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SCHOOL AND SOCIAL DRAMA.

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“Act well your part.”

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THE  
IRISH LINEN PEDDLER.

BY

T. S. DENISON.

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PRICE 15 CENTS.

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CHICAGO:  
T. S. DENISON.

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THE  
IRISH LINEN PEDDLER.

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

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BY

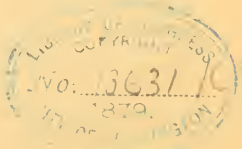
T. S. DENISON,

*Author of "Odds with the Enemy," "Initiating a Granger," "Wanted, a Correspondent," "A Family Strike," "Seth Greenback," "Hans Von Smash," "Borrowing Trouble," "Two Ghosts in White," "The Pull-Back," "Country Justice," "The Assessor," "The Sparkling Cup," "Louva the Pauper," "Our Country," "The School Ma'am," "The Kansas Immigrants," "Is the Editor in?" Etc.*

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CHICAGO:  
T. S. DENISON.

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PS1534  
CHARACTERS. II 54 I 65

PAT O'DOYLE, a linen peddler.  
MR. FLANNAGAN.  
MR. DARLING.  
MISS DARLING  
MRS. WADE.  
MOLLIE.

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COSTUMES.

Modern, and to suit the character.

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SITUATIONS.

*R* means right as the actor faces the audience; *L* left; *C* center.

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SYNOPSIS.

The Irish Linen Peddler is highly amusing throughout. Pat O'Doyle is a rare combination of shrewdness, drollery, and the ready tact of making the best of everything to the discomfiture of everybody else. The frequent changes of ownership which the table linen undergoes, is very laughable.

SCENE I. Pat at the farmhouse of Mr. Darling. Latter has planned an elopement with Mrs. Wade, his guest, which he wishes to conceal from his daughter. Latter has planned an elopement with Flannagan. The father, daughter and Flannagan buy each a set of tablecloths, but by a series of ludicrous mistakes, Mrs. Wade gets them all. Pat falls in love with Mollie, and believes Flannagan his rival. Pat gives an amusing account of their relationship in the old country.

SCENE II. Four valises packed. Pat inspects them. Is surprised, and gets them badly mixed. Is bribed to silence. Is completely mystified. At last discovers all, and persuades Mollie to elope with him.

SCENE III. At a hotel. The valises tell queer tales. Explanations. Pat proposes to economize by "lumping" the marriage ceremony.

1913  
MAR 6

# THE IRISH LINEN PEDDLER.

— — —  
ACT I.  
— — —

SCENE I. *Sitting-room in the farmhouse of Mr. Darling. Table, chairs, sofa, etc. Discovered Mr. Darling and Pat as curtain rises.*

*D.* My friend, we don't need any table linen, to-day.

*Pat.* It won't cost ye a cint to look at it. (*Undoing pack and displaying table cloths.*) I have some of the foineest table linen iver brought from the ould country, sur. It's made from flax pulled green, and bleached to perfection. Look at it, sur. (*Thrusts table cloth into Darling's hands.*)

*D.* It's not worth while to-day. We are well supplied already.

*Pat.* But you don't see such linen as this ivery day, sur.

*D.* Nearly every day at the rate peddlers make their appearance of late.

*Pat.* Ah! sur, they don't have the likes o' this. It's very scarce, even in ould Ireland, an' seldom lands in this country. I silicted this meself on purpose, sur, for the use of American gentlemen who know a foine thing when they see it.

*D.* What is the price of this pair?

*Pat.* Fourteen dollars.

*D.* It's too much. They're are not worth it.

*Pat.* Now, Colonel, a man of your foine taste—

*D.* Stop! I'm no Colonel!

*Pat.* I beg pardon, sur. It's all a mistake. There are so many Colonels in Ameriky that a mon forgets that there's always something higher. I might 'a known at first sight ye was a judge or a congressman.

*D.* (*Aside.*) A smooth-tongued rogue certainly. Come, you'd better talk business, if you talk at all.

*Pat.* Of course! Business is a pleasure to a mon like yerself, sur. I'll say twilve dollars for the pair, seein' it's yerself.

*D.* Too much! Can't afford it. (*Looks intently at pattern.*)

*Pat.* That is a foine pattern, sur. I'll say tin, and close the bargain at onc't.

*D.* I'll give you eight.

*Pat.* Worry! Worry! Would ye grind a poor man like that,

who has come to Ameriky to seek his fortune? Ye don't mane it.

*D.* You mustn't expect to make your fortune all on one trade.

*Pat.* Seein' as ye're a gintleman of influence, I'll split the difference, and say nine dollars.

*D.* All right!

*Pat.* An' I'll be after sayin' to the neighbors that Mr.—what might I call you, if you plase, sur?

*D.* Darling!

*Pat.* I'll say that Mr. Darling is a gintleman that knows linen when he sees it, an' that he bought a pair of them illegant extra-blached, snow white, dilicate-patterned, foine ould Irish linen table cloths.

*D.* And what is your name, my friend?

