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 Catalogue continued on next page of cover. 

THE
EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

A BORDER DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS

By **Len. Ellsworth Tilden,**

Author of The Stolen Will, &c., &c.

With Cast of Characters, Description of Costumes, Entrances and Exits, Relative position of the performers on the stage, and the whole of the stage business carefully marked from the author's original manuscript.

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THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Capt. Dan Devine, *Captain of the Coyotes.* (Scientist.
Prof. A. B. Skipp, *Great American Character Reader and Phrenological*
Black Eagle, *The Lone Chief.*
Sam Budgett, *Decoy Guide.*
Austin Fynes, *The Emigrant Guide.*
Patrick O'Neal, *A Henpecked Husband.*
Capt. Ralph Towner, *Capt. of the Government Troop.*
Col. Wm Cottrell, *The Emigrant!*
Minnie Cottrell, *The Emigrant's Daughter.*
Bridget O'Neal, *A Disciple of Woman's Right.*
Prairie Spirit, *Queen of Mysteries.*

Coyotes, Soldiers and Indians.

COSTUMES.

CAPT. DAN DEVINE—Knee pants, red flannel low neck shirt, high top boots, broad brim hat.

PROF. A. B. SKIPP—Blue dress suit, tall hat, long brown wig.

BLACK EAGLE—Indian suit, black head dress.

SAM BUDGETT—Green hunting shirt, fringed leggings, broad brim hat, moccasins.

AUSTIN FYNES—Brown hunting shirt, fringed leggings, fur cap, moccasins.

PATRICK O'NEAL—Knee pants, long tailed coat, red check vest, old plug hat, low shoes, red wig.

CAPT. RALPH TOWNER—Fatigue suit of captain of the regular army.

COL. WM. COTTRELL—Brown hunting suit, leggings, boots, gray beard and whiskers.

MINNIE COTTRELL—Ladies' hunting costume, neatly made. Hat and jacket, will be discarded in kitchen and prairie scene.

BRIDGET O'NEAL—Big check dress, old ladies cap.

PRAIRIE SPIRIT—Black dress, long black veil, covering face.

COYOTES—Low neck hunting shirts of brown, leggings, boots, broad brim hats.

SOLDIERS—Fatigue suits.

INDIANS—Indian suits, head dresses of various colors, moccasin, and arms of warfare.

NOTE. In the cast, the guard and the Coyotes speaking part are included under the head of Coyotes, being taken by members of the band. The author has left to the stage manager's judgment many positions, owing to the difference in actors in working up situations.

PS 3008

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The Emigrant's Daughter.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Forest—Camp of the Coyotes. Men seated on the ground playing cards and drinking.

Enter Devine R. 1 E.—Men look up.

Devine. Well boys, you are taking it easy, I see. That's right. We shall soon have business enough on our hands to keep us busy, for Budgett is due here to-night with a full account of the Cottrell emigrant train. Then to decide upon the plan of action to be taken to effect its capture. Many are the emigrant trains Sam Budgett has taken to guide to this and that settlement, all to become the prey of the Coyotes.

(the Coyotes arise)

Coyotes. Three cheers for the Coyotes. (cheers) Again three cheers for Capt. Dan Devine, and the decoy guide, Sam Budgett (cheer-

Coyotes. (outside, L.) Halt! Who comes there?

Budgett. (outside) Sam Budgett.

Guard. (outside) Advance and show yourself.

Bud. (outside) Well, here I am.

Dev. With a budgett of news.

Guard. (outside) All right, pass. The Coyotes are just the other side of the trees.

Enter Budgett, L. 1 E.

Bud. (shaking hands with Devine, bows to Coyotes) Hope I find you all well.

Dev. Yes, and glad to see you.

Bud. The same here.

Coyotes. Let's drink their health, lads. (all take out bottles) Here's success and long lives to Capt. Dan Devine and Sam Budgett. (all drink

Dev. Now, Sam, your report.

Bud. Well, I found the train all ready made up when I got to Tall Pine Station. Austin Fynes was guide.

Dev. The devil. (Coyotes look surprised, and mutter

Bud. So I thought, but he was taken sick with a slow fever before the train started and I got the place as guide, giving my name as Sam Bass.

4 THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

Dev. And Fynes was left behind.

Bud. No. He was made a bed on one of the baggage wagons, for he is to help lay out the settlement when they arrive.

Dev. When they arrive?

Coyotes. Yes, when they arrive.

Bud. The train consists of eight wagons, thirty men, and ten women, besides Col. Wm. Cottrell and his wife and daughter, Minnie Cottrell.

Dev. Soon to be Mrs. Minnie Devine. She refused me ere I become Capt. Dan Devine, Captain of the Coyotes. Now she shall marry me. Here it is force that wins. Then—Col. Cottrell was a successful Wall street broker. I broke the broker by reports, and he failed. Now with what little money he has managed to scrape together he seeks a home in the West with his family, but no more of this. Continue Sam.

Bud. The train is now camped at Silver Creek.

Dev. And this Fynes, has he recovered from his fever?

Bud. Nearly, but he is sick with another disease.

Dev. What now?

Bud. He's love sick. The Colonel's daughter took care of him while he was down with the fever. The consequence was he fell head over heels in love with her.

Dev. Thunder! I thought Fynes was death on all women.

Bud. Any one human would love Minnie Cottrell. Fynes is clean gone on her, and the girl dotes on him.

Dev. I'll take more pleasure in marrying her then. Fynes didn't mistrust you, did he?

Bud. No, for I got everything all arranged before he got so as to be about. On learning what trail I had taken he made some objection, but I carried the day. The train came by Silver Creek.

Dev. And is now at the mercy of the Coyotes. We will make the attack to-night.

(Coyotes show approval)

Bud. That's the talk. How is Black Eagle's band, giving you as much trouble as usual?

Dev. Nearly. About half the tribe have died off with the yellow fever, though, so they are not so powerful as they were, yet Black Eagle must be wiped out or the Coyotes will be.

Enter Prairie Spirit, L. 1 E.

Coyotes. (springing back in alarm) The Prairie Spirit!

Coyotes recover from their fright and spring forward as though to grab the Spirit—She moves them back and exits, R. 2 E.

Dev. The forerunner of the unexpected.

Bud. Who can it be? No one ever saw her or heard her speak. Attempts to capture prove fruitless. Something is sure to happen whenever the Prairie Spirit is seen.

Dev. A thousand dollars for the solving of the mystery.

(firing outside. Guard rushes in)

Guards. (firing) Black Eagle and his braves are upon us.

Dev. The Spirit of the Prairie's appearance holds true. Prepare for action. We'll show 'em what's what.

(Coyotes prepare)

Bud. This knocks the raid on the Cottrell emigrant train higher than a balloon, for the sound of battle will cause them to decamp. Devil take it.

Dev. My thoughts exactly. Here they come. Fire men. (*all fire*) Give it to them. (*Indians rush on L., firing and yelling, and drive Coyotes off, R.*) Stand your ground! Again fire! (*firing, Indians rush back at R., Coyotes in chase, Devine and Budgett leading*) Down with them! (*Coyotes drive Indians off, L.*) Give it to 'em! No quarter! (*firing grows faint and soon dies out in the distance*)

Enter Prof. A. B. Skipp, L. 2 E., as soon as the Coyotes and Indians are off the stage—seat of Skipp's pants are shot full of arrows—he has a light cane in his hand.

Skipp. Oh, dear! Oh, Lord! I am shot, yes, I, Prof. A. B. Skipp, great American character reader and phrenological scientist, am shot, shot by the untamed savages. (*pulls out arrows and throws them away*) What ever sent a man of my genius west is more than I can tell. One thing is sure, I am here. (*pulls out another arrow and throws it away*) These arrows are very disagreeable. Oh, dear, why was I in the bushes when this serious clash of arms occurred; why did the untutored red men take me, Prof. A. B. Skipp, the great American character reader, phrenological scientist, for a target? Evidently their bump of benevolence is not developed. (*pause*) What a triumph for science it would be phrenologically to procure a young Indian, bring him up, treating his head according to the theory of phrenology. It would establish my name as firm as the Rock of Ages. I'll get one; yes, my mission shall be to capture a little young red man to educate, bring up in accordance with the greatest of all laws, the laws of phrenology. (*puts hands behind him and pulls out remaining arrow*) What, another arrow? I think I will examine it's head. (*examines it and throws it away*) It has got a bad head. (*whistles, thoughtfully*) Let me see, I have read in my studies that the wild Indians poison their arrows. What if there should be? I almost know they are. (*puts hands behind him*) I feel a stinging sensation; there is a preceptable swelling. (*looks out, L.*) There, there's a bloody red man in the distance. He approaches. Oh, dear, I am dying with poison. Poison and red men. Are my last minutes to be gloted over by a child of the forest? No, my bump of vitativeness is too large. It shall not be, a thousand times no.

(*exit, R. 2 F., in haste*)

Enter Black Eagle, L. 2 E.

