

PS 635

.Z9

D524

Copy 1

PS 635
Z9 D 524

20110

If you wish a Comic Song which will please every one, send for a copy of
That Little Black Mustache.
es M. Dow. Price 30 cents. Sold by all music dealers.

AMES' SERIES OF
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.
NO. 114.

PASSIONS.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COS-
TUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH
THEATRES.



CLYDE, OHIO:
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

Catalogues of ALL PUBLISHED PLAYS on receipt of 3 cent stamp.

AMES' SERIES OF ACTING PLAYS.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.—CATALOGUES FREE.

NO.		M.	F.
12	A Capital Match, farce, 1 act, by J. M. Morton	3	2
30	A Day Well Spent, farce, 1 act, by John Oxenford	7	5
2	A Desperate Game, comic drama, 1 act, by Morton	3	2
75	Adrift, temp drama, 3 acts, by C. W. Babcock, M. D.	6	4
80	Alarmingly Suspicious, comedietta, 1 act, J. P. Simpson...	4	3
39	A Life's Revenge, drama, 3 acts, by W. E. Suter	7	5
78	An Awful Criminal, farce, 1 act, by J. Palgrave Simpson...	3	3
15	An Unhappy Pair, ethiopi'n farce, 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin ..	1	1
65	An Unwelcome Return, com' intl'd, 1 act, by Geo. A. Munson	3	1
31	A Pet of the Public, farce, 1 act, by Edward Sterling	4	2
21	A Romantic Attachment, comed'tta, 1 act, by Arthur Wood...	3	3
43	Arrah DeBaugh, drama, 5 acts, by F. C. Kinnaman	7	5
73	At Last, temperance drama, 3 acts, by G. C. Vautrot	7	1
20	A Ticket of Leave, farce, 1 act, by Watts Phillips	3	2
100	Aurora Floyd, drama, 2 act, by W. E. Suter	7	3
89	Beauty of Lyons, dom drama, 3 acts, by W. T. Moncrieff..	11	2
8	Better Half, comedietta, 1 act, by T. J. Williams	5	2
98	Black Statue, ethiopean farce, 1 act, by C. White	3	2
113	Bill Detrick, melo drama, 3 acts, by A. Newton Field	6	4
86	Black vs White, farce, 1 act, by Geo. S. Vautrot	4	2
14	Brigands of Calabria, rom drama, 1 act, W. E. Suter	6	1
22	Captain Smith, farce, 1 act, by E. Berrie	3	3
84	Cheek will Win, farce, 1 act, by W. E. Suter	3	0
49	Der two Surprises, dutch farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton ..	1	1
72	Dence is in Him, farce, 1 act, by R. J. Raymond	5	1
19	Did I Dream it? farce, 1 act, by J. P. Wooler	4	3
42	Domestic Felicity, farce, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambla	1	1
60	Driven to the Wall, play, 4 acts, by A. D. Ames	10	3
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend, ethiopean farce	2	0
13	Give me my Wife, farce, 1 act, by W. E. Suter	3	3
117	Hal Hazard, military drama, 4 acts, by Fred G. Andrews...	8	3
50	Hamlet, tragedy, 5 acts, by Shakespeare	15	3
24	Handy Andy, ethiopean farce, 1 act	2	0
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P., dutch farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler...	3	1
116	Hash, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins	4	2
52	Henry Granden, drama, 3 acts, by Frank L. Bingham	11	8
17	Hints on Elocution and how to become an Actor,		
103	How Sister P. got Child Baptized, etho farce, 1 act,	2	1
76	How He Did It, comic drama, 1 act, by John Parry	3	2
74	How to tame Mother-in-law, farce, 1 act, by H. J. Byron...	4	2
35	How Stout You're Getting, farce, 1 act, by J. M. Morton	5	2
26	Hunter of the Alps, drama, 1 act, by Wm. Dimond	9	4
47	In the Wrong Box, etho farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton	3	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes, farce, 1 act,	5	3
77	Joe's Visit, etho farce, 1 act, by A. Leavitt & H. Eagan	2	1
11	John Smith, farce, 1 act, by W. Hancock	5	3
99	Junbo Jun, farce, 1 act	4	3
82	Killing Time, farce, 1 act,	1	1
9	Lady Audley's Secret, drama, 2 act, by W. E. Suter	6	4
3	Lady of Lyons, drama, 5 acts, by Bulwer	12	5
104	Lost, temperance drama, 3 acts, by F. L. Cutler	6	2
106	Lodgings for Two, comic sketch, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler	3	0

 Catalogue continued on next page of cover. 

PASSIONS,

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY

IN FOUR ACTS,

— BY —

F. MARMADUKE DEY,

AUTHOR OF

*Called to Account; H. M. S. Plum; A Fortunate Fortune, Vengeance
is Mine; Lost; Manchietto; Etc.*

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

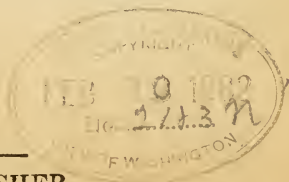
As performed at the principal American and English Theatres.

Correctly printed from the Original Manuscript of the Author.

*Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1831, by
A. D. AMES,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.*



— CLYDE, OHIO: —
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.



1882

CHARACTERS.

Richard Leonard	A city boy of to-day
Frank Hayden	His intimate friend
Rodger Lang	Of questionable merit
Dr. Charles Reade	At peace with himself
Peter	Richard Leonard's servant
Justice	Very extraordinary
Clerk	Fond of silence
Policeman No. 1	Of the Park force
Policeman No. 2	Of the Regular force
Lillian Trelyawney	An orphan and heiress
Laura Leonard	Richard Leonard's sister
Sallie Jordan	In which some young ladies may see themselves
Jane	Lillian's maid

PERIOD—THE PRESENT.

SCENE.—BROOKLYN, (N. Y.) AND PROSPECT PARK.

Lillian Trelyawney.—Blonde; ACT 2. Rich walking dress for summer; light blue shawl; hat with wide brim setting back on head; figured parasol; book and fan.

ACT 3.—SCENE 1st. Princess wrapper of pink or blue. — SCENE 2nd. Sober walking dress and hat.

ACT 4.—Afternoon dress of black silk, hat to match, gloves fan and belt.

Laura Leonard.—ACT 1. Rich afternoon dress for summer; fan.

ACT 2.—Walking dress, hat, fan and parasol.

ACT 3.—Sober dark morning dress, hat to match, fan.

ACT 4.—Same as 1st. Brunette.

Sallie Jordan.—Same as Laura, except in 1st. and 2nd. acts. Richly trimmed walking dress, hat and parasol, noticeably bright colors.

Jane.—Common brown dress; iron grey hair, large apron.

Richard Leonard.—ACT 1. White flannel suit, white soft hat, stiff brim, black stockings, oxford ties.

ACT 2.—Same as 1st., with cane.

ACT 3.—Common dark business suit.

ACT 4. Same as 3rd. Dark complexion.

Frank Hayden.—Same as Richard, in 1st and 2nd acts.

ACT 4.—Dressing gown and slippers. Light complexion.

Rodger Lang.—Mixed ecru suit, light high hat; gold-headed cane, patent leather shoes; loud fob chain, button-hole boquet; mustache and goatee throughout the play.

Dr. Charles Reade.—Grey hair and side whiskers, black professional suit, medicine case.

Justice, } Plain dark suits.
Clerk. }

Policeman No. 1.—Uniform of the Park Force.

Policeman No. 2. “ “ Regular Force.

Peter.—English Footman's dress, made up fifty years of age.

PASSIONS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—Sitting room at Leonard's. Nicely furnished. Laura discovered sitting at table, L. C., reading. Enter Richard Leonard, c. He goes to chair, R. C., opposite Laura and throws himself into it, and fans himself with his hat.

Richard. Je-ru-sa-lum! It's hot, sister mine. Whew! A fellow wants to carry a chunk of ice around with him in order to feel half way respectable this sort of weather. Ninety-eight in the shade, by gum!

Laura. How you do talk, Dick. You astonish me!

Rich. Yes, Laura, I always do astonish you when I say anything. You don't cotton to my way of speaking—I believe you call it slang—but its very expressive. Got a fan?

Lau. (laughingly) Yes.

Rich. (mimicking) Ye-es! Now Laura, look here, you love your brother, don't you? Of course you do. I'm going to make a bargain with you—if you will take a big drop on my slang, I'll agree to block the "sour," and all that sort o' thing. In short, if you will not say anything more to me about my language, I will not give you occasion to help me into the house again.

Lau. And will you promise not to drink any more? (rising)

Rich. I did not say that, but that I won't get full again. Come, I think that is saying a good deal.

Lau. (coming toward him) I suppose I ought to be satisfied, but I wish you would not drink any more at all.

Rich. So do I, my dear, but that is all the good it does, so don't begin to harp on that subject or I shall want you to go back to slang. Say, sister—(turning suddenly)—what brings that Lang here so often? I don't more than half like him, so don't be surprised if I kick him out some of these days.

Lau. (returning to seat) He comes because he wants to, I suppose, and because he knows he is welcome.

Rich. Who does he come to see. Sall, or you? She always happens in about the time he does.

Lau. I never asked him particularly who he came to see, but I suppose that, inasmuch as he comes here he naturally expects to see me, at least.

Rich. You don't mean it!

Enter Peter c. with card. Richard glances at it.

Talk of the devil and he's sure to pop in. All right, Peter, tell him we're sorry he came, but as he is here he may as well come up.

Lau. Stop, Peter. Who is it Dick? Mr. Lang? Show him in, Peter, and without delivering my brother's message. (Peter going)

Rich. (calling) Peter! (re-enter Peter, c.) Tell him not to hurry. (exit Peter, c.)

Lau. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dick, for making so free with the servants. Now what do you suppose Peter will think, and say too about the message you were going to send to Mr. Lang.

Rich. Laura, do you think because Peter is a servant that he is a wild

animal or a monkey? Don't you suppose that he is gifted with a little intellect? Or not that, with instinct? Why, bless you, my dear sister, he would do three times as much for me to-day as he would for you, and for half the asking. And why! Simply because I remember he is a man. You treat him as though he was a machine. Do you think he would have told Lang what I said? Not much!

Enter Lang c., comes down between Richard and Laura.

Here comes your Turk. How are you Lang? Been out of town lately?

Lang. (c.) Good afternoon Miss Leonard, I hope I find you well? (to *Richard*) No, not in the last month. Why do you ask?

Rich. Oh, I hadn't seen you in such a deuce of a while that I conjectured you had been away.

Lau. Why, Dick, Mr. Lang was here only the day before yesterday, and you spent all of half an hour talking to him.

Rich. That's so, by Jove! I had forgotten it. Isn't it most time Sallie was coming in?

Lang. (to *Laura*) Are you expecting a call from Miss Jordan this afternoon?

Lau. Yes, she runs in nearly every day.

Rich. I think I will go and see if she isn't on her way. You'll excuse me, won't you Lang.

Lang. Certainly. (Richard, exit c.) And now, Miss Leonard—Laura—I have an opportunity to tell you what I have been wanting to so long. You must have seen by my actions that I love you. Will you be my wife, Laura? (taking her hand)

Lau. (withdrawing hand) But, Mr. Lang! this is so sudden, so unexpected that I don't know what to say. I—I—thought you were in love with Sallie.

Lang. What! Miss Jordan? No, Laura, it is you I love. It is you that I think of while awake, and dream of when sleeping. With you this world will be to me as a continual garden of flowers, that time can never wither. Without you life would be a barren, unsatisfactory thing, gladly to be gotten rid of. Don't you love me, Laura?

Lau. (petulantly) How do I know whether I love you or not? I think you are real mean to tease me so. (sobbing)

Lang. (putting his arm around her waist and drawing her to him) My darling, don't cry.

Enter Frank, c., suddenly—he starts at seeing them, and turns around his back to them and coughs. Lang and Laura separate, going to opposite sides of the stage.

Frank. (turning slowly) I wonder where Dick is! Oh, I beg your pardon—I thought there was no one here. How-de-do, Laura? (bows to Lang) I walked right in as usual, but have not been able to find Dick—do you know where he is?

Lau. He is somewhere about the house. Help yourself to a seat and I will find him for you.

Frank. (sitting) Thanks. (Exit Laura, c.)

Frank. (takes a package of cigarettes from his pocket) Have a smoke, Lang?

Lang. No, thank you—I never smoke in the ladies' rooms.

Frank. No? (lighting a cigarette) Well, there is one strong point of comparison between us, I do—when the ladies are willing. Now Laura—

Lang. Sir!

Frank. Eh?

Lang. Did you refer to Miss Leonard?

Frank. Yes, certainly. As I was saying, Laura likes—

Lang. Who?

Frank. Laura! Confound it man, are you deaf?

Lang. Not exactly; but did I not understand you to refer to Miss Leonard as Laura?

Frank. You did. Have you any objections?

