

Burt, Major A. S.

Arthur O'Leary

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ARTHUR O'LEARY.



A COMEDY,



IN FOUR ACTS.

BY

MAJOR SHERIDAN BURT.

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ARTHUR O'LEARY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Parlor in Mr. Dalton's house; early evening with lights. Set in 3 grooves. Discover Ah Lang arranging furniture, books on table.*

Enter C. man servant with telegram; steps heavily. Arlang meets servant C. up stage, takes telegram. Exit C. servant.

AH LANG. (*Observes servant well off, comes down C.*) Melican Hish allee same likee mule. He walkee clamp! clamp! me hatee Melican Hish—hair on him teeth. Mastel Dalton he sickee. Clamp! clamp! Makee more sickee! Why sickee heh! Me sabe. Mastel Dalton he bankee man, Melican bankee man some plenty men givee him money—he walkee—no slepee—drinkee whie, allee time—he bust—k-lah! Maybe me no sabe allee same—hep! (*winks both eyes rapidly.*)

Enter Dalton C. F. crosses to table R. C.

DALTON. *Business of putting hat on table and taking off gloves.*
Ah Lang!

Ah Lang R. C. down, is trying to see inside telegram, when called, faces Dalton and hides telegram behind him.

DALTON. (*Angrily.*) Arlang, do you hear me!

AH LANG. Me heal, me no Melican Joss; him allee same woodeeman.

DALTON. Answer then, if you a'int a wooden man.

AH LANG. Me ansel when me sabe what ansel. Melican Hish man, he ansel when no sabe. Chinee man John he say sabe, he sabe; no sabe no say.

DALTON. Oh! hang your sabe! Have you got a telegram for me?

AH LANG. Teleglam? me no sabe allee same teleglam.

DALTON. (*Impatiently.*) Wire on poles; click, click, click, (*as if writing with telegraph key.*) Yellow envelope—boy runs quick—rings bell.

AH LANG. Little, some smallee bloy ling bell allee same like debbel [or hellee?] (*laughs.*) Ess! Ess! Me sabe—k-lah!

DALTON. Well! where is it?

AH LANG. Tomorrow little smallee bloy ling bell may be some time quick—damn.

DALTON. You Mongolian jackass! You animated leather bag! (*bell rings.*) There! See if it aint a messenger.

Ah Lang at entrance C. F. business of turning, shakes telegram at Dalton.

AH LANG. (*aside.*) Me jacksass—heh? You ol buste bankee man sonnee sea cookee loast bleef—k-lah. [*Exit C. F.*]

DALTON. (*hand supporting head.*) No words—not a sign of help. (*rises—takes stage down.*) Consolidated stocks closed to-day weak at '87 and I in at 200. Loss after loss! If they don't wire me to-night from New York I fail to-morrow—a ruined man! A pariah where I've been King! Called a thief where I've been honored for my integrity! An outcast

flying before a howling mob with the groans of ruined widows and orphans ringing in my ears—hunted and haunted! (*drops in chair at table.*) It was very hard to bear when I had to drive my dishonored wife from my door—the mother of my child, a recreant in shame; and now, fortune and friends lost forever—gone! all gone! (*overcome.*)

Enter C. F., Ah Lang, Mrs. Dalton veiled.

MRS. D. (*coming down L.*) Mr. Dalton. (*subdued tone.*)

DALTON. (*startled.*) Who's that?

MRS. D. Mr. Dalton—

DALTON. (*rising subtly faces Mrs. D. with right hand supporting himself on table.*) Who are you? (*he has an indistinct recognition of her voice.*)

MRS. D. A poor widow unknown to you. I am poor—very poor—I have come to ask assistance. I don't want money, but work.

DALTON. Hah. (*the memory has passed, and with this sigh sits.*)

MRS. D. Mr. Dalton I am in distress—I—I—(*affected*— I want food.

DALTON. (*going up.*) My good woman I am sorry for you. Ah Lang there will see that you have something to eat and for the rest come to-morrow. (*soliloquy.*) To-morrow? To-morrow may be for others—not for me. But no! Courage! It shall never be said that Howard Dalton gave up while there was still a plank to cling to. *Exit C.*

MRS. D. (*raising her veil goes hurriedly to door, stretching out arms appealingly.*) Oh! husband! husband! Howard! husband! dear husband! (*sinks into chair left—sobbing.*)

Ah Lang's business from last entrance to cue, "husband"; standing motionless at R. C. back—at cue gradually becomes affected—finally takes from pocket a book like cigarette papers—taking one piece at a time, uses them as handkerchief.

AH LANG. Why me ehy? Me no sabe. Melican woman he ehy, Chineman John ehy; Chinee woman he ehy me kick 'em—hep.

Mrs. D. observing Ah Lang rises goes down L.

MRS. D. (*aside.*) Ah Lang was always faithful to me in the old days—I must see Alice and alone! I must see her—I must press my child to this aching heart once more! (*composing herself.*) Ah Lang!

Ah Lang turns to her comes down winking eyes very rapidly.

AH LANG don't you know your old mistress?

AH LANG. (*gradually overcome with surprise—then frightened*) Oh melican man's Joss! Oh Chinee man Joss! (*falls on knees.*) Oh Misse Dalton why you no sleepee in glound allee same like dead melican man?

MRS. D. Dead? What do you mean?

AH LANG. You dead flow, two, six years—long time dead, Mastel Dalton he sabe so!

MRS. D. Get up Ah Lang, I'm no ghost.

AH LANG. (*rises.*) No dead! You eattee—you legs walkee allee same?

MRS. D. (*holding out hand.*) Take my hand Ah Lang; that's good flesh and blood; though it's not so fair as it used to be.

AH LANG. (*slowly and timidly touches her hand.*) Lettee me see him footee.

Mrs. D. *puts out her foot.* He looks at it attentively.

Allee same you footee like Chinee-man's footee—ess—ess. Oh messee Dalton me so glad! me so glad. Allee same me hab pound opium—me hab Chinee-man's soup—me play flow-leven-flowty-flow, and win heep big lots times! (*dances.*)

Mrs. D. Then you are the same kind, faithful Ah Lang you used to be?

AH LANG. (*feels his arms and legs and pulls his nose.*) Ess, me alle same Ah Lang.

Mrs. D. Tell me about Alice.

AH LANG. She tell self. (*starts R.*)

Mrs. D. (*stopping him.*) No! No! Not yet.

AH LANG. Me tell Mistel Dalton. (*starts L.*)

Mrs. D. (*stops him.*) No! You must hear me first.

AH LANG. (*amazed.*) Me no sabe. You go way—you dead flow years—you comee back—me no tell—k-lah!

Mrs. D. Ah Lang I can't explain it all to you, but Mr. Dalton knows I am not dead—I went away because—because—

AH LANG. Because he wantee some more wife—hep!

Mrs. D. No not that but—

DALTON. (*outside.*) I can't attend to you now.

Mrs. D. (*hurriedly.*) Silence! Not a word! You must conceal me somewhere in this house—I want to see Alice to-night, and alone! (*drops her veil.*)

Enter C., Dalton to L. C., followed by Mrs. O'Leary. Mrs. D. and Ah Lang l. and R.

Mrs. O'L. Not attend to me? But you shall! This is a free country and free speech is one of my principles.

Mr. D. That don't appear to be the only freedom you believe in.

Mrs. O'L. Excuse me sir, you're mistaken. I'm a Boston woman and our beloved commonwealth—

Mr. DALTON. Oh damn your commonwelth. (*exit L.*)

Mrs. O'L. (*pauses.*) He evidently believes in free speech, any how. I'd like to be your wife though for just two short days.

Mrs. D. *going up.*

Mrs. O'L. (*to Mrs. D.*) One moment if you please. I perceive you are in mourning—we are possibly fellow sufferers. I am seeking my rights—

AH LANG. You sabbee lights! You no sabbee hotel—you no sabbee cheap boarding house allee same! k-lah!

Mrs. O'L. Peace thou heathen from the setting sun!

AH LANG. Me no peace—me callee policeman—ki-yah.

Mrs. O'L. You will call the police, will you? Do so and before he enters this domiciliary abode I'll wear my umbrella out on you! (*advances towards Ah Lang threatening with umbrella—Ah Lang dodges, takes refuge behind Mrs. D.*)

Mrs. D. (*with dignity.*) Madame I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance—

Mrs. O'L. Well my name is O'Leary, Mrs. O'Leary, pray what may yours be?

Mrs. D. That is of no importance just now; but it is a great

question what your rights are in this house.

Mrs. O'L. No question at all—my name's Mrs. O'Leary, and I'm looking for my husband—on principle. My own, dear, duckie darling, who, in a fit of temporary insanity, obnoxious to my charms—fled—(*handkerchief and emotion.*) Bear with me.

Mrs. D. Had you been married long?

Mrs. O'L. Two days—two sweet days—and he was gone like the melting sun! (*ho-hoo—overcome.*)

AH LANG. (*aside and L. C.*) That man Leary he sabs him buttel side bread—k-lah! (*laughs slyly and hoo-hoos openly.*)

Mrs. D. Pardon me, Mrs. O'Leary, but I must leave you.

Mrs. O'L. Ten long months I have hunted—sought for him—prayed for him—on principle.

Mrs. D. I don't believe he is in this house.

AH LANG. What kindee man he?

Mrs. O'L. (*with enthusiasm.*) Rather short man—beautiful form—such legs—little near sighted—an Irishman with a sweet brogue on him as broad as a chair—(*sighs.*) Alas! I shall never see his like again.

AH LANG. (*to Mrs. D., aside.*) You waittee; me gettee her away. (*to Mrs. O'L.*) Hisheeman—h'm—talkee like saw millee—h'm? (*takes umbrella.*) Bout so talltee? (*with umbrella measures above his head.*)

Mrs. O'L. [*interested.*] Yes.

AH LANG. He go 'way? [*gets her valise and takes stage down and up.*]

Mrs. O'L. Yes! Yes!

AH LANG. He legs no stop piggee? [*imitates bow legs?*]

Mrs. O'L. Yes, just a little.

AH L. Me see bishman this morning. Ess! Ess! Me see Bishman John hotel round corner allee same like hellee—k-lah!

Mrs. O'L. [*hysterically embraces Ah Lang.*] Heaven bless you noble heathen! I know I'll find him, [*goes to C. D. F.,*] the darling; [*threatningly*] and when I do, won't I settle him—on principle? *As she goes up stage Ah Lang pulls her shawl off. Exit Mrs. O'L. C. F., as Dalton enters. They collide. His hat knocked off.*

DALTON. Good gracious. [*picks up hat.*] Is that woman drunk? [*comes down to Mrs. D.*] My good woman are you here yet.

Mrs. D., L. down; Dalton C.; Ah Lang, R. down.

Mrs. D. Sir, I've been detained unexpectedly, and——

D. [*at table.*] There! there my good woman, I have already told you to come to-morrow; [*rings gong bell*] I'm very busy and can't possibly hear your case now. [*rings again.*] I know it's hard for you to wait. Where the devil's that Ah Lang! [*looking off C.; comes down, sees Ah L. behind chair.*]

Well, of all the cool impudence even you have been guilty of, this is just one peg beyond it. What do you mean by not answering the bell?

AH L. Me here.

D. So I see now.

AH L. Me no gonnee, stay here allee time—k-lah!

D. Oh very well! I'll settle with you later. Take this lady to the dining room and see she has something to eat.

Ah L. don't move. Exit c., Mrs. D. Do you hear! Ah L. edg-es towards entrance c., keeping chair before him. What in wonder's name are you trying to carry off that chair for? Poo! my life I believe your thieving propensities have grown on you so that you can't help stealing before my face.

AH L. Me no stealee chay, me puttee him place.

D. You don't steal, oh no! [*seizes umbrella point, drags Ah L. front c.*] You don't steal, you only hide things.

Ah L. escapes up stage. Enter c., O'Leary knocks Ah L. down at entrance with umbrella.

O'L. [*putting foot on Ah L.*] The Chineman must go—down.

D. Arthur O'Leary as I live!

O'L. How are ye Dalton me boy? [*lets Ah L. up; hauls him by pig tail down front c.*

D. O'Leary I'm glad to see you!

O'L. Same to ye. What shall I do with me prisoner of war; the spoils me bow and spear—I mean me umbrella. [*releases Ah L.*]

D. The wretch has been stealing—

O'L. And consayled the things on his *propria persona*—or elsewhere. Sarch him the the thafe of the world.

D. turns Ah L's. back to the audience, bends him down and slowly draves umbrella by handle, from under blouse.

O'L. Has he wurruums? [*hits Ah L. on seat of pants; Ah L. jumps up.*] He leps like a kid.

D. What have you in front there?

O'L. Yes, out with it, ye pig tailed rang-stickeang.

AH L. Me fattee, [*rubbing belly.*]

O'L. Fat? Thin it's punkin seed ye've been ating.

AH L. Me eatee allee time, me get fattee—k-lah.

O'L. [*hits Ah L. with umbrella across belly.*] Take that for yer k-lah. [*Ah L. doubles up groaning.*] Stand up like a man ye riggedoon. [*hits him on seat of pants.*] Dalton he has a crop of something under that blouse of his; take it out of him. [*puts his valise and umbrella on table.*]

D. Come, disgorge you scoundrel, or I'll call a policeman.

Ah L. slowly raises his blouse and hauls out valise—manages to hare end of shawl out of sleeve.

O'L. [*examines valise attentively.*] Young man tell me where ye got this befo:e I cut off yer pig tail and pull yer teeth out one by one. What's this, [*seizes end of shawl, pulls it out slowly by walking backwards, L.*] May I never see the back of me neck if it ain't me wife's. [*falls overcome into chair.*]

D. [*goes to O'L.*] O'Leary what is this terrible thing that has overcome you?

O'L. [*taking his head, rises, comic emotion.*] Terrible? You are the friend of me youth, you and I have played together in childhoods happy hours; [*rises*] but first let's make the damned doubt doubly sure. [*comic heavy.*] Take that umbrella in your hand—yer lift hand; [*D. takes it*] and wid the right insert it—the haud, not the umbrella; raise it; [*D. opens it*] thin turn yer gory eye to the inside—thare, hah! hah! thare do ye see a strawberry mark—I mean a white patch on the sate

of his pants—hem! I mane inside the umbrella—hah! hah! do you? Don't for heavens sake keep me in suspinse, as the felley said whin he was hung.

AH L. [*aside.*] He got 'em—jim mee, jim mee—k-lah.

[*Exit c.*]

D. [*shows patch.*] There certainly is a patch.

O'L. [*takes D. front.*] Lisht! lisht! O-o-o-h lisht. It is me wife's umbrella!

D. Well, what of that?

O'L. What of that? Hist [*tiptoes to see if any one listening.*] Swear.

D. Oh well, certainly, if you like; damn.

O'L. Och! *meille dioul!* Swear niver to revale—I mean give me away. Swear by the bottle head of yer father's biggest bunion.

D. O'Leary, are you serious?

O'L. Perhaps I luk as if I war goin to draw me check fur tin thousand dollars.

D. Well no I must say you look more as if you had a note to pay for that amount.

O'L. Och! but its the worst thing I have to tell ye. I married a woman.

D. You'd hardly marry a man.

O'L. Bad luck to it, I wish I had.

D. Then you would have been man—aged.

O'L. I'd had the age on the man, do you mind. But I'm wastin time potherin here. I must disguise myself; [*gets valise*] I'll talk to ye while I'm doing it. I have the things here in me sack. [*takes off coat.*]

D. This wont do here, go into my room. [*points left.*]

O'L. Ye need't mind, I'm not going to change my shirt. [*business undressing.*]

D. You can just as well go into my room.

O'L. Certainly I can, but as its only you and me—*same.*] [*business.*]

D. Stop man, the ladies may come in.

O'L. [*startled.*] Bless me! and me wife might be among thim. [*business of gathering up hat, coat, and vest &c. &c., dropping something and picking it up as he crosses left*] Oh—ho oh let me out of this. Murder I hear her coming up the stair; by the powers I'm a goner. [*exit left*]

D. [*laughs; sits L.*] Poor O'Leary he's in a dreadful pucker. However he must have some cause, I'll wager if his wife is, as I suppose, that old cat who (*imitates*) "has principles and comes from our beloved commonwealth Bosting," [*laughs*], well I'm glad I can laugh, when perhaps I ought to be crying over the misfortunes which even now may be about to crush me. I'd not care but for Alice my darling! How it will blight her young life; silence that happy laugh, drown her flow of bright spirits in tears, my own sweet rosebud, only just about to bloom. [*takes stage down.*]

Alice sings without. Enter c.

