten such as he. Of course he will have heard of this matter of Maurice O'Donnell, and he'll swear that I am the guilty one. Now when O'Donnell comes here, you must manage affairs so that O'Shaughnessy himself will be put in the frying-pan. Are you sure that O'Donnell will come?

RAY.—Not a doubt of it. I so worded the note I sent him, that, to hear more he would go through fire and water. Hist! I think I hear the sound of oars on the river.

[Both listen.]

HARD.—Yes, 'tis he. Be careful that a word may not betray the truth.

RAY.—Trust me.

[Exit Harding L. Enter Maurice R.]

MAUR.—Do I speak to Raymond Vibert?

RAY.—I am the man.

MAUR.—I received a note from you to-day, telling me that you knew something about that which has happened at my father's house. You are a perfect stranger to me—

RAY.—And naturally you think that my object is money, but if so, you are wrong. I simply desire to punish a villain. And now to my story: Last night a stranger came here and offered me money if I would undertake to do a certain work—a piece of robbery. I refused.

MAUR.—Who was he? Can you tell me his name?

RAY.—No, but what I have to tell may point to the man. He left me, and about half an hour later I saw him again. He was in the wood yonder, and in conversation with another man. Both appeared to be angry, and I heard this fellow utter an oath and say: "No, I'll grant no delay, and as he can't pay the £1000, I'll find means of putting him where he won't call a decent man a thief and a cheat!"

MAUR.—Ah! And what followed?

RAY.—A few heated words, and then this fellow was struck by the other and felled to the ground. When I reached the spot, the one who had struck the blow was gone, and the other was getting to his feet. He left the place at once, swearing vengeance upon his assailant and upon you, Maurice O'Donnell. This morning I learned your sad story, and my note to you was the result. Whether that man succeeded in getting one of my followers to do his work, I know not, but I am deserted by my people—they have fled.

MAUR.—Would you know this man?

RAY.—Yes, a short, thick-set man with a florid complexion.

MAUR.—Myles O'Shaughnessy—cheat and villain! Raymond Vibert, you have done me a mighty service. The crime of which that man is guilty has been charged to me. It has driven me from my father's house—an outcast and wanderer. But now my father will believe; now my friends will not turn from me with loathing. I am free; I am a man once more, and I owe this to you!

(Grasps R's hand.)

RAY.—And I am happy to be able to do you a service.

MAUR.—Then will you come with me at once and complete it by bringing the crime home to the perpetrator?

RAY.—I regret that I cannot come to-night but you may claim me at any hour to-morrow.

MAUR.—That will do. To-morrow, then, Myles O'Shaughnessy shall pay for his dastardly crime, and I will owe you a debt which I can never repay. Good-bye till the morning.

RAY.—I will see you to your boat.

(*Exeunt, R. Enter BARNEY, L., as from the river.*)

BAR.—Well, of all the two-faced divils I ever met, that fellow is the worst. I've heard his story, an' as sure as my name is Barney Rafferty, there isn't a word of truth in it. Poor Masther Maurice is in the hands of the enemy, an' the name of that enemy is *not* Myles O'Shaughnessy, but Felix Harding, an' he's got the divil in the shape of a gypsy to help him, an' here he comes horns an' all.

[*Hides behind a rock. Re-enter RAY R.*]

RAY.—Already I begin to weaken. The sight of that young fellow's honest face, as he clasped my hand in gratitude, has upset me. He is a stranger to me; he has never done me an injury, yet I have helped Felix Harding to blast his existence. Bah! this won't do. I want money, and money I must have. If I had refused the job, Harding would have found another to do it; and, besides, Harding is now my master. If I do not carry out our agreement, he can give me into the hands of the police. Yes, I'll stick to my story and let this fellow O'Shaughnessy fight it out with Maurice O'Donnell.

[*Enter BARNEY.*]

BAR.—An' *you*, me fine gypsy blackguard, will fight it out with *me*!

RAY.—Who are you, and what brings you here?

BAR.—Faith, I'm what you are not—a decent man. That's for yer first question, an' the second I'll answer with another: What brings Felix Harding here!

RAY.—That is his business and mine.

BAR.—Ah, it is, eh? Look here, Mr. Gypsy, will ye stick out yer left foot?

RAY.—What do you mean, fellow?

BAR.—Oh, I just want to see if it's true that the divil has a hoof instead of a foot on his left leg.

RAY.—You insolent scoundrel! If you don't take yourself from here this moment, I'll kick you into the river.

BAR.—Kick me into the river! Begorra I'd like to see ye kick with that hoof. Is it a horse-shoe you wear on it?

RAY.—Are you a fool or a knave?

BAR.—Well, I don't know. Me father and mother were wise an' honest enough, but I have an uncle that looks like you, an' they say I took after him.

RAY.—Enough of this foolery. What are you doing here?

BAR.—Standin', talkin' to Beelzebub, but I have something to show ye.

[*Produces a horn.*]

Did you ever see that before?

RAY.—Where did you get that?

BAR.—I found it this mornin' outside of a window of Mr. O'Donnell's house. Yes, ye murderin' ruffian, ye thought ye had yer tracks well covered, but ye left *this* trace behind ye.

RAY.—[*Pulling a short cane from inside his coat.*] Give me that trumpet!

BAR.—Begorra ye've got a shillelah, an' I have only me hands, but shillelah or not, that trumpet'll stay with me.

[*Throws the horn beside him. RAY rushes on him, striking him on the head. BARNEY staggers. RAYMOND picks up the horn and rushes out, L.*]

BAR.—[*With his hands to his head.*] What is this? Me head is reelin' an' me senses are leaving me! I can't see! Where is the gypsy? Where is the cowardly villain? Masther Maurice, Masther Maurice! 'Twas the gypsy robbed yer father! Don't let him escape! Catch him Maurice, the gipsy—

(*Staggers and falls.*)

SCENE II.—A ROAD. (*Enter R. MYLES and ADOLPHUS.*)

MYLES—Confound it, man, the boy would never do such a thing!

ADOL.—Then, my dear fellow, why did his father send him adrift? Surely he must have evidence against him, don't ye know.

MYLES—Yes, he has had some sort of evidence, but of what nature I do not yet know. However, be it what it may, that scamp Harding has manufactured it.