Eagle. Ugh! Great Father no smile on Black Eagle. Warriors die fever. Big thief Coyotes kill rest. Black Eagle alone. Braves all gone to Happy Hunting Grounds. All left Black Eagle graves of father. Him die by 'um fighting for 'um. All he got—all poor Black Eagle got. Me death to all Coyotes. (*draws tomahawk and dances wildly about*) Um, death to Coyotes! Death! Death! Kill 'em!

(*exit, L. 3 E.*)

Enter Devine and Budgett, R. 2 E.

Dev. Well, Black Eagle's band has gone up. We are boss of the situation. No more of our schemes will be upset by them.

Bud. The band is gone up, but Black Eagle is not among the slain. We'll hear from him yet.

Dev. I'll risk it. The fight has upset our plans to capture the

Cottrell train. The noise of battle caused them to break camp, of course. Another plan must be devised, for Minnie Cottrell shall be mine—yes, mine. I swear it!

Bud. One thing is sure, nothing can be done now until they reach their stopping place where they intend to form the Cottrell settlement.

Dev. True. I've a plan. Listen. You left the train on a scouting expedition, as it was supposed. Now as there is no chance to get the train into an ambush, my idea is for you to join them after they have arrived at the settlement, report that you got cut off from the train by the fight, stating who it was between, and that you were captured by Black Eagle, from whom you have just escaped. They will take you in, and the story too, and then you have only to fix it so the Coyotes can sweep down upon them, capture the girl, and plunder the settlement. When everything is ripe for the attack, report at High Rock Camp. We will easily carry the day. See?

Bud. Yes.

Dev. Then the quicker the plan is carried into effect, the better.

Bud. Correct. Minnie Cottrell shall be yours, body and soul, if you do your part.

Dev. Never fear for me. Swear to carry out all you have said.

Bud. Here's my hand on it. *(they clasp hands)* I swear it.

Dev. 'Tis well. The day Minnie Cottrell is in my power you shall have five thousand dollars in gold for your services. *(turns to leave)* I must away to the men. *(exit L. 2 E.)*

Bud. Five thousand in gold. Once let me get the money, and then—well, time will tell. *(exit L. 2 E.)*

Enter Austin Fynes R. 2 E.

Fynes. What to make of it is more than I can tell. The guide is among the missing, and everything is but as it should be. The trail which Bass laid out, to be followed from Silver Creek, was round about, and on my suspicions I changed the route. It shortens the distance by a fourth, beside no chance is offered for an attack unawares. Perhaps I shouldn't have done this, if it had not been for the firing that was heard. It was a fight somewhere near by, without doubt. Who could it have been! The train should be here for I have not scouted ahead far. *(looks out at R.)* Ah! there comes Col. Cottrell and Pat, in advance of the train.

Pat. *(outside)* This is a dirty old country anyhow. Faith and be gob's I wish I was well out of it, that I do.

Col. C. *(outside)* Well, well, Pat, we are seeing the worst of it. It will be different when we get settled.

Pat. *(outside)* When we get settled? Faith, and there won't be enough left of mesilf for a sediment.

Fynes. What a Pat!

Enter Col. Cottrell and Patrick O'Neal R. 2 E.

Col. C. Ah! Fynes, you are here.

Fynes. Yes.

Pat. *(aside)* Wonder and if he thought he was in Europe, I don't know. *(to Fynes)* Well so am we.

Col. C. The train was moving along all right, and as long as you were ahead on the look-out, so there was no danger of an attack, we thought we would come along in advance until we overtook you.

Fynes. I am glad you did.

Col. C. Have you discovered anything to excite alarm ?

Fynes. Not as yet.

Col. C. I am pleased to hear it.

Pat. (*aside*) Alarm, is it ? Holy St. Patrick, an ain't there enough without discovering any ? Bridget and the west with its alarms will be the death of Patrick O'Neil, sure as preaching.

Fynes. Pat, do you see that large rock there at the right ?
(*points out at R*)

Pat. To be sure I does.

Fynes. Well then, station yourself there and have the train turn off by the rock. The Colonel and I will cut across and join you.

Pat. (*puts his hands in his pants pocket and exits R. 2 E. flopping his arms*) I'll fly. Fly, flew, flown.

Fynes. Colonel, you no doubt wonder what this means, sending Pat to meet the train instead of turning back ourselves. Well, I took this course to speak to you alone. Col. Cottrell, you have not known me but a short time, and what I have to say may seem strange. During the time I have been with your party I have learned to love your daughter, with that love man never experiences but once. Until I met Minnie Cottrell I would not have believed that the woman lived whom I could love. Colonel, I ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter.

Col. C. As you say our acquaintance has been short, yet your reputation and conduct is such that I have no hesitation in granting your request. (*giving Fynes his hand*) If God sees fit, may your suit prove successful, and my blessing rest upon you both.

Fynes. Thank you. May you never have cause to regret your consent.

Noise of teams outside, mingled with cries of the driver, women and others.

Col. C. (*looking out at R.*) The train is here.

Fynes. (*looks*) Yes. They are turning off to the right now, and—

Enter Minnie Cottrell and Bridget O' Neil at R. 2 E.

Minnie. And here we are. Patrick said you were here, and that it was only a short distance across to the main trail again, so we thought we would take a walk, being tired of riding.

Brid. (*aside*) The riding was well enough. It was Patrick's importance that was more than the likes of me could stand. Just 'cause he come back to have the train turn a little, you would think him a Brigadier General.

Fynes. You will find it a pleasant walk.

Col. C. Yes.

Bridget. (*aside*) Mister Fynes' company am what will make it pleasant to Miss Minnie.

Minnie. (*looking out at R.*) What's that off there ?

Col. C. (*looking out at R.*) Why, its—its smoke.

Fynes. (*excited*) The prairie is on fire. (*points to L.*) This way, quick. (*Minnie, Bridget, and Col. Cottrell exit L, in haste, Fynes looks out at R.*) The train sees its danger. (*fire looms up*) The teams take afright.

Omnes. (*outside*) Fynes ! Fynes !

Fynes. Keep on ; don't stop.

Omnes. (*outside*) Fynes, Fynes Fynes !

Fynes. (*loudly*) Don't mind me. I'll look out. Keep on !

(to himself) The only way to save the train is to fight fire with fire. I'll set a fire at once, so the wind will take it in the opposite direction. Burn off a strip, so when the fire reaches here there will be nothing to burn. (stoops down and lights red fire by the wings) It catches. (getting up shades his eye with his hand, and looks out at R.) The winds takes the fire all right. (drops hand and looks towards heaven) Thank God!

SCENE II.—Exterior of Cabin, or Landscape in 1st grooves.

Enter Minnie R., with hat on.

Minnie. At last we have reached our journeys end, and the projected settlement has commenced to take form. From the start to the close the journey was a series of perils. All praise is due Austin Fynes, for he alone saved the train from the prairie fire, besides otherwise lending valuable aid. Since arriving here mamma's health is coming to her again. Papa is all carried away with the situation, and is more himself than I have seen him since that awful day when he failed. Daniel Devine, mad at my rejection of his offer of marriage, caused the report to be circulated on the street that Col. Wm. Cottrell was financially embarrassed, and could not meet the calls made on him by Boston parties. This caused all to press him, and being thus crowded, as Wall street terms it, was compelled to go under. "Oh! money, thou art truly king." But I see Mr. Fynes approaching the cottage. I will meet him, and we will go in together. (exit, L.

SCENE III.—Interior of log cabin, door in back at L., window in back at R., table at C., chair at R. of table and at L.

Enter Minnie and Fynes at door. He has a light rifle in his hand, a heavy rifle slung over his back.

Fynes. (as they enter) Miss Minnie I promised you a light rifle when I come across one suitable for a lady. Here it is. (presents it) It was given to me by an old prairie friend of mine, Black Eagle, whom I met in the forest to-day.

Minnie. Black Eagle is an Indian name.

Fynes. Yes, and its the name of as honest an Indian as ever lived. The government assigned him a reservation just south of here. A band of desperadoes, known as the Coyotes, established headquarters on it, and Black Eagle, Indian like, waged war against them. He was outnumbered in men, but he made things exceedingly warm for them, and Indian as he is, he has saved many an emigrant train from destruction. Fever, yellow fever, attacked the tribes, and many of them died. Soon after he unwisely sought another fight with the Coyotes, and suffered defeat, all the tribe being killed except himself. Not content with this, the Coyotes attacked Black Eagle's village, killed all within it, old men, women and children. Black Eagle now roams the woods, dealing destruction to the outlaw band. On learning that I wished to procure a lady's rifle he took me to a cave where he now lives, and give me this rifle with the expression: "Black Eagle live for revenge; no want nothing else; friends have Black Eagle's arms, everything, everything, all except um arms." His only object seems to be revenge.

Minnie. Poor man.

Fynes. Yes. His revenge will be awful if he is not killed, ere he

has chance to accomplish it. I am glad I am not one of the band, especially the leader, Dan Devine.

Minnie. Dan Devine!

