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—BY—

Thomas R. Beaty.

—O—

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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.

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OLD GLORY IN CUBA.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

- ROBERT ADAMS.....
- HIRAM LAWTON.....
- FLIP FOWLER.....
- DON ALVO CARRANZA,..... *Spanish dialect.*
- JOHN NORTON.....
- JAMES BRATON.....
- POLICEMAN.....
- JAILER.....
- MAY NORTON.....
- MOLLIE MAYLAND.....
- BRIDGET McDUGAL.....

SPANIARDS, PEASANTS, SOLDIERS, ETC.

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING—2 hours.

—X—

COSTUMES—Modern and Tropical.

—X—

22128

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Don Alvo Carranza and Flip in Mr. Lawton's office in New York—News of the scuttled ship Alabama—A villainous scheme—The lost papers—"If they are found it is a term in Sing Sing prison for us"—Flip and his sweetheart Mollie—Papers found by Mollie—Flip returns them to Mr. Lawton's desk—Mr. Lawton and Robert Adams, rivals for the hand of Miss Norton—Mr. Norton and May's expected visit to Cuba—May informs her lover of her father's intention of asking him to accompany them—Mr. Lawton's scheme works well—Robert Adams arrested on charge of felony—May believes in her lover's integrity—The charge refuted—"I only took these papers, which prove you, Don Alvo Carranza, of smuggling arms and ammunition into Cuba, and of wrecking the ship Alabama—Picture.

ACT II.—Havana—Home of Mr. Norton, with the American flag floating from veranda—Spaniards hissing and hooting—Bridget drives them away—Flip and Bridget—Mr. Lawton as leader of the Spanish mob—Flip uses his wonderful electric discovery on some of the Spaniards—Lawton's scheme to abduct May Norton—Mollie and Flip, old sweethearts, Bridget's opinion of such "goings on," her experience on the trip from Ireland—Robert and May—Don Alvo Carranza and Spaniards attempt to arrest Robert Adams—The flag insulted, "Who tears down that flag, does it over my dead body"—Music, "Red White and Blue"—Tableau.

ACT III.—Prison—Lawton's opinion of Don Alvo—Robert Adams, a prisoner—Bridget and Robert—Robert's request of Flip—"Shoot the man at the window when the clock strikes nine," and "Don Alvo and Lawton will not see me shot down like a dog"—May visits Robert in prison—Lawton and May—"Be my wife and Adams is free"—"Never! he will escape you"—"Yes, that window"—Lawton rushes to window—Flip supposing it is Robert, shoots Lawton—Don Alvo and soldiers rush into prison—Lawton only stunned—"Robert Adams, prepare to die"—Norton interferes as representative of the United States, but without avail—"Shoot when I count three—one, two—May Norton throws the American flag around Robert—"Fire upon this if you dare"—Tableau.

ACT IV.—Robert, Mr. Norton, May and Bridget find refuge in an old ruined Monastery—Flip surprised by the supposed Spaniard—Lawton's attempt to abduct May Norton—Robert comes to her rescue—Arrival of Dewey's fleet—Conflict with Spaniards, who are vanquished—"The land of the free and the home of the brave"—Music, "Star Spangled Banner."

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; c., Center; 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 Center; L. c., Left of Center.

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

. The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

OLD GLORY IN CUBA.

ACT I.

SCENE.—LAWTON'S office, neatly furnished—books, papers, ledgers, etc., on desk R., stand with drawer L., door and window up C., doors R. and L., chairs about the room—MOLLIE MAYLAND discovered dusting furniture, books, desks, etc.

Mollie. I do wish I could get away from this office. I hate Hiram Lawton, he is a snake and all his friends are snakes.

Enter, DON ALVO CARRANZA, C. E.

Here's a Spanish viper.

DON sits at table R., MOLLIE dusts about table, DON goes L., same business at table L.

Don. Stop that!

Mollie. Stop what?

Don. Making that dust.

Mollie. I have to make dust. I couldn't live without it.

Don. Where is your master?

Mollie. I am not my master's keeper.

Don. When will he be in?

Mollie. When he gets here.

Don. You are a saucy little girl and need correcting.

Mollie. Girl? I'm a lady, and you're no gentleman.

Don. I am a perfect gentleman!

Mollie. (*going to L. E.*) Gentleman don't come from Spain.

(*exit, L. E.*)

Don. Bah! Lawton is late this morning. I have been informed that, that last ship load of guns and ammunition has not been landed in Cuba. What would the Spanish government say if they knew that I, Don Alvo Carranza, holding a Spanish government position, was implicated in sending fire arms and ammunition to the Cubans? If we can succeed in bringing about a war with the United States, I will return to Spain and retire as one of her wealthiest citizens. I

wonder if I can trust Lawton? Yes, he is a scoundrel and would stop at nothing to better his bank account.

Enter, FLIP FOWLER, L. E., hangs hat on rack.

Good-morning Mr. Fowler.

Flip. Good-morning, sir! (*aside*) Every time I see him, I feel like taking a trip to the moon.

Don. You look happy this morning.

Flip. I am, and why shouldn't I be? My salary is raised from to-day on.

Don. (*going c.*) That is nice, and some day you will be a rich man. Tell Mr. Lawton I will call at 10:30. (*exit, D. F.*)

Flip. If I had my way, I would have you in jail at 9:15. When I get through with this job, I am going to hire out to Barnum as snake charmer. What a relief to get rid of that viper.

Enter, HIRAM LAWTON, L. E.

Oh, Lord! here's the papa snake of them all.

Law. Good-morning Mr. Fowler.

Flip. Good-morning, sir!

Law. Please step out and get me a morning paper.

Flip. Yes, sir! (*aside*) I'd like to get him a base ball bat.

(*exit, C. E.*)

Law. (*business of looking in drawers, on tables, etc.*) Where could I have placed those papers? Should they fall into other hands than mine, I would be booked for a long stay at hotel Sing Sing. I must have left them at home. Bah! I'll no longer trouble myself with vague fears.

Enter, JAMES BRATON, C. E.

Hello! Braton, I was just thinking of you.

Braton. What's the matter? You look as skeared as a hare in a thunder storm, and as white as a sea-gull after a heavy fall of snow.

Law. Your presence of late sets me to thinking.

Brat. Has civilization and broadcloth made a milksop of my comrade, Hiram Lawton, ex-smuggler—ex-highway robber—ex-forgers.

Law. Silence, fool! In the West, it was man 'gainst man, horse 'gainst horse, and shot for shot—a life of excitement and wild adventure—but here violence is useless; cunning and craft alone prevail. In this country I am no longer an adventurer, but a respectable merchant. Come the news?

Brat. Wall, I was examined before the court yesterday, and the Insurance Company suspect.

Law. What?

Brat. Why, the truth, the whole truth; that you loaded a rotten ship with a worthless cargo, insured it at about twenty times its value, and placed it under my command; that I purposely wrecked it; and that we're both trying to swindle 'em.

Law. Well, and you?

Brat. Wall! I swore till I was, or ought to have been, jet black all over my countenance that it was a lie, and the Court of Inquiry

has reserved its judgment till to-morrow morning.

Law. Good! We shall succeed yet.

Brat. We shall if hard swearing 'll do it.

Law. Oh, by-the-bye, have you the papers relating to the cargo?

Brat. Come! No larks—I gave 'em to you.

Law. Well! I've either left them at home or lost them.

Brat. Not the latter, I hope, for they contain enough to send us to Sing Sing for a long term. Can you trust your clerks?

Law. No, one of them, Fowler, is a brainless fellow, but his honesty is dangerous. The other, Adams, is a shrewd fellow.

Brat. Then you should take him into the swim with us.

Law. I offered him a partnership, but he refused, hinting something about an exposure.

Brat. You must get rid of him.

Law. Trust me for that, we both love the same—

Brat. Lady.

Law. Exactly, at one blow, I intend ridding myself of my enemy and my rival by—

Brat. Slicing his wind. *(passes hand across throat)*

Law. No. In the West I should have done so, but here I only intend to blast his character and send him to Sing Sing.

Brat. Well, that's generous, Lawton.

(FLIP heard singing outside)

Law. Hush! hush! Here's Fowler, he must not see you here.

Brat. Look here Lawton, I don't like this hiding and dodging like a thief.

Law. Quick! quick! *(pushes him out of door R.)*

Enter, FLIP, C. E.

Flip. Your papers, sir!

Law. Mr. Fowler.

Flip. Yes, sir!

Law. *(aside)* Now to practice on this fellow's simplicity and gain his sympathy against Adams. *(aloud)* Mr. Fowler, it is my belief that in this office, there is a thief.

Flip. Oh, good gracious, I hope you don't suspect me?

Law. I am happy to say I do not, Mr. Fowler.

Flip. *(aside)* There's only two of us here. He must mean himself, then!

Law. For some time past I have missed various sums of money from that drawer. *(points to desk, L.)*

Flip. Why, that's your private drawer, sir.

