

4104
A32

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.



Walter H. Baker & Co's
Boston List.

Griffith

THE
GOLDEN
BUTTERFLY

MEYER'S CELEBRATED GREASE PAINTS.

We are now prepared to furnish a full line of Grease Paints of the celebrated make of Charles Meyer, at the manufacturer's price. These paints are acknowledged by professionals to be the *best*, and are in general use in our theatres. Compared to the old method of using powders, these paints are far superior, as they impart a clearer and more life-like appearance to the skin, and, being of a greasy nature, cannot easily be affected by perspiration. We can supply the following necessary colors, put up in a neat box, with full directions for use, viz.: Light Flesh, Dark Flesh, Brown, Black, Lake, White, Carmine, and Slate. Price, \$1.00.

We have also the following extra colors:—

NO.	NO.	NO.
1. Very pale Flesh Color.	6. Healthy Sunburned, for juvenile heroes.	11. Ruddy, for old age.
2. Light Flesh, deeper tint.	7. Healthy Sunb'ned, deeper shade.	12. Olive, healthy.
3. Natural Flesh Color, for juvenile heroes.	8. Sallow, for young men.	13. Olive, lighter shade.
4. Rosy Tint, for juvenile heroes.	9. Healthy Color, for middle ages.	14. Gypsy flesh color.
5. Deeper shade, for juvenile heroes.	10. Sallow, for old age.	15. Othello.
		16. Chinese.
		17. Indian.
		18. East Indian.

Done up in sticks of four inches in length, at 25 cents each. Any other color made to order.

LINING COLORS: Brown, Black, Lake, and White, 15 cents each. Carmine and White, large sticks, 25 cents each.

MEYER'S WELL-KNOWN FACE PREPARATIONS.

Justly recommended by the profession as being the *best*.

CREAM EXORA.—In large china pots. A very fine preparation for beautifying the complexion, in different shades, as follows: No. 1, White; No 2, Tint of Rose; No. 3, Darker Shade (brunette). 50 and 75 cents per box.

ADHESIVE POWDER.—For sticking on Mustaches, Whiskers, etc. Price, 25 cents per box.

COCOA BUTTER.—For removing grease paint. Large pieces, 25 cents.

DORIN'S { Rouge de Théâtre. } Price, 35 cents each.
 { Blanc de Théâtre. }

BAKER'S SMOKE POTS.—Having considerable call for an article for making smoke for fire scenes, etc., we have made arrangements with the pyrotechnist of the Boston Theatre to supply us with the best article for that purpose; we can now furnish smoke pots, entirely free from stench and producing a thick white smoke, in two sizes, at 35 and 50 cents each.

BAKER'S BLACK OPERA CORK.—For Ethiopian Singers and Actors. 40 cents per box.

BAKER'S TABLEAU LIGHTS.—Red, Green, and White. Price, 25 cents each.

These lights are put up especially for our trade, and cannot be excelled for brilliancy. They burn with as little smoke as any preparation for like purpose. The white is especially brilliant, rivalling the magnesium light in intensity. We have the above solidified for mailing purposes, enough for three lights in a package, at the same price.

The Tableau Lights will be sold in bulk, put up in tin boxes, not less than half a pound of a color, at \$1.50 per pound; sent only by express.

We can furnish any of the articles advertised in the catalogues of other publishers of plays, at list prices.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., 10 Milk Street, Boston.

THE

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

*Walter H. Baker and
James P. Lee*

A DRAMA IN PROLOGUE AND
FOUR ACTS.

DRAMATIZED FROM THE NOVEL OF THAT NAME,

BY

FRANK CARLOS. *Frank*

Frank Carlos
Copyright
14362 R

BOSTON:

Walter H. Baker & Co.

PP 1106
GLASS



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878,
BY FRANK CARLOS,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D.C.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Treat, E., A. W. M. S. 30, 18

CHARACTERS.

GILEAD P. BECK	<i>Comedy.</i>
LAURENCE COLQUHOUN	<i>Leading.</i>
JACK DUNQUERQUE	<i>Juvenile.</i>
CORNELIUS JAGENAL	<i>Character.</i>
HUMPHREY JAGENAL	<i>Character.</i>
GABRIEL CASSILIS	<i>1st Old Man.</i>
CAPTAIN LADDS	<i>2d Old Man.</i>
LEE CHING	<i>2d Heavy.</i>
JOHN RUSKIN	<i>Personated by LADDS.</i>
THOMAS CARLYLE	<i>Doubles with LEE CHING.</i>
ALFRED TENNYSON	<i>Utility.</i>
PROFESSOR HUXLEY	<i>Utility.</i>
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA	<i>Super.</i>
CHARLES DARWIN	<i>Super.</i>
ALGERNON SWINBURNE	<i>Super.</i>
SERVANT	<i>Utility.</i>
PHILLIS FLEMING	<i>Ingénue.</i>
MRS. CASSILIS	<i>Leading.</i>
"REPRESENTATIVE OF A CAUSE"	<i>1st Old Woman.</i>
HER ASSISTANT	<i>Walking Lady.</i>

NOTE.

MANAGERS OF THEATRES, wishing to produce this Play, can make arrangements to that effect by applying to the author, care of WALTER H. BAKER & Co., P. O. Box 2846, Boston.

THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE. — *Empire City. A deserted mining-town. A row of dilapidated shanties in perspective at back. A two-story shanty L. set cornering from L. to C. of stage, at back. Wood wings R. Mountains at back, with sun about an hour high. Sun to set during scene, and the sky to glow after the sun is down. Broken shovels lying about with other discarded and ruined property. Grass growing up around the deserted shanties.*

JACK (*speaking outside, R.*). What do you think, chief?

CAPT. LADDS. Push on. (*Enter, R. I E., RONALD DUNQUERQUE (JACK) and CAPT. LADDS.*)

JACK. If you were not so intolerably conceited about the value of your words, — hang it, man, you are not the Poet-Laureate! — you might give your reasons why we should not camp where we are. The sun will be down in an hour; the way is long, the wind is cold, or will be soon. *This* pilgrim has tightened his belt to stave off the gnawing at his stomach. Here is running water, here is wood, here is shelter, here is everything calculated to charm the poetic mind even of Captain Ladds —

LADDS (*pointing L.*). Road! Roads lead to places; places have beds; beds are warmer than grass; no rattlesnakes in beds; miners in hotels — amusing fellows, miners. Deserted here. Too much ventilation.

JACK. If ever I go out again after buffaloes, or bears, or mountain deer, or any other game whatever, which this great continent offers, with a monosyllabic man, may I be condemned to another two months of buffalo-steak without Worcester sauce, such as I have had already; may I be poisoned with bad Bourbon whiskey; may I never again see the sweet shady side of Pall Mall; may I — (*Looking suddenly R. U. E.*) be blowed, what's that?

LADDS (*after a moment's pause*). Man.

JACK. What's he running for?

LADDS. Think likely he's in a hurry.

JACK. Hello, there's a Grizzly after him.

LADDS. Right. A procession of two.

JACK (*bringing his rifle up*). I'll soon settle him.

LADDS (*knocking up the rifle*). Man in line. Wait. That bear means claws.

JACK. Tommy, I can cover him now.

LADDS. Wait, Jack. Dont miss. Give Grizzly two minutes more. God! how the fellow scuds.

JACK. See how Grizzly holds his great head down and wags it from side to side. Now, Tommy.

LADDS. Give Grizzly two minutes.

JACK. Only fifty yards; the man looks over his shoulder; forty yards.

LADDS. Getting pumped. Mustn't let Grizzly claw the poor devil.

JACK. Let me bring him down, Tommy?

LADDS. Bring him down, young un. Let him have it. (JACK fires. Bear roars. BECK, outside, shrieks.) Good, young un. He's down. Up again. Only wounded. Wait. (*Brings rifle suddenly to shoulder and fires. BECK rushes on stage from R. 3 E., and falls, exhausted, C. The bear falls dead just on at the entrance.*) Grizzly's dead. (*Drops rifle, and pulls out knife.*) Steak.

JACK. No. Skin. Let me take his skin. You can cut some steaks after. Now for the man. (*Goes to BECK.*) Now, old man. Might as well sit up, you know, if you can't stand. Bruin's gone to the happy hunting-grounds.

BECK. (*Gradually recovers, and allows them to assist him to his feet. He has a thin, patchy, irregular beard. Moccasins. Trousers all worn, and greasy, and ragged. Tattered flannel shirt; right arm of shirt nearly gone, showing a tattooed limb. No buttons on garment. Thorns instead. Red cotton handkerchief around his neck, and soft round felt hat, pinned up in front with a thorn. Small wooden box around neck, fastened by a steel chain. No weapons. He stares around; stretches; shakes himself, and looks around, seeing the bear. Then goes to him, and, after looking at him a moment, pats his head, and remarks :*) I sympathize with you, Grizzly, for your bad run of luck. (*To JACK and LADDS.*) A near thing. Since I've been in this doggoned country, I've had one or two near things, but this was the nearest.

JACK. Rather close.

BECK. And which of you gentlemen was good enough to shoot the critter? (LADDS *indicates* JACK. BECK *takes off his hat, and extends hand.*) Sir, I don't know your name, and you don't know mine. If you did, you wouldn't be much happier, because it is not a striking name. If you'll oblige me, sir, by touching that (*indicating hand*), we shall be brothers. All that's mine shall be yours. I do not ask you, sir, to reciprocate. All that's mine, sir, when I get anything, shall be yours. At present, sir, there is nothing; but I've luck behind me. Shake hands, sir. Once a mouse helped a lion, sir. It's in a book. I am the mouse, sir, and you are the lion. Sir, my name is Gilead P. Beck.

JACK. I only fired the first shot. My friend here —

LADDS. No. Won't have it. First shot disabled — hunt finished then — Grizzly out of the running. Glad you're not clawed — unpleasant to be clawed. Young un did it. No thanks. Tell us where we are?

BECK. This was Patrick's Camp, since called Empire City. The pioneers of '49 could tell you a good deal about Patrick's Camp. It was here that Patrick kept his store. In those old days, — they're gone now, — if a man wanted to buy a blanket, that article, sir, was put into one scale and weighed down with gold-dust in the other. Same with a pair of boots; same with a pound of raisins. Patrick might have died rich, sir, but he didn't, — none of the pioneers did, — so he died poor; and died in his boots, too, — like most of the lot.

JACK. Not much left of the camp.

BECK. No, sir, not much. The mine gave out. Then they moved up the hills, where I conclude you gentlemen are on your way. Prospecting, likely. I was trying to find my way here when I met with old Grizzly. Perhaps if I'd let him alone, he'd have let me alone. But I blazed at him, and, sir, I missed him; then he shadowed me, and the old rifle's gone at last.

JACK. How long did the chase last?

BECK. I should say, sir, forty days and forty nights, or near about. And you gentlemen are going —

JACK. We are going anywhere. Perhaps, for the present, you had better join us.

BECK. Perhaps I better had. I ought first, though, to sit down and cry like a girl on the prairie.

JACK. Why ought you to cry?

BECK. I guess I ought to cry because I've lost my rifle, and everything except my Luck, in that darned long stern-chase.

JACK. You can easily get a new rifle.

BECK. With dollars. As for them, there's not a dollar left — nary a red cent; only my Luck.

JACK. And what is your Luck?

BECK. That I will tell you by and by. Perhaps it's your Luck, too, young boss.

LADDS. What do you know about this place?

BECK. Empire City?

LADDS. I see a city — can't see the people.

BECK. All gone. City's busted up. When I first sot eyes on Empire City, two years ago, it was just two years old. It is only in our country that a great city springs up in a day. I said to myself then, sir, Empire City is bound to advance; Empire City will be the Chicago of the West. Five years ago there was ten thousand miners here; now there isn't one; nothing but a Chinaman or two.

JACK. How do you know there are Chinamen?

BECK. See those stones? (*Pointing L.*)

JACK. Yes.

BECK. The miners picked the bones of those rocks, but they never pick quite clean. Then the Chinamen come and finish off. Gentlemen, it's a special Providence that you picked me up. I don't altogether admire the way in which that special Providence was played up to, in the matter of the bar; but a Christian, without a revolver, alone among twenty Chinamen — (*Shrugs his shoulders significantly*) gentlemen, they'd have got my Luck.

JACK (*to LADDS*). Chief, I don't like it. It's ghostly. It's a town of dead men. As soon as it is dark, the ghosts will rise and walk about — play billiards, I expect. What shall we do?

LADDS. Late. Hotel. Sleep on floor — sit on chairs — eat off a table.

BECK. I'll reconnoitre. (*Goes into hotel, L. 4.*)

JACK (*to LADDS*). What do you make of him?

LADDS. Yankee. Honest. Good fellow. Trust him.

JACK. Good. I'm glad you like him, for I have taken to him immensely.

LADDS. Acquisition. Help against Chinamen. Sh! (*Re-enter BECK.*) Well?

BECK. Wal, sir, the bar is left standing; the glasses are there; bright-colored bottles; two or three Bourbon whiskey kegs; counter; dice on the counter; everything there except the drink. Everything gone but the fixins. There used to be good beds where there wasn't more'n two or three at once in 'em; and there used to be such a crowd around this bar as you wouldn't find near'n St. Louis city.

JACK. Hush. There are steps inside the hotel.

BECK. Chinamen, likely. If there's a row, gentlemen, give me something, if it's only a toothpick, to chime in with. But that's not a Chinese step; that's an Englishman. He wears boots, but they're not miner's boots; he walks fine and slow, like all Englishmen; he is not in a hurry like our folk. And who but an Englishman would be found staying behind in the Empire City when it's gone to pot!

JACK. Who, indeed! Most unhandsome of a ghost, though, to walk before midnight. (LAURENCE COLQUHOUN *enters from hotel*, L. 4.)

BECK. Told you he was an Englishman.

LAU. (*Light thin boots. Flannel shirt with red silk belt. Blanket thrown back from his shoulders. Broad felt hat.*) Englishmen, I see.

LADDS. Yes.

LAU. You have probably lost your way?

LADDS. Been hunting. Working round—San Francisco. Followed track; accident; got here. Your hotel perhaps? Fine situation, but lonely.

JACK. Not a ghost, then.

LAU. I may be able to make you comfortable for the night. You see my den. I came here a year or so ago—by accident, like yourselves. I found the place deserted. I liked the solitude, the scenery, whatever you like, and I stayed here. You are the only visitors I have had for a year.

BECK. Chinamen?

LAU. Well, Chinamen, of course. But only two of them. They take turns at forty dollars a month to cook my dinners. And there is a half caste who does not mind running down to Sacramento when I want anything. And so you see I make out pretty well. (*Puts whistle to lips and blows.*) You shall see. (LEE CHING *appears from hotel coming down L. C.*) Dinner as soon as you can.

LEE CHING. Ayah! Can do. What time you wantchee?

LAU. As soon as you can. Half an hour.

LEE CHING. Can do. My no have got cully-powder. Have makee finish. Have got.

LAU. Look for some; make Achow help.

LEE CHING. How can? No b'long his pidgin. He no helpee. B'long my pidgin, makee cook chow chow. Ayah! Achow have go makee cheat over Melican man. Makee play cards all same, euchre. (*Exit into hotel.*)

LADDS. Beg pardon. Should have seen. Made remark about hotel. Apologize.

JACK. He means that he was a terrible great fool not to

see that you are a gentleman. (LADDS *nods*.) Let me introduce our party. This is our esteemed friend Mr. Gilead P. Beck, whom we caught in a bear-hunt —

BECK. B'ar behind.

JACK. This is Capt. Ladds of the 35th Dragoons.

LADDS. Ladds. Nibs, cocoa-nibs, — pure aroma — best breakfast digester — blessing to mothers — perfect fragrance.

JACK. His name is Ladds, and he wishes to communicate to you the fact that he is the son of the man who made an immense fortune — immense, Tommy?

LADDS. Immense.

JACK. By a crafty compound known as “Ladds’ Patent Anti-dyspeptic Cocoa.” My name is Ronald Dunquerque. People generally call me Jack. I don’t know why, but they do.

(LEE CHING and ACHOW enter, bringing a rough table, which they place C. Then hurry back and bring dishes, etc.)

LAU. (*shaking hands with LADDS*). One of ours. My name is Laurence Colquhoun. I sold out before you joined. I came here, as you see. And now, gentlemen, I think I hear the first sounds of dinner. Lee Ching, bring the champagne from behind the curtain. Achow, claret. (*They go off after these, and instantly return with them.*) I think they have laid such a table as the wilderness can boast. Not altogether what a man might order at the Junior United, but it will do. Here is venison, curry, mountain quail, and there is claret, and champagne, both good, especially the claret. Last, but not least, there is coffee. Now, gentlemen, to your places. No ceremony. (*They sit. LAURENCE at the head. BECK L. LADDS next to LAURENCE, R., and JACK nearest the audience, R.*) Help yourselves.

BECK. Sir, we will.

LAU. Claret?

JACK. If you please.

LAU. And you? (*To BECK.*)

BECK. Don’t care if I do, seein’ it’s you.

LAU. And you? (*To LADDS.*)

LADDS. Yes, sir.

LAU. Here’s a health to merrie England.

BECK. And death to b’ars. (*All rise and drink.*)

LAU. Four years since I left England.

JACK. But you will come back to it again?

LAU. I think not.

JACK. Better. Much better. Robinson Crusoe always wanted to get home again. So did Selkirk. So did Philip Quarles.

LAU. Not so Laurence Colquhoun.

BECK (*taking box from neck and placing it on table*). Let me tell you, gentlemen, the story of my Luck. I was in Sonora City, after the worst three months I ever had; and I went around trying to borrow a few dollars. I got not dollars, but I got free drinks — so many free drinks that at last I lay down in the street and went to sleep. Wal, gentlemen, I suppose I walked in that slumber of mine, for when I woke up, I was lying a mile outside the town. I also entertained angels unawares, for at my head there sat an Indian woman. She was as wrinkled an old squaw as ever shrieked at a buryin'. But she took an interest in me. She took that amount of interest in me that she told me that she knew of gold. And then she led me by the hand, gentlemen, that aged and affectionate old squaw, to a place not far from the roadside; and there, lying between two rocks, and hidden in the chapparel, glittering in the light, was this bauble. (*Tapping the box.*) I didn't want to be told to take it. I wrapped it in my handkerchief, and carried it in my hand. Then she led me back to the road again. "Bad luck you will have," she said, "but it will lead to good luck, so long as that is not broken, sold, given away, or lost." Then she left me, and here it is. Bad luck I *have* had. Look at me, gentlemen. Adam was not more destitute when the garden gates were shut on him. But the good will come somehow. (*Opens box, and removes the butterfly.*)

JACK. A golden butterfly.

