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DICK'S
AMERICAN
EDITION

NIGGER
BOARDING
HOUSE



NEW YORK
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THE
NIGGER BOARDING-HOUSE

A SCREAMING FARCE

IN ONE ACT AND ONE SCENE FOR SIX
MALE BURNT-CORK CHARACTERS

By OLIVER WENLANDT

With Complete Directions for its Performance

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
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THE NIGGER BOARDING-HOUSE.



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CHARACTERS.

MRS. FIZZY With lodgings to let; very short-sighted.
MOSES Her man of all work, full of mischief.
AARON Mrs. Fizzy's next-door neighbor.
POMPEY A lodging-hunter.
ZEKE Pompey's friend.
MASHER, an extravagantly dressed dude. He introduces, occasionally, a vacant giggle, commencing with an open-mouthed stare, a grin gradually spreading over his face, ending with a rapid titter, "He, he, he!" on a high note; then suddenly serious.

Time, about forty-five minutes.

13207 COSTUMES.

MRS. FIZZY, personated by a man, dressed in loose dark cotton gown, short skirt, heavy boots, and big goggles.
MOSES and AARON, shabby, patched garments.
POMPEY and ZEKE, fairly well dressed as flashy niggers.
MASHER, gorgeous plaid coat and trousers, wide-striped vest, immense high collar and flaring tie with long ends, heavy watch-chain, large square eye-glass, large silk handkerchief.

PROPERTIES.

Table, two chairs, table-cloth, broom, soap-box bound with cord, newspaper, dime-novel, pickle-jar, tumbler, plate, knife and fork, looking-glass, flour, milk, slice of bacon, small roll of bread, two buns, meat-pie, and a dummy representing Moses, made to pull in half at the waist.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As the players face the audience, R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right centre; L. C., left centre; D., down stage towards the footlights; U., up towards rear of stage.

THE NIGGER BOARDING-HOUSE.



SCENE.—A room in MRS. FIZZY'S house. Table C., a chair at each end of table, and common furniture of any kind. Two entrances, R. and L.

Enter MOSES, R., *chased by* MRS. F. *Exit* MOSES, L.

MRS. F. Well, if dat lad ain't 'nuff ter agrawate a saint!—not as I goes for to say as I'm a saint.

MOSES. [*Aside, and peeping in at door*] No; she's de biggest sinner dat eber walked on two legs—hope I nebah stir. Who eber sawed a saint wid a mug like dat? [*Makes grimaces.*]

MRS. F. If he ain't been an' gone an' aksherly got two cats, tied dere tails tergedder, an' hung 'em ober de clothes-line ter watch 'em fight!

MOSES. [*At door, aloud*] I didn'; I hunged 'em up ter dry, 'cos dey fell in de wash-tub—hope I nebah stir. [*Cuts a double shuffle.*]

MRS. F. [*Making towards him; exit* MOSES] Get out, yer little wretch! get out! Yes; lemme cotch him, an' I'll wash-tub him! He's more bolder dan he's worth. What wid his tricks, an' his sky-larking, an' his thieving, carn' keep a lodger in de place. Allers up ter mischief, an' allers calling me all sorts ob nasty, vulgar names. Fireworks an' flatface! He's 'nuff ter send any one crazy. But I'll rattle his bones for him, so I will.

Enter MOSES, L.

MOSES. I say, Missis, you're wanted down-stairs.

MRS. F. Who is it?

MOSES. How do I know? She says she wants to see de Missis.

MRS. F. Oh, it's a lady, is it? Most likely it's de "Millionair" wid me new bonnet. Has she got a box?

MOSES. Yes; she's got a box—and a nose on her face.

MRS. F. Dear me! the impudence ob de lower classes is something abdominal, [*Exit* MRS. F., L.]

MOSES. Dere's an April fool for yer. She's as soft as butter, and almost as deaf; she's nearly blind in one eye, and can hardly hear wid de oder. But she's not dumb—golly, she ain't! Just hear her when she's got her broth up—no, it's not broth; I t'ink it's wrath; I neber can t'ink of some ob dose words. Anyway, you should just see her den—golly! she's like an engine full steam; and de steam sometimes gets into her arm, and dat keeps time wid her tongue—on my back. [*Rubs his back feelingly.*] Ah! I hears her coming up, and I guess her broth will be boiling by now, for I've only made a fool of her; but de worst ob it is, I daren't tell her so.

Enter MRS. F. MOSES *creeps round table and goes out.*

MRS. F. Oh dear! [*Sits down, out of breath.*] I'm so fat-i-gude! I've been looking for dat Moses eberywhere. De young jackanapes is always playing his tricks. I thought it was de "Millionair" wid my new bonnet. But I'll tickle his ribs, if I can only catch him! He's always in mischief. Deary me! [*Sighs.*] I'll either be de death of him, or he'll be de death of me.

[*Meanwhile* MOSES *has entered with a hat-box, and, taking out* MRS. F.'s *bonnet, puts it on himself. Bonnet should be very large, with two or three bright-colored ribbons on it.*]

MRS. F. [*Turns round*] You villain! How dare you handle my new bonnet like dat? Give it to me at once!

MOSES. It's really splendiferous. Shall I tie it on for you?

MRS. F. Yes; tie it on me, and I'll go and see how it looks.

[*MOSES puts it on her with back to the front.*]

MOSES. It's de betterest bonnet I neber seed. [*Exit* MRS. F., L.] Golly! did you ever see such a guy?

Enter POMPEY, R.

POMP. I say, Sammy-what's-your-name?

[*At first word* MOSES *jumps up and looks round as if he was going to be hit.*]

MOSES. Moses.

POMP. Oh—Moses. What made you jump so when I spoke?

MOSES. I thought it was de old lady with a stick! But I say, guv'nor, what you want, coming in here like dis?

POMP. Oh, I found de street door open, so I berry naturally walked in.

MOSES. Well, you'll find de door in de same place, so you'd better berry naturally walk out.

POMP. I've come after de lodgings. Where's de Missis?

MOSES. Trying on her new bonnet.

POMP. What's her name?

MOSES. Mrs. Fizzy. What's yours?

POMP. Mr. Solomon Pompey, Esq., LL.D., M.D., B.A., M.A., M.C.

MOSES. I t'ink you'd better get cards printed; but I'll go and tell her. [Exit MOSES, L.]

POMP. An intelligent black-pudding, dat.

Enter MRS. F., L., with bonnet on.

POMP. [*Aside*] I wonder if she lets lodgings in her bonnet?

MRS. F. Mr. Pompey, I consume?