A. Oh papa, papa, (*embraces him.*) I have had such a time; I'm so happy—no I aint I'm awful sad.

D. Why Alice I didn't know you were not at home. Why are you so late?

A. Late! is it late? How the time does fly to be sure. But it's all right papa, he was with me. And now he ain't; that's why I'm glad and sad, sad and glad.

D. "He!"

A. Yes my he. Don't you know who my he is—of course you don't.

D. Rosebud you certainly are progressing rapidly for a girl just out of school.

A. Hehim! (*pert interjection.*) How can you talk that way, ain't I seventeen years four months and five days old papa; I wear a train. My! I forgot, you haven't seen my new dress, (*takes off cloak, hat &c., &c.*) my first train too. (*up stage showing train, looking back at him.*) Ain't it scrumptious.

D. What!

A. Toney?

D. Scrumptious! Toney!

A. Isn't it just swell?

D. Pon my word Rosebud! Where did you learn that slang?

A. He said it was scrumptious, toney and just no end swell.

D. He did!

A. *Smiles, nods and makes affirmative aspirate.*

D. Then all I have to say is he! that he!! your he!! has a delightful command of language.

A. Indeed he has. And his voice is so soft; particularly when he says this way: "Alice, my own, I love you," (*laughs.*)

D. Oh! ho! he says that does he? that is your he says so.

A. Yes papa; and when he takes my hand and presses it, just a little bit, you know, why I feel it go right up my arm and down my back, sort of a warm chill like.

D. Yes, yes, I see; that is when this particular he presses your hand.

A. Of course! I don't understand it though. Now when a girl takes my hand and puts her arm around my waist, it's very nice, but pshaw! now when he—

D. Does it, you think it's an improvement on the girls.

A. (*innocently*) Why papa you seem to know all about it. (*laughs.*)

D. Be that as it may young lady there's one thing I'd like to know when it may suit your highness' royal pleasure to tell me.

A. Certainly papa, you know I never restrain you in anything.

D. (*smiling.*) Rosebud, for cool, innocent impudence, you are a phenomenon.

A. Infant phenomenon you mean, papa.

D. I don't know about that; if either of us is an infant my dear, I don't believe you are the one.

A. Now the Lieutenant asserts just the contrary.

D. Oh, oh! then it's a Lieutenant. That is this he; your he?

A. Yes papa. He's a gay dashing dragoon; rides a horse; charges round; sabre clattering; spurs jingling; oh he is so nice!

D. Evidently.

A. You ought to see him when he blows the bugle—I mean when the bugler blows.

D. Oh never mind; it's evident your Lieutenant can toot his own bugle—

A. The men mount in haste; the horses prance, the sabres rattle, the Lieutenant shouts forward! charge! and then—

D. What?

A. And then it's; ta ra; ta ra; ta ra. (*prances at him with parasol; business for both.*)

D. Company halt!

A. The Lieutenant never gives that order.

D. Halt or I'll court-martial you and the Lieutenant both.

A. Attention! [*faces front at attention, parasol at a carry.*]

D. [*aside.*] By George! I have forgotten O'Leary. It won't do to tell Alice.

A. See here Captain how long are you going to keep me in this position?

D. Break ranks; march! [*goes to door L.*]

A. [*sits.*] You gave the wrong command; the Lieutenant always says present arms.

D. Alice I have an old friend in my room, and when I bring him out you mustn't be surprised, nor ask questions.

A. Oh papa that isn't fair not to tell me your secret when I've just told you mine.

D. [*knocks at door,*] I say. (*pause, knocks again.*) I say—ah—I say—you—Mr—hello! Are you ready? No answer; that's strange. [*looks in.*] I believe he's not there. [*goes in.*]

A. Here's a mystery, and I dote on mysteries.

Re-enter Dalton.

D. He's gone, fled, stole away like a thief in the night. Found the window up and O'-slips—gone.

A. What a funny name O. Slips.

D. [*locks door; aside.*] Well Mr. Arthur O'Leary, you'll not get in again without my knowing it.

Enter Ah Lang timidly with card.

So you haven't run away. [*reads.*] Count Hofmeister von Hofenstein. Show the gentleman up, von Hofenstein? Hofmeister? Count? I don't remember him.

A. [*rising.*] A Count! Oh let me see his card. Count Hofmeister von Hofenstein. How delightful; of course you'll receive him papa.

D. [*to Ah L.*] Show the gentleman in.

[*Exit c., Ah Lang.*]

A. [*arranging herself in chair*] To think of a Count in my first season.

D. Then you've made up your mind that the enemy is yours already?

A. Beyond a question. He came, looked and was conquered.

D. How about your Lieutenant.

A. Oh! he won't be here for an hour and that's time enough to conquer a German Principality.

D. [*aside.*] How like her mother's coquetry. Pray Heaven it may not have a like result!

Enter c., Ah Lang and O'Leary as Count Hofmeister von Hofenstein. Ah Lang carries Counts valise; leaves it.

COUNT. Judge I bin overflowing mit joys to say goot night. I vish you go to hellz is bezzer.

D. Happy to meet von, sir; but pardon me, if I ask to whom I owe my thanks for this visit? [*Count hands D. letter apparently of introduction; D. reads it. Business between Count and Alice, flirting.*]

D. [*down r.; aside, reads.*] "DEAR DALTON.—The Count is travelling in cog. He is not German but Greek, from County Galway. [*looks at Count—laughs.*] Sold! [*to Count*] My dear sir, this is certainly a good passport, but as I'm pressed for time, will you excuse me? My daughter will do the honors of the house. Alice, I present to you Count Hofmeister von Hofenstein. My daughter, Count.

They salute; Alice, very ceremonious curtsy; Count, low bow; repeat, with exaggeration. D. to c. f., concealed laughter.

D. *Au revoir*, Count Hofmeister von Hofenstein. *Exit, pantomime laughter. A. and C. sit c.*

C. Aeh! Got in Himmel! dot vas a blessures. I haf to say Mees Dalton I loaf you—

A. Oh! Count. [*business with fan.*]

C. I loaf you to see dot evenings.

A. Ah! I understand.

C. Haf you a loafer—

A. Have I loafer? [*astonishment.*]

D. Yah! haf you a loafer to see me dot evenings?

A. Oh yes! yes I'm very glad to see you. [*sentimentally.*] Indeed Count it's a great pleasure.

C. So!

A. I am very fond of foreign gentlemen.

C. So!!

A. I particularly like Germans.

C. So!!!

A. Especially German Counts.

C. So!!! Heine!

Enter c., Lieutenant McIntyre.

A. And I adore specticals.

C. [*rises.*] Ach Mees; ich bin a german; ich bin a gount; ich habe dot spekdlegals; [*on one knee*] and ich bin your loafer. [*kisses her hand.*] *A. laughs behind fan.*

LT. M. (*down r. c., sits.*) And for a big loafer you fill the bill devilish well. *A. offended takes stage.*

C. [*rises.*] Who is dot young mans?

LT. Oh don't mind me; fire away; I'm one of the family; I can stand it if the young lady can.

A. [*aside.*] Oh! ho! I'll see how much you can stand.

C. So! You is von of de leetle poys about de house; vell den dot makes no differance, I nefer mind skildern; [*on knees to Alice.*] Mees Dalton I'm your loafer, vill you pe mine loafer? [*Li's., bussness suppressed anger and uneasiness.*]

A. [*coy.*] Oh Count this is too sudden; you must ask papa.
 C. [*rises.*] I vill; put now dell me dot von vord—gife me dot von leetle kees.

A. [*sighs.*] Oh Count.

C. Coom inside deser arms. [*embraces her.*]

Lt. [*taps him on shoulder.*] See here; [*again*] I say; look here old bologna sausage, ain't you going it a little too strong?

C. [*kicks at him backwards.*] Go vay leetle poy.

Lt. Well but the second relief is ready to fall in. I say bologna!

C. [*turns to him.*] Who vas a polona!

A. [*angry.*] Gentlemen! gentlemen! I'm astonished that you should quarrel in my presence.

A. *takes stage up and down; Lt. and C. on each side of her protesting; run next speeches to all three nearly front ready to stop.*

C. He said I vas a polona; he vas a shaufskauff I pleed mit mine heart dot you vas made. I vill skoot him only he vas a poy vat should get spanged.

Lt. I ain't mad only that confounded old beer barrel kissed you. You know you are engaged to me; you said so to-day; not two hours ago. [*to count*] You animated mash tub! I'll break your ribs for you.

When down last time Alice stops short Lt. and Count collide front, business.

A. [*laughs.*] Beauty aud the beasts. [*laughs.*] Keep it up gentlemen; keep it up. [*gets to r.*] Lieutenant how do you stand it now? [*laughs; Count same.*] Count! [*burlesque*] I loaf you! Haf you a loafer? [*laughs; affectedly.*] Ask papa.

[*Exit R.*]

Lieutenant laughs. Count serious.

Lt. I say bologna.

C. Vell leetle poy.

Lt. Haf you a loafer?

C. Hod you some keesses?

Lt. [*angry; goes up*] I'll settle with you for that. Dont you forget it.

C. smacks lips enjoying imaginary kisses; throws one occasionally at him.

I'll see you again where there'll be no ladies and it's very little kissing you will do. [*exit C.*]

O'L. [*taking off beard*] How was that for high? I'll have to turn me back on the Count Hofmeister von Hofenstein and get into me own proper charracter or that young bantam'll be pulling me wig off; then the fat'd be all in the fire. [*goes to door left; tries it*] Locked! and that other's the young lady's room. Well an old campaigner like I am never made a fuss about me *boudoir*. I've got to shave meself that's certain sure. [*business at table taking off coat, collar, vest; shaving things from his valise; makes lather using water from flower vase; strops razor; sets up mirror on table so as to see Mrs. O'L. enter c.*]
The above is business for next speech.

Bryan O'Lyn had no pants for to ware,
 So he got him a shapes skin to make him a pare;
 Wid the woolley side out and the skiny side in,
 They'll do for cowlid weather said Bryan O'Lyn.

I wonder what he did for under garments. Oh murder! but did'nt I swally the Liftinint howl? [*laughs.*] Faith! if I cau decaue Mrs. O'Leary by that same Count Hofmeister von Hofenstein, I'm ready for my revenge on her. (*sings:*)

Bryan O'Lyn had no coat to his back,
So he tumbled the peraties right out of a sack,
He cut two holes to put his arms in,
Just like an over coat says Bryan O'Lyn.

Mrs. O'Leary and Ah Lang appear, c. entrance; pantomime between them; Ah Lang indicates that is the man, and she exultation.

O'Leary lathers chin; Mrs. O'Leary tiptoes towards him; he sees in the mirror; fright and amazement; lathers his entire face to disguise it. She taps him on the shoulder; he don't mind it; repeats.

Mrs. O'L. (sarcastically.) Mister O'Leary. O'Leary goes on with lathering. Mister O'Leary—Sir!! Turn your wretched diabolical face towards me, and gaze with those cats eyes of yours on the wreck of a once proud beauty.

O'L. (grimace, front—winks with whole right side of face; aside.) Shoot the beauty!

Mrs. O'L. [shouts.] Turn I say; are you deaf!!

O'L., rises, turns towards her; Mrs. O'L., don't recognize him through lather, astonished; confused.

Mrs. O'L. Pardon me sir; spare my blushes; I am sure sir for one of my tender years, sceing a strange gentleman in his shirt sleeves and alone—the Chinaman don't count—yes Sir, alone ah! (sighs.)

O'L., shows a placard in large letters, "I am deaf and dumb." O'L., pantomines deaf and dumb.

Mrs. O'L. Sir I am a lone woman, and your manly form overcomes me with the sweet recollection of one very dear to me, (handkerchief,) those legs were like his, O'L. tries to hide legs with towel,) ah! hah! those feet, (O'L. tries to hide feet,) there is not another pair but yours in the wide, wide world, (boo-hoos &., &.,) They are his very pants. Where did you get them? Oh tell this bleeding heart, where did you get those pants!! O'L. writes on card: "Bought them from Coroner; belonged to a drowned man named Arthur O'Leary."

Mrs. O'L. (screams.) Drowned! drowned! Oh good kind sir, let me repose on your manly bosom and weep. (embraces him.)

O'L. Mrs. O'L., ain't ye ashamed before the haythen Chinees!

Mrs. O'L. (screams.) 'Tis he! at last I've got you!

O'L. Have you? Take that. plasters her face with soap lather; She blinded, claws him; tears his shirt in struggle, Ah L. tries to help; O'L. gives him a back hander, O'L. keeps up an Irish "harroo."

O'L. (at c. entrance.) Harroo! me foot is on me native heath, and me name is Mickee Duff. (Exit c.)

Mrs. O'L. has grabbed Ah L., who tries to free himself.

Mrs. O'L. Oh my darling duckee! Rest here on this bosom my own hubby tubby. [rocks him.]

Ah L. Me no washee tubbee tubbee. [frees himself]

Mrs. O'L. [*seeing mistake; to c. entrance, meets Lt. McIntyre.*] He's gone! He's gone! Fled from me, oh! oh! [*faints c. in Lt's arms*]

Lt. McL. Good Lord, supposing Alice should see me now! My good woman are you better? I say Madam are you not recovered slightly? Come now; don't you feel your strength returning? I'll let you fall! I haven't the strength a giant! [*coarsing.*] Ah Lang, you're stronger than I, take her.

Ah L. No sirree, me no strong enough to carry allee Bosting—k-lah!

Lt. The devil, man come here! [*drags Mrs. O'L. towards Ah L. seemingly with great labor.*]

Ah L. [*backs off*]. Me weak in backee. You youngee man; you poottee man; you ladee man; you hab fun, hab workee too; you dancee, now you pay fiddle-dedee! Solon John—k-lah! [*Exit c.*]

Lt. Just wait till I get out of this and I'll pay you your fiddle de-dee. [*same business dragging Mrs. O'L. towards chair.c.*]

Enter r., Alice Dalton.

Oh Lord! here she is!

A. [*astonishment and anger.*] Lieutenant McIntyre of the United States Cavalry, what in the world does this mean? A woman in your arms before my very eyes! Well indeed! Upon my word!

Lt. Oh well, it's an even thing; she isn't any more of an armfull than your big dutchman, Count Hofmeister von Hofenstein.

Mrs. O'L. [*recovers in hysterical jerks; holds on to Lieutenant M's collar.*] Ahen! Ahen! Alas! Alas! *Amo; Amas; Amat!* I love, thou lovest, he loves! But he has fled from my charms; gone from me! Mine! I, I from Bosting, that seat of wisdom. Oh if I ever catch him, wou't I fix the monster—on principle!

A. So you shall my good woman. [*to Lieutenant.*] Where's your gallantry? Support the lady!

Lt. Support her! She can carry both of us now!

[*Exeunt all, r.*]

Enter Dalton, c.; to table; has hat, showing been out.

D. No news. It can't be good news. There's no bigger lie than your wise saying; "No news—good news." I know my fate must be decided by this time, and yet no telegram. I ought to have had one hours ago.

Mrs. Dalton and Ah Lang appear at c., entrance, followed by Judge Cain; the Judge smokes short pipe all through scene; Ah L. comes down.

[*To Ah L., Dalton does not see the others.*] Have you any telegram for me?

Ah L. *hands telegram; retires up.*

At last! [*c. down; hesitates to open it.*] Why do I pause?

Mrs. D. *comes down to about 3 grooves, L. c.*

I know there is ruin in these few words. I feel an oppression in the air? What is it? Oh fate, what have you in store for me? [*opens telegram nervously and reads haltingly; suppressed emotion.*] "Your—drafts—protested—we—cannot

—help you!!” (*telegram falls from his hands ; outstretched arms slowly raised ; reels and faces Mrs. D. when he is about 2 grooves, R. C.*)

MRS. D. (*raising veil.*) Howard!

D. (*staggers ; hoarse whisper.*) You here!

MRS. D. Husband, I have returned to you in your hour of need. (*kneels to him.*) I have come to plead for my innocence; to share your sorrows; to be with my child. Howard I am innocent of any crime; believe me, I am innocent of wrong to you my husband! (*takes his hand ; tries to shake her off; she clings to him; drags her R. and down; fit, business to speech*) I have never wronged the name of wife—never, as I hope for mercy! As God is my judge, I am innocent!