ADOL.—What! Felix Harding? One of the most honored members of the Athæneum Club! My dear Myles, as sure as my name is Adolphus Pennyworth you are mistaken, don't ye know!

MYLES—Not a bit of it. Harding was and is Maurice O'Donnell's worst enemy. Last night the scoundrel tried to cajole me into giving a hand in some plot or other to ruin Maurice, and now I am sorry I didn't find out all he meant. But instead of being a sensible man I told him what I thought of him, and he gave me a blow that nearly fixed me. Bad luck to the oily villain! I'll horse-whip him the first time we meet!

ADOL.—My dear O'Shaughnessy, you frighten me, really you do, don't you know. If Harding be guilty, we can have him put in the lock-up: but if you horse-whip him, 'twill be a dreadful scandal, ye know.

(*Looks to L.*)

Oh, Jupiter Pluvius! here he comes. My dear Myles, promise me not to make a scene. I dream of everything I see, ye know, and I talk about it in my sleep, and really 'twill destroy my nerves. Do keep cool, that's a good fellow.

(*Enter HARD. L.*)

MYLES.—Ah, you cold-blooded scoundrel, we've met again!

ADOL.—(*Catching MYLES' arm*) Now, my dear Myles, let him pass, really you must! (*To HARDING.*) Go away or he'll hurt you, for I can't hold him don't ye know.

MYLES.—(*Shaking off ADOL.*) What have you to say for yourself, base villain that you are! Was it not sufficient to have made a gambler

of the young friend who trusted you! No, that was not enough to satisfy your vile heart!

HARD.—Out of my way, or I'll treat you as I did before.

ADOL.—(Again seizing MYLES.) Oh, Myles, good Myles, let him go, and we'll have the police take him, don't ye know!

MYLES.—No; that did not fill the measure of your hatred to him. You hatched some fiendish plot, the outcome of which is that the poor fellow is driven from his father's house. His former friends believe him guilty, but I do not, and as sure as there is a sky above us I will know the truth, if I have to choke it from you!

ADOL.—(Stepping between them.)—Felix Harding, go home or he'll choke you! He will, upon my honor, don't ye know!

HARD.—(To ADOL.) Don't meddle in affairs you know nothing about. (To MYLES.) Yes, the truth shall be known, and Maurice O'Donnell shall learn it ere many hours pass.

ADOL.—Oh, bless my stars if they don't eat each other's heads off! I must run for help before they're killed!

Runs off L. Enter MAURICE B. He seizes MYLES, wheeling him around.)

MAUR.—Ha, at last I have found you! Now, and here, you will answer for last night's work!

MYLES.—I answer for it Maurice? What do you mean? Has this wretch dared to insinuate that I—

MAUR.—That wretch, as you call him is my friend. Because I once called you a cheat—in the heat of passion—you never forgave me, but sought and have effected my ruin. Now you ask me what I mean!

MYLES.—Boy, you are mad! There is the man who has plotted against you. There is the false villain who swore last night to destroy you, and because I told him I would warn you, he struck me to the earth and I was unable to thwart his villainous designs. He has always appeared as your friend, but has been false as Satan and he knows it.

HARD.—I do not know it, my dear fellow; but I do know that last night I tried to persuade you to give Maurice a little time in which to pay £1000 you had won from him. You refused, and in such a manner that I very properly knocked you down, and you, and no other, are the man who has brought this trouble upon my poor friend, Maurice.

(Enter BARNEY R. with head bound up.)

BAR.—That's a lie! Yes, ye miserable spalpeen it's a lie!

MAUR.—Barney, what does this mean? What is the matter?

BAR.—I'll tell ye. The gypsy that that devil employed to rob yer father, knocked me on the head because I had found out that he was the man we were after. (To FELIX.) Yes, ye two-faced limb of the devil, yer fixed now, for the cat's out of the bag!

MAUR.—Felix Harding, do you hear this man?

HARD.—I do, but he is beneath contempt! If you believe the story these men tell you, then you may. All I say is, believe it now and prove it later.

BAR.—Faith we'll prove it, for with me own ears I heard the gypsy admit that ye had employed him——

HARD.—(*Snapping his finger.*)—That, for your evidencè. As for you, Maurice O'Donnell, I would advise you to cut loose from such associates as these.

(*Exit. L. MAURICE attempts to spring after him, but is caught by MYLES.*)

MYLES.—Let him go now, Maurice. We can find him when necessary, and find him we will at the proper time.

MAUR.—The false villain—the traitor friend! Myles, a short while ago, a gypsy told me a tale that pointed to you as the wrong-doer, but I understand it all, now. This gypsy, Raymond Vibert by name—

BAR.—The very man!

MAUR.—Yes, this Raymond Vibert is the one who entered my father's house, at Harding's instigation. How blind I have been! O'Shaughnessy, can you forgive me?

MYLES.—Faith I can, my boy, and what's more, I do, and there is my hand to prove it. (*Shake hands.*)

MAUR.—O'Shaughnessy, that villain will attempt to escape. He knows that overwhelming proof is on your side. He has made me an outcast from my father's house. He has done his utmost to destroy me, and he shall not escape!

(*Runs out L.*)

MYLES.—Barney, my boy, we must follow this hot-headed Maurice, for if he overtakes Harding, faith there'll be wigs on the green. Come, we will follow him.

(*Exeunt L.*)

SCENE III.—THE RIVER-BANK. *A rock at Centre.* RAYMOND discovered alone.

RAY.—Hang the fellow! Why doesn't he come! What if he should play me false! He dare not! I wonder if I killed that fellow who found the trumpet? I dont know and I dont care.

(*Produces trumpet.*)

Here, you'll never appear as a witness against me.

(*Throws it into the river.*)

This place is getting too warm for me. I'll get my money out of Harding, and then bid good bye to the country. Ah, who are these fellows?

(*Hides behind rock. Enter MYLES and BARNEY, R.*)

MYLES.—Well, I'm blessed if I dont think the earth has opened and swallowed both of them! Where can they have disappeared to?

BAR.—We must have taken the wrong road at the crossin! Let us go farther up the river bank where the other roads meet.

MYLES—The very thing, for the land is high and we can see around us. Come on.

(Exit L. Re-enter RAY.)

RAY.—Ha! the fellow that I struck! Who are they following? Can it be that they are after me and Harding?

(Enter HARDING R.)

RAY.—You have come at last, eh? I was nearly tired waiting.