BECK. A golden butterfly. No goldsmith made this butterfly. It came from nature's workshop. It is my Luck.

JACK. And if the butterfly fall and break,
Farewell the Luck of Gilead Beck.

BECK. Thank you, sir. That's very neat. I'll take that, sir, if you will allow me, for my motto, unless you want it for yourself.

JACK. No, I have one already.

BECK. "If this golden butterfly fall and break,
Farewell the Luck of Gilead P. Beck."

If you are going on, gentlemen, to San Francisco, I hope you will take me with you.

JACK. With pleasure.

BECK. Thank you. Do any of you happen to have a bit of paper about you?

LADDS. Here's a bit of newspaper.

BECK. Good. Just the thing. (*Taking piece of paper.*) No good, is it? (*Looking it over.*)

LADDS. Not the least. Colquhoun, you do not mean to

stay on here by yourself? Much better come with us, unless—

LAU. No, I shall remain.

BECK. Hullo, Victoria's married again.

JACK. Not the Queen?

BECK. I don't know, it's *a* Victoria.

LAU. Victoria?

BECK (*reading from paper*). "On April 3d, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Turk's Island, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Gabriel Cassilis, of etc., to Victoria, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Benbow Pengelly, K. C. B."

LAU. Let me see that, please. (*Takes paper.*) I think I *will* go with you.

JACK. Hear, hear! Selkirk returns to the sound of the church-going bell.

CURTAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *Parlor of GABRIEL CASSILIS, Hanover Square. Piano, R. Ottoman, C. Sofa, L. Chairs, etc. GABRIEL CASSILIS, R. HUMPHREY and CORNELIUS JAGENAL on sofa, L. PHILLIS FLEMING and MRS. CASSILIS on ottoman, C. JACK DUNQUERQUE, R., standing leaning on piano. All discovered.*

MR. CASSILIS. Then you do not like Böllinger, Miss Fleming?

PHILLIS. It is a little too dry for me.

MR. C. You lived a very quiet life with your guardian at Highgate?

PHIL. Yes, very quiet. Only two or three gentlemen ever came to the house, and I never went out.

CORNELIUS. A fair prisoner, indeed. Danaë in her tower waiting for the shower of gold.

PHIL. Danaë must have wished when she was put in the box and sent to sea that the shower of gold had never come.

HUMPHREY. At least, you went out to see the Academy, and the water-colors?

PHIL. I have never seen a picture-gallery at all. I have not once been outside Mr. Dyson's grounds until a week ago, since I was six years old.

COR. You found your pleasure in reading divine poetry, perhaps in writing poetry yourself?

PHIL. Oh, dear, no. I have not yet learned to read. Mr. Dyson said that ladies ought not to learn reading till they are of an age when acquiring that mischievous art cannot hurt themselves or their fellow-creatures.

MR. C. You were taught other things, however?

PHIL. Yes, I learned to play. My master came twice a week, and I can play pretty well; I play either by ear or by memory. You see I never forget anything that I am told.

MRS. CASSILIS. Can it be, Miss Fleming, that you never went outside of the house at all?

PHIL. Oh, no. I could ride in the paddock. It was a good large field, and my pony was clever at jumping, so I got on pretty well.

JACK. Would it be too much to ask you how you — how you got through the day?

PHIL. Not at all. It was very easy. I had a ride before breakfast; gave Mr. Dyson his tea at ten; talked with him till twelve; we always talked subjects, you know, and had a regular course. When we had done talking he asked me questions. Then I probably had another ride before luncheon. In the afternoon I played, looked after my dress, and drew.

HUMPH. You are, then, an artist! Cornelius, I saw from the first that Miss Fleming had the eye of an artist.

PHIL. I do not know about that. I can draw people. I will show you some of my sketches to-morrow. They are all heads and figures. I shall draw all of you to-night before going to bed.

JACK. And in the evening?

PHIL. Mr. Dyson dined at seven. Sometimes he had one or two gentlemen to dine with him; never any lady. When there was no one we talked subjects again.

MR. C. Gentlemen, shall we try a cigar on the veranda? The ladies will excuse us, I dare say?

MRS. C. Certainly. (*The gentlemen go on to veranda at back. MRS. CASSILIS goes R. to piano.*)

COR. (*as he is going, approaches PHILLIS confidentially*). You are watching my brother Humphrey. Study him, Miss Fleming; it will repay you well to know that child-like and simple nature, innocent of the world, and aglow with the flame of genius. (*Goes up C.*)

PHIL. I think I can draw him, now.

HUMPH. (*coming to PHILLIS in like manner*). I see your eyes turned upon my brother Cornelius. He is a great, a noble fellow, Miss Fleming. Cultivate him, talk to him, learn from him. You will be very glad some day to be able to boast that you have met my brother Cornelius; to know him is a privilege; to converse with him, an education. (*Goes up C.*)

MRS. C. (*returning to PHILLIS*). We used to think, until Mr. Dyson died and his preposterous will was read, that his eccentric behavior was partly your fault. But when we found that he had left you nothing, of course we felt that we had done you an involuntary wrong.

PHIL. I had plenty of money; why should poor Mr. Dyson want to leave me any more?

MRS. C. Forty thousand pounds a year! and all going to female education. Not respectable female education, either.

PHIL. Am I not respectable?

MRS. C. My dear child, you cannot even read and write.

PHIL. That is quite true.

MRS. C. But everybody learns to read and write. All the Sunday-school children, even, know how to read and write.

PHIL. Perhaps that is a misfortune for the Sunday-school children. It would very likely be better for the Sunday-school children were they taught more useful things.

MRS. C. Miss Fleming, I am ten years older than you, and if you will only trust me, I will give you such advice and assistance as I can.

PHIL. You are very kind. If you will only tell me of my deficiencies, I will try to repair them.

MRS. C. Then let us consider. Of course you are quite ignorant of things that people talk about. Books are out of the question. Music and concerts; art and pictures; china — perhaps Mr. Dyson collected?

PHIL. No.

MRS. C. A pity. China would be a great help. The opera and theatres; balls and dancing. Perhaps you can fall back upon church matters. Are you a Ritualist?

PHIL. What is that?

MRS. C. My dear girl, did you actually never go to church?

PHIL. No. Mr. Dyson used to read prayers every day. Why should people go to church, when they pray?

MRS. C. Why? Why? Because people in society all go; because you must set an example to the lower orders. Dear me, it is very shocking, and girls are all expected to take such an interest in religion. You *can* draw?

PHIL. I draw a little. Not so well, of course, as girls brought up respectably.

MRS. C. Pardon me, my dear Miss Fleming, if I say that sarcasm is not considered good style.

PHIL. I don't understand. I say what I think, and you tell me I am sarcastic.

MRS. C. Girls in society never say what they think.

PHIL. I looked at the girls yesterday as we drove through the streets. Some of them were walking like this. (*Rises and imitates.*) Then there were others who walked like this. (*Imitates.*) Then there were boys. I never dreamed of such a lot of boys. And they were all whistling. This was the tune. (*Whistles.*)

MRS. C. (*rising*). My dear, *dear*, DEAR girl, you *must* not whistle.

PHIL. Is it wrong to whistle?

MRS. C. Not morally wrong, I suppose, but it is far worse, Phillis, far worse — it is unspeakably vulgar.

PHIL. Oh, I am so sorry.

MRS. C. You have an excellent figure, a very pretty and attractive face, winning eyes, and a taste in dress which only wants cultivation, and that we will begin to-morrow at Melton and Mowbray's.

PHIL. Oh, yes, that will be delightful. I have never seen a shop yet. (*Goes up to JACK, C.*)

MRS. C. (*in amazement*). She — has — never — seen — a — shop. That a girl of nineteen should be able to say she has never seen a shop! (*Goes up C., and joins MR. CASSILIS and others. CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY come down L.*)

HUMPH. Cornelius, she has fifty thousand pounds.

COR. She has, brother Humphrey.

HUMPH. It's a pity, Cornelius, that we, who have only two hundred pounds a year each, are already fifty years of age.

COR. Humphrey, what age do we feel?

HUMPH. Thirty — not a month more. (*Striking at the air with both fists.*)

COR. Right. Not an hour above thirty. (*Striking chest, which causes him to cough.*) Something definite should be attempted, Humphrey.

HUMPH. You mean, brother —

COR. I mean, Humphrey —

HUMPH. With regard to —

COR. With regard to Phillis Fleming.

HUMPH. She is, she is, indeed a charming girl. Her outline is finely but firmly drawn; her coloring delicate, but strongly accentuated; the grouping to which she lends herself always differentiated artistically; her single attitudes designed naturally and with freedom; her flesh tints remarkably pure and sweet; her draperies falling in artistic folds; her atmosphere softened as by the perfumed mists of morning; her hair tied in the simple knot which is the admiration and despair of many painters; — you agree with my rendering, brother Cornelius, my rendering of this incomparable work?

COR. She is all that you say, Humphrey. From your standpoint nothing could be better. I judge her, however, from my own platform. I look on her as one of nature's sweetest poems; such a poem as defies the highest effort

of the greatest creative genius ; where the cadenced lines are sunlit, and, as they ripple on, make music in your soul. You are rapt with their beauty ; you are saddened with the unapproachable magic of her charm ; you feel the deepest emotions of the heart awakened, and beating in responsive harmony. And when, after long and patient watching, the searcher after the truth of beauty feels each verse sink deeper and deeper within him, till it becomes a part of his own nature, there arises before him, clad in mystic and transparent Coan robe, the spirit of subtle wisdom, long lying *perdu* in those magic utterances. She is a lyric ; she is a sonnet ; she is an epigram —

HUMPH. At least, she doesn't carry a sting.

COR. Then let us say an idyl. But let us see what had better be done.

HUMPH. We must act at once, Cornelius.

COR. We understand each other, Humphrey. We always do. (*Winking knowingly.*)

HUMPH. We must make our own opportunity. Not together, but separately.

COR. Surely separately. Together would never do.

HUMPH. Have you — did you — can you give me any of your own experiences in this way, Cornelius ?

COR. I may have been wooed. Men of genius are always run after. But as I am a bachelor, you see, it is clear that I never proposed.

HUMPH. When I was in Rome —

COR. When I was in Heidelberg —

HUMPH. There was a model — a young artist's model —

COR. There was a little country girl —

HUMPH. With the darkest eyes, and hair of a deep blue black, the kind of color one seems only to read of, or to see in a picture.

COR. With blue eyes, as limpid as the waters of the Neckar, and light brown hair, which caught the sunshine in a way that one seldom seems to see, but which we poets sometimes sing of.

HUMPH. Cornelius, I think that Phillis would not like these reminiscences. We must offer virgin hearts.

COR. True, brother, we must.

HUMPH. Yet the recollection is not unpleasant. (*Sighs.*)

COR. We are not nervous, brother ?

HUMPH. Not at all, not at all. Still, to steady the system, perhaps —

COR. Yes, you are quite right, brother. We will. (*They both drink, taking wine from decanter on side table.*)

HUMPH. What we need, Cornelius, what we need; not what we wish for. (*Fixes his tie, etc., in a nervous manner.*) I will tell her you wish to speak with her. (*Starts.*)

COR. Wait a moment. My heart beats so. Slower, slower. Now, brother, I think I am prepared. (*HUMPHREY goes up and speaks aside to PHILLIS, who motions towards CORNELIUS down L. HUMPHREY nods. PHILLIS comes down R.*)

PHIL. You wished to say — Mr. Cornelius?

COR. Yes. Will you sit down, Miss Fleming?

PHIL. (*aside*). He is going to tell me about the "Upheaving of Alfred." (*To him.*) And how does the workshop get on?

COR. Fairly well. My brother Humphrey — a noble creature is Humphrey, Miss Fleming —

PHIL. Is he still hard at work?

COR. His work is crushing him, Miss Fleming, — may I call you Phillis?

PHIL. Of course you may, Mr. Cornelius. We are quite old friends. But I am sorry to hear your brother is being crushed.

COR. To-day, Phillis, — I feel to you already like a brother, — to-day I discovered the secret of Humphrey's life. May I tell it you?

PHIL. If you please.

COR. I will tell you the secret in a few words. My brother Humphrey adores you with all the simplicity and strength of a noble artistic nature.

PHIL. Does he? You mean he likes me very much. How good he is. I am very glad to hear it, Mr. Cornelius, though why it need be a secret I do not know.

COR. Then my poor brother, — he is all loyalty and brings you a virgin heart, an unsullied name, and the bright prospects of requited genius. My brother may hope?

PHIL. Certainly. I should like to see him hoping.

COR. I will tell him, sister Phillis. You have made two men happy, and one at least grateful. (*Goes up and whispers to HUMPHREY.*)

PHIL. That man has been nearly twenty years engaged in writing the greatest poem the world ever saw, and not a line of it is yet written. (*Looking around.*) Here comes the other, who has been occupied the same length of time on a painting, and to this day the brush has not touched the canvas. (*HUMPHREY comes down beside PHILLIS.*) *He is going to tell me that Cornelius adores me. (*Aside.*)

HUMPH. You are peaceful and happy here, Miss Fleming, — may I call you Phillis?

PHIL. Certainly, Mr. Humphrey. We are old friends, you know. And I am very happy here.

HUMPH. I am glad; I am very glad indeed to hear it.

PHIL. Are you not happy, Mr. Humphrey? Why do you look so gloomy? And how is the great picture getting on?

HUMPH. "The Birth of the Renaissance" is advancing rapidly. It will occupy a canvas fourteen feet long by six high.

PHIL. If you have got the canvas, and the frame, all you want now is the picture.

HUMPH. True as you say — the picture. It is all that I want. And that is striding — literally striding. I am happy, dear Miss Fleming, dear Phillis, since I may call you by your pretty Christian name. It is of my brother that I think. It is on his account that I feel unhappy.

PHIL. What is the matter with him?

HUMPH. He is a great, a noble fellow. His life is made up of sacrifices, and devoted to hard work. No one works so conscientiously as Cornelius. Yet he is not happy. There is a secret sorrow in his life.

PHIL. Oh, dear, do let me know it, and at once. Was there ever such a pair of devoted brothers?

HUMPH. A secret which no one has guessed but myself.

PHIL. I know what it is. (*Laughing.*)

HUMPH. Has he told you, Phillis? The secret of his life is that my brother Cornelius is attached to you with all the devotion of his grand poetic soul.

PHIL. Why, that is what I thought you were going to say.

HUMPH. You knew it. And you feel the response of a passionate nature. He shall be your Petrarch. You shall read his very soul. But Cornelius brings you a virgin heart, a virgin heart, Phillis. May he hope that —

PHIL. Certainly he may hope, and so may you. And now we have had quite enough of devotion, and secrets, and great poetic souls. (*Rises.*) May I rejoin Mrs. Cassilis?

HUMPH. Certainly. (*PHILLIS goes up, and CORNELIUS comes down to HUMPHREY.*) Cornelius.

COR. Humphrey.

HUMPH. Shall we drink the health and happiness of Phillis?

COR. We will, Humphrey. (*They drink.*) She knows that she has found a virgin heart.

HUMPH. She does. Oh, Cornelius, and the little Gretchen and the milk-pails. Byronic rover!

COR. Ah, Humphrey, shall I tell her of the *contadina*, the black-eyed model, and the old wild days in Rome, eh?

Don Giovanni! (*They chuckle and punch each other's ribs, and go up L., and stroll off over the veranda and off L. The remainder of the party come down.*)

MRS. C. Will you tell us, Mr. Dunquerque, if the story of the bear-hunt is a true one, or did you make it up?

JACK. We made up nothing. The story is perfectly true. And the man's name was Beck.

Mr. C. Curious. An American, named Beck, Gilead P. Beck, is in London now, and has been recommended to me. He is extremely rich. I think, my dear, that you invited him to dinner to-day?

MRS. C. Yes. He found he could not come, at the last moment. He will be here during the evening.

JACK. Then you will see the man, unless there is more than one Gilead P. Beck, which is hardly likely.

Mr. C. This man has practically an unlimited credit.

MRS. C. And is that other story true, that you found an English traveller living all alone in a deserted city?

JACK. Quite true.

MRS. C. Really! And who was it? Anybody one has met?

JACK. I do not know whether you have ever met him. His name is Laurence Colquhoun.

MRS. C. (*starts suddenly at the name, but gradually recovers herself*). Colquhoun! (*To MR. CASSILIS.*) My dear, it is an old friend of mine of whom we are speaking, Mr. Laurence Colquhoun.

PHIL. He is my guardian, now that Mr. Dyson is dead.

(*GILEAD BECK'S voice outside. "All right, James." He enters, L. 3.*)

MR. C. Here is Mr. Beck now.

BECK (*meeting JACK, C., and shaking him heartily by the hand*). You have not forgotten me? You still think of that Grizzly?

JACK. Of course I do. I shall never forget him.

BECK. Nor shall I, sir; never. Ladies, it is owing to Mr. Dunquerque that Gilead P. Beck has the pleasure of being in this drawing-room. Rubbed out I should have been, on that green and grassy spot, but for the crack of Mr. Dunquerque's rifle.

JACK. It was a most charming and picturesque spot in which to be rubbed out.

BECK. There are moments when the soul is dead to poetry. One of these moments is when you feel the breath of a grizzly on your cheek.

PHIL. Did he save your life?

BECK. Young lady, he did.

JACK. And how is the golden butterfly?

BECK. That insecck, sir, is a special instrument working under Providence for my welfare. He slumbers at my hotel, the Langham, in a fire-proof safe.

MR. C. And how do you like our country?

BECK. Well, sir, a dollar goes a long way in this country, especially in cigars and drinks. The English air the most kind-hearted people in the hull world. We air charitable, and I believe the Germans, when they air not officers in their own army, air a well disposed folk. But in America, when a man tumbles down the ladder, he falls hard. Here there's every contrivance for makin' him fall soft. A man don't feel handsome when he's on the broad of his back, but it must be a comfort for him to feel that his backbone isn't broke. I have a letter for you from one of our most prominent bankers. (*Hands letter.*) There's the identical document.

MR. C. I observe that you have unlimited credit. That is hardly what we would give to a Rothschild.

BECK. It is my Luck.

MR. C. Our New York friend tells me also, Mr. Beck, that you would find it difficult to spend your income.