Dalton shakes her off.

D. Innocent. You are as innocent as the veriest drab that walks the streets. Hear you? [*going to C. entrance.*] I will, and so shall others.

MRS. D. [*rises.*] Oh Heavens! what are you going to do?

D. Proclaim you to the world as you are!

MRS. D. Howard before you wrong yourself hear my story. Those letters of mine, which fed your insane jealousy, were written to my father who stands there! (*to “Judge” Cain, who nods, chuckles, and resumes pipe.*) Those clandestine meetings, you thought so suspicious, were to see him! I could not confess that my father—oh! that I have to tell it now—that he was an outcast, a miserable drunkard, a fugitive from the law!

At each epithet the Judge nods, and chuckles.

How could I acknowledge this to you my husband and teach my child to call him granupa! Think of it and have pity!

D. (*incredulous laugh.*) Ha! ha! And did you imagine that I would believe such a flimsy story as this; that I would believe such a witness as stands there; a man dragged out of the gutter; bought to come here and lie? What a simple fool you must have always judged me. But this is a day for lies, and I have a confession to make to you and our daughter. All these years I have lived a lie, and called you dead! The little Alice you loved so well, believes you in your grave. (*shouts*) Alice! Alice!

MRS. D. Mercy! Mercy!

D. (*to door right throws it open.*) Alice! Alice!

Alice and Lt. appear C. entrance. Alice and Dalton R. C. Mrs. Dalton covers her face with her hands.

D. (*taking Alice's hand.*) Daughter you loved your Mother?

A. Dear Mother!

D. You believe her dead?

A. Oh father why do you ask? We all know her sainted soul is in Heaven.

D. It's a lie! There she is, grovelling in her hell on earth! There she is a recreant wife, driven in shame from this house! She has returned to night to gloat over my fall—my ruined hopes—my dishonored name—(*sinks in chair at table.*) Lost! lost! lost!

TABLEAU. *Alice bending over him and looking in horror at Mrs.*

Dalton, who sinks to stage. Ah Lang and Lieutenant to right. "Judge" Cain, L. C.

Enter, c. entrance, Mrs. O'L., dragging O'L. by the ear, and flourishing umbrella. O'L., while off renews lather to make it prominent and has, with spread fingers, drawn over his face, made a series of streaks; shirt torn; suspenders hanging. Enter c. Policeman McCormick collars the Judge.

O'L. Found! Found! Found!

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Street; one in poor quarters, or suburban; afternoon; in 1st or 2d grooves.*

Some months have elapsed

Discovers policeman McCormick on duty.

Enter Dalton and Alice poorly clad; emaciated; Dalton somewhat insane; weak; staggers a little; Alice supports him as they enter.

A. Courage father; Ah Lang must live near here, and I know he will give us something to eat.

D. Why don't you go to the bank for money to buy what you want? I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars. The drafts from New York have come and we are all sound and safe. It's all right my good man, your deposit is perfectly safe. What do you say? Your little children must starve? I robbed them? They are crying for bread? Bread? Alice, I'm so hungry, why don't we have something to eat? (*Staggers*)

A. We will father. Come only a little longer.

McC. Here! you two move on!

A. Yes sir, but my father is sick and weak.

McC. Drunk ye mane. Move on I say, or I'll run ye both in.

A. Oh! please sir we are going.

Mc M. Ye'd better.

Noise of row outside; Ah Lang enter r. splattered with mud, blouse torn, followed by crowd of hoodlums yelling at him.

Ah L. Policeman! policeman!

McCormick gives him supercilious look and slowly to L.; hoodlums yell and pound Ah Lang.

A. [*between them.*] Go away you ruffians!

Hoodlums hustle Alice.

Ah L. [*draws knife from sleeve; pulls Alice to left of him, he facing hoodlums.*] You beettee me allee light, me chineeman, me washeeman, allee light; but you touchee one bitee Missee Alice—me killee you!

Alice to Dalton c. Hoodlums exeunt R. jeering.

McC. [*collars Ah Lang.*] I want ye.

Ah L. You wanttee me?

McM. [*pointing to knife.*] Consayled wepens.

AH L. [*hand in pocket.*] How muchee?

McC. Are ye tryin to in-flu-ence an honist offesur agin his dooty?

Ah Lang winks at him; he returns it. Ah L. gives him money sllily.

Ye kin go; but luk out fur yerself. [*goes left.*]

Ah Lang follows McCormick; shakes fist at him; business between the two. Exit left McM.

D. Ah Lang! you rascal! come here and give me that telegram. But no! its all gone. Widows robbed; children crying for bread. There he is! See there! He says I stole the food from his children's mouths. Oh! don't say that—don't say that! See how he stares! He is dying for food; and I have killed him! Oh!

A. Ah Lang! my father is starving!

AH L. What! No eattee?

A. He has not tasted food for two days.

AH L. [*going L., supporting Dalton.*] You comee Ah Lang's house; allee yours. Mastel Dalton crazy; you crazy. You runce way and hidee; mee no can findee you; Lieutenant no can findee; wild Hishman no can findee you. Comee Chineeman's Joss house, get eattee; findee medicineeman. You no eattee two days?—Damn!

[*Exeunt R.*]

Policeman McCormick enters L. as Dalton and others are leaving stage. McC. crosses R. and looks off observing them.

MRS. O'L. [*outside.*] Stop him! Stop him! Murder! Police!

Enter L. hurriedly, O'Leary; crosses R. McCormick collars and walks him to L. entrance, meeting Mrs. O'Leary.

MRS. O'L. [*taking O'L's. arm to c.*] Give him to me Mr. Policeman; he's perfectly safe when I have my hands on him. So you were going to run away, were you?

O'L. No me dear, I was only——

Mrs. O'L. Yes, I know, you were only just taking a little exercise.

O'L. Me dear, didn't you tell me to——

Mrs. O'L. To inquire where that oriental heathen Ah Lang lived, but I didn't tell you to dodge around the corner.

O'L. Dodge? Did ye iver know me to dodge? Do I luk like a dodger? Bate me; lock me in me room; stop me whisky; [*tachrynose*] but don't accuse me of being a dodger.

Mrs. O'L. How often am I to tell you not to snivel? Wipe your nose.

O'L. I havn't a handkerchief.

Mrs. O'L. Arthur, you are disgusting to a woman of principle.

O'L. [*meekly.*] I know it me dear.

Mrs. O'L. You're a brute.

O'L. I am.

Mrs. O'L. You'll be the death of me.

O'L. I will.

Mrs. O'L. Oh! Arty, Arty! You no longer wear in your heart of hearts, the divine *efflatus* of love. [*handkerchief.*]

O'L. [*grimace of disgust; aside.*] Luk at her! luk at her! I'll have to stop this, or we'll not find Dalton. A-meel-ia!

Mrs. O'L. Leave me! leave me to pass away from this mundane sphere in sighs.

O'L. A-meel-ia, me love.

Mrs. O'L. Go way? you are naughty.

O'L. Naughty? Niver! [*aside*] when there wasn't a good chance.

Mrs. O'L. Do you love me?

O'L. Do I love you? Luk at me—behowld me! [*outspreed arms.*] *They embrace. O'Leary facial disgust.*

O'L. [*observing McCormick.*] Whist! The cop's lukin.

Mrs. O'L. I care not if the whole world were gazing with distended eye balls. This! this is a matter of principle.

O'L. Principle be—I mane dasiney; dasiney, Mrs. O'Leary!

Mrs. O'L. Fly not from me sweet birdie.

O'L. Birdie! If I were only an ostrich! See here madame, this may do for Boston Common, but we're in San Francisco, and it's only lamp posts they hug here.

Mrs. O'L. Dearest, is it questionable?

O'L. It's a question of gravity in both cases. [*releasing himself.*]

Mrs. O'L. Arthur, do not the poets and philosophers of all ages, tell us that love is eternal and has no regard for time nor place?

O'L. Nor conscience. Here we are, palaverin and Dalton and the little girl may be starving.

Mrs. O'L. Oh! ho! I understand! You are going to rebel again. Don't forget yourself.

O'L. [*meeekly.*] No, me dear, I ain't. I wouldn't kick if I sat on a chestnut burr.

Mrs. O'L. You'd better not, sir!

O'L. I won't.

Mrs. O'L. Shut up!

O'L. I have.

Mrs. O'L. You will drive me to insanity.

O'L. I can't.

Mrs. O'L. [*turns from him indignant.*] Mr. Policeman, is this your beat?

McC. It is.

Mrs. O'L. Do you know a chineman named Ah Lang, living around in this quarter of your city of magnificent monumental witnesses of a Babylonish future?

McC. Is it a boordin house ye want?

O'L. [*airily.*] What an ignorant bog-trottin mick, not to understand Frinch. The lady wants to know where a chinayman stows his prog.

Mrs. O'L. Stows his prog! What language is that?

O'L. Coptic; language of the cop.

Mrs. O'L. Ah! Then we will adress him in Latin. *Quo usque tandem abutere patientia nostra; oh! officius civetas?*

McC. Which!

Mrs. O'L. He dont seem to understand Latin.

O'L. How cud he, the way you pronounce it.

Mrs. O'L. You are an ignoramus!

O'L. I know it; my love.

Mrs. O'L. Have you seen a Mr. Dalton about here; Mr. Policeman?

McC. Do ye mane the banker that busted and robbed so many poor people? If it's him, I'd like to know, or me name's not Pheelim McCormick. But I'll tell ye that a while ago a Chinayman met here an old man, and a girl he called Miss Alice. Are them the wans yer lukin fur?

O'L. Where did they go old nut cracker? They're the—

Mrs. O'L. Mister O'Leary, did I ask you to interrupt me in my casual examination of this intillegaut officer of the law?

O'L. I don't know, me love.

Mrs. O'L. Speak when you are spoken to. [*to McCormick.*] Did you observe in what direction these people you spoke of tended?

McC. Which?

Mrs. O'L. In what way did they direct their meandering steps?

McC. See here; are you making game of me?

O'L. Thunder and ounds! She manes, did ye spot thim, which way they wint?

McC. [*gruffly.*] Hum! Joss house 'round the corner. [*exit L. with a strut*]

Mrs. O'L. Arthur, what is a Joss house?

O'L. Ahem! It's a Chinee Church.

Mrs. O'L. A China Church? I've heard of a brick church, a stone church, iron and wooden, but who ever heard of a church made of China? [*O'Leary explodes in loud laughter.*] What meacs this unseemly mirth?

O'L. [*laughing.*] Church made of China!

Chokes with laughter; as he bends over coughing, Mrs. O'Leary hits him a hard whack on the back with her umbrella; he straightens up quickly, in pain.

Mrs. O'L. [*sarcastically.*] Do you feel better, my love?

O'L. [*rubbing his back.*] I ought to, my dear.

Mrs. O'L. Then tollow me, sir! [*she goes L.*]

O'L. I will—[*as she exits L.*] be damned if I do!

He turns and strikes off R.; she returns L. and exit in long strides after him; they return and exit L., she marching him in front of her, using umbrella as a baton.

ACT II.

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of Chinese Joss House; full stage. Night; lanterns lighted.*

Discover, about 3rd groove, Dalton reclining on divan; Alice seated on ottoman and leaning on same divan. Ah Lang near, cup and saucer in his hand.

AN L. [*placing cup on small table near by.*] Now you no sickee, only littee bittee. Medicecman he say, not muchee eat, no talkee, sleep alla lightee. Now me talkee Joss; alla Chine-man talkee same. Me say, oh gooddee Joss! makee Missee Alice wellee, makee Mistel Dalton wellee. Melicanman he talkee

his Joss he gloan, he glunt; Chineman he dance, he sing.
You see now.

Ah Lang goes L. and R. summoning Chinamen from the wings. They enter and go through a ceremony; for this form see memorandum.

During ceremony Dalton and Alice sleep. Lt. McIntyre has entered R. 1st E., unobserved by Chinamen, while they are kneeling. He conceals himself behind center idol. The ceremony completed, all Chinamen, save Ah Lang, exeunt R. and L. 2nd and 3rd E.

Enter, L. 1st E., Mrs. Dalton, followed by the Judge. Mrs. D. and Ah Lang meet L. C. front. The Judge goes R. and up stage.

Mrs. D. Ah Lang, I am so glad to find you. I could not rest until I had learned if there was any trace of the lost ones. Have you found them?

AH L. Who you talkee me found?

Mrs. D. Alice, or Mr. Dalton? Oh don't torture me with suspense!

AH L. You wanthee see him? You wanthee see Mistel Dalton? He kiekee you out his house, last teem. He say you foolo women; he tellee Missee Alice so. Now you wanthee see him—k-lah!

Mrs. D. You know that I am not guilty.

AH L. Ess; me saba that.

Mrs. D. Even if I were the horrible thing he says I am, could I see her suffer? Do I not know that she is penurious, perhaps, houseless, — starving; a father dependent on her childish care. A man broken in heart and mind; craz'd by the ruin he has caused to others? And am I not still his innocent wife, and her loving mother?

AH L. [*wipes his eyes.*] Missee Dalton, you goodee woman; me saba you goodee; my eye say so. Now me tellee you whele littee Alice b'long.

Mrs. D. Oh, Ah Lang!

AH L. You no fluss, no scleam?

Mrs. D. She is here; she is here!

AH L. Now you fluss, you scleam.

Mrs. D. No, Ah Lang; good Ah Lang! Tell me, where she is?

AH L. Lookee! [*points to Alice and Dalton.*]

Mrs. D. turns and sees the two sleepers; is about to rush to them; Ah L. restrains her.

Me saba you fluss, you scleam! No goodee! Medicceman give dlink makee sleep. You wakee—stann!

Mrs. D. [*dries eyes; suppressed emotion.*] See! I am calm. I will not waken her. I would not disturb one breath of that sweet sleep for worlds! I will give her only a whispered blessing and a mother's soft kiss.

AH L. [*releases her; going R.*] No talkee loud? woman no talkee loud? Me likee see one. Flus teem in me lifee—k-lah!

Mrs. D. has turned eagerly to go up, but is stopped by Lt. Mc.

Lt. M. Stop! madam.

Mrs. D. [*surprise.*] Sir?

Lt. M. I don't wish to be rude, but I cannot permit you to go near that young lady.

Mrs. D. What do you mean?

Lt. M. Simply that I have placed myself on guard over sleeping innocence.

Mrs. D. Still I don't understand how this applies to me. [*with dignity.*] I am that young lady's mother. You are laboring under some strange mistake. [*starts to go up.*]

Lt. M. [*stops her.*] On the contrary, I am unhappily aware of all the facts; and to speak plainly, I will not permit such as you to even touch her!

Mrs. D. How dare you use such words to me? [*fiercely.*] Stand aside, sir! [*tries to pass him.*]

Alice wakes; rises; looks at the struggle surprised. Dalton struggles to waken; can't, but turns on his side with his face to left wing, and still sleeps.

Lt. M. [*seizes her wrist.*] You shall not go to her!

Mrs. D. Let go of me, you scoundrel! [*struggles to free herself.*] You are an insult to the name of your mother!

Simultaneously: the Judge comes down and forces Lt. M. to the left, freeing Mrs. D.; Ah L. supports Mrs. D. on her right; Alice center and a little retired.

Ah L. K-lah!

TABLEAU.

A. [*to her mother with quiet dignity.*] You here.

Lt. M. frees himself roughly from Judge, who chuckles and resumes his pipe; goes a little back and L.

Mrs. D. [*sorrowfully.*] And you too believe me guilty of your father's vile suspicions? Remember, Alice, the love, and duty, you owe him, are mine also; doubly mine: I gave you birth; nursed you; your ills have been my ills, your joys my joys. In sickness and in health, was I ever anything to you but a dutiful and loving mother?

A. [*falteringly.*] Yes—but father says—[*breaking down; sobs.*] Oh what shall I do?—[*in Mrs. D's arms.*] Mother! mother!

Mrs. D. [*soothing her.*] There! there! my darling! Wipe away your tears, and listen to me; there is something I must tell you. I have appealed to your heart, and thank Heaven, not in vain, but now I must prove to you how guiltless I am. [*gently releasing herself from Alice.*]

A. Mother dear, I do not want any proof. [*again to Mrs. D's arms.*]

Lt. M. Madame may I speak to you?

Mrs. D. [*dignity.*] You may sir; but I reserve the right to question any thing you can say.