Fynes. Yes. Do you know him?

Minnie. To my sorrow. He caused my father to suffer a great loss.

Fynes. It is quite in keeping with his character. He is now captain of the worst band of villians unhung.

Minnie. And is in this section. Heaven protect us.

Fynes. Have no fear. Government troops are expected daily. They were due ere our arrival.

Minnie. (*looking out at window*) What's that? A veiled woman.

Fynes. (*looking—the Prairie Spirit passes the window*) Why, it's the Prairie Spirit. (*aside*) What can the apperance mean?

Minnie. The Prairie Spirit? Pray explain?

Fynes. The Spirit suddenly appeared on the plains a year or so ago. No one can solve the cause of its existance. Veiled, silent and impossible to approach, the Prairie Spirit is the queen of mysteries.

Minnie. How strange!

Fynes. Yes. Do you wish to practice with the rifle at a target? I have nothing to do at present and should be pleased to show you.

Minnie. No more than I should be pleased to have you. I will get my things and go at once. (*exit L. 2 E.*)

Fynes. That I should fall in love, a cynic of the worst kind. To know Minnie Cottrell, is to love her. Would that she were mine. (*Fynes looks out at door*) Ah, some one is at the door. He does not rap.

Enter Sam Budgett, at door.

—What, you?

Bud. Yes, me, the guide.

Fynes. (*aside*) I mistrust that man. His voice sounds natural, but where I have seen him I cannot tell

Enter Minnie dressed for out doors.

Minnie. (*surprised*) Our guide.

Bud. The same.

Fynes. Where have you been since you left us so suddenly at Silver Creek?

Bud. You heard firing soon after I left you, of course. There was a fight between Black Eagle and the Coyotes. I was captured by the Indians and have only just escaped.

Fynes. By Black Eagle's band?

Bud. Yes.

Fynes. (*aside*) The fellow lies. One that lies will bear watching. (*aloud*) Oh!

Bud. (*aside*) He mistrusts me. I'll cut this conversation short before he discovers anything. (*to Minnie*) I have business with your father, the Colonel. Where is he?

Minnie. He has gone to Red Arrow Crossing with the men, prospecting for clay to make brick, for building purposes.

Bud. What, he has not left the settlement, taking all the men with him?

Minnie. All except Mr. Fynes, who stayed to look after the settlement, and Patrick O'Neal, the man of all work. The party will be back to-morrow.

Bud. Are you not afraid?

Minnie. No. Is there any danger, Mr. Fynes?

Fynes. No, for the Coyotes have taken to the mountains in fear of the expected arrival of the government troops.

Bud. (*aside*) He is mistaken for once.

Fynes. And all the Indian tribes are friendly at present.

Minnie. You see Mr. Bass; there is no ground for fear. (*suddenly*) You are no doubt hungry?

Bud. Well, I rather reckon I be.

Minnie. (*calling L. in a high key*) Bridget, Bridget! I say Bridget!

Bridget. (*outside*) Was ye calling?

Minnie. Come in here. I want you.

Enter Bridget L. 2 E.

Bridget. Here I was Miss! (*sees guide*) The Lord save us, it's Mister Bass.

Minnie. Yes. Get him something to eat. (*to Budgett*) You will excuse us Mr. Bass, as we have made arrangements for a rifle shoot. Take yourself at home about the settlement until papa and the men return. (*going out at door*) Good day, sir. (*exit at door*)

Fynes. (*following*) Good day. (*exit at door*)

Bud. The same to both of you.

Bridget. (*musing*) Both, head over heels in love.

Bud. As sure as fate.

Bridget. Shut up! I wan't talking to the likes of ye.

Bud. Oh!

Bridget. Well, what will ye have to eat. There's ham, taters, bread, pie—anything ye wants.

Bud. I'll take some roast turkey, sweet potatoes and wine.

Bridget. The dickens ye will. We an't running a city eating saloon.

Bud. But you said you had anything—

Bridget. That any one but a fool would order.

Bud. (*aside*) She calls me a fool. I'll pretend I'm mad and won't eat, and thus gain time in getting word to Devine, for the time for the attack is now. It shall be made to-night. (*to Bridget*) So I am a fool, am I? Thank you for for nothing. You need not trouble yourself to get a fool anything to eat. I'll eat elsewhere. Good day. (*aside*) To-night the attack shall be made.

(*exit at door*)

Bridget. Mad as a hornet! Don't care! Got rid of waiting on him. Believe he's a bloody rascal, anyhow. (*looking out at window*—*Skipp approaches*) What in the Old Nick may that be after? Looks as though it might be the wild man of the woods.

Enter Skipp at door.

--Well, ye can just get out of here. Rap if ye wish to come in.

Skipp. Excuse me, most gracious madam. Science—

Bridget. Science be shot. Get out and come in in a decent manner.

Skipp. Certainly, certainly, to be sure. *(exit at door)*

Bridget. I'll learn 'im manners, or me name is not Bridget O'Neal. *(rap)* Come in.

Enter Skipp at door

—There, that's something like it.

Skipp. Even so, madam. A man of genius oft times forgets himself.

Bridget. A man of gin—?

Skipp. No, no a man of genius, a man of learning.

Bridget. Shoo!

Skipp. Probably you have heard of me.

Bridget. Not a hear have I heard.

Skipp. I am Prof. A. B. Skipp, the great American character reader, and phrenological scientist.

Bridget. Gracious! Was ye all here?

Skipp. Woman, you make light of a great object.

Bridget. Well, it is dark enough to me, what the great object is. Am it yersilf?

Skipp. Partly, but I more particularly refer to the great object I represent—phrenology.

Bridget. What kind of a log?

Skipp. Were it not above my calling, I should say you were at loggerhead. Madam, I refer not to timber, but the great and glorious science of phrenology, the reading of ones character by the head, to tell what they know.

Bridget. That am it, is it?

Skipp. Yes. Looking at you, I see with my experienced eye, that there is a great deal in your head.

Bridget. *(taking him by the hair of the head)* Ye bloody villian, tell me I am lousey will ye?

Skipp. Oh! oh! oh!

Bridget. *(pulling)* I'll not leave a blessed hair in yer head.

Skipp. *(pulling to get away)* I did not mean you were lousey. I meant you know a great deal. Oh! oh! oh! Stop my blessed woman—stop.

Bridget. *(letting go)* You meant I knew a great deal, eh!

Skipp. Yes, madam.

Bridget. Well, I know enough for the likes of ye.

Skipp. Let me examine your head. I will do it for a quarter, and give you a chart for a half a dollar. Tell you all about yourself.

Bridget. I know all about mesilf now. *(pause)* By jabbers hold on. I'll have ye examine me old man Patrick's head. I never could discover if he amounted to anything, and if he does, Bridget O'Neil just wants to know it. I'll be after calling him. *(going to door and calling in a loud voice)* Patrick O'Neil! Patrick O'Neil, do ye hear me? Patrick O'Neil!

Skipp. *(aside)* What a strong winded female.

Pat. *(outside)* What's wanted?

Bridget. No matter. Ye'd better get a comin', Patrick, now I tell ye, or I'll come in there and elub me mop stick over yer thick skull—see if I don't. I want ye, so come along, I tell ye.

Enter Patrick at door, smoking.

Pat. Ye are allus yelling after me the minute I get's me set down to a comf'table smoke. What's the rumpus now?

Bridget. I'll rumpus ye if ye don't shet up ye'r sass.

Pat. (discovering Skipp) What am that thing, anyhow?

Bridget. A phrenologicalious.

Pat. The devil!

Skipp. (bowing) I am Prof. A. B. Skipp, the great American character reader and phrenological scientist.

(Patrick whistles long and loud)

Bridget. A man that examines heads an' tells ye all about yerself; tells ye what ye knows. I'm going to have yer head examined to see if ye knows anything—to see what the likes of ye consists of.

Pat. The old boy yer is!

Bridget. Yes.

Pat. But he says he am an American character reader. He can't read Irish character.

Bridget. Can't?

Skipp. American means I am an American of the land of the free and the home of the brave, over which the stars and the stripes forever shall wave. I read the character of all from the great American to the pig-tail Chinees.

Bridget. Now you, Patrick O'Neil, be ye after putting yerself in that 'ere chair and havin' yer head examined.

Pat. Not an examine does the likes of him make of me head.

Bridget. If ye don't want me to be after wearing my hickory mop stick out over yez head. Have it examined, I tell ye!

Pat. That cudgel hasn't got the terror's to me that it used to have, that it hain't. Me head knows that 'ere stick by heart, and I'll bet a chew of tobacco that this 'ere same skull of mine can stand more drum-stick pounding than ye have got the wind to inflict.

Bridget. (taking Patrick by the ear and sets him down in a chair) There, sit there! Now Mr. What's-your-name?

Skipp. Prof. A. B. Skipp, great——

Bridget. (interrupting) Well, never mind the rest, but let us know what kind of a animal he is.

Pat. (aside) Any one would think I were a jackass to know I'd married the likes of ye.