*Pat.* O'Doyle, sur. Patrick O'Doyle. Me familiar friends ginerally take the liberty o' callin' me Pat, for short. May be, sur, your wife would like another pair of these illegant cloths at the same price?

*D.* I have no wife, Mr. O'Doyle.

*Pat.* They'd make a foine prisint for a shwateheart.

*D.* (*Hastily.*) Nonsense, Pat, these are for my daughter.

*Pat.* Indade, sur. Thin ye're a widower, with orphan children. More's the pity. Wouldn't your daughter like to buy some o' me illegant fine linen handkerchiefs?

*D.* I guess not!

*Pat.* Call her, won't ye? Shpake a good word for me.

*D.* I'll call her, certainly; but, as for speaking a good word, that is quite unnecessary, in *your* case. (*Exit R.*)

*Pat.* He's a foine gintleman, but he drives a close bargain indade. (*Enter Jack Flannagan L.*)

*F.* Good morning, Pat. I saw you come in, so I followed, as I want to see you

*Pat.* (*Grasping his hand.*) Faith, an' it's a very great pleasure to meet ould friends in the disguise o' strangers. There's a relish about the surprise that is quite overcomin'. (*Aside.*) Blow me, I think it's intirely overcome me this time. (*F. staring at him.*) I've not seen you for so long that I've forgotton whether you're Pat or your brother Jamie.

*F.* You are mistaken. I have no brother.

*Pat.* Oh, yis; now I ricollect. He died in '57, wasn't it?

*F.* No, he didn't. He never was born.

*Pat.* Begorra, I remember now, so he wasn't. (*Aside.*) I'll get his name by some other manes. (*Aloud.*) When did ye come over?

*F.* Over what? What do you mean?

*Pat.* Over the say, to be sure! Do ye suppose I meant the moon, or some other astronomical planet?

*F.* I never was across the sea in my life. You don't know who I am. My name is John Flannagan.

*Pat.* (*Grasps his hand.*) Now I have it. My father an' your father, Jack O'Flannagan, made a bet onc't, which could drink a



gallon of ould rye quickest. Your father came out tin seconds ahead. I thought we was related somehow, soon as I saw ye. But one thing puzzles me, Mr. O'Flannagan. If ye niver crossed the say how the divil did ye get to this country.

*F.* (*Angrily.*) I was born in this country. I am no Irishman. My name is Flannagan, not O'Flannagan.

*Pat.* Yis, sur, I see, Mr. Flannagan. Ye dropped the *O*, because it saves spellin', and ye dropped ould Ireland because it ain't always convanient to carry her. Faith, there would always be a spot in me heart for the ould sod if I lived in Ameriky a thousand years. Don't ye think enough about the ould country to buy a pair o' these illigant Irish-linen table cloths to remember her by?

*F.* (*Aside.*) They would make a nice present for Emma. (*Aloud.*) What do you ask for them?

*Pat.* Seein' that your ancestors came from the ould sod, I'll let you have the pair for twelve dollars.

*F.* Never mind the old sod! I'll give you ten, not a cent more.

*Pat.* An' its a bargain. I niver could have the heart to stand bargainin' with yerself.

*F.* Here, I'm in a hurry. (*Gives Pat money, and takes the table cloths aside.*) Emma and I will need these pretty soon, I hope. (*Exit L. Enter Miss D. R.*)

*Pat.* (*Bowing politely.*) Good mornin' to ye, ma'am!

*Miss D.* Good morning, sir. Father said you had some nice table linen.

*Pat.* (*Eagerly displaying goods.*) Bless the benivolent ould gintleman, I knew he would say a good word for me.

*Miss D.* (*Aside.*) Yes! he told me to pay just half you asked. (*Aloud.*) I'll look at them. I wish father had made me a present of a pair.

*Pat.* (*Aside.*) Shure an' she don't know the price he paid. (*Aloud.*) This illigant pair, ixtra blached, made o' foine green-pulled flax, will cost ye the trifle of only sixteen dollars. They're fit for a queen, an' it's your purty self that should have them.

*Miss D.* Can't you take less? That's too much!

*Pat.* I'd be clane ruined at less than sixteen dollars for the twain. I'd close out me intire stock at onc't and quit business. (*Aside.*) So I would, with pleasure. (*Aloud.*) Seein' that it's yerself, I'll show a bit of gallantry for a purty girrel, an' say foorteen.

*Miss D.* You are a flatterer! You can afford to be more gallant than that. I'll give you twelve.

*Pat.* It's cruel ye are, but I've no heart to resist. They're yours!

*Miss D.* (*Pays money.*) It's pretty high for them. (*Aside.*) I'll ask Mrs. Wade what she thinks of them. I'll pretend they are a present, and she won't suspect anything. (*Aloud.*) Excuse me, sir, I'll send father in.