Lt. M. Mrs. Dalton, I most sincerely regret my rudeness. The only explanation I can offer is my great love for your daughter. Forgive me.

A. Forgive him, mother, for my sake.

Mrs. D. For your sake? [*caressingly.*] I would do anything for you, my darling. [*steps towards Lt. M., Alice to the right.*] I forgive you sir. [*extends her hand; Lt. M. kisses it, bowing low.*]

Ah L. Woman he like cattee—he scatchee, scatchee, then he plullee, plullee. [*humps his back, drops arms, throws head up imitating actions of cat.*] K-lah!

Mrs. D. [*Alice is about to put her arm around Mrs. D., the*

latter stops her.] Not now, Alice. I wish to appeal to your reason; to tell my side of this matter; to arm you so strong in my purity that you can meet the question at any time, or in any presence.

A. I do not care to hear it. I know how good you are. I will permit no one to utter, a breath of slander against the best, the dearest of mothers.

Alice and Mrs. D. embrace, latter affected.

Lt. M. Alice, it is justice to your mother that we should hear the facts in her unhappy history.

Business for Judge.

Ah L. Me say that b'long bisseeness—k-lah!

Mrs. D. Daughter, when your father won my love, it was an all pervading passion which took possession of me; I loved him with my whole soul, I preferred to die rather than not to be his wife. With a selfish blindness, I revolted from the truth; I shrank, like a guilty thing, from telling him that my father was a common drunkard, a convicted felon, and at that very time, in prison for forgery. I deceived my husband into the belief that I was an orphan, and alone in the world; I deceived him, and bitterly I have atoned for it.

A. What a cruel fate! [*tears.*]

Mrs. D. My father escaped from prison. Hearing that I had married a wealthy man, he wrote me, demanding a meeting. I would not denounce him to the authorities; to tell your father was equivalent to immediate arrest, such was his stern sense of justice. In fear and misery I granted a meeting—but not alone.

Ah L. No, no, lonee; me saba that b'long so—k-lah.

Mrs. D. Ah Lang was with me. I found this wretched criminal hiding like a hunted animal, almost dead for food. He demanded money. I supplied it. Ah Lang was always my messenger.

Ah L. You bettee your sweetee lifee, me catchee that ole tief some plenty money—k-lah!

Mrs. D. [*to Lt. M.*] He grew exorbitant in his demands and once, when he had asked to see me, I replied by letter, that, fearing my husband, I could not meet him. A forgery of this letter he sold to Mr. Dalton, stating that he was a detective, and that he had obtained it from an old lover of mine.

Lt. M. [*to Judge.*] You infamous scoundrel!

Judge nods, smiles and smokes.

Ah L. Mi 'pinion he b'longs a flust class Dennis Kearny, Melican hoodlum—damn!

Mrs. D. When my husband asked an explanation of me, I answered only with tears and supplications for his trusting love. His reply was the command to leave him forever.

A. And I believed you dead.

Mrs. D. That was my only comfort; I preferred you to think me dead than dishonored. It was arranged that you be sent away to school and that I should go, ostensibly, on a visit east. You left home, and—then—you were told—I was—dead. [*eyes fixed and staring, is about to fall, supported by Lt. M. and Ah L.*]

A. [*wildly.*] Her heart is broken—she is dying!

LT. M. Don't be alarmed, Alice, she has only fainted. The recollections of her sorrows were too great. Ah Lang, is there a room here? Water, Alice—quick, water!

Alice searches the stage.

AH L. Ess, ess, roon; takee her lightee way, now, elick.

Lt. M. carries, (or Ah L. can assist) Mrs. D. off at R. 2d E., followed by Ah L. and the Judge.

A. [*thinks her business of search to see Dalton as the others ex-
eunt; seeing D. starts back.*] How could you cause her such misery? To even think she was other than the purest! To drive her out of doors! Oh, hard of heart! Her tears, her prayers, no more touched you, than if you had been stone! Father—father! good bye. [*gets to R., turns quickly to D., kneels over him, kisses him, rises, business emotion until at R., 2d E.*] Farewell! [*exit R., 2d E.*]

Dalton is disturbed, but not awakened; as if he were dreaming Alice's farewell.

Enter L. 2d E. Ah Lang, and R. 1st E. O'Leary, hurriedly; they meet R. C., front.

O'L. [*out of breath.*] Ah Lang, me boy, God presarve us! [*takes off hat; handkerchief to wipe face and fans himself.*]

AH L. H-h? You catchee some Dennis Kearny, hoodlum?

O'L. [*indignant.*] Dennis Kearny? [*puts hat on with a swagger.*] I'm a Dinnis meself, a hoodlum of the early growth! What! Do ye think, fur wan minute, that I'd pump me breath and batter me legs for all the hoodlums in San Francisco? Me? [*takes stage L., belligerent, sarcastic.*] O, ah! I'd like to see 'um. [*leps.*] Hoorroo!

AH L. [*burlesque jump.*] Hoollee, hoollee, hoo!

O'L. [*looks at Ah L. in surprise; burlesques him.*] Hoollee, hoo! [*hands in his pockets, straddles his legs.*] See here! old twoo bittee catchee lookee no likee! What do ye mane by this aspersion, cast on me martial honor?

AH L. Me no saba. You comee in say God damn us. [*burlesque panting.*] Alla puffee, blowee; [*wipes forehead.*] You sweetee sweetee, fill he runee down you legee; me saba some hoodlum John kickee you—k-lah! [*smiling, sarcastic.*]

O'L. Kick me, is it? Mister Ah Lang are ye aware of a niver dying principle of that hayro, Dinnis Kearny, which he tachies to all his hoodlums?

AH L. Me no catchee catchee him.

O'L. Ye don't catchee catchee him? Hum! Well, I'll inform ye so ye'll not forget it. Every true, bred in the bone hoodlum, always picks his man; he always knows the man he can kick. [*kicks Ah L.*]

AH L. [*stiff legged jump, arms and fingers spread.*] K-lah!

O'L. repeats kick and says each time, "pick yer man"; Ah L. at each kick hollers, "k-lah"; gets to L. 1st E.

AH L. You wife comee, comee! [*goes R. to C. up.*]

O'L. My wife! [*wills.*]

AH L. Now, you man, pickee—k-lah!

O'L. [*C.*] Save me, Ah Lang! Hide me from that—— best of wives.

AH L. You pickee, pickee you man! [*at L. 2d E.*] You

Dinnis Kearny, hoodlum John? You b'long fluss class flaud --ki-yah! [*exit.*]

O'L. [*groans.*] I feel me buck achin now. Where'll I consayl mes-ef? [*invocation*] Jaynius of the O'Leary's inspire me! I wonder how much time I have? She can't be near or I'd be shakin in my boots. But who's afraid? [*thumps his chest; struts.*] I'll rare me livid flager of scorn at her and say--[*looking off L. 1st v.*] Murder! Here she's comin' 'round the corner wid that buck policeman. If it wasn't for him, I'd scorn to hide; but--[*turns right and sees center idol.*] I have it! I'll take that old haythen's p'lee.

Fit following business to next speech; goes to center idol, takes umbrella which idol is holdin' spread over its head, closes it; places by throne; takes off its hat, shoes and blouse, puts them on; is about to pull off its pants, but stops, winks, lifts idol, and carries it behind the pedestal, where he makes that change, also the moustache, and wig; leaves idol hat'ed pot'ed.

She says I'm her idol; I wonder how she'll like me as a wooden man. She's always talking about her infernal platonic love--on principle. Old two bittee cathee cathee ye'll not have the r'umatics in yer legs, I'll go bail. [*behind pedestal*] I'd like Mrs. O'Leary to see ye now, she's fond of high art. A Boston woman can stand more unadorned high art than forty boys in swimmin' on a hot summer's day. Now you no cathee cate me coll. Sol in two bittee bittee John. [*comes from behind.*]--K-lah!

Sits himself on idol's throne or chair; holds umbrella as a sceptre.

Come on, Mrs. O'Leary, forty thousand centuries are lukin down upon ye.

Enter L. 1st v., Mrs. O'Leary, followed by policeman McCormick; he stops at L., she'to C. front; he with hands behind his back, legs apart, facing front, an indifferent, self-satisfied poise.

Mrs. O'L. [*slowly turning, sweeping gesture with her umbrella.*] Behold we are in the vanity halls of Confucius! and this--[*goes to left of idol, points at it with umbrella; speaking to McC.*] and this is he!

O'L visibly affected.

[*to O'L.*] Oh thou image of the mighty dead I conjure thee come forth! Hee hee is me not.

O'L winks with right eye.

[*She turns and sees Dalton.*] Ah, whom have we here; Bless me! it's Mr. Dalton. [*tries to wink him; takes cup from table smells it.*] Opium! Mr. Policeman, I am under the strong impression that here is a case for your official interference.

McC. to divan, examines him. O'L. rises and cranes to see D.; surprised.

There is quite sufficient evidence here that he has been foully dealt with.

McC. Drunk.

O'L. [*has resumed his seat.*] Ye lie!

Mrs. O'L and McC. start.

McC. [*to Mrs. O'L.*] Did ye call me a liar?

Mrs. O'L. Me? No, sir!

McC. [*goes to right of pedestal, within reach of O'L's umbrella.*]

la; back to him.] Ye did'nt? Well I'll take me mortail oath ye did!

Mrs. O'L. [*turns from him.*] Sir I scorn your aspersions on my character for veracious statements.

O'L. hits Mr C. with umbrella.

McC. [*to her, sarcastically, shaking his head.*] And d'ye think I'll stand that?

Mrs. O'L. [*bristles up to him*] Stand what, sir? Stand what? I never yet have been frightened by a mile man and you shall not be the first one; you two legged anthropophagi! [*business with fan, or flourishes umbrella.*]

McC. [*with rage.*] She calls me a guy,--a pop guy!

Their backs are to O'L, and he hits them both. Mrs. O'L. and McC. go front quarrelling. O'L. gets idol quickly, places it on throne; puts the chinese hat, which he has worn, on idol's head, and umbrella in its hand. Goes front.

In this change O'L. hides the idol as much as possible from audience, and when going front goes down center; this is to save the effect on his point, when he shows idol.

McC. Ye struck me agin.

Mrs. O'L. I did not, sir; you assaulted me with your club, you villain! and I will prosecute you.

McC. If it was'nt that ye have hired me to arrest yer crature ov a husband, I'd run ye in to the first police station, so I wud. I'm the laddy buck kin do it too.

Mrs. O'L. You would cantate a different tune, before you had perigrinated many roods on so rough a journey, you rectangular parallelogram!

McC. Ye're an old cat!

Mrs. O'L. You are a debased curvelar appendage to a porcine quadruped!

McC. Ye're a scratchin ould she divil!

Mrs. O'L. You are a——policeman!

[This dialogue must be lengthened, if necessary, to give O'L. time to get there.]

O'L. [*behind them, and in his own voice.*] And divil a lie in it!

They both start aside, turn, and see O'L.

McC. What's that?

O'L. Me no saba; me only two bittee bittee Solon John washee washee man--k-lah!

Mrs. O'L. Then you are a follower of Confucius, a habitant of these halls of heathenish worship, and perhaps can inform us concerning certain strange sounds, and mutative knocks, or blows, administered unto us but now? The said sounds and knocks we were in dispute about just before your appearance, each accusing the other of the aforesaid frapation.

O'L. [*aside.*] I wonder how long her jaws will stand that Polaceeman some hoodlum hittee you littee bye me bye-heh?

McC. Yiss, and I'd like to know who it was, so I wud.

O'L. Me saba who b'longs hi tee you.

McC. You know? Who was it?

O'L. [*points to Mrs. O'L.*] She hittee you.

Mrs. O'L. Me? [*indignation.*]

O'L. Me see you hittee him wid umbrellee, whackee hang bangee---k-lah!

Mrs. O'L. What a degraded race, these chinese are; they certainly must go.

McC. [*rage.*] I knew it! I knew it! O-ah! end I only arrest her!

O'L. She hookee hookee too.

Mrs. O'L. What? what? I steal?

O'L. Ess; you stealee stealee clo'es from chineeman's Joss--Looke!

O'L. steps back, shoos idol. McC observes it; surprise. O'L. goes to pedestal, and, with left hand, catches idol by nape of neck and drags it front. Mrs. O'L. screams. Business for all three.

O'L. [*sorrowful.*] You poleceeman see, me Joss no habbe piggee tail on him head; no pantee on him legee. Me so sollee. [*hugs idol.*] Oh, ho! me cl y---oh, ho! th' poor bare legged gossoon.

Mrs. O'L. [*quickly.*] What were those last words? Did you say gossoon?

O'L. Ess, me say you go soon to peleece house--k-lah!

McC. And I'll take ye thare.

Mrs. O'L. Arrest me?

O'L. Ess, an' you takee you man wid you.

O'Leary puts idol in her arms; she holds it in bewilderment.

Now you catchee catchee some Plate-on-nee idol Joss man. You poleceeman takee her to lock'um up--k-lah!

McC. advances to lay hold of Mrs. O'L.; she throws idol at him; he catches it and throws it to O'L.; he same, and throws it on to Dalton, who is awakened. Mrs. O'L. screams, and is pursued by McC. as she runs, and mounts pedestal.

Mrs. O'L. You may kill me, but you shall not arrest me! not while my name is Amelia Jane O'Leary!

Fights McC. off with her umbrella; he flourishing revolver, it is discharged. Enter chinamen from R. and E.

O'L. Behouldee! me chintlemen! see, looke! you John-nee chi-nee-men! yer idol Joss catchee catchee hell! [*chinamen yell.*] Yer alters--[*chinamen yell.*]--have bin trampled in the dust! [*they yell. O'L. aside.*] Murder! I gave meself dead a-way in me native tongue.

Chinamen yelling make a rush for Mrs. O'L.; she is hauled off pedestal, and seized by McC.

McC. Now I have ye!

Mrs. O'L. You monster! [*bites at his hand.*] I'll not move one inch on my pedal extremities--on principle!

McC. Thin, by the Rock o' Cashel! I'll carry ye and yer extrimitees both!

McC. picks her up; she struggles; chinamen yell and assist; O'L. pulls off his chinese wig, showing bald head, holding it by tail waves it, and encourages McC.

O'L. Go it ould nut cracker! Yankey grit agin Irish pluck, forever! Hurroo! hurroo!

McC. carries Mrs. O'L. off, followed by chinamen, at L. 1st E. As they exeunt, Dalton sits up, rousing from stupor, bewildered.

O'L. Seeing D, rousing, hastily replaces Chinese wig; goes R.,

and front; at same time enter, hurriedly, Alice, Mrs. D., Lt. M., Ah L., and the Judge, R. 2nd E.; Alice in advance, the others at entrance.

D. Where am I? Alice gone? [*rises.*]

A. Father! I am here!

D. Daughter, I have had such a frightful dream! So real, so life like, that I believed you had deserted me. I saw your mother standing there, [*pointing front.*] pleading with her devilish tongue the story of her wrongs; she claimed you as her own; she placed a flimsy tale against my years of love and devotion. And—oh horrors!—she convinced you—you my own, my darling. Your sweet innocent soul clung to me, but at last the devil triumphed, and I seemed to hear you say, fainter and fainter,—“father—father—good bye—dear father—farewell”. And then! you had left me!

A. But father I have come back with mother. Take us—take us both, to your arms!

Mrs. D. [*advances.*] Husband,

D. A-a-ah! [*with an indrawn breath.*] Then the dream was true!

A. Oh father! take us, we both will love you.

Mrs. D. Howard, listen to our child—hear me!

D. That time is past! Go Alice, and may you forget that she soiled my honor, took from me the peace of a virtuous home, that now she robs me of my last hope in all this wide, wide world, and I stand alone!

A. Mother I cannot forsake him—father! [*in Dalton's arms:*

Mrs. D., *steps towards Alice; entreating gesture; overcome in Lt. M's arms.*

O'L., and Ah L., *have been at R; Ah L., has tried to make O'L., listen to him; O'L., shakes his head; at same time with Mrs. D's., business, Ah L., pantomimes to O'L., that he knows him, and O'L., turns fiercely on Ah L., seizes him by throat, and places hand over Ah L's., mouth.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III

SCENE.—*Mining camp in Black Hills; full stage; back ground of rocks, rising one above the other, practicable for descent, also set with a run from R. above, across and down, to L. stage; a flume from L. to R., running on tressels above cabin, disappearing, or ending with water display; cabins R., and L., at 2nd and 3rd grooves, one at right has sign, “Laundry, Mrs. Professor O'Leary Presiding Officer.”; one on left with sign, “chinee man washee hoss makee wash fi' dolah ah lang he makee him do”; a practicable rock at center, on line of 3rd grooves; pine log at its base; chips, and axe; wash tub on stool in front of cabin at R.; table front of one at L.; large pot suspended from a tripod over a fire at R.*

Discover Ah Lang ironing at table; Mrs. O'Leary at wash tub washing; O'Leary asleep on rock.

