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THAT AWFUL CARPET-BAG,

AN ORIGINAL FARCE,

IN THREE SCENES,

—BY—

Ad H. Gibson.

—X—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

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

34

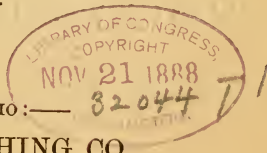
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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

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THAT AWFUL CARPET-BAG.

—x—

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

REV. ALEXANDER KIRKWOOD, *A noted preacher from Bissletown.*
 MR. JARVIS, *Landlord of Cross Road's Hotel.*
 PATSY, *An Emerald Isle Incurrigible.*
 MRS. JARVIS, *A blustering landlady.*
 MISS SUSAN JANE GADHAM, *A modest but curious maiden of 39.*
 MRS. BRIGGS, *A widow.*
 BOARDERS, (*if convenient*)

—x—

Time of Performance—Thirty minut

—x—

PROPERTIES.—A large, old-fashioned carpet-bag, large wax doll, linen duster, umbrella and packages; also several articles for last scene.

—x—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; 2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
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. The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

That Awful Carpet-bag.

—X—

SCENE I.—A room in the Cross Roads Hotel. MRS. JARVIS bustling about the room, setting things to rights very energetically.

Mrs. Jarvis. Land sakes! There's the passenger's hack stopping at the door and this room all upside down. (calls) Patsy! Patsy, I say! Where can that lazy Irish boy be? (calls) Patsy!

Patsy. (outside) Yes, mum! I'll be on hand in a way bit of a jiffy!

Mrs. J. Hurry up, then, you pack of laziness!

Enter, PATSY, L, whistling an Irish air, a large wooden bucket on his arm.

Mrs. J. (catching sight of the bucket) What did you bring that bucket in here for?

Patsy. Faix! to bring wather to istringuish the conflagration.

Mrs. J. The what?

Patsy. Bejabers! ye was makin' sich a hulla-buloo among the furniture I thought the house was on fire an' ye was thryin' to save the place, so I jest brought me bucket along to help yez fight the iletment.

Mrs. J. You blundering fellow! Don't you see that hack at the door? Go, instantly!

Patsy. In the hack, mum?

Mrs. J. No, blunder-pate! Go out and assist the passengers with their baggage. Go!

She chases him out with a chair, R. As he dodges her PATSY sets the bucket down in the doorway, unperceived by MRS. JARVIS.

Mrs. J. Oh, that dreadful Patsy! He wrecks every particle of patience I possess. (looking off) Who can that distinguished looking gentleman be getting out? It must be some great person. Only one passenger! Well, one such guest will reflect more honor upon the Cross Roads Hotel than a dozen shabby, third-rate customers would do. There! That Patsy did manage to secure the gentleman's baggage at the eleventh minute. They are coming in.

Enter REV. KIRKWOOD, R., falls over bucket. PATSY following with carpet-bag, linen duster and umbrella in his arms falls over him; general business between them on the floor, with umbrella and bucket.

Rev. K. Get off my body, fellow! There, take care now! You are planting that umbrella right in my ribs! Oh, this is a wretchedly uncomfortable position!

Patsy. Be jabbers! I'm enjoyin' the excitement of the excursion all right! Jist be aisy a bit now, will yez, an' I'll thry to be afther makin' an attmpt to rise.

Rev. K. (*squirming*) Make haste! you are crushing the breath out of me.

Patsy. Faix, sir! I can't rise at all, at all, wid yez a wigglin' loike that a-nunder me stomach all the toime! Jist kape aisy till I brace meself out o' the ruins. (*after several efforts PATSY succeeds in getting up*) Now, sir, I'll help yez to git upon yer pegs agin. Ready!

Gives his hands to REV. KIRKWOOD, who is pulled with difficulty to his feet.

Enter, MR. JARVIS, I.

Mr. J. Has there been a cyclone? What does this mean?

Mrs. J. It means that our guest, this gentleman here, has met with a distressing little adventure, due to the incorrigible stupidity of that blundering Irish servant of ours.

