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THE TWO LOCKETS.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

By JOHN F. MARKEY.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1883, by JOHN F. MARKEY, in
the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

NEW ORLEANS:
PATTERSON & Co., PUBLISHERS, 12 UNION STREET

1885.

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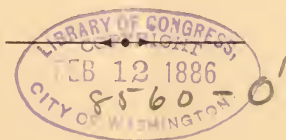
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To **MR. DAVID BIDWELL**, IN EARNEST APPRECIATION OF HIS INDEFATIGABLE EFFORTS IN CATERING TO THE DRAMATIC TASTE OF A NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC, AND IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SUCCESS AS A MANAGER, THIS PLAY IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED. J. F. M.



CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Mr. Sanders	A Retired Merchant
Gerald Gray	His Nephew,
Frank Travers	A Black Sheep,
Cage Spotter	A Detective,
Charles Coats	A Miner,
Jerry. Scribbler	Reporter "Morning News,"
*Barton Lindsey	The Money Lender,
Eva Sanders	A Young Heiress,
Martha Coats	Her Companion,
Kate Briggs	A Domestic.

SYNOPSIS OF DRAMA.

ACT I.—Sanders Villa. THE ACCUSATION: "I am Cage Spotter, the Detective."

ACT II.—Sanders Hall. THE MURDER: "Gerald Gray has killed me"

ACT III.—Sanders Villa. THE TWO LOCKETS: A bright awakening from a sad, sad dream.

*If the manager so desires, this part may be played as a Jew character.

The Two Locketts.

ACT I.

Scene.—*Exterior of Mr. Sander's house, R, with steps leading into garden; railing fence in back with door in C.: wood drop back of fence, table with rustic chairs and bench in garden, R. C.; large vase containing flowers, L. C. Lively music at rise of curtain, eight bars.*

Kate Briggs discovered arranging flowers in vase.

Kate. Now I am sure this lovely boquet will suit the refined tastes of my young mistress and her new chaperon, Miss Martha Coats. I do love to pass away my time among the roses. (*coming down to bench, L.*) Oh! dear how tired I am this morning. (*sits*) I do wish those nasty robbers had not paid us that visit during the night, and Mr. Sanders would have allowed us to take our usual rest, and not have us up and running around the house like wild rabbits, long before it was daylight. (*bell rings*) Dear me, who can that be, at this time in the morning? (*rises and looks off L*) Bless me if it aint my old sweetheart, Jerry Scribbler.

(*Enter Scribbler, L. 2. E. with roll of paper and pencil.*)

Scrib. Jeremiah Scribbler, Esq., city editor of the "Morning News." Well, Kitty, my dear, you're an early bird I see.

Kate. (R. C.) "The early bird catches the worm," you know Scrib.

Scrib. Hush! don't call me Scrib, rather ill-sounding my dear, especially for a gentleman of my profession. But I say, Kitty—

Kate. My name is not Kitty, its Catharine; and I prefer to be called that, since it sounds much better for a lady of my standing.

Scrib. Ha! ha! ha! come, thats good, but don't be angry with me, Kitty, haven't you promised that, one of these fine days, you will become Mrs. Jeremiah Scribbler?

Kate. Yes, but I'm likely to change my mind, unless you give up those high toned airs which you have assumed ever since you quit the tailoring business, to become a third rate ink slinger, in a fourth class paper office. Jeremiah Scribbler, indeed! with an E. S. Q. tacked on; wonder it wasn't an L. L. D., that would be the proper title, then I could naturally guess it to be—

Scrib. What?

Kate. Long legged donkey.

Scrib. Catharine—Miss Briggs—you astonish me. What would my friends think if they heard such language addressed to me? Me, Jeremiah Scribbler, special correspondent for "De Funct's Weekly" and leading editor of the "Morning News." I tell you Catharine, I will not tamely submit to such an insult, especially from the lips of her whom I had hoped to make my wife. I know what's the matter, you're in love with some other fellow, I suppose, and have taken this opportunity to get rid of me—well I'm going. (*sits on bench L. and turns from her. Kate down R*) There now, don't ask me to stay. I am sure you don't love me any longer, so I'll leave you at once; farewell Kate, (*looks around*) didn't you hear me Catharine? I said I was going.

Kate. You don't seem to be in a hurry to get away.

Scrib. Wont you say farewell to your old love?

Kate. (*bowing*) Farewell Mr. Jeremiah Scribbler, E. S. Q. and L. L. D.

Scrib. (*rises*) Confound it, I do believe the woman is without a heart (*goes to her*) tell me, Kitty, why do you speak to me in such a cool manner as that?

Kate. I am following your instructions sir, I do not wish to apply an ill sounding name to a gentleman of your profession.

Scrib. Oh! hang the profession, call me anything you like, but don't be angry with me.

Kate. I'm not angry; only I should like to cure you of those high fangle notions of yours, that's all. Sometime or other you'll think yourself such a great *I am*, that you'll blush to admit you ever did bestow a look of favor upon a poor orphan girl like me. (*weeps*)

Scrib. Oh! Kate why do you jump at such a conclusion? You know that I always will love you, and when I spoke to you just now, I did not intend to hurt your feelings, I only did it for the sake of my profession. One must stand upon his dignity you know.

Kate. You may stand upon your head for all I care, provided you permit me to address you in my old familiar way.

Scrib. So Kitty you love me then?

Kate. Of course I do. Why shouldn't I love my old Scrib., even if his head is a little turned.

Scrib. [*hugging her*] Bless you; bless you for those words.

Kate. What! about your head being turned?

Scrib. Hang it, no. You understand what I mean.

Kate. I think I do, but tell me Scrib; what has brought you around here so early this morning?

Scrib. Oh! yes I had almost forgotten it. Come then, take a seat, and let me interview you? [*sits on bench L.*]

Kate. Interview me? I scarcely understand you, but proceed.

Scrib. You see, Kitty, in my visit here this morning, I have combined business and pleasure, and—as the fellow said, who invited his friends to supper after his wife's funeral—pleasure being over, lets proceed to business.

Kate. Be good enough to state your business, then we can proceed. [*sits*]

Scrib. Exactly; well as I was about to remark—or rather, as I was going to inquire—is there any truth in the rumors which I have heard this morning, regarding a robbery which was committed here sometime during the night? [*Kate starts, Scribbler sharpens his pencil*] no evasive answer now; out with it, Yes or No?

[*During the following scene Scrib is writing.*]

Kate. Why yes. But lor me! how did you come to hear about it? bless me if news don't travel like lightning in this here neighborhood of ours.

Scrib. How did I hear it? Oh! we reporters are always on the alert, and catch an item where we least expect one. I tell you Kitty, nothing can escape us. If a man were to fall from the top of St. Paul's church, we would have the article written up, and published, before the fellow would reach the ground.

Kate. Don't say! well now that's what I call real smartness. You're well paid for the work no doubt?

Scrib. Well yes; thirty dollars a week is not such bad pay after all, and then we have perquisites you know.

Kate. In the shape of free drinks, and theatre tickets, eh?

Scrib. Yes—No; but lets proceed with our interview; at what time of night was the robbery committed?

Kate. Don't know; suppose you say between 7 P. M. and 7 A. M., that would come near it, I believe.

Scrib. Very well, go on—[*writing*] Sometime during the night the residence of Mr. Sanders was entered by a band of masked robbers.

Kate. Hold on Scrib, how do you know the robbers were masked?

Scrib. To be sure they were masked, all robbers are masked nowadays, besides, it will make the article appear more sensational. Proceed, how many do you suppose were in the band?

Kate. How am I to know, when I did not hear about the affair until this morning.

Scrib. But you must have heard a noise in the house, sometime during the night?

Kate. No, not even the bark of our dog. I never slept sounder in all my life.

Scrib. Oh! I see, I see, [*writes*] a band of masked robbers who, upon entering, threw a poisoned sausage to the maid, chloroformed the dog and the other inmates of the house—proceed.

Kate. Scrib, I do believe you're going mad. What is that you have written about the poisoned sausage?

Scrib. [*looking at his paper*] Oh! beg your pardon Kitty; I should have given the dog the sausage, and you the chloroform; but in my eagerness to get at the bottom of this affair, I find myself considerably mixed.

Kate. And so were the drinks that you have taken this morning, I should think. You will have to excuse me for the present, [*rises*] please don't let me detain you any longer. I expect my mistress here in a few seconds, and must have the coffee ready for her.

Scrib. Just so; well I can finish up this article after a while. [*rises*] Perhaps when I call again, you can give me more information on the subject; good morning Kitty. [*shake hands*] Try and find out all the particulars for me, by the time I return—do now, that's my own darling—I'm off now, take care of yourself till I come back. [*goes up*] Remember, Kitty, where the interview was broken off, just after you took the chloroform. (*Exit L.*)

Kate. [*Looking after him*] Well I declare, if that aint one of the maddest mad men, that I ever saw in all my life. Wonder if the little fool intends to publish such an article as that? poisoned sausage indeed; I should like to have a string of sausages around his neck, and hang him to one of the nearest lampposts. [*Comes down*] I do wish he would give up this newspaper business for I don't think I can ever marry him, while he carries on in such a nonsensical manner.

Eva. [*call off R.*] Kitty!

Kate. Coming! Miss Eva's voice; for me, she will see by my face, that something unusual has happened [*wipes face with apron—goes up and meets Eva and Martha who enter R. music plaintive, four bars.*]

Eva. Kitty, you have kept us waiting this morning; have you the coffee ready?

Kate. I will go and bring it immediately Miss; you will find your bouquet in the vase yonder [*Eva goes down L.*] Miss. Martha, shall it be coffee or chocolate this morning?

Martha. A drop of black coffee, if you please. Kitty; the excitement this morning has unnerved me, and I will take the coffee as a stimulant. [*Kate bows and exits into house. Martha comes down R. and sits in chair at table*]

Eva. Oh! my, what a pretty bunch of roses this is to be sure. [*sits at table*] Martha have you ever seen anything so lovely? I declare it is perfectly charming.

Martha. [*taking bouquet*] It is certainly very pretty, Eva, but I regret to say, that I am in such a despondent mood at present. that even those lovely flowers have no charms for me. It is a shame, I know, to allow this feeling to take hold of me. But oh! Eva, I cannot, I cannot master it. [*Drops bouquet on table*]

Eva. Are you ill Martha? [*rises and goes towards her*]

Martha. No my dear, not exactly ill, only low spirited. There is a feeling of dread about me, and, try as I will, I cannot arouse myself from this frightful despondency.

Eva. You surely have no cause to be sad my dear. Have I not been kind to you, ever since you have taken up your abode here with us? and oh! Martha you know that I love you as dearly as a sister.

Martha. Bless you my own darling [*rises*] you have been too good to me. I have received nothing but kindness, at the hands of yourself and your good kind father.

Eva. And cousin Gerald also; I am sure he loves you, ever so much, and would do anything to please you.

Martha. [*agitated*] Hush, Eva, it is not proper for you to speak in that manner. Mr. Gray is very friendly to me, to be sure, but it is for your sake; he respects me as his cousin's companion.

Eva. [*archly*] I think, I have discovered in my cousin's actions towards you, a semblance of a stronger feeling than friendship.

Martha. [*Starting*] Eva, if you love me—as I know you do—you will not trifle with my feelings in that manner. Gerald Gray can never be anything but a friend to me, and I shall always respect him as such. [*Kitty enters from house with coffee on tray and places it on table*] But let us change the subject, my head aches, and I think this mouthful of coffee will revive me. [*sips coffee*]

Eva. I hope it will, Martha, for it grieves me to see you sad. Kitty, does my father know that we are waiting for him?

Kate. I told him you were in the garden, Miss, but he is so busy in hunting all over the house, for the lost jewelry, that I don't think you need expect him for some time.

Eva. Poor man; he still believes that the box containing the jewelry, has been mislaid; but that is not the case, for Martha and I have looked every where; and it cannot be found.

Martha. No, it was certainly taken from the house sometime during the night, for, as your father says, he saw the box, late yesterday evening. Its loss seems to effect him very much, and no doubt, the box contained some very costly jewels.

Eva. Yes, I believe it did; some priceless relics of his younger days; but their intrinsic value, I cannot estimate, for I have never seen them. Ah! I hear my father's footsteps. Kitty you may leave us now. [*exit Kitty with coffee and tray, who on going up meets Mr. Sanders, who enters slowly from house R.*]

Sand. Gone, and may the curses of an old man, follow him who has robbed me of this sacred treasure. (*sees Kate*) Kate, prepare a room immediately, in the servants quarters, for a new gardener, whom I have employed, and who will be likely to call during the day. [*Kate bows and exits. Sanders comes down R.*]

[*Aside*] Yes, I have placed this matter in the hands of one, whose skill as a detective, is known, and praised by every one. Cage Spotter, will ferret out the guilty party, if he has to scour the country in search of him.

Eva. [*Goes over to him*] Father, have you discovered any traces of the missing jewels?

Sand. No, darling; my search has been a useless one. I am now convinced they have been taken from the house. [*to Martha*] Martha, are you feeling any better my child? perhaps a little rest would do you good.

Martha. Thanks Mr. Sanders, I am much better now; the fresh morning air seems to have revived my drooping spirits.

Sand. I am glad of that my dear, would that I could say as much for myself. [*sits on bench at L*]

Eva. [*sitting beside him.*] And what can make my own dear papa sad? surely not the paltry loss he has sustained. You are rich; and money can at any time, replace the missing jewels.

Sand. No, Eva; half my fortune would I gladly give, yes, and ten years of my life with it, to have returned to me, one, *only one*, of the many trinkets which that box contained.

Martha. [*goes over*] And that one, has in itself, above all the rest, a price-less value?

Sand. To me yes; it can never be replaced. Sit here beside me Martha.

(*she sits*) I will let yourself and Eva into the secret, you can then judge for yourselves the extent of my loss.

Eva. Oh! father I am so anxious to hear about it, I always knew there was a mystery connected with that box, but, as you never volunteered an explanation, it would be unbecoming of me to request one.

Sand. Well, you shall hear it now. Many, many years ago, there lived in England, a poor farmer who had two children, a boy and girl; near them, lived a wealthy merchant who had but one child, an only daughter. The farmer's boy was a bright, intelligent lad, and acknowledged by all to be, what the world calls handsome, he was beloved by every one that knew him, and his good qualities, did not fail to attract the notice of his rich neighbor, who assisted the boy in completing his education, and afterwards placed him in a good position in his own store.

Martha. How very kind. It reminds me of your own goodness to me, sir.

Eva. People are not so kind and charitable nowadays, are they father?

Sand. Well not all of them my dear. However, the lad having gained the good will of his employer, rapidly advanced from one position to another, until he became the head clerk of the establishment. With a bright and promising future before him, he had nothing more to wish for now; but unfortunately he fell desperately in love—as all young men at the age of twenty one are apt to do—his fair charmer, being no less a personage, than the daughter of his wealthy employer.

Eva. How delightful—

Martha. Just as I expected.

Sand. His attentions were encouraged by her, in fact she reciprocated his love, and it was evident to all, that her father's clerk was the favored one amongst her many suitors. All went well, until her father heard of the existing state of affairs, when he became perfectly frantic; he dismissed the young man from his service, and swore dire vengeance against him, should he persist in his attentions toward the lovely heiress.

Eva. Oh! my, how cruel of him. No doubt, had the poor farmer's boy been a rich man's son, the wealthy merchant would have looked upon things in a very different light.

