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NO. 422.

# After the Circus.

FARCE.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAREFULLY MARKED FROM THE MOST IMPROVED ACTING COPY

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# After the Circus.

FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

Lawrence Chenoweth,

*Author of "The Boarding House Troubles."*

—o—

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—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—o—

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

1910  
4

AFTER THE CIRCUS.  
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

LIZAH SPUDTATER,..... *A typical farmer.*  
 DOCTOR BURTON,..... *A physician with an eye for girls.*  
 FRITZ DITTENHOFFER,..... *A rolling stone.*  
 FWEDDIE TOPCOAT,..... *A Chappie out for a lark.*  
 MRS. SOPHRINA SPEEGLETON,..... *A widow of forty-nine.*  
 AGNES WILTON, }  
 PEARL ATHERS. } ..... *Two maids who enjoy a flirtation.*

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING—45 minutes.

—X—

NOTE:—Specialties may be introduced at any point designated. The action should be prompt and spicy. If there is any slowness at the entrances, it will detract from the success of presentation.

—X—

COSTUMES.

LIZAH.—Straggling hair and paint brush beard, dressed in black suit, slightly too small.

DOCTOR.—Dark business suit.

FRITZ.—Very light suit, corpulent body, bald head with fringe of reddish hair and sluggers.

FWEDDIE.—Swell costume in dude style, cane, high collar, etc.

MRS. SPEEGLETON.—Typical old maid with corkscrew curls.

AGNES, }  
 PEARL. } Light summer suits.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (2d E.) Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.                  R. C.                  C.                  L. C.                  L.

\* \* Reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing audience.

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## AFTER THE CIRCUS.

*SCENE.*—Interior of a depot, bench L. U. E., entrance C., time tables on the walls and other fixtures; bench R. L. E., bass drum in R. U. E. corner.

*Enter DR. BURTON, C. E., comes down and seats himself on bench.*

*Dr. B.* At last the wonderful Consolidated Stupendous Squalls Bros. circus is over, and with my fair partner seen safely home, I shall have a half hour in which to read this new treatise on Brain Diseases, before the train for Fulton leaves. (*opens book; looks in then closes*) I can't help thinking about that pretty little damsel I got acquainted with at the circus. The most entrancing black eyes, and such lovely hair. (*repeat business*) I promised to write to her, and get her photo. Really I believe I am in love. Well, if I continue thinking of her, I'll never read the medical work, so here goes. (*reads*)

*Enter FRITZ, C. E., hurriedly, carrying valise.*

*Fritz.* (*mops brow and looks at the clock*) By gracious, I thought I vos left me behindt yet, but here I haf putty near half hour pefore the train goes out. If my valcose vosent so heafy, I vould go back, but I guess the best t'ing I can do is to set me down and read mine papers. (*sits on bench L. and reads aloud*) "The United States vill shust give the Philipinos two more months to get out of dot island, and then if they don't do it, they will be killed like rabbits." Haw! haw! Vell by chimney, von't dot be fun to see dose blue goats chasing dose niggers. Haw! haw! haw!



*Dr. B.* There it is; when I do begin to read this book in earnest, a nasty Dutchman has to come in and disturb me.

*Fritz.* (*turns and looks at DR. BURTON, who again reads*) Nasty Dutchman, hey! Vell, den I get up and hash that man's settle. (*angry*) Shust because I read papers out loud, that old cuss calls me a nasty Dutchman. I vonder who he is ninnyhow. (*creeps across and then slapping the DR. on the back*) Mein gootness, if it ain't mine old friendt, Dr. Burton. (*business*)

*Dr. B.* (*surprised*) Why, if it isn't Fritz Dittenhoffer! How do you do, sir?

*Fritz.* Well, I tink I vill recover if I have careful nursing.

*Dr. B.* As gay as ever, I see. Well, did you take in the circus to-day?

*Fritz.* Vell, you bet my life I did. You know the side show where the women were singing? I heard some of the best songs in dere you ever heard pefore. One of dem vos "My Sunday Pants are Rotten."

*Dr. B.* What?

*Fritz.* My Sunday Pants are Rotten.

*Dr. B.* O! I know what you mean, Only a Pansy Blossom.

*Fritz.* Yah! and Gray Hairs in the Butter.

*Dr. B.* No, you mean The Gray Hairs of Mother.

*Fritz.* Yes, I guess dot vos right, but the best one I heardt vos Under my Pillows They are Creeping.

*Dr. B.* O! Fritz, you have them all mixed up, you mean Under the Willows They are Sleeping.

*Fritz.* I don't belief you ever heard me sing, did you Doctor? You haf missed the treat of my life! I vos a bird!

*Dr. B.* Well Fritz, it is not too late to hear you yet. Won't you sing me a solo?

*Fritz.* I don't put mineself up to peen no brimer donners, but I can warble in a vay dot vould surprise you.

*Dr. B.* All right then, sing anything you happen to know.

*Fritz.* I never sing any of dose new kind of songs, cause dose oldt vons vos good enough for me. I vill now sing dot peautiful ballad entitled "The Old Wooden Pucket," if you don't object.

*Dr. B.* On the contrary. I shall be very pleased to hear

you warble.

(music "Old Oaken Bucket")

*Fritz.* (sings)

"How tear to your heart der scenes of my shildhoodt  
 vos already yet,  
 Ven I sot me down audt let vond regolections bresent  
 dem for me to view ofer.  
 Der abble trees, der meadow, und der pushes all tangled  
 up,  
 Und e ery older oldt place vot I knew ven I vos a kid.  
 Der vrog pondt sprea out, und der mill britty near it to,  
 Der pridge und de pig stone ver der vater ran ofer und  
 vell down,  
 Der house vot pelonged mein vater to und der blace  
 vere dey made putter britty close py dot,  
 Und der next ding vos der oldt vooden pucket dot hung  
 der vell down into."

### CHORUS.

"Der oldt vooden pucket, the pucket vot vos covered mit  
 moss all ofer,  
 Der iron pound pucket, der pucket vot hung der vell  
 down into."