Law. Precisely! But, to prove I am sincere in my confidence in you, I shall advance your salary.

Flip. You take away my breath, sir.

Law. Now, I have great faith in your judgment.

Flip. I am overwhelmed!

Law. Tell me whom you suspect?

Flip. Law! I don't suspect anyone, sir.

Law. No one?

Flip. No one, sir. *(aside)* Except you.

Law. Not even—for example—Mr. Adams?

Flip. Oh! no, sir, he's my friend, and I'd swear—

Law. Anything to serve him. I suppose. (*aside*) Curse him! (*aloud*) Well, say nothing of what has occurred between us to *your friend*; you understand, not a word. (*goes up c., takes hat off peg*)

Flip. Not a word, on the word of a Fowler, which has never been broken—when it was easier to keep it.

Law. I'll step down to the police-station, and see what they can do to ferret out this secret thief, whoever he is; but before I do, let this shake of the hand evince my entire confidence in your integrity. Honest, honest Flip. (*exit, L. E.*)

Flip. Honest, honest Flip. (*shakes himself by hand*) Nothing like shaking oneself by the hand. Flip, old boy, shake with an honest man. (*shakes himself by the hand*) There is something wrong here, but I shan't trouble myself about the matter—Flip is equal—no, damn it, he is superior to the occasion. (*sits at desk L.*) Eleven and 9 are 21, 21 and 7 are 29 and 5 are 32 and 6 are 42, put down 2 and carry 4. There, that's satisfactory. Ah! Flip, that your noble mind should be fettered to a veneer desk, by the silver chain of \$10 a week, (*MOLLIE heard singing outside*) but hark! I hear a voice, it is my love.

Enter, MOLLIE, L. E., feather duster in hand.

Why so distant, my dew drop of delight?

Mollie. Mr. Fowler.

Flip. Mr. Fowler, in the dignity of business, but in private, your ever affectionate Flip.

Mollie. I brought a package of papers, which I found this morning when cleaning the office.

Flip. (*taking them*) Oh, evidently of a private nature, bills of lading—invoices—letters—manuscripts. Hello! all about the Governor's ship, the Alabama, which was wrecked, they do say, on purpose. Now, I can satisfy my curiosity. They are not mine, and I'll just pop them into the drawer of his private desk. (*opens drawer in desk and puts them in*) And he'll never know but he has left them there and won't suspect me of reading them.

Mollie. I can't stay any longer, Flip.

Flip. Stay, one word 'ere we part. Do you love me?

Mollie. Oh! don't I, but I'm going across the briny deep.

Flip. What means this? Speak, speak my Mollie.

Mollie. It means that I am going to Cuba with Mr. and Miss Norton.

Flip. You have brought my heart to my mouth.

Mollie. Have I, let's look at it.

(*FLIP opens mouth, MOLLIE sticks feather duster in his face*)

Flip. Don't Mollie. Were I to swallow one of those feathers, it would tickle me until I would laugh myself to death.

Mollie. Well, Flippy dear, I must be going.

Flip. But before you do, come to my hungry arms and kiss my thirsty lips. (*they embrace*)

Enter, ROBERT ADAMS, C. E.—MOLLIE screams and exits L. E., FLIP rushes to desk, with head close to book, counting up figures.

Robert. What are you doing, Flip?

Flip. Close at work.

(*looks up, shows inked nose*)

Rob. Very close; evidently writing with the tip of your nose.

Flip. What! (*takes up mirror*) Great Jupiter Ammon! piebald! absolutely piebald! (*wipes face with blotting paper*) Will that do?

Rob. Your personal appearance is certainly not too prepossessing, even now. (*sits at desk, R. C.*)

Flip. Well, you don't look particularly bright.

Rob. No, I don't feel very lively.

Flip. Why, what's the matter, Robert?

Rob. I am filled with anxiety.

Flip. (*comes down*) Then confide in me, old boy; perhaps I may assist or advise you.

Rob. I fear you can do neither; but your sympathy will be acceptable, and I believe you are my friend, Fowler.

Flip. I am sure of it. I may be a wild, harum-scarum sort of party, but want of friendship for you isn't one of my faults.

Rob. Listen, then; you know Miss Norton?

Flip. The daughter of Mr. Norton. Of course I do; they have engaged Mollie as servant.

Rob. (L.) Well, perhaps you don't know that I love her?

Flip. (R.) Eh! No, hang it! hands off; she's my property.

Rob. Whom?

Flip. Why, the party in question.

Rob. Miss Norton?

Flip. No, Mollie.

Rob. Oh! blow Mollie.

Flip. Blow her! Certainly not. I distinctly object to blowing the future Mrs. Fowler.

Rob. No, no, you're evidently mistaken. I refer to Miss Norton. I said perhaps you did not know I loved her.

Flip. No, I did not, but now that I do know that you love her, and not my Mollie, I breathe again.

Rob. But you are not aware I have a dangerous rival.

Flip. Yes, I am. So have I.

Rob. Mine is Lawton.

Flip. Mine is the policeman.

Rob. Mr. Lawton is my rival, a few days since, he proposed marriage, and was rejected. Finding I was his rival, he has thrown out hints against my character.

Flip. Surely you're not afraid of him?

Rob. Of his open enmity, no; of his underhand villainy, yes; I know him to be an unscrupulous scoundrel, and I feel sure he would hesitate at nothing to ruin me.

Flip. Nonsense, man—you are blinded by prejudice. I once thought the same of the peeler, but Lor! he's the nicest fellow out, and he's good for half-a-pint whenever he's off duty, and I likewise when he's on.

Rob. He has a more powerful motive than you think. Some time since I accidentally saw some papers which convinced me that he had purposely caused the "Alabama" to be wrecked, in order to defraud the Insurance Company. Suspecting that I knew it, he offered me a partnership, which I refused somewhat pointedly.

Flip. But why not perform a public duty, and give information to the Court?

Rob. Because I have no tangible proofs.

Flip. (*aside*) By jove, that packet of papers will explain all—certain conviction for Lawton. Shall I tell him?

Enter, MAY NORTON, R. E.

May. Good-morning Mr. Fowler—Robert.

Rob. May, this is indeed an unexpected visit.

May. Not an unwelcome one, I hope?

Flip. Ah! 'tis sweet to love, but sweeter still to be beloved again. Two are company—three are none; so Flip won't remain.

(*exit, L. E.*

Rob. Now dearest, we are alone. (*attempts to embrace*

May. Don't waste precious time, Robert.

Rob. Waste, I'm making good use of it, I think. (*kisses her*

May. Now for the news; There has been serious disturbances in Cuba, where my father's property is situated, and the President, knowing that he was about to return, has appointed him Consul General. The appointment only arrived last night, and we sail for Havana next month.

Rob. Does it mean, then, that we are to be seperated, perhaps for years—perhaps not to meet again, May?

May. Not unless you wish it.

Rob. How!

May. I have confided all to my father, and told him of our engagement.

Rob. And he?

May. Approved of my choice. I will not tell you in what high terms he spoke of you, but this he said: "You have found a lover who is a man after my own heart."

Rob. This is indeed good news; but still; if you go?

May. Now don't be impatient. Father thinks the duties of the Consulate will occupy the whole of his time; he needed therefore, some one to manage his estates; he will offer that post to you.

Rob. May, you overwhelm me with joy.

May. He will be here almost instantly to speak on the subject with Mr. Lawton.

Enter, LAWTON, R. E.

Law. (*aside*) My name.

May. You will accept the offer and accompany us?

Rob. Can you doubt; let us thus seal the contract with a kiss.

(*kisses her*

Law. (*aloud*) Very poetic no doubt, but not legal. The office wax and wafers are very much at your service, Mr. Adams. when next you require to seal anything in this office. Good-morning, Miss Norton.

Rob. Mr. Lawton, this is—

Law. My office and not a trysting place for lovers.

Rob. May it never be devoted to a worse purpose.

Law. I shall not notice your impertinence for the present, Mr. Adams. I have a little errand for you. (*goes to desk, takes check from drawer*) Take this to the Marine Bank and get it cashed. Miss

Norton, I have a note from your father, he will be here presently; if you will do me the honor to remain until his arrival, I will try to console you for the absence of—(to ADAMS, *who lingers at L. E.*) Are you not gone?

Rob. Good-bye, May—Miss Norton for the present.

May. Good-bye Robert—Mr. Adams.

Rob. (*aside*) I cannot bear the thought of leaving her with him. I will return as soon as possible. Her father will be here soon.

(*exit, C. E.*)

Law. (*offers chair*) Miss Norton, I am sure you will forgive me if I seize this opportunity to say a few words—which—which—

May. I am listening, Mr. Lawton.

Law. (*seated at desk, L.*) Miss Norton, the other day I ventured to make a proposal—

May. To which a decisive answer in the negative was given, hoping that the subject would never be renewed.