Martha. You are old enough, Eva, to know that such is the case, the world over; fiction writers will sometimes stretch their imagination, to suit the ideas of their romantic readers, but in stern reality, seldom, if ever, do we behold the spoiled child of fortune, seeking its companion at the poor man's threshold.

Eva. And a crying shame it is that such should be the case. The evil, however, lies not with the child; but with its parents, who sometimes, absolutely dictate the course they wish their offspring to pursue, without considering the ultimate result, and regardless of their child's future happiness.

Sand. Rather a strong way of putting it my dear. As a general rule, I consider it the duty of the child to consult its parents, in matters of this kind, and be more or less guided by their decision. Whilst admitting the fact that parents will *sometimes* make a mistake, in forcing a marriage that may afterwards prove detrimental to their child's happiness, or, on the other hand, prevent one, which would be conducive of good results; at the same time, I hold, that their experience very often enables them to be the proper judges in the matter, and their advice should be entitled to some respect and consideration.

Eva. They should *advise* then, and not *command*. But proceed father, I am beginning to get interested in your narrative.

Sand. Well, the young man knew that his poverty was the cause of this harsh treatment at the hands of the girl's father, so he determined, if possible, to remove the barrier which prevented him from ever hoping to obtain the hand of his adored one, and concluded to leave England, and seek his fortune elsewhere. The night before his departure, he met, according to appointment, the idol of his young heart. I will not attempt to describe this parting

scene between the faithful lovers—but, after an affectionate leave taking, the young heiress produced a pair of magnificent gold lockets, inlaid with diamonds, both of them exactly alike, and each containing *his* picture, and *her* own. “This,” said she, handing one of the lockets to her lover, “is for you, and the other, I will retain; let us keep them as tokens of our love for each other, and never part with them, until we meet again.” The next day, the young man sailed from England, but he was only a few days out at sea, when his ship was wrecked in a storm; fortunately, however, he was one of the few who were saved, and, upon reaching his destination, wrote immediately to England, informing his friends of his narrow escape; but, strange to say, he received no answer to his letter, he wrote again—still no reply—another letter; yet no answer. Finally, he heard that his father and sister had left England, and the letters which he had sent to his sweetheart, were intercepted by her father, who concealed from his daughter the fact of the young man’s deliverance; and led her to believe that he had perished with the others.

Eva. Deceitful wretch! could one believe that a father would be so ungrateful to his child?

Sand. After lamenting for a long time the unhappy fate of her lover, whom she believed dead; she was finally prevailed upon, by her father, to marry the man whom he had chosen to become her husband. Well, when this news reached the young man’s ears, it drove him almost to distraction; his sorrow brought on a prolonged sickness; but, thanks to the tender care bestowed upon him, by the good people with whom he was living at the time, and the kind treatment he received at the hands of their lovely daughter, he survived the shock and afterwards, married the young lady who had watched and waited upon him during his sickness. They were not long united however, his wife died just one year after their marriage, leaving behind her an only child, who has been a loving and affectionate daughter to me ever since, *and here she is.* (*Puts arms around Eva and kisses her.*)

Martha. And so, Mr. Sanders, you are the poor farmer’s boy; yourself the hero of the story which you have just related.

Sand. I am. And the box which was stolen from here, last night, contained among other things, the locket which was given me by my beloved one, on the eve of my departure from England. With my own life, it was all I saved at the time our ship was lost at sea; it has never left my possession since, and would have gone with me to the grave, had not some perfidious wretch robbed me of it. [*rises*]

Martha. Knowing as we do now, the history of the missing locket, we can deeply sympathize with you at its loss. But, be not disheartened sir, you may yet recover it.

Sand. I hope so Martha, for I assure you I will leave no stone unturned in the search for the culprit. But I must now leave you my children, as the day is far advanced, and I have some important business to arrange. [*exit into house R.*]

Eva. Well really, I did not think that my father, cold and morose as his disposition is, could have ever loved.

Martha. The bitter disappointment which he experienced in his early love, is no doubt the cause of his seemingly unaffectionate nature; I say *seemingly*, Eva, for I know that your father’s affection for you, is very great; and his kindness to me, is sufficient proof that his heart is not as cold as one would suppose it to be.

Eva. True, Martha, he is one of the best of fathers, and my heart aches for him because I know he is sad; but I will go to him, and try and console him all I can. I do wish Gerald would return from town, the place is so lonesome without him.

Martha. You expect Mr. Travers also, I believe?

Eva. Yes; they will return together. I was in hope that when he left last night, he would not come back, but, on Gerald’s invitation, he is to remain here for at least a month longer. I do not like the man, and I assure

you, Martha, it is a hard task for me to appear agreeable towards a person to whom I have taken a dislike.

Martha. Mr. Travers seems to have taken a decided fancy to you my dear.

Eva. I presume that is the cause of my antipathy towards him. Well I'm going my dear. [*goes up stage*] I know some one who has taken quite a fancy to you, Martha. [*exits into house R.*]

Martha. Foolish girl. (*sits*) As if I am not aware of her cousin's love for me. She little knows, that it may lead to serious results, and be the cause of parting her and me forever. Oh! why does he love me so? I who am so far beneath him in wealth and social position. What have I to give him but a pure heart, and Heaven knows he has taken that already. [*rises*] Yes I cannot deny the fact, I love Gerald Gray, but God only knows what may be the consequences. What am I to do? If I remain here, I will surely betray my love to him—and if I go—but where would I go? its foolish of me to think of such a thing—No, I will watch and wait, and Heaven, in its own good time, will, I hope, bring all things right. [*Lively music. Enter Gerald c. D. dressed in riding costume with whip in hand. He walks down stage, on toes, and places hands over Martha's eyes.*]

Martha. [*starts*] Bless me! who is that? Why Eva, how you frighten me.

Gerald. Ha! ha! ha! Well I declare, Martha, I expected you would give a closer guess than that; do these clumsy hands of mine feel as soft as cousin Eva's fingers?

Martha. [*confused*] Ah! excuse me, Mr. Gray; I was not looking for you—that is—I mean—I did not expect you to return so soon.

Gerald. I understand. Well I should have remained away a little longer, and see what effect my return would have, after a few weeks absence.

Martha. 'Tis well you have come; the place was so lonesome without you—at least, so Miss Eva has just remarked.

Gerald. Did she? Well I am glad some one has missed me. I don't suppose you have found the place so very lonesome, Martha?

Martha. Why, you were only away one night, Mr. Gray; you speak as if you had travelled quite extensively.

Gerald. Judging from your manner towards me, I presume it would make very little difference to you, if I had gone to the North Pole, and remained there for warm weather to set in.

Martha. Your judgment is at fault then, for in that case I would write, and beg you to return immediately.

Gerald. You would? (*advancing towards her*).

Martha. Yes, for your overcoat. (*laughing*)

Gerald. Confound it; Martha, why can't you be serious in this matter? You know I love you, I have told you so already; and yet, you refuse to give me one word of hope or encouragement. Oh! how can you treat me so?

Martha. Hush, Mr. Gray; some one may be listening, and besides, this is no time for love making, when there is such confusion here.

Gerald. Confusion! How?

Martha. About a robbery, which was committed in the house sometime during the night; and, your uncle is very uneasy about the loss he has sustained.

Gerald. A robbery! at what time did it occur?

Martha. No one knows; we did not discover it until this morning.

Gerald. Bless me, if that aint news. The amount must be very great, since you say my uncle is so worried about it.

Martha. To him the loss is very great; for he assures us, that half his fortune would not replace what has been stolen.

Gerald. This is too bad. I do wish. Travers was here, he is a cute fellow, and would assist us in finding out a clue.

Martha. He was expected to return with you, I believe?

Gerald. Yes—but he left me at the turnpike, as he had some business in the city, however, I expect him here shortly.

Martha. Well, I will go and announce your arrival, to your uncle and Miss Eva; they are both anxious to see you.

Ger. Do; and say, that I will be with them presently. (*Gerald leads her to steps; exit Martha R. Gerald comes down c.*)

Gerald. (*Looking at watch.*) It is now past mid-day. What can be keeping Frank? I hope he has not forgotten his promise to me, of renouncing that gambling mania which seems to have taken hold of him. Ah! me, how some young men throw themselves heedlessly into the arms of misfortune. It is a great pity, for my young friend to throw himself away in that manner, and I am determined he will not do it, if I can prevent him.

Frank. (*Speaking off c.*) Well, come along then. If you're an honest man you will not be afraid of showing yourself.

Gerald. That is Frank's voice, I wonder what is up?
(*Enter Frank c. dragging in Spotter who is disguised as a German gardener.*)

Spot. Dont tore my clos. Dot vos de pest suit vot I got, und Gretchen put me new patches on, only yesterday.

Frank. Well why don't you walk then? see here Gerald, stick a pin in this fellow, and see if he's alive.

Gerald. What's the matter, Frank? what has the fellow been doing?

Spot. Dot is vot I like to know myself, vot I have been doing?

Frank. What have you been doing? Why, didn't I find you prying around this gentleman's house, in a very suspicious looking manner? and didn't you try to hide yourself, when you saw me coming?

Spot. Mine Got! I believe dot man vas crazy. I dont vas Paul Pry, mine friend. My name vas Fritz von Bluff, und I come here to look for work.

Frank. Through the window of a person's house, is not the place to look for work.

Spot. Nine; I dont look on dat window through. I just ax de lady, mit dem russels on de apron, if she would give me a drink of vater.

Gerald. Frank, I think your suspicion about this fellow is well founded. I say my friend, I've no doubt you have been in this house before?

Spot. Nine.

Gerald. But I say yes, Mr. Von Bluff; and I believe you are the one, who committed the robbery here last night.

Frank. [*startling*] A robbery, Gerald?

Gerald. Yes, and I think this fellow can tell us something about it.

Frank. [*aside*] So they have discovered it already. Well, mums the word. [*shakes Spotter*] Come, you rascal, I knew you were a rogue, the moment I set my eyes upon you, out with the truth now, or I'll break every bone in your body. Was it you committed the robbery?

Spot. Mine Got! Mine Got! you shake me all the buttons off mine coat, so help me gracious I don't know vot you talking about.

Gerald. We are talking about a robbery, and I believe you are the guilty party.

Spot. Nine, nine. I never stole me five cents since I vas born.

Frank. Then, what business have you prowling round here?

Spot. Vell, I told you I vas looking for work, und the gentleman vat lives here, have sent for me to fix up his flower garden.

Gerald. We will soon see if your statement is correct. Here Frank, take hold of this fellow and let us bring him to my uncle.

Frank. Come along Mr. Bluff; we will inquire into the merits of your case. [*Gerald and Frank bring Spotter into the house R.*]

Enters Scribbler who discovers them.

Scrib. What does all this mean? Ah! they have captured the thief no doubt. By Jupiter this promises to be a first class article for the "Morning News," and the best of it is, that none of the other papers have got on to the racket yet. Scribbler you're a trump. Your smartness will be the making of you. I wonder where Kitty is? I should like to finish our interview. [*Looks into*

house R.] I would give half my weeks wages, if I could only manage to get into that house, and find out what is going on. Let's see, perhaps I may be able to discover something from the outside. I don't like to play the spy, you know, but the end justifies the means. [*peeps into house*] Eh! what's that I see? they are accusing the fellow, before the gentleman of the house, who seems to be questioning him very closely. The fellow hands a note to Mr. Sanders who is reading it. [*laughing heard without*] All hands are laughing, there is evidently a mistake. Mr. Sanders points in this direction—the fellow is coming this way, and by Jove, Kitty is coming along with him. Now for a place to hide myself until I can find out the meaning of all this. [*hides*]
 [*Enter Spotter and Kitty R. from house.*]

Kitty. A curious mistake sir, but I hope you are not offended. Pray what is your name my good man?

Spot. Fritz von Bluff; you liddle rascal, and I vish you vos Mrs. Von Bluff.

Scrib. [*back*] Eh! what's that?

Kate. Very familiar on short acquaintance, Mr. Von Bluff, but I'll not be hard on you, considering the rough treatment which you have just received.

Spot. Yaw! Yaw! dem fellows pinch me my arms black und blue, und spoil my new cloths.

Kate. Ha! ha! ha! What a funny mistake.

Spot. Yaw! dot vas awful funny. I would not steal me nothing here, except it vas you I stole.

Scrib. The rascal, I should like to punch his head.

Kate. I don't think I would be worth the trouble of your taking, Mr. Von Bluff.

Spot. Oh! don't look me dot vay, mit does eyes. You make my head jump, und I feel de blood dancin'g on de tops of my fingers.

Scrib. I shall make the blood dance from the top of your nose, presently.

Kate. Well, sir; I will leave you now to perform your work, you will find the garden implements behind the house yonder, when dinner is ready, I will send for you.

Spot. Oh! dont you go yet; cant you told me something about dot robbery vot everybody speaks so much about?

Kate. All I can tell, you is that some valuable jewelry was taken from the house during the night, and we are all anxious to find out who the thief can be.

Spot. So, some jewelry eh! how the thief come in the house? [*Scribbler comes down between them.*]

Scrib. I wouldn't mind knowing that myself, dutchy?

Spot. Jimminy! who vas dot?

Kate. Only an old sweetheart of mine. Mr. Von Bluff, don't mind him.
 [*Spotter retires up.*]

Scrib. Well Kitty, what comes after the poisoned sausage?

Kate. Colic, I should think, Scrib.

Scrib. Humbug; I mean, have you any more information for me?

Kate. Nothing—only what you know already; Master Gerald and his friend, Mr. Travers, have returned from town, however, and perhaps they will be able to discover a clue.

Scrib. [*Points to Spot*] I thought they had discovered one just now.
 [*Spotter comes down*]

Kate. Oh, no, this is our new gardener; let me introduce you to him: Mr. Von Bluff, my friend Mr. Scribbler. [*they shake hands.*]

Scrib. Glad to meet you. So it was a bluff then after all.

Spot. Yaw, yaw; von big bluff. They thought I vas a robber.

Scrib. A very natural mistake for them to make, I assure you.

Spot. Eh! Vot you mean?

Scrib. I mean, that you look more like a thief than a mule.

Spot. Ha! ha! ha! you vas a funny fellow. [*goes up*]

Scrib. I say Kitty, if I see that fellow making love to you again, as he has been doing just now, there will be a job for an undertaker around here; do you unde stand?

Kate. That will be a *grave* offense, my dear, and I hope you'll not *undertake* to do it.

Scrib. Come, no punning, now I'm serious in what I say. I don't like his familiarity toward you. and I hope you will put an end to it at once.

Kate. [*Aside*] Bless me if the little fool aint jealous. [*to him*] Well Jerry, I thought you had a better opinion of me than that; but to convince you of what little respect I have for the fellow, why, I will snub him at once [*to Spot*] Von Bluff you may retire for a while, we desire to be alone.

Spot. So you want I go out, eh! I reckon you got some secrets vot you don't want I hear; all right my little pigeon, I go. [*He goes towards house kissing hts hand to Kate.*]

Scrib. Damn! the fellow. I'll break every bone in his body. [*runs toward Spotter who disappears behind house.*]

Scrib. [*Coming down.*] Confound his impudence; if he hasn't the greatest amount of cheek I ever saw in all my life.