*Dr. B.* Very good! very good! You will be an opera  
 singer before you know it. A person would have to get  
 up early to beat you.

*Fritz.* Oh! dot reminds me of der time I vos shtop-  
 ping at a hotel ofer in Kansas. I told dem to vake me up  
 at 4 o'clock, and about 2 o'clock they came around and told  
 me I had two hours more to be asleep yet. (*looking off*  
*R. U. E.*) Vell, for gootness gracious sake, vot is dot gomin'  
 down the road? (*Dr. looks too*) I guess somebody is  
 going to start a store here.

*Dr. B.* O! no, that is only old Mrs. Speegleton. She  
 has been shopping and is just coming down to wait for the  
 train.

*Fritz.* Vell I dinks I play a little choke on her. You  
 know the man who vos going to been hanged, said it all  
 ended in a choke. We'll schust scare her a little already  
 yet. (*ge's drum and stands by door*)

*Enter* MRS. SPEEGLETON, R. U. E., *with arms heaped with bundles*—as she enters, FRITZ beats drum loudly and yells, causing her to drop all bundles on floor—she raises old umbrella and pursues FRITZ, who leaves drum and exits L. U. E.—*exit* DR., C. E.—MRS. SPEEGLETON now comes down front with umbrella still open.

*Mrs. Speegleton.* Good land of Goshen! I wonder if this here depot house has been turned into a loonatic asylum. A pore young defenceless widder like me ain't got no protection whatsoever. Now if my first husband, Jonas Gooseberry was alive, I wouldn't be a-trapesing around by myself unprotected. My old unbrill, Christopher Columbus, has helped me a power. It ain't menny a man that has the courage to stand afore old Christopher, when I get riled up. (*gathers up packages*) That critter that upset me has spoilt my new bombazine, he'll wisht that he'd a tuck to himself and had better manners. I'll just pile these things up here by the bench, and put my new bunnit here on top, so it won't curl up. (*puts packages on floor by bench* L. U. E., *except bonnet, which is lain on top—sees the drum*) Well, if that ain't like Lize Spudtater's drum. It's jest like that onery critter to play me that trick after I took that mint over to him last winter, when he had ther rheumatiz. (*steps heard outside*) Like as not that is the sneaking critter coming back arter his drum. I'll learn him a lesson. (*takes umbrella*

*Enter* DR. BURTON, C. E.—*when he enters she belabors him up and down, saying.*

You would play a trick on me, would you?

*Dr. B.* Madam! Madam! what on earth is the matter with you?

*Mrs. S.* Great goose grease! I've made a mistake. I took you for some one else, doctor, I feel real bad about it.

*Dr. B.* So do I. ( *rubs himself, aside*) She is certainly a woman of determination and muscular.

*Mrs. S.* You see there has been a trick played on me, and I was going to make some one suffer.

*Dr. B.* Well, Madam, you have succeeded, although I can't say that I congratulate you.



*Enter* LIZE, R. U. E., *comes down a little ways and listens.*

*Mrs. S.* Well, I hope you accept my apology, doctor, but I'm a young defenceless widder, and I've got to purtect myself. I kinda think it was that shiftless Lize Spudtater, and if I ketch him, I'll make his ribs crack with old Christopher Columbus here. (*business for LIZE*) Think I'll go down to the grocery and get that pound of tea for Sarah Fair.

*Lize.* (*aside*) I think I'll go down to the boosery and see if Cousin Jerry's there. (*starts to exit*)

*Mrs. S.* (*turns and sees LIZE*) There's the critter now. (*chases him around, DR. down C. and up L. U. E. where he stumbles and falls into bench on her bonnet*) Oh, my new bunnit!

LIZE *goes rushing off R. U. E. with Mrs. SPEEGLETON in hot pursuit, striking him with umbrela.*

*Dr. B.* (*laughing*) I can almost reconcile myself to my own pains upon seeing innocent old Lize beaten about. That woman is certainly a remarkable one. She is indeed! I should think she would make an impression wherever she goes. She did in this case. (*rubs himself—introduce specialty here*) Well! well! (*laughs*) I've been having a nice quiet time of it, but now the broil is over, I'll just finish my book I was reading.

*Enter* LIZE, R. U. E., *panting. drops onto bench on bonnet.*

Why Lize! Is that you? You look all used up.

*Lize.* Gosh! I feel wussen a blowed up steamboat. That shemale critter tuck arter me like a spring calf, and if I hadn't dodged through an alley, she'd a had me by the scruff of the neck by now, I reckon, by hokey!

*Dr. B.* Don't be discouraged, Lize, for just before you came in, she made a mark on me.

*Lize.* Wall, when I heard that last remark of her'n, I just started to dust, but ding bust my buttons, if she didn't just lay it on, so as to nigh give me a crick in my back.

*Dr. B.* Well, if you don't get up off that bonnet, you will feel worse than you do now.

*Lize.* (*gets up slowly and looks at bonnet and then at DR., repeat slowly*) Doc., I feel just like that blame bonnet looks.

*Dr. B.* O! cheer up, cheer up, old boy! (*slaps him on back*) If she comes back, we'll just slip out and let her stay here.

*Lize.* Keep your eye peeled, for durn me if I want that Kansas cyclone to strike me again.

*Dr. B.* Very well, I will, but how's everything, Lize? Went to see the circus, I suppose?

*Lize.* Well now you can just bet your last nubbin' of corn that I did. I went to the side show down there, and I saw the darndest speckled up tattooed man you ever hear tell on. He had a great big checker board tattooed right across his breast, and he was a chargin' people five cents a game to play. I was a standin' there a watchin' them play, when a policeman came up and arrested him.

*Dr. B.* Arrested him! Why, what for?

*Lize.* For runnin' a skin game. Ha! ha!

*Dr. B.* That's pretty good, but you have heard of that song entitled "She was Bred in Old Kentucky" haven't you?

*Lize.* Gosh! yes, most everybody sings it.

