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OR, THE

**Old Maid's Triumph.**

( COMEDY. )

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CAPTURED ;

OR, THE

Old Maid's Triumph.

A COMEDY,

IN FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

WM. L. BECK, Esq.

—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

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

—O—

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—X—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

# CAPTURED; OR, THE OLD MAID'S TRIUMPH.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| SUSAN TABITHA WINDCHESTER,.....                 | <i>An old maid.</i>                |
| CHARLES DICKENS WINDCHESTER, (Her brother)..... | <i>An inventor.</i>                |
| JOSHUA PRATT.....                               | <i>An old Yankee.</i>              |
| FRANK WESTFIELD.....                            | <i>A "Cash!"</i>                   |
| SAM SLY.....                                    | <i>A farmer.</i>                   |
| COACHMAN  |                                    |
| JANE WINDCHESTER.....                           | <i>The inventor's better half.</i> |
| POLLY.....                                      | <i>A servant girl.</i>             |
| SALLIE.....                                     | <i>"In our alley."</i>             |

Country lads and lassies.

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Time of Representation—One and three-fourths hours.

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## COSTUMES—MODERN.

—:0:—

## PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Several handboxes, parasol, purse, "Mother Goose's Melodies."

ACT II.—"Mother Goose's Melodies," powder box with puff in it, box of rouge, dust brush.

ACT III.—Umbrella for Joshua, handboxes, parasol.

ACT IV.—Broom, handboxes, parasol, bowl of potatoes and knife, tray with several dishes, five knives and five forks, glass of spoons, knitting, hard biscuit, raw turnips, dispatch, pocket-book with coin, flat-iron, ironing board, clothes to iron, one pair long drawers to iron, a coin, a large pocket-book and check.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

\* \* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

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## Captured; or, the Old Maid's Triumph.

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*SCENE I.*—A handsomely furnished apartment in CHARLES WINDCHESTER'S house; double doors, U. C., chairs, sofa, centre table; two practicable doors at R., and one at L.; mirror, window, (practicable) L. of C. D.

*Enter, CHARLES WINDCHESTER and FRANK WESTFIELD, at C. D.*

*Charles.* My dear boy, I'm delighted to see you.

*Frank.* The pleasure is mutual, I assure you. Yes, Charles, I have come to make you a few days visit, as I need a rest from my labors, and I think a little roaming about Vermont would do me good.

*Charles.* And so do I. By the way, you have come at the right time. My sister from Pennsylvania will arrive here to-day, to spend the summer with us. You will find her plenty of company, if she is as lively as she used to be, but I have not seen her for seven years.

*Frank.* Indeed! I'm glad I came.

*Charles.* Let me see, Frank, you have been married now, let me see—

*Frank.* Two years in November next, on the seventh day.

*Charles.* How the time does fly! Why, I remember when you were born; and I remember when you were courting Jessie, and how you came and asked me as to whether you should marry or no. Just as though you hadn't made up your mind already, to marry the girl.

*Frank.* That's true enough, and I had already asked her.

*Enter, JANE WINDCHESTER, L.*

*Jane.* Why, Mr. Westfield, I'm so glad to see you. When did you come?

*Frank.* Just a few moments ago.

*Jane.* I am glad to see you at our house, and you have arrived at a proper time, for Charlie's sister will be here to-day. You will not be lonesome. She's plenty of company—an over-blown rose, but still on the bush.

*Frank.* An old maid?

*Jane.* Exactly!

*Enter, POLLY, at C. D.*

*Polly.* Miss Susan is coming, ma'am. Oh, sure and you'd have laughed both your eyes out, if you could only have seen her coming down the road, ma'am.

Jane. And why so, Polly?

Polly. Sure, and she had so many things to carry, ma'am, that she dropped them all over the road, ma'am.

Jane. Did she not come in the coach?

Polly. Sure, no, ma'am.

Charles. What, she walked?

Polly. Yes, sir, with a lot of band boxes, sir.

Charles. (*aside*) As crazy as ever, I see. (*aloud*) The idea of walking all the way from the depot here, when the coach runs almost to the door.

Jane. Polly, you had better assist her with her handboxes.

(POLLY rushes to C. D.)

*Enter, SUSAN TABATHA WINDCHESTER, with a great number of handboxes. She runs against POLLY, and drops them; she seizes her parasol, and beats POLLY with it; exit POLLY, hurriedly, C. D.*

Susan. Well, Christopher Columbus! I think you'd better come back and try that over again. Sister, how do you come on? Have you been quite well? And, brother Charlie, (*business of shaking hands*) now how you do grow. I have to stand on my tip-toes to kiss you. (*kisses him*) There! you should feel highly honored, for you're the first man I've kissed in seven years.

Charles. And who kissed you then, sister?

Susan. Why, you did; don't you remember?

Charles. Well, I hope the progress you have made in the past seven years, is not your guarantee for the future.

Susan. It won't be if I can help it, brother, but don't imagine that I haven't had plenty of chances. Oh, no! many a young man has sought to kiss me without avail.

Charles. If you had worn a veil, you might have been kissed. Sister, allow me to introduce to you, my friend, Mr. Westfield.

Susan. How do you come on, sir? I'm tickled to see you.

(*shaking his hand, violently*)

Jane. Why did you not come in the coach?

Susan. Well, I'll tell you all about it. I got into the coach. I was the only passenger. The coachman got talking to me, and after a while he asked me how old I was. I told him I was twenty-four, and he laughed at me.

Charles. Twenty-four! Why, sister, you are forty-four if you're a day.

Susan. Brother, you're telling a downright fib.

Charles. I know, Susan, that you will never see forty-four again, for you were just thirty-six when—

Susan. Hold your tongue, you foolish boy, what are you giving me away for? Well, well! He vexed me so, that I got my dander up, and I says to him, "You good-for-nothing wretch! if you don't dry up, I'll knock you down!" (*SUSAN gets excited and hits CHARLES in the face with her parasol*) Well, good land; did I ever! Excuse me, brother, it was wholly intentional, I assure you. I hope you're not much hurt.

Charles. Oh, no; not at all!

Susan. Well, as I was saying when you interrupted me, "If you don't dry up, I'll (*business with parasol; CHARLES dodges*) knock you down!" He kept on laughing, so I got out of the coach and walked.

*Takes out a large, flat purse, and looks through it, and then looks about the floor.*

*Jane.* Have you lost anything?

*Susan.* Yes; that's just what I expected! That fellow has cheated me out of ten cents. He stopped the coach right in the gutter, too; and I'll show you how muddy my skirts are, Jane.

*Jane.* Did you have any trouble in finding the house?

*Susan.* Trouble! Good land, haven't I been here before?

*Jane.* Won't you step into this room, Sue, and remove your traveling habit?

*Susan.* I ain't in the habit of traveling, and you know it.

*Jane.* You do not understand me. I mean your traveling clothes.

*Susan.* Well, bye and bye will do. (*to CHARLES*) You see, brother, I have lately found a book that quite suits my poetical fancies.

*Charles.* Indeed!

*Susan.* Yes; I can read it over and over again, and never get tired of it, it is so interesting. I read some of it to the coachman on my way here, and the hair-brained fool laughed at it. Oh, the ignorance of the lower classes!

*Frank.* He was rather impertinent, I declare.

*Susan.* Pert! I should say so! But, I made allowance for his ignorance. We cannot all be learned. Because you and I can understand the works of the great masters, that is no reason that he can; oh, no!

*Frank.* And what book is it that interests you so?

*Susan.* Here it is—"Mother Goose!" (*shows book*) Listen, while I unfold the tale of the thrilling, and heart-rending murder of poor Cock Robin. Where did I leave off? Let me see! Oh, yes; here's the place. (*reads*)

"Now they all sat or stood to eat and to drink,  
And everyone said what he happened to think.  
They each took a bumper, and drank to the pair:  
Cock Robin, the bridegroom, and Jennie, the fair.  
The dinner things removed, they all began to sing,  
And soon they made the place near a mile round to ring.  
The concert it was fine"—

*Charles.* Sister, for heaven's sake!

*Susan.* Can't you keep your mouth shut for about a minute.

"And every bird tried who best should sing,  
For Robin and Jennie Wren, the bride,  
When in came the Cuckoo and made a great route.  
He caught hold of Jennie and pulled her about.  
Cock Robin was angry, and so was the sparrow,  
Who fetched in a hurry his bow and arrow.  
His aim he then took, but he took it not right;  
His skill was not good, or he shot in a flight,  
For the cuckoo he missed, but Cock Robin he killed.  
And all the birds mourned that his blood was so spilled."

(*she becomes deeply affected*) I'll read you another about "Little Bopeep."

*Charles.* Sister, please spare us! What have we done? Don't afflict us with any more such nonsense. I don't wonder the coachman laughed,

*Susan.* How can you laugh at anything so sad? Heartless man! to laugh at death. Just imagine the pain that the poor little bird must have suffered with an arrow through his heart. Brother, you have no feeling.

*Jane.* Susan, if you will follow me into this room, I will assist you to undress.

*Susan.* I don't want to go to bed yet.

*Jane.* I mean I will help you remove your bonnet and shawl, and arrange your toilet.

*Susan.* Now, don't you bother yourself about my toilet. I hain't combed my hair for a long time, and don't mean to begin to-day. It comes out fast enough without jerking it out with a comb. I don't mean to have a full moon rise on the back of my head at my age.

*Jane.* Well, please yourself, Susan.

*Susan.* Oh, I always do that!

*Jane.* This will be your room as long as you remain with us.

(*points to door, R. U. E.*)

*Susan.* What's the matter with this other one? Why can't I have it?

(*points to door, R. I. E.*)

*Jane.* That room I had intended for Mr. Westfield.

*Susan.* Oh, very well! We will be so near and yet so far, won't we, Jane? But I can read "Mother Goose" to him evenings. (*aside*) That man's got a tender heart, I know. I saw tears in his eyes when I read that last verse.

(*SUSAN sighs, then gathers up her boxes*)

*Jane.* (*aside*) She thinks him a single man. Well, I'll not tell her he is married, but to enjoy a little harmless fun, let her think on in the way she has begun.

(*exit D. R. U. E.*)

*Susan.* You will excuse me for a few moments, won't you, Mr. Westfield?

*Frank.* Oh, certainly, many of them! (*bowing low*)

*Susan.* (*aside*) Another conquest! I'm sure I've made an impression! (*placing hand over heart*) Sit still, little fluttering heart, sit still! Oh, what lots of fun we young girls do have! (*going to door, R. I. E. aloud*) Christopher Columbus! where am I going to?

*Charles.* The next room, sister.

*Susan.* Good land! I think I ought to know where I'm a going, brother.

(*business, and exit, R. U. E.*)

*Charles.* You ought to, but you don't! Frank, let me entreat that you will overlook my sister's infirmities and bold manners.

*Frank.* Why, Charles! It is but the natural playfulness of her heart.

*Charles.* Well, her heart is old enough to stop playing. But, come, Frank, and look at my new library, mechanism in all its branches; and do you know, my boy, I have invented an atmospheric engine, which will discount steam altogether.

(*exeunt, C. D.*)

*Enter, JANE, R. U. E., and POLLY, L. E.*

*Jane.* One word with you, Polly. My sister-in-law will perhaps ask you if Mr. Westfield is married. If she does, I don't want you to know anything about him at all. Do you understand me?

*Polly.* Sure, yes, ma'am. I won't tell her nothin'.

*Jane.* That's right, Polly! Don't forget that you know nothing.

*Polly.* I won't, ma'am.



*Jane.* Hark! I hear her coming. Let us part immediately, and Polly—say nothing of what I have told you.

*Polly.* Sure, I won't, ma'am.

*Jane.* Quick! she is here! (exit, JANE, C., POLLY, L.)

Enter, SUSAN, R. U. E., with a volume of "Mother Goose" in her hand. She looks about, smiling.