POMP. Yes, Mrs. Fizzy. I've come after your lodgings.

MRS. F. Oh, indeed! I'm berry glad to hear it. Are you by yourself? I mean—er—are you married?

POMP. Oh dear, no! There's only me and myself.

MRS. F. You and who?

POMP. Only myself, Mrs. Fizzy. What d'ye take me for? It takes six things to get married.

MRS. F. Lor' sakes! What's the fust?

POMP. A man.

MRS. F. Sure; an' de second?

POMP. A woman.

MRS. F. Naterally; couldn't be anodder man. What's de third?

POMP. Matter o' money.

MRS. F. Sure enough; and de fo'th?

POMP. Money.

MRS. F. Ain't dem four enough?

POMP. Not much! Fifth and sixth are more money.

MRS. F. Sakes alive! I had none of 'em but the fust.

POMP. Then you weren't half married. Say—what's your charge for board and lodgings?

MRS. F. Two dollars a week if you pay; five dollars if you don't pay; and board free, purwided you finds the purvisions.

POMP. Berry good, berry good! And now I'll go and get something for dinner, while you prepare my room. [Exit POMP., R.]

MRS. F. Now I'll go and find something for dat lazybones to do, if I can only find him. He'll likely be in some mischief, wherever he is. [Exit L., calling MOSES.]

Enter MOSES, L., whistling, with a table-cloth, which he spreads on table, covering down the front as well; draws up two chairs.

MOSES. De old lady's in a rare fuss 'cos she's let de lodgings; she's been chattering away down-stairs; and I'll be flabergasted if I don't t'ink she's let them for nothing a week, for I know she's no

hand at figuring. I don't b'leeve she could count, if she tried, de number of times she whacks me, and how many whacks a whacking she gives me! I guess I'll hab plenty to do when de lodger comes, so I'll just hab a snooze so as to be ready for action.

[Lays his head on table and falls asleep.]

[MRS. F. is heard calling MOSES; she comes in, catching him asleep; strikes him, hitting the back of chair. MOSES jumps up. She waddles about after him, calling him lazybones, etc. MOSES finally ducks under the table, and exit L. MRS. F. thrashes a chair.]

Enter POMP. and ZEKE, R., POMP. carrying a black portmanteau, and ZEKE reading a newspaper, which he is continually doing. ZEKE sits down.

POMP. Hallo, Mrs. Fizzy! You're working hard; dusting chairs, I s'pose?

MRS. F. Chairs! oh dear! *[Sits down, quite exhausted.]* I thought I was masticating dat lad ob mine.

POMP. Castigating, you mean.

MRS. F. Yes, mastigating him; he exagerated me so.

POMP. Exasperated.

MRS. F. Yes; I said exagerated. Oh dear! he's set my heart all on a parapet.

POMP. You mean palpitate, Mrs. Fizzy. I t'ink you are rather exhausted.

MRS. F. Yes; oh dear! *[Sighs.]* I t'ink I is going to hab an attack ob de mysteries.

POMP. Well, please don't go into hysterics while I'm here. This is an old friend ob mine, Mrs. Fizzy, whom I hab not seen for a berry long time, and he's going to share my lodgings with me.

[Introduces ZEKE.]

MRS. F. Certainly; to be sure.

POMP. I t'ink you had better go and rest yourself. Send Moses up, and we'll make ourselves at home at once.

MRS. F. Yes; I'll go dis instinct.

[Exit L.]

ZEKE. Who's Moses, when he's at home?

POMP. Oh, he's a general knock-about.

Enter MOSES, L.

POMP. Here, young 'un, take dese.

[Both give him their hats and then sit down. ZEKE reads newspaper. POMP., looking round, sees that MOSES put one hat inside the

other and put them on; he tries to box his ears. MOSES stoops, and the blow knocks both hats on the floor.]

POMP. Pick dem up, sir, immediately, if not sooner!

[MOSES pretends to pick them up two or three times, but each time lets his foot kick them from his grasp; finally picks them up and goes out L. POMP. calls him a clumsy duffer, etc., and sits. MOSES reënters; sees POMP.'s black bag.]

MOSES. [Aside] What's in dis, I wonder? I suspekks dey are Fenians, and dis is dere—er—dy-in-a-minut.

POMP. Well, Zeke, anything fresh?

ZEKE. No; but I t'ink dere's something fresh in dat portmanteau of yours, which I should like to hear more about.

POMP. Ob course; I forgot we hadn't had dinner.

ZEKE. But I ain't; I've had nothing to eat since last time.

POMP. Hallo, dere! what are you up to?

MOSES. Nothing, sah.

POMP. Well, don't do it again. Go and bring me a knife and fork.

MOSES. We've only one pair, sah, and we keeps dem locked up.

POMP. Well, go and bring dem, and look mighty sharp.

[Exit MOSES.

[POMP. brings bag beside table, takes out a plate and then a meat-pie. MOSES enters with a big carving-knife and fork.]

POMP. What de dickens! You might as well hab brought a scythe and pitchfork. Here! where are you going?

MOSES. For de scythe and pitchfork.

POMP. Put dem down, and go and bring me a glass.

[Exit MOSES, L., and reënters with looking-glass.

POMP. What on earth's dis for? I can't drink out ob dis.

MOSES. No; but you can see where it's going to.

POMP. Go and bring me a glass to drink out of.

ZEKE. And look sharp, or bring me a smaller waistcoat.

[Exit MOSES, L. Returns with glass.

POMP. Berry good. Oh, here's de glass. You can go now, Moses.

[While POMP. turns to get another plate out of his bag, MOSES slips under the table. ZEKE is reading. POMP. cuts the meat-pie in two horizontally; he puts the top half, or crust, on ZEKE's plate, reserving the bottom half with the meat for himself. While he is getting two buns out of his bag, MOSES peeps up behind the table, takes both pies, and disappears again.]

POMP. Here! I say, Zeke, dis won't do; you might hab left half.

ZEKE. Half of what?

POMP. No; not half of what, but half of de pie dat I put here.

ZEKE. I've never sawed any pie; wish I could.

POMP. [*Vexed*] Look here; I dissolved partnership between de two halves of dat pie; I put one on your plate, and one on mine; and now they're vanished.

[ZEKE *picks up plate and looks for pie.*]

POMP. [*Sneeringly*] It's gone. Did you expect to find it underneath de plate? You'd better turn it inside out; it'll happen to be inside.

ZEKE. It must hab been de cat.

POMP. As likely a two-legged one as not. Howeber, it's gone, and may de pie lie heabily on your—I mean de cat's—stomach.

