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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 164.)

**LITTLE RUBY;**  
**OR, HOME JEWELS.**

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

**BY J. J. WALLACE,**

*Author of "The Battle of Baltimore," "The Voice of the Waves," "Four Little  
Darling's Blind," etc., etc.*

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, HAMIL-  
TON, ONTARIO, CANADA, TUESDAY, JAN. 6, 1874.

**AUTHOR'S EDITION.**

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

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

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No.

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35. **A Silent Woman.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thos. Hailes Lacey. 2 Male, 1 Female Characters.
36. **Black Sheep.** Drama. 3 Acts. By J. Palfgrave Simpson and Edmund Yates. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
37. **A Silent Protector.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
38. **The Rightful Heir.** Drama. 5 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 10 Male, 2 Female Characters.
39. **Master Jones' Birthday.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Maddison Morton. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
40. **Atehi.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. Maddison Morton. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
41. **Beautiful Forever.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 2 Male, 2 Female Characters.
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46. **Miriam's Crime.** Drama. 3 Acts. By H. T. Craven. 5 Male, 2 Female Characters.
47. **Easy Shaving.** Farce. 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand and Montague Williams. 5 Male, 2 Female Characters.
48. **Little Annie's Birthday.** Farce. By W. E. Suter. 2 Male, 4 Female Characters.

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OR,

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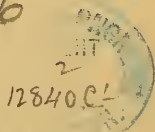
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1872

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TO THOMAS J HERNDON, ESQ.,

THE LIVING PROTOTYPE OF JOHN GOLDWORTH,

THIS PLAY IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

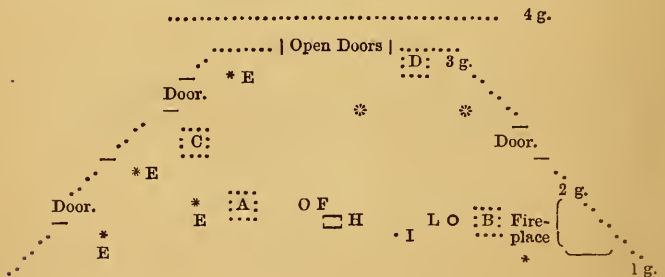
New Opera House, Hamilton, Ont.,  
Can., Jan 6, 1874.

John Goldworth (aged 45 years).....	Mr. J. R. HEALY.
Rupert Levick (a roué).....	Mr. J. H. MULLIGAN.
Walter Armstrong.....	Mr. JOHN WARD.
Abel Swift (an old Potterer).....	Mr. T. J. HERNDON.
Mr. Maxwell (Real Estate Broker).....	Mr. E. C. MELLVILLE.
Boatman.....	Mr. ISAAC LEWIS.
Lilly Goldworth (John's Wife—age 26).....	Mrs. T. J. HERNDON.
Laura Goldworth (John's elder Daughter—aged 19).....	Miss FANNIE DELMAINE.
Little Ruby (Lilly's Daughter).....	LITTLE NELLIE.
Mrs. Walton.....	Mrs. J. R. HEALY.
Mrs. Sacket.....	Mrs. J. R. HEALY.
Mary.....	Mrs. JOHN WARD.

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SCENERY.

ACT I., *Scene I.*—Interior, looking out upon garden, in the fourth grooves. A richly furnished drawing-room. Open doors, c. f., leading to garden, which is fur-  
Garden.

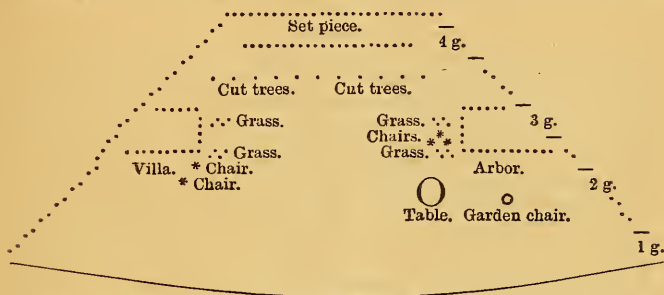


nished, if need be, with statues, fountains, and other decoration. Table (A) to R. c.; a handsome secretary (B) to L. c. Near R. 3 E. a fashionable sofa (C); an ornamented sideboard (D) on L. of F. Various chairs (E, E) about the room. A large easy chair (F) towards R. of table, at the foot an ottoman or cushion (H). Toys (L) and doll for RUBY on table and floor. Fireplace at L. 2 E.; on the mantel a clock. Doors at R. 2 E. and at R. 3 E. and at L. 3 E. A smaller arm-chair (L) near writing desk.