Law. I cannot, will not take no for an answer, May.

May. Sir, I must retire.

Law. Miss Norton, have you no look of kindness, no word of sympathy?

May. Mr. Lawton, I am already engaged.

Law. To whom?

May. That is a question I do not feel justified in answering; and yet why should I hesitate to own it to the whole world?

Law. Answer but this—is it Adams?

May. Yes, it is Robert Adams.

Law. If there is anything can add to the bitterness of my rejection, it is the knowledge that my successful rival is so utterly unworthy of the prize he has won.

May. Mr. Lawton, you have just accused me of want of sympathy for you; can you marvel at it when you thus show me how little you deserve sympathy by meanly traducing one whose superiority to you is his worst fault?

Law. Your insult compels me to adopt measures I should otherwise avoid, and I no longer hesitate to tell you that Mr. Robert Adams—the model, virtuous young man—is neither more nor less than a common thief!

May. You lie! Shame upon you, sir, that you should force me to use such decisive language.

Law. 'Tis true! I repeat, he is a thief—for he has abused my confidence, and has been guilty of embezzlement.

May. Oh! that I were a man! I'd whip the falsehood from your lying heart.

Law. Do it, I'll not resist. I should deem it too great a happiness that you should honor me even with a touch of your dainty hands.

May. Mr. Lawton, I will tell Mr. Adams what you have said, and then tremble for yourself.

Law. (*aside*) If she should put him on his guard, all would be ruined. (*aloud*) Go, seek him—tell him, and you will then discover who trembles—for that moment shall witness his arrest.

May. I know not, Mr. Lawton, what base plot you have contrived for his ruin, but rest assured, he will nobly vindicate his honor.

Law. We shall see. You are a determined woman, Miss Norton, but you are also a proud one, and I doubt if you will so staunchly cling to him when you see him a convicted felon!

May. He is my affianced husband, and were he sunk as low as you deserve to be; were he as hopelessly ruined as your villainy would have him, I would still cling to him—still as truly love and respect him—still vindicate his honor, and assert his innocence.

(going R. corner)

Enter, FLIP, L. E.

Mr. Fowler, will you have the kindness to see me to a cab?

Flip. (R.) With ecstasy. It is the greatest honour I ever had in my life!

Law. (L.) Rather permit me, Miss Norton.

May. No, sir, I shall feel safer with Mr. Fowler.

Flip. (*aside*) Oh! ta, ta, to my rise after that!

May. I shall at once seek my father, and tell him all.

Law. Do so, and I will then give proofs too convincing for even your prejudice. Do as the lady desires, Mr. Fowler.

May. We shall return together, and rest assured your calumnies will be sifted to the bottom. *(exit, MAY and FLIP, C. E.)*

Law. Yes, I have gone a little too far, and fired the train before I am prepared for the explosion; but there's always a special providence for rascals, and if Adams is only as punctual in business as usual, he'll greatly assist his own ruin. Oh! what a misfortune honesty is to a man sometimes. *(looks at watch)* A quarter past—I wish he'd come. At first I tried to gain her sympathy—her pity—pity is akin to love, I've heard, more kin than kind. *(looks at watch)* This suspense is torture. Oh! here he is—what a debt of gratitude I owe the devil. *(goes to desk)*

Enter, ADAMS, C. E.

Rob. There, sir, is the result of my errand. *(gives roll of notes)*

Law. Thanks, Mr. Adams. *(takes notes)*

Rob. And now, can I have ten minutes' conversation with you?

Law. Certainly; but I have some particular business for you to attend to; therefore, I shall be glad if you will postpone it till afternoon, if it be connected with affairs of a private nature.

Rob. Be it so, shall we say 3 o'clock?

Law. Very well. *(looks at watch)* Half-past twelve. *(aside)* Bravo! he has given me ample time to ruin him. *(aloud)* In the mean time, run down to the docks and book a passage on board the "Neptune," which sails at midnight for Liverpool.

Rob. For you, sir?

Law. For me! certainly not. For a friend of mine whom I am hourly expecting—a Mr. Walker, of Boston.

Rob. Very well, sir. *(going)*

Law. One more commission. Call at Foster and Browns and settle my private account. In case I should not be here on your return, I will place the money in this drawer, *(puts it in drawer, locks it up, gives him key)* and you can take it out and pay them with it.

Rob. But why not take it now?

Law. Oh, certainly! but, (*hesitating a moment*) as you are going to the docks, it is perhaps safer here than in your pocket; and hurry down or you'll be too late to get a berth.

Rob. Then at 3 o'clock, Mr. Lawton.

Law. At 3 o'clock, Mr. Adams. (*exit, ADAMS, R. U. E.*) Now my man, I will teach you when you cross Hiram Lawton's path, that you are making a mistake, and before the sun sets to-day, you will find yourself behind the bars.

Enter, FLIP, C. E.

Did you find a cab?

Flip. I had just hailed one and said, drive to the Marine Bank, when who should step up but—

Law. Adams? (*aside*) Then all is lost.

Flip. No, her papa, they will be here in the twinkling of a lamp-post.

Law. (*aside*) Good! all works into my hands. (*aloud*) Mr. Fowler, go out the private way and bring a policeman.

Flip. A policeman. (*aside*) A policeman won't have to reach very far, when he gets here, to get a handful. (*exit. L. E.*)

Law. I've woven the web around you Robert Adams; you play a desperate game for a wife and fortune, let's see if you are cunning enough to win it. It's man against man, Hiram Lawton vs. Robert Adams.

Enter, MR. NORTON, MAY, POLICEMAN, FLIP and DON ALVO, C. E.

Good-morning Mr. Norton, we have met before Miss Norton.

Norton. What means this strange imputations against Mr. Adams' character?

Law. Less strange than true. (*aside to FLIP*) Mr. Flip, have the kindness to look out the window and warn me when Mr. Adams approaches.

Nor. You must be aware, Mr. Lawton, that such accusation as you have made, require the fullest proofs.

Law. Fear not, you shall have it. For some time past I have been aware of constant robberies of money from my private drawer—I at first suspected yonder clerk. (*pointing to FLIP*)

Flip. Oh, murder! suicide! and sudden death!

Law. But careful watching proved his innocence.

Flip. I breathe again.

Law. And the unquestionable guilt of Robert Adams.

Flip. No, I don't.

Nor. You astound me. He is a young man in whom I have always had the fullest confidence—so much so that I was about to offer him a responsible post in Cuba, coupled with the hand of my daughter.

Law. Then you wish me to hush the matter up?

May. (*vehemently*) No! a thousand times, no! Let these base calumnies be thoroughly investigated.

Law. Good! Now Miss Norton, I repeat in the presence of your father, that Robert Adams is a thief.

May. (c.) And I repeat it is false.

Nor. (L.) Hush, May! Reason, not passion, best serves a friend

Law. (R.) Adams is aware that there is a large sum of money in the drawer. Now this letter informs me that he has secured a berth on board the "Neptune," which sails for Liverpool to-night. His intention is, to abstract that money and abscond.

Nor. A suspicion of intention is no proof of guilt.

Law. Admitted.

Nor. But has he booked the passage in his own name?

Law. No, under the very convenient one of Walker.

Flip. Mr. Adams has just turned the corner of the street, and is speaking to a friend. (*aside*) I'll try and give him the tip.

(*going to C. E.*)

Law. Mr. Fowler, remain here.

Flip. With the greatest agony.

Law. Now we shall see. Let us retire and watch his movements. If he takes the money from the drawer his guilt is proved; if he does not I have misjudged him, and I will make amends.

May. I will not consent to this arrangement!

Flip. Nor I.

May. It is some plot.

Law. (*aside*) Should they refuse, I am ruined.

Nor. But you must, May; I insist. If your lover is innocent, why fear the result?

Law. Yes, why? Quick! quick!

May. My heart misgives me. Oh, Robert, heaven protect you!

Law. Quick! quick! (*exeunt, R. E., except LAWTON*) Now, my little fly, you're in my web. (*exit, L. E.*)

Enter, ADAMS, C. E.

Rob. Hulloo; no one here! Where's Flip I wonder? Perhaps in the little snuggery, having a nap. (*goes towards partition*) Flip! Flip! No, not there. Perhaps in the private office. (*goes to L. D., tries it*) No, it's locked. This is mysterious business. How strangely the clerk looked at me when I booked the passage.

(*goes to drawer; unlocks it*)

Enter, OMNES, R. E., POLICEMAN crosses, stands behind ADAMS.

Ah! here's the money! What are these documents? By heaven, the very things I seek! proofs of Lawton's rascality! Now, shall I execute his commission or study the papers?

Takes a packet out of the drawer, and places it in his pocket, (the audience must be ignorant of which packet he takes from drawer, whether the papers or the money) rises, buttons up his coat; as he does so, POLICEMAN comes down, C.

Policeman. You are my prisoner.

Rob. (R.) Your prisoner! on what charge?

