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# DIVORCE.

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A PLAY OF THE PERIOD, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

AUGUSTIN DALY.

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AS ACTED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE FOR THE  
FIRST TIME, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1871.



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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND ORIGINAL CAST.

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- ALFRED ADRIANSE, who regarded marriage as an episode  
and found it fate . . . . . MR. D. H. HARKINS
- CAPTAIN LYNDE, a friend in need, indeed, and a friend in  
the way . . . . . MR. LOUIS JAMES
- REV. HARRY DUNCAN, successor to the Martyrs, MR. HENRY CRISP
- DE WOLF DE WITT, an excellent authority on the manage-  
ment of wives . . . . . MR. WM. DAVIDGE
- TEMPLETON JITT, Esq., of the New York Bar . . . MR. JAMES LEWIS
- MR. BURRITT, Ex-Policeman and Private Detective,  
Mr. W. J. LEMOYNE
- PAM, his Partner . . . . . MR. JOHN BURNETT
- JUDGE KEMP, a relic of the last generation . . . MR. D. WHITING
- DR. LANG, late of Bloomingdale Asylum . . . . MR. GEO. DEVERE
- JIM, with a new system for Naturalizing aliens . . MR. OWEN FAWCETT
- RICHARD, Adrianse's Man . . . . . MR. G. GODFREY
- CHRISTMAS, one of the Emancipated . . . . . MR. F. CHAPMAN
- GUINEA, another of the same sort . . . . . MR. W. BEEKMAN
- Wedding Guests, Visitors, etc.
- MRS. TEN EYCK, a mother of Society, who has provided well  
for her two daughters . . . . . MISS FANNY MORANT
- MISS LU TEN EYCK, who made the Newport match,  
FANNY DAVENPORT
- MISS FANNY TEN EYCK, who got the Best Catch of the Sea-  
son after all . . . . . CLARA MORRIS
- GRACE, "Our Niece," for whom we must find something after the  
dear girls are provided for . . . . . LINDA DEITZ
- FLORA PENFIELD, a Bud of the Florida Groves . . . MARY CARY
- MRS. KEMP, the partner of the relic . . . . . MRS. G. H. GILBERT
- KITTY CROSBIE, who was satisfied with her own "way," IDA YERANCE
- MOLLY, the Nurse . . . . . NELLIE MORTIMER
- NELLIE, the Help . . . . . KATE CLAXTON
- JENNY . . . . . LOUISE VOLMER
- ALFRED, a child . . . . . GERTRUDE

FIRST ACT.

SCENE.—Mrs Ten Eyck's City Residence in Waverly Place. "GIVEN IN MARRIAGE!"

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SECOND ACT.

SCENE.—Alfred Adrianse's Summer Lodge on Long Island; with view of the Sound by Sunset and Moonlight. "THE STRIFE BEGUN!"

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THIRD ACT.

SCENE.—Mrs. Ten Eyck's Manor up the Hudson. "THE HUSBAND TAKES THE LAW IN HIS OWN HANDS!"

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FOURTH ACT.

SCENE 1.—St. Augustine, Florida. The old Spanish Town. "TWO PURPOSES."

SCENE 2.—The old Convent Ruins. "THE LAW RETALIATES!"

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FIFTH ACT.

SCENE.—Elegant Parlors at De Witt's in New York. "THE DIVORCED!"

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Parlors at Mrs. Ten Eyck's, on Waverly Place, near the Park. The rooms old-fashioned and hung with pictures. Furniture old-fashioned, but well preserved. Arch C., through which, from the L., all entrances from the exterior are made. Doors R. and L. Time: afternoon; date: just after the Summer season at the Summer resorts. C. from L., at the rise of curtain, NELLIE enters, followed by the REV. HARRY DUNCAN. She takes his hat and gloves, while he speaks.*

*Duncan.* [L.] No one visible; but all is bustle up-stairs, eh?

*Nellie.* Yis, sir—yer riverince, I mane.

*Dun.* [L.] You may announce me as soon as you like, Nellie.

*Nel.* [R.] Who to, sur? Shure, Missus is gone out.

*Dun.* What, gone out, and her daughter to be married in a couple of hours?

*Nel.* Something forgot, sir, and the darling, Miss Louise, is up-stairs, sir, a-fitting on the dresses. Oh! she do look beautiful, to be shure, and Miss Fanny is getting on her bridesmaid's dress, sir, and she do look beautiful as well. Miss Crosbie and the other bridesmaids, they—

*Dun.* Do look beautiful, too?

*Nel.* Yis, sir, that they do

*Dun.* [Looking at his watch.] Well, they'll be in plenty of time, and— [Looks slyly at *Nel.*] Miss Grace, how about her dress?

*Nel.* [Despairingly.] Oh, sir! she's not to be bridesmaid.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* [Outside.] Back in excellent time. We'll have them in here, Edward.

*Nel.* Missus is back. [Retreats to R. DUN. rises.]

MRS. TEN EYCK enters, C., followed by CAPTAIN LYNDE.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* Place them here, Edward. [CAPT. places a very few parcels on table, R.] Ah, my dear Harry! I knew you'd come; you couldn't wait for us. [She puts a couple of parcels on table as she speaks.]

*Captain.* [Languidly.] Hello! reverend father.

*Dun.* [Meets Mrs. T., C., shakes hands.] I wanted to make one more call in the old way before I received dear Miss Lu at the church.

*Mrs. T.* So good of you; isn't it, Edward? [*She crosses to Nel., R., gives her bonnet and shawl. NEL. takes them off, R. 1 E.*]

*Capt.* Very thoughtful; but the clergy are always doing the right thing.

*Mrs. T.* Confess now, Harry, you feel a little nervous at the idea of performing your first marriage service! [*Re-crosses to Dun.*]

*Dun.* I do. I'm afraid I shall shake so, that the whole thing will be invalid.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, you boys—you boys! But the dear girls were all determined you should officiate, and it is so fortunate you were ordained just before darling Louise was engaged.

*Capt.* [*Down, c.*] Ye—es! He was at the seminary getting ready for Lu, while she was at Newport getting ready for him.

*Mrs. T.* [*Tapping him with her fan.*] Irreverent fellow. Don't mind him, Harry.

*Dun.* Oh, I don't! I never do.

*Capt.* [*c.*] Only a little pleasantry. Ministers are so grave, they want brightening up.

*Dun.* Has the happy bridegroom, Mr. De Witt, arrived yet?

*Mrs. T.* Oh, he'll not be here till the last moment, of course. He never hurries.

*Capt.* Lucky fellow. He waited, and you see what a good thing he got by it. Widower for twenty years, and now he has the finest woman, except her mother, in New York.

*Mrs. T.* Did you ever—what a blunt fellow. For shame!

*Capt.* Oh, I'm privileged, you know. I'm out of the way of all the proprieties. Too poor to get married! It's understood, I'm to have my privileges on that account.

*Mrs. T.* [*Crosses to c.*] So you can, you great baby. Now, excuse me, while I devote the rest of the day to my darling. I'll send Grace down to entertain you. Poor Grace!

*Dun.* She's not to be a bridesmaid.

*Mrs. T.* You know? Oh, well, she'll be a bride herself yet. We must do something for Grace, Harry.

*Capt.* [*Going up.*] When our two daughters are provided for.

*Mrs. T.* [*Laughs.*] Oh, you monster! How disagreeably you tell the truth. But you must help me, Harry; you know, Grace is my poor sister's only child. I will be a mother to her; and we must get her a real good husband.

*Dun.* [*Eagerly.*] Yes!

*Mrs. T.* [*c.*] Somebody with money.

*Dun.* Oh!

*Mrs. T.* Think over all the rich bachelors and widowers in

your church. You can manage it; it shall be a secret between us. Where are those parcels? Oh! [*Gathers them up.*]

*Dun.* [*Recovering.*] Oh, by the way, I forgot—I met an old friend of ours to-day.

*Mrs. T.* [*Carelessly.*] Ah!

*Dun.* I think he will call on you.

*Mrs. T.* [*Same.*] To-morrow, I hope. Not to-day.

*Dun.* It's Alfred Adrianse. [*Sits R. of L. table.*]

*Mrs. T.* [*Suddenly turning at C., and drops one of the parcels, which CAPT. picks up.*] Ah!

*Dun.* He has just returned in his yacht from the Mediterranean.

*Mrs. T.* [*Seriously.*] Alfred Adrianse returned! [*Coming down, R.*]

*Dun.* Met him this very morning. Impulsive, quick, petulant as ever, and a bachelor still. [*Sits, L.*]

*Mrs. T.* He said he would call to-day?

*Dun.* Yes, and he inquired particularly after Fanny.

NELLIE enters, C., and goes towards R. 1 E.

*Mrs. T.* [*As if pre-occupied.*] We shall all be most happy to see him. Ah, Nelly! [*NEL. bows, crosses to her.*]

*Nellie.* Yes'm!

*Mrs. T.* Tell Miss Fanny to go to my room and wait for me.

*Nel.* I will, m'm. [*Exits, R. D.*]

*Mrs. T.* [*To herself.*] Alfred Adrianse returned!

*Capt.* [*Presenting parcel.*] You dropped this.

*Mrs. T.* [*Takes it.*] Thank you, Alfred. [*Exits, R. 1 E.*]

*Capt.* [*Winks to Dun.*] You heard her call me Alfred. That's your friend's name. Who is he? The duchess seemed to be struck by your news.

*Dun.* Oh! Alfred Adrianse is an old story.

*Capt.* Old story? Why, I know all the old stories of this family. Yet, stop, it was while I was at the West, eh?

*Dun.* Yes. He was supposed to be in love with Fanny.

*Capt.* And what were Fanny's sentiments?

*Dun.* She wasn't allowed to have any sentiments on the subject, as she was merely a school girl then, and his attentions were very properly discouraged, so he swore he'd never marry, bought a yacht and disappeared in it.

*Capt.* Is he rich? [*Gets L., back of table.*]

*Dun.* Sixty thousand a year.

*Capt.* Young man?

*Dun.* Yes—but as eccentric as the—as a badly made skyrocket.

*Capt.* Happy Alfred! On sixty thousand a year, a man can be all fireworks. But I tell you what,—his time has come.

*Dun.* What do you mean?

*Capt.* Didn't you notice the Duchess's face at your news? She'll make a match for him.

*Dun.* Not with Grace—Miss Grace.

*Capt.* Grace? pooh! No, his original flame, Fanny. [*Goes up.*]

GRACE enters, c., from R.

*Grace.* Didn't I hear some one say "Miss Grace?"

*Capt.* [*Points to Dun.*] For further particulars inquire next door. [*Goes up and sits in rear parlor.*]

*Grace.* [*Down R.*] Aunt Clara said you were here, and that I must entertain you in her place.

*Dun.* [*L.*] I should have thought you were all too busy.

*Grace.* [*C.*] Oh, I've done my share. Cousin Lu looks so lovely and so bright, such a contrast to cousin Fanny, who looks so lovely but so grave. But, then, wedding dresses make everyone look lovely.

*Dun.* Particularly to the happy man whose love is crowned by the marriage.

*Grace.* [*Sighing.*] Aunt Clara tells me that love need have very little to do with it.

*Dun.* You don't believe that?

*Grace.* I don't want to. She says it's enough to respect a husband. But I think respect is like a cold luncheon in a dark dining-room, while love is like a delicious picnic in the woods.

*Dun.* [*Flattered.*] Could a young wife and husband live on picnics, do you think?

*Grace.* Of course, in the summer, but there's the winter. [*Sits at table, L.*]

*Dun.* Yes, there's the winter. [*Aside, R.*] It's no use, she's thoroughly imbued with the selfish principles of her aunt; she'll marry a wealthy sexagenarian, and be satisfied. Women of the world are all oysters, they look out for some old wreck to fasten on and vegetate.

*Grace.* But for my part, unless I loved I'd never marry.

*Dun.* [*Eagerly.*] Nor I! [*Coming L.*]

*Grace.* I would be content to wait.

*Dun.* [*Taking a chair a little distant.*] So would I, but not too long.

*Grace.* [*Sighs.*] Most young men are so poor.

*Dun.* [*Sits R. of L. table.*] Yes, it's a disease incident to youth.



*Grace.* My idea is this: A young lady needn't close her heart to a young gentleman who loves her, because neither of them is rich.

*Dun.* [*Drawing a little nearer.*] My sentiments exactly.

*Grace.* They can love on, and hope on.

*Dun.* I will. I—I mean they can.

*Grace.* And when, in the course of years, he has made his way up—

*Dun.* [*Drawing nearer.*] Your aunt will come down.

*Grace.* [*Starts up.*] Gracious! I'm not speaking of myself.  
[*Crosses to R.*]

*Dun.* No?

*Grace.* No!

*Dun.* Oh!

*Grace.* I'm speaking of some abstract person.

*Dun.* [*Sighs.*] I wish I could find an abstract person.

*Grace.* Oh, Mr. Duncan, you oughtn't to think of such things.

*Dun.* Why not?

*Grace.* Aunt Clara and I have been talking about you, and we have made up a little plot to find you a real nice girl somewhere in your congregation.

*Dun.* [*Coldly.*] Indeed! Thank you, and was this your own idea?

*Grace.* No, it was aunt Clara's.

*Dun.* [*Turns away.*] Aunt Clara takes a great deal of trouble.

*Grace.* She is all heart. [*Slowly and meaningly, crosses to him.*] She has told me your secret, too.

*Dun.* My secret?

*Grace.* Yes, that you are going to find for me some old bachelor or widower, who—

*Dun.* That will do, Miss Grace. Your aunt's secrets are not kept long. [*Goes to R., and sits. Bell heard.*]

*Grace.* [*Going to L., hurt tone.*] So it is true then! I wouldn't believe her at first! The hypocrite! I actually thought he took an interest in me on his own account. Aunt is right. I've no business to love.

*Capt.* [*Rising at back.*] Hullo, I say, here's the bridegroom, whew! how he has improved. Been at his glass all day, no doubt? [*Comes down to C.*] Why, Grace, what's up? As an old friend of the family, I can't see that dull face on such a happy day. [*DUN. goes up to R. CAPT. looks from one to the other, then*] They've been at it, too, just as I suspected. What a fool the man is—not a dollar, nothing but his pedigree to boast of. Must break this up. [*Puts his arm about Grace, and in baby tone.*] Come, my little Gracie, it mustn't pout any more. [*Takes her up to L.*]

*Dun.* [*Comes down.*] If I wasn't a clergyman, I'd hate that officious rascal with his "friend of the family ways." [*Gets to R.*]

NELLY enters, c., ushering in DE WITT.

*Nellie.* I'll tell 'em you've come, sir.

*De Witt.* Thank you—stop—[*Gives her box from pocket.*] Take this, my child.

*Nel.* For me, sir? Oh, thanks!

*De W.* For you? No, for Miss Louise. Quick, run up with it. [*NEL. exits, c. and R. DE W. sees others.*] Ah! Good day, good day.

*Capt.* [*GRACE goes up.*] My dear boy, how splendid you look. [*Shakes him by the hand.*] Glad to see you. Lu is dressing—soon be down. [*Goes up to Grace, L.*]

*De W.* Thank you. [*Aside.*] How infernally familiar he is. "Lu is dressing," as if he had just come down from helping her to do up her back hair. [*To Dun., who is down R.*] Well, reverend sir, my fate is soon to be in your hands. Is this the first time you ever married a couple? [*C., crosses to table L.*]

*Dun.* I regret to say it is.

*De W.* Don't regret it. Don't be nervous. If you forget anything, I'll help you out. I've been married before, you know. [*Takes Dun's arm, and goes up.*] Ah, Miss Grace. [*Up to L.*]

*Lu Ten Eyck.* [*R. c., outside.*] Oh, where is he, where is Harry?

*De W.* That's Miss Louise's voice.

*Grace.* [*Coming down between the two gentlemen.*] Oh, dear, she's coming down here.

*Capt.* Yes, and she's calling for the reverend Harry. [*Crosses to him.*]

*Grace.* [*Coming forward, to De W.*] She thinks there's no one here, but him and me. Run away, Mr. De Witt, you musn't see her. [*Runs to him.*]

*Capt.* Yes, conceal yourself. Pantry—no—under the piano. [*They put him up, R.*]

*De W.* [*Flurried.*] The deuce! [*All up stage, R., but Dun.*]

LU enters, c., from R.

*Lu.* Is he here? Oh! There he is. [*Down to Dun., who is crossing to L. c.*] Oh, Harry, I know I'll never go through with it, and I want you to tell me all I'm to do, and when I'm to do it, and—[*As she goes for chair sees De W.*] Oh, you are here?

*De W.* [*L. c., coming to c.*] My dear Miss Louise. [*CAPT. comes down to R.*]



*Lu.* [c.] Oh, don't look at me, it's not proper—go away.

*Capt.* Go away, sir! Calm yourself, my dear!

*De W.* Where shall I go?

*Lu.* Oh, you needn't go away, sit down and turn your back.

[*Turning herself round in circle and self-admiringly.*] Well, how do I look, now you've seen me? [*Crossing to Capt.*]

*De W.* [*Up stage to R. C.*] Charming! Charming!

*Lu.* Not you. I mean the captain, he's got such good taste.

[*To De W.*] Why don't you do as I told you? [*De W. up to R. table, and sits.*]

*Grace.* [*L. C.*] Oh, Lu, don't be foolish.

*Lu.* [c.] What do you know about it—were you ever married?

*Grace.* [*Sighing.*] No!

*Lu.* [*Crossing to L. corner.*] Then don't interfere—take up the train a little; so. [*GRACE assists.*] Now, how does it do? [*Walks over towards De W. and passes him, c., without looking at him.*] Not too long, eh?

*Capt.* [*Glass to eye.*] Not a bit.

*Lu.* [*Down to Capt.*] Now mind, sir, you've seen me two hours before it's time.

*Capt.* [*Bows and kisses her hand.*] I'm deeply sensible of the privilege.

*De W.* [*Aside at R. table.*] If that fellow dares to show himself at my door, after I'm married, I'll have it slammed in his face. [*Crosses, c. LU and CAPT. go to Dun., who is up R. GRACE joins them.*]

MRS. TEN EYCK enters, R. C.

*Mrs. T.* Why, Louise, I'm shocked. How could you—Oh, Mr. De Witt, [*Shakes hands*] what spirits she has. How lovely the dear child looks. [*Emotionally.*] To part with her takes more than common fortitude, Mr. De Witt.

*De W.* [R. c.] True, and you bear it in an uncommon manner, Mrs. Ten Eyck.

•*Mrs. T.* [L. c.] It is our duty to yield to the affections of our children, and when Louise's ideas were once fixed, I had nothing to do but give way.

*De W.* My dear madame, I am under eternal obligations to you.

*Mrs. T.* Come, daughter, we must repair this little inadvertence, by retiring at once.

*Lu.* [R. c., between CAPT. and DUN.] Yes, ma!—well, good-bye all, till we meet at the wedding march. [*To Dun.*] I

won't forget, now. [*To Capt.*] Oh, you tease. [*Demurely, when led off by Mrs. T.*] It isn't long to the hour, Mr. De Witt.

*De W.* My dear Miss Louise, so soon to be mine!

*Lu.* Ah! [*Sighs quizzically, looks back at him, exits, R. C.*]

*De W.* I believe she does love me, and if she does, she may do what she likes.

*Mrs. T.* [*L. C.*] Just a little temper, dear girl. [*All come down.*]

*De W.* [*R. C.*] Temper is an excellent quality, ma'am. It gives a thousand opportunities for the most delicious thing in life, making up after a quarrel. It serves to keep impertinences at a distance, when they become distasteful to a husband [*Looks at Capt.*], and it adds new beauty to a pretty face.

*Mrs. T.* [*L. C.*] My ideas most admirably expressed. It is what I have tried to tell dear Fanny.

*Grace.* [*Down R.*] And why Fanny, aunt?

*Dun.* [*Near her.*] Hush, that's another of her secrets.

*Capt.* [*Seated L. of table.*] I understand that, Mr.—Mr.—  
[*pretends to forget*] Mr. Adrianse had quite a temper of his own.  
[*Mrs. T. looks suddenly at him penetratingly.*]

*De W.* Mr. Adrianse! Ah, a friend of the family?

*Mrs. T.* I hope so; he was once. I felt for him the affection of a mother, but he couldn't have his own way, and so,—well you see Fanny was but a child, then, and I had to tell him she was too young; then he told me I had wrecked his life, and away he went to China or somewhere.

*Capt.* Now he brings the wreck home again. [*Bell heard.*]

*De W.* [*Slowly crosses to Capt.*] Perhaps we had better repair him thoroughly, and find him a mate for his next voyage.

*Dun.* [*Aside to Grace.*] Vulgar old fellow.

*Mrs. T.* Poor Alfred, I hope his health has not suffered by his distress of mind.

*Dun.* He was in tip-top spirits when I saw him this morning.

*Mrs. T.* I fear it was only feigning.

NELLIE enters, L. C., with card.

*Nellie.* [*Handing it.*] Gentleman in the reception room, ma'am.

*Mrs. T.* Alfred Adrianse. I thought so—show him up here,  
*Nellie.* [*Exit, NEL., L. C.*]

*Capt.* Now let us see if he is reduced to a skeleton.

*Grace.* For shame, captain, how can you be so unfeeling.  
[*Mrs. T. whispers to Grace, and she exits, R. 2 E.*]

*Capt.* Oh, we fellows who dare not fall in love, may laugh at those who can. It's a toss-up who has the best of it.

ALFRED ADRIANSE enters, C., preceded by NELLIE, who exits, C. R.

Mrs. T. [*Meeting him.*] My dear Alfred, how glad I am to see you.

Alfred. Thank you, Mrs. Ten Eyck, I have looked forward to this pleasure for a long time.

Mrs. T. Be as you have always been, like one of my children. You see Harry. [*He crosses to R., shakes DUN.'s hand heartily.*]

Dun. [R.] How do you do, again, Alfred?

Al. [*To Mrs. T.*] To think Harry would ever be a churchman; why we used to box together, at college, and he was never without a black eye.

De W. [L.] That fitted him for wrestling with the evil one.

Mrs. T. Allow me, Mr. De Witt, Mr. Adrianse. You know Captain Lynde?

Al. I have not the honor.

Mrs. T. [R. c.] True—he was fighting the Indians on the prairies, when—

Capt. When Fanny was at school.

Mrs. T. I want you to become acquainted, I know you will like each other. I don't know what we should ever do without Edward. [*Crosses to him.*]

Al. Delighted, I'm sure.

Capt. Most happy, I'm sure.

Al. [*Low to Dun.*] Who is he?

Dun. [*Same.*] Nobody! Butterfly!

Al. Butterfly! More of a wasp, I should think.

Capt. [*Starts to go c.*] I'm for the smoking room—who comes?

Dun. I'll keep you company.

De W. And I, for I want to talk with the reverend father. [*All three go up and stop c., looking back at Al., who is joined by Mrs. T.*]

Dun. Looks splendid after his travels. [*Goes up.*]

Capt. [*Takes out his cigar-case and offers to DUN., who declines.*] Bet you ten to one his next journey will be his wedding tour. [*Offers to DE W., who declines.*]

De W. Rather young to be married, eh? Man wants to be more settled.

