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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 288.)

TWO ROSES.

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

By JAMES ALBERY,

Author of "The Mate of the Montejoy," "Dr. Davy," etc., etc.

As First Performed at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, under
the Management of Messrs. Thorn and
Montague, June 4, 1880.

TOGETHER WITH

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters
—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on
the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

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No.	M.	F.	No.	M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act.....	3	3	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts... ..	7	3	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
93. Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	3	2	13. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	200. Estranged, an operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act..	3	3	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts,	9	7
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1 act.	3	1	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials,		
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act... ..	4	2
179. Breach of Promise,, drama, 2 acts..	5	2	74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1 act	4	8	53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act. 4	2	2
24. Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	73. Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3	11	4
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		
69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.....	4	1	1 act.....	5	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.10	5	5	131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
55. Catharine Howard, historical play,			23. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
3 acts.....	12	5	151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	2
80. Charming pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	180. Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5	38	5
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3	9	3	19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.	3	2	60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3
107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1	64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act....	1	1
152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act... 1	1	1	190. Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act....	4	1
55. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1	191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	4	2
148. Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta,			197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14	2
1 act.....	2	1	18. If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce,		
113. Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4	1 act.....	4	3
199. Captain of the Watch (The), come-			116. I'm Not Meself at All, original Irish		
dietta, 1 act.....	4	2	stew, 1 act.....	3	3
20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4	129. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act... ..	2	3
4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act.....	4	2	159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act... 4	2	2
22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3	122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4
96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act, 4	3	3	177. I Sha'l Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1
16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5	100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2
58. Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts.....	7	6	139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts... 3	3	3
125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts... 6	4	2
71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3	86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5
149. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4	72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

TWO ROSES.

A Comedy,

IN THREE ACTS.

By JAMES ALBERY,

Author of "The Mate of the Montjoye" (T. P. Cooke Prize Drama), "Dr. Davy" (M. Melesville's "Sullivan," adapted), etc., etc.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, LONDON,
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF ME-SRS. JAMES THORNE,
AND MONTAGUE, ON SATURDAY, JUNE 4TH, 1870.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—EN-
TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 33 ROSE STREET.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Vaudeville Theatre, Wallack's Theatre, New
London, June 4, 1870. York, Oct. 10, 1870.

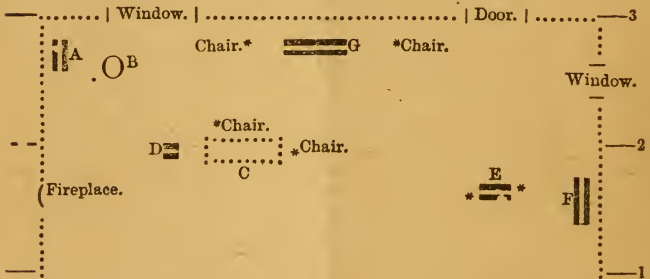
Jack Wyatt	Mr. H. J. MONTAGUE.	Mr. GEO. H. CLARKE.
Caleb Deecie (his Friend—blind)	Mr. T. THRONE.	Mr. OWEN MARLOWE.
Digby Grant, Esq.....	Mr. H. IRVING.	Mr. CHARLES FISHER.
Our Mr. Jenkins	Mr. GEORGE HONEY.	Mr. J. H. STODDARD.
Mr. Farnival	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS.	Mr. M. LANAGAN.
Robert.....		Mr. QUIGLEY.
James.....		Mr. PECK.
Lottie	Miss AMY FAWSITT.	Miss EFFIE GERMON.
Ida	Miss A. NEWTON.	Mrs. THOMAS BARRY.
Mrs. Jenkins.....	Miss T. LAVIS.	Mrs. E. MESTAYER.
Mrs. Cupps.....	Miss PHILLIPS.	Mrs. JOHN SEFTON.

TIME OF PLAYING—ONE HOUR AND A QUARTER.

SCENERY (*English, present day.*)

ACT I.—(No change). Interior, sitting-room in a dwelling house, in 3d groovea.

.....4 g.
Garden on flat at back.



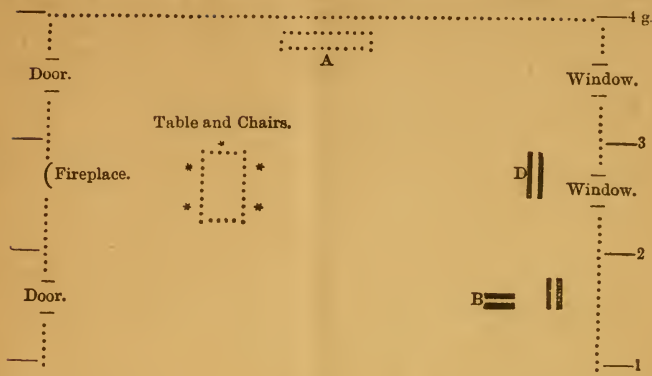
Papered wall. Framed engravings on wall. Portraits, framed, on flat. Large window with lattice sashes opening horizontally; on sill outside, two rose trees in pots, one white, the other red. Carpet down; a rug under piano-stool, L. I. E., and before fireplace, n. Ornaments on mantel-piece, vases, clock. Chintz hangings to windows, same as the furniture is covered with. A, cupboard or cabinet, with dishes, china, wine-bottles, glasses, boxes of cigars in it. B, card table with chess-board on it. C, large table, with books, papers, writing materials, blotting-paper on it. D, arm-chair. E, small work-table, on which is a hand sewing-machine. F, a small piano; music in sheets on it. G, large sofa.

GIFT

EST. OF J. H. CORNING

JUNE 20, 1940

ACT II.—(No change). Interior, sitting-room in dwelling house, in 3d grooves.



Closed in. Curtains to windows, not caught up, so that they can be used for covering persons in hiding behind them. A, a piano, with stool. B, a harmonium, with chair. C, a small table, on which is a violin and bow, and a cheque under glass shade. Two framed oil paintings on flat, portraits, in dress of 1840, a man and a woman. Pictures on flat, L. 2 E. set, a picture of a red rose and a white rose, small, in neat gilt frame. D, a writing-desk or secretary, with writing materials inside.

ACT III.—(No change). Villa front and gardens in 4th grooves. Tree borders. Sky sink. Sunlight effect. View on flat of garden with gravel walk. L. 2 E. from wing to wing, a strap of white cloth lettered in red, "WELCOME," the back to the stage. The villa front is set in R. 1 and 2 E.'s, with glass doors, open; discovering a piano within, carpet down. On stage, cloth down, representing ground, with red gravel down in the supposed walks, but irregularly strewn about as if trodden out of the exact limits. Flower bushes of all kinds, R. and L. C, a stone vase, five feet high, with basin top, in which are supposed to be gold fish; shells and aquatic plants in the basin. Each side of doorway, R. 1 E., a jardinière or flower-pot tripod, on which are rose trees in bloom, the same as in Act I., but in china flower-pot covers. Garden furniture; table and chairs, L. front; chairs up C. Rug before doorway, R.

COSTUMES (English, present day)

- JACK WYATT.**—Act I.—Walking-dress, neat and plain, straw hat; enters with an angler's basket suspended from his shoulders by a strap. Act II.—Walking-dress, black coat, high black hat. Act III.—Neat walking suit.
- DIGBY GRANT.**—Pompous, patronizing and swindling in his manners. Aged about forty-five, somewhat bald. Act I.—Side whiskers, moustache and hair worn carelessly. Gold-laced smoking-cap, black coat, gray pants, red pocket-handkerchief. Act II.—Hair, moustache and whiskers carefully oiled and arranged; gold eye-glass. Handsome suit of black, white vest, black high hat. Act III.—White vest, gold watch-chain; light trousers, eye-glass, black coat. Limp with one leg as if he had the gout, and uses cane.
- JENKINS.**—Side-whiskers, hair parted carelessly in Act I. In Act II., whiskers and hair, which is longer, are trimmed and arranged more "seriously." In Act III.,

hair is long, and whiskers are brought to a point each side like "pet" clergymen's, as seen in illustrations of such in Trollope's clerical novels, and similar stories of favorite curates. *Act I.*—Cutaway-coat, and rest of suit of mixed tweed, bound with fancy colored binding, in "dry-goods drummer" style; bright colored neck-scarf, black felt hat, worn jauntily. *Act II.*—Sober dress, dark colors and sedate cut. *Act III.*—Long black coat, buttoned up to throat, black pants, white neck-cloth, subdued expression of countenance, with occasional relapses into winks and other signs of humor.

CALEB DEECIE—Blind. (The painfulness of the affliction will be lessened to the Audience if spectacles are worn instead of the eyes being sealed at the lids) He always carries a cane, which he uses to feel his way. *Act I.*—Low-crown felt hat to match in color with his dress, a tweed walking-suit, cane. *Act II.*—Dark suit, black short-skirted coat, cane as before. *Act III.*—Light vest, low-crown felt hat, short-skirted coat.

MR. FURNIVAL.—A lawyer. In black, with black gloves. *Act I.*—With umbrella in glazed case. Carries law-papers bound with red tape, eye-glass.

POLICEMEN.—English policemen (see *Illustrated London News* or *Times*, any picture of a public gathering or procession, for costume), helmet, white gloves.

COUNTRYMEN and BOYS.—Some **PLOUGHBOYS** with smock frocks.

TWO FOOTMEN.—Red breeches, blue coats.

GUESTS at Fete Champetre in Act III.—Various.

LOTTIE.—Airy, bright and animated, very girlish. *Act I.*—Dress of color to suit, same as **IDA'S**. The two to resemble each other in all possible ways, but one is fair, and the other dark. *Act II.*—Dress trimmed with the color of **IDA'S** dress. *Act III.*—Walking-dress. In *Act I.*, for second entrance, hat.

IDA.—*Act I.*—Same as **LOTTIE'S**. *Act II.*—Dress trimmed with the color of **LOTTIE'S** dress. *Act III.*—Walking-dress. In *Act I.*, for second entrance, hat and lace fichu.

MRS. JENKINS.—*Act II.*—Cap, apron, light dress, "strong-minded" look, voice and manner; false front of hair. *Act III.*—Walking-dress, white bonnet.

MRS. CUPPS.—Walking-dress, shawl, bonnet.

GUESTS.—Walking-dresses, countryfied.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Papers, books, writing materials on table; banknote for **MRS. CUPPS**; check-book; wine-bottles, glasses, corkscrew, in cupboard, R. U. corner; black japanned cloth forming a wrapper for samples of dry-goods, as roll of red flannel, merino shirt, ladies' stockings, ribbons, laces, for **JENKINS** to enter with; cigars in case for **JENKINS**; sewing to be worked with sewing-machine; for **JENKINS**, on his second entrance, a wine-bottle wrapped in paper, and some paper bags of biscuits, etc. *Act II.*: Music for piano and harmonium; samples of dry-goods on mantel-shelf; vases; cigars; ash-dish; pipe; tobacco-box; china breakfast service for two on table; dark colored table-cloth on same; glass shade over cheque on table, L. 1 E.; newspaper; brown wrapping paper; some red tape; writing materials in writing-case, L. 2 E.; law papers for **FURNIVAL**; black valise, same as in *Act I.*; half-dozen silver forks in brown paper, brought on by **LOTTIE**; lamp or candle in stick, to burn. *Act III.*: Decanter, glasses, trays of ice cream, cakes; croquet mallet; cigars in case for **FURNIVAL**; valise and law-papers as before.

[For Synopsis see page 38 and 39.]

TWO ROSES

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Interior in 3d grooves. Room in MR. GRANT'S house.*

Discover DIGBY GRANT seated R. side of table, up R. C., reading letters.

GRANT (*reading*). "Mr. Jenkins hopes to have the pleasure of calling upon Digby Grant, Esquire" Ahem! Yes, yes (*hums to himself as he reads, unintelligibly*) Hum, hum—the favor—yes—ah! hum! Well, I am glad of that. I find his samples left here very useful. (*knock D. F.*) Ah! come in!

Enter, D. F., MRS. CUPPS, with an angry look.

GRANT. Ah, it's Mrs. Cupps, is it? how do you do?

MRS. CUPPS. I have called for my little bill, Mr. Grant.

GRANT (*searching among papers before him*). I am glad to hear it, Mrs. Cupps; I feared you had called for the money!

MRS. C. But I won't have you in my debt.

GRANT (*coolly*). Very likely not. But I shall resist that. So long as trades-people mean to rob me, I shall mean to keep in their debt.

MRS. C. I have not robbed you, and you can't help paying me.

GRANT (*calmly*). I fear that I can't help owing you.

MRS. C. This is most shameful! (*sinks into chair. L. side of table.*)

GRANT. Mr. Cupps, you cannot be expected to understand the feelings of a gentleman.

MRS. C. You discharged your beer-bill at the Brazen Face.

GRANT. Truly I did. I cannot remain in the debt of a low potman. But this is a very different thing! You have trusted me, I don't dispute your bill—nay, I acknowledge your account, though I have not looked at it. I do not ask so much per cent to be taken off, like a common cad, I have said that I will attend to it, and if you look in upon me—sometime—next year—I will attend to it.

MRS. C. This is all very fine, but I want my money, or I shall know the reason why.

GRANT. You shall know the reason why? I have not got it.

MRS. C. Poo! you must have relations.

GRANT. My family has been exhausted these many months.

MRS. C. Some one of whom you might borrow?

GRANT. There are numbers of whom I might borrow—but, unhappily, they might not lend.

MRS. C. Old friends?

GRANT. So old that they were worn out long ago.

MRS. C. You must find it.

GRANT. Most true; but the question arises, Where?

MRS. C. (*rises*). I don't care. I will have my money, and it don't signify.

GRANT. If it don't signify, why not wait?