Law. (L., a little up) Felony!

Rob. Felony! What does this mean?

Law. (R. C.) It means, ungrateful young man, that you are caught at last. Now, Miss Norton, will you believe?

Rob. I see it all. Oh, villain—villain! but one word, May. With all this overwhelming proof—perhaps dishonor—disgrace—do you

believe me guilty?

May. No, Robert, I do not believe you guilty.

Flip. No more do I!

May. (*crosses to c.*) You are incapable of this crime—as guiltless as I am. I believe you innocent. I will cling to you as long as I have life, be your fate what it may. (*falls on his breast*)

Flip. (R.) And damme, so will I!

Law. (L. C.) We will soon put an end to these heroics. That is my private drawer, no one has any right to open it except myself. Pray how came you in possession of a key?

Rob. (R. C.) You well know that you gave me it, and told me to take the money from that drawer on my return, and pay your private account at Brown & Foster. (*turns to MAY*)

Law. (L., *by desk*) A pretty story indeed, Mr. Adams. Now, firstly, there is but one proper key to that drawer; it is here; (*shows key on bunch*) the one you have is a wrongly obtained duplicate. Secondly, I have no private account at Brown & Fosters. Thirdly, you have booked a passage this morning on board the Neptune, under the name of Walker, and, fourthly, where are your witnesses?

Rob. You yourself shall witness for me. What is your accusation?

Law. I thought it plain enough; that you intended to abscond with the packet of money I saw you take from that drawer.

Rob. You lie! The plot was cleverly laid, but it has failed; the packet I took from that drawer was not the money, but this convincing proof of your felony—sufficient to send you to Sing Sing. Documents relating to the wrecking of the ship Alabama and her bogus cargo, also your business with Don Alvo Carranza, smuggling arms and ammunition into Cuba.

POSITION OF CHARACTERS.

ROBERT ADAMS.

MAY.

POLICEMAN.

MR. NORTON.

LAWTON.

FLIP.

DON ALVO.

CURTAIN.

A lapse of three years between Acts 1st. and 2nd.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Street scene in Havana, set house L., 1 E., with steps and large American flag on pole, hanging over steps, VILLAGERS discovered at rise of curtain, spitting and hooting at American flag.*

Enter, BRIDGET McDUGAL, down steps from house, L., with broom in hand, beats mob right and left, all exit every directions.

Bridget. Git out of that ye Spanish divils, ye scorpions, ye lizards. Begorrah, if I was a man, I'd git a shot gun and exterminate the bunch of ye. Be the powers, this is the hottest country I iver got into in me loife. It's so hot here that ye can see whole suits of clothes walking around with nothing in them.

Enter, FLIP, R. U. E.

Flip. Bridget McDougal, my long lost one, come to my arms.

Bridget. Come to your arms, eh? Well, if I do, I'll break them. Say, Flip, have ye heard the news?

Flip. No, what is it?

Bridget. The Spaniards are not going to raise any more green peas.

Flip. And why not?

Bridget. They're afraid that Sampson and Dewey would shell them.

Flip. Say, Bridget, do you know you have enough powder on that face to free Cuba.

Bridget. (*going up steps*) Yes, and it's the Irish that's not afraid to burn it. (*exit, into house, L.*)

Flip. Good girl, Bridget; there's enough good Irish in New York to wipe all the Spaniards off the earth. Well, here I am, Flip Fowler, Esq., inventor of the greatest electric battery known to science. I'm here to kill two birds with one stone, introduce my machine and find my long lost Mollie, and in the language of old Sleuth, "Be off my boy and do your duty." (*exit, L. U. E!*)

Enter, LAWTON and SPANIARDS, R. U. E.

Law. Now my men, I tell you these American hogs must be moved from our midst. It is only a question of time until they will be wanting to wave that dirty rag over our heads. (*pointing to flag, SPANIARDS hiss*) Robert Adams is nothing more or less than an American spy, and now take my advice, at the first move, he, or any of his friends make, shoot them down like dogs. (*SPANIARDS shout aye, aye*) So now be off, and be ready and well armed when I call. (*exit, SPANIARDS, L. U. E., hissing at flag*) Now Robert Adams, we will see who will win. I have sworn that Miss Norton shall be mine, she shall, let the cost be what it will.

Enter, BRATON, R. U. E.

Brat. Well, Lawton, old boy, still hankering after the girl? Well, you can't get her, and it can't be helped.

Law. Can't be helped, what do you mean? Do you think I'll give her up like this? You little know me. Why did I come to Cuba?

Brat. Well, I guess because it was a little too hot for you in America.

Law. No, it was because the man I hate the most, and the woman I love the best, are here. It was because here in Cuba, I might regain the game I lost in New York. I'll sacrifice my chance to possess her. I have made Don Alvo Carranza believe that my ancestors were Spaniards. He trusts me and believes every thing I tell him. He himself is in love with Miss Norton. He does not know me by the name of Padro, or does any of Norton's family; they little suspect that Padro is none other than Hiram Lawton. You are my only confidant. I will make Carranza believe that Adams is not only his rival, but an American spy. He will be shot, then the coast will be clear for me.

Brat. How about Carranza?

Law. Oh! he's like all Spaniards, I can wrap him around my finger, and shake him off at will.

Brat. Well?

Law. And there is a good deal of risk attending an insurrection—

Brat. Well—go on.

Law. Well, I have the entire city at my back; one word from me and they will tear this building to the ground. You go and notify the boys, that a spy has been caught and is hid away in the American consulate—hurry, be off, here comes Carranza.

Enter, DON ALVO, R. E.—exit, BRATTON, L. U. E.

One word with you, Don Alvo.

Don. Not now, I'm busy.

Law. It is a matter of vital importance.

Don. I tell you not now.

Law. Not even if it concerns Miss Norton?

Don. Scoundrel, how dare you use that lady's name?

Law. Don't get excited, you might have cause to repent it.

Don. Dare you threaten me, Senor Padre?

Law. I never use threats, they are apt to put an enemy on the guard.

Don. Well, what is it?

Law. You love Miss Norton and hate your rival, Adams, agree to my terms and I will give you the means of proving him guilty of a crime, the punishment of which is, death.

Don. Can you do this?

Law. More, he is an American spy, he is also plotting against your life.

Don. Your terms then?

Law. Arrest him, have him shot down, as he deserves, then leave the rest to me.

Don. I agree. My prejudice against him then was not mere jealousy.

Law. You are right, with him out of the way, Miss Norton is yours. Can I trust you?

Don. Fully. (*writes in note book and tears out leaf*) Take my horse, ride for your life after the troop and give this to the commanding officer. (*LAWTON crosses to R. U. E.*)

Law. Fear me not. (*aside*) Now Adams, look to yourself—you have broken one web, break this one if you can. (*exit, R. E.*)

Don. Am I right in trusting this man. Bah! what is danger, when a prize like Miss Norton is the reward. This fellow's charges against Adams suits my purpose. Where marshal laws reigns, I am omnipotent.

Enter, MOLLIE, from house, L.

Good-morning, is Mr. Norton at home?

Mollie. Yes, Mr. Norton's at home.

Don. Very well, tell him that I will call at 2;30 p. m. (*aside*) I set the hour, so that he will be here to see the blow struck. (*exit, R. E.*)

Mollie. Oh! how I hate that man, his very presence makes me feel as though I had scales on me. Poor May, this climate doesn't suit her. She has sent me to the Cafe (*pointing to house, R.*) to get her

some cake and wine. Poor girl, I wish she and all of us were back in New York. (exit, R. E.)

Enter, FLIP, R., 3 E., with electric battery and group of SPANIARDS joined hands and shouting as though receiving an electric shock.

Flip. You are the brave boys that spit at the flag; you are the brave boys that was going to tear it down. Now bow to the flag. (*FLIP turns on battery, they still hold hands and bow very low, howling as though in pain*) You are the brave boys that's going to chase we American's off the Island, are you? Well, here's one that you don't chase. Now then, bow to this American gentleman.

(same business as above)

Enter, LAWTON, R. U. E., draws revolver and points at FLIP.

Law. Stop that! Let those men go, or I'll give you a dose of lead. *(releases mem, all exit, R. U. E.)*

Flip. You call yourself a brave man. I have no weapon, furnish me one like yours and I'll fight you any old time or place.

Law. You wouldn't fight a mosquito.

Flip. No, but when the time comes, we'll send for a flock of Jersey mosquito's and they alone will whip Spain without the aid of an army or navy. *(exit, L. U. E.)*

Law. Ah! Robert Adams, within the hour, you will be a thing of the past. With the aid of Braton and the boy's, I have secured a ship, and immediately after the blow is struck, I will board it with my prize, and once Miss Norton is in my power, I will make her kneel to me, for now my love has turned to hate, I will be revenged. Ha, ha, ha! *(exit, R., 1 F.)*

Enter, MOLLIE, R. E.

