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	M.	F.		M.	F.
141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3	1	124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch....	2	
73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5			111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act.....	6	1
107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	6	2	139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc. 5	2	1
113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7		50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
133. Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a. 3	1		64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene.....	4	1
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes... 7	1		95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	11	
42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene. 2	1		67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene... 6		
79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1	2	4. Eh? What is it? sketch.....	4	1
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc. 6	1	
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece.....	4		98. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4	1	
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene.... 3			52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	10	1
11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes 4	1		25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene.....	2	1
146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	1	88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act 4	2	1
110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality.....	4	2	51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene. 2		
126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce.... 4	2		152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	6	
127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch. 3	1		106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes....	8	1
128. Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act.....	2	1	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc. 2	2	1
120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes.... 5	2		17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act.....	2	
89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene.....	4		58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc. 4	3	
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2			31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes.... 3		
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch.....	2	2	20. Going for the Cup, interlude..... 4		
148. Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	6	2	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene. 3		
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene.....	6		130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	6	
112. Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch.....	3	
144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc.. 4	1		61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene.... 5	1		142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene.....	1	1
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene.... 3			23. Hard Times, extravaganza. 1 scene. 5	1	1
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc. 5	1		118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act.....	6	
63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene 3	1		3. Hemrred In, sketch.....	3	1
131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc. 6		
			68. Hippotheatron, sketch.....	9	
			150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene 6		
			71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
			123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1

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By H. B. ENELEH,

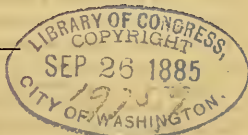
Author of "One Year," "Sacrifice," "A Long Winter," etc., etc.

Handwritten: ~~Helen~~ and ~~Beatrice~~
~~Henry~~

TOGETHER WITH

34
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.

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NEW YORK:
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CHARACTERS.

MR. NATHANIEL GREY, an aged millionaire.
 MRS. LANGLEY, his widowed daughter.
 KITTY LANGLEY,
 ERNEST GERARD.
 MRS. JIM KLYMER, a schemer.
 ROBERT STEEL, her brother.
 DICK DANVERS, a friend (impartially) to all.
 LITTLE ELSIE (age 5), wayward and wilful.
 MONSIEUR HERCULES THEOPHILE MANTEAU, a French costumer.
 MARTHA, maid in hotel.
 DOUGLAS, servant to Nathaniel Grey.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—TWO HOURS AND A HALF.

TIME—The present.

SCENERY.

ACT I.—Conservatory in the house of NATHANIEL GREY.

“Trifles light as air are to the jealous
 Confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ.”

ACT II.—Drawing-room in the house of NATHANIEL GREY.

“Farewell, mine own familiar home, farewell.”

ACT III.—Private parlor in a hotel.

“Illusion is brief, repentance is long.”

ACT IV.—Drawing-room in the house of NATHANIEL GREY, same as Act II.

“We live in heart-throbs, not in years.”

Between Acts I. and II. one night is supposed to have elapsed; between Acts II. and III. two hours; between Acts III. and IV. one hour.

COSTUMES.

KITTY.—Act 1, Sky-blue ball-dress. Act 2, Rose-color wrapper, with cascades of white lace. Act 3, Light gray walking costume; gloves and bonnet to match. Act 4.—First entrance—Same as in Act 3; Second entrance—White tea-gown.

MRS. KLYMER.—Act 1, Ball toilet of black tulle, with garniture of red flowers; long black gloves; red satin wrap for GERARD to bring in. Act 2, Walking costume of brown, with trimmings of leopard skin; bonnet and gloves to match.

MRS. LANGLEY.—Act 2, Morning wrapper of heliotrope-color silk, with knots of ribbon; breakfast cap. Second costume—Black silk house dress; hair plainly dressed. Act 4. The same.

MARTHA.—Dark woolen dress, white apron, etc.

LITTLE ELSIE.—A child's white waist, lady's long trailing skirt of yellow satin, with flounces of black lace and trimmings of flowers; large fan; curls.

[For Properties and Stage Directions, see last page.]

TEMPEST TOSSED.

“ We are our own fates—
Our own deeds are our doomsmen.”
OWEN MEREDITH.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Conservatory in the house of NATHANIEL GREY, on the night of a ball. Door at C. As curtain rises, waltz music is heard as if coming from the ball-room.*

Enter, C. D., DICK DANVERS and MRS. JIM KLYMER.

MRS. KLYMER. Oh, dear me! I'm quite breathless, and oh! so tired. (*in a confidential tone*) Do you know, Mr. Danvers, that you appeared to me, just now, quite in the light of a good angel?

DANVERS (*bows*). Indeed, Mrs. Klymer! In what way may I have been so fortunate as to win for myself that beatific appellation, even for the moment? (*they seat themselves L.*)

MRS. K. By rescuing me from the enemy.

DAN. Enemy! What enemy?

MRS. K. My foe, for the nonce, has taken the shape of the warlike General Wild.

DAN. Ah! General Wild, the hero of the battlefield.

MRS. K. (*laughs*). Perhaps; but not of the ball-room, certainly. The valiant soldier may have won many a victory on the field, but (*laughs gayly*) I doubt his ever winning a woman's heart. He certainly could never successfully *dance* his way into a lady's affections. Oh! my dear friend, the tortures I endured during this last waltz, under the guidance of his generalship, can better be imagined than described.

DAN. (*in mock pity*). Poor victim! And had you to dance it all through?

MRS. K. (*very calmly*). Yes, Mr. Danvers, to the bitter end. (*music from the ball-room ceases.*)

DAN. (*laughs*). Mrs. Klymer, behold in me a fellow-sufferer. I too have had much to undergo; as much, I think, if not more than you.

MRS. K. And what shape did your torture take?

DAN. The somewhat *broad* shape of Miss Angelina Stont. (*laughs.*)

MRS. K. Oh! my poor companion in misery! Surely you did not choose her for a partner of your own free will?

DAN. No; I did it by special request of our hostess, Mrs. Langley. I folded my hands in meek submission, and tried not to murmur at my doom, as I sat the waltz out with the antiquated Angelina.

MRS. K. She, I believe, is the lady with the charitable hobby, is she not?

DAN. Yes. During the last ten minutes I have been regaled by the

recital of good deeds without number, and the result is, that you see before you now a patron of three—new—worthy—charitable—institutions.

MRS. K. Poor man! Their names?

DAN. (*laughs*). For further particulars, apply to Miss Angelina Stout! For pity's sake, my dear Mrs. Klymer, let us forget the woes of the past in the comfort of the present.

MRS. K. (*fans herself, languidly*). Yes, and enjoy the delicious coolness of the conservatory after the heat of the ball-room. (*looks around room*) What a magnificent house this is of Mr. Grey's!

DAN. Ah! it is indeed; and how fortunate a girl is Miss Kitty Langley, grandchild and heiress of Mr. Nathaniel Grey, possessor of all this wealth.

MRS. K. (*with interest*). Is it really so, Mr. Danvers—is it positively a fact that Kitty Langley will inherit all her grandfather's money? Are there no other relatives?

DAN. None. There is no doubt about it; Miss Langley is one of the greatest heiresses in town. Mrs. Langley, you know, is Mr. Grey's only child.

Enter ROBERT STEEL, C. D.

*DAN. (*sees him*). Ah, Mrs. Klymer, here comes your brother. (*to STEEL as he approaches*) "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances." (*laughs*. MRS. K. *laughs*) By Jove! though, Steel, on nearer inspection, how glum you look. Hardly the air of a conquering hero. What pretty girl has been snubbing you now?

STEEL (*smiles*). Why do you ask? Do I look so mournful? If I do, I assure you it is not the result of any fair one's frown, but rather the thought of a very common-place personage—(*laughs*) my tailor. That long-suffering individual positively and firmly refuses any longer to clothe me at his own expense, and heartlessly insists that I pay my bill.

DAN. (*laughing*). Is your bill then so frightful a one?

STEEL (*in mock earnest*). Terribly so. As I read it, the number of dollars I bore with resignation; but when I came to the *cents* attached to the account, oh! then my fortitude gave way.

MRS. K. Yes, really, why is it that it always does seem so? Why is it, I wonder, that the least offensive of the figures is always the last straw that breaks the camel's back?

DAN. (*laughs*). Well, thank kind Fortune, my nerves are never unstrung by the sight of a bill. Any trouble in that way I always avoid by handing them over, *unopened*, to the governor. Sometimes, when he sees them, there is thunder in the air, but on the whole, I must say for him, that he bears it like a Roman.

STEEL. Ah, Danvers, it's one thing to be a generous father's son, but quite another to be a poor orphan!

DAN. An orphan is it? Poor little one—poor child!

STEEL (*half seriously*). Ah, Danvers, you needn't smile. Poor orphan indeed, who has to weather some pretty hard storms.

DAN. A great many rainy days in your life, eh, Steel?

STEEL (*with a sigh*). Any number of them, and what is more, I've been obliged to face them all without even the protection of an umbrella. Ah, Danvers, that's a state of things that you, lucky fellow, have never had to put up with—you, who have a Cræsus for a father!

DAN. (*laughs*). That's true enough—as many silk umbrellas (figuratively speaking, of course) as I have ever cared for, and a great deal of rich father for me, thanks to the kind Goddess of Fortune.

STEEL. Yes, kind to you, but cruel to me.

DAN. (*smiles*). Snubs you, eh?

STEEL. Unmercifully.

MRS. K. Yes, poor Bob, I fear, is not on that lady's visiting list.

DAN. (*laughs*). Well, Steel, let us hope that she will not always thus give you the cold shoulder.

STEEL. Thanks, Danvers, for the kind wish, which with all my heart I echo. (*sits, near DANVERS.*)

MRS. K. Ah, poor Bob, that goes without telling.

STEEL (*sighs*). But still, I fear me much that your friend, the Goddess of Fortune, has only frowns, dark frowns, for me. Certain it is, that up to the present day she has utterly and entirely ignored me.

DAN. (*taps him encouragingly on the shoulder*). *Nil desperandum*—keep up your spirits, and keep open your eyes, and perhaps some day, when you least expect it, the capricious goddess may suddenly take it into her head to beam upon you.

STEEL. Possibly, but, unfortunately, not probably; and in the meantime, as things now stand, I must confess that I greatly envy you—you who are so rich in the possession of this world's goods.

DAN. (*smiles*). Or rather, in common parlance, you envy me my father.