MRS. C. (*curtly*). Good-morning! (*goes to D. F.*)

GRANT. Good-morning, Mrs. Cupps. Stay! (MRS. CUPPS *comes down*) You shall be paid. (*rises*) Yes. I'll do it! (*mysteriously*.)

MRS. C. You'll do—what? (*alarmed*.)

GRANT. No! this room is not such as I have been accustomed to. I do not hold the position which I once possessed, but I will preserve this still as the abode of honor (*beats his breast*) and innocence. (*tearfully*) I am a broken gentleman, but I have two fair daughters—two roses, as my worthy but plebeian friend John Wyatt, calls them—one white, the other red. Their home—this spot—shall not be polluted by the tread of a broker. (*paces down to R. front. and up R. C. again, pompously*) Yes—I will do it!

MRS. C. (*alarmed*). Dear me! do what?

GRANT. I will sacrifice myself—

MRS. C. You won't kill yourself?

GRANT. No; I will only slay my pride. (*mysteriously*) There is a lady—who has wealth—I do not love her—but she would accept me in marriage—and—you shall be paid. Not for my sake—but for yours—for my daughters' sakes.

MRS. C. (*softly*). I can wait a little longer, since I have waited so long.

GRANT. No, you shall not wait, Mrs. Cupps, you shall not! She is not a fair woman! she has not your comely figure, Mrs. Cupps, she has not your sweet smile—your tender voice—

MRS. C. Do you think I have a tender voice, Mr. Grant?

GRANT. She cannot have a deep solicitude for my daughters, such as you have shown. But she has wealth, and she will lend me twenty pounds—and you will be paid; you will be paid! (*walks about R. and R. C.*)

MRS. C. But I can wait.

GRANT. No no!

MRS. C. I can do very well without the account. (GRANT *seats himself as before, agitated*) And I could lend you twenty pounds, Mr. Grant.

GRANT (*with emotion*) Mrs. Cupps, th—thank you! there spoke a true woman's heart! Pardon m—I cannot express what I feel towards you but you have earned the gratitude of—o—(*voice breaks. He pulls out and flourishes a red handkerchief*) But you shou'd not see me in tears. (*choked voice*) Leave me, leave me! I would not have you see my emotion. (*buries his face in the handkerchief*) Leave me, and bring the money!

MRS. C. I will. Mr. Grant. I will! Good-bye. (*goes up to D. F.*)

GRANT (*rises*). I am not able to express what I feel. Allow me, dear Mrs. Cupps, allow me. (*opens D. F. and bows MRS. CUPPS off D. F. Goes R., aside*) D—d silly woman! (*gets bottle of wine out of cupboard, or cabinet, R. U. corner.*)

Enter, R. U. E, remaining outside at window, bending over the rose-trees there, IDA and LOTTIE.

LOTTIE. Mine has most.

IDA. No, mine. (*they count together in a subdued voice*) One, two, etc.

GRANT (*aside*). What's that? what are they counting? Not money, I'll be bound.

LOT. One, two, (*quickly*) three, ten, twenty, forty, fifty. One, two—but I like the perfume of yours best, Ida. Let's smell.

IDA. I think mine's sweetest. (*they bend over the flowers at the same time, each having an arm round the waist of the other.*)

GRANT. Two Roses! Ah, it almost reconciles one to the burden of supporting them.

Enter, D. F., from R., IDA and LOTTIE.

GRANT. Well, my darlings, where have you been?

IDA. To the rectory, playing croquet, with a lot of such pretty girls.

(c.)

GRANT. But none so pretty as you.

LOT. You know Ida despises flattery.

GEANT. She is the first woman to say so. (*to LOTTIE, seated R., with her on footstool beside him*) Did you play croquet, too?

LOT. (*tearfully*). Yes, pa.

GRANT. Ah, you have been crying?

LOT. Yes, pa.

GRANT. What for?

LOT. Because I wanted to, pa.

GRANT. And so you cried? (*IDA, L., looks at sewing, &c.*) Ah, where's your ring?

LOT. Jack's got it.

GRANT. You have not quarrelled?

LOT. Yes; and I never want to see him again!

IDA. No more do I.

GRANT (*impatiently*). But what has he done?

IDA. He took the liberty of sending us two *fichus*!

GRANT (*mistaking*). Two fish-hooks? (*puzzled*) Oh! a suggestion that you were angling for a lover—sweetheart-hunting.

LOT. No, no! fishus—to wear—black lace things.

IDA. So we sent them back to him, with word that if we weren't dressed well enough to go out with him without them, we wouldn't go at all.

GRANT. What did he say?

LOT. He wrote to say that we were a couple of little hasty—

GRANT. Eh, what?

LOT. I mean hasty things, and ought to be condemned to the torture of tight gloves.

IDA. I won't be called hasty!

LOT. No more will I. So I asked for my letters back.

GRANT. Did you get them?

LOT. Yes; (*sobbing*) he sent them. Oh, much he ever cared for me!

IDA and LOT. (*together*). So we will not see him again! (R.)

GRANT. My children, this must not be. Mr. Wyatt is a rising man, and is not to be renounced so easily. I have only the forty pounds a year from our poor dear mother's stingy brothers. This must not be, I tell you, Lottie! I want you to be settled—for once you are off my hands, you will be able to get a home for your sister. Sit down, now, and write to Mr. Wyatt as I dictate.

IDA. I wouldn't apologize!

GRANT. Ida, you forget yourself! (*LOTTIE takes seat R. of table, GRANT goes up c. and sits on sofa, L. IDA R., front.*)

IDA. He ought to beg your pardon!

GRANT. How dare you? Don't spoil your prospects. Now for the usual beginning: "My dear Mr. Wyatt."

LOT. Why, I always say: "My own dearest Jack!"

GRANT. Well, you can put it: "My dear Jack."

LOT. (*writes*). "My dear Jack: I am very sorry I was so hasty——"

IDA. "But you have deeply wounded my pride——"

GRANT. "And feelings, connected, as I am, with a noble family."

LOT. "Noble family. You know I love you very dearly,"—I'll underline "love you very dearly." Oh, dear, it's all underlines! I'll put two lines under "love you very dearly!" "Do come and see me soon." I'll underline "soon."

IDA. Sign it "Your affectionate Lottie!" (*up R.*)

LOT. "Your affectionate Lottie." There! I'm so glad it is done.

IDA (*head out of window in F*). Oh, don't blot it! Here's Caleb coming; perhaps he's got a letter from Jack! (*comes down R. C.*) Let's be quiet, and see if he can find us. (*GRANT is on sofa. LOTTIE and IDA go up R.*)

Enter, D. F., CALEB DEECIE, coming down L. to C., front.

DEECIE. How d'ye do? What! no one here? I think there is some one here, though. It's a sly puss—poor little puss—and a pretty puss, too. Do I not hear Mr. Grant's pleasant breathing, or is it only a pig in the road? No one here! I think I had better not remain. (*going up R., but IDA comes to him.*)

IDA (*in a rough voice*). What do you want?

DEE. (*playfully*). What, is it as bad as that? Do you bite as well as snap?

LOT. (*coming down*). What do you want here?

DEE. Oh! you too? I knew you were both here.

IDA. Knew it! I am getting frightened. How did you know it?

DEE. It's a great secret.

IDA. I'm getting curious.

DEE. That's a great fault, and I will punish you.

IDA. No; I will be patient.

DEE. That's a great virtue, and I will reward you. I will tell you how I knew you were hiding—I heard you say so!

IDA. Heard me? No, you couldn't hear what we said. Besides, I didn't speak loud?

DEE. But I did. You had your head out of the window, and the wind was dead in my face.*

IDA. Oh, how thoughtless I am!

DEE. That's what I said to Jack.

IDA. You've no business to talk——

DEE. Well, not being a woman, that is infringing on your privilege.

LOT. *and* IDA (*together*). If you must talk, talk of somebody else.

DEE. So we did—of Lottie!

LOT. I'll not be called thoughtless!

DEE. Only *be* so.

IDA. That's enough, sir! You can go.

DEE. Very well. But shan't I take the letter for Jack!

IDA. Oh, what a wretch! I am so frightened!

LOT. You couldn't have heard that?

DEE. No.

IDA. How did you know, then?

* IDA.
B.C.

GRANT (*up C. on sofa.*)
DEECIE.
C.

LOTTIE.
L.C.

DEE. I didn't know, I guessed it. I knew you were women. I have something for you, Lottie; what will you give me for that?

LOT. A rose off my tree! (*runs up to window in F.*)

IDA (*quickly*). And I'll give you one of mine. (*runs up to window, and she and LOTTIE bring each a rose down c.* IDA on DEECIE'S left, LOTTIE on his right, all at c.)

IDA. Which will you have?

DEE. Lottie's. (*IDA is momentarily vexed*) To give Jack! (*IDA smiles again*) This is not Lottie's; (*takes roses*) this is Lottie's. (*holds one to his nose, but holding LOTTIE'S hand*) This is not Lottie's hand?

LOT. Yes it is.

DEE. Where's Jack's ring? (*LOTTIE sobs*) Oh, I did not know it was so bad as that! There, (*gives LOTTIE a note*) I won't tease you any more!

IDA. Let's go into the garden.

LOT. And feed the rabbits.

DEE. Have they grown?

IDA. Yes, but Caleb's the biggest. Lottie's and Jack's are together. (*goes to R. 1 E. with DEECIE.*)

LOT. Don't forget Jack's.

DEE. I'll not forget.

GRANT (*rises*). Ah, he's in safe hands, in yours, Mr. Deecie!

DEE. How do you do, sir? (*to IDA*) And so Caleb frightened you very much!

[*Exit, R. E., IDA pushing him off playfully. IDA crosses to piano, L.*

GRANT (*comes down*). Let's hear the letter. You are sure Caleb is not listening?

IDA. Caleb can't do anything that's mean!

GRANT. Hem! What is there so pleasant in Mr. Wyatt's note, Lottie?

LOT. (*smiling*). Oh, Jack says he has been very wrong—it was all his fault—and asks to be forgiven. (*seated at table as before*) I will write a fresh note, and ask *him* to forgive me!

GRANT. Certainly not! Write: "My dear Mr. Wyatt——"

LOT. (*repeating as she writes*). "My dear Mr. Wyatt: I do not cherish resentment——"

GRANT. "I have been taught not to cherish resentment!"

LOT. Bless his dear heart!

IDA. "Come as soon as possible; you are forgiven!"

LOT. (*repents*). "Come as soon as possible; you are forgiven! Your own brave and——"

IDA. No, no! "Yours sincerely."

LOT. (*pouts*). "Yours sincerely, Lottie!"

IDA. No! "Charlotte Digby Grant!" (*goes up.*)

LOT. "Charlotte Digby Grant." There; oh dear! (*knock, D. F.*)

GRANT. Come in!

Enter, D. F., JENKINS, with parcel.

JENKINS. Is anybody here? (*puts parcel on table, and shakes hands with*

GRANT.)

IDA and LOT. (*together*). It's our Mr. Jenkins! How do you do?

JENK. I'm capital! Did Jack Scott advise you?

GRANT. Yes; I got your letter.

JENK. Yes; Jack knows I often come here, and he thinks it's a good joke to advise me. (*puts bottle on table*) I met a fellow as I came along who gave me a sample of sherry——

IDA You always bring pa a bottle of wine.

LOT (*side to IDA*). I believe he buys them.

IDA (*to LOTTIE*). Pa is so fond of wine. (*JENKINS opens parcel.*)

GRANT. Have you done a good business?

JENK. Tol-lol. But there's not many rocks to be pulled in. Stone was before me on the road. But I cut Stone out. He has a trap—fine thing to catch people, a trap! You see you only have to pay for the horse, then, on the road—the man goes for nothing. I have a few samples left, will you allow me— (*L. of table.*)

GRANT. Certainly! (*sits R. of table. LOTTIE and IDA up by window in F.*)

JENK. Some flannels. (*he shows the contents of parcel as he speaks*) Do you notice any change in me?

GRANT. No!

JENK (*pulling cloth*). Durable! Don't I look out of fashion?

GRANT. Why?

JENK. Showing cloth—thoroughly shrunk!

GRANT. You haven't got into difficulties—don't be down-hearted! a man can be cheerful even deep in debt!

JENK. No: I am going to get married!

IDA and LOT. (*together*). Oh, we must see our Mrs. Jenkins!

JENK. You shall! you shall!

GRANT. Is the lady young?

JENK. I never asked! I never encourage falsehoods!

GRANT. Good-looking, no doubt?

JENK. (*dubiously*). Hum! tastes differ! (*pulling a pair of drawers*) Well made in the legs!

GRANT. Maiden lady?

JENK. No; widow! (*pulling cloth*) Very elastic!

GRANT. Any family?

JENK. No!

GRANT (*offers his hand*). Let me congratulate you! I hope the lady is well?

JENK. She was the last time I saw her. But I hear that she has a slight accident—fell down stairs and hurt herself—from top to bottom! You'll let me leave these?

GRANT. We'll make good use of them, I daresay, thank'ee.

JENK. You'll come to the wedding? It will be a jolly affair. There's Dick Cherry, of Gravel and Sands, and old Leathers, who travels in boots—

LOT. In boots! Why, what would you have him travel in? (*laughingly.*)

JENK. (*seriously*). I want him to come to our house, and travel in socks and hose, and some pieces of flannel.

IDA. Very odd—

JENK. Yes; it's always odd pieces we take out with us. Then there's Hen Fowler, he travels in feathers.

GRANT. And tar?

JENK. (*seriously*). No! (*thoughtfully*) There's no one on the road who travels in tar and feathers.

IDA. Ah, not on the road—on the rail, perhaps.

