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ON GUARD.



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	M.	F.		M.	F.
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Family Strike, farce, 20 min.	3	3	Solon Shingle, comedy, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min.	7	2
Fruits of Wine Cup, Temperance drama, 3 acts, 1 hr.	6	4	Soldier of Fortune, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 20 min.	8	3
Friendly Move, sketch, 20 min.	5	0	Seth Greenback, drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.	7	3
Funnygraph, Ethiopian, 12 min.	6	0	School Ma'am (The), drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	6	5
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Homeopathy, farce, 30 min.	5	3	Sham Doctor, Ethiopian, 15 min.	4	2
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Initiating a Granger, farce, 25 m.	8	0	Sparkling Cup, Temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	12	4
In the Dark, farce, 25 min.	4	2	Too Much of a Good Thing, farce, 50 min.	3	6
In the Wrong House, farce, 30 m.	4	2	Two Gents in Fix, farce, 20 min	2	0
Irish Linen Peddler, farce, 40 min	3	3	Two Puddifoots, farce, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In, farce, 20 min.	4	2	Two Pompeys, Ethiopian, 8 min.	4	0
I'll Stay Awhile, farce, 20 min.	4	0	Tricks, Ethiopian farce, 15 min.	5	2
Ici on Parle Francais, farce, 40 m.	4	3	Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 45 min.	8	3
I'm not Meself at All, farce, 25 m.	3	2	Turn Him Out, farce, 50 min.	3	3
John Smith, farce, 30 min.	5	3	Toodles, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 15 m.	6	2
Joke on Squinin, Ethiop. 25 min.	4	2	Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	11	5
Jumbo Jum, farce, 50 min.	4	3	Two Ghosts in White, sketch, 25 m	0	8
Kansas Immigrants, farce, 30 m.	5	1	Under the Laurels, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	5	4
Kiss in the Dark, farce, 30 min.	2	3	Unhappy Pair, Ethiopian. 10 min.	8	0
Louva the Pauper, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	9	4	Uncle Jeff, Ethiopian farce, 25 m.	5	2
Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 50 m.	3	2	Wanted a Correspondent, farce, 2 acts, 1 hr.	4	4
Lady of Lyons, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.	8	4	Wide Enough for Two, farce 50m.	5	2
Limerick Boy, farce, 30 min.	5	2	Which will be Marry, farce, 30 m.	2	8
Lost in London, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	6	3	Won at Last, comedy, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	7	3
London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.	9	3	Women of Lowenburg, Historical Sketch, 5 scenes. 50 min.	10	10
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 min.	2	3	Yankee Detective, drama, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8	3
Michael Erle, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min.	8	3			
Mike Donovan's Courtship, comedy, 2 acts, 15 min.	1	3			
Movement Cure, farce, 15 min.	5	0			
Mrs. Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 min.	0	2			
Mischievous Nigger, farce, 20 min.	4	2			
My Wife's Relations, comedy, 1 hr	4	6			
My Jeremiah, farce, 20 min.	3	2			
My Turn Next, farce, 50 min.	4	3			
My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 45 m.	3	3			

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

ON GUARD

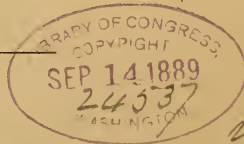
A FARCE IN ONE ACT

—BY—

COL. C. F. TOWNSEND,

Author of "A Wonderful Letter," etc.

TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SYNOPSIS OF THE
PIECE, CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.



CHICAGO:
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ON GUARD.

CHARACTERS.

TEDDY McFINNIGAN.
COL. PEPPERELL.
TOM MANLY.

CHOLLY CASHER.
LUCY.
MOLLY.

PS635
Z9T79

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left, *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc., *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or back of the stage; *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

SCENERY.

SCENE.—A nicely furnished room.

PROPERTIES.

Newspaper; walking stick; battered hat for CASHER; parasol for LUCY.

COSTUMES.

McFINNIGAN.—Rather eccentric, though modern. (Speaks with decided brogue.)

PEPPERELL.—Old man; quick and testy, old-fashioned suit.

MANLY.—Dark cutaway suit; hat; gloves.

CASHER.—An "imitation English;" (affected, drawling, hesitates when speaking;) very "loud" costume; change for last entrance.