Lang. I have—decided ones.

Frank. The deuce you have! Will you give them to me?

Lang. With pleasure. Miss Leonard is my affianced wife.

Frank. Your what?

Lang. My promised wife.

Frank. Oh! Why didn't you say so at first? Well, Lang, I congratulate you—I wish I could do the same for her.

Lang. What do you mean?

Frank. Mean? Oh, nothing—I never mean anything. But I don't see what all this has to do with my not addressing her by her given name.

Lang. It has everything to do with it, sir.

Frank. Has it? Oh, well, I hear Dick's step coming this way, and we will leave it to him. I'm not particular what I call her you know—Betsey, Juliet, anything.

Enter Richard, c., with a mock tragic bearing.

Rich. "They tell me Francois is come, and I must meet him with a smile as happy and as gay as though it was not he who——" Why, how are you, Frank? Lang, Laura wished me to send you to her, she is resting her weary frame against the door post of the library.

(Lang bows, and is going c.)

Frank. I say, Lang, give Lollie my love, won't you? *(exit Lang, c.)*

Rich. (sits) Well, old fellow, how are you?

Frank. Bang-up, so to speak.

Rich. That's good.

Frank. I say, Dick, how are your nerves?

Rich. Never better. Why?

Frank. I've got some important news for you. You are sure you are strong enough to bear it?

Rich. Of course I am. What are you talking about?

Frank. On my way up here I met—— Who do you suppose I met?

Rich. How in thunder do I know who you met?

Frank. Well, I met—— Take a cigarette, you look rather pale.

Rich. I'll take your head off soon, if you don't out with it.

Frank. Lillian Trelyawney.

Rich. The devil!

Frank. No—Lillian.

Rich. Oh, come now, she's in Europe.

Frank. I met her and talked with her, so it is my opinion that she is at this moment in Brooklyn.

Rich. She back! Did she bring her husband with her?

Frank. She has none.

Rich. Not married? I thought she married a French count, or baron, or king, or something.

Frank. So did I, but it seems she did not. Haven't you got over that old passion of yours yet?

Rich. By Jove, Frank, I thought I had, but I'm afraid not.

(walks to and fro)

Frank. Time will tell, my boy—it scrapes away everything.

Rich. I tell you Frank, its no use, I'm completely kerflummixed by the news—however, there's no use blubbering over spilt milk. *(sits)*

Frank. I'm glad to see you take it so philosophically my dear boy—there's nothing like a perfect indifference to the world if you want to be happy.

Enter, Laura, c.

Frank. Hallo! Here comes Laura again. Got rid of Lang already, my dear? I suppose you've heard of Miss Trelyawney's return? Dick and I have been discussing it.

Lau. Will you be glad to see her, Dick?

Rich. Certainly. Why shouldn't I? Invite her up some night before long, won't you? Frank, sit still. Laura, what became of Lang? I don't half like that fellow, and have a good mind to tell him to stay away. You don't like him, do you? Frank, what in thunder are you grinning about—feel bad anywhere?

Frank. Nothing—simply thinking.

Rich. Well, don't do it—it's a bad habit to get into. I never think—don't believe in it—knocks a fellow clean out of time.

Lau. Good gracious, Dick, what is the matter? You are talking a steady string. Do give Frank a chance to say a word?

Rich. He'll get a chance, never fear. Let Frank alone for that.

Frank. (*laughing*) Yes, I can generally hold my end up.

Lau. How you boys do talk slang—every other word, almost.

Rich. Now that's what I call too bad. *Boys!* Humph! Not twenty-one yet though, that's the deuce of it! Now if I had lived just one year longer you know, the Alderman——

Lau. Oh, Dick, don't call father that!

Rich. *Keyrect*, sister mine. The old gent——

Lau. Mercy! That is worse still.

Rich. (*with mock dignity*) Laura, I wish you would not interrupt me in this style when I am conversing with a gentleman. It's bad manners. As I was saying Frank, if I had inhaled the pure atmospheric effulgencies that surround the little hamlets, villages and cities of this terrestrial globe, for the space of three hundred and sixty-five days prior to the time when I did make my gracious appearance, I would not now be a menial slave—a boy, as my beautiful sister pleases to call me—but could command instead of being commanded. How's that for high, sweet sister? Nary slang there.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Tone him up a little, Laura, and he'll simmer down o. k., never fear.

Lau. Dick, I have a piece of news for you.

Rich. Well, don't tell me now—I've had my fill for one day. Bank it, sister dear, and give me a check in the morning.

Lau. But Dick, I am engaged.

Rich. No-o-o! Not to Roger Lang!

Lau. Yes—to Roger Lang.

Rich. Well, by Jove you'll never get my consent. I don't like that fellow. I thought you had more sense, Laura—the idea of engaging yourself to that thing, when I wanted you and Frank to become fond of each other. Now you just drop Lang and marry Frank, and I'll clap my hands and crow. (*Frank and Laura laugh*) If you don't, I'll go to the Gov'nor with a stack of lies about Lang, so you can't get his consent. Come on, Frank. (*going*)

Lau. (*stepping in front of him*) Don't Dick. Please don't.

Rich. Why, Frank, I actually believe the girl is gone on him. (*sighs*) Well, I've been there. I won't go to father to-day, my dear.

Frank. No, Dick, I wouldn't interfere.

Rich. I'm not going to, only I wanted you to marry Laura, and then we would be brothers in earnest.

Lau. Friends will do just as well I think.

(*Richard saunters to back of stage near entrance*)

Lau. (*to Frank*) Isn't Dick in love with Lillie?

Frank. Bless you, I don't know.

Rich. (*near entrance*) "Behold, the sun is sinking in the west, Luculus, my slave, bring forth my——"

Enter hastily, Sallie Jordan, c. who collides with Richard.

Rich. Chris-to-pher! I always gave Brooklyn girls the credit of having little feet, but I'm blessed if they haven't got plenty of weight on top of them. My favorite corn, too.

Sallie. I beg your pardon, cousin Dick, I did not see you. Awfully warm, isn't it?

Rich. Of course not, I'm so small. Lang is gone!

Sallie. Gone where?

Rich. Crazy I guess. You're on the fence, any way. Cousin Laura's booked. Come Frank, let's get out of this.

Frank. I'm ready. *(exit Richard, c.—Frank going)*

Sallie. Stop a minute, Frank. We are going to have a croquet party to-morrow at the Park, and we want you and Dick. Tell him please, when you go out.

Rich. (outside) Are you coming, Frank?

Frank. Coming, love. *(exit Frank, c.)*

Sallie. What did Dick mean, Laura, when he said that Mr. Lang was crazy, and you were booked? *(sitting)*

Lau. He meant that Mr. Lang and I were engaged.

Sallie. (clapping hands and drawing chair close to Laura) Oh! isn't that nice. Tell me all about it, dear.

Lau. There is nothing to tell, only the mere facts.

Enter Peter, c.

Lau. Well, Peter?

Peter. Mr. Richard sent me to ask you if you knew where his Derby hat is.

Lau. You tell him I don't know where it is. He must keep track of his own things.

Peter. But he said—he said—

Lau. Well, what did he say?

Peter. He said you wore it last, Miss Laura.

Lau. You just tell him I wear my own things, and I haven't seen his horrid hat. Did he say anything else?

Peter. Yes, Miss Laura, he wanted me to ask you if you would be so kind as to sew on a button for him. He said as how he had sewed his finger fast three times.

Lau. (rising) Oh dear. What things brothers are, to be sure. Will you wait here, Sallie?

Sallie. Yes, I'll be here when you return.

Lau. I won't be gone but a moment. *(exit c. followed by Peter)*

Sallie. Well, this is something I did not expect. At least so soon. Roger Lang and Laura engaged. I don't believe they will ever get married. Roger is very nice, but to me there is something decidedly repulsive about him. Perhaps I think so because he did not pop the question to me. Lillie is back too—Dick I suppose will be after her again. Well, I wish him luck. He's an awful flirt though, and Frank doesn't care a straw for anybody. Oh, dear! What is a poor girl to do.

Enter Frank, c.

Frank. I've been looking all over the blessed house for Dick's hat and can't find it anywhere. Have you seen it, Sally?

Sallie. (rising) How in the world should I see his hat.

Frank. With your eyes, of course. There it is now, under your chair. *(starts for it, Sally grabs it up and puts it on her head, then springs behind the table. Frank tries to catch her.)*

Enter Laura, c.

Lau. (coming forward) Why, what in the world are you doing!

Frank. I'm trying to get that hat. She has had it all the while. *(catches her)* There! *(takes hat then kisses her cheek and runs)* Ha, ha, ha!

Sallie. You horrid thing!

(wipes cheek with hand)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—A shady retreat in Prospect Park. Lillian Trelawney discovered musing, on a rustic bench, R. 3 E. with an open book in her lap.

Lil. (sighing) So I am home again. After this long absence I return to find everything looking and acting exactly the same as before my departure. Well, I don't suppose I have been missed much, although calls have been pouring in until I am tired out with receiving.

Enter Richard at rear, Lillian does not see him.

Lil. It seems to me very strange though that the Leonards haven't called to welcome me. Only this short note from Laura, asking me to meet her at the Park to-day. Laura used to think so much of me, and Dick—Faugh! he pretended he did.

Rich. (aside) There is many a true word spoken in jest. (*Richard draws a cigarette from his pocket and strikes a light, at which sound Lillian starts.—Richard proceeds with "lighting up," then tipping his hat and coming forward.*) I beg your pardon, Madam. Why! Lillian is that you? (*Lillian rises*) Jolly glad to see you! Am, honestly. How fortunate too. Laura and Mr. Lang—know Lang? Yes. So much the worse for you—I mean better of course—

Lil. (coughing) How I do detest those horrible cigarettes. They are positively enough to choke one. I can't see how you can smoke them.

Rich. (blowing mouthful of smoke) Nor I. I manage to though—sorry you don't like them; am honestly! As I was saying—Laura and Roger Lang, Sallie Jordan and Frank—remember Frank?

Lil. Of course I remember Frank.

Rich. (L.) Yes, of course! Well, they are coming to the Park—to this identical sequestered spot, this afternoon, to revel in the transcendent delights of a game of croquet. (*coming R.*) And the worst of it is, they didn't furnish me with a girl.

Lil. (re-seating herself) Mr. Leonard! (*no reply*) Mr. Leonard! Dick!

Rich. (goes behind bench) I beg your pardon, Lillie! Did you speak to me?

Lil. Of course I did. Who else is there here that I could speak to? I wish there was. I rather think you heard me, too.

Rich. (blowing smoke) Did I. Of course if you say I did I must. Excuse my abstraction, I was thinking very intently.

Lil. (half turning in seat) What were you thinking about?

Rich. (carelessly) Of what a fool I had made of myself.

Lil. Yes? How?

Rich. Why, not getting a girl to come with me to-day. But you see Laura particularly requested me not to, and I always try to oblige my sister, although I think it was rather mean in her this time. Don't you?

Lil. (with emphasis) Very. (*a moments silence*)

Rich. Lillie.

Lil. Well.

Rich. Will you be my wife.

(*puffing smoke*)

Lil. (rising hastily and coming down to L.) Well, I never!

Rich. (scating himself on bench) Um! Pinafore! It is quite evident that you have been abroad, my dear. But won't you give me an answer, please?

Lil. (angrily) What do you mean, sir!

Rich. (carelessly) Exactly what I said.

Enter c. Laura, Sallie, Lang and Frank, the latter carrying croquet box between them, Laura and Sallie kiss Lillie, the gentlemen lift their hats, Richard comes down to R.

Lau. Lillie, how glad I am to see you. You must have had an elegant time.

Frank. (setting down box) Brought home all the fashions with her, Lol—told me so yesterday.

Rich. (R.) Frank!

Frank. Hello! There's General Debility. He and Lillie have been flirting tremendously, I'll bet. What is it Dick?

Rich. (without turning) Come here a moment. (Frank comes forward) I want you to do me a favor. (others continue talking)

Frank. Name it, O King.

Rich. None of your chaff now. I'm serious.

Frank. (exclaiming) Run for a doctor, somebody! He's serious!

Rich. Dry up, Frank! I want you to make desperate love to Lillie. See?

Frank. No—o—o. Can't say I do.

Rich. Listen then. You know I haven't any secrets from you, and therefore you know I love Lillie. Well, she don't care a—

Lau. (calling) Dick!

Rich. (calling back) Confound it! In a moment. She don't care a straw for me; I'm certain of that. Now you're not particular who you make love to—

Frank. Thank you!

Rich. You are welcome. So you make love to Lillie, and I'll look after my cousin for you.

Frank. (scratching his head) Ye—s, but I don't exactly see your game.

Rich. The game will come in afterwards. You go ahead and I'll let you know when to stop.

Frank. Thank you!

Rich. Don't mention it.

Lau. (calling) Frank. Dick.

Frank. Presently, Laura, presently. (to Richard) Don't forget to let me know where to stop, Dick, for I might go too far you know.