Kate. Ha! ha! ha! Dont be jealous Scrib; old Von Fluff will make no impression on me, I assure you. [*Spotter peeps from behind house.*]

Scrib. Damn me if I wouldn't like to make an impression on him. Kitty, the fellow will be likely to annoy you; and if he does, only let me know, and curse me if I dont pound him into a jelly.

Kate. You need not be afraid Jerry, I'll keep him in his proper place.

Scrib. Well if you dont [*Discovers Spot peeping*] Curse him there he is a gain [*Runs toward Spotter and hits up against Mr. Sanders who enters from house.*]

Sand. Hello! What does all this mean? Are you mad sir?

Scrib. Your pardon, Mr. Sanders, I hope you're not hurt sir. I assure you it was unintentional.

Sand. Come sir, leave this place immediately. What right have you to carry on so in a gentleman's garden?

Kate. Don't be hard on him, Master—I assnre you sir, he meant no offense.

Sand. It is offense enough, to keep you idling your time away in the garden here, go in doors Miss, and see if you cannot find better employment. [*exit Kate*] And you sir, go about your business; that is, if you have any business to go about.

Scrib. Undoubtedly, I have sir; and that is just what brought me here.

Sand. Well, what is your business?

Scrib. [*Hands card*] My card sir, if you please. [*bows*] Jeremiah Scribbler, Esq., Editor of the "Morning News." [*They come down stage.*]

Sand. Well; Mr. Scribbler I presume you know who I am. So be kind enough to state your business.

Scrib. [*Takes out note book and pencil.*] Exactly—Well, as you are aware sir, I am a newspaper reporter, and, it having come to my knowledge that a most daring robbery was committed in your hose, I have taken the liberty of calling upon you, for the purpose of obtaining any information, you will be pleased to give me on the subject.

Sand. Oh, is that all? well what I have to say is this—

Scrib. [*Eagerly*] Yes sir, proceed—perhaps we had better be seated before you begin. [*sits*]

Sand. [*Aside*] Confound such impudence. [*to him*] What I have to say sir will be said in very few words. Are you aware of the fact, that I keep chained, behind the house there, a very savage dog?

Scrib. Yes, but they have poisoned him, as I understand, proceed.

Sand. Poisoned him! [*aside*] Perhaps you will have cause to think otherwise before long. [*to him*] Well sir, that dog has a natural hatred for sewing machine agents, lightening rod canvassers—

Scrib. Yes, sir; yes sir. Proceed.

Sand. And newspaper reporters.

Scrib. [*Starting*] Eh! what? How fortunate that brute is not alive.

Sand. Now sir, do you see that door? [*points*]

Scrib. Yes, so they entered through that door? Eh?

Sand. Well, if you don't immediately make tracks in that direction, you will surely regret that the dog is still alive, and will show you the love he has for a newspaper man. Here Fido! Fido! [*dog barks*].

Scrib. Oh! dont, for heavens sake dont; I will retire, his very bark makes me nervous [*rises*] Good day, Mr. Sanders, I hope I haven't annoyed you sir. *Exit. Dog barks as he is going out, he jumps and runs off L.*

Sand. Blast the fellows impudence. I should have thrown him out head foremost. To come around here and annoy me in that manner, when God knows I am troubled enough already. Not only by the loss I have sustained, but to think, that after all, I may be disappointed in my expectations of gaining my nephew's consent to this marriage with Miss Harrington, the lady I have chosen to become his wife. I have discovered the object of Gerald's affections; his love for Martha Coats is no longer a secret; he betrays it in every action, and breathes it in every word he utters. Yes, the woman has taken complete possession of his heart; but he may rest assured that I will never consent to a union with one so far beneath him. [*Spotter comes down from behind house.*]

Spot. Mr. Sanders.—

Sand. Ah! Spotter.—

Spot. Hush, how can you be so imprudent, sir? Von Bluff is my name for the present.

Sand. True, true. How are you progressing, my friend?

Spot. Slowly. Who is the chap who has just left here?

Sand. A party by the name of Scribbler—a newspaper man, and a very impudent fellow.

Spot. 'Tis well you gave him no information; it might possibly interfere with my plans.

Sand. What are your plans?

Spot. Well, as yet, I have not decided on any definite course to pursue in the matter, but, having weighed the subject thoroughly in my mind, I have come to my own conclusion regarding the robbery.

Sand. Any may I ask what conclusion you have come to?

Spot. Certainly; In the first place, the robbery was not committed by any professional burglar, for the simple reason, that other valuables were left untouched, in the same room from whence the jewelry was taken; and second, it being impossible for any one to gain an entrance into this place during the night without being discovered, the robbery must have been committed by one of the inmates of the house.

Sand. Why, really sir, you astonish me. I am at a loss to know whom we might suspect.

Spot. All I ask of you for the present, is to let your suspicions rest upon no one, leave the case in my hands sir, and I assure you, I will bring it home to the guilty one, at the proper time.

Sand. Well, relying as I do in your ability, I will be governed by your advice. But there is another matter, of great importance to me, in which, perhaps, you would be able to render me some assistance.

Spot. What is it?

Sand. My friend Harrington, of the banking firm of Harrington & Moore, has, as you are no doubt aware, a very lovely daughter; not only beautiful, but immensely rich. Well, it has been quietly agreed, between her father and I, that she is to become the wife of my nephew, Gerald Gray; unfortunately, however, I am very much afraid that we have been calculating without our host, for I have discovered that Gerald's affections are entirely centered upon Martha Coats—my daughter's companion—and, I assure you it would

hurt me very much, to see the boy throw himself away in that manner; and so I appeal to you as a friend, to assist me in spoiling their little game.

Spot. It would be, not only improper, but very risky on my part, to interfere in this matter, but however, as a friend of yours, I will see what can be done. Now I must leave you, for the present, to avoid suspicion, and attend to the business I have on hand. [*Exit into house.*]

Sand. (*Looking after him*) Sly old fox that. Well, my mind is easy now, for I know that both causes are in good hands. Ah! who is this? My love sick nephew and his fair charmer; I will conceal myself and take in the situation. (*hides behind house.*)

[*Enter Gerald and Martha from house. R.*]

Ger. (*Coming down.*) Martha, how can you ask me such a question as that? can I help loving you? you, who are so good; so pure, so noble; from the first time that fate has brought us face to face together, I have become perfectly infatuated, and, I tell you now in all sincerity of heart, that I love you, as man has never loved before.

Martha. Oh! Gerald—Mr. Gray—I know not what to say.

Gerald. Say that I am not indifferent to you, only bid me hope, and I can ask no more.

Martha. Mr. Gray—this—this—I am not prepared for—I mean—Oh! God I cannot say what I mean.

Gerald. [*Taking her hand*] Do you love me then? Say it dearest, only say the word which will make me happy or miserable forever.

Martha. Why should you be miserable? surely you do not deserve to be so.

Gerald. It is in your power to prevent it. My happiness is in your hands; destroy, or secure it now; but I must know the truth. Answer me, Martha, do you love me?

Martha. [*Falls on his neck*] I do, Gerald. Heaven help me, I do.

Gerald. My own true love [*kisses her*] And you will become my wife?

Martha. [*Aside*] Spirit of my departed mother look down and answer for your bewildered child.

Gerald. Will you not answer me, Martha?

Martha. I will; Gerald Gray, listen to me. I am only a poor girl, a domestic in your uncle's house, living upon his bounty as a hired governess to his only child; you, are rich, an heir to your uncle's fortune. You know, and so do I, that he has his plans already laid for your future welfare; would it become me then, to frustrate those plans, by encouraging you in the step you propose to take? No, Gerald, I love you, but I cannot have you sacrifice your happiness for my sake.

Gerald. My happiness can only be sacrificed by losing you. What is my uncle's wealth to me? What care I for riches, if the only woman I ever loved, share it not with me? And, if it be a sacrifice on my part, to relinquish all claim to my prospective fortune; the only reward I ask for it, is to have you always by my side, to cheer me with your smile, and bless me with your presence.

Martha. It would be a poor return for all the kindness and affection that have been shown me by your uncle, were I to consent to a marriage with you contrary to his wishes. No Gerald, it cannot be; I love you, as I said before, but, without your uncle's consent, I can never become your wife.

Gerald. Then Martha, listen to me; (*kneeling*) here I swear to renounce all claim and title which I now possess, and plead to you, upon my bended knees,—not as the wealthy heir of Edwind Sanders,—but as poor Gerald Gray, to retract the words you have just uttered, and promise me that, with or without my uncle's consent, you will become my wife.

Sand. (*comes down from behind house.*) Not if I can prevent it. (*they both start.*) Truly a fine speech, Master Gerald, and would have had some effect, no doubt, if delivered before she rejected your offer.

Gerald. (*rising*) 'Tis false sir, the lady has not rejected me.

Sand. Well, perhaps she may condescend to accept you, after she has had

time to think the matter over. (*to her*) You may retire Miss—my daughter may be looking for you. (*Exit Martha.*) Now Gerald, a word with you if you please.

Gerald. Pray sir, let this interview be as short as possible, and, before you begin, let me inform you, that I do not desire to be brought to an account regarding that which has just transpired between myself, and the lady whom I love.

Sand. I am your uncle, and your guardian, and as such, I will exercise my right of enforcing a compliance with my wishes, which I am sure will not be detrimental to your future welfare.

Gerald. And I deny your authority, sir, of interfering with me in matters of this kind. I am no longer a child, but am capable of judging for myself, the importance of the step I am about to take. It is your wish that I should marry Alice Harrington; it is my desire to become the husband of Martha Coats's, and, while I respect your wishes, I assure you sir, that I will not gratify them at the risk of my own happiness. My future life is my own, and I propose to make it worth the living.

(*Martha appears at the door dressed for traveling.*)

Sand. Perhaps you forget sir, that my fortune is my own, and, I can dispose of it as I see fit.

Gerald. I have already said that if a marriage with Miss Harrington, be one of the conditions upon which I am to share your fortune, I renounce all claim to it, and never hope to see a dollar of your money.

Sand. And you *will* marry Martha Coats?

Gerald. I will sir, if she accepts my offer.

Sand. Do it then, and I will not only cut you off with a shilling, but I will disown you as my nephew, and drive you penniless from my sight (*Martha disappears.*) Mark my words Gerald Gray (*stage dark*) just as sure as night is now approaching, you will have cause to repent, if you heed not my advice but I have warned you, and so take care. [*Exit*] [*Gerald drops into chair and covers face with his hands.*] [*Music. Enter Martha slowly from house, comes down stage with letter in her hand. Tremolo music during speech.*]

Martha. Ah! there he is, God pity him, how my heart bleeds for him, and yet I must leave him in his sorrow; leave him—no! no! I cannot, Ger—Stay, is it not for his sake that I would take this step? My love for him is pure and unselfish, and I would sacrifice that love, to save *him* from a life of poverty. This letter will explain all. (*puts letter on table*) Perhaps when I am far away he will forget me, and, as the husband of Alice Harrington, he will bless the day that I secured his happiness, at the sacrifice of my own. Farewell, Gerald Gray—my first—my only love farewell. And Eva too poor dear child—I know that she will miss me, but, when she learns the truth, she will thank me for her cousin's sake, and say that I was right [*exit mirridly*] [*Gerald starts and looks around, then places his hands on head and rises.*]

Gerald. Is this a dream? I thought I heard her voice. Bless her she is ever foremost in my memory, and her lovely form is constantly before my eyes. [*Sees letter.*] Eh! what is this? a letter! and in her own handwriting, what does it contain? [*Music—Gerald cargerly tears open letter and reads it, utters a loud shriek and drops into chair.*]

[*Enters hurriedly from house Mr. Sanders, Eva, Frank.*]

Eva. (*Kneeling beside Gerald*) Gerald, my own dear cousin, what is the matter with you? [*Gerald hands her letter—she reads it—drops letter—falls upon Gerald's breast and sobs violently.*]

Sand. What can all this mean? Frank, read that letter for me? I have left my glasses in the house.

Frank. (*Picking up letter.*) Only with your permission Gerald (*Gerald nods. Spotter appears at door L. music*)

Frank. (*reading*) *Following the dictates of my own conscience, I consider*

it my duty to leave this place immediately; my presence here has been the cause of too much dissension already, and no one knows what the consequences would be, were I to remain any longer. It is for your sake that I make the sacrifice, do not blame me if I cause you any pain, for God knows, I would not willingly have you suffer.

A few days, and all will be forgotten, and then wealth and happiness await you. Excuse the scribbling, for tears dim my eyes, and blot the paper upon which I write. With a bleeding heart, I subscribe myself.

Yours in misery.

MARTHA COATS.

Spotter. (*Coming down c.*) Pretty keenly arranged, but it is only a subterfuge,—her timely disappearance has saved her from arrest. (*They all start.*)

Gerald. What do you mean sir, and why do you intrude upon us at such a moment as this?

Spotter. I mean sir, that Martha Coats has committed a theft, and I am here to accuse her of the crime.

Gerald. Liar! take back those words, or by heaven, they will be your last. (*Runs at Spotter, Sand. and Frank go between.*)

Spotter. Not so fast Mr. Gray, you may do something which perhaps you will have cause to repent.

Gerald. Who are you sir, that makes such a grave charge against a helpless girl.

Spotter. (*removing disguise*) I am Cage Spotter, the detective. (*They all start.*)

Frank. (*Aside*) D—m him, what brings him here?

Sanders. Mr. Spotter, what evidence have you against the girl?

Spotter. This, (*shows locket*) the missing locket, which I found concealed in her own room.

Frank. (*Aside.*) Heavens what can his mean? The very locket on which I raised the money.

Spotter. Take it Mr. Sanders, while I go in search of the fugitive (*give locket and turns to go.*)

Gerald. (*Stepping in front of him.*) Hold sir—make one more step toward that door, and I will level you at my feet. With all your evidence, I say that Martha Coats is not guilty, and if you go to hunt her down,—you do it at the peril of your life.

Tableau—Curtain.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

Scene.—*A handsomely furnished room in the residence of Mr. Sanders; large D. in C. of flat, leading into garden. Window with curtains R. of door, the whole backed with garden flat. Sideboard with glasses, etc.; R. U. E piano-L. 2 E. Table with books and writing materials R. C.*

Frank Travers discovered at table reading.

Frank. (*Closing book.*) It is no use, I cannot content myself at anything; my mind is horribly disturbed, and I feel like one upon the verge of insanity. Never, until now, have I known how low, mean, and despicable a man may become. Yes, I have waded into the very depths of depravity, from which I am unable to extricate myself. The great mystery to me, is how that locket found its way into Martha's room. I could swear it was in the box which I to gave Lindsey, and I cannot understand how it left his possession; perhaps the old wretch sold it to some one; it may be to Martha Coats, herself; well, it is my game now to keep her out of the way until I can see Lindsey, and arrange things with him. (*rises*) I hope Gerald will not be successful in his search for Martha, I will go and look for him, and endeavor to persuade him of her guilt. (*exit L.*)

(*Enter Mr. Sanders R.*)

Sand. (*Looking at watch*) What can be keeping my daughter? It is time that she was back from her walk—however, I will arrange my papers and be ready for our drive as soon as Eva returns. (*sits at table and arranges papers. Eva returns from garden with bouquet.*)

Eva. I suppose papa you are tired waiting for me I have taken a long walk this morning and am somewhat fatigued. [*sits*]

Sand. You will feel all the better for that my dear; you know the doctor has recommended plenty of out door exercise.