ACT II., *Scene I.*—The same as *Act I.* with the exception of fire in fireplace being lighted.

*Scene II.*—A wood or landscape in first grooves.

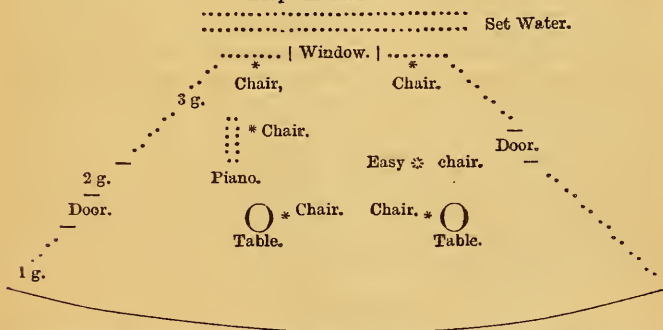
*Scene III.*—A garden with villa set from R. 2 E. to R. U. E., one half upon stage with steps up to door in front.



Large conservatory in end of villa, glass windows, serving as doors, to open on stage; garden chairs at R. 1 E.; several rustic chairs about scene; back of house crosses a rustic fence; arbor, with seats for two, with vines overrunning it, but not so as to obstruct view on L.; set prospective villas to be lighted up at cue. The sun in this scene is to sink during its progress to harmonize with the dramatic action of the piece.

ACT III., *Scene I.*—Interior, overlooking river scene, in the fourth grooves. A neat cottage room at the C. F. A large lattice window, through which boats are seen

Drop—Hudson River.



passing up and down the river. Set doors at R. 2 E. and L. 3 E. Tables R. and L. Piano near R. 3 E. Chairs in various parts. Easy chair near L. 3 E. The window curtains and the coverings of the furniture to be white.

*Scene II.*—Close plain chamber in first grooves.

*Scene III.*—Open country; river at back; boats passing, rowing parties at practice, but these objects must not attract too much attention from front. Rock with platform back R. U. E. Bank and tree near R. C. Set rocks R. and L. Set water and drop same as in *Scene I.*

COSTUMES.

As the action of the drama transpires within Westchester County and among the environs of New York, the characters should be costumed in accordance with the fashion of the day as in vogue with the inhabitants of that city. In the last act GOLDWORTH should be represented as a prematurely old man, wearing clothing cor-



responding to the change in his financial condition, and the same alteration in costume should be remarked in *LITTLE RUBY*.

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### SYNOPSIS.

*JOHN GOLDWORTH*, an orphan, seeking employment, encounters *CHARLES STEADMAN*, who, taking compassion upon his forlorn condition, receives him in a humble capacity in his store, and finally accepts him as a copartner. The firm flourishes, but succumbs to a financial panic, from the effect of which disaster *STEADMAN* dies, leaving his daughter *LILLY*, then in her twelfth year, beneath the guardianship of *GOLDWORTH*, who, although himself parent to a daughter by a deceased wife, devotes the energies of a revived commercial period to the welfare and education of his ward, whom he subsequently marries. The drama opens at his villa at Fordham on the eve of *GOLDWORTH*'s daughter's marriage with *WALTER ARMSTRONG* and intended departure for Europe, an event commemorated by a ball. *ARMSTRONG* introduces to the family, as his friend, *LEVICK*, a gamester, spendthrift, fortune hunter, and roué, who, learning that the merchant had made over his estate to his wife, reflects upon some scheme to obtain possession of it. Intelligence of commercial disasters, suddenly received, detains *GOLDWORTH* at home, while *LEVICK* volunteers to act as her companion and escort to the festival, who, misrepresenting the cause of her husband's absence, thereby provokes the wife to jealousy. *LILLY* returns abruptly from the ball, and discovers *GOLDWORTH* in conversation with the widow of a mariner lost aboard a vessel owned by *GOLDWORTH*. The succession of financial disasters leaves the honest merchant penniless, and still, unwilling to disturb the peace of his home, he leaves his wife in ignorance of the change which has made him a ruined man. Through the artifice of *LEVICK*, *LILLY* is induced to abandon her home; but, before so doing, she authorizes this treacherous adventurer to reconvey the property back to her husband. Under power of attorney he abuses his trust, and sells for his own benefit, leaving *LILLY* and *RUBY* houseless and homeless. Knowledge of this fact having been communicated to *GOLDWORTH*, he becomes unconscious as to passing events, while his mind reverts to the previous incidents of his earlier life. *LAURA*, *GOLDWORTH*'s married daughter, and her husband return from Europe, and institute a search for the demented father. *LILLY*, fleeing from the wiles of her would-be deceiver, encounters them and the child *RUBY*, sole guardian of the semi-idiotic man. *LAURA*, at the suggestion of her husband, attempts to prevent an interview between the grief-stricken husband and his repentant wife. The voice of nature speaks; the old man pardons her transgressions, and she hovers over the breast of her husband, when *LEVICK*, aware that she is about to denounce his villainy, discharges a pistol, aimed at the woman's heart, but the ball enters that of *GOLDWORTH*, who dies, as he had lived, a martyr to self-sacrifice.