HARD.—Hush, speak low, for our enemies have just passed!

RAY.—I know it, for I both heard and saw them.

HARD.—Maurice O'Donnell and O'Shaughnessy know the truth.

RAY.—I know that too, for the fellow with the bandage on his head is the one that attacked me.

HARD.—Well, let us settle matters and each of us go his way. I owe you £100. Here is the money.

(Hands money.)

RAY—A hundred pounds! Yes, two hundred and fifty. The bargain was £300, and I have received only fifty.

HARD—I don't care what you got, but this is all I have, and this is all you'll get.

(Enter MAURICE. Hearing voices he approaches the rock and listens.)

RAY.—Have you gone crazy? Are you not aware of what I can do? Give me what you promised and I will disappear so that they can prove nothing against you. But refuse and I stay. You know what that means!

HARD.—Yes, it would mean about ten years of prison life for you, while I, knowing your intention, could easily get out of harm's way.

RAY.—Look here, Felix Harding, I feel reckless and you will do well to listen to me. I went into that house at your bidding. I had to use that poor old man harshly. I heard him call upon his son to release him—to take the money, but not to murder his father. To suit your purpose I let him think that I was his son. You had paved the way for him to think so. He struggled but was too feeble to overcome me. I pressed my fingers on his throat that his voice might not be heard—.

MAUR.—(Springing forward.)—Yes, villain, and now you will suffer for it!

(Springs upon Raymond. HARDING runs out L. MAURICE and RAYMOND struggle and MAURICE is thrown. RAYMOND produces his cane.)

RAY.—You will have it? Then take it!

(Strikes MAURICE, who falls. Enter HARDING L. He seizes RAYMOND and forces him to the edge of the bank, then pushes him into the river and looks after him a few moments.)

HARD.—Now, my rival—the man I hate, will soon feel the full weight of my hand, for Raymond Vibert, the only witness against me is gone, and there lies his murderer!

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I—THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY. BARNEY discovered coming down in a boat. He sings "Killarney."

BAR.—(After the song.) God forgive me, here I am singin' as if meself an' all the world was bright an' happy, instead of the opposite bein' the case. If I only knew what had become of Masther Maurice! Here now two weeks have gone by since that dreadful night, an' not a sign of him. Oh dear, oh dear, it's a terrible world we're livin' in. Be the mortal powers! who is this we have?

(Enter ADOL. L.)

ADOL.—Aw, my good fellow, can you tell me are these the lakes of Killarney, don't ye know?

BAR.—Well, yesterday I thought they were, but I don't now.

ADOL.—You thought so yesterday, but not now! That's very strange, don't ye know.

BAR.—Well, I don't know, but this near lake looks to me like a menagerie.

ADOL.—Like a menagerie! How is that?

BAR.—Because there's a monkey on the bank.

ADOL.—A monkey, my dear fellow? Where is the beast?

BAR.—Just stoop over an' look into the water an' ye'll see him

(ADOL. looks in.)

ADOL.—Not a monkey do I see, my good man. You must have been mistaken, for the poor brute would drown in the water, ye know.

BAR.—Maybe I was, but there must have been one here lately, for he's left his shadow behind him.

ADOL.—Aw, perhaps. Don't ye know that reminds me of a queer tale I heard in London. It was about a place called "Echo Valley," and I believe it is not far from here, don't ye know.

BAR.—Oh, yes, about half a mile up.

ADOL.—Yes, the very spot. Do you know I heard that if one shouted, you know, his voice could be heard three distinct times! Is this so?

BAR.—Of course it is. An' is that all ye heard about it?

ADOL.—Well, I heard much more, but, don't ye know, I did'nt believe it, and I am sure you could tel' me all about it. Would you mind?

BAR.—Not at all. Of course I'll tell ye, an' what's more ye'll hear the wonderful echo right from where ye stand. Wait a minute till I see if the wind is favorable.

(Goes to L. and gives a prolonged whistle, which is soon repeated—by DARBY.)

Yes, begorra, everything's fine. Do you go up there a bit while I try it alone—just about twenty steps.

(Points to R.)

ADOL.—Up here? Certainly; I'm quite excited, don't ye know!

(Exit B. BARNEY steps to L.)

BAR.—Are ye comin', Darby!

(Enter DARBY L.)

DARBY—Yes, what is it ye want?

BAR.—Faith I have a London swell here that wants to hear the echo. Darby, we'll give him all the echo he wants, wont we?

DARBY—(Pointing to R.) Is that him with his back turned this way?

BAR.—The very man.

DARBY—Oh, Barney, Barney, yer the divil for tricks. Yes, we'll give him the echo, Barney, we'll give him the echo. Ha, ha, ha!

(Exit DARBY. BARNEY steps to R.)

BAR.—Ye can come back now, Mither; all is ready.

(Re-enter ADOL.)

ADOL.—Aw, you're very kiud to take all this trouble, don't ye know. What shall I say?

BAR.—Anything at all that comes into your head, only speak out loud.

ADOL.—Aw? Which of these are the lakes of Killarney?

DARBY—(The echo)—Pitch him into the lakes O'Killarney.

ADOL.—(To Barney.)—What is that it said?

BAR.—Begorra it answered ye all right.

ADOL.—I'll try again—Is it cold in the hills?

DARBY—He has a cold in his gills.

ADOL.—Wonderful—wonderful! Once more.—What causes my voice to travel?

DARBY—There's an omadhaun's voice on the gravel.

ADOL.—(To Barney.) Really, I dont understand it, ye know. I dont think it repeats correctly.

BAR.—Faith it said every word after ye, as plain as day.

ADOL.—Ah, I must be mistaken—I'll test it again. I am going to sing this time. (Sings.) *By the bower near the lake, there my love I wait for thee.*

(No answer from the echo.)

ADOL.—Aw, it does'nt answer!

BAR.—Oh it'll answer, never fear, only it's surprised at yer singin'.

DARBY—*By the powers near the lake there's a coon that's all at sea.*

ADOL.—That's astonishing, but do you know, it has a very queer accent.

BAR.—Man alive, sure it's an Irish echo, an'ye would'nt expect it to have an English brogue!

ADOL.—Oh, that's it, of course; but I dont think it repeated the words I said.

