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# HER FRIEND THE ENEMY

BY  
HARRY VAN DEMARK



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# Her Friend the Enemy

A War Drama in Four Acts

BY

HARRY VAN DEMARK

Author of "THE TEXAN," "ALONG THE MISSOURI," etc.



PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Her Friend the Enemy

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Unrest

# Her Friend, the Enemy

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN JACK FERNBROOK, U. S. A. . . . . *Who holds honor above all*  
 FRANK FLEMING . . . . . *A scapegrace*  
 COLONEL JAMES BURTON, C. S. A., *With strong convictions*  
 LIEUTENANT BERKELEY BURTON, C. S. A. . . . *His son*  
 ZEBEDIAH JENKS . . . . . *Yank to the backbone*  
 LIGE . . . . . *A negro servant*  
 DIANA BURTON . . . . . *Of Richmond*  
 MRS. BURTON . . . . . *Her mother*  
 ADDIE JENKS . . . . . *Zebediah's daughter*  
 AUNT CHLOE . . . . . *Lige's better half*  
*Union and Confederate soldiers, etc.*

TIME IN REPRESENTATION :—Two and a half hours.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Zebediah's farm in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. ("Fort Sumter Has Fallen!")  
 ACT II.—Parlor of Colonel Burton's home in Richmond, April 1, 1865. (The Return of the Old Love.)  
 ACT III.—The same, April 2. ("Sergeant, There Lies Your Man!")  
 ACT IV.—The same, April 3. (The Fate of a Traitor.)

There is a lapse of four years between Acts I and II. The action of Acts II, III, and IV occurs on the day of the entrance of the Union army into Richmond and the two days preceding.

## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

All costumes and properties (such as pistols, for example) should be of the period of the Civil War, though exactness in this respect is not necessary to the success of the play. All the younger characters should appear a little older in Acts II, III and IV than in Act I.

**JACK FERNBROOK.** Act I, about twenty-one. Outdoor suit and hat, or West Pointer's uniform, if preferred. Acts II and III, faded blue trousers, no coat. Act IV, blue uniform of captain in Federal army.

**FRANK FLEMING.** Civilian costume throughout. Act I, about twenty-one years of age. Outdoor suit and hat. Wears another suit in last three acts of play. May wear Confederate uniform in last three acts, if preferred.

**COLONEL BURTON.** About fifty. Uniform of Confederate colonel.

**BERKELEY BURTON.** About thirty. Uniform of Confederate lieutenant.

**ZEBEDIAH JENKS.** About sixty. Farmer's costume, overalls, straw hat, etc., in Act I. In Act IV, blue uniform.

**LIGE.** About fifty. Stout, and cheerful. Act I, plain dark suit and hat, and carries bundle. In other acts, indoor costume of Southern negro.

**DIANA BURTON.** In Act I, about nineteen. Well dressed throughout, with indoor costumes. Change of costume after Act I and may wear same costume in Acts II, III and IV, or a different costume in each, as preferred.

**MRS. BURTON.** About fifty. Well but plainly dressed. May wear same costume throughout.

**ADDIE JENKS.** In Act I, about eighteen. Same costume directions as for Diana, except that in Act I her dress should appear rather more "countrified" than Diana's.

**AUNT CHLOE.** About fifty. Costume of colored "mammy" —apron, bright turban, etc.

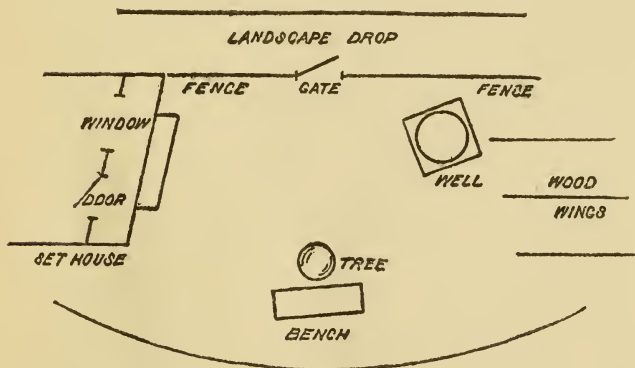
**A FEW SOLDIERS,** in Confederate and Federal uniforms.

## PROPERTIES

- ACT I.—For ZEBEDIAH, old straps to represent harness, handkerchief. For LIGE, bundle.
- ACT II.—For LIGE, duster, photograph, stool. For MRS. BURTON, call-bell. For FLEMING, cigarette, paper, key. For DIANA, book, revolver. For BERKELEY, revolver.
- ACT III.—For CHLOE, rope. For FLEMING, revolver, note, paper, pen, ink. For FERNBROOK, revolver. For LIGE, revolver, handkerchief.
- ACT IV.—For LIGE, revolver, and old rag for polishing furniture. For DIANA, book. For FLEMING, key, revolver. For ADDIE, fire-tongs.

## SCENE PLOTS

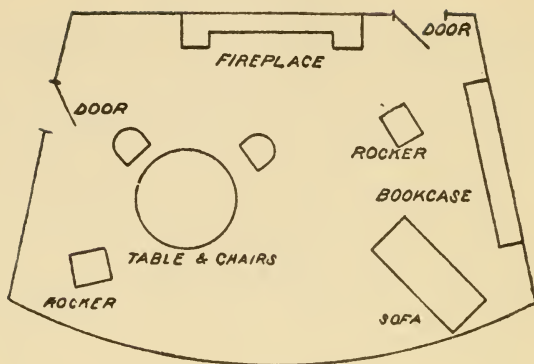
### ACT I



SCENE.—Zebediah's farm in Massachusetts. Landscape drop, house, with porch and steps, and practicable door, R. Picket pence across back, with gate c. Tree and bench down c. Well up L. (may be omitted). Wood wings, L.

*SCENE PLOTS*

ACTS II, III, IV



SCENE.—Parlor in Colonel Burton's Richmond home.  
Practicable fireplace up c. Doors L. c. and R. Table  
and chairs down R. c. Rockers down R. and up L.  
Sofa down L. Bookcase L.



# Her Friend, the Enemy

## ACT I

SCENE.—*Landscape drop in 4 or 5, representing hills, dotted with farms. House with porch and steps extending from R. 1 to R. 3. Picket fence with practical gate C., across stage at back. Tree, with rustic seat beneath, C. Well, up L.*

(*Discovered, ZEBEDIAH JENKS, sitting on bench under tree, mending harness and chewing tobacco vigorously. Finally lays harness down with a deep sigh.*)

ZEB. I reckon I'm a gol-dinged fool fer monkeyin' with them old straps what have had their day long ago. Lemme see, now—why, I've had that 'ere set o' harness ever since I was married, an' that was nigh onto thirty year ago. Well, well—how time does fly! Yes, sir, I'd hardly think it, but it's thirty year. (*Laughter heard in house.*) Now, listen at that, would ye? Them gals has been havin' a high ole time since Dianar come. They don't realize what a dark war cloud's hangin' over th' kentry. I s'pose events in this nation's hist'ry have about reached a crisis. (*Meditatively.*) I—I wish Dianar wasn't from th' South, fer I love th' gal almost like she were my own darter, instid o' my niece. I s'pose sister Mary, an' Berkeley, an' th' ole colonel 'll shake me good an' proper when th' war breaks out. Guess they've shook me anyhow. Ain't none o' 'em been near us, 'cept Dianar, since Mary went South to live. Well, we won't worry over th' matter, Zebediah, we won't worry over it. Th' Creator made all things as He wants 'em, an' I s'pose it'll all come out accordin' to Scriptur'.

ADDIE JENKS (*from house*). Papa! Oh, papa!

ZEB. Yes, darter; what be it?

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

ADDIE. Well, where are you?

ZEB. Out here under th' tree.

(Enter ADDIE and DIANA BURTON from house.)

ADDIE. Well, we've been hunting all over the place for you.

ZEB. An' is this 'ere place so tarnation<sup>1</sup> big 'at ye can't find yer ole pa when ye wants him? He! he! Who'd a-thunk it? (*Chuckles softly.*)

ADDIE. Stop your joking, for we've something to tell you. Haven't we, Diana?

DIANA. We surely have, and we've been searching everywhere for you, and now we find you patching your old straps.

ZEB. I'm seein' if I can't fix 'em so's they'll go till fall. Nothin' like economy, ye know.

ADDIE. Oh, you're always saying that. We'd get along a lot better, if we spent a little money now and then. I wish I had the runnin' of the bank account. (*To DIANA.*) Papa and I would have the time of our lives—you can bet on that.

DIANA. What would you do?

ADDIE. Well, first, I'd have about six new dresses—that is, summer dresses—and next fall I'd have six more for winter. I'd buy papa three new suits, two for every-day and one for Sunday. I'd have a lot of new dishes, a settee for the parlor, and then I'd get ——

(*Interrupted.*)

ZEB. (*chuckling*). Then you'd git up some mornin' an' wonder where th' bank account was.

DIANA. Your notions are too extravagant, Addie. I reckon, anyway, that Uncle Zeb can run the bank account without your assistance. Can't you, Uncle Zeb?

ZEB. (*absently*). H'm? Er—well, I should say so.

DIANA. Why, Uncle Zeb, what's the matter? I never knew you to look so solemn before.

ZEB. I was jest thinkin' how much Addie reminds me o' her mother this mornin'. Molly an' me used to set out here under th' spreadin' branches o' this same ole oak. I like to think o' them days. Every time I'd come from town I'd find her waitin' here for me. An' when

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

I'd spring out o' th' wagon, she'd run toward me, an' her arms'd close about me like a vise, till I'd fairly wonder at th' strength of 'em. She'd call me sweet names, an' pat my cheeks, an' smooth my hair, till I was fairly staggered with th' sweetness o' her. But them times is gone, an' Molly with 'em, an'—but pshaw! there's no use grievin' over what can't be helped.

*(Wipes eyes with handkerchief and snuffles a little.)*

DIANA. Not a bit of use, Uncle Zeb.

ADDIE. Well, I ain't worrying—at least, not over the things that have gone by. It's those that are coming that worry me.

ZEB. Good reason, too. Sure as I'm a-settin' here there's a hot time ahead o' this kentry. Th' grumblin's have been growin' louder an' louder, jes' like Uncle Sam's big nation was a volcaner, gittin' ready to spit fire an' smoke.

DIANA. Do you really and truly think there will be war, Uncle Zeb?

ZEB. O' course there will. You women folks don't realize how ser'ous this 'ere business is. This war cloud's goin' to burst one o' these fine days, an' when she do, well, there'll be th' deuce to pay in earnest.

DIANA. I don't see why people cannot agree and remain at peace. War is such a terrible thing.

ZEB. Folks can't agree, 'cause they wa'n't built that-a-way. Th' good Lord made 'em to side agin one annuther, I s'pose, an' that's what they been a-doin' ever since Adam an' Eve et th' ferbidden fruit, an' Cain knocked th' stuffin' out o' Abel.

ADDIE. Well, I'm glad I'm not a man. Women folks may be poor innocent creatures, but they don't have to shoulder a gun and fight each other.

ZEB. No; women ain't built that-a-way, tho' they gits somewhat rambunkshus at times. A woman's borned to be looked at, an' do th' housework. A man feels proud o' a good woman.

DIANA. Especially if she can add beauty to her other virtues—eh, Uncle Zeb?

ZEB. Oh, th' looks don't count fer so much.

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

- ADDIE. Well, I s'pose handsome is as handsome does, but it saves a lot of trouble to be born good-looking.
- ZEB. Oh, a combination o' looks an' quality ain't sich a bad idee, come to think over it. (*Rising, he walks up toward the gate, shading his eyes with his hand.*) Huh! There's some feller jest a-steppin' it up the road. I never see a man walk so fast in all my life. Wonder who it kin be? (*ADDIE and DIANA peer over his shoulder.*) See, there he is—no, that-a-way. Now! D'ye see him? (*The girls nod.*)
- ADDIE. Why, it's an old negro. What can he be wanting out this way? Some poor tramp, I suppose. Come, Diana, let's go and get him something to eat, and a glass of cool water. It's a pretty warm day for April.
- ZEB. Well, ye'd better hurry. He'll be here in a minute. I'll stop him, if he don't do it hisself. (*Exeunt DIANA and ADDIE into house.*) H'm—there's durn few niggers around these parts. Hope it ain't no fugitive slave. I don't want'er git mixed up in no scrape like that. Well, I'll hail 'im. (*Cups hands at mouth and calls.*) Hello, there! (*Pause.*) He didn't hear me. I say, hello, there!
- LIGE (*off L.*). Hello, yo'self, sah!
- (*Enter LIGE, along fence at back, and stops before gate.*)
- ZEB. Howdy do—where might ye be goin'?
- LIGE. I's lookin' fer a plantation, sah.
- ZEB. D'ye think this is Virginny, er South Caroliny? We calls 'em farms up here.
- LIGE. I don't know nuffin' 'bout dat, sah, but I's got ter find Mistah Zeberdiar Jenks.
- ZEB. H'm. Have, eh?
- LIGE. Yas'r. I wants him bad, sah. Does yo' happen tuh know him?
- ZEB. Yep—known him fer over fifty year. That's me—I'm Zebediah Jenks. Now, what kin I do fer ye?
- LIGE (*his voice trembling*). I wants tuh see mah Miss Dianar. I's come all de way frum Virginny ter see dat gal—mah lil' missy!
- ZEB. (*delighted*). So you're Lige, eh? Shake! O' course ye kin see Dianar. She'll be out in a minute, so come in an' sit down. But what in th' name o' time brings ye way up here, an' what news d'ye bring o' th' war?

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

LIGE (*entering through gate, he deposits bundle on porch*). Well, sah, I reckon dey's suah ernuff gwine ter fight, 'cause Marse Kunnel he done send me all de way up heah ter brung lil' missy home. Says he tuh me: "Lige, yo' git dat gal o' mine, an' under no circumstances fail ter take care ob her." An' I says: "Marse Kunnel, I 'cepts de trust—yo' lil' gal shall be safe in yo' arms jes' as soon as I kin bring her to yuh." So dat's how I comes ter be heah, sah.

ZEB. (*testily*). Why didn't Burton come hisself? Is he 'fraid o' his kin folks?

LIGE. He's done been 'pinted to a command in de Confed'-rate ahmy, sah, an' he's got all de work he can ten' ter a-drillin' sogers. He'd like t' hab come, but he jes' couldn't get erway, an' de same wif Marse Berkeley.

(*Enter ADDIE and DIANA from house, the former carrying a tray.*)

DIANA (*starting*). Why, it's Lige!

(LIGE *rushes over, and seizing her hands, drops on his knees in front of her.*)

LIGE. Lil' missy—lil' missy! Hit suah does dese ole eyes good ter see yo'-all once mo'.

DIANA. Well, get up and tell me what this means. You don't bring me bad news?

LIGE. Well, I reckon hit could be wuss, lil' missy. De kunnel hab done sent fo' yo' ter come home.

DIANA. To come home? Then there is to be war, after all.