Eva. Yes, but these morning walks are getting so monotonous. I have no one to accompany me, ever since—oh! papa you know not how lonesome I am. [*drops bouquet*]

Sand. Come, come, Eva; no more of this despondency, my pet; we will drive over to see Mr. Harrington, and have his daughter Alice come and spend a month or two with you. I am sure her company will be agreeable, and with some one to cheer you, you will soon forget that ungrateful girl, who has abused our confidence to such an extent, as to make her unworthy of your remembrance.

Eva. Oh! father this is too much; have you not promised to let bygones be bygones, and that you would never say another harsh word in my presence, against Martha Coats. [*weeps*]

Sand. Well, let it pass [*rises*] my dear; I did not intend to hurt your feeling, but something must be done to arouse you from this despondent mood into which you have fallen. [*lifting her from chair*] Come, cheer up my darling, and forgive me if I have offended you. Your health and happiness is my only anxiety. [*coming down*] Let the past be forgotten—enjoy the present—and the future will take care of itself.

Eva. [*Pointing to locket around her neck*] Father, have you forgotten the past?

Sand. [*aside*] Hang it, she kills me with my own weapon. [*to her*] I cannot say that I have been altogether forgetful; but, you know Eva, it was my first love, and besides, *she* was worthy of my affection.

Eva. Worthy, or unworthy, Martha Coats carries with her, my hearts warmest affection. I have loved her as a sister, and trusted her as a

friend; and—although I may never set my eyes on her again. I will ever remember her as the kind, gentle and loving creature that she is.

Sand. Perhaps you do not believe her guilty.

Eva. I do not. She is too good, too pure, too noble, and would not stoop to such an act.

Sand. Then how do you account for the locket having been found concealed in her room? That certainly, is sufficient evidence of her guilt.

Eva. Purely circumstantial evidence father. Could not the locket have been placed there by some one else?

Sand. I see no reason for looking upon it in that light. No one, in this house had any ill feeling against the girl, but, on the contrary, she was loved, trusted and respected by all; Who then, by such an act as that, would attempt to injure her good name and reputation?

Eva. You know not father, we may meet enemies where we least expect to find them; and I fervently believe, and openly declare that Martha Coats is innocent, and heaven, in its own good time, will prove that I am right.

Sand. I could hope so darling, for your own sake; but the idea is a ridiculous one, so let us talk no longer on the subject. I will now go in and see if the carriage is ready, a ride will do you good. (*Exit R.*)

Eva. Oh! Martha, Martha, why do you not come back and assert your innocence? I know that you are not guilty; why not return then, and fling all their suspicions to the winds?

(*Enter Gerald and Frank L.—Eva runs to Gerald.*)

Eva. Oh! my dear cousin, I am so glad you have come. (*to Frank*) Good morning Mr. Travers. (*Frank bows*) Any news Gerald? Do say something to cheer me, for I assure you I am very, very, sad.

Gerald. [*Leading her down stage*] I am sorry for you Eva, but you seek consolation from a poor source, for I am as much afflicted as yourself.

Eva. Have you no tidings of Martha?

Gerald. I have searched every place where I thought it likely to find her, but have met with no success; her whereabouts is unknown to all.

Eva. I shudder to think of it, but you know, the night on which she left was very dark, and she may have met with an accident.

Gerald. Heaven forbid that any harm would come to her; but I have no such fears regarding her safety, it is likely that she has left this place for other parts.

Frank. [*coming down*] She may have gone to her brother, who, as I understand, is living in some part of Nevada.

Eva. No; for she has often told me that not having heard from her brother in many years, she thinks that he is dead.

Frank. Well, no doubt you will hear from her soon; but, for the present, it is better that she should remain away.

Gerald. And why so pray? Not for her own safety surely, but, perhaps for the sake of those who were base enough to conceal their own guilt, by throwing the suspicion upon the head of a poor and defenseless girl.

Frank. [*aside*] What does he mean? Can it be possible that he suspects me?

Gerald. I tell you Frank, that Martha Coats is as free from guilt as what you are. [*Frank shows signs of relief*] What if the locket was found in her room? She never placed it there; but it was the work of some scheming villain, whom I will endeavor to ferret out, and wreak vengeance upon his head, for the injustice that has been done her.

Eva. And I believe as you do, Cousin Gerald, that foul deceit is at the bottom of it all.

Frank. [*aside*] Heaven prevent her from ever knowing the truth, (*goes up to piano.*)

Eva. (*showing locket*) See Gerald, here is the locket which has caused all the trouble. Papa has placed it in my charge.

Gerald. I could almost curse it, were it not for the sake of her who wears it.

Eva. Have you ever seen the pictures which it contain?

Gerald. No.

Eva. Then let me show them to you. (*opens locket and shows pictures—Gerald starts*) What is the matter?

Gerald. Eva, who's picture is this?

Eva. This one is my father's picture, and that is an *old* sweetheart of his; both taken many years ago. But you seem surprised, what is the cause of it?

Gerald. Nothing! I supposed it was Martha's picture; that's all.

Eva. Do you think there is any resemblance?

Gerald. Yes, a most striking one, did you fail to notice it?

Eva. I have never examined it closely, but now that you mention it, I do find a resemblance. How very strange.

(*Gerald goes to table and sits on chair, thinking*)

Frank. (*coming down*) Miss Eva, if you are not indisposed. I would request that you favor us with one of your delightful songs.

Eva. Excuse me Mr. Travers, I am not in the proper mood for singing just now.

Frank. Perhaps then, you will permit me to accompany you in a walk through the garden.

Eva. I must decline sir, as I have promised to go riding with papa, this morning.

Frank. Cheated again, am I? [*offers arm*] Let me escort you to the piano, you can favor us with some music, while you are waiting.

Kate appears at door R.

Kate. Miss Eva, the carriage is ready. [*exit R. 1 E.*]

Eva. And so am I. [*bows to Frank and exits R*]

[*Frank comes down and sits opposite Gerald*]

Frank. Hang it, Gerald, I don't think I can ever make myself agreeable to that pretty cousin of yours.

Gerald. Don't be discouraged Frank. A girl easily won, is not worth the winning. Persever, my boy, and trust to luck in the end.

Frank. I have been trusting to luck, in every thing that I have undertaken, for some time past, and, d—m me, if it hasn't turned dead against me. I tell you what, Gerald; there is only *one* lady who seems to have a decided fancy for *me*. Would you like to hear *her* name?

Gerald. Yes.

Frank. *Misfortune.*

Gerald. Ha! ha! ha! I would not wish to see *her* tied to you, my friend, so you had better get rid of her at once.

Frank. How?

Gerald. By avoiding places where she is likely to be found. I'll wager that I can name the place of your first meeting with her.

Frank. Where?

Gerald. At the gambling table. Am I right or wrong?

Frank. You are right, Gerald. I have never had a day's luck since I turned my first card. But I will change my ways, and, by honest work and industry, try to regain what I have lost.

Gerald. Give me your hand; I am glad to hear you talk in that manner. [*shakes hands*] This determination will be the first step towards your future prosperity.

Frank. I hope so, for God knows, I am deep enough into the mire now. [*sighs*]

Gerald. Cheer up, man; that was your only fault, and was it not your own money that you lost? You have never yet wronged anyone, or committed any act which would bring the blush of shame to your cheek. [*Frank appears agitated.*]

Frank. [*aside*] His words are daggers to my heart. [*to him*] No, nothing, that I might be afraid of; my only trouble, is the great indebtedness which I have brought upon myself.

Gerald. How much do you owe?

Frank. More—I'm afraid—than I will be able to pay, for some time.

Gerald. Perhaps I can assist you; only prove to me that you intend to reform, and you will find me to be your friend. [*they both rise.*]

Frank. Thanks, Gerald; I have found you one already.

Gerald. Well, look sharp then, as there is no telling what may be in store for you; in the meantime, I will put in a good word for you, with that little cousin of mine. I must retire now, as I have some important letters to write. Take care of yourself until I see you again. [*Exit R.*]

Frank. [*Coming down*] And that reminds me that I have an important letter to write to old Lindsey, the money lender. The time is up in which I promised to redeem my pledge, and unless I contrive by some means or other, to defer payment, he will make it very unpleasant for me. I would not have him call here for the world. I have pawned the jewelry under the assumed name of Gerald Gray, whom he believes me to be, and, if he should come to demand payment, why the jig is up; so I had better write to him, and promise him to redeem the jewelry in a day or two. [*sits at table and writes.*] There now, that will give me a few days more to fix up my account with him. [*Folds letter and rings bell on the table. Enter Kate R. 1 E.*] Kitty, has the postman called yet?

Kate. No, sir; I have been waiting for a letter myself. Do you expect one, sir?

Frank. No; but you can give him this, when he calls. Be sure the letter does not leave your hands, until you give it to him.

Kate. Yes, sir; anything else sir?

Frank. Mr. Sanders and his daughter have gone out for a ride, I believe?

Kate. Yes, sir; and I am a little uneasy about them. They have taken out Master Gerald's new horse, and I am told he becomes unmanageable at times.

Frank. Have no fear, Kitty; Mr. Sanders is an expert driver, and can manage him. [*rises*] Should any one enquire for me, while I am gone, say that I will return in an hour. [*Exit L.*]

Kate. [*coming down*] A real nice man that. I wonder why Miss Eva dislikes him so? I am sure it would be a good match, and besides, they say that he is very rich. [*looking at letter*] What is this he gave me for the post man? A love letter? No; for a gentleman friend [*reads*] *Barton Lindsey, Esq., Brokers' Row.* That reminds me I have another letter in my pocket for Master Gerald. [*takes out letter*] This one is surely a love letter, because the address is in a lady's handwriting. Well, I will give it to him, when he comes down. [*puts both letters into her pocket.*]

[*Scribbler appears in garden through C. D.*]

Scrib. Kitty! Kitty!

Kate. Oh! Is that you? You may come in, Jerry.

Scrib. [*Comes down with hat off.*] Hope I don't intrude?

Kate. Not at all, Jerry. Take a chair.

Scrib. Where will I take it to, my dear?

Kate. Humbug! sit down. [*Kate sits on sofa.*]

Scrib. [*Looking around*] Thanks, but I would sooner stand.

Kate. Oh! don't be so foolish. Sit down, no one is going to trouble you.

Scrib. Perhaps not, but it is always best to be on the safe side. In a standing position I will be better prepared to run—or, I mean, to defend myself.

Kate. There is no one at home, except Master Gerald, and he is busy in his own room at present.

Scrib. No one at home? Lor! what a fine time for courting. [*sits on sofa and puts arm around her neck*]

Kate. Don't, Jerry; how can you be so rude?

Scrib. "When the cat's away, the mice can play." Give me another kiss, my little butter cup. [*kisses her*]

Kate. You can have as many as you like, if you only take your time, and don't choke me so. What's the news?

Scrib. News! why, bless your little heart and soul, that is just what I was going to ask you. How are things going on around here?

Kate. Oh! quiet enough. Master Gerald was very very angry, about that article which appeared in the paper, regarding the robbery.

Scrib. Why, what was there in it that could offend the young gentleman?

Kate. It said, that the locket was found in the room of Martha Coats, and, that she had fled from the house in order to avoid arrest.

Scrib. Well every one knows that such *is* the case. Mr. Spotter is my authority for it.

Kate. Miss Eva and her cousin, Gerald, are firm in the belief that Martha Coats is innocent.

Scrib. Yes? then why this sudden disappearance from the house, the very night on which the stolen locket was discovered? And, how do they account for the finding of the locket in her room?

Kate. These are indeed suspicious circumstances which require an explanation.

Scrib. Suspicious circumstances! Downright evidence. Why I have seen men hanged, on less testimony than that.

Kate. Do you mean to say, Jerry, that she could be hanged for the crime?

Scrib. No. A few years imprisonment, at most would be the penalty; but Mr. Sanders, I understand, declines to prosecute.

Kate. Yes; thanks to Miss Eva, the good kind darling.

Scrib. Well, that virtually puts an end to the scandal, and cheats us out of a page or two, of spicy reading matter for our patrons.

Kate. You are never satisfied, only when you are meddling in other people's affairs. You newspaper men delight in accidents and misfortunes.

Scrib. [*rubbing his hands*] That's where we live, Kitty. I am never so happy as when I hear of a suicide, a murder, a fire, a robbery, a riot; or an accident of any kind, which will make our readers hair stand on end; and send them to bed with pleasant visions of pistols and knives floating before their eyes; and lull them to rest, with the cries of some unfortunate victim who has received the bullet from the murderers pistol; or the stab from the knife of an assassin. Do you know Kitty, that I have been sitting on a fence, over in the next field there, for the last hour, watching the manoeuvres of a young boy with a shot gun in his hand, and anxiously awaiting to see the gun explode, and knock the urchin into the middle of the next political campaign. But, as luck would have it, the young fellow's daddy appeared upon the scene, and, with a stout raw hide, lathered the youngster's back and spoiled my anticipated fun.

Kate. You must be sorely in need of an item.

Scrib. Oh, dear no; any amount of them. [*pulls out paper*] Just see here. There's the blacksmith, down the road, who is after flinging his sledge hammer at the head of an apprentice boy, and slightly damaging that part of the young fellow's anatomy. And here is another victim who has had one of his legs cut off with a circular saw, and, consequently, will have to lay up for repairs, perhaps a month or longer. Then with dog fights, prize fights, broken limbs and bruised heads; together with a runaway horse, which I have just seen dashing down the road, with a vehicle behind him, in which were seated a lady and gentleman, will, I am sure—but great Heavens! Kitty, what is the matter with you? You're as pale as death and trembling from head to foot.

Kate. [*excitedly*] A carriage did you say, with a lady and gentleman in it?

Scrib. Yes; but that doesn't concern you, does it?

Kate. Oh! I knew the horse would runaway. Jerry, Jerry, it surely was Mr. Sanders and his daughter, who were in that carriage. My God! My

God, what will I do? What will I do? (*runs about the stage clapping her hands.*)

Scrib. (*Following her*) Come, come, don't go into hysterics, my dear.

Kate. Oh! you cowardly fellow, why didn't you stop the horse? Oh! oh! oh? etc. (*runs about*)

Scrib. Damnation! I might as well try to stop an earthquake, Kitty you wouldn't have me risk my precious life, would you? And maybe leave you a widow—or, I mean, leave you without a sweetheart. (*follows her about stage*)

Kate. Oh! my poor master; My dailing Eva, what will become of you? You will both be killed; and, if you do, Scribbler need never show his face to me again. Oh! oh! etc.

Scrib. Weat will I do? She will surely take a fit, and may be, scratch my eyes out. (*pais her on the back*) Cough it up, Kitty. Cough it up. That's a darling. Oh! my; oh! my; oh! my.

Kate. Leave me, leave me; I will run and tell Master Gerald what has happened. He is a dear, good, brave man, and would not have acted like you; you old coward. [*runs off* R. 2 E.]

Scrib. (*Looking after her*) Well I never—(*sits*) "A dear, good, brave man." It strikes me, she's in love with her young master—Oh! the wretch, she told on herself that time, without knowing it; Well I'll watch her now, being that my suspicions are aroused. (*reenter Kitty* R. 2. E. *hastely; takes letters from pocket*)

Kate. (*aside* Oh! dear I have missed the postman. What will Mr. Traverser think of me? Perhaps, Jerry will take the letter to town for me; at any rate I'll ask him. (*to him*) Scrib, my dear, will you be likely to pass the postoffice, during the day?