BAR.—Faith that's nothin' strange, for when it's in the humor, it'll answer questions instead of repeatin' what ye say. Wait an'I'll try it. Are ye there?

DARBY—I'm here.

BAR.—What's the time ?

DARBY—It's time ye'd let me alone, ye omadhawn.

ADOL.—Is that the echo, really ?

BAR.—Of course it is—did'nt ye hear it ? Listen again.—How many men are here on the bank ?

DARBY.—One.

BAR.—No, yer wrong ; try again—how many men are on the bank ?

DARBY.—Only one I told ye—the other's a dude.

ADOL.—Oh don't ask it any more questions ; it's the devil, I think, that answers.

BAR.—Begorra I thiuk yer right ; anyhow there's a good deal of divilment in it.

ADOL.—Oh, I'm really frightened, dont ye know. You see, I'm very nervous and when I hear or see anything strange, I dream of it, and have nightmares you know, and I talk in my sleep about it.

BAR.—Ye talk in yer sleep ! How d'ye know that ?

ADOL.—Oh, I've been told of it, you know, and at home in London, I have a padded room so that I wont annoy any one ye know.

BAR.—Well begorra if ye want to have a good healthy nightmare, go down an'have a look at the Divils' Gap, where the gypsy was drowned two weeks ago.

ADOL.—Where the gypsy was drowned ! Oh, no, no, no, dont speak of it, you terrify me !

BAR.—What's the matter with ye ?

ADOL.—It's nothing, it's nothing, but I'm nervous, and I tremble when I think of that dreadful murder.

BAR.—Then ye've heard of it ?

ADOL.—Why, yes, and they say that a poor young fellow by the name of O'Donnell committed the deed.

BAR.—Then they lie ! Mather Maurice is as free from that crime as I am myself !

(Enter MAURICE, R, disguised as an old man)

MAUR.—The blessin' of an old man be upon ye for sayin'those words.

BAR.—Thank ye kindly sir, for yer good wishes. Every man about here thinks as I do, an'every one of them points to one man as the criminal.

MAUR.—An'that man is — ?

BAR.—Felix Harding, the scoundhrel !

MAUR.—Yes, scoundrel he is ; only for him the lad would now be in his father's house, instead of roamin'the world with the brand of Cain upon his brow !

ADOL.—Old man, do you know where Maurice O'Donnell is ? Have you seen him lately ?

MAUR.—I know where he went to, when he left here, but I must keep it a secret.

ADOL.—Well, then, if you should meet him, tell him that Adolphus

Pennyworth believes him to be quite innocent, you know. I must be going now, and I hope I'll meet you again, for I should like to hear from Maurice, you know.

BAR.—(To ADOL.) Wait a minute an'I'll be with ye. (To MAURICE.) An'tell him too that there's a boy named Barney Rafferty that's keepin'an eye on Felix Harding.

MAUR.—I will, lad, I will, when I see him. God be with ye.
(Exit BARNEY and ADOL. R. Enter HARDING L. MAURICE advances to L., and collides with HARDING)

HARD.—Look where you are going, old blockhead, and keep out of the way!

MAUR.—Ah, I beg yer pardon, sir; I'm an old man and can't see very well, but I think by yer voice yer Mr. Harding.

HARD.—Yes, I am Mr. Harding and I suppose, to get a few pennies, you will spin a yarn about old friendship and so forth.

(Throws a coin on the ground.)

There, I don't want your yarn.

MAUR.—An'I, Mr. Harding, don't want yer money.

HARD.—No, not till my back is turned, then you will pick it up quickly enough.

(Moves to R.)

MAUR.—No, Mr. Harding; if all yer money was in a pile there an'not a soul to see me, I would'nt touch a penny of it, for there's blood upon it!

(HARDING seizes MAUR.)

HARD.—What! You dare to speak to me thus, old dotard.

(Releases him.)

But pshaw! you rave. You know not what you say.

MAUR.—Yes I do, for if Maurice O'Donnell comes to his death, it will be *you* who must answer to heaven for it!

HARD.—Old man, what do you know of Maurice O'Donnell?

MAUR.—I know him since he was a child. I knew him as a man, and I know that he is innocent of the crime you have charged him with.

HARD.—Bah, old fool! Is that all you know? If so, I advise you to bring your information to some other market for you'll make nothing of it here.

(Moves to R.)

MAUR.—Stop! I know more—at least I *believe* more

HARD.—Well, what is this wonderful belief of yours?

MAUR.—'Tis that Maurice O'Donnell is innocent, and that *you* are the murderer of Raymond Vibert!

HARD.—(Again seizing MAUR.) Perdition seize you, old wretch!

(Enter R., MYLES O'SHAUGHNESSY carrying a whip.)

MYLES.—Scoundrel, unhand that old man! Ha, Felix Harding!

you would use your strength against the aged and helpless ! Stand up there like a man, and use it against me !

(*Strikes him with the whip. HARDING falls back.*)

SCÈNE II.—LANDSCAPE. *Enter DARBY R.*

DARBY.—Faith it's better than a christenin' to be listenin' to that helf idiot Adolphus Pennyworth or Ha'pennyworth or whatever he calls himself. Barney promised to bring him down this way. I wondher what's keepin' them, anyhow, to pass the time I'll sing a bit of a song.

(*He sings. At the end of the song enter R., BARNEY and ADOL.*)

BAR.—Arrah Darby, is this yourself. Mr. Pennyworth, this is an old friend of mine, an' a fine boy he is, Darby Grady by name.

ADOL.—Aw, Mr. Grady, let me shake hands with you. I'm sure I shall like you, for really you know, I am getting to like the country better with every hour I pass in it, and the people too, don't ye know.

DARBY.—Yes, that's the way with us an' we can't help it; we're like money—the more ye see of us the more ye like us. Oh, indeed I admit that meself.

ADOL.—I m sure you are very kind to agree with me, Mr. Grady, seeing that I am a stranger here, and strangers like to be agreed with, ye know.

BARNEY.—Oh, yes, we agree with ye fine, an' you agree with us—as the cannibal said to the minister when he ate him up.

ADOL.—Positively, Mr Barney, you startle me with your quaint sayings, but I'm sure you don't mean it, ye know.

BAR.—Not a bit of it, for we're not cannibals, an' even canniba's wouldn't ate an omadhaun.

ADOL.—Mr. Barney, what is the meaning of that word ?

