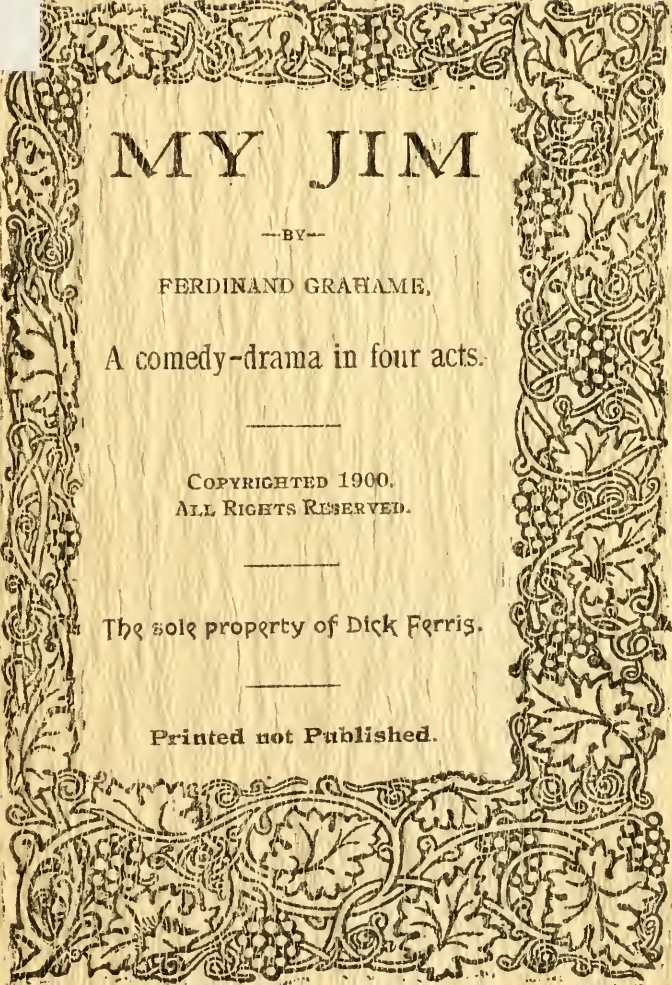


JUL 29 1900



# MY JIM

—BY—

FERDINAND GRAHAME,

A comedy-drama in four acts.

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W. J. BOYCOTT,  
Printer and Binder,  
La Crosse, Wis.

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# My Jim.

## MUSIC CUES.

### ACT I.

QUARTETTE—at rise—(no accompaniment.)

—your usual good temper.

LIVELY—Start Pp.

—its Mr. Foxglove.

Swell fo Ff.—till Eccles is on.

—come here this instant.

LIVELY.

—till Hetty is on.

—and you ain't the one.

LIVELY—Pp.—

Until cue:

—ouch! Gee whiz!

—Dick! Kate!

PLAINTIVE.

—until Kate's exit in house.

—Partners for a Quadrille.

QUADRILLE—Ff.

Until cue:—

—when Hetty jerks off handkerchief.

DIMINISH to Pp.

—I'll kiss you next.

SWELL—

Until Curtain.

### ACT II.

LIVELY— at rise.

—his shirt, if I wanted to.

PLAINTIVE.

Until Kate's exit.

—Knock 'em down again.

AGITATO—Pp

—until Jim carries Hetty on.

—After Quartette.

“If you should see your Sister.” PLAINTIVE

—Until Kate's exit.

—Wasn't for the name on the slate.

AGITATO

Until all enter,

Tie it tighter.

LIVELY

for Curtain.

### ACT III.

LIVELY—at Rise.

—Now's your chance to prove it.

AGITATO—Pp.

Until Lucretia enters.

—After Quartette.

“If you should see your Sister”—PLAINTIVE

Until Bradley closes door.

Then

AGITATO—Pp.

Until Curtain.



## ACT IV.

PLAINTIVE—at rise.  
 —figures are right, are they not?  
 PLAINTIVE,  
 —until Abner enters.  
 —until the clock strikes ten.  
 AGITATO—Pp.—until cue:  
 —one, two, three, four, etc.  
 SWELL TO FF.—for Jim's entrance.  
 —I understand. (Eccle's exit).  
 AGITATO—PP.—until cue:  
 —bring in the minister.  
 Change immediately to  
 LIVELY—Pp.  
 —name on the slate?  
 SWELL FF. for Curtain.

---

 CHARACTERS.

JIM MAYNE—Of Maine.	HETTY KINGBRIDGE—All sunshine.
TOM MAYNE—His brother.	LUCRETIA MAYNE—All clouds.
ABNER MAYNE—His father.	KATE MAYNE—All sorrow.
ECCLES FOXGLOVE—A wise one.	MOLLIE MIDDLESEX—All expectancy
RICHARD BRADLEY—A mean one.	

---

 SYNOPSIS.

ACT I—The Mayne homestead. June 24, 1898. The dance.  
 ACT II—The same evening. The mortgage.  
 ACT III—The Mayne residence in New York. Four days afterward.  
 The message.  
 ACT IV—Back to Maine. December 24, 1898. The clock.

# ACT I.

## SCENE PLOT.

Landscape-----in-----4  
Picket fence Gate C in 3  
Set House—[with up-stairs window]—

—on steps R. 2 E.

### “PROPS.”

Barn—L. 3 E.  
Farm bench—L. C.  
Churn (containing water)—L., above bench.  
Rustic chair—R., below steps.  
Old Sacks—on stage L., below bench (jug for molasses).  
Step-ladder in house (for window.)

Step-ladder }  
Pitchfork } Ready L. U. E.  
Big bunch hay }  
Butterfly net }  
Jug molasses }

Pillow & feathers } Ready inside house, R.  
Small book }

8 milk pans—Ready L. 2 E.  
½ set harness (with lines)—Ready in barn L.  
Gingham Apron—Kate.  
Pencil—Ec.

(Quartette at rise—sings—off L. U. E.)

Kate—(Discovered in gate, C.—looking off L. U. E. at end of song—down L. to churn)—The boys at work in the hayfield. (Chorus in house R. 2 E.)

Mollie—(Enters from house—on steps) Land sakes o’Goshen, Kate, ain’t that butter come yit?

Kate—(Looks up.) It seems rather slow coming, Aunt Mollie.

Mollie—(Down steps to C.)—Don’t make much difference. I calkilated to hev fresh butter for supper to-night, but I hear that Tom and his wife are goin’ back to the city this afternoon. (Places arms akimbo, faces Kate.) Say, Kate, what do you think o’ the walkin’-millinery-sign that Tom’s brought home as his wife, eh?

Kate—(Churning.)—She seems a cultured city lady. I’m afraid we’re too common for her here.

Mollie—(C.)—Too common! Land sakes o’Goshen! She’s uncommon tantalizin’, that’s what she is! (Is facing L. Pillow thrown from upstairs window of house—hits her on back.) Ouch! (Turns R. looks up at window, then down at pillow on stage.)

Kate—Who did that?

Mollie—(Picks up pillow.)—That pesky Eccles Fox-glove, I’ll bet. Look at that pillar—hole tore in the

corner, and all black from bein' walled around in the dirt! (Rips open end of pillow case.) Now I've got to wash this piller case. (Spills feathers out on stage L.) Fill it again with new goose feathers. Feel as tho' I'd ought to fumigate the whole house after that wife o' Tom's gits out of it.

Luc.—(Enters from house, R., down steps to C., very supercilious.)—Miss Middlesex.

Mol—(Does not see Luc)—Wish she was here now—

Kate—(Motions frantically to Mol to notice Luc)

Luc—(Same tone.)—Miss Middlesex.

Mol—(Pays no attention to Kate or Luc. Turns pillow case wrong side out.) Wisht she was here right now this minute—I'd like to give her a piece o' my mind. I feel brave enough to turn right to her and say— (suits action to words, turns C., faces Luc.)

Luc—Well?

Mol—(As if crushed.)—Good evening, mam.

Luc—Give me a piece of your mind, eh? I didn't imagine you POSSESSED a mind. What have you to say?

Mol—Oh, actions speak louder than words. (Shakes pillow case angrily at Luc, feathers fly in shower over Luc.)

Luc (Angrily.)—How dare you! Those dirty feathers on my expensive dress. (Picking off feathers.)

Mol—All the peacock feathers on this farm couldn't make anything but a screaming hen out o' you! (Up R. and hangs pillow case on fence.)

Luc (to R.)—Insolent creature! Thank Heaven we're here but a few minutes longer; they're hitching the horses now. (Exit in house, R., picking off feathers.)

Tom (Inside barn, L. 3 E.)—You mean this for me, father?

Kate (Looks in door of barn and goes up L. to Mol.) R. C.

Abner (inside barn, L.)—Yes, for you. (Horse squeals.) Whoa, gol darn ye! I mean, consarn ye! (Horse squeals and kicks.) Whoa, I say! Thar, now, you busted yer belly-band!

Tom (Enters from barn, stands outside door, looking at legal paper in hand.)—The farm mine, father? I hardly understand.

(Ab enters from barn, ½ set harness in hand)—My



boy, "to him that hath shall be given;" that's what the Scriptures says, and I believe 'em. You've proved yerself a man able to make money, and in these days o' mortgages and land-sharks, the farm is best off in the hands of a lawyer like you. An' it'd be your'n by right, boy, as my oldest son. It'll only be a little spell till I'm sleepin' beside yer mother on the hillside. (L. Cor.)

Tom—(Down L.) I'll take it, father, to hold in trust for Jim and Kate. (Pockets document.)

Ab—Yes, you must allus see that they is provided fur. Say, can't you and yer wife stay jest one more day?

Tom—My wife insists upon leaving this afternoon; you know it is a husband's duty to obey his wife.

Ab—That's right, Tom. "Honor thy wife," says the scripturs, and I believe 'em. But ye've been here only three days, and its five years since ye went away, and yet it seems only yesterday that I took yer hand in mine, like this (Takes Tom's hand) and bid ye God speed! (Appealingly) Can't ye—can't ye—

Tom—A blessing that has since been my Guiding Star. I'll stay till tomorrow, dad.

Ab—(Joyfully, shaking hands) That's right, Tom. An' we'll have a dance for ye tonight, out here on the grass. (Sits on bench, L.—works at harness).

Luc (Appears at door of house, R.)—Is the team ready?

Tom—Lucretia, my dear (To C.) I have promised father to remain until tomorrow.

Luc—(R. C., Down steps to R.) What! Another day in this musty old place? I won't stay? That vulgar brother of yours—

Tom—(C.) Lucretia, you are speaking of my brother!

Luc—And the more I speak of him the more I'll say! He and your father and your meddlesome old aunt (Mollie and Abner listening), they're a trio of stupids—all alike!

Together. { Mol (Down C., arms akimbo)—Well!  
 } Ab (Angrily)—Gold darn ye; I mean, con-  
 } sarn ye! (Drops harness, picks it up and  
 } fumbles it).

Luc—Where is Hetty?

Mol—(Snappishly) She's out somewhere with Tom's brother, Jim.

Luc (Imitates)—"Out SOMEWHERE," with a NO-

BODY! It is a shame that my sister should be compelled to endure such vulgar companions.

Tom—Lucretia! Her “vulgar companion” is my BROTHER—he’s only a boy, but he’s honest and square! And your husband’s brother is a plenty good enough companion for my wife’s sister! (To R. C.)

Luc—Nonsense! You have risen above this dirt-digging family—

Ab—(Aside) Damn it; I mean, hang it! (Drops collar; bus. as before.)

Luc—But that is no reason why you should try to drag your wife’s people down to the level of YOUR starting-point. I WON’T stay! (Turns away, R.)

Ab—(Rises up) Come, Tom’s wife, stay jest till mornin’—we’ll have a dance tonight, and I’ll get this harness fixed and take ye to town in fine style to-morrow mornin’ in the lumber-wagon.

Luc—A LUMBER-WAGON! A nice vehicle for a member of the Kingbridge family to ride in!

Mol—(Down C.) Well, I’VE rid in a lumber-wagon—many’s the time—and my name is Middlesex—and the Middlesex family is as good as the Kingbridges any day, and better—and what’s good enough for ME is too PESKY good for YOU! (Goes up C., comedy walk.)

LUC. R. C.

Luc—“Pesky good.” There’s a sample of the language of your cultivated relations.

Tom—You knew what my family was when you married me.

Luc—Oh, YOU are clever—a successful lawyer—I admire cleverness, that’s why I married you. But I married YOU, NOT your family. Compare that rustic brother of yours with Mr. Richard Bradley, for instance.

Tom—Well to console you, I’ll tell you that Bradley will be ‘over here this afternoon.

Luc—I know it, I sent for him.

Tom—You; and for what purpose, may I ask?

Luc—I intend that Hetty shall give him a definite answer. He is exactly the husband for her and she shall not play with him any longer. He can return with us as our guest to New York tonight.

Tom—TOMORROW.

Luc—TONIGHT!

Tom—Lucretia usually your will has been my law,

but in this I will be master! WE REMAIN UNTIL TOMORROW.

Luc (pause) Well, then TOMORROW. (Flings herself into chair R.)

Tom goes up R. C. meets Kate.

Ab—(Rises leaving harness on bench L.) There, there now, stop it! When quarrels come in the front door, love goes out the back. That ain't exactly the Scriptures but I believe it. Besides we common folks ain't worth quarrelling about and only a couple of months married, too. (L. to door of barn.) Aside, looking at Luc I'd like to sick the dog on her dog-gone her! (Exit into barn L.)

Kate starts to the L. 2 E.

Tom—(catches Kate's hand C.) Where are you going Kate?

Kate—To the dairy after the milk pans.

Tom—Why are you so quiet Kate—Haven't you one bright look for brother Tom?

(Kate shakes her head negatively.)

Tom—What's the matter? Has Lucretia annoyed you? (Looking down R. at Luc.)

Luc—(rises scornfully) I annoy her, the ideal

Kate—No Tom, nothing has annoyed me—(going L.)—nothing but MYSELF. (Exit slowly L. 2 E.)

Tom—(C. looking after Kate) There is something wrong there. (R. on steps, to Luc) Better come inside, Lucretia, until you have recovered your usual good temper.

Dog growls and barks outside L. U. E.

Eccles—(outside L. U. E.) Nice doggie! Good doggie! (barks) Ow! Get out or I'll kick the face off of you!

Mol—(up L. looking over fence off L. U. E.) Its Mr. Foxglove.

Ec—(music. Enters L. U. E., with net, chasing imaginary butterfly. Half backing on and looking off L. U. E.) I've lost that butterfly! No, there it is. (makes pass in air with net— looks back quickly) There's the meanest dog in the state of Maine!

\* Bradley enters R. U. E. to C. in gate.

Ec.—(continues) Where's that butterfly? (makes pass with net. suddenly turns R., meets Brad face to face in gate) YOU'RE not a butterfly!

Brad—A butterfly of fashion they call me.

Ec—That's so, Dick Bradley, as I'm alive! (Shakes hands).

Brad—Is the dog dangerous?

Ec—Worst in the neighborhood, will bite anything even ME.

Ec—Let me introduce you, Mr. and Mrs. Mayne—Mr. Richard Bradley—we were college-mates. (R. C.)

Brad—(L. of C. Bows.) Quite unnecessary, dear boy—the Maynes and I are old friends. (To Ec) And what have you been making of yourself since college days?

Ec—Well, I have developed into a geologist, a taxidermist, an entomologist—and I earn my living as a telegraph operator. Just now I'm enjoying a month's vacation—boarding here with the Mayne family.

Eccles—Well, how is it we meet down here in Maine—thought you were a New Yorker, too. (To C.)

Brad—I am. But I have just purchased the adjoining farm—a beautiful place. In fact, it's only rival in picturesque beauty is the Mayne farm here. (To L. Cor.)

Luc—(Scornfully.) I can't imagine this place rivaling anything—but the stock-yards. (X's to Brad.)

(X's L.—aside to Brad.) You'll have no chance here. Hetty seems happy in no society save that of that farmer boy, Jim.

Brad—(L. Cor. aside to Luc.) Tom Mayne's brother?

Luc—Yes.

Brad—So I judged. I noticed them together when I arrived.

Luc—With him AGAIN? WHERE?

Brad—Out at the haystack—behind the barn. (Indicates off L. U. E.) They were climbing up to the top on a step-ladder—and then sliding down the stack together.

