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1877

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LUCK.

-A-

COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

-BY-

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

PRINTED BUT NOT PUBLISHED.

New York :

DE LACY & WILLSON, STEAM PRINTERS,

Nos. 64 & 66 JOHN STREET.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- JOHN G, FLYCASHINGTON.....(The Man of Luck.)
 THURSTON LISCUM VARCOURT.....(The Man of Leisure.)
 CAPT. ARTHUR VARCOURT, U. S. A... ..(The Army Man.)
 MORTIMER MALDEN.....(The Newspaper Man.)
 HON. WM. H. OROIDE, M. C.....(The Self-Made Man.)
 NATHANIEL F. BLYNDERS..... (The Man of Law).
 SMIGGLES.....(The Man of Accounts,)
 TOM CARTER.....(The Man of Mines).
 ROARIN' BILL.....(The Man of '49).
 INJUN JOE.....(The Red Man.)
 APOSTLE BLOXHAM.....(The Polygamous Man.)
 BENNY.....(The Boy.)
 JOHN.....(The Waiting Man.)
- Mrs. VARCOURT.....(The Woman of Family.)
 Miss ZENOBIA DOLBY.....(The Old Girl.)
 FRANCES FLYCASHINGTON.....(The Young Girl.)
- | | | | | |
|------|---|--|---|---|
| Mrs. | { | REBECCA,
SARAH,
MIRIAM,
DINAH,
JEMIMA,
ABIGAIL, | } | BLOXHAM.....(<i>E Pluribus Unum.</i>) |
|------|---|--|---|---|
- HANNAH.....(The Servant Girl.)

TIME--PASSIM.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.--NEW YORK.

- SCENE 1--Malden's Lodgings.
 SCENE 2 -Flycashington's Office.

ACT II.--NEW YORK.

SET - The Brand-new Home of Flycashington.

ACT III.—UTAH.

- SCENE 1—Above the City of the Saints (Daylight).
 SCENE 2—Cut-throat Canyon (Sunset).
 SCENE 3—Above the City of the Saints (Moonlight.)

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Journalist's Lodgings. A plainly furnished apartment. Bookcase and Secretary against the wall. 2d groove.*

Door in Flat.

Book-case.

R.

L.

Enter HANNAH D. in F.) reading card.

Han. He's not at home! I knew it. But of all the persevering, opinionated men I ever heard of, the worst is (*reading card*) Mr. Nathaniel F. Blynders, Counsellor and Attorney-at-Law.

Enter BLYNDERS.

Bly. (*aside—examining his hands, cuffs and shirt-front, and then his coat and pants*). Perfectly white! Perfectly black!

Hannah. Oh, you came up, did you? Most gentlemen would wait until they got their answer.

Bly. Don't be alarmed, and, above all, don't be impertinent (*sits down near L. of Secretary. Waving his hand*). I'll wait.

Hannah (*angrily*). But sometimes he's out all day and all night: sometimes he don't come home for week or a month. He's a newspaper man.

Bly. (*taking up an unopened letter on the desk, looking at it, and throwing it down again*). Mr. Malden will be home shortly. I'll wait. (*Bristling up.*) Girl, do you think I'll open and read his letters?

Hannah. Can't say, but if you look at them like that, your eyes might burn holes in the covers; and we ain't insured. (*Door gong heard*). There's that blessed gong. I do hope its Mr. Malden. (*Exit D. in F.*)

Bly. So do I. Not at home for a week or a month, and a letter in that handwriting lying there. Ha! ha! My victorious rival—a rival. Ha! That would have sounded well enough while I was a simple clerk in a law office; but now, with all the great American possibilities opening before me—

Enter MALDEN.

Bly. (*jumping up*). My dear Malden, how do you do? (*Shaking hands.*) I'm so glad to see— (*Same business as before.*) Perfectly white, perfectly black!

Malden. Have you been waiting long, Mr. Blynders? Devilish uncertain, waiting for me.

Bly. Yes, but I thought I'd give you a chance.

Malden. Take a seat. (*Sits down R. of desk and takes up two letters. Aside.*) Here is one I must reserve for another chance to read. (*Lays one letter down and opens the other*). Excuse me for just a moment, and then I'm at your service.

Bly. Oh, certainly.

Malden. (*aside, reading.*) "Office of the New York *Colossus*. Let us have for to-morrow an article on the present rage for making rapid fortunes. The country is losing sight of its legitimate industries. Gambling wins or loses, but does not *make* money, etc., etc." Yes, they shall have it hot and strong, too. I'm with the *Colossus* on that point. If it can curb the national avarice—but, pshaw! it cannot. Bosh! I'll not write it. Here am I, dangling at the hands of an old man, an absolute moneymaniac. His daugh-

ter shall never marry a poor man! and he without a red himself—nothing but a few mining claim papers and extravagant hopes. I shall write the article and send it to him, marked, or have Frances herself read it to him (*jumps up, and, pacing up and down, suddenly recollecting himself*). Excuse me, Mr. Blynders. Now I'm at your service—What can I do for you?

Bly. I must premise that I have lately experienced religion. Seriously, (*Malden laughs*) don't laugh. All I ask of you is a little puff of my piety and eloquence, which I have written myself to save you the trouble.

Mal. Let me look at your eloquence and piety (*takes paper from Bly and reads*): "The appearance of the saintly Deacon Blynders on the platform was the signal for wild enthusiasm in honor of this young apostle of the Jubilee, whose name will yet be a household word in every home in America, from the pine woods of Maine to the salmon streams of Oregon." (*To Bly.*) Come, now, that's a little too strong for a three weeks' Christian. (*Gives back paper.*)

Bly. That's a harsh way to look at it. Look you, Malden, a man owes it to himself nowadays to guarantee himself against the world, which sneers only at those who fail. Have you ever seen, Malden, a single ray of sunlight stream in through a darkened room? Have you noticed that every atom of dust in the path of that ray shone like gold? You've paused and said "How beautiful!" as they floated and mingled. Now, Malden, I want to be a golden atom. So should you. Why should we perish in the darkness?

Malden (aside). Reprove the folly of a world panting for money. Ha! easily said. Better to say, "Get money first yourself, and then reprove those that try to follow you." (*Tears open second letter mechanically during foregoing.*) Be one of Blynder's golden atoms. (*Reads.*) "My Dear Mortimer: My father evidently expected you last evening. He mentioned the prospectus you promised him several times." Oh, yes; his Barstick Lode Nevada Steam Transit Company's prospectus. Well, I'd write him a prospectus a day to be near my darling Frances. (*Reads.*) "He seems in deep trouble. I fear the cloud will never lift."

"FRANCES FLYCASHINGTON."

Ah, you shall be its silver lining, Frances. Well, the prospectus, Yes, there it is. (*Goes over to secretary and takes out papers.*) There, with my old notebooks and the Cutthroat Canyon Mining Claim, that used to be my dreaming-ground in Utah years ago. (*Replaces some papers and puts one in his pocket, and stands dreamily.*)

Blynders (aside). He's a golden atom in imagination, now. I've started him into the land of dreams, and he'll forget my little puff. (*To Malden.*) By the way, how is old Flycashington?

Malden. Mister Flycashington is well in health—

Blynders. Ah, shaky as ever financially, I suppose. Malden, my boy, it's throwing money into the sea, helping the old man in his phantom speculations. Don't do it. A man with your slender means—

Malden (angrily). Don't do it! What do you mean?

Blynders. There, don't be savage, now. I found it out. His clerk, Smiggles, told me, when I presented my bill for his last lawsuit, 'Flycashington vs. The Moon Mining Co.'

Malden (impatiently). What did Smiggles tell you?

Blynders. That you had paid the old man's arrears of office rent, and that he stormed when he found it out, like a proud old fool.

Malden. Don's dare to speak of him disrespectfully.

Blynders. Not for the world.

Malden. Smiggles is a babbling idiot.

Blynders. Ah, Malden, you love the daughter and you save the father. The daughter scorned me, and I bow to the blow. It was a losing game for both of us. (*Malden stamps impatiently.*)

Enter HANNAH.

Hannah (handing card). A gentleman for you, Mr Malden.

Malden (reading card). William H. Oroide, M. C., Silver City, Nevada. Oroide? Oroide? Billy Oroide? Can it be possible? Show the gentleman up.

Hannah (looking spitefully at Bly). With the greatest of pleasure, sir. (*Goes out.*) This way, sir. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter OROIDE He bows pompously.*)

Mal. Mr. Oroide?

Or. The same, sir. Pardon me; you may have permitted me to slip from your memory; but, sir, it will be an easy task to recall the time when we were friends together. Time has festooned our brows with honors in the interim, and if it has plucked a few hairs from my head, it is that, like the bald eagle of the mountains, I should raise an undaunted scalp to the highest heavens.

Mal. You are identified, Mr. Oroide. My old mining acquaintance, the Fourth of July orator of Burnt Bottom, Utah.

Oroide. The same, sir. It is over seven years back, now, and, as the sun of opulence has risen upon me, let us dismiss that period of gloom and uncertainties. I have become a legislator, and wealth has haply followed on the path of influence.

Malden (aside). Every half-witted knave grows rich as Croesus.

Bly. (aside) A statesman of the Sierras! but his philosophy is sound and civilized.

Oroide. Business of a gigantic character has brought me from Washington, and I determined to see you. I should like to have you breakfast with me to-morrow at the Fifth Avenue.

Mal. I fear I shall be busy to-morrow.

Oroide. I shall be in town for a few days. (*Lowering his tone and drawing near Malden.*) The fact is, I have a little plan to submit to you, by which an independent fortune could be made at a single stroke. But we'll talk further of that—

Blynders (coming forward. Aside.) Perfectly white, perfectly black. I never miss a chance of knowing a Congressman. (*Aloud.*) Ahem, ahem! Ah. Mr. Malden, won't you do me the favor of presenting me to the Hon. Mr. Oroide, whom I've heard so much of?

Malden (reluctantly). This is Mr. Blynders, one of our young lawyers. Mr. Oroide---

Oroide (shaking hands with Bly.) The law, my young friend, which produced Lycurgus and Daniel Webster, always commands my warmest admiration. Delighted, sir.

Bly. I have had the pleasure of reading your powerful Congressional speeches, sir. Ah, Congressman! you are one of the lucky ones.

Oroide. Luck, my dear sir, is shaking the cards until you draw a straight flush, and then raising the ante.

Bly. Precisely.

Oroide. Luck is perseverance. Take the latest case: a man worth nothing yesterday worth millions to-day.

Malden (carelessly). Who's that, Oroide?

Oroide. An old operator. Grim old chap, Flycashington.

Malden. }
 Blynders. } Flycashington!

Malden. What is it? What has enriched him? How is it?

Oroide. Do you know him? Queer old fellow. He's had a crotchet that he'd never entirely sell a title to undeveloped mining lands. He bought what he could, but scarce ever sold anything, though often on the brink of starvation.

Malden. I know all that.

Oroide. Bless my soul, you do look excited. Well, six months ago, when he was on his bottom dollar, he sold a one-eighth interest in a mine in Utah to a practical miner that had accumulated a little money, and Mr. Miner, with about ten thousand in machinery, has opened a vein of ore that's ninety per cent. silver—not a mere "pocket" or "chimney, but a regular rock-and-rock lode. Big thing, very big thing! It is exciting, isn't it? The street's on fire about it. Old Flycashington was very shrewd about it. Three knowing operators got wind of it before he did, and came to buy his seven-eighths for a trifle, just to help an old friend. He smelt the mice, gentlemen, asked them to wait, went out, pawned his watch, telegraphed to Salt Lake City, "Anything up in Blue Gulch Beauty?" got the answer, "A hundred tons of ore, ninety per cent. silver, going East." Came back to his office, kicked the three knowing operators, downstairs, and stood coolly surveying the scene of his triumph, like Washington crossing the Delaware, monarch of all he surveyed—on ice. The metaphor is mixed, but the act is historic.

Bly. Bravo, Congressman, bravo!

Malden (aside). Lost! Lost!

Bly (aside). A silver mine! Three operators kicked downstairs. He'll want his lawyer. (*Crossing to Malden.*) Malden, I congratulate you. (*Bowing.*) *Au revoir.* Mr. Oroide That's the death-blow to Malden's hopes. (*Tears up puff.*) Perfectly white, perfectly black. [Exit.

Oroide. Now, Malden, that we are alone, let me first say that I am astounded to see you grubbing your life away in journalism. Nobler, richer, more glorious placers lie on every side of you, ready to be worked. You, with your splendid talents, your college training, burning the midnight oil—daily, I may say—for a mere living; while I, who have had to stick every feather of my educational plumage into my wings, as I journeyed through life, am soaring in the empyrean of fortune.

Malden (dreamily). Make haste to be rich!

Oroide. That's it, my lad. My story agitates you. Well, it may. Why, when I recall the gallant Malden of the frontier, the daring boy who rode like a Centaur, who would sooner be in an Indian fight than surveying the Territory as was his duty. Above all, the hero of the Cut-throat Canyon rescue. I do not wonder that his blood is stirred.

Malden. I loved adventure, but not of your sort.

Oroide. Now listen to my plan. I own a silver mine in Nevada, enormously valuable. It wants some capital. I want to place it in the market here.

Malden. Then you must go to Wall street.

Oroide. I know, but it must first catch Wall street's eye and ear. I want it introduced with a flourish of newspaper trumpets. Then the walls of capital shall fall before it as the walls of Jericho. You can do this for me.

Malden. Enough. Don't make me angry. (*Walking aside.*) Oh,

Frances, Frances, let your pure spirit have my honor in its keeping. Why should temptation come at such a time?

Oroide (aside). It grows upon him, (to *Malden*). Come, think it over; weigh it fairly. I'm going to call on Flycashington. (*Malden starts*) the new millionaire. By the way, is he a man of family now? You appear to have some knowledge of him.

Malden. He is a widower and has an only daughter. Why?