BAR.—What ? Omadhaun ? Oh sure it means a very smart man that has travelled a lot. When I said that you were one, it's only a left-handed compliment that I was payin' ye.

ADOL.—Yes, I'm sure, and you were very kind to say it, you know. But where shall we go now ?

DARBY.—I have it. Barney, I'll bet ye anything ye never brought Mr. Ha'pennyworth to hear the wondherful echo up in the hills ?

ADOL.—Oh, yes, Mr. Grady, he did, I assure you, and if you wouldn't mind, I would rather not go again. I am afraid of the night-mare, ye know.

DARBY.—The night-mare is it ? Oh, then Barney, you should bring him to see the Devil's Crag where all the witches ride in the air on broomsticks.

ADOL.—What ! Witches ! Why I should die of fright if I saw them !

DARBY.—Then let us go to the buryin' ground where we can have a chat with the spooks, an' the hobgoblins, an' the—

(*ADOL. runs out L.*)

Oh, begorra, the poor gossoon is out of his mind with fright. Come on Barney an' help him to get back his wits.

(Exeunt L.)

SCENE III. A GARDEN. MR. O'DRISCOLL and HARDING discovered.)

MR. O'D.—Yes, Harding, it has long been my wish to see my daughter married to the man of her choice, but you have asked me to speak plainly, and I will—you are not her choice.

HARD.—Does she believe the silly charge brought against me by a noted gambler—a man whose oath would not be believed in any court of justice?

MR. O'D.—Perhaps she does; I do not know, and until the matter is entirely cleared up, I will not urge her to marry you.

HARD.—You, too, then, believe it?

MR. O'D.—I did not say so.

HARD.—No, but you implied it. Your words convince me that you believe that fellow O'Shaughnessy. What! I—the life-long friend of Maurice O'Donnell do this thing! Good heaven man! 'Tis an outrage to even listen to the charge!

MR. O'D.—It may be false, and it will be well if you can prove it so; but, in the meantime the question of your suit must remain in abeyance. My daughter shall not marry a man on whom such a suspicion rests.

(Enter MR. O'DONNELL, L.)

MR. O'DON.—And which suspicion has, to me, become a certainty!

O'DRIS.—Mr. O'Donnell! My dear friend, have you learned anything?

O'DON.—Yes, indeed I have. Since that dreadful night, two weeks ago, I have hidden myself from the world. No one has been permitted to enter my home or to communicate with me: but this morning a man forced himself into my house—into my presence, and told me the true story of that night. My son whom I banished and almost cursed, is innocent, and the man who stands there is the criminal!

HARD.—I forgive you, Mr. O'Donnell, for this insult because of your late sufferings. You are not in your right mind. Are you aware that the man who has told you this tale is none else than the the low gambler who led your son into evil ways? This gambler—this fellow Myles O'Shaughnessy—

O'DON.—Is my dead wife's brother!

HARD.—Your wife's brother?

O'DON.—Yes, Maurice's uncle. He was a stranger to you and to Maurice, and to rescue my boy from your clutches, he appeared as your confederate, but alas! he did not succeed in foiling you. You were too great a scoundrel for any honest man to measure, and now my boy is lost to me!

HARD.—Again I say that this charge is false although made by your relative, and I forgive you for much can be forgiven the man whose unfortunate son is a fugitive from justice!

O'DON.—And who made him such? Who was the false friend that led him on, and who was the first to apply to him the name of murderer? 'Twas you, Felix Harding, 'twas you!

HARD.—I only did my duty. As a distant witness of his crime, I was compelled to tell all that I saw—

O'DON.—Yes, you have sworn that my son is the slayer of the gypsy, Vibert, but if you took a thousand such oaths, I would still call you traitor and perjurer!

HARD.—(*Advancing a few steps.*) Mr. O'Donnell, I take your insults calmly, but 'tis your grey hairs that save you from my hands. Your son slew the gypsy, because the latter had wronged him, and I will prove it. I was once your son's friend, but am now his enemy, and I shall not rest till I bring him to the scaffold!

O'DRISCOLL—Villain, you dare to speak thus to the old man on whose head you have brought the bitterest sorrow? Traitor to the friend who trusted you—false to the man who believed you! You are a disgrace to the name of man! Do not longer insult us by your presence. Leave my grounds!

HARD.—Mr. O'Driscoll your polite request shall be attended to. I know where that man's son is to be found, and before another day goes over his head, he shall see that son a prisoner!

(*Exit L.*)

O'DRIS.—(*To O'DON.*) Cheer up, my poor old friend. Do not allow that fellow's boastful language to depress your spirits.

(*Enter MAURICE R. at the rear. He stands, listening.*)

O'DON.—Ah, his last words were bitter, and he means them. Oh, God! will I never see my son—the son I banished from my heart and home—will I never again see him, except as a felon in a prison-cell! I drove him from me with words of anger; I almost cursed him, and he went away with a broken heart!

MAUR.—(*From his position in the rear.*) Yes, because he was innocent!

O'DON.—(*Turning.*) Who speaks!

(*MAURICE steps forward.*)

MAUR.—Yes, you drove Maurice O'Donnell from your home, because you believed him guilty. He fled, and encountered the destroyer of his happiness. They fought and he fell. When he recovered, he was alone. His opponent the gypsy was gone. Now he is charged with murder, but of both crimes he is as guiltless as you.

O'DON.—What do you know of him? Where did you learn this?

MAUR.—I learned it from himself.

O'DON.—You know where he is! Tell me, tell me, for God's sake! Where is my son?

MAUR.—'Twould be useless to tell you, for he will not come until you call him, an'tell him that you believe him innocent of that crime for which you banished him.

O'DON.—Then tell him, tell him that I was blind—that the scheme of a traitor robbed him from me. He promised to come when I called him. Tell him that I call him now—that his father knows him to be

innocent—that he implores his forgiveness. Quick, call him back. No, no, take me to him. I will go to my injured and innocent son.—Take me to him!

(MAURICE throws off disguise.)

MAUR.—Father, father, he is before you!

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE ATHÆNEUM? ADOLPHUS discovered asleep on a sofa. Presently he stirs as if uneasy. Then he talks in his sleep.

ADOL.—No, no, take it away! It's a horrible sight! Take it from me, away——

(Quiet a few moments.)