Luc—(Angry walk up to gate—C. Calls off L. U. E.) Hatty! Hetty! Come here this instant! (In R. of gate.)

Music.

Hetty—(Enters, running L. U. E.—covered with hay. Has large bunch hay in hand.) Oh, Lucretia—why did you stop me. 'Twas glorious fun! The haystack was so slippery—and the hay tickles your nose! See? (In gate—pushes bunch hay in Luc's face.)

Luc—(Sputters and chokes.) Ridiculous! Put down that dirty hay and go and speak to Mr. Bradley. (Indicates Brad. L. —remains in R. of gate.)

Het—(Half aside—scowls at Brad.) That horrid man here!

Luc—(Aside to Het.) And see that you receive him with politeness.

Het—(Slowly down L. to Brad. short and snappy) Howdye do!

Brad—(Sweetly.) Allow me to brush the hay from your dress. (Flicks hay off her shoulder.)

Het—Sure! Here's some more you can have!

Shows large bunch of hay over Brad.

Brad—(Angrily.) Quite playful, aren't you?

Angrily brushes hay from his clothes.

Het—Yep, I'm a sweet little kitten!

Brad, is about to sit on bench, L.—she suddenly pulls bench to L. C.—Brad. nearly loses his balance. She laughs and sits on R. end of bench. Brad. is about to sit on bench beside her, she shoves over to L. end of bench.

There's room for only one—and you ain't the one!

Puts feet up on bench—to R.

Jim—Enters slowly, L. U. E., head down, hand in pocket, pitchfork under other arm. Luc. is watching Hetty. Jim runs handle of pitchfork into Luc.

Luc—Oh, you clumsy boor! (Jumps back—goes down R. above steps.) Hetty, take your feet off that bench!

Hetty—Does so with a jerk. Remains seated L. end of bench.

JIM—(Short laugh, outside gate, tries to enter, pitchfork bars the way, finally gets through gate and angrily throws pitchfork into barn door.L.)

Abner [Outside, in barn.]—Ouch! Gee whiz!

Tom [Seated on steps, R.]—Jim, come and meet Mr. Bradley.

Jim [Down C., slowly, hands in pockets.]—Hey?

Luc [Aside to Tom.]—You're not going to annoy Mr. Bradley by making him meet that fellow?

Tom [Rises, aside to Luc.]—That "fellow" bears the same name as yourself. [Down steps; aloud.] Mr. Bradley, this is my brother, Jim.

Jim [L. to Brad, extends hand.]—How are ye?

Brad [Looks at Jim's hand, loftily.]—Really, I'd rather not shake hands. It is not good form.

Jim—Oh, don't be skeered—your glove won't dirty my hand. [Seizes Brad's hand and shakes it hard.]

Brad [Jerks hand away.]—Don't be so impulsive! You remind me of a young threshing machine. [Dusts hand.]

Jim [Sizes Brad up.]—An' you remind me of a striped potato bug!

Mol—(Down R. of Jim; aside to him.)—Say something nice, Jim, make yourself entertaining.

Jim (Looks around stage from one to the other. Pause.)—We had a fine time out at the haystack,



Hetty and me, a slidin' down the stack—with the straw a ticklin' our noses—and our eyes full of dust—  
—an' Hetty's skirts a flyin' round her head—

All [Together, loudly.]—Jim!

Jim—(Confused, steps backward, looking from one to the other; falls backward over bench, all laugh. He rises, rubs himself behind. As if continuing speech.)  
—An' that's the way we struck the bottom! [Goes up L. to fence.]

Mol (To Jim.)—Stupid! You don't know enough to come in when it rains! [Aside to Eccles R. C.]—  
Mr. Foxglove, why don't you introduce me to Mr. Bradley?

Ec—Oh, certainly. Mr. Bradley, this is Miss Mollie Middlesex, the belle of the country hereabouts. [Goes R., sits on steps.]

Brad [Quickly.]—Yes, no doubt of it; I agree with you perfectly. [Xs to C.] Mr. Mayne I'd like to look over the farm.

Tom [Down R. C.]—Certainly. Come right this way. We'll go through the orchard. [Takes Brad's arm, they exit together, R. 1 E. Luc goes up R. 1 E. Looks dumfounded after them.]

Het [Sits L. end of bench.]—Did you ever get left?

Mol—Yes, I'm left to bile the 'taters for supper. (X's R. to house.)

Luc—(Down C.) That's right. Stop your gossip and go to your work.

Mol—(Savagely) An' I'd like to BILE YOU in the same pot with 'em! (Exit in house, R.)

Ec—(On steps to Luc, sweetly) Mrs. Mayne, you are—

Luc—(Sweetly) Yes?

Ec—A lobster? (Exit into house, R., taking net.)

Luc—(To R.) "A lobster." Wonder if he meant my face was red! (Feels of face.) Mr. Foxglove is certainly becoming very farm-like in his talk.

Jim—(Down C.) Yes, ain't he? But don't worry, Tom's wife—you'll get so you kin talk plain jest like the rest of us when you've been here a while longer. (Sits on R. end of bench, L. C.—Hetty on the other end.)

Luc—Oh! Indeed! Hetty, come here.

Hetty rises. Bench tips and spills Jim on stage. He rises. Hetty slowly X's to C.

Luc—Hetty, I'm ashamed of you! Romping about all day, and your clothes all soiled. Why don't you stay inside?

Het—(Pouting) Don't want to.

Jim—(L. C.) Don't scold her, Tom's wife. She's been tellin' me how you treat her in the city—making her stay in the house and wear clean clothes all the time. The sunshine and the dirt here are new to her, and it'll do her good. (Sits again on bench.)

Het—And its fun too!

Luc—(To Het) Silence! [To Jim] And young man, do you think it does a young lady "good" to allow her to slide down a haystack?

Jim—It couldn't do her any hurt; there ain't no slivers in a haystack.

Luc—You allowed her to slide down a haystack! Didn't you know any better?

Jim—Well, ye see, mum, I ain't had much practice takin' care o' girls.

Luc—[Plainly] You allowed her to slide down a haystack!

Jim—Well, I didn't stop her slidin'!

Het—So I slid!

Luc—[To Het] Silence! Where is the handkerchief I gave you this morning to keep your neck from getting freckeled?

Het—I loaned it to Jim.

Jim—[Produces handkerchief from pocket] I borried it to wipe the sweat off my face. Here it is. [Gives it to Het.]

Luc—"Wipe the sweat off!" Oh, horrors!

Het—[Extends handkerchief to Luc] Tie it on.

Luc—Don't touch me with that filthy thing; go and get a clean one. And we are obliged to remain here until tomorrow, so see that you keep away from that vulgar boy! [Indicates Jim.]

Het—Oh, I will! [Goes deliberately L., sits on R. end of bench; places handkerchief around neck says to Jim] Tie it!

*Jim chuckles and ties handkerchief.*

Luc—Ugh! [Goes angrily up stage.]

Mol—[Enters from house; sees Jim] Jim!

Jim—Yes'm! [Rises suddenly—tips Hetty off on stage.]

Luc—[Down R. C.] Hetty Kingbridge! How did you get down in that dirt!

Het—I fell down! [Remains seated on stage.]

Jim—Kerplunk!

Mol—Jim, did you finish milking and did you pump water for the cows?

Jim—Yep. I've pumped the cows and milked the pump dry.

Mol—Well go and get me that step-ladder, I want to brush the cobwebs out of the spare bedroom, and bring in the jug o' molasses from the dairy.

Jim—(up L.) Can't Hetty go with me?

Mol—Of course she can.

Luc—(down R. C. to Mol) Well she CAN'T!

Mol—(to Luc) I'm boss here! Don't give me any of your back talk or I'll scald you. (Exit into house R.)

Hetty—I'm going with Jim. (rises.)

Luc—You are not, sit down.

(Hetty sits quickly on stage again.)

Luc—I mean, get up! (Hetty rises. To Jim) Go on about your work.

Jim—[in gate] I'll be back in a minute. [Ex L. U. E.]

Luc—[R. C.] I don't want you rambling 'round the farm, I'm afraid of that dangerous dog of the neighbors'.

Hetty—[L. C.] Pshaw! Jim'd take care of me.

Luc—Much protection he'd be, he only a boy, and so slow you would be bitten before Jim realized the dog was in the neighborhood.

Hetty—[up to Luc] Oh no, he wouldn't; I'd run. [Tickles Luc's nose with straw.]

Luc—[strikes her hand down] Stop those tomboyish actions. [looks R. 1 E.] Here comes Mr. Bradley; see that you treat him with respect.

Hetty—I can't do it. I don't like him. Say, Sister Lucretia, if you keep a trying to make me marry Bradley, I'll, I'll,

Luc—Well, you'll what?

Hetty—I'll do you a dirt.

Luc—[shocked] Hetty!

Hetty—Well I will! I don't want to marry him. I wish I was a boy. Darn a girl, anyhow. [Goes up C.]

Luc—Where are you going?

Hetty—Going to help Jim carry in that step-ladder.

Luc—He can carry it himself.

Hetty—He can't either! You said he was "only a boy," and a big step-ladder is too heavy for "only a boy." [Exit L. U. E.]

Luc—[Up L.] Watch out for that dog! [Leans over fence, looking off L. U. E.]

Brad—[enters R. 1 E., followed by Tom talking together. Stops R. C. and turns.] And you positively refuse to sell me the farm?

Tom—[R. C.] Why, how can I sell it? It was given to me only today, and badly as I need the money, I could not do my old father that injustice, it would leave the entire family homeless.

Brad—Then what do you propose?

Tom—[Sees Luc] Sch! There's my wife. Say nothing to her, wait till after supper, they all retire early, and we can discuss the matter alone. [Up on steps] Lucretia, I leave Mr. Bradley to your kind offices. [Exit in house R.]

Luc down C.

Brad—[R. C.] Lucretia, why in the name of all that is eccentric in woman, did you ever contract that foolish marriage? [Indicating Tom's exit.]

Luc—Foolish marriage? Tom Mayne will some day be the most successful lawyer in New York City. I am proud of my husband and I love him.

Brad—Well, what encouragement is there for me?

Luc—Take a glance at the haystack, and you'll see your rival again.

Bradley—My rival the haystack? (Laughs; up C. to gate, looks off L. U. E.)

Luc—Well, that is a rather good description of him.

Brad—(In gate) What! That stupid farm lad again?

Luc—He had been stupid enough to win her heart, nevertheless, while you—

Brad—(Down L. C.) She will not listen to me.

Luc—Well, Richard Bradley, if I were the irresistible ladies-man they say you are, I should not allow myself to be outwitted by a chit of a girl.

Brad—After supper, I'll storm the fort once again.

Luc—Faint heart never won fair lady. Hetty is under my direct guardianship—she dare not marry without my consent. (X's R.—up on steps.) My consent is ready and waiting to her marriage with you—and she can learn to love you afterwards. (Exit in house, R.)

Brad—(Up on steps.) And I intend to marry her whether she loves me or not—I love her! (Looking into house.) If luck will only play into my hands tonight, and I succeed in getting this farm—or even a mortgage on it—pshaw! I must! Tom Mayne values the farm highly, but he little knows of the hidden wealth that lies under its ground. (Exit in house, R.)

Quartette.

Kate—Enters L. 2 E., during song, carries 8 milk-pans. Places pans on bench, L., up C. to gate, looking off L. U. E. At end of song.

Kate—The hands are quitting for the night.

Down L. C., sees churn.

I declare! I forgot to finish the churning.

Goes L.

Ec—[Enters from house, R., to hear Kate's last words.] Let me churn it for you, Kate.

To C., has butterfly net.

Kate—Why, you can't churn, Eccles.

Ec—Well, you ought'nt to—you're too pretty.

Kate—And you really think I'm pretty?

Ec—Pretty! You look like [Drops net] the devil!  
[Picks up net.] I beg your pardon.

Kate—Come here and I'll put my apron on you—then you may go to work.

Takes off apron.

Ex—[L. to Kate. Sets net against churn.] Have I got to wear that?

Kate—You'd better—you're liable to splash some.  
[Tries to tie apron around his waist.] It won't go around.

Kate—[Laughs.] Well, you'd never make a farmer any way, you've tried about everything in the line of farm work.

Ec—And made a mess of em all. While you've tried only one thing that I could teach you—and made of it a howling success.

Kate—Telegraphy, you mean?

Ec—Yes, you've learned as much in twenty lessons as I did first in fifty.

Kate—(Suddenly.) Eccles, do you think I could hold a position in the city?

Ec—No doubt of it. With a finishing course and a little practice you'd make a better operator than I am. (Pause.) Why, you've got no idea of working, have you? I thought you were learning only for amusement.

Kate—(Slowly.) Well, in these days of self-supporting women, you can't blame a girl for being ambitious.

Looks dreamily into milk-pan.

Ec—(Looking at her.) I envy you your view. You're looking at the dearest, sweetest thing on the farm.

Kate—(Absently—without changing position.) What?

Ec—Your reflection in the milk-pan. The girl I love.



Kate—(Starts—puts down pan—sadly aside.) The first time I've looked myself in the face for a month!

Pause, taps on milk-pan with steel end of harness.

Ec—(Reads her signals.) “A—forbidden—subject.” (Pause.) I know. You won't let me talk to you of love.

Kate—(Holds up hand warningly.) Ah!

Ec—I won't say another word. (Turns away suddenly.) Kate, I've got one more lesson to give you.

Kate—(In surprise.) What is it?

Ec—Answer me on the pan—I'll tap on the churn.

Produces pencil, taps on churn.

Kate—Tell me you love me.

Pause. Then, with sudden determination taps with harness-end on pan.

Ec—(Listens and reads her signals.) “Yes—I—love—you!

Kate—(Rises quickly.) Now, let me go!

Starts to house, R.

Ec—Quickly seizes net, catches her head, draws her to him, places net over his own head also kiss.

Brad—(Enters from house, R.—Sees kiss on steps.) Ahem!

Kate—Screams. Picks up apron and churn-dasher, goes to churning vigorously, without recognizing Brad.

Ec—(In confusion.) Where's that butterfly? (Strikes aimlessly about in air.) There it goes! I'll catch it! I'll catch it!

Exit running, R. U. E., chasing imaginary butterfly.

Brad [Down steps to C.]—I think he DID catch it, eh, young lady?

Kate [Turns to him; suddenly recognizes him.]—Dick!

Brad—Kate! [Looks around stage.] What are you doing here? Why have you followed me here?

Kate—I-I live here—Abner Mayne is my father.

Brad [R. C.]—My God! That's so! Your name WAS Mayne!

Kate [To him.]—And had you so soon forgotten it. Mayne WAS my name, when you so cruelly fooled me with that marriage—and Heaven help me, Mayne is my name still! But, Dick, you've come to do me justice, haven't you? You've come to give me the name that is RIGHTFULLY mine—YOUR name, haven't you? You've come to make me your wife, haven't you?

Brad [Nervously.]—Be quiet! Be quiet!

Kate—Answer me, Dick. It is not for myself I plead, tho' God knows I am innocent. I thought the marriage was square. But, Dick, GIVE MY CHILD A NAME, before—before it is too late! [Turns away to L., leans on churn, crying, apron in hand.]

Brad [Aside ]—She's devilishly pretty yet! (Aloud) Listen, Kate, be reasonable. I want you to go to New York. I will give you the money. There I will meet you. You shall have your own apartments. See. (Takes the apron from her hand.) Here you are wearing the apron of drudgery—there you would be surrounded by every luxury.

Kate (Turns fiercely.)—And live a life of shame! And not be able to look myself in the face! Here I can HARDLY do it—but I DID—only a moment ago! Can you? (Snatches up pan, holds it before Brad's face.)

Brad (Tries to look at reflection, fails, turns away, to C.)

Kate [Follows him, pan in hand.]—My answer is —THIS. [Throws pan to stage, L. snatches apron and ties it on. PICTURE.]

Jim [Outside L. U. E.]—Don't bust that pan, Kate.

Brad [Quickly, looks over left shoulder.]—Some one is coming—your brother! Do you want HIM to KNOW?

Kate [Shuddering, X's to R. C.]—No! No! [Buries face in hands.]

Brad—Then go! I will see you to-night. [X's to R. C.]

Kate [Recovers with an effort, exit in house, R.]

Het [Enter L. U. E.]

Brad [R. C., aside, looking after Kate.]—Well! Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

Brad [To C.]—Ah! Miss Hetty, I understand they are to have a country dance this evening. May I ask for your hand?