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
### PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Chairs, large arm-chair, smaller arm-chair, clock on mantel, ottoman or cushion; doll and toys for *RUBY*; work and working materials for *LILLY*; letter for *ABEL SWIFT*; hat for *RUBY*; overcoat and cane, written letter in pocket, deed and abstract for *GOLDWORTH*; two lighted candles for *MARY*; two account books for *GOLDWORTH* shawl for *LILLY*; written telegram for Mrs. *WALTON*; written letter for *GOLDWORTH*; written letter, paper, etc.

ACT II.—Writing materials on table envelopes for *MARY*; watch for *LEVICK*; bundle of papers for *ABEL*; written letter for *GOLDWORTH*; veil for *MARY*; garden chair, table, rustic chairs for Scene III.; letter for *MARY*; pencil for *GOLDWORTH*; tin box for *RUBY*; letter for *ABEL*; neat umbrella for *GOLDWORTH*.

ACT III.—Written letter for Mrs. *SACKET*; shawl on table, Scene I.; pic-nic basket, water cup, dining utensils, plates and edibles for *RUBY*; worn letter for *GOLDWORTH*; veil for *LILLY*; pistol loaded with blank cartridge to be discharged for *LEVICK*.

[For Programme of Incidents, etc., see last page.]

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# LITTLE RUBY; OR, HOME JEWELS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a nicely furnished drawing-room.*

LILLY *discovered at work at table in arm-chair.*

LILLY. Bless me, so early, and John will not return until half-past two. I do not know how it is, but when he is away the clock seems to stand still, and when he is here it seems trying to see how fast it can go.

*Enter ABEL SWIFT, C. D.*

ABEL. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Goldworth, I was just going to the drug store to get some linseed for Betty's leg to make a poultice, and Master Rupert told me to stop and leave this letter for Miss Laura.

LILLY. Thank you, Abel; what is the matter with Miss Betty?

ABEL. Well, she got out, and was trying to jump the garden fence, and struck her knee.

LILLY. Indeed, I did not know Miss Betty was given to jumping fences. I must speak to her on the subject.

ABEL. Speak to her! Lor' bless you, that won't do any good; she must be tied up. She is very beautiful but very wild.

LILLY. Wild! That is a strange way, Abel, to speak of Miss Levick.

ABEL. Miss Levick! oh, bother Miss Levick; I mean Betty the colt I am breaking for young Master Rupert. Oh, Master Rupert says that note is from Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Rupert could not come himself with it, but will do himself the honor of calling this evening before you go out. (*offers note.*)

LILLY. Very well, leave the note on the table there.

ABEL (*puts note on table*). Yes, ma'am! If you have any reply to make, I will call for it as I return from the drug store, with the things for Betty. By-the-bye, if you should hurt yourself jumping, you'll find great relief from linseed.

LILLY. Thank you, Abel; I don't think I shall require it.

ABEL. Well, if you do it is good. If it is good for one it must be good for the other. [*Exit, C. D., grumbling.*]

LILLY. That poor old man is so in love with his stables and his colt, I do not think he cares for himself or anybody else. Well, I suppose it is natural, for some of the great authors, I forget which, says, "Something man must love."