Skipp. (measuring Patrick's head) I find his brain to be twenty inches—about the average size.

Enter Minnie at door.

Minnie. (aside) Engaged to Austin Fynes, engaged to be married. Austin says I will make a splendjd marksman. He is a perfect gentleman, and so entertaining. *(notices Skipp)* What! How is this, Bridget? Who is this stranger?

Skipp. (bowing) Prof. A. B. Skipp, great American character reader and phrenological scientist, at your service.

Minnie. (aside) Go where you will you will find quacks and humbugs of some description. *(to Skipp)* Ah, I have met gentlemen of your profession before.

Bridget. He's going to examine me old man's head.

Pat. Be jabbers he wants to be after hurrying up. I'm not going to be after setting here all day, now I tell ye.

Skipp. (running hands over Patrick's head) He hangs his banners on the outer walls.

Pat. (aside) He takes me for a clothes line.

Skipp. His bump of benevolence is prominently developed.

Pat. By gobs ye are mistaken. It's the bump of Bridget's mop handle.

Minnie. (looking out at window) What! (pause—*Prairie Spirit* is seen in the distance) Yes, it is the *Prairie Spirit*.

Cries outside, mingled with cries of "the Coyotes." Fynes rushes in at door, falls on his knee and fires rifle. Cries cease.

Fynes. (turns to *Minnie*) We are attacked by the Coyotes. They are destroying the settlement.

Minnie. God protect us.

Skipp. A son of phrenology in the thick of the fray. (jumping out of window) Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Bridget. (rushes to Patrick and clasps him about the neck) May the Virgin protect up.

Pat. Amen.

Fynes. (sighting his rifle) They are upon us!

Minnie. (sighting her rifle) I should not deserve to be called an American woman if I stand idly by, not raising my hand. Black Eagle's rifle shall speak out until the last.

Fynes. Bravely spoken.

Fynes and Minnie. (both firing) For life and liberty.

Cries of Coyotes outside. Positions—Fynes and Minnie holding rifles in firing positions; Bridget and Patrick c., clasped in each others arms.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Forest. Austin Fynes c. buried alive, his head only being left out of the ground. Coyotes standing about. Minnie Cottrell a prisoner among them. Budget and Devine discovered.

Dev. You will make a fine monument for the Cottrell settlement.

Bud. A kind of a head stone.

Dev. Good joke, Sam. First-class.

Fynes. Jest to your heart's content. I can die as a brave man should.

Dev. You are brave enough now, but you will sing another song when the wolves commence to gather about you, to tare the flesh from your head, and the snakes dart their poisonous fangs at you.

Minnie. Inhuman wretch, will you leave mortal being thus to perish?

Dev. Not quite so free with your names, Miss. Would I leave him thus to die? Yes, a thousand times yes!

Minnie. My God, that such a villian as you should live. Your whole life has been a continual series of crimes. After ruining papa financially, you attack the settlement when only a few are present, destroying everything. Not content with this you seek to add the

most awful of crimes to your already long list. You bury a man as noble as you are low, alive, to die.

Dev. No more of this. It is not pretty talk for a woman to use about her future husband.

Minnie. You my future husband?

Dev. Yes, girl, me.

Minnie. No, never!

Dev. That will do to talk, but it will avail you not. It is not New York, but the west here where force rules. Once you refused me and I could not help myself, but it is different now. My wife you shall be—I have sworn it.

Fynes. It shall not be.

Minnie. Nay, never. Death first.

Dev. You marry me. (*to Coyotes*) Away with her, boys, I'll soon follow. (*Coyotes going R., with Minnie*)

Minnie. (*as they go out—to Fynes*) Heaven protect you.

Fynes. Providence will not desert me. I feel that I shall escape. (*exit Coyotes with Minnie*)

Dev. When you do let me know. Austin Fynes you will never interfere with me again. It may be a pleasure to you to have your weapons near by. (*lays Fynes' equipments near him*) When you are being devoured by wild beasts you can look at them—and that's all. (*laughs*) How I should like to witness your last minutes. Farewell.

Fynes. Curse you.

Dev. Curse away, it is music to my ears. (*going out R. 2 E., laughing in a sneering manner*) Bye, bye.

Fynes. Something seems to tell me I shall escape my intended doom. If I do Black Eagle will not be the only avenger on the trail of the Coyotes. God protect Minnie and avenge her wrongs.

Enter Skipp, L. 2 E.

Skipp. (*walking back and forth in an excited manner, swinging cane*) Safe and sound, not a hair harmed; phrenology saved a bright and shining light. Prof. A. B. Skipp, the great American character reader and phrenological scientist still lives. Continuity, one thing at a time, consecutiveness is being mussed up with me, for I no more than get settled down in one place ere the cognizance of duration is interrupted by the wild red men, or the bold white desperadoes. Did a man of science ever have such experience as I do? Here am I, a true disseminator of phrenology, a public benefactor persecuted, yes persecuted.

Fynes. (*aside*) He'll never notice me unless I attract his attention. (*cries*) Hello!

Skipp. (*looks about*) I heard a voice. More fighting men. I'll away ere danger appears. (*starts off*) Danger lurks in the very air.

Fynes. Here, here, here! I am buried here in the ground.

Skipp. Oh, dear, it's a ghost! Buried in the ground, yet they talk. Oh, dear!

Fynes. (*aside*) The lunatic. (*cries*) It's me, Austin Fynes!

Skipp. (*greatly frightened*) Oh, Mr. Ghost Fynes, do not haunt me. I did not mean to leave you alone to fight. I jumped out of the window to get a gun to help you, and could not find my way back. I am sorry, awful sorry the Coyotes killed you. Haunt them, scare 'em, give it to them. I have done nothing against you.

I am as innocent as an unborn babe. Good Ghost Fynes, leave me in peace. (*falls on knees and discovers weapons*) Fire arms! Oh, dear, I hope they are not loaded. (*discovers Fynes*) Oh, dear! Oh my soul, there's a human head. (*yells*) Murder! Fire! Thieves!

Fynes. Shut up. I am not a ghost. I am buried alive in the ground, my head being left out to call wild beasts about. (*aside*) You are the only beast it has called. (*to Skipp*) I was buried here by the Coyotes. Come, help me out.

Skipp. (*in great fear*) You are alive?

Fynes. Yes, yes, but come get up. Help me out.

Skipp. (*gets up and puts his hand in a timid manner on Fynes head*) It's a human head. The bumps are all developed. (*pausing, speaks aside*) It's Fynes; it's no ghost. My nerves are so unstrung, I was flusterated. It will not do to let it be known that Prof. A. B. Skipp was frightened. No, no, I will pretend I was fooling.

Fynes. Come help me out. I'm not a spirit.

Skipp. (*laughing*) Yes, yes, I was fooling all the time. Of course I knew you were no spirit. (*commences to dig him out*) So the Coyotes buried you alive?

Fynes. Yes.

Skipp. Then they got the best of you when I went to get a gun?

Fynes. (*aside*) Rather when you run off. (*aloud*) Certainly, or I should not have been here.

Skipp. (*stops digging, commences to examine Fynes head*) You have got a fine head. I'll examine it for a quarter.

Fynes. Never mind my head, but get me out of here.

Skipp. (*commences to dig again*) Yes, yes. (*suddenly stops and puts hand on Fynes' head*) Your bump of eventuality, that is memory of facts and circumstances, is prominent. Give you a chart for half a dollar?

Fynes. Let my head alone and get me out of here. I'll give you more than you ever made examining heads.

Skipp. (*digging lively*) A remarkably fine head.

Fynes. There, you are doing something now. (*pause*) Now reach down and get hold under my arms and pull just a little.

Skipp. (*doing as requested*) You move. Evidently the bump of calculation is well developed in your head. Let me see.

Fynes. Let my head alone. Get me out of here.

Skipp continues to dig, and finally gets Fynes out. Fynes takes up his weapons.

Fynes. (*giving Skipp money*) Here, this is to pay you for your trouble.

Skipp. (*counting it*) A suitable reward for a son of phrenology. I am satisfied.

Fynes. Well, it's lucky you are, for it is all I have. (*going out L. 2 E.*) To the rescue of Minnie. Death to the Coyotes.

Skipp. (*looking solemn*) Wish he'd let me examine his head.

Enter Prairie Spirit, R. 2 E.

Skipp. (*bowing*) In me you behold Prof. A. B. Skipp, the great American character reader and phrenological scientist. Allow me to examine your head. (*Spirit paying no attention, exits L. 2 E.*)

Skipp. (*whistles*) Well, she is the first woman I ever saw that would not wag her jaw. A good woman to marry. This is a

strange state of affairs—cannot examine any one's head. Some one's head shall be examined. (exit L. 2 E.)

Enter Devine, R. 2 E.

Dev. Being this way I thought I would stop and see how Fynes fares. (*surprised*) What, gone? Escaped? Some one has chanced along and helped him out. Curses on it! What can have become of him? He'll give me no end of trouble. I'll away to the Coyotes at once. (exit L. 2 E.)