Het—For the dance?

Brad—For the dance, and for LIFE, if you will.

Het—Nope. [Stately.] I am already engaged.

Brad—For the dance?

Het—For the dance and for life as well—[aside]—if he ever asks me. [Jim enters with ladder, sets it up C.] [Aloud.] I'm going to dance with Jim. [Indicates Jim, up stage, goes C. to Brad, offers jug.] Have some 'lasses?

Brad [To R. C.]—Dance with Jim! [Looks Jim

over.] The clumsy fool. He doesn't look as tho' he could dance.

Het [C.]—Well, he CAN! Jim, come here. [Jim comes down L. C.] Jim, you CAN dance, can't you?

Jim (L. C., slowly.)—No.

Brad (Laughs, goes R. cor.)

Het—Well, you SHALL dance, I'll teach you! I've got a Manual of Dancing in my room. (Gives jug to Jim, goes R. on steps.) You take that molasses, and I'll get the book and teach you the whole business. (Exit in house R.)

Jim—[To C.] Say, do you think I'm smart enough to learn how to dance?

Brad—Smart! You don't know enough to go in when it rains. [X's L.] Oh, the sight of you irritates me. Go in the house.

Jim—Why so, it ain't raining. You're awful sour. Havesome 'lasses? [L. C. offers jug.]

Brad—See here! I've had enough of your monkey-business!

Jim—I ain't near as much of a monkey as you be! [Sets jug on stage, L. Sets ladder upright, C.]

Het—[Enters from house, R.; has small book.] Now, here is the Dance Instructor. [To C. Sees Brad.] Oh, you here yet? Can't you take a hint?

Brad—I'll go if you wish, Miss Hetty. [Aside to her] Might I have a few minutes private conversation with you this evening?

Het—Not on your life! You want to propose again. I know you! Go and propose to Aunt Mollie—she'll marry you!

Brad—Oh, the devil [Exit angrily, L. 2 E].

Het—[L. C., calls after Brad] Go and propose to the neighbor's dog; he'll snap you up in a minute! [Turns to C.] Now, Jim, here is the Dance Book. I know it all myself, but I want to call off the figures in the right order. [L. C., opens book and reads] "Quadrille—First, salute your partner." [Bows and smiles.]

Jim—[Looking at Het] Gosh, but you're pretty! I—I— [Chokes.]

Het—Well, what else were you going to say? [Lays book on bench.]

Jim—[Swallows with a gulp.] Nuthin'. I can't talk. Every time I look at you my heart comes up in my throat—its chokin' me now. [Chokes. C.]

Het—[Sits on bench, L. C.] Why don't you swallow it?

Jim—[C.] Ain't got no right to—it don't belong to me any more. An' the worst of it is, its gone where I can't never get it again.

Het—Why so? [Picks up harness.]

Jim—Well, Tom's wife says I'm too slow. Tom's got eddication and Kate's got eddication—the old man sent 'em away and paid for their schoolin'—but he let me grow up like a weed! Nobody's ever paid any attention to me—nobody but you. [Faces her.] You've seemed to kinder like to have me with you.

Het—[Demurely, faces him, holds up harness.] This is a "double" harness, isn't it?

Jim—[Slowly.] Yes.

Het—Well? [Pause, slams down harness, rises, aside.] What more of a hint could a girl give a man than that!

Jim—[C.] Its for the team that's goin' to take you away tomorrow mornin'.

Het—Don't worry; I'll see you again sometime. [Picks up book.]

Jim—[R. of C.] I'll never learn how to dance.

Het—Nonsense! Put this back in your pocket and look at it now and then while you're dancing. Just follow the book and you won't go wrong. [Gives book.]

Jim—[Takes book, puts it in pocket, leaving both hands in pockets.] Just foller the book, eh?

Het—Yes. But now you must learn to swing.

Jim—Ho! I kin swing all right—there's a swing under the apple tree in the orchard. [Hands in pockets.]

Het—Come here. [He doesn't move.] Don't stand there with your hands in your pockets—put 'em in mine. [Extends hands.]

Jim—[Removes hands from pockets.] In your pockets?

Het—[Extending hands.] No, in my hands! Don't you understand?

Jim—No, I'm so slow.

Het—[To Jim, C. Takes his hands.] This way. Now, put your arm around me, so. [Places Jim's left arm around her waist, holds his left hand with her left.]

Jim—(wriggles) Gee Whiz!

Hetty—Now swing. (Their right hands extended, they swing together) Faster! You're slower than molasses in January. (They swing faster.) Oh this is delicious! (She closes eyes, swinging continues.)

Ec—(Enter R. U. E., with net. Sees them. Down quietly R. of Jim. Puts net over Jim's head and pulls him away to R.)

Het—Don't let go of me! Don't go 'way! (Keeps eyes closed.)

Ec throws down net R. C. Takes Jim's place with Het and continues swinging C.

Het—That's right, faster! (swinging continues.)

Jim takes jug, goes on top of step-ladder and drinks from jug.

Het—Why don't you say something? (keeps eyes closed.)

(Ec blows nose loudly.)

Het—Poor fellow! He's crying! [Keeps eyes closed.]

[Ec shakes with laughter.]

Het—He's crying awful hard! Don't cry, Jim dear. [Places left hand on Ec's mouth; he kisses it.] Much obliged.

Swinging continues; she lets hand pass to under his chin, discovers he wears a collar and necktie. Stops swinging; feels of collar. Opens eyes, square in his face. Screams, and runs to L., Ec to R. C. Picture!

Jim—[Comes from ladder, jug in hand; to Ec down C.] Well, have you had a good time?

Ec—Excellent! [x's to Het] But I won't apologize, the temptation was too great.

Het—[L. cor. stately] I can never forgive you, Mr. Foxglove. You kissed my hand.

Ec—[Up L. C., extends hands] Well, you kiss one of mine and we'll call it square.

All enter—L. Bradley 2 E., Abner from barn L., Kate, Molly, Luc., and Tom, in order named from house, R.

Ab—All ready for the dance. I'll call the figgers. [Climbs ladder and sits on top.]

Ec., has met Kate, up R. C., is talking with her, Mol up C., Brad up L. C.

Luc—[Down R. C., or aside to Tom] I tell you I won't dance with these common country people.

Tom—[Aside to Luc] The dance is given in our honor and we must make up the set. I insist. My arm, [offers arm, she takes it, they go up R. C.]

Brad—[Down L. C.] Miss Hetty, will you dance with me? Have you reconsidered?

Het—I have considered that I wouldn't dance with you at your funeral.

Ab—[On ladder] Hello, there's no partner for Mr. Bradley.

Mol—[Down C.] Yes, there is, I'll dance with Mr. Bradley. [Smirks at Brad.]

Bradley L. C. looks Mol., over, deliberately turns back upon her.

Ec—(Sees bus) Miss Kate, will you kindly release me in favor of your aunt?



Kate—Certainly, Eccles.

Ec—(Down R. C.) Aunt Mollie, I'd be proud to dance with you; will you take my arm? (Offers arm; they go up C. together.)

Bradley x's to Kate.

Het—[Aside to Jim.] Watch out for yourself now!

Jim—[Takes book from pocket.] Just follow the book and I won't go wrong.

Ab—[On ladder calls.] Partners for a Quadrille.

They form for Quadrille.

Jim dances with Hetty, Eccles dances with Mollie.  
Brad dances with Kate, Tom dances with Lucretia.

Dance Quadrille

Jim—During dance continually goes wrong. Leaves book on bench L. and frequently runs to it to refer to it. Ad. lib.

All—[Ad. lib. lines to Jim.] Hurry up! You're so slow! Etc.

Ab—[Ad. lib. line.] Look at Bradley—he's as chipper as a bed-bug!

At end of Quadrille.—Mollie finishes to kiss. All talk. Ad. lib. Hetty takes handkerchief from neck and blindfolds Mollie. All characters form circle. Mollie chases Eccles continually going toward him and he moving out of the way. She finally catches Brad and kisses him. All laugh. After next dance Hetty finishes to kiss. Is blindfolded and moves about stage. Eccles keeps trying to get in the way and get kissed. She always turns away just as she reaches Eccles. She finally finds Jim, L. C. tears off handkerchief and holds out hands to Jim.

Luc—[R. C.] Hetty, don't you DARE let him kiss you!

Ab—[On ladder.] Kiss her, Jim!

Jim—[Hesitates—book in hand.] Is it in the book?

Het—Stupid! Kiss me! [Extends hands.]

Jim—[Swings Hattie around in embrace and kisses her.]

Luc—Oh! [Starts angrily for Jim, is held back by Tom and Eccles, R. C.]

Jim—[Holding Hettie in embrace— looks over right shoulder at Luc.] Don't git jealous, mum—I'll kiss you next!

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

### SCENE PLOT.

Kitchen-----	-----in-----	3
Door	Flat	C.
Doors	R. & L.	3
Window	in flat	R.

(Make set homelike.)

### “PROPS.”

Clock—against flat R. C.  
 Cupboard—down right.  
 Table and two chairs, L. C.  
 Chair, R. C.  
 Harness from first act—on table L.  
 Slate with pencil attached by string } On cupboard R.  
 Lamp to light and matches }  
 Pen and ink } In cupboard R.  
 Pistol }  
 Bell inside clock.  
 8 Tin pans { from } Ready outside C. D. L.  
 Bench { 1st act }  
 Pair ladies' rubbers—Ready R. 3 E.  
 Pan of onions { Ready L. 3 E.  
 Case knife }  
 Brad's hat up stage—on clock—at rise.  
 Legal paper—Tom.  
 First Act handkerchief—Hetty.  
 Stones—Jim.  
 Matches—Brad.

Ab—(discovered seated R. of table L., working on harness) Jim, what you doin.

Jim—(discovered seated R. working on slate) Doin' my figgerin' lesson, dad.

Ab—You leave figgerin' to Tom. Go out and git that bench, I want to spread this harness out to dry after I oil it. (Works on harness. Pause) An' hurry up!

Jim—(Rises, wets hand and rubs off slate; places it on cupboard R. Aside. Going up C.) No use! They won't let me learn nothin'. I couldn't git smart if I wanted to. (Exit C. D.)

Het—(Enter L. 3 E. Down C.) Uncle Abner, Aunt Mollie says to hurry up with the chores, it'll soon be dark. (Lights lamp on cupboard.)

Ab—It'll never be dark while you are here, Hetty. You've been the sunshine of the house and now you're goin' back to New York in the morning and that's why I'm fixin' this harness; to take ye to town. (Works on harness).

Het—(Goes L. C. sits on stage at Ab's feet.) Seems to me you work awful hard, uncle.

Ab—It's all for Tom. Think, child, it's the first

time he's been home in five years and all I kin do ain't half enough for him. Why Hetty I jest like to set and look at my Tom and then the first thing I know I'm cryin'—I'm so proud of my boy!

Het—Well, if I had a father like you, I wouldn't have let five years pass by without coming to see him.

Ab—Wall, it's quite a distance from New York to Maine.

Het—The distance wouldn't have been too great for Jim—he'd have visited you oftener than once in five years.

Ab—Jim! why he isn't to be spoke of in the same breath with Tom.

Het—Well, remember he's only a kid.

Ab—(Rises harness in hand) Dy'e mean I'm an old billy goat?

Het—[Rises] That's what you are!

Ab—[Half angry] Hey?

Het—[Up to Ab. Puts arm around him] And the dearest, sweetest, kindest old Billy Goat that ever happened. [Tickles his chin.]

Ab—"Ever happened!" [Pleased.] Hear the gal talk—as if I was an accident! I didn't happen—I was born!

Luc—[Outside, R. 3 E.] Remain here, Tom—I wish to speak to Mr. Bradley alone.

Ab—Thar's Tom's wife—a cacklin' again!

Luc—[Enter R. 3 E.—followed by Brad. Down R. C. Brad. to C.] Oh, this day has been a year! The last day among these hoodlums [Sees Het. and Ab.] Mr Mayne!

Ab—Hey?

Luc—We wish to be alone—we have some private matters.

Ab—Hey?

Luc—To discuss.

Ab—Cuss ahead! I won't mind it!

Het—[Aside to Ab.] Guess you'd better go! [To C. Aloud.] My sister is afraid your presence will contaminate her.

Ab—I'll go. I'll finish mendin' the harness out in the yard. Come out after bit, Hetty—and you kin see me feed the old hens and put the little chickens to bed. [To L. Cor. Looks back at Luc. Aside.] I'd like to feed that old hen on some Paris Green! I bet I'd stop her cacklin'! (Exit L. 1 E., taking harness.)

Het—[Up L. C. Looks Brad. over.] And I guess

I'll go too, I'm not stuck on getting contaminated myself. (Starts to L. 1 E.)

Luc—[Sharply.] Hetty, remain here!

Het—[Stops L.] Darn it!

Luc—Hetty, you know it is my dearest wish to see you the wife of Mr. Bradley—

Het—[Looks over shoulder at Brad.] Stupid!

Luc—All men are stupid—as a rule. [Up to R. 3 E.] Richard, see if you can break that rule, and be entertaining. (Exit R. 3 E.)

Brad—[Half aside.] I could not choose a more entertaining subject than myself. [To L. C. aloud.] Hetty, I've been reckless—profligate—but since I've known you, I am a changed man. I love—

Het—[Stilled.] Mr. Bradley, this subject is very annoying to me, and I beg that you will ring off.

Brad—Take time to consider. Your sister—

Het—My sister hasn't got any string on my heart.

Brad—And you positively refuse to marry me?

Het—Marry you? Not if you were the only male, marriageable thing in the world! I—I'd be a Rough Rider in the Salvation Army first! We—we can only be friends.

Half timidly extends hand.

Brad—(Pause. Looks at her hand: X's L. without taking it.)

Het—(L. Below table. Drops hand.)

Brad—(Reconsiders. Turns R. and offers hand to Het.)

Het—(Turns up nose at Brad. Ignores hand. Sits R. of table, L.)

Brad—[L. of Hetty—before table.] But, think, Hetty—of all the trouble I've taken to fall in love with you!

Het—Eh?

Brad—I mean, to gain your love.

(Drops on knee beside her—and below table.)

Het—(Looks disgustedly at him.) Don't sprawl all over the floor like a turtle—get up and talk like a man.

Brad—And will you listen?

(Tries to take her hand.)

Het—(Jerks away.) Oh! go 'way and let me alone!

Brad—(Still on knee.) You have no heart.

Het—Yes I have—and it's all busting up in pieces!

(She cries.)

Brad—(Rises. To R. of Het. Bends over her.) Hetty—

Het—(Looks up in his face—sniffles—wipes her eyes on his necktie.

Brad—(Impatiently jerks necktie away—X's to R. C.)

Het—[Rises.] Well, you're cheeky! I was only wiping my eyes. Good day. I'm going to walk off my mad.

Kate—[Enters C. D., carries milk pans. Remains up C., watching scene.]

Brad—(R. C.) May I not go with you?

Het—You stay where you are! I'm going to find Jim. He'd let me wipe my eyes in his necktie—if he wore one. He'd let me wipe my eyes on his shirt—if I wanted to! (Exit L. 1 E.)

Kate—(Down L. C.) She is not the susceptible country girl I was, is she?

Brad—Spying, eh?

Kate—I was admiring your successful love-making. (Places pans on table, L.)

Brad—(Cooly.) Guess I didn't have sufficient practice with you, my dear. Probably because I never really loved you. (X's L.)

Kate—(C.) Then you lied!

Brad—(L.) Correct; I lied.

Kate—(Plainly.) You lied! I don't know what estimate you put on your character, but down here in the State of Maine we call a liar the meanest thing on the top of the earth! (To R. C. turns.) I ask you—square—will you make me your wife?

Brad—I'm afraid not. You can hardly ask me to trust my honor to a woman that is not able to protect her own.

Kate—“Your honor!” (Pause.) If there was no such honor in men like you, Bradley, there would be no dishonored women like me! You lied to me about our wedding—you lied when you told me you loved me. A girl brought up in the country was only a plaything—a pastime for you. She wasn't good enough to be your wife—but she was good enough to— God help all women tempted as I was. (Turns R, leans on cupboard.)

Brad—(To L. C.) I've told you what I would do—set you up in an establishment in New York. You may accept or refuse, as you please. (Yawns.) These cat-and-dog-conversations are not particularly agreeable to me, so I'll bid you good night! (Starts up R.)