Mr. J. I regret, sir, that you have been subjected to any mortification in the Cross Roads Hotel. I beg you to excuse our servant, and we shall try to make your stay with us so pleasant as to atone fully for the carelessness in your reception.

Rev. K. Thank you, sir, but do not cast undue blame upon your servant. I caught my foot in the bail of that bucket—I lost my balance and fell.

Patsy. I beg yer parthion, sir, for yer fall.

Mr. J. I am glad you treat the affair thus pleasantly, sir, but all the same I regret its having happened. (*to PATSY, who is on his hands and knees on the floor*) What are you looking for on the floor there?

Patsy. Faix, Mr. Jarvis, I'm lookin' fur the ould gentleman's lost balance.

Mr. J. Leave the room, you Irish rascal.

Patsy. All right, sir! (*aside*) Faix, I guess I'll have to lave the room bekase I can't take it wid me! (*exit, R.*)

Mr. J. Pardon me, sir, but what is your name?

Rev. K. I am the Rev. Alexander Kirkwood of Bissetown.

Mr. J. (*shaking hands*) Right welcome you are to the Cross Roads Hotel, sir. It is not often an humble house like ours, in its out-of-the-way situation, has the honor to receive such guests as your reverence.

Rev. K. Thank you, sir. It was the very quietness of your hotel that induced me to stop and seek accommodation.

Mrs. J. Which we shall be happy to furnish you. Rev. Kirkwood, I trust you will be kind enough to overlook the lateness of our welcome. I feel as though I could not apologize enough for the unpleasant affair in which you were a victim. It's occurrence so completely upset my mind that I knew not how to act.

THAT AWFUL CARPET-BAG.

Rev. K. Don't mind apologizing, madam. It is all over now, and I feel none the worse for it. Be assured I shall not remember it against the Cross Roads Hotel, and shall be able to laugh at it as an awkward misap of mine, a few hours from this.

Mr. J. You are most kind, Rev. Kirkwood. Now, sir, I shall be happy to receive and execute any orders from your reverence.

Rev. K. If you please then, I should like a private room at once; where I can rest myself before supper. A jolting stage has little respect for old bones and I feel considerably shaken up.

Mr. J. A private room? Certainly, sir. Come this way if you please, and I will conduct you to the most comfortable room the Cross Roads Hotel affords.

(exit, MR. JARVIS, L., followed by REV. KIRKWOOD)

Mrs. J. To think such a thing should happen to the noted Rev. Kirkwood, of all men, and in our house, too! It is too mortifying for anything. Patsy will be our ruination yet. He is such a careless, blundering fellow.

Enter, PATSY, R.

Patsy. If yez plaze, mum, the chickens are picked and drawn an' ready for the pot.

Mrs. J. Very well; I'll attend to them myself in a short time.

Patsy. All roight, mum, jist use yer own pleasure about it.

(bell rings to the L.)

Mrs. J. Hark! Isn't that Rev. Kirkwood's bell?

(PATSY inclines his head to listen)

Patsy. It sounds loike his bell, considerin' I never heerd it before.

Mrs. J. Yes, it is his bell for none of the boarders are in their rooms. Fly, Patsy, and learn his wants.

(PATSY examines first one shoulder, then the other, intently)

Mrs. J. (impatiently) Well, what in the world are you waiting for?

Patsy. Shure, mum, for the wings!

Mrs. J. The wings?

Patsy. Yis, mum, yez told me to fly, an' shure I'm waiting for the wings so I kin oblige ye.

(bell rings again)

Mrs. J. There goes the bell again! Now, go at once and learn what Rev. Kirkwood desires.

Patsy. I will, mum; but *(feeling of his shoulder)* I think they was jist a beginnin' to sprout!

Mrs. J. You Hibernian ape! Are you going?

Makes a dive at him; PATSY dodges out L. After a second he looks in at the door.

Patsy. I trust ye feel none the worse for yer ixertion to lend me the wings, mum!