ZEKE. Look here; if you mean to insinuate dat I eat dat pie, I'll—I'll—I'll commit susancide.

POMP. Well, neber mind; don't let's fall out ober a meat-pie.

[ZEKE *goes on reading.* POMP. *is getting a bottle of milk out of his bag, while MOSES gets fork off table and sticks it in ZEKE'S leg.*]

ZEKE. Oh!

POMP. Hallo!

ZEKE. [*Looking about*] De cat's bitten me.

POMP. Ha, ha, ha! You shouldn't hab cast a slur on de cat's character.

ZEKE. I'll hab something else cast at it, next time I clap my eyes on it.

POMP. It's my 'pinion it wasn't de cat; only your conscience pricking you.

ZEKE. Don't judge other folks by yourself; if your conscience is in de calf ob your leg, mine isn't.

POMP. Well, neber mind. I say, Zeke, you've not told me where you've been dese last two or three centuries. How's your sister getting on?

ZEKE. Oh, she's all right.

POMP. As beautiful as eber she wasn't, and not married yet, I s'pose?

ZEKE. No; I should hope not.

POMP. Ah! [*Sighs.*] She was a berry nice girl, she was. Next time you see her, give her my comments,—no, I mean compliments,—and tell her you saw me, and I was berry glad to see you, and was asking after me.

ZEKE. What do you say?

POMP. You've got a sister?

ZEKE. Yes.

POMP. Well, next time you see her, give her my compliments, and tell me she saw you, and was asking after you.

ZEKE. What are you driving at? You must be in love.

POMP. No; I ain't! You've got a sister, habn't you?

ZEKE. I believe so.

POMP. Well, next time I saw me, give her my complaint, and tell you she saw me, and she was asking after you, and was quite well, only you had an attack ob de chicken-box.

ZEKE. Look here; do you know what you are talking about? Because I don't.

POMP. I'm talking about your sister. You've got one, habn't you?

ZEKE. For de elebenty-tenth time, yes!

POMP. [*Sharply*] Well, keep her; I don't want her!

[MOSES sticks fork in POMP.'s legs; POMP. shouts "Oh!"]

ZEKE. [*Jumps*] Oh! kill a chap at once; don't frighten him to death. Is your conscience pricking you?

POMP. No; but I'll kick that cat's conscience, if I can only lay my paws on it.

ZEKE. Hear! hear! I vote dat, as de cat's eaten our pie, we make a pie ob de cat.

MOSES. [*Aside*] It's time dis cat was moving.

ZEKE. I t'ink your conscience pricked harder dan mine.

POMP. Shut-tup, or I'll choke you with dis bun.

ZEKE. I wish you would, for I'm nearly choking for want ob it.

[ZEKE reads newspaper. POMP. pours out a glass of milk. While turning to his bag for something else, MOSES drinks the milk, and puts flour in instead.]

POMP. Come 'long, Zeke, and get what you want.

[POMP. then drinks the flour, which fills his mouth and falls over his face; he makes towards ZEKE, and when he tries to speak the flour flies on to ZEKE'S face.]

POMP. [*Savagely*] I s'pose de cat did that—de two-legged one, eh? I've a good mind to make you as you'll only be fit for meat-pies.

[While they are standing, rubbing the flour out of their eyes, MOSES puts POMP.'s hat behind ZEKE, sticks fork in ZEKE'S leg, and exit L. ZEKE, turning suddenly round, gives POMP.'s hat a kick.]

POMP. Hold hard! What are you doing? Dat's my Sunday-go-to-meeting hat.

ZEKE. So it is. I t'ought it was de cat.

POMP. Dat blessed cat again! I'll introduce you to a cat-ob-nine-tails, for it's getting more dan flesh and blood can bear.

ZEKE. Skin and bones, you mean.

[Both clinch, and fight all around, upsetting chairs, etc.]

Enter MRS. F., L., *with broom.*

MRS. F. Drat sich lodgers! [*Drives them off R. with broom.*] This is some mo' mischief of dat Moses. Oh, if I could find him!

[*Exit* L.]

Enter MOSES, R.

MOSES. De ole, skinny, walking black-puddin', she's allers arter me. Says I'se a-gwine der dribe her out ob her min'—as if she eber had any, or hadn' gone off her chump long ago. Hope I nebah stir if I wasn' habin' a nice, jolly snooze on de bottom ob de stairs; an' jess 'cos she happened ter come down an' fall ober me, she follers me all roun' de ole shanty wid a broom. What's de good ob her spec's, if she can't see where she's gwine to? I know what I'll do: I'll knock the glasses out ob her spec's. She'll neber know; she'll t'ink her sight's gettin' wuss. But, golly! dere'll be a joyful time if she does fin' it out—hope I nebah stir! [*Pulls book out of his pocket.*] Golly! I nebah finished dat tale 'bout de red-headed pirate wid de crooked nose, in last week's "Dime Weekly." Lemme see. I got ter where Black Jack was chasing de pirate ship wid two masts. [*Finds place, and reads.*] "After a long an' exciting chase ob free seconds, our noble ship, de *Crusthunter*, sailed up alongside de *Thundering Howler*. Black Jack immediately, right away at once, an' widout looking ter see wedder he was coming back agen, fell on board de *Thundering Howler*; but, seeing no one on deck, he picked up a brick, an', after picking his teef, he frew it down agen berry gently, so as not to make a noise. Den, blowin' a tremendous big blow on his—on his nose—an' callin' his men tergedder, he shouted—"

MRS. F. [*Off* L.] Moses! Moses!

MOSES. [*Looking at door, and then continuing:*] "An' callin' his men tergedder, he said: 'Men, seize ebery man, specially—'"

MRS. F. [*Off* L.] Moses, d'yer hear me?

MOSES. [*Continuing:*] "'Specially de one wid de red head an' crooked nose.' Den, seeing lights burnin' in de fo'cas'le, he rushed in, when—"

MRS. F. [*Off* L.] Moses! Moses! Where's Moses?

MOSES. [*Continuing:*] "When de lights went out an' leff him in total darkness, wid one glance he knocked down two men who were lying in his footsteps, an' den, widout waiting ter stop or eben to pick hisself up, he rushed out like one man, shoutin' at de top ob his voice—"

MRS. F. [*Off* L., and at the top of her voice] Moses! Moses!