*Enter LAURA and RUBY, R. 1 E.*

LILLY. Laura, here's a note for you. I believe it is from Walter; it was sent through Mr. Levick.

RUBY. Ain't papa come home yet, mamma?

LILLY. No, my darling; papa will not be home for some time yet.

RUBY. Oh, pshaw! why can't papa be home all the time? It don't seem like home when anyone's away.

LILLY (*taking RUBY on her knee and kissing her*). Why, you little puss, don't you know too much sunshine would make you blind? and if you had your papa here always you might not value him so highly?

RUBY. Oh yes, mamma, I shall always love my papa; everybody loves my papa.

LAURA (*who has been reading letter*). Walter writes to say he will be detained this evening until seven o'clock, which will be in time to take me to the ball. Mr. Levick, he says, is coming with him. I am sorry for it; I do not like that man.

LILLY. Laura! why not? He seems to be a gentleman, and his conversation I think very entertaining.

LAURA. Oh yes, very! with his long stories of Europe. But to me their mirth has a hollow sound; as though his experience of Europe had been gained in very questionable society.

LILLY. My dear, I am incapable of arguing the point with you. But as you are to be married to-morrow, and start at once for Europe yourself, you will soon be rid of his society.

RUBY. Oh, mamma, must all people go away when they get married?

LILLY. Only hear sly boots; oh you puss. Run down to the gate and meet papa.

RUBY. Yes, mamma. (*taking hat, and exit c.*)

LAURA (*crossing to r., throws herself on cushion at LILLY's feet*). Mother, tell me—what a strange sound that name has to my ears, spoken with my voice, for though we have lived and played like sisters, you have been all a mother to me; and so, dear mother I must call you—tell me now, for Ruby's silly words have started a train of thoughts I have never before experienced. To-morrow I am to be married, and to me it seems like the launching of a mighty ship, hundreds gather around and cheer and wish it well. But who can tell the ultimate destiny of that great work. And now that the step is about to be taken, I shudder at the thought of the unknown future.

LILLY (*looking at her*). Laura, my dear, do you love Walter Armstrong?

LAURA. Yes, mother, with a fervor that almost terrifies me.

LILLY. Then, my darling, wrap yourself up in that love; let him never doubt your love—and his future, be it what it may, is yours; and be assured, no man who is truly loved by his wife will fail to struggle and to make that future as happy as he can.

LAURA. It is not my own love I fear, but a something I—I cannot explain; like an air-drawn picture of the mind. Strange fancies, that another might share his love.

LILLY. Laura, you know that my experience of the world is almost as limited as your own; yet I will give you mine as well as I can remember. When your father took charge of the orphan girl, and was all a father to me, I was happy only in the thought that every one loved him as I did; and when the day came around on which he used to visit me at school, it seemed as if the hour would never come that brought him with it. After a time I felt a change towards him. Then it was, I came home to live with you; I no longer hung round his neck, and kissed him with the old abandon. But I have watched at times, when he was standing looking at you, Laura, with his great blue eyes flooded with tears, until I felt as if I could kill you, and my whole life seemed a blank



before me. But, Laura, when one day he drew my head up to his shoulder and told me he loved me, and asked me to be his little wife, the sunshine came into my heart again and I was happy.

Laura. Oh, dear mother, I would give the world to have your confidence.

Lilly. Confidence! It has never been shaken. I dread to think what might be the consequence of such an occurrence; but I must not think of such a thing, nor must you! guard against it, my dear, and take this assurance to your heart. You are his wife, and the man of honor who makes a woman his wife, gives her the best assurance in his power that his heart alone belongs to her.

Laura. Thank you, dear mother, thanks; I will treasure up your words as the greatest of all blessings.

Ruby (*speaking outside, l. of c.*). I've got him, mamma—I've got him, here's papa, come home.

*Enter RUBY and GOLDWORTH, c. LAURA takes his hat, coat and cane, RUBY assisting.*

GOLDWORTH. Good evening, Laura, my pet; still at work, Lilly, my dear; I would rather see more play, my darling.

Ruby. Oh yes, papa, let us play; sit down papa and let us play at housekeeping. [Exit LAURA, l. 1 E

GOLD. Play at housekeeping, baby? By Jove, that's a good random shot; for the past week or so I have been playing a game by which I have left myself no house to play with.