*Pat.* Many thanks, ma'am! Say a good word for me to the

neighbors, won't ye? (*Exit Miss D. R.*) Not a bad day's work so far. Three pairs o' table cloths sold in one family. They must do a dale o' eatin'. Shure the prices were somewhat unaqual, but they'll average purty fair. Now I'll quench me thirst at the pump in the yard an' be ready for travelin' at onc't. (*Exit L. Enter R. Mrs. Wade.*)

*Mrs. W.* The fellow has gone at last. I always did dislike peddlers. There has been one here every day this spring, I believe. (*Enter Miss D. R.*)

*Miss D.* Mrs. Wade, I bought some table linen of that peddler.

*Mrs. W.* I suppose you are cheated again, as usual, Miss Darling.

*Miss D.* Oh, I hope not! They are real nice I think. I thought of a little present. (*Handing cloths to Mrs. W.*)

*Mrs. W.* Thank you! Thank you so much! It's very kind of you to remember me in this way.

*Miss D.* I meant—

*Mrs. W.* Never mind, my dear! I'll not say a word about extravagance. Girls do sometimes waste their money, but it is very proper to remember one's friends in a handsome way. I shall not forget this, Emma.

*Miss D. (Aside.)* Nor I. What assumption! I'll have to buy another pair. (*Exit R.*)

*Mrs. W.* I don't understand this. I thought Miss Darling rather disliked me, because her father shows a preference for me. (*Enter F.*)

*F.* Mrs. Wade, I have just bought a pair of table cloths from that Irishman. You are a competent judge of such things. I value your opinion very highly. (*Hesitating.*) I thought of a little present. (*Handing them to her.*)

*Mrs. W. (Confused.)* Really, this is very kind. I shall prize them highly! Thank you!

*F.* Ahem!—I—you—what do you think of them?

*Mrs. W.* They are very nice. Indeed! I can't express my thanks. This is so unexpected.

*F. (Aside.)* Yes! Very unexpected. Ten dollars more for a present for Emma. I must see that peddler before he goes. (*Aloud.*) Good day, Mrs. Wade!

*Mrs. W.* Good day! (*Flannagan bows and exit L.*) This is strange! I can't understand it at all. I thought Mr. Flannagan was devoted to Emma. Can it be that I am mistaken? The gentlemen all say I look like a girl in her teens. (*Enter Mr. Darling, R.*)

*D.* Mrs. Wade, I've been looking for you.

*Mrs. W. (Smiling sweetly.)* Have you, indeed, Mr. Darling?

*D.* This peddler wheedled me into buying some table linen. I don't have much faith in peddlers, but I got these cheap. (*Confidentially.*) You see there are people in this house who have to be kept in a good humor, and something in the way of

presents now and then may assist a little. Look at these. (*Hands her the table cloths.*)

*Mrs. W.* A thousand thanks, dear Darling! It is very pleasant to be remembered this way, but please don't speak of a present as if it were a bribe.

*D.* But, my dear, I hadn't explained!

*Mrs. W.* (*Playfully.*) There now, you awkward fellow, don't make matters worse by explaining.

*D.* But you don't understand what I—

*Mrs. W.* Well, never mind You know I shall always try to please you without being bribed with presents.

*D.* (*Aside.*) The deuce you say. No getting out of it now. I'll get Emma another set. (*Aloud.*) We'll say no more about it.

*Mrs. W.* I'll forgive you!

*D.* (*Aside.*) That's comforting! (*Aloud.*) My dear, hadn't we better drive quietly to town this evening and be married? I don't think Emma will say much after it's all over, and there's no use in objecting. She is a remarkable girl. She is entirely unlike the rest of her sex.

*Mrs. W.* And that is the way you compliment the sex. I wonder you're not afraid of all of them.

*D.* I always was accounted brave even to rashness. (*Laughs.*) What do you say to this evening?

*Mrs. W.* I consent to this evening. Since I entrust my fortunes to the care of such a very *brave* man I need not fear as to time, place and circumstance. (*Exeunt R. Enter Flannagan and Miss Darling, L.*)

*F.* Dear Emma, this question might as well be settled now as any time. I think this evening the best time.

*Miss D.* I think it is dreadful to elope.

*F.* But there's no helping it. Your father will not consent to our marriage.

*Miss D.* You never asked him.

*F.* But you sounded him, dear Emma, and you know the result.

*Miss D.* Yes, he said it was all nonsense. That he needed me for a housekeeper. There was no hurry, etc. But he can't dislike you, for he never forbade your visits. Hadn't *you* better ask him?

*F.* I couldn't think of it? You are of age any way. Besides, if we get married first, and then ask him, he can't refuse. He'll never cast you off. You know you have promised, Emma.

*Miss D.* And I'll keep my promise. I'll be ready to-night at ten. One thing I do dislike, dear John.

*F.* What is that?

*Miss D.* I don't like to leave father to the mercy of that designing widow, Mrs. Wade.

*F.* Who is that woman?

*Miss D.* She is an old schoolmate of my mother's. She used to visit mother, and now she has come to visit me. Goodness

knows, I don't want her visits. But there's no getting rid of her.

*F.* Very shrewd woman, I should say. But we'll just take a quiet trip of two or three days, and come back in time to prevent mischief on her part. Can we trust Mollie, if she should observe anything unusual?

