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Lexington

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CHICAGO.

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	M.	F.
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Out in the Streets, 3 acts, 1 hr.	6	4
Pet of Parson's Ranch, 5 acts, 2 h.	9	2
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FARCES, COMEDIETTAS, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min.	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.	3	2
Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party, 35 min.	11	
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19	
Bad Job, 30 min.	3	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.	2	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.	2	1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.	2	2
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

LEXINGTON

A DRAMA OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR
IN FOUR ACTS

FOUNDED ON THE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

BY
E. J. WHISLER
AUTHOR OF
"A Trick Dollar," Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

LEXINGTON

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CHARACTERS.

PAUL REVERE	<i>A Patriot</i>
JOHN LESLIE	<i>A Friend of Revere</i>
JOSIAH COTTRELL.....	<i>Proprietor of the Gray Wolf Inn</i>
EDWARD CURTIS	<i>A Blacksmith</i>
SETH SNAGGSBY	<i>The Village Toper</i>
CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY.....	<i>A British Free Lance</i>
LIEUT. FAIRFIELD.....	}
LIEUT. OGLINE.....	
REMUS.....	<i>Negro Servant at the Inn</i>
DOROTHY MADDERN.....	<i>Revere's Betrothed</i>
POLLY COTTRELL.....	<i>A Friend of Dorothy</i>
MRS. MADDERN.....	<i>Dorothy's Mother</i>
MATILDA.....	<i>Colored Servant at the Maddern's</i>

TIME—*April, 1775.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours and Fifteen Minutes.*

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I: The Gray Wolf Inn, Boston. Evening.

ACT II: The same. The next morning.

ACT III: Scene I—Across the Charles River from Boston
Midnight.

Scene II—The Maddern home at Lexington. One
hour later.

ACT IV: The Maddern home. The next day.

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the Publishers.

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SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I—Snaggsby is refused liquor at the ale house and Oghline makes an acquaintance. Dorothy learns a new song. "My soul for a glass of rum!" Snaggsby sells the secret of the powder. Paul and Dorothy quarrel. "I will spare you the pain of meeting my friends." Willoughby goes traveling. Curtis refuses to serve the British. "I'll show you whether you will shoe my horse or not!" Paul to his assistance. "If you harm one hair of her head, I'll kill you!"

ACT II—Remus samples the wine. Willoughby plans to revenge himself. Dorothy starts for home. "Polly, take care of my girl." Paul discovers Snaggsby's treachery. "I could kill you, you spawn of hell!" Paul plans to check-mate the British. "If I can prevent it you will not take that ride."

ACT III—Scene I: The ambush. "Take Revere, dead or alive." The signal. "In the king's name, surrender!" Fairfield is killed. "The war is on!" The pursuit.

ACT III—Scene II: Dorothy gives a party. A call in the night. "To arms, minute men!" Paul is pursued by the British. The knock at the door. "Let me save you." Willoughby searches for Revere. The discovery. "Oh, you have killed him!" Dorothy plans for Revere's escape. Leslie to the rescue. "I am going to finish Revere's ride and save him!"

ACT IV—The battle. Matilda hides in the closet. "I's been in de closet ever since." Curtis is wounded. News of the battle. Leslie comes for breakfast. Paul and Dorothy are reconciled. "I love you more than my own soul!" The death of Curtis. "Another martyr." Willoughby attempts Revere's life. "You are a prisoner of war."

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

REVERE—JUVENILE lead. Colonial costume: Knee breeches, soft leather boots, knee length; wig, three-cornered hat.

LESLIE—JUVENILE part, about 20 years of age. Dresses like Revere, with exception of boots, in lieu of which he wears stockings and low shoes.

COTTRELL—Character: A man of about 55, well built, but showing his years in both face and carriage. Knee breeches, stockings and slippers; short coat with apron in Acts I and II; changing to long Colonial coat in Act IV. Wig and three-cornered hat.

CURTIS—Old man, age about 60; years of hard work show in his face, but he is still strong and well able to work. Acts I and II, knee breeches, stockings and low shoes; soft shirt, no coat; blacksmith's apron, wig and three-cornered hat. Act IV, regular Colonial coat is worn and the apron left off.

SNAGGSBY—Eccentric character part. About 50 years of age; the marks of dissipation written all over him, the nervous ague stricken appearance of a habitual drinker deprived of his cup. His face should be heavily made up for lines and hollows. Regulation Colonial costume, except that same is very old, soiled and in places patched, in others torn but not patched.

WILLOUGHBY—British officer's uniform of the period.

OGLINE and FAIRFIELD—Uniform of privates in the British army of that period.

REMUS—Darky, about 40 years of age. Knee breeches, stockings and low shoes; short jacket and white apron; black negro wig.

DOROTHY—Juvenile lead, strong willed, passionate in likes and dislikes, but with loyal heart. Two costumes, one for Acts I and II and another for Acts III and IV. First costume: Tuck-up of the period, very simple, for riding; with slippers and stockings to match; powdered hair and poke bonnet. Second costume similar to the first, but much more elaborate, and made of satin, with satin slippers and silk stockings to match gown; powdered hair done court style, with no headgear.

POLLY—Juvenile, age about 18. Dresses similar to Dorothy in style, but of course different in material and color.

MRS. MADDERN—Elderly lady of about 50, very practical in manner, not easily excited. Act III, powdered hair and a long flowing chamber robe, with slippers to match. Act

V, tuck-up gown of the period, made very simply, in quiet becoming colors; powdered hair.

MATILDA—Darky, age about 40; heavy but not grossly fat (this is not a low comedy part); her work should be natural and not overdone; gray darky's wig; large heavy shoes; plain simple servant's dress, with large apron; not fancy apron, but a large serviceable, ordinary one.

NOTE.—By referring to almost any public school history of the United States, many plates will be found which will be invaluable in dressing this play.

PROPERTY LIST.

ACT I—Three tables, seven chairs, fireplace, glow, curtains for window, spinnet or piano, glasses, bottles, coins for Ogline, sword and coins for Willoughby.

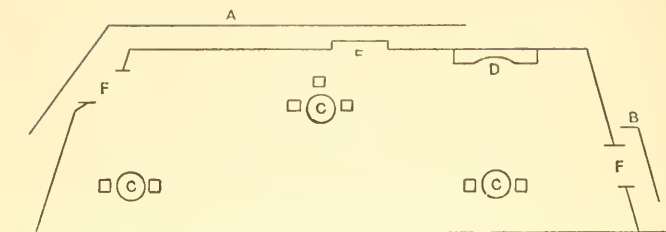
ACT II—Same props as Act I. Coin for Willoughby, packages for Dorothy, packages for Polly, packages for Leslie.

ACT III—Scene I: Sign to read, "Lexington 25 miles;" gun for Fairfield; gun and pistol for Ogline; pistol for Revere; hoofbeat effect. Bell to strike.

ACT III—Scene II: One table, three chairs, curtains for window, sword hung on wall, *R.*; glass of wine; candle for Mrs. Maddern. Hoofbeat effect. Pistol for Revere; sword and clothes for Willoughby.

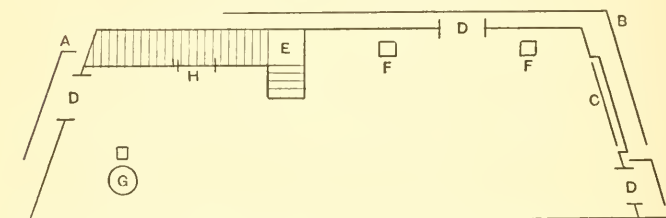
ACT IV—Same props as for Scene II, Act III. Blood stained bandage for Curtis. Pistol and sword for Willoughby. Sling for Revere.

STAGE SETTINGS. ACTS I and II.



- a Exterior backing.
- b Interior backing.
- c Tables and chairs.
- d Fireplace.
- e Windows.
- f Doors.

ACT III, SCENE II, and ACT IV.



- a Interior backing.
- b Exterior, garden, backing.
- c Large recessed window, with seat.
- d Doors.
- e Stairway, running off R.
- f Chairs.
- g Table.
- h Door under stairway, opening on a closet.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

LEXINGTON

ACT I—*Interior of the Gray Wolf Inn. Door L. 2 E. and large door R. U. E., set at an angle, running to L. Large square window in flat, with heavy curtains, which are drawn back. Large fireplace in flat L. of window, with a glow (fireplace not required in the action, but will add much to the atmosphere). Exterior street or woods backing for door R. U. E. and window in flat. Interior backing for door L. U. E. Tables with chairs around them stand down R., down L., and in front of window. Red sunset effect off stage. Stage lights half up.*

Discover COTTRELL seated L. of table down L., smoking pipe. Music, "Yankee Doodle" for curtain.

Enter CURTIS, R. U. E.

COTTRELL. Good evening, Curtis.

CURTIS. Good evening, Cottrell. Taking an evening smoke?

COTTRELL. Aye. Will you join me?

CURTIS. No. Thank ye kindly. I just came over for a glass of grog. (*Sits R. of table.*)

COTTRELL (*calls*). Remus! Remus!

REMUS (*off stage*). Comin', comin, Massa Cottrell.

COTTRELL. It's a wonderfully fine evening, isn't it?

CURTIS. Delightful. These early spring evenings are very pleasant.

Enter REMUS, L. 2 E.

REMUS. Here I is, Massa Cottrell.

COTTRELL. Fetch Mr. Curtis a glass of grog, Remus.

REMUS. Yes, sah; yes, sah. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

CURTIS. The English soldiers seem to be enjoying the weather. They are promenading up and down the streets (*bitterly*) as though they owned the place.

COTTRELL. Aye, they are manifesting more assurance than affairs would seem to warrant. But wait, Curtis, wait. We must be patient.

CURTIS. Patient! Have we not been patient? What haven't we endured through all these black years?

COTTRELL. Yes, I know; but it can't last much longer.

Enter REMUS, L. 2 E., with a glass of grog, which he places before CURTIS.

REMUS. Here's your grog, Massa Curtis. (CURTIS reaches for his pocket.)

COTTRELL. No, no, Curtis; this is my treat. You may go, Remus.

REMUS. Yes, sah. (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

COTTRELL. Hast heard any news today?

CURTIS. Nothing. The redcoats seem to be keeping quiet.

COTTRELL. They may be keeping quiet, but they had best be watched. If they're not working mischief, they're planning it, I'll warrant ye.

CURTIS. They *are* being watched.

COTTRELL. Yes? How so?

CURTIS. The young men have formed a vigilance committee and at night they patrol the streets, keeping watch. If there's any mischief brewing, we'll hear of it, ye may depend on it.

COTTRELL. 'Tis a wise move. Who instituted it?

CURTIS. Paul Revere.

COTTRELL. Ah, Curtis. There's a young man who is doing much for the cause.

CURTIS. Ye speak truly. A braver, more loyal young man to the cause it would be hard to find.

COTTRELL. Yes, and thank God there are many more who are just as earnest, just as anxious to see us freed from the yoke of oppression as—

CURTIS (*fingers to lips*). S—h!

Enter OGLINE, R. U. E., swaggering.

OGLINE. Good evening, landlord.

COTTRELL (*shortly*). Good evening.

OGLINE (*to CURTIS*). Good evening, sir.

CURTIS (*shortly*). Good evening.

OGLINE. Pleasant evening.

CURTIS (*shortly*). Very pleasant

OGLINE. They say, landlord, that your sling is the best in this part of the country and that your arrack punch is not to be equalled.

COTTRELL (*shortly*). They're very kind.

OGLINE (*sits L. of table, down R.*). Egad, I hope it's no, for not a drop of liquor fit to drink has passed my lips since I came over.

CURTIS. Then why not go back where ye came from? We can spare ye.

OGLINE. Would that going back were a matter of my own volition. Not long would I tarry here, I promise you.

COTTRELL. I take it from your remarks that ye wish to drink.

OGLINE. And right you are. The best your house affords.

COTTRELL. Remus! Remus!

Enter REMUS, L. 2 E.

REMUS. Yes sah.

COTTRELL. Attend to this gentleman's wants.

REMUS. Yes, sah. (*Crosses to OGLINE, takes his order, and during the ensuing dialogue exits, L. 2 E., reappears with liquor for OGLINE and exits, L. 2 E.*)

Enter SNAGGSBY, R. U. E.

SNAGGSBY. Good evening, Cottrell.

COTTRELL. Good evening, Seth.

SNAGGSBY. I'd like to speak to you private a minute. (*COTTRELL rises and crosses to C. SNAGGSBY whispers in his ear.*)

COTTRELL (*shaking his head*). No, Seth, I can't do it.

SNAGGSBY. For old times' sake, Cottrell.

COTTRELL. Seth, I would like to, but it is impossible.

SNAGGSBY. But just a drop—just a drop, Cottrell.

COTTRELL. No, Seth; you know what the law is.

SNAGGSBY (*desperately*). I know; I know; but, Cottrell, I'm burning up. I'm on fire! Just a drop!

COTTRELL. I know it's hard for ye, Seth, and it's hard for me to refuse ye, but the law doesn't permit me to sell to—(*stops, embarrassed*).