Rich. Oh, I won't, don't worry.

Lau. (calling) Richard come here!

Rich. (to Frank) When she says Richard, she means Richard. I'm coming, sister.

Lang. (to Richard) I say, Leonard, will you join us in a game of croquet?

Rich. (turning to Lang) Beg pardon, did you speak to me?

Lang. I did.

Rich. Well please don't do it again. Sallie, will you come with me? We'll have a stroll while they are putting up the wickets.

Sallie. Oh, certainly.

(both going)

Lau. But Dick, I wanted you to help.

Rich. Oh, Lang can do that. (exit Richard and Sallie, R. Frank remains at R., complacently regarding others, Lillian strolls to left and plucks leaves from rose bush)

Lang. (to Laura) Laura, that brother of your's don't like me evidently.

Lau. It is rather evident. Pick up the box and we will follow them. He is acting very foolishly. Lillie, you and Frank can follow us when you get ready. Come Roger. (exit R.)

Lang. (lifting box) I suppose I may as well follow. Well, she's boss now. It is my turn next. (exit with box, R. 1 E.)

Lil. (coming forward) Frank!

Frank. (starting) Eh? Oh! What is it.

Lil. What was Dick saying to you when you first came?

Frank. Dick? Why, he—that is—nothing!

Lil. But he must have been saying something, and I think it was about me.

Frank. About you? Oh, no. I'm sure nothing was further from his thoughts.

Lil. (indignantly) Indeed!

Frank. Or word. (*aside*) I suppose if I am to make love to her I might as well begin now, but for the life of me I don't know how or where to commence. Lillie, what do you think of me?

Lil. (sighing) You? Oh, nothing.

Frank. (aside) That's flattering. (*desperately*) What do you think of Dick, then?

Lil. (starting) Of Dick! (*with dignity*) Why do you ask that, sir?

Frank. (aside) I'm inclined to believe she's in love with his highness now. I'll make a clean breast of the whole thing. Lillie, what do you think Dick thinks of you?

Lil. How do I know what he thinks of me. He wasn't overjoyed to see me after so long an absence.

Frank. Exactly what proves that he was glad. If it had been otherwise he would almost have hugged you to make you feel welcome. Oh, that's Dick all over.

Lil. Did he not say something to you about me, just before he went off with that Sallie Jordan?

Frank. (aside) Hello! Jealous! (*aloud*) Yes, he did.

Lil. (excitedly) I thought as much. What was it?

Frank. He told me he wanted me to make desperate love to you.

Lil. (starting back and laughing) You! make love to me!

Frank. Certainly; why not?

Lil. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Why! its perfectly absurd.

Frank. (aside) By jove, that's cool. (*aloud*) Excuse me if I fail to see the absurdity that seems to be so vivid to you.

Lil. (going up to Frank) Why did he ask you to do that?

Frank. (carelessly, and sauntering to bench at R. 3 E.) Well, the fact is, the boy is more than half in love with you. Foolish, isn't it? (*laughing and seating himself on bench*)

Lil. (angrily) I do not see anything foolish and laughable about it!

Frank. (languidly) No! nor I. I think it is a burning shame! The idea, now, of his falling in love with you. I am sure he could have his cousin Sallie for the asking, and I rather think I'll suggest it. Dick only needs a suggestion from me, you know. We have been friends so long a time.

Lil. (hastily going to Frank and taking scat beside him) Frank!

Frank. Well?

Lil. (earnestly) Can you keep a secret?

Frank. Try me.

Lil. I will. I think a great deal of Dick.

Frank. (rising and coming down to E.) I thought you were going to tell me a secret. I know that.

Lil. (following) But more than that, I love him.

Frank. (turning and looking at her a moment, then throwing arms around her carelessly)

Enter Richard, at R. 1 E., who appears surprised.

Frank. That's the way to talk! Now I love you—for Dick's sake.

Rich. (R. aside) Progressing wonderfully! Perhaps I have made a blunder; but no, I can trust Frank, I am sure. (*exit R. 1 E.*)

Lil. (drawing back) You must not put your arms around me.

Frank. Why not? I promised Dick to make love to you and I must keep my word.

Lil. (meaningly) Do you always keep your word?

Frank. Always!

Lil. Will you make me a promise?

Frank. I'll promise you anything!

Lil. (after gazing carefully around she goes up close to Frank in a confidential manner) Then listen. I want you to continue making love to me. That is, make Dick think so. Call on me as often as convenient, and if he says anything be very reticent on the subject. Now promise me this. That you will not tell Dick that I love him, but instead will lead him to believe that you are in love with me—and *vice versa*, and do not explain until I give you permission. Will you promise?

Frank. (slowly) I suppose so; yes.

Lil. (joyfully) Thank you! Now we will follow the rest of the party. Come along. (going)

Frank. (procuring match from pocket—R.) I will follow as soon as I strike a light.

Lil. Very well. Oh, won't I get even with master Dick now? Ha, ha, ha!

Frank. (watching her) She's a witch, and no mistake! I'm in a deuce of a pickle, anyway. What in the world did I make such an infernal fool of myself for? The result will be a row between Dick and I, probably. (lighting match) Oh, hang the women! (applying it) Well, I'm fast to her apron string, and I faucy I can feel her pulling it now, so I may as well go. (going toward R. 1 E.—stops) There comes Dick now. (returning) He'll be for questioning me. What in thunder shall I say?

Enter Richard, R. 1 E., walks calmly down to L. without turning.

Rich. Frank!

Frank. (turning quickly) Eh!

Rich. How is it?

Frank. How is what?

Rich. The love making.

Frank. O. K.

Rich. So I thought.

Frank. Eh?

Rich. So I thought!

Frank. What did you think?

Rich. O. K!

Frank. What made you think that?

Rich. The kiss.

Frank. What kiss.

Rich. Yours.

Frank. Mine!

Rich. Yours and Lillie's.

Frank. How about croquet?

Rich. (impatiently) Croquet be—hanged!

Frank. How about Sallie?

Rich. Hang her too for all I care!

Enter Sallie, R. 1 E., laughing and running up to Frank.

Sallie. Oh, Frank! I want you to listen to some poetry I have composed. (Richard retires up L.)

Frank. (interested) Give it to us!

Sallie. (reading) "As I sat upon the stile—"

Frank. (interrupting) Nothing like style, Sallie. Go on.

Sallie. You must not interrupt.

"As I sat upon the stile

The face of nature seem'd to smile—"

Frank. (interrupting) What portion of her anatomy did you expect to find smiling, may I ask?

- Sallie.* (*poutingly*) I think you might listen. (*continues reading*)
 "Little crickets chirped and hopped—"
- Frank.* (*interrupting*) Fact in Natural History; it is their nature to.
- Sallie.* "Little cricket chirped and hopped,
 From the oaks the acorns dropped."
- Frank.* Did you ever see an acorn drop from a mulberry tree?
- Sallie.* I won't read the rest if you interrupt me in this way.
- Frank.* Proceed; proceed. I'm dumb as an oyster.
- Sallie.* "All around a gentle hum—"
- Frank.* Nature on a buzz, probably.
- Sallie.* "From the insects, seemed to come—"
- Frank.* Not scientificately accurate.
- Sallie.* (*desperately*)
 "And the west wind whispered while,
 Still I sat upon the stile."
- Frank.* 'Twas full time for you to descend, Sallie.
- Sallie.* "But, though all was bathed in calm—"
- Frank.* Except the poetess.
- Sallie.* (*indignantly*) You're real mean, Frank Hayden!
- Frank.* (*penitently*) Go on; go on! I'll be quiet.
- Sallie.* (*continuing*)
 "But though all was bathed in calm,
 And a soft and soothing balm—"
- Frank.* Warranted every time; small bottles \$1.00.
- Sallie.* You need some, better spend a dollar. At least you won't hear any more of this.
- Rich.* (*coming down*) Let us hear the rest of it, Sallie. Its very pretty.
- Sallie.* (*to Richard*) Thank you Dick. (*continuing*)
 "Filled my soul yet bitter-ly."
- Frank.* L-y-ly, with a lie! Go on.
- Sallie.* (*sticks up nose at Frank*)
 "But though all was bathed in calm,
 And a soft and soothing balm
 Filled my soul, yet bitterly
 Moaned my heart. Oh, why? Oh, why?"
- Frank.* Give it up!
- Sallie.* You boys have no intellect and so cannot appreciate my efforts. Come and play croquet. (*exit R. 1 E.*)
- Rich.* Frank, to come back to first principles—what were you hugging Lillie for?
- Frank.* (*strolling L.*) According to instructions, Dick, that's all.
- Rich.* I didn't tell you to hug her.
- Frank.* She didn't mind it, and therefore you shouldn't.
- Rich.* (*indignantly*) I do though.

Enter Lillian, running, R.

Lil. (*out of breath*) Oh, Frank, come here quick! Mr. Lang has fallen into the lake.

Frank. (*calmly*) He knows how to swim.

Rich. (*bitterly*) I wish he did not. (*goes R.*)

Lil. (*L.—to Frank*) Mr. Lang did not fall into the lake at all, but here is a note I just wrote to you, dating it two days back. Read it if you please, but drop it somewhere so that Richard will find it. You will understand when you read it. (*laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking up at his face. Frank opens note*)

Rich. (*aside*) If I had not known Frank to be a true friend for so many years, I should mistrust him now. As it is, I think I could almost strangle him. It is mostly my own fault though. I will leave them to their notes and love sentences. Be careful Frank, you are giving my love for you a hard trial. (*exit R. 1 E.*)

Lil. (c.—*joyously*) He's gone, and mad with jealousy.

Frank. (*following her*) Yes, but confound it, he'll be mad at me.

Lil. He'll get over that when he knows the joke.

Frank. Um! I say Lillie, suppose I should fall in love with you in earnest?

Lil. (*stepping back*) Oh, you mustn't do that.

Frank. No-o-o! But I am more than half inclined to give you a good kiss.

Music soft. Enter Richard c.—stops on seeing them.

Lil. (*sees him—to Frank*) You may if you want to.

Frank. Honestly?

Lil. Of course.

(*Frank kisses her forehead.*)

Rich. (*coming forward—passionately*) Is this the kind of friend you are Frank Hayden? You contemptible sneak! You miserable apology for a man of honor! Had I not loved you so long, I could murder you now. Haven't you anything to say?

Frank steps back a little and looks at Lillian. She quickly steps to him and putting her right hand over his left shoulder places the first finger of her left hand over her lips. Frank gently puts her to one side.

Frank. No Dick, nothing.

Rich. (*sarcastically*) And you Miss Trelyawney—I perhaps ought to praise you by calling you the most accomplished flirt in Brooklyn.

Lil. (*angrily*) I'm not a flirt. You're a-a-a beast. There!

Rich. Am I? Thanks. Had you not better kiss him again? Ugh! Won't you kiss me?

Frank. (*calmly*) Be careful Dick—don't forget to be a gentleman.

Rich. (*wildly*) By heaven, you drive me too far.

Frank. You are acting foolishly, very.

Rich. (*crazed with anger*) And you will die for your insolence. (*He draws a revolver and levels it at Frank—Lillian springs forward and strikes the weapon up and it is discharged in the air*)

Lil. (*excitedly*) Dick, Dick! What would you do?

Rich. I would kill you both if it was in my power, but you being a woman, are safe. But I will not be foiled.

Richard pushes Lillian a little away from Frank who has not moved, raises weapon and fires at Frank. Frank groans, staggers and falls on his face at Richard's feet. Lillian screams and falls fainting at Frank's side. Enter Park Policeman hastily c. followed by Lang, Laura and Sillie—all are horror stricken—Sallie sinks down on bench, Laura leans her head on Lang's breast and sobs. Policeman goes towards Richard who has not seen him, but springs forward to Frank's side and places the muzzle of the revolver against his own head.

Rich. (*faintly*) Frank, I follow. (*He is about to fire when the Policeman knocks the pistol from his hand and drags him to centre of stage*)

Pol. With a rope instead of a bullet.

Lau. (*kneeling quickly before Policeman*) Oh, do not say that!

Pol. This man is my prisoner.

Positions.—Frank and Lillian lying r. c.—Sallie on bench, sobbing—Lang l. smiling—Policeman c. with hand lightly clasping Richard's arm, who stands with bowed head—Laura kneeling r. of Policeman—Tableau.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—Boudoir of Lillian Trelyavney 31 grooves. Table R. 1 W sofa L., chairs at table, pen and ink at table, sofa L., small table L 3 E. Lillian at R. table with her head leaning on her hands, she rises and goes near sofa L.