LUCY.—Rich house dress; hat, parasol, and light wrap for last entrance.

MOLLY.—Neat house dress.

SYNOPSIS.

COL. PEPPERELL, a fiery old fellow, wants his daughter LUCY to marry Mr. CASHER, a rich young "exquisite." LUCY is in love with TOM MANLY who has more brains than money. The COLONEL advertises for a servant, and MANLY sends his friend TEDDY, a bright young Irishman, to apply for the situation. He is engaged, and at once falls in love with MOLLY. TEDDY helps TOM and LUCY, wins MOLLY himself, pacifies the COLONEL, and all ends happily. Unlike most farces, this contains good parts for all, and is full of wit, humor, and amusing situations.

Time of performance, twenty-five minutes.

NOTE.—Though this play is furnished with full directions for the stage it may be played in any ordinary room.

ON GUARD.

SCENE.—A nicely furnished room in 4th Grooves; Doors C., R. & E., R. U. E., and L. & E.; Table L. Discover Pepperell seated at table, L., reading paper; Lucy seated R.

Pep. Don't talk to me about advertising. It's all bosh. Printers' ink is good for nothing except to circulate lies. You might as well look for oranges in Greenland or icebergs in Florida as for any benefit from newspaper advertising.

Lucy. Why, papa, what is the matter?

Pep. Matter enough. Last night I placed an advertisement in this confounded paper for a servant, and not a man has appeared. Here it is. (*Reads.*) "Wanted, a man servant; must not drink, smoke, chew, swear, gamble, lie, cheat, steal, nor have any bad habits; must be steady, industrious and reliable—understand horses, gardening," et cetera and so forth. There.

Lucy. You want such a man?

Pep. Of course.

Lucy. Well, you wont get him.

Pep. Why not, Miss Impudence?

Lucy. Because he does'nt exist. Ha, ha, ha! And if he did, every woman on earth would want to marry him!

Pep. Silence, you young baggage! (*Lucy laughs.*) Don't you laugh at me, Miss! Marry—marry! That's all you girls think about. Know that; hey?

Lucy. (*Demurely.*) Yes, papa.

Pep. Then if you're so anxious to marry, there's young Casher—a nice young man.

Lucy. Charlie Casher! Why, he's no *man!*

Pep. The deuce he isn't!

Lucy. Don't swear, papa.

Pep. Young Casher has no brains, of course, but he has plenty of money—and what more do you want?

Lucy. What more? Everything. I want a husband who will think more of me than of his neckties; with a bold heart and a strong arm; who can hug me—o—oh! without fear of soiling his collars and cuffs. Now, Tom Manly—

Pep. Hey!

Lucy. (*Confused.*) Oh—er—I mean—

Pep. You mean that *he* can hug you, o—oh! without fear of soiling his collars and cuffs—that's what you mean!

Lucy. I never said that.

Pep. Yes you did! And if I catch that young beggar hanging about here, I'll—thunder of Mars! I'll soil the backyard of his trousers! Now, you mind! (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

Lucy. (*Shaking her head.*) Yes, and he will soil the front yard of your nose, too, Mr. Papa! So, there!

Enter Molly, C D.

Molly. Miss Lucy—

Lucy. Eh, Molly?

Molly. 'Sh—Miss Lucy—he's down there.

Lucy. Who?

Molly. (*Archly.*) Ah—you know.

Lucy. Tom? (*Molly nods.*) Oh! (*Clapping hands.*) Goody, goody! Show him up. (*Exit Molly, C. D.*) It's Tom! I wonder how I look! (*Business arranging hair and dress*) I guess I am presentable.

Enter Tom C. D.

Lucy. Tom!

Tom. (*Embracing her.*) Where's the dragon!

Lucy. Hush! Oh, Tom—

Tom. What is it?

Lucy. Papa wants to hire another servant—a great horrid man.

Tom. What for!

Lucy. To keep you out of the house.

Tom. I know the very man!

Lucy. To keep you out?

Tom. To let me in.

Lucy. Who is he?

Tom. Teddy McFinnigan; he's Irish—

Lucy. No matter.

Tom. Good. I'll post Ted, and send him here at once.

Lucy. Hurry, before some one gets ahead of him.