LIGE. Yas'm, an' de kunnel he say yo' mus' get home afore hit starts. You'll come, won't yo', lil' missy?

DIANA. Why, of course, Lige. We'll start to-night.

ADDIE. Oh, say, this is a shame—that's what it is. Why, she ain't been here a week, and here you come pulling her away, and all on account of some old war they think is going to happen.

ZEB. There, now, Addie. You're gabbin' 'bout somethin' ye don't know nothin' 'bout. James Burton's sent fer Dianar, an' it ain't fer us to go agin his wishes. (*Takes DIANA'S hand.*) Gal, your Uncle Zeb hates to see ye go, but I s'pose it's all fer th' best. Ye couldn't be contented so far from yer folks, an' them a-fightin'.

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

ADDIE. I jest knew something'd have to happen to spoil our good time.

ZEB. Well, Dianar's got all day t' stay yet. The train won't leave till seven o'clock.

DIANA. And we needn't be separated long, Addie, dear; for you can come to Richmond in spite of the war.

ADDIE. Yes, and get shot up into little, teeny, tiny bits. Oh, no—excuse me!

ZEB. (*scratching head*). That gives me an idee. Ye see, when this here war breaks out I'm goin' to th' front if they'll have me, an' it's been botherin' me as t' what I'm goin' to do with Addie. So Dianar, why can't ye take her along with ye t' Richmond?

DIANA (*delighted*). To-night, Uncle Zeb?

ZEB. Sure.

ADDIE. Oh, pa, to-night? Won't that be fine?

ZEB. Th' war ain't goin' t' last long, if it starts, an' when it's over Addie can come back an' bring you with her, Dianar.

DIANA. It could not be arranged to please me more.

ADDIE. And I'm so tickled that I can't wait till train time.

(*Enter FRANK FLEMING, through gate from L.*)

FLEMING. Good-morning, all. (*Comes down c.*)

ZEB. Well, if it ain't Frank Fleming, come home from West P'int.

FLEMING. You've hit the nail squarely on the head, Mr. Jenks. How do you do, Miss Burton—I haven't seen you since your last visit to the Point.

DIANA (*giving him her hand*). How are you, sir?

FLEMING (*taking ADDIE's hand*). And my little country belle—how is she?

ADDIE. Oh, I'm all right, Frank, only you should have written me.

FLEMING. To tell the truth, I didn't know I was coming until the last moment. I arrived only an hour ago.

ZEB. Vacation?

FLEMING. No—er—that is—well, I wanted to see my folks before the war is on, you know.

ADDIE. But Frank, where's your uniform?

FLEMING. Why, you see, I—I've just changed to citizen's clothes—more appropriate for the country, don't you think?



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ZEB. An' what do you think about the war?

FLEMING. Bound to come—just as inevitable as—well, as fate.

ZEB. And you'll be fightin' fer th' North, of course?

FLEMING. Well, now, do you know, I haven't decided.

ZEB. What's that? Why, it don't seem to me that a West P'inter could have any choice.

FLEMING (*laughing lightly*). Well, the South needs West Pointers, too, doesn't it?

ADDIE. You should be ashamed to talk that way.

FLEMING. Oh, come, Addie, don't be hard on a fellow. I suppose after all I shall fight for the North.

ADDIE (*laying a hand on his shoulder*). Do it, Frank, to please me.

FLEMING. I'd do most anything for you, Addie.

DIANA. Will you excuse me? I am going to see about packing my trunk.

FLEMING. You are not leaving, Miss Burton?

DIANA. Yes; I go South to-night. (*Turns.*) Come, Lige—I shall need your help. I trust I shall see you later, Mr. Fleming.

FLEMING. I shall make it a point to see you before I leave, Miss Burton.

(*Exeunt into house, DIANA and LIGE.*)

ZEB. (*laying a hand on FLEMING'S shoulder*). I reckon you was jokin' about bein' undecided, wa'n't you, Frank? If it comes to war, you'll fight to preserve th' Union, won't ye?

FLEMING. Mr. Jenks, you may rest assured that I shall be on the right side.

ZEB. Yes? Well, that's good. I'd kinder hate t' see a fine young feller like you go t' th' bad.

(*Exit, R.*)

ADDIE. I hate to see you go to the front, Frank; but I know it's your duty.

FLEMING. Does it mean so much to you, Addie?

ADDIE. You know without asking. But what's the matter, Frank? Something has happened—something which you are afraid to tell me. What is it?

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

FLEMING (*uneasily*). No; you're wrong, Addie. Nothing—nothing unusual—has happened.

ADDIE. Look me in the eye! There's no use tryin' to deceive me. We've known each other since we were little playmates at school. Now, tell me—are you going to fight for the North?

FLEMING (*evasively*). Addie, you haven't said anything to your father about—about us?

ADDIE. No; I haven't dared. Wait till the war is over. When you come home covered with glory, I am sure he will be glad to welcome you as his son.

FLEMING (*caressing her*). It's all right, then. Now, I want to ask a favor.

ADDIE. A favor?

FLEMING. Yes; I want a few words with Miss Burton, just to talk over old times, you know. You see she worships West Point, and any news is sure to be welcome. Will you ask her to come out here and leave us alone for a few minutes?

ADDIE (*slowly*). I—I—why, yes, of course, if you say so, Frank. I'll tell her this minute. But—Frank——

FLEMING. Yes.

ADDIE. You'll—you'll see me again before you go?

FLEMING. Yes, as often as you wish, only do as I ask.

ADDIE. All right, Frank.

(*Exit into house, slowly, looking over her shoulder.*)

FLEMING. Poor, foolish little chit. Believes everything I tell her. But she'll serve my purpose well. It won't do to tell these people that I've been drummed out of West Point in disgrace. But if all goes smoothly with the fair Diana, I go South to fight. If not, I may stick to the North, and no one will be the wiser.

(*Enter DIANA, from house.*)

DIANA. Addie said you wished to see me alone, Mr. Fleming?

FLEMING. Yes—I—I—that is, just a few moments, if it isn't asking too much.

DIANA. Very well, sir.

FLEMING. Will you be seated?

DIANA. Yes, thank you. (*Sits under tree.*)

FLEMING. The—the matter about which I wish to speak,



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Miss Burton, has long laid heavily on my mind. Ever since I first saw you at the ball at West Point I have worshipped you.

DIANA (*rising*). Mr. Fleming, I —

(*Interrupted. ADDIE appears in doorway, listening.*)

FLEMING. Hear me out, Miss Burton. You have been very gracious to me, and have, I know, never offered me more than an ordinary degree of encouragement. But I can no longer remain silent. War is almost upon us, and I feel that a question of such importance to me should be settled before I depart for the front.

(*Varying emotions show themselves on the face of ADDIE.*)

DIANA (*coolly*). As you say, sir, I have given you no encouragement. Why, then, should you presume?

FLEMING. Because I love you. That is my only excuse. I have hoped against hope almost that you could find it possible to give me at least a corner in your heart, Miss Burton. It would seem strange, I know, that a girl so sweet and beautiful as yourself should care for me. But the suspense had grown unbearable. Can you give me no assurance that you might learn to love me?

DIANA. I trust I shall always regard you as a friend, Mr. Fleming.

FLEMING (*taking a step toward her*). Nothing closer than a friend, Miss Burton?

DIANA. Nothing.

FLEMING. For the present, then, I shall bow to the inevitable. But I shall win you yet. You are the only girl I have ever loved or — (*Interrupted.*)

ADDIE (*running quickly c.*). Oh, you deceiver, you mean, despicable wretch!

(*Fists clenched, she faces him, panting.*)

FLEMING (*after looking at her for a moment, laughing*). I thought my little scheme would work. So you've been listening?

ADDIE. Yes, I have; but you lied to her—I say you lied!

FLEMING. Well, have it that way, if you wish. (*Turns away.*) However, I may as well tell you that I was

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

talking in that manner to Miss Burton to test your love for me. I knew all the time you were standing in the doorway.

ADDIE. I don't believe you!

FLEMING. Then there is no need for explanations. In spite of all you have told me, you do not love me. I might have known you would have doubted me.

ADDIE (*seizing his hand*). Frank, don't talk that way to me. You'll break my heart. I do love you—I do—I do. Please do not doubt me.

FLEMING (*assuming anger*). Well, you have a poor way of showing it.

ADDIE. I'll—I'll admit it was wrong to listen; but—but it meant so much to me.

DIANA. Suppose, Addie, we give Mr. Fleming the benefit of the doubt. If he really made a declaration of love to me for the purpose of testing you, he cannot fail to be satisfied with the result.

FLEMING (*bowing*). Thank you, Miss Burton.

ADDIE. Say you forgive me, Frank, and I'll never doubt you again.

FLEMING. Of course, I forgive you. (*Puts arm around her. To DIANA.*) Miss Burton, I trust you will not mention this little affair to Mr. Jenks.

ADDIE (*quickly*). No—no; don't tell 'papa for anything, Diana.

DIANA. You may trust me.

(*Enter ZEB., R. At the approach of her father, ADDIE has separated herself from FLEMING'S embrace.*)

ADDIE. I thought you had gone to town, papa.

ZEB. Jest where I'm makin' for now, Addie. I'm goin' tuh git th' mail, an' see if there's any news from Washington. I'll be back presently.

(*Exit, through gate, filling and lighting his pipe.*)

FLEMING. Come, Addie, let's take a stroll in the garden. I've something to tell you. I am sure Miss Burton will excuse us.

DIANA. Indeed, yes. (*Exeunt FLEMING and ADDIE back of house. DIANA seats herself on bench under tree.*) Now, I wonder what he means? I don't like his looks, and never did. He seemed terribly in earnest in telling

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

me of his love. I don't believe I would care to trust a man like that. Perhaps, though, as he says, he was testing Addie's love. (*Enter CAPTAIN JACK FERNBROOK through gate from L. Pauses, when he sees DIANA, then tiptoes softly down behind tree, and reaching around, puts his hands over her eyes. She starts, but quickly recovers herself and laughs.*) You thought to fool me, didn't you, Lige? (*No answer. FERNBROOK, smiling, peeps from behind the tree.*) There, now, Lige; that will do. You may release me. (*To herself, suddenly.*) Perhaps it isn't Lige. No; it's Uncle Zeb. He didn't go to the village after all. (*FERNBROOK, peeping around, grins broadly.*) How about it, Uncle Zeb? I've guessed you, so please take your hands away. (*No answer.*) Who are you, anyway? I demand to know who is taking such liberties with my eyes. (*Laughs.*)

FERNBROOK (*disguising voice to a deep bass*). Guess again!

DIANA. Oh, I know you now. You are Mr. Fleming.

FERNBROOK. Mr. Fleming! To think of all the people in the world, you should guess that fellow.

(*Releasing her, he goes down R.*)

DIANA (*delighted, springing up*). Jack!

(*She rushes to him, seizing his hands. He looks cautiously around, and seeing no one takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

FERNBROOK. For that kiss, all is forgiven!

DIANA. Well, don't smother me. (*He releases her.*)  
When did you come?

FERNBROOK. On the train, not an hour ago. I'd have been here sooner, but I stopped to see my mother.

DIANA. Mothers before sweethearts, eh?

FERNBROOK. It's not that. She was expecting me—waiting for me.

DIANA. You say you came on the train an hour ago?

FERNBROOK. Yes.

DIANA. Then you saw Mr. Fleming?

FERNBROOK. Yes. Has he been out here?

DIANA. He is here now. He and Addie have gone for a stroll in the garden.

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

FERNBROOK. H'm. I shall keep my eye on him. If Addie knew of his conduct at West Point, she——  
(*Interrupted.*)

DIANA. His conduct? What do you mean?

FERNBROOK. I—I—don't ask me now. I can't tell you.  
I——

DIANA. How long are you going to stay?

FERNBROOK. I am on leave of absence, pending a settlement of this dispute between the North and South. I wanted to see my mother, and you, girlie, before trouble breaks out in earnest.

DIANA. Tell me, Jack, are we really, truly, going to have war?

FERNBROOK. There is not the slightest doubt of it. The South still insists that she has a right to withdraw from the Union. We must teach her a lesson. She must know what it means to rebel against the Federal government.

DIANA (*drawing away*). You cannot slander the South in my presence, sir. You forget that I am a Southern girl!

FERNBROOK (*seizing her hand*). Forgive me, Diana. I did forget. Not for anything in the world would I give offense to you. But we cannot all think alike, you know.

DIANA. Oh, Jack, I wish you, too, were for the South.

FERNBROOK. I know you do, girlie—I know you do, but—well, let's not speak of that now. I—— (*Interrupted.*)

DIANA (*archly*). Are you sure I could not win you over?

FERNBROOK. Quite sure. My decision is made. Nothing could make me alter it.

DIANA. Not even the girl you love?

FERNBROOK (*slowly*). No; not even the girl I love!

(*Enter ADDIE and FLEMING from behind house.*)

ADDIE. Why, there's Jack Fernbrook! (*To FLEMING.*)  
Why didn't you tell us that Jack came, too?

FLEMING (*carelessly*). To tell the truth, I had forgotten it.

ADDIE. I'm so glad to see you, Jack.

(*They shake hands.*)

FERNBROOK. And I you, Addie.

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

(*He looks sternly at FLEMING, who walks over and coolly offers his hand. FERNBROOK gives it a contemptuous glance and turns down stage to DIANA.*)

FLEMING (*shrugging shoulders*). Oh, as you will.

ADDIE (*to FERNBROOK*). What do you mean by not taking Frank's hand when he offers it in a friendly manner? You've no right to treat a friend of mine that way.

FERNBROOK. Pardon me, but I have every right to treat Mr. Fleming that way.

ADDIE. What has he done to you?

FERNBROOK. I decline to say. If Mr. Fleming wishes to tell you he may.

ADDIE (*turning to FLEMING*). Frank, what does he mean?

FLEMING. I am at a loss to know.

(*Smiles sneeringly at FERNBROOK.*)

FERNBROOK. Will you force me to tell them?

(*DIANA goes up near gate, as if to avoid discussion.*)

FLEMING. It is immaterial to me; suit your pleasure.

DIANA. There is some one coming up the road in a hurry.

ADDIE. It may be papa. (*Goes up, shades eyes with hand and looks off L.*) It is, and he's terribly excited over something. What can be the matter with him?

FLEMING (*turning*). Nothing serious, I hope. He probably has news.

ADDIE (*calling*). What's the matter, papa—what's the matter?

(*Enter ZEB. on the run, pausing at gate to catch his breath.*)

FERNBROOK. What is it, Mr. Jenks? Is there news from the front?

ZEB. News? Well, I should say so, and bad news, too. Th' war is on.

FERNBROOK. The war is on? Tell us—how do you know?

ZEB. I met Bill Smith. He—he says they just got news at th' tellygraph office that Fort Sumter has fallen.

FERNBROOK. Good heavens! Tell us about it. Was the loss heavy?