Mollie. Oh! dear, what an awful place this is to live. Everything we eat and drink, has to be analyzed, Now this bottle of wine and this cake will have to go through a regular searching process before May even dare touch it. (*holding out cake*) I wonder if this cake would give me blood poisoning. I'm sorry I didn't put on my gloves.

Enter, FLIP, L. U. E.

Flip. Do my eyes deceive me. Yes, no—it is Mollie. O! come to the arms of your Flippie, O! (*they embrace*) Mollie, O! let's do that some more, O!— *(embrace again)*

Mollie. O! Flip, don't be so glad to see me. You hug like a grizzly bear.

Flip. Well, I was raised at Hugger's Port, New Jersey, but tell little one, what have you there? *(pointing to bottle)*

Mollie. Oh! this is some wine and cake for May. (*FLIP takes bottle and cake, eats cake and drinks wine*) And do you know that she is just as sick as she can be, bless her dear heart. She's too much of an American to complain to her father.

Flip. (*with mouthful of cake*) Yes, I always said she was a dear good girl.

Mollie. O! Flippy, Flippy. Flippy! I am too full for utterance.

(lays head on his shoulder)

Flip. Wait, I will be with you in a minute.

(drinking from bottle over MOLLIE'S head

Mollie. And do you know, Flip, that we are all afraid of being poisoned, and everything we eat and drink, has to be analyzed. (*FLIP looks at cake and bottle, business of being afraid he is poisoned*) Why Flippy, my dear, what's the matter?

Flip. I'm dead, don't speak to me, I'm a living corpse. Go for the stomach pump and get a doctor.

Mollie. Oh! Flippy dear, you're not going to die.

Flip. Ain't I? Then look into Flippie's eyes and say goo-goo—
(they embrace, looking into each other's eyes

Enter, BRIDGET, from house, L.

Bridget. Here, here! break away there! You ought to be ashamed hugging and squeezing on the public highway.

Mollie. We weren't hugging. Mr. Flip was just looking in my eye for a piece of—

Bridget. Green cheese. Don't be telling me any fairy tales.

Flip. See here, Bridget, I want you to attend to your own business.

Bridget. Come now, keep your temper down.

Flip. I can't, it's like the National debt, the more I try to keep it down the more it gets up.

Bridget. Well then, put a weight on it. Do you know that I'm sure I saw Hiram Lawton to-day.

Flip. Oh! nonsense, you saw nothing of the kind.

Mollie. I wonder what end he'll come to?

Flip. Why the end of a rope. He bolted the very day those papers were discovered and has never been heard of since.

Mollie. Yes, and with him that precious James Braton, the ex-Captain of the wrecked ship. My finding those papers was lucky.

Flip. My placing them in the drawer was luckier.

Mollie. It ruined Hiram Lawton—

Flip. And saved Robert Adams.

Bridget. And made me chief cook of the culinary department.

Mollie. It brought us all over here to this country where we have a—

Flip. Climate where you can have a turkish bath, free gratis for nothing.

Mollie. There is no place like dear old America.

Bridget. Except Ireland, and do you know I'll niver forgit my trip coming over from the old country.

Flip. Were you seasick?

Bridget. No, indade! (*indignantly*) I niver was seasick in all me loife. But me digestion was bad, so I thought I'd go downstairs an' lie down a bit. But the moment I started down, (*speaks rapidly*) me breakfast started up, an' I fell agin a baldheaded man an' lost me footin', an' away we wint kerplunkity *bang* to the bottom av the stairs.

Flip. (*laughing*) And then what?

Bridget. Well, they got me on a sofy, wid me a yellin' fer a doctor. An' whin he kim he looked at me tongue an' axed me was I sick! Was I sick! An' me almost dead! Thin he said he'd give me a sed-lets powder, an' I said, "Let's have wan." So he sez, "Put wan in

wan glass an' wan in t'other, an' drink 'em whin they foam." So I put 'em in the glasses, but they didn't foam at all. Thin I drank down wan glass, an' it wint all right. But the minute I swallowed the other glass, (*rapidly*) mother o' Moses! I began to froth an' bile like a mad dog wid a mouthfull o' soapsuds, an' me on the flat o' me back yellin', "Let me off, I'm dyin'!"

Mollie. Well, I must be going, or May will think that I am lost. Good-bye, dear. (*exit, L. E.*)

Flip. Good-bye, darling. (*exit, L. U. E.*)

Bridget. Good-bye, dear, good-bye darlin'. What would pigey do if dovie would die. Arrah! they make me sick. (*exit, into house L.*)

Enter, ROBERT and MAY, L., 1 E.

May. I shall begin to think you are tired of me if you are so dull, Robert.

Rob. May, dearest, the truest earthly happiness is not unmixed with melancholy, and the depth of mine renders me anxious to preserve it.

May. You cannot deceive me. I am sure you anticipate some danger. Be frank, Robert, do you fear Don Alvo Carranza?

Rob. Doubt and anxiety, May, are not fears.

May. It is your duty to confide in me.

Rob. Is it our duty to make those we love unhappy?

May. It is your duty to seek their advice and sympathy. It is true I am only a woman, yet—

Rob. A woman! You are an angel, and my only fear is that wings will develop themselves, and you will fly away to your sphere beyond the clouds.

(*shouts, rumbling and noise to extreme right of stage*)

Enter, LAWTON, CARRANZA, SPANISH SOLDIERS and SPANISH PEASANTS, R. E.

NOTE.—This scene outside and entrance must be worked up very strong.

Enter, NORTON, FLIP, MOLLIE and BRIDGET, from house, R. E.,

May. But see, Robert, here comes Mr. Lawton, Carranza and soldiers. Oh! Robert, what does this mean?

Don. Let me answer that question. Robert Adams, you are a spy, you are sent here by the order of the American Government. You are in league with the insurgents and as governor of this Island, I arrest you as a spy, the penalty of which is death.

Nor. Why, sir! this is simply absurd.

Don. Absurd or not, I must act upon them, though rest assured, they will be fully investigated.

Law. Arrest that man.

Rob. Arrest me! Are you mad, Don Alvo Carranza?

Don. I am sufficiently sane to be responsible for arresting a traitor and spy, a would be robber and murderer.

Rob. Sir! you may starve poor Cuban mother's and their babies, you may blow up our ships, and kill our brave sailors, but you shall learn that an American citizen can not be insulted with impunity.

Nor. I protest against this proceeding.

May. Mr. Carranza, I thought you a man of honor.

Law. The danger is too pressing to admit of parley or compromise. Now boys, down with that flag. *(all shout)*

Rob. Stop! Don Alvo Carranza, do you call yourself a man.

Don. I call myself the Governor of this Island, and you a traitor and spy.

Rob. And I sir, say *you lie!*

May. Robert, I am by your side to the end.

Law. Come boys, tear down that flag.

Rob. *Stand back!* He who touches that flag, must do so over my dead body. *(going up to flag)*

Law. Is it death to all traitors?

Don. It is, exterminate them, every one.

Law. And thus do I bid you of the chief of traitors, Robert Adams.

LAWTON *draws revolver, aims at ROBERT'S head, MAY strikes his arm, revolver goes off in air.*

May. No you don't.

NORTON, FLIP, MOLLIE, BRIDGET and ROBERT *all have revolvers pointed at SPANIARDS. During the above action, the Spanish characters enter, muttering and growling, kept up all through scene.*

POSITION OF CHARACTERS.

LAWTON.	MAY.	ROBERT.
DON ALVO.		NORTON,
		FLIP,
SOLDIERS.		MOLLIE,
SPANIARDS and PEASANTS, lined up L.		BRIDGET, R.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Prison—cell L., window up L. c., door R. c.

Law. Now my pretty bird, we have you caged for keeps. Carranza will be here within the hour, And what an old fool he is to. I wonder if he really thinks he is going to get Miss Norton. What a scoundrel he is—Spain sends him here as Governor general, and he to-day has brought more guns and ammunition to this Island than any other one man on it; knowing that if war breaks out, he will feather his nest with a few cold million.

Enter, CARRANZA, C. E.

Don. Good-morning, Padre.

Law. Good-morning, sir! Have all the arrangements been completed for the execution of the American gentleman?

Don. American gentleman, bah—an American hog. Norton has requested me to allow his daughter to speak to Adams. She will be

here soon, and we must not be seen together, so be off for the present. Do not return until the hour arrives that has been set for the execution. (*exit, LAWTON, C. E.*) Once she is in my power and I have disposed of the last cargo of war implements, I will send in my resignation and set sail for Spain.

Enter, BRIDGET, C. E.

Bridget. Br-r-r scat there scat. There goes Padre, the snake, (*turns and sees DON*) and there's the Boa constrictor, the daddy of them all. What a pity St. Patrick hadn't visited this place, sure he'd a had his hands full riddin' this Island of the Spanish reptiles and varments.

Don. (*aside*) That confounded Irish woman. (*aloud*) Mrs. McDougal, what are you doing here?