STEEL. Most assuredly I do.

DAN. Well, then, my dear fellow, to repeat your own words, "as things now stand," as you haven't a rich father, why in the world don't you go in for a rich father-in-law? Or—(*as if a thought had suddenly struck him*) I have an idea—a rich grand-father-in-law! I say, Steel, it wouldn't be a bad thing for you, if you made a trial for the heiress of all this wealth—would it now?

STEEL (*smiles*). A bad thing, my dear fellow! Why, I'd be the happiest man in the world could I be the grandchild-in-law (*laughs*) of Nathaniel Grey. But, unfortunately, one serious obstacle stands in the way of that "consummation devoutly to be wished."

DAN. (*inquiringly*). And that is—

STEEL. The objection of the heiress herself. (*laughs*) I very much fear she'd never have me.

MRS. K. (*starts, aside*). I wonder if I could not manage it for him.

DAN. Oh, ye shades! A sudden and violent attack of modesty. After having, for several seasons, "with great success," taken the role of hero in the comedy of love on the stage of life, you suddenly find yourself unable, in this case, to cope with a more onerous part than that of walking gentleman.

MRS. K. (*aside*). In this case, where indeed "the game would be worth the candle."

DAN. You, whose motto might well be, "veni, vidi, vici"—I came, I saw, I conquered. (*smiles*) Nonsense, man. screw up your courage. and remember, *none* but the brave, none *but* the brave, none but the *brave* deserve the fair!

STEEL (*sighs*). Ah, but there are so many others before me—so very many aspirants for Miss Langley's hand.

DAN. The greater, then, should your courage be; for how much more honor, should you succeed.

MRS. K. Quite right, Mr. Danvers. Remember, Bob, the *many* fail; the *one* succeeds.

STEEL. Well, I only wish I might be *the* one. I heartily wish that for once the horn of plenty were placed in my way.

DAN. Poor fellow, you are in a wishing mood to-night. (*rises*) Mrs.

Klymer, I will leave him in your hands. Perhaps you can succeed in making him see things more *couleur de rose*. For now I really must leave you—must return to the ball-room, there to look up and dance with that dreadful Miss Candor.

STEEL. Oh, horror of horrors!

MRS. K. The one who believes in always speaking the truth, the plain, unvarnished truth, and nothing but the truth?

DAN. Yes, the same. In a rash moment I *engaged* myself to her.

MRS. K. Oh dear, no! That's among the impossibilities.

DAN. (*laughs*). Oh, do not be alarmed, Mrs. Klymer. Fortunately not for life, only for this waltz. [*Bows to Mrs. K. and exits, c. d.*]

MRS. K. (*earnestly*). Poor Robert! is it really a fact that things look so blue for you?

STEEL (*despondently*). They could not possibly look darker.

MRS. K. Are you again in debt?

STEEL (*sighs*). Over head and ears! Oh! Fan, could you not manage again, by hook or crook, to induce your husband to—

MRS. K. (*with decision*). No, no! Jim would only refuse. That you surely must know. After he had set you on your feet again, last spring, he swore that never, positively *never*, would he do another thing for you. (*sadly*) Robert, can you not alter your ways? Why will you always run so heavily in debt?

STEEL (*bitterly*). Ah, Fan, it's fate—my miserable fate. I was born under an unlucky star. Everything turns out so badly for me. Why, yesterday, (*excitedly*) couldn't that horse come in first instead of last? Why, last night, could I not win instead of lose at the club? (*in a tone of despair*) Fan, unless your husband helps me I'm afraid it's all over with me this time. I see no way out of my troubles but to blow out my brains. (*buries his face in his hands. Pause.*)

MRS. K. (*places her hand on his shoulder; encouragingly*). Come, come, cheer up, brother mine, cheer up. Don't look at everything through such dark spectacles. I think I see light ahead. (*gay music is heard as if coming from the ball-room.*)

STEEL (*looks up quickly*). Do you? Where?

Enter ERNEST GERARD and KITTY LANGLEY. KITTY is laughing gayly. They come down R.

MRS. K. (*looking at her. Aside to STEEL*). There! there! (*she and STEEL talk in dumb show.*)

KITTY (*to GERARD, merrily*). Yes, indeed. I mean it—I really do. I always have my own way, and things always turn out exactly as I wish them to. (*music from ball-room ceases. They seat themselves.*)

GERARD (*gravely*). Is it then possible that you have been so well shielded from all rough winds, that you have never, even in the slightest degree, learned the lesson of life—disappointment?

KITTY (*lifts her eyes to GERARD's, half wonderingly*). Disappointment?

GERARD. Ah, yes, I see—that is a word as yet unwritten in your heart's vocabulary—never yet has the least ripple of the waves of the sea of trouble rolled over your young soul. Ah! you are exceptionally fortunate. You are one of those to whom the world ever turns its brightest pictures; one of those who have all the song and none of the sigh—all the joy and none of the sorrow. (*they talk in dumb show.*)

STEEL (*aside to Mrs. K.*). But, Fan, Gerard, the millionaire, is there

before me. You must be dreaming indeed to imagine that your good-for-nothing brother could enter the field with him—(*laughs*) your poor good-for-nothing brother, with just enough money in his pocket to buy the wedding-ring, and perhaps (*doubtfully*) fee the minister who ties the knot. In a race between us Gerard would surely be the winner.

MRS. K. (*with meaning*). Ah, but he will not be in the field; that I will manage for you, although as yet I don't quite know how. Robert, don't you remember when we were children, how you would always come to me when you were in any trouble, and say, "Sister Fan, you'll get me safely out of this, won't you?"

STEEL (*smiles*). Ah, yes, Fan, my clever sister, I remember it well; and generally, too, you managed bravely to solve all knotty problems for me.

MRS. K. (*smiles*). Well, then, Bob, again place your trust in that sister, who will do all she can to help you.

STEEL (*intently gazing at KITTY and GERARD*). Ah, Fan, but I fear she loves Gerard, and I know he loves her.

MRS. K. Never mind; in spite of all, I can, perhaps, succeed in blowing a cold wind between them; and when your time to act arrives I will give you a sign. Now, Robert, leave me for a little while; I want to think it out.

STEEL. Very well, Fan, set your woman's wit to work, (*laughs*) and I'll go back to the ball-room.

[*Exit, c. d.* MRS. K. *seems buried in thought.*]

GERARD (*to KITTY, earnestly*). Your happiness, then, depends entirely upon the outside world—you care so much for those constant excitements which it calls pleasures?

KITTY (*merrily*). Ah! indeed I dearly love them.

GERARD (*with tenderness*). If a man were fortunate enough to win your heart, would you not perhaps be willing for his sake to give up some of these gayeties? Supposing that he were forced through circumstances to devote much of his time quietly at home to an invalid sister. (*embarrassed*) or—or—(*pause—softly*) Tell me.

KITTY (*falteringly*). I—I—I—don't know.

MRS. K. (*rouses herself from her reverie. Aside*). I must go over there and break up that tête-à-tête. Each moment they are together is fraught with danger to Robert. (*rises*) Any moment he may speak; any moment she may accept him. (*crosses over to GERARD and KITTY. To KITTY*) Miss Langley, you see how very lonely I am—won't you take pity on me, and let me join you? (*GERARD rises.*)

KITTY. Certainly. (*MRS. KLYMER seats herself on seat left vacant by GERARD.*)

Enter DANVERS, c. d., and crosses to KITTY.

DAN. Miss Langley, I come as envoy extraordinary from the powers that be. (*all laugh.*)

GERARD. In plain English?

DAN. I come as messenger from the lady who has the honor of being Miss Langley's mother.

KITTY (*rises*). Ah, Mr. Danvers, a message from mamma? What is it? (*she and DANVERS walk a few steps up stage*) Let me hear it. (*they talk in dumb show.*)

MRS. K. Mr. Gerard, why does one meet you so rarely? At reception, dinner, opera and ball, you are more conspicuous by your absence than your presence. You go out very little, do you not?

GERARD (*gravely*). Yes, Mrs. Klymer, I stay at home a great deal

with my dear little sister—poor motherless one, who has no one in the wide world to love but her big brother. (*smiles.*)

MRS. K. (*in surprise*). Ah! you have a sister, Mr. Gerard? Is she a little school-girl, busy with her lessons?

GERARD (*sadly*). Ah, poor, poor child! poor little Bess! The only school she attends is the weary school of suffering; the lessons which she is forced to learn, and which, alas! (*sighs*) I can make no easier for her, are the hard, cruel lessons of pain and patience.

MRS. K. (*taken aback*). Oh! a little invalid. I beg your pardon—I did not know. How very sad!

GERARD (*sighs*). Yes, poor dear. And I like to do for her the little that lies in my power to cheer a lot that is not the brightest. The child loves me so fondly, and is so foolishly jealous of me, that it is one of her greatest trials to see me go out. (*smiles sadly*) Only to-night, as she placed this rose here, (*points to flower which he wears*) she said, "Dear brother, dear, dear Ernest, don't give any one this flower; don't ever part with anything I give you; for if you do, it would make me feel as if you love some one better than you do me, and that would just break my heart."

MRS. K. (*starts violently—aside, with meaning*). Thank you, little sister—thank you; you have shown me a way. Ah, I think, yes, I think I have it now. (*she and GERARD talk in dumb show.*)

DAN. (*to KITTY*). And I may then tell Mrs. Langley, may I not, that the daughter is willing and ready to obey the mother's behest?

KITTY. You may.

DAN. Tell her that the haughty little princess—

KITTY (*gayly*). By whom I suppose you mean no more nor less a personage than—

DAN. (*smiles—bows*). Yourself—precisely. May tell her that said princess will bear with calmness (*in mock earnest*) the terrible fate of having her lot cast with mine; (*KITTY laughs*) that she has consented to whirl through the mazes of the cotillon with (*makes a profound bow*) your humble servant? (*laughs.*)

KITTY (*laughs merrily*). Yes, Mr. Danvers, you may, with perfect safety, tell mamma all that.

DAN. (*smiles*). Or rather, to put it more plainly, you will try not to feel too badly that Mr. Skipwell, the leader *par excellence* of the German, was unexpectedly called away a few moments ago; and will permit me anon—a poor substitute, I fear—to claim you for my partner?