ZEB. (*as all come down stage*). Th' loss wasn't much—

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

that is, not in men. Beauregard had the fort surrounded, an' upon Major Anderson's refusal t' surrender he opened fire. Anderson give 'em hot shot fer thirty blessed hours. Then his ammynition run low an' he had to haul down his flag. President Lincoln has called for 75,000 troops.

FERNBROOK. That means to the front for me! I had hoped affairs might reach an amicable settlement without resort to arms, though it was almost hoping against hope. But this is the crisis. It will set the country aflame from coast to coast.

FLEMING. I've heard nothing but war, war, until I'm sick and tired of it. What do they want to fight for?

FERNBROOK. They want to fight because it is bred in the bone of every true American to defend his flag from dishonor. They want to fight because they are men!

FLEMING. And I suppose that is why you are going to the front?

FERNBROOK. I'm going because I would be ashamed to be found at home in a time like this, and if you've the least spark of manhood left in you, you'll fight, too, and try and undo the dirty piece of work you did at West Point.

ZEB. Eh? What's this? What did he do at West Point, Jack?

FERNBROOK. Never mind what he did, Mr. Jenks. It was enough to cause his dismissal in disgrace.

FLEMING. No one but a sneak would tell tales on a fellow officer.

FERNBROOK (*looking him over with contempt*). Fellow officer? You're no fellow officer of mine. As for giving you away, remember, I warned you.

ADDIE (*over to FLEMING*). Frank, are you going to let him say these things to you? Why don't you deny these accusations?

FLEMING (*angrily*). I don't deny them because they are partly true, and because I don't care who knows it.

ADDIE. And—and you didn't tell me? Did you think that could make any difference in my love —

ZEB. Your love? Do you mean that you love Fleming?

(ADDIE *hangs head.*)

FLEMING. Addie, listen to me — (*Starts toward her.*)



HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

ZEB. (*getting between them*). No ; she won't listen to you, but you'll listen to me. So you've been makin' love to my little girl, have you, Frank Fleming ?

FLEMING. Why, yes, I ——

ZEB. To-day ?

FLEMING. Why, yes, Mr. Jenks. We were renewing old friendships and ——

ZEB. And you made love to her after you have been kicked out of the military school in disgrace, did ye ?

FLEMING. Mr. Jenks, I ——

ZEB. (*sternly, arm extended*). Mr. Fleming, there's the gate ! And if you don't take your cowardly carcass through it as quick as ye know how, some one else'll do it fer ye.

FLEMING. You'll be sorry for this !

ZEB. Maybe so, but I'm willin' to take th' risk. Be ye goin' ? (*Moves toward him.*)

FLEMING. Yes, yes ; I'm going. (*He goes slowly up stage and turns.*) I'll go down to Richmond. President Jefferson Davis will be glad to secure my services. He's a West Pointer himself.

FERNBROOK. If you mention yourself in connection with West Point again, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life.

FLEMING (*laughing*). Oh, I'll keep still now, seeing I'm in the enemy's country. But you haven't seen the last of me, Mr. Fernbrook, and when we meet again perhaps you'll realize there are better men in the world than you.

FERNBROOK. There are better men in the world than I. Fleming—but you're not one of them !

FLEMING. I'll show you some of these fine days.

FERNBROOK. By that time I shall have learned how to deal out fitting punishment to traitors.

FLEMING. It grieves me painfully to take leave of such charming company. (*ADDIE cries on DIANA'S shoulder.*) Miss Burton, I shall see you in Richmond—perhaps.

DIANA (*giving him a contemptuous glance*). The South can fight her battles without such men as you, sir.

FLEMING. Oh, well, it's nice to stand high in regard of your friends. Good-bye !

(*Lifts hat and exits, laughing, through gate to L.*)

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

ADDIE (*throwing herself in her father's arms*). Oh, papa, why couldn't he have been a man, and fought for his country? I loved him — (*Sobs.*) Oh, I loved him so much!

ZEB. (*petting her*). What's that? What's that? Why, ye never ought to wasted a thought on th' wu'thless scamp. Ye never told me about it.

ADDIE. I knew you'd never give your consent.

ZEB. (*sternly*). You're right there. There, there, Addie, gal. Don't take on so. Remember you're goin' down to Virginny with Dianar. (*Leads her sobbing toward house.*) There, now, little gal—there, there!

(*Exeunt.*)

DIANA. Poor girl! Her heart is broken.

FERNBROOK. Yes; but it is far the better way. Fleming would never have been true to her. (*Pause.*) Diana, do you realize what this war means to you and me?

DIANA (*slowly, thoughtfully*). Yes; it means separation, perhaps forever.

FERNBROOK. No, no, not that. The war will be of short duration, then we will see each other again.

DIANA (*bitterly*). And do you think I could continue to love a man who is an enemy of my country?

FERNBROOK (*up to her*). An enemy to your section, perhaps, but not to your country—or to you!

DIANA (*earnestly, hands on his shoulders*). Oh, why won't you fight for the South, Jack—and for me? You say you love me. I believe you. You know I love you in return, for I have told you so.

FERNBROOK. Don't talk that way, Diana. God knows, I love you better than life itself. For months I have seen you in my dreams—have seen you everywhere—have had eyes or ears for nothing else. Once this morning I even thought I might be happy with you in some spot far away from this bloody strife that is bound to come. But I was mistaken; I could not. That would be dishonor.

DIANA (*slowly, hands on his shoulders again*). But would it be dishonor? Think! you would be a captain, perhaps a major or a colonel in the army of the South —

FERNBROOK. Diana, would you have me desert my country at the time she needs me? You are asking me to



HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

lose my honor and cause pain to that mother who expects me to make an honorable name for myself. A good name is the most precious thing God can bestow upon us, and as long as my duty points as it does, I must—I will—fight for the Union!

DIANA (*turning away*). Then so be it. But you have had your chance—remember that.

FERNBROOK. Yes; I'll remember it. And I'll remember that you whom I love, in whom I had implicit faith, asked me to desert my country—lose honor, the esteem of my mother, everything.

(*He starts quickly for the gate.*)

DIANA (*running after him*). No, no; I did not mean that, Jack. (*He stops.*) Don't go away in anger.

FERNBROOK. Then tell me you are going to wait for me until the war is over?

DIANA. But have you any more reason to ask that of me than I have to ask you to fight for the South? I do not say there is no hope for you, but pledge myself to an enemy of my country, of my people, I will not!

FERNBROOK. You do not trust me, and where trust is lacking there can be no love.

DIANA. Jack!

FERNBROOK. It is true, Diana. You think because I will not desert the North, I do not love you as I should, but some day you will realize that a man may place his duty above everything and still love a woman better than anything in the world. Good-bye!

(*He starts again, she seizing his arm.*)

DIANA. Don't go off this way, Jack. Think—you may never see me again. Jack, I love you better than I love my mother, better than anything, better even than life itself. Now, will you go with me to Richmond?

(*She tries to put her arms around his neck. He seizes them and thrusts her away.*)

FERNBROOK. Diana, if you love me, why do you tempt me? Isn't this parting hard enough without that? I dare not let you put your arms about me—I dare not! But remember, though I left you when duty called me,

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

I loved you, and will always love you. Good-bye!  
Good-bye!

*(He pushes her gently away, and she falls sobbing on the bench under tree. FERNBROOK marches swiftly through gate, without turning, and exits to L. DIANA looks up, and seeing he has gone, stretches her arms toward him.)*

DIANA. Jack! My Jack! Come back to me, Jack. I was only putting you to the test. I did not mean a word of what I said. Come back to me—oh, come back!

*(She cries out hysterically and falls sobbing on the bench again.)*

*(Enter ZEB. and ADDIE from house. ZEB. lifts her gently to her feet.)*

ZEB. What's th' matter, Dianar, gal? What's th' matter?

DIANA. He's gone, Uncle Zeb—gone off to war. But he loves me—he loves me. I tempted him, but he was true to his country, Uncle Zeb—as true as steel!

ZEB. Thank God, Dianar, that there's one man ain't been found wantin'.

*(He leads her slowly toward porch, ADDIE following. DIANA is still sobbing softly.)*

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE.—*Parlor, with large old-fashioned fireplace and chimney C., at back. Must be practical. Small table R. C., with a chair on either side. Table contains books, newspapers, and a lamp. Mantel above fireplace is filled with bric-à-brac and several photographs, also a vase containing a bunch of freshly-cut roses. Down L. is a sofa, down R. a rocker, with another up near L. upper. Bookcase L., about C. Entrances L. C. and R. U.*

(*Discovered—LIGE, shuffling slowly about, dusting the furniture and whistling. He pauses suddenly in thoughtful attitude. His whistling stops. Ready AUNT CHLOE to enter L. C. D.*)

LIGE. Well, fo' de Lawd's sake, ef I ain't been tryin' ter git dis yere room clean fo' er whole hour. But jes' as soon's I git de dust brushed off'n one cheer, hit's done settled on annuder. Dat sofy look lak hit nebber had been dusted, an' I's been ober hit fo' times. (*Suddenly takes photo from mantel.*) Bless grashus! Who's dis? Well, ef hit ain't dat skunk ob a spy what wuz heah las' week, den mah name ain't Lige Burton. (*Replacing picture, he stands with folded arms gazing at it.*) I don' know why, Mistah Fleming, but I's got er sneakin' idee in mah cranium dat you'd kill yo' own mudder fo' money. (*Resumes dusting, stopping again after a moment.*) I wondah jes' what lil' missy t'inks ob him, anyhow? I knows he's dead gone on her. Like ez not he'll try en steal her one ob dese fine days. I'll jes' keep mah right eye peeled fer dat feller—dat's what I'll do. (*Dusts again.*)

(*Enter CHLOE, L. C. D.*)

CHLOE (*stops, surveying him*). What yo' mutterin' about, anyhow?

LIGE. Ain't mutterin'.

CHLOE. I 'clar' fo' goodness I heered yo' jabberin' to yuhself.

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

- LIGE. Dat wasn't no jabber.  
CHLOE. What wuz hit?  
LIGE. Merely an articulation ob words.  
CHLOE. Er what?  
LIGE. I had ercasion tuh remark dat it wuz an articulation ob words.  
CHLOE (*hand to her face*). Well, fo' de Lawd's sake! Did yo' really pronounce dat word, er is I dreamin'?  
LIGE. Course I pronounce hit.  
CHLOE. An' yer jaw ain't tired?  
LIGE. Course not. Mah jaw don't git tired, Chloe. Yo' needn't t'ink 'cause yo's got de circumlocution ob de gastric membrane, dat I's got de same, fo' I ain't.  
CHLOE. My, my! Whar yo' git dem big words?  
LIGE. Out ob mah haid; where yo' s'pose?  
CHLOE. Well, yo' jes' keep 'em in yo' ole haid when I's eround. (*Looks about critically.*) Hab yo' got dis yere room dissected clean?  
LIGE. Dissected! He, he! Reckon I hab. At least I did hab till yo' come in yere an' brung de dust an' dirt all back wif yo'.  
CHLOE. Does yo' mean tuh inskinuate?  
LIGE. Inskinate? What am dat?  
CHLOE. Does yo' mean tuh say dat youse so ignorant yuh don't know what skinuatin' is?  
LIGE. Dat's jes' hit, Chloe. I ain't skinuatin', is I?  
CHLOE. Yes; you is.  
LIGE (*looking carefully at backs of hands*). I ain't missed none ob hit.  
CHLOE. Ain't missed none ob what?  
LIGE. None ob my skin. Yo' said I was skinuatin'.  
CHLOE. Yo' nebber will git no sense. I's gwine tuh—  
LIGE. No yuh ain't—no yuh ain't—yo' ain't gwine tuh, neither — (*They wrangle ad lib.*)

(*Enter MRS. BURTON, R. U. E.*)

- MRS. B. Here, what's the matter with you two?  
(*They separate quickly, LIGE going down R., CHLOE down L. MRS. B. comes down C. They look at her sheepishly.*)  
LIGE. Why, missus—I—I —  
MRS. B. Well, get out of here, both of you. You shouldn't

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

have left your kitchen work, Chloe. Remember we are to have a guest for the evening meal.

CHLOE. Yas, missus; I's gwine right back to de kitchen, dis minute.

(*Exit quickly, L. C. D.*)

MRS. B. And you, Lige, may rake up the trash in the back yard —

LIGE. But, missus, Marse Kunnel said 'fore he left —

MRS. B. (*sternly*). Did you hear me?

LIGE. Yas'm; I heerd yuh. I's gwine. But don't sit on de sofy, missus, 'cause I's only dusted hit foah times, en I's erfraid hit ain't clean yit.

(*Exit, laughing, L. C. D.*)

MRS. B. (*in chair at table*). How willing, how happy I would be to sacrifice everything to be as happy as Lige and Chloe. (*Sighs.*) But it was not so ordained, I fear.

(*Enter COLONEL JAMES BURTON, L. C. D.*)

COLONEL. Ah, Mary!

MRS. B. James! (*They embrace and kiss.*)

COLONEL. Back for a day or so to see you and the old home before we are forced to evacuate the city.

MRS. B. Then it is true that the Federal army is so near?

COLONEL. Yes; it is only too true. But three trenches remain in our possession in front of the city. Gradually the lines of blue have drawn closer until we are hemmed in like bulls in a pen, with no way of escape except to beat an ignominious retreat. It is hard for a Southern soldier to retreat, Mary, but there are times when discretion is the better part of valor.

MRS. B. And when will the city be evacuated?

COLONEL. Either to-morrow or the day following. To hold out longer would be folly. It would mean the needless sacrifice of our men.

MRS. B. Have you seen our boy recently, James?

COLONEL. Yes; I saw Berkeley to-day. He is on duty at Libby Prison, where the most valuable of the Yankee prisoners are kept. He will no doubt get leave of absence and run up here to-day.

MRS. B. Oh, it is terrible, this war, but if it spares you

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

and Berkeley to me, James, we can at least have a quiet home somewhere and live our declining years in peace.

COLONEL. You are right, Mary, and that brings me to a subject on which I wish to consult you. As you know, our fortunes are at the present moment at an extremely low ebb; yet I have hopes of regaining lost ground ere long. Er—where is Diana?

MRS. B. She is in her room; I'll send for her. (*Taps bell.*) These long days of anxiety have imposed a severe strain both on Diana and Addie. (*Enter LIGE, L. C. D.*) Tell Diana her father is here, Lige.

LIGE. Yas'm; I's gwine.

(*Crosses to R. Exit, R. U. E.*)

MRS. B. This war has cut short Diana's girlhood, transforming her into a matured woman when she should still be in the flower of her youth.

COLONEL. I know—I know. It's too bad, but there was no other way. I have hopes that I feel will brighten her future as well as my own.

(*Enter DIANA, R. U. E., followed by LIGE, who crosses to L. C. D., and exits.*)

DIANA. Papa!

COLONEL. Diana, my girl! (*Takes her in his arms.*)

DIANA. I had no idea we would see you to-day. Have you any news of brother?