Bridget. Sure I came here with the hopes that I might have a few words with Mr. Adams,

Don. Well, are you not afraid to come here alone?

Bridget. No sir! I am an Irish American lady, I don't fear man, Spain or the devil. Fear goes out the back door when I come in the front.

Don. (*going*) Ha, ha, ha! Enjoy yourself; you are welcome to speak to Mr. Adams. It will do no good, no power on earth can save him now. (*exit, C. E.*)

Bridget. Begorrah! if I had a bunch of Irish lads from the old sod, with their shillalahs, they'd mow you down like grass, and free poor Robert. My! what an awful place this is, the sight of it is enough to make one shiver and shake to pieces.

Enter, JAILER, from cell.

Are you the landlord of this hotel?

Jailer. What do you want?

Bridget. I have a permit here to see Mr. Adams.

Jailer. Well, I'll bring him out. (*exit, into cell*)

Enter, ADAMS, from cell.

Rob. Why, Mrs. McDougal, this is indeed a surprise.

Bridget. Whisper, Robert, I have come to get you out of this.

Rob. How?

Bridget. I will bring you a cloak and hat. Mr. Norton and May will be here soon, also other friends, and while they are busy talking, you slip on the cloak and hat and walk out. We'll stay back and continue the talk until you are safe out in the bay. You will find a boat with oars and provisions enough to do you for a week, pull for the open sea, and some friendly ship will pick you up.

Rob. And perhaps land me back here again. I thank you Bridget and may God bless you. Something tells me that I will yet be free.

Enter, JAILER, from cell.

Jailer. Times up.

Bridget. Ye copper colored devil, I wish your time was up. Good-bye, Robert, and may heaven give you strength to face it like a man. Ah! I wish I was a man, I'd make ye Spanish snakes remem-

ber me to yer dying day.

(*exit, C. E. with JAILOR.*)

Rob. Again I am alone, again despair hangs like a dull and leaden weight upon my heart. I could face a thousand deaths and face them boldly like a man, but to be shot down like a dog, nearly drives me mad.

Enter, JAILER and FLIP, C. E.

Jailer. A gentleman to see you sir!

(*exit, C. E.*)

Rob. Ah! Fowler, let me grasp your honest hand. (*they shake hands*) Gently, Fowler, gently. What a fearful grip you have.

Flip. If it were but around the throat of Don Alvo Carranza, I'd squeeze the Spanish juice out of him.

Rob. You are a good fellow, Flip, but tell me have they received any word from America yet?

Flip. No, and if it doesn't come soon, all will be lost.

Rob. And what of May?

Flip. Wherever there is the faintest hope of a friend or assistance, there is May, brave as a heroine, eloquent as an angel, and true, faithful, and loving as a woman.

Rob. Heaven bless her and give her strength to bear this blow.

Flip. Robert, my more than brother, when I think of the old times in America, now to think of your going to be shot. Oh! Robert, I'm choking.

(*weeps*)

Rob. There Flip, you will find I have not forgotten you, the little wealth I possess—

Flip. Don't mention it, for the sake of old times, don't insult me.

Rob. There is one way to escape. What time is it?

Flip. Fifteen minutes of nine.

Rob. At 9 o'clock station yourself outside that window; you can hide in the thicket close by. At the fifth stroke of the clock, I will come to the window, raise the lantern so, and you must fire—fire here at my forehead.

Flip. Do you think I'm a damed fool?

Rob. No, go and do as I say.

(*exit, FLIP, L. E., meets JAILER, bump into each other*)

Flip. There, that will cause me a trip to the drug store, after brushing up against that. I will have to be thoroughly fumigated.

(*exit, L. E.*)

Rob. (aside) At least I shall rob Carranza and Lawton of the satisfaction of seeing me shot down like a dog. (*aloud*) Well, what is it my man?

Jailer. A lady to see you, sir!

Rob. Admit her.

(*JAILER motions her to come in*)

Enter, MAY, L. E.—JAILER exits same.

May. I am with you at last, not to add to the bitterness of your position by unavailing tears, nor to torture you with a useless show of grief, but to bring you strength and hope, to say, be strong and of good heart.

Rob. Like balm of Gilead to the wounded soul is woman's love, in the sunlight, bright and sparkling, in the storm, grand and God-like.

May. And yet how fatal has my love been to you.

Rob. A thousand deaths would cheaply purchase such a love as yours. Heaven knows it is not death I fear, but it is leaving you, whose love has changed a bare existence, to a sunlit life.

May. And it shall yet be ours, while our hearts, chastened by this ordeal, shall learn a better and a purer love. Why should we not hope for the best?

Rob. While instinct tells us to hope for the best, reason teaches us to prepare for the worst.

May. The worst! Oh, Robert, the very words cast a blight upon my heart. If you die I will not, cannot survive you.

Rob. Nay, May, you must live—live for your fellow creatures; each act of charity will be a tribute to my memory, and in the chain that binds us soul to soul, a link of love.

May. Oh, Robert, do not talk so; do not look like that. There is a strange expression in your eyes, which seem—oh, heaven! a foreshadowing of death. *(falls on his shoulder, weeping)*

Rob. Nay, nay, May, be composed—the sight of your tears is worse than death itself, for they unman me.

May. I'm better now—the weakness is past and I am ready to weigh with calm, collected mind the danger of our position.

Rob. You shall know all. I am condemned to be hanged—well, I shall forestall them.

May. Ah, how? by escape?

Rob. No, by a more welcome death ere the time appointed for my execution. I shall have anticipated it, for at 9 o'clock I shall approach that window, raise that lantern and as the last stroke quivers in the air a friendly bullet from outside will—

May. No, no! Great heaven, no!

Rob. Yes, yes, May!

Enter, LAWTON, C. E.

Law. A word with you Adams, in private.

Rob. Leave me, or I shall disgrace myself by striking you!

Law. I do not fear you, my wing-clipped eagle, your beak is broken and your claws cut.

May. *(crossing, c.)* It is like you, Toral Padro, to come and gloat over the misery you have made. I can forgive the man who boldly fights another, but he who crawls in the night and strikes his rival in the dark, is a wretch beyond abuse.

Law. Miss Norton, I come to not gloat over my victim, as you term it, but to bring good tidings.

May. Can any good come from Toral Padro?

Law. You shall judge. Don Andre has promised, at my solicitation, to sign a free pardon.

May. { A pardon?

Rob. }

Law. Yes, conditionally.

Rob. Perhaps the condition is more disgraceful than the death.

Law. The condition is this: that you shall sign this document, a confession of your guilt—*(aside)* drawn up by me—with a list of crimes sufficient to gratify the vanity of a professional devil.

Rob. I pity you, Toral Padro.

Law. Very well; then like a worthless bird your neck will be wrung at 9 o'clock.

Rob. You lie—I shall escape you.

Law. What!

Rob. Farewell, darling.

(MAY clings to him)

May. No! no!

Rob. Yes, yes; I will be free.

Law. Free! By heavens, what means this?

May. You shall not—you shall not—the reprieve will come, believe me.

Rob. No, no, release me—freedom is here!

Law. What does this mean? I will call for help.

About to go, MAY slips up behind LAWTON, steals revolver from side coat pocket.

May. (c.) Back! it means this: that Robert Adams shall not hang—it means I am a desperate woman, and I will kill you like a dog ere you shall prevent his escape by that window.

Rob. May!

Law. That window!

May. (aside) Heaven-sent thought to save him. (aloud) Yes, yes, the bars are filed.

Law. Say you so?

LAWTON seizes lantern and runs to window—a shot is heard and PADRO falls with a scream—at the report of shot

Enter, DON ALVO and NORTON, C. E. with Spanish soldiers and JAILER—soldiers stand in line, R.

May. Don Alvo, this man has received a dangerous wound from a shot fired from the outside.

Don. (examining LAWTON) You are mistaken, he is merely stunned; see the bullet has struck this book, which saved his life. (taking small book from LAWTON'S pocket—LAWTON rises—bugle call outside) The hour has arrived.

May. Oh, Robert, you are indeed lost! (falls on her knees to DON) Don Alvo Carranza, to you I appeal—be merciful, be just—Oh, pause before you have the crime of murder on your soul!

Don. He dies, unless you will consent to renounce him and become my wife.

May. Impossible! he will never accept his life on such terms.

Don. Then is it not better that he should die than live, and when you are his wife expose the baseness of his nature, and prove his supposed heart of honor a hell of-hypocrisy?

May. And is it not better that you should practise one act of honest self-denial, gain my gratitude and his friendship, than force me to an act of baseness, to become your wife, to remind you daily, hourly of your crime, to find in my broken heart no response to your love—nothing but the sacred memory of the man you had so fearfully wronged. Would not your love turn to hate, and you in your humiliation curse the chain that bound us?

Don. (aside) By heaven, she speaks truly.

Law. (crossing to DON) Be firm, your excellency; be firm and you will win.