BECK. It is my Luck. We'll come to figures, sir, and you shall judge as my friendly adviser. My bankers say I have about £1500 a day coming to me.

MR. C. Do you mean, Mr. Beck, do you actually mean that you are drawing a profit, a clear profit, of more than £1500 a day?

BECK. That is about the size of it, sir, — that is the lowest figure.

MR. C. What an income! Nothing to squander it on. No duties, and no responsibilities. You are unmarried, I believe?

BECK. You can bet your best boots on that little circumstance at any time, and be in no danger of losing 'em.

MR. C. And a yearly income of five hundred thousand pounds. Let me — allow me to shake hands with you again. I had no idea I was entertaining a man of such enormous power. Presently you might undertake a loan with Russia, Austria, Turkey, Italy, or Egypt.

BECK. Wal, sir, I am not ambitious, and I leave Providence to manage the nations her own way. I might meddle and muss till I busted up the whole concern; play, after all, into the hands of the devil, and have the people praying to get back to their old original Providence. You see it's

thirty-three years ago since I began travelling about, twelve years old — the youngest of the lot.

JACK. What did you do first?

BECK. Ran messages; swept out stores; picked up trades; went handy boy to a railway engineer. Kept a village school at a dollar a day. Boys *and* gells. Boys themselves air bad; but boys and gells mixed, they air — well, it's a curious and interestin' thing that, ever since that time, when I see gells swoopin' round with their eyes as soft as velvet and their sweet cheeks the color of peach, I say to myself, "I've seen you at school, and I know you better than you think." You believe, Mr. Dunquerque, that gells air soft. Air they? They're sweet to look at; but when you've tended school, you don't yearn after them so much.

MRS. C. You are rather severe, aren't you, Mr. Beck?

BECK. Not a bit. Now boys. There was one boy I liked. We had a fight regular every morning, at five minutes past nine. Any little thing set us off. He might heave a desk, or a row of books, or the slates of the whole class, at my head. It was uncertain how it began, but that fight was bound to be fought. The boys expected it, and it pleased the gells. I was fond of Pete, and he was fond of me. Ways like his, ladies and gentlemen, kinder creep around the heart of the lonely teacher. (*To Jack.*) Did I ever tell you my press experiences?

JACK. I think not.

BECK. Wal. I was in Chicago. Fifteen years ago. I wanted employment. Nobody wanted me. I called on Mr. John B. Van Cott, the editor of the morning paper. "Wal, sir," he said, "you look as if you knew enough to go indoors when it rains." Just then there was a knock at the door, and a fellow with a black-dyed mustache, a diamond pin in his shirt-front, and a great gold chain across his vest, entered. "Who runs this machine?" he inquired. "I am the editor," said Mr. Van Cott. "Then you are the rooster I'm after," and he went for Mr. Van Cott lively. If they had been evenly matched, I should have stood around to see fair. But it wasn't equal. So I hitched on to the stranger and pulled him off by main force. He met my advances half way. In ten minutes you couldn't tell him from me, nor me from him. The furniture moved around cheerfully, and there was a lovely racket. It lasted fifteen minutes. When it was over, he was bruised and bleeding. Tears stood in his eyes as he said: "Stranger, will you tell me where you hail from?" "Air you satisfied with the editorial management of this paper?" said I. "I am, you bet; good morning," said he, and left.

MR. C. Is this horrible method of interfering with editors common in America?

BECK. In spots. I hit one of those spots.

JACK. Did the gentleman engage you?

BECK. He did, permanently. It seems it was the dull season of the year, and I hadn't more than three such occurrences a week 'till the fall elections came on, and then I had to hiper.

JACK. Why don't you start a new daily?

BECK. I have been already thinking of it, Mr. Dunquerque. I shall teach some of your reviews good manners.

JACK. But we pride ourselves on the tone of our reviews.

BECK. Perhaps you do, sir. I have remarked that Englishmen pride themselves on a good many things. See, Mr. Dunquerque, last week I read one of your high-toned reviews. There was an article in it on a novel. The novel was a young lady's novel. When I was editing the *Clearville Roarer*, I couldn't have laid it on in finer style for the rough back of a ward politician.

JACK. People like it, I suppose.

BECK. I dare say they do, sir. They used to like to see a woman flogged at the cart-tail. I am not much of a company man, Mr. Dunquerque; but I believe that when a young lady sings a song in a drawing-room, if that young lady sings out of tune, it is not considered good manners to get up and say so; and it isn't thought polite to snigger and grin. And in my country, if a man was to invite the company to make game of that young lady, he would, perhaps, be requested to take a header through the window. Let things alone, and presently that young lady discovers that she is not likely to get cracked up as a vocaler. I shall conduct my paper on the same polite principles. If a man thinks he can sing, and can't sing, let him be for a bit. Perhaps he will find out his mistake. If he doesn't, tell him gently, and if that won't do, get your liveliest writer to lay it on once for all. But to go sneakin' and pryin' around, pickin' out the poor trash, and cuttin' it up to make the people grin—it's mean, Mr. Dunquerque, it's mean. The cart-tail and the cat-o'-nine was no worse than this exhibition.

MRS. C. Quite an eventful life you have had, Mr. Beck. (*Rises.*) Now, as the evening is delightful, shall we take a little stroll in the garden. We shall be delighted to listen to more of your reminiscences, Mr. Beck.

BECK. Thank you, ma'am, most happy. (*Offers arm, which she accepts.*)

MRS. C. Mr. Cassilis, will you come, and Mr. Dunquerque, will you bring Phillis?

BECK (*as they are going out*). I might relate a circumstance connected with my editing the *Clearville Roarer*. (*Exeunt BECK, MR. and MRS. CASSILIS C. to L.*)

PHIL. I want my wrap. Mr. Dunquerque, will you be so kind as to hand it to me from a chair in the next room?

JACK. Certainly. (*Exit R. 3, and immediately re-enters with wrap.*)

PHIL. (*taking wrap*). How beautiful it must be to meet a man whose life you have saved. I should like — once — just once — to do a single great action, and dream of it ever after.

JACK. But mine was not a great action. I shot a bear which was following Mr. Beck and meant mischief; that is all.

PHIL. But you might have missed, and then Mr. Beck would have been killed.

JACK. Most true, Miss Fleming.

PHIL. It seems so strange to be called Miss Fleming. Everybody used to call me Phillis.

JACK. Everybody calls me Jack.

PHIL. Jack! What a pretty name Jack is! May I call you Jack?

JACK. If you only would.

PHIL. I shall always call you Jack, then.

JACK. And what am I to call you?

PHIL. My name is Phillis, you know.

JACK. Phillis is a very sweet name. But it would be prettier to call you Phil.

PHIL. Phil. Phil. That is very pretty. No one ever called me Phil before.

JACK. And we will be great friends, shall we not?

PHIL. Yes, great friends.

JACK. Let us shake hands over our promise. (*Enter MRS. CASSILIS C. from L.*) We must join the others. Why, here is Mrs. Cassilis!

MRS. C. Why did you not join us? I came to look for you, and to procure a wrap. Mr. Beck is relating some very amusing incidents.

PHIL. Oh, Jack, — I mean Mr. Dunquerque, let's go.

JACK. By all means. (*Exeunt C. to L.*)

MRS. C. (*down R., taking wrap off chair, and putting it on*). Jack! The first step. (*As she goes towards C. she encounters LAURENCE COLQUHOUN, who enters L. 3.*)

LAU. I am here.

MRS. C. Laurence.

LAU. My name is Colquhoun, Mrs. Cassilis.

MRS. C. My name, Laurence, is Victoria. Have you forgotten that?

LAU. I have forgotten everything, Mrs. Cassilis. It is best to forget everything.

MRS. C. But if you cannot! Oh, Laurence, if you cannot.

LAU. This is mere foolishness, Mrs. Cassilis. As a stranger, a perfect stranger, may I ask why you call me by my Christian name, and why these tears?

MRS. C. Strangers! it is ridiculous. It is ridiculous, when all the world knows that we were once friends, and half the world thought that we were going to be something — nearer.

LAU. Nearer — and dearer, Mrs. Cassilis? What a foolish world it was. Suppose we had become nearer, and therefore very much less dear.

MRS. C. Be kind to me, Laurence.

LAU. I will be whatever you like, Mrs. Cassilis, except what I was — provided you do not call me Laurence any more. In deference to your wishes I transported myself for four years. Then I saw the announcement of your marriage in the paper by accident. And I came here again, because of your own free will and accord you had given me my release. Is this true?

MRS. C. Yes.

LAU. Then, in the name of Heaven, why seek to revive the past. Believe me, I have forgotten the few days of madness and repentance. They are gone. Some ghosts of the past come to me, but they do not take the shape of Victoria Pengelley.

MRS. C. Suppose we cannot forget?

LAU. Then we *must* forget. Victoria, — Mrs. Cassilis, rouse yourself. Think of what you are, — what you have made yourself.

MRS. C. I do think. I think every day.

LAU. You have a husband and a child; you have your position in the world. Mrs. Cassilis, you have your honor.

MRS. C. My honor! What honor? And if all were known. Laurence, don't you ever pity me?

LAU. Heroics, Mrs. Cassilis. Are you not overdoing it? You almost make me remember a scene — call it a dream — which took place in a certain Glasgow hotel about four years and a half ago.

MRS. C. Let us not quarrel. It is foolish to quarrel, after four years and more of absence.

LAU. You told me you had something to say to me. What is it?

MRS. C. I wanted to say this: When we two parted, you used bitter words. You told me that I was heartless, cold, and bad-tempered. Those were the words you used.

LAU. By Gad I believe they were. We had a blazing row.

MRS. C. I might retaliate on you.

LAU. Come, Mrs. Cassilis, it is no use. I cannot help you. I would not if I could. Hang it! it would be too ridiculous for me to interfere. Think of the situation. Here we are, we three. I first, you in the middle, and Mr. Cassilis third. You and I know, and he does not suspect. On the stage, the man who does not suspect always looks a fool. Make yourself miserable if you like, and make me uncomfortable, but for Heaven's sake don't make us all ridiculous.

MRS. C. After that dreadful day I went back to the old life. Two years passed away. You were gone — never to return, as you said. Mr. Cassilis came.

LAU. Well?

MRS. C. Well, I was poor. I saw a chance for freedom. Mr. Cassilis offered me that, at least. And I accepted him.

LAU. Very well, Mrs. Cassilis, very well. If you are satisfied, of course no one has the right to say a word. After all, no one has any cause to fear except yourself. For me, I certainly shall hold my tongue. It would be so beautifully explained by Sergeant Smoothtongue. "Six years ago, gentlemen of the jury, a man, no longer in the bloom of early youth, was angled for and hooked by a lady who employed a kind of tackle comparatively rare in English society. She was a *femme incomprise*. She despised the little ways of women; she was full of infinite possibilities; she was going to lead the world, if only she could get the chance. And then, gentlemen of the jury, then —"

(*Enter MR. CASSILIS C. from L., and comes down R. MRS. CASSILIS rises.*)

MRS. C. (*to MR. CASSILIS*). My dear, let me introduce Mr. Colquhoun, a very old friend of mine.

MR. C. I am glad, Mr. Colquhoun, to know you. I have heard of you.

MRS. C. Pray sit down, Mr. Colquhoun, unless you will go on with your description. Mr. Colquhoun, who has just returned from America, my dear, was giving me a vivid account of some American trial scene which he witnessed.

LAU. (*aside*). Now which looks the fool?

BECK (*enters at back and recognizes LAURENCE*). The hermit of Empire City, by the living jingo!

(LAURENCE L., *unconcerned*. MRS. CASSILIS C., *perfectly calm*. MR. CASSILIS R., *quite satisfied*. JACK, GILEAD BECK, and PHILLIS *enter at back*.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. — LAURENCE COLQUHOUN'S *apartments at the Albany*. Table C., with reading-lamp upon it, with green shade. Fireplace L. Chairs about. Sofa R. LAURENCE seated in large chair before fire, smoking. GILEAD BECK C. JACK DUNQUERQUE stretched on sofa, smoking, R. Window C., with heavy drapery. Room fitted with dark walls, dark furniture and carpet, all in the Oriental style. Chandelier over table, lighted; also the reading-lamp. Doors R. 3 and L. 3.

BECK. I call this kind, boys. I call this friendly. I asked myself last night, "Will those boys see me, or will they let the ragged Yankee slide?" And here I am. Now if you should be curious, gentlemen, to know my history since I left you in San Francisco. I will tell you from the beginning. You remember that insecck, the Golden Butterfly?

JACK. In the little box? I asked you after his welfare last week. By the way, before you begin, I ought to tell you that since we came home, we have written a book, Ladds and myself, about our travels.

BECK. Is that so?

JACK. And we have put you into it, with an account of Empire City.

BECK. Gentlemen, I shall buy that book. I shall take five hundred copies of that book. Just as I was, you say—no boots, but moccasins; not a dollar, nor a cent; running for bare life before a grizzly.

JACK. Thank you.

BECK. Well, I went off, after I left you, by the Pacific Railway, and I landed in New York. New York City is not the village I should recommend to a man without dollars in

his pocket. Fiji, p'r'aps, for one who has a yearning after bananas and black civilization. But not New York. No, gentlemen; if you go to New York, let it be when you've made your pile, and not before; then you can walk into Delmonico's as if the place belonged to you. I left that city, and made my way North, till I found myself in the city of Limerick on Lake Ontario. You do not know the city of Limerick, I dare say.

JACK. Haven't that pleasure.

BECK. Well I have, and it was the darnedest misbegotten location, built around a swamp, that ever called itself a city. There were a few deluded farmers trying to persuade themselves that things would look up, for they couldn't do much else, since they were flat on their back. You never saw such a helpless lot. I did not stay among them because I loved them, but because I saw things.

LAU. Ghosts?

BECK. Ghosts be blowed. No, sir. That was what they *thought* I saw when I went prowling around of an evening. They thought, too, that I was mad when I began to buy land. You could buy it for nothing; a dollar an acre; half a dollar an acre; anything an acre. I've mended a cartwheel for a five-acre lot of swamp. I saw that they were walking, — no, sleeping, — over fields of incalculable wealth, and they never suspected. They smoked their pipes, and ate their pork. Between whiles they praised the Lord for sending them a fool like me.

LAU. And what did you see when you looked about?

BECK. I saw, sir, a barren bog. The barrenest, boggiest part of it all was my claim. And to think that those mean pork-raisers saw it all the same as I did, and never suspected.

JACK. And you found what? Gold?

BECK. No, I found what I expected. And that was better than gold. Mind, I say nothing against gold. Gold has made many a pretty little fortune —

JACK. Little!

BECK. Little, sir. There's no big fortunes made out of gold. Diamonds again. One or two men like the name of diamonds, but not many. There's the disadvantage about gold and diamonds — that you have to dig for them, and to dig darned hard, and to dig for yourself mostly. But, gentlemen, the greatest gift the airth has to bestow, she gave to me, — abundant, spontaneous, eternal, without bottom, and free.

JACK. And that is — (*Sitting up, interested.*)

BECK (*rising to his feet, and striking the table*). It is *ile, ile!* Gold means rheumatism and a bent back. *Ile* flows. I *knew* it was there, because I had been in Pennsylvania and learned the signs. Boring a well is not quite the sort of work a man would select for a pleasant and varied occupation. Day after day I bored. It was the ninth day and noon, I was taking my dinner, which consisted on that day and all days of cold boiled pork and bread.

JACK. Ah, yah!

BECK. Yes, sir, my own remark every day, when I sat down to that simple banquet. In those days, gentlemen, I said no grace. It didn't seem to me that the most straight-walking Christian was expected to be more than tolerably thankful for cold pork.

LAU. And while you were eating the pork, the Golden Butterfly flew down the shaft and struck oil of his own account.

BECK. No, sir; for once you air wrong. Nobody went down. But something came up — up like a fountain, up like the bubbling over of the airth's eternal teapot; a black muddy jet of stuff. Great sun! I think I see it now.

JACK. But the oil may run dry.

BECK. Never. What is this world, gentlemen?

JACK. A round ball.

BECK. Sir, it is like a great orange. It has its outer rind, what they call the crust. I've got my pipe straight into the middle of the orange, and right through the crust. Other mines may give out, but my *ile* will run forever.

JACK. Then we may congratulate you on the possession of a boundless fortune.

BECK. You may, sir. It is my Luck. And I, sir, have struck *ile* as it never was struck before, because my well goes down to the almighty reservoir of this great world.

JACK. And what do you intend to do?

BECK. Well, first I want to meet your great men. Not to interview them, sir, not at all. They may talk a donkey's hind leg off, and I wouldn't send a single line to the New York papers to tell them what was said, or what they wore. But I should like, just for one evening, to meet and talk with the great writers whom we respect across the water.

JACK. Suppose I am able to get together half a dozen or so of our greatest writers, how should we manage to entertain them?

BECK. I should like to give them a good square meal at the Langham.

JACK. To tell you the truth, I have anticipated your de-

sire, and mentioned the subject to several personally. I told them you were an American gentleman with no letters of introduction, but a sincere admirer of their genius.

BECK. Heap it up, Mr. Dunquerque. Heap it up. Tell them I am death on appreciation.

JACK. That is in substance what I did tell them. "On the one hand," I said, "my friend, Gilead P. Beck"—I ventured to say, "my friend, Gilead P. Beck."

BECK. If you hadn't said that, you should have been scalped and goosed. Go on, Mr. Dunquerque; go on, sir.

JACK. "Will feel himself honored by your company; on the other hand, it will be a genuine source of pleasure for you to know that you are as well known and as thoroughly appreciated on the other side of the water as you are here." Most of the writing swells will come either on Wednesday next, or on any other day you please.

BECK. Tell me, if you please, who they are.

JACK. First of all you would like to see the old philosopher of Cheyne Walk, Thomas Carlyle, as your guest?

BECK. Carlyle, sir, is a name to conjure with in the States. When I was editor of the *Clearville Roarer*, I had an odd volume of Carlyle, and I used to quote him as long as the book lasted. It perished in a fight.

JACK. What do you say of Professor Huxley and Mr. Darwin?

BECK. I should say they were prominent citizens if I knew what they'd written. Is Professor Huxley a professing Christian? There was a Prof. Habakkuk Huckster once, down Empire City way, in the Moody and Sankey business, with an interest in the organs, and a percentage on the hymn books; but they're not relations, I suppose? And the other genius—what is his name—Darwin? Grinds novels perhaps?

JACK. Historical works of fiction. Great in genealogy is Darwin.