*Dr. B.* Well, a man went into a store the other day and says, "How much is Bred in Old Kentucky worth?" and the clerk said, "I don't know now much it is worth there, but it is worth five cents a loaf here."

*Lize.* Ah! you git out. That's stale.

*Dr. B.* Well, so was the bread stale. Ha! ha! ha!

*Lize.* Arter I got through with the side show, I went into the tent whar the animules was. There was a great big elegant in thar, and I be darned, if he didn't have a tail at each end, and he was a eatin' hay with one of his tails when I went in. I says to a fellar standing thar, "By ginger, I don't see what he needs two tails for," and what do you think he said, Doc.?

*Dr. B.* Why I am sure I do not know. What did he say?

*Lize.* "Wall," says he, "That ain't his tail, that's his trunk." Wall I saw he was makin' fun of me and I got hot in the collar, an' I sez, "Reckon if that's his trunk, the other must be his valise." He see he was beat, so he just kinda laffed, but I wan't a-goin' to let him off so easy, an' so sez I, "If tha.'s his trunk, why don't he take out a clean shirt and put it on?" (*both laugh*) Say, Doc., you don't know no one that don't want notning done, do ye?

*Dr. B.* Y. s, Lize, I do--not!

*Lize.* I ain't been feelin' quite so peart, lately, as I orter, it seems though everything I eat goes right to my stomach.

*Dr. B.* Can that be a fact?

*Lize.* Yes, sir! And by gosh! everytime after I get done eatin' I have a kind of full feeling down here and here. (*rubs stomach and win's at the audience—aside*) I'll jest have a little fun with the Doc.

*Dr. B.* (*aside*) I'll just play a little joke on Lize. (*aloud*) Your symptoms are quite serious. Allow me to feel your pulse. (*LIZE sticks out tongue*) No! no! that's your tongue. (*feels pulse*) Um—yes—just as I thought. Intermittent—frequent—re-active—digestive—indicativ.

*Lize.* Sufferin' whip-poor-wills! is it that bad, Doc.?

*Dr. B.* Yes, indeed. Did you ever have the measles?

*Lize.* Yes.

*Dr. B.* Um—I thought so. Was your mother a woman?

*Lize.* Yes.

*Dr. B.* Um—I was sure of that. Did you ever have the gout?

*Lize.* No.

*Dr. B.* Um—I thought not.

*Lize.* What's that got to do with me?

*Dr. B.* Well, sir! I have been diagnosing your case, and I find that you are suffering from a chronic complication of epidemical sensations acting through the diaphragm-tissues, associated with metaphysics of your peristeneum.

*Lize.* (*drops into seat*) Great canopy! my fish is flopped.

*Dr. B.* O! you will probably recover, if you abstain from trying to joke with medical men. Lize, I was only joking with you.

*Lize.* (*disgusted*) Ah! I thought I was a jokin' you all the time. Wall, the only thing that will cheer me up is a great big drink of corn-juice.

(*DR. laughs, LIZE starts to go out C. E. and runs into*

*Enter FWEDDIE TOPCOAT, C. E.*

*Fweddie.* I say, fellah, you are wude and very rough, doncherno. I've a mind to give you a twouncing. By jove I have!

*Lize.* Wall, I'll be darned, it's one of those little whang doodles that's so good they're good for nothing.

*Fwed.* Your actions are simply awdacious, sir! and I demand an apology. Dash it all, you can't run ovah me!

*Lize.* Parts his hair in the middle to keep his head balanced, and has got a cuff around his neck for a collar.

*Fwed.* (*angrily*) See here, sir! you hear what I say. I shall strike you, if you don't answer me. By jove, I will!

*Lize.* Wall I reckon I'll be goin', Doc.

*LIZE spits on FWEDDIE's shoe and exits C. E., FWEDDIE goes down front holding up foot.*

*Fwed.* (*horrified*) Aw the horrid, horrid man spat on my shoe. He has awctually spat tobacco juice on my new shoe.

*Dr. B.* Why, that is an outrage, isn't it?

*Fwed.* Yas, I am glad to see you are a gentleman of brains, like myself, sir! But that horrid ruffain—oh!

*Dr. B.* If I were you I would go after him and make him apologise. Challenge him to a duel at twenty paces, with pen knives!

*Fwed.* Upon my honah, sir! that is just what I will do. (*exit C. E.*)

*Dr. B.* He'll have his hands full, for Lize is feeling rather sore over that joke of mine, and he will muss the dude up if he attempts to make him apologise. Gracious! they are at it all ready! (*nois heard outside*)

*Lize.* (*heard outside*) You will hit me, will ye! ye little soap and perfumery critter?

*Enter FWEDDIE, C. E., on the toe of LIZES boot, coal ripped on the back, vest open, cane broken and general delapidated appearance, is followed in by FRITZ.*

*Fwed.* (*dropping onto bench on bonnet*) Ah, by jove!

*Dr. B.* Why my good friend, what on earth is the matter?

*Fwed.* Oh, by jove!

*Dr. B.* What has happened?

*Fwed.* Why, you see, I twied to make him apologise for spitting on my shoe, and the horrid man awctually spat on the other one. Oh! it was terrible!

*Dr. B.* What did you do then?

*Fwed.* Why I stwuck him and then he stwuck me like



a horrid pwize fighter. Oh! it was simply terrible!

*Fritz.* He didn't do more as a few t'ings to you did he yet?

*Dr. B.* Why didn't you go to his assistance, Fritz?

*Fritz.* Um—vot you take me for? You t'ink I vants that great pig gountry jake to knock the dickens out of me? I guess nit!

*Fwed.* It's dweadful! Here I come down to have a good time and to see Cholly Sweetboy, and a few other chappies, and this terrible fellah strikes me. He even pulle l out some of my hair. *(feels head and groans)*

*Fritz.* Dot reminds me of der dime ven I vos down in Texas vid anoder fellow. We caught von of dose little shack ass rabbits vot you call a hare, and laid him on the ground vile we vent to get some wood to make a fire to cook him vid. Ven we came pack, py schimney smoke-house, if the hare vosen't gone, and the ground vos bald headed.