MOSES. It ain't no use; she's jess like one ob dose t'ingamebobs as yer wind up; she won' gib ober till she stops. [*Leaves book on table, goes towards door R., and stands listening as MRS. F. enters L., to which his back is turned.*] She's a reg'lar ole flat-faced nuisance. [*MRS. F. stands amazed.*] She's allers wanting sumt'ing, and neber wants nuffin. She says her eyesight's gettin' wuss; 'pears to me her tongue talks gettin' wusserer. [*MRS. F. is now close behind him, with her hands on her hips, listening.*] An' de way she knocks me 'bout, she mus' t'ink I'se made ob Injin rubber.

MRS. F. [*Aside*] Injin rubber or not, he'll be itchin' an' rubbin' berry presently.

MOSES. [*Listening*] She's berry quiet.

MRS. F. [*Aside*] Is she! Jess wait a bit.

MOSES. She mus' be lookin' for me. Neber min'; I'll be like Injin rubber. I'll stretch so far, an' den—an' den I'll bu'st. Yes; an' when I bu'st, dere'll be a row—a row as big as a fite.

MRS. F. [*Aloud*] Yes; dere's a-gwine ter be a row.

[*Tries to box his ears; but MOSES, turning round, sees her, and, to evade the blow, falls flat on the floor; and MRS. F. turns completely round with the force of her intended blow, and falls across MOSES.*]

MOSES. O Lor'! It's all up wid poor Tommy now—hope I nebah stir!

MRS. F. Dat lad's a-gwine ter be de death ob me.

MOSES. Oh, Jumbo! Talk 'bout a helephant!

MRS. F. [*Getting up*] Well, did you eber?

MOSES. No, not a neber.

[*Runs out R.*]

MRS. F. Well, if dat lad ain't de mos' encourageable feller dat eber—dat eber wiped his nose on his sleeves. [*Excited.*] I'll—I'll—yes, I will! See if I don't. Good gracious! what next? what's de worl' comin' to? [*Grunts.*] A helephant! Eh! de idea! What's dis? [*Picks up book, taking off her glasses to read it; reads.*] “Den he picked him up wid one hand, an' kicked him wid de udder.”

Enter MOSES, R.

MOSES. Well, de Lor' pickle an' preserbe me, if she ain't readin' a “Dime Weekly”! [*Snatches book out of her hands.*] Look here; don' talk 'bout me any more—no more. Yer oughter be 'shamed ob meseff.

MRS. F. Well, if you ain't 'nuff ter break de heart ob a—ob a—

MOSES. Cast-iron monkey.

MRS. F. Yer young monkey, I'll make yer wish yer was a cast-iron—

MOSES. Now, don' go and git mad. De young genelman from nex' door's jess come ter borrow our fryin'-pan.

MRS. F. Well, if eber! [*Sharply*] We habn' got one.

MOSES. Well, all right. Don't frighten a chap out ob his boots. I know we habn' got one, 'cos I be jess lent him it.

MRS. F. Lent who what?

MOSES. Well, hope I nebah stir! Why, lent de young gent from nex' door our fryin'-pan—de one wid no bottom in.

MRS. F. De one wid no bottom in?

MOSES. Well, it's nex' door to it; it's made ob holes.

MRS. F. You mean de gridiron!

MOSES. Well, de gridiron, den. Yer should use it, an' den I might hab known what it was.

MRS. F. I'd use it now, if I had it, yer nasty good-fer-nuffin'! I'd like ter know what yer t'ink yer good for?

MOSES. Gib us a beef-chop, an' I'll soon show yer.

MRS. F. I'll gib yer a smack on de chops, if I git hol' ob yer.

[*Chases him out, and exit L. MOSES reënters L.*]

MOSES. She's a reg'lar thumpin' ole humbug, I'll swaller me boots if she ain't; gits worse ebery day. I'se miserably miserable, dat's what it is. Neber min' [*pulling out his book*]; I'se soon forgit all my troubles by readin' ob de miseries ob udders. Lemme see; I got ter where de lights went out an' leff Black dark in total Jackness. Where am it? Ah! [*Reads:*] "Wid one glance he knocked down two men who were lyin' 'cross his footsteps; den, widout waitin' ter stop or pick hisself up, he rushed out, shoutin' at de top ob his mouth: [*Dramatically*] 'Let me like a soldier fall—on a mutton-chop!' Den, rushin' again, he rushed inter de pirate's cabin, where de pirate was sayin' his prayers, an', twirlin' his penknife in de air, wid one swing he slapped off his head."

[*Suiting the action to the word, swings his arm round, and knocks down AARON, who has entered R. while he was reading. MOSES runs out L. without looking.*]

AARON. O Lor'! Thunder and onions!

MOSES. [*Coming back L.*] Why, it's de genelman from nex' door. I t'ought it was de ole woman.

AARON. Can I come in?

MOSES. What's de good ob askin' dat now? Yer should hab asked 'fore yer came in.

AARON. Why, I had ter come in ter ask yer.

MOSES. Well, yer carn' come in.

AARON. Oh! [*Looks round.*] Can I go out, den?

MOSES. No!

AARON. Oh! Can I stop where I am?

MOSES. No!—an' if yer don't git up, I'll knock yer down. [AARON gets up.] Who are yer? What's yer name? How old are yer? How d'yer feel? Who's yer fadder an' mudder? Where's yer fadder workin' now? an' how's yer mudder off for soap?

AARON. Well—er—I'se de chap as borrowed de fryin'-pan a short time previously jess now not long since. Me name's Aaron. I'se a-gwine on fer sebenty-seben. I feel wid me hands. Me fadder's a washerwoman, but he's on strike jess now fer more work. I ain't got no mudder, an' she's pretty well off fer soap. I'se come ter lib nex' door wid me Aunt Mary an' Uncle Billy.

MOSES. Den yer had a mudder once?

AARON. Oh, yes; I'se had one once.

MOSES. Did yer eber hab one twice?

AARON. How could I hab one twice?

MOSES. Easy 'nuff! Look here; s'posin' I gib you a dollar ter-day, —member, we're on'y s'posin', 'cos I ain't a-gwine ter do no such foolish t'ing,—an' s'posin' nex' time I saw yer—

AARON. I don't t'ink yer would.

MOSES. What?

AARON. See me agen.

MOSES. Well, we're on'y s'posin'.

AARON. Yes; but I know a feller what got locked up fer s'posin'.

MOSES. How's dat? what did he s'pose?

AARON. Why, he s'posed anudder feller's watch was his own.

MOSES. Yes; but he got locked up 'cos de udder feller didn' s'pose at all. We're bof s'posin'. Well, s'posin' I gib yer a dollar ter-day, an' anudder nex' time; yer'd hab one twice, wouldn' yer?