JENK. Ah, I see! oh, ho, ho, ho! (*laughs.*)

LOT (*to IDA*). I do believe Jack is waiting at the corner outside. (*she and IDA look out of window in F.*)

JENK. The country's looking blooming—all the blossoms out. I see your roses are at work.

LOT. Yes; at overtime. Two thousand petals employed.

JENK. Ah, they're under two landlords!

GRANT. Landladies.

LOT. They're rivals! Did you never hear of the War of the Roses?

JENK. No! but I have heard of the Loves of the Plants.

Enter, R. 1 E., DEECIE.

IDA. Ah, that's in pictures!

DEE. That would be a drawn battle!

LOT. Oh, Ida, sound the alarm! (*IDA rings hand-bell on table, L. front.*)*

JENK. Come in! What's the matter?

IDA. Wonderful! Caleb's made a pun!

JENK. How do you do, Mr. Deecie?

DEE. So you have got back your samples—case is heavy!

JENK. Eh? How do you know?

DEE. Everybody is so pleased around you, that's all! (*goes up to exit,*

D. F.)

LOT. (*to DEECIE*). You'll give Jack the letter?

DEE. And the rose. (*at D. F.*)

JENK. (*laughing*). You should have a little dog. (*all are quiet.*)

IDA. Oh!

DEE. (*calmly*). Never mind, Ida, if I can't see the joke I can feel it!

JENK. I beg your pardon! Upon my word I didn't mean to hurt you. I wouldn't hurt the feelings of a parrot!

DEE. Very well; I have heard of you; (*shakes hands with JENKINS*) I know you are a jolly good fellow!

JENK. How do you know that?

DEE. By your sample-case!

[*Exit, D. F.*

LOT. Now I shall see Jack in a minute!

IDA. Do restrain yourself, Lottie! (*L. front.*)

GRANT (*to JENKINS*). Sit down! (*they drink wine together.*)

IDA. Let's sit down and be at work!

JENK. (*to GRANT*). What's all that row about? (*LOTTIE and IDA sit by table down L., IDA playing piano. LOTTIE using sewing-machine.*)

Enter, D. F., JACK WYATT and DEECIE.

JACK (*salutes all*) How do you do? (*to JENKINS*) There's no need to ask you how you are—you look hearty. I can tell you of a new line!

JENK. (*angrily*). Where?

JACK. In the mill-stream! (*gives his fish-basket to JENKINS, who shows it to GRANT, up R. C.*)

GRANT. Trout! Two beauties!

LOT. (*to IDA*). May I look up?

IDA. No, not yet!

JACK. (*beside LOTTIE*). Am I forgiven?

LOT. If you promise to do so never again!

JACK (*seated beside LOTTIE*). As I have not done anything, I cheerfully promise not to repeat the offence!

LOT. Oh, my own dear darling Jack! (*embraces JACK*) you said the fault was yours!

JACK. Yes; you are mine!

LOT. You wrote that you were in the wrong.

*GRANT.
DEECIE.

JENKINS.
IDA.
LOTTIE.

JACK. Yes, I was wrong when I wrote.

LOT. Aren't your letters true?

JACK. As your mind—true as the camera, yet that distorts everything—women are very like the lens.

LOT. Now he is laughing at us!

JACK. I protest—

LOT. You shan't make fun of Ida!

IDA. No, nor of Lottie!

JACK. You are not to be pulled to pieces, you two roses. I declare, to put it as Mr. Jenkins would say, you look as if you travelled for Flora, and fed on your samples! The one as red as June and July blended; the other fair as maiden's fancies in a dream! Unlike in all, and yet alike in this—they are two roses!

LOT. Is that your own?

JACK (*laughs*). No; Caleb's!

IDA. Caleb is wonderfully clever!

GRANT (*to JENKINS, seated at table R. C.*). I say, Mr. Jenkins, what do you think of this—good? I like dry sherry.

JENK. Do you really? Singular! I know a fellow who promised me a bottle of sherry he had left over!

DEE. Ida, will you have a game? (*gets chessmen ready, up R.*)

JENK. (*to GRANT*). Can he play chess?

GRANT. Yes, and well, too!

JENK. I can't!

GRANT. It's dry work!*

DEE. I'll move first. Pawn to king's pawn!

IDA (*moves the chessmen*). Pawn to king's second!

LOT. Oh, I've pricked my finger!

JACK (*takes LOTTIE'S hand*). Poor little hand! Is it better now?

LOT. Ye-es! (*looks fondly into JACK'S eyes*)

DEE. Knight to king's third!

JENK. It's very wonderful! (*he and GRANT smoke cigars.*)

LOT. (*to JACK*). Do you think you could work it?

JACK. Here you have two bits of stuff—I'll bind them together. This is Lottie's—his is Jack's!

DEE. Bishop takes pawn.

IDA. Pawn takes knight.

DEE. Stop! If you do that you'll lose the game in two moves!

LOT. (*to JACK*). Now, sail in!†

JACK. Eh?

LOT. I learned it of the boys; I am so happy, to-day, that I feel I must say or do some thing wicked!

JACK. So felt Mother Eve when she went on the Serpentine adventure!

JENK. (*comes down*). Great thing—the sewing-machine!

JACK. I declare to you, Mr. Jenkins, this little invention is an epitome of the world's history! In a thousand workrooms this little machine is weaving a story which will live long after the brightest page of Clarendon or Macaulay!

JENK. I never heard of them; what's their line?

JACK. Refiners. (*smiles.*)

JENK. Who travels for them?

DEECIE.* : table. : *IDA. GRANT.* : tab e. : *JENKINS. LOTTIE.* : table. : *JACK.

† In English slang this expression is "wire in!"

JACK. Old Father Time!

JENK. (*goes up to GRANT*). I say, is he chaffing me?

LOT. Let us see, sir, if you have done your work well! (*tears cloth asunder*) Oh dear!

JACK. Is it an omen?

LOT. No, Jack! nothing shall separate us! It was all my fault! I am very naughty!

JACK. Not at all!

LOT. Yes! Don't reproach me! Let me be quiet! I feel that I want to cry!

JENK. (*to GRANT*). So you mean to come to the wedding?

GRANT (*brings JENKINS down c—confidentially*). I respect you, Mr. Jenkins, and I don't see why I shouldn't confide in you. My income is not great, indeed, is limited, and what I have I spend upon my dear children. I would be most happy to go to the ceremony, but I have no suitable apparel.

JENK. Is that all? I've got some samples, for Moses—not E. Moses & Sons but Oakey Moses—there's one suit will just fit you!

GRANT. Thanks, thanks! You know I would do anything to oblige my friends. (*goes up R. C.*)

JENK. (*to JACK, aside*). I say, who's your tailor? No, no! it ain't a joke. Who's your tailor?

JACK. Frogatt in the High Street.

JENK. Froggie in the High Street? All right. (*goes up, aloud*) I'll be back in an instant; I am going for the samples. [*Exit. D. F.*]

DEE. Mate!

IDA. You always win.

DEE. With my castle, ha, ha

JACK. Lottie, it seems to me that life is as a clothing—to the rough and vulgar, it is a leather jerkin, but to the sensitive and gentle a delicate garment, that receives many a hurt and harm in our movements and strife, but then comes woman with love, which is the needle and thread—upon my word I am not speaking in jest—and tenderly takes up the ravel and tears. (*rises.*)

LOT. (*rises*). But sometimes she makes the rents worse—and sometimes she tears the stuff itself just out of spite. How then? (*exit GRANT, D. F. IDA and DEECIE come down, R.*)

IDA. I should like a nice walk. You two shall take us out.

DEE. Very well.

LOT. (*to JACK, her hand on his arm as they go R., affectionately*). Dear Jack, I shall try hard to be a good wife. I will sew you up very carefully, and the work shall not come undone! (*IDA and DEECIE exeunt R.*)

LE. LOTTIE follows them off, pausing to kiss JACK.)

Enter, D. F., GRANT. Exit LOTTIE R. I E.

GRANT. Hem! Oh! Mr. Wyatt! (*comes down and meets JACK, R. front. To himself, but aloud*) Why not? (*to JACK*) My dear boy, you will hardly believe me but my cash in hand amounts at the present moment to the sum of four pounds, eighteen shillings—(*laughingly*) you can't credit it?

JACK. Oh, yes, I can believe in—(*pause*) the eighteen shillings, Mr. Grant.

GRANT. And I am in urgent need of a large sum. In short, you will be surprised to hear that I would like to be a debtor to you in the ridiculously low sum of ten pounds.

JACK. I am not surprised. But the money I lend you does you no

good, and I want all I can get for Lottie. Share what you like when we get married.

GRANT. My dear boy! (*apologizing*.)

LOTTIE (*off R. 1 E., calls*). Are you ready, Jack?

JACK. Aye, ready--and ready-witted! Come on! (*exit R. 1 E.*)

GRANT *takes seat up R. C. Knock D. F.*)

GRANT. Come in!

Enter, D. F., MR. FURNIVAL, with valise in his hand, to L. side of table, R. C.

FURNIVAL. Mr. Grant?

GRANT. Yes, that's my name, and I'm proud of it.

FUR. (*in mock wonder*). Dear me! There's my card. (*he makes a point with his "Dear me!" which is to be spoken emphatically, in such a tone as suits his private valuation of whatever is said to him.*)

GRANT (*seated, takes card, aside*). Furnival! solicitor! a lawyer? Whew! what mystery's in the wind now?

FUR. Dear me! these things were bought in at the sale?

GRANT. Family relics--no one would bid for them.

FUR. (*using his eye-glass*). Dear me!

GRANT. Except a few brokers--who were bonnetted! (*rises*) This chair--my wife sold the ring off her finger to buy for me--no one opposed her out of respect for me! I see you know something of my affairs.

FUR. I know all. I have been engaged for some time on them. May I sit?

GRANT. Certainly.

FUR. (*takes chair L. side of table, putting valise on table. Gives a paper to GRANT*). That is correct, I think?

GRANT. Yes.

FUR. You seem a strong man--good nerve? Is there anything in that bottle?

GRANT. Sherry.

FUR. Is it good?

GRANT. Very.

FUR. Take a glass. (*GRANT drinks like "a judge of good liquor"*) Dear me! (*in wonder*) Now, perhaps, you had better take another glass. (*GRANT drinks*) Dear me! You can bear it now. (*shows paper*) That is correct, too, I think?

GRANT. Perfectly.

FUR. I have to congratulate you. You are the heir to ten thousand a-year.

GRANT (*rises but falls back into chair*). I--I! (*nearly chokes*.)

FUR. Yes! Ah, you ought to have taken another glass--or, perhaps, you had some before. Try and keep cool. There is but one person between you and the estate of the De Chup-ros. That person, if existing, cannot be found. Your claims will not be disputed.

GRANT. Can I take possession at once?

FUR. Not yet but soon. In the mean time, I will do all I can for you. You will pardon me, but it may happen that you are occasionally out of cash?

GRANT (*standing at back of table*). I occasionally have money, but I am without it as a rule.

FUR. Dear me! I have put two thousand pounds at your disposal in the local bank--you will excuse the liberty.

GRANT. Don't mention it.

FUR. I have brought a cheque-book--you will pardon me?

GRANT. Freely.

FUR. For the present, then, good-bye. (to D. F.)

GRANT. (opens D. F.). Allow me! Noble spirits are not inflated with prosperity.

FUR. (incredulously). Dear me!

[Exit D. F.]

GRANT. (handling cheque-book, nervously). Thank heaven! (closes D. F., and comes to table) I will now no longer be under obligations to anybody. (sits R. of table and practises his signature) Let me see! Yes, a little cheque! A future opens before me! The public acknowledge wealth, the government acknowledge influence. By a skillful selection of politics, I may yet see my white hairs under a coronet! (writes cheque, knock, D. F.) Come in!

Enter MRS CUPPS, D. F.

MRS. CUPPS (delightedly). Oh, Mr. Grant, I've got the money.

GRANT (coolly). My good woman—I was wishing to see you. Pray sit down and wait—I will attend to you. (MRS. CUPPS sits L. of table, puzzled.)

Enter, R. 1 E, LOTTIE and IDA, with hats and lace fichus on, DEECIE and JACK.

LOTTIE. We've got the fichus on, papa! How do you like it?

GRANT. (softly). My dear children, come nearer. (LOTTIE and IDA go up R. C.)*

GRANT (sharply). Take off those things!

LOT. But, papa—

IDA. Why?

GRANT. Do as you are bid! take them off! (LOTTIE and IDA slowly remove their hats) My dear children, I do not know why I should not say, my dear friends. (DEECIE takes chair R. front, JACK up stage beside him) I have, to some extent, deceived you. I have been, like TIMON, tired of the hollowness of the world, sick of its host of shams, seeking its simple joys. I have not been disappointed. Here is an instance. (points to MRS. CUPPS) Many times my daughters have known her kind solicitude when she never thought that they would be in a position to repay her. Such uncalculating goodness shall not go unrewarded. Mrs. Cupps, a little cheque! (gives cheque to MRS. CUPPS, who starts at it in great pleasure and surprise) I have now the command of the fortune to which I was entitled, and my daughters will take that high position in society for which they are fitted by their birth and gifts.

Enter, D. F., JENKINS, with a bundle of clothes and a bottle wrapped in paper.

JENKINS Here's the dry sherry and the kicksies! (puts them triumphantly on table.)