Mrs. O'Leary sings. Air—"Sweet bye-and-bye."

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we shall see it afar,
For the father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Chorus :

MRS. O'L. In the Sweet bye-and-bye, }
AU. L. In lee sleet byee bye, }
We shall meet on that beautiful shore; }
Me b'long low lat bluteello sho; }

Ah L. sings.

Me sal slingee lat bluteello sho,
Lee melodeelus songee lee bles,
An' low pee-lee sal ehy ehy no mo,
No si-yee flo lee bles-ee lo les.

Repeat chorus.

O'Leary sings with the broadest brogue.

Oeh! how happy I am that I'm wed,
To a woman whariver she goes,
Has the braynes in the top uv her hed,
An' the spees on the bridge uv her nose.

Mrs. O'L. surprised.

Chorus ; O'L. and Ah L., same as before.

In the swate bye and bye,
Oh! 'tis thare she will give me a rest.
In the swate bye and bye,
Wid the spees on the bridge of her nose.

Ah L. suppressed Laughter ; a kind of giggle and tee-hee.

Mrs. O'L. Mr. Arthur O'Leary, will you be kind enough to rise from your recumbent attitude and repeat the words of that verse.

O'L. [*sits up.*] Wid pleasure. I'm glad me varsification has attracted yer attention. [*sings or recites.*]

"Oeh! how happy, &c."

Mrs. O'L. [*indignant.*] What is the meaning of such profanity?

O'L. It's no profanity; only me appreci-ay-tion of yer mintel capacity, and the persipe-cu-ity of yer spectacles. [*aside.*] Thim words are big enough for her anyhow.

Mrs. O'L. Your intention may have been complimentary, but your form of expression is by no means refined, and more, it lacks point. Now, to give you a lesson in pointed remarks, listen to me: Mr. O'Leary, elevate the perimeter of the base of your vertebrate column from off that conglomerate mass and suspend the hempen linear household implement of aeri-ation and you will be a living example of industrial employment.

O'L. Which? Say it agin, and say it aisy.

Mrs. O'L. Arise, and suspend the hempen linear household implement of aeri-ation.

O'L. Cud ye translate it?

AH L. She say you catehee too muchee sit down on you pantaloons, allee same. Ki-yah!

O'L. Mister Ah Lang, if ye add yer clack, I'll catehee catehee too muchee sit down on the top of yer head, all the same.

Mrs. O'L. [*washing at tub.*] This controversial clashing is of no avail, cease it! And do you, Arthur, proceed to suspend the hempen linear—

O'L. [*takes short clay pipe from his vest pocket, and lights it.*] The hempen liner is it? Oh, I'm a boss at that. [*sucking pipe; elbow on knee; legs crossed.*] Just show it to me, and see how I'll tackle the hempen business. Luk out for me whin I get started at it.

Mrs. O'L. Are you going to hang that clothes line or not?

O'L. Oho! It's the clothes line is it? Well I univer. [*rises, yawns.*] A-a-h-awh! This hard work is breaking the heart of me, and me back too.

Enter L., McCormick; seeing him, O'L. sits.

Is it you McCormick? We war just talkin of ye. Mrs. O'Leary was sayin that of all the young men of her acquaintance ye end bate the Jews hanging a clothes line. I thot it mighty quare, knowin ye to be a single man.

McC. I can do anything for Misses O'Leary.

O'L. Can ye now? Supposin ye try yer hand. There's the line. [*McC. gets rope at cabin door.*] We do be hangin it back there from that ould pine tree to the leg of the flume. [*pointing to R. and C.*]

McC. [*putting up line.*] Mister O'Leary yer mighty handy at describing how to do this job.

O'L. Yis; I always had a sort of a gift that way.

McC. True for ye; yer like a peddler's horse.

Mrs. O'L. Like a peddler's horse? This may be some great fact in natural history; but how can he be like a peddler's horse?

O'L. I know, I've lots of head and no tail.

Ah L. My siba; he no can talkee talker—k-lah!

O'L. Yis; I have the varietal silence; and ye're a discrimmi-nay-tin young man, Ah Lang; if ye live long enough ye'll ontgrow yer pig tail, may be.

Mrs. O'L. But, Mr. McCormick, will you please expound to us your reason, why Mr. O'Leary is like unto a wandering peddler's quadruped?

McC. Well; ye see, ma'm, he has more go in his tongue than in his legs.

Ah L. suppressed laughter.

Mrs. O'L. Ah! but I dont comprehend.

O'L. Mac; that's a good joke. Explain it, and may be we'll all laugh.

McC. Dont ye see, ma'm; tongue floppin—legs kinder quiet like; tongue—legs—dont ye see?

Mrs. O'L. Yes, I see, he has legs, but—ah—I don't comprehend the analogy.

O'L. [*laughing.*] Yer like the man who forgot to take off his hat.

McC. [*angry.*] Yer like a monkey wid a rasur.

O'L. Ye havé a hed on ye, like the Mammoth Cave.

McC. Yer tougue's the biggist part uv yer body.

O'L. Ye're first cousin to a red hot fryin pan.

McC. Ye're an anna--may--ted clothes pin.

O'L. Mrs. O'Leary; can ye tell me why Mister McCormick is like Samson's wepen uv yar?

Mrs. O'L. Do you mean the Biblical champion against the Phillistines?

O'L. Yis.

Mrs. O'L. I cannot compass the riddle. Why is he like that great hero's offensive wepon?

O'L. Because, he's all jaw.

McC. All jaw am I? May be ye'd like to try the weight uv me fist?

O'L. Indade, I'm yer man!

McC. r., O'L. l.; several yards apart; business of "chicken fighting", spit on hands, stop them together, leap and crack their heels, hit stage with the hand, &c.

Ah L. Ki-yi! Hisheeman, allee same Melican hoodlums, he hoopee hoopee no fightee fightee—ki-yah!

O'L. and McC. business.

Mrs. O'L. I command the peace unto you both!

Same business for O'L. and McC., not getting any nearer to each other, then work round to O'L. r., McC. l.

Mrs. O'L. Mr. O'Leary; in the name of the law I command you!

Seizes O'L. by rest, behind, pulls; he and McC. same business; Ah L. gets flat iron.

Mrs. O'L. I must resort to violence.

She pulls him back to tub, squats him in it; sits on him.

Mrs. O'L. I am master of the situation!

Ah L. [*burns McC. with iron on seat of pants.*] May be you no habbee some conceelee wepen, now—heh?

McC. circles the stage, stiff legged; Ah L. hides under table.

McC. I'm kilt entirely!

Ah L. You pantee blun, may be you no can sittee down—ki-lah! [*exit into cabin, l.*]

Mrs. O'L. [*lifts O'L. to his feet.*] Enter the domicil, and dry your pants.

O'L. [*iroobeyone.*] Yis ma'm, my courage is cooled. [*turns, and thus shows his wet seat; straddles off into cabin r.*]

McC. Mine's burnt out uv me. [*same business.*]

Mrs. O'L. Mr. McCormick where do your injuries lie?

McC. Lie? There's divil a lie in it; begorra, it's stern reality. [*same business.*]

Mrs. O'L. Ah! but I do not see.

McC. Nor me neither, [*aside.*] How the devil did it hapen? I wonder did O'Leary kick me? If he did, he carries lightening in the hobs of his brogans. [*Sees flat iron on table; tries it; drops it;*] Begorra! it was Ah Lang! By the howly pokers! I'll rise the boys and end chinese cheap labor in this camp! [*goes up and left.*]

Mrs. O'L. Mr. McCormick!

McC. [*stops.*] Ma'm?

Mrs. O'L. Why do you hasten?

McC. [*comes back.*] Well—I—I don't know that I'm in any hurry. [*aside.*] Musha, millia dioul! How it hurts!

Mrs. O'L. Pray sit down. [*offers him stool.*]

McC. [*aside.*] Can I sit down for a month? [*uneasy from one foot to the other.*] Misses O'Lary, I'd scorn to sit down in yer prisence. I'd rather stand, it's a habit of mine.

Mrs. O'L. Ah! yes; but what a strange habit that is.

McC. [*uneasy laugh.*] Oh so! not at all, it's natural to me, I git it on me father's side.

Mrs. O'L. Indeed!

McC. Ah! [*sighs.*] Mrs. O'Lary! I have bin hurted worse nor any fightin', kickin', divilmint, an divarshiu kin do me. [*sighs.*]

Mrs. O'L. Poor man!

McC. Mrs. O'Lary, [*sighs.*] I am hurted.

Mrs. O'L. Is it severe?

McC. I have it bad [*sighs.*]

Mrs. O'L. Is it rheumatical in its tendencies?

McC. N-o-o! [*sighs.*]

Mrs. O'L. Is it shooting pains?

[*sighs.*] It shutes me it it wud shute some body else. [*exaggerated sigh.*] A-a-ah!

Mrs. O'L. Alas! you must feel it deeply.

McC. It's—in—inside uv me!

Mrs. O'L. Be frank with me; tell me if, as I partially guess, you suffer in your feelings. Confide in me, for have you not befriended me ever since that awful scene in the Chinese church? Have you not tried in a thousand ways to repair the terrible mistake you made in arresting me?

McC. That's it, I thot I was takin ye, but I got tuck meself.

O'L. appears at cabin door.

Mrs. O'L. I have long since forgiven you. Have I not accepted, at your hands, many favors, administered so gently, during our long and dangerous journey from San Francisco to these golden Black Hills, this Elderado of Wyoming Territory?

McC. Yis; more power to ye!

Mrs. O'L. Have we not passed through flood and fire?

McC. We have.

Mrs. O'L. Have we not repulsed the savage foe?

McC. We did.

Mrs. O'L. Have you not intervened between me and death your Apollo like form?

McC. That's it; me forum; are ye gone on me shape?

Mrs. O'L. Pardon me, your language is obscure, and your grammatical construction inaccurate; I did not gone, I came.

McC. I dont care a rap fur the gray-mat-tical part uv it, but it is the fact that's troublin me.

Mrs. O'L. What fact?

McC. The pain I have, ever since I arristed ye.

Mrs. O'L. But I have forgiven you, long ago.

McC. That only helps it along.

Mrs. O'L. Why, what can it be?

McC. [*embarrassment, makes eyes at her, sighs.*] Cant ye guess?

Mrs. O'L. [*turns away; softly.*] No.

McC. Shall I tell ye?

Mrs. O'L. Yes.

McC. I love ye!

She gives little jump, a small jerky scream, exclamation.

There it's out uv me! [*takes stage.*] Yis, Misses O'Lary, I love ye, an I cant help meself!

Mrs. O'L. [*aside.*] This is a new sensation. It effects my entire cuticle. But I must be firm. You forget that I am married.

McC. How cud I forget it, seein such a woman, wid such a forum, such eyes and hair, and teeth, and edication, and feet and hands, the purtiest I ever seen.

Mrs. O'L. [*lowers her spectacles, and turns, looks at him over them.*] But you never had a fair view of my eyes.

McC. I have, and they are the purtiest in the world. [*puts arm round her waist.*] It's fine news I resaved from Frisco by the last mail. I've been operatin in stocks, and I'm worth a million.

Mrs. O'L. A million dollars?

McC. Yis, an more. That's nothin, in California the most uv thim are like me. If ye'll have me, we'll go to Frisco and be big bugs of the aristocracy.

O'L. exit into cabin, L.

Mrs. O'L. How can I?

McC. The asiest thing in life, darling. Ye see we are in Wyoming Territory now, in the Black Hills; the women vote here, and are elected to office. Ye can git a divorce in these parts quicker and asier than in Chicago.

Mrs. O'L. But how can I get a divorce? On what ground?

McC. Ground, the rayson ye mane? Why, cruelty to dumb animals to be sure.

Mrs. O'L. Mr. McCormick am I a dumb animal? [*frees herself from his arm.*]

McC. Bother! no; O'Lary is the baste.

Mrs. O'L. But—but—ah—

McC. There's no but's about it—heh—darling? [*puts arm round her.*]

Mrs. O'L. [*sighs.*] You are so argumentative.

McC. Am I? [*tearing at her.*] Ye hav'nt heard me plan yit. There's no time to lose, that blayguard O'Lary will be back, and thin I cant tell ye.

Mrs. O'L. I listen intently.

McC. Well ye see; there's to be an election to-day fur justice of the peace, and I have it set up to nominate ye on the dimecraytic ticket.

Mrs. O. L. But I'm a republican.

McC. So is your own cuntryman Bin Butler, and didn't he run on the dimecratic worken man's ticket? Ye're more uv a dimecratic worken man than he is. Cant ye straddle a fence as well as him?

Mrs. O. L. Me, straddle a fence?

McC. Yis, and lep it too, fur the matter uv that.

Mrs. O'L. I am in a maze of bewilderment.

McC. I'll have ye nominated after the complimentary ballots. We must have the comps ye know, fur the byes to make thinselves solid fur drinks.

Mrs. O. L. [*bewildered.*] Solid fur drinks.

McC. Yis; but we're potherin. Ye'll be elected, sure; fur there's only thirteen republicans agin our nine demicrats in this camp.

Mrs. O'L. But that's a majority.

McC. Not a worken one. We have only five uv them to lectioneer; two is dutch, and they'll vote wid us on account uv the liquor law; two is Pikers, and we kin buy them, and the others a nay-gur and he has to vote wid us under the eighteenth constitutional amendment.

Mrs. O'L. I was not aware of the eighteenth amendment.

McC. It's one we made oursilves; demicratic or no vote.

Mrs. O'L. But this is a free—

McC. Hould on; yer not on the stump now, oratin.

Mrs. O'L. But about the plan for the divorce.

McC. I'm comin to it. Now ye see after ye're elected this very day I'll git O'Lary drunk as blazes, pick a quarrel wid him, or somethin. We'll arrist him, and bring him before ye, fur felony. Ye can try him, find him guilty, sin-tince him to the penitentiary, proclaim yer divorce, and marry me widout lavin the binch.

O'L. appears at the cabin door with a gun, and otherwise armed, pistol, sword, etc., etc.

Mrs. O'L. The plan seems hasty, yet feasable.

McC. Just as asy me dear as drinkin, and thin ye'll be mine, me chickie biddy; and we're off fur Frisco to foot it wid the best uv thim in our coach and four.

Business during next speech: O'L. advances pointing gun at McC. Mrs. O'L. does not see O'L., McC. does, throws up his hands, and backs, when near L. U. E. turns and exit quickly.

Mrs. O'L. Yes, hubby, my own, my sweet Apollo, I take in the entire situation perfectly. I love you, sweet, and the more freely knowing how soon I shall be rid of that odious, red haired, bandy legged O'Leary.

O'L. has taken McC's place.

O'L. [*quietly.*] Did you call me, me dear?

Mrs. O'L. [*aside.*] Mr. O'Leary!

O'L. [*more forcibly.*] Wor ye talkin to me, Ameelia?

Mrs. O'L. [*aside.*] What is my woman's wit, if it dont save me now?

O'L. [*louder.*] Did ye say anythin Mrs. O'Lary?

Mrs. O'L. [*aside.*] There is only one thing to do; a woman's tactics always is to carry the war into Africa; offensive not defensive.

O'L. [*very loud and peremptory tone.*] Amelia Jane O'Lary, wife of Arthur Cornaylius O'Lary, wor you spakin to me?

Mrs. O'L. [*turning on him.*] Sir!

O'L. starts backward, weakens.

O'L. [*a mixed tone of fear and braggadocio.*] I want to know ma'm, if you were talkin of me, to me, at me, about me, from

me, or all around me, just now? Me, yer husband? Did ye insinuate, directly or indirectly, with your harsh, yet a little sweet voice, that I—I had red hair? Did ye, I say, in the name of your marriage vows, given unto me at the altar, before a justice of the peace, with the clerk asking two bits for the license; did you there, I mean now, say, I had bandy legs?

Mrs. O'L. Mr. Arthur O'Leary I did say so, and I repeat it as my opinion that if a plumb were to be applied to your pedometers they would be found very much out of their perpendicular. Your pants hide much from the eyes of the world but nothing from me.