COLONEL. Yes; Berkeley is in Richmond, on special duty at Libby Prison, and will no doubt make his presence known to you at the first opportunity. By the way, while it is on my mind, have Aunt Chloe prepare one of her famous suppers. We are to have company for the evening meal.

DIANA. Company, papa?

COLONEL. Yes; a gentleman whom, I trust, you will be very glad to see—Frank Fleming.

DIANA. Frank Fleming! Is that man coming here again? Why did you ask him?

COLONEL (*surprised*). Why, I didn't know he was so repulsive to you. Why do you dislike him?

DIANA. I don't know; but I would give anything I possess to avoid meeting him.

*HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY*

COLONEL. Oh, come; this is some foolish prejudice, and you are carrying it too far. I noticed that you treated him rather coolly when he was here last week, but I thought it was because you were not sufficiently acquainted with him.

DIANA. I despise him!

MRS. B. Diana!

DIANA. Well, I do. What's the use of saying I don't when I do?

COLONEL. It is prejudice of some sort, I tell you. I want Fleming treated as he deserves to-night.

DIANA (*significantly*). I shall treat him as he deserves.

COLONEL. He is a man of honor, and one of the hardest workers the Confederacy has ever had. We should feel gratified that he cares to visit us, and try and make his stay as pleasant as possible.

DIANA. Why do you place such implicit confidence in this man?

COLONEL (*hotly*). Because he is a gentleman and a man of influence. Further, he has done me the honor to ask for your hand in marriage.

DIANA (*slowly*). He—has—done—that?

COLONEL. Yes; I—I had not meant to tell you this, preferring to let him speak for himself.

DIANA. And what did you tell Mr. Fleming?

COLONEL. That I freely gave my consent to the match, and that I thought he could secure yours. He said he had never met a woman so queenly and beautiful as yourself.

DIANA. Papa, I——

COLONEL. Don't interrupt me. Aside from being a man of honor and influence, Fleming is a man of considerable wealth. The war is nearly over, our fortunes are shattered, and there is no prospect of regaining them through ordinary means. I have every reason to believe that Fleming will lay his fortune at your feet to-night. I trust you will treat him as a dutiful daughter should.

DIANA. A dutiful daughter should stand up for her rights. She should not sell her honor for the sake of a few paltry dollars in the hands of a man, who, while professing to be able to save her father from ruin, is but playing a game to get her in his possession. I shall never marry Frank Fleming! Never!



HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

MRS. B. Diana, I honor you for your sentiments. I regret that such an idea of bartering our girl should have entered your father's head.

COLONEL (*uneasy*). Why, Mary, I—

MRS. B. (*rising*). James Burton, I have loved you as few women can love; I love you still. But that does not blind me to my sense of duty.

COLONEL. But Mary, I—

MRS. B. Let me finish. I cannot sit idly by and see you ruin Diana's life. She shall marry the man of her choice—whoever he may be—even though we starve!

COLONEL (*angrily*). So you're both against me, eh? You are thinking of yourselves without any thought for my wishes. Fleming will be here soon. See that you treat him courteously, or you shall rue it.

(*Exit noisily. He can be heard tramping down the stairs.*)

DIANA. What shall I do, mamma? I never realized we should have to face a crisis like this. (*Sadly.*) To think that he would barter me to save himself from financial ruin!

MRS. B. (*arms about her*). There, dear. Your father is hardly himself to-day. The strain of the campaign is telling on him, and when he has had time to think things over calmly, he will change his mind. Leave him to me.

(*Enter ADDIE, R. U. E. She seems rather wan and tired.*)

ADDIE. Was that Uncle James?

DIANA. Yes; he has gone down-stairs.

ADDIE. I'd like so much to see him if you don't mind.

MRS. B. Why, of course, we don't mind. Addie, you act so strangely of late. (*Goes to her and puts arm about her.*) What's the matter, dear?

ADDIE. I—I don't know; really I don't. I—I've been shut up here so long, I think it's getting on my nerves a little. That's all. (*Suddenly.*) Uncle James didn't say anything about papa, did he?

MRS. B. Not a word.

ADDIE. Oh, if I could only hear from him—to know that he was well, it would be such a relief—such a relief.

DIANA. The last we heard, he was alive and well with the commissary department of Grant's army.



HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

ADDIE. Yes ; but just think ; that was two months ago.

DIANA. Well, don't worry. There are plenty of chances that you'll see him within the next few days.

ADDIE. Oh, do you think so?

MRS. B. We are almost sure of it. James says the Union army will surely enter the city within the next forty-eight hours.

(*Enter* LIGE, L. C. D.)

DIANA. And that means our boys will have to go. There's Lige, mamma.

MRS. B. (*turning*). Well !

LIGE. Dat Mistah Fleming am below, missus, an' he say tell de ladies he'll be right up.

(*ADDIE gives a start.*)

MRS. B. Very well, Lige ; you may go.

LIGE. Yas'm ; I's gwine.

(*Exit, L. C. D.*)

ADDIE. Is that man in this house again?

DIANA. Unfortunately, yes.

ADDIE. And he is coming up here? (*She looks from DIANA to MRS. B. There is a pause, then both nod in the affirmative.*) I—I must not meet him. Let me know when he has gone.

(*Exit, quickly, R. U. E.*)

DIANA. Poor girl ! I hope for her sake as well as our own that the war will soon end.

MRS. B. She has had a hard time of it. Mr. Fleming made it especially disagreeable for her upon his first visit to this house.

DIANA. As he did for every one else.

(*Enter* FLEMING, L. C. D.)

FLEMING. Good-evening. It is indeed a pleasure to find myself once more under your hospitable roof.

(*DIANA gives him a contemptuous glance and, turning away, begins to arrange objects on the table.*)

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

MRS. B. My husband has stepped out, Mr. Fleming.  
Won't you be seated?

FLEMING. After you, my dear Mrs. Burton. (*She sits L., he c.*) I met Colonel Burton below, and he told me to come up. (*Looks at DIANA.*) What's the matter with your daughter, Mrs. Burton?

MRS. B. I fail to understand you.

FLEMING. It would appear that she holds some grudge against me, though what I have done to merit her displeasure I cannot imagine.

MRS. B. My daughter is feeling indisposed to-day, sir, so you will have to pardon any seeming discourtesy on her part.

FLEMING. Yes, yes, certainly—but—er—I see no reason why she should not be civil, even though she is indisposed.

DIANA. You will oblige me by leaving me out of the conversation.

FLEMING. But you are doing me an injustice. I do not deserve this treatment. Surely there is some cause for your animosity.

DIANA. There is a cause, and you shall hear it. Mamma, will you leave Mr. Fleming and me alone? (*MRS. B. bows, and exits, L. C. D. As she closes door, FLEMING laughs, seats himself on sofa down L. and lights a cigarette.*) Gentlemen do not smoke in the presence of ladies without their permission.

FLEMING (*cynically*). Oh, I beg pardon!

(*Laughing, he walks up stage and throws cigarette in fireplace, then resumes seat on sofa.*)

DIANA. Now, sir, it is better that you and I come to an understanding. Upon your previous visit to this house you insisted on annoying me by connecting my name with that of a young Federal officer whom we both knew in the North before the war. I have never mentioned your conduct to my father. Had I done so, you would not be in this house to-day. Since that time I have never ceased to wonder how such a despicable specimen of humanity could hold the position of chief of the Confederate secret service.

FLEMING. Miss Burton, really, now —

DIANA. After this, knowing my dislike for you, you have

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been to my father, and after throwing in his face the fact that he is on the verge of financial ruin, you have the audacity to ask his consent to a marriage with me.

FLEMING (*nodding*). True.

DIANA. May heaven help my father if he gets into your clutches! He mistakes for friendship your assumed generosity in offering to save him, but I know it for what it is—a plan to get me in your power.

FLEMING. All very nice, Miss Burton. You have given me your ultimatum. (*Rises.*) Now, listen to me. It is true that I want you for my wife, but because I love you, not from any baser motives, as you seem to imagine.

DIANA. Oh, I am well aware of your motives.

FLEMING. I am going to win you.

DIANA. What will you do when I tell my father of your villainy?

FLEMING. You will never tell him.

DIANA. You threaten me?

FLEMING. Oh, put your fears to rest. I shall not use violence. I hold a better card than that.

DIANA. What do you mean?

FLEMING. I mean this: Your Yankee lover, Jack Fernbrook, has been caught spying within the Confederate lines, and is at this moment confined in Libby Prison under your brother's charge.

DIANA. I don't believe you!

FLEMING. Then I am sorry for Fernbrook, for I was about to explain a method by which you might get him out of this very serious predicament.

DIANA. I don't believe you—I tell you, I don't believe you.

FLEMING. I'm sorry. I also regret that I shall be compelled to tell Berkeley that he is the jailer of the man you love.

DIANA. Oh, you think to fool me with this scheme you have concocted, but I tell you Mr. Fernbrook is not in Richmond. How dare you lie to me—how dare you?

(*She draws herself up facing him. He looks at her a moment, then laughs.*)

FLEMING. A very pretty picture, Miss Burton. But that

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does not alter the fact that every word I have spoken is the truth.

DIANA. Your proof, then.

FLEMING. I took good care to provide myself with proof. (*Draws paper from pocket.*) Here is an order given Lieutenant Burton regarding the prisoner. I think it will satisfy your doubts.

DIANA. It is a forgery!

FLEMING. If you doubt its genuineness, show it to your father, who is familiar with every paper, every seal, owned by the Confederate government.

DIANA. Let me see that paper.

FLEMING. With pleasure.

(*Starts to show it to her. She snatches it.*)

DIANA (*reading*). "The prisoner placed under your charge is Fernbrook, a Union spy. He is to be shot at sunrise. I hold you responsible for his safety. Signed, Wagner, Major-General."

(*DIANA reels. FLEMING starts to catch her, but she waves him off.*)

FLEMING. Mr. Fernbrook's chances seem rather slim, do they not, Miss Burton?

DIANA. This is a scheme of yours to be revenged. Mr. Fernbrook is not a spy.

FLEMING. He was caught within our lines. You know what that means in the game of war.

DIANA. And you—you were the man who caught him?

FLEMING (*bows, laughing*). I had that honor, assisted by a few faithful soldiers.

DIANA. But why, why have you had him sentenced to be shot? (*She speaks in an appealing tone.*)

FLEMING. The order is signed by General Wagner, Miss Burton.

DIANA. Yes; after you had first made a charge against the prisoner. If you had told General Wagner that Mr. Fernbrook was merely a prisoner of war, this could not have happened.

FLEMING. Exactly.

DIANA. Then why did you lodge a false charge?

FLEMING. The charge is not false. But supposing it was false, why should I not do all in my power to sweep

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him from my path? He has said things to me that a man can neither forgive nor forget. I warned him that if he ever entered my life again, I'd crush him, and by heaven, I mean to do it.

DIANA. Oh, you coward!

FLEMING. Calling names won't save him, Miss Burton. Yet you have it in your power to secure his release this very night.

DIANA. You mean ——?

FLEMING. I mean that if you will consent to be my wife, Fernbrook shall go free, on his promise to keep out of my way in the future.

DIANA. You know I would die rather than consent to that.

FLEMING (*taking out watch*). Well, you have just sixty seconds in which to decide. Remember—I am the only man holding proofs of Fernbrook's guilt. I can destroy these proofs and say that I have been mistaken in my man, and Fernbrook will be merely a prisoner of war. But if matters take their present course, nothing can save him from the fate of a spy.

DIANA. I—I refuse to consider the matter further.

(*Turns away.*)

FLEMING. Then let me bid you good-evening. (*Starts.*)

DIANA (*turning quickly*). Stop! Don't—don't—go—yet! Let—me—think! (*For a moment she struggles with her emotions, while he stands watching, a cynical smile on his face.*) And if—if I should consent to become your wife, how am I to know that you will keep your word?

FLEMING. You'll have to trust me.

DIANA. Will you swear to save Jack Fernbrook from death, and do all in your power to see that he is safely exchanged?

FLEMING. Yes.

DIANA. If I could only trust you!

FLEMING. You can trust me, Miss Burton—Diana ——

DIANA. Stop! It will be time enough for familiarity when you have carried out your share of the bargain.

FLEMING. I love you—you must know that, and if I agree to let Jack Fernbrook go free, he'll go free—that's all.

DIANA. Then I may consent to become your wife. You shall have my answer this evening. (*He starts toward*

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her.) Wait. My feelings toward you are not changed. I hate you with an undying hatred. If I become your wife, it will be on condition that you bring to me proofs that Jack Fernbrook is safe in the Union lines. Is that understood?

FLEMING (*bowing*). It is.

DIANA. Please remember I have this hold on you: if you fail to keep your word, I shall tell my father everything, and then I wouldn't give a straw for your life.

FLEMING (*bowing*). I salute you as the future Mrs. Fleming.

DIANA (*turning from him with a little sob*). Perhaps. To-night. Go!

(*Enter COLONEL, L. C. D.*)

COLONEL. Fleming, my boy, I am delighted to see you here.

FLEMING (*with significant look at DIANA*). And I can truthfully say that I am delighted to be here.

COLONEL. Been having a little tête-à-tête, eh? (*Smiles indulgently.*) Well, young folks must have their frolics. But come along, now—supper has been waiting for five minutes. Come, Diana.

DIANA (*down r.*). You'll have to excuse me—I'm not feeling well to-night.

COLONEL. You give up too easily to trifles.

DIANA. It will do no good to urge me.

COLONEL. Very well. Where is Addie?

DIANA. In her room.

COLONEL. I'll have Lige call her.

DIANA. Don't. She is not well.

COLONEL. What, another? Well, come along, Fleming. As long as I have known women, I can't understand them.

FLEMING. They are queer creatures, Colonel. (*Laughs.*)

(*Exeunt, L. C. D.*)

(*DIANA rises, then pauses as if undecided. She goes up to L. C. D., starts to exit, thinks better of it and turns. As she turns enter R. U. E., FERNBROOK. He is bare-headed, his hair ruffled, his clothes torn. He comes in quickly on tiptoe, stops, and draws back suddenly on seeing DIANA.*)

FERNBROOK. Diana!

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DIANA (*hysterically*). Jack! (*There is a slight pause, during which she recovers her composure, draws herself up proudly.*) What—what are you doing in this house?

FERNBROOK. I have just escaped from prison. Fearing pursuit, I ran into the first house that appeared to afford a hiding-place. I did not expect to find you here —I do not understand —

DIANA. Then you didn't know you were in my father's house?

FERNBROOK (*slowly*). Your—father's—house? I see it all. I did not know this—I had not the slightest suspicion of it. What must you think of me, Diana? I will go at once. (*Starts.*)

DIANA (*moving toward him*). You—you are going?

FERNBROOK. What else is left for me to do?

DIANA. But they may capture you before you are out of the house.

FERNBROOK. I must take the risk. I cannot remain and compromise you. It would be the madness of presumption to think of it.