*Susan.* It is such a beautiful day out, that I wonder you don't take a stroll, Mr. Westfield; but as Jane was telling me that you have just come yourself, I suppose you are well nigh tired out. I know I am. I am so pleased to hear that you're going to stay a while with us, for I was wondering what I would do for a companion. I don't like to be alone. I do so love company, and something tells me that you will be a friend to me, and escort me about. It is so lucky that we both happened to come at the same time, don't you think so, Mr. Westfield? Mr. Westfield! I was saying it is so lucky that we both happened to come here at the same time. Don't you think so? Mr. Westfield! (tenderly) Frankie, are you here? Ah, you can't fool me! I can see you over there in the chair, you bad boy! I see you! (puts on spectacles) Well, Christopher Columbus! Here I've been talking away for the last ten minutes, and not a sight of a person about. I was just as sure he was sitting in that chair, as ever was. I wonder where he's gone to. I've a good mind to go and hunt him. I'm sure he likes me or he wouldn't have smiled on me so often. I blush when I think of it, in spite of my maiden modesty. Law! he puts me so much in mind of my first love, Jim, the miller. He was hung, poor fellow! took two ropes to hang him, too; and then he lived for five minutes after he was dead. (sits in chair, reading book)

Enter, JANE, C. D.

*Jane.* Susan, I am delighted to have you among us again.

*Susan.* You are; then you're different from my other sister-in-laws! They were always delighted to see me pack up my things and go home.

*Jane.* I see no reason why we should not get along all right in each other's company.

*Susan.* Well, Jane, you see you and I understand each other. I don't want to have any secrets from you. I always speak just as I think, and for sometime past I've been wondering what on earth my brother married you for. I have so! And that day when he came home and told me that he was going to marry you, you, mind you; if he had told me he'd killed a man, or threw a bull over the meeting house, he couldn't have surprised me more than he did! So I just says to him, for I was fermenting with rage—"You tarna! old fool! would you go and marry that lazy, good-for-nothing, ugly—"

*Jane.* Stop! Ugly! You—are very complimentary.

*Susan.* Don't mention it! I was about to say when you interrupted me, that you were ugly, and, what was your mother? Why, she was nothing but a wash-woman!

*Jane.* Well, supposing she was, what then?

*Susan.* He didn't do as I wanted him to, or he'd never have married you, Jane. Here you are, with a nice home, fancy dresses and servants. I don't think you deserve them. My brother had a good

deal better have stayed at my house, and boarded with me. You're no housekeeper, neither, nor you hain't a particle of taste, any one can see that from the way your room is furnished. Now, if I was master here, and had my say about this house, I'd have all these chairs cushioned over again in yellow and cardinal blue, with navy green fringe. That's the way I intend to have my furniture when I get married. But say, Jane, I am old enough now to take unto myself a husband, and if you could assist me in hunting up a good, steady man, whose poetical nature will sympathize with mine, I'd like to have you do so.

*Jane.* Why, sister, don't you think yourself almost too young to marry, yet? At twenty-four, just think of it!

*Susan.* Well, yes, Jane, I don't know but what I am rather young to think of matrimony, but then, you see, we young girls prefer to wed while the radiant blush of childhood is still upon our cheeks, while the bloom is on the peach, before our beauty begins to fade.

*Jane.* You must have had offers of marriage before to-day. Now confess it, sister; you know you have.

*Susan.* Well, Jane, to tell you the truth, I have.

*Jane.* I thought so. With all your advantages, how could you escape.

*Susan.* I'll tell you. I loved a young man, and he loved me; he's dead now!

*Jane.* (*aside*) I don't wonder he died!

*Susan.* But, you see, I had made up my mind never to marry. Well, you see, I was sitting on the cupola darning socks, when he called. I was so infatuated with that man, that if he had asked me to be his, I believe I should have been weak enough to have accepted him; but he didn't ask me that night, nor the next night, nor any night after that; consequently, I am free. You see what a narrow escape I had.

*Jane.* You had, indeed! How many girls would have accepted his offer.

*Susan.* Yes, and been a rocker of cradles, and slave of man for the rest of her days. But, Jane, this Mr. Westfield is a real nice man.

*Jane.* He is, and any woman might be proud to get such a husband.

*Susan.* Do you think he's worth anything?

*Jane.* He is considered very wealthy.

*Susan.* And you never have asked him how much he's worth? I'll ask him before he is an hour older.

*Jane.* You must not offend him by asking such a question. Remember, he is our guest.

*Susan.* Guest or no guest, I'm going to know how much he's worth. I know my business. I hain't lived in this vale of tears forty-five years—twenty-four years for nothing. Oh, no!

*Enter, POLLY, C. D.*

*Polly.* The gentleman is returning from his walk, ma'am, and will be here directly, ma'am; yes, ma'am. (*exit C. D.*)

*Susan.* Jane, you go into my room, and stay till I come.

*Jane.* I'm not afraid of Mr. Westfield. He is an old friend of mine.

*Susan.* Now, do as I tell you, Jane. I'm in earnest.

*Jane.* What do you want me to go in the room for?

*Susan.* For instance!

*Jane.* That is a very poor reason.

*Susan.* (*rising*) Well, it's all the reason you will get. Go into any room you like; I don't care where you go, so long as you get out of here. He is apt to come in now any minute. Go out! go out!

*Jane.* Well, I'll go! (*getting up*)

*Susan.* That's a dear! I think it will be better for your constitution to stay out of this room for awhile. But, how do I look? Do my false teeth show when I laugh? And my feet—they are small I know, but no matter.

*Jane.* You are just as pretty as a picture, Sue!

*Susan.* No flatterments now; you put me into such a pretty confusion, I shan't be able to see him. I hear him coming. Get out of here just as quick as you can, now. He will see you if you go out there. (*business*) Come! Into my room with you; quick! (*exit JANE, R. U. E.*) I know his footsteps. Sit still, my heart, I'll drown my blushes in the poems of "Mother Goose." When he comes in, I'll pretend like if I was scered of him, and get up to go out of the room. He will call me back again, of course. "Oh, Mother Goose!" Oh, "Mother Goose!" (*she sits and reads*)

*Enter, FRANK WESTFIELD, C. D.*

*Frank.* (*aside*) Pshaw! that old maid again!

*Susan.* (*aside*) What in thunder's he standing back there for!

*Frank.* (*aside*) I guess I'll have a little chat with her, seeing there is no one else about. (*comes forward*)

*Susan.* (*aside*) Good land, how backward he is about coming forward.

*Frank.* You seem to have quite a cultivated taste for poetry, Miss Windchester.

*Susan.* (*jumps up*) Law, sir! How you scered me! Excuse me, sir, I am very much infatuated with "Mother Goose." (*she goes to C. D.* *FRANK seats himself at L. of the table; aside*) Why the deuce don't he say something?

*Frank.* Would you be kind enough to send Mrs. Windchester to me. I wish to speak to her.

*Susan.* I wish I could, but, you see, she took a sick headache and went to bed.

*Frank.* Indeed!

*Susan.* Yes. (*aside*) If she comes here, she'll put an end to the whole business, and then he won't have a chance to make love to me. I'll keep her out of the way for awhile, anyhow.

*Frank.* But she was quite well an hour ago.

*Susan.* Yes, but you see, Mr. Westfield, she is subject to sick headache.

*Jane.* (*peeping in R. U. E.*) I never knew that before. I'm glad she told me!

*Frank.* I beg pardon, but what did you say?

*Susan.* (*aside*) The fellow must be deaf! (*aloud*) I said that Jane was subject to sick headache. (*aside*) I wonder if he heard that.

*Frank.* I am sorry to hear it, but she will soon be better, will she not?

*Susan.* Oh, yes, she'll soon be better. (*aside*) Now, we will come down to business. I hope she won't come in, and give the whole thing away. (*aloud*) You see, Mr. Westfield, Jane is not very strong, and brother Charlie is so afraid she will go into consumption. Charlie is awful good to Jane. Why, when they were first married, I remember he used to put the stoves up for her, and the pictures, the curtains, the clothes-lines, and one day he put up her gold watch and chain. I tell you a man can't be too good to his wife, Mr. Westfield.

*Frank.* True enough.

*Susan.* But some men, after they have been married a short time, get tired of the old hen, they say.

*Frank.* I do not see how a man can become tired of a good wife, that is, if they truly love each other.

*Susan.* Were you ever in love, may I ask?

*Frank.* I will confess to you, that I am now.

*Susan.* (*aside*) Sit still, my heart! Dear me, how conflustrated I am! (*aloud*) Describe the fair object of your love, pray.

*Frank.* Well, in the first place, a fairy form—

*Susan.* (*aside*) Christopher Columbus! that's me!

*Frank.* Beautiful eyes, and curly hair!

*Susan.* (*aside*) I knew he loved me at first sight! (*aloud*) How kind of you, sir; but go on, do!

*Frank.* A sweet little face, as fair as the day.

*Susan.* (*aside*) Dear me, how he loves me! (*aloud*) And does she love you, do you think?

*Frank.* I am certain of it.

*Susan.* You are so kind, Mr. Westfield, but you may some day change your mind, as many others do, and wish you had never seen her.

*Frank.* Never! Nought but death could end my love for—

*Susan.* Me! Oh, you good, kind, dear, sweet angel, we will never part. (*embracing him*)

*Frank.* (*terrified*) Why, surely, Miss Windchester, you misunderstand me. Consider my position! If any one should come in now, what would they think?

*Susan.* No matter what they think, I'll never leave you, I swear it! (*faints in his arms*)

*Enter, CHARLES WINDCHESTER, C. D., JANE from R. U. E., POLLY and others, L. U. E.; business. Picture I.*

## CURTAIN.

*Picture II.* SUSAN in a comfortable position on the floor. FRANK seems to be explaining matters to the others. They all smile at his attempts.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE—Same as in Act I.

SUSAN discovered asleep in a large arm chair; volume of "Mother Goose" in her hand, also a fan. Her feet, which rest upon another chair, look very long. JANE seated at table, looking at her.

*Jane.* You are not going to sleep, are you, sister?

*Susan.* (*waking*) Did you speak to me?

*Jane.* I asked if you were going to sleep?

*Susan.* Of course not! I can't sleep in the day time, and you know it.

*Jane.* Well, well! I can't get over your conduct yesterday. Mr. Westfield was so embarrassed by the circumstance, that far from staying to have his visit out, he has fled, without saying good-bye to any one. Then your position was so ridiculous, that the more I think of it, the more I wonder how you came into it.

*Susan.* Well, good land, sister, I don't believe you're right sharp, to talk as you do after I've told you the whole story of how he made love to me, and trifled with my affections, the wretch! He told me he wouldn't part with me for the world, said I was his first and only love, and said he was ready to lay down his life for me, the lamb—I mean, the deceitful brute! Hanging's too good for him! He ought to be kicked. Sister, if it wasn't for you, I'd go and inform the squires about it, and make that man marry me this tarnation minute. I would so! I knew of a man that had to marry a girl just because she dreamed he married her.

*Jane.* Susan, why is it that you will persist in using such slang? I have noticed it ever since you came.

*Susan.* Can't help it if I do! It won't hurt me, I guess.

*Jane.* Now, I am the secretary of a society of ladies, called the "Slang Abolisher's Union."

*Susan.* The—the—what's that? Slang demolisher's—

*Jane.* No, no! The "Slang Abolisher's Union," I said. We have tried so hard to suppress the use of all slang.

*Susan.* You have, eh? Have you converted any one yet?

*Jane.* You just bet your boots!

*Susan.* I wear shoes. What's the matter with them?

*Jane.* We had thirty converts last week, and more. You must come to some of our meetings. We have such jolly good times. If we meet a man in the street using slang, we ask him to accompany us to the meeting, and there convert him.

*Susan.* Give them wine to drink, too, I suppose?

*Jane.* Yes, indeed! and they are mighty nice men to converse with, generally, after they discontinue the use of slang.

*Susan.* You can take me with you to the next meeting.

*Jane.* I should be delighted to do so.

*Susan.* I always did like wine when I could get it.

*Jane.* What do you think of the object of the society? Don't you think we are working to accomplish a noble end?

*Susan.* Well, I don't know but what you are, only you ought to begin at home and convert yourselves first.

*Jane.* Susan, I don't thank you for any such remarks.

*Susan.* I don't care whether you do or not! I mean every word I say. I think your society's a pack of fools, every one of them. You'd have done much better if you'd have gone and joined the Women's suffrage, or even the Salvation Army.