SNAGGSBY (*after a short pause*). To drunkards! I'm a drunkard; I know it, Cottrell; but this thirst, this awful thirst. It's maddening. Just a drop, Cottrell—

COTTRELL. No, no.

SNAGGSBY. Just a drop; for God's sake, just a drop!

COTTRELL. No, Seth, I can't—

OGLINE. Here, my good fellow, if it's rum you want—
(SNAGGSBY *rushes toward him and COTTRELL steps between them.*)

COTTRELL. Stop! Your offer, sir, is no doubt kindly meant, but under our laws drunkards are not permitted to be given drink.

OGLINE (*sneering*). Your laws! What laws have you?
(SNAGGSBY *withdraws and sits at table up stage.*)

COTTRELL. We have enough laws, sir, and men enough behind them to show King George that we are not to be governed by his soldiers.

OGLINE (*rising*). There, there, landlord, there is no use in flaming up so. 'Twas only an idle jest on my part. Your liquor justifies all that has been said of it. Here's payment. (*Hands COTTRELL coin and exits, R. U. E.*)

CURTIS. I like not the idea of accommodating these soldiers.

COTTRELL. No more do I.

CURTIS. Then why do ye do it? They're foes of ours, Cottrell.

COTTRELL. I know, Curtis; but this is a public inn and I must treat friend and foe alike.

CURTIS. Public inn or no public inn, I would refuse them. I am a blacksmith, Cottrell, and if a redcoat should ask me tonight to shoe his horse I would refuse him.

COTTRELL. But you must not forget that our positions are somewhat different.

CURTIS. How so? Are we not both opposed to a common enemy?

COTTRELL. True. But you are a single man, whilst I have a wife and daughter to support and consider.

CURTIS. Ah, yes, I hadn't thought of that.

COTTRELL (*crosses and sits L. of table down L.*). Did ye note how the redcoat backed down?

CURTIS. Aye. They're all arrant cowards.

COTTRELL. But we'll have to prove it to them before they'll believe it.

CURTIS. We'll prove it to them, Cottrell. Mark my words. We are even now preparing to prove it.

COTTRELL. So I understand. What progress is being made?

CURTIS. Excellent. Companies of minute men have been organized, they have been drilling in secret, and they are now ready to rise and fight at a moment's notice.

COTTRELL. But what about supplies?

CURTIS. A large quantity of ammunition, sufficient for almost any emergency, has been accumulated, and the entire supply is now stored at Concord. (*DOROTHY begins to play an old spinnet off stage, L. If a spinnet cannot be obtained, a piano should be used. After the playing has ceased.*) Your daughter plays the spinnet with rare skill.

COTTRELL. 'Twas not my daughter playing.

CURTIS. No?

COTTRELL. 'Twas Mistress Dorothy Maddern of Lexington.

CURTIS. Dorothy Maddern, young Revere's betrothed?

COTTRELL. The same. She has been visiting at Plymouth, and on her way home stopped to spend tonight with my Polly.

CURTIS. I have never seen her, but I hear she is a charming girl.

COTTRELL. She is fascinating, Curtis; fascinating as sin.

But she's wilful, wilful, and it may get her into trouble. I hope not.

CURTIS (*rising*). Well, I must be getting home. I have already tarried too long.

COTTRELL (*rising*). Why this haste?

CURTIS. Old age, Cottrell; old age; that's it. The older I grow, the better I like my bed.

COTTRELL. Don't rush off so. It's early. Come with me to the cellar and I'll introduce you to a vintage I do not set before the general public.

CURTIS. Ah, well. You know I cannot decline such an invitation. (*They exit, L. 2 E. After a moment SNAGGSBY, who has been sitting with his head laid on his arms, looks up.*)

SNAGGSBY (*hoarsely*). Rum! Rum! My soul for a glass of rum! (*His head drops again on his arms.*)

Enter OGLINE and FAIRFIELD, R. U. E. They stop and stand, FAIRFIELD L. C., OGLINE C.

OGLINE. Well, landlord, I have brought a friend to sample your—ah, the landlord doesn't seem to be present. (*Discovers SNAGGSBY.*) Perhaps this gentleman—I say, you!

SNAGGSBY* (*looking up*). Well?

OGLINE. Can you enlighten us as to the landlord's whereabouts?

SNAGGSBY. Yes, I can enlighten you as to the landlord's whereabouts, and I can enlighten you upon other matters.

OGLINE. I have no doubt of that. Where is the landlord?

SNAGGSBY. I can tell you something that your commander-in-chief would give his head to know.

OGLINE. It must be something very interesting, for I assure you our commander-in-chief places a most extraordinary value upon his head.

SNAGGSBY. No doubt he does. But at the same time it's something—

OGLINE. Enough of that. Where is the landlord?

FAIRFIELD. Who is this fellow?

OGLINE. Quite a character about here. The village toper.

FAIRFIELD. Drunk, I suppose.

OGLINE. I dare say.

SNAGGSBY. I can tell you where the entire ammunition of the continental soldiers is stored.

OGLINE. Come, come, my good fellow. Cease your drunken babbling and tell us where to find the landlord.

SNAGGSBY (*rising*). I am not drunk, and I am not babbling, and I know where the ammunition is stored.

FAIRFIELD (*excitedly*). Look, Oglie. The fellow speaks the truth. He is as sober as you or I!

OGLINE. Why are you so anxious to dispose of this secret?

SNAGGSBY. Because I must have rum, and rum I *will* have!

FAIRFIELD. Then why not buy it?

SNAGGSBY. Because they will not sell it to a drunkard.

OGLINE (*excitedly*). It's the truth, Fairfield! He was refused it in this room not fifteen minutes past. (*To SNAGGSBY.*) You are positive you know where this ammunition is stored?

SNAGGSBY. I swear I do!

FAIRFIELD. This is not a trick of the damned rebels—

SNAGGSBY. No, no!

FAIRFIELD. For if it is, you will suffer with us. I'll see to that.

SNAGGSBY. It's no trick; it's no trick. I hate them. What have they done for me? They won't even give me a drink when my soul's on fire with thirst!

OGLINE. What is this information worth?

SNAGGSBY. What will you give?

OGLINE. An hundred pounds.

SNAGGSBY. Not enough.

FAIRFIELD. Two hundred pounds!

SNAGGSBY. No.

OGLINE. A thousand pounds!

SNAGGSBY. Money will not buy it. All the wealth of England would not tempt me! What is money to me but a mockery, when it will not buy me what my soul craves? Money? Bah! No, you must pay me in rum, I tell you—rum! (He staggers forward, clutches at his head and heart and then falls back into OGLINE'S arms, who helps him to a chair L. of table up C.)

OGLINE. Quick! Bring me liquor. 'Tis what he needs. (FAIRFIELD fills a glass from bottle on table down L. and hands it to OGLINE, who gives it to SNAGGSBY.)

SNAGGSBY. There; that's better. Just one more drink.

FAIRFIELD. Not until you tell us where the ammunition is. Then you shall have your fill, and more.

SNAGGSBY. Then I'll tell you. It is at Concord! Now, give me drink; give me drink!

OGLINE. Not so fast, my friend. We will have a little conference with our commander first. Come. (FAIRFIELD and OGLINE assist SNAGGSBY to his feet and lead him off stage, R. U. E.)

DOROTHY (at the spinnet, sings the following jingle off stage, L.)



There once was a jol-ly old salt who lived on the



broad and bounding sea, sir; His gait was rock-ing and his



voice was 'gruff as a - ny voice could be, sir, But



he had a ver - y mer - ry way with him, and a



heart that was light and free, sir, And he said "Of all the



lives there be a tars is the life for me sir."

Enter DOROTHY and POLLY, L. 2 E.

POLLY (*sits L. table down L.*). Where did you learn that song, Dorothy? I never heard you sing it before?

DOROTHY. It is a new song that is getting about. I heard a soldier sing it down at Plymouth. A captain, he was. (*Sits R. of table.*)

POLLY (*teasing*). You only heard him sing it, and yet you remember the words. (*Shakes her finger.*) Fie, fie, Dorothy.

DOROTHY. Well, then, he taught it to me, Polly, if you must know.

POLLY. I didn't think our captains had any time to be learning and teaching songs.

DOROTHY (*tossing her head*). Our captains! Indeed! This was a British officer.

POLLY. Why, Dorothy! What would Paul say if he knew you had been receiving attentions from a British officer?

DOROTHY. I don't care what Paul would say!

POLLY (*aghast*). Dorothy!

DOROTHY. I mean it. Paul is becoming too dictatorial. One would imagine we were already married, the way he orders me about. It is always, "You must not speak to so and so," or "Dorothy, I would rather you would not have anything to do with so and so."

POLLY. Why, Dorothy, I don't think Paul orders you about. No one could ever love you more tenderly than he does.

DOROTHY. Then why does he refuse to allow me to have anything to do with the British soldiers?

POLLY. You know very well why, Dorothy. Paul is so loyal a patriot that it pains him to think you would receive the attentions of those who are fighting him and his cause.

DOROTHY. Life at Lexington is so dull it would be unbearable were it not for the soldiers, and yet Paul doesn't want me to have anything to do with them.

POLLY. Dorothy, what makes you so dissatisfied? You used to be perfectly content and absolutely satisfied with Paul.

DOROTHY. Polly, wouldn't you like to see England? It must be delightful. And London—think of London, with its shops, its crowded streets, and the fashionable people; the bustle and excitement. Captain Willoughby says there is no place in the world like London.

POLLY. Is Captain Willoughby the man who taught you the song?

DOROTHY. Yes. He says I ought to go to London, and not bury myself in this dull life here.

POLLY. You seem to be quite attracted by Captain Willoughby.

DOROTHY. Not attracted, Polly; just interested. Oh, Polly, I wish you could meet him. You'd like him, I'm sure. He's such a perfect gentleman; so chivalrous and debonair. (*Plaintively.*) I wish Paul were more like him.

PAUL (*off stage, R.*). I haven't heard it all, Leslie, but it goes something like this:

“There was once a jolly old salt, who lived

On the broad and bounding sea, sir.”

Now, where in the world would a sailor live, *but on the sea?* Oh, it's a great song!

POLLY. There's Paul now! (*Girls rise.*)

Enter PAUL REVERE, *followed by* LESLIE, *R. U. E.*

PAUL. Dorothy! (*Comes down stage and takes her hands.*) Dorothy, when did you arrive? I have been watching for you all day.

DOROTHY. Just a little while ago.

PAUL. Oh, I've been so lonely since you've been gone! So lonely!

POLLY (*L. of DOROTHY, in a meek little voice*). I'm here, too.

PAUL. Ah, Polly, you must overlook my slight. You know I haven't seen Dorothy for nearly a month.

LESLIE. And while you're begging pardons, *I'm* here.

DOROTHY. Ah, how do you do, Mr. Leslie?

LESLIE. Enjoying the best of health, Miss Maddern, and feeling in the best of spirits to find myself in such delightful company.

DOROTHY. Such blarney.

PAUL. Did you have a pleasant visit at Plymouth?

DOROTHY. Very. I met some delightful people.

LESLIE. Miss Maddern, believe me, to bask in the sunshine of your presence would make a dyspeptic delightful.

POLLY. There's flattery for you. Dorothy, I don't believe any of the delightful people you met could have said anything nicer than that.

DOROTHY. All my friends seemed to exert themselves to make my visit a pleasant one.

LESLIE. 'T were not an exertion to please you, Miss Maddern; 't were a privilege.

PAUL. Leslie, what's got into you?

LESLIE. I can't help it, Paul, with such an inspiration.

DOROTHY. Mary Norris gave a party for me. And O, *I'm* going to have a party tomorrow night, and you are all to come.

PAUL. Here or at Lexington?

DOROTHY. Oh, at home, of course. You will come, Mr. Leslie, won't you?

LESLIE. Wild horses couldn't keep me away.

DOROTHY. But you musn't count on the pleasure of riding over with Polly, for she's going with me in the morning. And you, Paul?

PAUL. At Lexington tomorrow night? I very much fear, Dorothy—

THE OTHERS. Now don't say you can't come.

PAUL. I want to go; oh, I want to go; but I ride cross

country tomorrow with messages for General Ward and cannot possibly get back before evening.

DOROTHY. Cannot you defer your trip?

PAUL. I'm afraid not, Dorothy. The messages are very important, and duty—

DOROTHY. Duty! Don't talk to me of duty! I don't believe you want to come.

POLLY (*reproachfully*). Dorothy!

DOROTHY. Lately, every time I ask you to do anything for me, you always have some excuse. Your actions certainly don't substantiate your fervent protestations.

PAUL. Dorothy, I would rather go to your party tomorrow night than any other place in the world. But the messages must be delivered—

DOROTHY. Then deliver them by all means. Carry your old messages, if you want to. I can find some one who will be glad—and willing—to take your place.

PAUL (*jealous*). Among your soldier friends, I suppose?

DOROTHY. Yes, among my soldier friends. Though you do call them our enemies, they are more gallant than some of my friends. They at least *try* to please me. Captain Willoughby would try to come, if I asked him.