Lilly (*in alarm*). John, what do you mean?

GOLD. Don't be alarmed, my darling! I mean this, Lilly—that I do not forget the lesson I leared in '57 and '58, when your poor father was hurried to the grave by the financial crash of that period.

Lilly. John, why do you speak of my father only in the disasters of that time? you with him lost all you had.

GOLD. Why, what had I lose save life that was not his before it was mine? Think you I forget the orphaned waif, without friend or shelter, starving and penniless in this great city? He gave me employment and a home, and when I reached man's estate, made me his partner in business, and even when dying, gave me you, the greatest treasure and blessing of my life. That treasure must be safely guarded from the cares and trials of the future—and this is the manner in which I have done it. (*gives LILLY a deed and abstract.*)

Lilly. What is this, John? I do not understand it.

GOLD. It is a deed of gift, my dear, of this estate, house, household effects, etc., etc. I received it from the Register's office only this morning, and there it is. Yesterday I converted everything I could into cash, and with it bought a draft on Naples to be paid to Walter Armstrong. He will receive the draft in Paris, and so be compelled to accept in Europe that which his pride would revolt at, at home.

Lilly. But what has that to do with this, John?

GOLD. How could I provide for one without making the others secure? I am still in business, you know, and though I have yet thirty thousand dollars worth of stock, there is no looking into the future. The fluctuation of the markets may make me a beggar, which would be hard enough to bear, but how much more so would it be if those I love were brought to want. No matter what becomes of me so long as my darlings are provided for.

Lilly. Dear John, why think alone of me at such a time?

GOLD. How can I help it? As if I ever cease to think you—except,

indeed, when I reproach myself for my selfish love that took advantage of your youth and inexperience to entrap you, as it were, into a marriage with your father.

LILLY. Oh, John, how can you talk so?

GOLD. Why, Lilly, I cannot forget that I am not a young man, and youth naturally seeks the companionship of youth! The joyous flowers that we scatter along the pathway of our early days, are the garlands of pleasant thoughts, that gather around us in our age.

LILLY. Dear John, there is more substantial pleasure in the loves that grow old together, than in all the empty follies of thoughtless youth.

GOLD. Still, Lilly, I am growing old, I know it; the same years that have but matured your beauty have left their silver threads in my hair, and it can only be a short time when that same beauty will blush and bloom beside the withered tree.

LILLY. Dear John, where should it bloom, but beside that god-like man, who gave up his early days of youth and pleasure to toil and thought, so that the helpless bud confided to his charge might thrive and grow and bloom; and can he now regret that he has plucked, and grafted to himself, the flower he watched with such tender care?

GOLD. No, Lilly, my darling, not for myself, but for you. I fear at times, when you hear of the empty pleasures of the outside world (little knowing how hollow they are), you may regret having paid so great a price for that, which was a sacred duty. Listen, (*takes letter from pocket*) this letter I received from your poor father, my best and only friend. (*reading.*)

“TALLAHASSA, FLA., JUNE 9th, 1858.

“My Dear Friend Goldworth:—I find that the malady, for which I have come to this climate, is assuming a still more malignant shape. I find that day by day I am growing weaker and weaker, and fear that the time is not far distant, when I must take my leave of this world and the things thereof. I know it is something all must come to, all, and hope I am prepared to meet it. I have but one regret in quitting this life, and that is my darling little Lilly. The thought of her unprotected situation almost unmans me for I feel that she will miss me more; never having known a mother's love, and at her age to lose her father, will be a heavy blow to her tender nature, of which her name is a type. My dear boy, the purpose of this letter is to say to you that half the sting of parting with her is banished by the thought that you still are left to her. And into your hands (after those of God) I confide my darling. Be to her a father, as I have been to you. And when, like me, you are about to lay down your weary load of life, may you find the love and confidence in her I have ever found in you. I know you will not underestimate the legacy I bequeath you, for it is to me more precious than the countless wealth of the world, and will afford you an opportunity of discharging what you are pleased to call a debt of gratitude. My dear boy, this may be the last letter you will ever receive from me; should it be so, I will bid you an eternal farewell, with this special charge. Do not let Lilly know of my demise for some time, and then in such a way as to make her think it is a thing of the past, by which time I hope you will in a manner have taken my place in her regards, and so feel my loss less keenly. May Heaven bless you and yours, my noble-hearted boy. If those who quit this world are permitted to revisit it I shall be often at your side. In death I hope I shall be as in life,

“Your father, friend, and protector.