Enter Black Eagle, R. 2 E., on Devine's trail.

Eagle. Ugh, trail big Coyote! Trail 'um fresh! Thief no far off! Black Eagle trail to death! (exit, L. 2 E.)

Enter Devine, R. 2 E.

Dev. Black Eagle is on my trail—I must throw him off. (exit, L. 2 E.)

Enter Black Eagle, R. 2 E.

Eagle. Trail grow more new! Two chiefs soon meet! (exit Eagle, L. 3 E.)

Enter Patrick O'Neil, R. 2 E.

Pat. Well, an be gobs, I'm safe and sound at last. Oh! an' what a bloody old fight it was. Mister Fynes made a great old fight, he did, and the way Miss Minnie made things fly was a sight for sore eyes. Faith, an' she am a jewel. How that fool of a man head-examiner scooted out of the window. (*laughs*) Bridget she throwed her arms about me the minute the first blessed shot was fired, an' the more they fired the more she clung. She nearly choked the wind out of me intirely, she did. (*cries*) 'Twas her last hug. Patrick O'Neil alone escaped. Poor Bridget! (*pause*) Devil a rap will she ever give me again.

Enter Bridget, R. 2 E., with mop handle in hand.

—Nary a whack will my head be a getting with her hickory mop stick.

Bridget. (*aside*) After running off and leaving me, to talk like that. The nasty villian!

Pat. She was firey as a pepper box. Me gracious, an' won't my head be surprised—not a beating nor a whack. Be jabbers I'll be boss if ever I'm spliced again. Bridget was a perfect devil.

Bridget. (*starting for Patrick with her mop*) A'devil, was I? I'll devil ye!

Pat. (*in alarm*) Holy power, an' it's Bridget's own self.

(running about)

Bridget. (*following him up*) I'll show ye, it's Bridget's own self. (*Patrick dodges, and falls in hole head first where Fynes was buried*)

Bridget. (*whacking him over the back with the mop*) Call me a devil will ye? Ye miser'ble old buzzard, ye reptile, ye desateful blackguard take that, an' that, an' that.

She at last pulls him out of hole by the heels, and beats him off, R.—

Change to

SCENE II.—Forest. Devine bound to a stake, bushes piled about.
Black Eagle dancing war dance.

Eagle. Um! You no more make fight; um, no more kill. Black Eagle him burn um at stake. (*flourishes tomahawk in Devine's face*) Kill um slow, make um die hard.

Dev. Curse you, quit. Make an end of me and be done with it.

Eagle. Ha, ha! You want todie, die once quick. No, no—die slow, great pain. Make big revenge for kill Black Eagle's people. (*dances wildly about*) Um, um! revenge great—big revenge.

Dev. Continue your hellish work. Not another word do you get out of me.

Black Eagle stoops down and lights fire, Devine faints, head leaning over upon his shoulder.

Eagle. (*wildly dancing*) Him faint, him no brave.

Enter Prairie Spirit, R. 2 E.

(*Black Eagle steps back in alarm*)

Eagle. (*going out L. 2 E., in great fright*) Spirit—Spirit Prairie. Black Eagle robbed revenge.

Spirit puts out fire; cuts Devine loose. Devine falls upon stage, Spirit pulls stake over and exits, L. 2 E.

Dev. (*recovering*) What's happened? I feel denced queer. (*pause*) It comes to me now. Black Eagle had me bound to the stake; was torturing me to death by fire, I fainted. The rest is blank. Somehow or other I am free and unhurt. (*getting up*) Now for camp, not to leave it alone again. This time, wandering away has nearly cost me my life. Things are getting exceedingly hot. (*exit, L. 3 E.*)

Enter Black Eagle and Fynes, R. 2 E.

Eagle. (*stopping where the stake was*) Stake him—was here. Spirit Prairie scare Black Eagle. Black Eagle go off. Big thief, Coyote, gone now.

Fynes. He deserves death, but torture at the stake is too cruel to contemplate. The appearance of the Prairie Spirit was well timed. Black Eagle, I am ashamed of you. Death at the stake may have been the custom of your fathers, and be in practice among many of the tribes to-day. You are above, or ought to be above such things.

Eagle. Him great thief; great villian, murder Black Eagle's people.

Fynes. That is true. Let his death be outright; no torturing. This talking is not trailing the Coyotes. When I met you I had followed to where you overpowered Devine. The trail must lead from here.

Eagle. (*looking for trail*) Um, here trail, trail fresh—good.

(*exit Black Eagle, L. 2 E.,*

Fynes. (*following*) The trail leads to the Coyote camp without doubt. The star of hope is fast rising. (*exit, L. 2 F.,*

Enter Col. Cottrell R. 2 E.

Col. C. Fate is against me. The settlement was just beginning to take form and now it is as good as ruined. Destroyed, but by whom? Mary, my wife, was luckily in her chamber when the attack was made, and thus escaped. She can tell nothing, though in feeble health as she is the first firing caused her to faint, and on recovering everything was destroyed and Minnie gone. Austin Fynes, Patrick and Bridget are missing too. What can have become of them? Who could the attacking party have been? No clew of them can be found.

Bridget. (outside) Now Patrick O'Neal, I tell ye, keep a going. I'll learn ye to desert the wife of yer bosom again in the hour of conflict. March along there.

Pat. (outside, L.) Faith, Bridget, ye wrong me, ye does, I was tore from ye's I was. Sure an I thought ye was kilt.

Bridget. (outside) Ye called me a devil, ye did.

Pat. (outside) To be sure I's joking.

Bridget. (outside) Patrick O'Neal ye are a liar. Now no more of yer blarney, or I'll mop ye. Get along I tell ye.

Col. C. Patrick and Bridget. Now things will be explained.

Enter Patrick, L. 2 E., Bridget following him with her mop, hitting him.

Patrick and Bridget. (surprised) Mister Colonel Cottrell!

Col. C. Yes. Where have you been?

Pat. In a hole.

Bridget. Shet up. (*shakes mop at him*) I'll lam ye if ye don't.

Pat. Faith ye are more of a ram, than a lamb.

Col. C. Cease this quarrel. I left you at the settlement, and when I returned, I found it had been raided, and that you with my daughter and Fynes were missing. What happened?

Pat. What happened; rather what didn't happen. Why yer honor—

Bridget. (shoving Patrick one side) Oh, ye shet up. Ye was so seared ye don't know nothing about it at all, ye don't. (*to Cottrell*) Yer honor, ye have often stood where the shot flew the fastest.

Pat. (aside) Like Bridget, standing where the fish balls fried the hottest.

Bridget. Well, ye was always calm and collected, and knew what was going on. So was I at the fight.

Pat. (aside) Calm as a tempest.

Col. C. Yes, yes, but who was the fight between, who attacked the settlement?

Pat. The Coyotes.

Bridget. (whacking him with the mop) I told ye to shet up.

Col. C. The Coyotes?

Bridget. Yes. Miss Minnie and Mister Fynes were carried off by 'em.

Col. C. Prisoners?

Bridget. The villians cleared as soon as they got hold of them, but it was no small job overpowering them, now I tell ye. Patrick and I escaped, by hiding in the woods. The Coyotes went toward the mountains.

Pat. (aside) Oh, if they had only get hold of ye, Bridget.

Col. C. Is this all there is to tell?

Bridget. Yes, except a professor, A. B. Skipp, with a long title was at the settlement. He jumped out of the window of the cabin at the first shot.

Pat. (aside) Wonder ye didn't yersilf. Faith if ye only had, and broke yer neck, what a blessing it would have been.

Col. C. Let's to the settlement at once. Come, follow. The Coyote stronghold must be found and moved upon immediately.

(exit, Col. Cottrell R., followed by Patrick and Bridget)

Enter government troops L., preceded by Ralph Towner. Troops go through drill exercises, ending with the execution of the command to stack arms. After this is concluded, enter Col. Cottrell, R. 2 E., in haste.

Col. C. The government troops!

Capt. T. (saluting) Yes. Glad to see you Colonel.

Col. C. (saluting) What, you know me? Why bless me, it is Capt. Ralph Towner. *(they shake hands)*

Capt. T. The same. *(turning to the soldiers)* Boys allow me to introduce to you, Col. Wm. Cottrell formly of the Regular Army.

(soldiers salute, Col. Cottrell returns salute)

Col. C. That you had only arrived before. The Coyotes, a band of cut-throats, led by Dan Devine, attacked our settlement yesterday, while I was away with the men at Red Arrow Crossing. My daughter Minnie, and the guide Austir Fynes, were carried off captives. My wife was left for dead and all the rest except Patrick and Bridget O'Neal, who escaped to the woods, were killed. By the rest, I mean defenseless women, whose husbands were with me at the time of the raid. The O'Neals, who have just returned, disclosed the particulars of the attack. I was making for the settlement, when I discovered you and your troops and turned back to meet you. This is the situation of affairs.