(disappears)

Mrs. J. Oh, that boy drives me distracted! I must go and see that he properly executes the wishes of our famous guest. *(exit, L.)*

Enter, R., MISS SUSAN JANE GADHAM and MRS. BRIGGS; both have packages.

Susan. An' they say that the great Bissletown preacher, Rev. Alexander Kirkwood, is in town an' a stoppin' at the Cross Roads Hotel. I'd like to see Mrs. Jarvis an' ask her if it's so.

Mrs. Briggs. Pshaw! Susan Jane, that Bissetown preacher ain't a bit better than other folks, an' I don't say so because I'm a Baptist an' he's a Presbyterian, mind ye; but my cousin's sister-in-law's niece, Melinder Ann Jackson, married a preacher for her second husband an' she hadn't hardly a decent rag to her back. Now that's a fact, an' he was a pow'ful mean provider, tew!

Susan. (*aside*) She jes' says that tew keep me from settin' my cap fur our new preacher, what is a widower with five small children. She wants him fur her second husband, but if I am thirty-nine, I'm a heap more enticer than any ole widder like Priscillar Briggsis. (*aloud*) Well, Briggsis, I'd like awful good tew see Rev. Kirkwood, anyway. You know I'm kinder young like an' have never been off travelin', an' have never seed any of these celerbrated pussons the papers tell on so much. Jest a peep 'ld satisfy me!

Mrs. Briggs. Sich longin's air sinful, Susan Jane, an' yew a Christian, tew! But maybe it wouldn't be so bad jest tew peep through the keyhole an' see him, as tew stare square at him. But as yew air so young an' bein's as how I am a widder, I'll tell ye what I'll dew so's tew shield ye sortor from any talk that might be said about yer comin' up here tew see a man, an' a preacher at that!

Susan. Dew fix up a plan, Mrs. Briggsis, jest so's I kin catch a peep at the famous divine, an' I'll speak a good word fur yew to our new minister.

Mrs. Briggs. Thank yew, Susan Jane. I don't keer nothin' fur the minister, but I'm sorter sorry fur the pore chillen an' might be persuaded on their account. But the plan's what yew air anxious tew hear. It's this:—you go straight hum with me an' after dark, so's nobuddy kin see us, we'll come up here an' peep through the winders at him.

Susan. But we don't know what room he occupies!

Mrs. Briggs. Here comes Patsy! I'll ask him!

Enter, PATSY, L.

Mrs. Briggs. How do you do, Patsy! What is the number of Rev. Kirkwood's room?

Patsy. He's a takin' off his boots an' gettin' ready to take a snooze. He's not dressed jist now to see ladies.

Mrs. Briggs. Yew don't understand me, Patsy. I jest want tew know the number of his room. I don't wish ter call on him.

Patsy. All roight, thin! It's number five, frontin' the flower yard behind the house.

Mrs. Briggs. Thank yew, Patsy! (*aside to SUSAN*) Jest the room fur our purpose. (*to PATSY*) Now, Patsy, don't tell a soul about our bein' here!

Patsy. All roight, mum, it'll plaze me to kape silence on the matter. (*aside*) Shure, Katie wud not loike it at all, at all, if she knew I talked to the widder.

(*he takes up the large carpet-bag which had been left there*)

Susan. Is that carpet-bag Rev. Kirkwood's?

Patsy. Yis, mum, it's the preacher's!

Susan. My! It's full of sumthin'!

Mrs. Briggs. Trac's fur the heatherins—but come on, Susan Jane, I must git home!

(*exit, R.*)

SUSAN follows slowly, looking curiously at the carpet-bag held by PATSY.

Patsy. Ah! The ould widder and the ould maid are always dodgin' fur the prachers! The riverend sint me to bring his carpet-bag an' other traps, so I'll jist gather thim up.

PATSY picks up REV. KIRKWOOD'S long-tailed duster, puts it on, opens the umbrella, hangs the carpet-bag over one arm, and then he pompously spreads up and down the stage, holding the umbrella dudishly over him.