*Jane.* Your same insulting ways, Susan! I think it very unkind of you to speak so, I do, indeed!

*Susan.* See here, miss, you just shut up your clatter! I don't intend to have any quarrels with you, for I always was a girl of but very few words.

*Jane.* I had rather not quarrel either, but you are so cross, that it takes all a person's patience to get along with you. You are so different from your brother; you are not a bit like him.

*Susan.* No, nor don't want to be, for he's lived with you so long, that he's turned to be an old fool, too. I've seen the time that I thought he had some sense, but he's changed since then, or I've been amazingly mistaken in him, for he can't talk about anything but machinery lately, and that he makes shift to bring in everywhere, for when I told him that Mary Jane Morgan died out yonder, where I came from in Pennsylvania, he asked me if her machinery was out of repair.

*Jane.* Perhaps he didn't understand you.

*Susan.* No, it isn't that; he's crazy; crazy on machinery! He's been telling me a heap about that wind machine he's contriving.

*Jane.* It is very wrong in you to speak so of your own brother.

*Susan.* Christopher Columbus! I'm talking to your face, ain't I? I'm not one of them persons that's always talking about people behind their backs. I say just what I think, and I'm a woman of very few words.

*Jane.* (*aside*) It would be well if she were; she would be liked better.

*Susan.* It's always the way, though; whenever I make the acquaintance of some nice young man, he comes to see me once, and never comes again. I don't know why! I think it is such mean treatment towards a girl, and I such a young thing, too!

*Jane.* Well, you need not despair yet. You may meet some widower who--

*Susan.* A widower! I wouldn't have one of them in my house. The idea! me marry a widower? I want a young man. I don't repose to spend my young life in waiting on some old man, not a bit of it! I should think you might find me some nice young man, with a little property, down East here. Don't you know of some one? I should think you ought to, you've lived there long enough; or else tell all the neighbors you've a young college girl spending her vacation with you here. Invite them all over some evening to call on me, and give me a good blow out at the house here.

*Jane.* Well, Sue, I don't think of any one just now, for the girls down East here, don't give the fellows a chance to become bachelors, nor do they allow them to remain widowers long, either.

*Susan.* I think they must be hard up to marry widowers. I wouldn't marry a widower to save his life!

*Jane.* You may change your mind, one day.

*Susan.* I, change my mind? Not much! Good land! if I couldn't marry something better than a widower, I wouldn't feel fit to soar to the land of milk and honey!

*Jane.* You will change your mind some day, depend upon it!

*Susan.* If I can't get hold of something better than a widower, I won't get hold of nothing at all!

*Enter, POLLY, hurriedly, c. d.*

*Polly.* Oh, sure, ma'am, and old Sam Sly is coming down the road, ma'am.

*Jane.* Sam Sly! Who is he, Polly?

*Polly.* (*confused*) Why, ma'am—you know, ma'am—he was the man as owned the corner lot, ma'am.

Jane. Oh, certainly! Old Sam Sly, that married Matilda.—

Polly. Jane Ann, ma'am, and took her to New York, where she died; and now he's coming back to get another wife, ma'am. I guess there's a chance for me yet. Can I look at myself in the glass, ma'am? *(fixing herself)*

Jane. Certainly you may! *(POLLY makes her toilet; business)*

Susan. Is he a widower?

Jane. Yes, as Polly says; he married a young lady from here, and took her to New York, where she died of measles.

Susan. Did she catch them from him?

Jane. I guess not! He has a splendid farm a few miles from here.

Susan. *(interested)* You don't tell! Good land! well, you go down into the kitchen, Polly dear. I'll dress myself. *(gets up)* Didn't you say he was coming here?

Polly. Yes, ma'am, but I'm going to stay and see him.

Susan. You shan't do nothing of the kind. Remember that you are the common help here. Go right down into the kitchen. I'll meet him myself.

Polly. But I used to know him, ma'am; yes, ma'am.

Susan. I don't care if you are twins. Do as I tell you.

Polly. Sure, ma'am, and I'm a goin' to stay and see him, so I am. *(crying)*

Susan. Good land of Canaan, what are you bawling about now, you young reprobate! I don't want you to stand stone still there and gainsay me to my very face. You needn't think this man is coming to see you, silly child! Some one has told him that I was here, and he is coming to call on me.

*(SUSAN arranges her dress before mirror)*

Polly. But he used to be my fellow, ma'am, and if I'd only said "yes" to him, he might have been something nearer, ma'am; yes, ma'am.

Susan. You said "no!" Well, Christopher Columbus, you make me tired! What a goose you are!

Polly. Oh, sure, ma'am! Let me stay and see him; if he asks me again, I'll say "yes," ma'am.

Susan. You must think I'm a fool! Think I'd let you have another chance, when you said "no" once! My turn comes next, and I bet he won't have to ask me twice.

Polly. Sure, and I don't think he'll ask you once, ma'am.

Susan. Well, if he doesn't ask me, why, I'll ask him, that's all!

Polly. Sure, and I don't think that's any way to do, ma'am.

Susan. It's my way, though; besides, I ought to have the first chance, because I'm a little older than you are, and may never have another offer.

Polly. I don't care whether you do or not!

Susan. But I care, though. Go right out of this room.

Polly. I don't want to, ma'am.

Susan. You don't, don't you? *(pushes her out, quick, c. d.)*

Polly. Sure and I'll be after getting even with you for this, ma'am.

Susan. Good land! Am I to be bothered with any more of your tongue, you luzzy? And now, Jane, you go into my room and read this chapter about the dog that went to Dover. *(reads)* "Leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover; when he came to a stile, jump!

(jumps high) he went over. Now go along; do go out of this! (pushes JANE off, R. U. E. Powders and paints befor mirror) How funny I do feel! He's coming. I can hear his footsteps in the garden, as he turns over the sod. I must be doing something when he comes in. of course; but what shall I do? I've lent my "Mother Goose" to Jane. Let me see! Oh, I know what I'll do. I'll sing a little.

(sings, "That Little Black Mustache.")

Enter, SAM SLY, at C. D. He listens.

Sly. No one at home, it seems.

Susan. Oh, dear yes! I'm here!

Sly. Yes, so I see! But I mean, the young ladies!

Susan. I just told you I was here, sir!

Sly. But where is Polly?

Susan. Oh, she went to Pennsylvania on a visit, and we don't know whether she'll ever come back again or not.

Sly. Are you going to stay here long?

Susan. I'll stay here just as long as I can stand Jane's impudence, and I may not go home, unless by special request.

Sly. Well, I don't think Polly will come back before you leave, then; but I heard from the neighbors that she was still here.

Susan. The neighbors are all liars, sir! Don't listen to them. She went to her home, way down in West Virginy, sir.

Sly. I thought you just said Pennsylvania.

Susan. Did I? Bless me, so I did! I meant Virginy.

Sly. When did she go?

Susan. She started yesterday. Your name is——

Sly. Sly! But surely she left some word?

Susan. Not a word! You used to live here, didn't you?

Sly. At one time, yes. And did she not leave her address?

Susan. No; she didn't leave nothing but a pair of old shoes. I suppose you know Mr. Westfield, sir.

Sly. To be sure I do. Didn't she leave a letter for me?

Susan. I think Mr. Westfield is such an awful nice looking man, don't you?

Sly. He is a very pleasant man.

Susan. He looks a right good deal like you, only he ain't so good looking as you are, nor he h'ain't got such a pretty name as Sly.

Sly. Law, bless me, ma'am, don't! You are a friend, I suppose, to Mr. Windchester and his wife.

Susan. I am, sir. I'd like to see the fellow that would say I was anything else. He's my brother Charlie, and she's sister-in-law, Jane. But, between me and you, a mighty bad bargain he made of it, when he married her, for she's so proud, stuck-up and high-toned, that she hardly treats a body civil. Where do you live?

Sly. I'm living up in the country, yonder, about seven miles from here. Got a pretty nice place, too.

Susan. That so, la! A nice day, this, for the gardens.

Sly. Very nice, indeed!

Susan. What do you raise mostly on your farm?

Sly. More potatoes than anything else.

Susan. I raise a sight of beans and onions on my farm. I love onions; they are so strengthening.

Sly. (aside) Yes, old gal; your breath will defend itself.



*Susan.* Have you got a very nice place where you live out yonder?

*Sly.* Well, yes; rather nice.

*Susan.* How much did you give for it?

*Sly.* Oh, it cost me—quite a sum of money.

*Susan.* Is it all paid for?

*Sly.* Certainly, it's all paid for; why shouldn't it be?

*Susan.* Well, you needn't get mad about it! I've got a mighty nice farm myself.

*Sly.* Have you? Well, that's nice, I'm sure!

*Susan.* I paid fifty thousand dollars for it, if I do say it myself!

*Sly.* (whistling) Pretty good sum, that!

*Susan.* Oh, not so very much, when you've got lots of money and don't know what to do with it.

*Sly.* Is that your case?

*Susan.* Well, if it is, I don't intend to tell everybody about it, or I'd have more lovers laying about my feet pining away than I have any use for.

*Sly.* (surprised) You are not married, then.

*Susan.* What are you talking about, man? Of course I'm not married!

*Sly.* Then you are still to meet the man?

*Susan.* That's what's the matter with Hannah!

*Sly.* What do you think of this part of the country? Do you like it as well as you do your own?

*Susan.* Oh, I like the country well enough, but I don't like the people. They are such liars, I don't believe half of them will rise high enough out of their graves to get a peep at the insurrection on judgment day.

*Sly.* I guess you don't like your sister-in-law, Jane, very well.

*Susan.* You guess about right, there. She's a reckless mortal. I never talk about people behind their backs, but sometimes I think she's a sneaking, deceitful thing.

*Sly.* How did you happen to become acquainted with Mr. Westfield?

*Susan.* Oh, him, the brute! the supple jack! You see, I met him here the first day I came, and he fell in love with me right away, at first sight. Well, I suppose he thought because I looked at him a couple of times, that he would make sun while the hay shone, so he asked me to marry him.

*Sly.* Make hay while the sun shone, you mean.

*Susan.* You'll be kind enough to hold your tongue for a few moments, while I finish my story. He asked me to marry him, but—

*Sly.* He did! Why, he has been married over a year.

*Susan.* I didn't say he wasn't. But I said "no," of course. I found out afterwards, that he was married.

*Sly.* Indeed!

*Susan.* Yes, and had a wife. Have you lived here long?

*Sly.* I was born and raised near here.

*Susan.* What a memory you've got! Can you remember back to when you were born?

*Sly.* Certainly not, but I take my mother's word for it, when she tells me I was born here.

*Susan.* I've always thought I'd like to live down East here, myself.

(POLLY looks in at C. D.)

*Sly.* Then why don't you move here?

*Susan.* Well, you see, my unprotected state. I am unmarried, and have no one to look after me and protect me, as I should have. We young girls, you know, are not strong like you men. If I could only find some good, sober man to—to—well, to look after me a little and care for me, I might come here.

*Sly.* It would be very nice, to tell the truth.

*Susan.* You are a widower, ain't you?

*Sly.* Well, just at present I am.

*Susan.* Do you know there is something reverend about a widower, that you don't see about a bachelor, nor a young man, neither. I noticed it about you the minute I cast my eyes on you. The light graceful step, the downcast eyes, the blushing cheeks, the—Oh, but I do so love widowers! Do you like stories?

*Sly.* What kind of stories do you mean?

*Susan.* "Mother Goose's Melodies;" I'll bring them!

*(Lovely music; exits hurriedly, R. U. E.)*

*Sly.* Heavens and earth! Am I to be tortured any longer by this woman's tongue, and above all, to be compelled to listen to "Mother Goose's Melodies," a book for babies, not much! *(is rushing out, c. D., meets POLLY)* Why, Polly!

*Polly.* Don't you talk to me, sir, I'm mad at you!

*Sly.* Very well, then, I won't!

*(business)*

*Polly.* I say, Sly, you're not mad at me, are you?

*Sly.* Why, to be sure I am not!

*Polly.* But what are you doing here?