Scrib. I am going in that direction, after I leave here.

Kate. Then take this letter, and mail it for me, wont you? (*gives letter intended for Gerald, to Scrib*) That's a good fellow. Don't delay now, but post it immediately. (*Exit Kate* R. 2 E. *Scribbler rises and comes forward.*)

Scrib. (*reading address on letter*) Eh! What's this? "Mr. Gerald Gray, strictly personal." Ah! indeed, is that your game, my darling? Might have saved yourself the trouble of writing, being that he is so near to home. Well I'll swear! If that don't beat cock fighting. And giving it to me, to mail for her. I suppose she took it for granted that I would not open it. Well, under ordinary circumstances, of course I would not think of such a thing, but when my feelings are trifled with, in such a manner as *this*—why I am liable to do almost anything; so here goes. (*opens letter and reads.*)

"Meet me in the garden, behind the summer house, at dark this evening. Come alone, as I do not wish to be seen speaking with you. I have something to say to you, which I know you will be pleased to hear. Trust me, and believe me to be."

ONE WHO LOVES YOU.

So, Miss Briggs, that's your game, is it? (*folds letter*) Well you will find that Jeremiah Scribbler is not such a fool as you take him to be, and he will surely be on hand, to spoil your little tete-a-tete. (*exit* C. D.)

(*Door bell rings violently. Kate enters hurriedly.* R.)

Kate. Goodness me! What's that? One would think that the house was on fire. [*looks off* L.] Heavens above! It is Mr. Sanders, and they are leading him in. Surely he must be seriously hurt.

[*Enter Saunders* L. *supported by Eva and Charles Coats; Charles has his coat torn, and is covered with dust.*]

Kate. Oh! Miss Eva, what has happened?

Eva. Don't be alarmed, Kitty, nothing serious I hope. [*placing him in chair*] Kitty, a glass of water please (*exit Kate. She reenters immediately with water.*]

Chas. I hope you have recovered from the shock, sir. It is only a bad fright after all, and could have been a great deal worse.

Sand. Aye, well you may say that, my young friend. It might have been a great deal worse, and would too, no doubt, only for your coolness and

bravery in stopping the infuriated animal, at the risk of your own life. Give me your hand. [*takes his hand,*] Your courage, sir, is beyond all praise. Thank him, Eva, thank him my darling. I am too agitated, to express my gratitude. There he stands, the noble preserver of our lives. This is my daughter, sir. I know not who you are, but your noble conduct proclaims you to be a gentleman, and entitles you to our everlasting friendship.

Eva. Indeed it does father. Believe me sir, words cannot express our thanks. We are indebted to you for the value of our lives, which you have this day saved, by your manly heroism.

Chas. And I am sufficiently repaid by the pleasure which it affords me, of being the humble instrument in the hands of Providence, which saved you both from an untimely death. My conduct, however, is entitled to no praise, for I have only performed my duty on this occasion; and I would scorn the man, who, under similar circumstances, would fail to avert a threatened danger to his fellow creature.

Sand. Hear him, Eva; hear the noble sentiments of this brave young man. Look at him, my pet, is he not a perfect specimen of nobleness? and as handsome, as he is brave? [*Eva turns aside blushing.*] You do not answer me my darling; I say, aint he fine young fellow?

Eva. If the gentleman was not present, papa, I would venture an opinion; but as it is, I trust you will excuse me.

Sand. Well, so I will; but I know what that opinion would be. Here, Kitty, get a brush and dust off the gentleman's clothes; they are all over, mud and dust.

Chas. No, thank you; I will retire and change my dress. It certainly is not a very attractive costume, just now.

Eva. Will you allow me, sir, to put a few stitches in the sleeve of your coat, where it has been torn?

Chas. Many thanks, Miss, but it is scarcely worth the trouble.

Eva. Oh! no trouble at all, I assure you. Kitty, run and bring a coat for the gentleman to put on, until his own can be mended. [*exit Kate R*]

Sand. Sit down, young man, sit down, and make yourself at home. [*Chas. sits*] Eva, bring some glasses, and a bottle of my best wine. [*Eva goes to sideboard and brings down glasses and bottle to table.*] I require a little stimulating after the severe shock which my nerves have received. I suppose the carriage is a total wreck?

Chas. The carriage is entirely broken, sir, but the horse, I think, is uninjured. I left word to have him sent to the stable.

Sand. No matter, no matter; here fill up [*fills*] and let us drink to the health of our noble young hero.

Chas. [*with glass in hand rises*] Let us first drink to the health of your fair daughter, sir; may she live a life of happiness, and be the joy and consolation of your declining years, and may the man who wins her for a wife, be worthy the possession of so bright a jewel. [*drinks*]

Eva. [*bowing*] And may my future husband be as gallant, brave and noble, as the one who has just expressed that sentiment.

Chas. Without which, he certainly would be unworthy of your love. [*sits*]

Sand. Egad! I think you are both in love with each other.

Eva. [*blushing*] Papa! [*enter Kate*] Ah, here's the coat. It may not fit you very well, but it will do for a while, I think.

Kate. [*to Eva*] This is Mr. Travers coat. I found it on the rack, in the hall. [*Charles rises*]

Eva. Very well, Kitty, hand it to the gentleman. [*Chas. takes off his coat and gives it to Kitty, who exits R. he puts on coat which was worn by Frank Travers in act 1st.*]

Chas. It fits me like a glove. I will return it, as soon as I reach my hotel. Now, as I have other business to attend to, I must start, [*gets hat*] but I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you both, soon again.

Sand. Certainly; but in the excitement of the evening, we have forgotten

to enquire your name; I trust you will pardon our neglect. Sanders is my name, sir, Edwin Sanders, and it would please me to have you call, and see us often.

Chas. It strikes me, I have heard that name, before.

Sand. Very likely, as I am well-known throughout the country. If I can be of any service to you, my influence is at your command.

Chas. I am a stranger in this neighborhood, and perhaps you could direct me in finding a relative of mine who, I believe, is living, some place, in this part of the country.

Sand. What is the name.

Chas. Martha Coats. (*Sanders and Eva both start.*)

Sand. } Martha Coats?
Eva. }

Chas. Yes, she is my only sister. I have not seen her for many years; and oh, what pleasure it will be to me, to see her once again, to fold her to my heart, and bless her.

Eva. (*turning away*) Alas! Alas!

Chas. Something must be wrong, else why these mysterious glances? In God's name, tell me if she is dead?

Eva. No, no, not dead; but gone, no one knows where.

Chas. You knew her, then?

Sand. Yes; she was living here with us, for some time past, but unfortunately—

Eva. (*aside to her father*) Don't; for heavens sake, don't, father. If you mention it, you will break his heart. (*goes up to piano*)

Sand. She left here very suddenly, without letting us know that she was going, and we have not seen or heard from her since.

Chas. How very strange. And, you have no idea where I could find her?

Sand. No; but I am inclined to believe, that she is somewhere in the neighborhood.

Chas. It satisfies me to know that she is alive. I will go immediately, in search of her. (*takes hat*) Good evening, Mr. Sanders, I am thankful to you sir, for the information.

Sand. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you soon again. (*shakes hand*
Chas. *goes up and meets Eva, who is standing* L. U. E.)

Eva. [*extending her hand*] Mr. Coats, I hope you will soon find your sister, and, when you do, say that Eva Sanders sends her love, and longs to see her once again.

Chas. God bless you for those words. [*Chas. bows and exits* L. U. E. *Eva comes down.*]

Eva. Oh! father what a perfect gentleman; so kind and affable, and, withal, so daring and courageous.

Sand. And to think, his sister could be guilty of so base an act, to bring disgrace upon his noble brow.

Eva. Oh! father spare her, spare her for your daughter's sake. [*falls upon his neck*]

Sand. I will forgive her, darling, for *your* sake and for *his*; but she will never darken my door again.

Eva. And why not, father?

[*Music.* Gerald enters R. 2 E.]

Sand. A thief is no companion for my daughter, and Martha Coats has proven herself dishonest. [*Gerald staggers back, then recovers himself, and, quickly comes down stage*]

Gerald. Sir!—[*checking himself*]

Eva. Oh! Gerald, what would you do?

Gerald. Nothing, Eva, nothing; God pity me, I must bear it all. [*falls into sofa*]

Sand. Well sir, you seem flurried; has anything happened to annoy you?

Gerald. I regret, sir, that I must tamely submit to such an insult, coming, as it does, from the lips of my uncle.

Sand. An insult, what do you mean?

Gerald. I mean, [*rises*] that when you couple the name of thief, with that of the lady whom I love and respect; you trample upon my honor, and no one else could do so with impunity.

Sand. So you have not yet forgotten her?

Gerald. No, nor will I ever forget her, while life remains.

Sand. You have heard my warning, and you know the result.

Gerald. I heed not what the result may be. I am prepared for the worst, and care not, how soon you execute your threat.

Sand. And so you force me to it? Well listen to me, Gerald Gray. You are my sister's son, but, from this day forth, I disown you as my nephew. Your conduct is beyond endurance. Go, sir! Marry Martha Coats, if you will, but remember, that at my bidding, her *bridal chamber* would be a *prison cell*.

Gerald. [*drawing knife*] Damnation! this is too much. [*runs at Sanders*]

Eva. [*getting between them*] Gerald! Gerald! for heaven's sake, what do you mean?

Gerald. [*calming down*] Forgive me darling, I know not what I'm doing, this excitement drives me mad. [*throws knife up stage*]

Sand. [*excitedly*] And you would murder me perhaps? Villain! leave my house this moment, or I will call in the police and have you dragged from here.

Eva. [*imploringly*] Father, father forgive him. He did not mean it, indeed, I *know* he did not.

Sand. [*going up*] Come, Eva, let us retire and leave this scoundrel to himself. (*turns at door*) Gerald Gray, you and I, can no longer live under the same roof; Go! and may my curses follow you.

Gerald. I will go, sir, at your bidding, but I do not deserve your curses; and, I am sure, heaven will protect me from them.

Eva. Gerald, my own dear cousin, where would you go? (*throws herself upon his neck*)

Gerald. I know not, Eva. Kiss me, darling, for you may never see me again. (*kisses her*)

Eva. Oh! Gerald you will break my heart. (*sobs*)

Sand. (*at door*) Are you coming, Miss?

Eva. (*going*) Yes, father. Oh! Gerald, Gerald. (*exit Sanders R. Eva turns at door throws kiss to Gerald and exit R. weeping. Gerald drops into chair and leans his head on his hands. When music stops, Kate enters R. 2 E.*)

Kate. (*coning down*) Mr, Gerald, I have a letter for you. (*takes letter from pocket*)

Gerald. (*looking up*) A letter for me, Kitty?

Kate. Yes, sir; here it is, (*gives letter intended for Lindsey*)

Gerald. (*reading address*) There is some mistake, Kitty, this letter is not for me. (*hands back letter*)

Kate. [*aside*] Goodness, gracious! I have given the wrong letter to Scrib- bler. [*to Gerald*] Master Gerald, I had a letter for you, but I don't know what has become of it.

Gerald. Who gave you the letter?

Kate. A young lad, who said it was from a lady, dressed in black, and deeply veiled.

Gerald. [*starting up*] My life upon it, Martha Coats it was; Kitty, go in immediately and see if you can find that letter.

Kate. Yes, sir. [*aside*] Oh! what will I do? Jerry has that letter, and he's gone to put it in the post office. [*exit R. 2 E*]

Gerald. Yes, it must surely be from her. I knew that she would not keep me long in suspense. Oh! my darling, how I long to hear from you; every-day will seem a year to me, until we meet again. [*sits*] I must not leave this place until I get that letter

[*Enter Frank Travers C. D. from garden.*]

Frank. Well Gerald, have the folks returned, or are you keeping house alone?

Gerald. He certainly is a poor devil, who has no house to keep, and that is my condition at present.

Frank. What do you mean? You speak in riddles.

Gerald. Simply this, that my uncle has given me the door, turned me out, and cut me off with a shilling.

Frank. The devil. What is the cause of all this?

Gerald. My determination to marry Martha Coats, or my refusal to become the husband of Alice Money-bags, alias, Harrington.

Frank. I did not think that your uncle would treat you in such a manner.

Gerald. He has done it, nevertheless, and I regret to say, Frank, that I am unable to assist you in paying your debts, for I am now poorer than yourself.

Frank. [*aside*] The devil have it; what will become of me? [*to him*] never mind, Gerald, I think I can manage to pull through all right. Where do you intend to go?

Gerald. In search of Martha, to prove to the world her innocence, and to make her my wife. [*rises*]

Frank. [*aside*] And settle my hash forever. No, no, old boy, not if I can prevent it. [*to him*] I say, Gerald, since your cousin Eva will have nothing to do with me; and, since you have given the cold shoulder to Alice Harrington, what do you think of *me* trying my luck in that neighborhood? Her money would come in handy, just now.

Gerald. I don't know; you had better ask the lady herself.

Frank. Hang me, if I don't. It's a pity to let her spoil for the want of a husband.

Gerald. And it's a pity to let *you* spoil for the want of her pocket book. Go in and win old boy, I wish you success, [*goes up*] Frank, if Kitty brings a letter for me, keep it until I return, I will be back shortly.

[*Exit Gerald L. c. Frank goes up to table.*]

Frank. Well, if this aint playing in hard luck, I don't know what is. [*fills glass of wine and drinks*] Just think of it; here I was calculating on getting enough money from Gerald, to redeem the jewelry, which is in the hands of old Lindsey, the money lender; and now my expectations are all knocked into a cocked hat. [*sits*] What's to be done? The letter which I sent him, will keep him from calling upon me, or rather upon Gerald, for a day or two longer; but, in the meantime, Martha must be kept out of the way, or there is danger of me being found out. I wonder if that old rascal would have the audacity to call here, after disposing of the locket? for dispose of it, he surely did, or, otherwise, how could it have come into Martha's possession? No, no, I am sure he will wait until I call upon him; and if he does, he will wait a long time, I am thinking; for, just as soon as I can get a sufficient amount of money, I will shake the dust of this town from my heels, and find more comfortable quarters elsewhere. [*music. Frank rises and comes down.*]

[*Lindsey appears at door leading into garden*]

Lindsey. [*looking in*] I am sure this is the place I saw him enter. At any rate, I will enquire. [*comes down*] Is Mr. Gerald Gray at home?

Frank. No, sir; he has just stepped out. [*turns and sees Lindsey.*] [*aside*] Damnation! the old wretch himself. [*to him*] Come in, sir, come in; I was about to deny myself to you. I thought it was one of my uncle's tenants, coming to ask a favor of me; pray be seated, Mr. Lindsey. [*offers chair*]

Lindsey. Thank you, Mr. Gray. [*both sit*] I have walked all the way from the city, and am very much fatigued.

Frank. [*aside*] Curse the old devil, I hope no one will hear him calling me Mr. Gray [*to him*] I suppose you have received the letter which I sent you, sir.

Lindsey. No, sir; I have received no letter from you.

Frank. Well that is certainly very strange, as I wrote to you, and sent it

by the morning post. Have a glass of wine Mr. Lindsey? [*pours out wine*] You require something after your long walk. [*aside*] The rascal, I wish it would poison him.

Lind. [*laying down glass*] Thanks, Mr. Gray, that is, indeed, very fine wine.