BECK. Jenny who?

JACK. Genealogy.

BECK. Oh. It's all right, I suppose. I never heard of her before, though. There used to be a Jenny Alger down to Patrick's Camp, who danced for a living; and she could sling a lively hoof, you can just bet. Never mind my ignorance, Mr. Dunquerque, and go on, sir. I'm powerful interested.

JACK. Ruskin is coming; and I had thought of Robert Browning, the poet; but I am afraid he may not be able to be present. However, there are Tennyson and Swinburne. Buchanan I would ask, if I knew him, but I don't.

BECK. Next Wednesday. That gives only four days. Professor Huxley. I suppose I can buy that clergyman's sermons? And the universal genius who reels out the historical romances, Mr. Darwin. I shall get his works, too. And there's Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Robert Browning—

JACK. What are you going to do?

BECK. Well, Mr. Dunquerque, I am going to devote the next four days from morning till night to solid preparation for that evening. I shall go out right away, and I shall buy every darned book Mr. Whiting, — no, Blacking, — I mean Browning, — and those other great men have written; and if I sit up every night over the job, I'm bound to read every word.

JACK. To begin with, then, I have invited a poet and a painter to meet you here this evening — Messrs. Humphrey and Cornelius Jagenal, and it is quite time they were here.

LAU. There are steps on the stairs now, Jack.

JACK. It must be the twins.

BECK. Produce your twins.

JACK. I ought to tell you first that they are great men. Men of genius, whom you should also invite to the banquet.

BECK. I can see them eating there now, sir.

JACK. And perhaps become their patron.

BECK. I'll patronize them faster than they can write or daub.

JACK. You may be obliged to converse on the subject of pictures and poetry; are you up to that?

BECK. Wal, I might be able to tell the picture from the frame, or poetry from prose, but I'll be darned if I believe I could tell blue from green, or elephant's breath from mouse's sneeze, if I was to go to thunder. (*Knock at door.*)

LAU. Enter. (*Pause.*) Enter. (*Another pause.*) Come in. (*Enter CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY JAGENAL L. 3 E.*)

JACK. Mr. Beck, this is Mr. Cornelius Jagenal.

COR. (*bows*). Mr. Beck, allow me to introduce my brother, Humphrey Jagenal. In his case the world is satisfied with the Christian name alone without the ceremonial prefix. He is, as you know, the artist.

BECK. Sir, I am proud indeed to make your acquaintance. I am but a rough man myself, sir, but I respect genius.

HUMPH. Then allow me to introduce my brother. Cornelius Jagenal, as you doubtless know, Mr. Beck, is the poet.

BECK. Sir, I have been knocking about the world, and

have not read any poetry since I was a boy. Now let's start fair. Sit down, gentlemen. Will you take anything?

COR. AND HUMPH. (*looking at each other perplexed*). Anything?

BECK. In California, up country, we always begin with a drink.

COR. Thank you, sir. Humphrey, do we need it?

HUMPH. Perhaps, not absolutely — still —

COR. Still, brother —

HUMPH. We might take —

COR. Just a little —

HUMPH. Drop.

COR. Yes, brother.

HUMPH. AND COR. Ahem!

BECK. Don't be backward about coming forward, gentlemen. Here's the nectar. (*Pours champagne. As he is about to hand it to them, and while they are reaching forward eagerly, still trying to disguise their eagerness, he withdraws it, much to their disappointment.*) Perhaps, though, you prefer something different?

HUMPH. AND COR. Ah, no! (*Quickly.*)

BECK. This may be too dry.

HUMPH. AND COR. Not in the least. We prefer it dry.

BECK. Perhaps you prefer water?

HUMPH. AND COR. Water! (*Unable to conceal their disgust.*) No, water is too wet.

BECK. If you do, say so. Far be it from me to hold the glass to any man's lips against his inclination. In the silver mines I've seen a man threatened with a bowie for refusing a drink.

HUMPH. A man threatened with a boy?

BECK. Yes, sir, and I've known temperate men anxious for peace take drinks, when they were offered, till their back teeth were under whiskey.

HUMPH. Cornelius, did you ever hear of a man threatened with a boy?

COR. Never, brother, never!

HUMPH. Mr. Beck, how could the man be threatened with a boy?

BECK (*spells it*). *Bowie*, not boy. *Bowie*, a large knife named from Colonel *Bowie*. Cut, rip, slash, you know.

HUMPH. Oh! American, you know.

BECK. Well, do you drink?

HUMPH. We will not — be threatened with a bowie.

COR. We will venture the champagne.

HUMPH. We will.

BECK. Champagne it is then. (*Handing champagne.*)

COR. (*holding up glass*). "At last we meet."

HUMPH. "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

COR. (*after drinking*). "'Tis gone, I am a man again."

HUMPH. "We met by chance in the usual way."

BECK. I wonder if he is in the habit of getting all his drinks in this way. (*Aside.*)

COR. "Now could I drink hot blood."

BECK (*aside*). The blood-thirsty wretch.

JACK (*to BECK*). Quotation.

BECK. Oh! I see. From some of his poems. That's a good thing. "Now could I drink hot blood." I'll remember that. Now, gentlemen, may I be allowed to talk business. (*They nod.*) Genius, gentlemen, is apt to be careless of the main chance. I don't care for the almighty dollar; it lets fellows like me heap up the stamps. What can we do but ask genius to dig into our pile.

HUMPH. (*pouring another glass of champagne from the bottle, which he has kept in his hand*). Cornelius, Mr. Beck, so far as I understand him, speaks the strongest common sense.

COR. We agree with you so far, Mr. Beck. (*Drinking.*)

BECK. Why, then, we are agreed. Gentlemen, I say to you both collectively, let me usher into the world those works of genius which you are bound to produce. You, sir, (*to HUMPHREY*) are painting a picture. When can you finish me that picture?

HUMPH. In six months.

BECK. What is the subject of that picture?

HUMPH. "The Birth of the Renaissance." An allegorical picture. There will be two hundred and twenty-three figures in the composition. It will occupy a canvas fourteen feet long by six high.

BECK. Make it as paregorical as you please, and I should like to introduce a few more figures, say, make it three hundred and sixty-five, that is one for each day in the year, and throw in a baby for the odd quarter of a day.

HUMPH. It shall be done.

BECK. I buy that picture, sir, at your own price. And you, Mr. Cornelius Jagenal, are engaged upon a poem. And what might be the subject of that?

COR. "The Upheaving of Alfred." In the darkest moments of Alfred's life, while he is hiding amidst the Somersetshire morasses, comes the Spirit of his Career, and guides him in a vision step by step to his crowning triumphs.

BECK. Sho! I charge myself, sir, if you will allow me,

with the production of that work. And I shall send you, gentlemen, a small check each in advance.

HUMPH. AND COR. (*rising*). Oh, sir.

COR. Brother, oughtn't we to drink Mr. Beck's health?

HUMPH. Brother, we had. (*They drink.*)

BECK (*as they drink*). "Now could I drink hot blood." That's a good thing; I like it.

COR. What did you observe?

BECK. If you would favor me further, gentlemen, by dining with me, — next Wednesday, — I should take it as a great distinction. I hope, with the assistance of Mr. Dunquerque, to have a few prominent men of letters to meet you.

COR. Can we, brother Humphrey?

HUMPH. (*stops and ponders, then takes memorandum from pocket and consults it*). We can, Mr. Beck.

BECK. Consider it settled then. (*Turns to JACK.*)

HUMPH. This is a memorable day, brother. The glasses are empty — allow me. (*They are slightly tipsy.*)

COR. I will. (*They drink.*)

BECK. "Now could I drink hot blood." That's darned good.

COR. You observed —

BECK. Nothing, sir, nothing.

COR. Oh.

HUMPH. Brother, are we nervous?

COR. A little, brother.

HUMPH. Perhaps another —

COR. Perhaps it would.

HUMPH. (*turning up bottle*). Brother, there is no more.

COR. (*taking bottle*). What a hollow mockery is this.

HUMPH. Perhaps we had better not drink.

COR. Perhaps.

HUMPH. Brother, are we ready? (*Locking arms.*)

COR. We are.

HUMPH. AND COR. Good night, gentlemen.

BECK AND JACK. Good night. (*CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY start with the right foot forward like soldiers. They reel a little. CORNELIUS uses the bottle to mark time à la drum major. They exeunt L. 3 E.*)

LAU. (*waking and yawning*). Are they gone?

BECK. They air. Odd people, eh, Mr. Dunquerque?

JACK. Eccentricities of genius. You will find such people very eccentric.

BECK. Now, boys, I must go too. That inseck will be lonesome without me, and there might be an airthquake, and I not there to prevent his dissolution.

JACK. I'll go along with you.

LAU. Don't hurry, gentlemen. (*Rising.*)

BECK (*taking hat*). Come along, Mr. Dunquerque; I want you to tell me those fellows' names again. "Now could I drink hot blood." That's a darned good thing. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

JACK (*to LAURENCE*). There'll be sport at that dinner.

LAU. You haven't invited those men, have you?

JACK. No. It's a masquerade, but he has swallowed it.

LAU. I shall not come.

JACK. I shall, just for the sport. Good night. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

LAU. (*yawning*). Oh, dear, I'm quite sleepy to-night somehow. I think I'll retire early. (*Turns out gas of chandelier. Takes up novel from table, and, after throwing off coat and putting on dressing-gown, seats himself before the fire, L. 2. Reads a moment, then throws down book.*) I can't read. It's that infernal woman. She is up to some mischief; I feel it. I wish to Heaven I had gone on living in Empire City with my pair of villainous Chinamen. At least I was free from her over there. And when I saw her marriage, by Gad, I thought that was a finisher. Then, like a fool I came home. What's that! There's a light footstep in the hall! (*The door opens, L. 3, and MRS. CASSILIS enters.*)

LAU. You here!

MRS. C. What is this?—What does this letter mean, Laurence? (*Showing letter.*)

LAU. Exactly what it says, Mrs. Cassilis. May I ask is it customary for married ladies to visit single gentlemen in their chambers and at night?

MRS. C. Do not ask foolish questions. Tell me what this means, I say.

LAU. It means that my visits to your house have been too frequent, and that they will be discontinued.

MRS. C. You think you are going to play fast and loose with me twice in your life, and you are mistaken; you shall not. Years ago you showed me what you are—cold, treacherous, and crafty.

LAU. Go on, Victoria; I like that kind of thing. Quite in your best style.

MRS. C. You may use harsh language to me, Laurence; you may sneer at me; but one thing I can say for you. that you understand me.

LAU. I have seen all your moods, Mrs. Cassilis, and I have a good memory. If you will show your husband that

the surface of the ocean may be stormy sometimes, he will understand you a good deal better. Get up a little breeze for him.

MRS. C. I am certainly not going to get up a vulgar quarrel with Mr. Cassilis.

LAU. A vulgar quarrel? Vulgar? Ah, vulgarity changes every five years or so. What a pity that vulgar quarrels were in fashion six years ago, Mrs. Cassilis.

MRS. C. Some men are not worth losing your temper about.

LAU. Thank you. I was, I suppose. It was very kind of you, indeed, to remind me of it, as you then did, in a manner at once forcible and not to be forgotten. Mr. Cassilis gets nothing, I suppose, but east wind with a cloudless sky, which has the sun in it, but only the semblance of warmth. I get a good sou'wester. But take care, take care, Mrs. Cassilis. I remember when I was kneeling at your feet, years ago, talking the usual nonsense about being unworthy of you. Rubbish! I was more than worthy of you, because I could give myself to you loyally, and you—you could only pretend.

MRS. C. Go on, Laurence. It is something that you regret the past.

LAU. Prick me and I sing out. That is natural. But we will have no heroics. What I mean is that I am well out of it; and that you, Victoria Cassilis, are—forgive the plain speaking—a foolish woman.

MRS. C. Laurence Colquhoun has the right to insult me as he pleases, and I must bear it.

LAU. I have no right, and you know it. Let me finish. What you please, in your sweet, romantic way, to call "second desertion," must be and shall be.

MRS. C. Then I will know the reason why.

LAU. I have told you the reason why. Don't be a fool, Mrs. Cassilis. Ask yourself what you want. Do you want me to run away with you? I am a lazy man, I know, and I generally do what people ask me to do, but as for that thing, I am damned if I do it.

MRS. C. Insult me, Laurence; swear at me as you will.

LAU. Do you wish me to philander about your house like a ridiculous tame cat till all the world cries out?

MRS. C. (*starting to her feet*). No! I care nothing about your coming and going. But I know why—oh, I know why—you make up this lame excuse about my good name—*my* good name. As if you ever cared about that.

LAU. More than you cared about it yourself.

MRS. C. It is Phillis Fleming, your ward. I saw it from the first. You began by taking her away from me, and placing her with your cousin, where you could have her completely under your own influence.

LAU. Jealousy, by Gad. Did ever mortal hear of such a thing? Jealousy! and after all that she has done —

MRS. C. I warn you. You may do a good many things. You may deceive and insult me in any way except one. But you shall never, never marry Phillis Fleming. Before I go you shall make me a promise, Laurence, — you used to keep your promises, — to act as if this miserable letter had not been written.

LAU. I shall promise nothing of the kind.

MRS. C. Then, remember, Laurence, — *you shall never marry Phillis Fleming!* Not if I have to stop it by proclaiming my own disgrace, — you shall not marry that girl, or any other girl. I have that power over you, at any rate. Now I shall go.

LAU. There is some one on the stairs. Perhaps he is coming here. You had better not be seen. (*She hides behind curtains, c. Enter, L. 3 E., MR. GABRIEL CASSILIS.*)

MR. C. I came up this evening, Colquhoun. Are you quite alone?

LAU. As you see, Mr. Cassilis. And what gives me the pleasure of this late call from you?

MR. C. I thought I would come — I came to say — (*Sits.*)

LAU. Glad to see you always, Mr. Cassilis. You came to speak about some money matters? I have an engagement in five minutes; but we shall have time, I dare say.

MR. C. An engagement? Ah! a lady, perhaps.

LAU. A lady? Yes — yes, a lady.

MR. C. Young men — young men. Well, I will not keep you. I came here to speak to you about — about my wife.

LAU. Oh, Lord! I beg your pardon, — about Mrs. Cassilis?

MR. C. Yes; it is a very stupid business. You have known her for a long time.

LAU. I have, Mr. Cassilis, — for nearly eight years.

MR. C. Ah, old friends; and once, I believe, people thought —

LAU. Once, Mr. Cassilis, I myself thought — I cannot tell you what I thought Victoria Pengelley might be to me. But that is over long since. (*Aside.*) One for her.

MR. C. Over long since. There was nothing in it, then?

LAU. We were two persons entirely dissimilar in dispo-

sition, Mr. Cassilis. Perhaps I was not worthy of her—her calm, clear judgment. (*Aside.*) Another for her.

MR. C. Victoria is outwardly cold, yet capable of the deepest emotions. Foolish gossip has been at work connecting your names. I think the best thing, without saying anything to Victoria, who must never suspect—

LAU. Never suspect.

MR. C. That I ever heard this absurdity. But we must guard her from calumny, Colquhoun. Cæsar's wife, you know, and—and—I think that perhaps if you were to be a little less frequent in your calls—and—

LAU. I quite understand, Mr. Cassilis; and I am not in the least offended. I assure you most sincerely—I wish Mrs. Cassilis were here to listen—that I am deeply sorry for having innocently put you to the pain of saying this. However, the world shall have no further cause for gossip.

MR. C. Thank you, Colquhoun. It is good of you to take this most unusual request so kindly. With such a wife as mine, jealousy would be absurd. But I have to keep her name from even a breath—even a breath.

LAU. Quite right, Mr. Cassilis.

MR. C. Snug quarters for a bachelor,—ah, I lived in lodgings always myself. I thought I heard a woman's voice as I came up stairs.

LAU. From Sir Richard de Counterpane's rooms, down-stairs, perhaps.

MR. C. Ay, ay. This window looks out upon—

LAU. Yes, but the blinds are closed. (*Stopping him.*)

MR. C. Ah, yes, and your bedroom is there, I suppose. (*Indicating R. 3.*)

LAU. Yes.

MR. C. (*standing in door, looking in.*) Ah, hermit-like. Now, I like a large bed.

LAU. (*standing just behind him, motions vigorously for MRS. CASSILIS to leave, and makes a sound as if frightening a cat.* MRS. CASSILIS *exit* L. 3).

MR. C. What is that?

LAU. Nothing. I was merely disturbing the cat.

MR. C. Ah, yes. However, I'm glad I came. (*Coming C.*) One word, Colquhoun, is better than a thousand letters; and you are sure you do not misunderstand me? (*Taking hat and starting towards door, L.*)

LAU. Quite.

MR. C. No jealousy at all.

LAU. Certainly not.

MR. C. Nothing but a desire to—to—

LAU. I understand perfectly.

MR. C. (*listening at open door*). Very odd! Coming up, I heard a woman's voice. Now, it seems as if there were a woman's feet.

LAU. Nerves, perhaps. I hear nothing.

MR. C. Nor do I now. Nerves — ah, yes — nerves. (*Exit L. 3.*)

LAU. If ever I get caught in a trap like that again, I hope I may choke. (*Throwing himself into chair.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE. — GILEAD P. BECK'S apartments at the Langham. Very richly furnished. Pictures on the walls. Fireplace R. Reading-table C., covered with books in confusion. Books in chairs and on the floor in the utmost confusion. BECK discovered with book, reading. In a moment he raps his head as if in a quandary. Then, after reading another moment, lays the book on the table and walks the floor rubbing his forehead. Then returns to book. In another moment rises and goes to water-pitcher and wets a towel, and comes back to chair, and binds the towel about his head. Reads again. Puts feet on table, and leans back. Changes position again in a moment. At length drops the book on table in despair.

BECK. This is the beginning of the end, Gilead P. Beck. The Lord, to try you, sent his blessed ile, and you've received it with a proud stomach. Now you air going off your head. Plain English, and you can't take in a single sentence. There was no softenin' yesterday, why should there be to-day? Softenin' comes by degrees. Let us try again. Great Jehosaphat! I'd rather fight John Halkett over again! I'd rather sit with my finger on a trigger for a week! It's like the texts of a copy book. Pretty things, all of them, separate. Put them together, and where are they? I guess this book would read better upsy down. (*Reads again for a moment, then turns to the title page.*) "Fifine at the Fair," by Robert Browning. Yes, it's all regular. Mr. Dunquerque told me it was *light* reading. Then it must be *me*; it *must* be me. (*Reads again for a*

moment, and twists his jaw and his body, until at length in a rage he flings the book into the fire, jumping to his feet.) Cæsar's ghost! The human jaw isn't built that could stand it. I'll make light reading of it. "*Now* could I drink hot blood." (*Rages across the room. Enter JACK DUNQUERQUE, C.*)

JACK. What is the matter?