Patsy. Shure! I am the great Riverind Alexander Silkirk, on me way to Europe!

He walks very fast and makes the duster spread far out behind him. He looks over his shoulder. He struts about, imitating an affected lady, then breaks into a polka-whirl—beginning slowly and getting faster, until he causes the duster to stand out firmly, going up and down the stage several times, making his exit at last toward L.

SCENE II.—Same as before. *Mrs. JARVIS seated by table sewing. Miss SUSAN JANE GADHAM and Mrs. BRIGGS enter, R., excitedly.*

Mrs. J. (jumping up, startled) Goodness gracious! how you two did startle me! You look as if you had met a ghost. But won't you sit down?

Susan. (in a mysterious voice) Ask me not to sit after what my eyes have seen!

Mrs. Briggs. (placing a finger on her lips) Hush! sh-sh! Oh, Mrs. Jarvis, the heap of unheard of wickedness there be in this world!

Susan. It takes my breath away tew think on it!

Mrs. Briggs. It's anuff tew make a confidin' woman take pizzen!

Mrs. J. In the name of all that is awful, what do you two mean?

Mrs. Briggs. An' he sech a respectable lookin' ole gentleman, tew!

Susan. An' he a preacher an' so famous like!

Mrs. Briggs. That's what makes it so mighty wickeder!

Susan. It does look right smart wosser, him betin' a minister; but, verily, the preachers air vanity, says the good book.

Mrs. J. What do you mean? I do declare I begin to believe that you have both gone crazy!

Susan. You won't think so when you know the shockin' truth!

Mrs. Briggs. I'd think not, when her eyes air blasted by a sight at that awful, awful carpet-bag, as our'n has been!

Susan. Oh, the sinful ole reprobate! *(angrily)*

Mrs. Briggs. State's prison will be the end of it, I know.

Mrs. J. Who is sinful? Who are you talking about?

Susan. Rev. Kirkwood!

Mrs. J. Rev. Kirkwood, our guest? Why, what has *he* been doing that is so horrible?

Mrs. Briggs. (shaking her head) Oh, that awful, awful carpet-bag! Trac's fur the heatherins, indeed! Oh, the deceit of this world is over-powerin'!

Mrs. J. Don't stand there a living exclamation point, but tell me what you mean. What has Rev. Kirkwood done?

Susan. (wildly) Murder! He has did a shockin' murder!

Mrs. Briggs. Ah! yew may well roll up yer hands and clasp yer eyes that away! It *does* seem hard to believe, but it's true! it's true!

Mrs. J. Nonsense, Mrs. Briggs, you have let your imagination play havoc with your better sense! You are so excited you do not know what you are saying.

Mrs. Briggs. I am a leetle unnarved, but I am not mistaken in what I seed. (*shaking her head*) No, no, no!

Susan. No, she's not mistaken, Mrs. Jarvis, fur I seed it tew, with both of my eyes wide open.

Mrs. J. Saw *what*? Explain at once! I cannot endure this mystery any longer.

Mrs. Briggs. Well, listen! (*raising her finger*) Susan Jane an' me was a-comin' in the back way tew have a leetle chat with yew this evenin'. We was admirin' your posies near the Rev. Kirkwood's winder, an' jest happened tew look in. His light was a-burnin' an' we see him take up that awful carpet-bag o' his'n, an' jest as cool as if he had all the grace o' heaven, an' nobuddy else had a speck, he unlocked it an' took out—

Susan. The body of a *dead child*!

Mrs. J. Oh, heavens!

MR. JARVIS *bursting in L., followed by* PATSY.

Mr. J. What's that? A dead child? Where?

Mrs. Briggs. In Rev. Kirkwood's carpet-bag, in this hotel! Susan Jane an' me seed it plain—a poor, limp dead baby with long yaller hair. Oh, the olé murderer!

Mr. J. It seems too horrible to realize!

Susan. It does, indeed; but it's all a fact! I kin see now why he—sech a great pusson—stopped at this leetle town—at a small hotel like the Cross Roads; he wanted tew git shet of the corpse!