GRANT. Ah, Mr. Jenkins—our Mr. Jenkins—is another example of a kind heart among the lowly—I have not failed to notice that, under the shallow pretence of disposing of remainders left in his sample case, he has brought sundry articles for my daughters, such as—as—shall be nameless. He cannot be expected to possess that refinement which distinguishes we members of the upper-circles. He meant well, yes—he meant well. Mr. Jenkins, a little cheque. (JENKINS takes cheque, con-

* DEECIE.	LOTTIE.	GRANT.	MRS. CUPPS.
JACK.	IDA.		
R. front.	R. C.	C.	L. C.

founded) Mr. Deecie—(*loftily*) whose affliction I deplore—was so good as to—ah! lend my daughters a piano—hem! he did not mean to offend, but we cannot remain under obligations to anyone—so, a little cheque! (*gives DEECIE cheque*) As for that young man Wyatt! (*DEECIE restrains JACK, who makes an angry gesture, IDA and LOTTIE are at L. front, surprised and pained at what is said*) I have tried him, and had I found him worthy, I should have formed an alliance with him—but (*laughs*) only a few minutes since he refused me the trifling accommodation of ten pounds, for which he would have been repaid in thousands!

JENK. (*aside*). Whew! (*Mrs. Cupps lifts up her hands in amazement.*)

GRANT. But he has the worst vice of the vulgar—no faith, no confidence! I will have no more to do with him!

LOT. Oh! (*carries her hand to her heart. IDA consoles her.*)

GRANT. I have had from him, on various occasions, the sums of ten pounds—twenty—what do I know! thirty pounds! I never wish to see him more, and thus I clear the score. *A little cheque!* (*JACK is going to make a rush at GRANT, but DEECIE restrains him, and DEECIE takes the cheque. All form picture. GRANT, c., one hand thrust in his bosom, in attitude of having his portrait taken as speaker in a public meeting. Mrs. Cupps and Jenkins staring at their cheques in amazement. LOTTIE weeping, supported by IDA, DEECIE consoling JACK.*)

	*JENKINS.	
*GRANT.	*MRS. CUPPS.	
DEECIE.* *JACK.	LOTTIE.*	*IDA.

SLOW CURTAIN.

—————

Six months are supposed to have elapsed since the incidents of the First Act.

—————

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Interior in 3d grooves. Sitting-room of MR. JACK WYATT.*

Discover MRS. JENKINS seated R., front; DEECIE at piano up C.; JACK seated by table, R. C.; and JENKINS seated C. The gentlemen are singing, while DEECIE accompanies them.

MRS. JENKINS. Oh, Edward, don't desecrate the day by such discord! I don't mind your singing—a psalm—but you have no voice! Ah, Snoggles had a fine voice!

DEE. One for Mrs. Jenkins!

MRS. J. Snoggles had proper regard for his wife—he wouldn't have forced her to hear such ribaldry!

JENK. I wish he would return and remove you from such an atmosphere—it wouldn't be to a cooler!

MRS. J. (*shocked*). Oh dear!

DEE. If Ida was here when Mrs. Jenkins is displeased, she would say, "I am so frightened!" (*JACK pours out wine.*)

JENK. Yes; if the young lady was here she would, seeing Mrs. Jenkins, have reason to say so.

DEE. Hear, hear, hear!

MRS. J. I'll not stay here to be annoyed!

JENK. Oh, it's so dull that even *annoys* is agreeable!

MRS. J. You should read, and be amused!

JENK. Read! there's nothing amusing, not even an alarming accident, in the papers.

MRS. J. Edward, are you going to dress yourself, or am I to go to church alone?

JENK. Well, my dear, if you put it in that way, I had much rather you would go alone!

JACK (*offers MRS. JENKINS wine, and they drink together*). Allow me to have the honor. (*she goes up R.*)

MRS. J. Edward, do you mean to change your dress? (*DEECIE comes down L.*) I am not going to have you with me in fancy trousers!

JENK. Ah, striped and checkered trousers have lost their attraction upon you. You look uncommonly grave in that gray. I wish to see you no more in that dress—it gives one the—the—grays!

MRS. J. (*surprised*). We were married in this dress—

JENK. *We* were! I am quite aware of how little importance I was in the ceremony. It was as nearly the marriage of one as the performances permit.

MRS. J. Your irreverence is shocking.

JENK. You used to like it one time over a bowl of punch.

MRS. J. For shame! Mr. Jenkins, am I, or am I not your wife?

JENK. I can't deny it.

DEE. It's a wonder to me that he isn't very eager to claim her.

JACK And to me. You are looking as lovely as if all the good in Pandora's box had fallen upon you!

JENK. Dreadful age! I wonder they allow Pandoras to box anybody—

MRS. J. (*glass in hand*). Oh! it's no use casting pearl before swine—may you all look as well, and feel no worse a hundred years from the present time.

JACK (*drinks*). Honor to Mrs. Jenkins' toast.

JENK. I don't like her toast—it is always too black—puts me in mind of her favorite text—the brandy plucked from the burning.

JACK. I protest to you, my dear Mrs. Jenkins, you look younger than ever, and when Jenkins gives up the ghost—

JENK. Don't talk nonsense—I never had a ghost!

MRS. J. (*rolls her eyes upwards*). Alas! all flesh is grass!

JENK. I wish it was, and I would go haymaking to-morrow.

JACK I would claim the refusal of your hand—

JENK. I wish you had the pair of them. Jane, can I have some hot water?

DEE. No! we would have her between us.

JENK. Better say a Joint Stock Company—

DEE. Joint Stock—ho Spare Rib—ha, ha!

JENK. With power to add to your numbers. Bah! I'll have a smoke. (*goes up C.*)

MRS. J. Edward, no such thing! I will not have everybody in the pew sneezing as they were last Sunday.

JENK. (*at R. 3 E. D.*) Jane, will you let me have hot water?

MRS. J. You are always wanting hot water.

DEE. And yet he is always in it. (*goes up L.*) [*Exit JENKINS, R. 3 E. D.*]

MRS. J. That's a very impudent young man! He don't seem to recognize his affliction. They say, 'Pity the Poor Blind,' but they ought to give their sympathy rather to the mutes! Ah, when the time for tribulation comes, one ought to tribulate! He should be patient, and not fly in one's face.

JACK (*fecingly*). No, Mrs. Jenkins, I will not have anyone speak so of Caleb. When I was sick none so devoted—who so gentle and constant by my bedside nursing me—going about as quiet as a woman, and never upsetting anything.

MRS. J. Yes, I acknowledge he was very good to you—but he treats me with no more respect than a monthly nurse shows a single gentleman! (*up R. C. DEECIE, C., up. JACK crosses down to L. front.*)

DEE. Stand off! Don't touch me! or, by my virgin honor, I shall scream! (*stands on guard with violin in one hand and the bow in the other*) Hark! Mrs. Jenkins has got new boots on. I knew I had heard strange footsteps about the room lately.

MRS. J. (*aside*). Think of that now. He has heard the strange lady! (*C., DEECIE coming to her right.*)

DEE. Stand off! don't approach me! I say, Jack, isn't Mrs. Jenkins a jolly roll of music! (*runs fiddle bow across MRS. JENKINS'S chest, as if she were a bass viol, and imitates bass viol notes, as*) Boom, proo-oo-om-oo!

MRS. J. Where is that man! (*to R. 3 E. D.*) Edward, have you changed your clothes? [*Exit, R. 3 E. D.*]

DEE. Ah, the gray mare is the better horse!

JACK. Poor Jenkins! It's the old fable of the jackboot and the slipper—the question is, will the jackboot be cut down into a slipper, or will the slipper be pieced out into a jackboot.

DEE. No woman can be pieced out—but the man will be cut down—reduced—

JACK. What must he suffer in harness—poor Jenkins!

DEE. Poor Jack! (*draws a long, doleful note on the violin.*)

JACK. Put down that fiddle.

DEE. You're a hypocrite! You are breaking your heart about Lottie.

JACK. Poor Lottie! we might have been happy if it hadn't been for that pompons fool, her father, with his rubbish about blood and birth, as if a man wasn't a man if he is a Jones or a Robinson. (*seated, R. C.*)

DEE. If a robin's son, I should think him a bird. Look here, Jack, if that's so, when M's. Jones has a baby, is it a Jones or a Robinson?

JACK. Nonsense! A man is none the better for having all the blood of the Howards and Percies! A noble river may sluice a drain, but still it is a river.

DEE. You say so, because Lottie lives among the swells. You envy them!

JACK. Not I, my dear boy! (*prepares a cigar for smoking, pretendedly carelessly*) I don't hate the swell. Rather there is a lack of selfishness, a desire to suffer for the pleasure of others, which makes me admire him. We fellows spend our money on ourselves, for beer and books, pampering our own bodies, with our own objects of gratification. Now the swell goes and buys—sometimes he buys them—new clothes, boots, hats—he hangs upon him chains, lockets—and then comes out in all his glory for me to admire him. And I don't even have to buy a ticket for the show. I have a front seat for nothing. And yet, while I am admiring his patent leather boots he is suffering from corns! Ah! a noble animal is a swell! (*crosses to L.*)

DEE. Very good song and very well sung—and the chorus is, still you are a humbug! We are all like fiddlers—none of us of the same sort, yet the great old Fiddler (*reverently*) gets the same tune out of us all.

JACK. (*resumes seat as before at R. C. table.*) I wonder whom Lottie will marry?

DEE (*significantly*). Oh! some swell, I suppose. You had better make up to some fine lady.

JACK. I shall never marry. (*DEECIE plays extravagantly on the violin*)
Put down that cursed fiddle! Caleb, do you think I am a vain man?

DEE. No.

JACK. Then I think that a lady *has* fallen in love with me.

DEE. What makes you think so?

JACK. You know our Mrs. Jenkins—

DEE. (*interrupts, laughing*). Hi, hi! You don't mean to say that—

JACK. Nonsense! You know, I say, that our Mrs. Jenkins is not lib-
erated!

DEE. I believe that she spends most of her time in trying to boil half
an egg.

JACK. Well, she has lately been finding us many little delicacies, and
when I found that they didn't appear in the bass, I made her tell the
truth. There is a strange lady who comes here with a full cornucopia,
and naturally, Mrs. Jenkins held out her apron.

DEE. I'm sure it was a large one.

JACK. The cornucopia?

DEE. No, the apron.

JACK. So I wrote a letter for the strange lady, telling her that her
affection was an honor to me, but that I had loved once and could never
love again.

DEE. And do you think that that will put a stop to her pursuit of
you?

JACK. Why not?

DEE. That's the very thing to encourage her.

JACK. But I don't see—

DEE. I do! that's the advantage of being blind. (*seated L. C.*)

Enter, R. 3 E. D., JENKINS, with a bundle of clothes.

JENKINS (*dolefully*). Do you remember when I used to be a jolly fel-
low?

JACK (*smiles*). I don't remember when you were anything else.

JENK. Look at me now! I am like a faded print, loose colors that's
been through the wash.

JACK. What's the matter?

JENK. Miss Jenkins! (*shakes his head*) and I have got her badly. Oh!
once how I longed for the possession of that woman! and now I have
her! I am like a thief with a big bank-bill—I don't know what to do with
her.

DEE. I wish I had a two-hundred-pound bill, just to try that!

JENK. I ordered a snap-up suit—a blue coat with brass buttons, styl-
ish vest, stunning kicksies, and Mrs. Jenkins has countermanded the
order. Only see what to I've sent me!

JACK (*opens bundle*). Black coat.

JENK. (*dolefully*). Go on!

DEE. Pars-on!

JACK. Black vest!

JENK. Proceed!

JACK. Black pants—heavens! is any one dead?

JENK. No!

JACK. White neckcloths!

JENK. A dozen of them!

JACK. What does he mean?

JENK. I means meeting! I am to hold the plate! Do I look fit to
hold the plate? A knife and a fork are more in my line!

DEE. Mr. Jenkins, you are married!

JENK. People will think I am carrying a begging-letter—or getting up a petition for an Anti-Beer Association. When I go to the Bagmet's Supper, Bob Snapper will propose that the reverend gentleman in the white choker shall favor the company with a comic song! They will call me "Bishop Jenkins!" and ask me if I have the thirty-nine articles in my sample case. I'll be asked no more for theatre orders, but if I am in holy orders, and if my principles are orthodox. I made an appointment, too, to join a lot of jolly fellows, and here's Mrs. Jenkins wants me to go with her to church to hold the plate! D—d—hem, the plate be blessed! Let me see—have you got a newspaper?

JACK. Yes! (*gets a newspaper.*)

JENK. Thanks! (*folds up paper*) Now, any red tape?

JACK. Red tape! what for?

DEE. Going to hang Mrs. Jenkins? Give him enough rope!

JENK. Never mind!

JACK. There's some here that came to Caleb. (*gives red tape.*)

JENK. That will do. (*ties up newspaper*) Now, you will kindly write.

JACK. What is it for?

JENK. Does that look like a legal paper going to a lawyer? -

DEE. I understand.

JENK. Direct it!

DEE. (*pointing L.*) There's pen and ink. (*JACK gets pen and ink, L.*)

JENK. To Mr. Furnival.

JACK. Our Mr. Furnival?

JENK. Yes; Mrs. Jenkins will do anything to oblige you—if it doesn't cost anything! She wouldn't excuse me from chapel, but she will let me take a paper from you to your lawyer's, and then I can go to the supper!

JACK. Ah!

JENK. And will drink your health.

JACK. And Mrs. Jenkins'?

VOICE OF MRS. JENKINS (*off R. U. E.*). Edward!

JENK. No!

[*Exit, R. 3 E. D.*]

JACK. Who wouldn't be a bachelor? go out when you please, go where you please, wear what clothes you like, and have no one to dictate to you. Poor Jenkins!

DEE. Poor Jack! More humbug!

JACK. What a quantity of humbugs and hypocrites there are in the world—

DEE. I wish you would break out into a manly, honest growl, and not keep on snarling in this manner. (*comes to JACK.*)

JACK. Well, Caleb, (*with emotion*) that faithless girl is going far to making a bad man of me. I am beginning to wish that I could tear all remembrance of her out of my heart, that's too full of her. Caleb, this is a d—d wicked world!