DIANA (*relenting*). And yet — (*Pause.*)

FERNBROOK. I know what you are thinking, but you must do nothing rash. You cannot take the risk of having me discovered in this house.

DIANA (*decisively*). I cannot let you go. You say you fear pursuit. The prison guards may even now be on your track. You must not—you shall not leave this house!

FERNBROOK (*seizing her hand*). Listen. If I am found here with you —

DIANA. Why, you are weak and ill, I can see it. If I let you go I could never forgive myself. But you say you escaped from prison? How did you pass the guards?

FERNBROOK. In one wall of my cell I found a cleverly-concealed tunnel, which some poor fellow had evidently prepared for his own use. I discovered it purely by chance, and when darkness fell I crawled through into the outer air. It is only the matter of moments when my escape will be discovered. I'd give anything I possess to be safe within the Union lines.

DIANA. When were you captured, Jack?

FERNBROOK. Yesterday morning. I was on a scouting



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expedition to determine the position of one of the Confederate regiments. In some way I became separated from my men and wandered through the enemy's lines. I was surrounded and captured by a party of men headed by the traitor, Fleming, who, I understand, is a spy in the service of the South.

DIANA. Then you were only a prisoner of war?

FERNBROOK. Yes, but Fleming swore I was a Union spy. His men took away my uniform, and left me these clothes. General Wagner believed him, and I was to have been shot at sunrise.

DIANA. Jack, that man is here!

FERNBROOK. Who—Fleming?

DIANA. Yes; he is in this very house.

FERNBROOK (*starting for the door*). Show me where he is!

DIANA (*restraining him*). No—no—you must not risk discovery.

FERNBROOK (*coming back*). You are right—it would be madness. But whenever I think of that man and what he has done, every nerve in my body is on edge, and I long to get my hands on him and crush him.

DIANA. Have patience—your opportunity will come in time. At the present moment, we have other and more important things to think about.

FERNBROOK. I still insist that I shall only be doing my duty in leaving this house at once.

DIANA. Are you deaf, sir, or did you hear me say you could not go?

FERNBROOK. Ah! that's the way you used to speak to me, Diana. Do you know what it will mean to me if I remain?

DIANA (*hanging her head*). What will it mean?

FERNBROOK. It will mean the return of the old love. Already my heart is aching at the sight of you. But I cannot hope—it—it—would be madness to hope that—that your feelings toward me can have changed.

DIANA (*softly*). Time changes all things, Jack.

FERNBROOK (*delighted*). Diana!

DIANA. It is true that I have felt the humiliation the Northern oppressors have visited upon us; but sadness and suffering have brought me to think more of my own happiness than I did a few years since. (*Hands on his*



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*shoulders.*) God help me if I am doing wrong, but it is the return of the old love that prompts me to urge you to stay.

FERNBROOK (*taking her in his arms*). Bless you!

DIANA (*head on his shoulder*). This doesn't look very war-like, does it?

FERNBROOK. I am tired of war. But there—tell me what to do.

DIANA. The first thing is to call Lige. (*Taps bell on table.*) He is faithful to me in everything, and together we must devise some plan for your safety. Lige can keep his eye on papa and Mr. Fleming.

(*Enter LIGE, L. C. D.*)

LIGE (*starting in amazement as he sees FERNBROOK*). Lordy, who's dat?

DIANA. Lige, this is only Mr. Fernbrook, a very dear friend of mine. You will remember seeing him at Uncle Zeb's.

LIGE. Yas'm—yas'm—I remembers.

DIANA. He has just escaped from prison, and he is to be concealed in this house until an opportunity offers for his further escape through our lines. I want you to watch papa and Mr. Fleming, and report to me when there is danger of discovery.

LIGE. A'right, lil' missy; ah'll do anything yo' says.

DIANA. You may go now.

LIGE. Yas'm—I's gwine.

(*Exit, R. U. E.*)

FERNBROOK. Now that that is settled, what do you intend doing with me?

DIANA. I am going to find you a safe place of concealment.

FERNBROOK. Where I can see you?

DIANA. If you behave.

FERNBROOK. I'll go anywhere, do anything, to be near you.

(*Enter LIGE, hurriedly, R. U. E.*)

LIGE (*excited*). Oh, fo' de lub ob goodness, lil' missy!

DIANA (*startled*). What is it, Lige?

LIGE. You'd bettah hide Marse Fernbrook quick. Marse

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Berkeley Burton en two prison guards am below in de hall a-talkin' to de kunnel. Dey hab tracked an 'scaped prisoner to dis house, dey said, an' dey'll be up heah in er minute, suah.

(While LIGE is speaking, enter FLEMING, L. C. D. He draws back into half-open door as he sees them, then takes key from inside and quietly places it in outside of door, smiles triumphantly, and exits, locking it.)

DIANA. Jack! They have found you! There is only one thing for you to do. You cannot leave this room.

FERNBROOK. I know. Well?

DIANA (*pointing*). You must crawl up that chimney!

FERNBROOK (*surprised*). Up the chimney?

DIANA. Yes; it is your only chance. No one will think of looking for you there. The bottom edges are rough and you will have no trouble clinging there until I can get the men out of the room and avert suspicion.

FERNBROOK (*smiling*). I am in your hands.

DIANA. Quick, Lige—that footstool!

LIGE. Marse Fernbrook, hurry up—hurry up! Dey's liable to cotch yo' if yo' don't disappear mighty sudden.

FERNBROOK (*kissing* DIANA). Till we meet again!

DIANA. And may it not be long! (*The stool is placed in the ashes, and stepping on it with LIGE's assistance, FERNBROOK disappears from sight up the chimney.*) Help him, Lige, help him!

LIGE. Trust me, lil' missy—trust me. I knows a way.

(LIGE puts stool back in its accustomed place and exits hurriedly R. U. E., just as enter COLONEL and LIEUTENANT BERKELEY BURTON, same entrance. At the same moment FLEMING unlocks door L. C., and enters with a cool smile. DIANA has composed herself and is sitting at table, a book in her hand.)

FLEMING. He must be here, gentlemen. He could not have escaped through either door. I have had this one locked ever since I discovered him in this room, and he could not have passed you in the hall without being seen. (*To* DIANA, *with a sneer.*) What have you done with him, Miss Burton?

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DIANA (*coolly, as she rises*). I do not understand you, sir. What is the meaning of the excitement?

COLONEL. Daughter, there has been a grave charge laid at your door. Mr. Fleming declares he saw you in conversation with a Union officer in this room. Such a man has escaped from the prison, and Berkeley and his men have tracked him to this house. What have you to say for yourself?

DIANA. Mr. Fleming must be troubled with defective eyesight. The idea of a Yankee being in the room with me! It's preposterous. (*Laughs.*)

BERKELEY. Then you deny, sis, that there was a man in the room with you?

DIANA. No; I do not deny that.

FLEMING. You see? She does not deny it. (*To her.*) Who was he, and where is he now?

DIANA. It was Lige, Mr. Fleming, and he went down the front way just as papa and Berkeley came up.

FLEMING (*angrily*). But I saw you talking to a Federal officer from that door there. Don't you think I can believe the evidence of my own eyes? What is more, I recognized the man we've been in search of—Jack Fernbrook, the spy!

DIANA (*turning an appealing glance on COLONEL and BERKELEY*). Papa! Brother! Will you stand idly by and see this man accuse me of harboring a spy? (*Pause—they appear discomfited.*) For shame!

BERKELEY. Well, the spy was tracked to this house.

DIANA. I tell you there has been no spy in this room.

COLONEL. You say you saw the man here, Fleming? Prove your words—where is he now?

FLEMING. That I will proceed to show you. Let us reason a moment. We came in through the only doors which open out of this room. Our men in the street would have caught him if he had gone through a window. The natural inference is, then, that the man must be concealed somewhere in this room. There is but one place in which he could successfully hide.

COLONEL. And that is——

FLEMING (*with a triumphant look at DIANA*). The chimney!

DIANA (*staggering slightly*). Papa! Berkeley! I—I——

FLEMING. See how that affects your daughter, Colonel Burton! Her actions are a plain admission of her guilt!

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DIANA (*placing herself in front of fireplace*). Papa, I have given you my word there has been no spy in this room, yet you accept the word of that man in preference to mine! (*She favors FLEMING with a withering glance.*) Desperate measures demand desperate remedies.

COLONEL. What are you going to do?

DIANA (*drawing small revolver from folds of her dress*). I'm going to teach you to respect my word. Mr. Fleming says there is a man in this chimney. Very well; let him search it, but he will do so over my dead body! (*She grows hysterical, staggers slightly, hand to head, and BERKELEY seizes her suddenly from behind and wrests the weapon from her grasp. At the same moment COLONEL pulls her away from the fireplace. DIANA struggles fiercely to get back.*) No—no—you shan't—I say, you shan't! (*Still hysterical.*)

COLONEL. One moment, daughter. This matter must be settled at once.

FLEMING. Berkeley, now's your chance! Kneel and see with your own eyes the truth of my words. In that chimney you will find the Yankee lover of your sister!

(*BERKELEY kneels, revolver in hand, and peers up the chimney, then, rising, confronts FLEMING, C.*)

BERKELEY. Frank Fleming, you lie! There is no one in that chimney!

QUICK CURTAIN

(*Second Curtain—DIANA in chair at table, COLONEL and BERKELEY bending over her. FLEMING on his knees, peering up in chimney.*)

### ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as previous act, the following day.*

(*Discovered—Mrs. B. entering R. U. E., COLONEL at table, reading. He lays paper down at her approach.*)

MRS. B. When do you leave, James?

COLONEL. I don't know yet. I have been reading a copy of the "Times." It certainly takes a bitter view of the situation.

MRS. B. (*coming down to table*). And quite naturally, don't you think?

COLONEL. Quite naturally, to be sure. The papers are now discussing the future of the men who must lay down their arms at no very distant date. For, you know, all of our boys who survive will have to begin the struggle of life anew. There is hardly a plantation in the South that has not been ruined, and our principal cities are in much the same condition.

MRS. B. (*sadly*). I suppose that is one of the penalties of war.

COLONEL (*rising*). The question has resolved itself into this: What right have these Yankees to come down here and drive us out of our homes? What right has the Union to presume that we—but, pshaw! You've heard all this before. I'll change the subject.

MRS. B. We might better discuss the fearful predicament Diana is in.

COLONEL. You are right. I wish I could free her from all suspicion.

MRS. B. I still insist that your suspicion is misplaced.

COLONEL (*petulantly*). Of course—of course; and you'll go on insisting as long as you have breath left in your body. But that does not alter the fact that she has evidently been harboring a spy in my house.

(*He paces nervously back and forth.*)

MRS. B. I feel, James, that Diana's word should be taken in preference to that of Mr. Fleming.

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COLONEL. What have you against Fleming?

MRS. B. Only this: I do not believe he is acting fairly in his treatment of you. He is abusing your hospitality for his own selfish ends—of that I am sure.

COLONEL. Why argue the matter? No woman can see this business in its true light. Further, I know Fleming to be a man of honor. He would not say he had seen a spy in my house unless it were the truth.

MRS. B. Well, might he not have been mistaken as to the identity of this person he saw? Diana said Lige had been in the room but a few minutes before this, and Mr. Fleming, ever suspicious, might have made a mountain out of a hill.

COLONEL (*dismissing the subject with a wave of the hand*). Oh, impossible! I refuse to argue longer. We have been harboring a Federal spy, and I mean to have him, dead or alive, if I have to tear down every building on the premises. That is final, Mary.

(*Enter LIGE, L. C. D.*)

LIGE. Mistah Fleming am below, sah, an' says can he speak wif yo', Marse Kunnel?

COLONEL (*gruffly*). Show him up!

LIGE (*looking apologetically toward Mrs. B.*). He—he say—say—say, sah, dat he would like t' speak wif yo' alone, sah.

MRS. B. (*rising*). I will go.

COLONEL. No; stay where you are. I want you to hear what he has to say. (*She resumes her seat. To LIGE.*)

I have no secrets from your mistress, Lige. Tell Mr. Fleming so, and show him up.

LIGE (*grinning*). Yas'r—yas'r—I'll tell him.

(*Exit, L. C. D.*)

COLONEL. Fleming has perhaps found some trace of the spy. He detailed three men to watch the premises last night and they have been making a pretty thorough search. I hope for Diana's sake he may be caught and render a satisfactory explanation of his presence in this house. I should like to believe she had no hand in this business, but I shall have to be convinced beyond any question of doubt before I exonerate her.

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(LIGE shows FLEMING in L. C. D.) Ah, how are you, Fleming? (To LIGE.) That's all.

LIGE. Yas'r—I's gwine.

(Exit, L. C. D.)

FLEMING. I trust I am not intruding. Good-morning, Mrs. Burton. (She bows coolly.)

COLONEL. We are always glad to see you. What news?

FLEMING. I—er—shall I speak before Mrs. Burton?

COLONEL. Certainly—certainly—what makes you so cautious, man? Speak out!

FLEMING. I have been engaged in secret work so long, Colonel, that I am naturally cautious in everything I do. I meant no offense to Mrs. Burton, I assure you. (Bows to her.)

COLONEL (impatently). But the news—the news!

FLEMING. We cannot find a trace of Fernbrook.

COLONEL. Huh! Too bad—too bad. (Shakes head gravely.) Well, he has been too clever for us—that's all.

FLEMING. On the contrary, he is not clever at all; remember, I know him. An element of luck has entered into the matter—an element which we have so far been unable to cope with. I would have staked my life that he was in that chimney.

COLONEL. Well, one thing is certain—he got out. And we've got to find him or our reputations are ruined.

FLEMING. I realize that, and the search shall be prosecuted with renewed vigor to-day. Will you come with me?

COLONEL. Yes—yes; I may be able to render you some assistance, Fleming. (They go up L. together.)

FLEMING. I trust we have not wearied you with our discussion, Mrs. Burton?

MRS. B. No; I have been deeply interested. Remember, you have brought an accusation against my daughter, sir, and one of which I am sure she is entirely innocent.

FLEMING (coldly). I followed only my duty, madam.

(Exeunt COLONEL and FLEMING, L. C. D.)

(MRS. B. sinks into chair near table, head in her hands. At this moment the voices of LIGE and CHLOE are heard off L.)



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CHLOE. I tell yo' I won't gib hit t' yo', yo' low down black niggah.

LIGE. But, Chloe, yo' ain't got no right t' dat—'fore goodness, yo' hain't.

CHLOE. Don't make no diff'rence; I's gwine to show dis t' de missus, an' yo' cain't stop me.

(*Enter CHLOE, L. C. D., a long dirty rope in her hand. LIGE, a hang-dog look on his face, shuffles in behind her.*)

LIGE. Yo' bettah gib me de rope, Chloe—yo' bettah do hit. If yo' don't I's gwine fo' t' tell de kunnel.

MRS. B. Dear me, another row! What's the matter, Chloe?