Capt. T. My troops are at your disposal. Would to heaven we had arrived sooner. We were unavoidably detained at the fort. We will move on the Coyote stronghold at once.

Col. C. Thanks. Where is the Coyote stronghold, is the question? Until they are trailed to their quarters nothing can be done.

Capt. T. True.

Col. C. It shall be found. *(looking out at L.,)* Some one approaches. Can it be, yes it is—it's Austin Fynes, the guide.

Enter Fynes, L. 2 E., Cottrell rushes up and takes him by the hand.

—Fynes, Fynes, and alive?

Fynes. Yes it is me and alive, thank providence.

Col. C. Allow me before going farther to introduce to you Capt. Ralph Towner. *(turns to Capt. Towner)* Capt. Towner, I make you acquainted with Austin Fynes. *(Capt. Towner and Fynes shake hands)* Soldiers, Austin Fynes. *(soldiers salute, Fynes returning salute)* My daughter Minnie, what of her?

Fynes. Minnie is a captive among the Coyotes. I was buried alive by them to die, but escaped through the aid of a quack calling himself, Prof. A. B. Skipp.

Soldiers. The old phrenologist!

Fynes. Escaping I met Black Eagle and together we struck the Coyotes trail. Leaving him on the trail, I headed for the settlement

to see you to make you acquainted with the situation and allay your fears as much as possible. The trail starts fresh a short way from where I was buried. As you are here, I will return, not going to the settlement, as no time is to be lost.

Col. C. We will join you.

Fynes. No. It is better that Black Eagle, who is an Indian chief and has suffered great wrongs at the Coyote's hands, and I, should follow the trail alone. For us all to take the trail would be unwise, for to throw off all pursuers, the pursued takes the back trail so often, the troops would be discovered and the chase prove fruitless. As it is, there being only two of us we will escape detection. Once the trail followed to the Coyote camp, I will return to guide you to it, to wipe out the band.

Col. C. I was for starting in chase at once, but your reasoning shows me to be wrong and you right.

Capt. T. I am in full accord with the idea of Mr. Fynes.

Col. C. Captain, the settlement is near by. Will you go into camp there to await Fynes' return?

Capt. T. With pleasure.

Col. C. (to Fynes) Then, Fynes, you will report at the settlement.

Fynes. All right. I will away at once.

Col. C. Heaven protect and aid you.

Fynes. Farewell until the Coyotes are trailed to their hole. Then to the rescue. *(exit Fynes, L. 2 E.,*

Col. C. Light dawns at last. Captain, will you proceed with your command at once to the settlement?

Capt. C. I will do so.

He gives the necessary commands to his company, and all exit, R. 1 E., leaving stage clear. Change to

SCENE III.—*Mountain scene full depth of stage, Coyote stronghold, all being present but Budgett. Part are seated on the ground reading papers; others walking about smoking.*

Enter Prof. A. B. Skipp, R. 2 E.

Dev. What have we here?

Coyote. Rather reckon the Old Nick himself, by the looks.

Skipp. Gentlemen in me you behold Prof. A. B. Skipp, the great American character reader and phrenological scientist. *(Coyotes laugh)* Gentlemen, gentlemen, you pain me. Phrenology is not to be made light of.

Dev. You don't say so.

Skipp. It is the greatest of sciences.

Dev. Give us a lecture then.

Coyote. Yes, a lecture.

Skipp. With pleasure, but I say—you know—that is—so to speak—as I was about to remark—say—

Dev. Well, say it yourself, you have got your mouth open.

Skipp. Well. *(pause)* You kind of ought to take up a collection. Shakespeare says, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Dev. His hair.

Coyote. The hair of his head?

(Coyote laugh)

Skipp. I said hire—h-i-r-e. Reflections relative to my hair are unseemly. (*stroking his hair*) Long hair indicates genius.

Dev. (*turning back to Skipp puts one finger to his eye*) No harm was meant. Boys no more jesting. Fire away with your lecture Professor. We will make it right.

Skipp. All right—more properly speaking, I comply with your united and expressed desires. (*with great flourish*) Ladies and gentlemen. (*pause*) Bless me, excuse the slip of my tongue for I am used to addressing audiences of both genders. (*flourishes*) Gentlemen; Phrenology dates back into past ages, yes to past ages. Dr. James B. Gould of London was one of the first disciples of phrenology, one of the first. He was called a lunatic by the people, jeered at and driven from place to place. Thus are all great objects first received, all great men first persecuted. I too have been persecuted, I too—

Coyote. (*throws stick at him*) Oh, give us a breeze.

Skipp. (*shocked*) Such interruptions are improper. Exceedingly so.

Dev. It was an accident and no harm was meant. It shall not occur again. Go on.

Skipp. Phrenology is one of the greatest of sciences. It learns you—

Coyote. Nothing.

Skipp. (*paying no attention*) It is—I can truly say that phrenology—yes—I firmly believe— (*pause*) I am not doing this subject justice. I am too frustrated. I'll deliver an address at some other time. Now, any gentleman wishing his head examined will step forward. Please nominate some one.

Dev. (*to one of the Coyotes*) Here, have your cocoanut gone over.

(*Coyote steps forward*)

Skipp. (*examining Coyote's head*) This gentleman has a large head. (*measures*) It measures twenty-two inches, indicating good brain power. Yours is neither a coarse nor an over-wrought organization, you are plain in your tastes, practical in your views, not very sentimental and are better fitted for the matter of fact routine of every day life, which you now follow than for the higher walks of literature and art. (*to Coyotes*) This gentleman "hangs his banner on the outer walls."

Dev. He's a good subject for hanging. (*Coyotes laugh*)

Skipp. (*paying no attention*) The vital temperament is good in your make-up. You are well proportioned, full chested and amply supplied with the oil of life.

Dev. Oil of whiskey. (*Coyotes laugh and shout "good"*)

Skipp. This gentleman "hangs his banner on the outer walls." Sublimity with you is good. You appreciate and admire in the highest degree the wild, the romantic, the grand, the sublime, the illimitable, the eternal, the infinite, have a great passion for mountain scenery, vast prospects, foaming breakers, roaring water-falls "the war of the elements," the surging rush of a swollen stream. (*Coyotes laugh*) You enjoy the tempest, thunder, lightning, the—

Coyote. (*getting out of the way*) Well by thunder, I don't enjoy this, not by a darned sight. (*Coyotes laugh and yell*)

Skipp. (*surprised*) He "hangs his banner on the outer walls."

(*Coyotes continue to laugh*)

Enter Budgett, R. 2 E.

Bud. (surprised) What?

Dev. Oh, he's nothing but an old phrenologist, that we have been having some fun with.

Bud. I have seen him before. He used to be a Methodist minister where I once was. That's what made me surprised at seeing him here. I always knew he was a quack, but I never thought he would turn phrenologist, especially turn up out West.

Skipp. (excitedly) Sir, I'm no quack sir. No sir, I am a man of genius, I am. Yes sir. Once, as you say I was a Methodist minister, but the congregation thought they could do better, and I resigned. The trouble was, two or three old maids wanted to marry me. (straightening up) The women are always mashed on me. Ahem!

Dev. A minister! He shall marry me to Minnie Cottrell, to-morrow.

Skipp. (aside) Minnie Cottrell. Oh, dear I am among the Coyotes. As the bible says, I have "fell among thieves." (to Devine) I guess I will be going.

Dev. I guess you won't.

Skipp. (starting to go) I must go.

Dev. There is no must about it. Stay you shall, for a minister I was looking for. To-morrow Minnie Cottrell is to be my wife. You perform the ceremony or die. (*Skipp does not stop*) Men secure him. (*two Coyotes do so*) There, we will see whether you go now or not.

Skipp. (struggling) Oh, dear, oh dear! let me go, do not hurt me!

Bud. (aside) Devine shall not marry the girl. I will escape with her and marry her myself. Her beauty has set me crazy. She shall marry me. (to Devine) That's business.

Dev. Yes.

Skipp. I object to this treatment. It's an outrage. I demand my freedom. Detain me at your peril. I will have you arrested.

Dev. (mockingly) Arrested!

Coyote. (laughing) Arrested.

Skipp. I am an American. In detaining me you insult the national flag.

Dev. Shoo!

Skipp. Yes sir, you insult the American flag.

Dev. Insult be shot. You might as well be a Chinese as an American in this case. I'll risk the insult. The marriage ceremony performed you can go free. You know what the result of a refusal will be on your part.

Skipp. (groans) To-morrow Minnie Cottrell becomes Minnie Devine. (*Devine, P., Skipp, C., Budgett, L., Coyotes in back-ground*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Old room, door in back at R., grated window in back at L., table in C., with shawl thrown over it; chair at L. of table.

Minnie. (walking back and forth in a troubled manner) Alone, alone, a captive to a band of desperadoes, the leader sworn to marry

me. 'Ere that the grave shall be my resting place. (*draws dagger from dress*) Escape is impossible—the blade shall find a resting place in my heart. Death before dishonour. (*puts dagger in*) Oh, to think of the fate of Austin makes my blood run cold. Yet as I ponder, it seems as though he escaped. Poor papa and mamma, how worried they will be. (*pause*) Something tells me I shall escape, shall be rescued. May it prove true.