Frank. The best in the market, sir. I'll wager, you have never drank better.

Lind. Well, I live very sparingly, you know, and cannot afford such luxuries. My means will not permit me.

Frank. [*aside*] The d—m miser. I only wish that I had half his wealth.

Lind. [*looking around*] This is a fine country place of yours, Mr. Gray.

Frank. Yes, sir; a lovely place. [*aside*] I had better get rid of him, or I will surely be trapped. [*to him*] I suppose, Mr. Lindsey, you have called to settle that little business transaction between yourself and me.

Lind. Yes, sir; that is the object of my visit here this evening. The time having elapsed, in which you promised to redeem your pledge, and not having heard from you, I make bold to call and request a settlement.

Frank. If you had received the letter which I sent this morning, it would have saved you the trouble of calling; because it would inform you that I was not prepared at present, to meet your demand.

Lind. It would not have prevented me from calling; for I assure you, Mr. Gray, that I am very much in need of money, and must have some before to-morrow morning.

Frank. I am very sorry, but you cannot get blood from a turnip, my friend. I cannot give you what I haven't got.

Lind. In that case, sir, I will be forced to the necessity of disposing of the jewelry, to receive payment; and, as there is a family relic amongst the lot, I know of no one who will be more likely to purchase them, than your uncle; so I will apply to him, sir, unless you redeem them at once.

Frank. It is very amusing to hear you ask me to redeem, that which you have already sold.

Lind. Eh! What do you take me for, a swindler? [*rises*]

Frank. I have evidence, sir, that you either disposed of, or lost the locket, which was given to you in trust. [*rises*]

Lind. It is false, Mr. Gray, and I defy you to produce the evidence.

Frank. And I defy *you*, sir, to produce the locket.

Lind. Thunder! what can the fellow mean? [*takes jewelry case from pocket and shows locket*] Here, sir, satisfy yourself that what I say is true. Is not this the locket, upon which you raised the money?

Frank. [*starting. aside*] Heavens, what mystery is this? [*turns and grabs for the case*]

Lind. Oh! no, Mr. Gray, not so fast, if you please. My money first, and then the box is yours.

Frank. [*aside*] If I only had him out of this house, the box would change hands very soon. [*to him*] Will you not wait for your money, a day or two longer.

Lind. No, sir; I must have it now. You accused *me* of being a rogue, Gerald Gray, now I demand a proof of *your own* honesty.

Frank. [*lifting his fist*] Have a care, sir, or I will strike you to my feet.

Lind. It is for you to have a care, or I will alarm the household at once. Think not that I am ignorant of what has happened. Here, sir, is the paper in which I have read about the robbery committed in this house. [*shows paper*] And *you* would let the suspicion rest upon the head of an innocent girl, when you know, as well as I do, who is the guilty party. [*Frank turns aside*] I tell you once for all, Gerald Gray, I will have my money, or you must abide by the consequences. [*music*]

Frank. [*turns suddenly*] Come, come, let no one see us here. Go into the garden and I will bring you the money directly.

Lind. Be sure you follow me, or if not, beware! Gerald Gray, beware!! [*exit into garden. Frank walks about stage frantically*]

Frank. Oh! God what am I to do? He knows it all, and will surely betray me, unless I comply with his demand. [*sees knife on stage which was dropped by Gerald*] Eh! what's this! [*picks up knife*] A knife! Fortune favors me. This is the money, with which I will redeem my pledge. [*conceals knife and exits into garden. Stage dark.*]

[*Enters Kate from house. R*]

Kate. Oh! my, how dark it is, and the lights are not yet lit, in the parlor. I wonder where Master Gerald has gone? What a fool I was, to give the wrong letter to Scribbler. Here is the one which should have gone by post; safe and sound, in my own pocket [*takes out letter*] I am ashamed to return it to Mr. Travers, so, I think, I had better destroy it. No, I will wait, and consult Jerry, he knows best what should be done. [*replaces letter in pocket*] I do wish Scrib. would return and bring back Gerald's letter, the poor boy is so anxious to get it. [*bell rings L*] Oh! my, that is Master's call. I have forgotten to light the taper in his room. [*exit hurriedly L*]

[*Enter Scribbler L. C. music*]

Scrib. [*looking around*] It's all right, Mr. Spotter. The coast is clear, and you can come in.

[*Enter Spotter L. C.*]

Spot. This is a serious business, Scribbler, and I would not undertake the job, only that my friendship for Mr. Sanders impels me. At what time did you say, she is to meet him?

Scrib. [*whispering*] At dark, behind the summer house, and alone.

Spot. Are you quite sure that Catherine Briggs has made this appointment with her young master?

Scrib. Why d—m it! I have it in her own hand writing. She was too cute, to sign her name to the letter, but it came from her hands, nevertheless.

Spot. Oh! the rascal, I wonder if my friend Sanders, has any suspicion of the girl?

Scrib. I don't know. But just think what a d—m fool she has made of me. But only let me catch her in the act—only let me catch her, I say; and I will have my revenge. I will publish both of them in the "Morning News."

Spot. Hush! I hear a footstep. Quick, let us conceal ourselves. [*hides behind curtains R.*]

[*Martha appears through C. D in garden; she is dressed in black, and wears a heavy veil over her face.*]

Martha. [*looking into room*] What can be keeping him? It is past the hour, at which I promised to meet him here. The night is dark—dark as my own feelings; and I tremble with fear at my own shadow; I would not wish to be discovered here, for the world. Oh! why does he not come? Gerald! My darling!! Come to me; I am here, waiting for you, trembling and alone.

[*Spotter and Scrib. come from behind curtain.*]

Spot. Not alone, madame; there is some one here to keep your company. [*Martha screams*]

Scrib. Oh! you wretch I have found you out at last. You thought you would deceive me, did you? But I have blocked you at your own game.

Martha. Gentlemen, what do you mean? You would not harm me, would you?

Spot. You cannot deceive us, with that disguise. We know you, Kate Briggs, and know the object of your visit here.

Martha. You are mistaken, sir; I am not Kate Briggs.

Scrib. We will soon see that— [*quick music. Scribbler attempts to pull her veil aside. Martha screams and runs into room, followed by Scribbler. Enter Gerald L. U. R. Gerald takes of Scribbler, and throws him up stage. Spotter stands up C. Picture.*]

Gerald. Back, you coward. How dare you thus insult a defenceless woman. [*to Martha*] Have no fear, madam; I will protect you from these ruffians.

Spotter. [*coming down*] It is you who offers the insult, Gerald Gray, by this secret meeting with this man's affianced wife, Catherine Briggs.

Martha. It is false, sir! [*removes veil*] I am Martha Coats!! [*they all start*]

Scrib. }
Spot. } Martha Coats!

Gerald. Martha, my own true love; have you returned to me, at last? [*approaches her—she waves him off*]

Spot. [*to Scrib*] Well sir, do you see what your blundering has done! We are a pair of fools Let us away from here at once.

Martha. Gerald!

Gerald. Martha! [*runs to her*]

Martha. [*drawing back*] Stop! Do not contaminate yourself, by touching the hand of a rogue.

Gerald. You, a rogue, Martha? No! though the heavens stand ont in judgment againt you, I *would not* believe you guilty.

Martha. Bless you, my own *true* love. [*runs to him*]

Gerald. And a thousand blessings upon your head, my heart's dearest treasure. [*kisses her*]

Martha. Did you receive my letter, Gerald?

Gerald. So it *was* you who wrote to me. No, darling, Catherine mislaid the letter and it never reached me.

Martha. Well, I have come to tell you, that I am wrongfully accused of a most serious crime. The locket, which was found in my room, belongs to me; it was given to me at the bed side of my dying mother, with her last blessing. There is one who could vouch for the truth of what I say—my brother—but God only knows what has become of him; dead perhaps; and if he is, may his spirit, and that of my dear mother, look down upon me now; and guide me safely through my troubles. [*weeps*]

Gerald. Do not weep, Martha. You have a friend in me, while life remains, for here, I swear, that, living, I will never part from you again. I know that you are innocent, so let me prove to the world, my love and respect, by making you my wife Say the word, dearest, nly say the word; and we will face the *whole world* [*taking her hand*] hand in hand, together.

Martha. God's will, be done. For better or for worse, Gerald, I am yours forever. [*Gerald falls on his knees and kisses her hand*]

Enter Spotter hurriedly from garden, followed by Scribbler.

Spot. [*to Scrib*] Close the doors, and cut off his retreat; he must not escape us. Gerald Gray! In the name, and by the authority of this State, I apprehend, and arrest you, on a charge of murder.

Martha. }
Gerald. } Murder!

Spot. Yes, sir With this knife, which bears the initials of your name [*shows knife*] You have stabbed to death, Barton Lindsey, the money lender, and his last words were "*Gerald Gray has killed me*" [*Martha screams and falls at Gerald's feet*]

(Enter hurriedly R Sanders and Eva. Frank appears through c. d. in garden)

Sand. In heavens name, what is the meaning of all this?

Spot. Your nephew, sir, is under arrest.

Eva. }
Sand. } Arrest! for what?

Spot. Murder. [*Eva swoons and falls into chair. Sanders covers his face with his hands. Scrib. is writing.*]

Martha. [*suddenly springing up*] Away! all of you. I will cling to him, to the last. [*throws herself into Gerald's arms*]

Tableau—Curtain.

ACT III.

Scene.—*The same as act first. Steps, garden, &c. [Sanders and Spotter, discovered at table.]*

Sand. I have heard that the next quarterly session of the district court will commence on Monday. Do you think it advisable to allow the case to proceed, or have it continued until the following session?

Spot. There may be some extenuating circumstances connected with the case, which would give the court an opportunity of admitting the prisoner to bail, and, in that event, it is better to proceed with the case at once.

Sand. You have made his quarters comfortable as possible, I hope, Mr. Spotter?

Spot. I have received the consent of the District Attorney, to keep the prisoner under my own care, and, instead of confining him in the county jail, I have him safely under lock and key, at my own house; and, I assure you sir, that I have done all in my power, to render his unfortunate position as comfortable as circumstances will permit.

Sand. For which I am indeed thankful to you. But tell Mr. Spotter, do you think there is any hope for the unfortunate boy?

Spot. Very little, I am afraid; the evidence is too strong against him; the knife, which was found beside the body of the murdered man, has been identified as your nephew's property, and the dying man, himself, accused him of the crime.

Sand. What could have led him to commit such a crime as that? Has he any defense to make?

Spot. He does not admit his guilt; but on the contrary, firmly declares that he is innocent.

Sand. Do you know anything concerning the character of the murdered man?

Spot. Old Lindsey? Yes I knew him well; he was a money lender, and reputed to be very rich. His character was not of the very best, however; the old rascal would sell his soul for gold, provided, he could cheat the devil in the bargain.

Sand. Does he leave a family behind him?

Spot. No. He has not a relative living. The state has taken charge of his effects, and his books will be produced in court, in order to ascertain if any business transactions have taken place between your nephew and himself.

Sand. I do not think it likely that Gerald has had any business with him, in money matters; because my nephew, always had sufficient funds of his own.

Spot. Was your nephew extravagant in his habits?

Sand. No sir, on the contrary, he was rather saving and economical in his ways.

Spot. I cannot imagine what could be the cause of the difficulty between them. As you are aware, on that night, and just after the murder was committed—there was a meeting between you nephew and Martha Coats; do you think that she could be, in any way implicated.

Sand. I know not. The girl's mind is wandering, ever since the night of Gerald's arrest; and she is not responsible for what she says.

Spot. The poor girl. Where is she now?

Sand. She is in the house. My daughter persuaded me to let her remain, and I had to consent on account of her unfortunate condition. I expect her brother to be here shortly and take charge of her.

Spot. So she has lost her reason?

Sand. She has, and I am afraid it will never return again (Martha screams without.) Hush! here she is, and in one of her spells. (Spot and Sand rise. Quick music. Enter Martha, hurriedly, from house R, followed by Eva. She walks quickly across the stage and stops suddenly in C.)

Eva (coaxingly). Martha, my own dear Martha, will you not come with

me? (Martha *waves her off.*) Don't you know me, darling? Don't you know your Eva? You would not have me leave you?

Martha. Leave me? Yes, yes, he did leave me, alone! alone!! alone!!!

Eva. Who, darling, who left you?

Martha. Gerald Gray! They have taken him from me. They have murdered him; and I saw the knife.

Spot. Poor girl, it has robbed her of her senses.

Martha. (*turns suddenly.*) Robbed! Who says I robbed any one? (*points to Sanders.*) It was you who stole from me my mother's locket.

Spot. What does she mean?

Sand. I suppose she has reference to the locket which was found in her room.

Eva. Come, Martha dear, come with me now, won't you?

Martha. Yes, yes, I'll go with you, Eva. Perhaps we will find him, eh, darling? and if we do I shall never let him go from me again. Come, don't you hear, my mother calls me.

Spot. Is her mother living?

Sand. Her mother is dead, but she is forever talking about her.

Eva. [*crossing over R, with around Martha's waist.*] Don't you know, my dear, that your poor mother is in heaven.

Martha. [*stops suddenly.*] In heaven—my mother in heaven? then she will look down upon me and bless me, and so will Gerald Gray; he is in heaven, too; they have killed him with his own knife.

Eva. [*weeping.*] Gracious heavens, what will become of her? Don't you think, papa, if she could see Gerald that the sight of him would bring back her memory?

Sand. I am afraid not; but with Mr. Spotter's consent we might try the experiment.

Spot. I certainly will not refuse to bring him here, if you think his presence will do the unfortunate creature any good.

Sand. Is Gerald aware of her condition?

Spot. No, and I would advise that he be kept in ignorance as long as possible, because a knowledge of it would affect him very seriously.

Eva. No, no, let him know it at once; he is strong and can bear the shock, and his presence here may restore her reason.

Spot. As you will, miss; I shall have him brought here directly [*to Martha.*] Miss Coats, I will bring Gerald Gray back to you.

[*Martha starts suddenly, looks at Spotter, then screams and covers her face with her hands.*]

Martha. Oh! 'tis he, 'tis he! My God, take him away from me; he will kill me as he has killed Gerald Gray. Take him away, I say; take him away. Murderer! you have killed the idol of my heart. Oh! mother! mother! protect me from this man. [*falls on Bench L.*]

Sand. You see, Mr. Spotter, she remembers you in connection with Gerald's arrest.

Spot. She does; poor girl, her reason is completely overturned.

Eva. Calm yourself, my dear Martha; no one will harm you here.

Martha. No, no! Gerald will not let them hurt me; I am sure he will not. Oh! I am not Catherine Briggs.

Sand. What does she mean by that?

Spot. I will explain. On the night of the murder, and just before Gerald's arrest, Mr. Scribbler and I, found her in the garden waiting to meet your nephew. Scribbler had a note in his possession, which was evidently written by Miss Coats and intended for Gerald; but Scribbler's jealousy led him to believe that the note was written by his sweetheart, Kitty Briggs, and that a secret meeting was to take place between her and your nephew. He requested me to be present and witness the occurrence, and, as a friend of yours, I consented to do so. When the woman made her appearance Scribbler, thinking that it was Miss Briggs, attempted to remove her veil, but Gerald, appearing at that moment, protected her from any further assault.

We then found out our mistake and retired. On our way home we discovered the body of the murdered man.

Sand. So you see, she remembers you in that connection also.