*Dr. B.* What did you do then?

*Fritz.* Well, de fellow vot vos vit me had a bottle of Hair Restorer in his pocket, und he schust poured it on the ground and the hare came pack und ve had diinner!

*Fwed.* I suppose you chappies felt like I did once when I was in New York. I awsked for some beefsteak at a restaurant, and they brought in a fwied livah pad which some one had left to pay for their dinner.

*(solo, instrumenta! or vocal, by FWEDDIE)*

*Fritz.* Say, Doctor, let's schust take a little valk around down the street avays and let Mister Dudelet fix up his clothes.

*Dr. B.* Well I guess there is no use trying to read this treatise. *(to FWEDDIE)* My dear sir! I hope you'll have better luck next time.

*(exit DR. and FRITZ, C. E.)*

*Fwed.* *(sits)* Here my new twousers are all bagged at the knees, and my coat ripped like everything. I cawn't go to Fulton looking like this, or my reputation would be wuined, wuined. I shall have to invent some story.

*Enter AGNES and PEARL, R. U. E., and go down C. while talking—FWEDDIE brushes clothes and other business.*

*Agnes.* Oh! hasn't this been a perfectly delightful day? I don't believe I ever had so nice a time before.

*Pearl.* So have I had a splendid time, and O! Agnes, I

got acquainted with a handsome young doctor from Fulton. He has the most charming ways and such divinely blue eyes!

*Agnes.* Well I don't think he can compare with that handsome drummer I met at the circus grounds. He is so dashing, and has the sweetest brown eyes you ever looked into. He gave me his photo, too.

*Pearl.* My doctor didn't have any of his with him, but he promised to see me at the picnic up at Fulton to-morrow and give me one then.

*Agnes.* Well, isn't that strange! My drummer's going to be there too!

*Pearl.* Let's sit down here on this bench and lay our plans for the coming conquest. (*they sit on bench R. L. E.*)

*Agnes.* I am sure that we will have a grand flirtation at the picnic, but if he pops the question, I shall have to refuse him, for I have as good as promised to marry Fweddie Topcoat.

*Fwed.* (*looking up*) Upon my honah, there are two girls talking about me.

*Pearl.* My gracious! Your flirtation will not take place I guess, because Fweddie will be there. Don't you remember he said he would come?

*Agnes.* That's the truth! O my! I had forgotten all about him. Wouldn't it have been terrible if I had been carrying on a flirtation and he have caught me.

*Pearl.* I think that Fweddie is an awful nice fellow, but he is so bashful that he blushes whenever a girl looks at him.

*Agnes.* Yes, Fweddie is rather bashful, but I love him just the same.

*Fwed.* (*aside*) They say that eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves, but weally I can't say that.

*Pearl.* The only hope you have, is that the drummer will not keep his appointment.

*Fwed.* (*aside*) So there is a drummer in it, is there? Weally, I think I can hold my own with any drummer there is, even if he was in the war.

*Agnes.* I shall stay at home until Fweddie calls for me, and then I shall be safe.

*Fwed.* Bless the deah girl. She knows that I am a grand protector.

*Pearl.* I only hope that my doctor will not forget to keep the appointment that we made.

*Fwed.* I think I shall have to use a little strategy to keep from answering questions.

(*gets up and goes out* C. E.—as PEARL speaks

*Re-en'er* FWEDDIE, C. E., *making considerable noise and drops onto bench upon bonnet.*

*Pearl.* We girls have a hard time—

*Agnes.* Oh! as I live, there is Fweddie now. (*both rush to him and shake hands*) But what on earth have you been doing to tear your clothes so?

*Fwed.* I am delighted to see you deah girls, and if you will sit down, I will tell you ewevything. (*AGNES and PEARL sit on bench—aside*) Now for a terrible story. (*aloud*) You see I came to the circus to-day, and as I was coming down to the depot to wait for the train, I saw a runaway horse come dashing along. There was a little girl in the buggy and she would have been killed; but I rushed out and grabbed the horse and held on. By jove! it took all my stwength. The horse tried to bite me, but I held on, until the little girl got out in safety, and then I tied the horrid creature up to a tree. I flatter myself that I saved the little girl's life, risking my own at the same time. I nevah knew I was so brave (*winks at audience*) before.

*Agnes.* My! you were brave and no mistake.

*Pearl.* Yes, Mr. Topcoat, you'r the bravest fellow I know.

*Fwed.* (*aside*) It is coming out better than I expected. (*aloud*) I always try to help anyone in distress. But where have you been, girls? I hawven't seen you to-day.

*Agnes.* Why aunt was sick, and we staid with her.

*The girls look at each other and wink, FWEDDIE looks at the audience and winks and nods his head in the negative.*

*Fwed.* Will you be at the picnic to-morrow, girls?

*Agnes.* Yes, Pearl is coming home with me to-night on the train, and then we will be already for to-morrow's festivities.

*Fwed.* How fortunate that you are going on to-night's train, for we shall have the pleasure of one another's company from here to Fulton, and we can prepare for the pleasures to come. While we are waiting, (*to AGNES or*



PEARL) can't you sing a song? I always enjoy hearing music. By jove, I do!

(noise heard outside, girls stroll down c.

Enter LIZE and MRS. SPEEGLETON, C. E.

Mrs. S. Wall, if it want spoilt already, it is now, for there's a pesky dude settin' right smack on it. I won't say anything to him though, cause it ain't no use now, and that new one you got is a heap purtier. (sees AGNES) Well, if there ain't Agnes Wilton, old Squire Wilton's daughter. Law! child, I hain't been so glad to see anyone since John Ann Hurley came to kill our bull dog.

(girls and MRS. SPEEGLETON talk in dumb show

Lize. I want to beg your pardin', Mr. Dude, for trouncing you awhile ago, cause I want a feelin' well. Will you 'seuse me?