PAUL AND LESLIE (*together—aghast*). Captain Willoughby! (*The two men look at each other for a moment or two, significantly.*)

PAUL. Do you know Captain Willoughby?

DOROTHY. I do.

PAUL. Where did you meet him?

DOROTHY. At Plymouth.

PAUL. And he dared to speak to you—look at you!

DOROTHY. Certainly. He was introduced to me.

PAUL. And you entertained Captain Willoughby! Oh, Dorothy!

DOROTHY. Why not?

PAUL. Captain Willoughby is no fit person for you or any other girl to know.

DOROTHY. Captain Willoughby is a gentleman.

PAUL. Captain Willoughby is not a gentleman.

DOROTHY. Now you're jealous.

PAUL (*quietly and gravely*). No, Dorothy, I am not jealous; but I chance to know Captain Willoughby, and of his life, and I beg that you have nothing more to do with him.

DOROTHY. Oh, it's all very well for you to make idle implications. Your jealousy has led you to say things you might have difficulty in proving. If there is any reason why Captain Willoughby is not a desirable acquaintance for me, you should tell me.

PAUL. No, Dorothy. Spare me.

DOROTHY. I demand to know.

POLLY. Dorothy, dear.

PAUL. Ever since we were children together, Dorothy, I have loved you. My life's desire has been to make you happy, and if Captain Willoughby were a fit man for you to know, I would not say a word. You say that I am jealous. I am. Jealous for your pure heart; jealous for your sweet and innocent nature; jealous for your fair name. And that is why I ask what I ask.

DOROTHY. And my answer?

PAUL. There is no answer.

DOROTHY. There is no answer! Then your request is not a request, but a command! This, then, is the tender love you vaunt! A love that prompts you to nourish your jealous passion until you *command* me, as though I were a spoiled child, or a cur at your feet. Am I not, then, permitted to recognize anyone save those of whom your superior judgment approves?

PAUL. Dorothy, don't!

DOROTHY. I suppose you are sorry now; but you have gone too far this time, Mr. Revere. Here (*taking ring from her finger and handing it to him*). Since my choice of friends doesn't seem to please you, I will spare you the pain of being obliged to meet them. (*Erit, L. 2, followed by POLLY.*)

LESLIE (*approaching PAUL*). I'm sorry, old fellow—

PAUL. It's all right, Leslie; it's all right.

LESLIE. She didn't mean what she said. She was angry—beside herself—

PAUL. I am not so sure.

LESLIE. And when her anger has gone down she will be ashamed—and sorry. You know how wilful she is, Paul. You must make allowances.

PAUL. Leslie, all my life I have watched over her and safeguarded her. Ever since her father died, when we were little children. And this—no, no; it wasn't anger, Leslie; it was something else.

LESLIE. Something else?

PAUL. Yes. Willoughby! She's under the spell of his damned fascinations, for he *is* fascinating to the woman; that's why he is what he is.

LESLIE. But it is only a fascination, Revere. It will all come out right. Don't worry.

PAUL. Worry? Why should I worry? There's nothing to worry about. (*With a hard, cold laugh.*) See, I'm as care free as you are. (*Picks up glass from table.*) Listen! I'll give you a toast—to woman. Here's to woman, the descendant of Eve; woman, the vampire, who lures us to her with a siren's song, ensnares us in the meshes of her wiles and fascinations until our very heart's blood is poured out upon the altar of her vanity; then leaves us, naked, bruised and dying upon the sands of our wasted affections. Here's to woman, who wrecks our happiness, ruins our hopes, destroys our ambitions, damns our souls! Here's to woman—(*drops glass, which falls to the floor and breaks. He sinks into a chair and buries his head in his arms on the table.*) Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy, how could you?

LESLIE. There, there, Paul. Come with me out into the open (*helps PAUL to his feet*) and walk for a while in the air. It will all come out right; I know it will. Come, and we'll talk things over. That's a good fellow. Come with me. (*They exit, R. U. E.*)

Enter REMUS, L. 2 E.

REMUS. I—I—I—'clar to goodness, I disremembers exactly what Massa Cottrell done sent me fo'. Howsom-ebber, I 'specs it's wine. Mostly when I forgits what Massa Cottrell wants, ef I takes him wine, I gen'ly hits it.

Enter FAIRFIELD, OGLINE and WILLOUGHBY, R. U. E. WILLOUGHBY is slightly intoxicated; not staggering, but a little boisterous.

WILLOUGHBY. Come, boys, let's make merry with riotous mirth the evening hours, and drive dull care away beneath the mellowing influence of the flowing bowl. (*They sit at table down R.*) Wine, my dusky menial; wine for three.

REMUS. Yes, sah. (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

OGLINE. Well, Willoughby, of all the men beneath the stars, you are the last one we expected to see tonight.

WILLOUGHBY. The workings of fate are strange and hard to understand, my friend. Yesterday I myself did not expect that tonight I would have the pleasure of your jovial society.

FAIRFIELD. But tell us, what brings you here, the dullest of all places in these dreary colonies? There's a woman in it, I'll be bound.

REMUS *enters, L. 2 E., with wine, places on the table before the men and exits, L. 2 E.*

WILLOUGHBY. You are clever, Fairfield. Far too clever to waste your talents in the army.

OGLINE (*sneeringly*). There usually is a woman in the case when you go "traveling," Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY (*rising and drawing his sword*). Sirrah!

OGLINE. Peace, Captain; 't was but a jest.

WILLOUGHBY. Well, let it pass at that. (*Sits again.*)

FAIRFIELD. But you have not yet told us your mission.

WILLOUGHBY. Ah, you sly dogs; bound to ferret out my secret. Well, then, I will tell you. It is a woman.

OGLINE. I thought so.

FAIRFIELD. Where is she from?

WILLOUGHBY. Lexington. I met her at Plymouth, where she was visiting. She returned home today. (*Drinks.*)

FAIRFIELD. And you are following her.

WILLOUGHBY. My most astute friend, you are correct. Ah, gentleman, of all the mocking glances that e'er fell

from human eyes, her's are the most bewitching; of all the feminine charms that I have ever seen, her's the most to be desired.

FAIRFIELD. But are they to be realized?

WILLOUGHBY. I have not failed before, and though my new-made friend an angel much resembles, withal, she is but human.

FAIRFIELD. Some are said to *be* angels.

WILLOUGHBY. Be it so. Angels have been known to fall. Come, drink with me. (*They all rise.*) To Mistress Dorothy Maddern—

FAIRFIELD AND OGLINE. To Mistress Dorothy Maddern.

WILLOUGHBY. And to my success.

FAIRFIELD (*setting down his glass*). No, Willoughby, I cannot drink to your "success," for I know what you mean by that.

WILLOUGHBY. Then I will drink alone. Here's to Mistress Dorothy Maddern and to my success. (*Drinks.*)

Enter REMUS, *L. 2 E.*

WILLOUGHBY. Well, gentlemen, I must be off.

OGLINE. What! Tonight?

WILLOUGHBY. To be sure. Why should I remain here when the object of my fascination is but twenty miles or so away? The early bird, you know. (*To* REMUS.) Here, my dusky friend, is payment for your hospitality, and an extra shilling added for the pleasure your handsome countenance affords.

REMUS. Thank you, sah. I—I—I jes' come in to tell you, sah, dat yo' horse has done cas' a shoe, sah.

WILLOUGHBY. My horse has cast a shoe, has he? Is there a blacksmith in this cursed place?

Enter COTTRELL and CURTIS, *L. 2 E.*

COTTRELL. Remus, you black rascal, where is the wine I sent you for? Ah, gentlemen, good evening.

WILLOUGHBY. Good evening, sir. Your servant has just informed me that my horse has cast a shoe. Is there a blacksmith hereabouts?

COTTRELL (*indicating* CURTIS). This gentleman is a blacksmith.

WILLOUGHBY. I am delighted to know you, sir. I honor the man who toils, the honest laborer who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. I, too, am a worker, though in a different field. Will you attend to my horse?

CURTIS (*stands C.*). I will not.

WILLOUGHBY. You do not seem to understand me. I say, will you shoe my horse?

CURTIS. I understand you, and answer that I will not.

WILLOUGHBY. You will not!

CURTIS. I will shoe a horse for no enemy of my country.

Enter PAUL and LESLIE, R. U. E.

PAUL (*discovers* WILLOUGHBY *and starts forward*). Willoughby!

LESLIE (*restraining him*). Steady, Paul. Steady.

WILLOUGHBY. You defy *me*, the King's representative. I will show you whether you will shoe my horse or not! (*Starts toward* CURTIS, *drawing his sword*. PAUL *comes down to C., strikes* WILLOUGHBY, *who falls to the floor.*)

PAUL. Permit me, sir, to inform you that in these colonies every man is a free man, and obeys the dictates of no tyrannical ruler nor of his representative.

WILLOUGHBY (*rising*). I know you, Paul Revere, I know you! I'm not too drunk to know what I'm saying, nor to remember it, and I tell you that for that blow I'll pay you back a thousand fold, damn you!

PAUL. And I have heard of you, Captain Willoughby, and of your many amorous escapades. I have also learned of the attentions you have been paying a certain young lady in this vicinity, and I warn you that should one hair of her head come to harm through you, by heaven, I'll kill you!

PICTURE.

OGLINE *and* FAIRFIELD, R. C. WILLOUGHBY *and* PAUL, C. CURTIS, L. C. COTTRELL *and* REMUS, L. LESLIE *up stage, C.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Same as Act I. The next morning. Lights full up.* REMUS *on at rise.*

Enter FAIRFIELD, R. U. E. He sits at table up C.

REMUS. Good mawnin', sah.

FAIRFIELD. Good morning; ah, what is your name?

REMUS. Remus, sah.

FAIRFIELD. Ah, Remus. 'Tis well that I should know your name, for I shall be a frequent visitor here.

REMUS. You likes de place, sah?

FAIRFIELD. Not the place, particularly; but your master's vintages please me wondrous well. What have you this morning that you can recommend?

REMUS. We has some home brew, sah, dat's mighty fine.

FAIRFIELD. How do you know?

REMUS. Well, sah, I—I—I—

FAIRFIELD. Ah, you rascal, you've been sampling it, I'll warrant. Well, fetch me a bumper and I'll see if your judgment is good.

REMUS. Yes, sah. (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

Enter WILLOUGHBY, R. U. E.

WILLOUGHBY (*sitting at table with FAIRFIELD*). Good morrow, Fairfield.

FAIRFIELD. Why, Willoughby, where did you come from?

WILLOUGHBY. From breakfast.

FAIRFIELD. Where did you go last night?

WILLOUGHBY. To bed. Did you think I was gaming with the sons of Boston's aristocracy, or gazing at the stars in the company of its daughters? (*Laughs.*)

FAIRFIELD. But I thought—

WILLOUGHBY. My friend, thinking has caused the downfall of more bright people than any one other cause.

FAIRFIELD. I thought you were going to Lexington last night.

WILLOUGHBY. Such was my intention, but to ride from

here to Lexington with an unshod horse, over the rough roads that prevail, would lame him, and I was obliged to wait until this morning. Ah, well, delays and obstacles but add a zest to the game.

FAIRFIELD. It is a dangerous game you play, Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY. How so?

FAIRFIELD. Do you remember the threat Revere made last night?

WILLOUGHBY (*laughs*). Bombast, my dear friend; bombast.

FAIRFIELD. I am not so sure of that. Revere is a man of his word, as I have cause to know, and, since he has spoken, were he to find you making overtures to Miss Maddern, I would not answer for the consequences.

WILLOUGHBY. I will take chances. Do you know why he was so valiant in her behalf? He wants her himself. That much I saw last night.

FAIRFIELD. You would best let her alone, Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY. Do not attempt to dissuade me, Fairfield, for it would be useless. Revere struck me last night, a thing no man has dared to do before, and, as I warned him, I shall pay him back. He loves Miss Maddern. So do I—in my own way. When I left Plymouth I was determined to possess her, for she pleased me. Now she is doubly to be desired, for when she is mine I shall flaunt her in his face, and that shall be my revenge.

FAIRFIELD. Are you sure you will possess her?

WILLOUGHBY. Every woman has her price, and this girl, her pretty head turned with my fairy tales of London, wants to see it. (*Laughs*.) What could be easier?

Enter REMUS, L. 2 E., with drink for FAIRFIELD.

REMUS (*at L.*). I—I—I—'clar to goodness, dars de gen'l'man what done give me de shilling last night. (*Crosses to the men.*) Here's yo' home brew, sah. (*To WILLOUGHBY.*) Good mawnin', sah.

WILLOUGHBY. Why, good morning, twilight. I trust you are not feeling as black as you look this morning.

REMUS. No, sah. I—I—I's feelin' mighty fine dis mawnin', sah.

WILLOUGHBY. I am glad to hear it. Suppose you feel among your master's bottles and see if you can find something for me to drink.

REMUS. Yes, sah. (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

FAIRFIELD. I suppose you have heard the news?

WILLOUGHBY. News? What news?

FAIRFIELD. Is it possible you have not heard? About the rebels' powder.

WILLOUGHBY. I have heard nothing. Have you succeeded in learning anything regarding its whereabouts?