CHLOE. See dis yere rope, missus? (*Comes down, holding it gingerly out in front of her.*) Hit am Marse Berkeley's bran' new lasso-lariater, dat he use t' whirl aroun' his head like de cowboys done do, an' frow ober a post. Whar yo' think I foun' dat lasso-lariater? Why, in de kitchen stove, missus, whar' dat fool niggah must 'a' stuck hit. Lucky dere wasn't no fiah dere!

(*Points accusingly at LIGE.*)

LIGE. I didn't do hit, missus—no, ma'am. She don't realize what she's sayin'. She hadn't oughter excuse me ob sich an act. I could hab her 'rested fo' 'scusin' me of false circumstances.

MRS. B. Well, this is a strange proceeding; why, the rope is almost ruined.

LIGE. Well, I don' know nothin' 'bout hit; reckon dat wench must 'a' stuck hit in dar herself.

CHLOE (*glaring at him*). Yo' knows I didn't do hit, an' if I didn't do hit, who did do hit? Dat's what I'd like t' know.

MRS. B. Well, take the rope and clean it, Chloe, then hang it where it belongs. I'll look into this.

CHLOE. All right, missus.

MRS. B. And don't let me hear you quarreling again.

CHLOE. Yas'm, but, missus, do I hab t' ——?

LIGE. Shet up! Didn't she tell yuh not t' be so obnoxious wif yo' language? Git along down t' de kitchen, 'fore I gits des-prate.

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CHLOE (*moving slowly toward L. C. D.*). I'll tell de kunnel on yuh, Mistah Lige. Dat's what I'll do. Now, yo'll jes' see!

LIGE. If yo' does, dar won't no rascalities stan' in de way ob what I'll do t' yo'.

(*Exit CHLOE, head in the air. LIGE follows her up, stops in door as if about to speak to MRS. B., then exits after her.*)

MRS. B. (*as he goes*). Remember—no more trouble!

LIGE (*as he goes*). No, missus; no more trouble.

MRS. B. (*thoughtfully*). I wonder if Lige did put that rope in the stove, and what his purpose was? It's strange—very strange.

(*Enter BERKELEY, hurriedly, R. U. E.*)

BERKELEY. Ah, mother!

MRS. B. Why, my son, what brings you here?

BERKELEY. I'm going away. (*Kisses her.*)

MRS. B. Going away?

BERKELEY. Yes; on an important mission. I may be back to-morrow evening, but there's no certainty of it. These Yankees have too many men for our wasted troops, and I reckon they'll be in the city in a day or so. I wanted to have a talk with you before I left.

MRS. B. Very well, Berkeley; ease your mind at once. I can see that something is wrong.

(*BERKELEY sits down, L.*)

BERKELEY. It's about that business of last night, mother. I'm all at sea. At first, I was hot against Fleming when I found he had made the mistake of thinking a man could crawl up a chimney like that; but he has been telling me more facts to-day, and by putting two and two together, I have reached the conclusion that Diana deliberately deceived us last night.

(*Enter DIANA, R. U. E., while he is speaking.*)

DIANA. Never speak ill of a girl behind her back, Berkeley.

BERKELEY (*turning quickly*). Oh, so you're here, are you? Well, I'm glad you heard. A fine mess you had us in last night!

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MRS. B. Berkeley, be more respectful to your sister. She is not at all well, and for that reason, if for no other, is entitled to your consideration.

BERKELEY. Well, there's no use crying over spilled milk. The damage is done. The thing now is to repair it. This Yankee must be recaptured, or my whole career is ruined.

MRS. B. Ruined? How ruined?

BERKELEY. Why, can't you see? He was in my charge—he escaped. In other words, I had given my word for his safekeeping.

DIANA. But you were not responsible for his escape.

BERKELEY. Of course, I was responsible. The fact that no one knew of the tunnel doesn't mend matters. He found it and got away.

MRS. B. But you did your best to capture him.

BERKELEY. Oh, yes, we hit his trail, all right, and maybe you can imagine my feelings when I found he had turned into our yard. Even then I did not know this man was coming here for a clandestine meeting with my sister. (*In an appealing tone, turning to DIANA.*) Why do you hesitate, when you see the position I'm in?

DIANA (*coolly*). Why do you appeal to me?

BERKELEY. Because Fleming has told me all.

DIANA. Just what has he told you?

BERKELEY. That this spy whom you have aided to escape is a Northern lover of yours—a Jack Fernbrook. (*Sneeringly.*) You must think a lot of him to turn traitor to your family.

DIANA. Berkeley, don't go too far!

BERKELEY. A Southern girl who defends a Yankee doesn't deserve any consideration.

DIANA. Berkeley, I am heartily ashamed of you and your narrow-mindedness. You have called me a traitor. Well, if defending a man I love—a man who is just as true and honorable as any that breathes, South or North—is traitorous, then I am a traitor and I glory in it!

BERKELEY (*starting up quickly*). Then you admit this Fernbrook has been here?

DIANA. Yes, I admit it. Do you suppose I am ashamed of it?

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BERKELEY. A fine lover he is to come to the house of a girl and risk compromising her.

DIANA. He did not even know I lived here. His only thought was to escape from the men who had unjustly condemned him as a spy.

BERKELEY. Unjustly? He was caught within our lines.

DIANA. Yet he is not a spy.

BERKELEY. He could offer no proof of his innocence.

DIANA. Why? Because this man, Fleming, told the officers he was a spy, and stole his blue uniform! Many a good man has gone to his grave on circumstantial evidence.

BERKELEY. Oh, stand there and defend your fine gentleman. I demand to know his hiding-place. Are you going to remain a traitor to your family and to the South?

DIANA. If you were not blinded by false pride you would not speak in this tone to me. I blush that you are my brother!

MRS. B. Diana!

DIANA. Nothing I could say would hurt him as deeply as he has hurt me.

BERKELEY. Am I to take it that you refuse to reveal the whereabouts of this man?

DIANA. No; I will tell you where I hope and believe he is at this moment.

BERKELEY (*eagerly*). You will?

DIANA. Yes; safe within the Union lines!

BERKELEY. Then you aided him to escape? I thought as much.

DIANA. I aided him all I could, because I love him.

BERKELEY. Mother, use your influence. Diana should not be allowed to disgrace the family this way.

MRS. B. She says she loves him, Berkeley, and that he is an honorable soldier. I have every confidence in her discretion.

BERKELEY. But her lover is an enemy of her country.

MRS. B. What of that, my son, if he is a gentleman and she loves him?

BERKELEY (*blustering*). What—what—what of it? Well, what do you think of that? Why, he's fighting against us, for one thing——

MRS. B. He is fighting for the cause he thinks is right.

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BERKELEY. So you're against me, too? Well, it's useless to argue with a woman. I am going. (*Starts up.*)

DIANA (*detaining him*). Don't go off in anger, Berkeley! Though I love you dearly, and appreciate the position you are in, Jack Fernbrook is all the world to me. It is not my fault that he is fighting against the South. I love him; that is enough. You have never loved, Berkeley, or you would feel some compassion for your unhappy sister.

(*BERKELEY hangs his head while she is speaking, but finally looks up. There is a pause as they stand looking at each other, her hand on his shoulder affectionately.*)

BERKELEY. Sis, I guess you're in earnest. It's rather a bitter pill for me to swallow, but if you love this man, as you say, why—why, I—well, I hope, for your sake, that he's safe within the Union lines! There's my hand on it! (*He extends it.*)

DIANA. Berkeley! (*She is delighted, and throws her arms about his neck.*) You don't know how happy you've made me.

BERKELEY. Now, I want you and mother to do me a favor. As I said before, I'm going away, and before I leave I—I—well, I want to see Addie alone.

DIANA. Why, Berkeley, can it be possible—can it be possible that you are in love with Addie? (*Surprised.*)

BERKELEY (*nodding*). I am in love with her. I'm not ashamed to tell you. Do you think there's any hope for me?

DIANA. I believe if there's no hope for you there will never be hope for any one.

MRS. B. She's a dear girl, my boy. We'll send her in at once.

BERKELEY. Well, hurry, mother. I've no time to lose. (*He kisses them.*) And good-bye till I come again. (*Exeunt MRS. B. and DIANA, R. U. E.*) Well, this is turning out better than I expected. I suppose it's the best way after all. I've made sis happy, if nothing more.

(*Enter ADDIE, R. U. E.*)

ADDIE (*timidly*). Did you wish to see me, Berkeley?

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BERKELEY. Yes; I've got to leave Richmond, Addie, and I—I—well, I wanted to say good-bye.

*(Takes her hands. She does not look at him, but hangs her head as if embarrassed.)*

ADDIE. You—are—going—away?

BERKELEY. Yes; I've been ordered out of the city on important business. I don't know when I'll see you and the folks again, though I hope to return to-morrow, so I thought—that is, I thought—er—well—that—er—

ADDIE. You're squeezing my hands, Berkeley.

BERKELEY. Oh, I—I beg your pardon, Addie, I—I—

ADDIE. Oh, that's all right; I like it. But you said you thought—er—well—that—er—well, what did you think?

BERKELEY. Well, you see I've something to tell you. I've been going to tell you for a long time, but ——— *(Pause.)*

ADDIE. Well, why didn't you?

BERKELEY. Well, I didn't know how you'd take it.

ADDIE. Oh, I see, and—er—you know now?

BERKELEY. Er—er—no—that is, I don't know, but I'm going to find out. Addie, if I'm alive at the end of this war, will you be my wife?

ADDIE *(slowly, as if but dimly realizing what he has said)*. Be—your—wife?

BERKELEY. Yes. I've loved you ever since you came here three—no, four—years ago.

ADDIE. Four long years. Don't you think it took you a long time to tell me?

BERKELEY. Well, I guess it did. But your answer is ———?

ADDIE. Yes.

*(She hides her face quickly on his shoulder. He puts his arms around her, then raising her face, kisses her.)*

BERKELEY. You're too good for me, Addie, but I'm glad I've got you. No wonder sis sticks up for Fernbrook, if she loves him like this.

ADDIE. Mr. Fernbrook is a fine man, Berkeley.

BERKELEY. What! Do you know him?

ADDIE. Why, we were raised in the same town.

BERKELEY. Well, I'd accept any one on your recommendation. I hope you won't tire of your bargain.

ADDIE. Never.

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BERKELEY. Well, I must be off. I must leave you to tell mother and sis the news. Good-bye, sweetheart.

ADDIE. Good-bye, Berkeley—good-bye.

(Exit BERKELEY, L. C. D. ADDIE drops in chair left of table, and putting her head on her arms sobs violently.)

(Enter MRS. B. and DIANA, R. U. E.)

DIANA (going quickly to her). Why, Addie, what's the matter?

ADDIE (still crying). Oh, I'm so happy—I'm so happy! Boo, hoo, hoo!

DIANA. Happy? Because brother has gone away?

ADDIE. No, no; because we're going to be married. Boo, hoo, hoo!

DIANA. There, there!

MRS. B. (taking ADDIE in her arms). There, you dear girl, you've made us happy, too.

ADDIE. But he's gone away, and he won't ever—ever come back. Boo, hoo, hoo!

DIANA. Why, of course he'll come back. There, there—stop crying. Did Berkeley tell you what he did? He sided with me about the little affair of last night. And now, if I can win papa over, all will be smooth sailing.

ADDIE. What have you done with Jack Fernbrook, Diana?

DIANA. I? Not a thing. I hope he's safe with the Federal army.

MRS. B. I have been fearing to ask you. I thought perhaps you had hid him in this house.

DIANA. I haven't the remotest idea where he is, mamma. His escape from the chimney last night is not only past my understanding—it is nothing short of miraculous.

ADDIE. Why, you don't mean to say he crawled up that chimney?

DIANA. Yes, he must have done so, and I hope he got away, but the mystery is beyond me. I have implicit faith in his good judgment, however, and know he will let me hear from him as soon as possible.

MRS. B. Well, you girls are worn out. With this successful culmination of your love affairs, some sleep should be possible. You both need it. So come; if anything important occurs I'll awaken you. (They go up R.) But I think nothing short of Federal control



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of the city would serve to excite us after the events of the last two days.

(*Exeunt*, R. U. E., MRS. B., DIANA and ADDIE.)

(*Enter* LIGE, L. C. D.)

LIGE (*looking about cautiously*). Yas'r, dey's gone suah enuff. Huh! I reckon lil' missy am jes' worryin' herse'f t' deaf ober de captain. (*Chuckles.*) I reckon I could tell her somethin' 'at'd make her open her eyes. (*Chuckles.*) I reckon dey finks dey'll find de captain by searchin' dis yere place, but I reckons dey won't—no siree!

(*Enter* CHLOE, L. C. D.)

CHLOE. Oh, youse is up heah, is yo'?

LIGE (*turning*). Reckon yo's got eyes in yo' topknot. I doesn't hab t' make any extra exclamations t' inform yo' ob mah presence, does I?

CHLOE. Yo's up t' some debbilment.

LIGE. I ain't.

CHLOE. Yas, yo' is, an' I's gwine t' find out what it am. First, I finds Marse Berkeley's bran' new lasso-lariater in de kitchen grate. Who sticks it dar? I dunno! But I'se got some likely suspicitations.

LIGE (*sullenly*). Don't know nothin' 'bout de old rope.

CHLOE. Well, nex' I finds yo' sneakin' round de house like yuh was 'fraid ob yo' own shadder. I jes' say t' mahself: "Dar's somethin' wrong wif dat fool niggah." Now, yo' 'splain yo'self!

LIGE (*nervously*). I tells yuh dar ain't nuffin' de mattah. Yo' eyes am deceivatin' yo'.

CHLOE (*sternly*). No, mah eyes ain't deceivatin' me, neither. I knows jes' what's de mattah wif yo', Lige Burton.

LIGE. Wh-wh-what am de mattah wif me?

CHLOE (*leaning toward him significantly*). Yo's got er secret!

LIGE (*jumping*). Oh, Lordy!

CHLOE. What's de mattah now?

LIGE (*chuckling*). I was jes' jumpin' fo' joy, t' think I had a secret an' didn't know hit.

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CHLOE (*leaning toward him earnestly*). Ain't yo' got er secret, suah enuff?

LIGE (*looking cautiously about, then holding finger to lips*). Sh! (*He steals softly to L. C. D.*) Sh! (*Crosses to R. U. E.*) Sh! (*He looks under sofa, CHLOE watching him with open mouth.*) Sh! (*Goes to her cautiously, speaking weirdly.*) Yas, I's got er secret—an orful secret! A secret dat'll make yo' shake like de debbil. Makes mah hair nearly stand on end ebery time I thinks ob dat secret. Oh, me! Oh, my!

CHLOE (*scared*). I—I—don' know dat I wants t' heah 'bout hit. Am hit suah enuff bad?

LIGE. Course hit am. It'll ha'nt yo' all yo' natcheral life. Hit's jes' like a big white spook, wif two big clammy hands stretched out t' grab yo'.

CHLOE. Oh, Lordy!

LIGE. Come a little closter—I's got t' whisper hit.