*Sly.* I have come back here to get married.

*Polly.* To get married!

*(sobbing violently)*

*Sly.* Why, what's the matter, Polly? *(tries to take her hand)*

*Polly.* *(puts hand behind her)* Don't you touch me! A nice man, you are! Oh, you nasty old man, you! Don't you look at me, or I'll scratch your eyes out!

*Sly.* Well, I asked you to marry me once, but you wouldn't have me.

*Polly.* Yes, I—I—would, too!

*(sobs)*

*Sly.* Well, why didn't you say so, then?

*Polly.* Well, be—because!

*Sly.* Because what?

*Polly.* Because you only asked me— *(sobs)* me once.

*Sly.* How many times do you want to be asked?

*Polly.* Sure, I want to be asked twice, anyhow.

*Sly.* Then if I asked you again, it would be twice.

*Polly.* Well, then I'd marry you!

*Sly.* You would marry me?

*Polly.* Bet your boots I would! *(embracing)* Oh, Sly!

*Re-enter, SUSAN at R. U. E., reading. She looks up and sees them, drops book, stares at them awhile, then exit R. U. E.; returns with broom and starts off after them; exit all, L. U. E.*

*Enter, JANE, R. U. E.*

*Jane.* What is the matter, Sue? Oh dear! oh dear! Everything has gone wrong since that woman came into my house! I wonder what she wanted with that broom.

POLLY, SLY and SUSAN are seen crossing in the background, from L. to R. All cross from R. U. E., and out L. U. E. Re-enter all at C. D. SUSAN falls down; business of covering her feet.

Jane. What is the matter now, Susan? What do you mean by such behavior? You are always creating a disturbance; answer me.

Susan. Just look at that fellow there. Do you see him?

Jane. Most certainly I see him; what then?

Enter, CHARLES WINDCHESTER, C. D.

Charles. What means this infernal hubbub? It has driven an original idea right out of my head. I was completing the plan for a machine, a great machine. One that would have astonished the world, and now my train of thought is busted. It's all your fault, too, sister.

Susan. I wouldn't care if your head was busted, as well as your train of thought.

Charles. I wish you had stayed at home where you belong, and not have come here at all.

Jane. Do not get so angry, Charles.

Charles. I can't help it! I mean every word I say. You don't seem to appreciate the fact that you have lost the eighth wonder of the world.

Jane. (to SUSAN) Do not mind him, sister. You know he is slightly out of humor, and will soon recover his customary affability.

Susan. Well, I don't care whether he does or not, for I'm going home.

Sly. I am sorry to be the cause of this disturbance, and sincerely hope that it will raise no ill feelings between us.

Charles. Don't mention it, Sam, old boy. As for you, sister, I think you had better pack up your traps and leave.

Susan. Well, I *did* mean to go home, but now, I'll not budge a step to save you. I'll stay here, just to spite you.

Jane. Yes, Susan. Stay as long as you, please.

Susan. I mean to. I shan't leave this place till I get good and ready. I didn't come all the way here from Pennsylvania to turn around and go back again; oh, no! I came here to get a husband, and I don't intend to go back without one, you bet!

Charles. Well, Sam, I'll tell you what I will do. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you will marry my weak-minded sister, and take her away from here.

Susan. Good land, brother, why don't you have a public auction! I'm not for sale, nor I'm not going to be sold neither.

Sly. As much as I should like to oblige you, Mr. Windchester, I am unable to do so, for Polly and I are to be married to-morrow; ain't we, Polly?

Polly. Yes, sir!

Susan. You are going to be married to-morrow!

Polly. Sure, yes, ma'am!

Susan. Oh, you ungrateful man! Just let me get at him! I'll teach him a lesson he won't forget.

Rushes at him. He pulls her wig off, then rushes out C. D. SUSAN runs about distracted.

*Sly.* (looking in at door) Hallo, old gal!

SUSAN *grabs the broom and runs to door, which he slams shut in her face. She waits till he opens door again, when she hits him over the head with the broom, knocking his wig off. He grasps the broom and pulls her out.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Garden, with a portion of the house at R. U. E.; rustic bench, C.; wall crossing back of the stage, with practicable gate, L. CHARLES and JOSHUA PRATT seated on bench.

*Charles.* You see I am just completing my plans, and will soon be prepared to present to the world in general, the greatest wonder of the age.

*Joshua.* That's right! whoop her up and make us some new ingines. I used to be something of a machine maker myself. My father owned a grist mill and I drived the nag around the ring to turn the concern. Oh, yes, I know a heap about ingines.

*Charles.* Stop! You must excuse me for the present. I have just conceived a plan for the extermination of flies and grass-hoppers, and I must transfer it immediately to paper, before I forget it.

(*exits into house, R.*)

*Joshua.* That fellow's an old fool, by jove! I've only been here about an hour, and he hasn't talked about nothin' but machines and ingines. Hallo! here's his wife comin' and some other woman with her. Wonder who she is?

*Enter, SUSAN and JANE, L. 1 E.*

*Susan.* Bless me, how dark it's getting! Let's hurry on into the house. I'm scared to be out here at night.

*Jane.* Why, what have you to fear?

*Susan.* What? Why men! I've heard so much about young ladies being carried off in the very flower of their youth, and it always happens about this time in the evening. Supposing some man should be concealed somewhere in the garden here, and we know nothing about it. I should so hate to be carried off, and by a man, too. (*moon rises*) Christopher Columbus! There's one now! Help! help! Brother Charlie! Murder!

*Jane.* Be quiet, woman! I will see who it is.

*Joshua.* I hope you are not afraid of me, madam.

*Susan.* Miss, if you please! I am not married.

*Jane.* Joshua Pratt! Don't be alarmed, sister, this gentleman is Mr. Pratt. Mr. Pratt, my sister-in-law, Miss Windchester.

*Joshua.* I'm een-a-most tickled to death to see you. How do you come on?

*Susan.* Oh, I'm pretty well!

*Joshua.* I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Windchester.

*Susan.* I wonder if you really are.

*Joshua.* To be sure and certain, I am.

*Susan.* But you men are so deceiving.

*Joshua.* Oh, no! not all of us!

Jane. Where have you been keeping yourself, Joshua?

Susan. What a pretty name! Joshua—Joshua Pratt, almost like Jack Spratt, ain't it?

*Re-enter, CHARLES, from the house, raving.*

Charles. You crazy-headed old chatterbox! You know not what you have done, what a mischief you have wrought. This is the second time you have spoiled all my labor with your infernal tongue. I was just planning a machine for the extermination of flies and grasshoppers, but as you have disturbed me by your un-earthly yelling, you have confused my ideas, and what is worse, there is no beginning over again. The machine was to grasp a fly by his right leg, plunge him into a red hot furnace and there destroy him.

*(exits again into house)*

Susan. You see, Jane, he's just as I said he was, crazy on machines.

Jane. I wish to hear no more remarks concerning my husband. If you have anything to say about him, be kind enough to say it before his face.

Susan. I would have told him so long ago, if he would give me a chance to get in a word once in awhile. I'll let him know what I think of him before I go home, see if I don't. And you, Jane, I don't think you are very well to-day. I guess you had better go into the house. You will catch cold out here, I know you will.

Jane. I am quite comfortable, I assure you.

Joshua. I've been clean out West since you saw me, Jane.

Susan. Law me thuz!

Joshua. Yes, I went clean out to Indiana.

Susan. You don't tell!

Jane. Did you have a pleasant trip?

Joshua. Never had a better time in my life.

Susan. Do go into the house, Jane. I'm so afraid you'll catch cold. I see you are getting hoarse already.

Jane. Nonsense! all your imagination!

Susan. Have it all your own way then, but remember when you get sick, don't ask me to wait on you, for I shan't do it.

Jane. I shall not trouble you, never fear.

Susan. I wouldn't if I were you; it won't do you any good to!

Jane. Susan, if you are going to continue this quarreling, I shall retire into the house.

Susan. Well, I wish you *would* go in.

Jane. You enjoyed your trip, you say. How did you like the country and the people? I dare venture to say, you did not find them the genial, friendly people, as a rule, we have here at home, did you?

Joshua. Course not! There's no place like home.

Susan. Are you deaf, Jane? Don't you hear brother Charlie calling for you? Go in and see what the bad mechanic wants with you.

Jane. Oh, did Charlie call? I did not hear him. Please excuse me for a moment, Mr. Pratt, I must see what my husband want. I will be back shortly.

*(going toward house)*

Susan. I say, Jane, here's my book! You can take it along with you, and if he *didn't* call, why you can read it till I come. I shan't be long.

*Jane.* Another device of her's to get me out of the way. Is there anything more detestable on the earth than an old maid? At all events, I'm glad I'm not one! *(exits into the house)*

*Joshua.* Pardon me, you're here on a visit, hain't you?

*Susan.* Well, partly on a visit, and partly on business.

*Joshua.* Where are you from?

*Susan.* Pennsylvania. I was born and raised among the mountains, and if nothing turns up, I'll die there, too. Where are you from?

*Joshua.* Oh, I was born and brought up in the country a few miles from here.

*Susan.* Are you married?

*Joshua.* People call me an old batch. I'm too old to get married.

*Susan.* How old are you?

*Joshua.* I'll be twenty-nine in September. *(aside)* There's a lie! *(aloud)* How old are you?

*Susan.* I—why, law, sir! I'm twenty-two in October. *(aside)* There's another lie!

*Joshua.* Are you an old maid—

*Susan.* Sir!

*Joshua.* I mean, are you still unmarried?

*Susan.* Very much so! I haven't as yet given up my heart to any man. Men are so treacherous, you know.

*Joshua.* Not all of them hain't!

*Susan.* Well, good men are far, and few between.

*Joshua.* Well, now, what's your opinion of me?

*Susan.* Well, I don't know. I don't think you're any better than the rest of them. Yet, you are a right smart looking chap. Do you own property?

*Joshua.* I've got a farm near here, four hundred by six, but—

*Susan.* And you hain't married? Bless me, how you do talk! But why don't you get married? Can't you find a wife?

*Joshua.* I'd like to get hold of a good wife.

*Susan.* Well, you *can*. I'd like to get hold of a good husband. That's what I came here for in the first place, but I haven't seen any one that suits me yet, except— *(looks tenderly at JOSHUA)*

*Joshua.* Except who?

*Susan.* Pardon my blushes, *you*, sir. *(bashful business)*

*Joshua.* You think I'm a nice fellow, do you? Well, perhaps, I am; but you're a tarnation fine critter yourself. If ever I marry, I want a girl that looks just like—

*Susan.* Who?

*Joshua.* You? Will you be mine?

*Susan.* Oh, if my poor papa were only alive!

*Joshua.* *(putting his arm about her waist)* Don't you think we would make a right square looking couple?

*Susan.* Have you any money in the bank?

*Joshua.* Oh, yes!

*Susan.* I think we would, *(falling back into his arms)*

*Joshua.* And you will be mine?

*Susan.* To-night! *(kisses him violently)*

*Joshua.* We're engaged! Let us put off the ceremony till to-morrow, darling.

*Susan.* Just as you want, love; but let it be soon as possible.

*Joshua.* To-morrow, then, my dear Miss Windchester.

*Susan.* Call me Susie, dear. But, to business! I'll tell you all about what we will do when we are married, dearest.

*Joshua.* Sit in my lap, then, sweetness!

*Susan.* (slowly yielding) Why, Joshua, I couldn't do that, not at least till we are married. Well, then, anything to please you, love. Put your arm around me, so I won't fall off of your lap. You had better put both arms around me. I don't think you can hold me with one arm.

*Joshua.* Is that better? (putting both arms around her)

*Susan.* Yes, some, but you don't hold tight enough; I'm afraid you will let me fall. There, now, I guess you've broke one of my steels! Well, as I was going to say when you interrupted me, we'll get married early to-morrow morning, then we'll go home to Pennsylvania on a wedding trip. You'll see Sallie Jane, then.

*Joshua.* Who's Sallie Jane?

*Susan.* She's one of my neighbors that I got to take care of my house for me while I'm gone. A little closer, Joshua! "There's nothing half so sweet in life, as young love's dream." (hugging him)

*Joshua.* No, nothin'! (Rat crosses stage from L. to R.)