Capt. [*Takes out cigar, puts up case.*] Wish he'd do it! Man with sixty thousand a year must give good dinner parties. [*All exit, c. and L.*]

Mrs. T. [L. of R. table.] Now that we are alone, my dear Alfred, let me assure you again that the news of your arrival is the best I have heard for at least two years. Your call is a token of forgiveness, is it not?

*Al.* [R.] I forgive? Why, it was you I offended, and I have come back to act more like a man, to ask your pardon, and to say that whatever becomes of me, I shall feel that you have always acted right.

*Mrs. T.* Surely, you have no thought of leaving us again.

*Al.* In ten days I go to Corea. You know I have nothing to do now but to look for sensations.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, how disappointing. I hoped I should find in your company some solace for the loss of my daughter.

*Al.* [*Hesitatingly.*] She is to be married to-day?

*Mrs. T.* Yes.

*Al.* [*Confused.*] Of course, it was foolish for me to call, but I did not know. You see, I only arrived last night.

*Mrs. T.* Exactly.

*Al.* I heard about it first at the club.

*Mrs. T.* The dear girl was the belle of Newport, and only her first season, too.

*Al.* Then she left school?

*Mrs. T.* Last winter.

*Al.* [*Aside.*] It is Fanny, then.

*Mrs. T.* Mr. De Witt fell in love the instant he saw her.

*Al.* De Witt—that was his father who was here a moment ago.

*Mrs. T.* [*Biting her lips.*] No, that was the bridegroom himself.

*Al.* What, that old gentleman?

*Mrs. T.* [*Trying to smile, but embarrassed.*] Oh, love is blind, you know. Besides, the dear girl aspires to be a leader in society, which is impossible without wealth; and that, marriage must give her. You are so candid, Mr. Adriause, you see you force me to be so, too.

*Al.* I beg pardon. I did not intend to wound you. But it seems so like a sacrifice. Poor Fanny, she must have greatly changed.

*Mrs. T.* No, Fanny has not changed. She is the same foolish, romantic thing as ever. Romantic as lovely, my dear Alfred. "No, mamma," she often says to me, "since I left school I have seen no one I could love." So ridiculous, you know.

*Al.* Then, in spite of these sentiments, she sacrifices herself to Mr. De Witt for position.

*Mrs. T.* [*Rises.*] Sacrifices herself to Mr. De Witt! [*Aside.*] He thinks it is Fanny. [*Aloud.*] Sacrifices! Alfred!

*Al.* [*Rises.*] You are surprised, but I have the right to speak, now that she can never be mine.

*Mrs. T.* Well, then, what interest can you now have?

*Al.* This—that I never ceased to love her, that I came back determined again to ask—

*Mrs. T.* Stay, Alfred. In honor I can hear no more.

*Al.* Why not?

*Mrs. T.* [L.] Because you are laboring under some strange mistake. Because it is Louise who is to be married to Mr. De Witt. Fanny's heart is still free.

*Al.* [R.] Fanny not to be married! I thought, of course, hearing that Miss Ten Eyck was to be married, that—

*Mrs. T.* You thought, of course, everyone must love Fanny, because you—but there— [*Puts her hand to her mouth.*]

*Al.* [*Eagerly.*] Finish the words—because I love her. I do, deeply, sincerely.

*Mrs. T.* Hush, you impetuous boy. You are almost as bad as she is herself. [*Sits R. of L. table.*]

*Al.* You think me impetuous? Well, I am, even reckless. I came to New York to stay, but when I heard that Fanny was about to be married, I resolved to remain but two days, then to sail for Corea. Half doubting my reception, I called, as I thought, for the last time.

*Mrs. T.* Why, you strange boy.

*Al.* I love Fanny still, and as you can forgive anything in me, I ask for her again.

*Mrs. T.* [*Affecting surprise*] My dear Alfred!

*Al.* I know you don't want me to have her; you refused me once. But now or never. I won't marry anyone else.

*Mrs. T.* This is so unexpected.

*Al.* You must give me my answer.

*Mrs. T.* But I must ask Fanny.

*Al.* Let me see her?

*Mrs. T.* [*Rises.*] No, I must speak to her. It is two years since you met; you are almost a stranger. Two years ago she was but seventeen, and childish impressions fade so soon. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Al.* Tell her then I love her; that she shall go with me to Corea, or all over the world.

*Mrs. T.* And if she wishes to stay home?

*Al.* I'll sell my yacht, I'll do whatever she pleases. I'll join Harry in the smoking room and await your reply. [*Going up L.*]

*Mrs. T.* What now?

*Al.* [*Returning.*] I've given orders to have the "Hope" ready to sail day after to-morrow. You say you like me, but you don't seem to trust me. If you do, let me marry Fanny.

*Mrs. T.* I don't know how to manage boys, I never had any. I suppose the way is to let them do as they please; go, you self-willed fellow, I'll send for you.



CAPTAIN *appears, c.*

*Al.* My happiness is with you. [*About to go.*] Do let me ask her? No? then plead my cause as though it were your own. [*Sees Capt.*] Don't tell that party, will you?

*Mrs. T.* Who? eh! Edward, why he's as harmless as a kitten.

*Al.* Never mind. This is between you and me.

*Mrs. T.* Enough, it's our secret. [*Sits at R. table.*]

*Al.* [*Going out and shaking hands with Capt. without stopping.*] Smoked your cigar already? [*Exits, c. and L.*]

*Captain.* Ya-as—what's the matter? [*To Mrs. T., comes down.*] Popped for Fanny?

*Mrs. T.* [*R.*] Don't be so disagreeable—what if he has?

*Capt.* [*L.*] Knew he had soon as he shook hands. He don't like me, and he wouldn't shake hands unless he was so nervous he didn't know what he was doing.

*Mrs. T.* You spoilt fellow! Still I suppose I ought to put up with everything from you *now*. Fanny was your favorite, and here she is asked for.

*Capt.* And so you noticed it, did you?

*Mrs. T.* [*R., advancing.*] Oh, I have eyes; but you have behaved admirably; you knew it was impossible, and so you were content to be *only a friend*.

*Capt.* It's all owing to your admirable manner of teaching me how hopeless it was for a man with nothing to marry a girl with nothing.

*Mrs. T.* Thanks, my dear Edward, you are indeed a man of honor.

*Capt.* And now let's call her. [*Goes to R. D.*] Fanny!

*Mrs. T.* What are you doing? he'll hear you.

*Capt.* Oh, he won't get jealous if I call his wife, will he?

*Mrs. T.* [*Stage L.*] But he's not married yet, remember that.

FANNY *enters, D. R. 2 E.*

*Fanny.* Well, here I am. [*Crosses to c.*]

*Capt.* [*Takes her hand.*] Come to the altar of duty and be sacrificed.

*Mrs. T.* [*Stage L.*] Edward, you are carrying this too far.

*Fan.* Why are you so impatient, mamma? [*CAPT. pantomimes in a comical way that a proposal has been made for her.*] What is all this mystery? You are too funny.

*Capt.* [*Mock, dramatic.*] She will explain all. [*Goes up and off, L.*]

*Fan.* All what? [*Comes over to Mrs. T.*]

*Mrs. T.* My love, the greatest surprise is in store for you.

*Fan.* Nellie told me about it.

*Mrs. T.* Nellie told you!

*Fan.* Yes, that Alfred had called. [*Looking up c., goes up a little.*] Is he gone?

*Mrs. T.* No, he will remain here to-day, if you choose.

*Fan.* If I choose?

*Mrs. T.* My darling child, he has proposed for you.

*Fan.* For me?—now?—here?

*Mrs. T.* This very moment. You know his impulsive nature. He has come home after two years absence more devotedly in love with you than ever. [*Sits with Fan., L.*]

*Fan.* But he hasn't seen me since I was a school-girl—since you—

*Mrs. T.* My dearest he *is now* his own master. His father's death left him everything—he is most eligible; if I had toiled season after season to secure your life-long happiness, my child, I could never have found so splendid a fortune as this.

*Fan.* But, mamma—

*Mrs. T.* I told him, of course, that I must consult you—that everything depended on your heart. I had to say that, of course. [*Smiling.*]

*Fan.* Of course.

*Mrs. T.* He is waiting for your reply now.

*Fan.* What? Without seeing me? He ought to have come to me first. He used to have courage enough once.

*Mrs. T.* Hush, my dear, be reasonable; what answer will you give him if I send him here?

*Fan.* I don't know till I hear his question, of course.

*Mrs. T.* You silly girl, you must accept him.

*Fan.* [*Turns away.*] I don't know whether I love him.

*Mrs. T.* I'm sure you were perfectly ridiculous two years ago.

*Fan.* [*Turns towards her.*] I don't know whether he truly loves me.

*Mrs. T.* I never saw such devotion—such passion, I may say.

*Fan.* I wish to see for myself.

*Mrs. T.* Fanny, do not throw away your happiness by these girlish coquetries.

*Fan.* I coquettish, mamma?

*Mrs. T.* Then it's some romantic stuff. For heaven's sake, Fanny, don't be romantic—don't!

*Fan.* [*Bitterly.*] Romance! I don't know what it means, except to marry the wrong man because you love him.

*Mrs. T.* I expected to hear something like that next.

*Fan.* [*Angrily.*] Have I ever said I loved anybody?

*Mrs. T.* [*Rises.*] Yes. This very Alfred! Tut, tut, tut, what creatures you all are—whenever you should not love, you do, and when you ought to, you won't.—Come, come, I'm certain you'll like him again after you are married. I must interfere for your own happiness and insist. [*FAN. crosses to Mrs. T.*] What a contrast to your sister; she marries a man old enough to be her father for position, and like a sensible girl is happy. I don't insist upon your being happy, but I expect you to be sensible.

*Fan.* [*Laughing.*] That is very reasonable, mamma.

*Mrs. T.* There, I like to see you laugh. If Alfred were to see you now, he would fall at your feet. Let me call him in. Nellie!

*Fan.* But, mamma—

NELLIE enters, R. C.

*Mrs. T.* Ask Mr. Adrianse to come to the parlor. [*NEL. exits, R. 1 E.*]

*Fan.* But, mamma—

*Mrs. T.* There, compose yourself. He'll be here in a moment.

*Fan.* Not now, not now. I haven't seen him for two years. Perhaps I may not like him.

*Mrs. T.* You would be sorry for that? [*FAN. crosses, R, nods.*] After all, then, you do love him. [*Kisses her.*] There, let me go.

*Fan.* But, mamma—

*Mrs. T.* [*Going.*] No, darling, I leave you to your own happiness.

To ALFRED, who enters, C.

She is there.

*Alfred.* She will receive me, then?

*Mrs. T.* Have courage. I have no influence over her heart, perhaps some one else can find the way. [*Taps his cheek and exits, R. C.*]

*Fan.* [*Sits, R. C.*] He's there, and I'm afraid to look.

*Al.* Dear Fanny. [*Chair, C.*]

*Fan.* [*At table, R.*] The same voice.

*Al.* [*Aside.*] How lovely she is in that dress, her bridesmaid dress. [*Stands beside her chair; aloud.*] It is two years since we met, but it has not been my fault. [*Sits.*]

*Fan.* Has it been mine?



*Al.* No, it was not yours, it was my misfortune. I commenced to love you too soon.

*Fan.* Oh, you must have forgotten that.

*Al.* To-day proves I have not.

*Fan.* Two years make a great difference.

*Al.* [*Takes chair next her.*] True, it has increased my affection. I can't hide my feelings from you. Fanny, I loved you when a girl; as a woman, I love you still, deeply, devotedly. May I speak on?

*Fan.* Mamma has given you permission.

*Al.* Will you permit me?

*Fan.* Of course, I shall listen.

*Al.* Why are you so reserved? When you were a girl—

*Fan.* I don't remember half I did when I was a girl. Many foolish things, no doubt.

*Al.* You loved to hear me speak of my love, of our prospects.

*Fan.* That was all silly, was it not, for a little thing like me to do?

*Al.* It was Heaven for me! And then you remember you let me give you a ring, our engagement ring, we called it.

*Fan.* [*Laughing.*] Which I took off whenever I went home, and put on whenever I went out.

*Al.* [*Takes her hand.*] It's not here now.

*Fan.* I took it off when you went away, for good.

*Al.* Because you were resolved to forget me. [*Drops hand.*]

*Fan.* Well, it would have become too small. My fingers all had to grow, you know. It's a pity, isn't it, we get too big for all those things of girlhood, even for its love.

*Al.* No, the love can grow with us, as mine did. Don't tell me that yours is a thing of the past.

*Fan.* What can I tell you, when I've had no time to think?

*Al.* Do as I do—never think. Trust your happiness to me. I will leave mine in your hands.

*Fan.* And yet you hardly know me. [*Giving both hands.*]

*Al.* I am sure you are the one destined to make me happy. I never loved any one else. I went away hating everybody. I don't know why I came back, except to see you once more, and then leave New York forever. I thought once I had forgotten you, but now I feel that I can't be happy without you. I promise you'll never regret it. Do say yes.

*Fan.* And you choose to take all the consequences?

*Al.* Yes, because the consequences will be that I shall love you more and more. Don't delay longer, for until you say yes, I shall be miserable.

*Fan.* If you won't give me time to think.

*Al.* You'll have plenty of time to do that afterwards. Do say yes.

*Fan.* Well, then—

*Al.* Yes.

*Fan.* Yes! [*AL. kisses her hand impulsively.*]

MRS. TEN EYCK enters.

There's mamma.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* My darling!

*Al.* [*Presses Mrs. T.'s hand.*] At last I have her.

*Mrs. T.* [*To Fan.*] You have made me so happy, and him too.

*Fan.* And myself.

*Mrs. T.* [*Crosses to Fan.*] Don't be selfish, darling. That is enough happiness for one day. [*Exits, R. 1 E. FAN. turns as she goes. AL. runs, kisses her hand.*]

*Al.* This morning I was going to Corea, now I find myself in Heaven.

DUNCAN enters, C.

Harry, just the fellow I want to see. I'm to be married.

*Duncan.* Everybody gets married, and I can't. When is it going to be?

*Al.* Just as soon as my ardent appeal can make it. A week, if I can't do it sooner. And you shall marry us, my boy.

*Dun.* Just wait and see how I get through with this one to-day. It's all going out of my head. I know I'll drop the book.

*De Witt.* [*Outside.*] All right, I'll find them.

*Dun.* [*Gets L. corner.*] Here comes the unfortunate man whose fate is in my hands.

DE WITT entering, C.

*De Witt.* The happy hour approaches.

GRACE entering, R.,

*Grace.* [*To Dun.*] Not gone yet?

*Dun.* [*Watch in hand.*] I have fifteen minutes, and that will be just in time.

CAPTAIN enters C. from L.

*Captain.* Everybody ready? Ah! [*To De W.*] Nervous, old fellow? [*Drawing on gloves.*]

*De W.* No, sir, I'm not. [*CAPT. crosses to L. and up.*]

*MRS. TEN EYCK enters, C. R.*

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* Here we are at last.

*LU, C. R., followed by two bridesmaids and elderly groom.*

*Lu.* What are we waiting for, ma?

*Mrs. T.* For Fanny.

*Lu.* Why, she was ready an hour ago.

*Mrs. T.* Something has happened during the last hour.

*Lu.* Oh, Lord, she isn't sick! Not sick at the last moment, to spoil the whole thing.

*Mrs. T.* No, but within the hour Fanny's condition has changed. She has accepted Alfred Adrianse.

*Lu.* Oh, the darling. Where is she?

*FANNY enters, R. D. LU runs and embraces her.*

Oh, you dear, delightful little thing. I'm so glad. I won't be so lonely, if you are married too.

*De W.* [*L. corner.*] *Ahem!*

*Mrs. T.* [*L. of De W.*] She never thinks of what she says.

*Al.* [*R. of Fan.*] If this were only our wedding day. Have pity on me, and don't delay it.

*Capt.* [*Up c., at back.*] Now, Fanny, go to your groomsman. [*Comes down, c.*] Here I am, Miss Lu. [*They go up stage.*]

*Fan.* [*To Al., who is annoyed.*] Don't be jealous. I don't go to the altar with him for life, as I shall with you. [*FAN. goes to groomsman.*]

*Mrs. T.* Come, we shall be behind time.

*De W.* [*Offers arm to Mrs. T.*] I shall have the honor. [*All pair off. GRACE takes Al.'s arm.*]

*Grace.* Won't you take me?

*De W.* [*Last down stage.*] I'm the happiest man in the world.

*Mrs. T.* And I'm the happiest mother. [*MUSIC of wedding march. All off towards c.*]

*NELLIE enters, R. 1 E.*

*Nellie.* Oh, good luck to ye! [*Throws shoe as they exit*]

QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Country residence of Alfred Adrianse on Long Island. Grounds in front of the house, the portico and entrance to which is upon the R. of the scene; view of the Sound in the distance. The time is sunset deepening into evening. Three years have elapsed since the preceding act.*

FANNY and GRACE enter from the L. 1 E., as if from walk. FANNY carries her hat in her hand. GRACE wears hers.

Fanny. [R.] So now you have the whole thing.

Grace. [L.] I don't think it is so very serious. Your husband has merely expressed a wish that you should not encourage Captain Lynde's visits to your house; every husband might do the same thing. One would think that Lynde still looked upon you as an unmarried woman.

Fan. [Crosses to seat, R.] I suppose no one can control Captain Lynde's thoughts. It is time to interfere when I forget that I am a wife.

Grace. Oh, Fanny! Alfred didn't mean to hint at that.

Fan. [Seated, R.] He couldn't act worse if he did. What will people say if I begin to grow distant with such an old friend, and particularly such a good friend of mamma's.

Grace. Never mind what people say; you should think only of your husband. [Sits.]

Fan. You know nothing about it; you have not been a wife so many years, or you would rebel against the slavery to which women are subjected by a husband's caprice. Time alters opinions.

Grace. Well, you told me you had been perfectly happy while you were away traveling all over the world in your husband's yacht.

Fan. So I was—so we both were, and so I have been since our return home; but while I was innocently enjoying the society of all the old friends who come to visit us, this sudden fancy of Alfred's comes to destroy all.

Grace. [Looking off.] Hush! he's coming.

Fan. Alfred?

Grace. [Seriously.] No! [Rising.]

CAPTAIN *appears on veranda, smoking cigarette.*

Why does he leave everybody in the house to come out here.

*Fan.* [*Laughing.*] Why—because he prefers to take the air, I suppose.

*Grace.* Come with me to the library till Alfred returns.

*Fan.* [*Rising.*] Nonsense—I won't run away. I am not afraid.

*Captain.* [*From portico.*] I've been looking all over for you—for both of you. Grace, somebody's been calling you this half hour.

*Grace.* I'm going. [*To Fan.*] Don't stay here alone.

*Fan.* Grace, you are as bad as Alfred. [*Sits.*]

*Grace.* I am only prudent. [*Going.*]

*Capt.* [*Coming down.*] Sorry you have to go.

*Grace.* [*Pettishly.*] So am I. [*He gives a look at her, as she exits.*]

*Capt.* [*Throws away cigar.*] Thought she'd never go. [*Aloud.*] Been hunting you both all over the lawn.

*Fan.* Why?

*Capt.* Got a secret for you.

*Fan.* A secret—what is it?

*Capt.* Just come from your mother. She's in a flutter about your sister Lu. Something horrible just up, and she wanted your advice. Gave her mine, but, as usual, she didn't seem to think it first-rate.

*Fan.* If everybody knows it, it's not a very great secret.

*Capt.* Nobody knows it but she and I. We let you in as Number Three. I say, can't you make room for one more?

*Fan.* What, in the secret?

*Capt.* No, on that seat.

*Fan.* Oh, I'm tired, and want it all for myself. I learned all sorts of lazy habits abroad. There's a chair over there.

*Capt.* No, I'd rather lean over this and talk.

*Fan.* As you please.

*Capt.* [*Leaning over back of her seat.*] Lu's in a heap of trouble. Old De Witt is as bad as ever. [*She turns away with a shrug of unconcern.*] Don't that interest you?

*Fan.* [*Wearily.*] Oh, I've heard it so often.

*Capt.* Yes, they quarrel every day, perhaps every hour, when they're at home; but this is worse than anything yet. Rumpus must follow.

*Fan.* Lu is very foolish.

*Capt.* Can't say I think so; your mother don't. Look at this. [*Takes letter from his pocket.*]

*Fan.* A letter—from whom?

*Capt.* From your mother to a lawyer.

*Fan.* What folly is this. [*Takes it.*]

*Capt.* [*Gets away, L.*] Old story. When a husband and wife can't agree, they call in a lawyer to make it worse than ever.

*Fan.* But mother's lawyer is Mr. Remsen; this is addressed to Mr. Templeton Jitt.

*Capt.* Yes, new man. Different kind of business; Remsen, like a family physician, does very well for ordinary cases. When you want a legal surgeon, you call in Jitt; he's an amputator.

*Fan.* A what?

*Capt.* Cuts off members, figuratively speaking. Takes out a rib, that is, procures divorces.

*Fan.* [*Rising.*] Mother cannot be so imprudent. It is shocking. [*Crossing to L.*]

*Capt.* Ah! Don't talk so loud. Give me the letter.

*Fan.* What are you going to do with it?

*Capt.* Send it, of course.

*Fan.* Promise me not to do so until I have seen mamma.

*Capt.* I will wait for your orders. But mind, not a word of this to Adrianse.

*Fan.* And why not to Alfred?

*Capt.* Because, in the first place, I don't want anybody to think I'm mixed up in any quarrel between husband and wife, and, in the next place, because your mother desires it to be kept quiet.

*Fan.* But I have no secrets from my husband.

*Capt.* This is *not* YOUR secret; will you promise?

*Fan.* And suppose I do not?

*Capt.* Then I must obey orders, and mail it.

*Fan.* [*After hesitating a moment, gives back letter.*] I promise.

*Capt.* [*Takes her hand.*] Thanks, my dear Fanny.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* [*Outside.*] Never mind, I'll find her.

*Capt.* Your mother. I'll step one side until you speak with her. [*Goes up and off, R. U. E., bows.*]

MRS. TEN EYCK *entering from house.*

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* Ah! there you are.

*Fan.* Mamma, what is all this about Lu?

*Mrs. T.* Ask me, my love! Louise has actually gone and taken a step which I consider dreadful.

*Fan.* But it is you that wrote to the lawyer.

*Mrs. T.* [*Sits on seat, R.*] My dear, Louise had already written to him, asking him to call.



*Fan.* Are matters so bad, then, between Mr. De Witt and her?

*Mrs. T.* They have always been bad. She has had her own way in everything, and yet she is not satisfied; she says he is not attentive, that he neglects her!—She is jealous.

*Fan.* [*Smiles.*] What, of old Mr. De Witt?

*Mrs. T.* Well, my dear, these old men are only men after all. He was said to be a very gay widower.

*Fan.* And yet you allowed Lu to marry him.

*Mrs. T.* She had nothing to do with his life as a widower. We can't demand Sunday-school certificates from grown men, my dear, when they ask for our children. [*Crosses to L.*]

*Fan.* But surely since his marriage he has behaved properly.

*Mrs. T.* I believe Louise's suspicions are all fancy.

*Fan.* Who is this Mr. Jitt she has sent for?