Fwed. Sh! sh! (low tone) That's all right, my deah boy. Don't say anything more about it, cause it might get me in trouble. I forgive you upon my word of honah.

(LIZE and FWEDDIE talk in dumb show

Enter DR. BURTON and FRITZ, C. E.

Fritz. Haw! haw! dot vas a good von on Lize. By chimney, dere is dat old voman now. I dink I had better move my grounds.

Dr. B. Oh! she doesn't know that you did it, you are safe.

Lize. Hello! Doc., whar have you been all the time since I left?

Dr. B. Just strolling around a bit with my friend Dittenhoffer here.

Lize. Well, Doc., I'm jest a dyin' to impart the glad-some news, that I have made myself solid with the widder by gettin' her a new bunnit. Between you and me and the Dutchman thar, I calculate on leadin' her to the altar a blushin' bride in the near future, for we've had words about to that effect.

Dr. B. I am indeed happy to congratulate you, and I am sure you have secured a woman of determination and force. Yes, indeed!

(rubbing arm

Fritz. Vell, if you are going to been married, I will forgif you calling me a Dutchman, because you will have



troubles of your own right away off quick. If you like I vill told you about dot Dutch gal of mine vot I am going to marry dis summer.

*The entire caste group to hear FRITZ—the DR. converses in dumb show with PEARL, while FRITZ is reciteing, and AGNES with FWEDDIE.*

### MY GAL FROM OLD SHERMANY.

“I vill tole about dot gal of mine  
 Vot looks so neat and dress so fine,  
 She came from Deitchland on the Rhine,  
 A gouple of weeks ago.  
 To cross the salty water sea, and come here to Amerike,  
 She left her own dear Shermanie,  
 Because she lofed me so.  
 Her eyes vas plue like green, she is the puttiest efer seen,  
 I lofe her shust like plazes, and I dink she l feses me too,  
 So give me your attention and a couple of facts I’ll men-  
 tion,  
 For I tole you my intention is to stick to her like glue.

Her broder he vas a daisy, her fader he vas grazzy,  
 Her mutter she vos lazy, but dot makes me noding out.  
 Her fader he don’t like me, ven I gome around he fight  
 me,  
 Mit a great pig club he strike and he hit me on the mouth.  
 I lofe her just like life, I vill make dot gal my vife;  
 Oh! jimney Christmas ain’t it nice, don’t you vish dot  
 you vos me?  
 For I lofe her to distraction, ’twas a heap of satisfaction,  
 For she vas my whole attraction, I’m as happy as I can be.

She’s got such a funny name, but then she is not to blame,  
 It’s a name vot she got from her own father, (all the same)  
 For it’s Katherina, Willemina, Leapenstina, Mannalina,  
 Dinglebender, Hockstein, Laufenslayer.” (vas her name)

*Omnes.* Fine! fine!

*Fritz.* Oh! I vos a dandy, ain’t it.

*Dr. B.* Lize, can’t you speak a piece?

*Lize.* Wall, when I us to go to skule down in Coon  
 Holler, they reckoned as how I was one of the best orata-  
 tors they had.

Dr. B. Well you might as well speak something to help us while away the time.

Lize. Wall, then I'll tell you about the "New Fangled Gals."

"What would they thought in our day, Sophrina,  
 Of doin's sech as th' se?  
 There's gals down thar in Wilkin's lot  
 About as thick as bees,  
 A-pickin' sech old stiff-backed herbs  
 As golden rod and asters;  
 Mean pesky weeds! No thrifty farmer'd  
 Have 'em in his pastures.  
 Jest hear 'em laugh, and "oh" and "ah,"  
 'Bout everything they see;  
 I reckon forty years ago  
 Sech things would never be;  
 The gals in them days had to work,  
 And never thought o' posies,  
 Unless 'twas lilocs in the spring,  
 And in the summer, rosies.

Or mebbe down the garden walk  
 You'd see some sweet-peas bloomin',  
 And larkspur, pinks and hollyhocks  
 Would do their share of blowin';  
 But interferin' with the things,  
 God scattered 'mong the grasses  
 Was never thought of—guess it wa'n't—  
 By good old a-shioned lasses.

It's ever sence that prig come here  
 They call Professor (*local hit*)  
 The gals have been talkin' 'bout  
 The "aster novy-angly,"  
 An' the "Soligo strictly,"  
 An the "Ap'os tuberosy";  
 An' them ole tarnal beggar ticks  
 Are christened now "Frondosy."

Wall, times is change<sup>l</sup>, an' so is gals,  
 An' so is all creation;  
 I'm glad I've lived nigh fifty year  
 Afore this generation;  
 For, speakin' confidentially,

It seems to me it means,  
 If folks keep on this here way  
 By-um-by they won't know beans!"

(Adpt. K. H. Terry.)

*Omnes.* Good! good! (*hand clapping*)

*Dr. B.* (*looking at watch*) We just have time enough before the train arrives to dance the first set of the Lancers, and I think it is the fitting way to conclude the day after the circus.

*Fritz.* Yaw, by chimney schmokehouse, it 'vos after the circus that I scared the oldt voman so.

*Fwed.* Weally it was after the circus that I got twounded—um—that is to say, I stopped the horse. (*aside*) A narrow escape!

*Mrs. S.* Well it was arter the circus that I got a new beau, and so let's hav' the dance. Me an' old Christophe Columbus here (*raises umbrella*) and Lize will be the fist couple to slaminate.

MRS. SPEEGLETON *and* LIZE, FWEDDIE *and* AGNES, *and*  
 DR. *and* PEARL *form for lancers*.

*Fritz.* By gracious, I vish mine Katherina, Willemina, Leabenstina, Mannalina, Dinglebender, Hockstein, Lautenslayer vos here. We vould be the pest couple on the floor.

*Music*—FRITZ *takes up the drum and keeps time to the music—as they begin the dance they sing to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia"*—*singing and dancing.*

"Hurrah! hurrah! We'll dance a jubilee!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! We'll dance a jubilee!  
 For we have been to see the circus an' the sights,  
 And now we're going home to Fulton."