AARON. I don't no. I'll beliebe it when I see it.

MOSES. Say, Aaron; if I was you I wouldn' expose meseff like dat. Yer dat chock-full ob ignorance, yer'll be bu'stin' if yer don' min'; yer ain't got no more common sense dan our cat.

AARON. No; I know I ain't. Mine's good, s'purior sense—none ob yer common sense. 'Sides, I'd sooner be full ob ignorance dan be like you—dat chock-full ob nuffin dat it comes outer yer mouf when-eber yer open it.

MOSES. Now, don' git mad, Aaron; keep yer hair on.

AARON. I'll not; I'll take it off if I like; an' if I was you, I wouldn' be a fool.

MOSES. [*Slowly*] If—*you*—was—*me*—yer wouldn' be a fool?

AARON. No; I wouldn'.

MOSES. [*Laughing*] Dat's right. Allers tole de troof, an' den yer'll neber tole a lie. But look heah; what's de good ob us gettin'

shirty? I don' like fallin' out, specially wid such a good-looking nigger as you.

AARON. Tank yer; wish I could say as much for you.

MOSES. Well, yer can, if yer tole as big a lie as I did. But neber min' dat; how's yer Aunt Billy an' Uncle Mary gettin' on?

AARON. Oh, fust-class; neber was no better. If it wasn' fer de ole woman habin' de roomattics rader bad, an' Uncle Billy bein' attacked wid consumption too or free times a day,—ebery meal-time,—dey'd be all right, 'cept fer bein' troubled wid comparitib conjugation ob de cranium.

MOSES. Eh, how much? Jess remark dat say agen.

AARON. I couldn' say it twice; 'sides, life's too short to repeat t'ings. It's what vulgar niggers calls "information on de brain."

MOSES. Yer neber said so; am it dangerous?

AARON. Yes; berry dangerous, if dey hab it too much. Hab you got a aunt?

MOSES. No; I neber had an aunt but one, an' she was an uncle—me mudder's brudder, or me brudder's mudder, or somet'ing like dat.

AARON. Yes, I know; but I berrer be trabeling.

MOSES. C'u'd hab gone sooner, if yer'd asked; yer in a sweat.

AARON. An' I guess yer'd be in a sweat if yer had an ole woman allers arter yer wid a brush, or a 'tater-masher, or anyt'ing else what's soft an' won' hurt.

MOSES. What! [*Stepping backward.*] Yer don' go fer to say dat yer ole woman's allers on yer track?

AARON. Ain't she! Oh, no; not at all; don' mention it.

MOSES. A brudder in distress!

[*Runs forward with open arms to embrace him; but AARON ducks, and MOSES clasps nothing, AARON running to the other side of stage.*]

AARON. I ain't yer brudder, yer ole fool.

MOSES. Yes! You're a feller brudder in distress.

[*Runs to embrace again; but, AARON ducking, MOSES falls flat on floor.*]

AARON. Dat nigger's gwine ter be in distress if he don' be careless. What's de matter? What yer lyin' down for?

MOSES. [*Lifting his head*] Guess you'd be lyin' down if yer was down here. [*Gets up.*] Look heah; our ole woman's jess de same—allers arter yer. [*MRS. F. heard calling MOSES, L.*] Oh, neber min' her; she's often took dat way.

AARON. Is dat your name? Moses?

MOSES. Yes; dat was de name 'stowed on me by me godfadders

an' godmudders when I was waxinated. Say, does yer ole aunt gib yer plenty ter eat? Does she feed yer by weight or measure?

AARON. We gen'ly gits free meals a day; if it's small and hebby she feeds me by weight, an' if it's light an' big, by measure.

MOSES. What yer hab fer breakfas'?

AARON. Oh, we don' hab nuffin fer breakfas'.

MOSES. Nuffin fer breakfas'?' Den yer mus' hab a good dinner?

AARON. Well, I carn' brag much 'bout de dinner; you see, Moses, we habs what was leff from breakfas'.

MOSES. Oh! I s'pose dey makes it all right in de supper, den?

AARON. Yes; dat's de bes' meal we habs, Moses. We habs what was leff from breakfas' an' dinner, warmed up.

MOSES. Golly! Wish I was dere; I'd soon git fat.

AARON. Yes; yer'd git dat fat yer'd soon be able ter gib ober eatin'. But what kin' of meals do you git?

MOSES. Me? Oh, I allers habs some dry bread an' one eggs fer breakfas'.

AARON. A whole egg?

MOSES. Yes; it's rader an ole egg now; it's lasted six months.

AARON. Lasted six months! How's dat?

MOSES. Why, I on'y gets it rubbed ober de dry bread ebery morning. But yer should see de dinner, Aaron; it's a reg'lar stew. We habs two courses. Fust we habs two or free pickled eels' feet, an' den herrin'-bone soup.

AARON. Herrin'-bone soup! What's dat?

MOSES. Well, yer see, ole Fireworks gen'ly habs a herrin' fer breakfas,' an' so she stews de bones fer dinner.

AARON. An' I s'pose yer'll hab a reg'lar blow-out fer supper?

MOSES. No; de supper's berry light. She says hebby suppers ain't good fer nobody, an' she won't hab nuffin wasted, so I habs ter be satisfied wid lickin' all de plates an' t'ings clean, ready fer de nex' day. But look heah; I ain't a-gwine ter stan' it no longer, no more. No! I'se a-gwine ter strike. [*Bringing his hand very heavy on AARON, who gives way under it.*] I'se had as much as I can stomach, an' now I'se gwine ter bu'st out. [*AARON is running out; MOSES collars and brings him back.*] What yer runnin' off like dat for? Are yer badly?

AARON. No; yer said yer was a-gwine ter bu'st.

MOSES. Not jess yet. My cup ob misery's been oberflowin' for a 'siderable lump ob a long time, but it ain't full yet. If dere's anyt'ing I do despise, it am one t'ing more dan anudder.

AARON. Yes; it's 'nuff ter make a dead monkey kick his own fadder.

MOSES. Oh! how did de fryin'-pan do?

AARON. We habn' used it yit, 'cos we'b nuffin ter put in; I'se come ter borrer some bacon; an' I'll hab ter be a-gwine, else dere'll be a slight row, if de ole woman comes arter me.

MOSES. Why, what'll she say, if she does come?

AARON. Say? She'll kick me down-stairs; dat's all she'll say.

MOSES. Neber min' her; let her come. What's de good ob being in a hurry, Aaron? Keep yer hair on.

AARON. You'd be in a hurry, an' it 'u'd take you all yer time ter keep yer hair on, if yer had her foot behin' yer.