*Mrs. T.* That is the most dreadful part of it, my love. He is some wretch who advertises in the papers to procure divorces without publicity. I thought I should have dropped when she told me. [*Sits, L.*]

*Fan.* Lu is disgracing herself. What is this letter which you have given to Edward?

*Mrs. T.* I wrote it as soon as I could get the man's address from your sister. "My child," said I, "you'll break my heart," but she didn't seem to care. I've written to tell the wretch not to come, that everything is settled.

*Fan.* That was right.

*Mrs. T.* As for Lu, I've told her I wouldn't permit any more talk of divorce between her and Mr. De Witt. She has no children, and in the event of a separation the court wouldn't allow her enough to live decently on. Then she became worse than ever.

*Fan.* [*Aside, smiling.*] I don't wonder.

*Mrs. T.* [*Rises.*] What did you say?

*Fan.* [*Smiling.*] You think of the practical results so much.

*Mrs. T.* [*Business tone.*] And who else is to think of them! I won't have her thrown back upon me with a pitiful two or three thousand a year, while that old wretch, her husband, dashes about like a bachelor with his half million of money. [*Crosses to R.*] It would all be different if she had a child, as you have; no, no, when it is proper to have a separation I will manage it. For the present they must be reconciled, although I admit old Mr. De Witt is not a very delightful creature to—

DE WITT enters, R. 2 E.

*Mrs. T.* Ah, my dear, dear child, where on earth have you been? [*Takes his arm. FAN. goes up into house.*]

*De Witt.* Been! I've been sulking.

*Mrs. T.* Sulking! Why, I wanted you to cheer me up. You have such a youthful flow of boyish spirits, that I quite look on you as my son.

*De W.* I'm afraid I'll have to be a very undutiful son, then, and run away.

*Mrs. T.* Where to?

*De W.* Home—New York. The fact is I don't seem to please Lu much when we're among strangers.

*Mrs. T.* Please her? And she doats on you.

*De W.* She won't notice me one moment, and then blows me up the next.

*Mrs. T.* It's her girlish nonsense. You wouldn't have her moping and poky like an old woman.

*De W.* No, I know she's a girl. But I've been married before, I know how wives ought to act. [*Crosses to L.*]

*Mrs. T.* I believe your first wife belonged to our generation, twenty years ago or so. Girls are different now-a-days, my dear De Witt. They have more of their own way.

*De W.* [*Gallantly, R. H.*] I wish they had more of their mother's way.

*Mrs. T.* [*Curtseys. Quickly.*] Thanks, but we must put up with them. You are so kind and indulgent.

*De W.* I thought I was, but she says I'm a brute. I'm too phlegmatic, too quiet, too—the fact is, I'm not young enough for her.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, De Witt! How can you! You'll tell me I'm an old woman next.

*De W.* I can't help it. Lu wants some young chap who will fall out, quarrel, cry, kiss, make it up, quarrel and forgive again ten times a day. I could when I was young. I can't now. I want rest. That makes her angry. Then she loves to be jealous.

*Mrs. T.* But she is not jealous.

*De W.* I know it, but she likes to think she is. It's her nature. If I gave her cause she'd be delighted—be miserably happy. As I don't, she frets. Now what am I to do?

*Mrs. T.* [*Sobbing.*] Do? Can you ask? Bear with her, poor child. In a few years she will lose all that. We get old soon enough. Let us have a little youth. [*Handkerchief to eyes.*]

*De W.* There, there, don't mind me.

*Mrs. T.* [*Same.*] Poor Lu, so young, so inexperienced.

*De W.* I'll make it up, Mrs. Ten Eyck. I won't go.

*Mrs. T.* Humor her little faults, De Witt.

*De W.* I will. I will.

*Mrs. T.* Let us find her, poor child. Come. [*About to take his arm.*]



FANNY enters from house.

*Mrs. T.* Ah, excuse me a moment. [*Aside to Fan.*] Fanny, my love, do you know if Edward has posted my letter to that lawyer.

*Fanny.* No, I stopped it, until I saw you.

*Mrs. T.* Quick, then, find him, he must catch the mail to-night.

*Fan.* [*Looking off, R. U. E.*] There's the captain now. [*Calls him.*] Captain!

*Mrs. T.* What nonsense. Call him Edward, nobody calls him captain, and you always—

*Fan.* But, mamma, since I'm married—

*Mrs. T.* Stuff, my dear, an old friend like him!

*Fan.* Oh, well. [*Calling.*] Edward! Edward!

*Mrs. T.* Run and meet him. Tell him to hasten to the post. [*FAN. runs off, R. U. E.*] Come, De Witt, let us find Lu, and begin your excellent system of forbearance. [*Exeunt in house.*]

*Fan.* [*Heard in distance.*] Edward! Edward!

ADRIANSE and DUNCAN enter, L. 1 E.

*Alfred.* You see?

*Duncan.* Yes, I see.

*Al.* He is here still. When I went to the city yesterday, I expressly said to her, I don't like that man, I don't like his familiarity with you. If you wish to oblige me, discourage his visits.

*Dun.* Well, that can't be done at once; you can't take a gentleman by the back of the neck and turn him out. She may be complying with your request, and doing it gradually.

*Al.* Does this look like it?—Calling him to her, calling him over and over again?

*Dun.* That was because he didn't hear her.

*Al.* [*Throws himself in seat*] But by his name—Edward, as if—

*Dun.* Well, it *is* his name—suppose it had been Patrick?

*Al.* How is he to be discouraged if she calls him back whenever he leaves her side.

*Dun.* [*Sits L. of AL.*] You forgot, her mother and old De Witt were here.

*Al.* Yes, and she left them to seek him alone. I tell you my wishes are not respected. She is my wife, and my will ought to be law, particularly when it concerns a man whose conduct might give rise to talk.

*Dun.* But I confess I don't see—you know he is an old friend of the family.

*Al.* What rights that gives him he may have. I ask him to the house when I ask her mother.

*Dun.* Oh, well, tell him to go.

*Al.* [*Rises, and walking to L.*] You talk like a child. How can I make myself a laughing stock, ordering a man to leave the house; he'd talk about me all over New York. It's my wife's business. Women know how.

*Dun.* [*R. on seat.*] But she don't encourage him.

*Al.* How absurd you are. Of course she don't. Do you think I'd live with her a day if she encouraged him? Thank heaven, I don't suspect my wife.

*Dun.* [*Rising.*] Then all is well.

*Al.* All is not well, while I am annoyed by that man coming between her and me.

*FANNY entering from house.*

*Fanny.* My dear Alfred. [*Runs to him.*]

*Al.* [*Coldly.*] Well, Fanny. [*She looks at him a moment, then draws back her hand, which was on his shoulder. AL. walks up and down, L.*]

*Fan.* Grace and I were looking for you both long ago. The train has been in this half hour. Where have you been, Harry?

*Dun.* We walked up, instead of driving. I called at Messerroles for the things. You will have quite a party to-night for baby's birthday. Where's Grace? [*She motions towards house.*] I must run off to find her. [*Aside, crosses to Al.*] Do be good now—you noticed she called me by my Christian name, too. [*FAN. goes up to L.*]

*Al.* [*Crossing to seat, R.*] You are an old friend of mine.

*Dun.* And Lynde is an old friend of hers. Do be decent now, make it up for the sake of your guests to-night. [*Exits into house, R.*]

*Al.* [*By seat.*] Why do you stand over there?

*Fan.* [*Advancing to L.*] You hardly noticed me when I spoke to you. I suppose you feel towards me as you did when you left me yesterday morning.

*Al.* [*Rises, advances to her.*] As I live, Fanny, I came back to-day resolved to show you that I loved you more than ever, but expecting to find my wishes complied with.

*Fan.* I have done all that lay in my power.

*Al.* How can that be, when I heard you calling that man; and you have just left him.

*Fan.* I have not just left him, I could not find him.

*Al.* Why did you go to seek him?

*Fan.* Because he—I cannot tell you.

*Al.* You cannot tell me. Take care, Fanny, you are touching dangerous grounds.

*Fan.* Not at all. I promised to keep his secret, that is all.

*Al.* His secret? So, then, there are secrets between you; up to this time I considered you blameless.

*Fan.* [*Indignantly.*] Have a care in your turn. You have not gone as far as that yet.

*Al.* I will have nothing more between you and that man. You shall not see him again, do you hear?

*Fan.* Yes, I hear you, Alfred. [*Sits, L.*]

*Al.* You are perilling your own reputation by such conduct.

*Fan.* [*In seat, L. H.*] Go on. [*Tremulously.*] Let me hear the worst you think of me.

*Al.* You are destroying my happiness and you will ruin your own.

*Fan.* [*Rises.*] You have destroyed my happiness by your passionate caprices. Do you know what your words mean? If I am fit to be told that I must not see any man living, I am not fit to be any man's wife.

*Al.* [*Up and down stage.*] I have the right to regulate your conduct to other men.

*Fan.* I do not care what you do. I am willing you should send every one out of the house.

*Al.* [*Stage, R.*] It rests with you to discourage the man.

*Fan.* I will do nothing more. I care no more for him than for any other old friend of my childhood. I am conscious of no guilt, and I suspect nobody's motives. If he comes here I will treat him decently. If you drive him away and we chance to meet, I shall treat him as I always do.

*Enter CAPTAIN, R. U. E., hurriedly.*

*Captain.* [*Comes down c.*] Ah! Fanny, heard you'd been looking for me. [*Sees Al.*] How are you old fel— [*Holds out his hand, AL. takes it reluctantly.*]

*Fan.* [*Crosses L. to Al.*] Make some excuse to take me away. Give me your arm. [*CAPT. eyes them with glass.*]

*Al.* I'm not going to run away as if I were afraid of him.

*Capt.* I wanted to see you myself, about—you know; getting late you know, the letter—[*She takes no notice.*]

*Al.* Do you wish to disgrace us? Look at the way he stares at us, as if he was about to laugh in my face.

*Fan.* I thought you wished me to offend him.

*Capt.* [*Advancing.*] When will you talk over that little matter, Fanny?

*Al.* [*Crosses to him.*] If you like to wait in the house, we'll soon be in.

*Capt.* [*Crosses c. and up.*] Thanks, there's some hurry, you know. I can drive down to the post though, if time presses. [*Lights cigarette and exits into house. FAN. takes stage c.*]

*Al.* [*Advancing to her.*] You have told him pretty much all he wants to know by your conduct.

*Fan.* What am I to do to please you? I can bear this no more. [*Going up R.*] He shall leave here to-night. I will make him go.

*Al.* I will have no vulgar scenes. If you are anxious to go to him about your secret, go! but make up no farce with him about his expulsion on account of my jealousy.

*Fan.* When you are calm again you will recall that. For the present my course is fixed. [*Exits, R. 2 D.*]

*Al.* [*As she is going.*] What course is that? [*As she exits without replying, throws himself in seat, R., buries his head in his hands.*] There is a curse hangs over marriage after all. For all these years we seemed to agree in everything. I was as happy as my fondest dream, but this miserable little question of my right to advise and guide her separates us in a moment. [*Rises, savagely.*] Curse the scoundrel, I wish he'd never been born. [*Sits R.*]

JITT enters, L. U. E.

*Jitt.* Hem! excuse me, sir, is this Mr. Adrianse's place?

*Al.* Yes.

*Jit.* Mrs. De Witt on a visit here at present?

*Al.* She is.

*Jit.* Hem, I should like to see her.

*Al.* [*Turns away.*] Give your card to the servant.

*Jit.* Well, I've hardly got the sort of card to go up into a parlor with. Nothing but my business pasteboard. [*Produces one.*] "Templeton Jitt, Attorney and Counsellor-at-law, Proctor in Admiralty, Commissioner for all the States. Divorces procured without publicity." Hardly the sort of bombshell to throw into a host's parlor that, eh?

*Al.* [*Quickly, R.*] You are a lawyer?

*Jit.* Yes, and wanted particularly quick too, I should reckon, by the summons. Do you happen to know the lady?

*Al.* Mrs. De Witt, yes. Did she send for you?

*Jit.* Oh, things must be in a precious state. Is she regularly hurt bad?

*Al.* Hurt bad?

*Jit.* Black and blue—all over bruises—cruel treatment, you know! also more serious crimes against the matrimonial laws.

*Al.* [*Turns away.*] I don't comprehend. I'll call my wife.

*Jit.* Bless me. I hope you are not the husband. What a puddle I have got into.

*Al.* [*Returning.*] What husband?

*Jit.* De Witt.

*Al.* Mr. and Mrs. De Witt are guests of mine. They are in the house at this moment.

*Jit.* You don't mean to say they've made up again? That is too shabby. After bringing me all the way here.

*Al.* [*Calls.*] Richard!

*Jit.* Eh! He's calling the servants. I wonder if he means anything summary.

RICHARD enters, R. 2 E., from house.

*Richard.* Yes, sir!

*Al.* Show this gentleman into the library, and take his card to Mrs. De Witt.

*Rich.* Yes, sir. This way, sir!

*Jit.* [*Crosses to c.*] A thousand times obliged. Have a card, sir? Happy to return politeness by anything in my way. [*Offers card. AL. takes it and throws it on seat, R.*] He may be good for a fee some time or other. Lead on, Richard.

*Rich.* This way, sir!

*Jit.* All right. I always follow precedents. [*Exeunt, R. 2 E. MUSIC of waltz is heard in house. AL. comes slowly to seat, R., picks up card.*]

*Al.* So, then, domestic trouble begins to eat its way into all our houses.

MR. and MRS. KEMP appear, L. U. E.

*Mrs. Kemp.* [*R.*] Not a soul to receive us, I do declare.

*Al.* [*Rises, and puts card thoughtlessly into his pocket.*] Why, yes. I'm here, aunt Kemp. How do you do, and you, uncle

*Syl.* [*Crosses to c.*] I was half afraid you wouldn't come.

*Mrs. K.* We never miss anything in this way, you know.

*Kemp.* We have lived so long in the country that we should be dead and buried if we didn't keep up our visiting, you know. There's the music. Waltzing, eh? I must see to that. I'll go right in. [*Going gaily.*]



Mrs. K. Wait a bit, father.

Kemp. [*Coming back gaily.*] All right, Susie, just as you say.

Mrs. K. Who's here? [*Old man continues dancing to the music quietly.*]

Al. Not many yet, it's early. You are the first from Hempstead way.

Mrs. K. I mean stopping with you?

Al. Fanny's mother, De Witt, and his wife.

Mrs. K. And Neddie Lynde, as I live. I see him through the glass there. It is he, isn't it?

Al. Yes!

Kemp. [*Near window.*] I see you. [*Shakes his finger. Chorus of girls inside.*]

Omnes. Oh, if it isn't Mr. Kemp, I declare. Did you ever?

Kemp. Aha, I'm with you. See here, Susie, you can spare me, just a minute. There's a kiss till you come. [*Going.*] Aha, you rogues, look at this. [*Chorus of girlish laughter at his exit. MUSIC stops.*]

Mrs. K. Father's as wild as ever, ha! ha! How on earth did you come to know Neddy Lynde? Did he visit Clara's when you were there?

Al. Yes, constantly.

Mrs. K. Not married yet, I suppose.

Al. [*R., gloomily.*] I suppose not.

Mrs. K. You don't like him—neither do I; but I have my reasons, and you have not. He's a fool.

Al. A very dangerous one, I believe.

Mrs. K. It's not the danger in the man, it's the effect he produces. He never got a woman to fall in love with him yet, but he can ruin her good name in a week by making everybody believe she has—and all through his familiar ways.

Al. Dear Aunt, I only wish Fanny could hear you; she refuses to believe anything against Lynde.

Mrs. K. I hope you havn't said anything to her against him; that's not the way, you foolish boy, to make a woman dislike a man. [*MUSIC.*]

Al. No.

Mrs. K. No. Has he been worrying you?

Al. I don't want to say anything to make you think Fanny—

Mrs. K. And I wouldn't think Fanny—if you did; she's a blessed good girl. The best I ever saw. I'll talk to her. [*Turns to R.*]

Al. You've taken a load off my mind.

Mrs. K. [*Laughs.*] I hope I havn't put the load all on my

own shoulders. However, I guess I know how matters are, and I'll drop a word in Fanny's ear if I can.

KEMP runs in from window.

Kemp. I say, Susie.

Mrs. K. Did you ever hear a name sound so funny for an old woman? Well, father, what is it?

Kemp. I want you to dance.

Mrs. K. With whom?

Kemp. With me, of course. I wouldn't let anyone else. When I get old, you can dance with all the young fellows you like. Come along, quick, they are going to begin. [*Runs in, R. 2 E.*]

Al. Take my arm.

Mrs. K. Nonsense. I can run faster than you can; let me try—oh! Well. [*Laughs, takes his arm; they go in together. Stop MUSIC.*]

JITT and LU enter from R. U. E.

Lu. We can talk here better than in the library; no one will overhear us. [*Goes to garden bench.*]

Jitt. [*L.*] As you please; but it is hardly the place for a consultation. Nature is all very well, but it has a depressing effect on law.

Lu. Oh, rubbish! Sit down.

Jit. Ah, excuse me. [*Goes L., blows a little whistle, and is answered.*]

Lu. Mercy on me! What's that?

Jit. That's—that's only Burritt; the regular thing, ma'am. Burritt is a private detective, invaluable in these matters.

BURRITT enters, L. U. E.

Burritt. All right, sir. Here I am—handy.

Jit. [*To Lu.*] I think you said that old gent with the white hair was your husband. [*Points through window, R.*]

Lu. [*In maze.*] Yes, but—

Jit. Excuse me. Burritt, look at that gentleman standing by the window. [*Taking him up stage, and points to window.*]

Bur. I see him easy enough.

Jit. Mark him, then. [*BUR. watches window.*]

Lu. What is all this? What do I want with a detective?

Jit. We shall see, ma'am, we shall see.

*Lu.* [*Sits on bench, R.*] But I insist upon your sending that dirty man away.

*Bur.* [*Advancing, L.*] All regular, ma'am, I assure you. Everybody has us.

*Lu.* But I don't want to have anything to do with detectives.

*Jit.* Never engaged in this sort of thing before, then? Never been divorced, eh?

*Lu.* Why, I've only been married three years.

*Jit.* Very fortunate lady, ma'am, The way things go now-a-days, a very long period of connubial felicity. But to judge by your letter, your time's come at last. [*Sits, L. C.*]

*Lu.* I'm a perfectly wretched woman. [*Sits, R.*]

*Jit.* Let's come to the point, then. [*Draws chair near c., BUR. stands beside him.*] You talk, I'll listen. Don't be afraid to speak. To begin, you want to get a divorce from your husband. What's your ground? [*BUR. gets out his note-book and pencil.*]

*Lu.* What's my ground?

*Jit.* Yes—your legal grounds.

*Lu.* Why, I leave all the legal grounds to you. You are a lawyer.

*Jit.* Ah, I see; I'm to work up the case. [*Styly.*]

*Lu.* You are to do whatever lawyers do, I suppose.

*Jit.* The old style of thing; eh, Burritt?

*Bur.* Old game, sir. She's a deep one. It's my opinion, she's been there before.

*Jit.* You must give us some clue, ma'am. Your husband is pretty gay, eh?

*Lu.* Not a bit of it.

*Jit.* But he goes out—you don't know where?

*Lu.* No, he doesn't.

*Jit.* Whom do you suspect. Got your note-book, Burritt?

*Bur.* I'm there!

*Lu.* Suspect of what?

*Jit.* Why—hem—what—particular lady?

*Lu.* Why, you vulgar creature, what do I know about such things?

*Jit.* Then it is a case of cruelty.

*Lu.* Yes.

*Jit.* Inhuman conduct. Unsafe and dangerous to live with him; mere separation. Revised Statutes—Part Second, Chapter 8, Article 4. And nothing else?

*Lu.* What! Isn't that enough? No.

*Jit.* [*Disappointed.*] Oh!

*Bur.* [*Shuts up book.*] Ah! [*Disgusted.*]

*Jit.* Poor stuff—eh, Burritt?



*Bur.* Very common, sir.

*Jit.* You can't get a Divorce in full for that, you know. You only get a Separation.

*Lu.* Well, that'll do—anything.

*Jit.* But, then, you can't marry again.

*Lu.* Who said I wanted to be married again? I wouldn't be married again for anything; once is a dose.

*Jit.* Ah!

*Bur.* [*Long whistle.*] Oh! [*Puts up note-book.*]

*Jit.* Odd case, this, Burritt.

*Bur.* Most remarkable, sir.

*Lu.* What astonishes you so much?

*Jit.* Well, hem, I've procured about a thousand divorces in my time, and you are the first lady who didn't want one in order to marry somebody else.

*Lu.* The horrid things. All I want is to be independent, to live as I please, and to have a liberal allowance; he must give me a liberal allowance, mustn't he?

*Jit.* What's he worth?

*Lu.* [*Carelessly, as she rises.*] Half a million. [*BUR. opens book again.*]

*Jit.* [*Rises.*] Half a million?—whew—this is out of the common run. [*Aside.*] Five thousand dollars fee at least. [*Aloud.*] You are a lucky woman. He shall pay you—let me see. Burritt, what do you say?

*Bur.* Ten thousand a year would sound tidy.

*Lu.* That would do very well, indeed. [*Rises.*]

*Jit.* With your appearance, ma'am, I think I could guarantee more; if you'll only come into court, I think I could make it fifteen. What a—a splendid figure, Burritt, to fling at a jury, eh?

*Bur.* Lovely, sir, perfectly irresistible.

*Lu.* No, I won't have anything to do with it.

*Jit.* All legal, ma'am—quite legal.

*Lu.* And remember, Mr. De Witt is not to know anything of this till it's all done.

*Jit.* Eh? [*Looks at Bur., who scratches his head.*] We have to give him notice, serve him with a summons, as we call it.

*Lu.* But I don't want him to know anything until I get the divorce; he'd tell ma, and she'd stop it.

*Jit.* Can't be done, ma'am.

*Bur.* [*L.*] It used to be did, but that's all over now. Courts too stricts—States Prison—no go.

*Lu.* [*R.*] But you said in your advertisement that you would procure divorces without publicity.

*Jit.* [c.] I meant without getting it in the papers, without having it come before a court and jury. We get it done by a referee.

*Lu.* What's that? Some kind of a machine?

*Jit.* Yes'm. A machine referee.

*Bur.* A referee machine.

*Lu.* And it's as good that way, as the other way.

*Bur.* Oh! Copper-bottomed—A 1.

*Jit.* [*Sits, L.*] And now, if you'll give me the points of the cruelties. Tell me what he does. Get your notes ready, Burritt.

*Bur.* Here we are, sir.

*Lu.* [*Sits, R.*] He's perfectly outrageous, he finds fault with my extravagance—says my dressmaker's bills are too high, and that my appetite for jewelry will ruin him. A month ago we had a quarrel, and he didn't come home to dinner—in fact, he didn't come home till one o'clock—I locked myself in my room, and when I refused to let him in, he abused me through the key-hole.

*Jit.* It's heartrending. What did he call you? [*Clutches Bur.'s hand—he leans forward.*]

*Lu.* He said I was a Goose. [*Both disappointed.*] Then all the next week I refused to speak to him, and he sat back and laughed at me; then when I wouldn't relent, he went out of town, and stayed two days. But I revenged myself; I went to every store I knew of, and bought everything I could think of, and when he came back I showed him the bills, and he laughed at me, and said he'd keep the amount out of my allowance, and he has exasperated me every day since, to the last degree of frenzy, by keeping as cool as ice, while I was boiling over. At last, my patience gave way, and I told him I would leave him, and wrote to you.