Enter Budgett at door—Minnie does not notice him.

Bud. (*aside*) I've got the money for the girl's capture, and gained an entrance to the room where she is imprisoned. She shall marry me—Dan Devine never. I'll pretend I am her friend and will aid her to escape. Once clear from here, then Utah and she will be mine. (*lays his hand on Minnie's arm*) Miss!

Minnie. (*scornfully*) Wretch, take your hand off from me. (*Budgett does so*) How dare you? Cannot I hold it alone here without you intruding in this manner? Be gone.

Bud. You are too hasty. I am your friend.

Minnie. My friend! A great friend you are indeed! Look at all the misery you have caused, and then say you are "my friend." Hypocrite!

Bud. Wait. Let me explain. I wish it all you say to be true. I would atone for what I have done. I am here to aid you to escape.

Minnie. You?

Bud. Yes. To-night there is to be a meeting of the Coyotes, and when it is in session I will manage to dupe the guard that is posted at the door, as I have just done, and secure you. No one will be about to interfere. Escape will be easy. You are clear of this place. I will take you to your friends.

Minnie. (*aside*) Can I trust him? (*to Budgett*) You mean all you say?

Bud. Of course.

Minnie. You will be true to your word?

Bud. Yes.

Minnie. (*aside*). Nothing ventured, nothing gained. (*to Budgett*) I will trust you. When the time of escape comes, you will find me ready.

Bud. (*aside*) She is as good as mine. Dan Devine, you are taken in and done for this time. (*to Minnie*) It is well.

Enter Devine at door.

—To-night you shall escape.

Dev. (*knocking Budgett down*) Traitor!

Minnie. Foiled!

(*Devine blows whistle*)

Enter at door, two Coyotes.

Dev. (*pointing to Budgett*) Take that man away, and see that he does not escape. He is a traitor. (*Coyotes carry Budgett out*)

Dev. So that fellow was going to aid you to escape, was he? (*Minnie does not answer*) Eh? (*Minnie does not reply—Devine takes her by the arm and roughly shakes her*) Curious you, speak!

Minnie. (*shaking his hand off*) Villain!

Dev. Well, you have found your tongue at last, it only to snarl "villain!" To commence with, let me see your tongue—it would be better,

a great deal better for you to be careful how you address me. I am master here.

Minnie. I defy you. 'Ere obedience to the dictates of your mandate—the grave.

Dev. Anger increases your beauty. You are superb. Hanged if I don't snatch a kiss from those rosy lips of yours. (*attempts to do so.* *Minnie draws dagger, pointing it to her breast, Devine springs back*) What!

Minnie. Back! Before your foul lips shall pollute me by their touch, this dagger will I plunge to my heart.

Dev. (*aside*) The devil, a dagger! It must be got away. She is detained and would take her life. (*pause*) I have the idea. (*pretending to address some one at the door*) Well, fellow, what do you want? (*Minnie turns to see who it is, and as she does so, Devine seizes her and snatches dagger away*) Ah, my young lady you didn't see through the trick. I was a little too much for you that time.

Minnie. (*falling upon her knees*) All hope vanished! (*raising hands as though in prayer*) Heaven, protect me.

Dev. (*raising Minnie upon her feet*) Come, get up. None of your prayer meeting business here.

(*Minnie sinks into chair, rests her head on the table and weeps*)

Dev. No sniveling. Arrangements have been made for our wedding to-morrow. The minister is here.

Minnie. (*raising head*) A minister! I will seek his protection. He will not allow this outrage.

Dev. There's where you are mistaken. He is a captive like yourself. He blundered into camp last night, searching for heads to examine, announcing himself as Prof. A. B. Skipp, great American character reader and phrenological scientist.

Minnie. (*getting up*) What, he's not a minister!

Dev. Yes he is. He was recognized as a minister, and was pastor of a Methodist church—he admits it himself. By performing the ceremony he goes free. To refuse he dies. Now I must leave. (*at door*) Remember the wedding takes place to-morrow.

Minnie. This shall not be. No, never! (*pause*) Yes, I will do it. (*snatches up shawl from table*) I will tear this shawl into shreds to form a rope and strangle myself. Daniel Devine when he comes for his intended bride on the morrow, shall find a corpse, a bride wedded unto death. (*a note tied to a stone is thrown in at the window, and falls at Minnie's feet*) What, a note? (*picks it up*) It's a letter, a letter from the Spirit of the Prairie. Event upon event, crowds itself. (*reads*)

“MINNIE COTTRELL.—Despair not. Austin Fynes escaped from his intended doom, and has trailed the Coyotes to their stronghold. (*Minnie exclaims, 'Austin alive! I felt it!'*) He tried to effect your escape, but it is impossible to release you, except by force. The government troops are at the settlement where you were taken prisoner. Fynes is off to lead them to the rescue. All this I know to be true. Be of good courage. Daniel Devine shall never marry you.
THE PRAIRIE SPIRIT.”

(*looking toward heaven*) Right triumphs over wrong. Thank God.

Closed in by

SCENE II.—Wood in 1st. grooves.

Enter Fynes, R. 1 E.

Fynes. At last light dawns upon us. A few more days, and I am confident Minnie will be released, and the Coyote camp destroyed. Ah, Mr. Devine, one by one the chords are drawing closer around you, and the time is not far distant, when your career of crime shall be ended. We can only wait for the development of our plans which I feel are carefully laid. (exit L. 1 E.,—scene changes to

SCENE III.—Stronghold of the Coyotes, 4th. grooves.

Dev. (walking back and forth) The men are dissatisfied. They think Budgett is not a traitor, in spite of all. He has a stronger hold than I thought. Fool that I was to give him so many opportunities to get into their good graces. It won't do to shoot him for being a traitor. The men would not stand it—would rebel, and my power be gone, yet die he must. No one crosses my path and lives. (pause) Ah, I have it. I'll fight a duel with the whelp. Budgett is good with the sword and prides himself on his swordmanship, still he is far from my equal. Neither himself nor the men know that I am a swordsman. I will offer to fight a duel with him to settle the matter. He being the challenged party will of course choose weapons, which will be swords. It will be his last act on earth. I'll call the Coyotes at once. (blows whistle

Enter Coyotes, L.

—Boys you doubt that Budgett is a traitor?

Coyote. (sullenly) Yes.

Dev. Well, he is, strange as it may seem. He has been a valuable member of the Coyotes, but he would have proved himself false, had I not discovered him. The guards know I found him in the prisoner's room, for they carried him out after I had knocked him down. Yet, you doubt he is a traitor. It's hard I know, to believe him false. To order him to be shot as a traitor would cause you to lay up ill feelings. Now, either he or I must die. He shall fight a duel with me, having the choice of weapons, and he who wins shall hold undisputed sway. Coyote's you have heard.

Coyote. You are fair. Some believe him a traitor and some do not. A duel will settle everything.

Coyotes. Yes.

Dev. Let Budgett be brought forth. (two Coyotes exit at R.—aside) The scheme takes with the men. A lucky thought. (pause) They are long enough getting Budgett.

Enter Coyotes at R., with Budgett.

Dev. I sent for you.*Bud. (sullenly)* Well, I suppose you did.

Dev. The law of the Coyotes, as you well know, is, that all traitors shall be punished by death.

Bud. Well.*Dev.* You have long been a trusted and valuable member of the

band, and it is hard for the men to believe you false. You know you are, and I know it. One or the other must die, and although it is in my power to kill you, I will give you a chance for your life. I will fight you a duel, a duel to death, and the best man ever after shall hold absolute power. Am I not fair?

Bud. Yes. I am ready for the encounter.

Dev. Then as the challenged party, chose your weapons.

Bud. Swords.

Dev. (*aside*) He takes the bait. The day is mine. (*to Coyote*) Go to my headquarters and bring hither two swords.

(*Coyote, exit R. for swords*)

Bud. (*aside*) The unexpected often happens. That Devine should fight a duel! My friendship to the men in the past, stands me in good need now. The day is as good as mine.

Enter Coyote at R., with swords.

Dev. (*taking swords passes them to Budgett*) Take your choice, they are both the same make. (*Budgett takes one*) Now to our places. (*take places*) A duel to the death, cut as cut can.

Bud. No interference from any one?

Dev. No. (*to Coyote*) Drop your hat for us to commence.

Bud. (*to Coyote*) Yes, drop your hat.

Coyote. (*holding up hat*) One—two—(*letting hat fall*)—three.

Duel commences, first one getting the advantage and then the other. At last Devine gets the best of Budgett, and runs him through, Budgett falling with a groan dead on the stage.