Spot. Yes, and as my presence here seems to annoy her, I will retire for the present (takes hat). I will bring the prisoner here, under my own care, some time during the day.

Sand. Do. But I will not see him, Mr. Spotter; I could not bear it; the sight of him in chains would break my heart. [*Covers his face with his hands and exits R.*]

Spot. Poor man; I do indeed pity him. Good morning, Miss Sanders. I hope the lovely patient will soon recover under your tender care. [*Eva bows. Exit Spotter L.*]

Eva. Now Martha, cheer up, my dear; no one is near you but your loving Eva.

Martha. [*Looking around.*] Where is he? Where is Gerald Gray? Oh! take me to him, take me to my own dear Gerald.

Eva. Come, Martha; Gerald will soon be here.

Martha. Here! here, did you say? No, he will not come back to me. They will murder him! they will murder him.

Eva. [*weeping.*] God help us, Martha. I am afraid you predict the truth.

Martha. We will pluck some flowers for his grave; will we not, dear? Gerald loved flowers you know. [*taking flower from vase.*] Here is a symbol of dead love; come, let us plant it on his grave. [*goes up.*]

Eva. [*going up.*] God pity her! God pity her!

Martha. [*on steps.*] Ha! ha! ha! ha! They have killed him, but they cannot kill my love. [*Puts hand to heart and exits into house, followed by Eva.*]

[*Music. Enter Frank slowly through C. D.*]

Frank. This place is as quiet as the tomb, and not a sound to break the stillness of the morn. [*Sits.*] Ah, me. What has become of all the merry laughter that used to greet my ears in former days? and where are the pleasant voices that would welcome me on my return, after a few hours rambling? Hushed, as if the seal of death was placed upon the lips of every one, and a pleasant word were sacrilegious to the sorrowful surroundings of the place. My God! what have I done? Murder! a double murder have I committed; for just as sure as I am sitting here Gerald Gray will hang for my offense. And what then? A disconsolate uncle—a broken-hearted cousin—and an insane lover left to mourn his loss. Heaven pardon me, for my crime is great. I would save Gerald Gray if I could, but not at the sacrifice of my own life; he is better prepared to meet his maker than what I am; so let it go; I will live, and repent my crime, and Gerald, I hope, will meet his reward in heaven. [*rises.*] I must leave this place at once, for painful recollections of the past is all it has to give me now, and, perhaps, in some far distant country I will forget my wicked act, and live a pure and better life. [*Folds arms and drops head on breast. Enter Kate from house R.*]

Kate. Why, Mr. Travers, you went out walking this morning, without taking your breakfast. Will I have it prepared for you now?

Frank. Thanks, Kitty, but I have no desire of eating anything just now.

Kate. But, lor me, you must certainly take something to eat. How do you expect to live without eating? I do believe you have not taken one solid meal since the night that poor Master Gerald committed that awful murder. [*Frank starts.*] But I don't believe a word of it; you mark what I say, Mr. Travers; Gerald Gray never did commit that murder, and you know it.

Frank. [*turns suddenly.*] What do you mean? How am I to know whether Gerald Gray committed that murder or not.

Kate. Frank Travers, listen to me; the name of the murdered man was Barton Lindsay, was it not?

Frank. Yes. What of it?

Kate. You gave me a letter addressed to Barton Lindsey, on the morning previous to the murder.

Frank. [*starting.*] Meddling fool. What has become of that letter?

Kate. It is here in my pocket.

Frank. [*aside.*] Damnation! [*to her.*] Give me that letter, give it to me immediately.

Kate. If it is of no importance, Mr. Travers; why not let it remain in my possession?

Frank. But it is important; it is evidence against Gerald Gray. Give me the letter and I will read it for you.

Kate. If it is evidence against *him* take it and destroy it, Mr. Travers. [*gives letter.*]

Frank. [*opening letter, throws envelope on ground.*] Listen. [*reads.*] "Mr. Lindsay: I am sorry to inform you that I am unable to keep my promise of paying you the amount which I owe you. Please do not call for it until I can see you personally. Your presence here would create trouble which I am anxious to avoid. Yours, in haste, Gerald Gray."

[*Hands Kate the letter.*] Here, read it for yourself, and see what your smartness would have done.

Kate. [*looking at letter.*] Well, I never,—His name is signed to it, just as sure as faith. Shall I destroy it, Mr. Travers?

Frank. Yes. [*she does so.*] And now, as you and I are both satisfied of Gerald's guilt, you had better keep your mind to yourself; and, as for me, I will leave this place as soon as possible, to avoid being called as a witness against him. Although the evidence is strong enough already, it would be prudent for you never to mention a word about that letter, as it would only be throwing fresh coals upon the fire. Do you understand?

Kate. Yes, sir; I will be as dumb as a door-post.

Frank. Very well; now I will leave you and prepare for my journey. [*Exits into house.*]

Kate. [*coming down.*] Well, who could believe that Master Gerald would be guilty of such a crime? No one. But that letter is proof enough for me that *he did* commit the murder. Oh! how fortunate it was that I did not give the letter to Scribbler, as I intended to do. He would have given it to the police, and thus produce another link in the chain of evidence against my poor young master. [*Re-enter Frank hurriedly.*]

Frank. Kitty, do you know what has become of my coat, which was hanging in the hall?

Kate. Miss Eva loaned it to the young gentleman who saved her own and her father's life, the day the accident occurred to them.

Frank. What did the young man want with my coat, pray?

Kate. To wear it until his own, which was torn in the struggle, could be mended?

Frank. And has he not returned it since?

Kate. No, sir.

Frank. [*aside.*] The devil have it. [*to her.*] Who is the young man; do you know?

Kate. No, sir.

Frank. [*aside.*] Fate seems to be against me. There is evidence of my guilt in the pocket of that coat, and if he discovers it I am lost. [*to her.*] Kitty, I must have that coat, do you hear? If the gentleman should call before I return, take it from him and place it in my trunk. I am going down to find out the exact time at which the stage will leave here for the city, and I will return shortly. (*Exit L.*)

Kate. Poor fellow, he is in a hurry to get away, in order to avoid being called as a witness against his friend, Gerald. I am afraid that he is giving himself unnecessary trouble, for there is evidence enough to hang the young man ten times over. (*Enter Scribbler, C. D.*)

Scrib. Good morning, Kitty, my dear. I hope the gloom and sorrow of this place have not dispelled the sunshine from your heart.

Kate. Oh! It is you, Mr. Scribbler. I suppose you have come to offer an apology for your ungentlemanly conduct, sir.

Scrib. Ungentlemanly conduct! What, in the name of thunder, do you mean, Miss Briggs?

Kate. Opening other people's letters, Mr. Scribbler; not only an ungentlemanly act, but a criminal offence into the bargain.

Scrib. (*aside.*) Jimminy! Some one has let the cat out of the bag. (*to her.*) Kitty don't be too hard on a poor devil. Nothing short of my undying love for you could have tempted me to do such a thing. "Jealousy, that green-eyed monster," has made a fool of me, but some one has said that "there is no love without jealousy," and he was right, Kitty; he was right.

Kate. Have I ever given you any cause to suspect me, Mr. Scribbler?

Scribbler. Oh! hang it, don't call me Mr. Scribbler. The name is not familiar enough, and, besides, I have given up all those assumed airs since I quit the newspaper business.

Kate. Quit the newspaper business! Have you changed your occupation, Jerry?

Scrib. Oh, yes, I am now private secretary to the Hon. Charles Coats, a millionaire from Nevada, who is here on some important business.

Kate. (*in surprise.*) Charles Coats, did you say? And from Nevada? Jerry, I'll wager a button he is Martha Coats' brother.

Scrib. That he is, sure enough, and I am here in search of his sister. Do you know what has become of her?

Kate. Heaven bless me! What good news for the poor creature, if she was only in a fit condition to receive it.

Scrib. You speak mysteriously. Where can I find Martha?

Kate. She is here, Jerry, but, unfortunately, she has lost her reason.

Scrib. Lost her reason! Good gracious, can that be true?

Kate. True as I am talking to you. Ever since the night of Gerald Gray's arrest, her mind is wandering, and she knows no one but her own true friend, Eva Sanders.

Scrib. Heavens! What will her brother say to that?

Kate. You had better inform him at once.

Scrib. Yes, bring me some writing paper, and I will leave a note for Mr. Sanders. (*Sees envelope which was thrown by Frank.*) Stop; here is a piece upon the ground and it will do. (*picks it up and reads address.*) What is this I see? "BARTON LINDSAY, ESQ., BROKERS' ROW." Why, Kitty, this is the late address of the murdered man.

Kate. Give it to me, Jerry; for God's sake, give it to me.

Scrib. Not until I find out something more about it. You seem to be excited, Kitty. Who wrote this address?

Kate. In heaven's name, Jerry, give me that envelope; and ask no more questions about it.

Scrib. You know who wrote it, then. Was it Gerald Gray?

Kate. Will you promise to keep the secret, if I tell you?

Scrib. Yes, if you can give me any reason for doing so.

Kate. My only reason is, that it would criminate Gerald Gray, and, God knows, there is enough evidence against him already.

Scrib. So it was he who wrote the address?

Kate. It was.

Scrib. How do you know that?

Kate. Mr. Travers told me so.

Scrib. Indeed; where is the letter which this envelope contained?

Kate. I have destroyed it.

Scrib. Do you know the contents of that letter?

Kate. A warning to Mr. Lindsay not to call here for a sum of money which Gerald owed him.

Scrib. Are you sure of that?

Kate. I read the letter, and saw the signature attached.

Scrib. How did that letter come into your possession?

Kate. Mr. Travers gave it to me to mail for him. It was the one which I should have given to you instead of that one addressed to Gerald Gray.

Scrib. If the letter was written by Gerald Gray, how did it come into possession of Mr. Travers?

Kate. I don't know, I am sure; I suppose Gerald gave it to him to post.

Scrib. What right have you to suppose anything? What did Mr. Travers say when he gave you the letter to mail?


Kate. He requested me not to let it out of my possession until I gave it into the hands of the postman.

Scrib. Much obliged, Kitty. That is all I desire to know at present. *(places envelope in pocket)* It is time I was starting now. So I'll wish you a very good morning. *(goes up)*

Kate. *(following him)* Oh! Jerry, Jerry; give me that envelope. Surely you would not use it against poor Master Gerald.

Scrib. *(stops at door)* No, Kitty; I promise you that it will not be used in evidence against Gerald Gray. *(exit C. D.)*

(Martha is heard singing off R.)

[ Note Any plaintiff air can be sung on this occasion.]

(Kate stands up stage until the end of first verse, and then comes down C.)

Kate. Poor girl, her voice is as sweet as a nightingales; but her heart is dead! dead!! dead!!! *(goes L. C.)*

(Enter Eva and Martha R. Martha is singing and Eva has her arm around her waist. Martha carries a rose in her hand, from which she plucks the leaves, and then throws them, one by one, away. They come down C, where Martha finishes the second verse of the song. Eva is weeping. Kate on steps; at end of verse she shakes head and exits R.)

Martha. *(throwing rose from her)* Away! I hate you now. Your passing sweetness has no charms to soothe my aching heart. You would lure me now to love you, and, finding that I loved, would wither soon and die. 'Tis false to say 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever,' for I have always found that what I cherish most, will soonest fade away and vanish like a dream.

Eva. Oh! Martha, Martha, your words pierce my heart. Why don't you cheer up, darling. All will yet be well.

Martha. All will be well. Yes, they will bring him back to me, and I shall never part with him again. Tell me, Eva, where is Gerald Gray? Where is he, I say. Bring him back to me. Do not rob me of my love. My heart aches for him, and it soon must break. Oh! why does he not come back to me?

Eva. He will come back to you, Martha. You will see him soon again.

Martha. No, no. They have killed him. Murdered him! because he loved me. *(Falls on chair Music.)*

(Enter Cage Spotter C. D.)

Spot. *(to Eva)* Miss Sanders, prepare her for the meeting; the prisoner is now coming. *(goes up)*

Eva. Heaven be praised. Oh! Gerald, Gerald.

Martha. *(starts)* Eh! Who calls Gerald?

Eva. It was I, darling. See, he comes. *(music)*

[*Enter Gerald and two guards C. D. Gerald is hand-cuffed. Martha sits facing him. Eva runs to him and puts arms around his neck.*]

Eva. Oh! Gerald, my own dear cousin; how glad I am to see you.

Gerald. Bless you, my darling, bless you. Where is she, Eva? Where is Martha?

Eva. [*pointing*] Look, there she sits, and does not recognize you. Oh! Gerald, her reason is completely gone.

Gerald. Great heavens! What a fate for her and me. [*goes towards her*] Alas! alas! What is there now in those once glorious eyes but vacancy!

Oh! that I had never lived to see this awful day. Martha, my treasure, my delight! Oh! speak to me, recognize me, your own true love, Martha. Martha, wont you speak to me?

Martha. [*unmoved*. What would you ask me do? Love you? No, no. If they knew that I loved they would *murder* you as they have murdered Gerald Gray.

Gerald My God! my God! What will become of her? Look at me, Martha Don't you know me, love? Only say that you know who I am.

Martha. Know you? Yes, yes, I know you; you are Eva's uncle; you are Mr. Sanders. But I did not steal the locket. God knows I did not Go ask my mother and she will tell you all.

Gerald. Oh, heavens! this is too much for man to bear. [*falls on Eva's neck*.]

Eva. Look up, Gerald; be a man, my dear cousin. Your cross is indeed a heavy one, but God will give you strength to carry it.

Eerald. Eva, I could bear it all but for this last blow, that breaks my sinking heart Oh! God! look down and pity me.

Martha. God will pity you. He will pity all of us. Do not weep. Gerald Gray loved you too, perhaps, but he loved me better. He said I was the idol of his heart, and I believed him; but because he loved me they murdered him. They killed him with his own knife.

Gerald Martha! they have not killed me, Martha. See, darling, I am standing here before you. Speak to me, speak to your own Gerald, who loves you now more than ever.

Martha. [*excitedly*] Do not love me! Do not love me, I say, or whisper; [*rises*.] If you love me do not let them hear you say so, or they will murder you; because I am a thief, and unworthy of your honest love. [*Falls back into chair*.]

Gerald. It is no use; she will not recognize me. Eva; how long has she been in this condition?

Eva. Ever since the night of your arrest Do you know that her brother is in town?

Gerald. Her brother? No. When did he arrive?

Eva A few days ago. I saw him once, but at that time I could give him no information regarding her; now that she is here, I wish he would come back.

[*Spotter, who has been up stage talking to guards during scene, now comes down*.]

Spot Pardon me, Miss Sanders, but may I enquire the name of her brother?

Eva. Charles Coats.

Spot Well, I can inform you that the gentleman is stopping at the Windsor House; he is very rich, or reputed to be so at least; and, if you so desire, I will inform him of his sister's whereabouts.

Eva. Oh! sir; I would be ever so much obliged.

Gerald. Well, Mr. Spotter, I am ready to return to my quarters, and then you can see the young man at once. Good by, Eva; God bless you, my own cousin. Give my love to uncle, and say that I forgive him all. A consciousness of my own innocence will strengthen me to bear with patience the trials which I now suffer, and, as there is a just God above us all, He, in His own good time, will, I trust, make all things clear.