BECK. Matter? Great Falls, New Hampshire! Robert Browning is the matter! "Fifine at the Fair" is the matter! "Paracelsus" is the matter! That's what's the matter! (JACK *laughs.*) Look here, I have a favor to ask you. If you have not yet asked Mr. Robert Browning to the little spread, don't.

JACK. Certainly not, if you wish it. Why?

BECK. Because, sir, I have spent eight hours over his works.

JACK. I thought you were merely going to give them a cursory reading?

BECK. Cursory? Cursory? Damn 'em, that's what I've been doing for the last eight hours.

JACK (*laughing*). And you think you have gone off your head? I'll tell you a secret. Everybody does at first, and then we all fall into the dodge, and go about pretending to understand him.

BECK. But the meaning, Mr. Dunquerque, the meaning?

JACK. Hush! he hasn't got any. Only no one dares to say so; and it's intellectual to admire him.

BECK. Intellectual, is it? Listen to this from "Paracelsus." (*Takes book and reads, making very hard work of the hard words.*) "Here Oecolampadius, looking worlds of wit, Here Castellanus, as profound as he, Munsterus here, Frobenius there —" Jerusalem crickets! That's the sort of stuff I've been giving "cursory" readings. Well, Mr. Dunquerque, I guess I don't want to see that writer at my dinner anyhow, for if he talks as he writes, I shall have to be carried out on a shutter with a broken jaw.

JACK. Very well, then, he shall not come. I'll stop him.

BECK. By the bye, Mr. Dunquerque, there's one man I should like to see at my table, and you haven't mentioned him.

JACK. Who's that?

BECK. Mr. Shakespeare.

JACK. So should I, but I am afraid that would be difficult to arrange.

BECK. Why? If he's got the gout I'll send my carriage for him. Where is he?

JACK. At Westminster.

BECK. Take my carriage and fetch him, Mr. Dunquerque.

JACK. I'm afraid I couldn't induce him.

BECK. Why not?

JACK. Well, he's been dead about two hundred and fifty years.

BECK. Cæsar's ghost! I don't want no skeletons at my banquet. Another day like this and you may bury me with my boots on.

JACK. Not quite so bad as that, I hope.

BECK. Now I've got rid of that jaw-breaker, I want to tell you of another of my trials. Beggars. There were twenty-three of them came yesterday morning.

JACK. Then they have found you out.

BECK. No, they found me in — that's the deuce of it. (*Knock at the door, c.*) There's another of them. Stand by me, Mr. Dunquerque. See me through with it. Come in, come in! (*Enter the "REPRESENTATIVE OF A CAUSE" and her "ASSISTANT," c.*) Good Lord, a brace this time. Will you tackle the young one, Mr. Dunquerque? (*JACK takes L. BECK stands before fireplace, r., with his hands in his pockets, one foot on a chair, and his head thrown back.*)

R. OF A C. You are Mr. Beck, sir?

BECK. I am Gilead P. Beck, madam.

R. OF A C. You have received two letters from me, Mr. Beck, written by my own hand — my own hand, you understand. (*Flourishing hand.*)

BECK. I see your game, — I mean your hand. Only don't shout, because there is a man sick in the next street. Go on.

R. OF A C. And how many circulars, child?

ASSISTANT. Twenty.

R. OF A C. And I have no answer. I am come for your answer, Mr. Beck. We will sit down, if you please, while you consider your answer.

BECK. That's right, make yourself comfortable. I wish I had a volume of Browning for you to amuse yourself with. (*Takes up waste-basket, which is full of old letters, and places it in chair near him.*) There are the letters of yesterday and to-day. What was yours, madam? Was it a letter asking for money?

R. OF A C. It was.

BECK. That makes it more definite. There were only seventy-four letters asking for money yesterday. To-day only fifty-two. May I ask, madam, if you air the widow who wants money to run a mangle?

R. OF A C. Sir, I am unmarried.

BECK. Well, I thought all the time you must be.

R. OF A C. And why so, sir?

BECK. Well, you haven't that buxom air of supreme knowledge of things which comes with widowhood.

R. OF A C. Sir!

BECK. Madam!

R. OF A C. A mangle, indeed!

BECK (*taking up another letter*). Then, madam, we come to the lady who was once a governess, and is now reduced to sell her last remaining and nearest garments.

R. OF A C. Sir!

BECK. That's all right. Don't get excited. I don't want to buy them — that is, not on the spot.

R. OF A C. I represent a cause, Mr. Beck. I am not a beggar for myself. My cause is the sacred one of womanhood. You, sir, in your free and happy republic —

BECK. Hear, hear!

R. OF A C. Have seen woman partially restored to her proper place — on a level with man.

ASSISTANT. A higher level. The higher level reached by the purer heart.

JACK. Hear, hear!

R. OF A C. Only partially restored at present. But the work goes bravely on.

JACK. Quotation.

BECK. "Now could I drink hot blood."

R. OF A C. Mr. Beck, the cause wants help — your help. We want our rights; we want suffrage; we want to be elected to the Houses of Parliament. We shall prove that we are no whit inferior to men. We want no privileges. Let us stand on our own — by ourselves. What is there in man's physical strength that he should use it to lord over the weaker half of humanity?

BECK. Madam, if you had been the widow I first mentioned, you wouldn't have asked such a darned silly question.

R. OF A C. Why has not our sex produced a Shakespeare?

BECK. Madam, it has. It has produced *all* our greatest men.

R. OF A C. (*confused*). Your answer, if you please, Mr. Beck.

BECK (*decidedly*). I have no answer, madam.

R. OF A C. I have written you two letters, and sent you twenty circulars, urging upon you the claims of the Woman's Rights Association. You will be kind enough, sir, to give

categorically your answer to the several heads. We can wait here while you write it.

ASSISTANT. We can wait. (*Walks deliberately to the chair which BECK has had his foot on, and sits in it, knocking waste-basket out. BECK goes down c. towards footlights, and stands back to audience watching her for a moment. Then goes up to table, c., and leans back against it, and folds his arms.*)

BECK. Did you ever hear, ladies, of Paul Deroon of Memphis? He was the wickedest man in all that city. When the crusade began — I mean the whiskey crusade — the ladies naturally began with Paul Deroon's saloon.

R. OF A C. (*to ASSISTANT*). This is very tedious, my dear.

BECK (*winking at JACK*). How did Paul Deroon behave? Paul just did nothing. You couldn't tell from Paul's face that he ever knew of the forty women around him prayin' all together. If he'd been blind, and deaf, and dumb, Paul Deroon couldn't have taken less notice.

R. OF A C. (*to ASSISTANT*). We shall not keep our appointment, I fear.

BECK. They preached, prayed, and sung hymns for a whole week. On Sunday they sung eighty strong. On the seventh day —

R. OF A C. (*rising in anger*). You are unworthy to represent your great country, sir.

BECK. Gen. Schenck represents my country, madam.

R. OF A C. We have wasted our time upon you. (*Sweeps around before BECK, and takes "ASSISTANT" by the arm.*)

BECK. Madam, you have —

R. OF A C. Ugh! Brute! (*Exeunt "R. OF A C." and "ASSISTANT," c.*)

BECK. Good day. Call again. Two letters and twenty circulars. That's a sample. (*Looks at watch.*) It's time preparations were being made for that banquet. (*Rings bell. Servant enters, c.*) Take away the table, books, and all the rest of the rubbish. (*Servant proceeds to do so.*) Now for the Bill of Fare. (*Takes one from pocket and reads.*)

"LANGHAM HOTEL. MAY 20, 1875. — Dinner in honor of Literature, Science, and Art. Given by Gilead P. Beck, an obscure American citizen, raised at Lexington, who struck Ile in the most surprising manner, by the help of the Golden Butterfly; but who despises Shoddy, and respects Genius. Representatives of Literature, Art, and Science: Thomas Carlyle, Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, Algernon Swinburne, George Augustus Sala, Charles Darwin, Professor Huxley, Cornelius Jagenal, and Humphrey Jagenal, with the Hon. Ronald Dunquerque, and Gilead P. Beck."

BECK. How is that?

JACK. That is very good.

BECK. Yes, sir, and the dinner will be better. Will you excuse me if I run over a little of my speech?

JACK. Certainly. I'll listen.

BECK (*in a spread-eagle style*). "Gentlemen, all." I couldn't have said that if that Mrs. Eliot had come. (*To JACK.*) "I am more than proud to make your acquaintance. Across the foaming waves of the mighty Atlantic there is a land, whose institutions — known to Mr. Sala — air not unlike your own, whose literature is your own up to a recent period. And as you, Mr. Tennyson, say in your lovely poem of "Bingen on the Rhine —" (*Knock at the door, L.*) Damn that door.

JACK. Come in. (*Enter CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY JAGENAL, C. JACK exits C.*)

BECK. The first arrivals. I am glad, gentlemen, you came first, for I wanted to say something to you alone. You, gentlemen, will sit near me, one each side, if you will be so kind, just to lend a helping hand to the talk when it flags. Phew! it will be a rasper the talk of to-day. I've read all their works, if I can only remember them, and I bought the "History of English Literature" yesterday to git a grip of the hull subject. No use. I haven't got farther than Chaucer. Do you think they can talk about Chaucer? He wrote "Robinson Crusoe."

HUMPH. Cornelius, you will be able to lead the conversation to the Anglo-Saxon period.

COR. That period is too early, brother Humphrey. We will trust to you to turn the stream in the direction of the "Renaissance."

BECK. I most wish now that I hadn't asked them. But it's a thunderin' great honor. Mr. Dunquerque did it all for me. That young gentlemen met these great writers in the baronial halls of his brother, the Earl of Isleworth.

COR. Do we know Lord Isleworth?

HUMPH. Lord Isleworth? No. I rather think he never met us.

BECK. None of your small names to-night. The Lord Mayor may have them at Guild Hall. Mine are the big guns. What would they say in Boston if they knew, or even in New York?

HUMPH. You should have a dinner for poets alone.

COR. Or for artists only.

BECK. Wal, gentlemen, we shall get on. As there's five minutes to spare, would you like to give an opinion on the

wine list, and oblige me by your advice? (*They smack their lips.* BECK reads.) "For Sauterne, Château Iquem. For Burgundy, Chambertin. For Claret, Château Lafitte. For Champagne, Heidsieck. For Sherry, Montilla. Box Botel wine for Hock, — and for Port, the '34.'" Is that satisfactory, gentlemen?

HUMPH. Cornelius, what do you think?

COR. Humphrey, I think as you do.

BECK. Well, what do you both think?

HUMPH. AND COR. Alike.

BECK. That's what I call a definite answer. Would you favor me by looking at the "menu"? (*Hands it.*)

HUMPH. Cornelius, say something appropriate.

COR. Humphrey, you shall paint him.

BECK. Thank you; when I need painting I'll let you know.

HUMPH. Cornelius, you shall sing his praises. (*Both turn suddenly as if overcome, and grasp MR. BECK by the hand. Door opens, c., and JACK enters, followed by CARLYLE, TENNYSON, RUSKIN, SWINBURNE, SALA, DARWIN, HUXLEY. They file down R., and stand in line in the order mentioned. BECK stands L. with HUMPHREY and CORNELIUS, one on each side. JACK comes c.*)

JACK. Sir, before you stands Thomas Carlyle.

BECK (*as they both advance and shake hands*). This is a proud moment, sir, for Gilead P. Beck. I never thought to have shaken by the hand the author of the "French Revolution" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

CARLYLE (*he as well as the others are made up to resemble the people they impersonate*). You are proud, Mr. Beck? The only pride should be the pride of work. Beautiful the meanest thing that works; even the rusty and unmusical meat-jack. All else belongs to the outlook of him whom men call Beelzebub. The brief day passes with its poor paper crowns in tinsel gilt; night is at hand with her silences and her veracities. What hast thou done? All the rest is phantasmal. Work only remains. Say, brother, what is thy work?

BECK. I have struck ile.

CARLYLE. Friend, I salute thee. "Amicus humani generis."

BECK. Eh?

CARLYLE. "Amicus —"

BECK. Who is?

CARLYLE. What?

BECK. A cuss.

JACK. That's Latin for "giver of good dinners."

BECK. Is it? Oh, well, swear away then.

JACK (*pulling CARLYLE'S coat. Aside to him*). That's enough. (*CARLYLE falls back to his position, and TENNYSON steps forward.*) Mr. Beck, Alfred Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate.

BECK (*taking his hand, and looking in his face earnestly a moment*). Did they wake and call you early? Mr. Tennyson, I do assure you, sir, that this is the kindest thing that has been done to me since I came to England. I hope I see you well, sir. And Mrs. T., how is she? Quite well, I hope. I read your "Fifine at the Fair," sir, — no, that was the other man's — I mean, sir, your "Wandering Jew," and I congratulate you. We've got some poets on our side of the water, sir. I've written poetry myself for the papers. We've got Longfellow and Lowell, and take out you and Mr. Swinburne, with them we'll meet your lot.

(TENNYSON *opens his mouth to speak, when JACK pulls him by the coat-tail, and he retires to his place as MR. RUSKIN advances.*)

JACK. Mr. John Ruskin.

RUSKIN. I welcome one of our fellow-workers from the other side of the Atlantic. I cannot utter to you what I would. We all see too dimly as yet what are our great world duties, for we try and outline their enlarging shadows. You in America do not seek peace as Menahem sought it, when he gave the King of Assyria a thousand pieces of silver. You fight for your peace, and you have it. You do not buy what you want; you take it. That is strength; that is harmony. (*Stops suddenly, and retires to his place. BECK looks helplessly at HUMPHREY and CORNELIUS, who each stare at the ceiling.*)

JACK. Mr. Beck, Mr. Swinburne. Deaf people think Mr. Browning is musical, sir; but all people allow Mr. Swinburne to be the most musical of poets. (*SWINBURNE laughs.*)

BECK. Sir, I have read some of your verses. I can't say what they were about, or what I was about, but I took to singin' them softly as I read them, and I seemed to be in a green field lyin' out among the flowers, while the bees and wasps were hummin' around lively, and the larks were liftin' their hymns in the sky. (*SWINBURNE laughs again and retires.*)

JACK. Mr. Beck, let me introduce Mr. George Augustus Sala.

BECK. How are you, George. This is indeed a pleasure.

Mr. Sala, when I say I am an old and personal friend of Colonel Quagg, you will be glad to meet me. (SALA looks at JACK appealingly. JACK motions him to retire, and the last two to advance.)

JACK. Mr. Beck, these gentlemen are Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley. (They shake hands, and retire to their places.)

BECK (C.). Gentlemen, all—I am more than proud to make your acquaintance. Across the foaming waves of the mighty Atlantic there is a land, whose institutions—known to Mr. Sala—air not unlike your own, whose literature is your own up to a hundred years ago—

COR. Hear, hear!

BECK. Whose language is the same as yours. (C. doors open.) We say hard things of each other, gentlemen; but the hard things are said on the low levels, not on the heights where you and your kindred spirits dwell. (Servants bring on table all spread.) No gentleman, when the American eagle proudly bearing the stars and stripes— (The table is here shoved against BECK'S back as he is gesticulating wildly. The table has a leaf at the end fastened but feebly, so that when it strikes BECK'S back the leaf breaks down, and several dishes fall, together with a pie which BECK falls into. Some flour adheres to his coat-tails when he rises and turns to the WAITER furiously.)

WAITER. Dinner on the table, sir.

HUMPH. Hear, hear!

BECK. Great Jehosaphat! (To WAITER.) Can't you see when a gentleman is on the stump? Who the devil asked you to shove in?

JACK. Never mind! spout the rest after dinner.

(As BECK turns to go up stage, all the company of notables laugh heartily but noiselessly, and slap their knees.)

JACK (aside to RUSKIN). For heaven's sake, Tommy, and you fellows, keep it up. (As BECK faces down stage again, they assume a serious aspect.)

BECK (from head of table). Gentlemen, to your places. (The guests rush for places. All want the seats farthest from BECK. JACK does not take part. At last all are seated, and CARLYLE has placed his chair at the lower end of the table. JACK quietly takes him by the ear, as BECK is engaged in conversation with TENNYSON, who is seated on his left, and lifts him up. CARLYLE rises and takes his chair and tries to find another place, and is forced to take the one on the right of BECK. When all are seated, the order is like this.)

BECK

CARLYLE
SALA
HUXLEY
SWINBURNE
CORNELIUS

TENNYSON
RUSKIN
DARWIN
JACK
HUMPHREY

BECK. Professor Huxley, will you favor us by saying grace?

HUXLEY. Certainly. Grace.

BECK. No, I mean a — blessing.

HUXLEY. Oh — I — ah — that is — I know none.

BECK. Well, then, we'll fall to without it. (*As he says this, the guests make a sudden onslaught on the eatables, the twins particularly. There is silence for a moment as BECK stares at them. Long silence.*)

BECK. Mr. Carlyle is going to say something.

HUMPH. Hush!

CARLYLE (*rises deliberately, wipes mouth, makes preparations as if for an elaborate speech, then says:*) I live in Chelsea. (*Sits.*)

COR. The greatest minds condescend to the meanest things.

HUMPH. Pray, Mr. Carlyle, what was the favorite soup of Herr Teufelsdröckl?

CARLYLE. Who? Beg your pardon. Herr how much?

JACK. From your own work, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE. Oh, ah! quite so. Well, you see the fact is that — Jack Dunquerque knows. (*All laugh.*)

BECK. Gentlemen, when I was editor of the *Clearville Roarer* I used to bust forth into poetry at the slightest provocation. You of course know what our Fourth of July celebration means, but you probably do not know that it is celebrated by the urchins chiefly with Chinese fire-crackers. Well, I wrote a poem on that subject, and, if you wouldn't consider it a bore, I would like to give you an idea of my style.

OMNES. Go on. The poem, the poem, etc. By all means.

BECK (*takes paper from pocket, rises and reads*).

YE FIRE-CRACKER.

A TEN-CENTENNIAL OWED. — IN FOWER CANT OWES.

[E. A. POE took his idea of "The Bells" from this.]

I.