*Miss D.* Oh, yes. She never would betray me. But we mustn't talk here about this. Mrs. Wade may hear us, any minute. I'll go into the kitchen and you go out alone.

*F.* Bye-bye, love! I'll call about eight, as if there was nothing unusual. (*Exit Miss Darling R. Flannagan notices Pat's valise.*) This Irishman seems to be making himself at home out in the orchard with the old man. It would be just like Darling to ask him to stay all night. (*Enter Mollie R.*)

*F.* Mollie, there is one of your countrymen here. Have you seen him.

*Mollie.* (*Speaks with slight brogue.*) I've not seen him at all. Where is he?

*F.* In the orchard, I think. You'd better see him before he goes. He will be glad of the acquaintance.

*Mollie.* Faith, it's not much I'll care for his acquaintance.

*F.* Come, Mollie, don't speak hastily. He's not a bad-looking chap, with plenty of brass. I'll send him in if I see him. (*Exit L.*)

*Mollie.* May be he'd be after presenting me a hankicher or the like of that. (*Enter Pat L.*)

*Pat.* A runaway he was plannin'! Blow me if I can see why people must be elopin' when they might slip off quietly to the praste. (*Sees Mollie.*) I beg yer pardon, I thought you and the other gentleman had gone out.

*Mollie.* Meself and the other gentleman! (*Laughs.*)

*Pat.* Well thin, yourself without the other gentleman, if that plases you better. (*Aside.*) It would plase me better.

*Mollie.* The gentleman went out.

*Pat.* An' yez didn't! That was lucky. (*Aside.*) I'll break his head if he tries to elope with this jewel of a girrel. I'll introduce meself. I'm Pat O'Doyle! What might yer name be, if I may make so bold?

*Mollie.* Mollie!

*Pat.* Faith, an' ye're the girrel some chap put into a song, an' called Mollie Darlint. I can cartefy to his taste.

*Mollie.* Don't talk nonsense to a stranger, Mr. O'Doyle.

*Pat.* Och, ye're no stranger. Wasn't we introduced? I feel like as if I'd known ye as long as I have me gran'mother, only ye're not half as ould.

*Mollie.* Nonsense! How do you like Ameriky?

*Pat.* It's a foine country; but the people don't know the vally o' buttermilk an' praties.

*Mollie.* We Americans eat potatoes without the buttermilk.

*Pat* (*Aside.*) She's an American, too, jist like Misther O'Flannagan. (*Aloud.*) Shure, it's the buttermilk I miss sadly.

*Mollie.* Are you fond of it, sir?

*Pat.* It's very near to my heart (*Aside*) when I swally it.

*Mollie* Then come this way, to the dairy, and I'll get you a nice cool drink.

*Pat.* An' I'd follow ye to the inds o' the earth. Faith, she could lighten' the tramp by helpin' to carry the linen. (*Exit R., following Mollie.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Same as in Scene I. Two valises on floor R. Miss Darling discovered as the curtain rises. Lights low.*

*Miss D.* (*Examining valises.*) I think we have everything ready. How nervous I am! I hope we shall not be discovered. It would cause such a disagreeable scene, for father is so determined when he gets a notion into his head. Well, I'm a trifle like him, they say. They will not suspect anything if John spends the evening here. I wish father hadn't asked that Irishman to stay all night. That fellow is altogether too observing, I fear. Hark! some one is coming. These must not be seen! (*Puts away one valise in closet R., and is about to put away the other. Enter Pat L.*)

*Pat.* It's a beautiful mansion, yez have here, Miss Darling; a jewel of a house. Shure, ye're not goin' on a visit are ye?

*Miss D.* (*Aside.*) There, I knew he would be prying around. (*Aloud.*) No, not a visit. (*Hesitates.*) I was just putting things to rights a little.

*Pat.* (*Aside.*) Faith, I belave she is in the saycret of that O'Flannagan's avil design of elopin' with Mollie. I'll be shpilin', that, I will. (*Aloud.*) Did ye say ye wasn't expectin' to travel?

*Miss D.* Mr. O'Doyle, please ask no questions. If you see or hear anything unusual to-night, just keep still, that's all.

*Pat.* I'll attend to the matter just as quietly as possible.

*Miss D.* No! you mustn't attend to it at all. Say nothing. (*Confidentially.*) See here? (*Takes pair of table cloths from valise.*) This is all I have to give.

*Pat.* I think I'd better not take these, for ye see—

*Miss D.* You must take them, not a word, remember. Mr. O'Doyle, if you wish to take a smoke you will find father on the back porch. He will join you.

*Pat.* I prefer the society of the ladies to smokin' any time, on a back poorch. (*Sits himself.*)

*Miss D.* (*Aside.*) Then he'll not have it this evening. (*Exit R.*)

*Pat.* Worry! Worry! She's left me all alone just as I was ready for a nice aisy chat. I've a mind to play some trick on that rascally O'Flannagan's baggage. (*Lays his table cloths on a chair, and picks up the valise. Enter Flannagan L.*)

*F.* Pat, are you aware that is not your property?