Patsy. Be jabbers! He'll git shut of himsilf if that's his game, the ould canny-bull!

Mr. J. What are we to do? I am entirely confounded by what I have heard.

Mrs. J. (*excitedly*) Do? There is but one thing for us to do, Mr. Jarvis: that is to confront the ecclesiastical villain in his room with the proofs of his diabolical crime and have him lodged in the county jail. We must go at once, before he has time to hide the dead body. We must preserve the reputation of the Cross Roads Hotel at all hazards!

Patsy. (*imitates SUSAN, who is excitedly wringing her hands*) Faix, that is so! If we don't make haste, he'll rip open the feather bed an' sew it up there, or throw it down the cistern, or put it in the pickle barrel down cellar. Ghost of Pat Murphy! There's no tellin' what he won't do with the corpse if we don't hurry our shtumps!

Susan. Oh, the villainy of them that set in the high places of the land!

Patsy. Oh, the disappointment of them that always set a snare for the prachers!

Mr. J. Come, it won't do to tarry here if we are to beard the wolf in his den! Let us retire at once to the kitchen and arm ourselves with brooms shovels, etc., to defend ourselves should he refuse to surrender

Exit, L., followed by MRS. JARVIS, MRS. BRIGGS and SUSAN, all excited.

Patsy. By the howly powerth's! He'll be afther thinkin' he's struck an earthquake this toime!
(*exit L.*)

SCENE III.—REV. KIRKWOOD'S private room in the Cross Roads Hotel. REV. KIRKWOOD, in dressing gown and slippers, is seated by a table, on which a lamp is burning, reading a paper, his feet on a foot-stool.

Rev. K. Ah! This is comfortable, indeed! Had I stopped in the city instead of coming on to this quiet little place, I might have remained forever in total ignorance of the excellent hospitality of the intelligent landlord and landlady of the Cross Roads Hotel. (*takes up carpet-bag by his side and places it gently on a chair near by*) I am glad it carried all right! I was afraid it might be badly damaged after my long journey. (*noise of many feet outside*) What is the meaning of the commotion I hear? I hope they have not, in their wrath, assassinated that poor Irish lad and are now holding a wake over his body. Hark! The feet move this way!

Excited voices outside; cries of "Look through the keyhole!" "Do you see him!" "Has he escaped?" "Let me at the ould spalpane!"

Rev. K. The Irishman's voice! He still lives then. I declare, the hubbub is at my door! What can it mean?

Enter, R., MR. JARVIS with old rusty gun; MRS. JARVIS with broom; MRS. BRIGGS with fire-shovel; SUSAN with churn-dasher and poker, while PATSY brings up the rear with a bootjack. They are all excited and brandish the miscellaneous weapons conspicuously. Boarders if convenient.

Mr. J. You—you scoundrel!

Mrs. J. How dare you show yourself in a respectable house?

Mrs. Briggs. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, at your time of life, a bringin' approach upon the church?

Susan. Oh! you wolf in a lamb's wool, that tramples upon the flowers of a young girl's faith in preachers! I could nearly come a-strikin' ye, I am that upshot at your transgressing.

Patsy. Faix, sir, now ye ought to be ashamed of yersilf, so ye had, to tramp down the young lady's flowers, though I never saw ye do the dade! I'll jist take holt of yez while the others do the spakin'. (*PATSY holds the REV. KIRKWOOD in his chair with hands on his shoulders*) Now, ladies, say what yez plaze. I've got the criminal fast.

Susan. Oh, the deceivin' critter! Oh! there's that awful carpet-bag! Let me git it!

Snatches the carpet-bag from the chair near REV. KIRKWOOD, and carries it down c.

Mrs. Briggs. You horrid man, to sit there so unmoved-like when yer awful crime is diskivered!

Mr. J. Yes, Rev. Kirkwood, you might as well surrender yourself to justice at once, for your dreadful crime is known to all present

Patsy. Yis, sir! I'd advise yer riverince to give up, fur ye see we are all armed and ready fur the fray an' ye'll git no quarters from any of us.