*Susan.* Christopher Columbus! What's that? (jumps upon the bench, and holds her skirts very high) Brother Charlie! Help! Charlie, I say! Joshua, beat around those bushes with your hat, and scare it away.

*Joshua.* (leaps up beside her) These rats bite like fury, you know, and I'm afraid it will run up my trowsers.

*Susan.* Be careful, then, and don't dispose yourself.

*Joshua.* I don't intend to!

*Susan.* Help! thieves! Jane! Brother Charlie! Rats!

*Joshua.* Yes; rats!

Re-enter CHARLES, in night-gown and night-cap, from the house.

*Charles.* What the deuce is the matter with you now? You've woke me out of a sound sleep, by your confounded clamor.

*Susan.* Save yourself, man! there's a rat down there in the grass, and if you don't take care, he'll bite you.

*Charles.* Only a rat! (rat is drawn through again, over CHARLES' feet; he jumps upon bench) Good gracious! Why didn't you tell me he was coming! It might have run up under my nightshirt.

*Susan.* Get down there, one of you men, and kill it. I can see it there under the corner of the bench. Step on it, Joshua, my Joshua!

*Joshua.* It might run up my leg.

*Susan.* Then, Charles, you get down.

*Charles.* Not I! Not in a hurry! Oh, if I could only get to my studio, I could plan a machine for the complete extermination of rats.

*Susan.* The deuce take you and your machines, too! You're blowing here, while you might be scaring the rat away. I don't want to stand here all night.

*Charles.* If you want it away so bad, why don't you get down and let it see you, that will scare it away.

*Susan.* You're a saucy brat, and if you hain't mighty careful, I'll tell Jane how I caught you the other day kissing Polly.

Charles. Sister, you are lying; you never saw me kiss——

*Enter, JANE, from the house.*

Jane. What is the cause of this disturbance?

Susan. There's a rat under the bench, and Charlie won't get down and drive it away.

Jane. A rat? Let me see! (*looking about*) I see nothing; you must be mistaken.

Susan. No, I wasn't mistaken; nothing of the sort.

Charles. (*jumping down from bench*) You might know there's no rat there! What are you afraid of?

Susan. You're awful brave now, but I'm just a going to tell Jane all about your kissing Polly.

Jane. What! He kissed Polly?

Susan. Yes, he did that, for I seen him with my own eyes. They were standing right over there in the garden, when I saw him kiss her.

Charles. That is a lie! Jane, my dear, don't believe one word she says.

Jane. I don't, Charles, for I know that you wouldn't kiss any one but me; would you, love?

Charles. No, darling!

(*embracing; CHARLES smiles over her shoulder*)

Jane. There, I knew you would not. As for you, Susan, you had better pack up and go home to-morrow, for you have done nothing but quarrel, and try to originate quarrels ever since you came here.

Susan. I'm going home to-morrow, anyhow, and I'm going to take a husband with me, too!

Charles. You had better find one first.

Jane. Yes, where are you going to get him?

Susan. Oh, I've got him, and here he is!

(*chord*)

Charles. } You! Joshua!

Jane.

Joshua. Yes, Charles, we're going to be married to-morrow.

Susan. To-morrow! To-night! We'll be married and started for home this very night.

Jane. That is the best way.

Susan. That's just the way we're going to do.

(*exit SUSAN, into house*)

Charles. What is she going to do, now?

Jane. Get ready to go home, I should imagine.

Charles. And is it true, Joshua, that you are going to marry her?

Joshua. Well, so she says, Charles, and I think we will get on right well together.

Charles. I hope so; but you have my sympathy.

*Re-enter, SUSAN, with bandboxes, which she hands to JOSHUA, loading him with them.*

Susan. Come, Joshua! You'll never be sorry you got me for a wife.

Jane. Well, Susan, come up sometime again.

Susan. We will! we will! Just you wait about eighteen years and a half, till I do, will you? Come, Joshua, it's almost time for the stage-coach.



*Charles.* But you are surely not going to take Joshua home with you before you are married!

*Susan.* Yes, I am; and I'll thank you for none of your undelicate insinuations, neither. (to JANE) Jane, I told you you'd be different from the rest of my sister-in-laws, if you wasn't glad when I went away, and I find you are just as bad as the rest of them.

*Jane.* I have had sufficient cause to be out of all patience with you.

*Susan.* Have your own way; good-bye; When you come to see me some day, just step past my door.

*Jane.* Thank you; I shall be only too pleased to do so.

*Susan.* Well, mind you do it, too. Good-bye, brother; I hope you may change for the better or else go clean crazy, for I don't like this half way business. You're a bad machinist, and everything else that's bad.

*Jane.* Susan, take my advice. Don't marry in such haste; you scarcely know each other yet. (JOSHUA goes U. L. to the gate)

*Susan.* I don't want to know any more than I do know. I've got a man that'll make a better husband than you've ever had; or, if he don't, I'll make one out of him. I s'pose it would just suit you if I was never to get married at all, but I've been an old maid just as long as I'm a going to, now then! I'm coming, Joshua.

*Charles.* Well, since you are determined, take good care of yourself. I wish you a happy future, sister.

*Susan.* Just as kind as you can be! Wishes are cheap! (to JOSHUA) I'll be there directly, Joshua!

*Jane.* Susan, allow me also to wish you as much joy as my husband has expressed.

*Susan.* "As my husband has expressed!" I always thought you were Irish.

*Joshua.* The coach is coming around the bend. Be quick; they're late and won't wait long on us. (noise of stage coach off R. U. E.)

*Susan.* All right—but my parasol! Christopher Columbus! I like to have forgot it. Joshua, you stop the coach, or—well, I'll go and get it. You stop the coach. Now, then, for my room on the fifth floor. Oh, for an elevator!

SUSAN rushes into house at L.; noise of coach approaching.

*Joshua.* Hurry, Susan, or we'll be left! You tarnal old fool, hurry up! The coach is here. (noise R.) Hold on there! (noise of coachman stopping horses) Susan! (noise within house)

*Susan.* (within) I'm coming! Oh, we'll be left, sure!

Enter, SUSAN, from the house.

*Joshua.* Hurry on! The driver won't wait a minnte on us.

*Susan.* I'm coming! (JOSHUA drops bandboxes; SUSAN falls over them) Christopher Columbus! Joshua, pick these things up or we'll be left, sure! (he picks them up, hurriedly)

*Charles.* Good gracious, Susan, are you hurt? Well, good-bye; good-bye. (business; all exit hastily, R.)

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kitchen in SUSAN WINDCHESTER'S house; table L., chairs, cupboard, old-fashioned clock, R. U., basket with knitting, R., practicable window at L. flat.

SALLIE discovered weeping.

Sallie. I've almost killed myself dead, trying to get this house cleaned up before Susan comes home. So, she's married! Laws! The more I think of it, the more I wonder what the man married that old thing for. I pity him; I do so. He'll be sorry enough that he ever married her, I know he will. She's beat me at catching a husband, for I've been laying these seven years, watching, and hain't seen a sight of one yet. (*noise outside*) I wonder if this is them coming. I know her step; it's the old gal herself!

Susan. (*without*) I tell you I will send Joshua up to-morrow to pay for our ride, and if you don't like it that way, you needn't like it at all. Don't bother me with hack bills during my honeymoon. Come, Joshua; see all my geese and chickens.

Sallie. It's her, sure enough.

Enter, SUSAN, D. in R. F., dressed in her wedding dress and leading JOSHUA by the end of her parasol; he, loaded with bandboxes.

Susan. There are thirty-two of them, Joshua, and all mine, too. (*to SALLIE*) Why, Sallie, how do you come on? (*kisses her*) You've grown fatter since I last saw you, all at my expense, too, I'm afraid. I suppose you got my letter by telegraph, didn't you?

Sallie. Just this morning, Sue.

Susan. This is my husband, Sallie, and just be good enough to remember that he's mine, and not yours, so no fallarity, mind. (*JOSHUA bows and drops boxes; business of picking them up*) There, I knew you'd do that. (*to SALLIE*) Sallie, why didn't you have a lunch made for us? I hain't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning. Joshua didn't have his pocket-book with him, so it took all that I had to pay our car fare. (*to JOSHUA*) You can lay down my boxes, Joshua. (*JOSHUA sets them down; stands looking around*)

Sallie. I didn't expect you quite so soon as this, or I would have got you something.

Susan. Well, I'll help you as soon as I change my clothes; but how do you like my dress?

Sallie. Oh, it's lovely, Sue!

Susan. Ain't it? I had it made before I left home, for fear that matrimonial accident might happen.

(*removes shawl, bonnet and dress, under which is a shabby old dress*)

Sallie. Did you enjoy your trip, Sue?

Susan. Why, yes, right well, considering. You see, we didn't get married until we were started for home. We stopped in New York and were married there.

Sallie. Why didn't you get married at your brother's, Sue?

Susan. Well, he wanted us to awful bad, but we wanted a romantic wedding, so on the repulse of the moment, we left for New York.

(puts on her spectacles, brings a bowl of potatoes from the cupboard and peels, after counting them) Joshua forgot to bring his pocket-book along, and if it hadn't been for me, we wouldn't of had enough money to bring us home. Why, Christopher Columbus, Sallie! where are the rest of my potatoes?

Sallie. That's all there are left, Sue.

Susan. This? Why, there were thirty-seven here when I went away, and now there's only nineteen. I guess you ate a good deal while I was away, didn't you?

Sallie. I guess not.

Susan. You didn't carry anything home, did you?

Sallie. No, I didn't, and I didn't think you mistrusted me so, or I wouldn't have taken care of your house for you.

Susan. Well, you needn't get mad about it!

Sallie. From the way you talk, a person would be led to think that I was a thief.

Susan. Oh, no; they wouldn't think that. Let's hurry up, for I'm almost starved to death. (SALLIE lays the table, c., and listens

Susan. Sit down, Joshua, and make yourself at home. I guess, though—yes, I guess we might as well begin to talk business. (sitting close together) Joshua, you see, dear Joshua, there is a little mortgage of two thousand dollars on this house and lot.

Joshua. A mortgage! two thousand dollars! Good gracious!

(jumps up, then sits down

Susan. Yes, two thousand! I guess you had better draw the money from your bank down East and pay it, so that we'll be through with it, and have it off our minds.

Joshua. Think so, do you? Well—

Susan. Yes. Then I want the money to buy a red silk dress for Sunday, and as this is our honeymoon, we won't get any common trash, but a first-class dress, and that will be fifty or seventy-five dollars, then there are some other things—

Joshua. Whew!

(whistles

Susan. What's the matter? Don't you like it?

Joshua. Of course; you can have your own way.

Susan. I intend to, dearest, so you had better send a raft up to your bank down East, and get the money, for I want the claim paid off

Joshua. Well, to tell you the truth—

Susan. Well, what?

Joshua. To tell you the truth, I hain't got a cent in the bank. I—

Susan. What! (jumping up, surprised—to SALLIE) Sallie, you run out into the yard for a while, and tell me if any one comes. Go along, now, in a hurry.

Sallie. (aside) Now he'll catch it. I'll watch the fun through the window.

(exit through door in flat L., and appears at window in L. flat

Susan. (angrily) So you haven't a cent in the bank, eh?

Joshua. Not a solitary penny.

Susan. But you told me you had some.

Joshua. So I had once, but that's not now.

Susan. No, but now is now, though; how do you mean to live? (quietly, as she sits down) But, Joshua, are you really in earnest, and haven't you got no money in the bank at all? Tell me the straight truth.

Joshua. I told you I haven't a cent!

Susan. Well, deary me—but you have your land. Let me see! Four hundred acres by six hundred acres, down East, might bring in considerable.

Joshua. Feet! Four hundred feet by six hundred feet, I said.

Susan. (*excited*) Feet! Feet!! You said four hundred acres by six hundred acres, and I'll swear to it!

(*she jumps up, and drops bowl of potatoes*)

Joshua. Swear away, then!

Susan. (*calls*) Sallie! Sallie!

*Enter, SALLIE, D. in L. F.*

Susan. Why don't you come when you're called? I've called you three times, now.