*Pat.* Yis, sur! I suspected that from the first, Mr. O'Flannagan.



*F.* Don't call me O'Flannagan. I told you I wasn't an Irishman.

*Pat.* I beg your pardon, sur. I forgot ye was an American from the Imerald Isle.

*F.* Drop that valise! (*Pat drops it heavily.*) Confound your awkwardness!

*Pat.* Faith, it was n't packed for dropping.

*F.* I'll venture you've broken all my perfumery and made a muss of everything.

*Pat.* Thin it will be a shwate scented muss, Mr. Flannagan. So ye're goin' on a tower are ye?

*F.* (*Starting.*) Who said I was going on a tour? (*Sets valise in closet R.*)

*Pat.* Whin a mon puts perfumery into his valise, it's a purty sure sign he's goin' on something.

*F.* Pat, you see a little too much. (*This fellow can be bribed.*) You can sell them again. (*Gives him pair of table cloths from valise.*) If you hear or see anything to-night, say nothing. Don't breathe it.

*Pat.* I'll hould me breath with both hands, sir. (*Aside.*) A foine business I'm doin'. These will partly make up for the loss of Mollie.

*F.* Have you seen Miss Darling?

*Pat.* She went out at that dure the moment ye came. (*Points to R Exit F. R.*) Bad luck to that chap for fallin' in love with the girrel that's dear to me. (*Enter Mr. D, L.*)

*D.* Pat, I presume you are sleepy. The hired man will show you to bed anytime. We retire early. Do you sleep soundly?

*Pat.* When I'm not restless and unaisy, I sleep very aisy, sir.

*D.* Are you liable to hear burglars or anything of that kind.

*Pat.* I've a very nice ear for burglars, Mr. Darling. If I hear the front dure rattle I'll yell fire, an' ye'll know it's burglars.

*D.* No! no! That would alarm the women folks unnecessarily. Leave all that to me.

*Pat.* Thin ye're expectin' burglars?

*D.* Oh, no! But you can't tell what might happen, so keep still and say nothing. (*D. starts to R*)

*Pat.* (*Aside.*) I thought he'd make me a present of his watch. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Darling, didn't ye forget something.

*D.* No, I guess not.

*Pat.* Mr. Darling, I'll sarve ye accordin' to your wishes in case the robbers come, but they might kill ye, ye know, an' thin we'd have to part foriver. A little kapesake to remimber ye by would be very nice.

*D.* Oh, yes, so it would. (*Aside.*) Hang the Irishman, nothin' but a bribe will shut his mouth now. (*Aloud.*) I'll see to that! (*Passes out R. and immediately returns with pair of table cloths.*) Take them!

*Pat.* Thank ye, sur, ye're very kind.

*D.* Emma won't miss them to night. (*Exit L.*)

*Pat.* Och! what a house this is for a peddler. Sell yer goods

one hour, an' get them for a presint the nixt. By the powers I think the whole family is expectin' to elope or be murdered, or some sich a matter. (*Enter Mrs. W R.*)

*Mrs. W.* Are you still here, Mr. O'Doyle?

*Pat.* I belave so! What's your own opinion on the subject?

*Mrs. W.* You do not retire early, I see.

*Pat.* Not whin I'm visitin'. Shure, I've better manners than that.

*Mrs. W.* I fear we may disturb your rest. We sometimes retire late, *very* late in fact. If you hear any stir you may attribute it to that cause.

*Pat.* (*Aside.*) I'll find out this sacet at onc't. (*Aloud.*) How can I tell it isn't burglars murderin' the family?

*Mrs. W.* Don't be alarmed, Pat. We're never troubled with burglars. Ask me no questions.

*Pat.* Mrs. Wade, ye've got a weight on yer mind. Confide in me. I've a dale 'o feelin' for the afflicted.

*Mrs. W.* (*Laughs.*) I'm not seeking a confessor just now. (*Aside.*) He suspects something. I must quiet his suspicions. (*Aloud.*) Thank you, Mr. O'Doyle, for your kindness, but I have no need of your assistance. You can be a friend, though! (*Steps to door R, and gets pair of table cloths.*) Take these; you can sell them; say no more.

*Pat.* (*Taking them and placing them on the chair with the others.*) Mrs. Wade, I niver could be winkin' at anything wrong for such a trifle as that. That's hardly enough for a friendship like mine.

*Mrs. W.* (*Aside.*) He is not satisfied. You are mistaken, sir. There is nothing wrong in the case. (*Gets another pair and gives him.*) I've no money to give you.

*Pat.* (*Aside.*) This is gettin' mighty serious like. (*Aloud.*) Mrs. Wade, this only confirms me fears.

*Mrs. W.* (*In despair.*) Mr. O'Doyle, I assure you it's nothing. I can reward your silence well. (*Pushes to R and brings all the table linen she has, and crowds it in a heap into Pat's arms.*) Now will you keep still?

*Pat.* (*Aside.*) I think I'd better, fer she's gettin' a trifle out o' humor. (*Aloud.*) I will on condition ye'll answer two or three questions.