*Jit.* Is that all?

*Lu.* All! isn't that enough?

*Jit.* Come, now—try and remember—didn't he fly into a passion?

*Lu.* Never. That's what makes me so mad.

*Jit.* But he did call you several opprobrious epithets?

*Lu.* Yes, he called me a goose repeatedly.

*Jit.* But he prefixed some qualifying adjective, eh? He was profane, eh?—come, now. What kind of a goose did he call you?

*Lu.* Nothing. Just plain goose.

*Jit.* [*Eyeing her, then reflectively.*] Plain goose—well, put it down, Burritt.

*Bur.* Down she goes, sir. Plain goose.

*Jit.* And he never used any violence?

*Lu.* [*Starts up with tone of implied threat.*] I'd like to see him!

*Jit.* Never locked you up?

*Lu.* No, indeed—he couldn't.

*Jit.* Never prevented your family visiting you?

*Lu.* He wouldn't dare to. [*Goes up.*]

*Jit.* Burrirt, this is a very weak case.

*Bur.* It's a fraud, sir, that's my view of it.

*Jit.* The Court would throw the papers at our heads.

*Bur.* Oh, it wouldn't do, nowadays.

*Jit.* I regret to say, Mrs. De Witt, that you have no case; you couldn't get a decree of divorce for that, any more than you could get a paper of tacks.

*Lu.* [*Stage R. and back.*] You mean to say that I have no redress for my husband's cruel conduct?

*Jit.* [*Still seated.*] I mean to say that the law don't see it.

*Lu.* But I will. [*Hits his hat with her fan. BUR. takes note of damages.*] Have a separation—I will—I will. I won't be abused in this way all my life. Is there no other way?

*Jit.* [*Rises.*] I'll think it over. Eh, Burrirt?

*Bur.* Yes, sir, we'll give it our consideration.

*Jit.* [*Hat behind him.*] Where can I see you in two or three days?

*Lu.* We return home to New York, to-morrow. Come into the library, and I'll give you the address.

*Jit.* You are very good. I'll put my mind on it.

*Lu.* Come this way, so as not to be seen. It wouldn't do to take your friend through the parlors, he isn't just the figure for a quadrille. [*Exits, R. 1 E.*]

*Jit.* Coming, Burrirt?

*Bur.* Thankee, no. I'll wait about here—too hot in the house. [*JIT. exits, R. 2 E.*] There's no knowing what odd plants I might come across here. [*Lights his pipe and goes off, R. U. E., observing*]

FANNY and CAPTAIN, who enter, R. 2 E., followed by MRS. TEN EYCK.

*Captain.* There's no use talking further, my dear Fanny. I might as well go now as any time; he won't treat me any better if I stay.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* I never heard of such conduct. Edward has always been so kind, so brotherly.

*Capt.* Well, you know, I can't help it if he's jealous. So it's best for me to go. I'll do whatever you say, though.

*Fanny.* And I insist upon your remaining.

*Mrs. T.* Fanny, would you have Edward exposed to daily annoyance, such as he has just submitted to? [*Crosses to her.*]

*Fan.* [*Seated, L.*] I would have no publicity about our domestic concerns. If Edward goes away suddenly, talk will be made, questions will be asked, and you know, however innocent she may be, blame will fall upon the wife.

*Mrs. T.* Well, then, perhaps Edward had better stay—at least for a while.

*Capt.* No, I'm only in the way, I'm only an object of suspicion to your husband; I'd better go. Good-bye, Fanny, don't begin to think, as your husband does, that I'm to blame for all the—

*Fan.* You are to blame for nothing. Won't you remain for my sake?

*Capt.* I am going for your sake. All will blow over when I'm out of the way. I should like to hear that you are happy; you might just drop me a word, just a line, to say: "All's well!" I should be so glad of that.

*Fan.* [*Crosses to Mrs. T.*] I will tell mother all—she is my confidant; you can ask her.

*Capt.* [*Going up, L.*] Thanks for so much, then. Good-bye. [*Going up.*]

*Mrs. T.* See Edward to the gate, Fanny.

*Fan.* I'm going to, mamma.

*Mrs. T.* You can come in by the back way; I'll watch for you.

*Fan.* I will return this way; I'm not afraid that anything I do should be known to all the world. [*Exits, L. U. E., taking Capt.'s arm.*]

*Mrs. T.* I will be home to-morrow, Edward; come and see me as soon as I get there. [*Towards house.*] I'd better go as soon as I can in my turn, for after he's sent all his wife's old friends out of the house, he'll show her mother the door.

ALFRED enters from house.

*Alfred.* Where is Fanny?

*Mrs. T.* Fanny—why, didn't you leave her in the house?

*Al.* She left me to come out here.

*Mrs. T.* Well, you must watch her for yourself. When my daughters marry, I can't do that duty for their husbands. [*Crosses, R., up stage.*]

*Al.* There is no occasion for bitterness. I'm not a very brutal husband yet.

*Mrs. T.* Don't tell me that, Mr. Adrianse, after you have

driven one of your wife's and one of *my* best and truest friends from your house to-night by your cruel jealousy.

*Al.* [*Pleased.*] What—is he gone?

*Mrs. T.* Yes, he *is* gone, and let me tell you that, if you particularly value your character as a gentleman, you will have it pretty severely tested by society in a very short time. [*Exits into house.*]

*Al.* Gone—that is some comfort at least. But I shall have the whole exposure that I dreaded unless I prevent it.

BURRITT comes from behind house, going L.

It's foolish to hesitate now, and beat about the bush. I'll see him myself, and make him understand. [*Sees Bur.*] Here, my man, whose servant are you? Do you know Captain Lynde?

*Burritt.* [*Keenly.*] Captain Lynde? Is that the one they call Edward? [*AL. turns away, as if biting his lips.*] I heard the ladies call him Edward. He's gone down to the gate with the one they call Fanny. Precious sweet on him, she is, too, I should judge.

*Al.* [*Seizes him violently.*] You scoundrel!

*Bur.* Now, don't, sir; you'll only shake yourself to pieces that way. If I've offended you, I beg your pardon. I may have seen too much; but that's our business. I'm a detective.

*Al.* A detective? What brought you here?

*Bur.* Mr. Jitt, he brought me.

*Al.* Hark you, then, my man, the less you see, and the less you say about what you see, the more it will be worth to you. [*Gives money.*] Go!

*Bur.* [*Touches hat.*] All right, sir. [*Aside, as he goes off.*] I guess he's the one they call Alfred. [*Exits, L. 1 E.*]

*Al.* [*Looking off, L.*] It was that way they went. If I dared to follow—perhaps I should know the worst—know whether my wife—[*Turns towards house.*]

MRS. KEMP enters, R. 2 E.

*Mrs. Kemp.* Talking of Fanny? Where is she? I saw her slip out after Neddie, and I thought it a good chance to catch them together and give them a little good advice.

*Al.* I'm afraid that's useless now; the man has concluded to go at last, and my wife is taking what, I suppose, may be called an affectionate farewell. [*Bitterly.*]

*Mrs. K.* Nonsense! What has happened to you? There, go along, I hear her coming; go in, I tell you. [*Pushes him into house.*]



FANNY and KITTY CROSBIE enter, L. U. E.

*Kitty.* [L.] How odd to meet you down there. Do you know, George never got home at all, and I was afraid I couldn't come, but I drove over myself. Won't I pay him off for that, though.

*Mrs. K.* Very bad language, young woman.

*Kitty.* Lord, if it isn't Cousin Kemp. Why, Cousin Kemp, how are you? [*Crosses and kisses her.*]

*Mrs. K.* About as well as you flighty things will let me be with your new ideas about the management of husbands.

*Kitty.* Well, I don't trouble myself about managing mine, I let him manage himself. Only married a year and a half and quite independent of every restriction. Have my own company, my own flirtations, in short, quite my own way.

*Fan.* And George?

*Kitty.* Oh, he has what he wants—his own way. I make it a point of advising all the girls I know to do as I do when they get married: have your own way; if you stop to think what will please your husband, you'll live in hot water all your life.

*Fan.* You are not very wrong. It's best to give up the task at once; a wife never does the right thing.

*Kitty.* And if she does it's either too late or too soon, or the wrong way, or not done well. It's impossible to meet a husband's whims; my rule cures him; I never mind his wishes, and he soon gives up wishing.

*Mrs. K.* [*Seated, R.*] Well, I've lived forty years with my husband.

*Kitty.* Lord, how did you manage it?

*Mrs. K.* [*Rises.*] We tried to bear with each other's failings. If he was jealous, I was circumspect. If I was jealous, he was devoted; instead of abusing each other, we tried to remedy the trouble, and so we've lived to this time without a quarrel.

*Kitty.* Oh, mercy! a sermon. [*Crossing to window.*] I never listen to one.

*Mrs. K.* You don't—why not?

*Kitty.* [*Laughs.*] It might change my views, and I'm too well satisfied to risk that. Come, Fanny. [*Exits, R. 2 E.*]

*Mrs. K.* [*Stopping her.*] One moment, my love. Eddy Lynde has gone away, and you are not friends with your husband.

*Fan.* Who told you that?

*Mrs. K.* He did!

*Fan.* Does he begin to publish our quarrel? I can spread the news as well as he. [*Crossing to R.*]

*Mrs. K.* [*Takes her hand as she crosses.*] He only wanted me to advise you.



*Fan.* Advise me to do what? I have already done everything he wishes.

*Mrs. K.* But things are worse than ever!

*Fan.* That is his fault.

*Mrs. K.* You have not implicitly obeyed his wishes.

*Fan.* Don't use that word to me, I can't bear it.

*Mrs. K.* Why, my dear, it's the duty of a true wife.

*Fan.* Right or wrong?

*Mrs. K.* Right or wrong.

*Fan.* This is your doctrine?

*Mrs. K.* I have lived by it forty years.

*Fan.* Then listen to mine. Just so far as it is right I will obey his wishes. If I am in doubt, I will give him the benefit of that doubt and still comply,

*ALFRED appears, MRS. K. motions him back.*

but if he outrages my feelings, insults my friends and suspects my honor, I will resent it with all my power to the day of my death. [*Crosses to L. MUSIC tremolo till end.*]

*Alfred.* [*Advancing.*] That is your determination?

*Mrs. K.* [*Crossing c. between them.*] Hush, both of you. [*To Al.*] This was not for your ears.

*Enter MRS. TEN EYCK, R. 2 E.*

*Fan.* It might as well be spoken out. I take nothing back. [*Goes to Mrs. T.*]

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* [*L. c.*] My poor child. [*Embracing her.*]

*Al.* You forget that I have some rights. Among them— [*Crosses to c. R.*] I am master of my own house. This quarrel is between my own wife and me; we will settle it without interference. You must take my views of her duties, or you must leave the house. [*To Mrs. T.*]

*Mrs. T.* I told you. It's my turn now to go. I can overtake Edward. [*Going, L. U. E.*]

*Fan.* Mother, stay where you are. [*Crosses to Al.*] Will you apologize for this insult to my mother?

*Al.* [*Crossing to R.*] No!

*Fan.* [*Taking her mother's hand.*] Then we will go together.

*AL. takes stage to R. H., with a wave of the hand signifying: "Do as you please." MRS. K. makes a step to interfere, she is waved off, she turns to console Al.*

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE.—*The interior at Hyde Parke. At R. C. a large arch, through which is seen a chamber, bed partly visible; window near it in flat, L. C., doors through which the woody country is seen. Doors R. and L. MUSIC.—MOLLY is discovered dressing ALFRED, a child about 2½ years old. JIM, dressed as a tiger, is looking on.*

*Molly.* Now do let me put the things on ye, Master Alfred, it's the provoking time I have with you anytime, but when ye're going out, shure you've no match for contrariness.

*Jim.* It's all the want of paternal correction, Molly. If he had a father to welt him, he'd precious soon stop his pranks.

*Mol.* Shure, it's a thousand pities the father and mother couldn't agree. It's a warnin' to us young girls.

*Jim.* Not if you havn't got the vicious propensities of the aristocracy. Poor people can't afford to separate.

*Mol.* Thru for ye, it's only the rich folks ken indulge in such luxuries; we have to live together for economy.

*Jim.* Look at Bonyparte and Josephine, how they separated, it's a foreign and disgraceful practice.

*Mol.* Shure, but it's slander we're talking, though; sure the master hasn't separated from the missus.

*Jim.* Well, what's the difference; she's been down here three months, and he's never come near her. Do you suppose a square man would act like that? Do you suppose, if I was married, I would?

*Mol.* I suppose it all depinds on the woman you were married to.

*Jim.* That's so, Molly, and it depends on a young woman what I has in my eye now.

*Mol.* Ah! Don't be looking at me that way, you decaiver. Let me dress the child for ye to take out. Put your hands away, will ye?

*Jim.* All right, hurry him up. He's becoming an object of curiosity to the neighborhood already; the baby without a father, as they call him.

*Mol.* Who called him that?

*Jim.* Why, I got the word from a strange looking fellow that's been talking with us down at the stable.

*Mol.* A stranger, is it? An' what's he got to say about Master Alfred?

*Jim.* Why, no later than day before yesterday, there was a sort of chunky chap, with short hair, a cross between a farmer and a horse-jockey, who came over to the stable, and says he to me—

BURRITT, *who has appeared at C. D., from L., and overheard the last words.*

*Burritt.* Good morning!

*Jim.* [*Startled.*] Eh!

*Mol.* [*Frightened.*] Merciful gracious presarve us—who's that?

*Bur.* I said good afternoon!

*Jim.* [*Aside to Mol.*] That's him.

*Mol.* Who—who do you want to see, if you please?

*Bur.* Oh, nobody, I was only passing—

*Mol.* Thin pass on, if ye plaze.

*Bur.* Time enough. Folks in?

*Mol.* Yis, sir, the folks is in. If ye've no business here you'd better go on; if you don't, shure I'll call the master.

*Jim.* Yes, and if he can't settle you, I'll lend a hand.

*Bur.* Don't come too near me, bobby, or I'll blow you away. Pretty child, that. Looks like his father. Come here, bubby!

*Child.* [*Clings to Mol.*] No!

*Bur.* Don't be afraid of me, sonny, I'm a friend.

*Mol.* None of your decait now.

*Bur.* I'm a friend of his mother's, I tell you; look at this. [*Shows letters.*] A little note for the lady herself—Mrs. Adriansse.

*Mol.* Shure, so it is.

*Bur.* Didn't I tell you I was a friend.

*Jim.* [*R. C., to Mol.*] Don't believe him. [*To Bur.*] Where'd you get it?

*Bur.* I won't tell you, I'll tell the pretty girl there; you've no business with the lady's secrets, but I guess the girl knows 'em. Let the girl alone for that.

*Mol.* Jimmy, just stand forinist the dure. Don't go far.

*Jim.* I won't. There's no telling when I may be wanted. I'll be handy. [*Goes up to door, L. C.*]

*Bur.* [*Gets close to her, affecting mystery.*] This here's from Capt. Lynde.

*Mol.* Shure he's the foine gintleman.

*Bur.* Tip-top fellow; the ladies all love him, don't they?

*Mol.* He has such a way wid him. Shure they couldn't help it.

*Bur.* Now you see, he gives me this letter, and he says, "See the pretty girl, and give it to her to give her mistress."

*Mol.* So I will. Jimmy, take the child.

*Bur.* Where's he going?

*Mol.* Out for a drive.

*Bur.* With his mother?

*Mol.* No, with Jimmy and and the coachman. Take him along, Jim.

*Jim.* [c.] All right, Master Alfred. Come along, my hearty. [*Aside to Mol.*] I say, keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut, with that fellow. I don't like him. [*Carries the child out on his shoulders, L. C.*]

*Bur.* [*Calling after him.*] Take precious care of him, Jimmy—how I loves the pet—I'm fond of children myself. [*To Mol.*] I say, if I was you, I wouldn't let Mrs. Ten Eyck or Mrs. De Witt see you give this letter to your missus. I guess it's pretty private and all that. I say, how is the Duchess, as they call her. You see I know the whole family. All pretty mad at Adrianse, ain't they—he was a bad fellow, wasn't he—they call him pretty hard names, now, I dare say, eh?

*Mol.* I don't listen at doors, and I can't say. If you know so much, you can't want any stories from me; give me the letter. [*Going, R.*] Shure, is there an answer?

*Bur.* Yes—I'll wait for it. [*MOL. runs off, R. door, he looks after her, then takes out note-book.*] Now for my wady megum. Plan successful—saw the Captain—pretended to be general errand porter—bait took—hired me for confidential messenger—promised me fifty dollars—paid fifty cents down—first service, gave me letter to carry to Mrs. Adrianse, I did so—looked through it with my double microscope investigator, found it to be a request for leave to call and tender his consolation—commenced "Dear Fanny," and ended: "Your affectionate friend, Edward." There. [*Closes book and rises.*] Now for my personal observations. Front door opening on garden—bolt lock—small bed—large bed—little shoes—little hat—nurse and child's room. [*Comes forward.*] Good enough.

*Jitt.* [*From room, L. 2 E.*] That's it. That's it, exactly.

*Bur.* What's that? Blessed if it ain't Jitt's voice. I hope he ain't on the other side. It would go agin me to circumvent him. [*Sneaks up back.*]

*LU enters, L. D. 2 E.*

*Lu.* Here's the room, sir, you can look at it.

JITT enters, L. D. 2 E.

*Jitt.* Just about the size, not too much furniture, therefore not too dangerous for the experiment.

*Lu.* [*Sees Bur.*] Why there's your dirty man, again.

*Jit.* Eh? why, Burritt!

*Lu.* What did he come for? I told you in my letter I only wanted *you*.

*Jit.* [*Aside.*] Hem! What does he want? [*BUR. signs to him.*] Excuse me. [*To Lu.*]

*Lu.* [*Crosses behind, and off, L. 2 E.*] Well, you call me when you get rid of him. [*Goes off, gathers her skirts from Bur.*]

*Jit.* [*L.*] What is it? What are you doing here?

*Bur.* [*R.*] One word, governor, whose side are you on?

*Jit.* That lady's.

*Bur.* Oh, then you ain't into the Adrianse quarrel?

*Jit.* No, I'm not retained in that.

*Bur.* All right, then, that's my job.

*Jit.* Can't you get me in?

*Bur.* You can do it yourself, now you're here. Go for the wife and her mother; things have got to come to law, yet. I'm for the husband. I always like to know there's a gentleman on the other side to work agin.

*Lu.* [*Looking out.*] Ain't he gone yet?

*Jit.* [*C.*] Get out, now.

*Bur.* [*R.*] I'm waiting for an answer to a letter I brought, but I don't mind the grass outside. Your servant, ma'am. [*Goes out and throws himself on grass, smoking.*]

*Lu.* [*L.*] I thought he'd never go. I don't want to meet any horrid creatures in the business, but yourself. [*Both sit.*]

*Jit.* Shan't occur again. Now to the point. Your husband made up for his former brutality by paying all your bills, asking your pardon, and taking you on an overland excursion to California and Utah?

*Lu.* Yes, it was splendid while it lasted, but when we came back he got to be just as bad as ever—in fact, worse.

*Jit.* Any violence?

*Lu.* Only to my feelings.

*Jit.* Suspicious? Jealous?

*Lu.* Just the reverse. He says I may do what I like. I may buy all New York up, and beggar him—says all he can do is to submit to my whims. Did you ever hear such outrageous language?

*Jit.* Yes, he's as bad as he was before, no doubt about it. In fact, my dear madam, you can never be happy with him, and you must get a divorce somehow.

*Lu.* I must have it. I have suffered in silence, but I can bear it no longer..

*Jit.* Have you tried whether your husband would consent to a separation?

*Lu.* No, I want him to propose it, so I can go into hysterics, and touch his heart.

*Jit.* And he won't?

*Lu.* No, he won't, and yet he goes on torturing me with his pretended resignation.

*Jit.* Well, I see nothing left for you but to put in operation the little stratagem I suggested; you must lead him into some ebullition of anger, in which he will forget himself.

*Lu.* But suppose he forgets me, too?

*Jit.* If he does, his case is settled. If he'll only give you a pinch on the arm, or a shove with the hand, or a box on the ear—but that is too great a legal luxury to expect.

*Lu.* What if he should?

*Jit.* I undertake to get you a cast-iron divorce for the faintest tap on the cheek.

*Lu.* It's no use—he'd never do it.

*Jit.* Try him.

*Lu.* He never flies into a passion, he never has any ebullitions of anything.

*Jit.* Oh, bother, you don't make an effort.

*Lu.* I don't?

*Jit.* Of course not. You're an angel. I'll bet now you've never alluded to his age—to his ugliness—of course not. Have you ever told him of the splendid young fellow you'll marry, when he's gone under? I thought not.

*Lu.* He'd only laugh at me, and tell me I didn't mean it. That's how he always crushes me, by telling me I never mean any harm.

*Jit.* Well, you just try it as an experiment. If you don't, then make up your mind to endure him as your life-long tormentor.

*Lu.* But he's always in such good humor.

*Jit.* If you can't get him out of it you are not up to the average of wives. [*Rises.*]

*Lu.* He'd provoke a saint.

*Jit.* You musn't let him provoke you. Make an effort; I'll be by, we have the girl here for a witness, too—you must have witnesses to his brutality, you know. We'll be concealed, and at the moment he's worked up to an ungovernable rage we'll break forth and confront him.

*Lu.* You are sure it will succeed?



*Jit.* Of course it will, and as for the result—I pledge you my honor. [*Bows low.*]

*Lu.* Your honor? Well I might as well take it, for you don't seem to need it much in your business.

*Jit.* Ha! ha! very good. [*Aside.*] Just like the rest of 'em, when we show 'em the way out of their troubles, they always joke us on our roguery.

FANNY enters, R. D.

*Fanny.* Where is the person who brought this letter?

MOLLY entering after her.

*Molly.* I left him just here, ma'am. [*Exits, R.*]

*Jit.* I beg pardon, I think the person you inquire for is outside. Here, Burritt?

*Burritt.* [*Gets up and comes forward.*] Good enough. [*JIT. goes up to Lu.*]

MRS. TEN EYCK enters, R. D.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* Fanny, what are you about to do?

*Fan.* To send my answer, mamma. Edward says he wishes to see me; I tell him he may come. [*BUR. leaning against door enters the conversation in his book.*]

*Mrs. T.* [*R., low.*] Take care, my dear. This may give rise to scandal. He has not been here yet, I have kept him away. We must avoid everything that excites gossip.

*Fan.* I won't submit any longer to be shut up like a nun. I left Alfred because of his tyranny. Under my mother's roof, at least, I can be free.

*Mrs. T.* But you must be politic, dear, your position is not settled.

*Fan.* [*Impatient movement.*] Take this letter to Captain Lynde.