FAIRFIELD. We have learned everything. Our army moves tonight to destroy it.

WILLOUGHBY. Good! Where is the powder stored?

FAIRFIELD. At Concord.

WILLOUGHBY. And you move tonight? Then I must again postpone my visit to Miss Maddern, for I cannot afford to miss this. How will the army move?

FAIRFIELD. By water.

Enter REMUS, L. 2 E.

WILLOUGHBY. And where do—

FAIRFIELD (*fingers on lips*). S—h!

REMUS (*crosses to the men*). Here yo' is, sah.

WILLOUGHBY. You are very prompt this morning, Pompey.

REMUS. I—I—I—begs yo, pahdon, sah. My name am Remus.

WILLOUGHBY (*affecting surprise*). Is it possible? I thought all male darkys were called Pompey.

REMUS (*indignant*). Pompey! De idea!

WILLOUGHBY. Well, Pompey—I mean, Remus—I beg your pardon. Here's payment for the liquor and a little heartsease added to soothe your wounded feelings. (*Hands him coin.*)

REMUS. Thank yo', sah; thank yo'.

WILLOUGHBY (*rising*). Well, Fairfield, if you have finished, let us be off. I want you to acquaint me more fully

with this matter. (*Exit WILLOUGHBY and FAIRFIELD, R. U. E.*)

REMUS (*looking at coin*). Another shilling! If de gen'leman done give me a shilling ebery time he done it, I—I—I—wouldn't objec' if he done called me de debbil hisself.

Enter POLLY, L. 2 E.

POLLY (*at door*). Remus.

REMUS. Yes'um.

POLLY. Did father say anything to you about saddling the horses?

REMUS. Saddling horses? No, Miss Polly; he didn't say nuthin' about no ho'ses.

POLLY. Well, have Miss Maddern's and my horses saddled at once.

REMUS. Yes'um. (*Exit, R. U. E.*)

Enter COTTRELL, R. U E.

COTTRELL. Well, Polly, are ye all ready to start?

POLLY. Yes, sir. I just sent Remus to saddle the horses.

Enter DOROTHY, L. 2 E.

DOROTHY. Good morning, Mr. Cottrell.

COTTRELL. Good morning, Dorothy. Polly tells me that you are about ready to start.

DOROTHY. Yes, sir.

COTTRELL. I don't like the idea of allowing you girls to ride over to Lexington alone.

POLLY. Now, father—

DOROTHY. We are not afraid, Mr. Cottrell. It is only thirty miles and we will be there in a few hours.

COTTRELL. You may think there is no danger, but you can't tell whom you may meet. The roads are full of British soldiers, and I don't trust them.

DOROTHY. They have never molested me yet, sir.

COTTRELL. That doesn't prove that they won't. No, I can't have you ride over unaccompanied.

Enter REMUS, R. U. E.

COTTRELL. Ah, the very thing! Remus, can you ride horseback?

REMUS. Me? Dat depends on de ho'se, sah.

POLLY. Father, you know you can't spare Remus. You need him here.

COTTRELL. I don't need him as much as you do. I can get along without him for one day. Can you ride, Remus?

REMUS. Well, sah, mos'ly when I rides ho'seback I goes in a kerridge. But I'se willing to try, sah.

COTTRELL. Very well. Saddle Blackheart.

REMUS. Blackheart! O Lordy, I'se powerful scared ob dat ho'se, sah.

COTTRELL. Then we shall have to get a coach somewhere. You girls must not go alone.

Enter LESLIE, R. U. E.

LESLIE. Good morning, everybody. I see you girls have not yet started to Lexington. This is indeed good fortune for me. I was just about to leave.

COTTRELL. Are ye going over to Lexington, Leslie?

LESLIE. Yes, sir. I am riding over to attend Miss Mad-dern't party tonight.

COTTRELL. Good! Would you mind accompanying my girls?

LESLIE. Well, sir, I am free to admit that I came here early this morning in the hope that they would allow me that privilege.

COTTRELL. That's fine! I was just worrying about an escort for them.

LESLIE. And I am at the ladies' command, if they will allow me.

POLLY. Oh, that will be lovely!

DOROTHY. We shall be delighted.

REMUS (*to LESLIE*). Is yo' goin' to ride wid de ladies, sah?

LESLIE. That is to be my privilege, Remus.

REMUS. Bress de Lawd! (*Exit, R. U. E.*)

POLLY. Now, Mr. Leslie, if you are going to ride over with us, will you come and help us with our packages?

LESLIE With the greatest pleasure. (DOROTHY, POLLY and LESLIE *exit*, L. 2 E.)

Enter CURTIS, R. U. E.

COTTRELL. Good morning, Curtis.

CURTIS. Good morning, Cottrell.

COTTRELL. What makes ye look so serious this morning? Ye look as gloomy as though ye had sat down to make your will and then discovered that ye had no possessions to bequeath. There have been no more redcoats attempting to horsewhip ye, have there?

CURTIS. No, but they are attempting something else.

COTTRELL. They are? What is it?

CURTIS. I don't know, but I'll swear they're up to some mischief.

COTTRELL. What leads ye to think so?

CURTIS. Their camp, this morning is a scene of bustle and confusion. Preparations of some sort are being made, for what I cannot discover.

COTTRELL. You may exaggerate. Perhaps they are only preparing for inspection.

CURTIS. No, they are dismantling their camp.

COTTRELL. Are they preparing to move?

CURTIS. They seem to be.

COTTRELL. Perhaps they have been recalled to England.

CURTIS. I think not. It is more likely they have received orders to proceed elsewhere on their errand of compelling us to bow to the will of a despicable tyrant.

Enter DOROTHY, L. 2 E., with several parcels.

DOROTHY. Good morning, Mr. Curtis.

CURTIS. Good morning, Miss Dorothy. So ye are going to leave us?

DOROTHY. Yes, sir.

CURTIS. Your visit hasn't been very lengthy.

DOROTHY. No; I must hurry home to make preparations for my party tonight. Wouldn't you like to come? I'd love to have you.

CURTIS. No, Miss Dorothy. Much obliged; but a thirty-mile ride is too much for my old bones.

DOROTHY. Mr. Cottrell, can't I persuade you to come?

COTTRELL. Dorothy, if I rode thirty miles today I'd have to go to bed, and I would miss the party anyhow. I'm just as much obliged, but I guess I'll stay here and smoke my pipe with Curtis.

Enter POLLY, L. 2 E., her arms filled with packages.

POLLY. Good morning, Mr. Curtis.

CURTIS. Good morning, Miss Polly. So you are going to leave us.

POLLY. Just for a day or two.

COTTRELL. That's right, Polly. Don't stay long. It will be lonely here without you.

POLLY (*calls off to L.*). John! John!

LESLIE (*off L.*). Coming.

POLLY. We are all ready.

Enter LESLIE, L. 2 E., with an immense number of parcels of all sorts. He is almost covered with them.

LESLIE. Here I am.

COTTRELL. Is that Leslie, or a provision wagon? Polly, you told me you were only going to stay two days.

POLLY. So I am.

COTTRELL. What in the world are ye doing with all those packages?

POLLY. Clothes.

COTTRELL. Clothes! You have enough there to dress the whole Continental army.

POLLY. Oh, father, you don't understand.

COTTRELL. I certainly don't. But if you want them and can find room on the horses for them, take them. Kiss me.

POLLY (*kisses him*). Good-by, father.

COTTRELL. Good by, Polly. Dorothy, take good care of my girl.

DOROTHY. I will do my best, sir. Good by.

COTTRELL. Good by. I'm sorry you can't stay longer.

DOROTHY. So am I. But parties—

COTTRELL. Are parties, and not to be overlooked.

DOROTHY. Good by, Mr. Curtis.

CURTIS. Good by. Good by, Polly.

POLLY. Good by, Mr. Curtis.

Enter REMUS, R. U. E.

REMUS. De ho'ses am ready.

POLLY. Come on, John.

POLLY, DOROTHY and LESLIE *start to cross to R. U. E.*
When they are R. C., enter PAUL, R. U. E.

PAUL. Good morning, everybody. (*Discovers DOROTHY.*) Dorothy!

DOROTHY (*after a pause—coldly*). Good morning, Mr. Revere. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

POLLY. Good by, Paul. (*Exit, R. U. E.*)

LESLIE. Brace up, Paul. Everything will come out all right. Come over tonight if you can. (*Takes PAUL'S hand.*) Good by.

PAUL. Good by. (*Exit, LESLIE, R. U. E.*)

COTTRELL. What's wrong between Dorothy and you, Paul?

PAUL. Nothing, sir. Just a little misunderstanding. I—I—have you observed the unwonted activity among the redcoats this morning?

COTTRELL. Curtis was just speaking of it.

PAUL. For months they have lain here in idleness, the soldiers gaming, drinking and walking the streets, the officers ogling your daughters and making pretty speeches to them. Today all is changed. Their camp is a scene of sudden and unusual bustle and confusion, the officers excitedly giving orders, the men rushing to and fro, obeying them, evidently making preparations to depart.

CURTIS. Why should they be leaving here?

PAUL. Why, indeed? We "rebels," as they call us, have been very docile of late and nothing has occurred to stir them up, and they are too indolent and fond of idleness to move for nothing. Some devilry is afoot.

COTTRELL. What do you suppose it is?

PAUL. Captain Willoughby arrived here from Plymouth last night. I thought at first he was only in pursuit of his favorite sport, lady killing, but it may be that his arrival has a double significance.

Enter SNAGGSBY, R. U. E., badly intoxicated.

SNAGGSBY. Good morning, gentlemen. Good morning, Revere.

PAUL. Good morning.

COTTRELL. Now, Seth, how many times have I told you that it is useless for you to come here?

SNAGGSBY. Not so fast, Cottrell; not so fast. I don't want your liquor. I have liquor of my own.

PAUL. Where did you get it?

SNAGGSBY. You would like to know, wouldn't you? Well, that's my business.

PAUL. Where did you get it?

SNAGGSBY. My how curious you are. Well, I'll answer you. It's none of your business.

PAUL. Then I will be obliged to make it my business. You know, Snaggsby, that under our laws no one is permitted to sell liquor to a drunkard.

SNAGGSBY. Well, I didn't buy this. It was given to me.

PAUL. By whom?

SNAGGSBY. By a frien'.

PAUL. Well, your friend is in danger of imprisonment.

SNAGGSBY (*laughs derisively*). Is he? I would like to see you imprison a Brit-Brit-British offisher. A pretty mess you would get into.

PAUL. So it was a British officer, was it?

SNAGGSBY (*terrified*). No, no, no; before God, no! That was only a jest, Revere—you believe me, don't you—it was only a jest. I—I—I—hate the British. You believe me, don't you?

PAUL. Why, of course I believe you, Seth. It was only a jest. The idea of a British officer drinking with a *rebel*. A capital jest. (*Laughs. To COTTRELL.*) Come, sir, give

us drink and leave us alone. Snaggsby has developed into quite a wit. I would have more of him. (*Aside, to COTTRELL.*) Wait in the next room. I am convinced he knows something. (*Exit, CURTIS and COTTRELL, L. 2 E.*)

SNAGGSBY. What! Am I allowed to drink here?

PAUL. Of course. Persons as witty as you are to be cultivated.

SNAGGSBY. They never would give it to me before.

PAUL. That was because they didn't appreciate you. It takes a man like me to see your real worth, Snaggsby. (*SNAGGSBY and PAUL sit at table down R. Enter, L. 2 E., COTTRELL, with bottle and glasses, which he places before them and exits, L. 2 E. PAUL pours a glass for SNAGGSBY but none for himself.*)

SNAGGSBY. Won't you drink?

PAUL. No; I have a long ride ahead of me today and must abstain. Seth, have you noticed the activity in the British camp this morning?

SNAGGSBY. Yes—no, no!

PAUL. Haven't you? Why, every one around here is commenting on it. I wonder if they are going to leave here.

SNAGGSBY. Now, Revere, I'm drunk, I know; but you don't need to think you can get anything out of me.

PAUL. Do you know anything?

SNAGGSBY (*startled*). No, no, no—I mean—I mean—

PAUL. You mean that we know as much as you do. Is that it?

SNAGGSBY. Yes, that's it?

PAUL. I would dislike to see them leave. They are nice fellows, those British soldiers.

SNAGGSBY. They're fine fellows!

PAUL. So generous!

SNAGGSBY. You're right! Why, sir, one of 'em gave me (hic) one of 'em (hic) one of 'em—I'm a goo' patriot, Revere.

PAUL. Of course you are. You are a good fellow, Seth. I never before realized what an interesting person you are. What did he give you?

SNAGGSBY. He gave me (hic) gave me (hic)—I'm a loyal patroit, Revere.

PAUL. I said you were. What did he give you?

SNAGGSBY (*with drunken cunning*). No, can't tell you. 'Smatter of honor. You can't get anyshing out o' me. 'm a goo' patriot.

PAUL. I wish you weren't.

SNAGGSBY. Wy, whash y' mean?

PAUL. I must tell some one. (*Looks about cautiously.*) If I tell you something will you never breathe a word of it?

SNAGGSBY. Nev'r.