*Mrs. W.* (*Indignantly.*) You are an unfeeling wretch. Go on. I am at your mercy.

*Pat.* Are ye goin' to set the house afire?

*Mrs. W.* (*Snappishly.*) No!

*Pat.* Are ye goin' to commit murder?

*Mrs. W.* No! But it's needed!

*Pat.* There I'll agree with you. (*Aside.*) She ought to begin on that O'Flannagan. Are ye going to commit suicide?

*Mrs. W.* Not I.

*Pat.* Thin I think I can safely promise that I'll not tell anybody what ye're goin' to do. (*Aside.*) I'll have to find out meself first. (*Aloud.*) Your saycret is perfectly safe, ma'am.

(Exit Mrs. W, L.) Well this is mystery and luck. (*Looks at the pile of linen,*) and the luck is the best part of it. I'll start a linen store in this neighborhood and sell to this family. I'll be a millionaire in a month. Now I'll pretend I've gone to bed an' kape an eye on this mystery. I didn't promise I wouldn't *look*. Before I go I'll glance about me a bit. Maybe I'll find the mystery. The closet's not a bad place to begin. (*Goes to R and enters closet. Brings out two valises.*) Faith, they are very foolish to be elopin' with these heavy packs. They can't be light-hearted with these, I know. (*Brings out two more.*) Here's me ould linen pack, too. Begorrah, that's a regular baggage room. (*Brings out two more.*) Well, if this don't beat all the preparations for travel I iver seed in me life. (*Places them in a row.*) I belave the Wanderin' Jew has been puttin' up here, an' left his baggage to foot his bills. Now I have the raison, I think. Part 'o the folks has planned an elopement, an' the balance 'o the family has their duds packed ready to pursue them. (*Hears some one coming.*) There's somebody comin', and I wasn't to say anything, so I'll not. These must be put away. (*Hastily throws two aside R, and retreats into the closet with two others. Enter F, L.*)

F. Now is the time! The whole house is quiet. Not a moment to lose. Ah, here are our valises all ready. (*Takes the two remaining and exits L.*)

Pat. (*Re-appearing*) Worry! worry! O'Flannagan's a lucky baste! Wouldn't I like to travel in that shtyle with two big carpet sacks swingin' on one arm an' a purty girrel on the other. I axed Mollie if I couldn't sarve as a substitute for O'Flannagan, but some people niver can understand a hint. All she said was, "Be careful, Pat! Too much frish buttermilk is not overwholesome." She saved me stummick at the ixpinse 'o me feelin'. (*Hears foot-steps.*) More visitors! I wasn't to say anything, an' I won't. (*Retreats into closet R. Enter Mr. D. and Mrs W, L.*)

D. Are you quite ready, my dear?

Mrs. W. Quite! Our light baggage is in the closet.

D. Why no, here the valises are! We will be off at once. The buggy is waiting down the lane. (*They seize the valises on the floor and exit L.*)

Pat. (*Reappearing.*) Now the saycret's out! One-half the family is runnin' away from the other half. I think that ought to happen oftener than it does! But it's meself that's in a bad fix intirely. Here I'm left all alone in a strange house with a purty girrel! How would me poor mother feel if she knew o' me dreadful situation. But there's one consolation. Me mother need niver know it. (*Enter Mollie L., hastily.*)

Mollie. Oh, Pat, it's you! I'm glad of it.

Pat. I can't say I'm sorry. But is this yer swate self, Mollie, or is it yer spirit?

Mollie. It's myself. There are no spirits about this house.

Pat. (*Aside.*) That's a great pity.



*Mollie.* But what are you doing here? I was sitting up reading and heard the door open. I was really frightened.

*Pat.* An' I'll answer by askin' what ye're doin' here yerself when accordin' to all reasonable calculations ye ought to be somewhere else?

*Mollie.* What do you mean?

*Pat.* Wasn't ye elopin' with that rascal, O'Flannagan? That's what I mane.

*Mollie.* (*Slightly indignant.*) No, I wasn't!

*Pat.* An' why not?

*Mollie.* (*Aside.*) He never asked me to. (*Aloud.*) Mr. O'Doyle you are impertinent.

*Pat.* What did ye say?

*Mollie.* You are impudent!

*Pat.* There ye're mistaken. Whin I studied grammar, we called that the case of *direct address*.

*Mollie.* I want none of your direct addresses nor Flannagan's either. I don't like him a bit.

*Pat.* Then I think more o' ye for it. (*Confidentially.*) Mollie, I'll tell ye a saycret. Did ye know the ould gintleman had run away with the young widdy?

*Mollie.* That can't be so, Pat.

*Pat.* Faith, I saw them this minnit. An' O'Flannagan has eloped with somebody. I thought it was you, but it isn't. So it must be the young lady o' the house, for ov coorse it isn't the hired man.

*Mollie.* Pat, that is an awful good joke, is'n't it, to think of their going off and leaving us to keep house!