FRITZ.

DR. BURTON. PEARL ATHERS.

FWEDDIE TOPCOAT. AGNES WILTON.

LIZE SPUITATER. MRS. SPEEGLETON.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

# LITTLE GOLDIE;

—OR—

## The Child of The Camp.

A Western Comedy Drama in 4 acts, by Charles O. Willard, for 11 male and 3 female characters. Time 2 hours

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The picnic near the "Black Hawk's" cave—The lawyers and Mike—Little Goldie has fun with the Judge—Mike makes love to Matilda—The Judge is appealed to—Matilda and the Judge—Joe arrived late—The Captain of the Black Hawks shows up—Tells the gang a story—Old Jones is rich—The plot—Peter's meets old Jones—The struggle—Little Goldie to the rescue, backed by the Judge and his cannon—"It wouldn't do in this glorious climate of Colorado."

ACT II.—The Col. and the Maj. lament the escape of the Black Hawks—The Judge gets drunk—Mike tells some news—The boys "lay" for the school teacher—The school teacher arrives—A female!—The Judge makes a speech—Joe drops in and cuts them all out—Matilda and the Judge—Mike gets mad—The Capt. of the Black Hawks again—Little Goldie at her pranks, has trouble with Godfrey—Joe interferes—The Col. and Maj. get in their worst—Judge tries to escape from Matilda—Mike helps him out—The recognition—The story—I will be there—The quarrel—"Drop that knife, or I'll fill you full of holes."

ACT III.—The home of Edith—Matilda tells a little gossip and departs—Joe calls and tells Edith of his love—The Judge hears him refused—Joe departs—The Judge tries his hand—Matilda unexpectedly returns—The Judge in a fix—Little Goldie again—A new baby—Godfrey calls on Edith—The promise—"So will I"—The Col. and Maj.—Mike happens along—The Judge takes a hand—Little Goldie looking for Joe—Handsome Harry—"I'll play this alone if I die for it"—Near the Black Hawk's retreat—The Black Hawks—Godfrey waiting Edith's arrival—Edith arrives—"Never"—"Then go where you belong"—Handsome Harry to the rescue—"Defend yourself"—Harry is overpowered—The fate of a traitor—Goldie to the rescue—The terrible fall of Godfrey.

ACT IV.—Bummer Jones' (George Winfred) home in Denver—Mike Flynn in command—The reformed Bummer—The letters—The letter from the nephew—The nephew arrives—Godfrey as a "Missionary"—The uncle writes a letter dictated by the nephew—The arrival of the Judge—The murder—The Col. and Joe—Godfrey's claim—Mike tells what he heard—Godfrey accused of murder—"His child and the heiress is dead"—The heiress found is Little Goldie—Handsome Harry—Godfrey cheats the law—Edith and Joe—Unexpected arrival of Matilda—Happy finale.

Price 25 cts.

## The Old Wayside Inn.

A drama in 5 acts by J. E. Crary, for 9 male and 6 female characters. Time of performance 2 hours.

ACT I.—The Wayside Inn—Storm on the Moor—Arrival of Lady Arley and infant daughter—Lill Beckwith warns her—"It is death to remain longer"—Arrival of Jack Beckwith—Murder of Lady Arley—Lill saves the child.

ACT II.—A lapse of fifteen years—Lill and Gypsy—The dying woman—"I am not your mother"—The secret revealed—Jack arrives—A death bed—Jack's despair—Gypsy discovers her mother's papers, which reveals her mother's history—Bart Juan and Jack meet—"I know your secret"—My silence is, the hand of Gypsy—Bruce Stilwell—Lost on the Moor—Seeks shelter, and is warned by Gypsy—His escape—Jack's oath at his wife's grave—Murder of Jack and abduction of Gypsy, by Bart Juan and his men—Bruce discovers Jack in time to learn of the abduction—Death of Jack.

ACT III.—The Irish and Dutch Detectives—"Ish dot so?"—Home of Lady Stillwell—The compact between Bruce and his mother—"I love Gypsy Beckwith"—Pat and Fritz—Cave of the Robbers—Washington dances at the point of a revolver—Gypsy's escape—Oath of vengeance.

ACT IV.—Bruce discovers Gypsy as an Actress—I shall never marry my cousin Gerty—Bart Juan and Bruce—The duel, in which Gerty meets her death.

ACT V.—Lady Stillwells attempt to discover the heiress—Bruce and Gypsy—The proposal—Happy ending.

Price, 15cts.



# Katie's Deception;

—OR,—

## The Troublesome Kid.

---

Farce in 1 act, by W. L. Bennett, 4 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of playing, 30 minutes. A bright -sparkling farce for amateurs. Good negro character. Farmer from "Way back" answers Katie's matrimonial advertisement. Characters are all good. Price 15 cents.

---

## Our Family Umbrella.

A Comedietta in 2 acts, by E. E. Cleveland, 4 male and 2 female characters. Scenery interior. Costumes modern. The old man character is excellent, is always buying umbrellas, but never has one when needed. Amateurs will find this a good after-piece.

Price 15c.

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## Yacob's Hotel Experience.

Farce in 1 act by B. F. Eberhart, 3 male characters. Time of playing 20 minutes. This will make a good after-piece. The dutchman is immense. His experience in a first class hotel is uproarously funny—

## HOME RULE.

A Charade in 2 scenes, by the author of Yacob's Hotel Experience, 8 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 20 minutes. Price 15 cents.

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## Joan of Arc Drill.

A Spectacular Shepherd drill for 8 to 16 girls, by B. F. Eberhart. This drill is simple and easy to get up, requiring no scenery, can be produced indoor or out, no special music is needed in the march. Costume, Shepherd girls dress—girls carry a Shepherd's crook. A diagram gives the line of march, so it is easily understood. Ends with a tableau of Joan of Arc at the stake.

Price 15 cents.