Lo! the festive injun cracker —
Fire-cracker!
Done up in a brilliant rapper;

How they fizzle, fizzle, fizzle,
 All the blessed livelong night!
 While the serpents gayly sizzle,
 And the youngsters quickly mizzle
 With a fish-horn out of sight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of looney rhyme,
 To the tintinoldtinfish-horn that so musically swells,
 As they fizzle and they crack,
 And they snap, snap, snap, snap,
 Snap, snap, snap, snap, snap,
 And they splutter, and they whack
 Some poor devil in the back
 Of his neck, as the tintinoldtinfish-horn
 Keeps old Morpheus in check.

II.

Hear the bully double-header,
 Much redder
 Than them that's tied up all together
 A hundred in a bunch.
 How they bellow and they roar,
 And bust on your chamber floor;
 Comin' in your chamber winder —
 Your wide-open chamber winder;
 Then you jump up in affright,
 And gaze out upon the night,
 Getting full plumb on your nose
 A half a box of torpedoes;
 On the nose, nose, nose;
 Gayly then the claret runs, runs, runs
 On your night-shirt and your toes,
 As you goes to the sink and blows
 Your nose,
 Nose, nose, nose, nose, nose,
 As the tintinoldtinfish-horn 'neath your winder
 Loudly blows.

III.

Hear the rippin' twenty-center
 Shake the centre
 Of the earth from pole to centre!
 Bustin' monarch of the land,
 You are mighty, you are grand;
 You can bust more winder panes in,
 You can scare more dogs and hosses,
 You can scare more cats and wimmin,
 Than all the depots when the train's in!
 You can bust, bust, bust
 More ear-drums, kick up more dust,

Than a yellin' colt on trust
 When he sees his first injine.
 How you bluster and you belch,
 How immensely you do squelch
 The ten-cents-a-buncher !
 Go it, gay old twenty-center ;
 You have got the inside track,
 As you crack, crack, crack,
 Crack, crack, crack, crack
 Behind each timid young girl's back.

IV.

Celestial being's great invention !
 Chinese heathen !
 It has been my task to mention
 To the world this explosive.
 Dogs I've seen with bouquets of 'em
 Sailing down the street with yells ;
 But though they snapped like falling hail,
 These dogs of war would ne'er turn tail.
 Great Chinese !!
 Stunnin' cracker !!!
 You have snapped till not a snapper
 Has remained.
 You have vomited forth fire, fire, fire !
 With a thundering desire
 To make all men expire ;

With your bust, bang, whiz, whack, fizz, boom, pop, snap, belch,
 —and several other counties to hear from.

OMNES. Bravo ! Capital ! etc., etc.

COR. The style is vigorous, and the rhyming good, with the exception of the last line. "From" does not rhyme with "expire." (BECK *laughs loudly*.)

RUSKIN. I have been studying lately, Mr. Beck, the art-growth of America.

BECK. Is that so, sir ? And perhaps you have got something to tell my countrymen ?

RUSKIN. Perhaps, Mr. Beck. You doubtless know my principle that Art should interpret, as it were ; the more Art is interpreted, the easier it will be, as I may say, to be interpretable. You also know that I have preached all my life, more or less, but perhaps more, — in fact I think I may venture to say so, that where Art is followed for Art's sake, there infallibly ensues a distinction of intellectual and moral principles, more beneficial and more beautifully recognizable than if it were otherwise. Art is always helpful to mankind ; so much you know, Mr. Beck, I'm sure.

BECK (*confused*). Well, sir, if you would not mind saying that over again — slow — I might be able to say I know it.

RUSKIN. I have sometimes gone on to say that a time has always hitherto come when, having reached a singular perfection, Art begins to contemplate that perfection and to deduce rules from it.

BECK. The deuce it does.

RUSKIN. Now, all this has nothing to do with the relations between Art and mental development in the United States of America.

BECK. I am glad to hear that, sir.

CARLYLE (*to HUXLEY*). What is it all about?

HUXLEY. Don't know.

BECK. Would you mind writing those remarks down? I could tackle them quietly for an hour. Then I'd tell you what I think. I am sorry not to be able to talk with you, gentlemen, on the subjects you like best, because things have got mixed, and I find I can't rightly remember who wrote what.

TENNYSON (*aside*). Thank goodness!

CARLYLE. Waiter, champagne.

BECK. That drink, sir, is a compound calculated to inspire Job in the thick of his misfortunes. But if there is any other single thing you prefer, name that thing and you shall have it.

CARLYLE. This will do very well.

RUSKIN. Gad! I should think it would.

BECK. By the way, Mr. Ruskin, I believe you painted "The Slave-ship."

RUSKIN. I believe I did — outside.

JACK. No, no.

RUSKIN. No, no, it was inside.

JACK (*nudging him*). No! Turner painted it.

RUSKIN. I mean I was with Turner when he took the job.

BECK. I'm glad of that, for I never could understand it, and since I've heard you I didn't know but it was a work of yours. It always looked to me like a yaller cat having a fit in a bowl of tomato-soup.

TENNYSON. We have heard of your wonderful luck, and of the Golden Butterfly; have you the insect here?

BECK. The Golden Bug? Yes, sir, and I'll show you the critter himself. (*Rises and takes from table at back a glass case with the Golden Butterfly in it suspended in the centre.*) There! look at it, gentlemen. That is the insect which has made the fortune of Gilead P. Beck.

CARLYLE. Is it a medium ?

TENNYSON. Does it rap ?

HUXLEY. Or answer questions ?

RUSKIN. Or tell the card you are thinking of ?

BECK. No, sir, but it's a mighty power for all that. Now, gentlemen, if you'll allow me, I wish to propose a toast. England and America. Ile has not been found in the Old Country, and so far she is behind America. But she buys what she can't dig. (*All drink.*) Another, gentlemen. I was but a poor galoot when the Golden Butterfly took me to Limerick City and showed me ile ; therefore, I wish you to join me in the sentiment, More Ile. (*All drink.* CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY JAGENAL are by this time very full and very sleepy.) Gentlemen! (*All move their chairs back a short distance from the table, except CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY, and prepare to listen.*) I am not going to orate. You did not come here, I guess, to hear me pay out chin-music. Not at all. You came to do honor to an American. Gentlemen, I am an obscure American ; I am half educated ; I am a man lifted out of the ranks. But I can read and I can think. I see here to-night some of the most honored names in England, and I can tell you all what I was goin' to say before dinner, only the misbegotten cuss of a waiter took the words out of my mouth, that I feel this kindness greatly, and shall never forget it. I did think, gentlemen, that you would have been too many for me in the matter of tall talk ; but, exceptin' Mr. Ruskin, to whom I am grateful for his beautiful language, though it didn't all get in, not one of you has made me feel my own uneducated ignorance. This is kind of you, and I thank you for it. Therefore, gentlemen, I thank you for leavin' the tall talk at home. And I'll not ask you, either, to make any speeches ; but, if you'll allow me, I will drink your healths. Mr. Carlyle, sir, the English-speaking race is proud of you. (*Each rises and bows as his name is mentioned.*) Mr. Tennyson, our gells, I'm told, love your poems more than any others in this wide world. What an American gell loves is generally worth lovin', because she's no fool. Mr. Ruskin, if you'd come across the water, you might learn a wrinkle yet in the matter of plain speech. Mr. Sala, we know you already over thar. Professor Huxley and Mr. Darwin, I shall read your sermons and your novels. Mr. Swinburne, you air young, but you air getting on. Mr. Dunquerque, you have done me another favor. Mr. Cornelius and Mr. Humphrey Jagenal, I would drink your health too if you were not sound asleep. Gentlemen, all, I drink your health. (*All drink. All rise and come down after the health is drunk, except HUMPHREY and CORNELIUS.*)

RUSKIN (*aside to JACK*). Jack, I call this a burning shame.

CARLYLE (*to JACK*). He's a rattling good fellow this, and you must tell him.

JACK. I will, some time; but not now. I haven't the heart. I thought he would have found us out long ago. I wonder how he'll take it. (*BECK comes down.*)

CARLYLE. Mr. Beck, you are a trump. Come down to the Derby with me, and we will show you a race worth twenty of your trotting. You've treated us like a prince. Good night, sir. (*Goes up.*)

BECK. A wonderful old man! Who would have thought it? (*TENNYSON, DARWIN, SALA, HUXLEY, and SWINBURNE also shake hands and go up.*)

JACK. Gentlemen, one moment. (*They stop as they are about to go.*) This is too good to keep. Mr. Beck, how are you on the subject of jokes? If a man could play a joke on you, would you take offence?

BECK (C.). No, sir-ee. I would respect the man who was smart enough to do it.

JACK (L.). Then ready. (*To crowd, who range themselves across stage, R.*) Aim. (*All put hands to their wigs and beards.*) Fire! (*All remove disguises.*)

BECK (*utterly dumfounded at first*). What! Ladds? No! Yes? Sold, by thunder!! (*Falls back into HUMPHREY'S lap, waking him. BECK jumps up, as HUMPHREY does also, and knocks HUMPHREY backwards into CORNELIUS' lap, which wakes him. Both jump up and square off at each other, and, then recognizing each other, each exclaims, "Brother," then embrace. BECK, after pushing HUMPHREY over, turns to JACK and wildly grasps his hand and exclaims:)* "Now could I drink hot blood!" (*This action is all simultaneous, as the masqueraders laugh heartily.*)

CURTAIN.

[NOTE. — ACT III. may be omitted altogether, if desired, without affecting the continuity of the action.]

ACT IV.

SCENE. — *Parlor at MRS. L'ESTRANGE'S, looking out upon the Thames and across the river. Doors R. 3 and L. 3. Window R. 2. PHILLIS discovered at table, R., drawing. Presently she puts down the picture. JACK enters from lawn, C.*

PHIL. I wish Jack were here.

JACK. He is here, Phil.

PHIL. Jack! Oh, I am glad. Agatha has gone up to town. What shall we do this afternoon? Shall we talk? Shall I play for you? Shall I draw you a picture? What shall we do, Jack?

JACK. Well, Phil, I think — perhaps — we had better talk.

PHIL. What has happened, Jack? You do not look happy.

JACK. I do not know how to tell you, Phil. I don't see a way to begin.

PHIL. Sit down and begin somehow. What is it makes people unhappy? Are you ill?

JACK. No, Phil. I am never ill. You see, I am not exactly unhappy —

PHIL. But, Jack, you look so dismal.

JACK. Yes, that is it; I am a little dismal. No, Phil — no. I am really unhappy, and you are the cause.

PHIL. I the cause? But, Jack, why?

JACK. I had a talk with your guardian, Laurence Colquhoun, yesterday. And it was all about you. And he wants me — not to come here so often, in fact. And I mustn't come.

PHIL. But why not?

JACK. That is just what I cannot explain to you.

PHIL. Other girls haven't got a Jack Dunquerque, have they? Poor things! That is all you mean, isn't it?

JACK. Phil, don't look at me like that! You don't know — you cannot understand — no.

PHIL. I have done nothing wrong. If I had, my conscience would make me unhappy. But I do not begin to understand what you mean. Last week Agatha asked me if I was not thinking too much about you. And the curate made me laugh, because he said, quite by himself in a corner, you know — that Mr. Dunquerque was a happy man; and when I asked him why, he turned very red, and said it was because I

had given to him what all the world would long to have. He meant, Jack —

JACK. I wish he were here for me to wring his neck.

PHIL. And one day Laura Herries was talking to Agatha about some young lady who had got compromised by a gentleman's attentions. I asked why, and she replied, that if I did not know, no one could know.

JACK. Miss Herries ought to have her neck wrung, too, as well as the curate.

PHIL. Compromise — improper. What does it all mean? Jack, tell me — what is this wrong thing that you and I have done?

JACK. Not you, Phil; a thousand times, not you.

PHIL. Then I do not care much what other people say. Do you know, Jack, it seems to me as if we never ought to care for what people, besides people we love, say about us.

JACK. But it is I who have done wrong.

PHIL. Have you, Jack? Oh, then, I forgive you. Don't laugh, Jack, because I cannot read like other people; and all I have to go by is what Mr. Dyson told me, and Agatha tells me, and what I see — and — and what you tell me, Jack, which is worth all the rest to me. (*Brushes tears from eyes.*) And I forgive you, Jack, all the more, because you did not treat me as you would have treated the girls who seem to me so lifeless and languid, and — Jack, it may be wrong to say it, but oh! so small. What compliment could you have paid me better than to single me out for your friend — my friend, mine. We were friends from the first, were we not? (*Places her hand in his.*) And now you have compromised me, as they would say. What does it matter, Jack? We can go on always just the same as we have been doing, can we not?

JACK. No, Phil. Your guardian will not allow it. You must obey him. He says that I am to come here less frequently; that I must not do you — he is quite right, Phil — any more mischief.

PHIL. My guardian leaves me alone here with Agatha. It is you who have been my real guardian, Jack. I shall do what you tell me to do.

JACK. I want to do what is best for you, Phil — but — child! (*Taking both hands. She sits on a hassock at his feet, and looks into his eyes.*) Child, must I tell you? Could not Agatha L'Estrange tell you that there is something in the world very different from friendship? Is it left for me to teach you? They call it love, Phil.

PHIL. Love? But I know all about it, Jack.

JACK. No, Phil, you know nothing. It isn't the love that you bear to Agatha that I mean.

PHIL. Is it the love I have for you, Jack?

JACK. It may be, Phil. Tell me, only tell me if you love me as I love you. Try to tell me. I love you so much that I cannot sleep for thinking of you; and I think of you all day long. It seems as if my life must have been a long blank before I saw you; all my happiness is to be with you; to think of going on without you maddens me.

PHIL. Poor Jack!

JACK. My dear, my darling — my queen and pearl of girls — who can help loving you? And even to be with you, to have you close to me, to hold your hands in mine — that isn't enough.

PHIL. What more — oh, Jack, Jack! What more?

JACK. What more? My darling, my angel, this. (*Kisses her.*) And this. (*Kisses her again. Raises her, and places arm about her.*) Phil, Phil, wake at last from your long childhood; leave the Garden of Eden, where you have wandered so many years, and come out into the other world, — the world of love. My dear, my dear, can you love me a little, only a little in return? Phil, Phil, answer me — speak to me — forgive me. (*Drops his arm from about her waist, and also drops her hands. She appears in amaze for a moment, then places her hands to her face and weeps.*) Forgive me, forgive me.

PHIL. (*still bewildered*). Jack, what is it? What does it mean? Jack, what is it you have said? What is it you have done?

JACK. Phil.

PHIL. Yes. Hush! don't speak to me — not yet, Jack. Wait a moment. My brain is full of strange thoughts. Something seems to have come upon me. Help me, Jack! oh, help me. I am frightened. (*Nestles up to JACK.*) Look at me, Jack. Tell me, am I the same? Is there any change in me?

JACK. Yes, Phil; yes, my darling. You are changed. Your sweet eyes are full of tears like the skies in April; and your cheeks are pale and white. Let me kiss them until they get their own color again. (*Kisses her.*)

PHIL. I know, Jack, now. It all came upon me in a moment when your lips touched mine. Jack, Jack, it was as if something snapped; as if a veil fell from my eyes. I know now what you meant when you said just now that you loved me.

JACK. Do you, Phil? And can you love me, too?

PHIL. Yes, Jack. I will tell you when I am able to talk again. Do you think, Jack, that I can always have loved you — without knowing it at all — just as you love me? See, the sun is out, and the birds are singing — all the sweet birds — they are singing for me, Jack, for you and for me. Take me to the river, Jack. I want to think it all over again, and try to understand it better.

JACK (*as they go up*). Phil, I don't deserve it; I don't deserve you. (*Exeunt C. to L. Enter, L. 3 E., HUMPHREY and CORNELIUS JAGENAL.*)

HUMPH. You, Cornelius, have engaged yourself to be married.

COR. Pardon me, Humphrey; it is you that are engaged to Phillis Fleming.

HUMPH. I am nothing of the sort, Cornelius. I am astonished that you should make such a statement.

COR. One of us certainly is engaged to the young lady. And it certainly is not I. "Let your brother Humphrey hope," she said. Those were her very words. I do think, brother, that it is a little ungenerous of you, after all the trouble I took on your behalf, to try to force this young lady on me.

HUMPH. I went down on purpose to tell Phillis about you. I spoke to her of your ardor. She said she appreciated it, Cornelius. I even went so far as to say that you offered her a virgin heart — perilling my own soul by those very words — a virgin heart — and after that German milk-maid! Ha, ha, the poet and the milk-maid!

COR. And what did I do for you? I told her that you brought her a heart which had never beat for another — that, after your miserable little Roman model.

HUMPH. Cornelius! (*Facing him.*)

COR. Humphrey! (*Imitating.*) To bring up the German business!

HUMPH. To taunt me with the Roman girl!

COR. Will you keep your engagement like a gentleman, and marry the girl?

HUMPH. Will you behave as a man of honor, and go to the altar with Phillis Fleming?

COR. I will not. Nothing shall induce me to get married!

HUMPH. Nor will I. I will see myself drawn and quartered first!

COR. Then go and break it to her yourself, for I will not.

HUMPH. Break what? Break her heart? I am not the man to do that.

COR. Can it be that she loves us both?

HUMPH. Can that be so, Cornelius?

COR. Brother Humphrey, I see that we have mismanaged this affair. I thought you wanted to marry her.

HUMPH. I thought *you* did.

COR. And so we each pleaded the other's cause. And the poor girl loves us both. Good heavens! What a dreadful sacrifice to give us both up!

HUMPH. I remember nothing in fiction so startling. To be sure, there is some excuse for her.

COR. But she can't marry us both.

HUMPH. N-n-no. I suppose not. No — certainly not. Heaven forbid. And as you will not marry her —

COR. And I will not —

HUMPH. Marry! What! Have to get up early; to have to go to bed at eleven; perhaps, Cornelius, to have babies; and, besides, if they should be twins. Fancy being shaken out of your poetic dream by the cries of twins.

COR. And, Humphrey, should we go abroad, no flirting with Roman models, eh, eh, eh?

HUMPH. Ho, ho, ho! And no carrying milk-pails up the Heidelberg hills, eh, eh, eh?

COR. Marriage be hanged. And now what about Mr. Gilead Beck?

HUMPH. Will the poem be finished?

COR. No. Will the picture?

HUMPH. Not a chance. Tell me, Cornelius, how much of your poem remains to be done?

COR. Well, you see, there is not much actually written.

HUMPH. Will you show it to me — what there is of it?

COR. It is all in my head, Humphrey. Nothing is written.