Eva. I am glad to hear you talk so. Good by, Gerald, and remember, "when the clouds are thickest, the sun still shines behind them." [*they embrace*]

Gerald. But what will become of her? What will become of her, Eva? Alas! I fear she is beyond recovery.

Eva. Time works wonders, Gerald, and she may yet regain her senses.

Gerald. Oh! that she would. Gladly would I yield up my life to save her from a fate worse, a thousand times worse, than death. [*To Martha*] Good by, Martha; good by, thou shattered idol of my heart. May heaven

restore your reason and let you live to see the day that you will welcome back a faithful lover to your tender heart. [*kisses her*]

Martha. [*starts*] Bring him that kiss from me, and say to him that I am true and constant still. They will murder me because I love him—let them. I fear not death; for what is life to me since they have robbed me of its every charm? Go, and say to Gerald Gray that I will meet him soon, in heaven, perhaps, where parted lovers meet to enjoy eternal bliss.

Gerald. Oh! God; how my heart leads for her. If she would only recognize me for a moment. Martha! Martha! I am Gerald Gray.

Martha. [*starting up*] It is false. You are not Gerald Gray. They have killed him, and it was his own knife; God! it was his own knife. [*covers face and falls back into chair*]

Gerald. It is useless; she will not recognize me. [*to Spot*] Come, let us leave this place at once. [*going up, stops at door*] Farewell, Eva; farewell, my darling. Take care of her for my sake. If you love your cousin, be kind to Martha, and nurse her, for the love you bear him. (*Exit Gerald, Spot and guards, c. D.*)

[*Eva falls into a chair and weeps*]

Martha. (*rising*) They have gone, but they will not bring him back to me. But I will find him! yes, I must find him! Where is Gerald Gray? Where is Gerald Gray, I say?

(*runs towards steps, R*)

Eva. (*following her*) Martha! Martha! Where would you go?

Martha. (*on steps*) Come, bring me to Gerald; I will see him! I will see him! Do you hear? Come! come! I must find him out.

(*Exit excitedly into house, followed by Eva.*)

(*Enter Frank l. Comes down, looking at watch.*)

Frank I have but a few minutes time to catch the stage. I wonder if that blundering maid has got that coat of mine? If not, I must make the best of a bad job, and be off without it; I cannot afford to remain any longer around this place; "murder will out," they say; and I am afraid that, even now suspicions are aroused against me; so, Frank, my boy, you had better take time by the forelock, or the law will be apt to take you by the throat. (*exits into house*)

(*Enter hurriedly through c. D. Spotter and Scribbler.*)

Scrib. Oh! Mr. Spotter; I am almost out of breath; I have been looking all over for you; but I did not expect to find you at such a convenient distance from the house.

Spot. Give me the envelope, Mr. Scribble; we will hear what the rascal has to say for himself. (*takes envelope*) Now, I hope he has not yet made his escape. You tell me that your employer, Mr. Coats, will be here presently, and furnish convincing proof of this man's guilt!

Scrib. Yes, sir; I expect him here at any moment; but I do not know what the nature of his evidence will be. In the meantime, what do you propose to do with Gerald Gray?

Spot. The officers will keep him in their charge until we can thoroughly sift the matter.

Scrib. Does he deny having written the address?

Spot. He vows that no correspondence has ever taken place between himself and Mr. Lindsay, and furthermore, that he had never seen the man, or heard of him, before that night. (*looking off R.*) Some one is coming; let us stand back and see who it is. (*they go up the stage*)

(*Enter Sanders and Frank, who carries valise*)

Frank. I regret that I am compelled to take my departure from your hospitable roof. Your kindness to me, during my short sojourn, I will never forget; but it grieves me to think that your household should be darkened by the clouds of sorrow which now overhang it.

Sand. I do not think that I will ever survive the shock; my poor heart has been torn asunder by this dreadful occurrence. Take a warning, my young

friend, from the example which you have before you; never let your temper get beyond control, or it may lead you to commit an act which you would have cause to repent.

(*Spotter and Scribbler come down*)

Spot. Mr. Sanders, I hope you will pardon our intrusion; but we have called on business of the utmost importance (*looks at Frank*)

Frank (*aside*) Spotter, the detective; I wonder what he is after now?

Sand No intrusion whatever, Mr Spotter; make yourself at home.

Spot. (*with eyes on Frank*) This is Mr. Franklin Travers, I presume?

Sand. Yes, sir; let me introduce you. Frank, this is Mr. Spotter, our famous detective.

Frank. I know the gentleman by reputation (*bows*) Glad to meet you, sir

Scrib. (*aside*) He may have cause to feel otherwise before long.

Spot. [*to Frank*] I see that you are ready for a journey, sir.

Sand. I regret that he is about to leave us. His business calls him to Australia.

Scrib. (*aside*) He may have to stop at Hell's Gate on his way.

Frank. Yes, and to be in time for the stage, which leaves here in a few minutes, I must start at once.

Spot. One moment, sir. I am sorry to detain you, but we are seeking information, and perhaps you will be able to help us out.

Frank. Well, what is it you would like to know?

Spot. (*showing envelope*) Do you recognize that writing, Mr. Travers? (*Frank starts*)

Frank. I cannot say that I do.

Scrib. (*aside*) That he cannot. It would be a grave mistake.

Spot. Did you know the person to whom it is addressed?

Frank. No, but I have heard of him before.

Spot. No doubt you have. Mr. Sanders, here is an envelope addressed to Barton Lindsey, the man whom your nephew is supposed to have murdered. Do you know the handwriting? (*shows envelope to Sanders*)

Sand. No, sir, I assure you I do not.

Spot. Is it your nephew's writing?

Sand. It is not.

Spot. Whose writing is that, Mr. Travers?

Frank. I have told you before, sir, I do not know.

Spot. Have you ever seen this envelope before to day?

Frank. I have not.

Scrib. You have, sir; and furthermore, you gave that envelope to Catherine Briggs, on the morning before the murder, with a warning not to let it out of her possession until she gave it into the hands of the postman.

Frank. Did the girl tell you that?

Scrib. She did, sir.

Frank. Well, since you force me to it, I know who it was that wrote the letter, but I refuse to divulge the secret, (*drops valise and sits*)

Spot. Perhaps the secret is known to others besides yourself, Mr. Travers. (*enter Chas. Coats C. D.*)

Frank. If so, they are at liberty to make the most of it. I will not criminate my friend.

Chas. [*coming down*] No, but I will rescue him! You are Franklin Travers, I believe?

Frank. [*starting*] I am.

Chas. Then, sir, I accuse you of having stolen from this house a box containing jewelry, which you pledged with Barton Lindsey, under the assumed name of Gerald Gray!

Sand. [*surprised*] My God! what does this mean?

Frank. It is false, and I defy you to produce the proof.

Chas. [*showing book*] The proof is here, sir, in your own handwriting.

Mr. Spotter, arrest that man. [*hands book to Spot*] You will find the evidence of his guilt in this memorandum book, which contains a full account of his transactions with Mr. Lindsey, and from which it is safe to judge that he is a murderer as well as a thief.

Frank. My God! what I feared has happened. I am lost! lost! lost! [*falls into chair*] Gentlemen, listen to me; I will deny my guilt no longer. It was I who stole the locket. It was I who murdered Barton Lindsey. May God forgive me for the crime. [*drops head on breast.*]

~and Thank heaven! My nephew, then, is innocent.

Fran. He is, he is; come, gentlemen, do with me as you will. I am ready to take the place of Gerald Gray.

Spot. The sooner the better; so let us away at once.

[*Exit Spot, Fran. and Scrib. Spotter carries out Fran.'s valise*]

Chas. Now, Mr. Sanders, there is another matter which demands immediate attention. Mr. Scribbler informs me that my sister has returned to your house

Sand. She is here, sir but unfortunately—

Chas. I have heard of her condition, and have no fears of its ultimate result. Even as a child, I remember that any great excitement or sorrow would act upon her in this manner, and it only requires another shock, greater, if possible than the first, to restore her to her normal condition

Sand. Can you suggest any means, by which we could bring about such a happy result?

Chas. I can. Have her brought into the garden immediately. I will retire for a while, you can leave the rest to me, and I will accomplish the result.

Sand. Well, go at once, for I hear her coming. (*exit Chas. C. D.; slow music; enters Martha and Eva R*)

Sand. Welcome! My children, welcome! Eva, how fares your gentle patient?

Eva. Much better, I think, father; but her mind is still wandering

Sand. It will all be over, soon, I hope. Eva, do not become frightened at anything that you may see or hear; Martha's brother has just left me; he is gone to arrange a surprise which, he thinks, will restore her reason.

Eva. Oh! father what a blessing it would be, if he could only succeed.

Sand. Well no doubt, he will; and then my darling, there is another surprise for you, which you will hear of later. (*a discharge of musketry behind scene. They all start*)

Martha. [*clinging to Eva*] My God! What is that?

(*Music. Enter Chas. Coats, hurriedly C. D. He comes down stage, and speaks in Martha's ear.*)

Chas. Gerald Gray has paid the penalty of his crime. His bleeding body, lies upon the public road.

Martha. (*starting*) Dead!

Chas. Shot through the heart! (*Martha screams, staggers and falls into her brother's arms. He leads her over to bench. Quick music during scene. Enter C. D. Gerald and Scribbler. Kitty enters R and stands on steps in surprise. Scribbler approaches Kitty and explains with gestures.*)

Sand. (*approaches Gerald*) My boy! My boy! Thank God that you are saved to us.

Eva. (*runs to Gerald*) Oh! Gerald! my own dear Gerald, have you come back to us?

Gerald. Yes, Eva, I have returned, a free man once again I knew that heaven would not let me suffer for a crime which I did not commit.

Eva. And Gerald, who did commit the murder?

Sand. Franklin Travers.

Eva } (*starting*) Great Heavens!
Kitty }

Kate and Scrib talk up R.

Sand. Gerald, this is Mr. Coats. To him and Mr. Scribbler here, you are indebted for your liberty.

Gerald. Words cannot express my gratitude, sir. But how is she? How is Martha? Think you, she will soon recover? (*knels at side of bench*)

Chas. Yes, I have no doubt but she will presently regain consciousness. Take her, sir, and be happy. Your sorrows, and her own, are now ended. (*He leaves Martha with Gerald and goes up to Sanders. Gerald sits on bench and places Martha's head on his breast*)

Chas. Mr. Sanders for all your kindness and attention to my dear sister, you have my undying thanks.

Sand. It is to you, my dear boy, that we are indebted for all our happiness. Would that I could, in some manner recompense you for it.

Chas. I am very wealthy, but there is a jewel, sir, in your keeping, the possession of which, would enrich me ten fold.

Sand. Where?

Chas. (*taking Eva's hand*) Here! I have loved your daughter from the first time I set my eyes upon her, with your consent, and her own, my happiness will be complete. (*Eva bashfully turns aside*)

Sand. You may have my consent, sir, provided you can obtain her own.

Chas. Enough. The prize is won, I read my answer in her blushing face. (*folws Eva to his breast and kisses her*)

Sand. (*to Gerald*) Well, Gerald, how is Martha? How is the dear child now?

Gerald. I think she will soon recover. Martha! Martha! open your eyes and look at me, darling. It is I, Gerald Gray, who calls you. (*music. Martha opens her eyes. loos around wildly, places her hand to her face, screams, catches Gerald by the arm, and starts up from bench suddenly*)

Martha. My God! Is this a dream? Where have I been? What has happened to me?

Gerald. A dream it surely is darling. Surely you know your own Gerald.

Martha. Eh! what? Gerald Gray alive, and before me? Yes, yes. 'Tis he, 'tis he. (*runs to Gerald*)

Gerald. Thank God, thank God, for this.

Chas. I knew the shock would restore her. Martha, my long lost sister, come to your brother's arms.

Martha. What? My brother? (*looks at Chas.*) It is, it is indeed. (*runs to him*) Oh! Charles, Charles, where did you come from? And Eva too, my own pet (*kisses her*)

Sand. Is there no word for me, Martha?

Martha. Ah! Mr. Sanders you believed me guilty, but here is my brother, now and he can tell you all.

(*Eva goes up to Gerald*)

|| Sand. Charles, can you ever forgive me for my ingratitude to your dear sister? I have been anything but kind to her. I accused her of the robbery, which I now find was committed by the rascal Travers, and I shall never forgive myself for it.

Eva. Yes, this locket which I have around my neck was stolen from us; and the fact, that it was afterwards found in Martha's room, led my father to suspect her.

Chas. Well, I know that to be her own property.

Sand. You are mistaken, Charles. That locket was in my possession for many years, and is a token of my early love.

Chas. Will you permit me to examine it, please?

Eva. Certainly. (*hands locket to Chas. who opens it*)

Chas. (*starting*) My mother's picture. There is evidently some mistake, Mr. Sanders. This very locket was given to Martha at the death bed of her mother. There is a history connected with it, which my mother communicated to me before her death, and which my sister is entirely ignorant of. It is a story of love and the cruel separation of the young lovers, and event, which well nigh broke the heart of Martha Douglas

Sand. (*greatly astonished*) Martha Douglas! Great Heavens! can it be possible? and you are her son? a son of Martha Douglas? my first, my only love. Yes, yes, I see it now; oh, how blind I was not to have discovered it before. Here, Martha; come to my arms my pet. You are her child! Thank God! thank God for this. (*he embraces Martha*)

Gerald. But what does all this mean? Uncle, I do not understand it.

Chas. Nor I.

Martha. Now, I understand it all.

Eva. And, so do I. (*enter Spotter c. d*)

Spot. Mr. Sanders, what mystery is this? See, here is another locket, which was found in the valise, belonging to Franklin Travers. (*shows locket*)

Sand. The two lockets! Heavens! what a singular event. [*takes locket from Spotter*] Look, Charles, here is the other locket which, more than thirty years ago, was given me by Martha Douglas, your mother, do you understand it now?

Chas. I do! I do indeed. You are the Edwin Sanders of her early love.

Sand. I am.

Gerald. What a singular and happy development.

Sand. Most happy for all. Martha, my dear, can you forgive me now, for the suffering which I have caused you to undergo?

Martha. Forgive you? Yes, and forget it too, in the happiness which I now enjoy. [*goes to Gerald*]

Chas. A share of which belongs to us as well. Does it not, Eva? [*puts arm around her waist*]

Eva. Yes, Charles, I have never known what it was to be real happy, until now. [*lays head on his shoulder*]

Gerald. [*to Scrib*] And what are Mr. Scribbler's feelings upon this occasion?

Scrib. [*coming down with Kate*] What should they be, think you Master Gerald? When Kitty here, has just promised to become Mrs. Jeremiah Scribbler.

Kate. [*bashfully*] Scrib, don't mention it before the company. I want that to be kept a secret.

Scrib. All right, my dear. Your wishes must be obeyed [*they go up stage*]

Martha. Oh! Gerald, how my heart throbs with delight. This is indeed, a bright awaking from a sad, sad, dream.

Gerald. Yes, darling, the clouds have passed away, and welcome sunshine now is ours at last.

San. May it forever gild your future path through life, and lend its warmth, to keep alive the flame of love which burns within your hearts. (*coming down*) Oh! heaven be praised that I should live to see this day, that, after thirty years, redeems our pledge of love, and brings together, once again, The Two Lockets.

(*Eva and Chas. L. C. Martha and Gerald R. C. Scrib., Kate and Spot back.*)

Tableau—Curtain

END OF DRAMA.

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