May. It matters not to me if his doom be just or unjust—I only know that the man I love is in deadly danger, and on my knees I

beg his life.

Don. Shall I yield?

Law. Yes, for them both to laugh at you.

Don. He dies.

(MAY rises, exits C. E.)

Nor. Again, Don Alvo Carranza, as the authorized representative of the American Government, I utter my official protest against this most despotic and scandalous proceeding.

Don. And again I tell you your protest is useless; this Island is under martial law and it is absolutely necessary to make a severe example.

Nor. But why make it with an innocent man? The informer on whose sole evidence he was convicted is prepared to confess his perjury.

Don. I have been told that peculiar means of intimidation have been used by Dr. Raphael, but rest assured I am not the man to be imposed upon or trifled with.

Nor. For the last time I appeal to you at least for a postponement. Your prejudice cannot be so blind, that you will thus cast a stigma upon your hitherto unblemished honor.

Don. My unblemished honor, as you are pleased to call it, will be perfectly safe in my own keeping. As to Adams, he must be executed.

Nor. Robert Adams is an American and the free born subject of a country whose proudest boast is that the poorest and humblest have, at least, liberty and protection 'neath its flag—a country of which every true-born American heart is justly proud; and I warn you that if you persist in murdering one of her peaceful and undefending subjects, she will exact for her outraged honor a bitter, a terrible retribution.

Don. Have you finished.

Nor. I have.

Don. Robert Adams must die. Now my men take aim and when I say three, fire. Prisoner, have you anything to say?

Rob. You are committing a foul and dastardly murder, and I leave you to justify yourself to man and answer to heaven.

Don. Anything else?

Rob. No, except that I pity, nay, forgive you.

Law. Here let me blind-fold you.

(goes to ROBERT with handkerchief)

Rob. No, I will die facing my foes as a true American should.

Don. Soldiers attention, present arms, at the word three, fire—
one—two—

Nor. Hold I say.

Don. It is useless, I am resolved, one—two—

Enter, MOLLIE, FLIP and BRIDGET, C. E., take position L.

Nor. (steps up in front of ROBERT) Then fire upon me, the representative of the United States.

Don. Back, or remain at your peril—one—two—

Enter, MAY, C. E., with large flag, wrapping it around ADAMS

May. Then fire upon this if you dare!

TABLEAU—CURTAIN.

SCENE.—Wood, ruined Monastery, L.—as curtain rises, NORTON is looking off L. U. E. with field glass.

Enter, ROBERT, L. E., from Monastery.

Nor. What a terrible experience we are having, Robert. I fear this will be too much for my poor daughter, and if that demon in human form finds us, we are lost. He is a desperate man and would stop at nothing. Now that the Spanish government has found him out; think Robert, of the rascal he was, holding a government position and smuggling arms and ammunition to the insurgents through a secret agency, feathering his nest with millions.

Rob. Do not despair, we will escape them yet, in spite of Padro's well laid plans, who was none other than my rival and most bitter enemy. War has been declared against Spain. The American fleet is in this vicinity; I have send word to Admiral Sampson for aid; it is sixty miles from here to Havana. I am sure, unless my messenger is captured, he will be able to return here with aid before Carranza and his blood thirsty villains can reach us.

Nor. We can at least keep in hiding here for some time. Valdaro, the prime leader of the insurgents in this vicinity, says, that he alone is the only one who knows the secrets of this Monastery. Come Robert, it is time for a bit of breakfast. (*exeunt, into Monastery, L.*)

Enter, FLIP, R. U. E., revolver in hand, business of sneaking about as though very much frightened, revolver accidentally goes off.

Enter. ROBERT, from Monastery, pointing revolver at FLIP.

Rob. Hands up or I'll shoot.

(*FLIP rushes to ROBERT and falls on knees*)

Flip. Please, Mr. Spaniard, don't kill me, spare me, spare me, I have a child and fourteen little wives.

Rob. Come Flip, no one will harm you.

Flip. Oh! is it you, Robert. I thought it was a gang of those Spanish greasers.

Rob. You must be very careful, for this part of the country is fairly swarming with Carranza's followers, and were they to find us, it would mean death. (*exit, into Monastery*)

Flip. Why did I ever leave home for this country. A country of tyranny and yellow fever.

Enter, MOLLIE from Monastery.

If I were only back in New York, I would be satisfied with a sailor's lodging house and free lunches.

Mollie. Flippy o!

Flip. Mollie o!

(*they embrace*)

Mollie. Flip, what part of the country are we in now?

Flip. If you mean in a hemispherical sense, we are in a Western one, if in a Geographical sense, we are in Cuba, if in a local one we are in he—

(*MOLLIE points finger at him*)

Mollie. A—h!

Flip. Chicago.

Mollie. What is this old building?

Flip. Why, it is an old Monastery, built hundreds of years ago by

the Monks. There are secret underground passageways that are known to no one except Valdaro, the old Cuban guide who brought us here.

Mollie. And what was that horrible place we passed coming out of Havana, that cold stony affair, with big black holes in it?

Flip. That is a fort mounted with cannons, principally used to fire three shots daily, when the Governor goes to his peaceful bed, and announces it is time for all good people to do likewise.

Mollie. And is that all a cannon is used for?

Flip. Oh! dear no. There are three more shots fired in the morning to wake him up.

Mollie. They had better be saving their powder, for when our Navy gets to work, she'll fire enough shots to wake the universe up.

Flip. The Governor of this Island must be a sound sleeper, or else he drinks Jersey lightning.

Mollie. Why, Flip?

Flip. Because it takes three cannon shots to wake him up in the morning.

Mollie. Say Flip, wasn't it awful, Carranza trying to get Mr. Adams out of the way?

Flip. Well! that's the worst of a fellow having a pretty girl for a sweetheart—everybody has his knife into him, and tries to rob him of her. Now, on the contrary, look at the advantage of having a plain girl—you see nobody tries to get you from me, Mollie.

Mollie. I like your impudence—

Flip. Well now, to speak the truth, I don't think you do. Say, Mollie, when we get to America, let us get married and make a fortune at the same time, and settle in New York to spend it.

Mollie. Not exactly, Mr. Fowler.

(going up stage)

Flip. Why not, Robert and May are to be spliced next month, why shouldn't we follow their example?

Mollie. Because, I don't love you—*there!*

Flip. I don't want you to love me *there*, come over here and love me.

Mollie. I can't love you anywhere.

(goes up and looks off L.)

Flip. And this the end of my constant wooing! Is it because I am not comely to gaze upon? Man is but a spirit tenanting a house of clay; we pay rent and taxes in the shape of labor and trouble, and the landlord turns us out at a moment's notice. Some live in palaces, some live in workhouses, some live in a desirable residence, some in a dilapidated one, some are all right about the roof, some have a tile off—

(MOLLIE comes down)

Mollie. You evidently belong to that class, and have lost the entire roof—for if you're a house, I can't compliment either the architect or the builder.

Flip. You are mistreating me, but I'll no longer endure your cruelty. See, *(points, L.)* yonder stands an awful frowning precipice at least five feet high. I will at once throw myself from its giddy height and end this tortured existence, and when my clothes containing my luckless body is sent home, nearly mangled, and laid at your high-heeled and hard-hearted feet, you may drop a tear, if not two, on my well-known suit of togs. Farewell, farewell.

(rushes off L., 3 E.)

Mollie. Mr. Fowler! Flip! Flippie! come back—come back. I

never knew how much I loved you till now—see—see—he has reached the precipice, he takes off his coat and waistcoat and carefully folds them up. Goodness gracious! he is going to remove his—no—he kisses a lock of my hair. Oh, stop, stop! *I come—I come!*

(rushes off L. U. E.

Enter, NORTON and ROBERT, L. E.

Rob. What a conscience this man Lawton must have. Just think, for three years and a half, he has sought my life.

Nor. When he was a thriving merchant in New York, he sought my daughter's hand and was rejected; from that time he has striven, by every means in his power, to ruin you.

Rob. And Don Alvo Carranza has been his partner in crime for years, they are a well mated pair, but I feel safe here. This old Monastery was build by the Monks, and in the next room to where we are, there is a secret panel and a staircase leading out. The ladies and ourselves can remain here in safety.

Enter, MAY, from Monastery.

May. O! what a fearful place this is.

Rob. May, believe me, it will be better for you to remain concealed in the vaults below.

May. No, no! I cannot, I've heard legends and stories connected with these vaults, the remembrance of which terrifies me.

Nor. Take Robert's advice, daughter, and let him lead you back again; trust him, you will be safe there.

May. Very well, I will do as you say, I will not stir from there again. Give me your revolver and trust me, should any danger threaten, I will not be afraid to use it.

Enter, FLIP and MOLLIE, L. U. E., arm in arm, stand in back ground in mute conversation.

Rob. *(giving revolver)* Take it then my brave girl.