KITTY. You may. [*DAN. bows and exit. KITTY again seats herself.*]

MRS. K. (*with meaning, and casting a side glance at KITTY, as though to make sure that she is attending*). What a lucky man you are, Mr. Gerard, and how fascinating a one you must be, to have inspired so fond a love in the little maiden's heart. (*KITTY starts violently and looks quickly up to GERARD. MRS. K. watches her narrowly, then aside*) Ah! (*then aloud to GERARD*) And you, I suppose, in turn love her?

GERARD. Of course I love her. Indeed I do. She is very dear to me. (*KITTY's fan closes with a snap.*)

MRS. K. (*regards her closely, aside*). Ah! I am getting on. (*aloud, suavely*) Mr. Gerard, I wonder would you think it too much trouble were I to ask you to do me a favor?

GERARD (*politely*). What is it, Mrs. Klymer?

MRS. K. (*gives an affected little shiver*). Oh! it is so very chilly here. I am sadly in want of my wrap; would you be good enough to bring it to me?

GERARD (*bows*). Why, certainly.

[*Exit, c. d.*]

MRS. K. (*looks after him*). What a good heart he has. (*sighs, in a sentimental tone*) Ah! but she's a happy girl.

KITTY (*eagerly*). She! Who?

MRS. K. (*with affectation of incredulity*). Ah! then he did not tell you what he has just confided to me? You, I suppose, he considers too young to make a confidant of.

KITTY (*quickly*). What do you mean?

MRS. K. Can you not guess what I mean? Do you then not know that anything that reminds Ernest Gerard of her is dear to him? Why, the very rose which he wears to-night in the button-hole of his coat, where she placed it, he would not part with, I am sure, for anything, or any one!

KITTY (*aside, with deep emotion*). And I thought he cared for me! (*aloud, constrainedly*) Mrs. Klymer, if you will excuse me now I think I'll return to the ball-room. (*walks quickly to C. D.*)

Enter GERARD, C. D., with MRS. KLYMER'S wrap.

GERARD (*stops short as he and KITTY meet*). Why, where are you rushing to, so like a small whirlwind? (*starts*) And (*in astonishment*) how frightened you look! What is it? Have you seen a ghost?

KITTY (*nervously, looking down*). I—I—oh—I was just going to get some flowers—(*laughs in a feverish fashion*) a rose—to get a rose. (*abruptly*) Oh, you have such a pretty one! I wonder now—(*wistfully*) I wonder if you wouldn't give it to me!

GERARD (*gently*). Ah, no; not this one. Let me get you one from—

KITTY (*eagerly*). No, no! that one—that one I want.

GERARD (*embarrassed*). I am sorry, but this one I cannot! I will tell you why I cannot—

MRS. K. (*quickly, as if fearful that he may explain*). Ah, Mr. Gerard, you've brought my wrap. How kind of you! And now, will you take me back to the ball-room?

GERARD (*to KITTY*). Will you not come too?

KITTY (*shortly*). No!

GERARD (*in a low tone to KITTY*). I hope you are not angry because—

KITTY (*draws herself up proudly, with hauteur*). I—why should I be angry?

MRS. K. (*smiles sardonically to herself—with triumph, aside*). Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt.

[*Exit with GERARD, C. D.*]

KITTY (*stands looking after them, very sadly*). How much he must love her to be unwilling to part with even a little flower that she gave him! I wonder who she is. (*starts*) Oh! oh! oh! That is what he wanted to tell me when he said he had something especial to say to me to-night. That is what he brought me here for. Just as Mrs. Klymer came up and interrupted us, he was going to tell me of her, to sing her praises. And oh! I would have had to listen, would perhaps have had to congratulate him on his engagement. (*shudders*) I congratulate him! No, no! I could not do that—I could not do that. (*covers her face with her hands. Pauses, looks up sadly*) And I thought that he was about to tell me he cared for me! How embarrassed I was—how agitated. How amused he must have been at my expense—how he must have laughed at me. (*in growing excitement*) Laughed at me! How dare he laugh at me! How dare he! (*excitedly*) Oh! how to prevent his ever laughing at me again. Oh! how to prevent it. How? (*pauses, starts sul-*

denly) Ah! yes, yes. I'll do it. I will. I will. Never again, Ernest Gerard, will you have the opportunity of laughing at me. You have done so for the last time. You shall see how little I care for you—how little I intend breaking my heart for you. To the first man that asks me, I will say yes—I will engage myself. Yes, yes, the very first one who offers I will accept.

Enter STEEL, C. D. He stands a moment at door, looking around.

STEEL (*aside*). Where is she? (*sees her, smiles to himself*) Ah, yes, there is mademoiselle, indulging in a fit of the sulks. (*with conviction*) Yes, Fan was right. Now is my time, if ever. Now I have great chances of becoming the grandson-in-law of Mr. Nathaniel Grey, millionaire, ten times over. Now, thanks to Fan's clever management, if I mistake not, I may be accepted, in a fit of pique, by the heiress. (*pause*) She my wife! (*bitterly*) Oh! those debts, those miserable, pressing debts. (*very sadly*) Ah! Jane Sutherland, dear Jane, if you were only not so poor, my love, how happy my life might be. Will I ever be able to forget you, dear? (*pauses, passes his hand across his eyes, starts*) Bah! there are few memories, they say, that gold cannot stifle. (*crosses over to KITTY. With an air of gallantry*) Miss Langley, you here alone! How comes so strange a thing? though I should not be the one to question the happy chance—I can but bless so lucky an accident.

KITTY (*aside, with meaning*). Ah!

STEEL (*softly*). Miss Langley, I have sought, for a long time, this opportunity of speaking to you alone. (*waltz music heard as if coming from the ball-room.*)

KITTY (*aside, bitterly*). I have said the first who asks me. Why not this one as well as another? (*with decision*) This man be it then.

STEEL (*glancing furtively around, aside*). Silence gives consent. (*sighs*) Now for it. (*aloud*) Am I presumptuous in hoping that I am not entirely indifferent to you? Surely you must have noticed that I love you! May I not hope that you will honor me by accepting my hand? (*KITTY stretches out her hand to him. He takes it, bows over it, and murmurs*) If the devotion of a lifetime—(*kisses her hand.*)

KITTY (*aside, proudly*). Now, Ernest Gerard, you shall see how little I care that you passed me by.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room in the house of NATHANIEL GREY, elegantly furnished. Doors C., R. and L.: table C. front; fireplace with fire burning; clock and statuettes on mantel.*

At rise of curtain. GREY is discovered in arm-chair in front of fire, reading a newspaper; MRS. LANGLEY seated front, embroidering, and KITTY on sofa.

Enter DOUGLAS, C. D.

DOUGLAS (*bows*). Jackson asks, at what time you would like the carriage?

MRS. LANGLEY (*looks up from her sewing*). Kitty, my darling, at what hour do you want to go out?

KITTY (*sadly*). I don't care to go out at all, mamma.

MRS. L. Douglas, you may tell Jackson that we will not drive to-day.

[DOUGLAS bows and exit, c. d.]

GREY (*looking up from paper, kindly*). Kitty, you are strangely out of sorts this morning. Did your ball last night prove pleasanter in anticipation than in realization? Has it, like so many sweet things, left a bitter after taste? Did you not enjoy yourself, my dear?

KITTY (*aside, bitterly*). Enjoy myself! Oh, Ernest! Ernest!

Enter DOUGLAS, c. d.

DOUG. Mr. Sterling is waiting for you, sir, in the library.

GREY. Ah, Sterling! He is punctual. (*to DOUGLAS*) Very well, say that I will be with him directly.

[DOUGLAS bows and exit, c. d.]

KITTY (*breathlessly, as GREY rises and goes toward c. d.*). Oh! grandpapa, don't go yet; I have something to tell you. Won't you stay for a moment, please?

GREY. Certainly, my dear. What is it?

KITTY. Well, grandpapa, it's this. (*aside*) Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I knew how to tell it. I'm sure they won't like it a bit. (*bitterly*) Neither do I. (*aloud, embarrassed*) Grandpapa, some—one—is coming—here—to see me—this morning!

GREY (*fondly, questioningly*). Well, my dear, what of that?

KITTY (*hesitatingly*). But—but—it's a gentleman!

GREY (*smiling*). And is that so astounding a fact that you must tell me of it at this moment, when I am waited for? When you are aware, my dear, that Mr. Sterling, the eminent lawyer, is awaiting me in the library; James Sterling, whose every moment, you surely must know, is valuable, and who has, in all probability, already wondered and grown quite impatient at my, to him, unaccountable delay. Can I go now, dear?

KITTY (*nervously*). No, grandpapa; let me tell you first. (*aside*) Oh! how shall I say it? (*aloud, constrainedly*) He is coming at twelve o'clock.

GREY (*looks amused, kindly*). Kitty, my dear, has your ball last night unsettled your reason? Dear child, surely you must know that it is a matter of no importance to me whether your friend comes at twelve or at one o'clock. (*again goes toward door, c.*)

KITTY (*desperately*). Well, then, grandpapa, the man who's coming this morning is the one that I'm engaged to.

GREY (*stops short*). Ah!

MRS. L. (*drops her work in astonishment*). Engaged, Kitty!

GREY (*comes back from door, slowly*). Ah! now my dear, I understand why you found your news so hard in the telling. But, my child, I am not displeased at it. On the contrary. I am glad that you have chosen so wisely. I like the man; he is honest and noble. I have always liked Ernest Gerard.

KITTY (*starts*). Don't take things so for granted. (*throws herself pettishly on sofa and buries her face in the cushions, then in a smothered voice*) I'm not engaged to him—I'm engaged to—

GREY (*astonished*). What! Oh, not then to Ernest Gerard? (*gravely*) I am sorry for that. Who is it? Ah! it is then Hubert Skipwell. (*kindly*) Am I right, my dear?

KITTY (*still with her face buried in the cushions, in a smothered tone*). It's—it's—Robert Steel!

MRS. L. (*starts violently, with emotion*). No, no! my child, not he! not he!

GREY (*goes near sofa and stands there looking down at KITTY for a moment, then sternly*). So that is why you feared to tell me. And you were right to do so; you were right. You must know what I think of men like Robert Steel. Steel is a spendthrift, a vagabond, without heart, as cold as his name; a man who could not earn an honest dollar. You shall never marry him.

KITTY. I will, I will, though! I have already given my word.

MRS. L. (*reprovingly*). Kitty!

KITTY. No, mamma, grandfather must not speak so of the man who will be my husband.