DEE. That's right! (*feels JACK's pulse*) The growl to be repeated four times a day, until the patient is better.

VOICE OF FURNIVAL (*off R. U. E.*). I will go in at once to Mr. Wyatt.

DEE. That's Mr. Furnival.

JACK. Our Mr. Furnival; what can he want here to-day?

Enter, R. 3 E. D., FURNIVAL and MRS. JENKINS.

MRS. J. Jenkins has just gone to your place, sir.

JACK (*aside*). Jenkins has done it! (*aloud*) Oh, it's not of importance.

MRS. J. Not important! and you sent him to-day, when you know I wanted him to take me to church!

JACK. I mean not very important. (DEECIE goes up c., and reclines on sofa, where he dozes.)

MRS J. He can't have got far. The servant girl shall go after him.

[Exit, R. 3 E. D.]

FURNIVAL. I must ask to be excused for troubling you on Sunday, Mr. Wyatt, but it's not exactly a call upon business, (gives two papers to JACK) yet I don't wish to lose any time. Will you be kind enough to look over these papers. By-the-way, what's this about a message by Mr. Jenkins?

JACK. Oh, nothing of importance. You must know that Mr. Jenkins is married.

FUR. (c.). Dear me!

JACK. And consequently Mr. Jenkins has a wife.

FUR. Dear me! I see, Jenkins has overdone it. That woman is *too much amongst one!* Poor fellow! You may send Mr. Jenkins (smiling slyly) to me as often as you please (sits c.) I should like you to examine the third paper. Ah, women, Mr. Wyatt, are like boots—very useful, highly desirable, but a torment if you get a mis-fit. The poets liken them to roses. Well, maybe so—at first all bloom and sweetness, but soon they grow cold at the heart—the petals fall off—and there is nothing left but stem and thorns.

JACK. You exactly express my sentiments on the sex, Mr. Furnival.

FUR. Dear me! (rises) May I look round?

JACK. Certainly. (reads papers and corrects them with pen. Business of being surprised and interested. He glances at DEECIE and FURNIVAL, &c.)

FUR. Ah, family portraits! (eye-glass up) Your father, I presume?

JACK. Yes.

FUR. Nothing bad in his face, nothing bad—very amiable—a little weak—but no evil—under proper guidance capable of great good acts but falling into bad hands he might be ruined!

JACK. He was.

FUR. Dear me, I am sorry I commented. I can see the likeness—it's very like. Your mother?

JACK. Yes, heaven bless her!

FUR. Yes; you may well say that. A kind woman who loves her children—not the sort of woman who wants a vote, she would care more for her jams spoiling than the defeat of the ministry! A needle in one hand and Locke in the other—ah, out of date!

JACK. You want me to put down the date at which I first saw him?

FUR. Precisely so! (goes down L., looking at everything.)

JACK. Do you think you will succeed in your searches?

FUR. I think so. (looks at framed picture L. 2 E. set) Ah, two roses! Not by an artist? No. Lottie—Lottie! Oh, the name of a younger sister?

JACK. Of a younger sister—not mine.

FUR. Dear me! Will you kindly see that I have the points down correctly in the third paper—the third?

JACK. Yes.

FUR. Do you think the sexton of the church will be able to confirm those particulars?

JACK. Well, I should suppose so.

FUR. I have my clerk ready to go down to Nottingham. By the way, do you know what time my letter will be delivered in Canterbury?

JACK (to DEECIE). Caleb, what's the hours of postal delivery of the London mail in Canterbury?

DEE. (sleepy). I don't know. I never had any letters when I was in Canterbury.

FUR. Dear me! (*looks at paper under glass shade, L 2 E.*) What have we got here? oh, eh? a cheque on the Canterbury Bank—pay to John Wyatt—signed by Digby Grant—what! De Chaperon! a cheque never presented! (*aloud to JACK*) You know Grant.

JACK. Perfectly. He's "Lottie's" father.

FUR. Dear me!

JACK. I'm going to my mother to have a cup of tea. (*DEECIE wakes up and rises*) Mr. Furnival, will you join us. I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to my mother.

FUR. With pleasure. (*all go to R. 1 E. D., FURNIVAL aside*) Who'd have thought to find all this in this room? Two roses, Lottie, Digby Grant, Lottie's father—well! dear me!

[*Exit, R. 1 E. D., after JACK and DEECIE.*]

Stage clear for an instant. Enter, R. 3 E. D., MRS. JENKINS, showing in LOTTIE.

MRS. JENKINS. They have gone in to tea. (*comes down c. LOTTIE comes down R. C.*)

LOT. There is no fear of his seeing me?

MRS. J. None, my dear. They are good there for half an hour.

LOT. There's the spoons (*gives parcel*) which I promised to bring for him. I should so like to have a little peep at him. (*goes to R. 1 E. D.*)

MRS. J. (*half opens parcel*). Ah! if ever anyone was in love that's she! That's something like love. (*LOTTIE peers in at keyhole of R. 1 E. D.*) Real silver! and all hall-marked, too!

LOT. (*joyfully*). I can see Jack's legs! no! it's an old gentleman's! There, that's Jack—he's handing an old lady to the table. How polite of Jack! How well he hangs his head! (*comes c.*) You are sure there is not anything else he wants but spoons?

MRS. J. Well, he's always wanting something for his mother! He asks me to get him them—but the times are so hard that I can't afford to get them.

LOT. I will pay you.

MRS. J. Very well.

LOT. But he mustn't know who gets them.

MRS. J. Dear no! I will charge them in the bill, and then he won't know but what I bought them for him.

LOT. Will you kindly see that nobody is looking? (*MRS. JENKINS goes up to window, L. 3 E.*)

MRS. J. Yes

LOT. (*goes to mantel-piece, R. 2 E., and takes up articles*). Is this the pipe Jack smokes? (*business of repugnance at smelling it*) Oh, how nasty!

MRS. J. Yes, it is, and nasty enough, too.

LOT. (*shakes her head*). Yes, it is—I ought to like it, but I can't! fangh! Oh! how wicked of me to go on so about Jack's pipe. Now I must be going. You are sure I haven't forgotten anything? (*c.*) There was nothing I had to bring but the spoons?

MRS. J. No! Oh, there is one thing I forgot to mention. (*produces letter*) Here is a letter I have for you.

LOT. From Jack?

MRS. J. (*nods*). Yes. I have had it in my pocket for a week.

LOT. Then you—oh, you promised not to tell him.

MRS. J. I told him a lady called, my dear, but not that it was a young lady.

LOT. (*opens letter, seated c.*) Jack does not improve in his writing at any rate. (*reads letter*) "Dear lady, forgive me—" How polite of Jack,

asking a stranger to forgive him when he hasn't done anything! I do not know who you are, but believe me, I am proud of the affection which I have unconsciously inspired." (*playfully*) What a vain old goose he is! "But I loved once——" that's me! "I loved once, but she whom I loved was not true. I have suffered much from her faithlessness." How dare Jack say I am false? (*crying a little*) "I can never love you." You make the strange lady very happy by saying that! "I shall never love again." Oh, yes, you will, Jack. (*rises.*)

DEICIE'S VOICE (*off R*) I will go round the corner and get the papers, then.

JACK'S VOICE (*off R*). Thank you. Mind you get last week's.

LOT. That's his dear voice! Bless him! (*up c.*) I do wish you, dear Jack, knew I was here!

VOICE OF DIGBY GRANT (*off R. U. E.*) You say it is the first floor?

LOT. My father! (*rushes about wildly*) I wouldn't have him see me here for the world! (*hides behind curtains of window. L. U. E. Knock, R. 3 E. D.*)

*Enter, R. 3 E. D., GRANT and IDA.**

MRS. J. Come in!

GRANT. Will you kindly let Mr. Wyatt know that a gentleman wishes to see him?

MRS. J. (*curtseying profusely*). Oh! Mr. De Chaffering here—this is indeed an honor.

GRANT. Will he be long?

MRS. J. He'll not think of keeping you waiting, sir.

GRANT. Do not mention my name.

MRS. J. Ah, sir. I often see you at meeting—only the other day I remember your addressing me and five thousand other sufferers, squeezed up in Exeter Hall.† Ah, what goodly comfort is in your speech when you——

GRANT (*sternly*). Will you add that I have no time to lose?

MRS. J. I am going, sir. [*Exit, R. 1 E. D. Stage dark.*]

GRANT. Ida, do you wish to speak with this man or not?

IDA. No!

GRANT. What folly then is this? If you do not wish to see him, why have you come here?

IDA. I neither care nor seek to see him. I told you I would come here with you and I have come.

GRANT. But why?

IDA. Because I cannot trust you alone with him.

GRANT. Ida, you annoy me very much! (*walks about nervously*) Ah! I wish you were more like your sister Lottie.

IDA. Lottie lacks spirit. If I were Lottie I should have married Mr. Wyatt long ago in spite of you! (*R. c.*)

GRANT (*c.*). And I should have cast you off! driven you from my door.

IDA. Such a man as Jack is worth fifty of the noodles who surround us now.

GRANT. What folly is this? Would you renounce all your surroundings of luxury and fashion?

IDA (*joyfully*). I should be proud to have the love of such a man as Jack!

* MRS. JENKINS.
R.

IDA.
R. C.

GRANT.
C.

LOTTIE.
(*hidden.*)

† Exeter Hall is the usual place for religious assemblages, clerical meetings, sacred concerts, etc.

GRANT. Proud of the frothy mouthings of a blind poet and a knave of a scribbler!

IDA (*fiercely*). Don't you say anything of Jack or his friend! No ill word of them. mind you! (*pause, leans on table, R. C.*) Noy! I said father, but now, that I would leave you if I were in love with a man, but I was not uttering truth—I could not give excuse for you and our friends to look down upon me! (*tearfully*) and I couldn't have Lottie die as a miserable beggar! No! when I advise her, it is to have her happy—not that, not that!

GRANT. You—you affect me very much! haven't I given you everything that money will buy? Why have you come here?

IDA. I said I must go with you because (*tenderly and hesitatingly*) I know that you do not always speak the truth. (R.)

GRANT. How dare you—how dare you! (L., *walking about angrily.*)

VOICE OF JACK (R. 3 E., *off*). Please to open the door. I have got a lamp in my hand. (GRANT *opens R. 3 E. D.*)

Enter JACK, R. 3 E. D., with lighted lamp. Putting it on table, R. C., he turns up the light. Lights up.

JACK. Thank you. (*does not see IDA up R. Sees GRANT*) Mr. Grant! To what strange cause do I owe the honor of your visit to me here?

GRANT. I am glad you call it an honor! It always affords me pleasure to see the regard in which the governing classes are held by the working people. I am glad you think it an honor.

JACK. Shall you be long, sir—for my mother is waiting.

GRANT. The word mother touches a cord in every human breast, by whomsoever it is uttered.

JACK. Then many millions of people are often playing on a stringed instrument.

IDA (*aside*). It does one good to hear his cheery voice again. (*hiding behind chair, up R. C. She sees LOTTIE peeping out, L. 3 E. Business between them of surprise, etc.*)

JACK. Won't you take a chair? (*crosses to L. C.*) You once made me very welcome in your house.

GRANT (*takes seat, C., loftily*). Ya-as, I have held out my hand to the lowly—I have held out my hand to you.

JACK (*markedly*). You did—and I put money in it.

GRANT. Ahem! (*confused*) We are not here to enter into matters of the past—

JACK. No, that was more of a *present*.

GRANT. You asked to what strange cause was to be attributed the object of my visit. I question the qualifying word. The last time we met I expressed the hope that we should never have a second meeting, and Heaven forbid we should ever have a third.

JACK. Amen, with all my heart.

GRANT. I do not wish you to stand.

JACK. Thank you, I prefer it. (*leans against table or chair, L. C.*)

GRANT. At that time I requested that all connection with my daughter, Charlotte, would be considered at an end, and for a long time I had thought that you would behave with as much firmness and delicacy as your friend, Mr. Deecie, towards her sister.

JACK. Sir!

GRANT. But I find that you have established a correspondence with her. (JACK *is perplexed and reflects*) You have bribed my menials, no doubt—a fellow feeling! you have evaded my watchful cares—you have written to my daughter, Charlotte, in such terms as would best affect her heart and soul.

JACK. Are you in your senses ?

GRANT. She is—so do not imagine for one moment that she has been swayed by your language. I would not suffer a child of mine to be so easily led, though I am far from a tyrant to my family—but she has grown out of her silly, girlish notions, and looks at it as a mere passing whim. Nevertheless, such conduct on your part is unfa—humanly ! Ah, I see that you are very properly silent—ashame !

JACK. Not at all ; but I confess than I am puzzled. Have you that letter with you ?

GRANT. Yes. (*shows letter.*)

JACK. May I look at it ?

GRANT. I came to return it.

JACK (*looks at letter, examines it closely, is surprised, and then smiles with joy*). So you took this from Lottie recently ?

GRANT. Miss Charlotte gave it me yesterday. She has no care for such nonsense now. She pities you—pities you !

JACK. I do not know the real motive of your visit here, but you have in this given the best proof of how unfounded is your imputation upon me.

GRANT (*amazed*). What do you mean ?

JACK. In the first place, I have never seen nor written to your daughter since our last parting. This letter, which she has treasured up, is the last one I wrote her, and received at that time. You have unwittingly been Love's messenger.

GRANT. Hem ! (*rises*) I have made some mistake. I am sorry that I troubled you. (*goes R. to go up R. side.*)

JACK. Stop ; you have had your say, I would have one word. The last time we were together, you said that I had refused you a loan of ten pounds, which would have been repaid me in thousands. That was false !