MOSES. Oh, golly! Let's change de subject'. [*Examines AARON'S cheek.*] Say—where did you git dat?

AARON. [*Feeling his cheek*] Git what?

MOSES. [*Slaps AARON'S cheek*] Dat!

AARON. Oh—dat! I caught ole Pete in our garden wid his dog, an' I didn't like de way he was smellin' about.

MOSES. Who, Pete?

AARON. No; his dog. So I arksed him what he wanted dere.

MOSES. Who, de dog?

AARON. No; Pete. So I frew a stone at him, and he slunk his tail 'tween his legs and runned away.

MOSES. Who, Pete?

AARON. No; his dog. And den I tole him to clear out.

MOSES. Who, de dog?

AARON. No; Pete. An' he said, "You're an ole donkey, dat's what you are, sah."

MOSES. What? Called me a donkey?

AARON. No, sah; *me*.

MOSES. What did you say when he called you a donkey?

AARON. I didn't say nuffin; somet'in' kicked me in de jaw an' made me sit down, an' when I rose my toof was aching, and Pete was gone after his dog.

MOSES. Say, Aaron, which am de easiest—pushin' or shovin'? Which would you prefer?

AARON. Oh, neider ob 'em; it don' make no difference.

MOSES. It don' make no different, eh?

[*He pushes or shoves AARON backward round the stage, finally pushing him right into the arms of MRS. F., who enters L. just then. MOSES makes a quick exit L.*]

MRS. F. [*Gasping*] Well, if he ain't knocked all de wind out ob me an' choked me! What's de matter now? [*Shaking AARON.*] Yer up to some mischief, as sure as my name's—

MOSES. [*Peeping in door L.*] Fireworks!

AARON. Here! leggo! I ain't doin' nuffin; it ain't me.

MRS. F. What's dat? Fireworks? [*Shaking and dragging him out.*] Well, if I don't let you feel fireworks! [*Both exit R.*]

MOSES. [*Coming forward*] Dere's anudder good man gone wrong. She t'inks she's got me. I wouldn' like ter be in dat chap's boots for de nex' fibe minutes. He'll be habin' a jolly jubilee. [*A great hammering at door.*] Golly! she's hammerin' his head ag'in' de door. Alas, poor Aaron! He'll neber keep his hair on—hope I nebah stir!

MASHER. [*Without R.*] Methinks I—aw—heard de sound ob a voice. [*Peeps in.*] 'Scuse me—is—aw—nobody in?

MOSES. Well, dere will be if you come in.

MASHER. 'Scuse me, but—aw—

MOSES. Oh, yes; I'll 'scuse yer. Come in.

Enter MASHER, R., and stands stock-still C., with his mouth wide open, staring; then giggles. Enter AARON, R.

AARON. Oh, my eye! [*To MOSES*] What's dat?

MOSES. Say, d'yer see dat t'ing?

AARON. Rader!

MOSES. Well, if yer can tole me what it am, I'll gib it yer. [*AARON shakes his head.*] I wonder wedder it's a he or a she? [*They walk round, and stare at him all over.*] Here, take it to de pawn-broker and see what dey'll gib yer for it. [*AARON is going to touch MASHER; MOSES shoves him away.*] Jess keep yer dirty black paws off, will yer? Ye're a-gwine ter soil it. It's berry delicate. 'Sides, it's mine; I found it fust.

AARON. It's alibe.

MOSES. What's alibe? Here, gib us a pin, an' I'll soon fin' out.

[*AARON produces a pin, which MOSES sticks in MASHER. MASHER give a yell, and walks excitedly up and down the stage, rubbing, and looking very much disgusted.*]

AARON. I tole yer it was alibe.

MOSES. Go an' raffle yerself. How can a t'ing widout brains be alibe? It goes by clockwork; dere's works inside ob him.

AARON. Oh, I see; and you've jess wound 'em up an' set 'em a-goin'.

MOSES. Yes; an' min' I don' wind you up an' set you a-goin'. [*They stare awhile.*] I say, Aaron, jess ask him if he's anybody pertickler. [*Aside*] I hope he'll kick him.

AARON. [*Saluting MASHER*] If yer please, are yer anybody per-tickler?

[*MASHER stoops and eyes him through a large eye-glass.*]

MASHER. I'm—aw—a mashaw—aw— [Giggles.]

AARON. He says he's a masher; what's dat?

MOSES. Don'no; mus' be a new invention. It's a wunner it ain't patented, like eberyting else.

AARON. P'r'aps he means a pertater-masher.

MOSES. P'r'aps he does; he's got a berry likely mouth fer a job ob dat sort. [To MASHER] An' so—aw—you're—aw—a potato-masher? How long—aw—hab you been workin' at it—aw?

MASHER. Weally, you—aw—misstandunder me. I'm—aw—not a potato-masher. I'm—aw—jess a simple mashaw—aw—

MOSES. Oh, yer don' say so—aw! Are you—aw—very simple—aw?

MASHER. Weally, my dear boy, you—aw—don't understood me.

MOSES. I'll be blowed till I bu'st, if I do.

AARON. So will I too neider—aw.

MASHER. I'm—aw—on'y a mashaw; jess simply a mashaw—aw— [Giggles.]

MOSES. Yes; you said so afore. Has—aw—yer mudder any more like you—aw?

MASHER. No, sir.

AARON. How's she off fer soap?

MASHER. Did you speak?

AARON. Who?

MASHER. You.

AARON. Me?

MASHER. Yes!

AARON. No!

MASHER. Oh!

MOSES. Don't you feel sorry for him, Aaron?

AARON. Oh, yes; berry.

MOSES. [Kicking AARON behind by side movement of foot] Well, feel dat.

AARON. Jess be careless now, I say. It's a wunner he ain't frightened ob fallin' froo dat collar an' cuttin' his head off.

MOSES. [Pushing him] You dry up, an' don't be insultin' de genelman. [Turns to MASHER.] 'Scuse me—aw— [He takes MASHER'S silk pocket-handkerchief.] Eh, how nice!

[Wipes his nose on it, and gives it to AARON, who does the same. Then they examine him all over,—glass, watch and chain, stick, boots, etc.,—the MASHER standing speechless with astonishment.]

MASHER. 'Scuse me, but—aw—am de massa ob de house in?

MOSES. [Strutting about] Yes; I se in.

MASHER. Indeed; but—aw—am dere nobody else in?

MOSES. Oh, yes; de ole gal's in; she'll be here in half a jiffy.

MASHER. I beliebe you—aw—let furnished apartments?