Mrs. J. Come, sir, surrender and cause no difficulties!

Rev. K. Ladies and gentlemen, will you be kind enough to tell me what all this means?

Susan. (*bending over the carpet-bag in c. of stage and trying to unfasten it*) It means that you are a murderer of the deepest dye, an' the innocent murdered lies coffined in this carpet-bag. (*she jerks the carpet-bag open; out falls a large wax doll, life size*) Behold! the wretched victim of a once great preacher! (*discovers it to be a doll*) Oh! What is this?

All crowd around the carpet-bag and stare incredulously at the doll.
PATSY releases *REV. KIRKWOOD* and stares open-mouthed at it.

Rev. K. A birthday present for my little granddaughter at Mapleville. My friends, have you any criticisms to offer on it—as a doll?

Mrs. Briggs. I—I thought sure it was a dead baby!

Susan. So did I!

Patsy. (*aside*) The ould maid and ould widdy has made a shwate muss of it this toime!

Mrs. J. Susan Jane Gadham and Priscilla Briggs, you ought to be turned out of the church for making all this hubbub over a doll! Oh, *Rev. Kirkwood*, what will you think of us?

(*covers her face with her hands*)

Patsy. Faix, mum, if he's the good christian mon I've heerd he is, he'll jist think it's a wild frake of the imagination an' not kape it agin ye.

Rev. K. (*smiling*) A sort of private rehearsal in which a lesson has been taught, *Patsy*.

Patsy. Yis, sir! an' it's my opinion some of us had betther be put back in our a-b-c's. (*looking at Mrs. Briggs and Susan*)

Mr. J. (*to Rev. Kirkwood*) Sir, I am too wretched to attempt any apologies for all this disturbance and for the suspicions we had against you. Had it not been for the curiosity of our neighbors, who saw you through the window, remove the doll from the carpet-bag and mistook it for a dead baby, all this unpleasantness might have been prevented.

Rev. K. My friend, spare yourself all this humiliation. I am too wise to allow myself to be offended because others will make fools of themselves. Only accept this little advice from me (*to audience*) and all present under the hearing of my voice, also:—Never judge by appearances hastily, and never decide on the unsupported testimony of others.

ARRANGEMENT OF CHARACTERS.

MR. & MRS. JARVIS, L.

MRS. BRIGGS & SUSAN, R.

PATSY, NEAR D. L.

BOARDERS. (*if present, in the background.*)

CURTAIN.

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HERBERT MASON.....	David's son—just from college.
ROYAL MEADOWS.....	Foster-son of Mrs. Clifton.
ARTHUR FLOYD.....	A villain.
GEORGE CLIFTON.....	A returned Californian.
PARSON SWIFT.....	An astonished clergyman.
BILL TORRY.....	A boatman—Floyd's confederate.
BREWSTER.....	Police officer.
EBONY.....	A colored individual.
MRS. MASON.....	David's wife—a good adviser.
DOLORES ——?.....	The miner's daughter.
MRS. CLIFTON.....	George Clifton's deserted wife.
WINNIFRED CLIFTON.....	Mrs. Clifton's daughter.
HAPZIBAH.....	A lady of color.