GREY (*commandingly*). Your husband! Never, Kitty, *never!* (*pause, then with great tenderness*) My child, I have loved you fondly, how fondly Heaven knows; but I would as soon see you dead before me as see you the wife of that man—that man, who wants you only for the sake of your money—my money, mine. (*with decision*) But this I swear, not one cent of it shall Robert Steel ever see, whether you become his wife or no. You understand, child, you understand?

KITTY (*sullenly*). I won't break my promise—I never do.

GREY (*looks sadly at her, quietly*). My child, we do not stand upon equal ground. It befits neither your youth nor my age for us to bandy words. (*pause*) Alice, I leave your daughter to you.

[*Goes slowly out, c. d.*]

MRS. L. My child, my darling, come here.

KITTY (*slowly crosses over to her mother, and stands before her with the attitude of a child who expects a scolding*). Well, mamma?

MRS. L. (*takes KITTY's hand fondly*). I want to speak to you, dear. (*she motions KITTY to a low ottoman which stands at her feet. KITTY seats herself on it*) Kitty, how could you speak so, just now, to your grandfather, of whose goodness and loving-kindness you have always had ample proof? Do you not know, child, that if for once he refuses you anything, it is only because, with his clearer judgment, he knows it to be for your ultimate good. He has your welfare at heart, rest assured, and knows that your happiness would not be secured by a marriage with Robert Steel. Oh! tell me, dear, what made you do it? Why did you engage yourself to this man? Kitty, a mother can always look into her child's heart, and in yours I read no love for Robert Steel. (*sadly*) Oh! child, I know your hasty temper. If perhaps in a moment of pique at some fancied slight from some one, you accepted this man, (*KITTY starts*) reflect, reflect, before it is too late, and break off this engagement so hastily entered into last evening. (*music, plaintive. With great tenderness*) When my child stands at the altar, before the world, by the side of the man whom she has chosen out of it, she must feel with all her heart, "This man I love, this man I respect."

KITTY (*bursts into tears*). Oh, mother, mother!

MRS. L. (*kisses her*). My dear, my dear, don't. I did not mean to grieve you. I only wished to show you how to look into your own heart—only wish you, my darling, to reflect. (*holds her for a moment to her heart. Stop music*) And now, dear, (*rising*) I must join your grandfather and Mr. Sterling in the library; they may require my presence. I will be back soon though, Kitty, my darling, very soon.

[*Exit, c. d.*]

KITTY (*as if in deep reflection*). Is it so? Was it perhaps only a fan-

ried slight? Do I surely know he was laughing at me? (*rises, sadly*) Perhaps, perhaps! Oh! Ernest, Ernest! [*Exit, L., sobbing.*]

MRS. KLYMER (*without*). Please, Douglas, hunt for it in the other rooms, (*enters, c. d.*) and I'll look for it here. (*pause, then meditative-ly*) Poor Robert is right, something must be done, and that quickly too. A long engagement is not to the poor boy's taste, or to that of his creditors either. (*smiles*) If I could only manage as well this morning as I did last night, the heiress' money might soon, very soon, be Bob's. I wonder what is the best thing for me to do. (*appears to be reflecting*) I suppose it would not further my plans were I to show that Robert has already made me his confidant. (*pause, then with decision*) No, I will appear ignorant of the engagement.

Enter KITTY, L. D.

KITTY. Good-morning, Mrs. Klymer. (*they shake hands.*)

MRS. K. (*suavely*). I'm sorry to trouble you so early, but last night, or rather this morning, I came home minus a bracelet, and naturally concluded that I had lost it here.

KITTY (*aside*). I wonder if her brother has told her. (*aloud, politely*) Too bad. I'll tell the servants to look for it. (*goes toward c. d.*)

MRS. K. Oh! no, thanks; don't trouble yourself. Your servant is already—I took the liberty of—

KITTY (*with indifference*). Ah! you told him then? (*returns from door. Mrs. K. sinks in arm-chair with an affectation of exhaustion. KITTY seats herself near table.*)

MRS. K. (*with an affected sigh*). Oh! I am so tired; for early as it is, I have already been at the cabinet-maker's, attending to my new furniture. (*gushingly*) I thought it so beautiful when I saw the designs and selected the materials, but I sadly fear I am of a very envious disposition, for when I got there, and saw the lovely sets that are intended for Mr. Gerard's new house—Ernest Gerard's, you know—my own became suddenly plain in my eyes. The upholsterer smilingly said that Mr. Gerard is as particular about every trifle as a woman. (*with meaning*) Well, I suppose (*with a laugh*) nothing is too good for this new home. (*laughs*) He must have a beautiful cage for his bird. (*KITTY starts violently. Mrs. K. watches her, then aside*) Ah, the shaft has gone home! (*with conviction*) Robert will soon come into his money. (*aloud*) And now I really must hunt for my bracelet. (*appears to be looking for it around room—pause*) By the way, I met this morning an old friend of mine—Mrs. Thornton. You know who she is, do you not?

KITTY (*who has been behaving in a nervous manner, constrainedly*). You mean Daisy Rushton, that was?

MRS. K. (*still hunting for bracelet*). Yes. Now she's what I call a plucky girl. Now there was Harold Lee, who snubbed her so cruelly, you may remember. Ah, no; that was before your day. Well, he thought Daisy would wear the willow for him: but what did Daisy do but up and away to the nearest church with Teddy Thornton: and she had the satisfaction of knowing that Lee nearly broke his heart over her marriage. Oh! but he was furious, I remember—furious. Now that's the thing that any and every sensible girl, with any spirit, should do, if a man has been amusing himself at her expense.

KITTY (*starts violently, and in so doing overturns card-basket which stands on table*). How awkward of me!

MRS. K. (*laughs gayly*). Dear me, dear me! there, you've gone and scattered your friends to the four winds.

KITTY (*nervously*). If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll call Douglas to gather them up. (*goes toward C. D.*)

MRS. K. What, the friends?

KITTY. No, the cards.

[*Exit, C. D.*]

MRS. K. Ah! that was a happy invention of mine—that of Daisy Rushton—poor, common-place Daisy, and one for which Bob's creditors soon will thank me; for, if I am not greatly mistaken, I have paved the way well for him by this morning's work. Now, Robert, you will have but little trouble, I think, in inducing your fiancée to consent to a hasty marriage. This spoiled, wilful haughty girl, who never before in her life has had the slightest grief, is already rendered almost desperate by the thought of Ernest Gerard's bride. (*laughs softly to herself*) I should say imaginary—ah! very, very imaginary bride. How proud she is, how very proud, and how sensitive to ridicule. How hard she strove to hide from me the pain my little story caused her. Like Cæsar of old, she too, when wounded, would hide her head in her mantle—her mantle of pride—that none should witness the death-pang in her face.

Enter DOUGLAS, C. D., crosses over, gathers up cards, and replaces basket on table.

Douglas, have you found my bracelet?

DOUGLAS. No, ma'am, though I looked everywhere—library, picture-gallery and all.

[*Bows and exit, C. D.*]

MRS. K. Ah, my good man, I should have been a great deal more astonished at its appearance in this house than at its non-appearance. (*smiles*) Poor man, how could you be expected to find it here, when at this moment I know it to be safe on its satin cushion in my jewel-case? (*laughs*) However, that pretext served as well as another, and for any trouble that I may have taken in Robert's behalf, I have small doubt that I will be well repaid; for soon, to my somewhat meagre collection of jewels he will add many, (*smiles*) bought with old Nathaniel Grey's money.

Enter KITTY, C. D.

(*to KITTY*) Ah, well, I'm afraid that this is a hopeless search. The bracelet, I fear, is really lost. And now I must be off. Good-bye. (*goes up to KITTY and shakes hands with her*) Why, how cold your hand is! Are you not well?

KITTY (*in a low voice, constrainedly*). I—I—oh, yes, very well.

MRS. K. (*aside*). Poor thing! I wonder if I haven't nearly broken her heart. I am almost sorry. (*pause, starts*) But pshaw, the end justifies the means.

[*Exit, C. D.*]

KITTY (*excitedly walking up and down the stage*). Mrs. Klymer says that man was furious—perfectly furious. Yes, Daisy Rushton was right. I'll do it too—I'll do it! I'll do it! Oh! oh! oh! I'll do it this very day! Why not to-day as well as to-morrow, or the day after? Ernest Gerard, you shall not have it all your own way; you shall not have the satisfaction of laughing at me, or thinking that I care. (*pause, sadly*) I wonder how she looks. Beautiful, I suppose. (*bitterly*) Of course she is beautiful—very, very beautiful—I know, and my opposite in every way. (*sadly*) Oh, how much he seems to love her—how last evening, for her sake, he was rude, positively rude, to me—wouldn't give me that flower, because he received it from her hands. Of course they're charming—her hands—little, white, lovely ones. (*holds up her hands and looks at them*) Much smaller than mine, and much, much whiter. Oh, how I hate her!

(stamps her foot and clenches her hands. Pause, then with a sob) How I wish I could hate him. (sinks into a chair, presses her handkerchief to her eyes, sobs. Pause, then jumps up, pulls and tears at her handkerchief and excitedly walks up and down stage) Yes, I'll do it—I will, I will! (glances at clock on mantel) Quarter to twelve. At twelve Robert Steel will be here; and the next Ernest Gerard hears of me, I'll be married. (in growing agitation, she rolls her handkerchief into a little ball, and in great anger throws it far from her to the floor furiously) Ah! Ernest Gerard, you shall see, you shall see! (rushes out L. D. Pause.)

Enter MR. GREY and MRS. LANGLEY, C. D.

MRS. L. But, father, should she refuse to give up this man—should she assure you that her happiness depends on her marriage with him, surely then you will not withhold your consent.

GREY. Yes, Alice, I will, even then. Her happiness cannot depend on it. She can be but miserable with this man. All her life long I have looked calmly on while you have humored her every whim, until she has become the capricious, wilful girl she now is, who knows no discipline.

MRS. L. Ah, but, father, you know why I never dared to cross her—you know how delicate she is, how liable at any moment to—(brushes away tears.)

GREY. Ah, yes, my dear, that trouble about her heart. You always feared that any sudden shock might kill her. Yes, yes, I know Alice. I know, I know; you never dared to thwart her, and I—I have always felt for you, and granted her every, her slightest wish. But now, Alice, when so serious a thing as her marriage is in question, it is our duty, Alice, it is *my* duty to step in.

Enter DOUGLAS, C. D., bringing a silver salver with letter on it, which he hands to MRS. LANGLEY.

DOUGLAS. A note that Miss Kitty left for you.

MRS. L. What! A note from Miss Kitty! Did she go out?