MOSES. [*To AARON*] What's he talkin' 'bout?

AARON. [*To MASHER*] Yer mean lodgin's, don' cher?

MASHER. Well—aw—yes.

MOSES. Well—aw—I don' 'xactly let 'em meseff, but de ole woman does.

MASHER. What's de ole—aw—de ole lady's name?

MOSES. Fireworks.

MASHER. Fireworks? [*Aside*] I don't t'ink it was dat; but—aw—it was a rader 'culiar name. [*Aloud*] Rader a singular name, dat. [*Giggles.*]

MOSES. Yes, ole swell, yer right; she's rader a sing'lar ole woman. Ain't she, Aaron?

AARON. Slightly; jess a considerable bit of a big lump.

MOSES. An' I t'ink she's comin' now, so I'se a-gwine ter make myseff scarce. Come 'long, Aaron. Don' fergit her name, Mr. 'Tater-masher—Mrs. Fireworks. [*Exit MOSES and AARON, R.*]

MRS. F. [*Without L.*] Oh, but I'll tickle yer ribs, so I will! I'll smash ebery blessed bone in yer body! [*Enter MRS. F. with broom. MASHER stands staring, with his mouth open.*] Ah! yer dere, are yer?

MASHER. [*Retreating, holding a chair up before him, legs outward*] 'Scuse me.

MRS. F. Yes; I'll 'scuse yer! I'll smash yer to a jelly, yer wretched little wretch; dat's what I will. Put dat chair down; d'yer hear?

MASHER. 'Scuse me, but I'd rader keep it up, Mrs. Fireworks.

MRS. F. What's dat? Fireworks! Well, if I don' make you see fireworks!

[*She strikes at MASHER, who, jerking the chair forward to protect himself, knocks her down. MASHER puts chair down.*]

MRS. F. [*Seeing her mistake*] Good gracious, sah! dere's been a great mistake. [*Gets up.*]

MASHER. Yes, dere has. I didn' know it was a lunatic asylum.

MRS. F. Well it ain't a lunatic asylum, anyway; it's Mrs. Fizzy's Lodgin'-House.

MASHER. Why, dat's de berry place I want. 'Scuse me, ma'am, but—aw—where's Mrs. Fizzy?

MRS. F. Yes; dat's me.

MASHER. You? I was tole you was—aw—Mrs. Fireworks.

MRS. F. [*Aside*] Oh, that's Moses again; but won't I smash his precious face for him!

MASHER. [*Aside*] She's gwine off again.

MRS. F. Dere's been a great mistake, sah. I mistook you for Moses.

MASHER. [*Aside*] Moses! Mistook me for Moses! Mus' be a lunatic, arter all. [*Aloud*] 'Scuse me, but I didn' know I looked like Moses, ma'am.

MRS. F. I beg your pardon, sah, but I'se berry short-sighted. It's dat lad ob mine, yer know, as tole yer I was Mrs.—er—

MASHER. Oh, I see. Well—aw—I s'pose we can't help de mistake now, Mrs. Fire—Mrs. Fizzy. What do you—aw—charge fer lodg-in's?

MRS. F. Nuffin, if yer fin' yer own food an' pay in advance.

MASHER. Berry well, den; I'll take 'em. I'se a-gwine to—aw—buy some combustibles while you git my portmanteau brought up. I'se be back as soon as I return.

[*Exit MASHER, R., and MRS. F., L.; and soon after MOSES enters R. with a soap-box tied up with rope, which he bangs on the floor right in front of the entrance.*]

MOSES. Golly! dat's Mr. 'Scuse-me's portmanteau—hope I nebah stir! De las' lodgers nearly blowed de place up wid dy-in-a-minut. Won'er if dis bloke's got any? I'll jiss hab a look. [*Proceeds to open box, with his back to the audience.*] Dere oughter be sommat good wid all dis cord roun' it! Oh, golly! pickle onions—hope I nebah stir! [*Produces a jar, which he is about to open on table; but, fancying he hears some one coming, he darts under table. No one appearing, he comes out again, leaving jar behind.*] Golly! false alarm; t'ought I heard de soun' ob footprints. [*Goes on examining box; produces a white nightcap, which he puts on.*] Oh, my! a white shirt! [*He brings out a white shirt, which he puts on, showing where it has been mended at the back with patches of dark-colored flannel. Goes to box again, when, a cork flying suddenly out of a ginger-ale bottle, MOSES falls backward on the floor as if shot.*] Oh, golly, I'se a corpse!—hope I nebah stir!

Enter MASHER, R., who falls over the box on to MOSES.

MOSES. Oh, mudder! Murder! I'se two corpses!

MASHER. 'Scuse me. [*Gets up, and looks about very vacantly. He is frightened at MOSES at first, but soon recognizes his shirt.*] 'Scuse me, but dat's my shirt.

MOSES. Eh? [*Raises his head.*] Hello! am dat you? Golly, I didn't know who it was; I t'ought you was de debble. [*Gets up.*]

MASHER. [*Aside*] Good heavens! fust one mistakes me for Moses,

and den anudder mistakes me for de debble. What kin' ob a mug hab I got? [*Aloud*] Say, are you—aw—Moses?

MOSES. Yes; dat's me all ober.

MASHER. Well, what yer doin' wid my—aw—shirt on?

MOSES. [*Wiping his nose on shirt-sleeve*] I don'no; I was jess puttin' yer portmanteau on de floor, when sumt'ing bu'sted, an' I mus' hab got blown inter de shirt.

MASHER. Well—aw—jess look slippy, an' slip out ob it, sharp as yer like, 'fore yer git—aw—blowed out ob it agen.

Enter MRS. F., R., *tumbling over the MASHER'S box.*

MASHER. Say, be careless, Mrs. Fireworks; yer a-gwine to do some damage. [*Lifts her up; but as soon as she catches sight of MOSES in his white shirt, she gives a scream and falls backward, sitting plump on and smashing the MASHER'S box.*] 'Scuse me; jess min' whose t'ings yer kickin' 'bout an' smashin'. [*Picking her up again.*]

MRS. F. [*Pointing to MOSES*] Dat's him as I'se a-gwine ter kick about. I'll smash him, so I will!