Sallie. What do you want?

Susan. (*picks up potatoes*) Here are your potatoes; (*giving the bowl*) now do hurry up the dinner.

Sallie. It will be ready in a few minutes.

Susan. I appoint you a committee of one to see that it is.

(*exit SALLIE, D. in L. F.*)

Joshua. My land is——

Susan. What's that you say?

Joshua. I haven't paid the taxes on my land for seven years back, so I don't know whether it is mine any more or not, but I——

Susan. What! The land ain't yours neither? Oh, you wretch! to deceive me like this, but I'll fix you, you good-for-nothing vagabond!

SUSAN *chases him about the room, pulls his hair, throws him down, bumps his head on the floor, then sits down on him.*

Joshua. (*tries to get up*) Let me up!

Susan. I won't do nothing of the kind, you miserable, deceitful, old wretch!

Joshua. Old! You needn't say anything! If you hadn't got me as you did, you'd never have got any one, no how.

Susan. I wouldn't, hey! I could have had fifty husbands if I wanted, for I am still young and attractive.

(*takes knitting from pocket, and knits*)

Joshua. Let me up; you hurt like sixty!

Susan. I didn't know what I was getting when I married you, or I wouldn't have accepted you. If I'd only listened to brother Charlie; but no, I didn't mind him, and now I've got my reward. But if you want to live with me, you have got to go to work and keep me as you should do, do you hear?

Joshua. Let me up, you're mashing me!

(*business*)

Susan. I don't care if I smash you all into little bits. You deserve a good thrashing, so you do! But you're mine, now, and you have got to do just what I want you to, or I'll know the reason. I don't mean to be hard on you; there's plenty of time for that, yet. You thought——sit still, now, or I'll cuff you.

Joshua. (*struggles to get up*) You'd better leave me up!

Susan. If you want to get up you must say, "can we get up."

Joshua. I won't do nothing of the sort!

Susan. Then you'll lay here till you do. You thought you'd get some one that would keep you, didn't you? I will keep you, and a good switch, too.

*Joshua.* Let me up! I'm as flat as a board.

*Susan.* Say, "can we get up," then.

*Joshua.* I won't!

*Susan.* You won't get up very soon, unless you do.

*Joshua.* Don't like to!

*Susan.* I don't care whether you like to or not, I want you to. If you don't ask me pretty soon, now, I'll make you.

*Joshua.* (pause; *submissively*) Can we get up?

*Susan.* We can. (both rise) Now, if you'd have said that before, you wouldn't have been all jammed up in a heap. (calls) Sallie!

*Enter, SALLIE, D. in L. F.*

*Susan.* Ain't dinner ready yet?

*Sallie.* It's all ready, Sue.

*Susan.* Then why don't you bring it in?

*Sallie.* You told me a while ago, I was to stay out till you—

*Susan.* Never mind what I told you! Bring it in right away.

(*exit SALLIE, D. in L. F.*)

*Joshua.* Can we sit down to the dinner table?

*Susan.* We can, but you must say my dinner table; for it's mine, not yours.

*SUSAN and JOSHUA seat themselves at either head of the table. SALLIE enters, D. in L. F., with several dishes which she places on the table, C.*

*Susan.* Sit down now, Sallie. (*SALLIE sits, C.*) How did you enjoy yourself while I was away?

*Sallie.* Oh, very well! Did you have a good time?

*Susan.* Well, no; I can't say that I did. My brother Charlie has got to be as crazy as a loon. He didn't treat me half as civil as he used to when I visited him; and his wife is a sneaking, meddlesome thing, always trying to raise a fuss, no matter how good you treat her.

*Sallie.* I didn't expect to see you bring a husband home with you.

*Susan.* Yes, and a pretty husband he is, too! Do you know, Sallie, that that man deceived me.

*Sallie.* Deceived you! What do you mean?

*Susan.* Why, he told me he had money in the bank, and a farm down East, four hundred acres by six hundred acres.

*Joshua.* I said four hundred feet by six hundred feet.

*Susan.* (to *JOSHUA*) Hold your tongue! (to *SALLIE*) And even that don't belong to him, for he ain't paid a cent of taxes on it for seven years.

*Sallie.* Mercy me!

*Susan.* And now I find out he ain't got one penny in the bank, neither.

*Sallie.* You don't tell!

*Susan.* That's just what I've been telling you!

*Sallie.* (to *JOSHUA*) So you ain't worth nothing?

*Joshua.* Oh, yes, I am; or if I am not, my aunt is.

*Sallie.* Well, that won't do you any good.

*Susan.* Of course it won't! But I must tell you, Sallie, about a young chap that wanted to marry me down East, yonder. His name was Westfield—Frank Westfield. He came to see me, and made love to me, the worst way—

*Sallie.* (to JOSHUA) You lived up in Vermont, didn't you? somewhere near where Susan was.

*Joshua.* Well, yes; a few miles from where she was. I live sixteen miles out of Burlington.

*Susan.* (resuming) As I was saying, he made love——

*Sallie.* (to JOSHUA) Do you remember a family that used to live near there, named Saddle?

*Joshua.* Do I know old Phil Saddle? Well, now, I reckon I do.

*Susan.* (resuming) I was about to say, that——

*Sallie.* (to JOSHUA) Do you remember the oldest daughter? I think her name was Jane.

*Joshua.* Of course I do! The red headed girl.

*Sallie.* That's the one! That's the one I mean.

*Susan.* (resuming) He made love——

*Sallie.* I knew her well. She came down to Pennsylvania here and got married.

*Susan.* (resuming) He made love to me and asked me to marry him. Well, I accepted his offer, but I found out afterwards, that he was a married man—and had a wife. And would you believe it, he denied that he ever asked me to marry him. I could have sued that man for breach of promise, and got alimony.

*Sallie.* (to JOSHUA) Jane was a wild girl, wasn't she?

*Susan.* Then there was another one that wanted to marry me, Sam Sly. He was a nice little fellow and——

*Joshua.* (to SALLIE) Did you know any of Jane's sisters?

*Sallie.* No, but there were seven of them.

*Susan.* I said he was a nice young fellow——

*Sallie.* (to JOSHUA) But did you know——

*Susan.* (angrily) Christopher Columbus! Can't you give me a chance? I want you to dry up when I'm talking to you. Now, I shan't tell you another thing. What kind of soup was that?

*Sallie.* Why, it was vegetable.

*Susan.* It was fowl.

*Sallie.* No; it was vegetable.

*Susan.* Well, it had a very fowl taste anyway. What kind of vegetables did you put in it? It tastes as if there were birds of the sea, and fish of the air in it.

*Sallie.* I did my best at cooking it, Sue.

*Susan.* Your best is very bad then, for I couldn't eat it. What is this dish here?

*Sallie.* Beefsteak and onions.

*Susan.* (to JOSHUA) Want some of this stuff, Joshua?

*Joshua.* Only just a leetle bit.

(takes a large piece)

*Susan.* Why don't you take the whole business? (to SALLIE) What's in this dish, Sallie?

*Sallie.* Poached eggs, and they're nice, if I do say it myself.

*Susan.* They look tolerable, but they're not done well. Have some, Joshua?

*Joshua.* Only a half a one. (helping himself, and passes to SALLIE)

*Susan.* Half of the dish, you mean. (to SALLIE) Now, Sallie, don't eat that all up from us. Just hand me that dish. Remember there's some one else at the table beside yourself. Are you sure there's no hair in this butter?

*Sallie.* Of course there ain't!

*Susan.* I don't know, but it seems to me, Sallie, that you have a terrible appetite. This meat is tougher than sole leather. Have another piece, Joshua?

Joshua. Only a *very* small piece. *(takes large piece)*

Susan. Call that a small piece? Why, it's a whole round! I guess they didn't feed you very well at home. *(to SALLIE)* What kind of pie is this? *(takes up pie in her hands)*

Sallie. Blackberry; can't you see?

Susan. The crust's too thick! If I were you, I'd make one more pie, then quit. Here, Joshua! *(handing him the pie)*

Joshua. I'll take a *very* small piece of the pie.

Susan. You said you went West, once; how did you go there?

Joshua. I went on the cars.

Susan. How could you go on the cars, if you didn't have any money.

Joshua. I boarded a freight train, and beat my way out.

Susan. You loafing tramp!

*(throws teaspoons; JOSHUA jumps up)*

Sallie. For shame, Sue; how you do act! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. *(SALLIE holds her hand)*

Susan. Well, sit down, Joshua. *(JOSHUA sits at table)* I s'pose I've got to get along with you the best I can.

Joshua. Yes; you had better make up your mind that way.

Sallie. Shall I bring in the rest of the desert?

Susan. No, for mercy sake don't, for Joshua hasn't left anything of this table but a desert. *(knock at the door, r.)* There's some one at the door, Sallie. Run quick, before they knock the house down! If it's that nasty Belinda Sykes, why tell her I hain't got home, yet. *(exit SALLIE, D. in L. F.)*

Joshua. Shall I change my clothes?

Susan. You must ask me first if I will let you change our clothes.

Joshua. May I change our clothes?

Susan. Yes; bye and bye.

*Enter, SALLIE, D. in L. F., with envelope*

Sallie. A telegraph dispatch!

Susan. It's a mistake; it don't belong here!

Sallie. It is directed to you, Susan.

Susan. Can't help it! Let me see; so it is, I swan! Now, who can be writing to me, I wonder. How nervous I am!

Sallie. The boy is waiting for—

Susan. Tell him it's all right.

Sallie. But he wants twenty-five cents charges on it.

Susan. What!

Sallie. I said the boy wants twenty-five cents charges on it.

Susan. Here, tell him I don't want it.

Sallie. Why, it's only a quarter!

Susan. Tell him I guess I don't need any to-day.

Sallie. But perhaps it's something important; some good news, most likely.

Susan. I wonder if it is.

Joshua. I'll bet it's good news!

Susan. I guess I'll buy it. Now, Sallie, how much did you say it was?

Sallie. Two shillings.

Susan. *(taking out her pocket-book, reluctantly)* There's the money! *(gives coin; SALLIE exits, D. in L. F.)*

*Enter, SALLIE, D. in L. F.*

*Susan.* Now, I want to read the good news. (*opens dispatch; reads*) "Night message"—no, that ain't it! "Dear Sister—Jane and I—enroute for California—will be at your house almost immediately. CHARLES." (*drops letter and looks at JOSHUA*) This is your good news, is it? And I'm twenty-five cents out to know that my fool of a brother is coming to see me. (*to JOSHUA*) It was all your fault, too; if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have got it at all. (*to SALLIE*) Has the boy gone?

*Sallie.* Yes, long ago!

*Susan.* Drat the telegraph! I wish I had my two shillings back!

*Sallie.* Ain't you glad they're coming to see you, Sue? They will be such good company for you.

*JOSHUA sits L., falls asleep*

*Susan.* Yes; they'll be very good company, and eat me out of house and home.

*Sallie.* I'll bet they didn't talk so of you when you were there.

*Susan.* Perhaps they didn't say much about it, but they thought a good deal about it. They were always ordering me to go back home.

*Sallie.* They were!

*Susan.* Then, they were always telling me I talked too much. Now, you know yourself, Sallie, that I am a woman of very few words.

*Sallie.* Oh, I don't know, Sue! You say a good deal when you once get started.

*Susan.* I don't do nothing of the kind. I never speak but when I'm spoken to, and then very little, and you know it, too. And you, too, don't you, Joshua.

*(JOSHUA wakes suddenly)*

*Joshua.* Eh? Yes.

*Susan.* There, you hear what Joshua says! So I'm not going to quarrel with you. Go on with your work and I'll do mine. They'll be here pretty soon, now, so rid the table and hide the pie and beef-steak and the eggs. Put on the tea and lots of water, for they'll be thirsty when they get here.

*Sallie.* You ought to give them the best—

*Susan.* Do you own this house or do I?

*Sallie.* You do, I reckon.

*Susan.* Then I intend to have things done to suit myself and not to suit you. I'll have my say in this shanty, just as long as I'm boss of it. So you can put on some turnips and salt and some potatoes, tea and water, and the biscuit. That's good enough for anyone, and if they don't like it, they can go somewhere else. Let them go to the hotel.