Dev. (*as Budgett falls*) There. Victory is mine. (*giving swords to Coyotes*) Return the swords to their places. (*to two other Coyotes*) Here, you fellows take away the body and bring here the girl and minister. (*exit, Coyotes at L., with body and swords. Devine speaks aside*) Once more are the Coyotes under my thumb—in my power. The devil favors its own. The hour of my triumph is near at hand, the hour when Minnie Cottrell shall become my wife. The dove shall mate with the lion. Dan Devine you are a lucky dog. Minnie Cottrell my wife—Mrs. Daniel Devine.

Enter Coyotes at L., with Minnie and Skipp, one leading the former, and two the latter.

Dev. Ah! I am glad to see you. A fine morning for a wedding.

Skipp. Oh, dear!

Minnie. Wretch! (*aside*) What detains Austin and the troops?

Dev. Just as complimentary as ever. You want to let up on it. Remember it too.

Minnie. No name is ill enough to be applied to such as you.

Skipp. (*aside*) She is a spunky one. Her bump of combativeness is perfectly developed.

Dev. (*seizing Minnie's hand*) No more of this, my pretty one. You are to marry me and at once. (*to Skipp*) Come old man splice us.

Skipp. 'Tis against the laws of the land to wed an unwilling bride.

Dev. Devil take the laws. Do as I tell you.

Skipp. According to the laws of phrenology, you are not suited to wed together.

Dev. Blast you and the laws of phrenology.

Minnie. He will not perform the ceremony—thank heaven.

Dev. (to Coyotes) Draw your bowies and slash into the old fool until he shuts up, and do as I say. I am not to be trifled with.

Coyotes start for Skipp, who yells at the top of his voice. Enter Prairie Spirit, R. 2 E., men step back in alarm. Spirit throws back veil and snatches a marriage certificate from her dress, and gives it to Minnie, who reads it.

Dev. The devil, it's Em. and alive. Not dead after the blow I gave her! Blast the woman!

Minnie. And she is your wife—this is the certificate of marriage. Daniel Devine and Emma Crafton are the names. (*Spirit makes motions with her hands*) She says she is dumb. Poor woman!

Skipp. No married man, and his wife still alive, they not having been divorced can enter the the bonds of wedlock—he cannot marry. The marriage will not come off. I will be going. (*starting*) Good day.

Dev. Stay.

Skipp. Oh lord!

Dev. (suddenly shooting at spirit, which vanishes at L. 2 E.) I am divorced.

Minnie. Cold blooded monster! I fear the poor woman is killed.

Dev. Of course she is. I shot to kill. (*snatches Minnie's hand*) Now, once more we'll commence. The marriage shall be performed this time.

Enter Fynes at L., followed by Col. Cottrell, Capt. Towner, and the government troops on the charge. All the Coyotes but Devine, rush out at R., troops in charge headed by Capt. Towner. Col. Cottrell takes Minnie in his arms. Fynes rushes up to attack Devine. Enter Black Eagle, L. 2 E., he pushes Fynes to one side, and attacks Devine with a knife. Devine draws knife, and combat ensues.

Eagle. Ugh, um meet once more. Kill um now sure.

Dev. Curse you!

Fight continues, Black Eagle finally killing Devine. Devine falls in front.

Eagle. Um, revenged! Black Eagle now die in peace.

Enter troops at R., and form in line in the background.

Capt. T. The Coyotes are all killed. Victory is ours.

Minnie. Thank Heaven! Soldiers, I thank you for your brave and noble aid. (*gives Fynes her hand*) You have well proved yourself worthy.

Skipp. (aside) Phrenologically mated.

Col. C. Soldiers, I too thank you. Words fail to convey my gratitude to you all.

Skipp. Members of the United States army, Prof. A. B. Skipp, the great American character reader, and phrenological scientist thanks you. I was in a very bad situation.

Eagle. (aside) Long hair, heap big fool—much tongue.

Capt. T. No thanks are needed. We have only done our duty.
Minnie. May all ever do their duty as well and bravely.

Enter Prairie Spirit at L. 2 E., with veil thrown back, great surprise is shown by all.

Prairie Spirit. (hands clasped, standing over Devine) Thank heaven I escaped that shot unharmed, and again I have the power of speech. The same hand that struck me dumb has unsealed my lips to speak, the fright caused by the shot loosing my tongue. You know me as the Prairie Spirit. My name was Emma Crafton, and I was married to Daniel Devine, the Coyote captain, five years ago. Angry at my incessant pleadings for him to reform, he one day, with a fierce blow fell me to the floor, and left me for dead as he supposed. I recovered from that blow to find myself dumb. Bad as he was, and has been, he was my husband, and with that devotion that only a true wife knows I followed him to the West that I might be near him; that I might save him were it possible from this awful destruction. Too late, too late! Oh, Daniel Devine, may God forgive you for your sins, as I now do. *(falling upon her knees, weeping)* My husband—my husband!

Minnie. Oh, that the object of such a love might have been worthy of the woman who bore it.

Omnes. Amen.

Fynes. She shall not want.

Col. C. Nobly spoken.

Eagle. All peace now! Coyotes dead, all dead. Black Eagle revenged. Sunshine now; all safe. Great Father smile—

Soldiers. On "THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER."

SITUATIONS.

B. Skipp.

Soldiers.

Black Eagle, L.

Col. Cottrell.

Capt. Towner.

Minnie.

Fynes.

Prairie Spirit. Devine.

CURTAIN.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Coyotes in camp—The Cottrell emigrant train—Prairie Spirit causes Surprise and fear—"A thousand dollars for the solving of the mystery"—Attack of the Indians—Skipp in a fix—Black Eagle's vow—Compact of Devine and Budget—The prairie fire—Home of the Cottrells—Budgett laying his plans—Rifle practice between Minnie and Fynes—Budgett and Bridget—Budgett leaves for the Coyote camp—"To-night the attack shall be made."—Skipp skips in—Phrenology discussed—Bridget's dander is up—"Tell me I'm lousy will ye?"—Examination of Patrick's head—"He hangs his banner on the outer walls"—Engagement of Minnie and Fynes—The Prairie Spirit is seen—The Coyotes attack the Cottrell settlement—"For life and liberty."

ACT II. Prisoners—Fynes buried up to his head—"He Will be a kind of a headstone to the Cottrell settlement"—Devine swears to marry Minnie—Her scorn—Fynes left alone to die—Skipp safe and a skipping—Hailed by Fynes—Skipp fears danger—"More fighting men, I'll away"—Hailed again—Thinks Fynes a ghost—"Oh, dear, firearms! What if they are loaded! Oh, dear"—Rescue of Fynes—Appearance of the Prairie Spirit—Skipp offers to examine her head—"Well she is the first woman I ever saw that would not wag her jaw. A good woman to marry"—Black Eagle on the trail of Devine—Patrick and Budgett—"Ye blackguard"—A mop solo—Capture of Devine—Torture at the stake—The Prairie Spirit—Devine saved—Black Eagle and Fynes on the trail—Patrick and Bridget's account—The government troops—A father's grief—Fynes' report—"Light dawns"—Skipp lectures on phrenology—Examination of heads—Skipp recognized as a minister—Detained to marry Devine to Minnie—"I am an American; In detaining me you insult the American flag."

ACT III. Minnie's despair—Budgett turns traitor—Hope raised to be banished—"Foiled"—Devine orders Minnie to prepare to be married on the morrow—"When Daniel Devine comes for his intended bride on the morrow he shall find a bride of death"—A strange letter—Hope again—Trouble in the Coyote camp—A duel between Budgett and Devine—Death of Budgett—Skipp tries to skip performing the marriage of Devine and Minnie—"According to the law of phrenology you are not mated to wed together"—Skipp a yelling—The Prairie Spirit—Divorced by death—The government troops—Story of the Prairie Spirit—Black Eagle revenged—"All peace now. Great Father smile on the Emigrant's Daughter."

PROPERTIES.—Two chairs, table, marriage certificate, letter, stone, two dueling swords, officers swords, two combat knives, guns for soldiers, pistols and knives for Coyotes, tomahawks for Indians, ladies' rifle, double barreled rifle, arrows, brush, salt peter paper for fire at stake, dirt to put about the hole wherein the burying takes place, a trap door in stage, allowing hole for same, small dagger, cane, tape measure, red fire, with arrangements for burning same.

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L. Staple,.....*a young merchant, subject to bashfulness*
Clarence,.....*a student, inclined to ale*
John Henry,.....*a man servant, complaining of nothing to do*
I. Seizer,.....*a constable, used to take away bad effects,*
Mrs. Crotchet,.....*an invalid, ill with nervousness*
Daisy, her daughter, } *both affected with a disease of the heart, called love*
Dolly, her niece, }
Dorothy,.....*a maiden aunt, afflicted with deafness, knitting, and a poodle dog*
Betty,.....*a maid servant, suffering out of sympathy for Frizzy*

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| 87 | The Biter Bit, comedy, 2 acts, by Barham Livius..... | 5 2 |
| 111 | The Coming Man, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins..... | 3 1 |
| 67 | The False Friend, drama, 2 acts, by George S. Vautrot..... | 6 1 |
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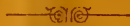
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