Lil. Oh, what have I done! Yesterday morn, a happy girl with not a care in the whole world; and now—and now! Oh, I cannot think of it—it unnerves me. (*crosses to R.*) Ah, what have I not suffered since that fatal accident—and to think that I am the cause of all—it almost drives me frantic! I am mad—crazy! (*crosses*) I wish I could die—why can't I die? Is there no antidote for this poison which has entered my soul? Is there no haven of rest to which I can fly and forget the acts of the last two days? Will no one help me? Oh, I shall go mad, mad! My brain whirls—my senses totter! What have I done? Frank Hayden dying—murdered! and by the one I love—gone to his last account, the victim of my caprice. (*starts*) And Richard! What of him? *The gallows!* (*wildly*) How can I save him? I am the one who ought to hang—Oh! I can see him now, as he shot Frank down at my feet—sent his soul to the other world without a moment's warning. And Frank lay at my feet, and I was his murderer! I fainted, and knew no more until my eyes opened here, in my own room, and I was told that Frank was murdered, and Richard in prison. They said my life was almost despaired of—the faint lasted so long. Would to Heaven that I had died! nor ever known the agony I feel now. Heaven, and the angels, keep and pity me, for I can never forgive myself!

(falls on the sofa sobbing)

Enter, Jane softly, goes gently up to Lillian and strokes her hair.

Jane. Poor child! Poor child!

Lil. (*starting up*) Jane, you back! What news? quick! Oh, you were so long, I thought you would never come. What did you learn, tell me quick!

Jane. Sit still, darling, give me a little time.

Lil. Yes—yes, only tell me—how is Frank! What have they done with Dick?

Jane. Mr Hayden is still unconscious, though alive. The wound in itself did not amount to much, but the doctors fear for his life on account of his continued unconsciousness.

Lil. Thank God, he is still alive! What of Mr. Leonard?

Jane. He's in prison, where he ought to be. Poor Peter's heart is almost broke, he feels so bad, but I says to him—

Lil. No, no, it is I who ought to be in prison! it is I who am the murderer! I who shot Frank Hayden, and I who sent Richard Leonard to prison! and they who are both innocent, (*siti in chair at table*) are obliged to suffer for my folly. But tell me, did you go to the Leonard's? did you ask Mrs. Leonard if I could see her?

Jane. Of course I did, you told me to.

Lil. That is right, Jane, what did she say?

Jane. See said, "yes of course." But Miss Laura—

Lil. Yes—quick, what of her?

Jane. She did not want to wait, so she came back with me, in the carriage. She is here now.

Lil. (*springing up*) Laura, in this house? send her to me at once. Go! (*exit Jane L.*) His sister here to see me! and I have driven her brother to the gallows. Can it be that she does not know what prompted the fatal act! Can it be that she is ignorant of the part I played. Shall I tell her?—I will—

Enter, Laura c., hat and parasol, summer shawl thrown over shoulders—rushes to Lillian, puts arms around her.

Lau. Oh, Lillie, Lillie!

Lil. (*stepping back*) Don't, Laura, don't touch me, don't come near me!

Lau. (*surprised*) Why, Lillie, what do you mean?

Lil. Don't you know that it was my fault that your brother shot Frank? That it was I who am responsible for the life so nearly lost, and will bring your brother Dick, to the gallows?

Lau. Oh, Lillie, I beseech you, tell me what you mean! I don't know anything about it. Father has forbidden either mother or myself to seek an interview with Dick, and won't hear the sound of his name in the house.

Lil. (*goes to table, leans hand upon it—Laura sits on sofa, L.*) Listen, Laura! I went to the Park yesterday afternoon, in order to be by myself a little while—

Lau. (*interrupting*) Yes, I know, I found out from Jane, and purposed meeting you there.

Lil. Oh, that you had not! Richard came upon me suddenly, and told me that you and the others were coming, and then, in the most deliberate manner asked me to be his wife. I thought he was joking, and it angered me, for I loved him truly, and supposed he had discovered it and was making sport of me. I determined to be even—Oh, I am even! (*pause*)

Lau. Please go on, Lillie.

Lil. Dick, for some reason of his own, told Frank to make love to me, and he, not liking the idea—I got the whole plan from him. Then I knew Richard loved me, and I determined to repay him for his slights—measure for measure.

Lau. Yes—and then—

Lil. (*going toward Laura*) I made Frank promise to pretend love for me, even at the expense of Dick's friendship for a day or two, and that he would not betray the secret until I gave him permission. He promised reluctantly, but he kept his word.

Lau. (*at Lillie's side*) And what then?

Lil. What then! what then indeed. I told Frank he could kiss me—I saw Dick approaching and did it for his eyes to see. He did see it and thought Frank false to his friendship. He rushed upon us, mad with jealous rage and demanded an explanation of Frank. Frank turned to me with a look in his eyes I shall never forget—and I—

Lau. What did you do?

Lil. I—I threw my arm around Frank and put my finger to my lips. He told Dick he had nothing to say, and Dick—he—shot—him. Shot him before my eyes. I can see them now! I killed them both! *I killed them both!* (*falls fainting in Laura's arms*)

Lau. (*calling*) Help! Jane! She has fainted!

Enter Jane quickly L.—they bear Lillian to sofa.

Lau. Lillie, speak to me!

Lil. (*recovering*) Where am I? Oh, yes, I remember but too well.

(*trying to rise*)

Jane. Lie still, dear—do not try to get up.

Lil. I am better now. You may go Jane—I will ring when I want you. (*exit Jane, L.*) Now Laura, can you still be my friend, knowing that I am alone the cause of Richard's misfortune?

Lau. Poor Dick! If you only had not stopped Frank when he wanted to explain. But you did not mean any harm.

Lil. (*sitting up*) Thank you, Laura—you are too good to me.

Enter Policeman of 2d. act, c.—he bows low.

Lil. Well, sir, what is your business?

Pol. (R. C.) I am sent with an order for you to appear immediately before the Justice, and give your evidence in regard to the affair of yesterday. You, it seems were the only witness, and your evidence is needed to indict the offender.

Lau. But she can't go now, she is ill.

Pol. Unless she be confined to her bed, she will have to appear. Justice is strict and will admit of no delay.

Lil. But sir, I cannot go now—it is impossible.

Pol. Pardon me lady, but I have my orders which I must obey.

Lau. And they are ———

Pol. If the witness refuses to come, I am to bring her. I have the warrant in my pocket, but will not serve it unless compelled to do so.

Lil. And must I go? Is there no way of delaying?

Pol. None.

Lil. Very well, I will come immediately.

Pol. (bowing) I take my leave, ladies.

(*exit, c.*)

Lil. This is very hard, Laura.

Lau. (sitting by the side of Lillian) Cheer up dear, it will not be long, and I will go with you.

Lil. (starting) You?

Lau. Yes. I want to see Richard, I will go.

Lil. (going to table R.—*aside*) What shall I do to save him—nobody saw him shoot Frank—can I turn the crime upon myself in any way? The sin is mine, and I should suffer, I will save him, with heaven's help—I have it! *It was an accident!* (turning) Laura, let us go. (turns and is going, *Scene closed in by*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Street in first grooves.*

Enter, Dr. Reade R.

Dr. Reade. What is this I hear? Frank Hayden shot by Richard Leonard. Why I have known them for years, and it cannot be possible. Ah, here comes Mr. Lang, he is well acquainted with the Leonards, and from him perhaps I may learn the particulars.

Enter, Lang L. 1 E.

Lang. Ah, Good morning, doctor.

Dr R. Good day, sir. Am glad to meet you. What are the particulars of this affray of Richard Leonard's? Were not he and Frank the best of friends?

Lang. To the best of my knowledge, they were.

Dr R. Where did it occur? You see I only stopped with Frank long enough to attend to the case, and have not heard much about it.

Lang. It happened in the park. We were all playing croquet, but Richard, Frank and Miss Trelyawney, when we heard the fatal shot. All rushed to the spot, Frank was upon the ground, and Miss Trelyawney in a fainting fit by his side, Richard was standing near with the revolver in his hand.

Dr R. What was the cause of this unfortunate affair?

Lang. Oh, there was a girl mixed up in the matter some way.

Dr R. Jealousy, perhaps.

Lang. Yes, I think so. The lady who must know all about it was the only one present when the shooting was done. But are you not attending Frank professionally?

Dr R. I am.

Lang. Is the wound likely to prove fatal?

Dr R. It is impossible to tell at the present time, we hope for the best. He is at present unconscious, when he recovers his senses I can tell better.

The examination will take place in a short time, then all will be made plain.

Lang. Are you called as a witness?

Dr R. I am, and as I have quite a number of calls to make before the hour arrives, I must be moving, I must also see Frank again before that time, therefore I must bid you good day. *(exit L., Lang R.)*

SCENE THIRD.—*Justice Office, Justice seated at high desk, with pen behind ear. Clerk at small low desk at R. of Justice. Circular table at L., at which two chairs are placed. Three chairs arranged at R. As curtain rises,*

Enter Roger Lang and Sallie, L., who take chairs R., immediately after Richard Leonard between Policeman of 2d act, and Policeman of the regular city force. Richard is hand-cuffed to Police No. 3, and enters with head bowed. They pass to the L. of Justice.

Justice. (to Richard) Your full name, prisoner?

Rich. (not looking up) Richard Henry Leonard, your honor.

Jus. (to clerk) Take down everything. (to prisoner) You are here on a grave charge, Richard Leonard.

Rich. I am, sir, and I am willing to take the consequences.

Enter, Lillian, followed by Luura L. They start on seeing Richard.

Jus. (to Lillian) Is this Miss Trelyawney?

Lil. It is.

Jus. Be seated, please. (they sit at table L.—to clerk) Are the witnesses all present?

Clerk. All except the physician attending Mr. Hayden.

Jus. We can do without him for the present. It is necessary that we proceed with the evidence. The crime is a serious one, and has the appearance of wilful murder.

Lau. It is not murder! Mr. Hayden is not dead.

Rich. (looking up) Not dead! Thank God!

Jus. He is not expected to live.

Lil. (kneels at Richard's feet with clasped hands) Oh, Richard, will you forgive me? Can you forgive me?

Rich. (ignoring her) Will your Honor proceed with the evidence?

Jus. Miss Jordan, will you rise? (she rises) Will you tell us what you know of this affair? (to clerk) Take down each word.

Sallie. Nothing sir.

Jus. But you were present, were you not?

Sallie. We were playing croquet at some distance from the place when the—the—

Jus. Shooting was done.

Sallie. I heard two pistol shots, sir, and we all ran toward the sound—all I saw was Mr. Hayden and Miss Trelyawney lying on the ground, apparently dead, and a policeman at my cousin's side.

Jus. Did you see the prisoner attempt to take his own life?

Sallie. No, sir, I was so frightened that I shut my eyes.

Jus. That will do. (*Sallie goes to seat*) Mr. Lang, will you tell the court what you know about it?

Lang. (*goes forward smiling*) In substance, I saw the same as Miss Jordan, only a little more. I saw the prisoner attempt to take his own life, and that together with what I know happened previously, may prove important evidence.

Jus. You will tell us what you know.

Lang. I was at Leonard's a few evenings ago, and Hayden was there. I overheard angry words between the prisoner and his victim.

Rich. Roger Lang, you lie.

Jus. Officer, keep the prisoner quiet. What passed between them, Mr. Lang?

Lang. They were at odds concerning some lady, and I imagined the prisoner was jealous of his friend.

Jus. And what else?

Lang. That is all. I did not care to overhear what did not concern me and came away.

Jus. Extraordinary, very!

(Lang returns to seat)

Rich. Your Honor—

Jus. I am not ready for you, yet. This lady, I believe is the prisoner's sister. Have you any thing to tell us, Miss Leonard?

Lau. *(rises, then sinks back into chair)* Nothing.

Jus. You are excused—for the present. Now, Miss Trelyawney, we come to you. *(she rises)* You were present at the time of the shooting, were you not?

Lil. I was.

Jus. What was the cause of the quarrel?

Lil. There was no quarrel.

Jus. No quarrel! Then why did the prisoner shoot Frank Hayden?

Lil. He did not shoot Frank Hayden.

Lang springs to his feet, then sits down—Sallie and Laura start violently—Richard shudders—Policeman smiles.

Jus. Not shoot him? Who did?

Lil. I did.

All. *(except Richard and Policeman)* You!

Lil. Yes, I.

Jus. Extraordinary, very!

Lil. Mr. Leonard had a revolver which he was showing us and I asked him to let me take it. He said there was one chamber loaded, and to prevent accident fired into the air—then handed the weapon to me. I, supposing it to be empty, pointed it at Frank—Mr. Hayden—and pulled the trigger. The revolver was discharged and I saw Mr. Hayden fall at my feet. I fainted, and knew nothing more until I recovered consciousness in my own room.

Rich. *(starting)* Your Honor—

(Policeman stops him)

Pol. Keep quiet sir, until you are called upon.

Jus. Extraordinary, very! But why did the prisoner attempt his own life?

Lil. I do not know that he did—no one seems to have seen him but Mr.

Lang.

Pol. *(aside)* I saw it, but I'll keep mum for the present till I see the dodge.