*Bur.* [*Taking letter.*] This blessed minute, missus. [*Puts letter in his note-book.*] Good enough. [*Exits, c.*]

*Fan.* I'm not playing a game of skill against my husband. I wage no war with him and have no plans. I am his wife still, and when he acts justly towards me, I am ready to go to him. I do him no harm in receiving a letter from an old friend, nor in answering it, nor in receiving Edward. Come, Lu, let's go on the lawn, we may meet baby. [*Goes to window.*]

*Lu.* [*To Jit.*] Don't go, De Witt will be here soon and I

want to have this all over with. [*Comes to Mrs. T.*] Now, ma, do be polite to Mr. Jitt, please. Don't act as if you'd never seen him before.

*Mrs. T.* [*Crossing to L. C., to Jit.*] Pray be seated, sir. [*To Lu, L. C.*] Will you never be done with this nonsense about lawyers and divorces! You see the difficulty your sister's in?

*Lu.* [*C.*] She's left her husband. I suppose I can do what I like with mine now. You didn't tell her it was nonsense.

*Mrs. T.* Well, a more ungrateful girl!—you deserve to be left to yourself.

*Lu.* That's what I want.

*Fan.* [*Comes down to her.*] Come, Lu, don't talk any more about it.

*Lu.* [*R., weeping.*] Well, but ma thinks because you have a matrimonial difficulty, nobody else has a right to one.

*Fan.* You foolish girl, come. [*Leads her up.*]

*Lu.* You know that I am wretched. [*Sinks on Fan.'s shoulder.*]

*Fan.* Yes, love, I do.

*Lu.* And that I must have a separation and, and—[*Sobs.*]

GRACE enters, L. C.

*Grace.* Why, Lu, what's the matter?

*Lu.* Nothing. [*Snappishly.*] Go up to your room. You are young and unmarried and mustn't know everything, oh, oh, oh! Come, Fanny, let's go.

*Fan.* At last. [*Exits, L. C., with LU, laughing.*]

*Grace.* [*Comes down R. C.*] Why, Aunt Clara, what's the matter?

*Mrs. T.* Nothing. More of Louise's nonsense. Grace, my love, I want you to watch from your window and when you see Edward Lynde coming, go out and meet him before Fanny does.

*Grace.* What, is Edward coming here after all the trouble?

*Mrs. T.* He has asked permission and Fanny has foolishly given it. But until something is definitely settled between her and Adrianse they must not meet; it will only give a color to Alfred's suspicions. Tell him so.

*Grace.* I had better get Harry Duncan to see him too. We've both been making up how to reconcile Fanny and Alfred.

*Mrs. T.* Nonsense, I don't like this getting into corners with Mr. Duncan, and this secrecy. You must discontinue it, and I don't approve of your interfering between Fanny and her husband at all.

*Grace.* But aunt, he said it was a work of Christian charity.

*Mrs. T.* Christian charity is his business as a clergyman, but it's not yours. A young lady has nothing to do with these matters. [*Crosses to c.*]

*Grace.* [*R.*] But, aunt, you have just told me to speak to Eddy Lynde about the same thing.

*Mrs. T.* It's altogether different; when I tell you to do anything you may rely on its being proper.

*Grace.* [*Pettishly.*] And when I act on my own impulse, I suppose it's very improper.

*Mrs. T.* [*Dignified.*] That will do; go to your own room till Edward comes. [*Goes up to door.*]

*Grace.* [*Going, R., aside.*] I'll ask Harry if he thinks it's improper. I'll believe what he says. Clergymen must know better than anyone else what's right, and he says he's always glad to advise me. [*Exits, R. 1 E.*]

*Jit.* [*Who has been making several attempts to talk to Mrs. T., at last, rising.*] I must get into that quarrel somehow. [*Aloud.*] Beg pardon, but I don't think you like me. [*She turns away.*] I thought not. But suppose, my dear madam, I have information concerning your very sad domestic afflictions which may be of service.

*Mrs. T.* [*Sits, R.*] Information about whom?

*Jit.* You must be aware, of course, that we divorce lawyers have peculiar experience in these matters, and know the proper treatment for all the disorders of the matrimonial constitution.

*Mrs. T.* [*Laughs.*] I hardly think the present little matter demands much scientific legal treatment.

*Jit.* That shows how little you suspect what proceedings Mr. Adrianse is taking.

*Mrs. T.* [*Rises, with curiosity.*] Proceedings—how?

*Jit.* Hem! My information was acquired in my capacity as lawyer.

*Mrs. T.* Well?

*Jit.* According to the—hem!—rules of the profession, it can only be imparted in my capacity as lawyer.

*Mrs. T.* I suppose it only requires the capacity of a human being with a tongue in his head to tell what you know.

*Jit.* Ah, I see, you are ignorant of law. Of course, then, you don't know that I must be your legal adviser before I can speak?

*Mrs. T.* I imagine you wish to be *hired* by me.

*Jit.* We don't call it *hired*, when we speak of lawyers; we call it *retained*. I have no objection to be retained in the defense of a lady so deeply injured as your daughter is by a wicked and malevolent husband. Put her cause in my hands, and I will insure success.

*Mrs. T.* But she has no cause as yet; there is only a slight misunderstanding.

*Jit.* [*Oratorically.*] It is the cloud presaging the storm! By-and-by there will be lightning, and the tempest will burst.

*Mrs. T.* How poetical! [*Laughs.*]

*Jit.* You laugh? You think that I am trifling. What if I, unprofessionally, come to the point at once and tell you I know of a plot against your daughter, by which Mr. Adrianse—

*Mrs. T.* [*Serious and anxious.*] A plot—what is it?

*Jit.* Am I to be retained, to be consulted, to have charge of this matter?

*Mrs. T.* If it is so serious, I must have legal advice.

*Jit.* I am retained then?

*Mrs. T.* Yes, yes. [*Crosses to L.*] But the plot? [*Sits R. of L. table.*]

*Jit.* A month ago, sitting in my office in New York, Mr. Adrianse entered, pale as a ghost, and threw my card on the table. "I come to you," says he, "to find the address of that detective."

*Mrs. T.* He wanted a detective?

*Jit.* I gave him the address, he found Burritt—

*Mrs. T.* And retained him?

*Jit.* We call it employing when we speak of detectives. He employed Burritt exclusively, paying him \$25 a day—a large figure.

*Mrs. T.* Well?

*Jit.* Well, what was he employed for?—don't start, compose yourself; I've seen that detective to-day here. He was the messenger who brought the letter from the Captain to your daughter, and carried back the answer.

*Mrs. T.* Good heavens! then Alfred will know all.

*Jit.* He has got copies of both letters by this time, no doubt.

*Mrs. T.* But the man came from Captain Lynde.

*Jit.* Of course; he first worms himself into the Captain's confidence, and notes down every word he utters; next, he acts as messenger, brings the letter to your daughter, and hears all she's got to say; I suppose by this time he's accumulated evidence enough to go to a jury.

*Mrs. T.* This is infamous!

*Jit.* So it is; but we have learned it in time to circumvent the plotters.

*Mrs. T.* What do you advise?

*Jit.* See Captain Lynde and warn him; see your daughter and warn her; see Burritt and bribe him; I know the ropes, I've been at it all before.

*Mrs. T.* Your confidence quite reassures me; what step shall we take first?

*Jit.* Go find your daughter; I will seek the Captain and Burritt.

*Mrs. T.* She's in the garden—I will go at once. [*Exits, L. C.*]

*Jit.* [*Takes out memorandum-book.*] "Adrianse vs. Adrianse." Retained this day for wife—advised, um, um. [*Writing.*] Two daughters—two divorcees. Why can't every family do as well? It would make our profession as lucrative as a politician's.

*Enter LU, C.*

*Lu.* He's coming! He's coming!

*Jit.* The Captain?

*Lu.* No, De Witt; he's coming over the lawn. I'm ready to drop.

*Jit.* Don't drop. [*Aside.*] I'd quite forgotten about our friend De Witt. [*LU sinks in chair.*]

*Lu.* Don't desert me now, Mr. Jitt, I feel so weak.

*Jit.* Don't, don't feel weak; I don't know what to do with weak women—there's nothing about 'em in the statutes. Wake up, this is just the time to give my plan a trial.

*Lu.* Oh, yes! [*Starts up.*] I'm to put him in the closet for a witness, while I slap your face.

*Jit.* No, no—you've got things mixed. Lord! she's out of her head. I hear him coming. [*LU screams and sinks in Jit.'s arms.*] This is the biggest case I ever had on my hands.

*MOLLY runs in from R.*

*Molly.* Oh, Lord! was it you, ma'am, that screamed? Shure, she's fainted!

*Lu.* [*Recovering, gets L.*] No—I'm better now.

*Jit.* Then think of business—your husband's coming; let me arrange for you. This girl will make a first-rate witness, won't you?

*Mol.* Shure, I can make first-rate cake; but I never made a witness.

*Jit.* Well, some witnesses are cakes, sure enough. Come here; I want you to go into that room and close the door; if you hear any loud talking, you must remember what is said; if you hear sounds of violence, you must run out on the instant—do you understand?

*Mol.* Faith, I do, aisy enough. But are you and the master going to have a fight? Sure, I think he'll warm you.

*Jit.* Go in and be quiet.

*Mol.* That I will. [*Going.*] Well, it's quare, anyhow. [*Exits D. R. 1 E.*]

*Jit.* Now, summon up your courage; remember your wrongs. Talk to him as only a wife can talk—get him to burst into a paradoxysm of rage, and he bursts the chain that binds you to him, forever. [*Exits, L. 1 E.*]

*Lu.* I know I'll make a mess of it. [*Sinks in chair, L.*] I'm as cold as ice—I wish I'd never been such a fool.

DE WITT enters, C. L.

After all, De Witt is not so bad.

*De Witt.* Why, Lu, my love?

*Lu.* [*Seated, L.*] Oh—is that you?

*De W.* I thought I'd run over and see you, although you told me on Tuesday you didn't care if I never came again. I know, of course, it was more of your silliness, and here I am again. [*Leans over chair and kisses her.*] You dear little goosey.

*Lu.* He's treating me like a child again. You think I am silly, do you?

*De W.* [*Going to table and putting down hat and duster.*] That's what you've called yourself a dozen times. Come, let's be friends. [*Returns and offers hand.*]

*Lu.* [*Rises.*] It's contemptible to rake up the confessions I made in our little reconciliations. De Witt, you are a mean man.

*De W.* Are you going to be as bad as ever, birdie? or, is this only a little storm that will clear away.

*Lu.* Bad! I'm bad, am I? What'll you call me next, I wonder? What do you mean by bad, sir?

*De W.* Oh, I only meant in comparison with your other moods.

*Lu.* I'm only comparatively bad, am I? There are worse, are there? Oh! thank you, very much.

*De W.* I wouldn't get in a rage for nothing. Just say, am I welcome or not?

*Lu.* No, you're not!

*De W.* [*Movement.*] Then I'll go back.

*Lu.* [*Seizing him.*] No, you won't.

*De W.* [*Laughing.*] Then I won't. Anything to please you.

*Lu.* Anything to torment me, you mean; you love to do that. [*Trying to weep—violent sobs.*]

*De W.* [*Approaching.*] Lu, let me just say one word.

*Lu.* [*Retreats to L. H.*] Keep your hands off me—I'm afraid.



*De W.* [*Astonished.*] Afraid of what?

*Lu.* I'm afraid of your violence.

*De W.* The violence of my love?

*Lu.* No, sir, of your anger. You are full of suppressed rage; I see it in your face. I'm afraid of you, I tell you.

*De W.* Ha, ha, ha! this is too good!—afraid of my violence; why, with my rheumatism you'd double me up in no time.

*Lu.* Likely, indeed, you *old* men are just as vicious as you can be.

*De W.* Old men, eh? you married me, old as I am.

*Lu.* With all your rheumatism, and the gout, and goodness knows what all, you'd like to box my ears often.

*De W.* [*Severely.*] Lu—stop—you wish to make me angry.

*Lu.* Oh, we'll have a storm presently; Mr. Amiability can't keep his temper forever, I see.

*De W.* Oh, you want to try my patience, eh? Very good. [*Laughs.*] But you see I knew what to expect before I married a young wife, and prepared myself.

*Lu.* You provoking wretch, do you mean you prepared for outbursts of temper on my part?

*De W.* I did. I had an organ-grinder to play all day under my window—I hired a saw-filer to file his saws a couple of hours, each day, in my back-yard—I invested in some wild-cat stock, and otherwise exercised my fortitude, until the wedding-day.

*Lu.* [*Savagely, close to him.*] Then you mean to say that I have a bad temper—that I'm a scold—that my voice is like a saw-grinder, and an organ-filer, and that I'm a wild-cat—do you, do you?

*De W.* [*Laughing.*] Not exactly. You misinterpret.

*Lu.* [*Fanning herself violently.*] You dare to use language like that to me—and you won't get angry.

*De W.* [*Laughs.*] I should be a fool, to get angry with a little simpleton.

*Lu.* I'm a fool, am I?

*De W.* Oh, I don't go so far as to say that.

*Lu.* You'd provoke your wife if she were a saint.

*De W.* [*Laughing.*] I should like a saint to try on.

*Lu.* Oh, this is too much, you deceitful, abominable—take that—[*Slaps his face.*]

JITT and MOLLY burst out, DE W. holding his face, looks from one to the other, LU walks up and down in rage.

Jitt. [*Oratorically.*] Miserable man, what have you done? [*Crosses to c.*]

*De W.* [R.] Eh?

*Jit.* With one blow you have shattered your domestic happiness to fragments, you have called upon your head the scorn of men, you have aimed a stroke at civilization, you have struck at the holiest of creation, and you have broken half a dozen statutes at a single blow!

*De W.* What is the idiot talking about?

*Jit.* Behold your victim!—she flew to your bosom for protection. [LU sinks on chair, L.] You have felled her to the earth. Coward!

*De W.* I felled her to the earth? Are you mad?

*Lu.* [Aside to *Jit.*] Don't say any more. It's all wrong.

*Jit.* What's wrong?

*Lu.* There's a mistake.

*Jit.* A mistake?

*Lu.* Instead of it being my ears that were boxed—

*Jit.* [Aghast.] Well?

*Lu.* It was his.

*Jit.* How could you—you make me look like a fool. [Stage up and down, c.]

*Lu.* We both do.

*Molly.* [Near *Lu.*] Shure, I think I begin to understand now, ma'am, ah! worra, worra, more power to your arm.

*Lu.* Molly, leave the room instantly.

*Mol.* I will, ma'am. [Aside, going R.] Aha! they all do it; wait till I get a husband. [Exits, R. 2 E.]

*De W.* [Coming down, c. R.] I think I understand. This was a plot of some kind against me, and this crazy person, here—

*Jit.* [Comes down, c.] Hem! Jitt, sir. Templeton Jitt, attorney and counsellor, your wife's legal adviser, divorces procured without publicity, my card, sir? [Crosses R.]

*De W.* [c. tossing card aside, seriously.] I see. It is as bad as that, is it? I thought you a wayward child—[LU turns.] Don't speak, I can't bear to hear the voice of a deceitful woman. You wish to have a separation?—you may have it; your lawyer here will tell you the way; get it as quickly as you can. I will fix an allowance with which you will be satisfied, and as you need money now, I leave it here [Places wallet on table, L.], and so I go back to the city. [Exits c., off L.]

*Lu.* [Up after him. JIT. crosses to take money.] Oh, De Witt, don't go.

*Jit.* [Hands her the wallet.] Cheer up, it's all right, at last.

*Lu.* [Flying at him, and throws wallet at him.] You miserable, little, plotting creature, you have ruined me! [Angrily towards him.]

*Jit.* [*Behind table.*] Be calm! It's all right, you are free, I'll get you the divorce in six weeks.

*Lu.* I don't want it.

*Jit.* What? You must have it! I'm not going to let you lose so good an opportunity; it may never occur again.

*Lu.* [*R.*] I shall never see him any more?

*Jit.* Oh, yes, you may, after you are separated.

*Lu.* I have lost everything by my folly!

*Jit.* I'll get you ten thousand a year.

*Lu.* My conscience reproaches me; he is all kindness and goodness.

*Jit.* So he is. We don't meet such men every day, we must make the most of them when we do. [*Puts wallet in pocket.*]

*Lu.* [*Weeping.*] I'll write to him to-night, I'll explain all.

*Jit.* Send the letter to me, I'll take it [*Aside*], and take care of it.

*Lu.* Will you try and see him?

*Jit.* I will. [*Aside.*] I'll serve the papers on him myself.

*Lu.* [*Sobbing.*] Do all you can for me.

*Jit.* Rely on me.

*Lu.* [*Going, R.*] Bring him back to me. Oh! oh! tell him, I'll do everything to please him; I never knew how generous he was, and how foolish I am; I'll put up with one new dress a week! Oh! oh! oh! I'll never say a cross word to him again. Oh! oh! you mean little spider! I hate you! [*Exits, R. 1 E.*]

*Jit.* Splendid! That case goes on smoothly. I'll have 'em divorced before they know it. [*Goes up.*]

FANNY and CAPTAIN enter, L. C.

My fair client and the gay deceiver, I must see Burritt and give him a hint. [*Exits, L. C.*]

*Captain.* [*L.*] It was so good, so kind of you to permit me to come once more.

*Fanny.* I resolved to see you against everybody's advice, because I wish to show them I am superior to any scandal that may be uttered. [*Drawing her hand away.*] Do not come often; you may wish to come, because you say you always like to see me; yet that is all wrong; I am a wife and you are not my husband.

*Capt.* That's a bitter truth to my ears. But I will do anything to make you happy.

*Fan.* It will not make me happier for you to be away; but it will please the world, and it will perhaps satisfy my husband.

*Capt.* You will grieve a little, then, when I am gone.

*Fan.* [R.] I shall be sad to think a causeless jealousy has driven you from your home, for mamma's house has always been your home.

*Capt.* And I had hoped to be so happy here, and to make you so happy. Only think, I had arranged for a little water party for this evening on the lake—men all hired, and the boats—and came to ask you all.

*Fan.* There is no harm in that. If mamma and Lu and Grace consent, we'll go.

*Capt.* I shall always look back on this night as the happiest in my life. [*Gently takes her hands.*]

*Fan.* Foolish fellow! you ought to have a wife to love; you would be good to her.

*Capt.* I shall never marry, because I can love no one, as I—but there.

*Fan.* I'll go find mamma. [*Turns away, going up.*]

*Capt.* [*Crosses to R.*] And if she refuses?—but she won't refuse me.

*Fan.* Not if you promise her to never call again. Make it your own proposal.

*Capt.* It shall be done as you wish.

*Fan.* [*Leads him to L.*] Go into the library till I call you.

*Capt.* [*Crossing to L. D.*] Good-bye for a little while. [*Taking her hands.*] What a villain the man must be who causes you a moment's pain.

*Fan.* [*Smiling.*] You would not, I suppose.

*Capt.* I would lay down my life for you. [*He stops to kiss her hand, she withdraws it.*]

*Fan.* I believe you. Go—mamma is coming. [*He exits, L.*]

DUNCAN enters, C.

What—is it you, Harry?

*Duncan.* [L.] Yes, it's I.

*Fan.* Where have you been for the last week? [*She sits at table, R., picks up book and turns over leaves during scene.*]

*Dun.* [*Aside.*] Now that I am face to face with her, I can't find courage to mention my unpleasant errand. [*Aloud.*] I've been doing duty as a sort of missionary [*Aside.*] to the uncivilized and barbarous husband.

GRACE runs in door, R. 2 E.

*Grace.* I thought it was you. I saw you when you were way down the road. [*Aside.*] I'm so glad you've come; I've got something to tell you.

*Dun.* [*L., whispering.*] What is it?

*Grace.* [*C., whispering.*] Auntie is awful mad about our interesting ourselves about Alfred.

*Dun.* [*Same.*] She is?

*Grace.* [*Same.*] Yes—she calls it interfering, and scolded me awfully. Be prudent.

*Dun.* [*Same.*] But I ought to tell Fanny what her husband says; I owe it as a duty to them.

*Grace.* [*Same.*] You owe it as a duty to me, not to get me blown up about it. Alfred's big enough to deliver his own messages.

*Dun.* [*Same.*] Well, I've put my foot in it.

*Grace.* [*Same.*] Then try and keep the rest of your body out of it, eh? Here's Aunt Clara; not a word about Alfred, or I don't know what'll happen.

*Dun.* I'll try. [*They separate and look embarrassed.*]

MRS. TEN EYCK enters, C. L.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* [*Goes to Fan.*] Fanny, you did wrong to elude me; you know I wished to see you before Edward came.

*Fan.* [*Coldly, still turning over pictures.*] I am always doing wrong, mamma; I suppose I shall never do the proper thing any more.

*Mrs. T.* Well, its done and can't be helped; we must make the best of it—why, Harry.

*Dun.* [*His manner is embarrassed all through the following scene, exchanges glances with Grace.*] Delighted to see you, very, that is, I hope you are well.

*Mrs. T.* Why, what's the matter?

*Dun.* Oh, nothing, nothing.

*Mrs. T.* [*Looks at Grace, aside.*] There is something behind all this; he must have come with a purpose, and the little minx has warned him. [*Aloud and sweetly.*] Be seated, Harry. Grace get Harry a chair. [*Crosses and sits R. of L. table.*]

*Grace.* [*Places a chair for Mrs. T. first.*] O, yes, auntie.

*Dun.* [*When she brings it L., aside.*] She seems all right.

*Grace.* [*Same.*] Don't be too sure.

*Mrs. T.* [*Sits, L. C.*] Have you seen any of our old friends in the city? [*GRACE crosses besides Mrs. T.'s chair.*]

*Dun.* [*L.*] Hem, not particularly.

*Mrs. T.* [*Carelessly.*] Anything interesting stirring?

*Dun.* Um, no, nothing. [*GRACE delighted.*]

*Mrs. T.* [*Aside.*] He has seen Alfred and he's full of the subject.

*Grace.* [*Down c.*] Harry's tired, auntie; I know he'd like to row me about the creek, wouldn't you, Harry? let's go.

*Dun.* [*Up.*] Certainly, most happy. [*Starts c.*]

*Mrs. T.* Oh, don't run away. [*They stop.*] Well, I see you are bent upon it, go along you foolish things.

*Grace.* [*Going.*] Come, Harry. [*Both c.*]

*Mrs. T.* By the way, Harry, you've seen Alfred?

*Dun.* Ah, Alfred! [*Looks at Grace, FAN. looks up.*]

*Grace.* Oh, dear, it's all up now.

*Dun.* [*Aside.*] I needn't say what he said. [*Aloud.*] Yes, I saw him a little bit.

*Fan.* When did you see Alfred, Harry?

*Dun.* To-day!

*Mrs. T.* Ah, in the city?

*Dun.* Oh, no, just down in the village here.

*Fan.* [*Closes book and eagerly.*] So near?

*Dun.* Yes, he said he wanted to be near.

*Mrs. T.* His wife?

*Dun.* No, his child.

*Mrs. T.* [*Severely.*] Indeed!

*Grace.* [*Despairingly.*] You've done it.

*Dun.* Have I? I wish I were dumb. Tell me what to say?

*Mrs. T.* Do you know that Edward Lynde is here?

*Dun.* Yes, I saw him as I came in.

*Fan.* [*R.*] I supposed it would be considered very improper for him to call.

*Dun.* [*Looks at Grace, she nods eagerly.*] Oh, very, yes, very—very improper.

*Fan.* [*Severely.*] And the fact of the impropriety will be duly reported to my husband.