Tom. It will take a smart man to get ahead of Teddy. But I'll have him here in a jiffy. (*Exit C. D.*)

Lucy. (*At C. D.*) Dear Tom, he will break his neck if he isn't careful.

Casher. (*Outside.*) Oh, murdah!

Lucy. Hello! Tom has stepped on somebody.

Enter Casher, C D., dress somewhat disarranged.

Cash. Oh, deah, Miss Peppahell, I'm cwushed! That gwate, big, wough bwute wan all ovah me. He smashed me hat, don't cher know, and stepped wight on me head.

Lucy. No doubt he thought it was a pillow.

Cash. Pawhaps he did—but it isn't. And it was weally quite wude, don't cher know. It actually gives me bwains a shock.

Lucy. Your brains?

Cash. Ya—as. And I don't like to have fellahs disturb me bwains, I nevah do.

Lucy. Good reason,

Cash Ya—as; clevah idea, don't cher know. Bah Jove, Miss Lucy, you look chawming.

Lucy. Thank you.

Cash. Ya—as; and I looked chawming, too, when I came here.

Lucy. You think so?

Cash. I *nevah* think; it's too much labah. Me valet thinks foh me—and he said I looked chawming. And of cawse he ought to know, don't cher know

Lucy. No doubt. (*Aside, wearily.*) Oh, dear!

Cash. Ya—as; and now I look quite howid, don't I?

Lucy. Oh, dreadful.

Cash. And me nahves aw quite unstwung; so, if you'll excuse me, Miss Lucy—

Lucy. With pleasure.

Cash. Ya—as; then I'll dwive wight home and have me valet fix me up. Besides, it's time to get into me two o'clock suit any way. This is me one o'clock suit.

Lucy. Then you haven't a moment to lose.

Cash. I hate to dwive meself away fwom youah chawming society, Miss Lucy, but business befoah pleashaw, don't cher know. Ta, ta, Miss Lucy. (*Exit C. D.*)

Lucy. Blessed relief! Marry that thing? I would sooner wed a Hottentot!

Enter Molly C. D.

Molly. Av ye plaze, Miss, there's a mon as wants to see the Colonel.

Lucy. Who is he?

Molly. Faith, I dunno. He kissed me three times when I opened the dure, an' sez he: "You're the charminest leddy I iver saw, an' I've come agin a job."

Lucy. (*Aside.*) It must be Tom's man.

Molly. Shall I bring him here, Miss?

Lucy. Yes, and I will call papa. (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

Molly. (*At C. D.*) Walk this way, av ye plaze, sor.

Enter Teddy C. D.

Ted. Walk, is it? Shure, the only walk I could take is a run, when a nate little body loike yersilf invites me.

Molly. (*L.*) Go 'long wid yer blarney!

Ted. Oh, blister me tongue, but it's true. (*Kisses her.*) Ah, darlin', yer lips are swater than the finest ould Irish whiskey, an' yer eyes are loike twin dewdrops—so they are.

Molly. An' what are ye doin' here?

Ted. I've come till a job from ould Pepperbox.

Molly. Och, be careful now; he's very fiery.

Ted. Sort av cayenne pepper is he? Ah, ha! I'm on me guard, an' I'll be jist as swate as this. (*Kisses her.*)

Enter Pepperell, R. 1 E.

Pep. (*Seeing them.*) Hello there!

Ted. (*Looking in Molly's eye.*) Thare—it's out now.

Pep. What are you doing—hey?

Ted. Gittin' a rock out av the leddy's eye.

Pep. Um! What's your name?

Ted. Teddy McFinnigan, sor, what's yours?

Pep. None of your business.

Ted. (*Aside to Molly.*) Shall I slug him?

Molly. 'Sh! Kape quiet.

Pep. Well, sir?

Ted. Quite well, thank ye, how's all your folks?

Pep. You're a fool!

Ted. I know I am, sor.

Pep. Do you want work?

Ted. Yis sor.

Pep. Then don't you be impudent:

Ted. Yis sor—no sor; an' don't you ayther.

Pep. *What!*

Ted. Yis sor.

Pep. Do you drink?

Ted. Thank ye—I'll take some o' the same.

Pep. Same? Same what?

Ted. Same as yersilf, shure.

Pep. Idiot! I did not ask you *to* drink; I asked if you *do* drink!

Ted. Do I? (*Molly shakes her head.*) Oh no—no sor—niver a taste.