Oroide. H'm. It is a Napoleonic thought, but to wed silver mine to silver mine is an idea. Goodby, *Malden*. to-morrow!

(*Exit.*)

Malden (solus). Wed silver mine to silver mine! Never! Oh, God, to think that Honor should falter, and be but stung to life by a scorching from the fork-tongued flame of jealousy. Is all this real? Who can say how even her love shall stand the golden test? Can my strong love unaided be the *aqua regia* to dissolve the golden chains they'll hang around her heart? We shall see, (*looks at the letter*). "Make haste to be rich" Is there no shibboleth but that? (*Takes his hat*). I shall see her father and note if fortune changes him, (*reads*). "Let us have an article for to-morrow on the present rage for rapid fortunes." Rubbish! No one would read it.

(*Exit.*)

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II. *Flycashington's Office, one-third of stage to R. partitioned off--iron railing with gate in front of door in flat, R. C.*

Lounge.	Glass door.	High stool.
		Office desk.
	Partition.	

R.

L.

SMIGGLES and BENNY discovered—Smiggles seated on his high stool, reading an evening paper.

Smig. Phew! two columns in the *Evening Flash*. That's fame at a jump. "Flycashington's millions," (*gets down from stool and comes down stage*). Ahem! (*reads*), "Owing to the courtesy of "the gentlemanly cashier of the firm, Mr. Alfred Smiggles, we are "enabled to state"—That is delicious—and true. (*Opens a huge book*). Lord, who'd a thought it? (*reads*). "Blue Gulch Beauty, Claim 114, Utah, 14th day of June, 1870." Bought it for \$600 cash, a mule and a navy revolver; value of mule, \$40. Oh, my, what a mule that must have been, value of revolver \$15, Jacob Sharp, *alias* Cross-Eyed Jake—that's a handsome name to sell a silver mine with.

Enter BLYNDERS, as Smiggles is reading.

Bly. (outside railing) Perfectly white, perfectly black! (*to Benny*). Is Mr. Flycashington in!

Benny. Ask Mr. Alfred Smiggles, the gelemelly cashier.

Smiggles, (looking up—patronizingly). Ah! How do you do Blynders? How dy do?

Benny (aside). My! Can't he put on style!

Bly. (advancing smiling to desk). Mr. Smiggles—

Benny. Hu-hum! (*grinning*).

Smig. Benjamin!

Bly. Mr. Smiggles, allow me to congratulate you on your great good fortune. I was pleased to see your name mentioned with that of your principal.

Benny. Ain't he laying it on thick?

Smig. Yes; it was bound to come. No young, half-starved lawyers will do for us now. We'll go into the great American Injunction line, heavy, if anybody wants it.

Bly. (aside). Can I be too late, (*smiling faintly*). Has Mr. Flycashion seen any lawyer since his good fortune?

Smig. I should say so; I have referred six creditors already to Skinner, Spike and Club.

Bly. (aside). I am too late.

Smig. I mentioned your name, Blynders; told him you'd do things cheap; but the Blue Gulch Beauty has put prices all wrong in his head. There she is, (*slapping book and going down L, beckons Benny, who comes over to him; shakes his finger at Benny*).

Bly. Dear me! Let me see! Ah, Claim 114, Blue Gulch, Utah, Cross-Eyed Jake, 14th June, 1870, (*writing stealthily on his cuff*), "114, 14th June, 1870." I'll remember the rest. If Flycashion won't be my client, somebody else will—(*going down to Smiggles*). My dear Mr. Smiggles, once more I congratulate you. Congratulate your principal for me. Good-by, (*aside*). Ha!—Imperfectly white, perfectly black. (*Exit*).

Smig. "Mr. Smiggles! Your principal" elegant.

Benny. He was a-stuffing you, Smiggles!

Enter MISS DOLBY and FRANCES, in walking dress; they stop at gate.

Smiggles. Jupiter! Here's Miss Frances, and her aunt! (*rubs his hands and bows repeatedly*).

Dolby. Come along, Frances. Have courage, child.

Frances. Oh! aunt, dear; we've only two hours left. What will papa say when he sees me here?

Dolby. What will he say? 'The Sheriff's nothing new to him. He's got just an hour to raise the money.

Frances. Yes; but he's so unfortunate of late, I'm sure he'll not get it. If I could only tell Mr. Malden.

Dolby. Come, come! What is the matter with you, man? (*to Smiggles who has been grinning and bowing profusely*).

Smig. Oh, nothing, madam. Will you not please step into Mr. Flycashion's private office. He will return presently.

Frances. Oh! could you not find him at once?

Dolby. Come, child! You must not let your father's employés know the business of our visit.

Benny stands at door of private office bowing in imitation of Smiggles.

Dolby. You, too, you little varmint, (*pulling his ear*).

Benny blubbers. *Dolby and Frances enter private office R. and take chairs.*

Smiggles, (waving Benny back to his chair). They don't look as if they'd heard of it. I shall at once—but how? I shall rush impetuously in and say—No! I shall walk boldly in—No! I shall advance pleasantly—that's it. "Have you heard the news?" "What

news, Mr. Smiggles?" "We are worth a million." Then one or both will fall upon my neck. Then, then that cursed Benuy will guy me for a week. No! I'll break it gently to them. (*Goes through a pantomime of breaking it gently.*)

Dolby. Sheriff indeed frighten him; he let's nothing scare him. I've seen every stick sold twice—when he was rolling in money up to the day of the crash; once before you were born, and once when your poor mother was only six months dead, and you a babe of two years old, and nobody but me to take care of you.

Enter OROIDE.

Oroide. Boy, is Mr. Flycashington in his office?

Benny. Ask Mr. Smiggles, the gelemelly cashier.

Oroide, (to Smiggles, advancing). Say to him that Congressman William H. Oroide of Silver City, Nevada, would be charmed to see him. (*Benny opens his eyes and mouth as Oroide announces himself.*)

Smiggles. Mr. Flycashington is not in, sir; pray be seated! (*Oroide sits.*)

Dolby. Hark! a Congressman for a visitor down town, and the Sheriff for a visitor up town.

Frances. A Congressman!

Oroide (to Benny, who is still staring at him). Boy, take heart, study, read up, polish yourself. You may be a Congressman, too.

Benny. Yes, sir! (*polishes himself.*)

Smiggles. Benjamin, sit down sir.

Oroide. Ah! Mr. Spiggles. Do not crush him; the boy who admires may aspire.

Benny. He's a regular crusher, sir, (*pointing.*)

Oroide. I should not have dreamed it of you, sir, (*opening paper and reading it.*)

Dolby. Now what on earth does your father want with Congressmen? It makes me so mad to think he'd waste his precious time on people that are paid for nothing but talking—and talking rubbish at that.

Enter FLYCASHINGTON.

Smiggles (to Oroide). Here's Mr. Flycashington.

Oroide rises slowly as Fly. advances coldly and inclines his head to him.

Frances. Here's papa; come aunty.

Dolby. No, my child, don't be impatient. The Congressman won't stay long—in a poor man's office.

Oroide. My dear old friend, it is a good many years since we met, out beyond the Rockies. You remember, Oroide?

Fly. Oh, perfectly, (*motions Oroide to a chair.*)

Oroide. I came to New York on business, yesterday, and happening down town, heard your name on every tongue, and—(*continues in low tone—business.*)

Frances. Oh, aunty dear, did your hear that? His failure is certain.

Dolby. That sounds very bad indeed.

Fly. Fortune, sir, fortune—I knew it would come (*business.*)

Frances. What will become of us, aunty?

Dolby. I'll open a singing-class or something, my dear (*aside.*) He's taking it cooler than ever this time.

Oroide. Now, if we could join hands on this proposition, we might own the Pacific slope. My mine was valued at half a million a year

ago. We've sold a million dollars worth of stock since. Now the ablest experts say that an extra half million.

Dolby. The man's mad to listen to him.

Oroide. That an extra half million put into the affair would make it worth three millions in six months. Now your mine, the Blue Gulch Beauty, is appraised on the last advice at three millions—you are the man to put in the other half million.

Frances (starting up). The Blue Gulch Beauty (*screams*) *Fly.* starts to his feet and rushes to the private office. *Frances* rushes out into his arms. *Dolby* rushes and embraces *Smiggles* and then *Oroide*.

Frances. Is it true? Millions!

Fly. It is, my darling, it is.

Frances bursts into tears. *Dolby* threatens *Smiggles*. *Oroide* and *Dolby* bow. *Benny* blubbers. *Smiggles* runs for water, and as he returns with it, seeing *Fly.* lead *Frances* into the private office, is about to drink it himself. *Dolby* takes it, drinks it, hands him the glass, and again bowing to *Oroide*, follows into private office and falls on a chair beside couch on which *Fly.* has laid *Frances*. *Fly.* slowly returns to main office. *Oroide* awaits him standing by the chair he rose from. *Smiggles* returns to his desk. *Benny* retires up stage and sits on his chair.

Fly. (*bowing apologetically*). My daughter, sir.

Oroide. Quite a charming incident.

Fly. (*absently*). What could have brought them here? They are here.

Oroide (arranging his shirt bosom). They are certainly here, sir.

Fly. Ah! yes! Your business

Oroide. You recall my proposition. I ask you to think favorably of it. Never was there such a chance to make millions——

Fly. (*emphatically*). No!

Oroide. No? Before you have considered it.

Fly. I was considering it—favorably perhaps, but, sure as you're born, mistakenly so. The voice of my child came to change my mind.

Oroide. My dear sir, this is superstition.

Fly. You've been at the mines, *Oroide*; so have I. You've sat at the gaming table, so have I. You know how such a cry would direct your steps or your play; how you'd quit a mine that gave you such a cry; how, hearing it, you'd change your color if your money was in chips.

Oroide. But miners' fears are children's fancies.

Fly. We're miners still, still children.

Oroide. Well, *Flycashington*, I must choose a better moment.

Fly. Call when you will, sir, (*bows*).

Smiggles! (*Smiggles approaches*).

Oroide (aside—going). He'll consent in a week, if not to this at least——confound her cry. Silver mine and silver mine, glorious idea, (*to Fly.*) I shall call soon. [*Exit pompously.*]

Smiggles (to Fly.) Not two minutes before you returned, sir, I was just about to break the good news gently when Mr. *Oroide* stepped in.

Fly. goes gently to the door of office and looks in—*Dolby* motions him not to disturb *Frances*, who is sleeping. He turns away smiling. Enter MALDEN. *Fly.* frowns and advances slowly to meet him.

Malden. Oh, Mr. *Flycashington!*

Fly. Good day, sir.

Malden (aside). He's like ice in winter.

Fly. You have heard, sir?

Malden (gladly). I have.

Fly. You have come to congratulate me?

Malden. I have, (*confusedly*).

Fly. You have another reason.

Malden. I have—(*feeling in his pocket*).

Fly. You shall not mention her name, sir.

Mald. Oh, sir; you are harsh too soon.

Fly. Speak gently, Mr. Malden. Sit down and listen to me (*they sit close together*). Now, sir, all that you have dreamed on this matter, let it only be a dream. It is past—in the past which has sprung backward a lifetime in a day—as far as from three millions to poverty.

Malden. That is sometimes not so far.

Fly. We shall not go back all the way to where my struggle with life began. As the California gold fever died out, I found myself wealthy, wealthier than to-day, when Wall street is on fire with my gains. I lived in a whirl of such triumphant money-getting, that nothing was too daring for me. I had no thought of resting to enjoy. I married millions. I loved my money—but only as the engineer loves his engine—as something that rushed me with a glorious giddy speed along, taking carload after carload of wealth at my heels. No matter what the load, I had nerve and steam to carry it all. There was a smash! No one could explain it. Some said the panic; some said a wild tunnelling enterprise; I tell *you*, it was luck. I fell on my feet; shaken badly, cut a little, but not hurt internally. I set to work again. You know how the engine-driver goes after an accident, careful, watchful, keen, cold. By-and-by he feels the throb of the engine in his blood. He is late, as I was getting on the road to fortune; the road is clear as far as he can see; he puts on more steam; he sees the lights of the city glimmer afar; he forgets his caution; he strains forward, and, he who was spared before, with the throttle-valve open rushes to doom. Do you follow me?

Mald. Anxiously!

Fly. There was another smash. Everybody then shook his head and said: "Flycashington's luck." I tell *you* it was Flycashington's FOLLY; the luck never was fairer. I had my troubles at the time. Heaven knows that half my speculative madness was a yearning to bury heart-sorrow under million-glee. So, I was wifeless as well as penniless. I think that then I should have sunk quietly out of sight, but for a wee voice that cried to me. It was inspiration.

Mald. I believe it.

Fly. Mr. Malden, it seemed a cry that came too late. I saw around me men who had toiled slowly and surely up to wealth. I could not at my time of life begin that plodding which brings solid fortune here. I was forced to stumble on in the career of hazard that had been mine for twenty years. There was a smile of pity for me among those who did not harden their faces into the blank that meets a stranger. So I set my teeth and moved about with the evil whisper of my recklessness, my folly, my luck—Flycashington's luck—going before me like a cloud to warn trust, credit, friendship away.

Malden. Friendship, sir?

Fly. Had I been childless, sir, as well as wifeless, even your protestations had been wanting; I know the world, Mr. Malden. I feel that I have illconcealed the bitterness that beset me, when I saw you winning your way to a wife from my house. Not that I

underrated you, but your poverty was a reproach to me, and your favors galled me.

Malden. What else could I do? You were her father; your sorrow was hers. Why then should the poverty which broke its crust with yours gall you?

Fly. It stung me to think that the poor should aspire where, if John G. Flycashington had not been a fool, the wealthy would have counted their hoards twice before raising their eyes, not to say their hopes.

Malden. But I have a future?