# TRIXIE;

-OR-

## The Wizard of Fogg Island.

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A drama in 3 acts by Bert C. Rawley, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Costumes to suit characters. Time of playing, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

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### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I. *Scene I.*—Webber mansion—Mr. and Mrs. Webber discuss the future welfare of their son, King—King and Jennie return from a pleasure trip—The Wizard's prediction—Anthony Webber makes a discovery—The secret—"There is only one witness to my crime!"—A glimpse of the past—The fatal card—"I must find a way of escape." *Scene II.*—Fogg Island—The Wizard's cave—Little Trixie—A song brings fond memories—A discontented lady—A father's good advice—An Irishman's idea—The lost locket—The loser loses his head. *Scene III.*—Webber mansion—Terry and Penny Ante have an interview—Surprised—Father and daughter—The sacred promise—The living witness—The Wizard appears.

ACT II. *Scene I.*—Wizard's cave—Terry and Penny arrive—Penny's libber out of order—The Wizard's soliloquy—Trixie and the wounded man—The dismay of the Wizard—King Webber—Terry is puzzled—Clifford Ellison arrives—His resolve—A glimpse of the past—"Who is this man?"—The attempted murder—Trixie on deck—Foiled. *Scene II.*—(Lapse of one month)—Webber's mansion—Penny's disordered libber—Terry's little scheme—Ellison's presentiments—Mother and son—A mother's pleading—The secret—"It is murder, my son!"—The Wizard appears—"No, my friend, your father is innocent"—May God bless you."

ACT III.—Webber mansion—The answer given, "No!"—Ellison threatens—Despair—The evidence destroyed—"Warner Webber lives!"—Foiled—Jennie's flight—The Wizard's Daughter—United at last. Price 15cts.

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## A \$10,000 WAGER.

Farce in 2 acts, by I. M. G. Wood, 4 male, 2 female characters. Time, 30 minutes. Miss Clara Farly, Judge Flint's niece, wagers \$10,000 that he will give his consent to the marriage of his niece, Minnie, to Walter Bland, whom he has refused to accept as her suitor. The means she takes to obtain the wager is very amusing. The characters are all good, will make a good after piece. Price 15c.

## NEW MILITARY ALLEGORY!

# SPY OF ATLANTA

A Grand Military Allegory in 6 acts, by A. D. Ames and C. G. Bartley, 14 male, 3 female characters, with as many supernumerary ladies and gents as the stage may afford room for. This great play is founded on incidents which actually occurred during the war of the Rebellion—it introduces Ohio's brave and gallant McPherson—the actual manner of his capture and death is shown. It abounds with most beautiful tableaux, drill, marches, scenes upon the battle field, in Andersonville, etc., and is pronounced by press and public, the most successful military play ever produced. G. A. R. Posts, Military Companies and other organizations, who may wish something which will draw, should produce it. It may not be out of place to add that this play with the incidents of the death of the gallant McPherson, was written with the full consent of the General's brother, R. B. McPherson, since dead, who fully approved of it. Below will be found a synopsis of incidents, etc.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

#### ACT I.

Home of Farmer Dalton. "Don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumter, and call for 75 000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Dot dog. The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting forever." "Country fir t and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "poys" that he understands military business. Enlisting. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.

#### ACT II.

Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. Tenting on the old camp ground. Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly. Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. A spy. Do your worst, you cowardly traitor. Pete makes himself useful. No chance of life. Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front, McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. I must at once ascertain the cause. The Rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."

#### ACT III.

Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.

#### ACT IV.

Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for want of water." Little Willie the traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.

#### ACT V.

Andersonville with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. The last crust of bread. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of inanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh brother, don't you know me?" I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Villainy of St. Clair. The cry for bread. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.

#### ACT VI.

News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones.

**PRICE 25 CENTS PER COPY.**

# Miss Topsy Turvy.

-OR-

## The Courtships of the Deacon.

A Comedy in 3 acts, by B. G. McFall, for 4 male and 4 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of performance 2 hours.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TOPSY TURVY,.....	<i>Nellie Clarendon.</i>
MAY GOLDEN,.....	<i>Topsy's cousin.</i>
MRS. CLARENDON,.....	<i>Topsy's mother.</i>
MISS SPRIGGS,.....	<i>Topsy's governess.</i>
LORD CLARENCE,.....	<i>A rich Englishman.</i>
FRANK GOLDEN,.....	<i>May's brother.</i>
DEACON JONES,.....	<i>Pillar of the church.</i>
NED,.....	<i>Servant.</i>

### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Mrs. Clarendon's parlor—The Deacon almost proposes to Miss Spriggs—Topsy Turvy interrupts the scene and shows up a little of the Deak's character—The second rascal appears—"That's the bombardment of Santiago"—Poor Miss Spriggs resigns her position—"Oh Heaven, what now! It's Topsy Turvy"—The thunder storm arouses uncanny feelings in the Deacon's mind—The ghost—Ned arrives—"Dis yere's a b-b-bug house, sah"—The ghost and the Deacon—The two rascals appear—"Golly, where dat skale-wag ob a gal ebber is, ebber t'ing just don get topsy turvy, suah's yo' born."

ACT II.—Arrival of Lord Clarence—Miss Spriggs has troubles of her own—The two rascals hold a council of war—Ned hears his sentence—"Iz a gone coon suah's youh born"—One proposal interrupts another—"Do you mean to say that you didn't say what you just said you didn't say, say?"—Miss Spriggs consents to fill poor Jennie's place—Another trick on the poor nigger—Topsy Turvy makes friends with Lord Clarence—Deacon and Miss Spriggs are married and the poor nigger excites the angry passions of the bridegroom.