Kate—Stop! I don't want your charity; I have studied telegraphy, I can earn my living. My love for you has long been dead—all I want is justice! (Suddenly sees slate on cupboard, takes it and writes.) “Mrs. Richard Bradley.” (Turns to Brad.) For the last time will you give me that name—the name that belongs to me by right. (Gives slate.)

Brad—|Reads, looking at slate, “Mrs. Richard Bradley.” Um! As there was no marriage certificate I think I'll rub out that “Mrs.” |Does so, and tosses slate, name face up on table L.!



Kate—I appreciate your answer. And now I'm going to spoil your love-affair with Miss Hetty mighty quick! (To R. of C.)

Brad—And how, pray?

Kate—I am going to show her your letters!

Brad—(Staggered.) My letters! You have not kept them? (To L. of C.)

Kate—Every one—locked in my desk in my room.

Brad—And where is your room?

Kate—Next door to Mr. Foxglove's—(Suddenly stops.)

Brad—(Smiles.) Ah ha! Didn't mean to tell me that, did you?

Kate—Why not? You cannot get them.

Brad—Nor do I intend to try—because you will give them to me.

Kate—(Turns away, R. C.) I will not!

Brad—(Over her shoulder.) Oh, I think you will. Those letters deal with a subject you want kept secret from your family. You dare not expose them!

Kate—(Turns to him.) And in several of those letters you call me "your wife"—and in the sight of man I am not your wife, in God's sight I am! I need those letters to justify myself in the eyes of man. You shall not have them!

Brad—"The eyes of man," eh? (Sneeringly.) The eyes of one man particularly. I observed your fond kisses this evening. Does your new flame resemble in character my handsome self?

Kate—(Goes up R.) About as much as the character of the lion resembles the character of the polecat. (Exit R. 3 E)

Brad—|Looking after her| I must have those letters! They would not only spoil all my chances with Hetty, but would ruin my prospects of getting possession of the farm. The room next to Foxglove's, she said. I must have them, and I'll get them before this night's over! |Starts up to C. D.]

Het (Enters C. D. L., meets Brad, turns up her nose at him, goes down R.)

Jim (Follows Hetty on C. D., Carries bench in Arms. Remains up C.)

Brad (Up R. of C., does not notice Jim.)—Good evening, Hetty. (Bows.)

Het (Stilted.)—Good evening, Mr. Bradley. (Bows.)

Brad (Bows, jeeringly.)—I beg your pardon. [Bows again, stepping backward.] Miss Hetty!

Jim—Quietly places bench up C., directly behind Brad.

Brad—Continues bowing and stepping backward. Falls backward over bench.

Het—(X's L.) Bradley's taken a tumble to himself at last.

Brad—(Rises, up R. of C., to Jim, angrily.) Did you put that bench there in my way?

Jim—(Up L. of C.) Why don't you walk frontwards like other people, then you kin see where you're goin'.

Brad—Bah! (Snaps fingers in Jim's face.)

Jim—Keep yer fingers out of my eye or I'll bite it off!

Brad—(To R. 3 E.) Bah! (Exit R. 3 E.)

Jim—That's what the sheep said—Ba-a-a-a!

(Picks up bench, brings it down L. C.)

Het—That's right. Now sit down. (Sits on L. end of bench.)

Jim—(C.) Yep, if we set clost together. I don't want no more settin' on the end.

Het shoves up to middle of bench.

Jim—Sits beside and R. of her on bench. They both shove up close together. Jim sighs blissfully.

Het—Jim, what in the world have you got in your pockets? |Places hand in his left coat pocket, pulls out two stones|. Rocks!

Jim—[Takes rocks.] I keep 'em handy to fire at the neighbor's dog if he comes in the yard. (Pockets rocks again.) Hetty, you want to look out for that dog, he's mighty mean. Better not go outside unless somebody's with you.

Het—We go in the morning. The dog can't bite me in New York.

Jim—(Aside.) There'll be another dog in New York that's jest as mean and his name is Bradley. (Aloud.) How I wisht you was goin' to stay.

Het—I had an offer of marriage to day.

Jim—Well, who in Sam Hill wants to marry you?

Het—(Rises, indignantly.) Well, hear that! I guess I'm in the marriage market, aint I? I expect to have lots of offers. It doesn't take some people so long to propose as it takes some other people.

(Meaningly, L.)

Jim—Do you love him? (Rises, slowly.)

Het—(Demurely.) I love somebody.

Jim—Who?

Het—Why, you don't expect me to tell you, do you? |Jim turns away to C. sadly.|

Het—(Picks up slate from table.) What's this? |Does not notice writing on slate.|

Jim—(Turns.) That's the slate I do my figgerin'-lessons on.

Het— With sudden thought, aside.) I'll write it, his name—"Jim Mayne." He's so slow he'll never propose. (Starts to write, sees name, starts.) Richard Bradley.

Jim—|To Het's side, quickly, L., also reads name.| "Richard Bradley!" Oh, Hetty, don't say you love him—don't say you're goin' to marry him—

Het—My sister says I must, and she's my guardian.

Jim—|Blurts out.| Why, I'd sooner marry you myself!

Het—|Turns to him eagerly.| Yes?

Jim—Only I am too slow.

Het—|Turns away, disgusted.| Oh!

Jim—Hetty, rub out that name, and put down the name— |Pauses.|

Het—|Turns to him again.| Yes?

Jim—The name of the feller you love.

Het—|Slowly. I— I can't! That name stands between me and the boy I love, the boy who loves me. But its no use rubbing it off the slate, I can't rub it out of my life.

Jim—I'll rub it out! |Licks hand, starts L. to Het. |

Het—|Holds him back.| No, let it stay. Some day |X's R. turns and looks at Jim|, some day I'll rub it out myself. |Places slate on cupboard, name to wall. Dog growls and barks furiously, R. U. E. |

Jim—Thar's that durn dog o' the neighbors again. (Rushes up to C. D., taking stones from pocket) Chasin' the chickens again, I'll bet! (In C. D. looks off R.) No, he's chasin' Mr. Foxglove! |Throws three stones off R. |

Eccles—(Outside—after 3rd stone, R. U. E.) Ouch! Don't throw at me—throw at the dog? |Passes window, |

Jim—(Down L. C., laughing.) I wasn't sure which was which.

Ec—(Enter C. D. R., has stone in hand, feet very muddy, down C.) If I hadn't caught this last stone, I'd be shy the top of my head now! I'm quite a ball-player. (Tosses stone into air and catches it, suddenly examines stone, aside Xing to R. Cor.) What the dickens is this! |Examines stone further. |

Het—(R. C.) Look at the mud on your feet.

Ec—(Glances down at feet.) Got it in the barnyard. There's a little baby-lamb out there.

Het—A baby-lamb! Oh, I want to see it! |Claps hands and dances, eagerly. |

Ec—Put on your rubbers and I'll take you out.  
|Pockets stone.|

Het—I'll get 'em in a minute. |Exit quickly, R. 3 E.|

Jim—(L. C. calls after her.) Look out for the dog.

Ec—(Looking at shoes.) Another visit to that barn-yard and my shoes 'll be ruined!

Jim—There's my rubber-boots there. (Indicates up L. C.) You kin wear 'em if you take good care o' Hetty.

Ec—(Up L. quickly.) Thanks, awfully, my boy. (Gets boots, goes down L.) I'll take as good care of her as tho' she were my sweetheart. |Sits L.|

Jim—(C.) But she ain't your sweetheart, is she?

Ec—(Taking off shoes.) Certainly not. Why, they say you and she are going to make a match of it.

Jim—I reckon I'd like to, but I ain't got the nerve to ask her. (Suddenly.) Say, you kin spark, can't ye?

Ec—Do what?

Jim—Spark. Make love to a girl.

Ec—Well, rather!

Jim—Say, you ask her to marry you.

Ec—Eh?

Jim—For me. Git her to say, "yes"—then tell her you've sparkin' for me.

Ec—(Has removed shoes. Rises in stocking-feet.) I'll do it! |Hetty speaks on side. R. 3 C.|

Jim—(Looks off R. 3 E.) She's comin' back.

Ec—(Up L. C.) Get out of sight and I'll do it right away.

Jim—I'll hide (Looks around) in the clock! (Opens clock-door.) I've hid here before, lots o' times. (Starts into clock. Turns.) But don't you kiss her!

Ec—If she says "yes," I'll have to kiss her for you.

Jim—Well, only onct then.

Ec—Look out! |Points off, R. 3 E. Jim looks off R. 3 E. Dodges quickly into clock and closes door.|

Het—[Enters R. 3 E., carrying rubbers.] I've got 'em. [Up C., holds up rubbers.] Put 'em on for me.

Ec—[Picks up rubber boots, L., up C., takes chair and places it up C., behind chair.] Certainly. Sit down.

Het—|Sits and gives rubbers to Ec.| Hurry up.

Ec—|Takes rubbers, drops on one knee, R. of Het.| Would that I might forever remain here—at thy feet!

Jim—|Sticks head out of clock.| You'll want a pair o' knee-pads!



Ec—[Aside to Jim.] Get back! [Swings boot at Jim. Jim retires into clock.]

Het—[Sticks out foot | Hurry up.

Ec—[Is looking into Het's face, absently puts rubber boot on her foot.] Will you be my wife?

Jim—[Sticks head out of clock.] My wife! [Ec rises, pushes Jim's head back into the clock.]

Het—[Sticks out other foot.] Hurry up!

Ec—[Kneels again, puts other rubber boot half on her foot, looking into her face as before.] My love passeth the understanding of man.

Jim—[Sticks head out of clock.] Here's a boy that understands it all right! [Ec rises, makes threatening move at Jim with rubber. Jim dodges quickly back into clock, slamming door.]

Ec—[To Het.] Won't you give me just one sweet kiss?

Het—[Sticks out foot, holding up face.] Hurry up! [Ec kisses her loudly Jim strikes clock-bell once.]

Ec—Another! [Kisses Het. again loudly.]

Jim—Strikes clock-bell twice.

Ec—Kisses Hetty several times, loudly and rapidly.

Jim—Strikes clock-bell rapidly.

Ec—Down R. Cor. laughing. Still retain rubbers

Het—Pulls on boot and goes up L. C. looking half frightened at clock.

Jim—[Enters from clock. L. cor.] One o'clock, time to go to bed!

Ec—[L. Cor. Produces stone from pocket.] It's mica—I'm dead sure of it. [Brad enters R.3 E. Remains up C. watching Ec.]

Ec—(Takes small hammer from pocket, chips off piece of the stone.) Genuine hydromagnesite, sure enough. This farm is worth a million and they don't know it. (Pause.) This is the chance for Jim; Tom has made HIS pile. Well I'm not a geologist for nothing; I'll take it to my room and analyze it. (Puts stone and hammer in pocket, starting to R. 3 E. Meets Brad. C.)

Brad—Where are you going?

Ec—(x's R.) Don't know that's any of your particular business, Dickie. (Turns) but if you must know, I'm going to get a pair of shoes.

Sticks stocking foot up at Brad. Exit R. 3 E.

Brad—(Looks after Ec) He has discovered the mica on the farm! I must work quickly, before Tom learns of it. (Down L. C.) Tonight, I must get those letters from Kate's room. (Laughs) My visit here will kill two birds with one stone.



Tom—(Enters R. 3 E. paper in hand down R. C.) Here is the paper, I will sign it in your presence.

Gets pen and ink from cupboard R. x's to L. to table. Sits L. of table and writes signature. Then gives paper to Brad.

Brad—(L. C. Leans over table and watches Tom sign. Then takes paper, and reads aloud) "June 24th, 1898. Received of Richard Bradley, the sum of \$10,000, to be repaid in full six months from date. In default of which payment, I agree on that day, December 24th, 1898, to make over by Bill of Sale, for value received, to said Richard Bradley, the 140 acre farm, including house, barn and other buildings, known as the "Mayne Homestead;" signed, Thomas Mayne, (pause looks at Tom, fluttering paper questioningly,) you insist upon giving me this.

Tom—(seated, L. of table, L.) It is only right that you should be protected, Bradley. I intend to invest this money in the oil country of Pennsylvania. You know I have been more than successful in my new law-practice, but the money comes in far too slowly. I must have more to maintain the position I have attained in New York and I must have it quickly. Others have sunk wells and struck a fortune in a day, why should not I.

Brad—(to C. U.) But will six months be sufficient time."

Tom—(rises ample looks up stage.) It is now ten o'clock. On December 24th, at ten in the evening, by that clock, you shall have your money.

Brad—(L. to table, produces roll of bills.) On December 24th., at ten in the evening, by that clock, I will expect my money. (Gives bills to Tom.)

Tom—Now, all I ask is that this matter be kept entirely secret from the family and from my wife. (pockets bills, L. C.)

Brad—Oh, certainly, (x's to L. cor., paper in hand.) But should not this document be witnessed?

Jim—Enter C. D. L., carrying 1st. act milk pans, down L. C.

Tom—(Down L. to Brad.) By all means, if you wish it. (Takes paper.) Tho' where my name is written, there stands my honor. But 'twill make it more binding. (Sees Jim.) Here Jim, just put your name here. (R. of table, L. folds paper so Jim cannot read it, lays paper on table writes one word and offers pen to Jim.)

Jim—To [L. Cor., drops pans on Brad's feet.] What is it?

Brad—You clumsy boor!

Jim—Always gettin in my way, aint ye. [To table.] What's the paper? [Starts to pick up papers.]

Tom—[Places hand on paper]. Never mind. It's a legal matter, you're only a boy and you wouldn't understand it. You know that's my signature, don't you? [Points to paper.]

Jim—[Looks at paper.] Yep.

Tom—Then just write your name in the other corner, under "witness."

Retains hand on paper. Jim—Writes name laboriously.

Tom—(To Brad.) One witness will be sufficient.

Brad.—[L. Cor.] I presume so, I have no head for business.

Jim—[Finishes writing and throws down pen.] Nope, you've got a head like a turnip!

Tom—[Hands paper to Brad.] There you are. [Goes R.]

Mol.—[Enter C. D. L.] That dog of the neighbors' is hangin' round the barnyard again, up to some deviltry, I'll be bound. [Down C. sees pans.] Well, Jim Mayne; if you aint dropped them pans in the dirt again. [x's L. picks up pans, piles them on bench, L. C.] You know less than that new born lamb! Now, see if you kin knock 'em down again!" [Goes up R. C.]

Dog growls and barks furiously outside, R. U. E.  
Het Screams outside, R. U. E.

Mol.—[Rushes to window, up R. leans out looking off R. U. E.] It's that pesky dog! He's got Hetty in the corner of the fence, he's going to bite her!

Growling, screaming, etc., continue.

Jim—[Down L. yells] Hetty. [Clears bench with a bound. Rushes off C. D. R., yelling.] Keep him off, Hetty I'm comin.

Tom—I'm with you, Jim. (Rushes off C. D. R. after Jim.)

Enter together—Ec R. 3 E., now wears shoes; Luc, R. 3. E.; Kate, R. 3 E.; Ab, C. D. L., remains L. of C. D. looking off R.

Mol—(Leaning out of window) Jim's jumped the fence. (growling continues) He's there! he's got the dog by the throat!

Jim (outside, after sound of dog, choking; in distance) Damn you to hell!

Mol—Gracious! He's bitten Jim's hand. Tom beats him off! (Dogs growling diminishes in sound as if running away.) Here they come (down L. C.) My, but that boy is brave!

Brad—[L. cor. sneeringly] Brave? Why, any boy can fight a dog.

Mol—|to Brad| Well, there's a boy here about your size, what's the matter with you?

Jim, Hetty, and Tom pass window, enter C. D. R.—Jim carrying Hetty down R. C., seats her in chair; goes L. C. his right hand torn and bleeding.

Tom enters after Jim and Hetty; down R. C.

Luc—|behind Het| Are you hurt, dear?

Het—|breathlessly| Not a bit. But look at Jim's hand!

Mol—|down C| Oh Jim, let me tie it up.

Jim—|x's R., showing right hand plainly to audience| Let it alone, its all right. |Up to window R., leans out, looking off R. U. E.|

Ab—|down C.| Well, it's time to get to bed. |Talks to Mol.|

Brad—And I must say good-night. |x's up C, gets hat; turns in C. D.| Good night all.

Luc, Tom and Ab— |together| Good night.

Ec, Mol and Jim ignore Brad, turning backs.