Fly, (sarcastically). We'll pass that by. You've heard enough, sir, to know that now, when the luck of the sneered-at Flycashington the curiosity of the street, the Flycashington of a phrase, has turned; when he has retaken his place among the plutocrats, that he will snap every link that bound him to pauperdom—not for myself, for another. I am a watch dog as well as a father. Now, sir; do you understand me? (*rising*).

Malden (rising). I did not expect this harshness, sir. Surely you could not rate your daughter like a chattel to be weighed against so much gold. And if you could, would you debar the man who loves her as his life, whom *she* loves, from contending for the prize—a prize I would lay down my life for.

Fly. Granting that for an instant. What are your chances? None, absolutely none. Lose no time dreaming of them.

Malden. It shall not be a dream. Mark me, sir. Your harshness cannot break either heart or hope. Toil shall tell for me, and luck may come my way as well as yours.

Fly. Have we any further, business, sir?

Malden (staggered). Business! business! I forgot (*drawing paper from his pocket*). Here is the prospectus you begged me to write.

Fly. I am obliged to you, sir. How much do I owe you for it?

Malden. Owe me! Nothing! When did you ever say that before?

Fly. When could I till now.

Malden. Is this insult necessary to drive me forth?

Fly. Silence, sir. You may disturb by daughter.

Malden. Frances here. Great Heavens!

[*Exit*].

(*Fly. watches Malden out--crumples the prospectus in his hand and throws it away*).

Frances (awaking and starting up). I heard his voice, I'm sure of it. I was dreaming such bright dreams, but he called to me so madly that it cannot be all a dream. Aunt, was Malden here?

Dolby. Bless me, child. You send a cold shiver through me.

Frances. Was he here?

Dolby (hesitating). No; he was not here.

Frances. I heard his voice too plainly for a dream. (*Stares dreamily*).

(*Dolby whispers to her and places her arm around Frances' head*).

Fly. (suddenly to Smiggles). Smiggles. How much has Mr. Malden lent us?

Smiggles. \$180, sir.

Fly. Write a check for \$1,000, payable to Mr. Mortimer Malden (*aside*). That will repay him handsomely and end the business.

Smiggles (writing check). The independent press is a great institution, the bulwark of our liberties. A hundred and eighty dollars turns into (*writing*) one thousand dollars, when it's owed to the fear-

less and unpurchasable guardian of our rights (*writing*) Mr. Mortimer Malden. Here it is, sir. (*Tears off check*).

Fly. examines check, takes a pen slowly and signs it, puts it in envelope.

Frances (*during business of writing check*). Let us join my father. He is alone now. I'll ask him to send word of our good fortune to Mr. Malden.

Dolby. Good fortune, my child, has a hundred wings to carry itself on.

Fly. (*hands check to Benny*). Take that to the office of the New York Colossus. [*Exit Boy*].

Frances (*entering main office*). Oh, papa, I am all right now. Oh, it was too much for me. And it is all true?

Fly. (*taking her hands*). True, every word. You shall have horses, carriages, jewels—everything that your heart can wish.

Frances. Everything? How delightful! Aunt, dear, faithful old aunt, did you hear that? How glad our dear friend, Mr. Malden, will be to hear it.

[*Dolby makes a grimace*].

Fly (*sternly*). Frances, Mr. Malden has heard it. He has .but this instant left here. I have sent after him a check paying him handsomely for all his trouble and outlay upon us.

Frances. It was his voice I heard. Paid him! like one of your soulless creditors. Father, it will break his heart.

Fly. He must know you no more. The money will soon mend his heart.

Frances. Father! you who have so often and so bitterly upbraided the world for ingratitude; you who have taken service after service at his hands until friendship is too weak a word for what you should feel for him; pay Mortimer! Father are you mad? Pay him in money whose bread you often broke.

Fly. His bread?

Frances. My aunt can tell you how often in the last half year he kept yourself and child; kept me, father, from knowing what hunger was.

Fly. What! he? he paid to furnish us with food! Oh, this is terrible, (*to Dolby*). Is it true?

Dolby. True? Your purse was often enough empty to know that butcher's meat could not be got out of it.

Frances. Father, can you pay him in money for that—for your child's life? Can you coin a heart like his with all your gold and give it back to him and say, "We're even, now?"

Fly. Frances, poverty has its sacrifices; mine have been many. Wealth has its sacrifices too; this is one of them; the first and not the last.

Frances. But his love?

Fly. That will soon fly closer to the earth, when he knows that you are far and forever above him, (*aside*). Had I known what I have just heard, I should have made his check \$2,000, (*goes up stage*).

(*Frances bursts into tears and flings herself on Dolby's neck*).

Dolby. Don't cry, child. That's his old way come back to him.

Enter MR. and MRS. VARCOURT. Smiggles stands up on the rungs of his high stool. *Fly.* goes up to meet them.

Fly. You received my telegram?

Mr. V. Yes! oh, yes! (*aside*). What is that fellow staring at? Awfully glad to hear you are well off again. Don't absolutely hate

poor people, but can't see the use of them. Delighted to hear you are rich. How did you do it? I can't imagine how people make money, eh?

Fly. (to Mrs. V.) This is my daughter, Frances. Frances, Mr. and Mrs. Varcourt.

Mrs. V. (kissing Frances). I am so glad that I shall have my niece. I've thought of you so often, my dear.

Fly. This is my cousin, Miss Zenobia, Dolby.

(Dolby bows stiffly---the ladies converse).

Mr. V. I dare say you'll have time to come round and smoke a cigar with me now. All the other old fellows have become frightful bores.

Fly. Oh, certainly (aside), Even this old hollow-head must be courted, for Frances must have position.

Mr. V. I'm so glad (aside). I suppose this old hard-head will be a bore like the rest, but then he's a change,

Enter BENNY, he stares at Mr. V.

Dolby. Oh, my, the Deputy Sheriff.

(All others except Frances). What?

Dolby. He'll sell us out at four o'clock if we haven't the money.

Mr. V. What will he sell us out for?

Dolby. Our furniture.

Fly. Oh, let it go.

Frances. But my mother's picture.

Fly. I'd forgotten that.

Mr. V. My dear cousin, don't let family pictures go. They're worth any money in New York now. Why people buy ancestors that way when they haven't ancestors any other way. There are the Smiths, the crockery people, who bought three old bottle-nosed fellows in ruffs a month ago at auction. They've labelled them Van Schmidt, or Ten-Schmidt, or something with a Knickerbocker sound. Oh, browned and cracked old burgomasters never go less than \$500. Anything in Continental uniform and a wig is worth \$200. I've seen a wooden-faced young lady with powdered hair, three beauty spots, a high waist and a low neck bid up to \$150. Miss Wattles, who was raised on a coal oil farm, or something of that greasy nature, now simpers out in front of it, "My great grandmaw." I've known one man turn his patriotic great grandfather into a Tory because he had picked up cheap in London the picture of some old English colonel in a red coat. A genuine French Marquis is worth \$1,000 and the ancient Irish Kings fetch fabulous prices. Then, to think of a real relation in oil sold by the Sheriff---it's madness.

Mr. Var. Oh, yes, keep your ancestors by all means.

Mrs. V. Come, our carriage is at the Broadway entrance, we'll just have time. What an experience!

Exeunt going R., Dolby and Mrs. Varcourt, followed by Fly. and Varcourt. Francis last of all and slowly.

Smiggles. He never offered me a check, never left me a red. I'm no better off than yesterday.

Enter MALDEN, C. from L., excitedly.

Malden, Gone! (showing check). This comes from here!

Smiggles. Yes, (takes it, examines it). All in good shape. Mr. Malden,

Re-enter FRANCES.

Malden. Tell your master (*seeing Frances*). Oh, Frances, if you join in this insult, I shall bow to it all.

Frances (excitedly). I do not, Mortimer. I stole back just now to send a message, saying:

Re-enter FLYCASHINGTON.

Fly. I'll speak the message. Sir, my daughter shall know you no more.

Frances. Father! (*he draws her towards the door*).

Malden. She alone can speak that message. When it comes I shall arm myself for any fate, whether it brings me a life's despair or the happiness for which I live. To you, sir, my answer is, **THERE!** (*tearing check and throwing it on the floor.* *Tableau.*)

Frances.

Fly.

R.

Benny.

L.

Smiggles.

Malden.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Scene. *The brand new parlors of the Flycashington mansion—lavishly and loudly decorated—opening into conservatory with tropical plants and statuary at back.* *Doors R. and L.*

Conservatory.

Ottoman.

Lounge.

Table.

R.

L.

Mrs. Varcourt, Frances and Miss Dolby discovered seated R—Fly-cashington and Mr. Varcourt seated at table, L.

Fly. Come, I'll play no more cards. It's as tiresome as doing nothing. I'd scarcely have dreamed it was so difficult.

Var. I call whist serious work.

Fly. (aside). Yes, for old women.

Var. One more rubber my dear fellow. Let us have a pack of cards at least that won't look brand new. Everything in your house has such a confoundedly new set about it that a man feels as if he was sitting in the window of a house furnishing store.

Enter Servant with letter on tray to Fly.

Mrs. Var. (looking over album). Dear me! the gilding is not dry on the edges. All new faces, too—

Frances. And every picture on the new style of card.

Mrs. Var. Yes, it's like a walk down Broadway—a jumble of every-day common-places. Have you nothing, my dear, ten days in the world?

Fly. (glancing at letter). Glorious news from the mine. An honest fellow is Tom Carter. Read that, Varcourt.

Varcourt (examining letter). The writing is large enough, John G., but the spelling is awful and the language mysterious. [*Reads*]. "Respected Pardner."

Fly. Partner.

Var. [*Reads*]. "She pans out beautiful, we've struck it heavy."

Fly. The mine is yielding well; that's all plain.

Var. Why couldn't he say so. [*Reads*]. "The shaft is going down lively and the hoist is well sot up."

Fly. Fine executive head.

Var. Very poor executive hand.

Fly. He's wonderful with the crowbar.

Var. I think he writes with it. [*Reads*]. "Ritin' these yer letters is mighty hard on me, and you might run that little sprig of yours out yer to do it for me." He is honest in that, John G. [*Reads*]. "This mornin'," how he does hate the letter G. [*Reads*]. "This mornin' I kem near skinnin' alive an old Mormon. He calls himself a Possle, Apostle with a capital P. [*Reads*]. A Possle wot was a sneakin' around the claim, lookin' for bounderees, he said. Howsomever I only bounced him. No more at present from—Tom Carter." He only bounced him; on his new hoist, I suppose.

Fly. It's all simple enough when you're a week or two at the mines.

Var. And come back ready to skin people alive, and "bounce" them, and "hoist" them, I suppose. John G., I'll play you another game of whist.

Fly. No, no; whist is too slow after such glorious news.

Var. I suppose you feel more in the humor for "hoisting" or "bouncing" somebody.

Enter Servant, L.

John. Captain Varcourt!

Mrs. Var. Ah! my son! Now, Frances, take care of your heart.

Frances. My heart!

Dolby (aside). Thinking of Malden yet. Ah, it takes more than a month to forget a lover, even when he was a fraud—as mine was in 1848.

Enter CAPTAIN VARCOURT, L.

Captain Var. Mother, dear. I only arrived an hour ago, and hastened down to join you and father (*clapping him*) and our new found relatives—(*bowing*).

Dolby (as she rises) (aside). Just as if we hand't been in New York any time these fifteen years.

Mrs. Var. Arthur, let me present you to your cousin Frances, to her aunt, Miss Dolby and to Mr. Flycashington. [*Business*].

Fly. Captain, you are welcome to our house; be seated, pray, and let us become acquainted.

Captain V. Of course. Why, I got leave for nothing else. My dear mother telegraphed me a week ago to Camp Douglass and sent a letter that met me at Chicago, telling me all about your good fortune, and I was extremely glad to hear it; I was, indeed.

Fly. That's frankly said, Captain.

Var. (aside to *Fly*) Too frank, John G. for Mrs. V.

Mrs. Var. (aside). Just as full of blundering simplicity as his father. Ah! They were made for an age when there were no anxious mothers.

Mr. Var. Arthur, my dear boy, are those polygamous old Mormons as—ah—as polygamous as ever?

Dolby. Oh, my! oh, the wretches!

Mrs. Var. Varcourt, how can you be so thoughtless— before the girls.

Capt. V. (aside). Quite a nice little cousin.

Fly. Captain! Your father, you and I shall talk over the affairs of Utah with a cigar after dinner. I'm sure the ladies will take care of you. Come, Varcourt, I want to show you my new billiard table.

Mr. Var. John G., I'm making myself a martyr to this little American Institute Fair of yours (*to Capt. V.*). Take care of cousin, Arthur.

Exeunt FLY. and VAR., L.

Dolby (aside). Utah! Polygamy! Just like the greedy men to keep their choicest stories to puff, puff, puff, along with their horrid cigars.

Mrs. Var. Frances darling, I wish you and my son to be the best of friends.

Frances. You are so kind, aunt.

Capt. V. Mother, dearest! In the army a fellow is not thought worth his salt that cannot fight his own battle with the ladies— after an introduction.

Dolby (aside). In the army—oh, my!--lie still 1848, (*laying her hand on her heart*).

Mrs. Var. Then an introduction is a declaration of war. Very well. Come, Miss Dolby, you spoke of a new set of tapestries for the reception room. I should like to see them.

Dolby (laying aside her knitting). Well, it's pleasant to hear you ask to see something new.

Mrs. Var. Ah, but there's an antique sound in the word tapestry.

Exeunt MRS. VAR and DOLBY, R.

Capt. V. It seems so strange, Miss Frances, to find an uncle in New York that only lived in a cloudy sort of way, come to life as it were a fine stately gentleman, with everything solid and bright about him.

Frances. Yes, I believe they do say that a man who is poor lives under a cloud.

Capt. V. And then to find that out of the cloud should come an angel that I had no idea was anywhere. [*Frances blushes*]. I beg pardon, Miss Frances, [*Aside*]. What an awkward compliment.

Frances (aside). He did not even know that I was alive these eighteen years.