*(they arrange table)*

*Sallie.* It's almost time for the fast train, now; (*whistle outside*) and there it comes.

*Susan.* Sure enough! I must wake Joshua. See here, Sallie, (*points to JOSHUA*) Ain't that a pretty looking thing to call husband? Joshua!

*(shaking him)*

*Joshua.* All right! all right!

*(falls asleep again)*

*Susan.* That fellow's tired to death. We've had a big journey, Sallie.

*Sallie.* I hear some one at the gate.

*Susan.* Go into the kitchen, and put out the fire, just as quick as ever you can, so we'll not have to cook anything for them.



*Sallie.* But, don't you think—

*Susan.* That you had better put out the fire as I told you, yes; now, no words. (*exit, SALLIE, D. in L. F.*) I guess I'll do some ironing. (*gets ironing-board and flat-iron, also a basket of clothes from D. in L. F.; she places the ironing-board on the backs of two chairs and irons*) I haven't had time to look at "Mother Goose" now, for three days and a half. Here they come!

*Enter, CHARLES and JANE.* SUSAN is ironing a pair of drawers and does not seem to notice them.

*Charles.* Well, sister! (*SUSAN hums a tune, not heeding them*)

*Jane.* She does not hear you.

*Charles.* Well, sister! (*SUSAN screams as if frightened*)

*Susan.* Mercy! goodness me, how you scared me! I'll never get over this shock, the longest day I live. How do you both come on? Sit down anywhere, and don't mind my house, for it's all upside down. So you managed to come down, did you?

*Charles.* Yes; I am going to take a rest for a while, and see the country. (*they put their wraps on a chair*)

*Jane.* (*to SUSAN*) You arrived home in safety, I see.

*Susan.* It looks pretty much that way.

*Charles.* No doubt you are quite surprised at our visit.

*Susan.* I don't get surprised at nothing now-a-days.

*Jane.* You received our telegraph dispatch, did you not?

*Susan.* Yes, I did; and paid twenty-five cents for it, too.

*Charles.* Then there was a mistake made, for I paid for it also. Here is your quarter, Sue. (*hands her the money*)

*Susan.* (*taking money*) The idea! Brother, you always were so precise about everything. What's a quarter?

*Charles.* Two shillings, or twenty-five cents. Have you had your dinner yet, sister?

*Susan.* Oh, yes, I've had my dinner long ago.

*Charles.* Can't you set us up a lunch? We are very hungry. We did not have any breakfast this morning; the train being behind time, they did not stop.

*Susan.* Well, there's all I have cooked, on the table. You see my fire's gone out, and I wasn't expecting you at all. I guess you'll find all you want there though, so sit down and help yourselves.

*Jane.* Thank you! (*CHARLES and JANE seat themselves at table*) What lovely turnips!

*Charles.* (*to SUSAN*) When did you get home?

*Susan.* Just got home about an hour before you came. You see, Joshua and I stopped off in New York to get married.

*Charles.* Indeed! (*drops a biscuit on the floor*)

*Susan.* Yes, we were married at six o'clock, Wednesday morning.

*Jane.* Do you do your own washing, Susan?

*Susan.* No, my neighbor's little girl, Sallie, does all my washing.

*Jane.* How do you keep your irons warm?

*Susan.* My flatirons? Oh, why, I—I—why, I keep them warm on a little stove that ain't big enough to cook on.

*Charles.* Is your husband asleep?

*Susan.* Yes!

*Charles.* Are you quite sure of it?

*Susan.* Of course I am! (*calls*) Joshua! Joshua! There, didn't I tell you he was asleep? What do you want with him? anything particular? if not, I'll let him sleep; he's so tired out.

*Charles.* Don't wake him. All I want to ask you is—are you satisfied with your choice?

*Susan.* Well, to tell the truth, brother, I ain't. Do you know that it seems to me as if I've been dreaming ever since our marriage, and I find that Joshua ain't worth a cent.

*Charles.* I could have told you that long ago.

*Susan.* Why didn't you, then? But I've got him now, and I suppose I must make the best of it. Eat up your turnip, brother, and have another one; and you, Jane, you're not eating at all. You must help yourselves. What possessed you to go out West? You never thought of such a thing while I was visiting with you.

*Charles.* I know we didn't, but we received a letter from brother Jim, inviting us to come out and spend the summer with him in Sacramento; and as everything was so dull at home we concluded to go, and here we are.

*Susan.* I wonder why he don't ask me to come out any more. I suppose he ain't got over that quarrel we had when I was out there two years ago, but I don't care, though, for it was his fault. His wife was always trying to pick on me, and I don't believe she'll ever get over his paying my railroad fare out and back.

*Charles.* Well, Susan, I don't know. Jim's wife is a very nice woman; I may say, a genius. She has invented a machine, which will, after a few years, immortalize her, although at present she is, like myself, unappreciated. Civilization is not yet far enough advanced to conceive our greatness. I don't think her the woman to begrudge you so small a favor as that.

*Susan.* Well, that's all you know about her, then! I could never come into that house, but what she kept staring at me as if I was a thief.

*Charles.* You only imagined so, Susan.

*Susan.* How do you like those biscuit? Don't you think there's too much shortening in them?

*Jane.* Why, no; they are perfectly delicious!

(*exchanges glances with CHARLES*)

*Susan.* How long are you going to stay with me?

*Charles.* We intended to stay till to-morrow night with you—

*Susan.* Well, really, brother, I haven't—

*Charles.* But we are going to pay our board, so you will not be out any by our stay. (*taking out his pocket-book*)

*Susan.* Now, brother, I never thought of that! (*CHARLES hands her ten dollars*) Why, Charlie! here, take it! I shan't keep it anyhow. You always were the strangest boy! (*calls*) Sallie!

*Enter, SALLIE, in different dress.*

*Sallie.* What is it, Sue?

*Susan.* They are ready for the desert. Bring in some soup, and the eggs and—and one of them pies.

*Sallie.* In a minute.

(*exit SALLIE*)

*Susan.* I must wake Joshua. Seems to me that man's done nothing but sleep ever since we were married! (*shakes, and calls*) Joshua! Joshua! !

(*JOSHUA wakes*)

*Susan.* Wake up! Here's brother Charlie and Jane.

*Joshua.* Well, I swan! I'm een a most tickled to death to see you. How do you come on? *(business of shaking hands)*

*Charles.* Quite well. You seem to be having a good nap.

*Joshua.* Yes; I'm so tarnal sleepy I can't keep my eyes open. But what brings you here?

*Charles.* We are on our way to California, and thought we would stop over and visit you here in your home.

*Susan.* His home, indeed! My home, you mean, for he don't own a thing about it.

*Joshua.* What's yours is mine, wife.

*Susan.* Now, Joshua, don't let me hear any more of that, or I'll give you a thrashing you may call your own. *(boxes his ears)*

*Jane.* You are beginning early, Sue.

*Susan.* Can't help it! The earlier, the sooner!

*Enter, SALLIE, with tray of dinner things, which she places on the table.*

*Susan.* That's right! Set them down, Sallie. Well, brother, how is everything out your way?

*Charles.* Well, you ought to know, when you just came from there. *(JOSHUA sleeps again)*

*Susan.* Oh, pshaw! Of course; I forgot! *(to JOSHUA)* Joshua! There, he's asleep again! I've got a good mind to upset him, chair and all; I have so.

*Jane.* No, no! Let him sleep. See how tired he is, poor fellow!

*Susan.* Brother, I'm not at all inquisitive, as you well know, but I want you to tell me all you know about Joshua.

*Charles.* If you want to know so bad, all I can say is this. You see, Joshua was a wealthy farmer eight or nine years ago—

*Susan.* You don't tell!

*Charles.* Yes; but he got to squandering his money recklessly. He drove fast horses, and—well, at last he went a man's security for the payment of a large amount of money. Well, it was the old story over again. The man could not pay it, and so Joshua lost all his property.

*Susan.* Why, how you do talk!

*Charles.* He managed, however, to live with his brother up to the time he married you, and Heaven only knows what would have become of him, if it had not been for your taking him as you did.

*Susan.* I can't believe that I'm awake, somehow or other. Here, brother, I want you to pinch me. *(CHARLES pinches her)* Not so hard! Ough! Good land, I didn't tell you to pinch me in two, did I? I'm not a piece of machinery! What more do you know?

*Charles.* Nothing; except that the tailor wants his pay for that last suit of clothes he made for him. He says Joshua never paid a penny on them.

*Susan.* He didn't!

*SUSAN* knocks *JOSHUA's* chair over, and pulls his hair; *business of getting up.*

*Charles.* Susan, stop!

*Susan.* Well, what do you want?

*Charles.* I want you and Joshua to shake hands, and promise to be friends in the future. Do this, and here is a wedding gift of five thousand dollars. *(shows check)*

*Susan.* You're only joking!

*Charles.* Indeed, no! Here is the check.

*Susan.* But, brother, I'm afraid I'm robbing you! *(taking the check)* Can you get along without this?

*Charles.* Very comfortably, if you will promise not to quarrel, in the future.

*Susan.* Well, I won't, brother; I promise you.

*Joshua.* No more will I!

*Susan.* Joshua!

*Joshua.* Susie!

*(they embrace)*

*Charles.* That's more like it! And, now, sister—Mrs. Pratt, I mean—since all little differences are settled, can't we call in some of the neighbors, and have a nice social party and a dance?

*Jane.* Oh, yes! Let us have a dance, by all means!

*Susan.* I'm afraid they'll have my floor all tracked over with their muddy shoes.

*Joshua.* Well, if they do I'll scrub it up myself.

*Susan.* Well, it's been so long since I danced last, that I'm afraid my feet will give out.

*Omnes.* Oh, no they won't!

*Susan.* I'll try it, anyhow? *(goes to door in R. F., and calls)* Come here, you Jane, and fetch them chaps along with you. We're a going to have a dance!

*Charles.* Let's clear the room!

*(they set aside table and furniture)*

*Enter, SALLIE, JANE, and country lads and lasses; music.*

*Susan.* *(D. in R. F.)* Let her go! *(music and lively dance; during dance, she cries out)* Christopher Columbus, what fun! This is better than "Mother Goose!"

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Clarence,.....a student, inclined to ale.  
John Henry,.....a man servant complaining of nothing to do.  
I. Seizer,.....a constable, used to take away bad effects.  
Mrs. Crotchet,.....an invalid, ill with nervousness.  
Daisy, her daughter, } .....both affected with a disease of the heart, called love.  
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|   |                           |
|---|---------------------------|
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| JAMES DAY.....                            | <i>The Husband.</i>       |
| JABEZ BLIGH.....                          | <i>A Friend to Day.</i>   |
| PETE.....                                 | <i>A colored servant.</i> |
| MRS. DAY.....                             | <i>Wife of Day.</i>       |
| DORA DAY [ <i>ten years of age</i> ]..... | <i>Daughter of Day.</i>   |

A period of eight years is supposed to have elapsed between the Prologue and Act First.

## CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

|   |                                  |
|---|----------------------------------|
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| JAMES DAY.....                              | <i>The Wronged Husband.</i>      |
| OBADIAH GORHAM.....                         | <i>A "destroying Angel."</i>     |
| OSCAR DURAND.....                           | <i>"A young Gentile."</i>        |
| JABEZ BLIGH.....                            | <i>A friend to Day.</i>          |
| BARNABAS GRUMP.....                         | <i>A Yankee.</i>                 |
| PETE.....                                   | <i>A colored servant.</i>        |
| MRS. DAY.....                               | <i>Wife of Day.</i>              |
| DORA DAY [ <i>eighteen years old</i> ]..... | <i>Daughter of Day.</i>          |
| JULIA EDWARDS.....                          | <i>Mrs. Marwood the seventh.</i> |
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|---------------------------|--|
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| Harry Pearson.....        | <i>a Union Spy</i>                                 |
| Frank Duncan.....         | <i>The Guerrilla Chieftain</i>                     |
| John Harker.....          | <i>St. Leon's Overseer, afterwards a Guerrilla</i> |
| Charles White.....        | <i>Harry's friend, a Union Spy</i>                 |
| Teddy O'Connor.....       | <i>a son of the Old Sod</i>                        |
| General.....              | <i>Commanding U. S. Forces</i>                     |
| Col. Franklin.....        | <i>of the U. S. Army</i>                           |
| Uncle Ned.....            | <i>an Octogenarian</i>                             |
| General.....              | <i>Commanding C. S. Forces</i>                     |
| Sam.....                  | <i>one of the Bones of Contention</i>              |
| Alex Burt.....            | <i>A Lieutenant of Guerrillas</i>                  |
| Prisoner.....             | <i>at Belle Isle</i>                               |
| Maude St. Leon.....       | <i>a loyal lady, daughter of St. Leon</i>          |
| Mrs. St. Leon.....        | <i>wife of the Colonel</i>                         |

Goddess of Liberty, Officers U. S. A. Officers C. S. A. Citizens, Soldiers, Bushwhackers, Prisoners, etc., etc.