O'L. [*burlesque dignity*] Let the legs pass, they are not the question iv the hour. I arraign ye, ma'm, on a higher indictment, and ye'll plase not make eyes at the jury.

Mrs. O'L. Confine yourself to the subject matter, talk plainly, and do not fill your immense mouth with large words; speak loudly, also, so that I shall be sure to hear you.

O'L. Ye want it plain, do ye? Well then, tell me, didnt I see that flannel mouthed mick makin love to ye? Yis, and, be heavens, ye wor suckin it in like buther milk, just as if ye wor educated at Paris or Cincinnati.

Mrs. O'L. If I remember correctly, I believe Mr. McCormick did say some very nice things to me.

O'L. [*sarcastically*.] Oh, he did, did he; that is if you remember?

Mrs. O'L. He said some thing or other about wanting to marry me.

O'L. [*same*.] Oh! ho! He wanted to make a faymale Brigham Young of ye—on principle I suppose.

Mrs. O'L. My principles are my own, if you please.

O'L. Yis, and mighty quare ones they are too. The next thing, I shouldnt wonder to see ye ridin an elephant straddle fashion—on principle.

Mrs. O'L. You may.

O'L. [*takes stage disgusted*.] Divil fear ye! But see here, do ye think I'm goin to stand this?

Mrs. O'L. In the vernacular of the *ot poloi*, what are you going to do about it?

O'L. Ma'm yer cool naughtiness shocks me—I'm ashamed of ye—[*turns away*.] Ye make me blush—oh! fie, fie, Amelia Jane! It's like a Frinch play.

Mrs. O'L. It's some what better than the Irish jig you have made me dance since our marriage. How many times have you deserted me, sir?

O'L. [*sorrowful*.] It was only the friskiness of youth; the coyness of a Connaught man's heart, but this passeth all forms, all show, it is not seemin madame, it is! and I'll make a mos-so-leum of all three of us; tur me hearts is in arms and only blood kin wash out the oracular proof of me eyesight. Yis, Amelia, all three of us must die, and I shall kill meself first. [*puts pistol to temple, muzzles of gun to his mouth, efforts at trigger of gun with his foot*.]

Mrs. O'L. Take good aim, or else it will hurt.

O'L. [*removes weapons quickly*.] So it will you; are always

right; and to make assurance, madame, doubly sure, I'll go practice on McCormick. [*goes up and left, drags gun.*] Good bye sweetheart, good bye, farewell, a long farewell, fur whin I spake to ye agin, I'll be a bleeding corpse. [*exit L. U. E.*]

Mrs. O'L. Poor O'Leary! He will not molest anyone, and it will be a valuable lesson to him. He is like all men he never cared for me until now. I dont believe, after all, I want Mr. McCormick and his dollars.

Stage arrival heard outside, roll of wheels, whip cracking, scrape of the brake, &c., &c.

[*When practicable the coach enters cross the stage; or stop and Mrs. Dalton and Judge, alight with other passengers, crowd collecting &c., &c.*]

The stage has arrived. [*looking off L. U. E.*] There appears to be several passengers alighting; a woman—cashmere dress—fits nicely—log skin gloves—neat shoe—a lady evidently, fresh from San Francisco; and although my mental observations are not much given to fashions, it will be interesting to ascertain, definitely, whether trails are worn or short dresses. These are mundane things yet interesting. I will hie me to welcome this stranger, and offer the hospitalities of my domicile; otherwise she will have to camp under the blue vaults of heaven, for our young community affords neither hotel nor hostelry.

Enter L. U. E. running, Ah Lang.

Ah L. Oh, Missee Lalee! You no saba who b'longs on coachee k-lah!

Mrs. O'L. I am not so informed.

Ah L. Ki-yah—Missee Dalton an olo foolo Judge. They wanthee see you clik, clik—ki-yah!

Mrs. O'L. Mrs. Dalton, and her father the Judge! Report has it that she has fallen heiress to an immense fortune. What motive has wafted her here?

Ah L. [*impatient; aside.*] This piecee olo foolo woman! Why no can hurry?

Mrs. O'L. Ah Lang, Mrs. Dalton is now very rich, is she not?

Ah L. She so lichee bloncho poney boss no can pullee down hillee on icee allee same when he wanthee—k-lah!

Mrs. O'L. I must not place myself in a position to endure her sneers. [*takes off wash apron.*] You will therefore remove from sight, my household cleansing apparatus.

Ah L. Hossee hold'um sallee-lains whichee wanthee?

Mrs. O'L. The wash tub, the wash tub! You heathen! take it away, take it away!

Ah L. [*carrying off tub, R.*] Washee washee tub, why you no can say-k-lah! [*exit and re-enters quickly.*]

Mrs. O'L. Ah Lang; how is my back hair? [*turns; hair is frizzly and ruffled.*]

Ah L. Bluteeflo—fly no can catchee catchee him feet on it—k-lah!

Mrs. O'L. And my dress? [*same.*]

Ah L. Fittée likee glove. Mi sabee it b'longs silk.

Mrs. O'L. Then marshal her hither.

Exit Ah L. L. U. E.

MRS. O'L. Ah Lang may be flattering me, but I can depend on my intellectual force to overcome her wealth—or principle.

Enter L. U. E. Ah L. followed by Mrs. Dalton and the Judge, the latter loaded with bundles, a blanket roll slung soldier fashion over shoulder, revolvers and bowieknife slung to him, broad brimmed hat, and wig of long yellow hair. Mrs. O'L. and Mrs. D. meet, L. C; greetings.

MRS. D. Mrs. O'Leary, how glad I am to find you in this wilderness.

MRS. O'L. I welcome you, madame, to these silvan shades, and I felicitate myself, that I can offer you shelter from the rude storms of the mountains and protection from the still ruder inhabitants of this mining region.

MRS. D. Indeed I thank you. Will you excuse me for trespassing still further on your kindness?

MRS. O'L. You may command me to the extent of my ability, mental or physical. If it is a temperance lecture or a discourse on the adaptability of our sex, I have a manuscript in my pocket [*produces MSS.*] You shall hear it now.

Ah L. business of impatience and anger. The Judge at rock, sits; lights pipe.

MRS. D. [*hastily.*] Pardon me! I shall be delighted when we have more leisure.

MRS. O'L. Oh! I have plenty of time. [*about to read.*]

MRS. D. Yes but—

MRS. O'L. It is only fifty pages or more; and the principles are grand. [*some.*]

MRS. D. I am very sorry but my affair is very pressing. I have come all this journey, without rest, to find my daughter Alice, and Mr. Dalton. Are they here?

MRS. O'L. Yes; they are in this camp. They live a short distance up the trail there. [*points to rock at back.*] in a dug out?

MRS. D. In a dug out?

MRS. O'L. A room excavated in the side of a hill.

MRS. D. Housed like wild animals!

MRS. O'L. Well, it is by no means a brown stone front. Mr. Dalton has not met with extraordinary good fortune since coming to the Hills. He works, poor man, night and day, digging and delving in the bowels of mother earth in the hope of retrieving his fortune that he may make restitution to those who were ruined by his failure. That idea haunts him, waking and sleeping.

MRS. D. And Alice, does she suffer?

MRS. O'L. Neither of them want for food, and Alice is her father's comfort. Her only sorrow is for your absence, and that her father is working himself to death. But she keeps up a brave and cheerful heart; she is the sunbeam of the camp. Indeed the miners and mountaineers have given her the name of "Miss Sunbeam."

MRS. D. Then it is not so bad as I had supposed. [*aside.*] Thank heaven, Howard has not met with good fortune, and my hopes of his love and respect still rest with my plan. Is not Alice expecting me?

AH L. Ess; she say me this b'longs wellee happy happy day mi mum mumee can come allee same coachee this day.

Mrs. D. Now I am contented because she knows I have kept my promise. Tell me where is Lieutenant McIntyre? You know he left us suddenly in San Francisco to join his command immediately.

AH L. He go welly click to Gennee Clook wanteehee catchee some one piecee injin; no can catchee; bye me bye he catchee some, he killee allee injin, an eatee him, eatee hoss poney, eatee hoss mule, eatee hoss bloncho allee same welly good, chow chow!—k-lah.

Mrs. D. What does Ah Lang mean?

Mrs. O'L. That General Crook and his soldiers never left Sitting Bull's trail after the brave Custer and his comrades were massacred. For several hundred miles Crook doggedly pursued without rations or shelter, sleeping with the skies for a covering, and horse meat for food, until at last, gallant Custer was partially avenged at the battle of Slim Buttes!

AH L. Talee cheels: hoolehoo! hoolehoo! hoolehoo!

Mrs. D. I feel like cheering, myself. But where is he now?

AH L. He come to Clook City las night befo yestee day flo days ago an Lackee-tire can come welly soon this day see he sweetee heart Alice an takee him one piecee yungo wifee Solon John Chineeman allee lite Ah Lang--k-lah!

Mrs. D. Marry Alice?

Mrs. O'L. I am inclined to the opinion that, that will be the programme, immediately on his arrival to day. A courier came in yesterday, with a dispatch, announcing the Lieutenant's march here, with his company. We are expecting him each moment of the fast receding day. It will be a golden wedding in these auriferous Black Hills.

AH L. [*laughs*] Cluck—cluck—cluck!

Mrs. O'L. Heathen! Do you laugh at my remark on the golden wedding and the auriferous Hills?

AH L. You wanteehee catchee welly goodee joke an me laughee; cluck--cluck--cluk!

Mrs. O'L. Listen to me, sir! whenever I make a play upon words, it is not subject for mirth, but for profound solemnity.

Ah L. pulls a long face.

Mrs. D. [*suppressed laugh; aside.*] This is a new idea of humor. But, Mrs. O'Leary, tell me about Alice, and Lieutenant McIntyre; has Mr. Dalton given his consent? And then how could they be married here? There is no minister, not even a magistrate!

Mrs. O'L. I am the exponent of the law!

Mrs. D. You?

Mrs. O'L. At least, I shall be. Before the sun glides over you western hill, I will be elected a justice of the peace! [*takes stage with majestic strides.*]

Distant shot heard; all turn; Lt. McIntyre appears at head of trail, R.

MRS. O'L. There is Lieutenant McIntyre at the head of the trail now!

Alice Dalton appears from the hut [or dug out,] on the side of mountain; about center of flat and on a projecting cliff above trail.

MRS. D. And there is Alice! She will fall! Take care daughter—take care!

A. [*cries in tone, to make voice distant.*] Is it you mother?

Lieutenant McIntyre fires another shot to attract attention. Alice startled loses footing and falls, disappearing down the canon. Where stage will permit, instead of disappearing, it will be better to show Alice clinging to a projecting bush and slight footing.

MRS. D. [*screams.*] He has killed her! [*falls sobbing into Mrs. O'L's arms.*

Ah L. runs for the clothes line. Business of untying difficult knot. The Judge fires his pistol at intervals in the air.

LT. M. [*has run down trail to opposite side of canon from hut; looking over.*] Great Heavens! it is Alice! [*crosses on trail to other side and mounts the cliff where Alice stood; leans over the cliff.*

MRS. D. [*struggling to free herself from Mrs. O'L.*] Let me go to my child! Let me go!

LT. M. Take heart Mrs. Dalton she is unhurt and clinging to a bush on the side of the canon! A rope! as you value her life bring me a rope!

MRS. D. [*on her knees.*] She lives! Oh merciful Father give her strength! [*rises.*

LT. M. [*to Ah L.*] The rope! Don't wait to untie it—cut it man—damn it—cut the rope. [*to Judge.*] Stop that firing, you idiot, and help on the rope!

Ah L. jerks knife out of Judge's scabbard and begins cutting at the rope.

MRS. D. [*to Mrs. O'L.*] Run for assistance—rouse the camp! [*goes to help Ah L.*

Exit L. C. E. Mrs. O'L. running, followed by the Judge.

LT. M. [*draws pistol.*] By the Heaven above Ah Laug! if you dont bring that rope I'll kill you! [*to Alice over the cliff.*] Keep up your courage my own, I'm coming! [*stamping.*] What in Gods name is he doing? [*Ah L. and Mrs. D. with the rope exit L. C. E. and then up the trail to Lt. M.*] Dont struggle my darling—keep cool—dont move your hands—look up—think of your mother—they are coming my own precious one—have faith—I will save you [*invocation kneeling.*] Give me strength, grant me this precious boon!

Mrs. D. and Ah L. on cliff with rope

[*rises.*] At last! [*fastening rope about his body and interposing between edge of cliff and Mrs. D. Ah L. holding her.*] Keep back madam, you must not speak to her—Ah Laug; drag her back

MRS. D. I will give her courage. Oh! let me speak to her.

LT. M. [*passing rope around tree.*] Not a word! not a whisper—now listen to me hold the line—watch the rope and give me the slack slowly.

Ah L. takes hold of rope—Mrs. D. wraps it around her arm.

MRS. D. Heaven give you courage and strength!

Lt. M. descends over the cliff and disappears.

Ah Lang run for help! we cannot draw them back, but I can hold this rope as long as the tree stands. [*Ah L. shakes his head.*] Go I tell you! Dont fear me—I have the strength of a mother to save her child. [*wraps rope round her body Ah Lang keeping up the strain.*] See! it shall cut me in two before I fail! It is our only hope.

Exit Ah Lang down the trail running. Lengthen the following business to give Dalton time: The rope slowly draws Mrs. D. to the tree, and finally she throws loose end of rope round tree and seizes that end; gasping with the pressure faints. The Judge enters L, up the trail to cliff looks at Mrs. D. and over the cliff. Tries to unfasten the rope from around Mrs. D's. body; cant; tries to loosen her hands; cant; finally draws knife and saws at rope between the tree and Lt. M; business showing knife won't cut; sharpens it on his boot or rock, and saws at rope again cuts one strand and sharpens knife: at this point he is seized by Dalton.

Dalton enters R. 2d E. as Mrs. D. is being drawn to the tree; he is in torn overhauls; carries a pick and shovel, walks slowly and rearily to C.

D. [*soliloquy.*] Another day of toil . . . another day of baffled hope! Another night of dreaming and waking and always the sight of those whom I have ruined? . . . How long, oh! how long will this poor wasted form last? [*raising his arm and looking at it.*] . . . Each day these tools grow heavier with my waning power, and my heart sinks with the thought that I may die, and my labor still fruitless, my task unfinished, my unredeemed honor sinking into the grave a wither blighted flower! . . . Oh! death how joyfully would I welcome you but for this . . . but for this. That bourn beyond [*pointing up.*] would be a happy rest, and not all the philosophers of ages can prove to me that the uncertainties there can o'er balance my misery here! The waking or eternal sleep, which ever it is, must be a gain over my endless grasping of phantom hope in this life! Oh! time! time! where do you lead me? Oh! christian faith where is thy rock of ages? Seek and ye shall find? Have I not sought in bloody sweat . . . have I not racked my soul with prayer? . . . And no answer! [*rearily shouldering his tools.*] . . . no answer! . . . Not for me . . . not for me! [*sees the Judge.*] Who is that? Am I dreaming? [*drops tools.*] My wife . . . her father? . . . Is this the last stroke of fortune's whip . . . is this the insanity I have so long feared . . . are these the ghostly forms of the night come to face me in the light of day . . . under the pure sky of heaven? Then indeed I am mad . . . I am mad! [*overcome face in his hands.*] . . . [*uncovering face; fearful; suppressed tone.*] . . . Is she there? [*slowly turns and sees her.*] It is true! . . . too true! . . . Aye, there you lie, bound to the stake of your sin, while the damned fire of your conscience laps your fair form with its serpent tongues . . . Even you, will give me no peace: sleeping or waking I am to be tied to the ghastly recollection of our once happy past . . . that past, when I called you sweet heart, wife; when I held you in my arms a blushing bride! . . . The cliff . . . the yawning gulf . . . a leap and I am free . . . By Heavens, this is the meaning of her presence here! I accept the omen. I'll clasp her ghostly

form in these arms and together. . . together, we will seek the great unknown. [*Exit L. V. E. reappears on the trail ascending.*] I come! I come! [*mounts cliff and seizes the Judge by collar and pulls him back from rope.*]

D. You are no ghost, but a human form with [*forces him to his knees.*] murder in your heart. But now the day of retribution has come, and you shall die! [*Judge supplicates.*] Mercy? Ask it of the wolves who wait for your rotten carcass there! [*points over cliff.*] Prayers? Say them on your road to hell!

