

he said he'd ring again. (Telephone goes—one long and one short—.) There, he's ringing the Grahams now. . . .
Moira (in the same voice): Did they be saying his crime, Kate?

Kate: I just heard something that sounded like—like manslaughter. The line wasn't good.

Mrs. Rudd (rising and facing her daughter): Are you hiding something from me, Kate? The time has come when we may speak frankly before Moira. She is one of us.

Moira (crouching by fire and speaking to herself): I have known it. I have known it. There is no joy, no happy peace. All day I have been feeling it. It is in the cruel wind and in the creaking, moaning trees, and in the black arms the bush stretched out that would be clutching me.

Kate (sharply), bending over her: Moira, Moira, wake up; what are you saying?

Moira (dully): I have brought the fear upon them. . . . I have brought evil and danger to the house that sheltered

Kate: Don't be a silly girl. You want Ted here to tease you and talk Irish to you. Come and set the tea.

Mrs. Rudd: There, child, you're not well. You've looked sadly all day.

Moira (jumping up and facing them): And would I not be sad with the secret grief that is in my heart? Listen and I will be telling you of it. I am not Moira Shand at all. I am a wedded wife.

Kate (smiling kindly): Well, there's no crime in that, Moira. There's many that would like to be that and aren't.

Moira (passionately): There's no woman in the world would like to be wed to the man that wooed me. There's no man living upon the earth as evil as that man. (Suddenly she pauses and stands trembling, looking at the uncurtained window. Then her whole body stiffens and she raises one arm slowly, pointing at it. The other women turn in terror and follow her gaze, standing rooted to the ground. The silence is broken by a loud scream from Moira.)

Moira: And there he is! Merciful Virgin, 'tis he himself that stands there, looking in upon us. (She crouches on the floor in an agony of terror and Mrs. Rudd sinks into her chair, her face in her hands. Kate alone stands facing the window for a long minute, then she turns to her mother and nods.)

Kate: It's him, mother.

Moira (wildly): 'Tis himself—'tis my husband.

Kate: Don't be a fool—it's Clive Jameson, my brother.

Moira (desolately): And is it the mad women we are, you talking and I listening, and that without the door? How could it be your brother, Kate

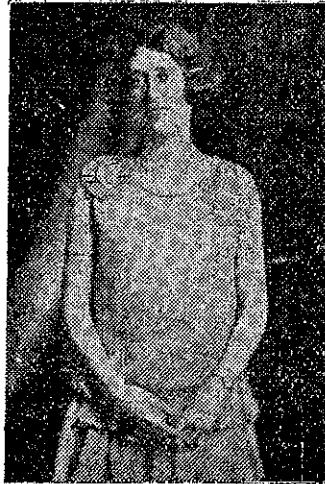
The Orpheus Musical Society

will present a concert from 2YA
on September 10.

Soloists:

Soprano Jeanette Briggs, L.A.B. Lieschen
Baritone Ray Kemp Schlendrian
Tenor Roy Hill.

Instrumental Solos will be played by Mr. Claude Tanner,
Cellist.



JEANETTE BRIGGS.



ROY HILL.

Rudd? But 'tis Clive Jameson, the man I wedded. (A stealthy tap is heard at the window, and Moira clings to Kate.)

Kate (quietly): Your husband and my brother—and may God help us both!

(The tap is repeated and Kate moves slowly to the door as the curtain drops on Scene I.)

(Scene 2.)

As before, 11 p.m. on the same evening, Mrs. Rudd is in the same chair by the fire, but her knitting lies unheeded on the floor. Kate and Moira sit on opposite sides of the table, on which are the remains of a hasty meal, eaten by one person only.

Moira: God help him! The rain is lashing and the trees are falling everywhere.

Kate (glancing at clock on mantel): He's been gone more than two hours. He should be nearly fifteen miles away. Nugget's a fast horse.

Mrs. Rudd (brokenly): I wish I could have died, Kate, without the memory of that face to haunt me . . . and he was so handsome once!

Moira (in a whisper): A murderer! Mrs. Rudd: He did not mean to kill the warder, Moira—Oh, I know he did not mean to.

Kate: It will be all the same as if he did mean it.

Mrs. Rudd: Not one word of remembrance to us . . . not one tender glance for Moira . . . just a hunted beast.

two short, three short, one long and one short, one long and two short, go at intervals of a few minutes. . . . After that the telephone is silent till the end.)

Moira (clutching her throat and speaking in a whisper): What is it? What is it?

Kate (leaning against the wall and speaking with difficulty): They've tracked him in this direction. There are four warders and ten police out, and some of the settlers. . . . They're all armed.

Mrs. Rudd: God have pity on him! Kate (fiercely): But he has had no pity. He . . . he murdered that warder in cold blood. Those were all lies he told us. . . . He had cut the telephone wire . . . That's why we heard nothing till now. But they found the cut and mended it. He is armed now, and they know it.

Moira: There will be more black deeds done by Clive Jameson this night.

Kate: They're prepared for that. They—they mean to shoot if he offers resistance.

Mrs. Rudd (moaning): He was my little son. . . . Do you remember how bright his hair was, and the pretty laugh he had?

Moira (bitterly): He was my lover and my husband, and God lets me live to say it.

Kate: They are very anxious. The whole district is up and waiting for news. They are to keep in their houses, but they have arranged a signal . . . that's all the ringing going on now; Mr. Anson is telling them all. If they catch him alive, they will ring two long rings all along the line, that the settlers may know and be at rest.

Moira: Rest? There is no rest in the world.

Kate (slowly): And if there is a fight and they have to—to kill him, they will ring three long rings.

(Mrs. Rudd groans and covers her face in her hands. Kate comes quickly over to her and takes one of the hands; then she lays her free hand upon Moira's clenched ones. The girl turns and clutches her hand desperately. They remain so for a minute, then Moira crosses to the window and parts the curtains, looking out into the night.)

Mrs. Rudd: Listen to that storm! The house feels as if it might go.

Kate: Nonsense, dear. It's quite safe. But it's a terrible night.

Moira: And terrible doings are abroad. . . . The tall trees are bending in their grief, till their heads be almost sweeping the ground, and the wild clouds do be running in the sky from the sight of man's evil.

Mrs. Rudd (to Kate): Poor child, poor child—her, more than us.

Kate: Would it help you to tell us, Moira—and then bury it forever?

Moira (tragically): And what is there to tell, excepting only the way of a bad man with a loving maid? But yes, I will be speaking of it, that our hearts may not break with the dreadful waiting for that bell. It was nine years past, when first my parents brought me to this land. We lived in a little town, and in all the place there was never a gayer or a brighter boy than Clive Jameson.

Mrs. Rudd: Ah Clive—he was so handsome. If he had only said one kind word to me to-night.

Moira (whispering): But did you be seeing the handsome face of him to-night? Have you dreamed of a fiend's face that was holding all the evil in the world, and it gloating? Have you

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