CHLOE (*eyes rolling, bending nearer*). Yas, yas—now, what am hit?

LIGE (*gravely*). Yo' knows de big fireplace in de dinin'-room?

CHLOE (*nodding, breathlessly, mouth open*). Uh-huh!

LIGE. Yo' knows de secret stone undah which ole Marsa's Marsa's Marsa was said t' hab hid his treasuh?

CHLOE. Uh-huh!

LIGE. Well, I went in dar a while ergo, an' I pull dat stone out, an' what does yo' think I found?

CHLOE. I—I dunno, Lige. What yo' find?

LIGE. Er hole in de floor!

(*He bursts out laughing, bending over and slapping his knees. CHLOE stands looking at him, an indignant expression on her face. Enter FLEMING, L. C. D., sees them, pauses a moment, then, drawing pistol from belt, tiptoes up behind LIGE unobserved by either him or CHLOE.*)

CHLOE. What fo' yo' startle me like dat?

LIGE. 'Cause yo's so smart. Yo' hadn't oughter git startled so easy. I nebber would git scart at nuffin'—I—I— (FLEMING, *from behind, sticks barrel of pistol around in front of his face. LIGE's eyes begin to roll, then dropping on his knees, he begins to pray.*) Oh, Lordy, Lordy, hab a lil' mercy. What hab dis

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pooh niggah eber done dat yo' should stick er gun in his face? Please go erway; I won't fool Chloe no moah. Oh, Lordy, if you'll only—only——

FLEMING. Get up, you lazy nigger, or I'll put a bullet down your throat. Get up, I say!

(*Jabs him with pistol.*)

LIGE (*opening eyes, looking up slowly, grins*). I—I know'd hit was yo' all de time, Mistah Fleming.

FLEMING. Don't lie to me! (*LIGE gets up.*) Now, listen! You know something about the disappearance of this Yankee spy.

LIGE. No, sah, no, sah—I don't know nuffin'.

FLEMING. You were here in the room with him; I saw you, and if you don't tell me where he is in two minutes, I'll blow the top of your head off.

LIGE (*drawing himself up proudly*). Yo' makes a mistake, Mistah Fleming, in comin' t' me fo' information. I don't know nuffin' 'bout de Yank, en if I did I wouldn't tell you!

CHLOE. Dat's right, Lige—dat's right.

FLEMING. You impudent black rascal! I want information, I tell you. If you don't tell me I'll shoot you where you stand.

LIGE (*folding arms, and looking him in the eye*). Den I reckon you'll hab t' shoot, sah!

FLEMING. By heaven, I will! (*He goes up R., turns and aims pistol at LIGE who is down C., a little to L.*

CHLOE is L. C.) I'll count three, and if you don't speak before, you're a dead nigger! One! (*Pause.*)  
'Two!

(*LIGE does not move. CHLOE seems spellbound. Enter suddenly, DIANA, R. U. E. Reaching from behind she wrests the weapon from FLEMING'S grasp. He turns with a startled exclamation.*)

DIANA. I don't believe I'd count any farther, Mr. Fleming!

FLEMING. Why do you interfere?

DIANA. Why do you intimidate my servants, Mr. Fleming?

FLEMING (*forcing a laugh*). Why, the whole matter was a joke.

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DIANA. I don't believe you. Lige, what has happened here?

LIGE. Chloe en I was in heah talkin', lil' missy, when dat man come in an' say dat I knows where de Yankee captain am, an' dat if I don't tell him, he'll shoot me.

FLEMING. The nigger lies!

CHLOE. No, sah, he don't lie—he am tellin' de trufe!

FLEMING (to DIANA). Will you take the word of these niggers in preference to mine?

DIANA. Every time, Mr. Fleming. (To LIGE and CHLOE.) Lige, you and Chloe may go. And mind you, not a word of this to any one, unless I tell you.

LIGE. Yes, lil' missy.

(*He moves slowly up, followed by CHLOE. Exeunt, L. C. D.*)

FLEMING (*looking after him*). Curse his impudence!

DIANA. Now, Mr. Fleming, you and I will have a final settlement.

FLEMING. It is for that very reason you find me here, Diana.

DIANA. Miss Burton, to you, sir.

FLEMING (*laughing sneeringly*). Very well, Miss Burton. What I have to say to you can be said as well along strictly formal lines. Before I begin, kindly hand me that pistol.

DIANA. I will hold the pistol.

FLEMING. Don't think the gun will give you the upper hand.

DIANA. I am not seeking trouble, Mr. Fleming. If there is trouble you will bring it on yourself.

FLEMING. There will be no trouble if you accede to my wishes.

DIANA. I will accede to nothing. On the other hand I expect to show you where it is to your advantage to accede to mine.

FLEMING. As to that we shall see. I feel bound to tell you, however, that—I—I— Oh, oh, good heavens! (*Clasps hand quickly to his side and staggers against a chair on which he leans for support, writhing back and forward as if in agony.*) It's—it's the—the old pain, come back after all these years. Miss Burton, I—I—hate to ask it, but I must have some water, and

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have it quickly. Don't hesitate—do this for me, I beg you!

DIANA. I cannot see even an enemy suffer. I will get the water.

(*Laying revolver on the table she starts hurriedly for L. C. D.*)

FLEMING (*recovering suddenly*). Never mind the water—this is what I wanted! (*He springs to table and seizes the weapon.*) Thanks, so much, for your tender sympathy! (*Laughs.*)

DIANA. Coward, to take advantage of a woman!

FLEMING. Remember, all is fair in love and war. At any rate, you had no scruples about taking advantage of me a while ago.

DIANA. I refuse now to discuss matters with you. I shall see my father and my brother—then action will be the word! (*Starts toward R. U. E.*)

FLEMING (*seizing her by the wrist, and pulling her down stage*). You'll stay here!

DIANA. Let go—you are hurting me! (*He refuses.*)

FLEMING. First listen to me. I love you, and you're going to be my wife. Your father has given his consent and yesterday in this very room you said that when certain conditions were fulfilled you would give yours. I have come to-day to tell you that those conditions have been fulfilled.

DIANA (*startled*). I don't believe you!

FLEMING. You don't want to believe me. Nevertheless, Jack Fernbrook is safe within the Union lines.

DIANA. I trust you are right, but he had no aid from you in getting there.

FLEMING. You are wrong; he had every aid it was in my power to give. This morning I found him hiding in a large feed box in your father's barn. I procured for him a Confederate uniform and a horse. Then I gave him a passport. If he reached the Federal lines in safety he was to send me a note to that effect. To-day the note came to our lines under a flag of truce.

DIANA. I don't believe you!

FLEMING. You are familiar with Fernbrook's writing. There's the note—see for yourself. (*Gives it.*)

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(Enter FERNBROOK on tiptoe, L. C. D. He starts on seeing them, standing arms folded at back.)

DIANA. This note is a forgery—it must be a forgery. I don't believe Jack Fernbrook ever wrote it. (*Reads.*)  
“I am safe within the Union lines. Thanks. Fernbrook.”

FLEMING. Now the spy is disposed of, I shall hold you to your promise.

DIANA. You have yet to satisfy me with proof.

FLEMING. I have kept my word, and you shall keep yours!  
You shall—do you hear?

(*Seizes her roughly, raising hand as if to strike. FERNBROOK steps quickly down between them, with revolver in FLEMING'S face.*)

FERNBROOK. I don't believe I'd strike her, Fleming!

FLEMING (*startled*). Fernbrook!

DIANA. Jack! (*She seizes his arm nervously.*)

FLEMING. You, you —

FERNBROOK. Take care. There is a lady present. My coming in unannounced seems to have unnerved you.

FLEMING. You haven't unnerved me, you Yankee upstart  
—I'll—I'll —

FERNBROOK. Take your hand off that gun.

(FLEMING obeys, muttering beneath his breath.)

DIANA. Then this man did not help you escape as he claims?

FERNBROOK. No; that is simply a little tale concocted for this occasion. I have no doubt he would like to help me escape—into another world. But I'm afraid he'll get there first. Luckily Lige knew Fleming was in here looking for trouble and came and told me.

DIANA. But where have you been? How did you escape from the chimney?

FERNBROOK. By means of a rope with Lige at the top of it. Really, it is an easy matter to ascend the inside of a rough chimney when some one is pulling you. (*Smiles.*) Since then I've been in Lige's room.

FLEMING. I knew you were in that chimney! But all your scheming will avail you nothing.

*HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY*

*(Moves slowly toward R. U. E.)*

FERNBROOK. Don't look so sneaking, Fleming—you have my permission to go through that door.

*(FLEMING starts to make hasty exit, but is met by LIGE who enters, a big pistol in his hand. This he sticks in FLEMING'S face.)*

LIGE *(grinning)*. Not dis time—some odder time!

FLEMING. This is a trap!

FERNBROOK. A man with a fair degree of intelligence would have divined that long ago.

FLEMING *(turning to LIGE)*. Nigger, listen to me! You are in open rebellion against the Confederate government, and I can have you hanged as a traitor. Now, go below and tell the sergeant to step this way with his men. Tell them I have the Yankee and wish him taken into custody.

FERNBROOK. A nice game, but it won't work. Lige isn't under your orders.

LIGE. No, sah, I ain't.

FLEMING. I'll have you all hanged for traitors and spies—oh, I'll make you pay dearly for this!

FERNBROOK. There is a bare possibility that you will some day be in a position to do that. Just now we are dealing with the present. Lige, disarm your prisoner!

LIGE. Wif pleasure, sah.

*(Removes pistol from FLEMING'S belt.)*

FLEMING. I refuse to submit to this indignity!

LIGE *(covering him)*. Stand still, yo' lazy niggah, or I'll put er bullet down yo' froat.

FERNBROOK. Now bind him, leaving his right hand free for the moment. *(LIGE, grinning, pulls a rope from his belt.)* No; wait—first hand me that spotless gray coat. I think it will fit me perfectly, and Fleming is so fond of blue that he won't mind wearing mine.

*(LIGE begins to strip off FLEMING'S coat.)*

FLEMING. I'll die first!

LIGE. Den say yo' prayers!

FERNBROOK *(as LIGE hands him coat)*. Now put this one on him. *(Hands him his own.)* I'll cover him,



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(FLEMING struggles, but the exchange is soon made, FERNBROOK donning the gray.) Now, before we bind him, Lige, we'll have a little exhibition of his penmanship. Put him in that chair at the table. (LIGE does so.) There, Fleming, are pen, ink and paper. Write as I dictate. (FLEMING sullenly obeys.) "This is to certify ——" Got it? All right. "——to certify that the bearer is Captain John Holcamp of the First Mississippi Rifles, and is entitled to pass through the Confederate lines at will." Got it? (Looks over FLEMING'S shoulder.) Good—now, sign it! (Pause. FLEMING looks about for some last means of thwarting his enemy. FERNBROOK sticks barrel of pistol against back of his head.) Sign it! (FLEMING signs.) Thanks! (FERNBROOK takes paper, folds it, and puts it in his pocket.) Now, Lige, bind your prisoner, and don't worry about your gun. I'll keep him covered. (LIGE ties him securely.) Now, lay him flat in front of the fireplace. (LIGE does so.) Now a bandage over his eyes, and a gag, and we're through.

LIGE. I's got a gag.

(Still grinning, he pulls a dirty handkerchief from his pocket, and pulls handkerchief from FLEMING'S pocket.)

FLEMING. Not that—not that. I don't want that rag in my mouth after it's been in the nigger's pocket.

LIGE. Yo' can't help yo'self. Dis yere rag am a powerful sight cleaner den de mouf of any man dat insults a lady!

(Thrusts rag in FLEMING'S mouth, and ties other handkerchief over his eyes.)

FERNBROOK (quickly). Now, Lige, we must act! Go tell the sergeant to step this way with his men.

(FLEMING rolls partly over, writhing, but fails to loosen rope, and finally lies still.)

LIGE. A' right, sah—I's gwine.

(Exit, R. U. E.)

FERNBROOK (kissing DIANA). Keep a brave front, and uphold me in all I do.

DIANA. I have every faith in you, Jack, and you will al-

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ways find me waiting here for you. But be careful for my sake.

FERNBROOK. For your sake, anything! Sh! they are coming!

(*He kisses her again and draws back to L. C. DIANA down L. FLEMING before fireplace.*)

*Enter R. U. E., sergeant and two men all in Confederate uniform, followed by LIGE, who stands up R. Sergeant stops R. C., salutes.*)

SERGEANT. The nigger says, sir, you have caught the spy and want me to take him in?

FERNBROOK. He is right, sergeant. I am Captain Holcamp. There lies the spy. (*Points to FLEMING.*) He is desperate. Be careful and see that the gag is not removed until he is safely in a cell.

(*Sergeant salutes, looks at DIANA as if for confirmation. FERNBROOK moves slowly to L. C. D.*)

DIANA (*drawing herself up proudly*). You heard Captain Holcamp's orders, sergeant—there lies your man!

(*Points. FERNBROOK smiles and exits, quickly, L. C. D.*)

CURTAIN

(*Second curtain—Sergeant and men have picked up FLEMING, and are moving with him toward R. U. E. DIANA and LIGE are looking on anxiously.*)

## ACT IV

SCENE.—*Same as Acts II and III. The following day.*

(*Discovered—LIGE standing before fireplace, hands behind him, watching CHLOE, who is polishing furniture with a rag.*)

CHLOE (*stopping suddenly*). Well, what yo' starin' at?

LIGE. Nuffin'.

CHLOE. Why, Lige Burton, you'se lookin' straight at me!

LIGE (*grinning*). Well, ain't dat nuffin'?

CHLOE. Some day I's gwine t' break yo' head.

LIGE. When dat day comes I ain't gwine t' be nowhere around. Say, Chloe, where yo' reckon Marse Berkeley went tuh?

CHLOE. Don't know. He don't come en tell me his business 'fore he leabs.

LIGE. I heard he'd gone on a mission. I's powerful glad he wasn't heah las' ebenin' t' see dat Unior feller escape.

CHLOE. Who? Lil' missy's beau?

LIGE. Yep.

CHLOE. Did he git clean erway?

LIGE. Yep; en since dat time Miss Dianar done been cryin' fo' joy. He was a mighty nice sort ob a feller, Chloe.

CHLOE. Yep, I reckon he were, if Miss Dianar liked him.

LIGE. Liked him? (*Chuckles.*) Well, I reckon she did. She lubbed him, an' she lubs him yet, en she gwine t' always keep on lubbin' him, an' some day I reckon dey's gwine t' be spliced.

CHLOE. Gwine t' be which?

LIGE. Spliced—married.

CHLOE. How yo' know dat?

LIGE. Lil' missy tol' me so herself.

CHLOE. En what dey do wif dat Mistah Fleming?

LIGE. De sergeant took him clean t' de prison 'fore dey took dat dirty rag outen his mouf an' found out who he was. By dat time dar wasn't no use chasin' de Yankee—he was done froo de lines, 'cause I had er hoss ready

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

fo' him an' he went down de street jes' a-kitin' w'en he left heah. (*Laughs.*) I'd like t' seen dat spy w'en dey took de rag outen his mouf.