*Pat.* Very terribly awful! But I'm glad ye've escaped that O'Flannagan. It would a'broke me heart intirely to a'seen you the victim o' his misplaced confidence. Now, Mollie, you know we're nearly like cousins, seein' as our fathers were cronies in the ould country. Hadn't we better go to the Squire's too, since it's the fashion?

*Mollie.* Would it be right?

*Pat.* Can ye doubt it whin your employer sets ye such a good example? You see, Mollie, I niver cared a great deal about shtyle, but sometimes it's really necessary to folly the fashion, an' marryin' seems to be the fashion in these parts.

*Mollie.* It's not for the like of me to interfere with your plans, Pat. You ought to know best.

*Pat.* Thin I'll just ratify the contract. (*Kisses her.*) We'll be off at onc't. Pon me sowl they've taken me linen pack in their haste. We'll just take what's left.

*Mollie.* I must make a few arrangements first, Pat.

*Pat.* You're looking purty enough now. We'll straighten out affairs to-morrow. Just take a valise, Mollie, an' nobody'll know but the arrangements are all inside. This one is purty light! (*Opens it and looks in.*) Mollie, this is a very small bridal outfit. There's nothin' in it but a clane shirt and a shoe brush.

*Mollie.* Pat, if you talk so I won't go a step.

*Pat.* Then I'll not say another word, Mollie. (*Aside.*) I won't mention the shoe brush. (*Aloud.*) Now we'll be off. (*Exeunt L. Curtain.*)

SCENE II. *Small parlor in a hotel. Miss Darling and Flannagan discovered.*

*F.* Here we are, love, safe at last. The clergyman will be here in a few minutes.

*Miss D.* Now the worst is over, and I'm so glad. I really could not have faced father if we had been detected.

*F.* It is very odd, love, but I have brought that Irishman's valise full of linen instead of my own. I can't see how it happened. I took the two that were ready as you told me. I don't see how we can take the short trip we intended.

*Miss D.* So much the better. We will return to-morrow and get forgiveness. But, I wonder if you made a mistake and got some one else's baggage instead of mine. I ordered it sent up; we will look. (*Exeunt R. Enter L. Mr. Darling and Mrs. Wade.*)

*D.* This is the place! (*Sets down a valise which he takes from a boy at the door.*) Our hegira is ended.

*Mrs. W.* This is quite a cosy hotel.

*D.* There is a fine view of the lake from the end of this hall. The moon will rise in a few minutes, and we may enjoy the prospect if you choose.

*Mrs. W.* We've managed this little affair admirably. Not a soul suspected us.

*D.* I don't know about suspecting. Emma is sharp. At any rate she didn't detect us. I think the moon is on the point of rising. Suppose we step into the balcony. This way. (*Offers his arm to Mrs. Wade. Exeunt R. Enter L. Pat and Mollie.*)

*Pat.* Now I'm thinkin', Mollie, we can be as comfortable here as a cat on a hearth rug.

*Mollie.* I agree with you, Pat. This is real nice.

*Pat.* Och! the responsibilities of a family man are not half so tryin' as the cares of a grumblin' ould bachelor. I niver thought before there was such a dale o' difference. (*Examines valises brought by Mr. Darling and Mrs. Wade.*) By my sowl! what's this, Mollie. They've followed us and got here first.

*Mollie.* That is Miss Darling's valise. What shall we do, Pat. They'll find us out.

*Pat.* Niver a bit. We'll go down an' ax the landlord to let us wait somewhere else till the Squire comes, an' the job's done, an' then let them diskiver as much as they please. (*Exeunt L. Enter R. Flannagan and Miss Darling.*)

*Miss D.* What a ludicrous mistake. Just think of your getting the Irishman's valise and my getting Mrs. Wade's. I can't imagine why hers was packed. She didn't intend going any-

where. (*Starts.*) Why, look there John! (*Enter L. Mr. Darling and Mrs. Wade, Pat and Mollie.*)

*Miss D.* Father!

*Mr. D.* Daughter!

*Mrs. W.* Well, I never!

*Pat.* I never did ayther! This is exactly to me mind to have a little family reunion. It overcomes me!

*D. (Aside.)* It overcomes me too.

*Pat.* Now, if the mon that got me tablecloths will only give them back he will perform a great sarvice.

*F. (Aside to Pat.)* Don't say a word, Pat; you shall have them. (*Exit R, and returns with two valises.*)

*Miss D.* Mrs. Wade, isn't it a little singular that you are seen at this time o' night in the parlor of a strange hotel, alone with a gentleman?

*Mrs. W.* Miss Darling, isn't it a little singular that *you* are seen at this time o' night in the parlor of a strange hotel, alone with a gentleman?

*Pat.* Mr. Darling, isn't it a little quare that ye're seen at this time o' night in the parlor of—of—a strange hotel, alone with several gintlemen and ladies?

*D.* Mr. O'Doyle, perhaps you will inform us how you happen to be in a strange hotel with my servant?

*Pat.* I think I can, sur. (*Looks at the baggage.*) Ah, here's me stock o' linen all right. Thank ye, Mr. O'Flannagan.