PAUL. Will you swear that you will never, to your dying day, repeat what I am about to tell you?

SNAGGSBY. Nev'r will.

PAUL (*rising and pacing about*). Oh, I'm tired of it all! Tired of striving, struggling, working my soul out, for a cause that will only lose in the end!

SNAGGSBY. Tell me, Revere, whash ish it? Yo' can trus' me.

PAUL. Are you sure?

SNAGGSBY. Yesh shir.

PAUL. You swear not to betray me?

SNAGGSBY. Yesh.

PAUL. Then listen. (*They look around cautiously.*) Do you think they could find a place for me in the British army?

SNAGGSBY. Whash tha'? You don' mean to shay you're goin' to—

PAUL (*laughing bitterly*). Desert, they call it! Desert—what? A few thousand half-starved men and women scattered broadcast over the country, struggling against a tyrannical king, for what they term "Liberty!" Liberty! Bah! I tell you, Snaggsby, I'm sick of it all! Give me the easy road! Give me luxury! Give me power!

SNAGGSBY. You're right, Revere. Thesh colonies are goin' to lose in the end.

PAUL (*forgetting himself*). Who dares say that? (*Remembers.*) Eh, I mean yes, of course.

SNAGGSBY. An' I'm glad you shee shings th' way I do. Of course they can fin' a place for you. They foun' a place for me?

PAUL. What for?

SNAGGSBY. Well, shinch you have tol' me what you have, I'll tell you shomeshing. They're going to make me a cap-cap-captain.

PAUL. A captain! What for?

SNAGGSBY. For shome in-in-information I gave 'em.

PAUL. Information?

SNAGGSBY. Yesh. I tol' 'em where the pow-pow-powder ish stored.

PAUL. You—you—God!

SNAGGSBY (*proudly*). Yesh shir, me. We're on the winning side, Revere. Ain't we?

PAUL. What are they going to do?

SNAGGSBY. They're going to deshtroy it.

PAUL. When.

SNAGGSBY. They start for Con-con-concord to night.

PAUL. How will they go—on land or by sea?

SNAGGSBY. I dunno. They're goin' to make me a cap-cap-captain. I'm pretty smart, ain't I?

PAUL (*rising*). Yes, you are smart, you *traitor!* This is the way you show your appreciation of the gallant hearts and mighty souls that are struggling for your liberty! Oh, I could kill you, you spawn of hell, that could do this thing.

SNAGGSBY. But you said you was goin' to—

PAUL. What I said is past. It is what I say *now* that counts. (*Seizes SNAGGSBY by the throat.*) I will kill you! When a man finds a snake in his path he does not hesitate—why should I?

SNAGGSBY (*struggling*). Don't, Revere. Let me go! For God's sake, don't kill me!

Enter COTTRELL and CURTIS, L. 2 E.

COTTRELL. Hold, Revere! What does this mean?

PAUL (*releases SNAGGSBY, who falls to the floor*). It means that this modern Esau has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage!

CURTIS. What do you mean?

COTTRELL. Explain yourself!

WILLOUGHBY *appears at door, R. U. E., unnoticed. He is about to enter when he overhears the conversation and stops.*

PAUL. For a few paltry drinks of rum and the promise of a captain's commission, he has told the British where our ammunition is stored, and they are going tonight to destroy it!

COTTRELL. My God!

CURTIS. Then we are lost!

WILLOUGHBY *slips behind curtain over the window in flat.*

PAUL. No, Curtis, not yet! Listen! I am going now with messages for General Ward, which must be delivered today. I will not be able to get back before eleven o'clock tonight. While I am gone, first put this cur where he can do no further treachery. Then find out whether the British will move by land or sea. If they go by land, hang a lantern in the North Church tonight at twelve o'clock; if they go by sea, two lanterns. I will be on the opposite shore, and when your signal flashes out I will ride from here abroad, spreading the alarm, and when the British arrive at Concord tomorrow, our minute men will meet them face to face! Do not fail me! (*Exit, PAUL, R. U. E. CURTIS and COTTRELL lift SNAGGSBY to his feet and lead him out, L. 2 E. WILLOUGHBY comes out from behind the curtain to C.*)

WILLOUGHBY. So that's your plan, Mr. Revere! Well, I'm sorry to spoil it, but if I can prevent it you will not take that ride! (*Exit, WILLOUGHBY, R. U. E., as curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I: *Drop in 1 G., showing the Charles River, with part of Boston and the North Church tower in the distance. A sign board reading "Lexington 25 miles," and pointing to the left, should be placed at the L. of stage, or near the road, if one is painted on the drop. Blue moonlight effect. Time, near midnight. If this drop cannot be provided, a wood drop, with borders and wings, in 1 G., may be substituted. Music, "Yankee Doodle" for curtain.*

OGLINE is seated on the ground, R. C., and FAIRFIELD is standing R., leaning on his gun, at curtain.

OGLINE. Are you asleep, Fairfield?

FAIRFIELD. No.

OGLINE. What time is it?

FAIRFIELD. Past eleven.

OGLINE. How much past?

FAIRFIELD. It must be nearly twelve.

OGLINE. How much longer will we have to stay here?

FAIRFIELD. Until Willoughby comes.

OGLINE. Then I hope he will come soon.

FAIRFIELD. Hark! (*They listen intently.*) Did you not hear footsteps?

OGLINE. No. It must have been the wind stirring the leaves. What did Willoughby send us here for?

FAIRFIELD. I know no more than you. I only know he told us to wait here at the crossroads until he came, and allow no one to pass toward Concord in the meantime.

OGLINE. Why should he want no one to pass toward Concord?

FAIRFIELD. That I do not know.

OGLINE. Perhaps he fears the rebels may get wind of our plans and try to checkmate us.

FAIRFIELD. It may be.

OGLINE. Well, I hope he will come shortly, for I am tired of this watching. There are more pleasant places to spend an evening than on this lonely road.

FAIRFIELD. The Gray Wolf Inn, for instance.

OGLINE. You speak truly. A better tavern I have not seen since we left England.

FAIRFIELD. Don't talk of England tonight.

OGLINE. Why, Fairfield, I believe you are homesick.

FAIRFIELD. Who wouldn't be homesick in this cursed land of savages?

OGLINE. Cheer up. This trouble will soon be over and then we will all go back to England.

FAIRFIELD. Perhaps some of us will never go back.

OGLINE. What do you mean?

FAIRFIELD. Oglie, I have a premonition that something is going to happen to me.

OGLINE. You mean trouble?

FAIRFIELD. Yes; disaster of some sort.

OGLINE. Nonsense. It's your nerves. You're worn out, tired. You need rest.

FAIRFIELD. Oh, call it what you like—nerves, fancy; but I had the same feeling the day before I was wounded in the hip. There's trouble in store for me. I know it.

OGLINE. Nothing of the sort. Come, shake off this gloomy mood. You need a drink. Why, these Continental soldiers can't shoot straight enough to hit anything. I'd like to see just one fight with them. We'd end everything right then.

FAIRFIELD. I wish the war was over and I was back in good old England.

OGLINE. I don't care so much about the war, but I wish tonight were over and I was back in Landlord Cottrell's ale house.

FAIRFIELD (*facing R.*). Halt! Who goes there?

WILLOUGHBY (*outside*). It is I Fairfield.

FAIRFIELD *lowers his gun and WILLOUGHBY enters, R.*

WILLOUGHBY. Well, men, I am glad to see you so alert tonight. Has anyone passed this way?

FAIRFIELD. Not a soul.

WILLOUGHBY. You are positive?

FAIRFIELD. Absolutely!

WILLOUGHBY. Good!

OGLINE. Is the army off yet?

WILLOUGHBY. They have been embarking for the last hour and are now about under way.

OGLINE. We'll give the rebels quite a surprise tomorrow.

WILLOUGHBY. That all depends upon you two men.

FAIRFIELD. Upon us?

OGLINE. How so?

WILLOUGHBY. I mean that upon your work tonight depends the success or failure of this undertaking.

FAIRFIELD. How can that be?

WILLOUGHBY. Snaggsby, the village toper, from whom you obtained the information that made this expedition possible, has repented and confessed.

OGLINE. Confessed? To whom?

WILLOUGHBY. Paul Revere.

FAIRFIELD. Where did you learn this?

WILLOUGHBY. I was about to enter the Gray Wolf Inn this morning when I heard voices inside talking excitedly. I slipped behind a curtain and heard Revere planning to checkmate our move.

OGLINE. What is he going to do?

WILLOUGHBY. He arranged with some one to find out whether we move by land or sea. If we move by land his friend is to display a lantern from yonder church tower (*points to tower painted on drop or off R., depending on how stage is set*) at twelve o'clock tonight; if by sea, two lanterns. Revere is to be at this spot at the appointed hour and when the signal flashes out he intends to ride and spread the alarm throughout the country.

FAIRFIELD. What are we to do?

WILLOUGHBY. I want you to prevent that ride! (*Points off R.*) Hide yourselves in yonder bushes, and when Revere comes here, capture him! If he makes the slightest resistance, shoot him down! You would best make ready; it is nearly twelve. (*OGLINE and FAIRFIELD exit, R.*) Remember, men, if he resists, shoot him down! So, Mr. Revere, it is your intention to interfere between Miss Madder and me. Well, sir, it is my intention to put you be-

yond interfering with anybody. (*Exit WILLOUGHBY, R. Empty stage for a moment, then sound of hoofbeats off stage, L.*)

PAUL (*off stage, L.*). Whoa, Nancy. I guess this is far enough. We can get a very good view of the church from here. Now I'll tie you to this tree and you can browse while I wait for Curtis. (*Sound of his patting the horse.*)

PAUL *enters, L.*

PAUL. Now, let me see. When I start I will go over the river road to Charlestown. From there I will strike out cross country to Medfordtown, where I will take the main road to Lexington, and from there through to Concord. Lexington! Oh, what memories that name recalls! Lexington and Dorothy! It was there, in the garden on a summer night, with the moon shining as brightly as it is now, that she told me she loved me! And now—now! Oh, Dorothy, in spite of all—in spite of everything, my soul cries out for you, for I love you, Dorothy, and always will! (*A bell strikes twelve.*) Twelve o'clock! (*Gazes at the tower or off R., depending on the set.*) This is the hour and no signal. Can Curtis have failed me? No, no; impossible! Perhaps they have not started yet! Still, they must have started if they expect to reach Concord before morning. Oh, why didn't—(*if the tower is shown a light appears; if not, he looks off R.*) A light! Will there be another? (*A second light appears.*) Yes, there it is! Then they go by sea! Now, Nancy, old girl—(*starts off, L.*)

Enter FAIRFIELD, followed by OGLINE.

FAIRFIELD. Stop! In the King's name, surrender!

PAUL (*throwing up his left arm*). Never!

(*FAIRFIELD fires and PAUL'S arm drops. He clutches at it and then returns the fire. FAIRFIELD staggers back and OGLINE catches him as PAUL exits, L.*)

PAUL. Come, Nancy, the war is on! (*Sound of hoofbeats off L.*)

OGLINE. Are you badly hurt, Fairfield?

FAIRFIELD. He has done for me, Ogline.

OGLINE. There, Fairfield, don't say that.

FAIRFIELD. It's true. I—I—I— curse him! Ah!
(Falls.)

Enter WILLOUGHBY, R.

WILLOUGHBY. Did you get him?

OGLINE. No. He has escaped.

WILLOUGHBY. The devil!

OGLINE. We fired and wounded him. He returned our fire and—(points to FAIRFIELD.)

WILLOUGHBY. Is he dead?

OGLINE. Yes.

WILLOUGHBY. Revere must be overtaken! I tell you we must catch him. Come, we will get horses and follow him. (They exit, R.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *The Maddern home. A typical home of the colonial period. Furniture should be old fashioned, as near the colonial style as possible. Set, boxed in 4. Large arched doorway, R. 3 E., with interior backing. At R. C. in flat a stairway starts from the stage, up four or five steps to a landing and then off R. Under this is a door, interior backing, which is supposed to run down into the cellar. L. C. in flat is a door with garden backing. In L. 2 and 3 is an immense window, about 10 by 12 feet, with a recessed sill, used as a seat, covered by a cushion. This window, while not practical, should be transparent, to admit light. Heavy curtains over the window, which are drawn back. Lights full up on stage. Blue moonlight effect, shining through large window, L. Garden backing for window, L. There is very little furniture in the room, the floor having been cleared for dancing. One or two chairs against flat. Small table down R., upon which stands a large punch bowl, filled, with glasses around it, and behind which table stands MATILDA.*

At rise a minuet is being danced. Of the cast, MATILDA, DOROTHY, POLLY and LESLIE are on the stage at rise, and

from twelve to twenty supernumeraries of both sexes, who are used as guests. When the dance is just about completed, sound of hoofbeats are heard. The sound continues for a few moments and upon its cessation there is a heavy knock on door, L. F. The dancers stop in confusion and group on both sides of the stage so that door L. F. is visible to the house. A sword hangs on the wall, R.

DOROTHY (*at R. C.*). What was that?

LESLIE (*at L. C.*). A knock!

POLLY. Who can it be?