Brad—|in C. D. aside| They'll soon be asleep. I'll come back and get those letters. The room next to Foxglove's she said. |Glances R. at Kate, ex C. D. L.|

Kate—|R. C. with Ec; aside to him| You really think I could hold a position as a telegraph operator?

Ec—|aside to Kate| Sure. But why do you think of such a thing, when I offer you—

Kate—|holds up hands| Sch! I have a confession to make tonight and I don't know what may happen. Good night. |Goes down C.|

Ab—|up C.| I've got to git in that harness. I jest oiled it and I don't want to leave it out in the wet.

Kate—I'll go with you father. |Exit C. D. L. with Ab.

Ec up R. at window, talking to Jim.

Mol—Good night folks. |Exit R. 3 E.|

Luc—Come, Hetty, it is time we retired. |Up R. with Tom.|

Het—|still seated R. C.| I want to rest here a little bit longer, I'm so nervous.

Tom—|up R. with Luc.| Don't be long. |Exit R. 3 E. with Luc.|

|Hetty looks over shoulder to see if they are gone; rises and x's L.| Jim! |Sits R. of table, L. without looking up stage at Ec and Jim.

Ec|aside to Jim, giving stone| Now don't you say a word to anybody about it until I'm sure, but get some more specimens like this, find out how many acres of these stones are to be found on—then come to me in New York and we'll see.

Jim— |aside to Ec| I understands. |Pockets stone.|

Het— |looks up R. at them; rises | Jim!

Ec |looks at Het and Jim alternately; smiles;| Oh I beg your pardon. Good night. |Exit R. 3 E.|

Jim— |down L. C.| What you want?

Het—Hold out your hand. |Jim, right of Hetty, extends left hand |

Het—The other one!

Jim—What for?

Het—Hold out your other hand! |Stamps foot.|

*Jim meekly extends right hand.*

Het— |takes hdkf from neck| That poor hand, all torn and bleeding. |Ties hdkf around it.|

Jim—I wouldn't let nobody else touch it, would I?

Het—Thats right. |tying knot| Does it hurt?

Jim—Tie it tighter. |Puts his left arm around her.|

Het—Tighter.

Jim—|Squeezing her she tying knot| Tighter.

Het—You told me to look out for the dog and I didn't mind you. |Half crying| And this poor hand was hurt in protecting the girl who disobeyed you. |Fondling his hand.|

Jim—I wish you'd let that hand take care of you always.

Het—I might Jim—

Jim—Yes?

Het—I might love you—I could—but—

Jim—But—?

Het—|points R. to cupboard|. The name on the slate!

Jim—|hoarsely| Oh, tie it tighter!

*Het bends over, kisses his bandaged hand, goes up R. C.*

Jim—|Looks at hand| I reckon it's tied pretty tight now! |R. to cupboard, gets pistol, up to C. D.| Good-night, Hetty.

Het—Where are you going?

Jim—I'm goin' to shoot that pesky dog. |Exit C. D. R. stops at window.| Good night.

Het—|In R. 3 E.| Hurry back and I'll get Tom and Eccles and we'll sing you to sleep. Good night.

*Exit R. 3 E.*

Jim—Good night.

*Exit to R.*

*Enter Abner C. D. L. Harness in hand, followed by Kate. Down L. C.*

Abner—I—I don't understand ye, Kate.

Kate—|Down C., humble and downcast| It—it is a letter I got from—from a girl. I—I met her at school. She—she is about—to—become—a mother.



Ab—|Puts harness on table L.| Husband dead and aint got no money, I reckon—eh?

Kate—She—she never had a husband. |Quartette.|

Ab—|slowly| Now I understand. |Pause| Why did she write to you?

Kate—She fears her father will turn her away when—when he learns the truth.

Ab—|strong| And so he should! The dishonor of a daughter is the one crime no father can forgive!

Kate—was not hers.

Ab—As much hers as hisn—whoever he may be. Kate, them kind o' letters aint for you to read. Forgit all about it. |x's R.| "Blessed are the pure in heart," that's what the Scripturs says and I believe 'em, and it means the body as well as the heart. Forgit her, Kate, and put out the light and come to bed. |Up to R. 3 E.|

Kate—|appealingly| Then—then you think her father—couldn't—forgive her?

Ab—Forgive! He should turn her out o' his house and deny that he ever had a daughter. |Exit R. 3 E.|

Kate—|repeats| "Turn her out of his house." I'll not wait for that, I'll go. I can't much longer conceal the truth. Dick won't marry me. I can earn my living at telegraphy, Eccles says. |Pause.| They're all asleep, I'll go now tonight! |Up to C. D. looks toward R. 3 E.| Good-bye father, Jim, Tom, Eccles! |Opens C. D. Meets Jim|.

Jim—|Appears in C. D., pistol in hand| Hello, Kate whar ye goin' this time o' night? |Up R. C.|

Kate—|In C. D.| I—I am going to pray. Good-bye.

Jim—|In surprise| Good bye?

Kate—I mean good night. |Exit C. D. L.|

Jim—Kate's acting mighty sad lately. |Down R., turns down lamp, over L. C.| Couldn't find that pesky dog. |Tosses pistol on table L.| I kinder like that dog after all, if he hadn't bit me, she wouldn't a' tied up my hand. |Sits R. of table L., looking at hand.| Dear Hetty! if it wasn't—wasn't for the name on the slate!

Leans head on arms on table, as if asleep.

Brad appears at window, looks in cautiously, is disguised with beard.

Brad—Fortune favors me, just passed Kate outside. She didn't see me but I saw her. |Enter C. D. R.| Now is my chance to get those letters. The room next to Foxglove's, she said. If I'm caught and recognized I can easily plead my acquaintance with Foxglove as a plausible excuse. |Down C. L.



But I don't know where Foxglove's room is. If I can find a candle—|Goes L., lighting match, stumbles against Jim.|

Jim—|Rises as if suddenly awakened| What in thunder—

Brad—|Snatches up pistol, dropping match, presents pistol at Jim's head.| Not a word—on your life.

|Disguised voice |

Jim—Has mouth open. Cocks eyes around at pistol. Shuts mouth with a snap, facing audience.

Brad—Sit down and don't you dare to call out!  
|Pistol Bus.|

Jim—Slowly sits R. of Table L.

Brad—|Keeps pistol leveled.| You—You've never seen my face before, have you?

Jim—Nop. I ain't never been to the penitentiary.

Brad—Where's all the rest of the folks?

Jim—All gone to roost. Say, what do you want.

Brad—I want you to keep quiet!

Jim—|Rises.|

Brad—|Forces Jim back in chair.| And sit still.  
|Sees harness.| I'll keep you quiet! |Ties Jim's hands and feet with harness—hands behind him.| Get down here! |Lifts Jim from chair, drags him to R., lays him on back, on floor R. C.| Now I guess you won't get up, with your hands tied behind you, and your feet strapped together. |Kneels above Jim.|

Jim—You must be a reg'lar burglar?

Brad—I am! Where is Foxglove's room?

Jim—What dy'e want to know for?

Brad—Never mind! Tell me how I can find his room—quick! |Presents pistol again.|

Jim—Go down the hall, turn to your right, second door, left hand side.

Brad—And that is Eccles' room? |Rises.|

Jim—That is Eccles' room. |Turns face to audience. Aside.| That's Aunt Mollie's room.

Brad—Now while I'm gone, you're not to yell, or make any noise, d'ye hear?

Jim—The minute you're gone I am goin' to yell myself hoarse, d'ye hear!

Brad—You will eh? |Turns Jim over on face, toward him, tears handkerchief from Jim's right hand. I'll see that you DON'T! |Turns Jim on back again.|

Jim—|Looking up in Brad's face.| You're a coward.

Brad—|Places hand over Jim's mouth.|

Jim—|Loudly, but in muffled voice.| A dam coward!

Brad—|Gags Jim with handkerchief ties it.| Now see if you can yell.

Jim—|Tries to yell. Voice sounds muffled.|

Brad—|Laughs.| Guess you'll do all right. |Up R. C.| Now, don't you MOVE or make any noise till I get back! |Exit R. 3 E.|

Jim tries to rise and cannot. Tries to yell, voice sounds muffled. Pauses Edges along floor until feet can reach bench. Raises feet, up-ends bench. Pans clatter to floor. Pause.

Ab—|Enter R. 3 E. In shirt and trousers.| What's all this racket? |Down R. turns up lamp.|

Mol—|Enter R. 3 E. In night gown, down C.| There was a man in my room!

Ec., Tom and Het. Enter R. 3 E. immediately after Mol. Tom goes down stage, on knees above Jim; unties harness from Jim's hands and takes gag from his mouth.

Ec—|Leaning out of window up R. looking off R. U. E.| There he goes—running across the fields!

Ab—|R. cor. to Jim.| Who was he?

Jim—|Just as Tom takes handkerchief from mouth,| I don't know. |Squirms to a kneeling position. Tom goes L. cor.|

Het—|Down C. drops on knees R. of Jim.| Oh Jim! your poor hand!

Jim—|Takes handkerchief from Tom, extends it to Het.| Tie it tighter. |She ties hand in handkerchief.|

as

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

### SCENE PLOT.

C. D. fancy	in	3
Doors	R. and L. in	3
Window	in flat	R. C

### "PROPS."

Curtains on C. D.		
Kitchen table—with cover.	}	L. of C. D.
Two light, fancy chairs.		
Couch—L.		
Small table L.—above couch.		
Sofa—R.		
Hall tree—R. of C. D.		
Fancy cover on table, L.		
Work Basket	}	on table, up C.
Stand parlor lamp—practical—up L. C.		
	}	Ready—L. 3 E.
Small Tea Tray		
Plate meat.		
Pitcher ice water.		
Glass.		
Plate fake eggs.		
Plate sliced bread.		
Carving knife.		
Silver fork and spoon.		
Bowl brown gravy.		
Napkin.		
Plate.		
Bowl steaming soup (lye and water)	}	Ready—L. of C. D.
Spoon.		
Moonlight effect.	}	Ready—R. 4 E.
Horse effect.		
Newspaper—Tom.		
Revolver—Brad.		
Roll Bills—Eccles.		
Stones.		
2nd Act Hdckf	}	Jim

Voice—(Outside, C. R.) Where are you going?

Jim—(Outside, C. R.) I'm coming in this house.

Het rises, R. C.

Voice—(Outside.) But where's your card? What's your name?

Jim—(Outside.) Don't make no difference what my name is—I ain't going to borrow any money of you. (Enter C. R., in store clothes.)

(PICTURE.)

Het enters, R. 1. E.

Together—Jim! Hetty!

They start towards each other—arms outstretched.

Jim—(Suddenly stops, looking at her bosom.) 'Scuse me, Hetty. (Turns away to L., hiding face in hands. (I'll go out till you finish gittin' dressed.)

Het—No, Jim, it's all right. This is the way people dress in the city. (Indicating corsage.)

Jim—(C.) An' have I got to dress that way too? (Takes off coat.)

Het—No, the men don't dress this way—only the ladies. (R. C.)

Jim—Women never did have as much sense as men. Better put my coat on—you'll ketch cold. (Holds coat.)

Het—I'll go you! (Puts on coat.)

Jim—(Helps her on with coat.) Now you can talk to the boys without blushin'

Het—What are you doing in New York?

Jim—Why, I've brung some specimens—(Suddenly stops, hand in hip pocket, aside.) I most forgot. Eccles said I wasn't to tell nobody. (Aloud, X'ing, R.) Why, I come to town to see you, of course! (Keeps hat on head.)

Het—Then sit down. (Indicates sofa, R.)

Jim—(Sits on sofa, R., springs up to feet.) Wow! [Looks around at sofa.]

Het—[C.] What's the matter?

Jim—I thought I'd set on the cat! [Sits again, gingerly.]

Het—[Going up L.] Well, if you've come to see me I'll shut the door. [Closes door, L. 3 E.] If my sister sees you, you won't see me very long. [Down C.]

Jim—What's the matter, Hetty—you don't look happy.

Het—[C., looks at Jim dolefully.] I'm in love.

Jim—In love?

*She nods head affirmatively.*

Jim—[Kiddish.] Who with? Tell me, won't you?

*Het—Shakes head, negatively.*

Jim—Is it Eccles?

*Het—Same bus.*

Jim—Is it Bradley?

*Het—Shakes head violently.*

Jim—Look out, you'll shake your head off! [Dolefully.] There's something the matter with me, too!

Het—Are you in love, too?

Jim—Mebbe, but jest now I'm hungry! [Rises.]

Het—Oh, you poor boy! How stupid of me not to think of it! Come right straight to the dining room.

*Starts to R. 3 E.*

*Jim—X's around to C.*

Het—[Stops, R.] Nope, you'd better not. If Lucretia saw you she'd raise a racket. You sit right down there at that table near the door, [indicates table, up C.,] and be ready to duck out if you hear her coming.

and I'll go to the kitchen and bring you something to eat, and I'll wait on you myself. [Exit R. 3 E.]

Jim—[Looks around.] Mighty fine place Tom has got here. No wonder he don't keer much for the farm no more. Tom has climbed to the top of the ladder. [Pause.] Why can't I do the same? It'll be a mighty long ladder, and I'm so slow. I'll be a long time getting up, but with a face like Hetty's waitin' to greet me at the top, my feet jest couldn't git tired! [Sits, R. of table, up C.] Then I spose I'd have to wear low-necked shirts too! [Hat still on head.]

Luc—[Enter L. 3 E., calling.] Hetty? [See Jim, stops L. C., aghast.] You!

Jim—[Seated coolly.] Hullo, Tom's wife.

Luc—"Tom's wife!" My name is Mrs. Mayne.

Jim—Yep. That'll be my wife's name, too, when I git married.

Luc—What on earth are you doing here?

Jim—Come to see my brother, of course.

Luc—He is detained down town at the office, you can see him there.

Jim—Nope. I've been ridin' in the steam cars all day, and I'm pooty tired, so I'll wait. [Crosses legs.]

Luc—[Aside angrily.] How can I get rid of him? Mr. Bradley is liable to come to see Hetty at any minute. The very thought of Richard finding that country lout here makes me shiver. [L. C., shivers.]

Jim—[Rises.] Why, Tom's wife, you're shiverin'—cold, I reckon. You ain't more'n half-dressed, neither. Sorry I ain't got my coat to lend you, but I lent it to Hetty. [Down C.]

Luc—Turns on him, furiously. "Hetty." Miss Kingbridge, you mean! Kindly give my sister her full name.

Jim—I'd like to give her mine.

Luc—[Aside.] Why did I not think of it before? [Turns to Jim, aloud.] Boy, I— [Suddenly.] Take off your hat in the presence of a lady.

Jim—Huh?

Luc—In the presence of a lady.

Jim—[Looks at her quizzically.] I wasn't certain.

Luc—[Angrily.] Pah! Take it off!

Jim—Slowly takes off hat, places it on Luc's head.

Luc—Why, how dare you! [Throws hat to stage.]

Jim—[Picks up hat, examines inside.] What's the matter? Did anything bite ye? [R. C., replaces hat on head.] Wisht Hetty'd git back.



Luc—|L. C., sternly and rapidly.| Listen to me. This foolish infatuation between my sister and yourself is a source of great annoyance to her friends.

Luc—|Continues.| Mr. Bradley is the husband already chosen for her. Now, if you will quietly go back to the farm, and— and forget that you ever met Hetty, I am sure Mr. Bradley would be very generous with you, that is, in the matter of dollars and cents. |Turns L.|

Eccles enters, C. D.

Jim—|Pause. To C. slowly.| Tom's wife, I'm kinder slow to understand, and I don't know that I ketch your meanin' exactly, but I take it that you're tryin' to buy me oft with money! Just now I ain't got a penny to my name, but I never borrowed or begged a penny from anybody, I never stole a penny from anybody, I never got a penny from anybody that I didn't give e'm back a quarter's worth of hard work for every penny! I need money—I need it bad, but sooner than take Bradley's money—sooner than to know that Bradley's greenbacks had bought a life of misery for the girl I love—sooner than that I'd kill Bradley!

Ec—|Down R. C.| That is a better speech than your brother could make, tho' he be a lawyer.

Luc—|To Jim.| Is that your final answer?

Jim—I ain't got nuthin' more to say—except to tell you to warn Bradley to keep away from me! |X's R.|

Luc—I will leave your brother to deal with you, you fool! |Up L. C.| Come, Mr. Eccles, I will entertain you up in the library.