ACT III.—Ned makes a contract with Lord Clarence—May's jealousy gets the better of her good sense—Ned in trying to fill his contract, falls into the hands of his tormentors—"You chullins don't play fair, no how"—A trick on the nigger—Mrs. Jones begins to think marriage is a failure—Topsy gives her a lesson on how to manage a husband—Mrs. Jones demonstrates the lesson—Frank and Topsy witnesses the Deacon's surrender—Ned explains the situation to Lord Clarence—May talks unguardedly—Mr. and Mrs. Jones's visit rudely terminated by one of the rascals—May goes to meet her fate, but fate comes to meet her—"Golly, where dat skale-wag ob a gal ebber is, ebber t'ing just don get topsy turvy, suah's yo' born."

Price 15 cents.

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

Farce in 1 act, by J. B. Buckstone, for 2 male and 4 female characters. Plays 40 minutes. Parlor scene. It is an exceedingly neat farce, easy to play, and always brings down the house. Requires no scenery.

Price 15 cents.



# HAL HAZARD; OR, THE FEDERAL SPY.

*A Military Drama of the late war of the Rebellion, in four acts,*

**BY FRED. G. ANDREWS.**

This drama is a great success, and is published now for the first time, from the author's original manuscript. There has been a demand for a play which could be used by Grand Army Posts, Military Companies, etc., which would be effective, and yet not difficult to represent. This want Hal Hazard will supply.

It has eight male characters and three female. A few soldiers both U. S. and C. S., may be used, but there is no elaborate drills or difficult stage business to try the patience of the manager. It takes from 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  to 2 hours to present it.

The leading character is a double one—"George Clarendon," who assumes the character of "Old Hal," a very deaf and shrewd old man, who is equally at home in the Confederate or Federal Camp. As the Spy he is always on hand at the proper time, and always comes out ahead in all places where his services are needed. The other characters are all good, consisting of a captain and lieutenant in the U. S. Army, and four Confederates. Generals Sherman, Stoneman and Garrard are represented, but may be omitted if desired. There is also an excellent Leading Lady, Old Woman and Negro Comedy Woman.

Those who order and produce this play will be more than pleased.—Price 25c,

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*"Simply Immense!" is the verdict of every company which produces it, and every one who reads it! Two hours of continual screams of laughter!! The funniest of all modern comedies, entitled.*

## AN AFFLICTED FAMILY;

**OR, A DOCTOR WITHOUT A DIPLOMA,**

*BY MALCOLM S. TAYLOR.*

There is always a demand for a Play which is funny, and written in such a way as to be easily represented as regards scenery, and not to difficult in its representation. This Comedy will be found all that is desired. The following is a description of the characters:

C. Crotchet,	.....	a retired merchant, sick in the spleen.
B. Frizzy,	.....	a barber addicted to punning and scrapes.
Dr. G. Linton,	.....	a practical physician, troubled with patients.
L. Staple,	.....	a young merchant, subject to bashfulness.
Clarence,	.....	a student, inclined to ale.
John Henry,	.....	a man servant complaining of nothing to do.
I. Seizer,	.....	a constable, used to take away bad effects.
Mrs. Crotchet,	.....	an invalid, ill with nervousness.
Daisy, her daughter,	} .....	both affected with a disease of the heart, called love.
Dolly, her niece		
Dorothy,	.....	a maiden aunt, afflicted with deafness, knitting, and a poodle dog.
Betty,	.....	a maid servant, suffering out of sympathy for Frizzy.

Each one of the above characters is worthy the talent of the best comedy representatives, either in or out of the Profession. Amateurs especially will find the Play eminently suited to their wants. It is in four acts, each act consisting of only one scene. The costumes modern, and scenes all interiors, enabling companies with a limited stock of scenery to produce it easily. Nothing like a description of the ludicrous and laughable situations can be given here—but we can truly assure our friends that nearly every speech is a signal for rars of laughter and rounds of applause. If you want something pathetic don't send for it, but if you desire fun from the rise of the curtain on the first act, till its fall on the last act, you may be sure of not being disappointed if you order this. Price 15 cents per copy.

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## ALWAYS GET THE BEST! RED, WHITE AND GREEN TABLEAU LIGHTS.

We are now putting up our lights in tin boxes, expressly to go by mail—each box contains enough material for one light, with a fuse for lighting, and full and explicit directions for burning them. These lights are not excelled by any for brilliancy—they burn steadily and slowly—they do not contain a particle of sulphur, and are free from offensive odors, and are sure to give perfect satisfaction.

Do not ruin your tableaux by an inferior light when it is so easy to procure good ones. Price 25 cents per box.

# Under the American Flag.

*A Spanish American Drama in 4 acts, by Hilton Coon, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 2 hours and 15 minutes.*

## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of General Romero F. Nerverra, Manilla—A prisoner of war.

ACT II.—Ramparts of the Fort de Santiago—The escape.

ACT III.—The same—The bombardment of Manilla.

ACT IV.—The land of the free—Patrick O'Roogan's home near Fort Hamilton, Cal.—Two weeks later. Price, 25cts.

## WHO'S WHO; OR ALL IN A FOG.

A farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams, for 3 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time for representation, 40 minutes. The series of amusing situations are brought about by a number of cases of mistaken identity. Everybody is mistaken for everybody else, and the complications arising are extremely laughable. The characters are all capital, and the piece never fails to divert an audience. Price, 15cts.

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62	7	4	287	1	1
66	3	3	225	4	4
62	7	3	317	5	3
68	9	3	324	5	1
			345	4	0
			249	9	1
			220	3	0
			379	3	0
			188	3	0
			407	4	0
			218	4	0
			224	2	1
			233	3	2
			154	1	2
			274	5	2
			209	5	3
			307	4	3
			271	5	0
			116	4	2
			140	1	1
			74	4	2
			366	4	3
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			95	5	3
			305	3	2
			299	3	2
			11	5	3
			99	4	3
			406	5	2
			303	2	3
			389	1	1
			380	4	2
			228	2	1
			302	3	2
			106	3	0
			288	5	3
			328	3	0
			139	1	1
			231	3	2
			235	4	3
			69	6	1
			208	4	4
			212	4	3
			32	4	6
			273	3	3
			313	2	2
			356	1	3
			351	0	4
			349	2	4
			285	5	2
			296	5	2
			259	5	2
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