Nor. Come May, return to the vaults, delay is dangerous. Robert and I are going to the beach to see if we can sight an American vessel.

May. Father—Robert, heaven protect you both and bring you back in safety.

Rob. And thus I fortify myself for the danger.

(kisses MAY—exit. ROBERT and NORTON, L. U. E.

Flip. And thus do I fifty-five myself against danger.

(kisses MOLLIE

Nor. *(calling outside)* Come, Mr. Fowler.

Flip. Oh, blow it! can't you let a fellow have a kiss in peace? Good-bye, Mollie, good-bye. *(exit, L. U. E..*

Mollie. He may be killed without ever knowing how much I loved him. I say, Miss?

May. Well, Mollie?

Mollie. Isn't it awfully quiet and still here?

May. Very.

Mollie. What thick walls these must have been. These weren't built by a building society under a contract. I say, Miss.

May. Well, Mollie?

Mollie. Don't you think I'd better go to the top of that hill and see if there's anyone coming?

May. No, Mollie, no; you must remain here.

Mollie. Well, but Miss, I should be able to run back and tell you if there was anybody coming.

May. You had better remain here, Mollie.

Mollie. Oh, but this is so gloomy.

May. Well, do as you please.

Mollie. Oh, I do wish I was back with my grandmother in her little back parlor, cleaning the steps every morning before breakfast.
(*exit, into Monastery*)

Enter, LAWTON, R. U. E.

May. Oh, what a change all this is to me. How different from the old happy life in our own country. Shall we ever return?

Law. It's a great pity you ever left there, Miss Norton.

May. Hiram Lawton!

Law. (*seizing her*) At last you are helpless and in my power.

Enter, MOLLIE, from Monastery.

Mollie. Oh, the villain is murdering her! I'll go and get assistance. Help! murder!
(*exit, L. U. E.*)

May. Oh, villain, you are breaking my arm!

Law. Would it were your heart! Now, swear to follow me quietly, and I will spare you.

May. Rather death! Oh, help! help!

Law. The miners are hunting me to death, and I can expect no mercy from your friends. Will you accompany me?

May. Better a thousand deaths than such a fate.

Law. May, listen to me. I know the mutinous devils yonder will gain the mastery. Your father and your lover will be slain. What then will be your fate? Ah! you tremble at the thought. Then fly with me who loves you better than my soul. You must, you shall. Refuse at your peril.

May. (*aside*) Oh, heaven, what shall I do?

Law. (*raising knife*) For the last time!

May. Yes, I consent.

Law. Ah, mine! mine!

May. But can you take me from here? Shall we not be pursued? The miners, should we fall into their hands?

Law. Oh, fear not, May. I swear by all that's sacred, nothing shall part us. Come, then, come?

May. See that there is no one approaching.

Law. (*looking off R.*) No one! No one! Come, May, come.

May. (*presenting pistol*) Come and take me if you dare! (*picture*—*LAWTON draws knife*) Put it down, or I will blow your brains out.

Law. (*drops knife*) Mercy, May, mercy!

May. What mercy have you rendered me, and mine? None! What mercy shall I render you? None, none!

Law. Oh, spare my life!

May. Coward! hypocrite! In America, you would have doomed the man I love to a fate far worse than death, Was it not through

your perjury that he was led out for execution, that the muskets were thrice levelled at his breast, and he would have been shot down but for the flag of the United States.

Law. Your words are true, but all the evil I have wrought against Adams, springs from my love for you. Could I have won your heart, oh, how different my fate might have been! and now what am I? A hunted fugitive, scorned by the woman for whose sake I became a villain, and whom to my latest hour I shall madly love. Oh, May, pity me, pity me!

(MAY turns away affected, LAWTON seizes her—struggle)

Enter, ADAMS, L. U. E.—dashes on, throws LAWTON L.

Rob. Miserable viper! Lie there and grovel at the feet of the woman whose heart you would have broken. Shall I drag you before the man whom you have so vilely duped, (*distant shouts off R.*) or shall I cast you forth to your betrayed companions, the brutal savages who are howling like hungry tigers for your blood?

Law. Oh! no! no! no! I am not fit to die.

Rob. Fit to die!—no, nor fit to live; for where in this wide world is there one to pity or help you? Brutal and remorseless in your day of power, abject and pitiful in your hour of terror! (*shouts outside, R.*) Ah! you hear them, you hear them?

Law. Oh! don't leave me to their fury; they will tear me to pieces.

Rob. Despicable wretch! did I thus cower when my life was threatened? Did I kneel and beg for pity? Aye, the pity which you fiend-like would have denied me. Ah! you are silent. Now tell me, what would you do if our positions were reversed—if you stood over me with the power of life and death?

Law. On my soul, I'd spare you.

Rob. Liar! you would kill me, as I—

Law. (*couching down stage*) Ah—

Rob. As I—forgive you. Yonder lies your way. (*pointing R., 1 E.*) Take it. (*LAWTON gets round in front to R.*) Right or wrong, I have spared you, may we never meet again.

(*exit, LAWTON, R., 2 E.*)

May. How glad I am that you arrived.

(*shouts R. and L.*)

Rob. (*looking off R.*) Why, what is this?

Enter, FLIP, L. U. E., excited.

Flip. Mr. Adams, Robert, May, everybody, a boat is pulling for the shore, loaded with American sailors.

(*shouts R. and L., kept up during this scene*)

Enter, NORTON and MOLLIE, R. U. E.

Nor. Thank God! we are saved!

Rob. None too soon, for here comes the Spaniards. Come, ladies, into the Monastery, and now boys, fight for your lives.

(*exit, LADIES, L. E.*)

Nor. (*looking off R.*) See, they are led by Don Alvo Carranza and that scoundrel Lawton.

Flip. (*pulling two horse-pistols*) Let 'em come, I'll fix 'em.

(*shouts R. and L.*)

Enter, AMERICAN SEAMEN L. E. and SPANIARDS, R. E.—a hand to hand conflict, until all SPANIARDS are vanquished, including DON ALVO, LAWTON and BRATON—LADIES enter with flags, all waving them to and fro.

Rob. And now we will sail for the "Land of the Free and the home of the Brave."
(*music, "Star Spangled Banner."*)

CURTAIN.

THE END.

NOTE.—The above climax must be thoroughly rehearsed, outside shouting is as important as lines. At finish of battle, form picture so the whole stage will appear as a cluster of waving flags.

THE AUTHOR.

The Bird Family And Their Friends.

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Mrs. Bird—Chollie and his mother—He endeavors to write to Nightengale Thrush, but is too exhausted to collect his thoughts—Robin plays a trick on his Aunt Peacock—Magpie returns from a stroll—Her opinion of Bluster Crow—Robin and Magpie—She sends a letter to Timothy Quail, her timid lover—Arrival of Hiram Gull—Lucretia falls in love—Mrs. Bird, who is about to call on lawyer Eagle, forbids Magpie receiving Mr. Quail—Timothy calls—The rug man with rugs—Return of Mrs. Bird—Timothy hides under the rugs—Robin comes to his rescue—Magpie and Bluster Crow—Robin helps Magpie to get rid of Mr. Crow—Lucretia receives a letter from Hiram Gull—Nightengale and Magpie's plot—Gustavus Oriole, Nightengale's unknown correspondent—The interview—His opinion of actresses—Lucretia, a victim of Robin's jokes.

ACT II.—The masquerade at Mrs. Goldfinch's—Gustavus and Nightengale, an actress, but unknown to Gustavus—He expresses his opinion of her—Lucretia overhears Hiram Gull making love to Mrs. Goldfinch—A scene in which Hiram Gull gets the worst of it—Nightengale learns of the engagement of Lucretia and Hiram Gull, a base scoundrel—Hiram Gull recognizes Nightengale—"I'll let you go on one condition"—Chollie and Mrs. Goldfinch, the wager lost—Gustavus recognizes Nightengale as the singer and actress—His disgust—"My fate is sealed"—Magpie and Timothy, he resolves to propose, but is too timid—Gull overhears Nightengale's confession—Magpie and Timothy—"He'll never propose"—Gustavus accuses Nightengale of deception—"I hope I may never look upon your face again."

ACT III.—Nightengale and Magpie—She decides to give Mr. Oriole a piece of her mind—Magpie and Timothy—Mrs. Bird arrives on the scene—Timothy hides under the table—As usual, Robin comes to the rescue—Magpie refuses Bluster Crow—"He insulted my Timothy"—Lucretia and Hiram Gull propose an elopement, overheard by Nightengale, who exposes Mr. Gull—Lucretia in hysterics—The arrest of Hiram Gull, or Daw, for forgery—Timothy Quail receives a fortune and Mrs. Bird welcomes him as her future son-in-law—Lawyer Eagle enlightens Gustavus Oriole regarding Nightengale—Nightengale receives Gustavus confession coldly, but relents and confesses that she loves him—Magpie and Timothy, Gustavus and Nightengale happy at last.

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