I saw him do it. One was lying on the ground. You did it—you did it, I say! You pushed the gypsy into the cold river. Oh, it was horrible, horrible——

(Quiet again and throws his arm above his head.)

Oh, how they struggled! It was a fierce fight, but he conquered, he murdered him——

(A knock at the door. Repeated, and enter HARDING who looks at the sleeper.)

HARD.—Oh, I see you are taking it easy. Hello, asleep? Well, this is a nice fellow! He makes an appointment with me, and here he lies fast asleep!

ADOL.—Take it away! Away, I tell you! The sight freezes my blood—it terrifies me! Away with it! Begone, begone——

HARD.—Ha, ha! Talking in his sleep! I must awake him.

(Advances a pace or two, and stops suddenly.)

ADOL.—And Harding did it—he choked the gypsy. They fought like demons! The other lay on the ground—the gypsy had struck him! Then Harding killed the gypsy. How his eyes blazed as he struggled with him! Don't! Don't do it. Stop! Ah——

HARD.—My God! What does this mean!

ADOL.—Harding, Harding, for God's sake do not kill him! No, no, don't do that! Take your hands from his throat! Look, look! There is murder in his eyes! How they glare! Ha, he pushes him back! They have reached the river's edge. What? Harding is alone? Where is the gypsy? I cannot see him. He is gone—he is drowned, and Harding did it! Help, help!

(Springs from sofa, looking stupefied. Sees HARDING.)

ADOL.—Ah, Harding, I think I've been having a nap—good heaven, man! What is the matter? Are you ill?

HARD.—No, no,—it is nothing.

(Drops into a chair.)

ADOL. Has anything happened? You are deathly pale?

HARD.—No; sit down—there.

(Pointing to sofa ADOL. complies—HARDING rises, and walks to door, locks it, putting the key into his pocket. ADOL. rises.)

ADOL.—Harding, what are you doing? Why do you lock the door?

HARD.—You will soon learn. Sit down. Sit down, I tell you!

(ADOL. sits on sofa, looking scared.)

Now we are secure from interruption.

ADOL.—But what do you mean, Harding? Your words and actions terrify me!

HARD.—I will tell you what I mean. We are alone in this room, and you shall not leave it alive, if you will refuse to bend to mine!

ADOL.—My will bend to yours? I do not understand you.

HARD.—Then I will speak plainly. You were sleeping when I entered, yet your tongue was loosened—

ADOL.—An! What did I say?

HARD.—*(Looking steadily at ADOL.)* You mumbled some words; then your voice became more distinct, and you pictured a scene—a terrible scene—of murder!

(Advances nearer.)

Answer me—what do you know? Speak or I will kill you!

ADOL.—*(Cowering on the sofa.)* Mercy, mercy! I know nothing. Take your eyes off me—they glare so!—They burn me like coals of fire!

HARD.—Speak, fool! Tell me all and I will not harm you.

ADOL.—Oh, spare me, spare me and I will tell you. I did not mean to be a witness to the—the struggle; it was an accident—no, no, I cannot tell you!

HARD.—Then I will repeat the substance of your unconscious words. You pictured a meeting—a struggle—a death! A gypsy was the victim. A man lay on the ground, you said. Who was that man?

ADOL.—Maurice O'Donnell.

HARD.—No, you lie! It was I who lay there. Do you hear?

ADOL.—No, no; you were struggling with the gypsy—

HARD.—Stop! O'Donnell had seized the gypsy. I ran to separate them. I was too late. O'Donnell threw the gypsy into the river, and struck me to the earth. Do you understand!

ADOL.—No, I saw the gypsy strike O'Donnell, and you—you—the gypsy attacked you and he fell into the river.

HARD.—No, he did not fall—he was thrown in. Listen to me: You will appear in court, as a witness; you will testify to what you have

seen, but you must substitute for my name that of Maurice O'Donnell. Do you promise?

ADOL.—But he is innocent; he will be hanged, and I will be his murderer!

HARD.—(*Producing pistol.*) Promise—at once!

ADOL.—Harding, do not murder me! I will do what you tell me. Yes, I promise.

HARD.—Very good; now for the rest. From this day, until I order otherwise, you will sleep at my house—your tongue might betray your head and ruin me.

ADOL.—Yes, yes, I will do anything—everything you wish!

(*Hides his face on the sofa.*)

HARD.—Now, Maurice O'Donnell, you are entrapped! Fate has placed this fellow in my way, and I shall use him for your destruction! The pride of Killarney has fallen!

SCENE II.—A ROAD. *Enter MAURICE and MYLES, L.*

MYLES.—The villainous scamp! I'll look him up, and by the Rock of Cashel call him out and shoot him like a dog!

MAUR.—No, uncle, I have just found you and your life shall not be placed in jeopardy because of my fault. Heaven knows you have already suffered enough through me!

MYLES.—Tut, boy, don't speak of it, and as for any risk I'd run in meeting Harding,—faith I'd run fifty risks for the satisfaction of thrashing the rascal! What was that he said to your father?

MAUR.—He swore that he would at once set the authorities upon my track.

MYLES.—And he will, faith, but it'll only cause you a little inconvenience, my boy, for his own unsupported word will never convict you.

MAUR.—Perhaps not, but circumstances tend to substantiate the charge. My natural enmity against the unfortunate gypsy will prove a strong link in the chain of evidence.

MYLES.—Maurice, my lad, if the rascal attempts to forge any such chain, I'll smash it into smithereens and throw the pieces into his face! or if I don't succeed in that, I'll have him tarred and feathered and give him an hour to leave the country!

MAUR.—Uncle, you must promise not to act rashly. I will be arrested, 'tis true, but for my defence, I must trust to my innocence.

MYLES.—(*Moving R.*) Perhaps you're right my boy, for it's seldom that a really innocent man is put in the wrong box, except for a time.

(*Exit MAURICE.*)

And the boy'll never be hanged, for if anyone at all is hanged, I'll bet a hundred pounds that it'll be a man by the name of Felix Harding.

(*Exit R. Enter DARBY and BARNEY, L.*)

BAR.—Darby, I wonder what's the matter with Mr. Adolphus Penny-

worth. I met him an' that divil Felix Harding, an' his face was as long as a three foot rule.

DARBY.—Perhaps he was goin' to get married, Barney.

BAR.—Be off, ye old bachelor! Sure if that was so, he would'nt have a long face.