GRANT. Sir !

JACK. At that time you were poor, and had it not been for the fortune of a sudden acquisition of property, you would never have been able to repay it.

GRANT. You took my cheque.

JACK. But not your money ! There—(*points L 2 E.*) there's your cheque. I keep it as a record in your own hand of your mean, boastful, ignoble nature.

GRANT. How dare you ?

JACK. Dare ! Courage dares when it meets courage. I was silent before because your daughters were present, and I wished to spare them the knowledge of what a false-hearted—

GRANT. Hold your tongue !

JACK. Mean-spirited hound their father is !

GRANT. You—you lie !

JACK. I ? I never told a falsehood in my life ! Retract those words.

GRANT. What tolly !

JACK. Beg my pardon !

GRANT. Absurd ! You're a low fellow !

JACK. Then—(*lifts his hand to strike GRANT. LOTTIE springs out from behind curtain, and holds out her hands appealingly to GRANT, who recedes a step, startled at seeing her. IDA also stands out, as if to rush in between GRANT and JACK. All form picture.*)

*IDA. R. C.

L. C. LOTTIE.*

GRANT.* C. *JACK.

GRANT. I beg your pardon! (*bows—hesitatingly*) You say—you say you never have written to my daughter?

JACK. Never! I do not know where you live.

GRANT. Never seen her?

JACK. I have no lady visitors.

GRANT. None?

JACK. Stay! there is one comes here—but I do not know that I ought to mention her—I never have seen her.

GRANT. I am satisfied with your explanation. Oh! (*puts his handkerchief to one eye as in pain.*)

JACK. What's the matter?

GRANT. In raising your hand—some dust—in my eye!

JACK (*takes up lamp to look in GRANT'S eye*). I had no idea!—is it so bad as that?

GRANT. Quick, quick! (*aside to LOTTIE*) My brougham is at the corner of the street! (*LOTTIE rushes out R. 3 E. D., passing DEECIE, who enters there with a newspaper in his hand*) Lost! (*aside*) No, thank heaven, he is blind! Gone! (*JACK puts lamp down.*)

DEE. (*gayly*). I have the paper. Oh, you have visitors!

JACK (*turns and sees IDA*). Ida!

DEE. Ida? No, I heard another footstep—softer than hers.

JACK. Oh, heaven! not Lottie's! (*IDA seats herself at harmonium and plays.*)

DEE. O! the stairs—at the street door! (*rushes to L. 3 E. window.*)

JACK (*vp c.*). Is it her?

DEE. I don't know! (*JACK drops his head disappointed; GRANT looks pleased; IDA looks at DEECIE delighted and thankful; DEECIE stands up, L., calmly.*)

QUICK CURTA

NOTE.—If curtain is called up, the tableau is: JACK seated c. front, by table, leaning on it, his face hidden in his hands; DEECIE and IDA together, up c.; GRANT at R. 3 E. D., impatiently beckoning IDA to come with him.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Gardens and country-house of GRANT, in 4th or 5th grooves. Sun-light effect

Discover LOTTIE and IDA playing with supposed goldfish in vase or fountain up c.; GRANT seated at L. front table, with brandy decanter, glass, and bottle of soda-water before him.

LOT. Aren't they beauties? There's one all in gold.

IDA. And one in silver—and a brown one, like copper

LOT. Gold, silver, and copper, like money.

IDA. Perhaps the fairies play with them.

LOT. That's it—they're the fairies' money, and are often laid up in a sand bank—they're their floating capital! Here's Jack—now, Ida you'll see—there, I've got Jack!

GRANT (*startles*). Lottie!

LOT. Oh, papa, you spoke so abruptly, you have frightened Jack away!

GRANT. I wish you would break off that absurd habit of calling everything Jack. (*rubs his gouty legs as in pain*) I gave you a dog, and you called that Jack; I gave you a parrot, and hang me if you didn't alter its family name of Polly and call that Jack; I got you a horse—which I took the precaution to be a mare—and you actually called that Jack; and now you go to the greater absurdity of calling a goldfish Jack!

IDA. Papa, don't you speak in that way to Lottie. You will make her ill again!

GRANT. Ida, you annoy me very much! You have everything you want—you have an affectionate father, who is ready to deprive himself of everything to surround you with luxuries, and yet you annoy me! (*aside*) What the deuce has the fellow done with the corkscrew?

LOT. Oh, Ida, I've got Jack!

GRANT. What do you mean? Am I to have nothing but Jacks crammed down my throat? Ida, I will not have you look at me in that way!

IDA. Papa, you know that Lottie has been very ill; nothing but the hope of seeing Jack has set her up again, and if she should have a relapse, we should lose her altogether.

Enter, R. procenium E., crossing to exit, L. 3 E., a SERVANT, with tray of cakes.

IDA. What's that?

SERVANT. Some buns, miss, for the charity children.

[*Exit, L. 3 E.*

IDA. You promised the doctor that you would send for Mr. Wyatt, and you have not done so yet.

GRANT. Ida, you annoy me very much! I will not be looked at in that way by you. Wherever I go I am respected as the representative of a noble and ancient family. When I go into the House of Commons I am listened to, (*drops his voice generally*, with respect—on Wednesdays. [a "dead" day in Parliament.] Yes, when I am in my own house, I am distrusted by my own children—my children, the first proof of love that your poor mother placed in my arms! Ah, little did I think that the little eyes that looked up at me then would one day regard me with suspicion! Ah, it is very affecting to me!

IDA (*tearfully*). And to me, papa.

LOT (*comes down*). What have you done to Ida?

GRANT. What have I done? There again!

SERVANT *enters, R. 2 E. D.*

IDA. Has the person come to tune the pianos?

SERVANT. Yes, miss, a blind man; he has tuned the piano in the drawing-room, and will presently attend to that in the parlor.

[*Exit, L. U. E.*

LOT. Oh, there they are from the rectory. I'm going to play croquet, Ida!

[*Exit, L. 3 E.*

GRANT. Why don't you join your sister, Ida? In the sulks—and yet you have everything to make you happy. (*IDA trims rose-trees, R.*) There, again! When we left our temporary abode in Kent, you would insist in bringing along with you those rose-trees which those two young men planted. What are you staying here for?

IDA. I want to speak to you, papa. (*to L.*)

GRANT. Not now—I am busy.

IDA. You promised to send for Mr. Wyatt, and on that promise alone is Lottie so much better. You must let her see him, you must, papa, or she will fall ill again, and she will die!

GRANT. I—I am busy, I tell you; at another time—I will think it over—there, there, I will send for him!

IDA. My good father, to-day—

GRANT. I—I don't know—thank heaven! (*looks up L*) Here's Mr. Jenkins!

Enter JENKINS, L. 3 E. to C. up. He is in black suit, and looks very solemn.

GRANT. Ida, go and join Lottie! (*IDA goes off L. 3 E. reluctantly*) Mr. Jenkins, I have great pleasure in seeing you; though we do not agree in politics, which is a natural result of the difference in our positions, in religious matters we can meet on the same ground.

JENK. (*lightly*). Yes; we push the same articles! I mean, (*solemnly*) we labor in the same vineyard.

GRANT. Have you seen the piece of plate?

JENK. Yes; it's several pieces of plate. It's all right!

GRANT (*aside*). Then they have received my cheque.

JENK. Here is the list of subscribers. (*reads from paper*) "Subscribers to the testimonial to be presented to the Honorable Digby Grant De Chaperon, Esq., J. P., as a slight mark of approval and a token of the sincere regard in which he is held by the vast bulk of his admiring countrymen, for his courage, firmness, patriotism, and honor. Children of the Vassalwick Sunday-school, four pounds three-and-ninepence; the master, one-and-sixpence; mistress, one shilling. Balance of proceeds from an amateur performance at the Vassalwick Harmony Hall, per Lieutenant Colonel Balansay, one pound two and tenpence." Mrs. Jenkins says that money comes from the Pit of Tophet, rather than the pit of the hall. "Mrs. Edgertong, four-and-sevenpence; Miss Edgertong two-and-sixpence; Miss Alexandra Albertina Edgertong, (aged four years) one shilling; Mrs. Watertank, ten-and-sixpence. (*emphatically*) From a Great Admirer of the Parliamentary career of the Hon. Digby Grant De Chaperon, a cheque on Messrs. Glyn and Co. for eighty pounds!"

GRANT. Dear me! who can that be? Can you guess?

JENK. Ahem! I think I can, but not satisfactorily.

GRANT. Who do you mean?

JENK. No one, only its damn—hem! wonderfully strange who thinks so much of you as that!

GRANT. Do you think my agents know?

JENK. No—only I saw old Potts wink at Parmer and say that there was no man in the world who entertained such a high opinion of you as the person who sent that cheque. (*GRANT rises and expresses pain*) What's the matter?

GRANT. The old complaint! I'd go among the children of the school I founded, their gratitude is what I like to hear expressed around me.

JENK. Look out for a cricket ball in your eye, or a hoop against your leg. (*Exit GRANT, L. 3 E. JENKINS sits L. C. front*) I'll look over my speech. "Dear Brothers—When a shining light appears among you, you should hasten to do him honor, (*unintelligible*) um—um—um!"

Enter, R. 2 E., JACK WYATT and DEECIE.

JACK. Pretty but prim! Nature in stays and high-heeled boots. Old

Mother Nature made into a Girl of the Period. Nothing but the trees left as old Father Adam saw them.

DEE. At it again! You've chosen a pretty place to do your growl in!

JACK. Aristocrat, avaunt!

JENK. (*aside*). That's the old way—I never could tell whether they were j king or not. (*rises*)

JACK (*to DEECIE*). The proprietor—not a very dignified looking person—a fully solemn—or else the family undertaker.

JENK. (*laughs loudly*). Ha, ha, ha!

JACK. Why, it is our Mr. Jenkins!

JENK. Glad to see you! (*shakes hands with DEECIE and JACK.*)

JACK. We have been expecting a call from you.

JENK. The fact is, I have experienced a small change——

DEE. I wish I experienced a great deal of it——

JACK. I see.

JENK. Ahd when a cockatoo—as I may express myself—becomes a rook, ("crow" may be substituted in America) he is rather shy of his feathers at first.

JACK. "'Tis not this inky cloak——"

JENK. Ho, ho!

DEE. I like to meet a jolly cockatoo at any time, even without any feathers.

JACK. Do you live here?

JENK. Over yonder—Mrs. Jenkins followed the shepherd down here.

JACK. The shepherd? Have you got a farm.

JENK. No! The shepherd is the gent she used to sit under. You don't understand.

DEE. Not exactly. I can understand Mrs. Jenkins' sitting under any one, but I pity the gentleman who would have to sit under Mrs. Jenkins

JENK. He is the pastor.

JACK. Oh, it's clearer, now. So you followed him down here?

JENK. Yes, he came all the way from London. They offered him an extra one hundred pounds a-year.

DEE. I have come down all the way from London for a great deal less than that.

JENK. The shepherd is a good fellow—jolly—(*laughing, but abruptly suppresses his laughter*) ho, ho—hem! He talked to me as I never before heard anyone talk.

JACK. And Mrs. Jenkins?

JENK. She talked——

DEE. As I never before heard anyone talk!

JENK. He prevail-ed, and I put off the Old Man.

DEE. You had an appointment with him?

JENK. You don't understand. He made me see what an unmitigated scamp I had been—without anyone knowing it—and made a shining light of me.

JACK. More like a dark lantern.

JENK. And now I am an elder. (*looks very sober.*)

JACK. More like a cypress.

DEE. How do you like it?

JENK. It's a little rough at first, but you'll like it when you get used to it. It's not such slow fun as you imagine. The shepherd is a jolly fellow, and says many a good thing—a sort of Miller—Joe—in black! that's all. He said of me at our last Mutual Comfort Meeting—(*winkles his eyes cunningly*) he says: You used to travel in the ways of vice—but

now you walk in the paths of virtue. I wish you'd join us. I'd let you in at trade price—(pause) I mean, I would introduce you. What brought you here? Not invited to the fête?

JACK. No.

DEE. I came down to tune the pianos, and Jack came with me to have a change of air.

JENK. Do you know who Mr. De Chaperon is?

DEE. No!

JACK. I know he is a stuck-up, conceited prig.

JENK. Then take my advice—you had better go away.

JACK. Why?

JENK. So that Mr. De Chaperon won't see you.

JACK. Why shouldn't he?

JENK. Verily, it is prudent to be shy in the tents of the stranger!
(goes L.)

Enter, L 3 E., GRANT.

GRANT (to JENKINS). Yes, I think the plate very pretty; only I think the word benevolence might have been made much more of, and—and—
(sees JACK and DEECIE)

JACK. Mr. Grant!

DEE. Grant!*

GRANT. My name, sir, is De Chaperon! This is unmanly, sir.

JACK. I am not aware why you apply such a term to my proceedings, but I feel that, under the circumstances, I owe you an explanation.

GRANT. I do not want any excuses. Go! or my servants shall remove you. Where is that fellow with the corkscrew. (up L.)

Enter, L 2 E., MRS. JENKINS.

MRS. JENKINS. Oh, Edward, they want me to wait upon the charity children with buns and lemonade, when, you know I came to serve the ladies with cake and tea. Oh, Mr. De Chaffering! this is indeed an honor.

GRANT (aside). I wish that woman could be hired to hold her tongue.
(up L.)

MRS. J. Oh! I declare, there's a number of young ladies with hammers—playing at blacksmiths! What! my gracious! I never! Mr. Deecie and Mr. Wyatt! all old friends together!

JACK. Yes, my dear. I was telling them of the change which I have experienced.

MRS. J. He may look dull, but he beams—

JENK. I exhibit the mild effulgence of the glowworm.†

MRS. J. We are all worms.