HUMPH. It is curious, Cornelius, that up to the present I have not actually drawn any of the groups. My figures are still in my head. (*Enter PHILLIS, C. from L.*) Hush! here is Miss Fleming.

PHIL. Good morning, gentlemen.

HUMPH. AND COR. Good morning, Miss Fleming.

COR. We came for a few words of serious explanation.

PHIL. Very well; pray, go on.

COR. It is a delicate and, I fear, painful business. Miss Fleming, you doubtless remember a conversation I had with you some time since at the house of Mr. Cassilis?

PHIL. Certainly. You told me that your brother Humphrey adored me. You also said that he brought me a virgin heart. I remember perfectly. I did not understand your meaning then. But I do now. I understand it now.

COR. Patience, brother, I will see you through this affair. You see, Miss Fleming, I was under a mistake. My brother has the highest respect in the abstract for womanhood, which is the incarnation and embodiment of all that is graceful and beautiful in this fair world of ours, does not — after all —

PHIL. (*laughing*). You mean that he does not, after all, adore me. Oh, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Humphrey! Was it for this that you offered me a virgin heart?

COR. My dear young lady, Humphrey does adore you — speak, brother — do you not adore Miss Fleming?

HUMPH. I do, I do, most certainly. This is killing me.

PHIL. But there is yourself, Mr. Cornelius. If you made a mistake about Humphrey, it is impossible that he could have made a mistake about you.

COR. This is terrible. Explain, brother Humphrey. Miss Fleming, we — no, you as well — are victims of a dreadful error.

HUMPH. I, too, mistook the respectful admiration of my brother for something dearer. Miss Fleming, he is already wedded.

PHIL. Wedded? Are you a married man, Mr. Cornelius? Oh, and where is the virgin heart?

HUMPH. Wedded to his art. Wedded — long ago — object of his life's love — with milk-pails on the hills of Heidelberg, and light blue eyes — the muse of song. But he regards you with respectful admiration.

COR. Most respectful. As Petrarch regarded the wife of the Count de Sadi. Will you forgive us, Miss Fleming, and — and — try to forget us. It is hard, I know; but try.

PHIL. I will forgive you both, but I am afraid I shall never, never be able to forget you. (*Laughing.*)

HUMPH. Poor thing, I pity her!

PHIL. Now go. (*Pointing to door, seriously.*) I forgive you. But never again dare to offer a girl each other's virgin heart. (*They slink away ashamed and crestfallen.*) Stop! We must not part like that. Shake hands, Cornelius. Shake hands, Humphrey. Come back and take another glass of wine. (*They drink from decanter of wine on table.*) You could not have married me, you know, for I am going to marry Jack. There! — forgive me for speaking unkindly, and we will remain friends. Adieu. (*Exit R. 3.*)

COR. Brother, her heart is not broken.

HUMPH. Not even cracked.

COR. I'll be revenged.

HUMPH. How?

COR. I'll drink up all the wine. (*Takes decanter and drinks.*)

HUMPH. Poor little Phillis! (*Takes decanter and drinks.*)

COR. It wasn't our fault, after all. Men of genius are always run after. Women are made to love men, and men are made to break their hearts. (*Takes decanter and drinks.*)

HUMPH. Law of nature, dear Cornelius — law of nature.

COR. Humphrey, my dear brother, advise me. What would you do if you had a sharp and sudden pain, like a knife, inside you.

HUMPH. If I had a sharp and sudden pain, like a knife, inside me, I should take a small glass of brandy neat. (*They put down decanter empty, and both lock arms and reel out C. to L., singing :*)

Quand on est à Paris
On écrit à son père,
Qui fait réponse: "Brigand!
Tu n'en as —"

(*Exeunt C. to L. Enter, L. 3 E., GABRIEL CASSILIS, cautiously peering around to see if any one is in the room. Then enters and comes to C. After once more looking around, he takes note from pocket and reads.*)

MR. C. "She wrote to him to-day; she told him she could bear her life no longer; she threatened to tell the secret right out; she will have an explanation with him to-morrow, at Mrs. L'Estrange's. Do you go down and you will hear the explanation. Be quiet and be secret." I loved her, I loved her, and I trusted her; and this is the end. Some one is coming. I must not be seen. (*Hides behind curtains of window, R. 2. Enter PHILLIS, R. 3, meeting LAURENCE COLQUHOUN, who enters at the same time C. from L.*)

LAU. Little Phillis.

PHIL. Guardian.

LAU. Little Phillis, though, no longer. When I saw you first, you were little Phillis — a wee toddler of six or seven. I went away and forgot all about you — almost forgot your very existence, Phillis — till the news of Mr. Dyson's death met me on my way home again. I fear that I have neglected you since I came home; but I have been worried.

PHIL. What has worried you, Laurence. Agatha says you never care what happens.

LAU. Agatha is right, as a rule. In one case, of which she knows nothing, she is wrong. Tell me, Phillis, is there anything you want in the world that I can get for you?

PHIL. I think I have everything. And what you will not give me, I shall wait for till I am twenty-one.

LAU. You mean —

PHIL. I mean Jack Dunquerque, Laurence.

LAU. Sit down. I wanted to speak about him. (*They sit on sofa, R.*) Phillis, you are very young. All I ask you is to wait. Do not give your promise to this man till you have at least had an opportunity of — of comparing — of learning your own mind.

PHIL. I have already given my promise.

LAU. But it is a promise that may be recalled. Dunquerque is a gentleman; he will not hold you to your word when he feels that he ought not to have taken it from you. You have no idea of what it is that you have given, or its value.

PHIL. I think you mean the best for me, Laurence; but the best is — Jack. I think of Jack all day long and all night. I pray for him in the morning and in the evening. When he comes near me, I tremble; I feel that I must obey him if he were to order me in anything.

LAU. Stop, Phillis; you must not tell me any more. I was trying to act for the best; but I will make no further opposition. See, my dear (*taking her hand*), if I write to Jack Dunquerque to-day, and tell the villain he may come and see you whenever he likes, and that he shall marry you whenever you like, will that do for you?

PHIL. Will it do? Oh, Laurence! Agatha always said you were the kindest man in the world; and I — forgive me — I did not believe it, I could not understand it. Oh, Jack, Jack! we shall be so happy. He loves me, Laurence, as much as I love him.

LAU. Phillis, Jack Dunquerque is a lucky man. We all love you, my dear; and I almost as much as Jack. But I am too old for you; and besides, besides — I do love you, however, Phillis. A man could not be long beside you without loving you. (*MRS. CASSILIS is about to enter C. when she sees LAURENCE and PHILLIS, and she hides behind pillar, C.*)

MR. C. My wife!

LAU. (*rising*). Kiss me, Phillis. Then let me hold you in my arms for once, because you are so sweet and — and I am your guardian, you know, and we all love you. (*As he is about to kiss her, MRS. CASSILIS comes between them, panting for breath, with clenched hands. Then waves her hand majestically for PHILLIS to leave.*) Victoria!

MRS. C. Leave him! Do you hear? — leave him!

LAU. Better go, Phillis.

MRS. C. No! she shall not go. She shall not go until she has heard me first. You dare to make love to this girl,

this school-girl, before my very eyes! She shall know, she shall know our secret.

LAU. Victoria, you do not know what you are saying. *Our* secret? Say your secret, and be careful.

MR. C. (*aside*). Their secret? her secret?

MRS. C. I shall not be careful. The time is past for care. You have sneered and scoffed at me; you have insulted me; you have refused almost to know me — all that I have borne, but this I will not bear. Phillis Fleming, this man takes you in his arms and kisses you. He says he loves you; he dares to tell you he loves you. No doubt, you are flattered. You have had the men around you all day long, and now you have the best of them at your feet, alone. Well, the man you want to catch, the excellent *parti* you and Agatha would like to trap, the man who stands there —

LAU. Victoria, there is still time to stop.

MRS. C. That man is *my husband!* *My husband!!* We were married six years ago and more. We were married in Scotland privately; but he is my husband, and five days after our wedding he left me. Is that true?

LAU. (*perfectly cool and calm*). Perfectly. You have forgotten nothing, except the reason of my departure. If you think it worth while troubling Phillis with that, why —

MRS. C. We quarrelled; that was the reason. He used cruel and bitter language. He gave me back my liberty.

LAU. We separated, Phillis, after a row, the like of which you may conceive by remembering that Mrs. Cassilis was then six years younger, and even more ready for such encounters than at present. We separated. We agreed that things should go on as if the marriage, which was no marriage, had never taken place. I went abroad. And then I heard, by accident, that my wife had taken the liberty I gave her, in its fullest sense, by marrying again. Then I came home, because I thought that chapter was closed; but it was not, you see; and, for her sake, I wish I had stayed in America.

MRS. C. He is my husband still. I can claim him when I want him, and I claim him now. I say, Laurence, so long as I live you shall marry no other woman. You are mine; whatever happens, you are mine. (*Falls on her knees before him, and bursts into tears.*) Laurence, forgive me, forgive me. Take me away. I never loved any one but you. Forgive me. Let me go with you somewhere out of this place; let us go away together. (*As her head is bowed low, LAURENCE turns away from her, and GABRIEL CASSILIS, who has been gradually approaching the centre unobserved,*

comes slowly between them. As she looks up at length, she sees him.) You here? Then you know all. It is true; that is my legal husband. For two years and more my life has been a lie. Stand back and let me go to my husband.

MR. C. (*raises arm slowly to stop her, then looks at each of the others appealingly, and tries to speak. At last a faint smile crosses his lips*). A fine day, and seasonable weather for the time of year.

LAU. Great God! you have destroyed his reason.

MR. C. (*shakes his head, and tries hard to say what he wishes*). A fine day, and seasonable — (*Staggers and falls*.)

LAU. (*to MRS. CASSILIS*). Go home. There is no more mischief for you to do. Go. (*MRS. CASSILIS casts a look of disdain on MR. CASSILIS, and of hatred on PHILLIS, and exits L. 3. LAURENCE and PHILLIS then raise MR. CASSILIS and place him in chair. He finally opens his eyes, and his lips move*.) It is true, Mr. Cassilis. God knows I would have spared you the knowledge. But it is true. Do you understand me, Mr. Cassilis? Do you comprehend what I am saying?

MR. C. (*nods his head*). A fine day, and seasonable weather for the time of year.

LAU. Good heavens! his mind is gone.

PHIL. He understands you, Laurence, but he cannot explain himself. Wait a moment, I know what to do. (*Gets dictionary from table and hands to him. He turns the leaves until he finds the word he wants. PHILLIS reads*.) S-i, si; l-e-n-c-e, lence, — silence.

LAU. Silence. For all our sakes it is for the best. As for me, I shall leave England in a week. I deeply regret that I ever came back to this country. (*MR. CASSILIS turns the leaves of the dictionary again*.) Home. Will you let me take you home, sir? (*MR. CASSILIS nods. LAURENCE assists him to rise*.) Phillis, you had better go to Agatha. You will find her, probably, in her room. She returned with me. (*PHILLIS exits R. 3*.) Now, Mr. Cassilis.

MR. C. (*as they are going out*). A fine day, and seasonable weather for the time of year. (*Exeunt L. 3 E. Enter, C. from L., BECK and JACK*.)

BECK. You see, Mr. Dunquerque, we had already got upon the subject, and I had ventured to make him a proposition. You see, the fact is I want you to look at things just exactly as I do. I'm rich. I have struck ile. That ile is the mightiest Special Providence ever given to a single man. But it's given for purposes. And one of those purposes is that some of it's got to go to you.

JACK. To me?

BECK. To you, Mr. Dunquerque. Who fired that shot? Who delivered me from the Grizzly?

JACK. Why, Ladds did as much as I.

BECK. Captain Ladds is a fine fellow. Steady as a rock is Captain Ladds. But the ile isn't for Captain Ladds. No, sir. I owe it all to you. I said to Mr. Colquhoun, there is no two ways about it—that Mr. Dunquerque *must* marry Miss Fleming. Lord! Lord! why they are made for each other. Look at him now, leanin' toward her with a look half respectful and half hungry. And look at her with her sweet, innocent eyes. Wait till you give the word, and she feels his arms about her waist and his lips close to hers. It's a beautiful thing—love. I've never been in love myself, but I've watched those that were; and I venture to tell you that, from the queen down to the kitchen-maid, there isn't a woman among them all that isn't the better for being loved, and they know it, too. Then, I went on to say, Mr. Dunquerque shall have half of my pile,—and more if he wants it,—only you let him come back again to Miss Fleming. And he laughed in his easy way; there's no kind of man in the States like that Colquhoun—seems as if he never wants to get anything. He laughed, and lay back on the grass and said: "My dear fellow, let Jack come back if he likes; there's no fighting against fate."

JACK. But, Beck, I can't do this thing. I can't take your money.

BECK. I guess, sir, you can, and I guess you will. Come, Mr. Dunquerque, say you won't go against Providence! There's a sweet young lady waiting for you, and a little mountain of dollars.

JACK. I thank you all the same. I shall never forget your generosity—never. But that cannot be.

BECK. We will leave it to Miss Fleming. What Miss Fleming says is to be, shall be; and here she is. (*Enter PHILLIS R. 3.*) Miss Fleming, I leave it to you if this young chap oughtn't to accept half of my pile? He saved my life.

PHIL. I have money enough for both; what need of more?

BECK. Done. But what in thunder is the good of the money if you can't help those who have helped you?

PHIL. There are always the poor among us.

BECK. Yes, that is true. And there always will be. More you give to the poor, more you make them poor. There's folks goin' up, and folks goin' down. You in Eng-

land help the folks goin' down. You make them fall easy. I want to help the folks goin' up. I am more ignorant than I thought. But I am trying to read, Miss Fleming.

PHIL. Are you? And how far have you got?

BECK. I've got so far that I've lost my way, and shall have to go back again. It was all through Robert Browning. My dear young lady, if you should chance upon one of his books with a pretty title, such as "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," or "Fifine at the Fair," don't read it, don't try it. It isn't a fairy story, nor a love story. It's a story without an end; it's a story told upsy down; it's like wandering in a forest without a path. It gets into your brain and makes it go round; it gets into your eyes and makes you see ghosts. Don't you look at that book. If I thought that poet I gave the check to would write like that, I'd brain him with a roll of his own manuscript. Anybody can write a book, but it takes a man to read one.

PHIL. Ah, but it is different with you. I am only in words of two syllables. I've just got through the first reading-book — "The cat has drunk up all the milk." I suppose I must go on with it, but I think it is better to have some one to read for you. I am sure Jack would read for me whenever I asked him.

BECK. I never thought of that. Why not keep a clerk to read for you, and pay out the information in small chunks? I should like to tackle Mr. Carlyle that way.

PHIL. Perhaps, Mr. Beck, it is well that this great fortune did not come to you when you were younger.

BECK. Perhaps it is so. To fool around New York would be a poor return for the Luck of the Butterfly. Yes; better as it is. Providence knows very well what to be about; it don't need promptin' from us. At the right time the Luck comes, and at the right time the Luck will go. When it goes I hope I shall be prepared for the change. But if it goes to-morrow, it cannot take away the memory of these few months. It is like a dream that I should be here with you — I, Gilead P. Beck. To be with you and Mr. Dunquerque is like getting back the youth I never had; youth that isn't always thinkin' about the next day; youth that isn't always plannin' for the future; youth that has time to enjoy the sunshine, to look into a sweet gell's eyes and fall in love — like you, my pretty, and Mr. Dunquerque, who saved my life. There's things which do not depend upon ile; things which money cannot do. The world is a more tangled web than I used to think. (*Enter SERVANT with telegram, and exit. BECK reads telegram.*) The time has come. It's come a little

sooner than I expected. But it has come at last. Mr. Dunquerque, oblige me by reading that despatch.

JACK (*reads*). "Gilead P. Beck. Account overdrawn. Wells all run dry. No more bills honored."

BECK. At least, if the income is gone, the pile remains. That's close upon half a million of English money. We can do something with that. Mr. Cassilis has got it all for me.

JACK. Who?

BECK. Mr. Gabriel Cassilis, the great English financier.

JACK. He is ruined. He has failed for two millions sterling. If your money is in his hands—

BECK. In Eldorado stock.

JACK. The Eldoradians cannot pay their interest, and the stock has sunk to nothing.

BECK. Will you—will you—be so kind—as to bring me my Butterfly in the glass case? I left it in the next room. (JACK *exit* L. 3, and returns immediately with the glass case with the Butterfly still there, but with both wings off.) Has any one—has any one felt an airthquake? Gone! Broken!

"If this Golden Butterfly fall and break,
Farewell the Luck of Gilead P. Beck."

Your own lines, Mr. Dunquerque. Broken into little bits it is. The ile run dry, the credit exhausted, and the pile fooled away. I am sorry for you most, Mr. Dunquerque. I am powerful sorry, sir. I had hoped, with the assistance of Miss Fleming, to divide that pile with you. Now, sir, I've got nothing. Not a red cent left to divide with a beggar. I can't make it out, somehow. Seems as if I'm in a dream. Is it real? Is the story of the Golden Butterfly a true story, or is it made up out of some man's brain?

PHIL. It is real, Mr. Beck. It is real. No one could have invented such a story. See, dear Mr. Beck, you that we all love so much, there is you in it, and I am in it, and—and the twins. Why, if people saw us all in a book, they would say it was impossible. I am the only girl in all the civilized world who can neither read nor write,—and Jack doesn't mind it; and you are the only man who ever found the Golden Butterfly. Indeed, it is all real.

JACK. It is all real, Beck. You have had the high time, and sorry indeed we are that it is all over. But perhaps it is not all over. Surely, something out of the two million dollars must have remained.

BECK. Nothing is left. Nothing except the solid gold that made his cage. And that will go to pay the hotel bill.

I must strike out something new — away from Empire City, and ile, and gold. It is not the cold chunk of pork that I am afraid of ; it is the beautiful life and the sweetness that I am going to lose. I said I hoped I should be prepared to meet the fall of my Luck when it came. But I never thought it would come like this.

PHIL. Stay with us, Mr. Beck. Don't go back to the old life.

JACK. Stay with us. We will all live together.

BECK (*opening case and taking out Butterfly*). What shall I do with these? They have given me the pleasantest hours of my life. They have made me dream of power as if I was autocrat of all the Russias. Mr. Dunquerque, may I offer the broken Butterfly to Miss Fleming? (JACK *takes it and puts it together again as it was.*) It's wonderful. It's the Luck I've given away.