DARBY.—Indeed an' he might, for they say that marriage changes the face of things, an' isn't he only a thing, Barney?

BAR.—Begorra, I don't know what he is. Oh, Darby, I'll bet ye anything he's goin' to have us arrested! When I saw the two of them they were comin' out of the court house.

DARBY.—To have us arrested? For what?

BAR.—For the picnic we had with him up on the Divil's Crag yesterday. God forgive me, it's a shame, but I could'nt help havin' some fun out of the poor omadhaun.

DARBY.—Ha, ha, ha,—were you lookin' at him, Barney, when Micky Brady ran out of the cave with the sheet over his head? Ho, ho, ho, I thought I'd split!

BAR.—Yes, an' when Jerry Callahan came runnin' down the hill dressed in an ould bearskin, an' him rearin' like a bull. Begorra, poor Pennyworth's hair stood on end like needles, haw, haw, haw!

DARBY.—An' I thought he'd shake to pieces when he saw Teddy Mahoney with the horns on his head and the wings on his back; an' Teddy, the rogue, ran up to him an' said: "Adolphus Pennyworth, I'm the divil, an' I'm goin' to fly away with ye." Och, Barney, I rolled on the ground an' kicked with the laughin'.

BAR.—No, but the best of all was when he was runnin' away like mad, he ran into the bog, ho, ho, ho,—an' when he could'nt stir a foot Micky Brady shouted, "Run for your life, the divil's after ye!" Oh dear, oh dear, I shook so that I lost control of meself an' fell into the ditch. Ha, ha, ha!—Och, Darby, we'll never have so much fun again.

DARBY.—(Looking R.) Look, Barney, look! Isn't that Felix Harding up the road, there! Begorra if he's not goin' into the magistrate's house! Let us go down an' have an eye on him.

(*Exeunt R.*)

SCENE III. THE MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE. MR. PRESTON *discovered seated at a table.*

PRESTON.—(A note in his hand.) Ha, ha! Maurice O'Donnell has returned—the murderer of the gypsy, Vibert, is at large! All right, my dear Mr. Harding, you can come whenever you wish.

(A knock at the door. Enter HARDING.)

HARD.—Ah, Mr. Preston, we have the bird in a cage, at last. You received my note?

PRES.—Yes, a short time ago. Take a seat while I complete the warrant for O'Donnell's arrest.

(PRESTON writes.)

This is the same fellow, who, it was said, attempted to rob his father about two weeks ago, is he not?

HARD.—The very same, and it was that that led to the killing of the gypsy. It appears that the latter had impersonated O'Donnell. He was found out, and the first time O'Donnell met Vibert, he threw him into the river.

PRES.—Yes, so I believe, and 'twas a very foolish and criminal proceeding on his part. Here is the warrant, my dear sir.

(HARDING takes and glances over it.)

HARD.—Look here, Mr. Preston you have made a trifling mistake!

PRES.—Yes? What is it?

(Takes warrant.)

HARD.—Read it, and see.

PRES.—(Looking at the paper.) Dear, oh dear, how did that occur? Substituted your name for that of the criminal! A grievous error to be sure! I beg a thousand pardons!—'Twas only a slip of the pen.

(Proceeds to make the correction.)

HARD.—And a very offensive one to me, Mr. Preston.

PRES.—What? Angry over a mistake! Why, this accidental thrust seems to have touched a very sore spot, my dear Mr. Harding.

(Presents warrant which HARDING places in his pocket.)

HARD.—It is not this alone that annoys me. I have called here half a dozen times, and, until now, you have found it convenient to be out.

PRES.—Ah, indeed! Well, you know, the ends of justice are sometimes served by delay; this explains the law's slow movements, my dear Mr. Harding.

HARD.—Then it will act quickly in this matter, for I shall attend to it myself. Even Maurice O'Donnell's judicial friends will not be able to further clog the wheels of justice!

(Exit L.)

PRES.—Hem—that means me. Well, I am sure that I would rather be O'Donnell's friend, than either the friend or enemy of that fellow. Let me see—yes, I think I shall walk down to O'Donnell's place, and see how matters come out. I really feel for the boy for I believe him to be innocent. Yes, I'll go down.

(Exit R.)

SCENE IV—A WOOD. MAURICE discovered, alone.

MAUR.—This is, perhaps, my last day of freedom. When I awake to-morrow, prison-walls may enclose me. When will I again see these woods? When will my feet press the turf on which I played in my happy boyhood? Is this the last time that I may look upon the scenes of my childhood—scenes that are, oh! so dear to me now. Can it be that I am the Maurice O'Donnell of a few months ago? Yes, only a few

short months have gone since that fatal day when I sat at the gaming-table for the first time with Felix Harding! And he—the man I believed to be my friend, was my bitterest enemy. He sought my ruin and he has accomplished it. Soon I will be known as a murderer—a man who has taken the life of another! A murderer—a murderer! No, no! That man did not fall by my hand. I am charged with this crime, but, oh God! You know that I am innocent!

(Enter BARNEY R.)

BAR.—Master Maurice, Master Maurice, the police are at the house! Quick, fly for yer life—ye can escape by the river! Quick!

MAUR.—The police are at the house? Then let them come—I am ready.

BAR.—But surely ye'll not let them take ye? Wake up man, an'put the sea between you an'the divils!

MAUR.—No, Barney, my good lad, I will stay here.

BARNEY—(Aside.) Then be the powers I'll run back an'try to put them off the scent, for it'll never be said that Barney Rafferty let his mather be killed without tryin'to save him!

(Exit R. Enter HARDING L.)

HARD.—Ha, ha, we have met again, and the pleasure of the meeting is, I think, all on my side.

MAUR.—Felix Harding, what have I done that you should have become towards me a relentless devil?

HARD.—What have you done? Do you not remember the day I swore to be revenged for the blow you struck me? Do you forget the jeers of my fellows when they found that I was cowardly enough not to strike blow for blow? No, I did not strike back then. I have been patient, but now I strike—now I have my revenge!

MAUR.—And is this the reason why you have been my evil genius? Did the punishment I administered for a cowardly insult rankle in your breast and stir your black heart to this revenge? Yes, you do well to call yourself a coward, for you were a poltroon then, and you are one still!