Pep. Do you smoke?

Ted. Shmoke is it? (*Molly pokes him*) Niver at all sor; ah no, sor.

Pep. Nor lie, nor gamble, nor make love to the girls?

Ted. Oh, n—o, sor; niver a wance.

Pep. Are you a light sleeper?

Ted. About a hundred an' fifty pounds, sor. (*Aside.*) An' more whin I'm full.

Pep. I mean, do you awaken easily?

Ted. Yis sor; jist kick on the dure.

Pep. Do you snore?

Ted. (*Shortly.*) No, I don't.

Pep. How do you know?

Ted. How do I know? Faith, I've laid awake all night to find out.

Pep. H'm; well, I will give you a trial. Your duties will be very light.

Ted. Yis sor.

Pep. All you will have to do is to take care of the lawn and conservatory, look after the stables, make the fires, run the furnace, feed the dogs, do errands, clean the walks, work in the garden, and saw wood.

Ted. Is that all?

Pep. Yes, except to keep young Manly out of the house.

Ted. Ah, ha; I'll chuck him out o' the windy. (*Aside.*) The devil I will!

Pep. Very well. You can begin work at once. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

Ted. The bloodthirsty ould haythen!

Molly. Niver mind him at all. Nobody does.

Ted. Is thare onything in the house fit to ate?

Molly. Yis indade, I know where to find the jimmy-john!

Ted. It's a jewel ye are, Molly. Shure ye know that whiskey is mate an' drink both. (*Exeunt L. & E.*)

Enter Pepperell and Lucy R. U. E.

Pep. (*C.*) Not another word now. I say no!

Lucy. (*L. C.*) I say yes!

Pep. And I swear no!

Lucy. And I—

Pep. Don't you swear; don't you dare! I wont have young Manly lally-gagging around here. Understand? I have forbidden him the house; I have hired a man to keep him out; and that settles it. If you are so anxious to marry, take young Casher—he will jump at the chance.

Lucy. I am not a chance, if you please! (*Goes R.*)

Pep. H'm.

Lucy. I think you are horrid to call me names.

Pep. Now you are losing your temper, my dear.

Lucy. No, I'm not.

Pep. Yes, you are.

Lucy. (*Stamping.*) No, I'm not!

Pep. It's a pity you wouldn't. Why can't you be good natured—as I am? (*Goes R. Lucy crosses L.*) Hey? I never get mad! Confound it! But you! you snort and prance around like a crazy female elephant! B-r-r-r! (*Aside.*) Lord deliver me from a spunky woman. (*Exit R. & E.*)

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! poor papa! Oh, no; *he* never loses his temper. Oh, dear no! oh my! (*Laughing.*) And yet, (*gravely*) it is just too provoking. Tom wants me and I want Tom; and I am going to have him, too, in spite of all the fathers in creation! So there now!

Enter Teddy L. & E.

Ted. Av coorse ye shall, ye swate little rosebud! I beg yer pardon, Miss, fer bein' so fray, but whin I see such a lovely angel as yersilf in throuble, me heart runs away wid me tongue.

Lucy. You are Tom's friend?

Ted. Indade I om, through thick an' thin, Miss. Shure I'd face the divil himsilf for Tom. An' as fer yersilf, Miss Lucy, wan look av yer lovely eyes, or wan smile from yer beautiful lips, an' I'll face a whole rigimint of divils.

Lucy. There is no one but papa—

Ted. The Ould By himsilf—

Lucy. And Mr. Casher.

Ted. Casher? Faith, I'll give Casher a smasher in the shmeller—bedad!

Lucy. Oh don't hurt him—much. He is very frail.

Ted. Ah, ha—thin I wont hit him *quite* so hard.

Enter Tom C. D.

Tom. Oh, Lucy!

Lucy. What is it, Tom?

Tom. Your old brute of a father—

Ted. That's roight; give it to him!

Lucy. Hush! You sha'n't talk that way.

Tom. He has decided that you shall marry Casher or else he will pack you off to a convent.

Lucy. Oh, Tom! (*Weeping.*)

Ted. Oh, Tom!— I mane, oh, the devil!

Lucy. What shall we do?