CHLOE. Maybe yo' would en maybe yo' wouldn't. I 'spect now de Yankee army'll soon be in Richmond.

LIGE. Dey'd be heah in er minute if Marse Fernbrook could bring 'em, I reckon. He'll want t' see lil' missy mighty bad agin. I reckon when dey does come, Marse Fernbrook 'll be de fust man t' git heah.

CHLOE. I t'ought lil' missy done hated dem Fed'ral like pizen.

LIGE. She do—mos' ob 'em, but dis yere Captain Fernbrook ain't included in de specifications.

CHLOE. En dey say Miss Addie am lookin' fo' her pa when de army come inter de city.

LIGE. Yep; reckon she am. Marse Zebediar am er mighty fine feller.

CHLOE. Jes' fink, Lige, w'en dem Fed'ral gits yere yo'll be a free man.

LIGE. Don' wanter be no free man!

CHLOE. Dey can't keep yo' no longah unless dey pays yo' fo' yo' labor.

LIGE. Don't want no pay. I's servin' lil' missy, an' she don't wanter insult me by offerin' me no pay.

CHLOE. I reckon she wouldn't 'xactly do dat.

LIGE. Yo' ain't 'spectin' no pay, is yo'?

CHLOE. Nope; I's been in dis yere fambly eber since I kin reccomember, an' I 'spects t' stay heah till de great day comes. Dar ain't no niggahs eber had no bettah home en we has.

LIGE. Dat's right. I wouldn't leab lil' missy if forty armies was t' come en set me free.

CHLOE. Does yo' s'pose dem Yankee Fed'ral's'll kill anybody w'en dey gits yere? I's heard dey's mighty blood-thirsty people.

LIGE. Didn't yo' see Marse Fernbrook? I reckon he was a fair specimen ob de average Yank. No, sah—dey ain't so blood-thirsty.

(*Enter MRS. B., DIANA and ADDIE, R. U. E.*)

DIANA. Lige, will you tell us how you helped Captain Fernbrook up the chimney?

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

LIGE. I's always ready t' please yo', lil' missy. It was dis erway: W'en I seen yo' hidin' him in de chimbley, I got er sudden idee, en I rushed out quick as lightnin', jes' afore Marse Kunnel en Marse Berkeley come in, en gits dat rope er Marse Berkeley's en climbs onter de roof. I looks down de chimbley, en see Marse Fernbrook clingin' onter de rough sides fo' all he's worf. Den I chink a lil' piece ob dirt down on his head t' make him look up, en when he sees me I lowers de rope, motionin' dat I's gwine t' help him up. Den Marse Fernbrook he cotched de rope, an' w'en I pulled, he sort o' clim' right up. Den we drops de rope down de kitchen chimbley, where Chloe found hit en excused me ob false circumstances. An' den I hid Marse Fernbrook in my room.

DIANA. Lige, I shall never be able to repay you what I owe you.

LIGE. Don' want no pay, lil' missy.

MRS. B. The Yankees have already set you and Chloe free, Lige.

LIGE. We don't wanter be free, missus. Yo' wouldn't turn us pooh ole niggahs out in de cold, would yuh, missus?

MRS. B. Of course not; you shall stay as long as you wish. I simply wanted to let you know that you are slaves no longer.

DIANA. No matter; Lige and Chloe shall stay, and when things are in a more prosperous condition they shall have a better time than they have ever dreamed of.

LIGE. Yo' am a-shoutin' now. Dis ole place habe always been home t' me, en I nebber wants t' leab hit fo' no one. I wants t' stay heah all my life.

CHLOE. I's been heah as long as Lige, missus, en I don't nebber want t' leab, neither.

MRS. B. You shall both stay, so say no more about it.

*(Enter COLONEL and BERKELEY, L. C. D. They are in a hurry.)*

COLONEL. It's all over, Mary.

*(He kisses MRS. B., then DIANA. BERKELEY takes ADDIE off to one side.)*

MRS. B. You say it's all over, James?

*HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY*

COLONEL. Yes. The Yankees will be in the city in a few hours or minutes. We have come to say good-bye.

DIANA. Where are you going?

COLONEL. To fight to the last. We are still hoping against hope. But I fear the Confederacy is doomed. Lee's army is nothing but a band of ragamuffins, and while the hearts of brave Southerners still beat within the ragged clothes, they do not beat with the old fire. Our boys have never been the same since Gettysburg. Has anything been heard of the spy?

(MRS. B. and DIANA exchange glances.)

DIANA. Why—er—yes, papa; I—I thought you knew. Mr. Fleming discovered him foraging about the place somewhere, and captured him, with the assistance of Lige.

LIGE. Yas'r, en we suah had er tough time, Marse Kunnel, but we got him.

COLONEL. Good for Fleming! I thought he was a man of his word.

BERKELEY. Come here, sis, I've something to tell you. (*Pulls her down R. COLONEL and MRS. B. talk up stage.*) Was the spy really captured?

DIANA (*with a cautious look at her father*). If you mean Mr. Fernbrook, he is safe with the Federal army.

BERKELEY. And Fleming?

DIANA. Was tricked, and has, I trust, left the city in disgrace.

BERKELEY. For your sake I'm glad things have turned out as they have. Well, kiss me good-bye, sis, and some day we'll be back safe and sound.

(*She kisses him. He then kisses ADDIE, who holds on to him, half sobbing.*)

ADDIE. But I don't want you to leave me any more.

(DIANA goes up to her parents.)

BERKELEY. Just this once, sweetheart. I'll be back before you know it. (*He leads her up.*)

COLONEL. Lige, have our horses brought around to the front of the house. We rode in by the side gate.

LIGE. Yas'r, yas'r, Marse Kunnel, I's gwine.

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

(Exit, followed by CHLOE.)

COLONEL. Good-bye.

(Kisses MRS. B., DIANA and ADDIE, in turn.)

BERKELEY. Good-bye. (Same business.)

LADIES. Good-bye. Godspeed ! etc.

(Exeunt COLONEL and BERKELEY, L. C. D.)

DIANA (to ADDIE, who is softly sobbing). Don't cry. They will soon return ; I feel it. This terrible struggle must soon be over now.

ADDIE. And you think Berkeley's in no danger ?

DIANA. None in the world. The fighting is over.

ADDIE. I hope pa is safe.

MRS. B. We have every reason to believe that he is. The last word we had was that he was waiting before Richmond for a chance to get in and see you. I am going to the kitchen. I shall return presently.

(Exit, L. C. D.)

(ADDIE seats herself in big chair in right corner near fireplace, head in her hands. DIANA stands at table nervously fingering a book. Enter FLEMING, R. U. E. Does not see ADDIE. Goes down to DIANA, right of table.)

FLEMING. Alone, eh ?

DIANA. You here ?

FLEMING. You have eyes.

DIANA. You are not yourself, sir. What do you want ? Why are you not leaving the city with your comrades ?

FLEMING. I remain behind to watch the Yankees—and you !

DIANA. I say, what do you want ?

FLEMING. Revenge !

DIANA. Revenge on a woman ? What a pity you were born a coward !

FLEMING. You can redeem me even yet. For you I'd have the courage of ten men.

DIANA. I will not listen to you !



HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

(ADDIE is watching, wild-eyed, the scene at the table, shrinking back in the corner as much as possible out of FLEMING'S sight.)

FLEMING. You'll stay here—that's what you'll do. (*He goes quickly up and locks door R. U., putting the key in pocket. Then same business at L. C. D. Comes down again.*) You see. I have you in my power—in my power, do you hear? So you may as well reconcile yourself and listen to what I have to say.

DIANA. Why do you persecute me?

FLEMING. Persecute you? Ha, ha! That's good. What about me—say? Now, let's come to an understanding.

DIANA. I'll have nothing to do with you.

FLEMING. Oh, yes, you will—yes, you will. You're going to be my wife. If not with your consent, then without it. I'm not particular.

DIANA. I'll die first!

FLEMING. Huh! I don't like mock heroics, but if you really mean it, say your prayers.

DIANA. Would you murder a woman?

FLEMING. Pretty harsh word, that—murder! I wouldn't murder any one. There's such a thing as removing a person without committing what the world calls murder. She might be mysteriously poisoned, for instance, or —

DIANA. Stop—stop! Are you a fiend?

FLEMING. Hadn't thought about it recently, but probably I am. (*There is a furious knocking on door, L. C.*) There's that cursed nigger! He must have seen me come in. I'll fix him. (*Draws pistol.*)

LIGE. I seen dat Mr. Fleming go in dar, missy. Whar am he now?

FLEMING (*shoving pistol against DIANA'S head*). Tell him I've gone and this time make no mistake!

DIANA. Mr. Fleming is here, Lige, and is threatening to kill me.

(*There is a pause. FLEMING and DIANA glare at each other. Then he lowers pistol again.*)

FLEMING. I ought to shoot you.

DIANA. Why don't you?

LIGE. Shall I break down the doah, lil' missy?

FLEMING. No, by heaven—I'll fix you!

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

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*(Shoots straight at the door. There is a yell from LIGE, then all is still.)*

DIANA. What have you done? *(Calls.)* Lige! Lige!  
*(No answer.)* Oh, you have killed him!

FLEMING. Good riddance to bad rubbish! You see who holds the upper hand. Now, perhaps you'll listen to reason. There is just one way for you to open that door and go out of here a free woman—that is, as my promised wife.

DIANA. Rather than become your wife, I would submit to untold torture.

FLEMING. Then you shall pay for your obstinacy. Is it any wonder after what has happened that I'd rather kill you in cold blood than see you Fernbrook's wife? You don't realize how it tortures me.

*(Starts toward her. He has gradually been working himself into a frenzy which has its culmination in this speech. She runs around the table, frightened, keeping it between them.)*

DIANA. You are crazy—you don't realize what you are saying!

FLEMING. Crazy? Yes; but who drove me there? You, with your pretty face and haughty airs—you! Can't you see I worship you? Say that you'll marry me and we'll go away together, away from this man, Fernbrook. It will serve him right to lose you. Will you do this to save him?

DIANA. No—no!

FLEMING. Then I'll kill you both!

*(Drawing revolver, he examines the caps, then stands glaring at her.)*

DIANA *(hysterically)*. No, no, no! Don't kill me! Will this torture never end?

*(She sinks into chair at table. A light of triumph appears in FLEMING'S eyes, and he approaches her slowly. ADDIE, who has stood a silent witness to the scene, her hands tightly clenched, her face displaying varying emotions, seizes a heavy pair of tongs from the fireplace, and tiptoeing down behind FLEMING, strikes him over the head. He staggers and drops pistol.)*

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

FLEMING (*to ADDIE*). You sneaking chit! So you were here all the time. Well, I'll attend to your case in short order. (*Looks around for pistol.*)

(LIGE, *a pistol in his hand, slides down the chimney and lights in a sitting posture in the ashes. He covers FLEMING.*)

LIGE. Stop!

DIANA. Thank God—thank God!

(*Falls sobbing on sofa.*)

LIGE (*rising, slowly, still covering FLEMING, he advances down c.*). Shall I shoot him, lil' missy? (*Pause.*) Oh, lil' missy! (*Pause.*) My heabens—I reckons you'se killed her!

(*He starts toward her, relaxing for a moment his vigilance. FLEMING with a spring is on his back. LIGE falls to his knees and they struggle.*)

FLEMING. We'll see who is master here, you black scoundrel!

(*They struggle back and forth across stage. ADDIE reviving, runs to L. C. D. and pounds frantically.*)

ADDIE. Help—for the love of heaven, help! He's murdering Lige!

MRS. B. (*outside L. C. D.*). What is it, Addie—what is it? Where's Diana?

ADDIE. She has fainted. It's Mr. Fleming. He's mad and is trying to kill us all.

(*The struggle continues, and after a moment shouts are heard without, mingled with the heavy tramp of men on the stairs. Blows are rained on the door, as the struggle continues, and finally it is broken in. Enter FERNBROOK and ZEB., followed by MRS. B. and a squad of Federal soldiers. ZEB. takes ADDIE in his arms, MRS. B. goes to DIANA, while FERNBROOK seizes FLEMING, and after causing him to relax his grip on LIGE, hurls him across the room, R., where he lies in a huddled heap.*)

FERNBROOK. Well, sir, we meet again!

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

FLEMING. I'll fix you yet!

FERNBROOK. I'll attend to you in a minute. Where's Diana? (*Looks around.*) What has happened? (*Goes quickly to sofa where MRS. B. is trying to revive DIANA. FLEMING is up R. and LIGE is crawling feebly toward fireplace.*) If she's dead it will be the sorriest day of Fleming's life.

FLEMING. I hope she is dead!

(*He lifts a pistol from the floor, but before he can take aim, LIGE covers him.*)

MRS. B. Do not tell me my daughter is dead, sir!

FERNBROOK. No, madam, only fainted.

(*He starts to lift her into an easier position. She revives and seeing who it is throws her arms around his neck, sobbing violently.*)

DIANA. Oh, Jack, Jack! Don't let that man come near me!

(*Looks across at FLEMING and shudders.*)

FERNBROOK. He can never harm you—he has reached the end of his rope. (*Turns to his men.*) Take that man into custody!

(*The men start toward R. FLEMING rises.*)

FLEMING. You'll never take me into custody. I know what's best for me, but before I do it I'll kill you first—I'll kill you first!

(*He raises pistol, but before he can fire, LIGE shoots him. He sways a moment, staggers to R. U. E., falls through.*)

LIGE. I reckon dat got him, all right. (*FERNBROOK'S soldiers rush across and exeunt, R. U. E. Reënter immediately.*) Did I kill him? Did I kill him?

SOLDIER. Yes, you got him; he'll never trouble you any more.

FERNBROOK. Lige, you have saved my life a second time.

ADDIE (*nestling close to her father*). The war was kind to bring you back to me—dear old dad.

HER FRIEND, THE ENEMY

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ZEB. Well, I sorter made up my mind I'd get to Richmond somehow. (Mrs. B. goes to him.) Sister!

(They embrace.)

DIANA (*clinging to FERNBROOK*). Oh, Jack, is it all over?

FERNBROOK. Yes, dear, the danger, and the war, and all.

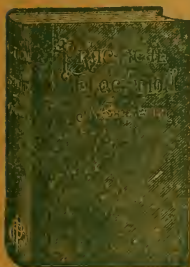
DIANA (*looking up at him*). And you are no longer my enemy?

FERNBROOK. Sweetheart—were we ever enemies?

CURTAIN



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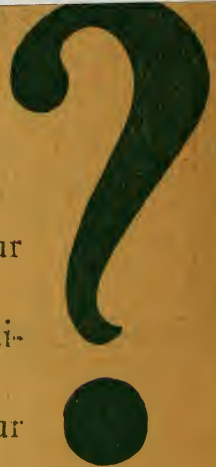


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