*Dun.* [*GRACE shakes her head.*] Oh, no, not at all! I won't say a word about it.

*Grace.* [*L. c.*] You know, Harry, we none of us wanted Edward to come.

*Mrs. T.* Grace, this does not concern you. [*GRACE looks up cross and sullen.*] Of course we did not wish him to come, but it was natural, being an old friend, that he should call. You can tell Alfred this on your return. At least treat us fairly, although you are his agent, you know.

*Dun.* [*With dignity.*] But I'm not his agent, I don't like the word. Any gentleman may bring a message from another.

*Fan.* [*Scated, R.*] A message—you have a message from Alfred?

*Dun.* [*To Grace.*] You see [*Doubtfully.*] I can't tell a lie and say no!



*Grace.* [Up L. c.] That's the inconvenience of being a clergyman.

*Fan.* If Harry does not wish to speak, I will not press him. If his message is not fit to be uttered by him, it is not fit to be heard by me.

*Mrs. T.* [L. at table.] I insist upon the whole truth.

*Grace.* [L. c., whispers.] Try and soften it.

*Dun.* [Whispers.] A good idea, I'll soften it. [Aloud.] Of course it's foolish for him to get angry about Lynde, but the fact is the thought of his being near his wife maddens him, and he swears he will never—

*Grace.* [Low.] Soften it, soften it—for goodness sake.

*Dun.* [Low.] I will. [Aloud.] That he can never receive Fanny again if she receives Lynde. [Low.] Was that soft?

*Grace.* [Despairing] Too soft! [Going up.]

*Dun.* Don't leave me.

*Fan.* [R., at table.] That is his fixed resolve?

*Mrs. T.* [Crossing to her.] My child, you cannot be thrown off like that. It is criminal to marry a girl and then cast her off for such a trifle.

*Dun.* [Advancing, L. c.] There's another thing—he spoke about you.

*Grace.* Why couldn't you leave that out?

*Dun.* But I think it very appropriate, I just remembered it.

*Mrs. T.* [Breaking from Fan., who has tried to restrain her.] I will hear it, my love. Well, sir, about me?

*Dun.* [Crosses to c.] He says you encourage Fanny in her determination to oppose his-wishes, and that you render a reconciliation impossible.

*Mrs. T.* I have a right to stand by my child, since she has stood by me at the sacrifice of her home. I have not been an enemy of your friend so far, Mr. Duncan. I have done the best I could for him, but if he affronts me further, let him look to it.

*Dun.* Mr. Duncan! I'm scratched out. [To Grace.]

*Grace.* [L.] We are both lost.

*Mrs. T.* Grace, it is very unbecoming in you to remain here listening to all this.

*Grace.* [To Dun.] I told you so. She's going to send me away.

*Mrs. T.* Grace!

*Fan.* [Stage, R.] Let him finish first, mamma. I do not care how many hear the shamè with which he loads me in sending such messages.

*Dun.* I have kept the rest back, but I suppose I ought to say it all since I have said any part of it.

*Fan.* [R., turns, clings to her mother.] The worst is to come.

*Dun.* [L. c.] It is for you alone.

*Fan.* Speak it aloud.

*Dun.* He says that if after this warning you continue to receive the visits of Captain Lynde— [Pause.]

*Fan.* [Scornfully.] Well, the penalty?

*Dun.* He will consider you unfit to have charge of his child.

*Fan.* Of his child?

*Dun.* [L. c.] And he will take forcible means to remove the boy to his own home.

*Fan.* Take my child! Mother, do you hear? He would not dare! Let him touch my child if he can.

*Dun.* My duty is done.

*Fan.* [Crosses to R. c.] Tell him from me that all is over between us. He has branded me with the last mark of disgrace, I am unworthy to rear my own child. If there is justice in the land I will have it upon him if he dares to take Alfred from me. [Throws herself on Mrs. T.'s neck.]

*Dun.* It shall be my last message, and then I have done with the quarrel.

*Mrs. T.* [Crosses to Dun.] It would have been better if you had never undertaken it; I may forgive you, Mr. Duncan, but until I do, I prefer that we should not meet again.

*Grace.* [At L. table.] Oh, aunt, you are going to forbid him the house.

*Mrs. T.* Yes, and to show him the ungrateful part he is playing towards us all, I forbid you to speak to him again.

*Grace.* Oh, aunt. [Sinks in chair.]

*Dun.* [Takes hat from chair.] What I did I thought it right to do. If I am right I am willing to wait for the future to justify me. [Advancing.] Good-bye, Grace, perhaps all will yet be well, if not, forgive me any pain I have caused you and try to forget me.

SCENE CLOSES.

SCENE II.—An apartment in the village inn.

ALFRED enters, following BURRITT from R.

*Burritt.* Well, sir, I've returned from the little expedition as you see, sir; the worst is come.

*Alfred.* The worst?

*Bur.* Your fears was correct, sir.

*Al.* That scoundrel then visits there?

*Bur.* Worse than that.

*Al.* Speak out, then, what is the worst?

*Bur.* She writes to him, they correspond; their infamy, sir, is got itself down to black and white.

*Al.* What! I'll not believe it.

*Bur.* I took the letters sir; got myself hired by the Captain, as I loafed about the place he's stopping at; got copies of both letters, sir. Do you want to see 'em?

*Al.* Do you think I wish to drive myself mad? No—destroy them. I only want to be convinced that I have not misjudged her, that she is hiding a guilty heart beneath this effrontery, and then—You say you were hired by the man—did you speak of me in any way?

*Bur.* Just enough to draw him out. He said he pitied you, kind of him, wasn't it, sir? Called you "poor fellow," and said you was a little touched up here. [*Points to forehead.*]

*Al.* [*Crosses to L.*] Enough! Enough!

*Bur.* I pretended I'd been groom at Mrs. Ten Eyck's and knew a little of the story.

*Al.* I tell you I wish to hear no more. Curse my fate that makes me use such instruments as these to do such work.

DUNCAN enters, L.

What! Harry back already?

*Duncan.* [*Moodily, gets c.*] Yes.

*Al.* [*c.*] What answer does she send—you need not say anything about—about that man, curse him—I know all about that; Burritt has told me.

*Dun.* [*c.*] Burritt?

*Al.* The detective; there he is.

*Bur.* [*R. c.*] Servant, sir.

*Dun.* [*Crosses to c.*] What? You have employed a detective, you have put a hound on your wife's footsteps? Alfred, this is cowardly.

*Al.* I must know all.

*Dun.* For shame! You do her an infamous wrong.

*Al.* Oh, you believe in her still, do you? Get married, and you'll understand women better.

*Dun.* I tell you, your wife is above suspicion; why, she showed me the letter Lynde wrote her.

*Bur.* [*R.*] Corroborates me, sir, you see.

*Al.* [*c.*] Oh, she did; which letter?

*Dun.* How do I know which letter?

*Bur.* The one there was least harm in, no doubt, sir.

*Dun.* Confound you, you rascal, what do you mean? If you utter another word, I'll throw you out at the window.

*Bur.* Nice language for a parson—I don't think.

*Al.* Come, come, the man serves me; I won't have him abused.

*Dun.* I tell you what it is, Adrianse, it's my solemn belief Fanny would do everything you wished, if you didn't threaten her, and insist upon obedience and all that nonsense.

*Al.* Has she not left my house? Has she not encouraged that man to visit her? I tell you there shall be an end of all this. What is her answer to my message?

*Dun.* [c.] Just what I expected. Since it was a threat, she will make no promise, and she will keep her child.

*Al.* [*Crossing to R.*] Will she? Burritt!

*Bur.* Ready, sir!

*Al.* Come to my room.

*Dun.* Then you don't wish me to serve you any longer?

*Al.* No, you pretend to be my friend and you take their part against me. I was a fool to send you there!

*Dun.* And I was a fool to go.

*Al.* [*Crosses back to c.*] You have made me feel that I have no friend but myself, and such as I pay to serve me! Come, Burritt.

*Dun.* Don't take the trouble to leave the room in order to get rid of me. [*Aside.*] I've made a bad day of it, and I think I'd better retire from the world. [*Aloud.*] Good-bye, old fellow. If it's any consolation, you may know that I'm about as wretched as you now. [*Aside, going.*] This is the result of my first missionary work. The South Sea cannibals couldn't have treated me worse. [*Exits, L. 1 E.*]

*Al.* Now he is gone,—to business. The child must be taken from her.

*Bur.* Good enough, sir. We can get a *habeus corpus* first thing in the morning, and bring it into court.

*Al.* You fool! Do you suppose I mean to crawl through the dirty by-ways of the law to get my own flesh and blood?

*Bur.* But the law is the only way.

*Al.* Do I look like a man who would sit biting his nails and gnawing his lips behind a fool of a lawyer, in a court, when I can reach out my hand and take what I want? [*Going, R.*]

*Bur.* But it ain't legal.

*Al.* [*Turns back with vehemence.*] I'm no lawyer, but I understand this: Wherever I can lay my hand on my child, I can take him—the others must go to law to get him from me.

*Bur.* Yes, sir, that's so.

*Al.* They watch him well, but I will have him. Come!  
[*Crosses to R. H.*]

*Bur.* What, to-night?

*Al.* They have got the alarm; to-morrow he may be out of my reach.

*Bur.* It's a risky business, sir, for me. I'm not a father, and if I break into houses it's felony.

*Al.* How much money do you want?

*Bur.* Perhaps I can figure it up as we go along.

*Al.* Name your price, then, for it must be done to-night.  
[*Exeunt, R.*]

## CHANGE.

SCENE III.—*Same as Act 3d scene 1st. Darkness grows quite dense as scene progresses. CAPTAIN, MRS. TEN EYCK and FANNY enter from R., with shawls, hats, etc., attired for the water party.*

*Captain.* [*C., assisting Mrs. T. with shawls.*] I'm so glad you consented to come, you'll find the sail pleasant.

*Fanny.* [*R., putting her hat on.*] Mamma wishes us all to lock ourselves up, as if we were in a convent.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* [*L.*] Well, my dear, say no more about that. If you will have your way, you must take the consequences.

*Capt.* [*C., up a little.*] The only consequence will be a delightful excursion and a glorious evening altogether.

GRACE enters, R. 1 E.

*Grace.* Here's your heavy wrap, aunt. [*Crosses to her.*]

*Mrs. T.* Thank you, my dear.

*Capt.* [*Laughing.*] Grace looks very ungracious.

*Mrs. T.* [*Going up, L. C.*] I rely upon you to console her.

*Grace.* I don't want consolation. [*Goes to Fan.*]

*Capt.* [*C.*] That's lucky, for I mean to devote myself to Fanny. [*Carriage heard.*]

*Fan.* That's baby. I'm so glad he came before we went out.  
[*Up stage, looks off through door.*]

*Mrs. T.* Why so, he's perfectly well.

*Fan.* I'm foolish, perhaps, but I did so want to see him, to know I had him still with me.

*Mrs. T.* What nonsense! Don't let that ridiculous talk of Harry Duncan's annoy you. Come, we must be going.

LU enters, R. 1 E.

Lu. [*Dressed.*] I'm ready, if you are. [*Throws herself in chair, R.*]

Capt. What, another melancholy face?

Mrs. T. I really don't know what's come over Lu.

Lu. Ruin and wretchedness has come over Lu, that's all. Don't trouble yourselves about me; otherwise I'm quite well.

Capt. Gad, it's lucky I proposed this excursion; the house would become a perfect hospital in a few days.

Fan. [C.] You all go. I want to see Alfred. I'll follow you. [*Crosses down, L., MRS. T. goes up.*]

Capt. [*Crosses to her.*] Oh, now—I say, don't back out at the last moment.

Fan. I'll come. Don't be afraid of that.

Mrs. T. Let us leave her, I understand her feelings. Give me your arm.

Capt. With pleasure. [*Aside, as he is going up.*] This knocks my projected *tete-a-tete* in the head. [*Gives arm to Mrs. T. and they go off, C.*]

Lu. Come, Grace, you are miserable, too, ain't you?

Grace. Yes, that I am.

Lu. Come along with me, then; we can talk over our ruin and wretchedness together. [*Both exit, C. L., passing*]

MOLLY, who enters, followed by JIM, carrying the child in his arms, closely wrapped in shawls. FAN. runs up and meets them.

Fan. Ah, my baby.

Molly. Whist! you'll wake him.

Fan. Is he asleep? [*Takes child tenderly.*]

Jim. Fell asleep on the way home.

Fan. My darling—my darling! Who shall take you from me? [*Kisses child*]

Mol. Shure, ma'am, let me take him to his room.

Fan. No, I will take him; run and light the lamp. [*Both exit in room, R. C., up steps.*]

Jim. Well, she loves her baby better than she loves her husband, that's clear. But they are all that way; soon as there's a baby, the old man has to take a back seat. [*Carriage heard.*] Who's that? Company at this hour? [*Turns up lamp on table, R.*] There—can't see who it is. [*At door, L. C.*] Old style wagon—old lady getting out.



MRS. KEMP *entering*, L. C.

Mrs. Kemp. Well, Jim, that you? Don't stare so; where are the folks?

Jim. [R.] Gone out.

Mrs. K. What, everybody? [*Down L.*]

Jim. Everybody but Mrs. Adrianse. She's going right away, though. Up-stairs with the baby now.

Mrs. K. Tell her I'm here; she's the one I want to see. [JIM *exits into room*, R. C.] Rather glad the others are out of the way. If I didn't think I'd do some good, I'd never have given my old bones such a rattling as they've had on that road to-night.

FANNY *enters*, followed by JIM.

Fanny. Why, Mrs. Kemp, what a surprise!

Mrs. K. [L.] Well, my precious, and how's the diamond of diamonds?

Fan. [C.] Baby's very well, indeed. Asleep now.

Mrs. K. [*Low.*] Send that gaping goose away.

Fan. James, wait for me at the gate; I wish you to walk down to the boat with me.

Jim. [*Up stage*, R.] Yes'm. [*Aside.*] That's the way—company's always coming when the family's going out. [*Exits*, L. C. *window*. FAN. *makes her sit.*]

Mrs. K. [*Sits*, L., FAN. *kneels.*] My love, I've come eight miles in an hour, which is rather hard on my venerable Dobbin, to see you. I couldn't wait till to-morrow, and you'll know the reason why, when I tell you that Harry Duncan came for me.

Fan. [*Reserved at once.*] Harry Duncan—who sent him?

Mrs. K. His own good heart, which prompts him to try every means of saving you and your husband.

Fan. Mr. Duncan has already received discouragement enough in this house for his interference.

Mrs. K. Yes, and he got worse from your husband. He's a martyr—poor boy; he resembles that early Christian who was ground up between two mill-stones.

Fan. Well, the meaning of all this?

Mrs. K. [L.] That I have come to continue his work. As I'm not in love with any young person here, your mother can't punish me as she did him. You must make it up with your husband.

Fan. It is useless to say that. If I were willing, he has gone too far for me ever to recall our former love.

*Mrs. K.* If you can't love him, you can't, of course. But you can always do your duty.

*Fan.* And that duty is?

*Mrs. K.* To go to him at once!

*Fan.* And ask his pardon for having offended?

*Mrs. K.* No, you needn't ask his, and he needn't ask yours. Go back to him, open the door, walk in with your child, "Well, Alfred, here we both are," that's all you have to say.

*Fan.* And make a solemn promise never again to see any man whom he dislikes?

*Mrs. K.* Well, that's not hard, is it?

*Fan.* Close the door against my mother?

*Mrs. K.* That'll come all right yet. Your mother won't die of it—I'll come over and console her.

*Fan.* You are trifling with me.

*Mrs. K.* Because it is only a trifle which is making all this trouble. I know the effect upon husbands of a little submission. Give way to their wishes but the slightest bit, and they'll really let you do as you please—fight them step by step, and they become as obstinate as jackasses.

*Fan.* [R.] But if I go back, it will be an acknowledgement that I'm in the wrong.

*Mrs. K.* So you are as long as you stay away.

*Fan.* You don't know the sting which suspicion of unfaithfulness causes a wife.

*Mrs. K.* Don't I? There's not a wife in the world—no matter how ugly she may be—that her husband does not believe to possess some dangerous attraction for other men.

*Fan.* I have tried to do everything, tried to meet his changing fancies, but in vain; his torment comes from within. He was never meant for a husband, at least, not for mine.

*Mrs. K.* That's free-love doctrine and nonsense. He was meant for what he is, and you must make the best of it. Come—there's a dear girl—listen to my advice.

*Fan.* I will try once more, if you think it for the best; I will write to him.

*Mrs. K.* Go, and take the child.

*Fan.* No, no! I must be certain first that I will be allowed to keep him. I mean to send baby away to-morrow; I won't leave him here till I know what to expect.

*Mrs. K.* No faith in your husband, eh? Confidence all gone? Well, you may write; but if you don't put any heart in your letter, it will be useless.

*Fan.* I'll write. Don't fear for the rest. If Alfred would but say the word, and lift the mantle of shame he has thrown

about me, I could still respect, still love the father of my child.  
[*In Mrs. K.'s arms.*]

*Mrs. K.* Good! my little pearl, and he shall do it, too; I'll see to that.

*JIM appears at door.*

*Jim.* [*Getting R. C.*] They've sent for you, ma'am.

*Mrs. K.* Run along, my dear, and I'll be off, too. [*Starts up.*]

*Fan.* You are not going to stop with us to-night?

*Mrs. K.* No, I'm going to see your husband and make love to him on your account.

*Fan.* To-night? Now?

*Mrs. K.* Certainly, I never stop when I've made up my mind. Come, I'll drive you to the boat, and be off.

*Fan.* You have raised my courage so—I feel as if I—

*Mrs. K.* As if you could come with me. [*FAN. nods.*] Come, my pet, that's like a true woman.

*Fan.* Yes, I will make the sacrifice; it will be all the greater, because I risk a last affront.

*Mrs. K.* No fear! Things begin to brighten.

*Fan.* I will follow you in all things.

*Jim.* [*Up R.*] Shall I wait for you, ma'am?

*Fan.* No—go back to the boat, tell Captain Lynde I beg to be excused—that—that—I am ill. Come, my dear friend, I will go anywhere you wish. [*Going up, c.*]

*Mrs. K.* Come, my darling; unless I am greatly mistaken, to-morrow will find you an entirely happy woman. [*Exeunt, L. C. window.*]

*Jim.* [*Solus.*] Tell Captain Lynde I'm ill. I wonder who the lies are charged to in the next world which servants are compelled to tell in this. There's some game up. Nobody left in the house now except the baby and nurse. [*Goes to room, R. C.*] I say!

*MOLLY, top of steps, appears folding baby's things.*

*Molly.* Well!

*Jim.* All right there?

*Mol.* Yes.

*Jim.* We're all out down here. I'll turn the light down, you come and lock up after me.

*Mol.* Shure, I won't come down till you're gone.

*Jim.* Why not?

*Mol.* Because you'd be talking nonsense to me, and keepin' me away from the baby.

*Jim.* What's the harm. All the nurses leave the babies; so the comic papers say.

*Mol.* Go 'long wid ye, now. [*Putting things on chair.*]

*Jim.* Ah, come down.

*Mol.* What'll I come for?

*Jim.* To hear what I've got to say to you. [*Turns lamp down on R. table.*]

*Mol.* Don't do that! I'm afraid of you in the dark. [*Coming down, JIM clasps her, R.*]

*Jim.* I've got you.

*Mol.* [L.] If it wasn't for fear of waking the baby I'd scream. Ye know ye've got the advantage of me.

*Jim.* Walk down a little way with me.

*Mol.* I can't leave the child.

*Jim.* [*Closing the doors, L. C., and bolting them.*] Come by the back door, and sit there with me.

*Mol.* What for?

*Jim.* I want to ask you an important question.

*Mol.* What's that?

*Jim.* [*Hesitating—clasping her waist and leading her L. 1. E.*] How would you like to be naturalized and become an American citizen?

*Mol.* An American! Shure can I drop the Irish?

*Jim.* Of course—get naturalized.

*Mol.* How'll I get naturalized?

*Jim.* By marrying me.

*Mol.* Faith its an expensive job, then. [*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

MUSIC till end. Stage quite dark. BURRITT appears at window muffled up, and using dark lantern. He tries the door, L. C. It does not yield. He returns to window, raises sash, enters quickly and softly, looks round, and then returns to window and beckons ALFRED.

*Burritt.* [L.] Rather chilly these nights, sir.

*Alfred.* I do not feel it. Where is the child?

*Bur.* In there.

*Al.* Go and open the door. [*Goes off, R.*]

*Bur.* [*Down L. C., unlocking the door.*] I don't like this, it's a thief's job.

*Molly.* [*Outside, L. H.*] Who's there?

*Bur.* He's waked the nurse. [*Puts lantern down.*]

MOLLY enters, L. 1 E.

*Molly.* It's so dark. I thought I saw some one moving in baby's room. I'm nearly dead with fright.

*Bur.* [Seizing her.] Silence, or I'll shoot you! [MOL. screams.]

FANNY runs in, C.

*Fanny.* What fear was it impelled me to return? Molly! [MOL. makes an effort to speak. BUR. places his hand over her mouth.] What was that? [Noise of chairs overturning. CHILD calls out, "Mamma!"] - My boy! [She runs and turns up lamp. AL. comes down with child.]

*Child.* [Seeing Fan., stretches out its arms.] Mamma! Mamma!

*Fan.* Alfred! Husband! What would you do?

*Al.* Burrirt, clear the way.

*Fan.* [Clutching his arm.] You shall not take him from me.

*Al.* [Trying to shake her off.] Let go!

*Fan.* Where are you taking my child?

*Al.* From the miserable wretch who disgraces him and me.

*Fan.* Give him to me! Give him to me!

*Al.* Look your last on him. You will never see him more. [Throws her off. FAN. screams, falls, C. MOL. runs to her. AL. and BUR. exit with child, L. C.]

CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*St. Augustine, Florida. An old house, on the outskirts of the old town. MUSIC. PAM is discovered upon steps of house, R., smoking a pipe.*

*Enter BURRITT, from L.*

*Pam.* [R.] Well, seen him?

*Burritt.* Yes, and got the sack at last!

*Pam.* Don't want you any more?

*Bur.* No. Paid me in full, and told me to get out; said that now he had his child, and was in a hiding-place so clean out of the world as this, he didn't fear nobody; didn't want no help.

*Pam.* Then it's all up with us.

*Bur.* Lights turned out, and the pianny shut up. We can get back to New York as lively as we like. We've made all we can ever make out of Mr. Adrianse.

*CHRISTMAS, a negro, enters, L., with a bag, or valise.*

*Christmas.* Mass' Burritt, Mass' Adrianse send me with your bag, tell me to take it down to town for you.

*Bur.* All right, Christmas. [*Aside to Pam.*] That darkey's sent by Adrianse to see that we clear out of these parts; you go on; I've got to pay my board bill here, I'll follow.

*Pam.* [*To Christ.*] Come along, Santa Claus! You go ahead.

*Christ.* All right, massa! Dis de way. [*Exits, R.*]

*Pam.* [*Cautiously coming back.*] I say, Burritt.

*Bur.* Well!

*Pam.* [R.] I've got a notion we can make something of this Adrianse business yet.

*Bur.* [L.] No! How so?

*Pam.* [*Mysteriously.*] Go over!