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WASHING DAY.....	Girls at tubs.
HOUSE-CLEANING DAY.....	Man and woman.
APRIL FOOL'S DAY.....	Old maid, and little boy.
ASH WEDNESDAY.....	Monk.
GOOD FRIDAY.....	Women at cross.
EASTER.....	Chorus of girls in white.
MAY DAY.....	May queen, chorus of children.
MEMORIAL DAY.....	Two soldiers.
JULY FOURTH.....	Uncle Sam, boys.
EMANCIPATION DAY.....	Darkey.
HALLOWE'EN.....	Group of girls.
THANKSGIVING DAY.....	Man, little girl.
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Frank Duncan.....	<i>The Guerrilla Chieftain</i>
John Harker.....	<i>St. Leon's Overseer, afterwards a Guerrilla</i>
Charles White.....	<i>Harry's friend, a Union Spy</i>
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Col. Franklin.....	<i>of the U. S. Army</i>
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Sam.....	<i>one of the Bones of Contention</i>
Alex Burt.....	<i>A Lieutenant of Guerrillas</i>
Prisoner.....	<i>at Belle Isle</i>
Maude St. Leon.....	<i>a loyal lady, daughter of St. Leon</i>
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ACT I.—SCENE 1st.—Home of Fred Grover—Priscilla, Fred's old maid sister—Fred's return from the South—His present to Priscilla, of Gyp, a "little nigger"—Gyp dances—Millie's horror of slavery—Gyp's happiness—Song and dance.

ACT II.—SCENE 1st.—News of cousin Charlie, an old lover of Millie's—Gyp and Siah's soda water, an amusing scene—Priscilla, her horror of being kissed by "a man"—Millie vindicates herself by revealing the secret of her life to Charlie, which is heard by Daville—Gyp—Meeting of Millie and Daville—Daville reveals Millie's secret to Isadore, his betrothed—Comic scene between Gyp and Siah.

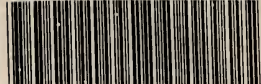
ACT III.—SCENE 1st.—Evil designs of Daville and Isadore—Millie, the child of old Harriet, the slave—Meeting of Isadore and Harriet, her threat, "You are my child"—Isadore attempts her murder by pushing her over the cliff; she is rescued by Daville—Isadore reveals her love for Fred, which Millie and Charlie overhear—Millie's anguish and final blow—"No wife, a slave!"—Quarrel of Daville and Charlie—Isadore's search for the body of old Harriet. SCENE 2d.—Escape of Charlie—A piece of Priscilla's mind—Her promise to Millie—Oath of Isadore—Millie's flight. SCENE 3d.—Daville gives an account of the shooting and supposed flight of Millie with Charlie—Priscilla on her mettle—Supposed suicide of Millie—A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1st.—Daville accuses Isadore, now Mrs. Grover, of Harriet's murder—Millie, as Sister Agnes, the French governess—Return of Charlie—Fred's anger and Priscilla's interference. SCENE 2d.—Charlie disguised as old Nathan—Millie's letter found which explains her flight—Fred's remorse—Daville and Isadore recognize Millie—Their plot against her discovered by old Nathan.