Capt. V. Well, you must tell me all about it, cousin Frances. It's quite a romance, is it not?—fairy's wand sort of business?

Frances. I don't know; it seems to have changed every one around me. Would you not like to see our new conservatory, captain?

Capt. V. Delighted, and you shall tell me the whole story.

(*Offers his arm; she takes it. They go up to conservatory at back and look off R.*)

Frances. "Forget Me Nots"---"Love Lies Bleeding."

Enter MALDEN, L., followed by SMIGGLES.

Capt. V. "Prickly Cactus," what a ridiculous contrast. [*Conversing.*]

Exeunt R. U. E.

Malden (*watching them off*). So soon forgotten. So soon replaced.

Smiggles (*pointing to conservatory*). Lovely, ain't it? Does you good to see the Captain and Miss Frances and all the other flowers, don't it?

Malden. Silence. How dare you? Since you've taken into your hands the servant's task of announcing me, go about the servant's business.

Smiggles. Do! Go! Do you know that I belong to this house?

Malden. So does the door-mat. Go! (*threateningly*).

Smiggles. Oh, I'll go (*aside*). Blessed if he don't look mad (*to Malden, while retreating R.*) Guess you fancy you're wiping your aristocratic feet on me already (*aside*). Can't come the lordly over him.

[*Exit R.*]

Malden (*solus*). Who is he? What matters who he is. The message Frances was to send me has not come. She has adopted her father's harsh substitute. Is her heart, indeed, as far from mine as millions from poverty? Oh for five seconds alone with her! One glance now would bid me hope and fight forever. I would sweep a locust swarm of lovers before me were they rich as all the mines from the Rockies to the Golden Gate. But here I stand, a forbidden guest in her father's Palace of Aladdin; stabbed with doubt at the very threshold; sneered at by his underlings---here, in spite of myself, like Fate. He is coming. Nerve yourself heart; Malden keep the iron from your soul.

Enter FLYCASHINGTON and MR. VARCOURT, R.

Mr. Var. (*to Fly*). A pretender to the hand of your daughter. I'd have the servant put him out.

(*Goes down R. and sits; takes up a newspaper*).

Fly. (*arresting himself R.*) (*aside*). They may call it harshness; it is but justice---the kind of justice dealt out to me when I was down. She suffers yet, poor child, but it will save her misery in years to come. For her, my darling, all I did was done. For him, despite his pride, I have no compunctions. His sufferings, if he suffers, shall be her safeguard.

Var. I've often wished to see a reporter or "our special commissioner"---one of those fellows who go round interviewing people.

Fly. (*advancing to C*). Before I even ask, sir, the nature of your business, let me warn you to leave one subject untouched. If, as the name of the *New York Colossus* upon your card would indicate, you are here journalistically, pray proceed with your business at once.

Var. (*aside*). I'd never think of saying all that. Devilish clever man, Flycashington.

Malden. Such is my business, Mr. Flycashington, and to be brief about it, my intention.

Var. Good! They commence level after all.

Fly. Be seated sir. (*They sit*).

Malden. I am commissioned, Mr. Flycashington, to request of you some facts concerning your famous mine---the Blue Gulch

Beauty, its actual yield so far and a few other points--a ridiculous rumor being current on Wall street that it was going to be a second edition of the Little Ellie.

Var. By Jove, it *will* be an interview; this is interesting.

Fly. Is that all, sir?

Malden. That is all.

Fly. The facts I have no objection to give, sir--altho' they concern no one but my partner and myself. We have no intention of issuing stock in it, and, hence, if it "peters out," no one can be swindled.

Var. "Peters out," what's that, I wonder, (*to Fly.*) John G., excuse me, but, before I forget it, what does "peters out" mean?

Fly. (to Var.) The mine becomes exhausted.

Var. (aside). Ah! then it's when Peter's in you want to own a mine (*to Fly.*) Keep your eye on Peter---John G.

Fly. (to Mal.) I feel somewhat indignant, sir, that this should be your errand here---to ask me, in point of fact, if I am a swindler.

Mal. The visit is not of my seeking, sir. They were not aware that I had been acquainted with you. They knew, as you do, that I have traveled over the ground where your mine lies. This led to my selection. I felt the humiliation it implied, but a journalist obeys orders. Give me the facts, sir, and let me go (*rising*).

Var. (aside). When I read this sort of thing in an interview, I often wonder the story does not conclude---"here the special commissioner was kicked into the street." It requires great nerve to interview a man like John G..

Fly. rises slowly during foregoing, goes to table and rings gong.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Fly. Call Mr. Smiggles! (*Exit Servant, R.*) *Fly.* You shall have the facts, sir. (*Aside.*) He looks as if he was telling the truth. He does feel humiliated I'm glad of it.

Var. He has beaten John G., after all (*rising and approaching Fly.*) It's too bad, old fellow, but the reporter has whipped you badly. Won't you introduce me?

Fly. The gentleman is here on buisness.

Var. Then I'll introduce myself. My name is Varcourt. I like pluck--your sort of quiet pluck. Your name is---

Mal. Malden.

Var. That's quite a good name, Flycashington. I'd like to know how it feels, to be interviewed. Mr. Malden, and I would be this instant, if it cost me a hundred dollars, only Mrs. Varcourt would never give me peace afterwards.

Malden. We never interview people, Mr. Varcourt, that have nothing to say worth printing.

Var. The deuce!--(*aside*). That's as much as to say, I'm one of those people. My wife is right. Her advice is---let everything newspaperly alone.

Enter SMIGGLES, R.

Fly. Here, Smiggles, take this gentleman to the library and give him all the facts he desires about the Blue Gulch Beauty.

Smiggles. This way, Mr. Malden.

Malden (crossing R., bows to Fly and Var.) (aside). This is exquisite torture.

[*Exeunt Malden and Smiggles, R. On Malden's last words, Frances*

appears in conservatory at back with a flower in her hand. She recognizes Malden and totters against a pedestal. Capt. V. joins her. She makes a sign that it was dizziness, and, taking his arm, passes off L., but looking back.]

Var. That's a devilish smart young fellow, able journalist, I've no doubt.

Fly. (*drily*). So they say.

Var. Poor, too. Poverty's a great nuisance, but I suppose it's necessary in order to make rich people feel comfortable. There ought to be a fund some where to endow young fellows like that.

Fly. (*ironically*). You have very liberal and practical ideas, Varcourt.

Var. So my wife says, but, like you, I know she doesn't mean it.

Enter SERVANT, with card on tray, L.

Fly. (*reading card*). Show the gentleman in. Oroide again!

Exit Servant, L.

Var. That star-spangled Congress-man, that wants to marry your mine to his, and your daughter to himself. I can only take him in small doses.

Enter SERVANT then OROIDE, L.

John. The Hon. Mr. Astor Oroide.

Oroide (*to servant*). The Honorable Wm. H. Oroide, M. C., or Congressman Wm. H. Oroide, if you will. Whatever your path in life, pick your steps; live and learn.

Exit Servant, L.

Var. (*aside*). I hate a man that's always coming down from the skies with a Sunday-school moral.

Oroide. Gentlemen, good day (*bowing, comes down stage and shakes hands—to Fly*). Miss Frances, her father and the Blue Gulch Beauty are, I trust, flourishing. *Fly bows—to Varcourt*. Mr. Varcourt and his good lady are, as usual, superb (*Varcourt bows*).

Varcourt. Thanks. You must excuse me, Congressman. I want to speak to my son, who is some where about the house, under the charge of Miss Flycashington.

[*Exit through Conservatory*].

Oroide (*aside*). His son! I must bring matters to a crisis (*to Fly*). I hope, my dear sir, that you have given my double-winged proposition your favorable consideration. I am anxious to gain your consent.

Fly. Mr. Oroide, I have not changed my mind yet in regard to your mine.

Oroide. But, my dear sir, what could be a more auriferous or more argentiferous outlook?

Fly. With regard to my daughter, sir, the decision must, in some measure, be left in her own hands. It is too soon, in fact, to decide either proposition.

Enter MR. VARCOURT, R.

Var. I can't find them anywhere. Everywhere I go, I meet a man putting finishing touches to some brand new piece of the house.

Oroide. Ah, Mr. Varcourt, will you be my "guide, philosopher and friend," through the devious beauties of this gorgeous mansion?"

Var. I wish, John G., you'd have a catalogue printed; it's the deuce to remember everything.

Fly. I shall be happy to relieve you of the trouble. We'll visit the green parlor first.

[*Exeunt Oroide, Fly. and Var., L.*]

Frances (*entering from Conservatory*). I pleaded fatigue and Captain Varcourt has gone to the smoking-room. In my father's house, and from my father's glance, as a stranger. If I could see him—(*seating herself L. in front.*)

Enter SMIGGLES, R.

Smig. Up to his eyes in mining books, and his head swimming; I know it is. It was positively painful the way he glared at me when he looked up, so I left him to glare at the bust of George Washington. The Father of his Country can stand it.

[*Exit L.*]

Frances. He must be in the library. I dare not—

Enter MALDEN, R.

Malden. Where has Smiggles gone? He went this way.

Frances (*starting up*). Mortimer!

Malden (*steps forward and stops short*). At last, Frances, we have met. Would it were elsewhere than here—here where your father, not ten minutes since, has treated me with a scorn bitterer than the insult that he sent like a fiery arrow after my heels when last I saw you. And you—

Frances. Do not reproach me, Mortimer. One minute will explain all. You know my position. You know my father's iron will.

Malden. That does not count one straw with me, Frances. As I entered this room for the first time, I saw you leaning on another's arm and your smile answered his. Is the change your father prophesied completed, then?

Frances. That was my cousin, Captain Varcourt. Surely you cannot expect—

Malden. I expect all or nothing.

Frances. How often have I told you that no love of mine would ever pay you back?

Malden. Pay, pay, still pay.

Frances. Not as my father pays, but as a woman on whom heart and memory call for her richest stores.

Malden. Frances, Frances. Why do you leave me in doubt? For a whole month you have been silent. Now that I confront you, I see the ashes blown for a moment from the embers of your love, and it glows in your eyes once more; but for how long? When I am gone when the busy world closes on me; when the realms of wealth meet your gaze unobscured by my presence, will the fire grow dull, and the ashes of forgetfulness bury it again from human sight?

Frances. My heart has been in ashes, Mortimer.

Malden. Why, then, do you hesitate?

Frances (piteously). My father's love of me touches me to the soul. He who has struggled and won for me alone, who stands so lonely amid his wealth when I am not by. Can I desert him? You know not how he loves me.

Malden (bitterly). Ah, if you have decided as he decides; if the glitter of this new-born wealth has dazzled *him*, and he has blinded you to all the hallowed past, the bitter cup is full; but you, Frances, must bid me drink it.

Frances. No, no. You would not have me die. I cling to your love. You were so strong and pitiful when we were poor. You will be patient now.

Malden. Ah, then I had you near me; my soul could lay its love upon the altar of your heart, and hear the answer from the shrine as often as I asked. Now——patience, nothing more.

Frances. Mortimer, do you not see that the bitterer task is mine I am the weaker.

Malden (rushing forward, c.) Will you but tell me that you love me better than all the world beside?

Frances (waving him back). Some one's coming; it's my father's step. Oh, Heavens! Mortimer, I dare not disobey him; he has stepped between us. (*Sinks into chair*).

Malden. (starts back and retires R., muttering). Stepped between us! would he were not her father that I might curse him.

[*Exit R.*]

Enter OROIDE, L.

Oroide (c) I have dropped upon the little silver mine in a brown study. The Blue Gulch Beauty personified in one hundred and thirty pounds of female loveliness. I must not lose a second. The war-like captain is on the ground, but, unlike a soldier, he does not seem to hold it. (*pauses*). This is one of the moments when a man becomes conscious that he is bald.

Frances. He observes my agitation and mutters to himself. I cannot play the hypocrite, I must tell him that time cannot change me (*turning round*). Oh, father!

Oroide. Not quite, Miss Frances. The manner of your address, (*imitating her stretching forth her hands*) would delight me; but the title is one I should only be too happy to join you in.

Frances. Pardon me, Mr. Oroide, but I do not quite catch your meaning. (*Aside*); The man looks extraordinarily sly. Can he have overheard?

Oroide (bowing and advancing). If but we two were seated side by side, and that your parent entered, it would be a whole Pacific ocean in my breast could we turn to him and both say—"Oh, father!"

Frances. How could that be, Mr. Oroide? He's not old enough to be your father.

Oroide. In the far-off time, when the gods were young, ages before New York was New Amsterdam—and that is long ago—a sacred rite was instituted whereby full grown men took on new fathers and frequently new mothers. Do you not crack the peanut shell of my speech and extract the kernel of my meaning?

Frances. No, sir.

Oroide. If I say they took fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law.

Frances. Oh, you mean marriage.

Oroide. Angelic perception! You have made a bull's eye. Yes, that is what I mean. Let me not waste words in preface. I am the

Silver State Lode; you are the Blue Gulch Beauty. I am forty; you are twenty; that is in round numbers thirty each. You are lovely, I am strong. Together we would represent more silver, beauty and full-blown humanity than a string of freight cars from here to Omaha could carry. We should be the silver pair beside whom all other pairs would look silver-plated.

Frances (aside). I hear a step; my father's coming; thank heavens!

Enter FLYCASHINGTON and VARCOURT, L.

Frances. Oh, father (*rises smiling, meets him, kisses him, bows to Oroide and exits into Conservatory.*)

Var. Ah, Mr. Oroide, playing the gallant at your time of life.

Oroide (aside frowning). That remark I shall not resent; it is made on behalf of my rival, his son, (*to Var.*) Age, sir, is what the heart and sometimes what a wig makes it.

Enter SERVANT, L., with a card on tray.

Fly. (taking card). Nathaniel F. Blynders. What can he want?

Var. Congressman, John G. will never be done with business; let us leave him.

Oroide. Delighted, sir.