*F.* Now, we might as well get this baggage assigned to the proper owners at once.

*D.* I think this valise is mine. (*Opens one.*) No, this doesn't belong to me. (*Takes out traveling duster.*) I think that duster doesn't look like mine, does it, Mrs. Wade.

*Mrs. W. (Taking duster.)* What's this in the pocket? (*Opens a note, reads.*) "Dear John. Call at eight, Thursday evening. I am dying to see you. Your dearest has something very particular to tell you. MINNIE." Is that *your* note Mr. Darling?

*D.* Certainly not, my dear. I thought at first it wasn't.

*Mrs. W.* You *thought* so! It looks suspicious.

*D.* It must belong to Flannagan.

*Miss D.* John, is that your duster?

*F. (Aside.)* I must not claim that. (*Aloud.*) No, it isn't mine. The porter has made a mistake, and brought up the wrong baggage. (*Aside.*) Cousin Sue has done this for a joke. No use, though, to explain it in that way.

*Miss D.* John, that looks like your valise. Are you quite sure it isn't?

*F.* Oh, I'm positive. That don't look at all like mine. I'll send it down to the office. (*Aside.*) I'll go to a store and exchange it to-morrow.

*Pat.* Ye nahn't siah it to the office. I had a dale o' baggage, an' I think it's mine. (*Sets valise aside.*)

*F. (Aside.)* Oh, the impudence! I'll break his head.

*Mrs. W.* Mollie, please get me a handkerchief from my valise. This is mine, I think. (*Mollie opens the valise, and a set of false teeth rolls out on the floor. Mrs. Wade screams.*)

*Mollie.* That's too bad! I've broken your teeth, Mrs. Wade.

*Mrs. W.* Oh, they're not mine. They're not mine. It's a horrid mistake.

*D.* It looks very like your valise, Mrs. Wade.

*Mrs. W.* No! no! shut up the horrid thing. I shall faint. (*Aside.*) They mustn't know yet that I wear false teeth, and keep two sets at that.

*Pat.* Isn't it yours, Miss Darling?

*Miss D.* (*Laughs.*) No, indeed. I don't carry a dentist's shop with me, when I travel.

*Pat.* Thin I think this must be mine too. I had a dale o' luggage. (*Puts it aside.*)

*Mollie.* Isn't that your valise, Mrs. Wade. (*Points to another.*)

*Mrs. W.* I think so. I feel so faint. Get me a handkerchief, Mollie. (*Mollie opens valise, and a shoe brush rolls out.*)

*Pat.* What a bridal outfit! A shirt and a shoe brush! (*Mrs. Wade screams and faints. Mr. Darling, Flannagan, and Pat rush up to support her. She falls into the arms of the latter.*) Worry! Worry! The poor lady is clane overcome. Get a pail o' water immajitly.

*Mrs. W.* (*Discovering who holds her.*) What do you mean, sir? (*Suddenly recovering.*)

*Pat.* Faith, I was helpin' yê faint. It takes two to faint properly.

*Mrs. W.* (*Indignantly.*) Mr. Darling, will you allow this fellow's impertinence?

*D.* (*Laughs.*) I believe he's about half right.

*Mrs. W.* I detest scenes and this scene is very unbecoming to a person of taste.

*D.* Then I will end it at once. Emma, allow me to introduce Mrs. Wade to you as the future Mrs. Darling.

*Miss D.* Father, allow me to repay your kindness by one of like nature. I will introduce Mr. Flannagan as your son-in-law about to be.

*F.* I hope you will forgive us, Mr. Darling.

*D.* I make no further objections. Be happy.

*Miss D.* I wish you the same, dear father.

*Pat.* Will yez allow me a word. Let me introduce meself, Mr. Darling, as your servant-in-law, that's about to be.

*D.* Servant-in-law!

*Pat.* Yis, sur. Mollie is your servant, an' whin I marry her, I'll be your servant-in-law.

*D.* Oh, that's the move, is it?

*Pat.* Exactly, sur. I spoke to the 'Squire as we passed, and he said he would perform the ceremony for two dollars. Now, there are three pairs of us, barrin' the teeth an' the shoe brush.

He'll lump the job, I know, an' that will be sixty-six an' two-thirds cents a pair to a fraction. Very raisonble, I say.

*Miss D.* What an idea.

*Mrs. W.* It is perfectly absurd.

*F.* There's a spice of originality about it after all.

*D.* That's true economy, Pat. But I think we shall have to reject the co-operative plan.

*Pat.* I'm sorry, sir; I think ye'd like it. I niver reject a good bargain. An' as nobody seems to care for these, I'll jist take them meself. (*Pockets teeth and shoe brush.*) This day has been me fortune. I've made enough to settle down in life. I'll tell me grandchildren how I won me fortune as the IRISH LINEN PEDDLER.

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ARRANGEMENT OF CHARACTERS.

C.

L. Mollie, Pat, Miss D., Flannagan, Mrs. W., Mr. D. R.

CURTAIN.



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