“CHARLES STEADMAN.”

(*speaking*) It is now more than fifteen years since I received that letter,

and every year I have read it over, and asked myself, "have I neglected any part of that sacred charge?"

LILLY. This time, John, let me answer for you. If my father, who is now in heaven looking down upon us, could speak to you as I do, he would say with me, "John Goldworth, you have been to me as one man among a million." (*she throws her arms around his neck, with her head on his breast.*)

*Enter LAURA, L. 1 E.*

LAURA. Come, ma, I am all ready for the ball, and Walter and Mr. Levick are coming up the walk.

LILLY. Is it so late? I have only to smooth my hair and throw my shawl on (*to GOLDWORTH*) Are you not going to dress?

GOLD. No, my dear; I shall not mix with the company and will go as I am.

LILLY. Come, Laura, and help me. Ruby, come, it is time to go to bed.

RUBY. Ah, ma, let me stop with papa? Mary can put me to bed when you are gone.

LILLY. Very well, my dear. Come, Laura.

*Bows to the gentlemen who enter C. D., RUPERT LEVICK and WALTER.*

*MARY enters L. 3 E., with lighted candles, places them on table R. C., and exits L. 3 R. The scene at back grows gradually dark from this time to end of act. Exit LILLY and LAURA, R. U. E.*

WALTER. Good evening, Mr. Goldworth.

GOLD. Good evening, gentlemen. The ladies have just retired to dress. Pray be seated. Mr. Levick, I perceive you are about to break through a rule and attend our little party.

LEVICK. Yes. It is a compliment to my friend, Armstrong. This is the first time since I returned from Europe. I expect it will be rather weak tea.

GOLD. Why, how so, sir? if it be enjoyed with the same good feeling with which it is given, it should at least have the charm of sincerity about it.

LEVICK. Yes. But it lacks the excitement of our European parties.

GOLD. Indeed! may I ask of what that excitement consists?

LEVICK. Oh, yes. The games, the noted personages you meet—the constant stream of novelty that passes like a panorama before you, and leaves a dizzy whirl of excitement with you for weeks after.

WALTER. By George! I should say it would unfit a man for any serious trial of life, if he were much given to attending them.

GOLD. Mr. Levick, I notice in your review of European pleasures, that the games have in your memory a first place.

LEVICK (*aside*). So they should have, for they got my last cent.

GOLD. I hope, Walter, you will return with other food for reflection. The excitement found at the gaming table sooner or later ends in ruin.

WALTER. By the way, I see by the extra that we are having a lively excitement at home, or rather in Chicago.

GOLD. What is the nature of it?

WALTER. A fire. They say there is a prospect of the whole city being burned.

GOLD. Heaven forbid, for in that case we in New York may be made to feel its effect even more seriously than those who are now suffering.

WALTER. You alarm me; have you any large interests in the city?

GOLD. Yes, no, yes; that is, indirectly. Do not let my wife or Laura

know of this. I mean that I may be affected by the circumstance; I would not have their pleasure spoiled for the world, particularly as this is the last evening they will spend together; I must see how I stand with Chicago, for this may bring a crash with it. Come, Ruby, let us go.

[Exit GOLDWORTH and RUBY, R. 2 E.

LEVICK. The old fellow seems shaken up at the news; is he largely in business?

WALTER. Well, yes, for him; caution is his great fault; you see he was in business with his wife's father, and they were ruined by the financial crash of '57 and '58. I believe it killed his partner, and I think he is so much in love with his wife and child, that if any misfortune were to overtake him now, it would kill him.

LEVICK. The man must be a fool.

WALTER. Sir, you forget yourself.

LEVICK. I beg your pardon, old fellow, I mean no offence to your prospective father-in-law. But from observations in general, the man who loves a woman should never let her know the extent of his love; she may abuse it or it may make of him a coward, who, for fear of disaster, will let the best chances of his life slip by him.

WALTER. That is a subject on which I have as yet no experience and will not venture an opinion. But, to return to our affairs, have you yet decided to return with us to Europe? You know we start to-morrow immediately after the ceremony.

