

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 269

MICHAEL.

I think they are.

ARDEN.

I'll go and see myself. [*Exit ARDEN.*

FRANKLIN.

You made a fearful noise.

MICHAEL.

Did I?——

ARDEN *within*.

Why Michael!

FRANKLIN.

You tremble still.—Has any one been here?

MICHAEL.

No, I hope not. My master will be angry.

Enter ARDEN.

ARDEN.

This negligence not half contents me, sir:
The doors were all left open.

MICHAEL.

Sir——

ARDEN.

To bed,

And as you prize my favour be more careful.

[*Exit MICHAEL.*

FRANKLIN.

'Tis very cold. Once more, my friend——

ARDEN.

——Good night.

[*Exit ARDEN.*

Scene