DOUGLAS. Yes, ma'am, with a gentleman. [Bows and exit, C. D.]

MRS. L. Strange! A note from Kitty! (tears open letter. Music till curtain. Reads) "Mother—grandfather,—When you read this I will have left you both for ever." (screams.)

GREY (starts back). Ah!

MRS. L. (reads). In an hour I shall be Robert Steel's wife." (looks up from letter, with deep emotion) No, no! not that. (again reads, her voice breaking) "You would not give your consent, so I shall have to do without it. KITTY." (letter drops from her hands to the floor) Oh! my poor, poor child!

GREY (sternly). So! And now, Alice, now you see the result of your indulgence. Kitty's life, until to-day, has been all sunshine. She has never had anything refused her, and the first time *no* is said to her, in a moment of anger she casts aside every tie, and wrecks her life for ever. For, Alice, this man is a ne'er-do-well, a fortune-hunter, and never, *never*, shall he see one cent of my money.

MRS. L. (sobs). Forgive her.

GREY. Never! I curse—

MRS. L. Stop, stop, father! Do not dare curse her. Kitty may no longer be your heiress, but she is still my child.

ACT III.

SCENE. — *An elegantly-furnished parlor in a hotel. Door in flat, c.; table and chairs, c.; window L.; mirror R.*

As curtain rises, a woman's voice, with piano accompaniment, heard, as if coming from next room, singing some pretty, merry song.
 MARTHA *discovered dusting.*

MARTHA (*dusting*). Oh, dear me, dear me! I'll never be ready in time, I know. Never again will I accept a situation in a hotel. In a private house we poor girls have only one master or mistress, but here one has new ones every day. What with that cross old man in number twenty-seven, and that dreadful child in number thirty-two, my life is a burden. There's only one nice person on my floor, and that's that sweet young lady, with the lovely voice, next door. Bless her dear heart, how I do love to hear her sing. (*stops dusting for a moment and listens*) Her voice is just like an angel's. (*singing ceases. MARTHA again dusts. Noise without as if a child were beating on the door*) Now, in the name of wonder, what's that? House coming down, or what?

LITTLE ELSIE (*without*). Marfa, Marfa, it's me; let me in.

MARTHA. Oh, pshaw! only that little torment again. (*calls*) Elsie, go right away from that door, child; I'm busy.

ELSIE (*without*). Marfa, Marfa, here I is, come to call on you. (*beating at door continues.*)

MARTHA. Well, she never does give a body a minute's rest any how. (*lays down duster*) Might as well attend to her first as last. (*goes to door and opens it.*)

Enter LITTLE ELSIE, looking absurd, dressed up in a lady's long trailing skirt of bright yellow satin, trimmed with lace flounces, flowers, etc. It being much too long for her, she holds the front of it high up as she walks. She carries a large fan, which she waves backward and forward.

MARTHA. Goodness gracious sakes alive! you naughty, naughty child! Your mamma's elegant new French dress, as I live! What did she say when you put it on? (*ELSIE hangs her head*) There, I'll wager anything that your mamma didn't see you in it. Now, honest, child, did she?

ELSIE (*hangs her head*). No, Marfa.

MARTHA. I thought so, for only yesterday I heard her saying, "Elsie, remember, mamma won't allow you to put on her nice dresses to play lady in." Don't you remember that, you little worry, you? Always up to some mischief! Your mamma will be very angry.

ELSIE (*goes toward door*). Guess I'll go now, Marfa; you don't seem to like company. I got some more calls to make. Good-bye.

MARTHA (*laughs, and kisses her*). Oh, you cunning little thing, you! You don't like to be scolded; that's why you "guess you'll go now." (*again kisses her*) There now, child, go straight to your nurse and ask her to take off that beautiful dress. You know you might tear it, and then, Elsie, (*holding up and shaking her forefinger at her*) what would your dear mamma say? She'd be awfully angry. So run along now, and take it right off. Don't keep it on another minute.

ELSIE (*defiantly*). I will, I will, I will!

MARTHA. What, keep it on?

ELSIE (*exit, c. d., her voice without*). Yes, yes, yes!

MARTHA. Oh, what a little heap of naughtiness. (*starts*) But oh, now I must hurry, hurry dreadfully, or I won't have the room ready in time for the new people, who must be great swells indeed, like all the other rich ones who take these awfully expensive apartments. (*business of putting room to rights*) And now, thank goodness, for once the house-keeper will have no excuse for scolding me. Everything is perfectly ready. (*looks out at door*) And not a minute too soon either, (*music*) for here they come now.

Enter, c. d., ROBERT STEEL and KITTY.

(*courtseys*) I hope, ma'am, you'll find everything comfortable. If I've forgotten anything, and you should want me, (*with an affable smile*) my name's Martha, Mrs.—er—(*inquiringly*) Mrs.—er—

STEEL. Mrs. Steel.

MARTHA (*heaves a sigh of relief*). Mrs. Steel. (*aside*) Thank goodness, a short name. I always forget long ones. *Steel!* That's an easy one to remember. Mrs. Steel! (*goes out repeating*) Mrs. Steel!

[*Exit, c. d. Stop music.*]

STEEL. Well, my dear, what do you think of your new name? Does it seem strange to hear yourself addressed by it? (*KITTY smiles sadly, takes off her hat and gloves and lays them on the table. She has on a wedding-ring*) That's right, my dear. Your head will feel more comfortable, now that you have removed your bonnet. You ought to go to the window and let the cool air blow in upon you for a few minutes. It will soon revive you. (*he opens the window and places a chair by it for KITTY; she seats herself*) Poor child! Tell me, dear, what made you faint just now at the altar? Were you afraid to trust your future to my care? I was sadly ashamed; it looked before the two witnesses as if mine were an unwilling bride.

KITTY. I am sorry, but indeed I could not help it. (*pauses and sighs deeply*) Oh! I did not know, two hours ago—ah! (*with a far-away look in her eyes, and her hands clasped tightly together*) can it have been only such a short time—only two hours! It seems like some far-off dream. (*starts*) I did not know then how my mother's words would ring in my ears—my mother, whom I shall never see again!

STEEL (*smiling, lightly*). Poor dear! The marriage ceremony first, and your fainting fit after, have made you strangely fanciful. (*kindly*) Surely you cannot think me such a tyrant as to dream that I would for a moment propose separating you from your mother. On the contrary. I will myself take you to your home—*our* home—now, dear, at once, if you wish. There we will have quite a nice little scene between us all—(*slowly*) we making our prettiest excuses for our hasty—our romantic marriage; mamma giving us both—her daughter and her son-in-law—the kiss of forgiveness, and grandpapa (*laughs*) doing the God-bless-you-my children business in good old-fashioned style. Is it not so, my dear?

KITTY (*sadly*). Oh! you do not know! you do not know!

STEEL (*with indifference*). Do not know what?

KITTY. That I have no one now in the world but you; (*STEEL looks wonderingly at her*) that when, two hours ago, I closed the door of my home, and stood out in the cold, I left my old life behind me for ever! (*her voice trembling*) My mother will never willingly see me again; my grandfather will never forgive me. He swore that if ever I married you

he would disown me; that if I became your wife, not one cent of his money should we ever see.

STEEL (*during the latter part of this speech has stood as if paralyzed, then quickly, excitedly*). You don't know what you say; you are mad!

KITTY (*very sadly and wonderingly*). Why should you think me mad because I tell you that I have forfeited mamma's love? (*wrings her hands*) Oh! tell me, tell me, what evil genius could have induced us to take this hasty step? Already I am sorry for it. Already I half wish that it could be undone.

STEEL (*fiercely*). You cannot wish so more than I. Oh! fool that I was. I might have known that an heiress could not be won thus easily, without the consent of her guardians. (*scornfully*) That is, the heiress herself might be won, such as she is, but the money stays behind.

KITTY (*rising, terrified*). What! what! what did you say?

STEEL (*abruptly*). But, Kitty, surely you are mistaken. Surely you have some money of your own.

KITTY. No, I have not a dollar in the world.

STEEL (*furiously*). No more have I. Curse you!

KITTY (*screams*). Ah! (*puts her hands to her ears*.)

STEEL (*rushes to where she stands and places his hand over her mouth, then fiercely*). Hush! Don't dare make such a noise in a hotel.

KITTY (*slowly closes and again opens her eyes, as if wondering whether, perhaps, she is not in a dream; then looks around the room in a bewildered, uncertain manner; gazes intently in mirror at herself; passes her hand in a dazed way across her forehead; then stares long and intently at STEEL; slowly*). Robert—Robert Steel—is it you? Is this girl I? Am I mad? (*pauses, then very slowly*) Are we two the same who only last night were in the conservatory in my grandfather's house?—Are you the man who said he loved me?

STEEL (*with suppressed fury*). Ah! I am punished already for that lie. Love you! If you knew—(*with emotion*) ah! if you knew how I love another, you could understand, perhaps, the feeling in my heart at this moment for you. (*fiercely*) You, whom I married for your money—

KITTY (*moans*). Ah!

STEEL. —and that money you have forfeited; it is beyond my reach. To free myself from my debts I sought to win you for my wife; and now that that great feat has been accomplished—now that I have been successful in my suit—now that I have won you, (*very scornfully*) all that I have gained by that act has been to hang a millstone 'round my neck. Love you! You ask me if I love you. Love you! I think I hate you now.

[*Exit, furiously, c. d.*]

KITTY (*puts her hand to her heart*). Oh! the pain! the pain! (*falls fainting to the floor, and remains so for a moment, then murmurs*) Mamma, mamma! Ernest! (*raises herself a little by the aid of a chair, and looks around the room, bewildered. Suddenly her eyes alight on table, she sees her hat and starts*) Ah! yes, I remember, I remember! (*shudders, rises, totters to a chair and sinks into it, then slowly and sadly*) Am I the happy girl of last night—the merry girl, who danced, and laughed, and chatted so gayly, only so short a time ago? An eternal sea seems to roll between then and now. (*starts violently*) Ah! how vividly those careless words spoken to Ernest Gerard, come back to me now, “that to have one's own way was happiness.” Surely I have had my own way, my own way—oh! my God! (*pause*) Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do? (*music, plaintive.*)

WOMAN'S VOICE (*without*). Go to your mother, dear

KITTY (*starts violently, looks about eagerly, then in a frightened whisper*). Who spoke?

LITTLE ELSIE (*without, sobbing*). I'm afraid to go to mamma, when I was so naughty. She told me not to, and I did.