[*She chases MOSES round, stepping on MASHER'S things, and out L.*]

MASHER. Well, if dis don' beat de berry ole Harry! [*Giggles.*] Talk 'bout a smash! It's nuffin else but smash. If dis sorter t'ing's gwine ter continue, I ain't, dat's all. [*Gathers things together.*] Lemme see; I believe I bought a rasher ob bacon. [*Feels in his pockets; finally produces a small package out of his vest pocket.*] Oh, here it am. It's a wunner it ain't gone to smash too. [*Opens package, showing a slice of bacon rolled up into a bundle; he unrolls it, examines and smells it, then leaves it on table.*] Now, where's dem pickle onions? I hope dey ain't gone ter smash. [*Looks among the debris.*] Why, dere ain't de trace ob a onion nowhere. I could swore I brought some pickles; in fac', I'll swore I did. [*Feels in all his pockets, but shakes his head.*] No; dere ain't de ghost ob none nowhere. S'pose I'se hab ter do widout, or else do de udder t'ing; but what's bacon widout pickle onions? Now for some bread; an' den ter git me bacon cooked.

[*Produces a small roll out of his trousers pocket, and then calls*
MOSES.

Enter MOSES, L.

MOSES. Did yer call, Mr. 'Scuse-me?

MASHER. 'Course I did; but allow me ter inform yer dat—aw—my name ain't "'Scuse-me." Jess bore dat in mind, or I'll bore dat in yer eye,
[*Showing his fist.*]

MOSES. Well, yer needn't git mad, ole swell. What yer want?

MASHER. Dis bacon cookin'; am yer hands clean?

MOSES. Oh, yes, sah; dere quite clean. I blackleaded 'em dis mornin'.

[Spits on his hands, rubs them in his hair, and then wipes on his trousers.]

MASHER. Here, take it on dis paper, an' don' touch it wid yer nasty paws; min' yer don' drop it.

MOSES. *[Aside and going]* Golly! I know where I'd like to drop it. *[Aloud]* Say! how much a pound d'yer pay fer dis bacon, Mr. What's-yer-name?

MASHER. Ain't yer gone yit?

MOSES. Yes, sah—hope I nebah stir, sah! *[Exit L.]*

MASHER. I wunner how long it's gwine ter be 'fore I git dat bacon back?

Enter MOSES, L.

MOSES. *[Aside]* Well, I don'no 'xactly how long it'll be, 'cos I'se jess cut a few inches off fer meseff, an' I'se arter dem pickle onions now—fer what's bacon widout pickles?

[He creeps and gets the jar, and is going out with it when MASHER turns and sees him.]

MASHER. Hallo! Hallo, dere!

MOSES. O Lor'! *[Starting and dropping jar.]* Don' frighten a chap ter deff. *[Picks jar up again.]* Am dese your pickles, Mr. Masher? *[Comes and puts jar on table.]*

MASHER. Yes, dey am. Where yer git 'em?

MOSES. Foun' 'em—hope I nebah stir! Foun' 'em on floor.

MASHER. Well, jess you don' fin' t'ings what ain't lost no more. Jess let t'ings 'lone, an' leabe 'em where yer foun' 'em.

[MOSES takes jar, puts it on the floor, and is going out.]

MASHER. Here, where yer gwine? Come an' pick up dis jar.

MOSES. Yer said I was ter leabe 'em where I foun' 'em.

MASHER. Look heah! What de dickens air you tryin' ter do? Air ye tryin' ter make a fool ob me?

MOSES. No, sah—hope I nebah stir! *[Aside, and picking up jar]* I couldn't do dat.

MASHER. Well, how long will dat bacon be?

MOSES. I don'no 'xactly, sah, but I 'spec's it won't be berry long. *[Aside]* De ole woman's tryin' ter fry as much fat out ob it as she can.

MASHER. Well, slip about greasy, an' let's hab it.

[Exit MOSES, L. *Soon after enter MRS. F., L., with a plate containing a small piece of burnt bacon.*

MRS. F. I'se brought yer bacon, sah.

MASHER. Oh, t'ank you—aw—t'anks berry much.

MRS. F. Hope I habn' kep' yer waitin' berry long, sah?

MASHER. Oh, no; not at all; don' mention it. [*Stares very hard at plate.*] 'Scuse me; did yer say—aw—did I understan' yer ter say yer'd brought my bacon?

MRS. F. Did I say I'd brought yer bacon? 'Course I did. It's dere on de plate, ain't it?

MASHER. [*Getting his glass to look still closer*] I—aw—fail to saw it, ma'am.

MRS. F. Mussy sakes! air yer blind? What's dat?

[*Sticking the fork into about an inch of bacon, and holding it up before his nose so suddenly that he has to jerk his head back.*

MASHER. [*Looking with glass*] Well, dat—aw—looks like a piece ob bacon; but—'scuse me—yer don' go fer ter tole me dat dat's all ob it?

MRS. F. All ob it? Why, what yer take me for, sah?

MASHER. I take yer fer nuffin, Mrs. Fireworks—nuffin.

MRS. F. Look here; my name ain't Fireworks. I'll smash yer face wid dis plate if yer call me Fireworks agen.

MASHER. I beg yer pardon, Mrs. Fizzy; but, all de same, when I gibs yer a half a pound ob bacon, I 'spec's to get back rader more dan—aw—half an ounce.

MRS. F. Surely yer don' 'spec' bacon ter increase wid cookin'.

MASHER. 'Scuse me, marm, but dere's a slight dif ob bitterence 'tween increasin' an' vanishin' altogedder. [*Buttoning up his coat and preparing to go.*] I ain't a-gwine ter stop here ter git robbed—decidedly I ain't. [*Enter MOSES, L., and AARON, R.*] And [*to audience*] de way you people's been grinnin' an' laughin' at me has been 'nuff ter make de hair stand up on a—on a cast-iron donkey. A cullud genelman ob my position an' standin' requires—

MOSES. Chuckin' out!

[*MOSES runs MASHER out R.*]

MRS. F. Ladies and genelmen, you see yerseff de way de lodgers treat me. Ain't it 'nuff ter agrawate a saint? Yes. [*Going.*] An' if I can fin' Moses, [*furiously*] I'll—I'll—yes, I'll agrawate him!
[Exit R.]

AARON. She's screaming mad now. If she catches him, it'll be pity Moses.

[*MOSES enters R., running, pursued by MRS. F.; both cross stage, and*

exit L. MRS. F. reënters L., dragging dummy of MOSES by the collar with her right hand, hammering him with her left. AARON catches hold of dummy by the ankles; tries to pull him away from MRS. F. They struggle around, pulling. Suddenly dummy breaks apart at the waist. MRS. F. rushes off R. with upper half.]

AARON. [*Flings his half, hitting MRS. F. on the back as she goes off*] There! take the rest of him. [*Aside*] Bedad, that's the end of Moses. Good-by. [*Goes off R.*]

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