Ec—|C.| Pardon me, but I think I can be extremely well entertained right here! |Shakes Jim's hand.|

Luc—For his own good tell that boy not to let me find him here when I return. |Exit L. 3 E.|

Jim—Didn't I sass her back proper? Whew, I'm hot! |Opens vest.| Wish I had one o'them low-necked-shirts!

Dries hands on vest. X'ing L.

Ec—|Down L. C.| Let me shake your hand again.

Jim—|Offers right hand—|bandaged—|still holding vest. Ec. takes it—Jim withdraws hand. Ec. shakes vest.| Say, dy'e want that vest? It's mighty slick—I got this suit at a fire-sale!

Ec—|Laughs. Drops vest.| Well, tell me about the mica.

Jim—|Produces stones from hip-pocket | Wall, these kind o'stones cover about six acres, and there's

one place in an old dried-out sheep-well where the same stuff is about three feet deep—I measured it.

Ec—Jim gives stones.

Ec—[L. C. examining stones.] It's mica, sure as guns! Jim, that farm is worth a million, and Bradley knows it. And that's why he got that mortgage.

Jim—What mortgage?

Ec—Didn't you know? Tom told me of it on the train. He borrowed \$10,000 from Bradley for six months, and made over the farm as security.

Jim—[Suddenly.] An' that was the paper I signed my name to! I'm responsible, too!

Ec—Well, not a word about this to Bradley, wait till we make sure of this mica. You see, Tom can't sell the farm now with this mortgage on it, so we've got to play a foxy game.

Jim—Oh, Tom'll meet the mortgage all right when the time comes.

Ec—[Returns stones.] Not while he monkeys with a man like Bradley. We'll fix it up some way. Say, how is Kate?

Jim—Ain't seen her for three or four days, not since the night the dog bit me. She skedaddled. Reckon she didn't want to bid Tom's wife good-by. Them two women ain't got no use for each other.

Ec—Where did she go?

Jim—Over to some o'the neighbors, I reckon. She often goes and spends a week with 'em [L. Cor.]

Het—[Enter, R. 3 E.—carrying tray of dishes, eatables, pitcher of ice-water and glass, etc.] I've got some nice veal-cutlets and some country-gravy and some fried eggs. [Places tray on table, up C.] I knew what you liked and I had the cook cook it specially.

To L. 3 E.—closes door.

Ec—[Goes up C.] How do you do, Miss Hetty—and good by. [In C. D.]

Jim—[L. Cor.] Ain't goin', are ye? Better stay and have a snack to eat. [Indicates table.]

Ec—[Looks at tray.] No, there's enough for only one there. Besides, I'm needed at the telegraph office—couple of hours extra work. By-bye. I'll come back when I've finished. [Exit C. R.]

Het—[Behind table.] Come on, Jim, and eat.

Jim—[Up C.] Ain't you going to eat something with me? [Sits R. of table.]

Het—Maybe—a little.

Jim—But he said there was only enough for one.

Het—Well, we two may be one. Pitch in.

Jim—|Looks at bandaged hand.| I'm having trouble lately eating with one hand.

Het—Oh, how is your poor hand?

Jim—It's about healed. |Takes off hdkf.| but its mighty sore yet—the fingers is stiff. There's your handkerchief. |Gives it.|

Het—I'll put it in sister's work-basket, and she'll have a fit when she finds it. |Does so.| |Drinks.|

Jim—|Picks up carving knife and fork. Tries to cut meat.| I can't cut it, Hetty.

Reaches over—takes pitcher from Het's mouth Drinks from it.

Het—Well! That's cool!

Jim—|After drinking.| Yep, it has ice in it. |Replaces pitcher on table.| Gimme some o' that egg.

Reaches over and places plate of egg directly in front of him.

Het—Here you are.

Feeds him mouth-full of egg with spoon. Holding spoon high.  
Egg bus. and Gag.

Jim—How I wisht I had a girl to feed me all the time!

Het—|Naively.| She couldn't unless she was your wife. Oh, how I'd like to have a husband of my own!

Jim—Yep, you'd rather have one of your own than some other girl's husband, wouldn't you?

Het—Well, why don't you ask me.

Around L. to below table.

Jim—What?

Rises R. of table.

Het—Just ask me, that's all.

Jim—Will you?

Het—Yes!

Jim—What?

Het—Marry you!

Jim—|Embraces her.| I've said it! I've said it at last!

Dances with glee, holding embrace.

Brad—|Enter C. R., sees embrace.| How dare you embrace that lady?

Jim—She—she asked me to. Did she ever ask you?

Brad—Whom do you want to see here?

Jim—Not you!

Brad—Servants belong in the kitchen—not in the parlor.

Jim—|Breaks embrace.| Hetty, jest show this feller the way to the kitchen.

Brad—Insolent! (Starts towards Jim.)

Jim—|Quickly picks up carving-knife from table.| Don't git gay or I'll shave your mustache off!

Brad—|Down R. C.| Miss Hetty, in associating so familiarly with this boy—you seemingly forget that you are a lady.

Jim—|Replaces knife, down R. C. to Brad., threateningly. |Take keer what you say, Bradley. I am only a boy, and she's only a girl now—but she is a lady—every inch of her!

Het—|Down L. C.| Don't waste time talking to him, Jim—come here and talk to me.

Jim—|C.| It ain't wastin' time givin' a few words o' good advice.

Brad—Nor do I care to waste time in quarrelling. |To C. extends hand.| Come, lets be friends.

Jim|Refuses hand.| I wouldn't shake hands with you—not even to keep your teeth from fallin' out!

Brad—|R. C.| Not anxious to make friends, eh?

Jim—Nope, I'm too slow, an' let me tell you that I'm a darn sight slower to make friends than I am to make enemies.

Brad—I advise you to think twice before you make an enemy of me—as you will surely do if you continue to force your attentions upon this young lady. I allow no one to interfere with me—least of all, a boy like you!

Jim—|Up to Brad.| Well, a boy kin sometimes put up a pretty healthy fight. I am only a boy—you look like a man. If you are now's you're chance to prove it! |Suddenly slaps Brad's face with right hand.| Ouch! I hurt my sore hand! (X C., examining hand.)

Brad—|Angrily.| I'll hurt it worse!

Springs upon Jim, short struggle. Jim is thrown, C., head toward R. Brad. places knee on his chest.

Het—|Screams, runs up C., calling| Tom! Lucteria! Help! Help!

Jim—Fens hittin'! Kings' X.

Jim—Crosses fingers.

Brad—Places left knee on Jim's right hand.

Jim—Git off my sore hand! (Struggles.)

Brad—|With both knees, holds down Jim's arms, angrily.| A moment ago you said you wouldn't shake hands with me—not to save my teeth from falling out! Now you promise to let Hetty alone hereafter, or I'll mash your teeth down your throat!

Shakes fist in Jim's face.

Hetty—Down C., a little.

Jim—I won't promise, mash away!

Brad—Raises clinched fist to strike.

Het—|Down C., quickly—catches Brad's unpraised

hand.| No, you won't! I do all the mashing in this family!

Luc—|Enters quickly, L 3 E, down L. C.| What does this mean?

Brad—Rises, looks over shoulder at Luc., bows, smilingly, down L. Cor., arranging disordered apparel.

Jim—|Rises, slowly.| It means I jest got licked.  
To R., feeling of right hand.

Brad—|Dusting clothes| He attacked me and I was obliged to defend myself. I am deeply sorry this occurred.

Jim—|Defiantly.| Well, I ain't sorry—even if you did half kill me!

Luc—|L. of C.| What was the cause?

Brad—I caught him embracing your sister—and I interfered.

Jim—|Looking at hand, ruefully.| That's what you did.

Luc—|Faces R. to Het.| So, you are flinging yourself at him again, eh?

Jim—Yep, she flung herself and I caught her.

Het—|R. C.| And I am proud to be caught in the arms of a man so brave and true. |To Jim's embrace R.|

Luc—Man, if I were a man, that boy should be put out! |Turns L. to Brad.|

Brad—That boy looks rather "put out."

Luc—|Turns again to Jim| Why are you remaining here?

Jim—Waitin' to see my brother, of course.

Luc—I've told you that he had gone out.

Jim—I know it, and that's why I waitin'.

Luc—You shall not remain here a moment longer!

Jim—Shan't I? Who owns this house, anyway, you or him?

Brad—|L. half aside.| Neither one; its rented.

Luc—|to Jim, sternly.| For the last time, go; I am terribly in earnest. I order you to go. |Points to C. D.|

Jim pauses, slowly x's up C. toward C. D.

Het—|Catches Jim's right arm as he passes| Stop! Lucretia, if you drive Jim Mayne from this house, I am going with him. I, I, have promised to be his wife.

Luc—His wife! |sneeringly| Nonsense! Why you'd starve to death!

Het—No, I would't; he'll work for me; he'll give me love that I don't get here; he'll give me enough to eat and enough clothes to wear, too. Ain't I wearing his coat now? |Holding coat apart.|



Jim—You bet you are and you can have the rest of 'em if you want em'. |Starts as if to unbutton trousers. |

Hetty restrains Jim.

Tom appears in C. D. from R., hat coat etc., remains unscen in C. D

Luc—Hetty I have nothing more to say to you; |to Jim| And as for you, when your brother returns, he shall choose between you and me. Either you go out of that door forever |indicates C. D. without looking up stage| or I do.

Tom—|In C. D. quietly. | Lucretia, I left the street door open as I came in. Shut it as you go out.

Lucretia crushed L. C. <sup>Picture!</sup> Tom shaking hands with Jim R. C.

Jim—No Tom, much obliged, but that can't be. I ain't got no business comin' between lawful husband and wife, I'll go. |x's to C. D. |

Het—|R. of C. D. appealingly | Jim, don't go!

Jim—|Takes Het's hands| Yes, Hetty, it is better so. But you wait, wait till I get some money, and get a little smarter, and then I come back and claim ye.

Brad—|L. C. sneeringly | She'll wait a long time, then.

Hetty—|Down C. quickly. | Mr. Bradley, you've said enough! You may be able to lick Jim, but you can't lick me, not with my coat off. |Quickly throws off coat. Assumes pugilistic attitude. |

Jim—|Picks up coat; down R. of Het; arm around her and kisses her. | My! that was a nervy thing to do.

Het—What? For me to tackle Bradley?

Jim—No, for me to kiss you.

Het—|Aside to Jim | Jim, I wish that slate was here, I'd rub off that name right now.

Jim—I ain't skeered to wait, Hetty. |Coat over arm; shakes her hands | Good bye. Good bye Tom. |Up C. hesitates | Good bye Tom's wife. |In C. D. |

Luc L. C. turns back on Jim.

Jim—|In C. D. | Good bye, Bradley; you licked me fair. But I won't always be so slow. An' I reckon I'll learn to fight a little while I'm gone and then when I come back I'll do a little mashin' myself. |Exit C. R. |

Luc—|Down R. C. faces Tom. | Well, what have you to say? Aren't you proud?

Tom— |Faces her slowly. | No I'm ashamed—of my wife |x's up L. C. |

Luc—|Tosses head scornfully. | Hetty, come with me to the drawing room. |Up R. C. |

Het—Oh, the Dickens! |To R. 3 E. Remains in door.|

Luc—|Up R. C.| Mr. Bradley, you may join us.

Brad—With pleasure. |x's up C.| Are you coming, Tom?

Luc—He is not. I don't care for the company of a man who so stubbornly clings to the vulgar associations of the farm, even tho' that man be my husband. |In R. 3 E |

Tom—|Up L.| Which just reminds me that I have some business with Mr. Bradley, in connection with that same farm. Mr. Bradley will you join ME upstairs in the library? |To L. 3 E |

Brad. up C. looking from one to the other as if undecided.

Luc—|In R. 3 E. with Het.| Mr. Bradley, I asked for your society.

Brad—|Pause.| Pardon me, but "business before pleasure." |Goes L. to Tom.|

Luc—Pah! |Motion of disgust |

Ec—|Enters quickly, C. R. whistling.| Well, got back! Finished my work sooner than I expected! |C. looks around.| Hello, where's Jim? |Pause; no replies.| I say, where's Jim? |Faces Luc.|

Luc. turns up nose and turns away, R.

Ec—Eh! |Turns L. to Brad. and Tom.|

Tom sadly turns away L.

Ec—|Looks from Luc. to Tom, shoves hands in pockets, whistles.| Whew!

Het—ILL tell you, Eccles. They've kicked him out!

Luc—|To Het. savagely.| Silence! |Pushes Het. off R. 3 E.|

Tom—I have some business up in the library. Eccles, amuse yourself here till I return. |Exit L. 3 E. with Brad. taking hat, coat, etc.|

Luc—|In R. 3 E.| It is useless to inquire regarding "Jim", Mr. Foxglove. He has gone and forever. Not another member of that Mayne family shall enter that door again while I live! |Indicates C. D. and exit R. 2 E.|

Ec—|Looks at C. D.| Guess I got inside just in time! I'm not a member of that family YET, but I hope I soon will be. |Hangs silk hat on hat rack. R. of C. D.|

#### QUARTETTE.

Ec—|To window, up R. looks out.| Prayer meeting in the church across the way. Why, that's the same hymn they used to sing in the little church down in Maine, in the choir where KATE used to sing.

|Listens. Quartette swells. Down R. sits on sofa, listening. At end of hymn, raises head.| KATE! MY Kate! How I'd love to see her! |Quartette resumes Py. continues once thro chorus. |

Jim and Kate enter C. R. He supporting her. She very pale and weak. She R. he L. down C. together.

Ec—|Rises up to them. Hello! I thought you were kicked out.—|Sees Kate| Why Kate! |Up to her. R. of her, takes her hand. What's the matter darling? |Supports her. |

Kate smiles in Ec's face, presses his hand.

Ec—Here, let her rest here. |They conduct Kate to couch L. and lay her upon it. Jim, what does this mean? |At foot of couch. |

Jim—|Behind couch L. I found her on a doorstep. She's about dead—starved—run away from home. She says she come to learn telegraphy. In this big city three days and ain't had a bite to eat. |To C. | Dam this city! |Hangs hat on rack R. of C. D. |

Ec—|Brushing back Kate's hair. That what I say!

Jim—So I bring her here. Tom's wifekicked me out but she won't dare turn HER away.

Ec. X's quickly to R. 2 E and closes door.

Jim—'To head of couch, bends over couch. How dy'e feel, sis?

Kate—|Feebly. Water!

Jim—Of course, I'm so slow I never thought of it. |To table up C. Gets pitcher ice-water and glass. | Here, drink some o' this. |Raises Kate's head, holds glass to her lips. |

Ec—|L. Behind them. Softly. I'll find Tom, he's upstairs and have him get some soup, or some lobsters, or something. I don't know what she needs. |Exit L. 3 E. |

Jim—|Places pitcher and glass on table L. above couch. | Now Kate, tell me how it is I find ye like this!

Kate—I couldn't help it. I wanted to earn my living and nobody would listen. I had no money. I couldn't beg.

Jim—But now you'll come home again.

Kate—No-no! I can't!

Jim—Can't! Why?

Kate—Father would turn me out!

Jim— I— I'm so slow, Kate— I don't understand?

Kate—|Half raises. | Jim, on the street tonight I met women— fallen— so low—

Jim—I know. I've seen 'em.

Kate—Oh, Jim; can't you understand! Would you want one of them in your house?

Jim—[Halfunderstands.] Kate! [Steps back to C.]

Kate—Jim, I—I had no mother to guide me! [Falls sobbing on pillow.]

Jim—[Pause. To L., above couch. Bends over Kate.] Kate, who is the man?

Brad enters L. 3 E. Stops suddenly. Remains up L., above table, watching scene.

Kate—[Does not see Brad.] I—I dare not tell!

Jim—[Does not see Brad.] Dare not tell! Sis, tell me; I'll find him; he shall do you right. [Kneels above couch.]

Kate—[Raises on pillow.] I will tell you. I'll no longer be intimidated by his threats. The man—the man's name is—

Brad suddenly knocks pitcher off of table. It falls with a crash. Bends over table, looking at Kate.

Kate sees Brad's face. Falls back, with half scream, on couch.

Jim—[Rises L. C.] Damn your keerlessness; you've skeered her! [To C.]

Brad—[Still leaning over table.] Why, Kate— [Catches himself.]

Jim—[Pause.] By what right do you call my sister by her first name?