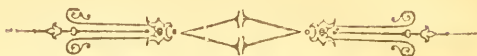
It will be found easy to put upon the stage, full of thrilling and startling situations, hair breadth escapes, military movements, prison scenes, scenes full of pathos and tears, others in which the Dutchman and Irishman will convulse the listeners with laughter. Every character is good, being strongly drawn, and worthy the talent of the best actors.

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IDA M. BUXTON.

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*UNCLE SAM.*—Dressed in a suit of Red, White and Blue.

*DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.*—In ragged clothes.

*DEBORAH.*—Who leads the chorus of girls.

*CAPT. PROHIBITION.*—Who leads the chorus of boys

*BROTHER.*

*SISTER.*

*FOUR GIRLS,* dressed in white, representing Maine, Kansas, Iowa and Rhode Island—the latter being a small girl. Each one carries a shield with the name of her state.

*CHORUS OF BOYS.*

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| NO.                      |   | M | F | NO.                      |                                       | M | F |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|---|
| <b>FARCES CONTINUED.</b> |   |   |   |                          |                                       |   |   |
| 72                       | Deuce is in Him.....                            | 5 | 1 | 28                       | Thirty-three Next Birthday..          | 4 | 2 |
| 19                       | Did I Dream it.....                             | 4 | 3 | 142                      | Tit for Tat.....                      | 2 | 1 |
| 42                       | Domestic Felicity.....                          | 1 | 1 | 213                      | Vermont Wool Dealer.....              | 5 | 3 |
| 188                      | Dutch Prize Fighter.....                        | 3 | 0 | 151                      | Wanted a Husband.....                 | 2 | 1 |
| 220                      | Dutchy vs. Nigger.....                          | 3 | 0 | 5                        | When Women Weep.....                  | 3 | 2 |
| 148                      | Eh? What Did You Say.....                       | 3 | 1 | 56                       | Wooring Under Difficulties.....       | 5 | 3 |
| 218                      | Everybody Astonished.....                       | 4 | 0 | 70                       | Which will he Marry.....              | 2 | 8 |
| 224                      | Fooling with the Wrong Man.....                 | 2 | 1 | 135                      | Widower's Trials.....                 | 4 | 5 |
| 233                      | Freezing a Mother-in-Law.....                   | 2 | 1 | 147                      | Waking Him Up.....                    | 1 | 2 |
| 154                      | Fun in a Post Office.....                       | 4 | 2 | 155                      | Why they Joined the Re-<br>becca..... | 0 | 4 |
| 184                      | Family Discipline.....                          | 0 | 1 | 111                      | Yankee Duelist.....                   | 3 | 1 |
| 209                      | Goose with the Golden Eggs.....                 | 5 | 3 | 157                      | Yankee Peddler.....                   | 7 | 3 |
| 13                       | Give Me My Wife.....                            | 3 | 3 | <b>ETHIOPIAN FARCES.</b> |                                       |   |   |
| 66                       | Hans, the Dutch J. P. ....                      | 3 | 1 | 204                      | Academy of Stars.....                 | 6 | 0 |
| 116                      | Hash .....                                      | 4 | 2 | 15                       | An Unhappy Pair.....                  | 1 | 1 |
| 120                      | H. M. S. Plum .....                             | 1 | 1 | 172                      | Black Shoemaker.....                  | 4 | 2 |
| 103                      | How Sister Paxey got her<br>Child Baptiz d..... | 2 | 1 | 98                       | Black Statue.....                     | 4 | 2 |
| 50                       | How She has Own Way.....                        | 1 | 3 | 222                      | Colored Senators.....                 | 3 | 0 |
| 140                      | How He Popped the Quest'n.....                  | 1 | 1 | 214                      | Chops.....                            | 3 | 0 |
| 74                       | How to Tame M-in-Law.....                       | 4 | 2 | 145                      | Cuff's Luck.....                      | 2 | 1 |
| 35                       | How Stout Your Getting.....                     | 5 | 2 | 190                      | Cripps Trip.....                      | 5 | 7 |
| 47                       | In the Wrong Box.....                           | 3 | 0 | 27                       | Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....         | 2 | 2 |
| 95                       | In the Wrong Clothes.....                       | 5 | 3 | 230                      | Hamlet the Dainty.....                | 6 | 1 |
| 11                       | John Smith.....                                 | 5 | 3 | 153                      | Haunted House.....                    | 2 | 0 |
| 99                       | Jumbo Jum.....                                  | 4 | 3 | 24                       | Haudy Andy.....                       | 2 | 0 |
| 82                       | Killing Time.....                               | 1 | 1 | 236                      | Hypochondriac The .....               | 2 | 0 |
| 182                      | Kittie's Wedding Cake.....                      | 1 | 3 | 77                       | Joe's Vis t.....                      | 2 | 1 |
| 127                      | Lick Skillet Wedding.....                       | 2 | 2 | 88                       | Misobivous Nigger.....                | 4 | 2 |
| 228                      | Lunderbach's Little Surprise                    | 3 | 0 | 128                      | Musical Darkey.....                   | 2 | 0 |
| 106                      | Lodgings for Two.....                           | 3 | 0 | 90                       | No Cure No Pay.....                   | 3 | 1 |
| 139                      | Matrimonial Bliss.....                          | 1 | 1 | 61                       | Not as Deaf as He Seems.....          | 3 | 0 |
| 231                      | Match for a Mother-in-Law.....                  | 2 | 2 | 234                      | Old Dad's Cabin.....                  | 2 | 1 |
| 235                      | More Blunders than one.....                     | 4 | 3 | 150                      | Old Pompey.....                       | 1 | 1 |
| 69                       | Mother's Fool.....                              | 6 | 1 | 109                      | Other People's Children.....          | 3 | 2 |
| 1                        | Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.....                       | 7 | 4 | 134                      | Pomp's Pranks.....                    | 2 | 0 |
| 158                      | Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt.....                    | 1 | 1 | 177                      | Quarrel-some Servants.....            | 3 | 0 |
| 23                       | My Heart's in Highlands.....                    | 4 | 3 | 96                       | Rooms to Let.....                     | 2 | 1 |
| 208                      | My Precious Betsey.....                         | 4 | 4 | 107                      | School .....                          | 5 | 0 |
| 212                      | My Turn Next.....                               | 4 | 3 | 133                      | Seeing Bosting.....                   | 3 | 0 |
| 32                       | My Wife's Relations.....                        | 4 | 4 | 179                      | Sham Doctor.....                      | 3 | 3 |
| 186                      | My Day and Now-a-Days.....                      | 0 | 1 | 94                       | 16,000 Years Ago.....                 | 3 | 0 |
| 44                       | Obedience.....                                  | 1 | 2 | 25                       | Sport with a Sportsman.....           | 2 | 0 |
| 33                       | On the Sly.....                                 | 3 | 2 | 92                       | Stage Struck Darkey.....              | 2 | 1 |
| 57                       | Paddy Miles' Boy.....                           | 5 | 2 | 10                       | Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....           | 2 | 0 |
| 217                      | Patent Washing Machine.....                     | 4 | 1 | 64                       | That Boy Sam.....                     | 3 | 1 |
| 165                      | Persecuted Dutchman.....                        | 6 | 3 | 122                      | The Select School.....                | 5 | 0 |
| 195                      | Poor Pilicody.....                              | 2 | 3 | 118                      | The Popcorn Man.....                  | 3 | 1 |
| 159                      | Quiet Family.....                               | 4 | 4 | 6                        | The Studio.....                       | 3 | 0 |
| 171                      | Rough Diamond.....                              | 4 | 3 | 198                      | Those Awful Boys.....                 | 5 | 0 |
| 180                      | Ripples.....                                    | 2 | 0 | 4                        | Twain's Dodging.....                  | 3 | 1 |
| 48                       | Schnaps.....                                    | 1 | 1 | 197                      | Tricks.....                           | 5 | 2 |
| 138                      | Sewing Circle of P. riad.....                   | 0 | 5 | 198                      | Uncle Jeff.....                       | 5 | 2 |
| 115                      | S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....                       | 3 | 3 | 170                      | U. S. Mail.....                       | 2 | 2 |
| 55                       | Somebody's Nobody.....                          | 3 | 2 | 216                      | Vice Versa.....                       | 3 | 1 |
| 232                      | Stage Struck Yankee.....                        | 4 | 2 | 206                      | Villkens and Dinah.....               | 4 | 1 |
| 137                      | Taking the Census.....                          | 1 | 1 | 210                      | Virginia Mun my.....                  | 6 | 1 |
| 40                       | That Mysterious B'dle.....                      | 2 | 2 | 203                      | Who Stole the Chickens.....           | 1 | 1 |
| 38                       | The Bewitched Closet.....                       | 5 | 2 | 205                      | William Tell.....                     | 4 | 0 |
| 131                      | The Cigarette.....                              | 4 | 2 | 156                      | Wig-Maker and His Servants            | 3 | 0 |
| 101                      | The Coming Man.....                             | 3 | 1 | <b>GUIDE BOOKS.</b>      |                                       |   |   |
| 167                      | Turn Him Out.....                               | 3 | 2 | 17                       | Hints on Elocution.....               |   |   |
| 68                       | The Sham Prof-ssor.....                         | 4 | 0 | 130                      | Hints to Amateurs.....                |   |   |
| 54                       | The Two T. J's.....                             | 4 | 2 |                          |                                       |   |   |



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**235 More Blunders than One.** A farce in one act, by Thos. G. Rodwell, 5 males, 3 females. A most excellent farce containing a first-class Irish part. Costumes modern. Time 45 minutes.

**236 The Hypochondriac.** An Ethiopian farce in 1 act, by Griffin. Two males, Costumes modern. Can be played with white faces if deemed advisable. Time about 15 minutes.

**237 Not Such a Fool as He Looks.** A farcical-drama in 3 acts, by H. J. Byron, 5 males, 3 females. Costumes modern. Time 2 hours. One of Byron's very best, which will not fail to please an audience.

**238 Strawberry Shortcake.** An amusing Negro sketch in one scene, by Wesley J. Hunter, for two female characters. Time 20 minutes. Costumes modern. The tricks the two parties play on each other will be found very funny.

**239 A Scale with Sharps and Flats.** Musical Comedy in one act, by F. L. Cutler, 3 male, 2 female. Costumes modern. Time of playing, 1 hour. This little play is written in Mr. Cutler's usually happy vein, is full of concentrated fun.

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**243 Sports on a Lark.** An Ethiopian Interlude in 1 act, by Griffin, 3 male characters. Costumes seely, etc. Scene, a wood. Time 20 minutes.

**244 Old Clothes.** A negro farce in 1 act, 3 male characters. Costumes to suit. Scene, office of a hotel. They get into a big row—say and do many funny things. Time 15 minutes.

**245 The Ticket Taker; or the Masquerade Ball.** An Ethiopian farce in 1 act, by Griffin, 3 male characters. This farce can also be played with white faces. Always well received and will please. Time 15 minutes.

**246 Othello.** A Negro Burlesque on the immortal tragedy, 4 males 1 female. Burlesque Costumes. Scene, plain room. Time 20 minutes. A vast deal of sport in the piece.

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