A struggle and D. forces Judge over the cliff; Judge catches, hanging with his hands at the edge; D. makes him let go one hand by stamping it with his heel and then the other; but Judge seizes the rope beyond D's reach. D. catches hold of rope and hauls it in, by great effort, until he can grasp the tree. J. slips down rope and disappears. D. stands so that he hides as much as possible, Mrs. D.

D. [*in an exhausted voice.*] Help! Help! Ah Lang; O'Leary, help!

Enter L. V. E. O'L. dragging gun.

O'L. [*faunting himself with hat.*] Well, the devil fly 'way wid McCormick! [*sits on table, legs dangling.*] He was as hard to catch as an Italian fleec. An when I did come upon him, begorra I couldn't hold him. "Mac," sez I, "yer a ravisher an ye must die." "Are ye jokin'," sez he; "Divil a word" sez I; "Thin by the token!" sez he "there'll be two of us goin that same road." Wid that he whips out a pistol an pints it right at me; vis right at me eye!

D. [*faint voice.*] Help! Help!

O'L. Bygorra! I think I cud have crawled into the barrel of it! now I call that carelessness in handlin dangerous weapons.

D. Help! O'Leary; Help!

O'L. [*jumps off table.*] Howly mother! what was that! Is the boggles about?

D. Help!

O'L. [*business, finally sees D.*] Why, there's Dalton! [*turns front, laughs.*] By the pipers! he's gone crazy. . . he's fishin fur luck in the canon. [*laughs.*] Well, I thought it! I knew h'd get the bee in his caubeen.

D. [*hoarsely.*] Help!

O'L. Help ye? [*laughs.*] He thinks he has a whale, an he cant pul him out. . . I'll help ye. It's always best to humor thim. See here, ould man, before I come thare, ye must promise me halvers, I want my share uv the blubber. . . is it a whack?

D. nods, closes eyes, head falling on bosom.

[*laughs.*] Och, murder? Shure, he's game to sleep! [*leisurely.*] Well, I'll go to him. . . [*yawns.*] On-ou-ch! I'm tired out wid this devil's own purshute uv family labor under difficulties. . . I'm comin, me ainshint marennr. . . keep the flies off yer nose. [*singing*] "The night before Larry was stretched, &c., &c. goes leisurely L.V.E.; exit round to trail and up to cliff. Excited business of seeing Mrs. D. and looking over the cliff and hauling on the rope.]

Holy Mary! this is fishin wid a vingince! Pull Dalton if ye have an ounce in ye! [*great exertion.*] It's no use, if I'd break me heart! Can ye hold thim alone while I rise some one to help us? Ye cant I know. Murder but his hands are slipin now! Help! McCormick! ye divil. Ah Lang, Mrs. O'Lary, every man of ye help! Harroo they're comin, glory be to God fur me heart is broke!

Enter up the trail McC. Ah L. and Mrs. O'L. They pull on rope, Mrs. D. is released, falls prone and then Dalton in a heap beside her.

Mrs. O'L. Let us exert ourselves like men.

McC. Wait till I spit on me hands. [*business.*]

Ah L. [*pulling.*] You allee time policeman loafo.

O'L. Shut up an pul, ye divil!

Mrs. O'L. Strain every nerve, press with vigor on!

Altogether and away we go,

Ye—hoh! ye—hoh! ye—hoh.

The Judge climbs up rope to cliff, assisted; exit L. down trail, running.

Lt. M. appears with Alice as they haul in the rope; A. is insensible; O'L. and Ah L. lift them to cliff. Mrs. O'L. supports Lt. M. down trail, followed by McC. O'L. carries A., followed by Ah L. In that order exeunt L.

Enter L. U. E. Mrs. O'L. supporting Lt. M.; his arm around her neck; they walk slowly; McC. follows closely. They go to cabin L.

Mrs. O'L. [*aside.*] He is a sweet young man, and exceedingly well favored. Lieutenant what sufferings must have been yours? [*sighs and makes eyes at him.*]

Lt. M. [*faintly.*] Water! water!

McC. How she hugs him!

Mrs. O'L. You will find water in the cabin. [*to McC.*] Call Ah Lang.

McC. beckoning Ah Lang; he enters after O'L., L. U. E. and to them at cabin L.

McC. [*aside.*] Bedad! She's coortin the young sprig uv but tons; bad cess to him!

Mrs. O'L. [*sighs; aside.*] Of course I cannot enter the cabin with this young Apollo. [*sighs.*]

Enter L. U. E. O'L. carrying Alice.

O'L. Does'nt she look temptin! She's as lovely as a rosebud on a frosty night. . . . I'd not mind an accident like this every day uv the week. . . . I wonder if she'd know it should I kiss her? Jest one. . . . has the old cat got her off eye on me?

Mrs. O'L. [*to Ah Lang.*] Take the young man into your abode and minister to him. [*sighs as she releases him.*]

O'L. kisses Alice.

Ah L. Ess an he sal catchee what he wanthee! You bettee—k-lah!

Ah L. supports Lt. M. into cabin L.; McC. tries to take Alice from O'L.; he resists.

Mrs. O'L. [*sighs; aside.*] Sweet young man! How hard to release him!

O'L. [*going to cabin r.*] What a Mormon ye are McCormick! Ye want every soft thing I have!

McC. I saw ye kiss her!

Mrs. O'L. Mr. O'Leary, I will relieve you.

O'L. Ye will? See here, ye swally'd that unt cracker McCormick, who has the good luks of a pine shanty in a hot sun; ye wor prac-tise-ing on the Lieutenant, an now ye want my share of the pie. Ye cant drive that kind of a car! [*kisses L.*] Put that in yer pistol pocket and fire it fur a bull's eye! [*exit with Alice into cabin R.*]

Mrs. O'L. The beast!

McC. Aye; he is two uv them. Will ye divorce yerself now?

Mrs. O'L. I will beyond a peradventure!

McC. That's the ticket! The election is goin as I towld ye, an ye'll be justice uv the pace. I'll go down the gulch now an wait to arrist O'Lary. We'll bring him before ye this very day fur feloniously kissing another man's wife... that is to be... an every fool knows that's arson... [*coo'ring.*] Wont ye ante-see-pate; darlin?

Mrs. O'L. Anti see pate? Are you speaking of some historical character?

McC. [*aside.*] The err ru-de-ishun, uv this woman is grate! She does'nt know history from kissen. I mane our widdin is square.

Mrs. O'L. Our wedding is square? I know the rule and compass of wedded life is conspicuous in the hands of a sensible woman on principle, but square?... I don't understand unless you refer to the meals.

McC. The square meals? Yis them is all right on principle; but I want to take a sup off yer lips. [*takes stage.*] There ye have it now, in plain Irish!

Mrs. O'L. Do you want my lips for beef-steaks?

McC. [*aside.*] She dont know any more about coortin than a faymale cat in a dark cellar! See here will you give me a kiss?

Mrs. O'L. I shall not of my own free will. [*business.*]

McC. Oh, ho! That manes I'm to take it. [*kisses her.*] That's beef steak smothered in onions! [*exit L.*]

Mrs. O'L. [*takes stage R.*] He certainly indulged in osculatory freedom; awful!... in a forcable manner; awful!... The term stolen sweets, before this epoch in my life, has been an unknown quantity... awful!... Has he really gone?... Awful!... but sacrine in its character; awful!... I had forgotten O'Leary and the hair pulling I owe him... awful! [*exit into cabin R.*]

About when Ah L. leaves the cliff, Dalton slowly revives, raises himself, unciuds rope from about Mrs. D; with effort, lifts and carries her down trail, tottering and steadyng himself against the rocks; exit L. The business to occupy time for dialogue on the stage to about McC's, exit. Mrs. O'L's exit is cue for D. to enter L. U. E. carrying Mrs. D; slowly to C; kneeling on left knee supports Mrs. D's head and shoulders on right knee.

D. Oh! how this counterfeit of death brings back to me the recollection of our once happy days! for it raises, with angel fingers, the veil of earth's passions from off your face, leaving only the innocent! This presence of death in life

banishes my outer self, and bursting like a mountain spring from my heart of hearts, comes love; heaven born.... [*kisses her.*] Yes, I love you still, [*kisses her repeatedly.*]... And must this sweet vision of the past be among the things of yesterday?... Must these few moments be all?... Shall I, when you come back to life, call you wife... take you to my arms and forget the past... can I command from out my memory your sin, can I forget it and say you are all in all to me?... Can I forget that... that you... that you have been another's? [*increased force.*] Can I forget that you flung to the winds your marriage vows... that in base lechery you wooed two beds? Oh no... no... no!... I can not... I can not!... Wake! wake! that your living face may nerve me to the better thought! Wake! that the lie in your face does not kill you!... [*covers her face with his hand; reduced tone, suppressed force.*] I dare not look at her... the unknown partner of her guilt is unpunished. [*his hand slowly grasping her neck.*]... no one has suffered but me!... [*screams; throws her from him; springs up takes stage left and down.*]

Mrs. D. falls well forward.

D. [*rapidly.*] Away! away! with the murderous thought!... I would have killed her!... murdered her as she lay in my arms helpless as a sleeping babe! That would have been a worse crime than hers! [*falls on his knees.*] Merciful Father in Heaven, forgive me!

Mrs. D. [*does not raise her head; drowsily, and unconscious of D's., presence.*] Husband I shall not get up to-day.

D. rises; stands turned from Mrs. D.

I have such a pain in my breast... [*smiles.*]... Howard; I dreamed... now do not laugh... that, at the ball last night I was laced too tightly... You said though, before we went to sleep that I looked charming, and praise from you, darling, is everything to me... What would I not do for you? Your loving smile is all the world to me.

D. [*aside.*] Can hell's flames be worse torture than this? And yet I cannot leave her.

Mrs. D. Dear husband I am so sorry I cannot get up; I know you will miss me at breakfast... Tell Alice... [*raises on her hands; bewildered.*] Howard has Alice gone to school? ... Alice?... [*screams; on her knees.*] The canon... the rope... the rope! [*on her feet; descending inflection.*] Oh God! where is she!

D. [*still turned from her.*] Madame your daughter was saved.

Mrs. D. Saved! Thank God! Oh! tell me where is she?

D. I do not know.

Mrs. D. How then do you know that she was saved?

D. I saw her after the terrible ordeal through which she had past.

Mrs. D. [*doubting.*] You saw her? and you do not know where she is? Who are you sir? that you should practice such a deceit upon me!

D. Who or what I am does not matter... I am not deceiving you... Your conclusion is too hasty... The explanation is a simple one: I helped rescue your daughter, and when

the crisis was passed . . . I fainted. On my recovery she was no longer here.

Mrs. D. Forgive me! [*holds out her hand; D. does not turn.*]
 . . . I beg you to forgive me! . . . You are angry with me, and justly, that I, her mother, should doubt your word. . . . Indeed I am sorry.

D. It is of no consequence.

Mrs. D. No consequence? You save the life which is most precious to me, and when in reward for this service I speak harshly to you, you treat the matter as a trivial circumstance of not sufficient importance to even say: "I forgive you". Who ever you are you could never have been called father, nor known how a home could be ruined. . . .

D. [*int. rupting her.*] Pardon me; . . . I have been called father. . . . I have known how my home could be ruined!

Mrs. D. [*hesitatingly.*] Who are you?

D. I was once the possessor, as I believed, of a happy home, a fond wife . . . but now I am wrecked in home, wife, and friends. . . . I am

Mrs. D. Howard Dalton?

D. [*turns to her.*] Yes; once the proud Howard Dalton! your devoted, loving husband.

Mrs. D. And you saved Alice?

D. Aye; and I you too!

Mrs. D. Me? [*aside.*] This will make my plan still more difficult to accomplish.

D. I found you on that cliff gasping for breath. a few moments and you would have gone before his judgment seat to prove your innocence.

Mrs. D. [*dignity.*] Mr. Dalton! twice I have plead with you, twice you have refused me a hearing. . . . Twice I have been ready with proof of my loyalty to you as your wife! . . . twice you have treated my proof with contempt! . . . This same proof Lieutenant McFytre and Alice have accepted as unquestionable evidence of my innocence. My case would stand in any court in Christendom. But you in blinded prejudice refuse me a hearing. And you warn me of God's judgment seat? Tell me, what will you answer for your blind, merciless hate, when you meet your God?

D. I shall at least have been true to my vows.

Mrs. D. Enough sir? I did not come here to bandy words with you, nor to plead.

D. Nevertheless you are here and for a purpose I suppose.

Mrs. D. Yes; I have a purpose. It is to see you.

D. I thought so.

Mrs. D. I came to propose that you return to San Francisco with me as my husband.

D. I? . . . I live with you?

Mrs. D. Yes.

D. What? [*scornful; laughs.*] You have come on a fool's errand

Mrs. D. You can reserve your mirth for some fitter occasion. You will go with me!

D. Live with you as your husband?

Mrs. D. Oh, no sir! do not lay that flattering unction to your soul! You will go with me as my husband in the eyes of the world only, to vindicate my reputation, and for the sake of our child; but in reality . . . I shall be as dead to you . . . as if you were living with a corpse!

D. Even that would be preferable.

Mrs. D. In that we are agreed. . . . You do not ask me how I will make you accept my proposition.

D. Knowing that I will not accept, it is of no consequence to me . . . and not being a woman . . . I have no curiosity to enquire.

Mrs. D. [*takes stage down, aside.*] Have I made a mistake? . . . would prayer and supplication have moved him more? . . . Mr. Dalton; I am rich.

D. So I have heard.

Mrs. D. Very rich.

D. Did you think to buy me?

Mrs. D. Yes.

D. Sell my self respect? You shall see the grass grow on my grave first!

Mrs. D. Hear me; this fortune was not originally mine, but given to me by my father. . . .

D. Some of his stealings, I presume.

Mrs. D. [*business; aside.*] Oh how cruel he is! This last stroke shocks even the love I bear him. . . . This battle is now no longer one, because of my love for you—Howard Dalton, but for my child's name. I will conquer your stubborn pride and you shall go with me; . . . Yes; and in time sue me for pardon!

D. Madame my time is not altogether my own; if you have nothing further to say to me I will bid you good day. [*going up.*]

Mrs. D. Remain, if you please; I said that my father gave me the wealth I have. Your polite interruption prevented my telling you, that this gift came to me with a peculiar condition.

D. I am not aware that I am in the slightest degree concerned.

Mrs. D. But you are, of all the parties, the one most concerned.

D. Heretofore you have failed to be interesting; I confess however, that now you are, at least, amusing.

Mrs. D. Sir! You forget that I am a woman.

D. [*looks her all over.*] No. . . . nor what kind of a one you are.

Mrs. D. [*business.*] Your insult proves you a coward. . . . Even if your fancied wrong were true, your manhood, if you had any, would prevent you crying out every instant, like a whipped child. . . . Go sir! . . . I have done. . . . Even for the sake of Aliee, I will, no longer bear your clownish taunts!

D. I take my departure by your gracious leave. [*goes up.*]

Mrs. D. But remember this Mr. Dalton; that for the sake of venting a few cruel words on a woman you have thrown away the means of redeeming your honor. . . . In the eyes of

thousands; you stand condemned as a thief. The world says you are worse than a confidence man... than a burgler... a pick-pocket... worse than a sneak thief. You are the fugitive president of a broken savings bank!

D. [*choking with rage.*] How dare you say this to me?

Mrs. D. [*great force; arm raised and pointing finger.*] Dare! Your tongue lashing has at last roused my womanhood and I dare say anything to you! You who have left desolation behind you! You whose ears ought to be filled with the wail of the starving widow, the groan of the houseless father, the tears of the dying orphan.

D. Woman! woman! you torture me!

Mrs. D. Oh! It is my turn now!

D. Does the world say I intentionally robbed these people?

Mrs. D. Yes; and the world calls you coward; for you stole away like a wolf to fatten on your plunder.

D. I'll face them! I'll go back and cast the lie in their teeth.

Mrs. D. Do you think they will believe you?

D. They will believe these rags, this wasted form, my sunken cheeks, my tears shall plead for me!

Mrs. D. Others have tried all these and failed. But there is a way to silence them.

D. In mercy tell me how?

Mrs. D. Pay these people the money you owe them.

D. Would to God I could.

Mrs. D. You can.

D. How?

Mrs. D. Go back to San Francisco, as my husband.