Jus. But why did not the prisoner make known these facts at once?

Lil. He has probably kept silent to shield me.

Jus. Extraordinary, very! Do you know anything about the quarrel between the prisoner and Mr. Hayden?

Lil. If they had a quarrel—which I do not believe—it had all passed over, for they were the best of friends yesterday.

Jus. Extraordinary, very! Young woman will you take your oath to the statements you have made?

Lil. I will.

Jus. Do you know to what you have made yourself liable, by this explanation?

Lil. I do not, nor do I care.

Lang. *(jumps up excitedly)* Perjury, your honor! It is false.

Lil. *(to Lang)* You are making yourself liable, sir, for slander.

Lang. *(sits down, aside)* Leonard will give it all away without my help. Trust pride for that.

Jus. Prisoner, what have you to say to this? Is this lady's statement correct?

Police No. 1. (*aside to Richard*) Say yes—something is up.

Rich. It is. (*aside*) But I cannot let this deception go on—and I must tell a lie or convict Lillian of perjury.

Enter Dr Reade, L.

Dr R. Your honor, I am late, but I bring good news. Mr. Hayden is out of danger.

Rich. Thank God!

Dr R. The ball struck Mr. Hayden in the region of the heart, but coming in contact with a bone, it glanced and came out of his side, inflicting an ugly but not dangerous flesh wound. His continued unconsciousness, occasioned by the shock on his nerves, is what made us fear for his recovery, but now I am happy to say he is out of danger, and will be able to be around in a few days. (*Lillian sits down*)

Jus. Does he say anything about the affair!

Dr R. He does. He wished me to say to you that it was all an accident, and nothing was intentional, and that he will not appear against any one. (*to Lillian*) He also wished an interview with you, if you would be kind enough to return with me.

Lang. (*to Doctor*) He says it was an accident?

Dr R. He does.

Lau. Mr. Lang, your evidence has not amounted to much—it must be a great disappointment to you.

Lang. (*aside*) Must I lose her as well as my revenge? (*to Laura*) I will go now if you are ready to accompany me.

Rich. That she will never be you scoundrel.

Jus. Extraordinary, very! Officer take off those bracelets. (*Officer does so—to Richard*) Now, sir, you are free. Clerk, we will go.

(*Justice and Clerk exit R., followed by Police No. 2., and Lang*)

Police. (*aside to Lillian*) I saw more than I told.

Lil. You will lose nothing by your silence. (*exit Police R.*)

Rich. (*coming L.*) Free once more, but at what a price. Doctor, can I go to Frank?

Dr R. I do not think it would be best at present. To-morrow, perhaps.

Sallie. (*rising*) Dr. Reade, will you see me home? I'm rather timid in the streets alone.

Dr R. Delighted, I'm sure, if Miss Trelyawney can go to Mr. Hayden's alone. (*looks at Lillian*)

Lil. I cannot go to-day, Doctor.

Dr Reade bows, offers arm to Sallie, they go L., Sallie stops, Dr. Reade exits.

Sallie. Laura, may I speak with you a moment? (*both exit L.*)

Rich. (*R.*) Lillie, why did you tell that falsehood?

Lil. Can you ask?

Rich. Don't you know that I cannot in honor allow the world to think you shot Frank? No, the truth must be told!

Lil. No, no, I beg of you! The accident was all my fault, I almost asked Frank to kiss me when I saw you approaching—I placed your life in jeopardy. Won't you let me keep you from prison? Promise me, you will not betray me?

Rich. I will, Lillian—at least until I have seen Frank. If he still loves you, I will keep silent for his sake, for I owe him that at least. Do not think I am ungrateful for what you have done for me,—(*she sobs*)—but you must remember, that if I do keep silent, it condemns me to a life of dishonor and cowardice. I will hate the sight of my self, loathe, detest the very

air I breath! Good bye, Lillian—Frank's love for you, must be in deed a deep one, when it makes him forget his friendship for me. Good bye, Lillian. (exit R.)

Lil. (calls) But Dick, Dick! Frank does not love me—He still thinks I do not love him! Why can't I die, why can't I—lie! (exit L. 1 s.)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—*Frank Haylen's apartments, richly furnished in crimson or mahogany, pictures etc. Guns and fishing-rods suspended from the wall. Table R. C., on which are pipes and tobacco jars, books and papers, chairs on table, easy chair at L. Couch back of stage, chair beside couch. Frank lying on couch, in dressing-gown and slippers.*

Frank. Another day passed, another morning come, and I am lying here still. If it was not for this confounded weakness, I think I would be as well as ever. I certainly do not feel any pain to speak of—I wonder why the doctor don't come? Poor Dick! I suppose he feels badly, about this affair, but it will teach him a good lesson.

Enter, Dr. Reade L. U. R.

Ah, doctor, here at last!

Dr R. (taking his hand) Yes, here at last. How are you feeling to-day?

Frank. Perfectly well, except the weakness.

Dr R. (takes chair) I'm glad of that! If you only keep quiet, and cease this worry about Richard and Lillian, and let things take their own course for a little while, you will be as well as ever in a week or ten days.

Frank. But, doctor, Dick is so infernally proud about some things that I actually tremble, expecting every moment to hear that he has gone to the authorities and given himself up. I hope you gave him my message, asking him to come and see me to-day. Why doctor, I do not cherish the least spark of ill-feeling toward him for shooting me. He was always impulsive, and very quick to anger, but gets over it just as quick. And Lillian, you say has been quite sick?

Dr R. Yes, the excitement the other day at the Justice's office must have been too much for her. She went home from the examination and had no sooner entered the house than she fainted in her maid's arms.

Frank. Was she better this morning?

Dr R. Almost well. She thought she would be able to drive over to see you to-day, although I advised her not to.

Frank. Why did you do that?

Dr R. I thought it would be better if deferred till to-morrow, any excitement might throw her into a brain fever.

Frank. How about Lang?

Dr R. Oh, he showed his hand so plainly at examination, that although he has called on Laura several times since, she has refused to see him.

Frank. (starting up) Is the engagement then broken?

Dr R. Lie still, Frank—I suppose so, at least that is what I would naturally think. Her father has forbidden him the house, so Richard tells me.

Frank. (lying back) And Sallie?

Dr R. (rubbing his hands) That is exactly what I wanted to get at. Al-

though I am creeping along steadily, and am even now what might be termed a middle-aged man, still I think I have lived a bachelor long enough, and Miss Jordan has promised to be the blessing of—of—

Frank. Of your declining years.

Dr R. (with dignity) Of my advancing years, please.

Frank. (laughing) Exactly! They are advancing, that's a fact. You are old enough to be her father.

Dr R. And therefore, not too young to be her husband.

Frank. She is a good girl—

Dr R. I think so!

Frank. (earnestly) Doctor, I have loved Laura for a long time, but I had given up all hopes of winning her, especially when Lang came upon the scene. Do you think she cares any thing for me?

Dr R. Well, I never thought she loved Lang, "almost to death." At any rate I think there is room in her heart for another love.

Frank. Do you think there is any chance for me?

Dr R. If I should judge by her anxiety concerning your recovery, I should say there was a very good chance. I only wish I stood as good a chance of becoming a millionaire, as you of winning Laura's love.

Frank. Thank you, doctor, I feel more like getting well now than ever.

Dr R. Bah, you must get well any way. No man would die for a woman's love! I confess it might change him greatly. For example: if Sallie had rejected me, I think I should have become the crabbedest, crustiest, crossest old doctor imaginable, particularly when my patient happened to be a female. But then, you must not talk any more just at present, you ought to save your strength until Richard comes. (noise without L.

Frank. Some one is coming up the stairs, it may be him now.

Dr R. (coming c.) Perhaps it is.

Enter, Richard L. U. E., stops a moment, then goes and kneels by the couch.

Rich. Frank, can you forgive me?

Frank. Dick, had I known you were going to fire that shot, I would have forgiven the deed, ere the ball had struck me.

Rich. (rising) If I could only forgive myself!

Frank. Nonsense, Dick! Your temper got the better of your judgment, that is all. Let us forget all about it.

Dr R. (at couch) I will leave you now for a short time. (going

Frank. Doctor, if any one should call, will you show them to my room, please?

Dr R. With pleasure. (exit L. U. E.

Frank. Dick!

Rich. What is it, Frank?

Frank. Have you seen Lillie?

Rich. I have, and that is the part that is so hard to bear. I cannot allow the world to think it was her who fired the shot, when it was myself. What a coward I appear in my own eyes, and how selfish I must seem to her.

Frank. It is only temporary, as soon as you have married Lillian, and—

Rich. (starting) As soon as I have what?

Frank. Married Lillie. What is the matter?

Rich. Look here, Frank, I can stand a good deal, but please don't joke on that subject. It's too much!

Frank. I'm not joking, hadn't thought of such a thing. She loves you, and you love her, so I don't see what stands in the way of your marriage.

Rich. But—but I thought you were going to marry her!

Frank. Me? No, no! I am going to win Laura, if I can—if she will have me.

Rich. What do you mean, Frank? For heaven's sake, tell me at once!

Frank rises and goes slowly to easy chair L., Richard comes down R.

Frank. Why, simply this. You told me to make desperate love to Lillie. I did so, but found out that she loved you. I then made a clean breast of the whole affair, thinking it would have a good effect.

Rich. (anxiously) Go on—go on! What then?

Frank. Lillie was naturally piqued to think that you should take such a mean way—she called it—to win her love, and in order to get even with you, she made me promise not to give certain things away 'till she said so.

Rich. Yes—yes—what else?

Frank. When you asked me if I had any thing to say just before the accident, we were both acting a part, in order to pay you back in your own coin. That is all, Lillie loves you, and you love her. Marry her, and keep quiet.

Rich. (coming down R.—aside) Then I have made a fool of myself. Why could I not have trusted Frank—a friend who has always been to me as true as steel—but I must needs lose my temper, and almost murder the dearest friend I ever had. Can I ever forgive myself? He says Lillian loves me, I wonder if she does, and if she does, will she continue to do so after this last cowardly act. But I did not mean it to be cowardly, it was only her own pleading eyes, and the advice of the policeman that led me to keep silence.

Enter Dr. Reade L. U. E., goes and whispers to Frank, who nods, exit Dr. Reade L. U. E.

Rich. (continuing) What a thing is love, and what an enemy to love is jealousy! It sprouts up by the very roots of love, and into the first crevice it finds in the bark of the purer tree, it sticks its talons. And, oh, how often that very crevice exist but in the imagination of him who loves.

Enter, Doctor Reade followed by Laura, L. U. E.

Frank. (aside) I thought it would be Lillie first, but I am content. (aloud) Well, Laura, you see I am getting along bravely. (Laura sits at table L.) I intend to be playing croquet in the park again, soon.

(Dr. Reade and Richard go near couch and talk aside.)

Lau. (shuddering) Don't speak of that horrid day, Frank, I can't bear to hear it mentioned.

Dr. R. It was rather a fortunate occurrence for me.

Rich. What!

Frank. How so?

Dr. R. Rather fortunate for me, I said. You see I have secured two patients, and a wife, by the affair.

Lau. (surprised) A wife?

Dr. R. (laughing) Why, yes—

Frank. (laughing) The whole amount of it is, Sallie took pity upon his old age and is going to marry him, but it's only from pity, she does not love him a bit.

Enter, Sallie L. U. E., runs to the Doctor and pats him on the shoulder. Richard comes down R.

Sallie. Don't I though! I just do love him, don't I, Charles dear? Of course I does! (the Doctor nods, rubs his hands and smiles) You see, Laura, I was going by and I saw you come in, and being almost certain I would find Charles here, I thought I would follow you.

Frank. You did not care about me, then?

Sallie. Oh, yes I do. Charles might not be called so successful, if you did not get well.

Frank. Um!

Sallie. I couldn't have him suffer, you know. He's just the sweetest, darlingest, dearest young fellow that ever lived! ain't you, Charles?

Dr R. (smiling) Not as young as I might be, Sallie.

Sallie. Why, how in the world could you be any younger? dye your whiskers? (*stroking them fondly*) Don't you do it, Charles, I would not ake a day off your age, for the world,

Sallie and the Doctor sit on the couch conversing, Laura is busy looking at the tobacco jars, Richard at r., is leaning carelessly against chair at table.

Frank. There is only two things needed to make me supremely happy to-day—put me fairly into Eldorado!

Rich. (crossing to Frank) Is it anything I can do, Frank? God knows I am miserable enough myself.

Frank. You are just the one that can bring about both categories, old fellow.

Rich. Then for heaven's sake, name them!

Frank. I will. Please tell Laura, to come here.

Rich. Laura, will you step here a moment?

(*Laura goes to Frank's side, opposite Richard.*)

Frank. Laura, you heard me when I said there was only two things I needed to make me happy, did you not?

Lau. Yes, what are they?