(*Exeunt Var. and Oroide into Conservatory.*)

Fly. (to John). Show him in.

[*Exit Servant, L.*]

Fly. (walking up and down). It would seem that I am to be forever beset by the people that knew me when I was poor—poor!—curse the thought. I shall make short work of them.

Enter SERVANT, then BLYNDERS, L. Servant is about to announce him, BLYNDERS waves him into silence.

Blynders (aside). Perfectly white, perfectly black! Good afternoon, Mr. Flycashington.

Fly. (haughtily). Your business, Mr. Blynders?

Bly. My dear Mr. Flycashington, let us not at once spring into the unpleasantness of business. It does me so much good to see my old friend so happy in the enjoyment of immense resources that I fain would dwell upon the sugar of life, before penetrating to the pill of business.

Fly. Pray don't waste your time, Mr. Blynders; too much of your sugar is nauseating.

Bly. Ah, my dear sir, the pill will correct that.

Fly. Mr. Blynders, drop metaphor and come to your business.

Bly. With a friend like you, whose early struggles I have known, it would be the depth of unfriendliness not to sugar-coat my little pill.

Fly. If you will not come to the point, sir, (*rising*) I shall have to request you to see my secretary, Mr. Smiggles (*going to the gong*).

Bly. Pray don't. Mr. Flycashington. If you only knew how reluctantly I come here, you would not treat me so harshly. (*Takes a white handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his eyes*). I have the most unbounded respect for yourself and your daughter, Miss Frances.

Fly. My daughter, sir, do you dare?

Bly. Oh, no! I once dared. But the adorable creature chose another for unhappy me. I allude to your future son-in-law, Mr.

Mortimer Malden—a worthy young man of talent, whose poverty is only temporary, I hope.

Fly. (aside). Is this a conspiracy to annoy me? I'll soon find out (to *Bly*). Do not refer again to Mr. Mortimer Malden in my presence.

Bly. (aside smiling bitterly). I thought Malden's hopes would experience a blight (to *Fly*). We all must make a beginning, Mr. Flycashington. [*Fly. glares at him*] pardon me. I forgot my little pill.

Fly. Whatever you wrap your purpose in, out with it. I have lost all patience. [*Bly. feels in his pocket*].

Enter VARCOURT and OROIDE, crossing Conservatory.

Varcourt. That scrubby lawyer there yet. I pity any man that knows a lawyer.

Oroide. The law, Mr. Varcourt, is a great profession. On the snowy summits of—

Bly. (observing Var. and Oroide). Ah, Mr. Oroide (rushing up stage). Delighted, delighted!

Oroide (to Bly.). Are the maxims of Blackstone still your guide, my promising young friend?

Fly. Gentlemen, pardon me. Mr. Blynders professes to have some business, which, however, I cannot get him to state. This to prevent loss of time. You understand me, Mr. Blynders. I give you two minutes to state your business. If you do not, my servants shall show you the door.

Bly. Sir, this is infamous; this is heartless. Insult a gentleman thus beneath your roof. I appeal to you, gentlemen, to judge. Actuated by the most humane motives, I have for the last five minutes deferred casting over Mr. Flycashington's fortune a shadow which I have in my possession. My reward is atrocious insult.

Oroide. What does this portend?

Var. He looks like a fellow that went about casting shadows professionally.

Fly. (excited and nervous). The man is crazy. I tell you, I shall in one minute spurn you from my house, or have you on your way to a lunatic asylum. What do you mean?

Bly. (aside). Pulse even. Perfectly white, perfectly black. I shall wait yet a moment; she may come. Then he may do as he pleases (to *Fly*.) Mr. Flycashington and gentlemen. It is my misfortune to be misunderstood. For the last six minutes, I have been holding the roof over the present possessor of this mansion. As an old friend of the family (gesture of surprise *Var.*; of indignation *Fly.*; of pooh pooh *Oroide*). Oh, yes, gentlemen, as an old friend I came here, but, unfortunately, as a lawyer also—as a lawyer a pill, as a friend, sugar-coating.

Fly. (aside). Can there be any truth in his croaking? Is there a bitter pill (to *Bly*.) Come, your time is up; relate your business or go!

Var. I think your sugar-coating, young man, is very thin.

Oroide (aside). There's something in it, or he would never thus dare; his head is too level.

Bly. (takes out his handkerchief). It was mistaken kindness (draws a paper from his tail pocket). I yield to the threat of brute force (as he arranges the papers). Ah, I am rejoiced to think that it needed the strongest compulsion to draw forth my duty to my client.

Enter Mrs. Varcourt and Miss Dolby, R.

Oroide. The ladies (*crosses over and bows them to seats.* *Mrs. Var. R. in front, Miss Dolby R. C.*)

Bly. (*folding papers—aside*) Is it she? No! I must wait; I know she will come. (*bowing*) Miss Dolby, delighted.

Miss D. bows stiffly—[Oroide, Fly. and Var. together.]

Dolby (*aside*). What can the creature want? I never could abide him. He used to soft-soap me with foreign mission fudge, but I like to see prayers not villany inside the cover of a prayer book. You needn't scrape to me. Ugh!

Bly. Shall I proceed?

Fly. Go on!

Bly. Ladies you will excuse me (*continues aheming and folding papers*)

Var. (*aside*). 'Pon my word I agree with Flycashington, this man should be kicked out. Where's Arthur? He'd soon make an end of him.

Bly. It has always been my rule, ladies, I assure you, to relegate business to its proper sphere, but now a threat of force obliges me to proceed here, in the midst of the family circle.

(*Captain Varcourt and Frances pass through Conservatory at back.*)

Mr. Var. (*observing them*). Arthur, my dear boy, come here.

(*Captain Varcourt bows apologetically to Frances, who advances dejectedly towards Miss Dolby whom she bends over and kisses, then starts angrily as she sees Blynders. Captain Varcourt advances to Mr Var. who points out Bly., business. Captain V. then advances L. to Bly. who during this business has been speaking.*)

Bly. (*seeing Frances enter—aside—chuckling*). Ah! here is luck, indeed. Frances that trampled on me now meets a foretaste of my revenge. I, the pettifogging lawyer, am here like a devil-fish with a whole boat's crew in its long, strangling arms, sucking their blood, squeezing them to jelly, dragging them down to—(*starts and trembles as he feels Captain V's hand on his shoulder, turns round smiling and trembling*).

Capt. V. I understand you are making a disagreeable exhibition of yourself at the expense of this family. What do you want?

Mr. Var. That's the way to talk to him, John G. (*Fly. rises slowly*).

Bly. (*recovering his breath*). Then you are the brute force of the family. I am not afraid, sir. I am here by the power of the law of the United States which you have sworn to uphold. I am entrenched behind this (*smiling*) Captain.

Fly. (*stepping between Capt. Var. and Blynders*). Captain, I am obliged to you for your kindly zeal, but these creatures are the exception to every rule of decency. Let him discharge his paltry venom, and then worm himself away.

(*Captain Var. looks at Bly. shrugs his shoulders and crosses to Frances.*)

Bly. Paltry! We shall see (*meeting gaze of Frances*). Miss Frances, delighted.

(*Capt. Var. starts up, belligerently*).

Mr. Var. (*waving Capt. to be still*). Arthur, my dear boy, you heard what John G. said. He knows what's proper for a man in his position to endure. No offence, John G. I've no doubt my grandfather was crawled after by these legal worms, when he retired from the brass candlestick business in 1784.

Mrs. Var. Brass candlestick business! From the proprietorship of the great bronze cannon foundry of the Revolution, which won the thanks of the Continental Congress.

Mr. Var. I say brass candlestick. He made *them* himself and he imported nine-tenths of the bronze cannon from France; the other tenth burst at the first round!

Mrs. Var. (aside). Why did I ally myself with such a family--brass! fye! My ancestors made their money in land.

Or. What matters it, dear madam, whether it was a brazier or a—bronzer that put these memorable spurs upon the American Eagle in its glorious main with the British Lion.

Bly. Ahem! (aside). Perfectly white, perfectly black. They're forgetting me (*reading.*) Affidavit of Nehemiah Naboth Ananias Bloxham, of Salt Lake City, Third Apostle of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, *versus* John Galloway Flycashington of the City of New York, broker, *in re* certain mining lands, situate and lying in Blue Gulch, Utah, lately known to the Gentiles as the Blue Gulch Beauty Claim, No. 114, but to the aforesaid Bloxham and the children of Zion as Naboth's Vineyard—

Fly, (angrily). What is all this? Naboth's Vineyard! Bloxham! The Blue Gulch Beauty.

Bly. Not to leave the meaning of my business in doubt, I shall tell you the unfortunate facts in a few melancholy words.

Fly. Go on quick, or by heavens!

Bly. (aside). Perfectly white, perfectly black (*to Fly.—smiling*). The Apostle Bloxham, who has been for the past three years in Europe, on the foreign mission for the Mormon Church, returned but three weeks ago with a batch of converts. He heard of the Blue Gulch Beauty on every hand, inquired, was struck by the description of the locality, sought advice of counsel (*bowing self depreciatingly*). We labored at the case, and, as a result, have discovered—(*intense eagerness of all*) that the Blue Gulch Beauty is the rightful property of Apostle Bloxham (*puts handkerchief to his face*).

All start.

Mr. Var. The deuce!

Capt. Var. The devil!

Oroide. Bloxham!

Mrs. Var. Ah, ah! (*prolonged*).

Miss Dotby. You vagabond!

Frances. Oh, aunt!

Fly. It's a lie. It's a conspiracy. This explains Tom Carter's letter.

Enter MALDEN, R.

Bly. (with his handkerchief up). It's but too true. The bogus mining claim under which you hold possession is dated 14th June, 1870. We hold it under one dated 16th April, 1869. There is nothing for you, I regret to state, but to give up possession and make full restitution to my client, Apostle Bloxham.

Fly. This was your business then—treacherous dog. Do you think that I am to be frightened out of my property, bought with money wrung from my greatest needs, watched and nursed in misery and want, until it became the realization of a dream.

Bly. Ah! it was only a dream.

Fly. Lost! lost! My luck! my luck!

Frances. (rushing to Fly). Father!

Mr. Var. I wonder are these real chairs? (*seeing Malden who stands astounded*). The Reporter of the *Colossus*. by Jove!

Mrs. Var. A reporter in the house and it not a month old. We may expect anything now (*gathers in her skirts*).

Fly. (*raising his head slowly*). Ha! the other conspirator. I am to be degraded as well as ruined.

Frances (*rising*). It's Mortimer Malden. Father, it's Mortimer. He will be your friend.

Fly. (*glaring round—to Bly.*) Out of my house.

(*Bly. grabs his hat*).

Malden (*to Fly.*) One word, Mr. Flycashington—(*all turn to Malden*). You have done me a deep wrong, which I can forgive as only love forgives.

Mrs. Var. This reporter's in love!

Malden. I know this Bloxham of old—a pious cow-thief. There is fraud at the bottom of all this, I'll swear it.

Var. (*to Fly*) John G. this is your man. He's a capital fellow.

Mrs. Var. Varcourt, hold your tongue. You know nothing about this wretched sudden fortune business.

Bly. I can speak for Mr. Malden myself. Capital fellow.

Malden. You! When I find the fraud at the bottom of this. I'll have you thrown like waste-paper over the bar you disgrace.

Bly. Ha! (*aside*). He means that, but Bloxham is too deep to be caught.

Fly. Mr. Malden, it cannot be. Between us there is a gulf which your professions cannot bridge. You understand me. Besides what guaranty have I that *you* will not turn on me, like the other worm I trod upon.

Malden. Oh, God! Is there no one that will answer for me?

Frances (*rushing to Malden*). I will! (*turns and springs into his arms*). I know his honest manhood.

Malden. Then hear me all. I resign from the *Colossus* and am enlisted for the war.

Fly. *stands unmoved and grim.*

TABLEAU.

	Malden	Captain V.
	Frances.	
Oroide.		Blynders.
Dolby.	Fly.	
R. Mrs. V.		Mr. Var. L.

END OF SECOND ACT.

given unto him"—Joe Smith, the prophet—"by this law, they belong to him"—Joe—"and are given unto him"—Smith—"and, therefore, he"—Joe Smith, the prophet—"is justified." Now, what I want to know is, how long a house could be a house of order with ten wives in it? Not long, I reckon, if Zenobia Dolby was one of them. Ugh!

Frances (looking up at Dolby). Why, aunt, what an exciting book that must be. What is it?

Dolby. My child, on the contrary it's perfectly horrid.

Frances. Then, don't read it, aunt; it might keep you awake, nights,

Dolby. This?—oh, child! me? No, no, my dear. This is (*looking at title*). "The True Glories of Mormonism."

Frances. Will you lend it to me, aunt?

Dolby. It's not fit for young girls. I read it as a duty that I may be on my guard. Go on admiring your pretty flowers, child (*resumes reading*). *Frances kisses the flowers*).

Mr. Var. 'Pon my life, I've not thought you were so charming for twenty years past.

Mrs. Var. Varcourt, your society is getting quite enjoyable. If you were only as attentive to me in New York.

Mr. Var (aside). Egad! I've nothing else to do here (*to Mrs. V.*) Ah, if New York was only here in the neighborhood, you'd soon see.

Enter FLYCASHINGTON from house. He looks depressed, a letter in his hand. Frances runs to him, kisses him, and gives him the bouquet to smell as he comes down path in c. Frances returns to stool at Dolby's feet.

Mr. Var. (to Mrs. Var.) There's John G. I hope he's not going to fall into poverty once more. I'm afraid he is; he's beginning to look seedy about the head again—(*to Fly.*) John G., what's the news? Has that old Apostle got into your mine yet (*crossing to Fly.*) Who's that letter from? I'm beginning to know all about business.

Fly. (smiles grimly). This letter's from Oroide. He says he'll be here to-day. What do you think of it?

Var. I suppose he's coming on to marry your silver mine before it passes out of the family.