D. What?... live with you?

Mrs. D. Take care sir! Have a care on your tongue; this is the last time I make you this offer.

D. Go on; what are the conditions?

Mrs. D. Simply, that for a certain period you live with me as my husband, never betraying by a look, sign, or word to Alice, or the world, that you are other than my loving husband; but otherwise, when we are alone you cannot speak to me, nor approach me in any way; it will not be your privilege to even touch the hem of my dress. At the end of the period agreed on, you are free to go your way, but you must leave Alice with me..... On these conditions I will follow out the intentions of my father, and pay every cent you owe.

D. I accept them... with one condition on my part.

Mrs. D. You may state it.

D. I accept your proposition provided that you will do all in your power to assist me in one thing.

Mrs. D. [*startled; ash/le.*] What can it be.

D. It is not much to ask.

Mrs. D. I promise before hearing, what it is.

D. Then our bargain is concluded, madame.

Mrs. D. You had better tell me what I am to do, so that I shall not fail in my promise.

D. Madame; I am to live with you as your husband be-

fore the world, for a certain period of time, and then I may go, leaving Alice with you; in return you promise to redeem my credit, and to aid me to....

Mrs. D. What?

D. To die!

Mrs. D. What! Help you to commit suicide?

D. Yes; and to hide the fact from Alice and the world, that I died a coward!

Mrs. D. [*overcome.*] Oh no, no! I cannot do that!

D. [*taking her hand and holding his other hand as in the act of taking an oath.*] It must be so! I solemnly swear to stand to my part of the compact between us, by the Heaven above and hell below, by my soul's honor, by my father's grave, by my mother's love!... [*to her.*] Swear!

Mrs. D. I cannot!

D. You must and shall swear! I command you by the right I once had as your husband!

Enter from cabin R., O'Leary.

Mrs. D. [*hesitating, overcome; holds up right hand.*] I swear it.

O'L. Misses Dalton, Alice has swally'd a noggin of punch and feels better of the operation; and she wants to see her mother!

Mrs. D., at cabin R; O'L., C.; D., at L. U. E.

D. Remember! [*holds up right hand as if swearing, she same then exeunt L. U. E. and cabin R., respectively.*]

O'L., astonishment, imitating first one then the other.

O'L. Remember? What the devil should they remember, when they both want to forgit! Well that beats the Jews? [*burlesqueing.*] Remember! What wud they be showin their hands fur? It's bin a close game on both sides an the woman's too smart an the man's too cute. [*goin to rock, sits and lights pipe.*] Well, well; it bates me entirely; I give it up as Angell said whin Pullman got hold of him. I give it up sez he; and remorse tuk hold of him fur bein caught!... What a fine turn ye have, O'Lary, fur ilus--tratin a thing of that kind.

Any local, or other gag may be introduced here and the following lines cut down.

Bother on me good luks! They're always gitting me in to some kind of a row. I carried Miss Alice, the colleen, in to the shabenee there and laid her down so carefully and I worked the life out of me putin some life into her. I tried water. I fanned her. I tickled her wid a feather out of the broom, an the best I got was a sneeze, an I talkin to her all the time the purtiest I knew how. I saw her ear swellin. I mane her brist heavin an her eyelids raisin like curtains lettin in the day. I talked an rubbed her hands, an kissed her, may be I dunno. an at last she loked straght at me, her swate lips puckered up, an she said: "Oh my love," "Yis" sez I. "I am so thankful to ye;" sez she. "Are ye darlint;" sez I. "Yis my dear;" says she. An I blushed at the roots of me toe nails: I thot what a shame it was to be tryin my captivatin ways on such a swate innocent. I said to me self, "Bad cess to you Arthur O'Lary but ye're a div-

il among the girls!" She opened her eyes again and puckered the lips of her mouth, an I bent over to hear her call me name, an I kisse her. Sure! there was no harm, only I tho't I ought'nt to be ladin her on. But I could'nt help it; it was always the way of me, ever since I wore pants! "What is it mavournin?" sez I. Says she, "*Leften out how brave ye are to save me life!*" Tare an ages! it was the other feller she was takin' up fur. "Yis Miss," says I, "an wid that I felt the power of a double back action locomotive grippin' me back hair. . . . It's useless to say Mrs. O'Lary had me there! All she could gat from her teeth was "awful, awful. . . . I'll tache ye about kissin' awful!" Wid that she goes for the rollin' pin. . . . It's her favorite. . . . I said; "Me bird charm'er doat start the bread makin' before the young lady is intirely recovered. Intirely do ye mind," an I fixed me agle eye on her. Sez she; "I'll not make the bread now, but there'll be lots of batter cakes m'le after while!" An begorra she'll keep her word I'll go bail! Me head aches to think of it!

Shouts and pistol shots heard outside.

What's that? [*rises.*] The boys are up! I wonder whether it's Ah Lang or the nagur they're after?

Same outside.

It's election day an they're pursuin' the colored man to vote the dime-cratie ticket!

McC. [*out-side.*] Hurrah fur O'Lary!

O'L. That's me!

McC. [*outside.*] Hurrah fur the di-cratie justice of the peace!

Cheers; tiger; shots.

O'L. [*struts.*] I'm elected justice of the peace! Luk out fur law an order now! Come on me noble constituency till I recave ye in style an ye'll hear the greatest effort of me life!

Enter L. C. E., crowd of miners headed by McCormick; negro in the rear as they come to C.

O'L. [*L. C. bowing and gesticulating in a lofty way.*] Me noble countrymen—barrin the nagur—this is the happiest day of me life. It is not often one has the pleasure of appearing before such an intelligent, virtuous, and law abiding lot of citizens of this great Republic of the United States of the continent of America, lying between the Pacific and the Atlantic Ocean, with Greenlands icy mountains on the North, and the Gulf of Mexico on the South, and the city of Chicago in the center—a happy land of peace and plenty of purtatoes and buttermilk flowin' over every inch of it, a land rent with civil feuds and drenched, it may be in fraternal blood. A land that has the eagle, that bird of passage, floatin' around in the air, screamin' with the death rattle in its throat with all the power and vigor of its piercin' eye. . . .

VOICES. } Shut up!
 } Carry him out!
 } Londer!

All shouting; O'L., advances to shake hands with McC; McC., jerks O'L., round, he is passed along hustled down the line in bewilderment; when he reaches the negro, O'L., gets negro's head in

chancery and punches him for awhile.

Enter from cabin R., Mrs. O'L.

McC. Mrs. O'Leary, It's the great pleasure I have to-day to announce to you that you are elected Justice of the Peace of these great, noble, intelligent, hard working, horny handed gaugers of the pick and shovel.

VOICES. } Speech!
 } Speech!

Mrs. O'L. [*very loud voice.*] I am so taken by surprise my voice fails me. This is so entirely unexpected words fail me I am entirely unprepared to... to... ah to... make a speech. [*puts hand in pocket and produces voluminous MSS.*]

O'L. Shall I read your unexpected effort for you?

Mrs. O'L. No, sir! I will make an unexpected speech to you though.

O'L. Oh! ho! Ye will... Well there's mighty little left for ye to say.

Mrs. O'L. Mr. McCormick you are hereby appointed Deputy Sheriff, County Treasurer, and Prosecuting Attorney for this district. You will arrest this man [*pointing to O'L.*] for felony, and bring him before me with a true bill of costs and a verdict of guilty, properly made out according to law and order. Given under my hand and seal this 6th day of October, 1876.

O'L. Arrist me? What fur?

McC. Fur biginy, arson and felony; an mighty glad ye ought to be that it aint murder, come along! [*collars him.*]

O'L. Amelia are ye drunk or crazy?

Mrs. O'L. Away with him to the deepest dungeon!

McC. [*dragging O'L. along.*] Come on wid ye!

O'L. [*aside.*] She's crazy. [*kicks the negro.*] This is what we got fur lettin ye into the party!

McC. Are ye comin quiet?

O'L. I'm comin as quiet as a lamb, fur I'll not move hand or foot.

A struggle; they carry O'L., and exeunt l. v. e. all but Mrs. O'L.

Mrs. O'L. [*c.*] Awful! The step is taken. The die is cast. Awful!... Love thou thieving god. Ah. Thou thieving god. Thieving. Ah [*produces MSS. reads.*] Love! thou thieving

Enter from cabin R. and L. respectively. Alice supported by Mrs. D. and Lt. M., leaning on Ah L. They move slowly toward c. Alice and Lt. M., seeing each other, regain their strength and rush into each others arms.

Love is more than thieving. It is as healing as Cherry Pectoral... on principle!

Lt. M. Alice; to think that I almost killed you!

A. Why Roy; you saved my life!

Lt. M. Yes, but my ill fated shot from the head of the trail caused you to fall.

A. That startled me, but I knew it was you, and I think that made me lose my head where I had already lost my heart

Lt. M. And came near losing us both.

Business between them.

AN L. He makee hay while lee sunnee shine--k-lah!

Mrs. D. Mr. McIntyre how can I thank you for the great service you have rendered us all?

Lt. M's company of Cavalry on foot in rough campaign dress comes down the trail. The Sgt. halts them when all on; brings them to a "place rest" giving commands in low tone; he then goes down trail and enters L. V. K., in a hat and stands L. C., a little back at attention until spoken to by Lt. M.

LT. M. Dont speak of it Mrs. Dalton. However if you think you owe me anything, you may give me this reward. *[taking Alice's hand.]*

Mrs. D. If Alice is willing.

Business for A., and Lt. M.

I freely give my consent.

Same business.

AN L. Lootennee Lackee-tile lis sabgee he wanthee see you.

LT. M. What is it Sergeant?

SERG'T. *[salutes bringing left hand to carbine at right shoulder.]* The camp sir.

LT. M. Anywhere within a short distance down the trail.

Mrs. D. Little do we know what the American soldier suffers.

LT. M. That's true, and we sometimes think, when a first class congressman howls economy at the expense of the army that you care less. But it is not *comme il faut* for a soldier to talk of his woes. Ladies, will you excuse me; I want to say a few words to Mrs. Dalton.

A. You are almost past having secrets from me, Roy. Make the most of your time.

Mrs. O'L. and A. go apart.

Madam, have you spoken to Mr. Dalton.

Mrs. D. Yes; and a reconciliation has been effected. He is to return with me to San Francisco.

LT. M. Indeed, I am glad to hear it and I will meet you there. I have good news for you. A soldier of my company was fatally wounded in the battle of Slim Butte. In his last moments he sent for me and placed in my hands, the original letter you wrote your father, a copy of which, you remember he made and sold to Dalton as the original. It seems that the Judge, amongst his other . . . mishaps, was a . . .

Mrs. D. Speak out, Mr. McIntyre; I am prepared by a full confession from my father to hear anything.

LT. M. Pardon me, then! It seems the Judge was a deserter from the army, and in some old traps of his left behind him was this letter.

Mrs. D. And you have it?

LT. M. Yes. It was to give me that letter the soldier had asked to have me sent for.

Mrs. D. Give it to me.

LT. M. One moment. Knowing its importance, I had the soldier's anti-mortum statement taken of its history and identity, and sworn to before the Adjutant, in the presence of

witnesses. Its genuineness is unquestionable. [*gives her the letter.*]

Mrs. D. [*opening with great emotion and reading.*] This is my letter? This is the last link in the chain! Now, Howard Dalton, you will have to ask my forgiveness in bitter tears!

[*aside.*] Shall I show it to him now? No! all my pride says a thousand times, no! He shall speak first, or die as he proposes. Die? Let him kill himself? I will not think of that now, let time decide his fate! I hold the winning card.

Lt. M. Do you see how the copy has been altered from the original?

A. [*joining Mrs. D. and Lt. M.*] You have had time enough to settle the secrets of the Deoges.

Enter L. U. E., Dalton.

Father!

They embrace.

[*rapidly.*] Oh how thankful and happy we will be. You, Mother, my Lieutenant, and poor little me, all saved; and you and mother reconciled. Mother has told me and I'm to be married and we are all to go back to San Francisco and be so happy. [*laughing in her father's arms; laugh grows hysterical and finally into sobs.*]

Mrs. O'L. [*aside.*] Girls are such silly weak things. They have no principles.

Enter McC., L. U. E. D., Alice, Lt. M., and Mrs. D., go R.

McC. [*to Mrs. O'L.*] The presenar is ready yer honor, whenever it pleases yer honor, to hold court, yer honor.

Mrs. O'L. Drag on the culprit when time has measured the space of five minutes; that I may prepare the halls of justice and get the scales properly adjusted.

McC. All right yer honor. [*exit L. U. E.*]

Lt. M. Mrs. O'Leary may I ask what is the meaning of all this?

Mrs. O'L., arranges stage for court.

AL L. She judge peaco she tly O'Leely fo knockee down an draege out salt an battle. She tly O'Leely all him lifee now she tellee him go to hello!—k-lah!

Mrs. O'L. And you shall be tried next as sure as I stand here the exponant of law and justice a magisterial personage of this mighty realm.

Lt. M. But what does it mean?

M. s. O'L. Sir you are persistant in your enquiries. Know that I have been elected to the office of justice of the peace, and my husband is my first case?

Lt. M. This must be a very hard case for you.

Mrs. O'L. Yes; he is a very hard case but I am under the strong impression that he is guilty and is a divorced man before he enters this court. [*Mounts wash tub which she has placed on rock.*] The court is open; bring on the catiff and let him look upon his death!

McC., marches O'L., in loaded with chains and looking very woebegone; crowd of miners and soldiers follow.

McC. Here's the pri-entur, yer honor.

Mrs. O'L. Let him be sworn.

McC. [*scratching his head.*] Swear him is it?

Mrs. O'L. Hear and obey menial! Do you intend to intimidate this honorable bench of principles and legal lore? Tell me sir! Do you?

O'L. [*dolefully.*] He'd better not if he knows what's good fur himself.

McC. Silence in the court!

O'L. I am silent! I'm a silent witness of the orders of the Court of long standin, ain't I? None better.

Mrs. O'L. The time of this honorable Court is being wasted. Mr. County Treasurer do your duty and swear the prisoner on the verdict of this bench.

McC. [*to O'L.*] Hold up your right hand; you swear so help ye God that ye are guilty of manslaughter bigamy that ye are divorced by order of this Court; that ye are guilty of petty larceny, drunk and disorderly, resistin officers and meinheir.

Mrs. O'L. Mr. Officer you are obscure, what is it—I did not catch—ah—tell the Court what is meinheir? (*hand behind her ear.*) Heh?

McC. Why yer honor that's whin a felly takes a chew off another felly's nose; that's meinhier.

O'L. Am I to hold me hand up all day?

Mrs. O'L. Oh yes. The court understands, you mean misprisonment. It is a point well taken and the prisoner is necessarily divorced from the defendent and I suppose the prosecution moves a new trial on the docket in the next term of demmurer.

McC. That's it yer honor. Shall I go on? It's divorced he is any how whither or no.

Mrs. O'L. Proceed with the oath.

McC. I dont see the use of any more trial, he's divorced by this time.

Mrs. O'L. Go on with the swearing I tell you!

O'L. Yer honor; I say yer honor; dont start him to swearin, his profanity is notorious.

Mrs. O'L. These interruptions are unseemly; the Sheriff will do his duty fearless of consequences.

O'L. That's it, I was sayin. . . .

McC. Silence! Yer honor I. . . .

Mrs. O'L. Go on with. . . .

O'L. I. . . .

McC. Yer honor. . . .

Mrs. O'L. There's no motion before the house and I. . . .

O'L. Just what I. . . .

McC. I'll not. . . .

Mrs. O'L. It is evident. . . .

O'L. and McC. interrupt her and both keep on talking; the crowd joins in; Mrs. O'L. rises; yells "silence" at intervals; O'L. throws off his irons and runs out at L. V. E., and enter up trail to cliff; seizes rope and stands at edge of the canon, draws pistol. At same time that O'L. runs off, McC. seizes Ah L. and the negro who are talking and knocks their heads together; D. rescues Ah L.

Mrs. O'L. The prisoner has escaped.

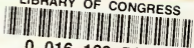
O'D. Yes, and he wout be caught. I'm divorced am I, whether or no? To the divil wid yer decay. . . . I dissolve

the court!

Shoots into the crowd; D. falls wounded; tableau; Mrs. D., A. and Lt. M., grouped about D.; Mrs. O'L. awkwardly from her Judges bench, trying to shoot her pistol points handle at McC. who "hides behind his hat;" O'L., descending over cliff.

CURTAIN.

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