LEVICK. Me return to Europe? on what? that's a trip which costs money, and I have none; not even the old homestead yonder is mine, though my poor, good-natured aunt thinks it. Why, there are mortgages enough on the property to make a roof for the house. I must wait till I catch a rich wife like you.

WALTER. Well, if like me, I do not know that it would do you much good, for though Laura's father is rich enough to endow my wife, I do not desire he should do so.

LEVICK. The devil you don't; why not?

WALTER. Well, for many reasons, among them this; Laura, as I have before told you, is the issue of a former marriage, her mother dying at her birth, a year or two prior to the time when Goldworth's partner left him guardian to his orphan child; he devoted his whole life to the fulfillment of the task then imposed upon him, even some say, to the seeming neglect of Laura. Now, that he may not be made to think that Laura will be interfering with the prospect of Mrs. Goldworth, I have, and shall continue to refuse to accept a single dollar, or let Laura do so either, if I can help it.

LEVICK (*aside*). I believe he is as great a fool as the rest.

WALTER. Mr. Goldworth told me he had settled his estate on his wife, and as it seems to be a mania with him to see that she is well provided for, I intend he shall have one less than he thought for to give his wealth to. I have plenty of my own.

LEVICK. So had I once; that was before I went to Europe. You say he intends giving his estate to his wife?

WALTER. I think I said he had already done so, as he was looking for the return of the deeds a day or two ago.

LEVICK (*aside*). "Knowledge is a good thing," I've heard some say.

*Enter LILLY and LAURA, R. 3 E.*

LILLY. We are ready; where is John?

WALTER. He stepped into that room; shall I call him?

LILLY. If you please.

[Exit WALTER, R. 2 E.



loss even more keenly. I will call at your office to-morrow for such news as you may receive. Good evening, sir.

GOLD. You do not propose returning to the city this evening, I hope. Mary shall prepare a room for you. Mary.

MRS. W. I thank you, sir, for your kindness; but I must return to my poor orphaned children. Once more, sir, may Heaven bless you.

[*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

GOLD. Poor woman, I can well feel for her. There seems to be a chill around my heart, as if something dreadful was about to happen; I suppose it is the old story, it will take me off at sometime I fear. (*turning, sees RUBY asleep*) My poor little monarch, dropped off at play. Mary, Mary; never mind, I will do it myself. Come, little queen, your court has retired, and we must go to bed.

*Takes her up tenderly in his arms, talking soft nonsense to her and exits R. 1 E.*

LILLY enters c., watching him; she seems to be struggling to control her feelings. Stands c.

LILLY. Oh! that man, that man! he has set my brain and heart on fire. Why could not John accompany me like other husbands? Why? well may Rupert Levick ask the question. That which I thought to be a calumny and slander—I return home to find a truth. Who is that woman? I will know! What can she want here? Business? pshaw, at this time of night. Have I loved this man too blindly, and would not see? Oh, has he so deceived me that I could not see? John Goldworth! If you have made a plaything of my great love for you, you will awake in my heart a devil so fierce and terrible, that my senses quiver to contemplate. I feel the old impulse of childhood returning with ten-fold force—from its long, long sleep. He comes. I must dissemble; for I will know the truth.

*Returns to c., and meets him as though just come in. Enter GOLDWORTH R. 1 E.*

*During the rest of the act she seems constrained and backward.*

GOLD. Why, Lilly, back so soon! I did not expect you for an hour yet.

LILLY. I—I did not feel well, and thought I would be best at home.

GOLD. Who came with you?

LILLY. I came alone; I did not wish to disturb Laura's enjoyment; I have sent the carriage back.

GOLD. I am sorry, Lilly dear, I could not accompany you, but business of importance claimed my attention.

LILLY. I—I thought you transacted your business in the city. John, do all men bring their business home with them?

GOLD (*smiling*). I cannot say, my dear; but I always have such reference to my business near me as to be master of its details, at a moment's notice.

LILLY. Indeed! Oh, you must have been lonely after Ruby fell asleep.

GOLD. Not at all, my dear; I had my books to look over. (*taking up books.*)

LILLY (*aside*). He will not tell me; I see he is deceiving me. (*aloud*) John, I saw a carriage with a lady in it drive away as I returned; had she been to see you?

GOLD. Yes, my dear.

LILLY. Who is she, John?