WOMAN'S VOICE (*without*). Never mind, little one; no matter how disobedient you have been, go to your good mother. She will love you still if you only say, "Mamma, I'm sorry; forgive me."

KITTY (*with emotion*). Forgive me, oh! forgive me. (*stop music. She sinks into chair, covers her face with her hands, pauses, looks up*) If I could! But oh! can I go back—go back to meet with cold looks and colder words? Can I, dare I, return to my home—to that home where I have always been so happy? Ah! now, now, for the first time, I know how happy. (*sobs, looks up*) Oh! have I the right? have I the right? No, no! I have not, for even my mother might refuse to forgive—might no longer love me, and that I could not bear. (*with decision*) No, anything would be better than that—in any place I would be less wretched than there. (*same woman's voice, with piano accompaniment, that was heard at rise of curtain of Act III, again heard as if in next room, singing "Home, Sweet Home."*)

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!"
(*Singing continues softly till curtain.*)

KITTY (*hands uplifted with emotion*). Yes, yes, voice from heaven, you are right. Home, home, sweet home, dear home! (*buries her face in her hands and sobs, pauses, looks up*) My pride is broken! I am going home! (*rises, goes to table and takes her hat from it, slowly crosses stage and goes toward c. d.*) Mother! mother! take me back! Forgive! forgive!

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Same as Act II. Fire burning, etc.*

As curtain rises, enter DICK DANVERS, C. D., hat and gloves in hand.

DANVERS (*as DOUGLAS enters C. D.*). Douglas, you will be sure to tell Miss Langley, the moment she comes in, that I am here waiting for her.

DOUGLAS (*booms*). Yes, sir.

[*Exit, c. d.*]

DAN. (*calls after him*). Douglas?

DOUG. (*as he re-enters*). Sir?

DAN. Do you think Miss Langley will be back soon?

DOUG. I really don't know, sir.

DAN. (*looks at his watch*). Well, then, as I have very little time to spare, I might as well leave my message with you.

DOUG. Very well, sir.

DAN. Say to Miss Langley that Mr. Danvers was here to tell her that the dress rehearsal for the tableaux takes place to-morrow, instead of the day after, but at the same hour and place.

DOUG. Yes, sir.

DAN. (*going toward c. d.*). You won't forget?

DOUG. Oh, no sir; I'll tell Miss Kitty that the tableaux takes place the day after to-morrow, instead of to-morrow. Is that right, sir?

DAN. (*turning round*). No, it's quite wrong.

DOUG. (*puzzled*). Isn't that what you told me to say, sir?

DAN. (*laughs*). No, it's the very thing I did not tell you to say. (*slowly*) I told you that the rehearsal takes place to-morrow, instead of the day after; not the day after, instead of to-morrow.

DOUG. (*slowly*). Oh, yes, sir—the day after to-morrow—

DAN. (*laughs*). Oh, well, Douglas, never mind, (*comes back from door*) I'll wait for Miss Langley, and tell her myself.

DOUG. Very well, sir.

DAN. Perhaps, after all, she may return soon.

[DOUGLAS bows and exit, c. d.]

DAN. (*places hat and gloves on table*). Now let me see. Whom have I still to notify that the day of this troublesome rehearsal has been changed? (*takes from pocket a small memorandum-book and pencil, seats himself near table, opens book and looks at it*) Here I am at Folly's house, (*smiles*) or rather, I should say, Miss Langley's. (*marks off the name with pencil*) First thing when I leave here, I think I'll go to George Washington's. Let me think. (*looks up*) What is his number? Joan of Arc I know lives next door to him, but whether his house is number nine or seven, or which of the two is hers, I can't for the life of me remember. However, as I'll have to leave word for both of them, it doesn't, of course, matter which I go to first. Next I'll look up King Lear—no, I'll meet him at the "Sleeping Beauty's" dance to-night. The "Queen of Sheba" I'll see at the opera, earlier in the evening, and the "Beggars Maid" also will be in Mrs. Drayton's box. Sir Walter Raleigh and "Old Mother Hubbard" I have already told, so they are off my mind. (*marks off their names in book*) Now they're off my book. At "Juliet's" tea, this afternoon, I can notify the "Puritan Maiden" and "Queen Elizabeth," and there too I may perhaps strike "Santa Claus." (*bell is heard ringing, jumps up and closes book*) Ah, the bell. Miss Kitty, I hope.

Enter, c. d., DOUGLAS, followed by MANTEAU, who carries in his hands a large box, such as modistes use to carry dresses in.

MANTEAU. Vair vell, zan vill I wait, if you please, until ze retour of ze young lady. She ask for me to make zome changes in ze costume. I have done zat, and should like to show zem to her. (*places the box on chair.*)

DOUGLAS (*in a loud voice*). Shall I send Miss Langley's maid, Celeste, to you? You might explain to her anything you wanted.

MAN. (*who has put his hands to his ears*). Mon ami, young man, I am 'arppy to zav zat I am not deaf to my ears, zo I cannot vell speak your language. You need not be zo loud vit your voice. (*DANVERS laughs and seats himself as before, and looks over memorandum-book.*)

DOUG. (*embarrassed, in a whisper*). Shall I call the maid?

MAN. Vat is zat you zay in zo leetle a voice?

DOUG. (*in natural voice*). Shall I call the maid?

MAN. No, mon ami, I vill wait for ze young lady herself.

DOUG. Very well, Monseer. As you Frenchmen say, "au reveer."

[*Exit, C. D. MANTEAU seats himself near C. D.*]

DAN. (*looks up from book*). Monsieur, Monsieur!

MAN. (*rises and bows low*). Hercules Theophile Manteau, à votre service, monsieur.

DAN. (*smiles*). Ah, yes, so I thought. You are the costumer, are you not, who has made most of the dresses for the tableaux next week?

MAN. (*bows low*). Oni, monsieur, à votre service. Ah! zose tableaux vivants, zey is sharming, sharming. (*aside*) Especially for ze tailors! Zey make ze fancy costume, and zey charge ze fancy price. (*aloud*) Ah, monsieur, all zese charitable amateur entertainments are ze good thing; l'aristocrasie s'amuse, and ze proceeds, Dieu merci, zey go to ze poor.

DAN. Yes, that's true enough. We sing and dance and play in turn for charity. (*aside*) By the by, what is our entertainment for the benefit of? Upon my word, I've entirely forgotten—couldn't remember to save my life. (*impatiently*) But dear me, what a vast deal of time I am wasting here. I wish Miss Langley would return. The only one whose address I have still to look up is the "Bride of Lammermoor." (*looks quickly up*) Ah, perhaps this man may know it. (*aloud*) Monsieur!

MAN. (*bows*). Hercules Theophile Manteau, à votre service, monsieur.

DAN. Have you also made the costume for the Bride of Lammermoor?

MAN. Ah! oui, monsieur, oui, monsieur, La Lucia for Mademoiselle Morgan.

DAN. Yes, Miss Morgan. Do you know her address?

MAN. Oui, monsieur, I have it here on one leetle piece of paper.

DAN. Ah! please let me have it then.

MAN. Oni, monsieur, à votre service. (*business of taking out of pocket one after another, a linen tape-measure, which falls to the floor and unrolls; a pair of scissors, which fall to the floor with a crash; a tailor's thimble, a large piece of wax, etc. Then out of another pocket a spool of coarse black cotton, etc., etc., and then, last of all, a crumpled slip of paper, which he hands to DANVERS, bowing low*) Ah! here it is, ze address, à votre service, monsieur.

DAN. (*takes it, smiles*). I see you carry about with you your implements of war, or rather, I should say, of trade.

MAN. A votre service, monsieur. (*take things from floor.*)

DAN. (*jots down address in note-book, then returns paper to MANTEAU*) Thank you.

MAN. (*pockets papers, etc., then from another pocket takes a card, which he hands to DANVERS*). Here iz my card, my bizness card, and here (*taking from box a fancy costume of "Folly," with bells, etc.*) iz my handiwork, à votre service, monsieur.

DAN. Ah, yes, Miss Langley's costume. She takes the part of "Folly" in the tableaux. The dress is very pretty, very pretty indeed. Ah, that reminds me; I wonder whether I have arranged for all the properties. (*again refers to memorandum-book. MANTEAU throws dress on back of arm-chair which stands with its back opposite door, R., and seats himself as before*) A wand for the "Fairy Queen," a shield for "Joan of Arc," a dog for "Old Mother Hubbard," a spinning-wheel for "William Tell,"—no, I should say a spinning-wheel for the "Puritan Maiden," a bow and arrow for "William Tell," and an apple for his son. Then there's a stiletto for "the Stab in the Dark." (*looks up*) Let me see, who gives "the Stab in the Dark"? (*meditatively*) Whose tableau is

that? (*consults memorandum, pause*) Ah, yes, here it is—Mrs. Klymer. Yes, she gives “the Stab in the Dark.” Stiletto for Mrs. Klymer. Keeps a man awfully busy, attending to this sort of thing. (*looks at his watch*) By Jove! it’s getting late. I really can’t wait any longer. (*touches bell on table, turns over leaf of memorandum, and writes a moment.*)

Enter DOUGLAS, C. D.

Here, Douglas. (*tears out leaf*) I must go now. (*rises*) Please give this to Miss Langley when she comes in.

DOUG. Very well, sir. (*takes leaf.*) [*Exit, C. D.*]

DAN. (*takes hat and gloves from table, goes toward C. D., glances at MANTEAU, smiles.*) Good day, monsieur—monsieur—

MAN. (*rises and bows low.*) Hercules Theophile Manteau, à votre service, monsieur. (DANVERS smiles, nods and exits, C. D.) And I zink zat I too must follow ze example of ze monsieur. Ze time is ze money; I can’t afford to waste him. (*exit, C. D.—without*) I could not any longer await ze retour of ze young lady. I will call again.

DOUG. (*without.*) All right, Mr. Frenchman.