DOROTHY. What time is it, Mr. Leslie?

LESLIE. One o'clock. (*The knock is repeated.*)

POLLY. What business can anyone have here at this hour?

LESLIE. I'll see who it is. (*Starts up stage.*)

MATILDA. Massa Leslie. (*LESLIE stops, C.*). Don' you go to dat do'. You don' know who dat am.

LESLIE. And I want to find out, Matilda.

MATILDA. Yes, sah, but dere's British soldiers aroun' and dey ain't trus'worthy, dey ain't trus'worthy, Massa Leslie. (*The knock is repeated.*)

LESLIE. I'll have to take chances. (*Starts up stage.*)

DOROTHY. Be careful, Mr. Leslie!

POLLY. Do be careful, John.

PAUL (*outside*). Dorothy! Dorothy! Polly!

POLLY (*joyfully*). Oh, it's Paul Revere! Open the door quick, John!

DOROTHY *crosses to R. and turns her back to the door. LESLIE opens the door and PAUL enters, coming C. His clothing is disarranged and soiled and his left arm hangs limp at his side. He is very pale. He leans against LESLIE. Exclamations from supers of "What is the matter?" "What has happened?" "What is wrong?" etc.*

PAUL. The British are advancing to Concord to destroy our ammunition.

LESLIE (*astounded*). The British!

PAUL. Yes.

LESLIE. Where are they moving from?

PAUL. From Boston.

LESLIE. When did they start?

PAUL. At midnight! To arms, minute men! They will be there by daybreak, and we must meet them! (*The supers rush about in great confusion, getting their wraps from room off R., hurriedly speaking to DOROTHY as they exit, door L. F.*)

LESLIE. Are they marching overland?

PAUL. No. They are moving by boat. We will have time to mobilize before they get to Concord, and no more. A—h (*Staggers and LESLIE catches him.*)

LESLIE. Paul, are you hurt?

PAUL. No—it's—I—I—have had a hard ride and I'm a bit tired. (*Braces himself.*) There; I'm all right now. Did the boys understand me?

LESLIE. Yes, they are starting for Concord at once.

PAUL. I must go on.

POLLY (*at R. C.*). Stop and rest a minute, Paul, before you go.

PAUL. No. I must go on. There is no rest for me tonight.

LESLIE. Where are you going?

PAUL. To Concord.

LESLIE. I will go with you.

PAUL. No, no; stay here and take care of the women. You may be needed here before morning.

POLLY. But Paul, you are worn out. You are in no condition to ride. Let him go.

PAUL. No. I'm all right. There isn't much more to do. I have roused all the minute men between Boston and here. (*MRS. MADDERN comes down the stairs, holding a candle.*)

MRS. M. Dorothy! Dorothy! What is the matter? Are you safe? What is the excitement about? (*By this time the stage is empty save for PAUL, LESLIE, DOROTHY, MRS MADDERN and POLLY.*)

DOROTHY. Yes, mother, I am all right. The British are marching on Concord.

MRS. M. Marching on Concord! Then they will pass here! Oh, what shall we do?

PAUL. Calm yourself, Mrs. Maddern. They are moving by sea and will probably not come near this house.

MRS. M. Oh, it's terrible, terrible!

PAUL. Now I must finish my work.

MRS. M. Where are you going?

PAUL. To Concord to rouse the minute men.

MRS. M. But, Paul, you are deadly pale. Let me get you a glass of wine before you go.

PAUL. No, I must hasten. Every minute I lose may count for our defeat tomorrow. Mr. Leslie will stay here and protect you.

MRS. M. But you need the wine. It will only take a moment. Wait. (*Exit, R. 3 E. DOROTHY comes down stage.*)

PAUL. Miss Maddern, I trust you will pardon my interruption of your party, but when I stopped I had forgotten that you were having a party.

DOROTHY. Then why did you stop?

PAUL. To warn you that your friends, the *British*—

DOROTHY (*appealingly*). Don't, Paul.

PAUL. Are moving toward Concord and that in all probability a battle will take place there tomorrow. If they retreat in this direction this house will not be a safe place for you. I stopped to warn you.

Enter MRS. MADDERN, R. 3 E., with glass of wine.

MRS. M. (*at C.*). Here is the wine, Paul.

PAUL. Thank you. (*Drinks wine and hands glass back.*) There, I feel better now. Thanks. (*Hoofbeats are heard off stage. They all listen for a moment.*)

POLLY. Hoofbeats!

DOROTHY. What can they mean?

PAUL. Leslie, quick; put out the lights! Mrs. Maddern, go up stairs! Girls, hide yourselves! (*LESLIE blows out the candles and the stage is dimmed until the only illumination is the bright blue light coming through the large window, L. MRS. MADDERN goes up stairs.*)

POLLY. What does it mean?

PAUL. It means that I am pursued. I had an encounter with two of the redcoats when I started and they are following me. Girls, hide yourselves!

POLLY. No, we will stay with you!

PAUL. No, I must go on. My work is not yet done. Leslie, I leave these women in your care.

DOROTHY (*falling on her knees and catching PAUL'S right hand*). No, Paul; NO! You must not risk your life so! You must stay here until they pass!

PAUL. They won't pass!

LESLIE. Why not?

PAUL. My horse is tied outside and they will recognize it. I must go on.

DOROTHY. No, Paul! If you go now they will only capture you! You *must* stay!

PAUL. I *must* stay! Is this a trap that you have led me into for Captain Willoughby?

DOROTHY (*screams and cowers as if struck*). Paul!

POLLY. Paul, how can you? Did she bring you here?

PAUL. No, no. Forgive me, Dorothy; forgive me. I— I'm weak and worn and beside myself. (*The hoofbeats stop.*)

POLLY. There, they have stopped!

DOROTHY. Quick, Paul, hide!

PAUL (*drawing his pistol*). Come, Leslie, we must make a stand! Back, girls!

DOROTHY (*terrified*). No, no; they will only kill you. Listen, Paul; listen! I have been thoughtless in my treatment of you; heartless, cruel, perhaps. But I meant no harm, God knows! You are risking your life unnecessarily! For *my* sake, let me save you!

POLLY. Do Paul, please!

WILLOUGHBY (*outside, knocking*). Open, in the King's name!

DOROTHY. Put yourself in my hands! Will you?

PAUL (*wearily*). Yes.

DOROTHY. Polly, you and Mr. Leslie go in there (*points to L. 1 E.*) and stay until I call you.

LESLIE. But, Miss Maddern, I can't leave you here alone.

DOROTHY. I can take care of myself.

LESLIE. It isn't safe.

DOROTHY. Please go. I have a plan, and if you are seen here my plan will fail.

LESLIE. Very well. I shall wait in the next room. Call if you need me.

DOROTHY. Yes, yes, yes. Go now, please! (*Exit POLLY and LESLIE, L. 1 E.*)

WILLOUGHBY (*outside—pounding on the door*). Open! Open!

DOROTHY (*takes PAUL's right hand and leads him to the door, R. F., under stairway*). Come, Paul, quick! This door opens on a stairway leading into the cellar. I will let the men in and while they are inside you can escape by the outside entrance.

WILLOUGHBY (*outside*). Open, in the King's name!

DOROTHY. Do you understand, Paul? (*He stands, almost fainting, and looks at her stupidly*.) Listen, Paul, listen! Do you understand what I have told you?

PAUL (*weakly*). Yes. (*DOROTHY seizes PAUL, who is staggering, and pushes him in and closes the door; then admits WILLOUGHBY and OGLINE, door L. F. OGLINE stands guard at door, L. F. WILLOUGHBY starts back in surprise.*)

WILLOUGHBY. Miss Maddern!

DOROTHY (*endeavoring to appear calm*). Why, Captain Willoughby, I am surprised to see you!

WILLOUGHBY. It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you, Miss Maddern. I was not aware that this was your home.

DOROTHY (*at C.*). What can I do for you? It is a rather unconventional hour to be making calls.

WILLOUGHBY. I am sorry to disturb you, though I perceive you have not yet retired, however unconventional the hour.

DOROTHY. Captain Willoughby, I am in my own home. What I do here is my affair. If I choose to—

WILLOUGHBY. Wait for some one?

DOROTHY. I was waiting for no one, Captain Willoughby! I have been entertaining a few friends this evening, and my guests have just left.

WILLOUGHBY. All but Mr. Revere.

DOROTHY. What do you mean? Mr. Revere was not among my guests. Please state your errand, for I am very tired.

WILLOUGHBY. As I said before, Miss Maddern, I am very sorry to be compelled to intrude upon you at such a late hour, but my business is pressing and I will not detain you. I came to take a prisoner.

DOROTHY (*affecting alarm*). A prisoner! Ah, what have I done that you should take me? I pray you, Captain Willoughby, have some consideration. I have done nothing.

WILLOUGHBY. Do not alarm yourself, Miss Maddern. My intentions toward you are the most friendly.

DOROTHY. But you speak of a prisoner, and whom could you want in this house but me?

WILLOUGHBY. Miss Maddern, an hour ago Paul Revere killed one of our soldiers at Boston and is now a fugitive. I found his horse outside, which led me to believe that he had sought a hiding place here. You are a very clever actress, but you can't deceive me. When I spoke of a prisoner your seeming assumption that you were the person desired was only a very clever ruse to gain time that he might be the more securely concealed. Now, I am positive that he is in this house, and I demand that you deliver him up.

DOROTHY. How strange that because a man's horse happened to be found wandering in the vicinity of my home, you should imagine the man himself was seeking refuge here.

WILLOUGHBY. Miss Maddern, the horse was not wandering in the vicinity of your home. He is securely tied to the fence.

DOROTHY. Perhaps some one found it straying around and tied it there.

WILLOUGHBY. Come, come, Miss Maddern, this is no

time to bandy words. You are only seeking to gain time. Where is Revere?

DOROTHY. I do not know.

WILLOUGHBY. Answer me. Where is Revere?

DOROTHY. I told you before, and I repeat it; I do not know.

WILLOUGHBY. You lie!

DOROTHY (*white with anger*). Captain Willoughby, how dare you say that to me! My word has never yet been doubted, and when I tell you I do not know where Mr. Revere is, I speak the truth!

WILLOUGHBY. Revere is in this house, and if you do not tell me where he is, I shall be obliged to search for him.

DOROTHY. Then search by all means, and welcome!

WILLOUGHBY. Come, Ogline, up stairs!

DOROTHY (*rushes to stairs and throws her arms out*). No, no, no! Search down stairs first.

WILLOUGHBY. Ah, I thought so! He is up stairs, Ogline. (*OGLINE pulls DOROTHY aside and starts upstairs and WILLOUGHBY is about to follow when he stops suddenly.*) Stop, Ogline! Come back! (*OGLINE comes down stairs.*) Go outside and watch the house! If Revere attempts to escape, shoot him! (*Exit OGLINE, door L. F.*) I was mistaken. Revere is not up stairs; He is in this room!

DOROTHY (*suppresses a scream and attempts to laugh*). How quickly you changed your mind.

WILLOUGHBY. Revere is in this room. (*Walks over to door, L. F., and then follows PAUL's footsteps down stage and up to the door under stairs, all the time looking down at the floor.*) And what is more, he is in that cupboard!

DOROTHY (*trying to appear calm*). What a wonderful man you are, Captain Willoughby! May I ask what leads you to think so?

WILLOUGHBY. If you will look carefully you will find a trail of blood leading from that door (*points to door, L. F.*) to there (*points down C., where PAUL has stood*) and from there to this door. (*Points to door under stairs.*)

DOROTHY (*absolutely unstrung*). Oh, you've wounded him!

WILLOUGHBY. I thought he was here, and your words at last admit it. (*Draws his sword and raps on door under stairs with it.*) Paul Revere, come out! Come out, I say!

DOROTHY. He is not in there, Captain Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY (*snarling*). A—h! Come out!

DOROTHY. He is not in there, and I will prove it to you. (*Opens door which should open out into stage, and PAUL, who has been on his knees, falls on floor. She throws herself on PAUL.*) Oh, you have killed him!

WILLOUGHBY (*bending over PAUL*). No, he has only fainted from loss of blood. (*Takes PAUL'S pistol and lays it on stand, R.*)

DOROTHY. Paul dear, Paul dear, speak to me!

WILLOUGHBY. Miss Maddern, you would best leave the room and I will remove my prisoner at once. This is no place for a woman.

DOROTHY. My place is by his side, whatever happens.

WILLOUGHBY. Ah! I was not aware. Then I suppose you will go with us.

DOROTHY. With you?

WILLOUGHBY. Of course. Revere is my prisoner and he must go with me.

DOROTHY. But, Captain Willoughby, you will surely not take him away now! It would kill him. Wait until he is better.

WILLOUGHBY. No, he goes with me now!

DOROTHY. But see, he is bleeding, unconscious, dying, perhaps! I pray you, have some pity.

WILLOUGHBY. Pity! What pity did he show the man he killed? No, he goes now! (*Starts to door, L. F.*)

DOROTHY. Wait! (*He turns.*) You will at least let me bind up his wound?

WILLOUGHBY. We will attend to that when we get him to camp.