JENK. But we don't all glow.

Enter, L 3 E., LOTTIE, following a ball with croquet-mallet. The ball is stopped by GRANT.

LOTTIE Croqué'd! (with surprise) I declare! Our Mrs. Jenkins!
(comes to C. front. Exit GRANT, in a rage, L 3 E. DEECIE exits, R. 2 E.
JACK stands up R., facing 2 E., with his back to the fish-vase at C., so that

* DEECIE.	JACK.	GRANT.	JENKINS.
R. C.		C.	L. C.

† JENKINS.	MRS. JENKINS.	DEECIE.	JACK.
R. C.		C.	L. C.

LOTTIE *does not see his face*) Ah! Mr. Jenkins, how pleasant to have you here—I'll show you my pets—my gold-fish—come! They're so tame—there's one who will come and bite at my finger.

JENK. So will sharks. Come along and show me. *(they stand at c., by the L. side of fish-vase.)*

LOT. Who is that rude person? *(meaning JACK.)*

JENK. That? Hem! I don't know.

LOT. Perhaps he knows which is the best-looking side of him. Now you'll see him come when I call. *(very tenderly)* Jack, Jack! *(JACK turns sharply.)*

JACK. Lottie! *(LOTTIE faints, and JENKINS supports her)*

LOT. *(revives)*. Then father has sent for you. Oh, how good of him! Don't you stir till I return! Ida, Ida! *(staggers with emotion)* I can't go alone.

JENK. *(gallantly)*. I'll come with you.

LOT. I feel so giddy. *(she puts the hammer of croquet mallet on JENKINS' shoulder, the pole being over her own, so that she can pull him after her as by a boat-hook, and he hopping like a crow, they exeunt, L. 2 E.)* "Yes, said the rook, with a sanctified look—I'll come with you!" *(off L. 2 E., with JENKINS.)*

MRS. J. *(horried)*. Miss Charlotte—Edward! Did you ever see such boldness? *(runs off, L. 3 E.)*

Enter, L. 2 E., GRANT.

GRANT. What! you have not gone yet?

JACK. You have told that poor girl that you would send for me. Beware how you trifle with her young life, or you and I will stand beside her grave.

GRANT. Don't harrow a father's feelings! *(flourishes handkerchief about his eyes)* I—I forgive you, but go! *(JACK turns to R.)*

Enter R., proscenium E., FURNIVAL, with his black valise.

FUR. Dear me, Mr. Wyatt, this is a surprise. I am glad to see you. *(shakes hands with WYATT)* You are not going yet?

GRANT. I insist, sir, upon your leaving the premises!*

FUR. Dear me! I would ask him to stay, if I were you—take my advice as a professional man. Why not let him stay?

GRANT. I do not choose to—to—

FUR. Hem! There are many things one does not choose—the gout, for instance—but we have to submit to them all the same. Let me inter-mediate. Mr. Wyatt, I am sure that Mr. De Chaperon will request you, will desire you to remain here with your friend—

JACK. I cannot consent—

FUR. Pooh, pooh! You will stay—I ask you to see me here.

JACK. Ah! that's a very different thing. I will wait. *[Exit, R. 2 E.]*

FUR. Will you allow me to sit down? *(he and GRANT sit L., with table between them, GRANT facing FURNIVAL on his left)* How is the gout, eh?

GRANT. Very bad! It has been in my family for years! *(proudly through his pain)*

FUR. Yes, I know of many very bad things that have been in families for years. What have you there! *(points to bottles on table.)*

* JACK.
B. C.

FURNIVAL.
C.

GRANT.
L. C.

GRANT. Brandy! (*irritatedly*) but the stupid fellow hasn't brought the corkscrew for the seltzer.

FUR. It's best without. Try it! (*DEECIE is heard at irregular intervals tuning piano, R. 2 E.*) Will you have a cigar? good, I can recommend them. The smoke won't hurt the green curtains overhead. (*laughs*) I didn't do you a positive injury when I gave you this estate?

GRANT. Oh, it's very well.

FUR. Let me see, it's nearly twelve months since I came to you and told you you were heir to ten thousand a-year?

GRANT (*carelessly*). About that, yes.

FUR. Light your cigar. (*they smoke*) I told you then that there was but one person, if in existence, between you and the estate—but if in existence he couldn't be found.

GRANT. Yes.

FUR. Best have some brandy. (*GRANT drinks*) He is found. (*GRANT is startled, but gradually recovers himself, his hands shake, however, and he cannot speak for a second*) You bear it very well—very well. Take some more brandy.

GRANT (*eagerly*). Does anyone know of this beside yourself?

FUR. Well, not completely.

GRANT (*meaningly*). Why should they know? (*FURNIVAL rises and buttons his coat as if to go. DEECIE strikes a few notes on the piano*) Mr. De Chaperon, you have mistaken your man. You shall learn that you cannot insult me.

GRANT (*rises, soothingly, and makes FURNIVAL resume his seat, coaxingly*). No, no! You don't understand.

FUR. Hem! I think I do.

GRANT. No, no!

FUR. The man who makes such a proposition deserves the loss that threatens him.

GRANT. Sit down, my dear sir, sit down. You mistake me—I merely meant that you need not let the person know *yet*--not so suddenly. I will make it known! Let me hear the particulars.

FUR. Very well, and I will be short, as I am not a good hand at telling a story. Let me see. The head of the family, the late Richard De Chaperon, was a very dissipated man, and shortly before he married, he had, as we politely say, accomplished the ruin of a servant girl, by name Jane Deepsea, and the result was a child. But a terrible judgment fell upon that offspring, as well as upon that of Mrs. De Chaperon, whose boy was also afflicted with blindness. Too ill to attend to her own babe, Mrs. De Chaperon had to consign it to a nurse. And then came forward Jane Deepsea, who offered herself to take care of the child. Mr. De Chaperon was weak and consented. Some time after his wife's death, he went to Jane's cottage, and was shown a cradle, wherein lay two children, of the same age. He asked for his boy—when she coolly told him to take his choice—her babe should be heir to all, or have nothing. He chose—and chose the wrong one. Shortly after, it died, and when he followed it to the family vault, the estate and title came to you. I need not detail to you, my researches for the real heir—suffice it, that the name of Deecie—a singular one—struck me, and I followed up the clue, and I find that supposition was right.

GRANT. Ah!

FUR. Yes, you bear it very well.

GRANT. This is a great relief to my mind.

FUR. Dear me! I am only waiting now for the proofs to be completed. My clerk is waiting without to go to Nottingham in the morning.

GRANT. Oh, no, let him go to-night, by express. I will pay all ex-

penses. (*rises*) Come with me, and I will give you a little cheque. (*going R., with FURNIVAL.*)

Enter, L. 3 E., LOTTIE and IDA. They run down to R., and take GRANT, each by an arm.

LOTTIE. I want you to forgive Ida for not believing you. I am so happy because you were so good as to send for Jack! You dear old fox of a papa—to be sly about it, and not even let me know what you had done.

GRANT. I am busy.

LOT. Oh, it's Mr. Furnival! I don't mind him! I'd tell him where to get a rose off my tree, only I am afraid he would charge me ten-and-sixpence for "instructions."*

FUR. I know where to get one, and I will keep it for "costs." (*goes up R. and gets rose.*)

IDA. I wish I had not disbelieved you when I reproached you because I knew not that Mr. Wyatt was here.

GRANT. I do not like to be annoyed.

LOT. Don't be angry 'th Ida. I am sure she is sorry for having doubted you.

IDA. Forgive me!

GRANT. Yes, I forgive you—only, let me go away. I tell you I am busy. This is folly! Lottie, time is precious. (*impatently*) Let me go!

[*Exit, R. pros. E., with FURNIVAL.*]

LOT. (*admiringly*). Ida, ain't papa a good man!

IDA. I fairly *Idolize* him!

LOT. Don't laugh. I think he is just like the man the poet speaks of.

IDA. What poet? Caleb?

LOT. No! a real poet! one that's dead. He says, he is one who "does good by stealth, and blushes to find it fame." How often pa must blush at the good he does.

IDA. I don't know.

LOT. Let's go and find Jack. Oh! isn't it heavenly to be able to say Jack without doing wrong?

IDA. Here he comes. (*they hide, c., behind vase.*)

Enter, JACK, R. 2 E.

JACK. Nobody here?

IDA (*comes forward*). Boo! Ain't you frigh'ened? (*puts her hands over JACK'S eyes.*)

JACK. Who's that?

IDA. Me—I mean, I! (*c., on left of JACK.*)

JACK. Never mind! a good heart is better than good grammar any time. (*takes both of IDA'S hands in his*) I never thought to see these two wifey witches again.

IDA. Wasn't it kind of pa to send for you?

JACK. Oh, very!

IDA. You don't care to ask about Lottie—she was so very faithless! not like the strange lady who used to call at your place and make you presents.

JACK. Why, how do you know?

IDA. Lottie was false and broke your heart, and you can never, never love again.

JACK. You are a witch! indeed.

*The excess of law expense in England is incredibly great.

IDA. Can't you guess who she was? Do you fancy she was some princess enamored of you? What a vain fellow you are!

JACK. I am sure you are a witch now—it was—(*LOTTIE pretends to fling some water out of the vase into JACK'S face. She comes forward and hides behind IDA, playfully*) Lottie!

LOT. Don't let him touch me! (*she runs to JACK who embraces her*) Go on, you may. (*lets him kiss her. Exit IDA, pleased. R. 2 E. The piano no longer sounds off R., as at intervals before*) Oh, it's such a long time since I last saw you.

JACK. A most a year.

LOT. That's such a long time to wait when some one who loves you is not by you.

JACK. And when you are idle.

LOT. No, sir, Ida and I have not been idle—we have worked a lot of slippers for the curate.

JACK. Happy dog to be in your shoes!

LOT. Then we belonged to the Dorcas Society. Papa does not like us to be idle. We made little flannel clothes for the infants—only we made them so small that we couldn't get Mrs. Lorrit's baby into one.

JACK. What a happy baby!

LOT. And when we did get him in we couldn't get him out! (*horried*) We had to cut him out like opening a parcel.

JACK. So you kill babies—I mean, time, in these ways?

LOT. Yes; and then there's the children in the school.

JACK. You are one with them.

LOT. (*proudly*). I am a teacher. They're ploughboys—such big 'uns! seventeen and eighteen years old, but they're so fond of me.

JACK. They would be at that age.

LOT. They're so obedient—they do just as I bid them.

JACK. You have to bid high then.

LOT. I have only to say, "Tom Bullock, who conquered the Britons?" and he to say, (*imitates country speech*) "Noaboodly!" for me to order him to the bottom of the class—when (*surprised and admiring herself*) *he goes!* You wouldn't!

JACK. No! if I had answered in that way that question, I should expect to have a medal.

LOT. Then I have got all my Jacks to attend to.

JACK. All! have I got rivals?

LOT. Such a lot—one's a mare!

JACK. A mayor—an old party?

LOT. Four years. Such a nice one at a gallop.

JACK. A good dancer. Military?

LOT. Been in the Lancers! One comes to eat bread out of my hand.

JACK. Poor devil!

LOT. No, rich—made of money. Here he is! (*they go up to vase*) all in gilt armor! like a crusader after infidel flies. Isn't he a beauty?

JACK. Yes.

LOT. And don't he look stupid?

JACK. Some beauties are. (*goes R.*) I see you have got the old rose-trees?

LOT. (*goes R.*) Yes. You must have one.

JACK. One flower is broken.

LOT. (*sadly and a little ashamed*). Yes—I broke it trying to make it grow like Ida's—

JACK. Ah! you have the sin of all Eve's daughters. You are not content with anything unless it is after another's pattern. So does many an honest love wither away and be broken, because it grew a lit-

tle out of the common run. See, it has wilted—it will die on the half-parted stem.

LOT. Nay, pick it. It is like a kiss—it is a pity to waste it!

[*They exeunt, lovingly, R. U. E.*]

Enter, R. 2 E., IDA, on DEECIE'S arm, to C.

DEECIE. So you don't play chess now?

IDA. No; I have locked up all my men.

DEE. What a cruel little jailor it is!

IDA. How kind of Jack to bring you here.

DEE. I brought Jack.

IDA. Oh, then it was you that papa invited?

DEE. Something that way.

IDA. His papa asked you to stay?

DEE. No—but he will.

IDA. Will you stay long?

DEE. I don't know. Would you stay long if I asked you to stay with me, and I had a property like this? A little while?

IDA. Oh, a long while. But how would you get such a place? Not by story telling?

DEE. No! I should have to pull a very long bow indeed!

IDA. By playing on the organ?

DEE. It would have to be the organ of benevolence then! A good many fortunes have been made in that way.

IDA. How then?

DEE. By this. (*shows piano-tuner's key wrapped round with a cheque.*)

IDA. (*smiles*). What's that?

DEE. My talisman.

IDA. Mysterious again. How you frighten me.

DEE. Then I'll frighten some one else. Here's your father coming. Leave me to the conflict with him.

IDA. I'll so tease Lottie about Jack.

[*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Enter, L. 3 E., GRANT.

GRANT (*coming down, L*). There ought to be some way to get out of it. (*at table, L*) That fellow hasn't brought the corkscrew yet! (*furious.*)

DEE. (*calmly*). Knock the neck off. (*holds out tuning-key*) Will that do?
(c)

GRANT. I didn't know you were here.

DEE. No! I don't enter everywhere with a flourish of trumpets.

GRANT. I am pleased to see you. We have been too long parted.

DEE. Too long, I fear, to meet on footing of perfect friendship.

GRANT. Mr. Deecie, I entertain for you a feeling of close regard—

DEE. So close that nothing kindly could come between us. Proceed.