*Bur.* Go over what?

*Pam.* Sell out to the other side.

*Bur.* What! To his wife and mother-in-law?

*Pam.* Exactly. They'd pay five thousand dollars down to know where he's hiding with the child.



*Bur.* Do you want to insult me, young feller? Lookee here, didn't I take you on, three months ago, to learn you how to become a detective, didn't I?

*Pam.* [*Abashed.*] Yes, sir, you did.

*Bur.* Then, recollect this;—our reputation is everything. If we was ever found out going over to the enemy, nobody wouldn't never trust us. We travel on the confidence of the public. Go, young man, never hint no such thing no more.

*Pam.* All right, Cap, I ask your pardon. I'll run on and catch up with the nigger. [*Exits, R.*]

*Bur.* I wonder if he suspects me, and was pumping—there he goes, if he stops once, or leaves the road, I'll know he's gone back to Adrianse—no, he's caught up with the—

MRS. TEN EYCK *enters from house, L. E.*

Ah! arternoon, ma'am! [*Meeting Bur.*]

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* [*L.*] I saw you through the blinds, in company with your assistant, but thought it prudent not to show myself.

*Bur.* [*R.*] Quite right, too. He's a very evil disposed young man, and he might go back to the other party and blow on us.

*Mrs. T.* You've just come from the ruins?

*Bur.* Yes'm, and a precious tumble-down old place it is for anybody, let alone a gentleman born, to hide himself in.

*Mrs. T.* And you assure me solemnly that my daughter's husband and child are there, and that I shall find them to-day.

*Bur.* Well, ma'am, when I wrote to Mr. Jitt, in New York, to tell you to come down here if you wanted to get on the track, I acted square.

*Mrs. T.* [*Giving money.*] Here is the first instalment of your pay, the rest you shall have when the child is ours.

*Bur.* Did you act on the hint I threw out about Adrianse having gone out of his head—clean crazy?

*Mrs. T.* It was most timely. Your friend, Mr. Jitt, immediately applied for an order of the Court to take him into custody.

*Bur.* [*R.*] Lord, what a spry fellow that Jitt is. Have you brought the doctors with you?

*Mrs. T.* One, Dr. Lang. He is accustomed to insanity in every form.

*Bur.* He'll have to get some one to help secure Adrianse. Luney as he is, he's a hard bit to tackle.

*Mrs. T.* In that case we had better take advice. Doctor, doctor, won't you come here a moment? [*Calling off at house.*]

DR. LANG *entering from house.*

*Dr. Lang.* At your service, my dear madam.

*Mrs. T.* This person can tell you the state of our patient.

*Dr.* [*Eyeing him sharply, crosses c.*] Ah! you have seen Mr. Adrianse?

*Bur.* [R.] Yes, sir, and strangely he do act, I tell you.

*Dr.* [*Crosses c.*] He acts strangely, does he? How strangely?

*Bur.* Like a regular lunatic, sir.

*Dr.* That's your opinion. I want the facts.

*Bur.* Well, sir, in the first place, he don't say much—he's disinclined to conversation.

*Dr.* [*Smiling, glancing towards Mrs. T.*] With you?

*Bur.* Yes, sir! The fact is, although I've done him a heap of work in my line, and some of it precious dirty, too, he hasn't treated me lately like one gentleman should another. He always seemed to despise me, and you know if it is despicable to do dirty work, it's just as despicable to pay for it.

*Dr.* [C.] Despised you, eh? Although you served his purposes so well.

*Bur.* Yes, he did; and yet I stuck to him until I found he was beginning to prepare to get ready for to commence to kick me out, and then I thought he was beginning to lose his reason, you see, to become a lunatic; and I considered, as I ought to do him the favor to return evil for good, and let his wife and his friends know where he and the child were concealed.

*Dr.* Oh, you always had a good heart, Burritt.

*Bur.* Oh, bless you, sir, I throw that in. It ain't business, but I throw it in; but, sir, believe me or not, he's gone crazy. I swore to it in the affidavits as were sent on—and I stick to it. The niggers all call him mad—Miss Penfield calls him mad—and she ought to know.

*Mrs. T.* [L.] Miss Penfield? And who is Miss Penfield?

*Bur.* Belongs down here—daughter of an old navy officer—lives near the ruins, and goes over there to draw 'em. She's very fond of the babby; she's the only person Mr. Adrianse allows to come near him.

*Mrs. T.* This seclusion, this cautiousness—are they not additional proofs of madness, Doctor?

*Dr.* They point that way, of course; but what we must be convinced of is that his insanity is mental, of which the common evidences are delusions.

*Mrs. T.* What delusion could be greater than that his wife was false to him, when he could not even give the slightest proof of it.

*Dr.* A good many sane men, my dear madam, have suspicions of that sort without having legal evidence of the fact.

*Mrs. T.* But his was not suspicion, it was certainty; ask this man.

*Bur.* Certainty! Why, bless your medical buttons, he told me he was *sure* she had dishonored him.

*Dr.* Does the boy's health suffer?

*Bur.* [R.] Why, I says to him, says I—Governor you'll kill that boy.

*Dr.* And his answer?

*Bur.* [R.] He will live as long as his father. We will die together.

*Mrs. T.* [L.] You hear! no sane man would say a thing so heartless as that. Are you not satisfied now that you are justified in proceeding under the warrant?

*Dr.* I have proof enough to arrest him; we will see how he acts when we have done so.

*Mrs. T.* Burritt spoke of some assistance in securing the madman.

*Dr.* Well, let Burritt be the man to do it. [*Claps him on shoulder.*]

*Bur.* It would rather go agin me, sir, to make a prisoner of the man that I worked for in a confidential capacity.

*Dr.* There's your soft heart again, eh?

*Bur.* But, then, he never made no friend of me. After all, why shouldn't I do a real good action and help him to a safe, decent lodging. This place is a killing him, and the baby too.

*Mrs. T.* Come, let us lose no time.

*Dr.* [*Looking towards house.*] Won't your daughter want to accompany us?

*Mrs. T.* It's better she should not. The sight of her husband, pale, sick, and perhaps subjected to violence, might overcome her; she knows nothing of the warrant we have for his arrest. I had to keep that from her too.

*Bur.* [L. c.] Ladies *is* rather chicken-hearted—all except you, ma'am; you are the gamest I ever see.

*Dr.* [*Crosses to him.*] Lead the way, we will follow you. Take my arm, Mrs. Ten Eyck, we won't forget our manners, even when we are in the woods. [*All exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*The old Convent ruins in St. Augustin.* ALFRED—*child—enters mounted, L. 2 E., on the back of CHRISTMAS, and driving GUINEA.*

*Child.* Get up there, get up!

*Guinea.* Now, horsey, begin to kick, and young massa beat him. [*They gallop around.*]

*Child.* Whoa! whoa!

*Christmas.* [R.] G'wan' away, you young niggah, you is too frisky for the chile. You tink little massa want fast horse already? No, Massa Alfred play wid ole niggah, old family hoss—no play—dere now, see me! [*They play, CHRIST. takes reins in his mouth and leads round stage.*]

*Child.* You ain't fast enough.

*Guinea.* [*Dances step or two.*] Dere; didn't I tole you? G'lang yer superranerated ole wooly hoss; young massa want Dexter, me Dexter, first half mile in eleben seconds, second half in four hours, here de gait, here we go, fine span of blacks. [*Gallop around again.*]

*Child.* Get up! that's it. Get up!

FLORA enters, L. 2 E., carrying sketch book.

*Flora.* What a racket you are making! Come to me, Alfred.

*Child.* [*Running to her.*] I'm tired.

*Flora.* [L.] I told you so; take him down to the water and let him sail his boat.

*Child.* No, I'll go with you.

*Flora.* Where do you want me to go?

*Child.* To the river.

*Flora.* [*Advancing down stage.*] But perhaps papa wouldn't like it.

*Child.* Let's run away, then.

Goes to GUINEA and CHRIST., who run with him towards C., when ALFRED enters, R. 2 E.

*Alfred.* [*Nervously and half savagely.*] Where are you going?

*Guinea.* Only down to the ribber, sar!

*Christ.* Dat's all, massa.

*Al.* Give him to me. Have I not forbidden you to stir with him from this place? Get off to your work—go! [*CHRIST. and*

GUINEA *slink off*, giving a couple of steps of their dance for child, as they exit off L. AL. goes with child R. and sits. FLORA sits by tree, L., and opens her book, then puts it down and comes to him.]

Flora. Blame me. I told them to take him. I thought the fresh breeze would do him good; see how pale he is.

Al. You had no right. I must keep him again within the house.

Flora. Oh, what a cross face. [*Stooping to child.*] Poor little angel. You wouldn't bury him in that gloomy place?

Al. If I can live there, he can. You took advantage when I was sick and brought him out; all that must stop now.

Flora. Why, you ungrateful person! this is how I'm to be treated as soon as you get well, is it? After all my nice nursing; now, confess, wasn't I good to you, and did you deserve it?

Al. I didn't care what became of me. I wished to die; why didn't you let me?

Flora. [*Lightly, kneeling to child.*] Oh, oh, oh! I'm shocked. Come, Alfred, put your fingers to your ears, papa is saying naughty things—papa is bad, he won't have any friends. [*Pulling child affectionately to her L. H.*]

Al. [*Sadly.*] No!

Flora. [*Changing tone.*] You can make them wherever you go, even here—ever such good friends, if you would but think so.

Al. Yes, I can find more traitors to steal away my last happiness, the love of my child.

Flora. [*Kneeling by boy and at Al.'s feet.*] Tell me, little darling, would you not like to have friends?

Child. I want mamma.

Flora. [*Looking up in surprise.*] He speaks of her as if she were living.

Al. So all children speak of the dead.

Flora. And she is dead—truly?

Al. I told you truly. I have no wife. [*Bows his head on his bosom.*] She is dead.

Child. [L.] Papa, mamma is not dead.

Flora. No, darling! [*Aside to Al.*] Let him remain in ignorance. It is so cruel to undeceive him.

Child. Shall I see mamma again?

Flora. Yes, my darling. [*To Al.*] Let him believe so. [*To child.*] Yes, my darling, for a mother and child who love so much will surely meet again.

Al. [*Turning away.*] Enough—speak no more of her.

Flora. [*Rising.*] Now, I have wounded you. I did not mean that. I would make you happy if I could. [*CHILD crosses to bank, L. H., and looks over pictures in portfolio.*]



*Al.* Learn this: for the dead we have tears—for those whose sin has killed them—none.

*Flora.* She was unworthy, then—even of pity?

*Al.* [*Tone of agony.*] Peace, peace! do not wring my secret from me. If I should speak of her, I should go mad. The thought of her has nearly made me so,

*Flora.* But she was beautiful—he remembers that. [*Points to child.*] Even beauty is forgotten. You men have hard hearts. [*Sits next to him on bank.*]

*Al.* You have learned this, have you? It is the cant of your sex, you begin early to adopt it.

*Flora.* [*Light, gay tone, tempered with occasional seriousness.*] But you have; don't tell me. All men think women ought to be as wise and as cold as they are. I couldn't be. If you had married me, you would have broken my heart, too.

*Al.* What makes you think so? You are different from her. Pshaw!—what am I saying!—you are but a child.

*Flora.* Oh, no, I'm not. I know I could fall in love—and when that comes, one is a woman. [*Rises.*]

*Al.* [*Rises, takes c.*] Do not hasten that time. Keep it away from your life.

*Flora.* [*Coquettishly.*] For how long?

*Al.* Forever! If you have to do as I do, fly from the world.

*Flora.* But I couldn't, and you cannot.

*Al.* [*Gloomily.*] Humph!

*Flora.* [*Playfully.*] Do you think that these ruins, this solitude, your gloomy looks can frighten away love? If I were in love, they wouldn't frighten me.

*Al.* [*Smiling, rises.*] You believe, then, love can do all things?

*Flora.* Everything, even to bringing a smile where it has not been seen perhaps for years.

*Al.* [*Still smiling.*] You could love like that perhaps?

*Flora.* Ah, you smile still! And you, when you loved, was it not like this?

*Al.* [*Gloomily again, goes back to seat.*] Speak no more of the past.

*Flora.* Then the future. Will you always be alone? Not a single gleam of sunlight in the ruin there?

*Al.* Nor here! [*Sits.*]

*Flora.* [*Sitting beside him, taking his hand.*] Let me tell you your future?

*Al.* It is not hard.

*Flora.* No; so you shall learn it all. One day you will become weary of this place—of all about you—of me! You will



say: "Good-bye, little friend," and you will go, I know not where, but some place where bright eyes and rosy cheeks will greet you. Away in the North—you will love again, you will marry, and I— [*Rises and takes c. sadly.*]

*Al.* [*Tenderly.*] Well, and you— [*She hides her face in her hands.*] Why, you are not weeping? [*Drawing her hand towards him.*]

*Flora.* [*Pettishly.*] Let me alone. [*L.*]

*Al.* [*R.*] Come—why these tears?

*Flora.* [*Pettishly.*] I'm not crying. [*Playfully.*] Was I crying? Well, it was because I was foolish. [*Laughing archly.*]

*Al.* [*Still tenderly.*] There, the sun is setting; you must return home. I will go into my Timon's cave. Come, Alfred.

*Flora.* I may come to-morrow?

*Al.* To-morrow? yes.

*Flora.* And you are not angry with me?

*Al.* Angry—how could I be?

*Flora.* Let me kiss little Alfred good-night. [*CHILD runs to her.*] There! [*Kisses him.*] Good-night!

*Child.* Good-night. I love you.

*Flora.* You love me—why?

*Child.* Because you make papa so happy. [*Crosses to Al.* FLORA looks at Al., smiling, yet abashed, he takes her hand.]

*Al.* I believe he almost speaks the truth. Good-night, little friend. [*Exeunt, R. 2 E.*]

FLORA looks after him; suddenly FANNY appears, L. 2 E., stands up stage, L. C. Tableau for a moment.

*Flora.* [*R.*] If it were so. But he would despise me if I were to betray my secret. [*Turns to go, confronts Fan., who stands motionless.*] A stranger!

*Fanny.* [*L.*] To you, yes, but not to your thoughts. From that grove I have unwillingly heard all.

*Flora.* [*Naively.*] Mercy on me! I thought we were alone.

*Fan.* Have no fear of me.

*Flora.* [*Dignity.*] I have no fear of anybody. I am mistress of all this place, of the ground you stand upon. What should I fear?

*Fan.* Perhaps that the love which you have so badly concealed should be known.

*Flora.* And if it were, where is the harm?

*Fan.* You admit, then, you love this man.

*Flora.* I admit nothing to you. What business has anyone to question me or him? I am free to do as I please—so is he.

*Fan.* [*Scornfully.*] Doubtless, since he listens to you!

*Flora.* [*R.*] You speak as if you knew him. What do you know of him? What have you to do with the matter at all?

*Fan.* Only to ask a favor, which, perhaps, you will not refuse. [*FLORA thoughtfully crosses L.*] If your designs are upon him, they are certainly not upon his child. If one came who had the right to ask it, would you assist her to take away the child?

*Flora.* [*Stage, L.*] To take away the child he guards so well! I know you now. You are one of those enemies whom he fears. [*Turning short on her.*]

*Fan.* [*Wretched.*] I am one of those enemies.

*Flora.* [*Goes to her, tenderly.*] You belong to his family, you are related to him?

*Fan.* I am his wife, the mother of his child.

*Flora.* [*Starts back.*] His wife! Oh, what have I done? How mad I have been. O, forgive me—forgive me!

*Fan.* [*Gazing sternly at her.*] I do not regard you. I come only for my child. [*Going towards R.*]

*Flora.* [*Impetuously.*] But you shall hear me. You come in time to save me from my own folly, to spare him a crime. But it was all your fault, why did you leave him? [*Going to bank, L., sitting and burying her head in hands.*]

*Fan.* Ask why his mad unreasoning heart made him an exile from his home.

*Flora.* [*Sinks on tree, L.*] But it is dreadful, all this. If I were a wife I would not leave my husband unless a rival—but I would have no rival.

*Fan.* [*Approaching her.*] And if he discarded you?

*Flora.* I would follow him wherever he went. I would find him.

*Fan.* As I have done, and find another woman in my place.

*Flora.* No, no! [*Starts up.*] I will make my error good; I will bring him to you. You shall see how good a friend I can be.

*Fan.* It is useless, he will not see me. [*Crosses to L.*]

*Flora.* [*Crosses to R.*] Let me but try. I know he loves you—because he does not love me.

*Fan.* [*R.*] I only wish to see my child.

*Flora.* [*Running off, R. 2 E.*] Wait here, I'll find him. [*Returning.*] You mustn't hate me, I'm too little and too silly to hate; there, I'll bring him to you. [*Exits, R. 2 E.*]

*Fan.* [*Solus.*] Will he see me? There must have been a Providence directing my unwary steps that led me to this place. How still the air! Away from all the scenes that recall his anger—alone with me—perhaps the feeling of the old days will return, perhaps his love, not dead, but sorely wounded, may re-

vive. He spoke to that woman, but without a single accent of affection. Ah, if he had but paused before he disowned me, if he had but sought to know the truth, this humiliation had been spared him and me. A footstep! I tremble! [*Retires.*]

FLORA enters, followed by ALFRED, they cross to bank, L.

Alfred. My mind is ill at ease. What is this you have to tell? Speak quickly!

Flora. How impatient you are! Sit down here. [*Leads him L.*] Just as impatient as I would be if I were married and my husband, long-lost to me, were coming back again.

Al. [*L. by bank.*] You speak of feelings you know nothing of. I have trifled too long. To-morrow you shall not come.

Flora. [*Smiling sadly.*] To-morrow I will not come.

Al. [*L.*] I must be left in peace, or I shall seek it elsewhere.

Flora. You shall and I will help you to it.

Al. Silly child, what jest is this?

Flora. Proof, that even in these ruins—in this solitude, love can find you out.

Al. [*One step forward.*] I will hear no more.

Flora. Only one word, and that the truest I ever spoke and the happiest for you. Little Alfred's mother is here.

Al. [*L., down.*] My wife! [*FAN. appears.*] Fanny!

Flora. Now I have made amends. [*Runs out, R.*]

Al. [*Looks around nervous and suspicious.*] You are alone?

Fan. Alfred! Have you no welcome for me? [*Offers her hand.*]

Al. [*L.*] You have found me at last.

Fan. Did you not know in your heart we must meet again? Have you not thought in your heart: If she comes it will be proof that she is faithful?

Al. [*His back towards her.*] I have thought that you would find me out in time, because you wanted your child.

Fan. Is it not your child that I love?

Al. I have no thought of myself. If you come, it is because you have a mother's instinctive love. All women have that, even the worst.

Fan. I have no reproaches to heap on you; spare me now.

Al. What should I say to reproach you? You see me an exile from home, a man dragged down by grief and sickness. What words of mine can add to your remorse?

Fan. [*R., quite in front of him, throwing her arms about his neck.*] Oh, Alfred, tell me that you do not believe me guilty of any sin.

*Al.* [*Calmly.*] I have said that I have no charge to make.

*Fan.* But in your heart—in your own heart, you do not think me the vile woman you have made the world believe me?

*Al.* [*Calmly.*] In my heart, I have tried to defend you. [*Releasing himself from her arms.*]

*Fan.* [*Clasping her hands in agony.*] And you will not say one word?

*Al.* [*Petulantly.*] It is useless. I am not well. Even this is too much for me. [*Crosses to R.*] Though I was willing to see you. [*MUSIC.*]

FLORA appears at R. with child, it runs to *Fan.*

*Child.* Mamma!

*Fan.* My darling! [*Clasps him, sinking on her knees. AL. stands c., looking away.*]

*Child.* I have loved you all the time, mamma.

*Fan.* Did you think mamma would never come? All the nights long she has been praying to heaven for this happy moment.

*Al.* [*R.*] You might have been happy.

*Fan.* [*Stretches out one hand.*] I thank you for this.

*Al.* Come, bring him into the house.

*Fan.* You will let me enter?

*Al.* [*Up R.*] I can deny you nothing with my child in your arms.

BURRITT steals in, c., rushes forward and snatches the child, which he passes to MRS. TEN EYCK, who follows after him, accompanied by DR. LANG.

*Burritt.* [*C.*] Secure the child!

*Al.* [*R. c.*] My God! What's this? A plot?

*Dr. Lang.* [*Interposing.*] Be composed, we will do you no harm.

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* Fanny, come away. [*AL. glares at Fan.*]

*Fan.* [*L.*] As Heaven is above me, Alfred, I did not know of this. [*AL. makes an angry dash towards her. DR. interposes.*]

*Al.* Who are you?

*Dr.* I am a physician.

*Mrs. T.* Charged with your custody.

*Dr.* I have a warrant for your apprehension as an insane person, and must enforce it.

*Al.* [*To Fan.*] This is your plot! You come to me like a thief.

*Fan.* I swear to you—

*Al.* [R.] Silence! would you have me strike you to my feet?

*Dr.* Secure him!

*BUR.* *seizes him behind.* *AL.* *struggles wildly, and is borne to the ground.* *The child cries: "Papa, oh, papa!" and is held by MRS. T.* *FAN.* *throws herself on her knees beside AL., who repulses her with gesture of scorn.*

CURTAIN, QUICK.

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ACT V.

SCENE.—*Elegant parlors in the city house of De Witt. Time—Evening. Everything rich, gay and tasteful.*

*DUNCAN and GRACE enter in wedding-dress, L. 2 c.*

*Duncan.* [R.] Only a few moments more, and I shall be sure of my happiness. It seems to me it is not secure until I hear the words: "I pronounce you man and wife."

*Grace.* [R.] Why you havn't anything to fear now, you frightened fellow; here we are, the carriages are outside, the church just around the corner, and nobody in the world objects.

*Dun.* Add, too: a couple of hundred invitations out, the parlors lighted, supper down stairs, the music in the hall, and above all—my determination to be married, no matter who objects.

*Grace.* But it *was* so sudden after all, wasn't it? Button this for me, Harry. [*Offering glove.*] To think we took advantage of auntie being away and we left alone to ourselves.

*Dun.* Then we had De Witt and Lu to encourage us.

*Grace.* [L.] How nice it will be to ask Fanny to come with little Alfred, and live with us. Poor Fanny!

*Dun.* Do you know what I began to fear at the last moment?

*Grace.* What was it?

*Dun.* That Fanny's unhappy experience would frighten you from every thought of wedding me.

*Grace.* Ah, but you are reasonable; you are not jealous. Sit down here. [*Sit on tete-a-tete, c.*]

*Dun.* Yes, I am. I'm terribly jealous. If anybody else in trousers were to fall in love with you—I don't know what I wouldn't do to him.

*Grace.* I don't mind that, that's nice; but Alfred, you know, visited his jealousy upon his wife.

*Dun.* Poor fellow, he's helpless enough now.

*Grace.* If I were Fanny, I know what I would do.

*Dun.* What would you do?

*Grace.* Take him away from his prison, for I know it's a prison; they may call it an asylum—but it has iron bars and great gates, too. I wouldn't let the father of my child be treated so.

*Dun.* How can she help it? the law puts him there.

*Grace.* [R.] No law can stand in the way of a wife's love.

*Dun.* Well, I blame Mrs. Ten Eyck for all this.