Fly. looking at Var.) You think so? (*Varcourt nods (aside).* It's a fool's omen. If Oroide is coming to marry the mine, it's a sign it will not pass out of the family (*grasping Varcourt's hands*). Shake hands, Varcourt, that gives me courage.

Mr. Var. 'Pon my soul I'm glad of it (*aside*) but I don't see how that cheers him. [*Fly and Var. converse.*

Enter TOM CARTER, R. in front, followed by SMIGGLES carrying a load of ledgers.

Tom (taking off his hat). Ladies, lor' bless yer. It's powerful warm, ain't it? (*to Smiggles*), Here Spriggy, 'lope in with them books and show the ole man how they pan out.

Smig. (wiping his brows). Oh, Lord! Book-keeping in this delightful country would suit a pack mule. I'm expected to carry forward my accounts in every sense of the term. [*Goes staggering up c. to house and exit.*

Tom (going up to Fly.) What's the look o' things, Mr. Flycashington. Do you get any color of hope?

Fly. Mr. Carter. They've fixed things very tight against us. They claim they opened the ground before '70, and promise lots of evidence to that effect, and unless Skinner, Spike and Club, my lawyers, can break it down, Bloxham will take the mine.

Tom. They've stocked the keerds on us down to the law coorts; hev they? If them yer ladies was only a mile or two away, Lord, how you'd hear me swear. It's always bein my habit to keep off the lawyers' trail. They're pison to miners. I say *let 'em stock the keerds*, and then leave them to play their right hand agin their left, and we'll pocket the stakes,

Fly. How do you mean!

Tom. I've thought this yer plan over, an' it's all straight to me as a sugar pine. We done it out to Callyfornia in the Spring of '50, with the Frisco lawyers, and if we can't do it with these yer *Mau-mon skins (to Var.)* tell me I can't tell gold from sulphurets.

Mr. Var. Oh no! I would'n't know sulphurets, whatever the devil they are, from paving stones.

Tom. We'll this wuz it. They made out in Frisco *(to Var.)* San Francisco *(to Fly.)* that our diggins in Butter Creek warn't ours, but belonged to a low-lived, cow-thieving—

Mr. Var. All right, skip the description.

Tom. Well to a greaser—a Mexican don, there! So us boys got together, and we tuk turns to lay for lawyers and sich varmint as were comin' to sarve papers on us—an' they didn't come. Leastways one as started tuk sick with cold lead colic on the road, and they concluded that Butter Creek want a healthy neighborhood.

Var. Good, by Jove.

Tom. Now, if this yer gentleman's son, the captain, would loan us a company or two of sojers, an' a couple o' mountain howitzers, I'll guarantee we'll hold Blue Gulch till the hills are white.

Fly. Well meant, Carter, but—'twon't do.

Mr. Var. 'Pon my word, Mr. Carter, that's not a bad idea. That's not bad, John G. Now, look at it—*(takes Fly. up stage and converses, impressing scheme upon him, Fly. dissents.)*

Tom (aside) How the ole man's changed, to be sure! Him what used to make the money fly like feathers in a rooster fight, got to be as surprisnly close as the hug the grizzly gev the Chinaman. Him what wuz all for fight and foller up, now all for sittin' on his hams and suckin' his paws, like a bar waitin' for the snow to slide. Ah! the East is the ruin of men. Fight 'em in the law courts! bah! The ole man's got the grit in him, but it's settled way down in the bottom levels. Ef I could only send ole 'Postle Bloxham, down in the bucket to him, I'd bet two o' Brigham's wives to a Piute squaw, that, five minates from the 'Postle fired his fust blast, the ole man 'd be takin' out solid metal. Then I'd hev the sojers.

Mr. Var. It's all clear, John G.

Fly. (shaking his head). It's all childish nonsense *(to Tom).* Carter, what's the word from the mine?

Tom (to Fly.) Ah, now I'll talk. We struck the true lode yesterday, and there she lies between rock and rock as wide as from here to here *(indicating about six feet)* an' you kin trail its dip along the Gulch, Lord only knows how far. Look at that *(showing silver ore specimen).* Come right along, I've got the figgers for you, *(taking off his hat.)* My respects to ye, ladies. *[Exit into house.]*

Fly. (looking at specimen). To give up such a mine. It must not, shall not be. (*To Var.*) Look at that (*gives Var. specimen and exit into house.*)

Mr. Var (to Frances). What on earth is this stuff?

Frances. That's silver ore.

Mr. Var. Is it? I think John G. ought to hold on to his silver and not go handing it round this way. (*to Mrs. Var.*) Come, darling, let us take a walk down the road towards Camp Douglas. *Mrs. Var. takes his arm meekly.* Now would you ever think there was a silver spoon in that! (*goes down, L. c.*) By Jove, here's Apostle Bloxham, without his harem this time, in the bend of the road.

Mrs. Var. By-by Frances, by-by Miss Dolby. Varcourt, you trouble too much about his harem.

Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Var., L. in front.

Dolby (aside looking up). I never in all my life saw such a change in a man as in Varcourt. Why, east he'd avoid his wife like the measles; now it's all honey. There's something uxorious in the air of Utah, (*continues reading.*)

Frances (aside). Will he never come? My father with the old-time moodiness upon him, moves about, catching at every straw of hope, but the hope which Mortimer's heart and head can bring. If the mine is to be saved, Mortimer will do it. (*to Dolby.*) Aunt, aunt. Do you not rely on Mr. Malden's word; will he not save my father?

Dolby (aside, laying book on her lap). Oh, it's a fearful world—a simple human man with seventeen *bona fide* wives and fifty-three sealed to him. Hark!

(*Bloxham sings—off L.—Air—“Pop goes the Weasel.”*)

We're the lambs of Judah's fold,
The prophet's got his eye on
To Gentiles we give shoulder cold,
Pop into Zion.

Them as hates a holy saint,
Are on their way to Tophet.
We're gwine to glory, and they ain't,
So says the Prophet.

Dolby. Frances, this is no place for you; he's coming.

Frances. Aunt, dear, are you not afraid of that horrid man?

Dolby. I'd like to see him lay a finger on me.

Frances. Aunt, dear, he'll come straight in here, let us run.

Dolby. Let him try it. Go right in you, child. I'll show him what a woman of spirit is, if he dares to talk to me.

[*Exit Frances hurriedly into house, dropping her hat on the rustic seat.*]

Enter BLOXHAM, L.

Blox. Glory, glory! Ain't that bully music, miss. Just thought I'd give you a blast from the trumpet of Zion.

Dolby. It sounded like a fish-horn, you miserable man (*gathers her skirts around her.*)

Blox. Fish-horn! Is old man Flycashionton in?

Dolby. Ha! That's your policy, is it? Don't think there are no men around, and if there was no man within a mile, don't think you'd scare me. If you'd attempt to lay your Mormon fingers on me, I'd pull every red hair out of your Mormon head. You couldn't bully six women like me. (*Stands up on bench.*)

Blox. (aside). Verily she is a nest of hornets and the seven ~~plagues~~ ^{plagues} of Egypt all in herself (*to Dolby*). I want to see Mr. Flycashington (*advancing a step.*)

Dolby. If you come a step nearer I'll scream. Don't take me for a Jezebel. (*Bloxham recoils.*)

Blox. (aside). Verily the Foreign Mission takes the backbone out of a man. Let a woman defy me, never! Were it not for fear of that Gentile, Carter, who "bounced" me two weeks ago, I'd teach her to threaten an Apostle. (*Shouting to Dolby and getting toward R*) Tell old Flycashington that Apostle Bloxham's coming back to clear him out of the mine. [*Exit R.*]

Dolby. Frighten me, indeed! With ten women of spirit like myself I'd beat an army of them. Though, I must admit, there is something strange in the climate. (*Gets down off bench—takes Frances' hat, slaps it on her head and goes over to rustic seat, R. C., sits down and thumbs over leaves of book.* Ha! chapter fifty-two—"Planting the stakes of Zion." Nice work, I've no doubt. *Bends over book, facing R. and reads intently.*)

Enter MALDEN, L. in front.

Malden (L.)—(seeing Dolby starts) (aside). Frances! Dear girl, sitting there all unconscious that a heart beating only with love and anxiety for her and hers is near her. Oh! how I long to say—"Frances, I have fought and won the fight for you." Poor fond girl, trying to lay her sorrow by, wrapt in the Idylls that she loves so well. If I could but steal up and touch her trailing garment, 'twould give me courage for a year of toil. (*Advances on tiptoe—as he comes near Dolby, she suddenly raises her head, and, slamming the book, sees Malden. She stands up, looks severe. Malden shrinks back abashed.*)

Dolby (aside). Bless me. The climate must have an extraordinary effect on all the men (*to Malden*). Well, sir, what were you stealing up to me for?

Malden. Beg pardon, Miss Dolby, fact is—you see—ah, (*aside*). Oh, what an absurd position (*to Dolby*). Your hat, Miss Dolby—your hat led me astray. I—ah—thought you were Miss Fra.—(*Dolby smiles a little*) no—that is—your hat looks as if it was made for some one younger.

Dolby. Sir, am I to be insulted because I am alone?

Malden. No, no; it's your hat!

Dolby. My hat—fiddlesticks! I've no hat on.

Malden. I assure you.

Dolby (feeling her head finds hat). Oh, my! It's Frances' hat. How could it have got on? But, sir. Is that any reason to come stealing over in that manner to a lady, like one of those horrid Mormons (*drops hat on the seat*).

Enter TOM CARTER, from the house, L.

(*Dolby gathers her skirts around her and walks primly L., eyeing Malden.*)

Malden (crossing R.) I protest, Miss Dolby.

Tom (up stage L.) Why! No! Jumping Jehosophat it ain't! Why, may the blue-tailed monkey of the Rocky Mountains dash the seventeen silver buttons on a greaser's leggins. If that ain't the little milk-faced cuss himself (to Malden). What, Malden!

Malden. (starting at the voice) Tom, you?

(They rush c. and throw their arms around each other. Carter stands off, looks at Mal. turns round, dances a step or two.)

Carter. Now, we'll see the 'Postle Bloxham, and go him one better.

Dolby (having reached piazza). There is certainly something very peculiar in the atmosphere. It seems to affect all the men (imitates the hugging---exit into house.)

Carter. Now tell me what's brought yer pooty figger along yer to Utaw. Comin, to resky more snowed-in miners, eh? bless yer whole body.

Malden. Tom, I'm glad to see you.

Carter. Well, how are you anyhow? Lord, y'ain't changed a whittle---trifle stouter may be---but jest the same gallus lad that hailed us snowed-in miners from the bluff, seven years ago, come Washington's Birthday.

Malden. Well, Tom, that was nothing.

Carter. We thought we knowed it all then, me an' Cross-Eyed Jake an' Roarin' Bill, but we didn't know the quarter. We knowed yer organized the party at Salt Lake that reskied us, but dern my bottom dollar, ef we knowed for a twelvemonth that yer offered to put a hole thro' Sandy Charley when he wanted to turn back. "There's men dyin' in Cutthroat Cañon," says you, "an' he's a murderer what can save 'em an' lets 'em die."

Malden. Tom. That's years and years ago; all that should have melted with the snow.

Tom. Sit down here a minit, Malden. (Malden sits on seat r.c. Tom leans towards him). There! (solemnly) Malden, it ain't derved often that I pray, but when I see the first snowflakes come whirlin' down the mountains, it strikes me kind o'solemn, an' I say, (taking off his hat.) "God bless him, anyhow!" (Malden bows his head and takes up Frances' hat mechanically and turns it round in his hands). I think of you often up the gulch when the sun goes down, and the boys are singin' choruses that air echoed by the hills. I think I see you waving your red bandanna over that same bluff, when, may be, it's only a strip o' red along the sky. We call it Blue Gulch now.

Malden (starting up). What, then the Blue Gulch is---

Tom. Cutthroat Cañon that used to be. They changed the name down East for fear of scarin' them pious English capitalists.

Malden. And the Blue Gulch Beauty lies.

Tom. On the North side, Claim 114.

Malden (aside, excitedly). 114! Can my memory be mistaken? Oh, the names and numbers confuse me. I cannot dream of it--- (to Tom). Then you boss the mine.

Tom. I'm the one-eighth partner of ole man, Flycashington as well, and mean to be if 'Postle Bloxham don't take the pool.

Malden. Then we fight together. Its not miners, but the mine I mean to save to-day.

Tom. Bully, Malden. It ain't my way to ask questions. but, (timidly) are you workin' on a commission?

Malden. No, Tom.

Tom. What, for the straight love o' doin' good again.

Malden. Well—not exactly, Tom.

Tom. Then bless yer young heart, is it—(looking at him in the eyes and pointing hesitatingly at Frances' hat.)

Malden. (as if surprised at having the hat). This? Tom, it is.

Tom. Then give me yer hand ou it. Mr. Malden, lad, ye'll win. I swear it. Come, to business. Now you'll set to work your way and I mine. You'll nail that old 'Postle to the jury-box down to the law courts, an' I'll get young Cap'n Varcourt to lend me a company or two o' sojers an' a mountain howitzer—

Malden. Tom, nonsense! Soldiers are not civil officers. This must be done, mind you, without appeal in any shape to Captain Varcourt, whom I respect, but—

Tom (looking askance at Malden and grinning). I see yer rale objections to the sojers now, (hitting Malden on the ribs), Well, if you say so, we'll win without 'em.

Malden. Bloxham is a scheming man, but there's not a deeper plotter on the world's face than his lawyer.

Tom. What, Blynders, that mealy-faced, beaver-hatted, white-shirted, crow-coated—

Malden. He and Bloxham must be watched.

Tom. I'm ahead of you thar. I've got a young Injun, we call him Joe, what's got a grudge agin Bloxham—on their trail. He sent me word to meet him at the mouth of the Gulch at sunset. I'll be thar, an you'll be wth me.