Brad—Oh, so slow! Just realized I called her "Kate," eh? By what right? [To foot of couch, back to Jim; bends over Kate; aside to her.] By the right to make you my wife if you keep silent now!

Jim—[Up to Brad. Fiercely.] Get out of the way!

Brad X's slowly to R.

Jim—[To foot of couch; bends over Kate; aside to her.] I love ye yet, sis. Tell me his name; whisper it to me so he [Indicates Brad with nod of head] don't hear, and I'll find him!

Kate—[Feebly.] I—I dare not! For your sake as well as mine. We are poor; he is rich and powerful; he would crush you like that broken pitcher. If you love your sister don't tell father or Tom, but go—go? I'll do all right here with Tom. Go!

Jim—[Still aside.] Don't you worry, sis. I'll get some money so as to be on equal terms with him, whoever he is. An' then—I'll kill him! [Reads last line unconsciously loudly, turning down L. C.]

Brad—[R. Cor.] Kill? Who?

Jim—[L. C.] A snake, that needs killin'! A snake that I want to kill, wors'n I want to lick you!

Tom—[Enter C. L.] They're fixing some beef broth down in the kitchen. Eccles is waiting for it.



[Down L. above couch.] Eccles has told me, Kate. Do you feel better?

Jim—(L. Cor.) Don't make her talk, Tom, all she needs is rest, an' she can get that all right now with her brother for a few days, can't she?

Tom—(Holding Kate's hand.) Surely she can. She can stay right here.

Luc—(Enter R. 3 E.) To hear Tom's speech. Well, she shall not! (To R. C.)

Ec—(Enter C. L., with bowl of steaming broth, to couch. Hands bowl to Tom.) There you are, Tom. If I were you I'd feed it kinder slow. (Goes L., below couch.)

Tom feeds Kate with spoon.

Luc—What is my home supposed to be—a poor-house for the refuge of the destitute? Two members of that dirt-digging family in one day is enough!

Jim—(L. Cor., appealingly.) Don't speak like that, Tom's wife. She's awful weak, and your words 'll kill her.

Luc—Oh, no, they won't! Country girls don't die so easily!

Tom—(Sets bowl on table. To C., quickly. Faces Luc.) Lucretia, there's my face! Scratch it, slap it if you like, but don't say one more word against my brother and sister! (Pause. Returns to Kate and feeds broth, as before. Then replaces bowl on table. Takes newspaper from pocket. Fans Kate.)

Brad—(R. Cor. To Luc.) Might I remind you, Mrs. Mayne, that that fellow is again under your roof? (Indicating Jim, L.)

Jim—(To L. C.) Say, you've licked me once—ain't that enough for one day? I kin hardly fight ye now with my hand all busted up. (Indicates right hand.)

Ec—Keep quiet, Jim. (X's R. to Brad. Aside to him.) Say, Dick Bradley, I licked you twice at college, and I can do it again. Now, you shut your jaw, or I'll shut your eyes—so you can't see things that don't concern you. (Pause. Goes up R. Looks out window.)

Jim—[C.] Don't worry, mum, I'm a goin' an' I ask you to remember that my poor sister is a woman like yourself and that she's of the same flesh and blood as the man you've made your husband. [In C. D.] Kate, I'll write to you soon. Tom, I leave sis in your care, send her home as soon as she's well. [Reaches aimlessly to hat-rack, puts on Ec's silk hat. Exit C. R.]



Luc—|R. C.| Has she the money to pay her board?

Ec—|Down C. quickly.| No, but I have. |Produces roll of bills, forces them into Luc's hand.| Take it! Take it! Youv'e made your bluff, now make it good! |Pause.| Hu, I wish you were a man, just for about five minutes. |Goes up in C. D.|

Tom—|Has placed newspaper on table, now bends over Kate, holding her hand.| Kate! |Pause.| Kate! She's fainted. |To C.| Lucretia, this must stop; I must go for Dr. Wentworth.

Ec—|At window.| I just now saw Dr. Wentworth driving away, from the window.

Tom—Then we must find another! |L. to Kate chafes her hands.| Eccles, you go to find some physician. I'll follow you immediately.

Ec—All right. |Takes Jim's hat from rack looks at it.| Well, I'll be hanged! |Pulls hat down over eyes. Comedy exit, C. R.|

Tom—|To Luc.| Where is Hetty?

Luc—She has retired. There was no need for her to renew her acquaintance with any more members of your family tonight!

Tom—|C. to Luc. fiercely.| Stop that talk, I tell you! I shall have to leave Kate in your care while we find a doctor. Can I trust you?

Luc—Why I'm not a tiger or a wildcat, am I?

Tom—I know I can trust you. Remember she is your husband's sister, bring her out of that faint if you can, care for her well, try to undo the mischief you have done. I'll soon return. |Exit C. R. calls outside.| I'm coming, Eccles

Luc—|L. to Kate.| She is reviving now. |To C.| Hgh! The sight of her seems to foul the very air with unpleasant recollections!

Kate—|Weakly.| I, I shall do very well, you don't need to bother.

Brad—|R. Cor.| Might I not assume the duty of remaining with Miss Kate until your husband returns?

Luc—I should be very glad if you would. |To Kate.| Do you mind? |Turns down lamp, up L. C.|

Moonlight Effect Thro Window, on couch.

Kate—|Feebly.| I would prefer it.

Luc—|Sniffs.| Well! I'm glad there is at least one member of your family who appreciates the virtues of Mr. Bradley. |Goes to R. 3 E.| |Turns down lamp.|

Brad—|R. Cor. aside.| But I cannot say that I appreciate the virtues of that particular one of the family. |X's, slowly up C.|

Luc—|In R. 3 E. sneeringly.| Take good care of her, Richard! |Exit, R. 3 E.|

Brad—Never fear. |To R. 3 E., closes door, to C. D., closes curtain. Looking at Kate. Aside.| I'll take good care she never comes as near denouncing me as she did to-day! She would not have left those letters at home—she must have them with her. |Pause. Picks up carving knife from table, up C., feels edge and lays it down, shaking head. Picks up hdkf. from work-basket, recognizes it.| Ah! |Replaces it. Draws revolver, looks at it. Nods head affirmatively, conceals it under coat. Slowly down L., around couch, sits on its edge.| Kate, you have those letters!

Kate—Yes.

Brad—Give them to me!

Kate—No!

Brad—|Shows revolver.| Take care—I'm desperate now. Those letters stand between me and the future. I care not for consequences. See? |Places pistol at her head.|

Kate—|Raises head to meet pistol, looking Brad in the eye.| I haven't got them with me. Shoot! You cannot find them.

Brad—|Pause, withdraws pistol.| No, it would make too much noise. |Ec's footsteps heard outside, R. U. S., running on stone flagging.|

Brad—Listens. To window, R., quickly. Aside.| It is Eccles—returning! Quick! Quick! Before he gets upstairs! |Down below couch again, back to audience, looking at pistol, undecided. Lays pistol on table, above couch. Looks at Kate. Suddenly seizes her throat. Choking bus.| You'll never betray me now. This will silence you for now. |Throws her back on couch, up quickly to table, C., gets hdkf. ties it around Kate's mouth and nose,| And this will smother you and finish the job. Lucretia will never betray me. |Ec's footsteps heard running upstairs.|

Brad—|Agitated.| He's here! I can't get away! |Looks around. Sees newspaper on table. Quickly spreads it over her face. To L. Cor.|

Ec—|Enter C. R., breathless.| Doctor's coming in fifteen minutes and Tom's gone after another one! |Stops C.| Where's Lucretia?

Brad—|L. Cor.| She— she has retired. I promised to take care of Kate.

Ec—|Suspiciously.| Hm! Heartless virago! Don't know which of you two I'd trust the least! |Sees newspaper, starts to couch.| What's that.

Brad—|Stops him.| The— moonlight shone in her face—she was sleeping—I feared 'twould wake her. Don't touch it. |Aside.| I must get that bandage off; she's dead by this time.

Ec—|Goes R. sits on sofa.| Well, you can go if you like. I'll wait for Tom and the doctor. |Kate's hand steals up on table.|

Brad—|Aside.| I must get him out of here! |Aloud.| I— I would suggest that you have some fresh broth prepared for her when she awakes.

Ec—A good idea. |Rises.| I'll tell the servants. |Starts up to C. D.|

Kate—Has reached glass with hand. Taps telegraphy on bowl with glass.

Ec—The New York call! |Stops up R. C., suddenly, watching Kate's hand and reading her signals.| "I—am—dying—killed—by— — Bradley!"

Starts for Brad., who meets him. They fight, L. C. to C. Struggle. Ec. is overpowered, struck on head, thrown to stage, R.

Kate—During fight, throws off newspaper, struggles with table-cloth for pistol.

Brad—Rushes to table, up C., gets carving-knife, down R. C., about to stab Ec., when Kate fires. Brad's arm drops, knife falls—he drops to one knee, C., holding right arm.

CURTAIN:

Bradley—dropping from window, up R.

Tom appears in C. D. Goes to window as Brad. escapes.

Ec. holding Kate in his arms on couch, L.

Luc. in R. 3 E.

SECOND CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE PLOT.

Kitchen—same as Act II.  
Snow effect—outside window and door C.

#### “PROPS.”

Slate still on cupboard.  
Bench—down R.  
Table cloth (white) }  
Iron and Stand } On table, L.  
Holder }  
Clothes to iron }  
Clothes basket (Half-full clothes) R. of table L, below chair.  
Bell for clock—ready R. 3 E.  
Salt for shoulder—snow—ready outside door, C.  
Note—Tom.  
Legal paper (Same as Act II.)—Brad.  
Packet Bills—(Money)—Jim.  
Letter—Abner.

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Tom—Discovered, seated on bench, R.—figuring on slate.  
Luc—Discovered, at window—up R.

Mollie—|Discovered, above table L.—ironing.| Well, Tom, will you never git done figurin’?

Luc—How do you make it now, Tom?

Tom—|Wearily.| Oh, the same—always the same. You can’t juggle figures. Over \$14,000. |Places slate on bench.| I could manage an extension of time on four thousand of it, but Bradley is proving himself implacable. He will demand his \$10,000 tonight, or—

Mollie—|Stops ironing.| Or what?

Luc—|Down R. C.—to Mollie.| Why don’t you know—?

Tom—|Rises quickly—aside to Luc.| And she need not know—yet. |Aloud to Mollie.| If I cannot meet that \$10,000 debt at 10 o’clock tonight, you will all know the penalty, father and all. |Sits again, R.|

Mollie—|Resumes ironing.| Tom, how in the world did you git yourself in such a hole?

Tom—You’re right, it is a hole—a hole in the shape of an oil well, and the bottom fell out of it.

Mollie—The bottom fell out? Where did it go?

Tom—Down to the centre of the earth, I suppose.

Mollie—The preacher says the middle of this earth is the infernal region.

Tom—That’s it. The oil well has gone to the devil.

Luc—|Has opened window.| Its a fearfully stormy night. Perhaps Bradley may not come.

Closes window. Down R. C.

Tom—Not come? |Produces note.| Listen: |Reads.| “At 10 tonight expect me. You have your choice between the payment of the \$10,000 or giving me Hetty for my wife. I know your financial difficulties, so would advise you to choose the latter.” He sent me this note two hours ago. |Pockets note.|

Luc—Hetty has become very reasonable lately. If you should ask her she would consent.

Tom—|Rises.| Don’t ask me that, Lucretia. My ruin shall not bring unhappiness upon her. |Leans against cupboard, R.|

Luc—Well, husband, you know best.

Mollie—|Stops ironing.| Good gracious! “Husband, you know best.” Did you say that? I’ve noticed you’re mighty changed of late, but I didn’t think you’d ever give in to your husband like that!

Luc—I have learned to appreciate poverty. Miss Middlesex. |Goes up R. C.|

Mollie—Yep—you’ve lost all your money, and had to come down to the farm to get your bread and butter. It must a’been an awful “come-down,” too! |Irons vigorously.|

Abner—|Enters door C.—followed by Hetty. Both covered with snow. (carries open letter.) Gee—whitaker! I’ve got wonderful news!

Down L. C.—Brandishing letter.

Mollie—|Stops ironing.| What is it?

Hetty—Remains up L. Is quiet and pale.

Abner—Hear this! Its from Kate—and she’s coming home! She says she’ll get here Christmas Eve and that’s today! This letter come yesterday, but neighbor Jones didn’t bring it from town till jest now—so I reckon she’ll be here tonight!

Mollie—Well, where’s she been all these months?

Around to below table, iron in hand.

Abner—Been in New York, she says—living with Eccles Foxglove’s mother, and what d’ye think, Eccles is coming with her! |R. of table—below clothes basket—lays letter on table.| ‘Look at that!

Mollie—Mr. Foxglove coming? Oh, happiness!

Places iron in her right hand on Abner’s left hand—on table.

Abner—Whew! That’s hot!

Jerks hand up—iron slips from Mollie’s hand and falls on his feet. Wow! Falls backward into clothes basket.



Mollie—|Picks up iron—places it on table.| You pesky old fool! |Helps Abner to rise.| What you doin'?

Abner—|Looks down at basket.| Jest pressin' your clothes, Mollie.

Mollie—|Picks up basket. X's up C.| Its a good thing I got these clean sheets ironed. I must fix up Mr. Foxglove's room for him—and kinder dress myself up, too!

Exit R. 3 E.—with basket.

Abner—|Up C.—Calls after Mollie.| Don't forget to fix up Kate's old room, too.

Tom—Sits again on bench R. and figures on slate.

Luc—|Up R. C.| Allow me to prepare Kate's room for her, Father Mayne.

Exit R. 3 E.

Abner—|Wonderingly—looks after Luc.| "Father Mayne!" An' goin' to do chambermaid work, too! Tom, what's got into your wife lately?

Hetty—|Comes down L. C.| We all want to be happy for your sake today. Papa Mayne.

Abner—|C. pause—looking at Hetty.| All but you, Hetty. That's the first word I've heard you speak in an hour. What's the matter gal?

Hetty—Nothing. I—I shall be all right again soon.

Turns away L. to table.

Abner—Its a heap o'joy for my old heart, today. My boy here, and my little gal comin' home.

Hetty—And don't you wish Jim would come back, too?

Ab.—No I don't! Pesky boy, had no business runnin away. Reckon he went to New York, too, that's whar they all seem to go. But if he did it'll take him ten years to git home, he's so pesky slow! I don't keer if he never comes back! |Sees Tom with slate| What you doin' with his slate! |Rushes R. to Tom and seizes slate.| Why, nobody aint touched that slate since he went away, he figgered on it last day he was here and nobody shall touch it till he gits back! |To C., looking lovingly at slate.| (Looks angrily at Tom.) You got your nerve, touchin' my Jim's slate!

Hetty—Give me that slate, Papa Mayne.

Ab—(Looks L. at Hetty.) Eh!

Hetty—Jim gave me the right to take care of it. (Extends hand.)

Ab—(Pause) An I reckon that's a better right

than I've got. (Gives slate to Hetty. Up C.) I'm goin' to watch out for the folks. If they don't show up purty soon. I'll hitch up and go towards town and meet 'em. (Exit C. D.)

Hetty—(To L. of C. Extends slate, pointing to figures.) Tom, those figures are right, are they not?

Tom—(Seated, R.) The figures are right and my life is all wrong. (Suddenly.) What do you know?

Hetty—Everything. I met Bradley in town this morning. If I marry him you are safe, are you not?

Tom—|Sadly.| Yes.

Hetty—Had you noticed the other side of this slate. Tom |turns slate over and extends it.|

Tom—No. |Rises to R. of C. wonderingly.|

Hetty—Look.

Tom—|Reads.| "Richard Bradley."

Hetty—On one side, ruin for you, on the other, misery for me! |Turns away L.|

Tom—|To C.| And can you think so meanly of me that I would ask or even consider such an alternative? "Where my name is written there stands my honor." That has been my religion thro' life. But what honor is more precious than a woman's and that woman almost my sister? Can you believe that I would sell a life for dollars and cents? You shall not be forced to such a decision! |To R. C.|

Hetty—I have already decided. I have sent for the minister, he will be here tonight and at ten tonight, I—I—will—marry—Richard Bradley.

Tom—What?

Hetty—|To C.| Tom, I love your brother Jim. I would be content to wait all my life for his return, but here my duty is plain. This old home shelters the only true hearts I have ever known—good old Papa Mayne—you—your sister, Kate—|Pause,| and once it sheltered my Jim. The figures on this slate would take that home away—would turn old Papa Mayne out into the cold. Again I say my duty is plain, when the minister comes, I— I will— |Turns L., looking at name on slate.| Forgive me, Jim, if you can, we can't rub out the name on the slate!