DOROTHY. But see how he bleeds! Oh, you *must* let me do this!

WILLOUGHBY. Very well, it shall be as you wish. But

believe me, Miss Maddern, it is not mercy, but my love for you that prompts me to allow it.

DOROTHY (*joyfully*). Then you will not take him away?

WILLOUGHBY. I will take him, but you may bind up his wound.

DOROTHY. And you call that love! A feeling that prompts you to take into captivity, to death perhaps, away from me forever, the being I love most on earth!

WILLOUGHBY. I would be a pretty fool, wouldn't I, to leave him here in your arms, when I want you—you!

DOROTHY. Shame on such a love! A love that exists only for its own gratification. You don't know the meaning of the word! Believing me untrue to him, knowing that you were pursuing him, running the risk of capture, Paul stopped here tonight to warn me of the battle tomorrow—because he loved me. Ah, that *is* love!

WILLOUGHBY. I must take him away at once, and if you would tie up his wound, be quick!

DOROTHY. Then help me take him to the window. (*They half carry, half drag PAUL to the window seat, L., and lay him on it.*) In yonder room (*pointing R.*) you will find cloths. Bring them to me. (*Exit, WILLOUGHBY, D. R. When he has left the stage DOROTHY catches up pistol from stand, R., and stands pointing it toward D. R.*)

Enter LESLIE, L. 1 E.

DOROTHY. Where are you going, Mr. Leslie?

LESLIE. Back, behind the curtains and pull them to! I am going to finish Revere's ride and save him! (*Exit, LESLIE, door L. F. DOROTHY stands beside PAUL and pulls together the curtains over the window, so that both are concealed. A shot outside, L.*)

Enter OGLINE, door L. F., WILLOUGHBY, D. R., with cloths.

WILLOUGHBY. What was that shot? What is the matter?

OGLINE. Revere has escaped! He just mounted and rode away! I fired, but missed him!

WILLOUGHBY. Hell! (*Exit, WILLOUGHBY and OGLINE, door L. F. Sound of hoofbeats off stage.*)

CURTAIN.

For first curtain call, curtains over windows are drawn back and DOROTHY is kneeling beside the window seat, PAUL'S head on her arm.

For second call, DOROTHY and MRS. MADDERN are helping PAUL to mount the stairs.

ACT IV.

The scene the same as the act before. The next day. The doors are shut and bolted, the windows closed, the shutters fastened and the curtains drawn. The illumination, while fully sufficient to reveal plainly the faces of the actors, is not that of full daylight. There is a quiet hush about the place, an air of nervous expectancy, and the work of the opening scene should bear out this atmosphere.

DOROTHY is seated at the table down R., her arms stretched out upon it, and she is looking straight before her and listening intently, like one in a dream.

Enter POLLY, door, R.

POLLY (*at C.*). Dorothy.

DOROTHY. Yes.

POLLY. What do you suppose this awful silence means?

DOROTHY. I don't know. My brain is so numbed by what has happened that I can't think any longer.

POLLY. Oh, it is terrible, terrible! The fearful sound of firing this morning was nothing compared with this grim, suggestive stillness that follows it!

DOROTHY. I wonder for how many of our poor fellows it is the beginning of a stillness that will last forever.

POLLY. Don't, Dorothy, please! I can't bear it! If something would only happen, anything, I think it would be easier to bear than this awful suspense—the uncertainty of this horrible quiet.

DOROTHY. I wonder if the battle is over.

POLLY. It must be, now that the firing has ceased.

DOROTHY. Do you suppose we won, Polly?

POLLY. I am afraid to think. Paul said last night that if the British retreated they would pass this way—

DOROTHY. Yes?

POLLY. And the road is deserted.

DOROTHY. Is there no one in sight?

POLLY. Not a soul. Not a leaf is stirring. Nature seems shocked into insensibility by what has happened. Oh, this awful silence! It is maddening! I only hope it means that we have overpowered the British.

DOROTHY. Do you think that a mere handful of men, gathered together in a few hours by that brave one up stairs, could stand before the thousands of soldiers that marched against them last night? Impossible.

POLLY. Well, if the battle is over we shall soon know the outcome.

MRS. MADDERN *comes down the stairs.*

MRS. M. Dorothy!

DOROTHY. Yes, mother?

MRS. M. Have you seen anything of Matilda?

DOROTHY. No, I haven't seen her for—I haven't seen her at all today. I hadn't missed her.

MRS. M. I wonder where she is. I have been ringing for her for the last two hours.

DOROTHY. Perhaps the bell is broken. I will see if she is in the kitchen. (*Exit, L. 1 E.*)

POLLY. How is Paul, Mrs. Maddern?

MRS. M. He is asleep, resting quietly.

POLLY. Did he hear the firing?

MRS. M. No; he slept through it all.

POLLY. Thank God. Do you think he is dangerously wounded?

MRS. M. I think not. It was a bad wound in the arm, and he is very weak from loss of blood, but the bleeding has stopped and he seems to have little or no fever.

Enter DOROTHY, L. 1 E.

DOROTHY. The bell is unimpaired and Matilda is nowhere to be seen.

MRS. M. I wonder what can have become of her. Has the breakfast table been cleared?

DOROTHY. No.

MRS. M. Could it be possible that anything has happened to her? I am beginning to be worried.

DOROTHY (*calls shrilly, almost hysterically*). Matilda! Matilda!

MRS. M. Dorothy. Hush. You will wake Paul.

DOROTHY. Oh! It is nervousness, mother. I am wrought up until I can hardly contain myself.

MATILDA *opens door under stairs cautiously and pokes her head out*.

MATILDA. Did you call me?

MRS. M. Matilda! What are you doing in there?

MATILDA. Is dat fightin' over?

DOROTHY. Come out at once, Matilda!

MATILDA. Is dat fighting over?

DOROTHY. Yes. Come out.

MATILDA (*coming out cautiously and listening for sounds of battle*). Yo' is shore dere ain't goin' to be no mo' shootin'?

MRS. M. We are sure of nothing, Matilda. All we know is that there is no shooting now. What were you doing in there?

MATILDA. Early dis mawnin' dis chile was paring potatoes in de kitchen an' singin' jest as happy as a little bird. Den, all of a sudden, way off in Concord, I hears "Boom!" I stops my parin' and listens and den again I hears "Boom, boom, boom!" and dey was comin' nearer every "boom," and I—I—I's been in dat closet ever since.

MRS. M. Matilda, I want you to go up stairs and watch over Mr. Revere. He is sleeping. The moment he wakens, let me know.

MATILDA. Yes, ma'am. (*Exit up the stairs.*)

DOROTHY. How is Paul, mother?

MRS. M. He is resting quietly.

DOROTHY. Do you think he will—die?

MRS. M. I am sure he will get well.

(*Sound of hoofbeats off L.*)

POLLY. Hoofbeats!

DOROTHY. The British are retreating!

POLLY. Is the door bolted?

MRS. M. (*at door, L. F.*) Yes.

(*The hoofbeats stop.*)

DOROTHY. They have stopped! They are coming in!
What shall—

(*Knocking on door, L. F.*)

POLLY. Don't open the door, Mrs. Maddern!

DOROTHY. What shall we do?

(*The knocking is repeated.*)

COTTRELL (*outside*). Mrs. Maddern! Mrs. Maddern!

POLLY (*joyfully*). Oh, it's father, it's father! Let him in, quick!

MRS. MADDERN *opens the door and* COTTRELL *enters, helping* CURTIS, *who is wounded and has the lower part of his face bandaged.*

POLLY (*rushes over to them, L. C.*). Oh, father, what has happened? Are you hurt?

COTTRELL. No, daughter, I am unharmed. But the redcoats got the best of Curtis. Give me a chair. (MRS. MADDERN *places a chair, L. C. and* CURTIS *sits.*)

MRS. M. I will go and prepare a bed for him.

COTTRELL. Thank ye, Mrs. Maddern. (*Exit, Mrs. Maddern, door R.*)

DOROTHY. Is the battle over, Mr. Cottrell?

COTTRELL. Yes, the worst of the fighting.

POLLY. Did we win?

COTTRELL. Yes; our boys are still pursuing the redcoats. Do you suffer much, Curtis? (CURTIS *nods.*) Poor fellow. We'll soon have you more comfortable and then ye won't suffer so much.

POLLY. Have you seen anything of Mr. Leslie?

COTTRELL. No.

POLLY. Do you know whether he was wounded or not?

COTTRELL. No.

POLLY. Were our losses heavy?

MRS. M. (*at door, R.*) Bring him in here, Mr. Cottrell.

COTTRELL (*helping CURTIS to rise and leading him across stage to door, R.*). Come, Curtis, we'll fix you up, and soon—(*CURTIS groans heavily.*) Are ye suffering so much?

CURTIS. O—h!

COTTRELL. There, there, it's only a few steps more. Come just a few steps more, and then—

CURTIS (*in agony*). Oh, God!

COTTRELL. Help me, Mrs. Maddern. (*MRS. MADDERN, CURTIS and COTTRELL exit, door R.*)

POLLY (*her voice filled with tears*). Oh, Dorothy, isn't it awful that they should have to suffer so. (*Sinks into chair, R.*)

DOROTHY (*throws herself on the floor beside POLLY and buries her head in POLLY's lap, sobbing*). Polly! Polly!

POLLY. There, there, never mind, dear. You are all unstrung. We are both unstrung.

DOROTHY. If Paul should die it would kill me.

POLLY. He will not die, dear. The doctor says he will be all right.

DOROTHY (*sobbing*). Oh, Polly, I have been so wicked!

POLLY. There, dear, don't say that.

DOROTHY. It's true. I have broken the heart of the one I love most on earth.

POLLY. You still love him?

DOROTHY. Yes.

POLLY. Then why did you—

DOROTHY. Because I was mad with my foolish ambitions. Because I did not realize that Paul, in his sturdy, honest manhood, was better than all the glitter and tinsel of the world.

POLLY. And Captain Willoughby?

DOROTHY. I never cared for him. He only represented the life I thought I wanted. But last night my eyes were opened.

POLLY. Come, Dorothy, dry your eyes, dear. You have learned your lesson, hard as it has been.

DOROTHY. Yes, I've learned my lesson, and paid for it with my happiness.

POLLY. Don't say that, Dorothy. Paul loves you yet, I am sure.

DOROTHY. Loves me! No man can love a woman who has treated him as I have treated Paul.

MATILDA (*coming down stairs*). Miss Dorothy! Miss Dorothy!

DOROTHY. Hush, Matilda. Mr. Curtis is in the next room, badly wounded. You must be quiet.

MATILDA (*moderating her voice*). But, Miss Dorothy, where's yo' ma? Mr. Revere, he—

DOROTHY. Oh, Matilda, is anything wrong?

MATILDA. He insists on getting up and I can't stop him.

DOROTHY. Tell mother, in the next room, but be very quiet. (*Exit, MATILDA, door R. Sound of hoofbeats off L.*)

POLLY. There comes some one.

DOROTHY. I wonder who it is.

LESLIE (*off stage*). Whoa, boy!

LESLIE *enters door, L. F.*

LESLIE. Girls, the battle's over; we've—

POLLY (*finger to lips*). S—h! Mr. Curtis is in the next room, badly wounded.

LESLIE. Curtis! Wounded? O—h! Can I do anything?

DOROTHY. No. Mr. Cottrell and mother are with him.

POLLY. You say the battle is over?

LESLIE. Yes. We have won. They are routed completely.

PAUL *appears on stairs, his arm in a sling.*

POLLY. Oh, it is too good to be true. I can hardly believe it.

LESLIE. But tell me; how is Paul?

DOROTHY. Resting easily.

LESLIE. Are you sure he is out of danger?

PAUL. Absolutely.

LESLIE. Ah, old man, I rode all the way from Concord to hear those words.

PAUL. Did you say we had won? (*Comes down.*)

LESLIE. Yes.

PAUL. Tell me about it.

LESLIE. Well, a number of our men were gathered on the green at the other end of the village, early this morning. When the redcoats appeared, Pitcairn shouted, "Disperse, you rebels. Lay down your arms!" Our men, far inferior in number, hesitated. The redcoats fired and seven of our brave fellows gave up their lives, the first martyrs to our cause.

DOROTHY. Oh, it's terrible!

PAUL. And then?

LESLIE. Then our men were forced to retreat, which they did, slowly and stubbornly, until they were pushed back to Concord, where, thanks to Revere, they were met by reinforcements.

PAUL. And the battle?

LESLIE. There was no battle. When the redcoats saw our men swarming in from every direction, grim and determined, carrying muskets, rusty swords, knives, anything, they evidently deemed discretion the better part of valor, and beat a retreat. Down the North Road they rushed in disorder, pell mell, while from behind rocks, trees, fences and buildings, in front, flank and rear, we avenged the blood of our murdered countrymen!

PAUL. And what were their losses?

LESLIE. We don't know exactly, but they lost at least two hundred men.

PAUL. Then my ride last night was not without avail.

LESLIE. Ah, Revere, last night you made a ride that shall be recorded on the pages of history, and shall never be forgotten!

PAUL. But you had a share in it.

LESLIE. A very humble share.