ACT V.—SCENE 1st.—Southern Plantation—Priscilla discovers Sister Agnes, as Millie—Her anger at being kissed by a nigger—Daville threatens Isadore with slavery—Attempted murder of Priscilla—Scene between Gyp and Siah. SCENE 2d.—Millie a slave—Daville offers her marriage—Millie tied to the whipping post—Her rescue by Gyp. SCENE 3d.—Millie and Gyp in the swamp—Attempted capture—Rescued by Charlie—Old Harriet clears the mystery of Millie and Isadore's birth—"There is but one way left, death"—Arrest of Daville—Death of Charlie—Reconciliation of Fred and Millie, who is freed from bondage.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M	F	NO.		M	F
FARCES CONTINUED.							
72	Deuce is in Him.....	6	1	28	Thirty-three Next Birthday..	4	2
19	Did I Dream it.....	4	3	142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1
42	Domestic Felicity.....	1	1	213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3
185	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3	0	151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0	5	When Women Weep.....	3	2
148	Eh? What Did You Say.....	3	1	56	Wooring Under Difficulties.....	5	3
218	Everybody Astonished.....	4	0	70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8
224	Fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1	135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law...	2	1	147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2
154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2	155	Why they Joined the Re-		
184	Family Discipline.....	0	1		becca.....	0	4
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs..	5	3	111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1
13	Give Me My Wife.....	3	3	157	Ya, kee Peddler.....	7	3
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.			
116	Hash.....	4	2	204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0
120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1	1	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
103	How Sister Puxey got her			172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
	Child Baptiz'd.....	2	1	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
50	How She has Own Way.....	1	3	222	Colored Senators.....	3	0
140	How He Popped the Quest'n.	1	1	214	Chops.....	3	0
74	How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4	2	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
35	How Stout Your Getting.....	5	2	190	Crimps Trip.....	5	3
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0	-27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend...	2	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5	3	230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1
11	John Smith.....	5	3	153	Haunted House.....	2	0
99	Jumbo Jum.....	4	3	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
82	Killing Time.....	1	1	236	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
182	Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1	3	77	Joe's Vis t.....	2	1
127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2	2	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
228	Landerbach's Little Surprise	3	0	128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
106	Lodgings for Two.....	3	0	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1	1	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems...	3	0
231	Match for a Mother-in-Law..	2	2	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
235	More Blunders than one.....	4	3	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
69	Mother's Fool.....	6	1	109	Other People's Children.....	3	2
1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.....	7	4	134	Pomp's Pranks.....	2	0
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt....	1	1	177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	3	0
23	My Heart's in Highlands....	4	3	96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
208	My Precious Betsey.....	4	4	107	School.....	5	0
212	My Turn Next.....	4	3	133	Seeing Bosting.....	3	0
32	My Wife's Relations.....	4	4	179	Sham Doctor.....	3	3
186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0	1	94	16,000 Years Ago.....	3	0
44	Obedience.....	1	2	25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2	0
33	On the Sly.....	3	2	92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2	1
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2	0
217	Patent Washing Machine.....	4	1	64	That Boy Sam.....	3	1
165	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3	122	The Select School.....	5	0
195	Poor Pilicody.....	2	3	118	The Popcorn Man.....	3	1
159	Quiet Family.....	4	4	6	The Studio.....	3	0
171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3	108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	0
180	Ripples.....	2	0	4	Twain's Dodging.....	3	1
48	Schnaps.....	1	1	197	Tricks.....	5	2
138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5	193	Uncle Jeff.....	5	2
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3	170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2	216	Vice Versa.....	3	1
232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2	206	Villkens and Dinah.....	4	1
137	Taking the Census.....	1	1	210	Virginia Man my.....	6	1
40	That Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2	203	Who Stole the Chickens.....	1	1
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2	205	William Tell.....	4	0
131	The Cigarette.....	4	2	156	Wig-Maker and His Servants	3	0
101	The Coming Man.....	3	1	GUIDE BOOKS.			
167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2	17	Hints on Elocution.....		
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0	130	Hints to Amateurs.....		
54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2				



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250. Festival of Days. A series of Tableaux, by Ida M. Bixton, representing the memorial days of the year. Just the thing for an evening's entertainment, as it is easily produced, requiring no scenery. Time of performance, one hour.

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252. That Awful Carpet-Bag. An original farce, in 3 scenes, by Ad H. Gibson. 3 males, 3 females. Scene in a hotel: a widow and old maid, whose curiosity gets them into embarrassing situations. Irish character immense. Time 30 minutes.

253. The Best Cure. An Ethiopian farce in 1 act, by C. F. Ingraham. 4 male, 1 female—exceedingly funny farce. A darkey who was cured of imaginary illness—the "cure" will be appreciated by all lovers of fun. Time, 30 minutes.

254. Dot, the Miner's Daughter; or, One Glass of Wine. A temperance drama, in 3 acts, by Lizzie M. Elwyn, author of "Millie, the Quadroon." 9 males, 5 females. This is the most popular temperance play written since "Turn of the Tide" was published. Characters all equally good; two negro characters, Ebony and Hapzibah, which are immense, and keeps an audience in a continuous uproar. Costumes, modern. Time, 2 hours.

255. Gertie's Vindication. A domestic drama, in 2 acts, by G. H. Pierce. 3 males, 3 females. A thoroughly good moral play, showing the truth of the old saying, "Honesty is the best policy." Jack, the negro, and Katy, the Irish girl, are both exceedingly good and will keep an audience convulsed with laughter. Costumes, modern. Time, one and one-half hours.

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