She places slate on table, falls in chair, head on table, sobbing.

Abner—|Enters D. C.| They're here! Kate and Eccles! They're here! |Calls off C. to L.| Put the shed under the horse and throw a blanket over the barn. Come in! Come in!

Hetty—Rises quickly, L. C., brushing away tears.

Tom—|R. C., appealingly.| Hetty, you must not!  
 Hetty—Ssh, Tom. Your father will hear you, and  
 he need never know. |Exit L. 1 E.|

Kate and Ec—Enter together, D. C.; both covered with snow.

Kate—Father!

To Abner's embrace, R. of C. D.

Ec—|Up L. of C. D., shakes Abner's hand.| Mr.  
 Mayne, how are you?

Kate—Meets and kisses Tom. R. C.

Abner—|Joyfully.| Oh, I'm well and mighty happy!  
 An' I want to thank you and your mother for takin'  
 such good care o' my little gal. My, but it seems  
 good to have her back home again. |Fondles Kate's  
 hair, R. C.|

Ec—|X's down R. to Tom, shakes hands.| Tom,  
 old man, how are things?

Tom—|Aside to Ec.| Eccles, I'm in a terrible mess  
 about that money. Come with me, perhaps you can  
 help me. |Exit R. 1 E.|

Ec—|To Abner and Kate.| Excuse me, I want to  
 see Tom. |Exit quickly, R. 1 E.|

Abner—|X's down R.| I don't understand what  
 the matter is with Tom to-day. |Turns to C.| An'  
 so my Kate has got home at last. How did you git  
 here? |Swings her hands.|

Kate—|L. C.| Railroad train, of course.

Abner—You've been studyin' so much telegraphin'  
 lately, I thort mebbe you might a come on a wire.

Abner goes to R. C.

Mollie—|Enters R. 3 E., grotesquely dressed,  
 sweeps down C.| Where is he?

Abner—|Up R. C.| Where's who?

Mollie—Why Mr. Eccles, of course.

Ec—Enters quickly, R. 1 E., sees Mollie, stops R.

Mollie—Oh, there you are! Dear Mr. Eccles. |Bows.|

Ec—Tries to get past Mollie to C., she stops him by continual bowing.  
 He bows with her.

Mollie—Sweet Mr. Eccles! |Bows.| Beautiful Mr.  
 Eccles! |Same bus.| Delicious Mr. Eccles! |Same bus.|

Ec—Excuse me, I haven't time to dance a minuet.  
 I've some business to attend to.

X's up C., meets Kate, talks in dumb show.

Mollie—|R. Aside.| And he never even noticed my  
 new dress!

Ec—|Up C., aside to Abner.| Mr. Mayne, could we  
 be alone a minute or two?

Abner—|R. C., looks at Ec and Kate.| Eh?

Kate—|Up L. of C.| Yes, father, we want to be alone. |Talks to Eccles, up C. in dumb show.|

Abner—|Looks at them.| I see how it is. Two is company and three's a crowd. |Chuckles, sees Mollie, down R. to her.| Well, what are you waiting for?

Mollie—What?

Abner—Don't you see they want to be alone together? |Jerks head in direction of Kate and Ec.| Two is company, you know. |X's L.|

Mollie—|Looks at Kate and Ec.| I see it is. |To R. cor., aside.| I love him so much and she has froze me out again. |Exit R. 1 E.|

Abner—|To audience.| The idea of that old fool sister o' mine hangin' round when she might see she wasn't wanted. After two young folks have had a long ride in a buggy in the cold, they kinder like to git warmed up together, and nobody ought to hang around. Everybody ought to remember that two is company—|Turns R. and notices Ec and Kate| and I guess I'm the crowd! |Exit quickly, L. 1 E.|

Kate—|Down R. C.| And does Bradley dare to come here after that night in New York?

Ec—|C.| That fellow'd dare anything. He depends upon his hold upon Tom to get Hetty for his wife and then get off Scott free.

Kate—Oh, what can we do?

Ec—I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to get Jim Mayne!

Kate—Jim! Is he here?

Ec—In town now, trying to get a special order to get some money he sent through the bank. He got there after the banks closed, you see.

Kate—And you never told me.

Ec—Jim wanted it all kept secret. He wanted to surprise them all. And you must keep it quiet. If Bradley suspects, he'll demand his money, sure!

Kate—Then in God's name, go, take the buggy and drive your best. We must save Hetty for Jim.

Kate X's L, to table.

Ec—I'm off.

Kate—|Suddenly sees slate, picks it up, up L. C.| Stop! Give this to Jim! Tell him by the love he bears his sister to hurry! Give him this slate, and tell him that is the man!

She hands slate, pointing to name.

Eccles—(Takes slate and reads.) "Richard Bradley!" Is he the man?

Kate—What? You knew?



Eccles—All, dear, but the name. You told all the rest to mother in your delirium, when you were so ill. (Down R. to her.)

Kate—Eccles, I thought once I was Mrs. Bradley—but one day he—he rubbed out the “Mrs.”

Eccles—My poor girl! (Arm around her.) How cruelly you were deceived! (Kisses her hair.) I’m off, dear. (Up to D. C.)

Kate—(Up L. of D. C.) Oh, Eccles—If you should meet Bradley—

Eccles—Don’t worry, Kate. It is Jim’s right. I’ll give this slate to Jim! (Exit D. C.)

[Mollie enters R. I. E. X’s rapidly to L. 3 E. without seeing Kate.]

Mollie—Mr. Bradley just drove up and the minister is with him. | Mebbe Eccles is going to marry me after all! | Comedy Exit, L. 3 E. |

Hetty—(Rushes on L. 1 E. Sees Kate, up L. C.) Oh, Kate? Mr. Bradley is here, and the minister is with him! (In Kate’s embrace, L. C.)

Kate—Don’t worry, dear.

Hetty—I can’t marry that man! I thought I could, but its too much!

Kate—And you shall not—we are doing all we can to prevent it.

Hetty—But what can be done? The money is due at 10 o’clock—he will demand his answer. (Sees clock and points.) See! It is only fifteen minutes to ten!

Kate—(To C.) Only a quarter of an hour!

Hetty—(L. C.) Oh, if Jim were only here!

Kate—(Suddenly.) Jim! Hetty, the clock! (Up to clock—throws open door.)

Hetty—What do you mean?

Kate—What did Jim used to do to delay the supper?

Hetty—I—I don’t know. (To C.)

Kate—He held back the clock! Go inside! Quick!

Hetty rushes inside clock.

Kate quickly closes clock door. Down R. C.

Brad—(Enters D. C. quickly. Down C., shaking snow from coat. Looks at watch.) Just in time. | Sees Kate. Starts back, to L. C. | Kate! (Recovers composure.) Good evening, my dear.

Kate—I do not know you, sir. (Down R.)

Brad—Quite forgotten me, I suppose—since our little “choking argument” of six months ago. I declare, Kate, you’re looking well. The responsibilities of motherhood have greatly improved your appearance.



Kate—Bradley, you surely will not dare to do this cruel thing—

Brad—Not dare? To win Hetty, I would dare anything! Do you not see me here—in the very teeth of danger? Hetty, or my money. Shylock must have his bond. |Down L. C., pulling off gloves.|

Kate—(To C.) you shall not do it! If you persist, I will denounce. My poor little child is dead; there is now no one to suffer but myself. I tell you, Richard Bradley, that if you lead that girl to the altar tonight before she shall have pronounced the word “yes,” I will tell her that you are my betrayer and a would-be murderer!

Brad—(Produces package cigarettes. Puts one between teeth.) Kate have you ever learned to smoke cigarettes? (Offers box to her,)

Kate goes up C. in disgust to L. of clock.

All Enter—Lucretia enters R. 3 E. Remains up R. C. Abner enters D. C. Remains up L. C. Mollie enters L. 3 E. Remains in L. 3 E. Tom enters R. 1 E. Remains R. Clock now marks 5 minutes to 10.

Brad—(Lighting cigarette, L. C. |Ah, Mr. Mayne, you are punctual. (Looks at watch.) You have still five minutes' grace. (Removes overcoat and hat. Places them on table, L.)

Tom—(To R. C., with an effort.) Mr. Bradley, I have exhausted every recourse. I am unable to pay you the \$10,000.

Brad—Don't worry, my dear fellow. Hetty has promised to be mine, and the debt shall be canceled the moment we are man and wife.

Tom—That, sir, I will never allow—

Brad—Permit me to remind you that your wife is Hetty's guardian—not you. (To C, to Luc.) Lucretia, pray congratulate your sister on her approaching marriage with my fascinating self.

Luc—(To C., strong.) I would rather see my sister dead and in her grave than the wife of such a man as you! |Tom goes to R. Cor.|

Abner—(Up L. C.) That's like she used to talk! I knowed she couldn't hold in much longer!

Brad—Miss Hetty does not seem to hold that opinion, as the minister is waiting. (Indicates L. 3 E. By the bye, where is my lovely br'de? |To L. C.)

Kate—It is not yet ten o'clock.

Brad—|Looks at watch.| Correct. It yet lacks one minute of ten. |Looks at clock and watch| and my watch and your clock compare exactly. I will spend that minute in delicious contemplation of my prospective honeymoon. I am a bachelor until the

clock strikes ten. |Sits R. of table L, pockets watch.|

Kate—|Hurriedly; taps lightly on side of clock.  
Aside to Het.| Hetty the clock!

(Hetty inside clock, turns minute hand back to 9:30 with a click.)

Brad—I presume you innocent farmers are dumb with wonder at my daring to venture here. I don't mind confessing that I did it to illustrate to you that deviltry sometimes wins in the end. |Looks at watch| The time is up. |Rises.| It is 10 o'clock, on the evening of December 24th; Mr. Mayne, I demand my \$10,000 or Hetty Kingbridge for my wife. |L. C.|

Kate—|Up C.| Stop! Your agreement was not by your watch, but by that clock, and, that clock says half-past nine!

Brad—|Sees clock.| What jugglery is this! But a moment ago my watch and that clock were together! I'll see to this! |Starts up C. towards clock.|

Kate—|Steps quickly in front of clock| Hold, Richard Bradley! This house isn't yours yet and until this clock strikes ten, you shall not touch one thing inside these walls!

Brad—That clock shall strike, or I'll strike you! |Catches Kate's arm, throws her around to L. C. Opens clock door. Hetty is discovered.| Oh, Miss Hetty, allow me to congratulate you on your arrival—you are just in time. |Turns.| I hope you all appreciate my brilliant joke. |To Het| Allow me to release you from your rather close confinement. |Takes Het out of clock; passes her down R. C. Turns clock-hand back to one minute of ten | Now, enough of this nonsense! This paper |produces document| is my right bower. It is now ten o'clock. At the tenth stroke of the hour, I demand Hetty Kingbridge, or my \$10,000! |x's down to L. C.|

CLOCK STRIKES SLOWLY—TEN STROKES.

Brad—|Counting strokes| One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine!—

Jim—|Rushes in Door C. Full dress. Overcoat open. Covered with snow. Package of money in hand. Down C.| Ten thousand dollars! Count it! |Throws money at Brad's feet, L. C.

Brad—Damnation! |Sinks in chair, R. of table, L.|

Hetty—Jim! |Rushes eagerly toward him.|

Jim—|Holds Hetty off| Whoop! Got lots of business on hand. Let this |Throws kiss at her| hold you for a while.

Hetty catches kiss and goes up R. C.

Jim—|To Brad| That paper, please. |Takes paper from Brad's hand. x's to R. C. To Tom| There's your mortgage, Tom; And let me inform you this farm is worth a million—it's covered with mica. |gives paper|

Tom—|Shakes Jim's hand.| God bless you Jim. |Tears up document |

Jim—I reckon so. |Back to C. Takes off overcoat, coat and vest. |Mr. Bradley, kindly shed your coat and vest. |Tosses clothes to Tom.|

Brad—|Rises| What do you mean?

Jim—Six months ago you gave me a licking. I've learned boxing since then, and now I'm going to give you a run for your money.

Brad—|Indifferently| As you please. |Coolly removes coat and vest and lays them on table, L.|

Jim—|To R. C.| Tom, kindly take everybody into the next room and leave us alone about ten minutes. |x's to R. cor.|

Tom—Just as you say, Jim. |x's up L.| I'll tell the minister to go.

Ec—|Enters quickly D. C.| No! Tell that minister to stay! We will have use for him. |Remains up C.|

Tom—All right. |Exit L. 3 E. followed by Mollie, Ab and Luc |

Het—|X's up L, Turns in L. 3 E.| Don't hurt him too much Jim—just half kill him. |Ex L. 3 E.|

Kate—|Up C., aside to Ec| What need have we for this minister, now?

Ec—|Aside to Kate| The need of justice. I haven't shown Jim that slate yet—Bradley shall do you right.

Kate—|Bows to L. 3 E. Turns in door| Jim, six months ago you asked me the name of the man, who—

Jim—|Up R. C. Eagerly| Yes?

Kate—Eccles will tell you. |Ex L. 3 E. closer door.|

Ec—Produces slate| She wrote it long ago. And he |indicating Brad| rubbed out the "Mrs." |Hands slate to Jim. R. C.|

Jim—|Takes slate and reads| "Richard Bradley" |Starts L. for Brad| Dam you—

Ec—|Catches Jim C.| Keep cool, Jim. Remember the minister is waiting. |Indicates L. 3 E.

Jim—You're right, Eccles—you're right. |Goes to R. cor. retaining slate.|

Ec—Jim, leave him to me. This should be my fight.

Jim—No! It's mine! I'm only a boy, but I'm her brother! Go, old man, station yourself outside that

door, keep the others out of here and be ready to bring in the minister when I call.

Eccles—I understand. |Exit L. 3 E. and closes door.|

Jim—|To C.| Richard Bradley, do you recognize that? |Holds up slate.| The name of the man who ruined my sister, the man who did his best to wreck the happiness of my sweetheart, the name from which you rubbed off the only honor it ever bore. |Suddenly.| Now, I'm going to rub off that name on your face! |Springs upon Brad, L. C. seizes his throat and rubs off slate on Brad's face. Springs back, dashing slate to stage, R.| And now I'm going to pound it in! |Slaps Brad's face and assumes a semi-pugilistic attitude, C.|

Brad—|Hand to face.| I'll kill you!

Jim—Oh, I dunno, I'm only a boy, but my hand isn't so sore as it was six months ago, and you've got to promise to marry my sister and clear her name, tonight!

Brad—|Sneeringly.| Marry! Her? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Jim—Laugh, will ye! |Springs upon Brad, exchange of blows, work around till Brad. is C. Brad. is knocked down, C.| I ain't so slow any more, am I? Git up! I'll give ye another show!

Brad—Rises C. They fight again. Work around to L. Is knocked down L. C.

Jim—|Seizes flat-iron from table, L., springs upon Brad. and pins him down.| Marry her, will ye?

Brad—(Defiantly.) No!

Jim—You won't? Once you were going to mash my mouth. Now, marry her, dam you, or I'll mash your mouth into the floor! (Raise flat-iron.)

Brad—(Pause.) Yes!

Jim—|Rises up, C., calls.| "Eccles!"

Eccles—(Outside.) Yes? |Opens door, L. 3 E.|

Jim—Bring in the minister. |R. of C.|

Eccles—|Enters L. 3. E. with Kate in embrace.| Not necessary, dear boy, she has just married me! |Down L. C. with Kate.|

Hetty—Enters L. 3. E. down R. C. quickly, picks up slate and writes upon it R. C.

Brad—Has risen slowly, leans against table, L.

Ab—Enters D. C. leaves door open, showing snow effect.

Tom and Luc—Enter L. 3 E. remain together up L. C.

Jim—|On cue:| Just married me |To Brad.| Go! Mighty quick! |Points to door, C.|

Ab--|Up R. of C. D.| Chase him out and I'll sic the neighbor's dog on him!

Brad—Gathers up coats, vest, hat, etc., up to C. D. turns outside of door, showing haggard face snow falling around him. Exit to L.

Jim—|Turns R.| Hetty, let's make this a double wedding.

Hetty—|Extends slate.| The name on the slate.

Jim—|Takes slate and reads.| "Jim Mayne of Maine."

CURTAIN.

L. of C.









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