POLLY. Tell us what happened after you left here last night.

LESLIE. Nothing much. When I left the house I was

able to mount my horse before I was discovered. As I expected, the soldier mistook me for Paul. He fired, but missed me, and in the confusion of mounting and starting in pursuit, I was enabled to make a considerable gain on them. They followed after me madly, and as I dashed along the road, when I passed a house I shouted, "To arms! The British are coming!" in a voice that must have sounded like a bad Indian full of firewater.

PAUL. And did they not overtake you?

LESLIE. No. When I reached Concord I was met by reinforcements in the form of three very inebriated and very happy sailors, and my baffled pursuers, seeing themselves beaten, were obliged to return without me. And now, Polly, I would like to have my breakfast.

POLLY. Haven't you had your breakfast?

LESLIE. Not a bite. I have been in the saddle ever since I left here last night.

POLLY. You poor man. Come, and you shall have all you can eat. (*Exit POLLY and LESLIE, L. 1 E.*)

DOROTHY. Paul, you should not have gotten up. You are as white as a ghost and trembling all over. You must lie down.

PAUL. I will be all right in a little while. There is so much to be done, I must go.

DOROTHY. No, Paul, please!

PAUL. I must. Please thank your mother for me, for all she has done. You have both done more than I can ever repay.

DOROTHY. It was nothing, nothing. We only did our duty—our humble share in the work.

PAUL. But still I thank you. (*Looks at her longingly; pause.*) Good by.

DOROTHY. Good by. (*He crosses to door, L. F.*) Paul!

PAUL (*turning*). Yes?

DOROTHY. Paul, if I were to try—if I had the words at my command, and were able to form them so as to tell you what is in my heart, I don't think I could ever make you understand quite how I feel—I—

PAUL. Why, Dorothy, what do you mean?

DOROTHY. O, Paul, Paul, my heart is almost broken—I have wronged you—I have done nothing that was right—I am sorry—I—

PAUL. Dorothy! (*She looks away.*) Dorothy, look at me! (*She looks full at him for a moment and then bursts into deep, uncontrollable sobs.*) Dorothy, do you mean that you still love me?

DOROTHY. Always.

PAUL (*holding out his well arm*). Come, little girl, come. (*She rushes to him.*)

DOROTHY. O Paul, Paul! (*Sobs.*)

PAUL. There, little girl, never mind. It's all right.

DOROTHY. Can you forgive me? I did not know what I was doing.

PAUL. Say no more about it, sweetheart. It is all past now. Do you love me?

DOROTHY. I love you more than my own soul!

PAUL. Then nothing else in the world can matter.

Enter COTTRELL, door R.

COTTRELL (*his voice filling up*). Revere.

PAUL. Yes, Cottrell?

COTTRELL. Curtis—Curtis is—dead.

PAUL AND DOROTHY. Dead!

COTTRELL. Yes, just this minute. Another martyr. Another—martyr. My best friend. O, God! (*He bursts into tears and exits, door R., followed by DOROTHY.*)

Hoofbeats off L. They stop and WILLOUGHBY enters, door L. F.

WILLOUGHBY. Ah, there you are! I've been scouring the country for you!

PAUL. Hush, Willoughby! There's death in this house.

WILLOUGHBY. Death! Yes, and there's death in the British ranks; death untold, and you're responsible for it. There will be one more death here before I leave this house!

PAUL. Look, Willoughby, I am crippled, unarmed, defenceless. To shoot me down would be murder. Would you do that?

WILLOUGHBY. Enough of your whining. I have no pity

for you, or your kind. (*Draws his pistol.*) Take that! (*Snaps the pistol, which fails to explode.*) Ah! (*Throws pistol down and draws his sword.*) Now! There'll be no failure this time!

PAUL (*looks about frantically and discovers a sword hanging on the wall, R. He jumps up, tears it down with his good arm.*) Now, come on. I'm ready for you!

(*They fight fast and furious, all over the room. Finally PAUL disarms WILLOUGHBY.*)

PAUL (*calling*). Leslie! Cottrell!

Enter LESLIE and POLLY, L. 1 E., COTTRELL, DOROTHY and MRS. MADDERN, door R.

LESLIE. What is the matter?

COTTRELL. What is it, Revere?

PAUL. Take this man away and keep him safely. He is my share of today's work. (*WILLOUGHBY rises and reaches for his sword.*) You will leave your sword here, sir. You are a prisoner of war. (*Erit, COTTRELL and LESLIE, door L. F., with WILLOUGHBY, DOROTHY comes to PAUL, C.*) Well, sweetheart, we've won the first fight.

DOROTHY. Yes, and I hope it will be the last one.

PAUL. It won't be the last one, Dorothy; it is only the beginning. But God grant that at the end we may win.

CURTAIN.

A Daughter of the Desert

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy-drama of the Arizona Plains, 4 acts; 6 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. Scenes: 2 interiors. Easy to set. Characters: Harold Morton, a railroad surveyor. Clarence Ogden, a rancher. Samuel Hopkins, a land speculator. Pedro Silvera, a Mexican renegade. Jim Parker, a gambler. Bill Jones, a sure-fire sheriff. Ruth Arlington, a daughter of the desert. Mrs. Mary Ogden, a widow. White Bird, an Apache Indian girl.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Clarence and Lucy have an adventure. "How dare you kiss a helpless girl, sir?" Silvera's charge. Your father was killed by Charles Morton. The avowal of love. Hopkins detes on custard pies. The Apache outbreak. "If I die, clear my father's name."

Act II.—"It's not my stomach, but my heart, papa." Clarence wounded. The arrest of Morton. White Bird's avowal. "We shall bring the guilty to justice."

Act III.—How Silvera got a scar on the back of his hand. "I put it there with my sticker!" "I am a man of honor and my word is my bond." The rescue of Morton by cowboys. Ruth has the upper hand. Off to the Mexican line.

Act IV.—"My husband ate two lemon pies and died." White Bird clears up the mystery. "Silvera shot him in back." Jones and Parker take a hand in the game. Ruth the richest girl in Arizona. Everybody happy.

The Lonelyville Social Club

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy, 3 acts; 10 f. Time, 1½ h. Exceedingly lively and humorous.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Time hangs heavily on the hands of Mrs. Jack Newlywed and Magda Peachblow, and they resolve to form a social club. The representative ladies of the village make a 9 o'clock general call.

Act I presents Lonelyville's "four hundred." The stormy session of the benefit society. Gladys is both seen and heard. General confusion.

Act II.—Mrs. Newlywed attempts to form the social club. Mrs. Purse Proud on her track. Discovered. A stormy scene. The determination to present "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Act III.—The town hall has been converted into a theater for the occasion. Gladys raises a row. Mrs. Steps and Mrs. Proud settle old scores. Ellen makes a show of herself. The performers are gayed by the "audience" and the performance cut short in disgust. The windup of the "Lonelyville Social Club."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

All A Mistake

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 4 m., 4 f. Time, about 2 h. **Scenes:** Easy to set. Lawn at "Oak Farm" and drawing-room. **Characters:** Capt. Obadiah Skinner, a retired sea captain. Lieut. George Richmond, his nephew, who starts the trouble. Richard Hamilton, a country gentleman. Ferdinand Lighthouse, who falls in love don-cherknow. Nellie Richmond, George's wife. Nellie Huntington, a friend. Nellie Skinner, antiquated but still looking for a man. Nellie McIntyre, a servant.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The arrival of George and his bride. A friend in need. The old maid and her secret. Ferdy in search of a wife. George's jealousy. The sudden appearance of a most undesirable party. George's quick wit prevents discovery.

Act II.—The plot thickens. Cornelia in search of her "Romeo." The downfall of Ferdy. Richard attempts to try the "soothing system" on a lunatic. George has a scheme connected with a fire in the furnace and some pitch tar. Richard runs amuck amid general confusion.

Act III.—The Captain arms himself with a butcher knife and plans revenge. Nellie hopelessly insane. The comedy duel. "Romeo" at last. "Only one Nellie in the world." The unraveling of a skein of mystery, and the finish of an exciting day, to find it was "All a Mistake."

A Busy Liar

By GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. **Scenes:** Easy to set, 1 exterior, 2 interiors. **Characters:** Simeon Meeker, who told one lie. Judge Quakely. Senator Carrollton. Macbeth, a hot-headed Scotchman. Dick, in a matrimonial tangle. William Trott, a recruit. Job Lotts, another one. Mrs. MacFarland, everybody's friend. Tennie, with a mind of her own. Janet, a Scotch lassie. Mrs. Early, a young widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Off to the war. A paternal arrangement of marriage. Janet of the Macbeth clan. Some complications. Meeker and the Widow. A lapse from truth. Meeker made captain. "You are afraid to go." "Afraid? Never!"

Act II.—In camp. Captain Meeker and strict discipline. The Widow, the Judge and the Senator court-martialed. The Widow wins. Another lie and more complications. An infuriated Scotchman. "You held her in your arms." "She is my wife."

Act III.—The ball. "Not military matters, but matrimony." "Another of Meeker's fairy stories." The Captain in kilts. "The funniest thing I ever saw." The Widow untangles a tangle of lies. A lass for every lad. Peace proclaimed. Meeker remains "at the base of supplies."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

The Honor of a Cowboy

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama, 4 acts; 13 m., 4 f. Can be played with 8 m. by doubling. Time, 2½ h. **Scenes:** Location, Montana, 2 exteriors, 1 interior. Easy to set. **Characters:** Morley, a cowboy. Stanton, a road agent. Jenkins, a sheriff. Judge Buckley. Selby, a true friend. Missouri Smith, who has seen better days. Maitland, an attorney. Scar Face, with a true Indian love for whisky. Mexican Pete, a renegade. Cowboys, Deputies, members of the gang, etc. Mary, with a fondness for the trail. Lucy, a school teacher. Mrs. Trevelyn, from New York. Jennie, a decided maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—An Indian with a long memory for spirits. A sheriff who is quick on the trigger. The Judge falls in love. The cowboys' race. Mary wins. The stage robbery. A cowboy in love. The story of Morley's past. "I am a convict." The accusation. "He is the stage robber." The repudiation. "I'll stick to you to the end."

Act II.—Scar Face exposes a trick at cards. Mary saves Scar Face. The posse on the secret trail. A true man's search for his erring brother. The fight. Morley takes Stanton's place and gives himself up to the posse. A faithful girl's despair. "I do this to save him."

Act III.—The proposal to rescue Morley. "I will not allow my brother to sacrifice himself for me." The shooting of Pete. Stanton is killed. Morley returns. The bier. "Jack, would I could have died for you."

Act IV.—Jenkins gives his graveyard to Lucy and then gives up his gun. The proposal of marriage. Cowboys hear of the wedding. They present the bride with "some things." Morley a millionaire. Selby to be best man. The wedding march.

The Lodge of Kye Tyes

By CHARLES HASSON.

Price, 25 Cents

A burlesque initiation; 13 m. and any number of members. Time, about 1 h. **Scene:** A lodge room. **Characters:** Barrington Bings, most worshipful Kye Tye. Sic Semper Maginnis, noble scribe. Rip Van Winklestein, past grand sage. Burnham Hott, guardian of the caldron. Candidates: Michael Muleahey, Fritz Dinkhaus, Ole Svenson, Wun Lung, Antonio Spagetti and Slipsky Kragovich. Comical costumes, hilarious lines and ridiculous, side-splitting business. A "fun-maker" for any club, but particularly suitable for secret societies. Contains nothing that will offend.

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The Heiress of Hoetown

By HARRY L. NEWTON AND JOHN PIERRE ROACH.

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A rural comedy, 3 acts; 8 m., 4 f. Time, 2 h. **Scenes:** 2 exteriors. **Characters:** Jimmie Blake, a physical culturist. Jack Wright, a civil engineer. Ezra Stonyboy, the postmaster. Count Picard, waiting at the church. Corporal Cannon, a veteran. White Blackstone, dealer in titles. Congressman Drybottle, a power in politics. Doolittle Much, constable and proprietor of the village hack. Mary Darling, an heiress. Jane Stonyboy, with ideas. Tillie Tung, the village pest.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Borrowing a screen door. Blackstone, a dealer in titles. Mary comes back home. Blackstone wants Jimmie to travel for his health. "One hundred thousand dollars as expense money." "No, I am going to a strawberry festival and that's worth more to me." The lost necklace. The proprietor of the village hack discovers something. "She's a fine gal, she is."

Act II.—The Strawberry Festival. Blackstone schemes a quick marriage. A busy time for Doolittle Much. "Search that man, Constable!" The necklace is found on the wrong man. "Any man caught with no visible means of support can be arrested as a common vag." The Count is "pinched."

Act III.—The siege of Hoetown. The Count works out his fine on the highway. "Shark, you're a liar!" The financial panic and the loss of Mary's money. The Count and Blackstone get "cold feet" and hike for old Broadway. Mary loses her home. "Come on, kid, I've got carfare."

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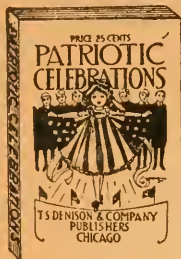
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