Malden. Good, good. One word more. You know Oroide, Billy Oroide?

Tom. Yes. Preaching Billy, what's a Congressman now.

Malden. He's here too. He seeks the hand of Frances. He is my rival. I saw him to-day walking Salt Lake City with Blynders, and an eye must be kept on him; mark that. I'll meet you at the Gulch at sunset. My horse is down at the Forks. I must return at once. I'll be there.

Tom. Don't you want to see the ole man?

Malden (going L.) Not now. Tell him I'll be here to-night, that's all—(going.)

Tom. Say, Mr. Malden; the young lady might want her hat.

Malden. Tom---I was in such a hurry---(handing him the hat.)

Tom (plucking flower out of it and giving it to Malden). Here, take that. I once cut the streamers off a girl's hat myself. She'll never cry if she knows who's got it, you bet.

Malden (takes flower and kisses it.) Now for the Cutthroat Cañon Mystery.

[Exit L.]

Tom. True as a Kentucky rifle, by thunder, (looking after Malden.)

Enter FLYCASHINGTON from the house.

Tom (to Fly.) We'll play the game without the sojers. Mr. Malden's ruled 'em out o' the pack.

Fly. Malden is here (aside). In time to see my third chance go down in failure.

Tom. We'll take the trick, you bet. Malden will be here to-night with me.

[Exit Tom into house.]

Fly. To-night. Oroide will be here to-night too, and I may not have the silver mine to which he wants to wed his. My daughter's hand---a poor Bohemian, a rich adventurer, a respectably army captain. Who next? What wild fancy has Carter taken to Malden? Both Bohemians; that explains it. Who next I wonder, who next?

Enter BLOXHAM, R. goes to Fly. at c. defiantly.

Blox. My name is Nehemiah, Naboth, Ananias Bloxham, third apostle of saints. You know me, eh?

Fly. (sternly). What is your pleasure, sir?

Blox. I've come to tell you that you've got to clear out of that mine, the Blue Gulch Beauty for the land is mine, taken in the name of the church, Naboth's Vineyard. Holiness to the Lord!

Fly. Silence, blasphemer.

Blox. The courts will settle that to-morrow. Why every foot of Blue Gulch is shingled two foot deep with claims of Gentiles such as yours. But I've come to give you a chance.

Enter DOLBY from house—seeing Bloxham, she looks savagely at him and walks along piazza---listening intently.

Fly. Indeed!

Blox. My lawyer tells me you'll be a ruined man when you're cleared out of here. Now the saints hate to persecute. If you are ruined, I would not have the loss fall on them you love (*wheedlingly.*) Around my humble stake of Zion, six tender ~~wines~~ are twined. If you'd take a quarter of the mine, and call it square, I'd take, as a sacred token of the trade---to make a seventh vine around my stake of Zion---your charming daughter.

Dolby (aside). The wretch---one for every day in the week.

Fly. (trembling with passion.) Back reptile to your den, before I trample you to earth.

Blox. The Prophet forbid ungrateful vengeance on a head growing hoary in the service of the saints. Do not mistake me! Yea, to show that I am a just man I would even take that aged maiden off your hands who must be such a trial to you in this vale of tears.

Dolby shrieks—Flycashington springs towards him. Bloxham quakes at the knees.

Fly. Villain, my daughter has overheard you (*choking him.*)

Blox. (between gasps). Hands off an Apostle of the Lord's: It was not your daughter but the ancient one. I've heard that squall before.

Enter TOM CARTER running from house, FRANCES and SMIGGLES, latter armed with a war-club. Carter rushes over to Bloxham catches him by back of neck and breeches and throws him on his back.

Tom. Leave him to me.

(Dolby comes down a step, and Smiggles, swinging club, stands in front of her. Frances runs to Fly. who glares at Bloxham.)

Bloxham (struggling to his knees.) Mercy, mercy!

Tom. It's of no account, ladies. He ain't wuth walking on, (*to Blox.*) Now git. (*takes Frances' hat from bench and hands it to her.*)

She notices the flower gone). Yer hat, miss (*aside to Frances.*) He's got the flower—young Malden.

Frances. Father, Mortimer Malden is here. I knew he'd come, (*clasps her father.*)

Dolby falls on Smiggles' shoulder.

TABLEAU AS SCENE CLOSES.

	Dolby.	
	Smiggles.	
Carter.		
Bloxham.		
	Frances.	
B.	Flycashington.	L.

SCENE 2.—ACT III.—2D GROOVE. *winding*

Cutthroat Canon—Sunset. The bluffs rise steep on either side of the gulch. A foaming streamlet rushes down the centre among the rocks. On the left of the stream is seen the road ~~widening~~ along. The mine is visible up the road. A fire near the mine on the side of the hill. In the distance high mountains are seen.

Enter MALDEN, R., dusty and travel-stained.

Malden. This is the spot and the hour. I put small faith in Indian allies, but Carter must have his way. (*Walks left impatiently.*) Cutthroat Cañon, (*looking up the canon.*) It deserves the name better than Blue Gulch. Ah, speculation is a most accommodating thing. There seems no mistake about the papers (*looking at package.*) The number is the same 114, but better die here butchered at the trysting place than I should disturb Flycashington. I must fight it out for him, for Frances—on his own line. They win, and then—well, if love alone does not conquer—the world is wide, and he's a fool who cannot hide a wound that only bleeds into the heart. But I shall know who owns the mine. Hark! a horse's hoofs (*looks off R.*)

Tom (without). Whoa there! steady (*enters---to Malden*) What, first here? Ah, you don't forget the trail. It wuz a diff'rent thing to cum yer seven years ago over six feet o' snow, when ther warn't no trail to talk of, and now you kin ride it on a good hoss in less'n half a day. Tired, I reckon?

Malden. Yes, but we've no time to feel fatigued.

Tom. That's what Tim the Skunk remarked when the Vigylanties war runnin' him out of Butter Creek and the Indians war scattering buckshot around him from a clump o' cottonwood. "I'm

in too powerful a hurry to get hurt," sez he, as he picked some buckshot outen his clothes, "but," sez he, "ef you've got any more distribute it among my friends that air jest a breasting the hill. He wuz quite a gentleman in his way.

Malden. Where's this Indian?

Tom. He'll be along sure. When an injun's got a grudge, he never gives a point till he's squarr or dead—one o' the two. It's all a toss up with him—heads—get squarr, tail—happy huntin' grounds. He'll come along the bluff an' down an Injun trail. We'll hear him quarter of a mile away.

Malden. Now, Tom, since we must wait, tell me briefly all you know about Claim 114. What's wrong with your tilte?

Tom. Well, I never told it to mortal man yet, and for a good reason, but it's safe with you. Late in the Fall of '67 me an' Cross-Eyed Jake an' Roarin' Bill, an' two more, came out prospectin' in the mountains yer. At last we struck good signs in this yer cañon and set to work an' staked off claims, intending to go back to Salt Lake City before the snow, keep dark thro' the winter and come back in the spring. Well, ye know how Sandy Charley's pardner wuz found with his throat cut one mornin'. We thought it over, an' tho' we suspicioned Sandy, agreed to lay it on the Injuns for the sake o' quietness. Then the snow come, an' we sent Sandy Charley on to the city for help to take in Roarin' Bill an' Cross-Eyed Jake what wer down sick. I stopped to tend 'em, to keep the fire going and the life in 'em or to die with 'em. The rest o' that snow story ain't no news to you. Look, thar's the sun waving his red bandanna over the bluff, like you waved yours.

Malden. Well, pass on.

Tom. In the spring of '68, you'd gone East, an' me an' Cross-Eyed Jake came back to our claims. Roarin' Bill got round mighty slow, an' when he did, wouldn't come out to his claim; said he'd sold it, but never would tell to who.

Malden. Ah! He never told!

Tom. My claim and Cross-Eyed Jake's war nothin' but pockets, so we quit. I went South, Jake an' Bill went West, an' that wuz the end o' Cutthroat Cañon for a year. Then Cross-eyed Jake kem back an went prospecting yer again. Roarin' Bill died, he said, out in Nevada.

Malden. Bill dead!

Tom. An so Jake set stakes on Bill's claim. He found it rich as an old-time California placer, but he turned to rum, an' one day sold out cheap to ole man Flycashionton. Then Jake went West again.

Malden (aside). Jake covered all his tracks—good, (to Malden). Well, well and you.

Tom. I made some money South, and come thro' Salt Lake on my way East. Jake's luck an' how he chucked it kem up one night in a bar-room. I knowed ole man Flycashionton in California when he was flush. I got tired o' doin' nothin', saw the ole man, bought a one-eighth share in the mine on conditions that I'd work it. I hev done so. It wuz Roarin' Bill's claim once; there's the hole in the title, but as he's dead there's no use sayin' a word about it. The mine's a trump, an' dern me, ef any Maumon skin will take my hand. *Hoot of an owl heard off* r., Thar's Joe. (*Tom returns the hoot.*)

Enter INJUN JOE, R., carrying a gun. He runs stealthily in.

Tom. Well, Joe, what's news?

Joe (pointing to Malden.) Who him?

Tom. A friend Joe, all right.

Joe. O'o-ah--awright, eh?

Tom. Yes, yes. He's agin Bloxham.

Joe (crossing L. to Malden). No like Bloxy, eh? *Katsch!* You (makes sign of stabbing). Bloxy, you kin, eh? [Malden nods]

Joe (straightening himself). Heep dam glad. Plenty don't like Bloxy (indicating the three)

Tom. What's news?

Joe (excitedly). *Poon-e-kee*, Bloxy.

Tom. Talk American, Joe.

Joe. O'e-ah---Yes. Me see Bloxy an' man weet sto'pipe.

Tom (to Malden). Blynders.

Joe. Much talkee Bloxy's house---me plenty look all time; sto'pipe want go, Bloxy want no go---moh---more much plenty talkee. Bloxy give sto'pipe heep paper. Sto'pipe put heep paper hole in coat (in pocket). Sto'pipe get on hoss---no good on hoss---Me run down trail, get behind big tree, me trow little tree at hoss; den sto'pipe in sage brush; me run put sto'pipe on hoss; me see heep paper in sage brush; me no talkee; sto'pipe go way, so bad; me take heep paper; me run; me no laugh; me heep dam glad!

Tom. Good, the papers Joe. (*Hands Joe flask. Joe commences to drink not attending to question. Tom pulls down the flask.*)

Joe. Oh, he dey! Heep dam! (*gives bundle of papers and continues drinking.*)

(*Malden takes bundle, kneels down, opens papers*)

Malden (reads). Brother Bloxham: "I have fixed the books as you want them"---(*takes another paper reads*). "Entry to be made as follows: Nahobth's Vineyard." (*starting up*). Oh! here's the whole conspiracy. The mine is saved to you, to Flycashington, to Frances.

Tom. What! saved? (*he hugs Malden, slaps Joe, who is again drinking, on the back. Joe splutters.*)

Joe (stolidly) What up.

Tom (to Joe.) Them papers saved the mine.

Joe. Ugh! (*going to drink again*).

Tom (to Joe.) Them papers sends Bloxham to prison.

Joe (*gives back flask*). Bloxy prison! Bloxy calaboose! Bloxy bad fix. Oh, heep dam glad.

Malden. Let us return at once.

Tom. Ay! Come Joe, yer made for life, all you want in the world's yours.

Exeunt Malden and Tom. R.

Joe (*lingering*). Plenty Quap---me smoke all day; plenty wiska, me drink all day. Bloxy lock up calaboose all the time. Ugh! Nick-ay-a-gah! Heep dam glad!

[*Exit R.*]

ACT III—SCENE 3.

Same as scene 1—Night—Moonlight.

Mr. Varcourt (smoking) and Mrs. Varcourt on rustic seat. B. c. Frances and Dolby on rustic seat, L. c. Fly. and Oroide standing in c., back.

Mr. Var. I think, my dear, we'd better go back to New York and take John G. along; I think he's going to get crazy as well as poor, if he stops here.

Mrs. Varcourt. Oh, dear, old New York! You know, Varcourt, I never did believe in this rapid fortune business.

(Mr. Var. bends over to Mrs. Var.—they converse cooingly.)

Fly. (walking moodily down front with Oroide.) I have spoken, sir, to my daughter, told her of your protestations, of your wealth, but have left the decision to herself.

(Turns and walks moodily up c.)

Ordide (not noticing Fly's absence). No heart between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras beats more devotedly—*(observing absence of Fly)* eh, gone. H'm! It's worth fighting for even without the mine. I want a good old family connection—Oroide is so confoundedly new. She, through the Varcourt's, could give me that. And a mine in possession is not all lost. I'll push things. Blynders was right. Malden is in my way. He can do no good to save the mine for all his talk. If Blynders, as he proposed, can, for the sum I gave him, get the Mormon Danites to run Malden off to the mountains for a month or two—my path is clear. I'll marry the girl and the mine, and then see what money, as I know how to use it, can do to keep the Blue Gulch Beauty in the family. *(turns r. to Var.)* A glorious night, Mr. Varcourt, *(crosses to the Vars.—converses.)*

Frances. Aunt, dear; do talk to me, I feel so sad.

Dolby. My child, I'm in no condition to talk ever since that brutal Apostle made his horrid offer to John G.

Frances. But, aunt, you need not be afraid; he can't force you to marry him.

Dolby. And then that old Varcourt said in the midst of my nervousness, "Oh, well, you've had an offer of marriage anyhow and that's something." Insufferable old fool, why I had an offer of marriage in 1848!

Enter B. in front—MALDEN, CARTER and INDIAN JOE.

Tom. Where's the ole man?

Fly. advances to them.

Tom. Here's good news! Come, Mr. Maiden, you tell it.

Malden In a word, sir, the mine is saved. We have proof of Bloxham's fraud.

All. The mine saved!

Enter SMIGGLES from house.

Joe. Bloxy fraud. Heep dam glad!