MAN. (*without.*) Young man, my name iz not Mister Frenchman—it iz *Monsieur Hercules Theophile Manteau.* (*loud slamming of door without.*)

DOUG. (*without.*) Well, upon my word, I never! Oh, Celeste, here’s a note Mr. Danvers left for Miss Kitty. Take it up to her room, please. (*enters C. D., yawning—sees dress*) Oh my! that’s a nice dress the *parlez-vous* tailor left. Guess I’d better call Celeste to take it up to Miss Kitty’s *boudoir*. It’s got no business down here in the drawing-room. (*yawns*) But gracious me, I’m that tired I don’t feel as if I could stir another step till I’ve rested a bit. (*looks longingly at comfortable chair*) Might just as well as not make myself comfortable here, being as there’s no one around this afternoon. (*seats himself and leans back in chair—yawns*) Well, thank goodness, we give no ball to-night. One ball is enough to last one for some time. That is, as we poor hard-working (*yawns*) servants (*yawns*) take it. Miss Kitty, now, flitting about and having a glorious time, may find it all very nice, but we poor ones, that have to see the others having a good time, find it rather stupid; I may say, ree-markably stupid. (*yawns—bell rings*) Pshaw! the door-bell. (*rises slowly—yawns*) Well, I suppose I ought to attend to it. (*goes leisurely out C. D. Music, plaintive.*)

Enter, C. D., KITTY, looking pale and excited, dressed as in Act III., hat on, etc. She looks around the room eagerly.

KITTY. Home again! home again! (*stop music.*)

Enter DOUGLAS, C. D.

DOUG. Miss Kitty, would you like your luncheon served now?

KITTY (*bewildered*). I—I—(*pause*) No, thank you, Douglas; you may go, I want nothing—(*exit DOUGLAS, C. D.*) nothing that you can give me. And oh! what right have I to accept a kindness from you or from any one who belongs to this dear home? Have I not forfeited every claim to it? The lowest servant here has more right than I? Did they not say that they would never see me again if I became Robert Steel’s wife? And I am, oh! I am his wretched, wretched wife! (*sinks on her knees before the arm-chair on which hangs the dress of “Folly”—*

sobs. Pauses, lifts her head, sees the dress, shudders) Oh, Folly, Folly, Folly! you should fit me well. Those who bade me wear you, knew me better than I knew myself. Why, why are you here? To mock my misery? *(still kneeling at arm-chair, she buries her face in it, so that the back of it screens her from the door, R.)*

Enter, R. D., MRS. LANGLEY and GREY.

GREY. No, no! do not ask it of me. I will take no steps to bring her back. Alice, from the day of your widowhood, when you returned to take your old place at my hearth; from the moment when Kitty climbed upon my knee, and her sweet baby lips lisped, "Grandpa, we's come to stay"—from that time, my dear, until to-day, her welfare has been my constant thought, the earnest wish for her happiness ever near to my heart.

MRS. L. *(sobs)*. Oh! yes, father, I know, I know.

GREY. But, Alice, her future she has this day taken out of my hands. The task of making that future a bright one must henceforth be that of the man she has chosen, for whose sake she has left us. *(KITTY shudders, her lips part and tremble as though she would speak but could not. She raises her hand to her throat and clutches at collar of her dress, as though she were choking)* The man for whom I feel no respect, whose hand I would not take in friendship. Robert Steel shall never darken my door, and your daughter is now his wife. *(KITTY wrings her hands.)*

MRS. L. *(sobs)*. But oh! I want my child! I want my child! *(music, plaintive. KITTY crawls on her knees to her mother and kisses the hem of her dress. MRS. LANGLEY shrieks. GREY starts back)* Kitty! my child!

KITTY *(still on her knees, imploringly)*. Oh! do not send me away! do not send me away! Mother, take me back! My heart is broken! *(MRS. LANGLEY lifts her up and takes her in her arms. Pause, then KITTY raises her head from her mother's shoulder and looks at GREY. Stretches out her arms to him in mute appeal)* And you, grandfather, whom I have so sorely angered—you, whose loving care I have so ill requited by this act of disobedience, oh! pity me, for I am punished! Grandfather, forgive me, forgive me! *(GREY turns away his head.)*

MRS. L. *(looks appealingly at GREY)*. Father! *(then gently to KITTY, as GREY does not answer)* Come up to your room, my darling. *(leads her slowly out L. D. Stop music.)*

GREY *(looks after KITTY, sighs deeply, passes his hand slowly across his eyes)*. Poor child, poor child! Was I cruel to withhold my forgiveness from one who, even in these few short hours, has a look of such intense suffering stamped upon her fair young face? Ah! to think that only a little while has passed since that letter was read, which told me that my Alice's child had left forever the home which had always sheltered her! And now—*(goes to mantel, on which stands clock, and looks at it)* now, before this timepiece has three times struck the hour, she has again returned to seek the protection of my roof. Ah! poor child, I fear she is sadly punished for her wilfulness, her haughty spirit bent, her pride humbled. To-day, for the first time, she has felt the thorns in life's pathway. Alas! alas! she has done, in one moment of anger, that which can never be undone. Poor little Kitty, poor little Kitty! Merry Kitty Langley, her young friends always called her. *(starts)* Ah me! Kitty Langley no more, never more, never more!

[Exit slowly, R. D., shaking his head.]

Enter, C. D., DOUGLAS, yawning, a feather duster in his hand. Business of pulling-room to rights, dusting table, etc. Then crosses over to mantel and dusts objects, statuettes, etc., on it.

DOUG. Oh. (*yawns*) those statues, called Dresden, I believe, (*yawns*) I do find so tiresome. He, with his idiotic leer, and she, with her silly simper. If the world was coming to an end they would still stand there, smiling at each other; yes, even if there was some one lying dead before their eyes in this very room, I do believe, you dumb shepherd and you foolish shepherdess. Ugh! (*sees dress on chair*) Oh! there's that dress, that pretty *parlez-vous* dress. But it ought to come away from here. It ain't according to the rules of netiquette to leave dresses around on chairs in drawing-rooms. Nor neither according to the motto of "a place for everything, and everything in its place." (*takes it up and looks at it admiringly*) How jolly it looks. (*shakes it so that the bells jingle*) And how jolly it sounds. (*business of folding it up and replacing it in box*) My, but she's a lucky one, Miss Kitty is—no mistake about that. There are some people who always have good times, and Miss Kitty's one of 'em—(*goes toward C. D. with box in hand—with emphasis*) that she is. [*Exit, C. D. Pause. Music, plaintive.*]

Enter KITTY, L. D., very pale, crosses stage slowly and wearily.

KITTY. I cannot remain in my room alone—alone with my thoughts. (*sinks into arm-chair with back to C. D., leans back, closes her eyes—pause*) They did not send me away. I thank kind Heaven for that. They are good to me—oh! so much better than I deserve. They will let me rest here, and I am grateful, for I am tired. (*sighs wearily*) Oh! so tired. (*stop music. Slowly, musingly*) As when, in times of peace, those who have never heard the din, who know nothing of the roar and carnage of battle, listen with careless ears—with no foreboding of days more turbulent to come—to the unfolding of the horrors of war—listen calmly, unmovedly, as though listening to the recital of some strange, far-off tragedy, in which they will never be called upon to take a part;—as the children of the rich, in their cheery play-rooms, while they draw aside the heavy curtains, and from their warm, cozy nests watch the fast-falling snow—noting nothing but the softness of its flakes—hear that those same snow-flakes are falling pitilessly upon the uncovered heads and thinly, meagrely clad forms of many homeless, houseless little wanderers, whose bare, freezing little feet are wading through that same cold snow—and yet, looking wonderingly at the teller, fail to realize the mournful meaning—so I, while poring over the gay book of "Joy," with its alluring pictures, had heard, in a dim, vague way of the existence of a plain, heavy, darkly-bound volume, with "Sorrow" on its title-page, yet had never thought it possible that the time would ever come when that tome would be opened to me, until now, when, without the slightest warning, it has suddenly, with mighty force, fallen upon me, its great weight crushing me down. And the knowledge that my own rash hand has been the one instrumental in moving it from its place—from that hiding place in which, through the happy, unthinking years of my life, it has always lain—makes the reading of it now none the less hard—none the less bitter.

Enter, C. D., GERARD, sees KITTY, crosses over to her.

KITTY (*looks up, sees him, shrieks, puts her hand to her heart, looks*

at him dazed, bewildered, then slowly). You here! you! (*stares vacantly at him.*)

GERARD. I am so sorry—

KITTY (*still staring at him in a dazed way*). Sorry! Sorry for what?

GERARD. Sorry for having startled you so. You look pale, very pale, and tired. I am afraid last night's excitement was too much for you. (*kindly*) However, you will soon be rested; and in the meanwhile have the consolation—dear to a young fashionable like yourself—that the world's—your world's—verdict is that your ball last night was a perfect success. (*bows gallantly, with a smile*) Quite the triumph of the season. (*pause*) Why do you look so coldly at me? What have I done to offend you so? (*with feeling*) Surely you cannot be angry with me for so trifling a thing? Angry because I did not wish to pain my dear little sister—suffering little Bess—by parting with the flower which she, with her poor weak hands had given me?

KITTY (*still looking dazed, slowly*). Your—sister!

GERARD. Yes; and, Kitty, to-day I spoke to her of you!

KITTY (*slowly*). Of me!

GERARD (*tenderly*). Yes, dear; I asked her if she would be willing to have me bring her home a sweet sister. Last evening, in the conservatory, I was interrupted by Mrs. Klymer. The words that I then longed to utter I have now come to say. Kitty, don't you know what those words are? Don't you? Dear Kitty, I love you! Will you not come to gladden and bring sunshine to my new home? Come and be a sister to little Bess. Kitty, my love, come and be my wife!

KITTY (*puts her hands to her ears, as if to shut out his words, jumps up*). My punishment is great—too great, too great!

GERARD. Kitty, Kitty, what is it? Do you then hate me so? Surely not, when I love you so dearly. And last night I hoped—I imagined—that perhaps—

KITTY. Last night! I have lived years since then!

GERARD. Kitty, explain to me. Why are you so changed? What has happened since last night?

KITTY (*raises her left hand*). This. See! my wedding-ring!

GERARD (*staggers, then in a hoarse whisper*). Married! married!

KITTY (*whispers*). Yes, married!

GERARD. When?

KITTY. Three hours ago!

GERARD (*fiercely*). To whom? Who, who has stolen you from me?

KITTY (*wildly*). What does it matter—oh! what? I hate him and I love you! (*starts violently, looks at her wedding-ring, tears it from off her finger, rushes to the fireplace and throws it in the fire, flinging up her arms*) Now, now I am free! (*points to fire*) Look! There in the fire—my wedding-ring! I am free! (*laughs wildly*) Free! (*pause, slowly, wonderingly*) Why do you look so strangely at me? Is it not so? Am I not free?