Frank. One, is your love. Don't start, for I do love you, and have for a long time, but feared to speak of it. I am sick you know, and can't get on my knees to you, as is the prescribed rule of love-making, but my affection is just as deep, and I think will prove as lasting. (*to Richard*) Dick get down on your knees for me, and I will do the pleading.

Lau. (laughing) No, thank you, I do not need that performance, to win my consent.

Frank. (joyfully) You do consent, then? (*Richard starts away*) Hold on, Dick! I am not done with you yet.

Lau. I did not say so.

(*Richard returns*)

Frank. But you will, won't you?

Rich. Of course she will.

Lau. (teasingly) Well! that is cool. I shall have to think about it.

(*starts away*)

Frank. Laura, come back! You have not heard the other category, yet. (*Laura returns*) It is this. I have got my mind set upon Lillie as belonging to Dick, or *vice versa*, and he seems a little backward about coming forward.

(*bell rings*)

Rich. But Frank—

Frank. Oh, there are no buts. (*to the Doctor*) Doctor, I thought I heard the bell, will you see who it is, and show them up, please.

Dr R. Certainly.

(*exit L. U. E.*)

Frank. Prepare yourself, Dick, it must be Lillie.

Enter, Dr. Reade, who holds the door ajar, and bows.

Dr R. Walk right in please, you will find them **all here.**

Enter, Peter L. U. E.

Omnes. Peter!

Peter. Yes, it's only Peter. My master sent me to inquire after Mr. Hayden's health.

Dr R. Tell Mr. Leonard, that he is progressing finely, and will be about, soon.

Peter. Yes sir.

(*bows and is going*)

Frank. (calls) Peter!

Peter. (stops) Yes sir?

Frank. I hear you are spoons, on Miss Trelyawney's maid.

Peter. (*mystified*) I'm wh—what, sir?

Frank. Spoons! In love.

Peter. (*relieved*) Oh!—I'm an old man to fall into love.

Dr R. How old are you, Peter?

Sallie. That is mean, Charles dear, I never asked you your age.

Dr R. I'm not in love with Peter.

Sallie. Oh!

Rich. You may go, Peter.

Peter. Yes, sir.

(*exit L. U. E.*)

Frank. Why don't Lillie come.

Dr R. She is down in the parlor, awaiting your pleasure.

Frank. Then bring her up, please, as quick as she can come.

Dr R. Sallie, won't you go with me to get her?

Sallie. (*going to him*) I see what you are at. Yes, I'll go. (*they exit L.*)

Frank. Now, Dick, brace up and when Lillie comes in, faint away right into her arms.

Rich. (*crosses stage*) I'm not a woman!

Lau. Indeed! (*aside to Frank*) Are you able to walk?

Frank. Of course I am!

Lau. Let us leave the room for a few moments, they can make it up better alone. (*they exit L.*)

Rich. (*at table L.*) They have all left the room—so be it. If Lillie can love me now, I think I can be happy. But can she—will she? Yes, I feel that she can, and will! how blind I have been, ay, how very blind. But I have learned a lesson, and with God's help I will profit by it.

(*sits in easy chair L., back to entrance*)

Enter, Lillian, who comes half way to c.

Lil. Why, no one here? (*sees chair*) Ah! there is some one in that chair, it must be Frank, asleep. (*goes to chair and leans over—starts back*) You! here!

Rich. (*rising*) Yes, I am here.

Lil. I—I—thought it was Frank.

Rich. Are you disappointed? Lillie, this has been a misunderstanding all through. You know I love you! Will you be my wife?

Lil. (*goes to him*) Oh, Richard, I knew all would come out right, but how I have suffered for my foolishness.

Rich. But you are happy now, dearest?

Lil. Oh, so happy!

Enter, Frank and Laura, Dr. Reade and Sallie, from L.

Frank. Look there, Laura! Nice, isn't it?

Lau. Do you think so?

Dr R. We think so, don't we, Sallie?

(*Sallie nods her head*)

Lil. And you will forgive me now, Richard, for saying I shot Frank? will you let it rest as it is?

Rich. Anything for your sake, Lillie. Anything!

Frank. And everything!

Rich. Then our troubles are ended—we all are happy.

CURTAIN.

AMES' SERIES OF
Standard and Minor Drama.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

SENT POST-PAID TO ANY ONE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

1. *MR. AND MRS. PRINGLE.* A comic interlude in one act, by Don T. De Treuba Cosio, seven male, four female characters. Costumes modern, to suit. A very funny afterpiece. A light plot hinging upon the fact that Mr. Pringle, who has a perfect horror of children, marries, as he supposes, a widow of fifty, without any. Everything glides along smoothly, until the children to the number of about a dozen make their appearance, one by one. Mr. Pringle is aghast, and the situations very funny. Scene a drawing room. Time of representation about forty-five minutes.

2. *A DESPERATE GAME.* A comic Drama in one act, by John Madison Morton, three male and two female characters. The scenery is simple in-door sets. The part of David is first low comedy. Postlewaite and Ratcliffe will be found excellent characters and ones that will suit, and the lady characters are first-class. The play is very funny, and since its publication has been performed all over the country with the greatest success. Time of representation forty-five minutes. Every amateur company should order this play at once. It is sure to suit.

3. *THE LADY OF LYONS, OR LOVE AND PRIDE.* A Play in five acts, by Bulwer. Hardly anything need be said regarding this beautiful play, as scarcely any one can be found who has not read it, or seen it performed. It has twelve male and five female characters. It abounds in eloquent declamation, and is one of the most powerful dramas in the English language. Time of performance about three hours. The present edition is very complete, and is in use in the principal theatres.

4. *TWAIN'S DODGING.* An Ethiopian farce in one act, by A. Newton Field, three male and one female character. Scene, a chamber—no trouble to arrange. Costumes "nigger." Companies who order this farce will find it one of the best. Time of representation twenty minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.



5. *WHEN WOMEN WEEP.* A Comedietta in one act, by J. Newton Gotthold, three male, two female characters. It is an old saying that if women will cry, their husbands, or lovers will grant any favor they may ask. This Comedietta shows how this is done. Costumes modern. Scene a parlor at Baden-Baden. Time of performance thirty minutes.

6. *THE STUDIO.* An Ethiopian farce in one act, for three male characters. Very funny. Some very amusing experiences in an Artist's studio are given. Just the farce for amateur minstrel performances. Easily produced. Costumes to suit the characters. Time twenty minutes.

7. *THE VOW OF THE OENANI.* A Drama in three acts, by J. Newton Gotthold, seven male, one female character. Costumes Corsican, can easily be arranged by Amateurs. Scenery a little difficult to arrange. Capital parts for leading man, two old men, and leading lady. Will be found a good drama in every respect. Time of performance, one hour.

8. *THE BETTER HALF.* A Comedietta in one act, by Thos. J. Williams, five male, two female characters. Time present day. Costumes modern. The character of "Julia" in this piece, is always a favorite one with actresses. It is always very successful, and liked by amateurs. We have also represented, a capital part for a fop, a pouty old fellow with the Somersetshire dialect. A husband who is not half as much of a man as his wife, etc. A tip top play, Time of performance fifty minutes.

9. *LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.* A Drama in two acts, by Wm. E. Suter, six male, four female characters. In addition to being a favorite stock play with the profession, this drama always is in good demand from amateurs. The character, of Lady Audley, is one of the best for leading lady. It has leading men, old men, and two first class comedy parts. All who have read the celebrated novel by the same name, will want the drama. Time of performance, one hour and forty-five minutes.

10. *STOCKS UP AND STOCKS DOWN.* A Duologue in one act, two male characters. Costumes exaggerated evening and dilapidated. Scene a street. Extremely ridiculous. Time of performance, ten minutes, and the ten minutes full of hearty laughter.

11. *JOHN SMITH.* A Farce in one act, by W. Hancock, five male and three female characters. This farce must not be confounded with "John Schmidt" as there is no similarity, this one being much more laughable. The character of "Old John Smith" is immensely funny, and will keep an audience in roars of laughter whenever he appears. A favorite farce, and every character good. Costumes simple. Scenery plain rooms—and easily arranged. Time of performance, thirty-five minutes.

12. *A CAPITAL MATCH.* A comic Drama, in one act, three male, two female characters. This is one of John Madison Morton's best pieces, is very neat, and easily produced. The scenery is simple. Can be played in a parlor, and without any scenery if necessary. Time of performance thirty-five minutes. Parties ordering "A Capital Match" will be well pleased with it.

13. *GIVE ME MY WIFE.* A Farce in one act, by Wm. E. Suter, three male, three female characters. Easily produced, and costumes modern. A dreadful misunderstanding in this farce, which the name will imply. A fellow loses his wife and suspects another fellow has her. The accidents he meets with, in his search for her, are very amusing. Order a copy and you will like it. Time of performance, thirty minutes.

14. *THE BRIGANDS OF CALABRIA.* A Melo-Drama, in one act, by Wm. E. Suter, six male, one female character. This is a capital play of the blood-and-thunder description, and abounds with sword combats, pistols, etc. etc. It also has a good comedy man, who always is very funny, and very hungry. This has always been a great favorite, with all companies who have played it. Time of performance about one hour.

15. *AN UNHAPPY PAIR.* An Ethiopian Sketch for two characters. This Sketch is easily produced. Scenery simple, and is a favorite little sketch with all who play it. Costumes exaggerated. This is "Nigger all over" and ought to be in the hands of every minstrel company. Time of performance, ten minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.



16. *THE SERF*. A Tragedy, in five acts, by R. Talbot Esq.. 6 males, 3 female characters. Good parts for 1st and 2nd Tragedian, and Tragic lady. The character of Ossip is very powerfully drawn. The history of his early love—of his marriage—the indignities he is made to suffer, and the death of his wife, is highly wrought; and his sarcastic levity and deep revenge are unfolded with a terrible earnestness. Scene, apartments in castle. Time about 2 hours and a half.

17. *HINTS ON ELOCUTION AND HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR*. This valuable work has just been published, and contains valuable instructions that amateur actors, and every one that ever expect to make a favorable appearance in public, cannot do without it. It teaches you how to become a good and efficient reader, reciter, debater, a good actor, how to hold an audience silent, and treats on every subject that is necessary to be acquired in order to become a good and pleasing actor.

18. *THE POACHER'S DOOM*. A Drama in 3 acts, curtailed and arranged by A. D. Ames, 8 male, and 3 female characters. A thrilling drama, always a favorite. Leading man, villain, two comedies, old man, leading lady, comedy lady, etc. Costumes modern. The situations in this play, are most excellent. Time of performance, 1 hour and a half.

19. *DID I DREAM IT?* A Farce in one act by J. P. Wooler. 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, drawing room. The question "Did I Dream it" is what the farce is founded upon. Very strange things happen, and a nice little love scrape helps to color the plot. A good piece. Costumes simple. Time of performance 45 minutes.

20. *A TICKET OF LEAVE*. A Farce in one act, by Watts Phillips, 3 male, 2 female characters. A play written by this author is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Scene, a sitting room, plain furniture. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 35 minutes. This is an excellent farce.

21. *A ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT*. A Comedietta in one act, by Arthur Wood, 3 male, 3 female characters. A most excellent little play, well adapted for school exhibitions, lodges, amateurs, etc. The scenery is simple, being a plain room, is always a favorite with every company which plays it. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

22. *CAPTAIN SMITH*. A Farce in one act, by E. Berrie, 3 male, 3 female characters. This excellent little farce is equally well adapted for school exhibitions, etc., as No. 21. The dialogue is sparkling, not a dull speech from beginning to end. The plot simple, the piece easily performed. Scene, a plain room. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

23. *MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS*. A Farce in one act, by William Brough and Andrew Halliday, 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, exterior of house in the Highlands. Costumes, simple Highland. This farce is easily produced and very effective is full of fun, caused by the mishaps of two characters, who go from the city to the country, and do not know a pig from a roebuck, nor a turkey from an ostrich. Time of performance, 25 minutes.

24. *HANDY ANDY*. An Ethiopian Farce in one act, 2 male characters. Scene, a kitchen. Costumes, exaggerated and comic. The difficulties in procuring a good and suitable servant are most ludicrously set forth in this farce. Time of performance, 20 minutes.

25. *SPORT WITH A SPORTSMAN*. An Ethiopian Farce, in one act, 2 male characters. Costumes, exaggerated sportsman's dress, and boyish dress. Scene, a wood. Time of representation, 20 minutes. A tip top negro farce.

26. *THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS*. A Drama in one act, by William Dimond, 9 male, 4 female characters. Scene in-door and forest. Costumes, Swiss. Rosalvi, the hunter of the Alps leaves his home to procure provisions to keep his wife and children from starving, meets Felix, a lord, and demands, and finally implores of him money. Felix moved with compassion gives him money and goes with him to his hut, and there discovers they are brothers. There is some fine comedy in it. The story is beautifully told. Time of performance 1 hour.