Oroide and Varcourt each grasp a hand of Fly. Or. L. Var. r.

Oroide. I congratulate you. The needle is true to the pole, success, huzza! *(turning to Frances.)*

Var. Devilish glad, John G. We'll go back to New York in the morning, *(turns to Mrs. V.)*

Frances (to Fly.) Dear, true Mortimer. Father, I knew he'd save us.

Fly. Wait, Frances. Let us hear it all--(*takes Malden's arm and leads him down front.*) Remember, Mr. Malden, the conditions on which you have done this. You have earned my gratitude. I crave your forgiveness. I shall not insult you by any offer to pay for your services in money, but with my thanks alone you must be content.

Malden. Sir, my trust is in a higher power. I have served for love. Love alone shall win for me or I fail utterly. Small gratitude is due to me. Your thanks are to that poor savage standing there, who is serving you for hate.

Fly. Hate?

Malden. He hates your enemy; I love your daughter. (*Fly. pu his head in his hands.*)

Tom (to Frances, pointing to Malden.) There's the pure metal; not a trace o' sulph'rets in that specimen. Ef you can't marry him, live single till yer as old as Miss Dolby. (*Frances smiles.*)

Dolby. Oh! Miners are little better than Mormons.

Malden (to Fly.) Come, sir, I shall surrender you the papers and then—

Fly. Come, sir; come Carter.

Fly, Malden, Carter and Joe retire up stage to the table on which Smiggles places candle lamp. They sit at table. Fly. facing front, Malden L., Carter R. Indian Joe stands back of Fly—business-conviction of rascality.

Oroide (to Frances.) As once before in the first blush of riches and once again in the moment of impending calamity, I laid my fortune at your feet, now I feel that I may urge my court with hope, under the glorious beams of the unclouded sun of prosperity.

Dolby (walking L.) I'm certain it's the climate; all the men are affected.

Frances. Mr. Oroide. How can you torture me? My heart belongs to another. You know it all. I could never love you while he who stood by us when there was not a glimpse of the sun, still loves me, (*buries her face in her hands.*)

Enter during the latter speech R. in front and stealthily BLOXHAM and BLYNDERS. Sheltered behind a tree BLYNDERS peers out and spies MALDEN, then draws back into shadow.

Blynders (to Blox.) He is sitting at the table with his back to the house. Look out cautiously.

Blox. Leave the rest in the hands of the Lord. The Danite band leave no tracks behind them. He shall perish in the flesh---a blood atonement.

Bly retires further R. Bloxham puts his head around the tree. Joe catches sight of him. Blox quickly draws back. Exeunt Bly. and Blox R. in front.

Joe (aside.) Bloxy! Me block Bloxy game. (*drops down behind Fly. and creeps off R. U. E.*)

Enter BLYNDERS, R. in front.

Blynders (aside R. and unobserved.) Malden will soon be out of my way forever, and these Mormon idiots will pay the law for it, if the law is ever paid. My best alibi is here.

Fly. And to you my brave Indian friend are due my thanks, (*turning round observes Joe to be absent.*)

Tom. He's not far off, you bet, while he's sure of whisky for the askin'

Blynders advances to c.

Tom. Blynders, by the jumping Jehosophat!

Bly. ~~My~~ (Aside), Perfectly white, perfectly black. (Aloud.) Good evening ladies and gentlemen. A painful duty brings me here to serve a few trifling papers dispossessing Mr. Flycashington of the mine. I am glad that the painful task has fallen upon one who can respect the family sorrow.

Fly. (rising). I shall strangle him where he stands.

Tom. Leave him to me; he's ours; no sneaking coyote like that should die in his tracks like a white man (*advances down stage—to Bly.*) Ho! Mighty glad to see you, Mr. Blynders; walk right in, sir. Apostle Bloxham's side partner and champion setter-up and roper in must find a hearty welcome. You're jest the man I want.

Bly. (aside). What does this mean (*to Carter*). Sir, my business is with Mr. Flycashington.

[*Shot heard off R., all start.*]

Bly. (aside). Curse them; they were to have had no firearms. They've spoiled all.

[*Enter Joe. creeping R. v. E.; he rises by the table and stands stolidly.*]

Joe. Heep dam glad!

Tom. Mr. Blynders, what makes you nervous? Jest come a step down with me to find out what they're burning powder for at this time o' night.

Dolby. The Mormons will murder us!

Tom. Don't be skeered o' that, Miss; we've got a hostage yer. (*to Bly.*) I'm mighty glad, sir, this painful task has struck a man what respects the family sorrow.

[*Bloxham groans off R.*]

Malden (*coming down stage*). There's some one hurt (*to Bly.*) What work is this?

Bloxham (*without R.*) Help! They've shot an apostle of the Lord's. Come back you skunks. Oh, Rebecca! Oh, Sarah! Oh, Miriam! Oh, Dinah! Oh, Jemima! Oh, Abigail! you'll soon be widows.

Varcourt. John G. That sounds like dying on a largescale.

[*Enter Bloxham R., with a red handkerchief tied around his head. He staggers towards the c. and sits down. Malden and Carter advance each side of him.*]

Malden. Are you hurted, man?

Bloxham. Verily, half my brains are blown away. Come back you skunks.

Tom. (*dragging Blynders to Blox.*) Come, talk to yer pardner, Mr. Blynders; he's passin' in his checks.

Bloxham (*sitting up*). Oh! the Third apostle's a gone coon. Oh! will nobody send for Rebecca, or Sarah, or Miriam, or Dinah, or Jemima, or Abigail. I ain't partik'lar which it is now.

Tom. (*pulling off handkerchief*) (*aside*). Only peppered with bird-shot; I thought so. It's well for the Church of the Latter Day Saints that Injuns don't hunt bars round yere. (*to Blox.*) Ye'll hand in yer chips sure, ole man (*Bloxham groans*); an' ef the wives aint here, yer lawyer's handy.

Bloxham. Let the burning lake receive my lawyer.

Blynders. Silence, fool,

Bloxham. Fool! Who calls the dyin' Apostle, fool. Him that said "cut Malden's throat; he's in our way?"

Blynders. The man is raving; he is mad. Oh, Mr. Malden, Oh, Mr. Carter, Oh, Mr. Oroide, you'll stand by me.

Bloxham. Fool? Him that put a pint o' rum into the Apostle to nerve him up, that's the man calls Bloxham fool.

Blynders. Oh, Mr. Flycashington, Oh, Mr. Varcourt.

Oroide. (*crossing L.*) (*aside*). It was murder, not running off he arranged for. Thank God, my honor's saved from that.

Malden (*to Blynders*). Then you were to have had me murdered through this miserable fanatic's aid?

Bloxham. That's right; pile it on to the Apostle, but let that lawyer of Beelzebub have it hot.

[*A scream heard off R.*

Bloxham. Rebecca, Cedar of Lebanon, I feel my angel feathers coming out.

Tom. (*aside*). It's the bird shot that's a sproutin' into goose flesh.

[*Another scream R.*

Bloxham. Sarah, Bulrush of Egypt; I'm tunin' the golden strings.

[*Another scream R.*

Boke. Miriam, Mandrake of Solomon, yer Apostle's peggin' out.

[*Another scream R.*

Blox. Dinah, Willow of Babylon, I'm checked thro' to glory.

[*Another scream R.*

[*Enter Rebecca R., she runs up to Bloxham, claps her hands, throws up her arms, and cries—My husband!—then crosses L. and falls into the arms of Oroide, fainting.*]

[*Enter successively Sarah, Miriam, Dinah, Jemima and Abigail, same business, each cries—My husband—then falls fainting into the arms of Fly, Varcourt R., and Malden L., and R. and L. of Carter—thus:—*

Indian Joe.

Frances.

Mrs. Var.

Smiggles,

Dolby.

Blynders

L

R

Fly.

Varcourt.

Malden.

Sarah.

Miriam.

Carter.

Dinah

Oroide.

Jemima. Abigail.

Rebecca.

Bloxham.

Dolby. The uxorious effects of this climate are something fearful.

(*Supports herself on Smiggles.*)

Var. John G., what dy'e think of this; here's six foot of sorrow at least.

Oroide (*to Rebecca*). Calm your regrets, dear madam. There is no immediate fear of the Apostle's demise.

Tom. This looks like starting out as Mormon on my own account.

Joe. Heep dam glad!

Blox. The Apostle can die easy now. Sisters, I feel you'll be taken care of.

Wives. We will.

[Tramping heard off L. Enter Captain Varaourt, in uniform, with four soldiers L., in front. Latter range themselves along the wings L.]

Capt. V. (inspecting the line). Devilish odd! A wounded man, mourning wives. (seeing Mr. Var.) Father; you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Mr. Var. If you had this load of grief, Arthur, I'd sympathise with you.

Capt. V. Apostle! (Blox. groans). Why don't you look after your wives?

Blox. (turns around, looks along the line reproachfully). Oh, Rebecca! Oh, Sarah! Oh, Miriam! Oh, Dinah! Oh, Jemima! Oh, Abigail! Let me rend my garments and die (pulls his hair).

Oroide. (leading Reb. to Blox., who has risen). Minister unto him.

[The wives in turn advance and embrace him. As each does so, he sobs out the first syllable of her name.]

Blox. Oh Reb! Oh Sare! Oh Mir! Oh Dine! Oh Jem! Oh Abi! take me home. [Wives fall into line.]

Capt. V. Quick march! (they start L.)

Blox. (at wings R). Iron heel of oppression, I defy you.

[Exeunt Blox. and wives R.]

Capt. Var. (to Fly) An Indian runner came down to camp an hour ago and said the Danite bands were out. I scattered patrols along the road and came hither myself; we heard a shot and advanced at the double quick. A man came into camp at nightfall and he insisted on coming with us; he says he's known here. Step out, my man!

[Enter ROARIN' BILL from behind soldiers.]

Roarin Bill. (Slowly and in a low deep tone.) My name's Will Hayes. Tom Carter o' the Blue Gulch Beauty's the man I want to see.

Malden. Will Hayes!

Tom. (Steps out L and looks around R. B.) What, not dead. Hold up yer left hand pardner (R. B. does :o) the middle finger gone. Why, as I'm first cousin to a nugget, it's Roarin' Bill. Mr. Malden it's Roarin' Bill.

(Malden and Tom grasp Roarin' Bill's hands.)

R. B. I am powerful glad to see ye. (Hangs down his head.)

Mr. Var. For a miner and a 'pardner' and a 'roarer' he's got less to say for himself than any miner or partner I ever heard of.

Tom. That's jest his way. He never spoke a word above a whisper, and then only when he'd sumthin' to say. That's why we call him Roarin' Bill.

R. B. (To Malden.) Cross-eyed Jake told me all about it when he were turnin his face to the wall. It was the claim what I gev to you that he sold to that soft party from the east. I've cum from Nevada to see jestis done, that's all. The mine is yours, Mr. Malden, Claim 114.

(Malden becomes agitated. Carter strikes his hands together and looks t^roubled---struggling with conflicting feelings.)

Fly. (coming to front, excitedly.) What's that, what's that. Did I hear aright? He? Malden?

R. B. Sure as yer born. Jake sold what ware'nt his. It were his way (to Malden.) Have you the papers?—(*Malden hesitates.*)

Blynders. All is discovered (*looks around as if attempting to run. Indian Joe is watching him and threatens him.*)

Fly. Speak man; have you the papers?

Tom. Out with it, Mr. Malden. On the word of a gentleman.

Frances rushing forward.) Speak, speak!

Malden. I have; there they are (*producing them*).

Fly. Ruined! ruined! My luck! my luck!

Tom. Hold hard, Mr. Flycashington. It was my money opened the mine, my money made it what it is. You're only out the trifle you paid Cross-Eyed Jake and yer soarin' hopes--and a darned coyote I'd be to grudge a dollar or an ounce of bullion to the brave lad that saved me in the snow---but you should a' to'd me, Malden.

Malden. I entered for the war and the fight is done. The spoils are for us all, for you, sir, for Tom, for Bill.

Fly. The luck has deserted me forever! 'The mine his! the mine his!

Indian Joe. O-'o-ah! Heep dam glad!

(*All look round.*)

Indian Joe pointing to Blynders.) Katsch! Sto'pipe no say dat.

Tom (to Bly.) Thar's yer road. Make yer way for the depot. Go East, young man. Ye'll pass better for honesty thar than here.

Bly. (going front, L.) Ha! delighted---(*aside*). Perfectly white, perfectly black.

[*Exit. L.*

Malden. Frances! (*She rushes to him*) (*to Fly.*) Let me, sir, bid you be comforted by the sacred name of father.

Frances. Father!

Mr. V. John G, those two miserable young people are waiting to make you happy.

Fly. turns slowly round and rests his hands upon the heads of Malden and Frances who are kneeling at his feet.

Oroide. Malden. You have won like a hero---I congratulate you (*aside*). Useful man to know.

Mr. Var. (to Mrs. Var.) Bella, darling, this is a very interesting sort of thing.

Mrs. Var. (coming forward leans her head on his shoulder.) If we could only wake up in New York.

(*Dolby.* Well, well (*looking at both couples*). It affects old and young alike; extraordinarily uxurious climate. (*Smiggles falls on his knees before her*) *to Smig.*) No! I dare not trust myself to such a decision here in Utah. (*She raises him*).

Tom (to R. B.) Ain't that yer sight as blessed to yer eyes as the first color o' gold in the pan.

R. B. Pardner, it be! (*grasping hands*).

Fly. Is this more than a dream, what does it mean?

Malden. Hurry for fortune if you will; despair not when you fail. Let love and honor be your helm and shield whether with brain or braun you enter the fighting ranks of those who make haste to be rich.

TABLEAU.

	Indian Joe.				
	Mrs. Var.	Fly.	Smiggles.		
	Mr. Var.	Frances.	Malden.	Dolby.	
	Carter			Captain Var.	Soldiers.
	Roarin' Bill.				
R.					L

CURTAIN.

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