

SCENE III.

Voices approaching the graveyard. I say, Henry, we can't all go in there at once. We'll be seen, I tell you, and the watchman will have us up before the court in the morning. I'll tell you what we'll do. You, Thomas, go over to the grave; Henry will stand on top of the wall and I will get outside at the foot of the wall. Thomas will dig up the stiff; throw him over to Henry, and Henry will throw him down to me, and I'll make off with him. How's that?

Thomas and Henry—It's a go.

Richard—All right. Don't dig up a stale one.

Half an hour later.

Henry—(on the wall, speaking in subdued tones to Richard— I say, down there, are you ready, old man?

Richard—Ay, Ay, sir, let her go.

Henry—Here she comes. (Throws corpse down. As it reaches the ground it falls squarely upon poor drunk Michael O'Rourke, who jumps up greatly frightened and runs away.)

Richard—(Seeing Michael running and thinking him the corpse), Hey, up there, throw me down another. That one got away from me.

Curtain.

—T. R. Samoht.