HARD.—I have not told all. You seem to forget also, that you came between me and Florence O'Driscoll. I lost her through you and that I could never forgive. Listen to me: When you are convicted of this murder; when you are alone in your cell, think of my triumph—think of me as the successful rival who has won back what you stole—picture me as the husband of Florence O'Driscoll!

MAUR.—Never, villain, never!

(Rushes upon HARDING. Enter R, OFFICERS. They seize MAURICE.)

OFFICER—Maurice O'Donnell, you are my prisoner!

(Enter MR. O'DONNELL and MR. O'DRISCOLL, R.)

O'DON.—Maurice, my son, my son!

O'DRIS.—Officer, what is the charge against Maurice O'Donnell?

OFF.—Murder, sir,—the murder of a gypsy, Raymond Vibert.

O'DRIS.—But, man, he is innocent; look upon that man as the guilty one!

HARD.—Pardon me, Mr. O'Driscoll, but this officer will tell you that his warrant calls for the arrest of Maurice O'Donnell. Ha, ha, ha!

O'DRIS.—Yes, laugh, scoundrel, but allow me to tell you that your unsupported word will not convince a jury that this man is guilty. Others can testify to your villainy—

HARD.—Pardon me again, my dear sir, and I will inform you that my word will *not* be unsupported. There was another witness to the crime—one who saw Maurice O'Donnell commit the deed, and here he is!

(Enter L. ADOLPHUS, followed by MYLES and the others.)

O'DRIS.—*(To ADOL.)* What does this mean?

ADOL.—Wait a moment, please. *(To HARDING.)* Felix Harding, at the point of a pistol you made me promise to help convict an innocent man. Now I retract that promise don't ye know. Maurice O'Donnell is as free from guilt as I, myself.

HARD.—What do you mean? Do you dare to deny that you were a witness to the crime, and that you saw Maurice O'Donnell kill the gypsy?

ADOL.—My dear fellow, I will enlighten you, but first of all let me tell you, that I am Maurice O'Donnell's friend,

(Drops English accent.)

and that my name is *not* Adolphus Pennyworth, but Charles O'Driscoll, this man's son!

(Lays his hand on O'DRISCOLL'S arm after removing long-haired wig.)

O'DRIS.—Charley, my boy, what is this?

ADOL.—I will tell you, father. As you know, I have been at college for the past year. Two weeks ago I arrived home, and learned about Maurice. Since that day I have acted my part with the result that I declare Maurice to be entirely innocent, and his traitor-friend, Felix Harding, guilty.

HARD.—But, my dear fellow, please to remember that assertions are easy to make. How will you get over the fact that I found you asleep—that you talked in your sleep and told that you had seen the crime committed, and that you confessed that Maurice O'Donnell was the perpetrator?

ADOL.—I will tell you. Felix Harding, I adopted that ruse to entrap you. When you thought me asleep, I was as wide awake as you were! I did *not* see the crime committed, but had learned from Maurice the circumstances of his meeting with the gypsy on that fatal night, and I determined to prove the truth. I had an appointment with you at a hotel; I lay on a couch as though asleep. When I heard your steps in the corridor, I began to talk in my sleep. You entered the room, and then, still apparently sleeping, I pictured the scene of your crime as Maurice had pictured it to me, with some additions of my own. You stood listening—the image of guilt and terror! I felt no compunction for my deception, for I wished to save my innocent friend and punish a scoundrel!

(HARDING attempts to rush upon ADOL., but is caught by MYLES.

MYLES—No, no! No more murders my fine fellow!

HARD.—(To ADOL.) Do you imagine that any sane man will believe this story?

ADOL.—Yes, the whole world will believe it. (To the OFFICER). Mr. Officer, here is a warrant charging Felix Harding with employing the gypsy, Vibert, to enter Mr. O'Donnell's house with felonious intent, on the night of the 15th of October.

(Hands Warrant.)

HARD.—You lie, fellow, and you know it! The gypsy did enter Mr. O'Donnell's house, but I had nothing to do with it. Maurice O'Donnell learned of the gypsy's act—and he killed him.

ADOL.—Yes, Maurice O'Donnell learned of the gypsy's act, but 'tis you who threw the unfortunate man into the river—'tis you who have that crime upon your soul!

HARD.—Again I tell you that you lie! (Points at MAURICE.) There is the murderer of the gypsy, and there lives not a man on earth who can prove him innocent!

(Enter RAYMOND VIBERT L.)

RAY.—Yes, I, Raymond Vibert, can! (Sensation.) Yes, villain, when you threw me into the river I was unconscious. The coldness of the water revived me, and being a practised swimmer, I struck out for the other side. Although the current was fierce, I reached the bank in safety, and, fearing punishment for what I had done, I fled. Yesterday I learned that you had charged Maurice O'Donnell with my death. I returned, and although I will suffer for my wrong-doing, yet, gypsy as I am, I scorn to shield myself behind the cruel lie of a white scoundrel!

PRESTON—Mr. Officer, will you be good enough to transfer your attentions to Mr. Felix Harding.

(Before the Officers can obey, HARDING draws a pistol.)

HARD.—Vibert, you have betrayed me, but your treachery shall cost you your life!

(Attempts to fire, but is disarmed by MYLES. OFFICERS approach and hand-cuff HARDING.)

PRES.—Officers, away with him!

HARD.—Maurice O'Donnell, I am defeated. Craft and double-dealing have sunk beneath the weight of truth and virtue. I have lost all that I plotted for and hoped to obtain. The prison awaits me: my future will be a dark and dreary one, but I myself, am to blame: I shall reap as I have sown: I accept my fate.

(Exit with Officers.)

MAUR—(Advancing to RAYMOND.) Raymond Vibert, you have deeply injured me. During the past two weeks I have suffered what has appeared to me as years of anguish; but, I seek no revenge; your last

act has atoned for the wrong you have done. You are free—I forgive you.

MYLES—(*Laying his hand on M's shoulder.*) Maurice, my lad, I am proud of you. You have shown that Irishmen possess one of the noblest of manly virtues—forgiveness of enemies. You are a true scion of the princely house of O'Donnell, for you have passed through a sea of calumny without a stain upon your fair name. The darkness of the past will tend to make the future still brighter, and in the time to come when the years will have whitened my head, I know that I shall be able to take your hand, as I do now, and call you, my nephew, Maurice O'Donnell, THE PRIDE OF KILLARNEY.

THE END.