27. *FETTER LANE TO GRAVESEND*. An Ethiopian Farce in one act, 2 male characters. Scene, plain room. Costume, exaggerated and comic. The two characters, Ike and Hystericks are very funny, and will keep an audience in roars of laughter. Short, easily produced, and a tip top farce. Time of performance 15 minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

23. *THIRTY-THREE NEXT BIRTHDAY.* A Farce in one act, by John Madison Morton, 4 male, 2 female characters. Scene, outside of hotel, easily arranged. Costumes to suit the characters. This farce should be read to be appreciated, and is a good one as are all of Madison Morton's plays. The comedy characters are excellent. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

29. *THE PAINTER OF GHENT.* A Play in one act, by Douglass Jerrold, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scene in Ghent. Costumes of the country and period. This is a beautiful play of the tragic order. The character of the "Painter of Ghent," is one of grandeur and fine language. He becomes insane at the loss of children, and being a painter, paints their portraits from memory. A daughter whom he supposes dead, returns to him, and he recovers. A grand play. Time of performance, 1 hour.

30. *A DAY WELL SPENT.* A Farce in one act, by John Oxenford, 7 male, 5 female characters. Scenery simple. Costumes, modern. Two clerks in the absence of their "boss" conclude to shut up shop, and have a spree. They get into several scrapes with the females, have numerous hair breadth escapes, and have a terrible time generally. Very amusing. Time of performance, 40 minutes.

31. *A PET OF THE PUBLIC.* A Farce in one act, by Edward Sterling, 4 male, 2 female characters. Scene, parlor. Costumes, modern. In this farce, the lady assumes four distinct characters, either of which is good. For an actress of versatility, it is a splendid piece, and amateurs can also produce it without trouble. It can either be used for a principal piece, or an afterpiece. Time of performance, 50 minutes.

32. *MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.* A Comedietta, in one act, by Walter Gordon, 4 male, 4 female characters. Scene, plain apartments. Costumes, modern. A pleasing little piece well suited to amateurs, school exhibitions, etc. A fellow marries, her relatives come to see her, are much more numerous than he has an idea of. The denouement is funny. Time of performance, 45 minutes.

33. *ON THE SLY.* A Farce in one act, by John Madison Morton, 3 male, 2 female characters. Scene, plain apartment. Costumes, modern. Husbands, don't never fall in love with your wife's dress makers—never squander your money foolishly, never do anything "on the sly," for your wives will be sure to find it out. This farce explains it all. Time of performance 45 minutes.

34. *THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.* A Melo Drama in two acts, by Charles Somers, 7 male, 3 female characters. Scene, castle, chamber and wood. Costumes, doublets, trunks, etc. A most excellent Melo-Drama. Plenty of blood and thunder, with enough jolly, rollicking fun to nicely balance it. A great favorite with amateurs. Time of performance 1 hour and 30 minutes.

35. *HOW STOUT YOU'RE GETTING.* A Farce in one act, by John Madison Morton, 5 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scene, a plain room. This is another of Morton's excellent farces. The comedy characters in it are nicely drawn, and it always is a favorite. Easily produced. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

36. *THE MILLER OF DERWENT WATER.* A Drama in three acts, by Edward Fitzball, 5 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, easily arranged. This is a touching little domestic drama, abounding in fine speeches, and appeals to the better feelings of one's nature. The "Miller" is an excellent old man. Two comedy characters keep the audience in good humor. Time of performance, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

37. *NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.* A Comedy, in 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve 6 male, 5 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, simple and easily arranged. Every character in this comedy is in itself a leading character, and every one very funny. Probably there is not a play in the language in which every character is so funny as this. Time of performance, 1 hour 40 minutes.

38. *THE BEWITCHED CLOSET.* A Sketch in one act, by Hattie Lena Lamb, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scene, Parson Grime's kitchen. Costumes modern. A lover goes to see his sweetheart, hides in a closet. Old man appears on the scene, thinks the closet bewitched. They upset it. Old man is frightened—runs away. Everything right etc. Time of performance, 15 minutes.

39. *A LIFE'S REVENGE.* A Drama in 3 acts, by Wm. E. Suter, 7 males, 5 female characters. Costumes, French, period 1661. Scenery, palace, gardens, prison. Can be arranged by amateurs but is a heavy piece. A fine leading man, heavy man, a glorious comedy, etc. Also leading lady, juvenile lady, comedy lady, etc. This drama was a favorite with Harold Forsberg. Time of performance, 2 hours and 15 minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.



40. *THAT MYSTERIOUS BUNDLE.* A Farce in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla. 2 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, a plain room. A Variety peice, yet can be performed by Amatuers, etc. A Mysterious bundle figures in this farce, which contains a——. Time of performance, 20 minutes.

41. *WON AT LAST.* A Comedy Drama in 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve, 7 male, 3 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, drawing-room, street and office. Every character is good. Jennie Hight starred on the character of "Constance" in this play. Amatuers can produce it. Time of performance, 1 hour 45 minutes.

42. *DOMESTIC FELICITY.* A Farce in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes modern. Scene, a dining room. The name fully describes the piece. Very funny. Time of performance, fifteen minutes.

43. *ARRAH DE BAUGH.* A Drama in 5 acts, by F. C. Kinnaman, 7 male, 5 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, exteriors and interiors. A most exquisite love story in a play, abounding in scenes of great beauty. The depth of woman's love is beautifully shown. Time of performance about two hours.

44. *OBEDIENCE, OR TOO MINDFUL BY FAR.* A Comedietta in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla, 1 male, 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, plain room and bed room. An old fellow who thinks he is very sick, becomes vely peevish and particular. A plot is formed to break him of his foolishness. Very amusing. Time of performance twenty minutes.

45. *ROCK ALLEN THE ORPHAN, OR LOST AND FOUND.* A Comedy Drama in one act, by W. Henri Wilkins, 5 male, 3 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes interiors. Time, during the Rebellion. This play represents the real "down east" characters to perfection. An old man and woman are always quarreling, and their difficulties are very amusing. Time of performance, one hour and twenty minutes.

46. *MAN AND WIFE.* A Drama in five acts, by H. A. Webber, 12 male, 7 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery exteriors and interiors. This drama is one of intense interest and is a faithful dramatization of Wilkie Collins' story of the same name. This is said by competent critics to be the best dramatization published, and it should be in the hands of every dramatic company in the country. It has become a great favorite.

47. *IN THE WRONG BOX.* An Ethiopian Farce in one act, by M. A. D. Clifton, 3 male characters. Costumes, peddler's and darkey's dilapidated dress. Scene, a wood. Characters represented, a darkey, an Irishman and a Yankee. Time of performance twenty minutes.

48. *SCHNAPPS.* A Dutch Farce in one act, M. A. D. Clifton, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes, burlesque German. Scene, a plain room. A neat little piece for two Dutch players, introducing songs and dances. Time of performance, 15 to 30 minutes, at the pleasure of the performers

49. *DER TWO SUBPRISES.* A Dutch Farce in one act, by M. A. D. Clifton, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes, peasant's, and old man's and old woman's dress. Scene, a kitchen. A very neat little sketch, introducing songs and dances. Time of performance, about twenty minutes.

50. *HAMLET.* A Tragedy in five acts, by Shakespeare, 15 male, 3 female characters. Probably no other play by the immortal Shakespeare is produced as frequently as this one. It needs no description. Time of performance about two hours and thirty minutes.

51. *RESCUED.* A Temperance Drama in two acts, by Clayton H. Gilbert, 5 male, 3 female characters. This play visibly depicts the dangerous consequences of falling into bad company, the follies of the intoxicating bowl, and shows that even the pure love of a noble girl will be sacrificed to the accursed appetite. The solemn scenes are balanced by the funny portions, and all in all the play is a grand success. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors some neatly and some handsomely furnished. Time of performance one hour.

52. *HENRY GRANDEN.* A Drama in three acts, by Frank Lester Bingham, 11 male, 8 female characters. This drama is sensational in a high degree, abounding in thrilling scenes among the Indians, hair breadth escapes, etc. It should be purchased by every dramatic company that wish something to suit the public. Costumes not hard to arrange. Time of performance two hours.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

53. *OUT IN THE STREETS.* A Temperance Drama in three acts, by S. N. Cook, 6 male, 4 female characters. Wherever this drama has been produced it has been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Listeners have been melted to tears at the troubles of Mrs. Bradford, and in the next scene been convulsed with laughter at the drolleries of North Carolina Pete. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors. Time of performance, about one hour.

54. *THE TWO T. J.'s.* A Farce in one act, by Martin Beecher, 4 male, 2 female characters. Costumes of the day; scene an ordinary room. This is a capital farce and has two male characters excellent for light and low comedians. Good parts also for old and young lady. Time of performance thirty minutes.

55. *SOMEBODY'S NOBODY.* A Farce in one act and one scene, by C. A. Maltby, 3 male, 2 female characters. Scene, interior. Easily arranged in any parlor or hall, as it can be produced without scenery. Costumes modern with the exception of Dick Mizzle's which is hostler's and afterwards extravagant fashionable. This most laughable farce was first produced at the Drury Lane Theater, London, where it had a run of one hundred and fifty consecutive nights. It is all comic, and has excellent parts for old man, walking gent, low comedy, walking lady and chambermaid. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

56. *WOOLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.* A Farce in one act and one scene, by John T. Douglass, 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, handsomely furnished apartment. Costumes of the day. Probably no poor fellow ever wooed under more distressing difficulties than the one in this farce. It all comes about through a serious misunderstanding. A crusty old man, and a quarrelsome and very important servant go to make the farce extremely funny. Time of performance thirty minutes.

57. *PADDY MILES' BOY.* An Irish Farce in one act, by James Pilgrim, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scenes, exteriors and interiors. Costumes eccentric, and Irish for Paddy. Probably there is not an Irish farce published so often presented as this one, but it is always a favorite and is always received with great applause. Time of performance 35 minutes.

58. *WRECKED.* A Temperance play in two acts, by A. D. Ames, 9 male, 3 female characters. Scenes, drawing room, saloon, street and jail. Costumes modern. The lessons learned in this drama are most excellent. The language is pure, containing nothing to offend the most refined ear. From the comfortable home and pleasant fireside, it follows the downward course of the drunkard to the end. All this is followed by counterfeiting, the death of the faithful wife caused by a blow from the hand of a drunken husband, and finally the death of the drunkard in the madhouse. Time of performance about one hour.

59. *SAVED.* A Temperance Sketch in two acts, by Edwin Tardy, 2 male, 3 female characters. Scenes, street and plain room. Nicely adapted to amateurs, Time of performance twenty minutes.

60. *DRIVEN TO THE WALL, OR TRUE TO THE LAST.* A Play in four acts, by A. D. Ames. 10 male and 3 female characters. For beauty of dialogue, startling situations, depths of feeling there is none on the American Stage superior to this one. The plot is an exceedingly deep one, and the interest begins with the first speech, and does not for a moment cease until the curtain falls on the last scene of the last act. The cast is small and the costumes easily arranged. It can be played on any stage. It has parts for Leading Emotional Lady, Juvenile Lady, Leading Man, Villain, Character Old Man, First Old Man, Comedy, etc.

61. *NOT AS DEAF AS HE SEEMS.* An Ethiopian Farce in one act. 2 male characters. Scene, a plain room. Costumes exaggerated and comic. Extremely ridiculous and funny. Time of performance 15 minutes.

62. *TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM.* A Temperance Play in five acts, by Wm. W. Pratt, from T. S. Arthur's novel of the same name—7 male, 3 female characters. This edition is rewritten, containing many new points, and is the best ever presented to the public. Nothing need be said in its praise, as it is too well known. It is often played, and always successfully. Time of performance about two hours.