Ted. I know. (*Spits on his hands.*) I'll go right out, an' I'll hunt up Casher (*dances about*), an' I'll give him a smasher that'll lave him in the doctor's hands for a month ah, ha!

Tom. Hold on, Ted, that wont do.

Ted. Thin I'll till ye what; ye take Miss Lucy out an' git married to her as hard as iver ye know how. Lave Casher to Molly an' me. We'll make things plisant for him.

Tom. What do you say, Lucy?

Lucy. Why—why, Tom—I haven't any wedding dress.

Ted. Oh, ye don't want any! I—I mane— (*Scratches head.*) I mane ye'll look lovely widout— (*Aside.*) Oh, Lord!

Tom. Teddy, you stay here on guard. Come, Lucy.

Lucy. I am almost frightened.

Ted. Ah, now, Miss, it's aisy enough.

Lucy. What will people say?

Tom. The people be—

Ted. Thim's my sintimints sor.

Tom. Come.

(*Exit Tom. and Lucy, C. D.*)

Ted. I wonder why—I wonder why women always make such a fuss about gittin' married? Shure, it's what they all want. Av coorse, an ould maid will say as how she hates the min, but it's sorry the chance I take wid wan o' thim at all!

Molly. (*Outside.*) Are ye thare, Tiddy?

Ted. That I am, darlin'. Come in.

Enter Molly L I E.

Ted. I'm on guard.

Molly. Guardin' what?

Ted. I dunno.

Molly. Whare's Miss Lucy?

Ted. She's evaporated.

Molly. Eh?

Ted. Jumped the broom handle.

Molly. What d'ye mane?

Ted. She's bein' married.

Molly. Oh-h! Tiddy!

Ted. Would ye moind doin' the same now, Molly?

Molly. That depinds.

Ted. On what, Molly?

Molly. On who axed me.

Ted. S'posin' he looked loike me?

Molly. (*Bashfully.*) Oh, Tiddy!

Ted. (*Same business*) Oh, Molly!

Molly. Ye don't mane it.

Ted. Don't I though! Ah, mavourneen, I've loved ye for the past two hundred years, so I have.

Molly. Take care now, Teddy.

Ted. Well, anyhow, I love ye, Molly Bawn. Shure, whin I saw the lovelight shining in yer eyes, backed up wid truth, honesty, fun, an' jist the laste little bit av diviltry acusha, me heart jumped roight out iv me body an' landed plump in yer own pretty hands. Will ye kape it darlin' or—

Molly. I niver loike to give onythin' back excipt—

Ted. Excipt?

Molly. This. (*Kissing him.*)

Ted. Hooray! Give us anither wan.

Molly. No, I wont. Somebody'll be comin'.

Ted. That reminds me. Whin young Casher comes in, you pretend to make love to him. 'Thin, jist at the roight time I'll appear, an' oh, wont we have a picnic!

Molly. Ye won't hurt the poor chap, now Tiddy?

Ted. Well, no— I won't hurt him (*aside*) very much.

Casher. (*Outside.*) Ya—as; you needn't twouble.

Ted. Thare he comes now—mind yer eye. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

Enter Casher, C. D.

Cash. Aw—me pwetty maid—wha' is youah mistwiss?

Molly. Miss Lucy, she's gone out, sor.

Cash. The—aw, deuce she has! Weally?

Molly. Yis, sor; an' I don't wonder at your surprise. I can't see how she cud go whin an illegant, fascinatin' gintlemon loike yersilf was comin' to see her. (*Aside.*) That nearly choked me

Cash. Yas—as. (*Aside.*) She's dayvilish pwetty.

Molly. (*Very gushing.*) But some girls niver know what it is to love as—as I do.

Cash. Ya—as. (*Aside.*) Poah thing! She's stwuck on me shape, don't cher know.

Molly. (*Gushing.*) Ah.

Cash. (*Very spoony.*) Ah.

Molly. Ye wouldn't use yer manly beauty, an' yer brilliant conversatile powers to break a poor girl's heart, now wud ye!

Cash. Aw—nevah, nevah.

Molly. Thin why don't ye say somethin'?

Cash. Ya—as; you aw vevy pwetty.

Molly. I knew that alriddy.

Cash. Ya—as; and I love you to—aw—distwaction, but don't tell Lucy. She—aw—might think, don't cher know—aw that a waw Irish girl—

Molly. *Raw Irish!* An' how wud ye have me—cooked?