GRANT. I often noticed in days gone by, that you had a liking for my daughter Ida—I thought then—I cherished the hope that you would some day be one of my family. I also thought, Caleb—I say Caleb—

DEE. Yes, while there is a doubt of my name. Caleb is best.

GRANT. Hem! I say, I thought that my daughter had a—a liking for you. I am a father, but I may say that Ida is a pride to a parent's heart—

DEE. Yes, a blind man even can see her merits.

GRANT. I should be glad to aid you in your wishes—

DEE. Would you have said this half-an-hour ago—would you have

received me as an old friend, if it had not been for the communication made to you meanwhile?

GRANT. My dear sir, if you could see my face——

DEE. I can't. But I can *hear*! If Mr. Furnival had been of bribable stuff, I fear we shouldn't be meeting so affectionately.

GRANT. My only desire is to promote harmony.

DEE. That's why you are so anxious to have your pianos tuned.

GRANT. Eh, what?

DEE. Take the seltzer. Here's the instrument to knock the neck off. And with it take this—(*gives cheque*) you may want it now. (*imitates*

GRANT'S *tone and manner of saying the same words at end of Act I*) *A little cheque.* (*goes up, R.*)

GRANT. Confound his quick ear! he knows all! (*to L*)

Music by a brass band, out of tune, off L, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and "Hail to the Chief." Enter, R U. E., LOTTIE, JACK and IDA. Enter, L. U. E., MRS JENKINS, LADY GUESTS, POLICEMEN, SERVANTS, one with silver service on a cushion, JENKINS. PLOUGHBOYS, and COUNTRYMEN stand in L. U. E., kept back by POLICE. Cease music.

IDA (*to DEECIE, R. C., front*). I wish you could see the police band.

DEE. I do not care to *hear* it!

CROWD (*cheers*). Hooray!

JENK. My dear friends——

CROWD. Hear, hear!

JENK. When a shining light appears among you, you should do him honor!

CROWD. Hooray!

JENK (*addressing GRANT*). Sir, as honorable secretary of the Vassalwick Institute, I have been thought the fit person to present to you this piece of plate. (*uncovers plate.*)

CROWD. Hooray!

JENK. I will read you from the testimonial: "Presented to the Hon. Digby Gant De Chaperon, J. P. of Vassalwick Grange, by his well-wishers, who have watched his career as a public man, distinguished for many benevolent acts." Sir, I beg you to accept this as a slight token of the esteem in which you are held by your admiring countrymen!

CROWD. Hooray! (*SERVANTS help GRANT to stand up in chair, up c., facing L.*)

GRANT. It is with pleasure, and in deep emotion that I accept this very beautiful and flattering gift—— (*band off L. plays: "We Won't go Home till Morning."*)

JENK. Stop that band! [*POLICEMAN exits L. U. E. Cease music.*

GRANT. Ladies and gentleman, it is with feelings of deep emotion and pleasure that I accept this gift——

CROWD. Hooray!

GRANT. I am about to leave——

PLOUGHBOY. Hooray! (*POLICEMAN seizes him and pushes him off, L. U. E.*)

LOT. Poor Tom Bullock!

GRANT. I say I am about to leave you——out I am sure I confide you to one who is worthy to be my successor. I have been long engaged in researches for the long-lost heir——

CROWD. Hooray!

GRANT. But at last I have been successful. The last proof will be

shortly at hand, and I relinquish my place to him who is justly entitled to it.

CROWD. Hooray !

GRANT. Your new master is here ! (*points to DEECIE*) Good-bye !

CROWD (*joyfully*). Hooray ! hooray !

IDA. What, Caleb ! What does it all mean ?

LOT. I don't understand.

JACK. I think I do. For one, Ida won't have to leave here. (*the CROWD exeunt. L. U. E. MRS. JENKINS, JENKINS, GRANT, JACK, IDA and LOTTIE are left on stage. MRS. JENKINS and JENKINS at back. GRANT L. IDA and DEECIE C. JACK and LOTTIE R. C.*)

IDA. This place is yours ?

DEE. All these broad lands and that house are mine—and an Englishman's house—you know the adage.

IDA. A castle ! No ! I'm not won by the castle. (*embraces DEECIE.*)

GRANT (*to JENKINS*). Jenkins, you see that group ? That, sir, that is the dream of my life ! (*emotion.*)

LOT. (*to DEECIE*). You will not part us ?

DEE. No ! you shall live together like twin roses on one stalk.

JACK. One like the rose in whom June with July is blended, the other as a May with pure December snows, unlike in all, but yet alike in this, they are Two ROSES.

All form picture.


MRS. JENKINS.* *JENKINS.
 JACK.* *LOTTIE. IDA.* *DEECIE. *GRANT.

SLOW CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience ; L. Left ; C. Centre ; R. C. Right of Centre ; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage ; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat ; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat ; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat ; R. D. Right Door ; L. D. Left Door ; 1 E. First Entrance ; 2 E. Second Entrance ; U. E. Upper Entrance ; 1, 2 or 3 G. First Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

SYNOPSIS.

A PLAINLY furnished sitting-room is used through the first Act, and Mr. DIGBY GRANT is seated in it at a table, reading letters, when Mrs. CUPPS enters in a very angry mood, and asks GRANT to settle her little bill. After a pretty angry discussion, the gentleman not only placates the lady, but so works upon her by flattering her weak points, that she agrees to wait for the money, and actually consents to lend him twenty pounds. IDA and LOTTIE, the two roses, appear outside of window, leaning over a white and red rose-tree. They encircle each other's waist with their arms. As DIGBY GRANT looks at them, he says it almost reconciles him to the burden of supporting them. The young ladies come in, and Mr. DIGBY GRANT, their father, seeing by their sad looks that something unpleasant has occurred, catechizes them, and learns that LOTTIE has quarrelled with JACK WYATT, and has sent him back his ring because he had the impudence to send them black fichus to wear. DIGBY is indignant, and remonstrates with LOTTIE, as WYATT is a rising man and an eligible suitor. He proceeds to tell them that a note must be written to WYATT explanatory of the misconstruction, etc. This is done. CALEB DEECIE, who is blind, now enters, and after teasing the girls a bit, gives letter from JACK to LOTTIE. Then after a sparkling dialogue, LOTTIE writes the exculpatory letter to JACK WYATT. Here "Our Mr. JENKINS" enters, and after giving DIGBY, GRANT a bottle of sherry, he contrives to give the young ladies some dry goods, under the subterfuge that they are samples left over. DEECIE comes in and joins in a "talk" full of sparklets of wit. JACK WYATT reinforces the party. JACK and IDA soon are as loving as twin clover buds. JENKINS asks DIGBY GRANT to his intended wedding; the latter intimates that as he spends his income on his daughters, he has no fitting apparel. This puts Our Mr. JENKINS in mind that he has some "sample" suits over, and off he starts for them. They all leave, and DIGBY GRANT returns, meeting JACK. DIGBY tries to borrow ten pounds, but is amusingly "bluffed" by JACK before he leaves. Mr. FURNIVAL enters, and after bracing DIGBY's nerves with sherry to bear the great news that he has to communicate, informs him that he is heir to an estate of ten thousand a year, and that thinking he, GRANT, might need in ready money a couple of thousand pounds, that sum had been placed in bank subject to his drafts, and a check-book is handed him. Instantly GRANT's manner changes. He becomes swollen with pride, and when his daughters, with all their friends, enter, he pompously estimates the money worth of the various favors bestowed on him, and gives to each person a check for the presumed indebtedness. JACK is indignant, LOTTIE and IDA grieved, and the others astonished, as the act ends.

The second Act occurs in the sitting room of JACK WYATT. Mr. and Mrs. JENKINS, JACK and DEECIE have an amusing scene, which is interrupted by the entrance of FURNIVAL, who has some law business with JACK. They all adjourn to the tea-room. Mrs. JENKINS enters, ushering in LOTTIE, who has brought a present of some silver spoons for JACK, and while she is peering into the tea-room to

get a glance at him, she is startled at hearing her father's voice, and hides behind window curtains. GRANT and IDA enter with Mrs. JENKINS. GRANT rather imperiously tells her to say to Mr. WYATT that a gentleman wishes to see him. Then he chides IDA for bringing him to see JACK. She replies with spirit, that if she had been in LOTTIE's place, she would have married JACK in spite of all—he being “worth fifty of the noodles that now surrounded us.” JACK enters with a lamp, turning up which throws the light so that he sees GRANT, but not IDA. JACK asks GRANT to what cause he is to attribute the honor of his visit. The former says he came because he, JACK, had meanly sent a letter to LOTTIE after he had ordered all acquaintance to stop. JACK denies it. A violent war of words follow, which is on the eve of being a personal struggle. LOTTIE suddenly springs towards them. GRANT is surprised, but JACK does not see her, and she escapes without his knowing that she had been present. GRANT makes a lame apology to JACK, and the act ends.


The third Act shows the handsome gardens and country mansion of GRANT, who has grown purse-proud, hypocritical and gouty since he has grown rich. DEECIE is engaged to tune the piano, and JACK accompanies him to the mansion of DE CHAPERON, whose name GRANT has assumed with the estate. GRANT has assumed all the airs of a great landlord, frowning on this and smiling on that. LOTTIE and IDA are, however, unspoiled by the lavish display of wealth—they are the same warm-hearted, pure-minded, ingenuous girls as at first. When they meet DEECIE and JACK, they openly express their delight; blessing their papa for his kindness. For they think that *he* has sent for their lovers. They are soon undeceived, however, for Mr. FARNIVAL arrives to strip the jackdaw of the peacock's feathers, though not before Mr. GRANT has severely lectured the two poor young men for their impudence in aspiring to the hands of the daughters of the “Honorable Digby Grant De Chaperon, Esq., J. P.” The attorney proceeds to tell the gentlemen that it has been discovered that DEECIE is in reality the son of the deceased De Chaperon, and consequently the real heir to the estate. The piece winds up with the union of the Two Roses to their deserving suitors.

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42. Bad Whiskey, sketch, 1 scene.	2	1	terlude, 1 scene	2	1
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10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene	3	0	1 act	4	2
11. Black-ey'd William, sketch, 2			106. Gambrinus, King of Lager		
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40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene . .	4	0	scenes	8	1
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89. Bogus Talking Machines (The)			1 scene	2	2
farce, 1 scene	4	0	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy,		
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1			sketch, 1 scene	3	0
scene	2	0	17. Ghost (The), sketch, 1 act	2	0
103. Charge of the Hash Brigade,			58. Ghost in a Pawnshop, 1 scene . .	4	0
Irish musical sketch	2	2	31. Glycerine Oil, sketch	3	0
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, negro			20. Going for the Cup, interlude . .	4	0
sketch, 1 scene	6	0	82. Good Night's Rest, 1 scene . . .	3	0
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes . .	8	1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene	3	0
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene	3	0	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch . . .	3	0
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque,			61. Happy Couple, 1 scene	2	1
2 scenes	5	1	23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1		
63. Darkey's Stratagem, 1 act . . .	3	1	scene	5	1
110. De Black Magician, Ethiopian			3. Hemmed In, sketch	3	1
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50. Draft (The), sketch, 1 act . . .	6	0	33. Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1
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137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.	11 5	110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1 act.	3 6
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.	7 2	50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.	8 2
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.	14 5	59. Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.	5 3
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act.	3 2	95. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce, 1 act.	3 10
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2 4	181 and 182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.	38 8
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.	4 3	157. Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act.	5 2
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.	6 6	196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic op	
109. Locked In, comedietta, 1 act.	2 2	eretta, 1 act.	1 1
85. Locked In with a Lady, sketch, 1 act.	1 1	132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.	10 2
87. Locked Out, comic scene.	1 2	183. Richelieu, play, 5 acts.	16 2
143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act.	4 2	38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.	10 2
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts.	8 4
163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.	10 3	13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.	12 4
154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.	8 6	194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.	7 4
63. Marriage at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	5 3	195. Rosemi Shell, travesty, 1 act, 4 scenes.	6 3
39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act.	4 2	158. School, comedy, 4 acts.	6 6
7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.	5 3	79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1 act.	7 5
49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.	8 2	37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.	3 2
15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.	4 2	35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.	2 1
46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.	5 2	43. Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.	7 2
51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.	3 2	6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.	17 3	10. Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act.	1 1
108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3 3	26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.	16 5
188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3 3	78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7 3
169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4 1	31. 'Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.	3 3
130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3 1	150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2 2	120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2 1
193. My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	146. There's no Smoke Without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
140. Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.	3 4	83. Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.	6 1
115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3 acts.	8 5	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.	8 3	27. Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	7 5
57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.	4 4	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4 2
104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.	7 5	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.	2 1
112. Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3 3	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act.	3 2
185. Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14 3	29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.	5 3
84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10 6	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.	4 2
117. Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama, 3 acts.	5 4	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.	6 3
3. Nothing Like Paste, farce, 1 act.	3 1	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.	3 3
14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and prologue.	13 6	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.	4 4
173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	198. Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	3 1
176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1 2	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
90. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.	2 2	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6 2
170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4 2	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.	3 3
33. One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2 3	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.	6 6
3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8 4	91. Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.	7 2
97. Orange Blo-soms, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3 3
66. Orange Girl, drama, in prologue and 3 acts.	18 4	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.	5 4
172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.	6 3	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act.	2 10
94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.	7 5	98. Who is Who? farce, 1 act.	3 2
45. Our Domestic, comedy farce, 2 acts.	6 6	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.	4 4
155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts.	24 5	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque.	8 2
178. Out at Sea, drama in prologue and 4 acts.	16 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	6 6
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.	11 5	161. Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths, 4 acts.	10 4
156. Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	1 1	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2 acts.	4 4
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.	12 4	54. Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1 act.	3 3
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