63. *THREE GLASSES A DAY, Or, The Broken Home.* A grand Moral and Temperance Drama, in two acts, by W. Henri Wilkins, 4 male, 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors. First-class characters for Leading Man, Villain, a genuine down-east Yankee, which is also very funny; also Leading Lady, and a tip-top Comedy Lady. If a company wishes something with an excellent moral, at the same time running over with genuine humor, buy this. Time of performance about one hour and thirty minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

64. *THAT BOY SAM.* An Ethiopian Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain room and common furniture. Costumes, comic, to suit the characters. Very funny, and effectually gives the troubles of a "colored gal" in trying to have a beau, and the pranks of "that boy Sam." Time of performance twenty minutes.
65. *AN UNWELCOME RETURN.* A Comic Interlude, in one act, by Geo. A. Munson. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene, a dining room. Costumes modern. Companies will find this a very amusing piece, two negroes being very funny—enough so to keep an audience in the best of humor. Time of performance, twenty minutes.
66. *HANS, THE DUTCH J. P.* A Dutch Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler, 3 male, 1 female character. An exceedingly funny piece. Hans figures as a Justice in the absence of his master, and his exploits are extremely ludicrous. Costumes modern. Scene, plain room. Time of performance, twenty minutes.
67. *THE FALSE FRIEND.* A Drama in two acts, by Geo. S. Vautrot. 6 male, 1 female character. Simple scenery and costumes. First class characters for leading man, old man, villain, a rollicking Irishman, etc. also a good leading lady. This drama is one of thrilling interest, and dramatic companies will invariably be pleased with it. Time of performance, one hour and forty-five minutes.
68. *THE SIAM PROFESSOR.* A Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler. 4 male characters. This intensely funny afterpiece can be produced by any company. The characters are all first class, and the "colored individual" is especially funny. Scene, a plain room. Costumes, simple. Time of performance, about twenty minutes.
69. *MOTHER'S FOOL.* A Farce in one act, by W. Henri Wilkins. 6 male, 1 female character. Like all of Mr. Wilkins' plays, this is first class. The characters are all well drawn, it is very amusing, and proves an immense success wherever produced. Scene, a simple room. Costumes modern. Time of performance, thirty minutes.
70. *WHICH WILL HE MARRY.* A Farce in one act, by Thomas Egerton Wilks. 2 male, 8 female characters. Scene, a street. Costumes modern. Easily arranged on any stage. A barber hears that one of eight women has fallen heir to some money, not knowing which, he makes love to them all. This, together with the revenge the females have upon him, will prove laughable enough to suit any one. Time of representation, thirty minutes.
71. *THE REWARD OF CRIME, OR THE LOVE OF GOLD.* A Drama of Vermont, in two acts, by W. Henri Wilkins. 5 male, 3 female characters. A drama from the pen of this author is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Characters for old man, 1st and 2d heavy men, juvenile. A splendid Yankee, lively enough to suit any one. Old woman, juvenile woman, and comedy. Costumes modern. Scene, plain rooms and street. Time of performance, one hour and thirty minutes. Easily placed upon the stage, and a great favorite with amateurs.
72. *THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.* A Farce in one act, by R. J. Raymond. 5 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain room. Costumes modern. This farce is easily arranged, and can be produced on any stage, in fact, in a parlor. The pranks of the doctor's boy will keep an audience in roars of laughter, every line being full of fun. Time of performance, thirty minutes. Order this, and you will be pleased.
73. *AT LAST.* A Temperance Drama in three acts, by G. S. Vautrot. 7 male 1 female character. This is one of the most effective temperance plays ever published. Good characters for leading man, 1st and 2d villain, a detective, old man, a Yankee, and a capital negro, also leading lady. The temptations of city life are faithfully depicted, the effects of gambling, strong drink, etc. Every company that orders it will produce it. Costumes modern. Scene, Mobile. Time of performance, one hour and thirty minutes.
74. *HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW.* A Farce in one act, by Henry J. Byron. 4 male, 2 female characters. Scene, parlor, supposed to be in the rear of a grocers shop. Costumes modern. Whiffles the proprietor of the grocery, has a mother-in-law who is always interfering with his business. Various expedients are resorted to to cure her—a mutual friend is called in who, by the aid of various disguises frightens the old lady nearly to death, finally Whiffles gets on a "ge-lorious drunk," and at last triumphs. A perfect success. Time of performance, thirty-five minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

75. *ADRIFT*. A Temperance Drama, in three acts, by Chas. W. Babcock, M. D. Six male, four female characters. Good characters for leading man, villain, comedy, juvenile, a capital negro, and jolly Irishman. Also leading lady, little girl, juvenile lady, and old negress. A deep plot, characters well drawn and language pure. Easily produced. Scenery simple and costumes modern. Time of performance, one hour and a half.

76. *HOW HE DID IT*. A comic Drama in one act, by John Parry, three male, two female characters. An amusing scene from real life. A plot is laid to cure a husband, who having lost a first wife whom he domineered over, tries to treat a second one in like manner. A splendid comedian's part. Time about thirty minutes. Costumes modern.

77. *JOES VISIT*. An Ethiopian burlesque on the Rough Diamond, two male, one female characters. Easily produced and very laughable. Can also be played white. Time twenty minutes. Costumes extravagant negro.

78. *AN AWFUL CRIMINAL*. A Farce in one act, by J. Palgrave Simpson, three male, three female characters. Plot excellent and its development very amusing. The oftener produced the better it is liked—is in one scene and easily put upon the stage. Costumes simple. Time thirty-five minutes.

79. *THE SPY OF ATLANTA*. A Grand Military Allegory in six acts, by A. D. Ames and C. G. Bartley, fourteen male, three females. This play is founded on incidents which occurred during the war of the Rebellion—it introduces Ohio's brave and gallant McPherson—the manner of his capture and death. It abounds with beautiful tableaux, drills, marches, battle scenes, Andersonville, etc., and is pronounced by the press and public, the most successful military play ever produced. G. A. R. Posts, Military Companies and other organizations, who may wish something which will draw, should produce it. It may not be out of place to add that this play with the incidents of the death of McPherson, was written with the consent of the General's brother, R. B. McPherson, since dead, who fully approved of it. Price 25 cents per copy.

80. *ALARMINGLY SUSPICIOUS*. A Comedietta in one act, by J. Palgrave Simpson, four male, three females. This play is easily arranged, and the plot excellent. Some things are "Alarmingly Suspicious" however, and it will please an audience. Time forty-five minutes.

81. *OLD PHIL'S BIRTHDAY*. A serio-comic Drama in two acts, by J. P. Wooler, five male, two females. Scenery easily arranged. Costumes modern. One of the purest and most attractive plays ever published. The character of "Old Phil" cannot be excelled, and the balance are every one good. Time one hour and forty-five minutes.

82. *KILLING TIME*. A Farce in one act, one male, one female. Scene a drawing room. Costumes modern. A woman held captive at home by the rain seeks to "kill time." How she does it is told by this farce. Time about thirty minutes.

83. *OUT ON THE WORLD*. A Drama in three acts, five males, four females. Scenery not difficult. Modern costumes. A thrilling picture of love, fidelity and devotion. Excellent leading characters and Irish comedy, both male and female. Can be produced on any stage. Time two hours. An American Drama.

84. *CHEEK WILL WIN*. A Farce for three male characters, by W. E. Suter. Costumes modern. Scene plain apartment. It is said that nothing will carry a man through the world as well as plenty of "cheek." A striking example is given in this farce. It will please all. Time thirty minutes.

85. *THE OUTCASTS WIFE*. A domestic Drama in three acts, by Colin H. Hazlewood, twelve males, three females. Costumes modern. A thrilling play of the blood and thunder order, abounding in exciting scenes, and hair-breadth escapes. Is a favorite wherever produced, and has leading man, old man, juvenile and comedy characters. The "wife" is a grand one for leading lady, and there is a good comedy. Time one hour and forty-five minutes.

86. *BLACK VS WHITE OR THE NIGGER AND YANKEE*. A Farce in one act, by Geo. S. Vautrot, four males, two females. Simple scenery. Modern costumes. In this farce is combined the Ethiopian and Yankee, both characters being very funny, as well as other excellent parts. Time of performance, thirty-five minutes.

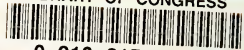
AMES' PLAYS,--CONTINUED.

NO.		M.	F.
46	Man and Wife, drama, 5 acts, by H. A. Webber.....	12	7
91	Michael Erle, drama, 2 acts, by Egerton Wilks.....	8	3
36	Miller of Derwent Water, drama, 3 acts, by E. Fitzball.....	5	2
83	Mischievous Nigger, ethiopean farce, 1 act, by C. White...4	2	3
34	Mistletoe Bough, melo-drama, 2 acts, by C. Somerset.....	7	2
69	Mother's Fool, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	6	1
1	Mr. & Mrs. Pringle, farce, 1 act, by Don T. De Treuba Cosio..	7	2
23	My Heart's in the Highlands, farce, 1 act,.....	4	3
32	My Wife's Relations, comedietta, 1 act, by Walter Gordon...4	4	4
90	No Cure No Pay, ethiopean farce, 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin..3	1	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	0
37	Not so Bad After All, comedy, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve.....	6	5
44	Obedience, comedietta, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambla.....	1	2
81	Old Phil's Birthday, drama, 2 acts, by J. P. Wooler.....	5	2
33	On the Sly, farce, 1 act, by John Madison Morton.....	3	2
109	Other People's Children, etho farce, 1 act, by A. N. Field....3	2	2
85	Outcast's Wife, drama, 3 acts, by Colin H. Hazlewood.....	12	3
83	Out on the World, drama, 3 acts,.....	5	4
53	Out in the Streets, temp drama, 3 acts, by S. N. Cook.....	6	4
57	Paddy Miles' Boy, irish farce, 1 act, by James Pilgrim.....	5	2
29	Painter of Ghent, play, 1 act, by Douglass Jerrold.....	5	2
114	Passions, comedy, 4 acts, by F. Marmaduke Dey.....	8	4
18	Poacher's Doom, domestic drama, 3 acts, by A. D. Ames....8	3	3
51	Rescued, temperance drama, 2 acts, by C. H. Gilbert.....	5	3
110	Reverses, domestic drama, 5 acts, by A. Newton Field.....	12	6
45	Rock Allen the Orphan, drama, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins..5	3	3
96	Rooms to Let without Board, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	1
59	Saved, temperance sketch, 1 act, by Edwin Tardy.....	2	3
48	Schnaps, dutch farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton.....	1	1
107	School, ethiopean farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	5	0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore, burl'sq, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins...5	3	3
55	Somebody's Nobody, farce, 1 act, by C. A. Maltby.....	3	2
94	Sixteen Thousand Years Ago, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	3	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	0
79	Spy of Atlanta, military allegory, 6 acts, by A. D. Ames...14	3	3
92	Stage Struck Darkey, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	1
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	0
62	Ten Nights in a Bar Room, temperance drama, 5 acts,.....	7	3
64	That Boy Sam, etho farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	3	1
40	That Mysterious Bundle, farce, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla.....	2	2
38	The Bewitched Closet, sketch, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla.....	5	2
87	The Biter Bit, comedy, 2 acts, by Barham Livius.....	5	2
101	The Coming Man, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	3	1
67	The False Friend, drama, 2 act, by Geo. S. Vantrot.....	6	1
97	The Fatal Blow, melo-drama, 2 acts, by Edward Fitzball...7	1	4
93	The Gentleman in Black, drama, 2 act, W. H. Murry.....	9	4
112	The New Magdalen, drama, pro 3 acts, by A. Newton Field...8	3	3
71	The Reward of Crime, drama, 2 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins..5	3	3
16	The Serf, tragedy, 5 acts, by R. Talbot.....	6	3
68	The Sham Professor, farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	4	0
6	The Studio, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	3	0
102	Turn of the Tide, temp drama, 3 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins...7	4	4
54	The Two T. J's, farce, 1 act, by Martin Beecher.....	4	2



Catalogue continued on last page of cover.





AMES' PLAYS,--CONTINUED.

NO.		M. F.
7	The Vow of the Ormani, drama, 3 acts, by J. N. Gotthold.....	8 1
28	Thirty-three next Birthday, farce, 1 act, by M. Morton.....	4 2
118	Those Awful Boys, etho farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	5 0
63	Three Glasses a Day, tem dra, 2 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins...4	2
105	Through Snow and Sunshine, drama, 5 acts.....	6 4
4	Twain's Dodging, etho farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	3 1
5	When Women Weep, com'd'ta, 1 act, by J. N. Gotthold.....	3 2
56	Wooing Under Difficulties, farce, 1 act, by J. T. Douglass...4	3
41	Won at Last, comedy drama, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve.....	7 3
70	Which will he Marry, farce, 1 act, by Thos. E. Wilks.....	2 8
58	Wrecked, temperance drama, 2 acts, by A. D. Ames.....	9 3
111	Yankee Duelist, farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	2 2

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY.

When remitting, send Post Office Order if possible, otherwise send a Registered Letter, or Draft on New York. Small amounts may be sent in 1, 2, or 3 cent postage stamps with but little risk.

Do not waste your own, and our time by asking us if we can send you a certain play, but enclose your money, 15 cents per copy. If it is published, we will send it, otherwise we will notify you, and you can instruct us to send something else, or return the money.

Please notice that we will not fill telegraph orders, and will not send goods to any one C. O. D.

Our books may be ordered from any bookseller in the United States and Canada. If you have trouble however, in getting Ames' Edition, send directly to us.

Amateur companies often have trouble in procuring Plays suited to their wants, ordering perhaps five dollars' worth before anything suitable can be found. This can be avoided. Our list embraces Plays suitable for all companies, and if our friends will write to us, stating their requirements, we can suit them. Enclose 15 cents per copy for as many sample copies as you wish, and a list of those you have produced. State also the kind of Play desired, number of characters, etc. We will select and send samples by return mail.

We do not make any discount on a number of copies of books, neither will we send Plays out to be returned if not suitable.

A complete Descriptive Catalogue will be sent free to any one on application. Send a postal card with your address.

A. D. AMES, Pub., Clyde, Ohio.