Cash. Eh? (*She backs him across stage, shaking fist.*)

Molly. Mebbly ye'd loike me biled! They say that Irish sthew is mighty gude ating.

Cash. Aw—weally—don't cher know—

Molly. An' ye think ye'd be abusin' a poor definselless girl.

Enter Teddy L. & E.

Ted. Why, Molly darlin', what troubles ye?

Molly. (*Goes R. crying.*) He insoltoed me, so he did!

Ted. Insoltoed ye?

Molly. (*Crying.*) Yis he did; the haythen!

Cash. Aw—say—you mustn't call me names, don't cher know.

Ted. Insoltoed ye? (*Throws off coat.*) Come on ye wobble kneed hyena! Ye spavined gyasticus! Ye-ye (*dances about*), animated mummy! Come at me!

Cash. (*Frightened.*) Keep away, you—you fellah!

Ted. Oh, wont I! (*Shakes him.*)

Cash. Murdah! Murdah! Police!

Molly. Don't shake his hid off.

Ted. Thare's nothin' in it. (*Shakes him.*)

Cash. Murdah! Help!

Enter Pepperell, C. D.

Pep. (*R.*) Here, you! Let him alone!

Ted. (*C.*) All roight, sor. (*Releases him. Casher goes L.*)

Pep. What does this mean, hey?

Cash. I've been set on by a highwayman—

Ted. (*Threatening.*) Yer a—

Pep. Silence, sir!

Ted. Yis, sor.

Cash. And he mussed up me foah o'clock suit, and me valet is gone foh an houah, and good gwacious, oh deah! Who'll dwess me in me five o'clock clothes?

Molly. Sind fer yer nurse, ye babby!

Pep. Shut up, everybody!

Ted. Yis, sor.

Pep. What caused this infernal row, hey?

Ted. He was insoltoin' this ledly.

Pep. What! In my house?

Molly. (*L. C.*) Shure, he was sor!

Pep. Put him out.

Ted. Yis, sor. Come along, ye what-is-it!

Cash. Colonel Pepperell, will you—

Ted. Dry up now - ye conundrum! (*Runs Casher out C. D.; noise of falling down stairs.*) Thare! Git inter yer foive o'clock suit; faith ye'll nade it.

Pep. Where is my daughter?

Ted. (*Aside.*) Now I'll catch it.

Pep. Did you hear me?

Ted. Yis, sor. Well, sor, she is - ye know she is—

Pep. Of course I know she is—but where is she?

Ted. Oh no—oh, no sor; she isn't there.

Pep. Fool!

Ted. Yis sor.

Pep. Idiot!

Ted. Vis sor; but I wouldn't be callin' meself names.

Pep. Oh-h! You rascal, I'll—I'll—. (*Shakes fist and dances arouna.*)

Ted. Are ye betther now?

Pep. (*To Molly.*) Do you know anything about this?

Molly. About what?

Pep. About my daughter.

Molly. Indade I do. Miss Lucy isn't Miss Lucy.

Pep. The deuce you say!

Ted. No, sor. Miss Lucy is—

Enter Lucy and Tom, C. D.

Lucy. (*C.*) Mrs. Thomas Manly, please, papa.

Pep. B-b-but, blood and blazes! It don't please papa.

Ted. Oh, papa!

Tom. You cannot help yourself.

Pep. I'll throw you out.

Tom. No you wont.

Pep. Put him out, Teddy.

Ted. No—I—wont.

Pep. Are you in the plot—you snake in the grass?

Ted. Vis I am—ould shnake in yer boots. (*Both take stage excitedly.*)

Lucy. Be good, papa; forgive us.

Pep. Well—you arch conspirator, I suppose I must. But I wont forgive this Irishman.

Ted. Who cares onyhow, ould Peppermint? (*To audience.*) Will ye forgive me! Ah, ha—I knew ye would. Thin I'm all roight, for I have the swatest—(*embraces Pepperell*) divil take ye! As I was sayin' I have the swatest (*embraces Lucy.*)

Tom. Here! That's my property!

Ted. Beg your pardon. (*Takes Molly's hand.*) I have jist the swatest girl in the counthry, which I am proud to say I won while servin'—

Molly. "ON GYARD!"

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