PHIL. (*taking it*). No, not given ; for here, I restore it to you again, perfect and whole. (BECK *takes it. Enter SERVANT with telegram, which he hands to BECK, and exit again, L. 3.*)

BECK (*reads it*). Merciful power ! Listen ! "Sunk well as directed, three rods from the old well. Flow greater than the original. To quote from Colonel Sellers, 'there's millions in it.'" (*Dances about.*) "Now could I drink hot blood." We Americans must be the Ten Tribes, because nobody but one out of the Ten Tribes would get such a providential lift as the Golden Butterfly.

CURTAIN.

THE READING CLUB AND HANDY SPEAKER. Being Selections in Prose and Poetry, Serious, Humorous, Pathetic, Patriotic, and Dramatic, for Readings and Recitations. Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER. Paper cover, fifteen cents each part.

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB No. 1.

At the Soldiers' Graves.	Mahmoud.
Battle-Hymn.	Mistletoe-Bough, The.
"Boofer Lady," The.	Mr. Caudle and his Second Wife.
Bricklayers, The.	Mr. O'Gallagher's Three Roads to Learning.
Bumpkin's Courtship, The.	Nobody There.
Charles Sumner.	Old Age.
"Curfew must not ring To-night."	Old Farmer Gray gets Photographed.
Closet Scene, The. ("Hamlet.")	Old Methodist's Testimony, The.
Defiance of Harold the Dauntless.	Overthrow of Belshazzar.
Der Drummer.	Puzzled Census-Taker, The.
Deutsch Maud Muller, The.	Popping the Question.
Doorstep, The.	Red Jacket, The.
Factory-girl's Diary, The.	Rob Roy MacGregor.
Farmer Bent's Sheep-washing.	Samson.
Godiva.	Senator's Pledge, The.
"Good and Better."	Showman's Courtship, The.
Happiest Couple, The. (From the	Squire's Story, The.
"School for Scandal.")	Story of the Bad Little Boy who
Happy Life, The.	didn't come to Grief, The.
Hans Breitmann's Party.	Story of the Faithful Soul, The.
Hour of Prayer, The.	Stranger in the pew, A.
How Terry saved his Bacon.	Tauler.
How He saved St. Michael's.	Voices at the Throne, The.
In the Tunnel.	Whistler, The.
Jakie on Watermelon-pickle.	Yankee and the Dutchman's Dog,
Jester's Sermon, The.	The.
"Jones."	

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB No. 2.

Address of Spottycus.	Old Ways and the New, The.
Baby Atlas.	Opening of the Piano, The.
Baby's Soliloquy, A.	Our Visitor, and What He came for.
Beauty of Youth, The.	Over the River.
Biddy's Troubles.	Paddock Elms, The.
Bobolink, The.	Pickwickians on Ice, The.
Broken Pitcher, The.	Picture, A.
By the Alma River.	Press On.
Calling a Boy in the Morning.	Possession.
Cooking and Courting.	Quaker Meeting, The.
Curing a Cold.	Queen Mab.
Double Sacrifice, The.	Rescue, The.
Farm-yard Song.	Shadow on the Wall, The.
Fortune-Hunter, The.	Short Sermon, A.
Goin' Home To-day.	Sisters, The.
Harry and I.	Sunday Morning.
In the Bottom Drawer.	There is no Death.
Last Ride, The.	Tobe's Monument.
Learned Negro, The.	Toothache.
Little Puzzler, The.	Tragical Tale of the Tropics, A.
Man with a Cold in his Head, The.	Traveller's Evening Song, A.
Merchant of Venice, Trial Scene.	Two Anchors, The.
Modest Cousin, The.	Two Irish Idyls.
Militia General, A.	What's the Matter with that Nose?
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."	Workers and Thinkers.

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB No. 3.

<p>Appeal in Behalf of American Liberty. Ambition. Auction Mad. Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man. Ballad of the Oysterman, The. Bob Cratchit's Christmas-Dinner. Bone and Sinew and Brain. Bunker Hill. Burial of the Dane, The. Church of the Best Licks, The. Countess and the Serf, The. Deck-Hand and the Mule, The. Evils of Ignorance, The. First Snow-fall, The. Flower-mission, Junior, The. For Love. Fra Giacomo. How Persimmons took Cah ob der Baby. Jonesville Singin' Quire, The. Last Tilt, The. Lay of Real Life, A. Law of Kindness, The. Losses. Mad Luce. Minute-men of '75, The.</p>	<p>Mosquitoes. Mr. Stiver's Horse. Ode. Old Foggy Man, The. Pat and the Oysters. Recantation of Galileo, The. Roast Pig. A Bit of Lamb. Roman Soldier, The. Riding down. Schneider's Tomatoes. School of Reform, Scenes from the. Similia Similibus. Singer, The. Solemn Book-Agent, The. Sons of New England, The. Speech of the Hon. Perverse Peabody on the Acquisition of Cuba. Temperance. Twilight. Two Loves and a Life. Two Births. Uncle Reuben's Baptism, Victories of Peace, The. Wedding-Fee, The. Wolves, The. What the Old Man said.</p>
---	--

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB No. 4.

<p>Battle Flag of Sigurd, The. "Business" in Mississippi. Bell of Atri, The. Cane-bottomed Chair, The. Cobbler's Secret, The. Cuddle Doon. Custer's Last Charge. Daddy Worthless. Decoration. Dignity of Labor, The. Elder Sniffle's Courtship. Goin' Somewhere. Grandfather. He Giveth His Beloved Sleep. Hot Roasted Chestnut, The. House-top Saint, The. "Hunchback," Scene from the. Indian's Claim, The. Joan of Arc. Leedle Yawcob Strauss. Little Black-eyed Rebel, The. Little Hero, The. Little Shoe, A. Lost Cats, The. Mary Maloney's Philosophy.</p>	<p>Minot's Ledge. Mother's Fool. Mr. O'Hoolahan's Mistake. Mr. Watkins celebrates. My Neighbor's Baby. Palmetto and the Pine, The. Pip's Fight. Post-Boy, The. Pride of Battery B, The. "Palace o' the King, The." Paper don't Say, The. Penny ye meant to gi'e, The. Question, A. Robert of Lincoln. Song of the Dying, The. St. John the Aged. Tramp, The. Tom. Two Portraits. Village Sewing Society, The. Way Astors are Made, The. What is a Minority? Widder Green's Last Words. William Tell. Zenobia's Defence.</p>
--	---

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB NO. 5.

- | | |
|--|--|
| A Blessing on the Dance.
A Charge with Prince Rupert.
A Mysterious Disappearance.
Art-Matters in Indiana.
A Rhine Legend.
A Watch that "Wanted Cleaning."
An Exciting Contest.
An Indignation-Meeting.
An Irish Wake.
Ballad of a Baker.
Ballad of Constance.
Ballad of Ronald Clare.
Between the Lines.
Burdock's Goat.
Butterwick's Weakness.
Dot Baby off Mine.
Edith helps Things along.
Failed.
Faithful Little Peter.
Five.
From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.
Good-By.
"If We Knew."
Last Redoubt.
Mollie, or Sadie? | Noble Revenge.
Not Dead, but Risen.
"One of the Boys."
Scene from "London Assurance."
Scene from "The Marble Heart."
Sideways.
Somebody's Mother.
Something Spilt.
Tact and Talent.
The Amateur Spelling-Match.
The Blue and Gray.
The Bridge.
The Canteen.
The Dead Doll.
The Flood and the Ark.
The Honest Deacon.
The Kaiser's Feast.
The Little Shoes did it.
The Scotchman at the Play.
The Seven Ages.
The Two Glasses.
Tired Mothers.
Uncle Remus's Revival Hymn.
Whistling in Heaven.
Why Biddy and Pat got Married. |
|--|--|
-

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB NO. 6.

- | | |
|--|---|
| A Disturbance in Church.
A Disturbed Parent.
A Christmas Carol.
A Miracle.
"A Sweeter Revenge."
An Irish Love-Letter.
Behind Time.
Blind Ned.
Cavalry Charge, The.
Clerical Wit.
"Conquered at Last."
Count Eberhard's Last Foray.
Deaf and Dumb.
Der Shoemaker's Poy.
Down with the Heathen Chinese!
Fight at Lookout.
Fireman's Prayer.
Greeley's Ride.
Great Future.
Immortality.
Joe's Bespeak.
John Chinaman's Protest.
Jim Lane's Last Message.
Mr. Coville proves Mathematics.
Nationality. | One Touch of Nature.
Paddy O'Rafter.
Putty and Varnish.
Reserved Power.
Ship-Boy's Letter.
Sweet Singer of Michigan.
Tacking Ship off Shore.
Tammy's Prize.
Talk about Shooting.
Ten Years after.
The Benediction.
The Changed Cross.
The Fan Drill.
The Farmer's Story.
The Fountain of Youth.
The King's Kiss.
The Palmer's Vision.
The Sergeant of the Fiftieth.
The Well-Digger.
"Them Yankee Blankits."
They Met.
Virginus to the Roman Army.
Warning to Woman.
Weaving the Web.
Widow Stebbins on Homœopathy. |
|--|---|

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB No. 7.

<p>A College Widow. A Free Seat. A Humorous Dare-Devil. All's Well that ends Well. A London Bee Story. A Modern Heroine. A Modern Sermon. A Reminiscence. A Royal Princess. Ave Maria. Civil War. Creeds of the Bells. "Dashing Rod," Trooper. Down Hill with the Brakes off. Drawing Water. Family Portraits. Fool's Prayer. Greatest Walk on Record. Hannibal at the Altar. "He giveth His Beloved Sleep." Hohenlinden. How Neighbor Wilkins got Religion. How Randa went over the River. Irish Boy and Priest. Jimmy Butler and the Owl. Jim Wolfe and the Cats.</p>	<p>11st Hymn. Left Alone at Eighty. Maud's Misery. National Game. New Dixie. On the Channel-Boat. Orient Yourself. Paddle Your Own Canoe. Patriot Spy. Pledge to the Dead. Pomological Society. Rhymes at Random. San Benito. St. Leon's Toast. That Cat. The Carpenter's Wooing, and the Sequel The Deaf Student. The Ladies. The Pin. The Retor' The Singer's Alms. This Side and That. Two Fishers. Uncle Mellick dines with his Master.</p>
--	---

CONTENTS OF READING-CLUB No 8.

<p>A Brick. A Colored Debating Society. Along the Line. A New Version of the Parable of the Virgins. An Evangel. Annie's Ticket. Apples — A Comedy. A Sermon for the Sisters. A Thirsty Boy. Aunt Phillis's Guest. Ballad of the Bell-Tower. "Christianos ad Leones!" City Man and Setting Hen. Daisy's Faith. De 'Sperience ob Reb'rend Quacko Strong. Defence of Lucknow. Dutch Security. Fast Mail. Father William. From One Standpoint. Girl of the Crisis. Grave of the Greyhound. Indian Warrior's Defence. Labor is Worship.</p>	<p>Lanty Leary. Last of the Sarpints. Legend of the White Hand. London Zoölogical Gardens. Masked Batteries. Miss Edith's Modest Reo' 'st. Mrs. Brown at the Play. Old Grimes. People will laugh. Peril of the Mines. Parody on "Father William." Patter of the Shingle. Paul Clifford's Defence. Shiftless Neighbor Ball. Song of the Mystic. The Baron's Last Banquet. The Captive. The Dilemma. The Divorce Feast. The Farmer and the Barrister. The Man with a Bear. The Story of the Tiles. The Outlaw's Yarn. The Rich Man and the Poor Man Two Dreams. Yankee Courtship.</p>
--	--

THE STOLEN WILL.

(NEW EDITION.)

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Ten male and three female characters.

Price, 25 cents.

WEST SWANZEY, July 27, 1881.

LEN. E. TILDEN:—Dear Sir,—Have read your play entitled "THE STOLEN WILL." Was very much pleased with it. Think the character of Chip Winkle, Esq., is immense. Should like to play it myself when I get through with Joshua. Hope the play will be a success wherever produced. It deserves to be. Yours truly, DENMAN THOMPSON.

GET THE BEST.

OUR MAKE-UP BOOK.

A complete guide on the art of making up the face for the stage, including directions for the use of wigs, beards, moustaches, and every variety of artificial hair, etc., for the use of amateurs and actors, with "Hints on Acting." Price, 35 cents.

Select the pieces for your next performance from the following selected list of

POPULAR PLAYS.

A GAME OF DOMINOS. —Comedy. One act	6 M.	4 F.
ADVICE TO HUSBANDS. —Comedietta. One act	5 M.	1 F.
CRINOLINE. —Farce. One act	4 M.	4 F.
ELLA ROSENBERG. —Drama. Two acts	7 M.	3 F.
A FAMILY FAILING. —Farce. One act	6 M.	1 F.
FIGHTING BY PROXY. —Farce. One act	6 M.	2 F.
THE MILLER'S WIFE (GIRALDA). —Comic Drama. Three acts	6 M.	5 F.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE. —Drama. Two acts	13 M.	3 F.
THE MIDNIGHT BANQUET. —Drama. Two acts	6 M.	3 F.
MY SON DIANA. —Farce. One act	3 M.	2 F.
THE YOUTH WHO NEVER SAW A WOMAN. — Farce. One act	3 M.	2 F.
BOTH ALIKE. —Comedy. Two acts	5 M.	5 F.
THE SHAKER LOVERS. —Drama. One act	7 M.	3 F.
THE MAID OF MILAN. —Drama. Three acts	9 M.	6 F.
JENNY LIND. —Farce. One act	12 M.	1 F.

Price, 15 cents each.

Walter H. Baker & Co., Publishers, 10 Milk St., Boston.

THE UNIVERS

PRICE, 15 CENTS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 387 591 A

- ALWAYS INTENDED.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Horace Wigan. 3 male, 3 female char.
- THE ANONYMOUS KISS.** A Vaudeville. 2 male, 2 female char.
- ANOTHER GLASS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Thomas Morton. 6 male, 3 female char.
- AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
- THE BABES IN THE WOOD.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 10 male, 3 female char.
- BLANKS AND PRIZES.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By Dexter Smith. 6 male, 2 female char.
- BLUE AND CHERRY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.
- BOUQUET.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By J. A. Woodward. 2 male, 2 female char.
- BOWLED OUT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By H. T. Craven. 4 male, 3 female char.
- BROTHER BILL AND ME.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 3 female char.
- A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By Charles Matthews. 6 male, 4 female char.
- THE CHRISTENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 6 female char.
- THE CLEFT STICK.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.
- COUSIN TOM.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By Geo. Roberts. 3 male, 2 female char.
- DAMON AND PYTHIAS.** A Farce. 6 male, 4 female char.
- DANDELION'S DODGES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
- THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By Edward Fitzball. 6 male, 2 female char.
- DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** An Interlude in 1 Act. By W. H. Murray. 10 male, 1 female.
- BONE ON BOTH SIDES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female char.
- DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female.
- DORA.** A Pastoral Drama in 3 Acts. By Chas. Reade. 5 male, 2 female char.
- A DOUBIFUL VICTORY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.
- DUNDUCKETY'S PICNIC.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 6 male, 3 female char.
- EAST LYNNE.** A Drama in 5 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
- GASPARDO THE GONDOLIER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By George Abner. 10 male, 2 female.
- GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME.** A Farce. 2 male, 2 female char.
- THE HIDDEN HAND.** A Drama in 5 Acts. By Robert Jones. 16 male, 7 female char.
- HIT HIM, HE HAS NO FRIENDS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By E. Yates and N. H. Harrington. 7 male, 3 female char.
- A HUSBAND TO ORDER.** A Serio-comic Drama in 2 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.
- I'VE WRITTEN TO BROWNE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
- JOHN DOBBS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
- JOHN WOPPS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 2 female char.
- THE LOST CHILDREN.** A Musical Entertainment in 5 Acts. By Mrs. Lewis Jervey. 8 male, 5 female char., and chorus.
- LOOK AFTER BROWN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By George A. Stuart, M.D. 6 male, 1 female char.
- LOST IN LONDON.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 6 male, 4 female char.
- LYING WILL OUT.** A Comedy in 4 Acts. By H. Pelham Curtis. 6 male, 4 female char.
- MADAM IS ABED.** A Vaudeville in 1 Act. 2 male, 2 female char.
- MARY MOO; or, Which Shall I Marry?** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male, 1 fem.
- MONSEIGNEUR.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By Thomas Archer. 15 male, 3 female char.
- MY PRECIOUS BETSY.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 4 female char.
- MY TURN NEXT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
- NICHOLAS FLAM.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 3 female char.
- NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE WHO WON'T HEAR.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By H. P. Curtis. 2 male, 2 female char.
- NURSEY CHICK WEED.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
- OLD HONESTY.** A Comic Drama in 2 Acts. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
- ONLY A CLOD.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By J. P. Simpson. 4 male, 1 female char.
- PAYABLE ON DEMAND.** A Domestic Drama in 2 Acts. 7 male, 1 female char.
- THE PHANTOM BREAKFAST.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Chas. Selby. 3 male, 2 female char.
- PUTKINS; Heir to Castles in the Air.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By W. R. Emerson. 2 male, 2 female char.
- THE QUEEN'S HEART.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. 5 male, 4 female char.
- A RACE FOR A WIDOW.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 4 female char.
- SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male, 3 female char.
- THE SCARLET LETTER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
- SILVERSTONE'S WAGER.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By R. R. Andrews. 4 male, 3 female.
- A SLICE OF LUCK.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 2 female char.
- SMASHINGTON GOIT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 3 female char.
- A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, A TINKER, and a Tailor.** A Farce in 1 Act. 4 male, 2 female.
- SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Slingsby Lawrence. 3 male, 3 female char.
- TRUE UNTO DEATH.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By J. Sheridan Knowles. 6 male, 2 female char.
- THE TURKISH BATH.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Montague Williams and F. C. Burnand. 6 male, 1 female char.
- TWO GENTLEMEN IN A FIX.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male char.
- TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Lenox Horne. 4 male, 1 female.
- THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
- AN UGLY CUSTOMER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 male, 2 female char.
- UNCLE ROBERT.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By H. P. Curtis. 6 male, 2 female char.
- A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male char.
- THE WELSH GIRL.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Mrs. Planche. 3 male, 2 female char.
- WHICH WILL HAVE HIM?** A Vaudeville. 1 male, 2 female char.
- THE WIFE'S SECRET.** A Play in 5 Acts. By Geo. W. Lovell. 10 male, 2 female char.
- YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.