*Grace.* No, you mustn't. Aunt Clara, I know, did what she thought was best.

*Dun.* There is nothing personal in what I say. I shall have no mother-in-law, nor you neither. We are independent orphans, and if we quarrel, which heaven forbid, we shall make it up again easily by ourselves.

*Grace.* And auntie mustn't come to see us after we are married? [*Pouts.*]

*Dun.* Oh, yes, as an aunt.

*Grace.* But— [*Rises.*]

*Dun.* Ah, rebellion— [*Rises.*]

*Grace.* But I ought to look upon her as my mamma—not as a mere aunt.

*Dun.* Remember you are going to be a model wife—wife of a clergyman—pattern to the parish, an awful responsibility.

*Grace.* But I mustn't commence now, must I?

*Dun.* Yes, practice early—say “aunt”—come, that's a good girl.

*Grace.* Just let me have a little of my own way now, only once before we are married.

*Dun.* [*Looking at watch.*] Well, that's just for ten minutes.

*Enter MRS. TEN EYCK, R. C.*

*Mrs. Ten Eyck.* [C.] My darling Grace!

*Grace.* Well, auntie!



*Mrs. T.* [*With affection to Dun.*] Oh, Mr. Duncan, my last daughter has gone, too.

*Dun.* [*L.*] Why, what has happened to Fanny?

*Mrs. T.* Can you not understand? [*Embraces Grace.*] Have I not always looked upon you, Grace, as my own child?

*Grace.* Yes, auntie.

*Mrs. T.* You need not have been so precipitate, my dear. All the time I was away I intended your young hearts should be made happy on my return, for I had already forgiven Harry.

*Grace.* And Harry had forgiven you, too, auntie.

*Mrs. T.* [*c.*] Forgiven me!

*Dun.* [*L.*] Say no more about it, my dear Mrs. Ten Eyck.

*Grace.* And he will always love you as—

*Dun.* As an aunt. I told Grace just before you came in, that as an aunt—

*Mrs. T.* Thanks, my dear Harry.

*Grace.* And when we build an addition to our house—

*Mrs. T.* [*Subdued vexation.*] I shall be welcome, no doubt.

*Grace.* Oh, yes. You can come and live with us, then.

*Dun.* [*Aside.*] I shan't enlarge it till I'm tired of life.

*Mrs. T.* [*c., ironically.*] Ah, well, my loves, you will be happy. You are both poor, and therefore dependent on each other. You can't afford to disagree, so you will be happy. [*R.*]

*Grace.* And if I should ever need a friend—a *confidante*—

*Mrs. T.* Confide in Harry. Let no third person step between you. [*Crosses to c.*]

*Dun.* We won't. We shall keep so close together there won't be room.

*Mrs. T.* I have but one word of advice.

*Grace.* Yes, aunt. [*Crosses to c.*]

*Mrs. T.* Bear with each other's faults. It will be a hard task, I have no doubt, but it is the only way to have perfect peace. [*Goes up.*]

*Dun.* [*Mock gravity to Grace.*] I feel much chastened in spirit.

*Grace.* [*Same to Dun.*] Bear with my faults.

*Dun.* [*Same.*] Yes. I'll take half of them at once and we'll be an even match. What a little stab she gave us.

*Mrs. T.* [*Up stage near door.*] Come, my dears, the wedding party is waiting for you. Ah, a few short years ago, how happily my children were married. [*Advancing.*] And then see how they suffered—what misery has been theirs. And, now, you are going to walk in the same path.

*Grace.* Oh, dear, don't say that.

*Mrs. T.* I mean you are going to be married; you don't know what is before you. [*Goes up.*]

*Dun.* [*To Grace, crosses to c.*] I know what I should like to leave behind us. She is cutting us up.

*Mrs. T.* [*L.*] But whatever betides, you have my sympathy. Come, my children. [*Aside, going up.*] I think I have repaid their impertinence. [*Exits, c. and L.*]

*Dun.* [*Going up with Grace.*] What do you say now, Grace, to having her for a mother?

*Grace.* I think that she had better be considered as an aunt.

*Dun.* [*Kisses her.*] Bravo! [*Exeunt, c. and L.*]

KEMP enters, R. 1 E., goes C., looks off after party, then returns, R.

*Kemp.* They are all gone.

FANNY enters, R. 1 E., leaning on MRS. KEMP.

Don't be afraid! Stop here a bit, Susie, and I can catch up to them—plenty of time. [*Goes up and comes down, R.*]

*Fanny.* [*R.*] You cannot tell how these lights, the bustle and the gaiety of the wedding preparations trouble me.

*Mrs. Kemp.* There, you are nervous again.

*Fan.* No, I am past that; the feeling is cold and deadly—it is remorse. [*Crossing to seat, c.*]

*Kemp.* Remorse? Nonsense! Why should you feel remorse?

*Fan.* [*Sinks on seat, c.*] Everything seems clearer to me now. I see with anguish every hasty step, every false suggestion, every unwise counsel that I took. I retrace my short wedded life pace by pace, I say to myself: Here I might have stopped, and all would have been well—this I might have left unsaid, and now be happy.

*Mrs. K.* [*R.*] Let me paint a different picture, my love; your husband was rash, self-willed, unthinking.

*Fan.* Of whom do you speak? I only see now a man broken by misfortune, dragging out a living death. If I turn from that, I see only the generous, loving, happy heart that took me for a wife—believed, trusted, and was deceived.

*Mrs. K.* [*L.*] All is not yet hopeless.

*Fan.* Day by day, they tell me so; but they say no more.

*Kemp.* Cheer up. Dr. Lang called on me only yesterday to say that Alfred was making most rapid progress towards a cure.

*Fan.* [*Gazing calmly in his eye.*] Do you believe Alfred was really mad?

*Kemp.* Yes, the doctors—

*Fan.* The doctors thought they had conclusive proofs of his insanity, because he fell into ungovernable rage when we took his child. What think you would I do, if men came to tear that child from me now? Sit smiling—talk reason—suffer the outrage;—or fly like the tigress in defence of its young—mindful of nothing but to save its own?

*Mrs. K.* Then you believe— [L.]

*Fan.* [Rising.] That every day he lingers in that prison is an outrage on justice.

*Kemp.* Well, if I may be allowed to speak freely, I think your mother—For a more hard-hearted interfering—! but there, Susie don't approve of violent language, and I'm done.

*Fan.* What was I—the blindest tool that ever wrought unconsciously her own destruction! Swayed by a puff of pride; listening to the devil of perversity. [Rises.]

*Mrs. K.* [R.] And you have no blame, then, for your mother?

*Fan.* [C.] No blame, save for myself; my mother's course is run. [Throws herself in Mrs. K.'s arms.] Your words are vain; only when he can hear me, can forgive me, shall I find peace.

*Mrs. K.* [L.] What do you propose to do?

*Fan.* Liberate him, set him free, and ask him to choose what reparation he exacts.

*Mrs. K.* Perhaps, after all, his request would be unreasonable. He might only ask you to refuse to see some man he did not like.

*Fan.* You jest at my misery?

*Mrs. K.* No, I only see Edward Lynde coming this way, and the source of all the trouble flashed upon me.

*Fan.* [Drying her eyes.] If I asked you to let me speak with him alone, would you think it strange?

*Mrs. K.* With all my heart. [Kissing her forehead.]

*Kemp.* Certainly! we'll just be in time at the church. Come, Susie!

*Mrs. K.* [Aside to Kemp, as they go out.] There is hardly any fear of leaving them alone now.

CAPTAIN enters, C. and L.

*Captain.* [To Mr. and Mrs. K.] What! Not gone to the wedding?

*Mrs. K.* [Crosses to him.] Can't you get money enough to go to Salt Lake?

*Capt.* No—can't say where I could raise it. Why?

*Mrs. K.* Because I think you have done mischief enough in this part of the world. Don't look at me like a fool; you know

what I mean—and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here. Come, Sammy!

*Kemp.* All right, Susie, dear. [*Exeunt, c. and L.*]

*Capt.* [*Comes down, L.*] That's a downright old-fashioned vulgar scolding. What can she mean? [*Sees Fan.*] I beg your pardon! [*Recognizes her.*] Why, Fanny, this is an unexpected pleasure. I feared you wouldn't be visible to-night, but I see, Grace's wedding. You couldn't resist, weddings are fascinating; and when a fellow is too poor, like me, to marry, he sees it done by others with peculiar zest.

*Fan.* Edward, is it possible for you to speak seriously?

*Capt.* [*Eyeing her through glasses and aside.*] Broken up—deucedly broken up, or perhaps it's the dress. [*Aloud.*] Why I always talk sense.

*Fan.* [*c.*] If there be in your nature a single chord that vibrates to the touch of remorse, listen to me.

*Capt.* [*Sits.*] My dear Fanny, you may play on all the chords. I don't know if there's any tuned to remorse, but I think not. At all events I never use it. Come, don't look so doleful. Play a lively air.

*Fan.* This, at least, you will bear in mind. In your playday world, among the toys with which you pass your useless hours, I have no longer a place.

*Capt.* [*Gets round, while speaking, to R. H.*] It's the old doll and sawdust story over again, and I don't want to hear it. I can't go down into the tomb before my time, no matter how many agreeable young ladies ask me to come down a while and talk sense there. I'd rather give 'em a hand to help 'em out. Come, now, what do you say. Jump out and let's have a little sunshine.

*Fan.* [*Half to herself.*] Is it possible I have permitted my husband's happiness to depend upon my encouragement of such a man as this?

*Capt.* Oh, your husband! You don't want that misery raked up again. If he's coming back, of course I'll go off again, but if he's not, why the same old plane of friendship, you and I—  
[*Sits on arm of chair, puts arm about waist.*]

*Fan.* [*Rises, stage L.*] I tell you between you and me there is no longer any friendship—no past—no future. The step I should have taken once, I now take, late as it is—we must never see each other again. It is now my own wish, not the command of a husband, and for that reason it is earnest and irrevocable.  
[*Crosses to R.*]

*Capt.* [*Rises, down c.*] Well, this is a riddle.

*Fan.* [*R.*] They tell me that once before you kindled this

flame of jealous misery, but that the victims fled from you and were saved. This time behold the end.

*Capt.* Oh, I say now, I didn't steal your child nor put Adrianse in a madhouse. Don't blame me for that.

*Fan.* I do not blame you, I pity you, and I implore you—

*Capt.* [*Comes toward her, feelingly, L.*] You implore me to see you no more?

*Fan.* [*Indignantly.*] No, sir! but to remember this: that soon every door must be closed against you, if it is known that you bring only wretchedness to its threshold. If you would have other friends, be warned in time. As for me, think of me no more. We are strangers henceforth and forever. [*Exits, R. 1 E.*]

*Capt.* I oughtn't to have let her preach at all; she got an advantage over me at the last. American women are pretty fair at intrigue, but they havn't the courage to carry it out like Frenchwomen. Perhaps they'll get it in the course of time. [*Looks at watch.*] Half-past, the wedding will soon be over. [*Draws on gloves.*] Just in time to join 'em, and give the bride a kiss. I wonder whose carriage I shall go into. [*Looks off.*] By Jove, it must be De Witt's, for here they come. Havn't seen them since their last row. What a pair of doves!

*LU and DE WITT enter, C. and L.*

*Capt.* Good evening, delighted I am sure. [*LU looks at him, and passes with averted head. He stands astonished, using glass. LU sits, L., putting on gloves.*]

*De Witt.* [*C.*] You see, the family is not disposed to smile upon you.

*Capt.* [*R. C.*] By Jove, you know, I'm very badly treated. Here's two houses gone. Where am I to go when I want to go out?

*De W.* I've been thinking, Captain, that with the assistance of several large capitalists—married gentlemen—I'll start a joint stock company for your benefit.

*Capt.* [*R.*] No!

*De W.* Name of company: "The Captain Lynde Joint Stock Relief Association;" object—to raise money enough to get Captain Lynde married, and put out of the way. Every married man with a pretty wife will be sure to take a share.

*Capt.* Good idea! Capital notion, old fellow. Try it! I'll drop around to your house every evening and talk it over.

*De W.* No, I only talk business at my office; all my business acquaintances may call there—you understand?



*Capt.* Ya'as—think I do. What hour to-morrow will it be agreeable for you to have your nose pulled?

*Lu.* [*Jumping up, crosses to c.*] Tell him anytime, De Witt. But don't try it by yourself, Captain; it's too much for one—let it out by contract. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Capt.* Haw! I will. Bye-bye. [*Going up, c.*] I say, have you seen that lawyer lately—I think they call him Jitt. [*LU crosses to R., indignant.*] Oh, you don't want to, either, I suppose. Made it all up. Well, but look out for Jitt, he's been running all over, trying to find you—better see him. [*Very mysterious.*] Bye-bye! Don't forget Jitt—see Jitt. [*Exits, c. and L.*]

*Lu.* [*R.*] I wonder you had the patience to talk to the booby.

*De W.* What does he mean by telling me to see Jitt? [*Coming to her.*]

*Lu.* [*R.*] Some of his mischief. [*Lovingly.*] We have done with Jitt.

*De W.* So we have.

*Lu.* You threw the law papers he gave you into the fire, didn't you?

*De W.* I did. When I looked at them, I saw it was a suit for divorce he had brought in your name against me, so I kicked him out, threw them in the fire, and then I went to find you.

*Lu.* [*Lovingly.*] The brute. I told him to see you and make it up.

*De W.* Instead of which he was trying to make it worse.

*Lu.* [*Same.*] But we settled it ourselves, didn't we, love? How delightful it is for married people to trust each other! Can't they put all the divorce lawyers somewhere, and keep 'em where they won't do any damage?

*De W.* We will keep them outside of our doors, my love, and they'll never damage us.

*Lu.* Isn't it perfectly splendid to make up again on the very day Grace and Harry are married? It'll be like our own wedding. How nice it was of you to give them the wedding reception.

*De W.* I thought you would like it. I'm so happy, too. I must—I must have one kiss.

*Lu.* Somebody's coming!

*De W.* Let 'em come!

*Salutes her, when JITT enters, c. from L., in great haste, followed by BURRITT.*

*Jitt.* Stop, I forbid it! [*Aghast.*]

*Lu.* Oh, dear! it's the horrid wretch.



*Jit.* Unhappy creatures! What are you doing?

*Burritt.* I think they was hugging, governor.

*De W.* Confound you! What business is this of yours? Get out of my house directly.

*Lu.* Both of you.

*Jit.* [*Advancing, L. C.*] My afflicted friends, excuse my agitation! But this very day I learned that you had come to town together; that you were about to live together. My mind shuddered at the awful consequences.

*Lu.* [*R.*] What awful consequences?

*Jit.* Is it possible my letter to Long Island didn't reach you?

*Lu.* I havn't been there for a month.

*De W.* Will you get out?

*Bur.* [*L. H.*] Don't go, governor; you're in the performance of a moral duty. Don't go!

*Jit.* I won't!

*De W.* [*R. C.*] You don't like to see us happily re-united, eh? It's bad for business, eh? Look here, sir! [*Takes Lu's arm.*] And look here, sir! [*Kisses her.*]

*Jit.* Wretched couple! Do you not know that you are divorced? [*LU screams and faints on De W.*]

*De W.* Did you say divorced?

*Jit.* I said divorced. Here are the vouchers. You are no longer man and wife!

*Lu.* You little wretch! [*To Jit., c.*] Do you mean to tell me that this paper divorces us?

*Jit.* I do!

*Bur.* Flattens the old man clean out, mum.

*Lu.* Then there—and there—and there! [*Tears it.*] Now we are married again. [*Crosses to De W., throws arms around his neck.*]

*Jit.* [*L. C.*] Stop! It's immoral! Tearing the papers won't do it.

*Bur.* [*L., picking up pieces.*] Besides being a felony for to destroy the records of the court.

*De W.* [*R.*] My love, we're in a very bad fix.

*Lu.* [*R. C.*] Oh, what are we to do, what is to be done? [*Turns sudden to Jit.*] You hear, sir! What are we to do?

*Jit.* Legal advice demanded. Consultation fee one hundred dollars.

*Lu.* [*Seizes him by collar.*] I'll give you a consultation fee, tell me directly what is to be done?

*Jit.* Ah, ugh! [*Choking.*]

*Lu.* Come, now.

*Jit.* What are you to do? Why get the decree set aside?

*De W.* [R.] How long will that take?

*Jit.* Two or three weeks.

*Lu.* We'll have it done. [*Sudden to him.*] Go directly and do it.

*De W.* Isn't there any shorter way?

*Jit.* None, unless you get married over again.

*Lu.* [*To De W.*] We'll do it to-morrow.

*De W.* We will, my love, and as for you, sir, leave the house. [*Crossing, threats to Jit.*]

*Jit.* [L. C.] You'll pay for this violence, Mr. De Witt. Burritt, you're a witness. Your wife, sir, choked me while you stood by consenting, aiding and abetting.

*De W.* Will you get out, at once, or shall I do a little more on my own account?

*Jit.* No, sir, you need not, sir; come, Burritt, bring the fragments of the judicial decree. You'll hear from me, sir—I'll have justice yet, sir.

*De W.* I hope so, and when you get it, I'll come and see you hung with pleasure.

*Jit.* Ugh! come, Burritt! [*Exits through C. and L.*]

*Bur.* [*Steals back.*] If you want a confidential agent, sir, one as can tell you the full extent of the villiany of that man Jitt in this matter—

*De W.* Will you go out, or shall I call the servants?

*Bur.* Oh, no, sir! not on my account. Well, this is as ungrateful a crowd as ever I see. [*Exits C. and off L.*]

*Lu.* [R.] It's too much. To think it should come to this; to think I'm not married now after all. Lord, lord, De Witt, what's my name now?

*De W.* I don't know, my love.

*Lu.* I don't believe I've got any. [*Goes up.*]

*De W.* Come along, I'll give you one right off. It's not too late, we'll get married with Grace and Harry. Ha! ha! what a life of adventure.

*Lu.* Once divorced, twice married, and the last one a great deal better and nicer and funnier than the first. Come along. [*Exeunt, C. and off L.*]

JENNY enters, L. 2 E., with child Alfred.

*Jenny.* There's nothing more to be seen now, Master Alfred, they've all gone off to church, and it's time for you to be going up-stairs to bed.

*Child.* [L.] I want to wait for mamma.

*Jenny.* Your mamma don't go to weddings, my darling; you'll see her before you go to sleep—here she comes now.

FANNY enters, R. 1 E.

*Child.* [*Crosses c.*] I was waiting for you, mamma.

*Fanny.* Yes, love.

*Child.* May I stay up with you. I only want to say my prayers to you—then I'll go.

*Fan.* Mamma will come up to you, darling, and when you pray, remember poor papa.

*Child.* Come soon, mamma. [*Kisses her.*]

*Jenny.* I found this letter for you, ma'am. I thought I'd bring it up. [*Gives letter, then takes child's hand.*] Come, pet. [*Exits, R. 2 E.*]

*Fan.* [*Sitting c.*] From Dr. Lang. [*Opening letter.*] The only comfort left me is to read his cold but honest words. [*Reads.*] "I cannot say that you ought to come here to see your husband. His restoration to health is not far distant, but I beg you to wait until he is himself anxious to see you or the child. When that time comes, I am certain your meeting will be a happy one. Meanwhile trust to me as his friend and yours." [*Lets letter fall in lap.*] "Wait until he is anxious to see you or the child. When that time comes, your meeting will be a happy one." How I have prayed for it, until my brain, turned with hope and fear, conjures up unreal visions of happiness, or pictures an everlasting despair. [*Her head falls upon her arm, as she bows upon chair.*]

ALFRED and DR. LANG appear at back, from L.—they pause, see *Fan.* and converse. DR.'s manner is that of a friend. AL. is calm and self-possessed.

*Alfred.* Leave me for a little while, my friend, I will join you below. [*Dr. retires, after warmly pressing AL.'s hand.*] Fanny! [*Advances, R.*]

*Fan.* [*Starts up, L.*] Alfred! [*Scream, runs to his arms.*] You are here. Free!

*Al.* [*C., gently releases himself.*] To-day I was strong enough for the first time to leave the doctor's house.—I have sought you, for I have a few words to say.

*Fan.* [*Gently bowing her head.*] Speak, Alfred.

*Al.* I know now that you were not concerned in taking my child by force. Dr. Lang has told me all that. For what I then said in my violence, I ask your pardon. [*She sinks on seat.*] I also know that my imprisonment was not your work;—may heaven and you forgive me the unjust maledictions that I heaped upon you in my passion.

*Fan.* I forgive you everything.

*Al.* [*Repressed emotion.*] You have my—our child.

*Fan.* [*Quickly.*] Let me bring him to you. [*Runs R., and calls off.*] Alfred!

*Al.* [*R. C.*] Stay! It is needless—I have not finished. In this paper provision is made for him and you. All I have I give. [*FAN. sinks in chair.*] Thus, your future is provided for. This other paper is signed by me, and needs only your hand. It is called a deed of separation. In it I renounce authority over you and him. It is the perpetual guaranty of your absolute freedom. [*Going, C.*]

*Fan.* [*Rising.*] These forms affright me! You have not spoken of yourself.

*Al.* Have I not made reparation enough?

*Fan.* I ask none, I ask what is to become of you—my husband?

*Al.* [*L., faltering and nervous.*] I have not settled it at all; my purpose is to find some retreat, where I can trouble you no more.

*Fan.* [*R.*] What can I do—what can I say, to prove to you that I have loved you—that I have been faithful from the beginning to the end?

*Al.* It is not needed; I see clearly, the fault was mine; it is best we should part.

*Fan.* [*R.*] We cannot part. Say that you forgive me—say that you believe in my truth!

*Al.* [*Points to papers.*] Are not these enough? The world will see in them confession of your honor, acknowledgement of my wrong against you.

*Fan.* I want none of these. [*Tears papers.*] I confess every other sin against you—but I have been faithful in every thought and deed.

*Al.* Be satisfied. I believe you to be as pure as the heaven above us.

*Fan.* And you will leave me after that? Tell me the promise I must make, the vow I must keep for the future, as the price of your returning love. For your child's sake you cannot leave me. Two lives—two futures hang upon a word! Alfred! husband! I beseech you!

*Al.* I have thought it all over. The past is like a gulf—from either side our arms stretch forth to meet in vain. What power can bring forgetfulness, and unite us in a new life?

*Fan.* [*R. C., sinking on her knees, and bowing her head.*] Heaven, have pity on us!

CHILD runs in from R. E.

*Child.* Why, it's papa! Oh, papa! Have you come? [*AL. with a cry takes the child up into his arms.*] Oh, mamma, how glad you must be! [*AL. releases the child, who runs to Fan.*] Papa will never go away again, will he, mamma?

*Fan.* Pray to him, darling. [*AL., after a struggle, turns and holds out his arms to her.*]

*Al.* Fanny!

*Fan.* Alfred! [*They embrace.*]

MUSIC. *Wedding-party enter, headed by GRACE and DUNCAN, LU and DE WITT following, KEMP and MRS. KEMP next. KITTY CROSBY, bridesmaids and gentlemen after.—Tableau.*

CURTAIN.





# DIVORCE.

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A PLAY OF THE PERIOD, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

AUGUSTIN DALY.

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AS ACTED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE FOR THE  
FIRST TIME, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1871.

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