GERARD (*sadly*). Ah! my love—my poor, poor love—the vows you made this morning at the altar are not so lightly flung aside. God help us both! (*pause. Music until curtain. KITTY suddenly puts her hand to her heart, staggers*) What is it? You are ill!

KITTY (*sinks in arm-chair*). Yes, yes! Call some one! (*gasps*) Quick—some one! My mother! my mother! (*sinks back in arm-chair, her head falling low.*)

GERARD (*rushes to C. D. and calls*). Mrs. Langley, your daughter is ill—she has fainted!

Enter, C. D., MRS. LANGLEY.

MRS. L. What, what—oh! what is it? (*kneels down before KITTY, and places her hand over her heart*) It is—what I feared. My child! My only treasure!

Enter, C. D., GREY.

GERARD. Oh! sir, quick—send for help!

GREY (*looks a moment at KITTY's drooping head, then lifts it*). Ah! poor, poor child! No earthly help can save her now! She is beyond.

CURTAIN.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Rose for GERARD; fan for KITTY; wrap for GERARD (Mrs. Klymer's).

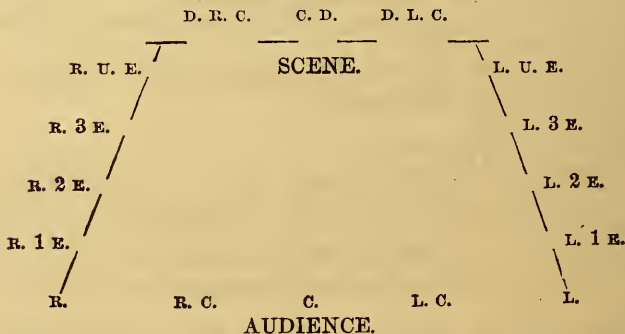
ACT II.—Embroidery for MRS. LANGLEY; newspaper for GREY; basket with visiting cards for KITTY to overturn; letter for DOUGLAS; salver on which to bring letter.

ACT III.—Feather duster for MARTHA; fan for LITTLE ELSIE; wedding-ring for KITTY.

ACT IV.—Memorandum-book and pencil, and call-bell on table for DANVERS; large dressmaker's box, with costume of "Folly," large spool of coarse black cotton, piece of wax, tailor's thimble, scissors, linen tape-measure, crumpled piece of writing paper, small stump of pencil and business card for MANTEAU; feather duster for DOUGLAS; statuettes, etc., on mantel; wedding-ring for KITTY.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



C. Centre.
 R. Right.
 R. C. Right Centre.
 R. 1 E. Right First Entrance.
 R. 2 E. Right Second Entrance.
 R. 3 E. Right Third Entrance.
 R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance.
 D. R. C. Door Right Centre.

L. Left.
 L. C. Left Centre.
 L. 1 E. Left First Entrance.
 L. 2 E. Left Second Entrance.
 L. 3 E. Left Third Entrance.
 L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance.
 C. D. Centre Door.
 D. L. C. Door Left Centre.

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act....	3	2
231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	248. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts	8	6
308. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	2	107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act	3	3	152. Cupid's Eye Glass, comedy, 1 act..	1	1
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts... 7	3		52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	-
93. Area Belle, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3	20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4
258. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	286. Daisy Farm, drama, 4 acts.....	10	-
287. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act.....	4	1	4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act..	4	2
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3
310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a.	6	2	275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act	4	2
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act..	4	3
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	16. Deaver than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5
223. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	58. Deborah (Leah), drama, 3 acts....	7	6
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3
279. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts... 14	2		142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4
296. Black and White, drama, 3 acts....	6	3	204. Drawing Room Car(A), comedy, 1 act	2	1
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts..... 11	6		21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
279. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts..	5	2	260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts	6	3
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta..	4	8	240. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a.	15	5
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts..	13	5
261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts.....	11	6	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act.....	2	1	242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	4	2
24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act.....	6	2	283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical burlesque, 1 act.....	8	1
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts....	11	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts. 11	5		315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act.....	1	1
55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts.....	12	5	297. English Gentleman (Au), comedy-drama, 4 acts.....	7	4
65. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act....	4	1	200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts	6	5
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts..	5	2
63. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a.	9	3	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts	9	3
219. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts.....	5	2	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act.....	4	7
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act..	3	2	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts... 11	4	
205. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act.....	1	1	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts.....	13	4
			145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	2
			102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
			88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act.....	4	1

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

	M. F.		M. J.		
259. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts	6	3	109. Locked In, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a.	3	1	85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch.....	1	1
74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4	87. Locked Out, comic scene.....	1	3
53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2	143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act..	4	2
73. Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11	4	4	212. London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts.10	3	3
30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,	3		291. M. P., comedy, 4 acts.....	7	2
1 act.....	5	3	210. Mabel's Manœuvre, interlude, 1 act	1	3
131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.....	10	3
276. Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a.	5	1	154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts..	8	6
306. Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts..	8	5	63. Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act..	5	3
277. Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw,	4		249. Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts.	3	4
farce, 1 act.....	4	2	208. Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a..	3	2
205. Heir Apparent (The), farce, 1 act... 5	1		39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act	4	2
241. Handy Andy, drama, 2 acts.....	10	3	7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.....	5	3
28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1	49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.....	8	2
151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	2	15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.....	4	2
8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3	46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.....	5	2
180. Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts.38	5	5	51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
303. Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act..	2	2	302. Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act.....	2	2
19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	284. Money, comedy, 5 acts.....	17	3
60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5	250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1a.	4	3
191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	3	312. More Sinned against than Sinning,	11	
246. High Life Below Stairs, farce, 2 acts.	9	5	original Irish drama, 4 acts.....	11	
301. Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.....	12	7	234. Morning Call (A), comedietta, 1 act.	1	1
224. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.....	5	3	108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.....	3	3
187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.....	3	3
174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3	169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
211. Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1.	2		216. My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act... 3	3	3
64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act....	1	1	236. My Turn Next, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
190. Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act..	4	1	193. My Walking Photograph, musical	1	
197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	13	2	duality, 1 act.....	1	1
225. Ici on Parle Français, farce, 1 act... 3	4		267. My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act....	3	4
252. Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts... 6	1		130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.....	3	1
18. If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4	3	92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.....	2	2
116. I'm not Meself at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3	2	218. Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts... 4	2	
29. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	140. Never Reckon your Chickens, etc.,	3	
159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act... 4	2		farce, 1 act.....	3	4
278. Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts..	8	2	115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8	5
282. Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act... 9	3		2. Nobody's Child. drama, 3 acts.....	18	3
273. Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts..	6	3	57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.....	4	4
243. Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.....	8	3	104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.....	7	5
271. Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.....	9	3	112. Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3	3
244. Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act... 5	2		298. Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act.....	4	4
270. Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act... 5	1		185. Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts.13	3	
274. Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts... 7	1		84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts... ..	10	6
122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4	117. Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama,	5	
177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1	3 acts.....	5	1
100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts... ..	9	2	171. Nothing like Paste, farce, 1 act... 3	1	
299. Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts... ..	26	6	14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts... 13	6	
139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts... 3	3		300. Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts.....	11	8
17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts... 6	4		261. Object of Interest (An), farce, 1 act.	4	3
233. Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act... 2	3		268. Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act.	3	3
309. Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7	2	173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act... 3	3	3
86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5	227. Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act... ..	5	4
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts... ..	11	5	176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act... 1	2	
72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2	254. One Too Many, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts.12	3		33. One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act	2	3
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act. 3	2		3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	4
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act... 1	1	1	90. Only a Halipenny, farce, 1 act.....	2	2
253. Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5	3	170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.....	7	2	289. On the Jury, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.....	14	5	97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act	3	3
239. Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act... 5	2		66. Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts.....	18	4
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act. 2	4		209. Othello, tragedy, 5 acts.....	16	2
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act... ..	4	3	172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.....	6	3
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.....	6	6	94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act... ..	7	5
295. Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts.....	8	8	45. Our Domestics, comedy-farce, 2 acts	6	6
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act... 3	2		155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts... 24	5	
228. Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1.	4	1	178. Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts.....	17	5

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
33. Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1	81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	
94. Julius the Snoozer, burlesque, 3 sc.	6	1	26. Rival Tenants, sketch.....	4	
103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene.....	1	1	138. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethio- pian farce, 1 scene	6	1
1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch	3	1	15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1	59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes..	5	1
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes.....	4	1	21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes... 3	3	3
60. Lost Will, sketch	4		80. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes	3	2	84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes... 7	7	
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene	3		38. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes... 5	5	
109. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes.....	4		74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes.... 3	3	
19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene.	3		46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene..... 6	1	
149. Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene... 3	1		69. Squire for a Day, sketch.....	5	1
151. Micky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene.. 5	5		56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude, 1 sc.	2	1
96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene . 6	1		72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene..... 1	2	
147. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	2	13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc... 6	6	
129. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccen- tricity, 2 scenes	4	5	16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene. 5	5	
101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene	1	1	7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene.... 2	2	
117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act.....	4		121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro duologue, 1 scene.....	2	
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene... 3	3		47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc.	2	
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes . . . 4	4		54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene..... 3	3	
119. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc.	6	1	100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene. 6	6	
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 sc.	2		102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes... 3	1	
132. Noble Savage, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc... 4	4		34. Three Strings to one Bow, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
145. No Pay No Cure, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc. 5	5		122. Ticket Taker, Ethi'n farce, 1 scene. 3	3	
22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene... 2	1		2. Tricks, sketch.....	5	2
27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch..... 7	1		104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene.. 5	5	
125. Oh, Hush! operatic olio.....	4	1	5. Two Black Roses, sketch... ..	4	1
30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch.. 7	7		28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc... 3	1	
114. One Night in a Medical College, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	7	1	134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene... 4	1	
76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene.. 7	7		62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene... 6	1	
91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene. 5	5		32. Wake up, William Henry, sketch... 3	3	
87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1	39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene... 4	4	
135. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	5	1	75. Weston, the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene.....	7	1
92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene... 4	1		93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene. 7	1	
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene..... 7	7		29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene... 3	1	
57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc. 6	6		97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene... 4	4	
65. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene.. 6	1		137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1
66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch.... 2	1		143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethio- pian sketch, 1 scene.....	4	1
115. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene. 2	3		99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes	2	2
14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.... 5	5		85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene..... 3	3	
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc... 3	1		116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene.. 5	5	
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc. 6	6				
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc... 3	3				



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