GOLD. A lady from New York, on business.



LILLY. From New York? What business could she have with you here, that could not be attended to in the city?

GOLD. My dear, she asked for information concerning her husband, who is a—(*aside*) If I tell her, she will suspect the worst, and worry her life out—(*aloud*) My dear I beg your pardon, but I must not tell you, as it would only raise doubts and fears for our welfare. Fears that after all may never be realized, and if they are, I am insured against disaster.

LILLY. John Goldworth, do you think my love is so bli—

*Enter LAURA, WALTER and LEVICK, c. LAURA speaks as she comes on.*

LAURA. Why, ma! why did you leave us so suddenly? We only missed you as the carriage returned and James told us you had gone home.

LILLY. I did not feel well, and feared your father might be lonely, but I found him *very* busy.

LEVICK *has dropped down R. of table, LAURA and WALTER L. of stage, JOHN R. C., LILLY C.; exchange of looks by LEVICK and LILLY.*

WALTER (*aside*). Up to his eyes in business, I suppose. (*aloud*) By the way, Mr. Goldworth, your fears are more than realized. The rumor runs that half the insurance companies in the country will go overboard. Some have already gone.

GOLD (*starting*). Did you hear which?

WALTER. Oh, yes. Ætna, the Globe, the Mutual Fire and Marine. (GOLDWORTH *staggering forward supports himself by chair.*)

LILLY (*seeing him overcome, runs to him throwing her arms around his neck*). John, dear John, what is it?

GOLD (*recovering himself*). Nothing, Lilly darling, nothing. (*kissing her forehead*) Thank God, my wife and child are secured from want.

*Tableau, till curtain.*

## ACT II.

SCENE II.—*Chairs by table, writing materials, etc. Same scene as Act I.*

MARY *enters L. 3. E., with envelopes in her hand.*

MARY. Here are the envelopes, madam. Not here! that is strange, she was waiting for the envelopes to send her letter. I will tell her I have got them.

*As she starts to R. U. E., she meets LEVICK, who enters c.*

LEVICK. Is Mr. Goldworth at home?

MARY. No, sir, he went to the city early this morning; we expect him home by the 1:30 train. At least dinner was ordered by three o'clock.

LEVICK. Mr. Goldworth spends most of his time in the city now, does he not?

MARY. Not more than usual, I believe.

LEVICK. Thank you; say to Mrs. Goldworth I would like to see her, will you? (*placing hat on table, c.*)

MARY. Yes, sir. (*crossing to door R. U. E.*)

LEVICK. Stop a moment, Mary; at what time does this household usually retire?

MARY. Why, sir, what a strange question?

LEVICK. Is it? Well, there are strange people in this world, Mary, and you are one of them.

MARY (*looking confused*). Well, sir, they retire about ten o'clock, usually.

LEVICK. Indeed! does the clock that you go by ever run slow, Mary?

MARY. I—I—I—do not understand you, sir.

LEVICK. No? I am very easily understood; what I mean is that it was long after ten or even twelve last night when I passed this house, and I know some of its inmates had not retired. (*MARY seems as if trying to form some reply*) That will do, Mary. Tell Mrs. Goldworth I am here, please.

[*Exit MARY, R. 3 E.*

(*watching MARY*) Poor little thing, I have frightened the life out of her. I know really less than I would have her think; but it is just as well to have those people in your power—I wonder if the seed I planted on the night of the ball has yet borne fruit. (*smiling*) What a strange compound is a woman? Only set them thinking on a new subject, and if it concerns their own interests, pride, or vanity, there is nothing you wish them to think, they will not jump at of themselves. Who would have thought that at the very moment I was whispering my suspicions to her, that the devil himself, as it were, was furnishing a proof of what even to me was only a conjecture? By Jove, it was fortunate for me that something turned up to stop her mouth, or she would have carried out her threat to tell her husband. I never saw so vindictive a look on a woman's face as she wore when she left me—I rather over-stepped my usual prudence in that matter and let my desire to accomplish my object outrun my judgment. If I can gain possession of her—either through love, fear, or a desire for revenge (and I don't care which) I shall have the handling of this estate, and it cannot be worth less than twenty thousand dollars. (*he has been taking off his gloves during the above and throws them in his hat at the words "twenty thousand dollars"*) Hallo, is this mine? (*taking up the letter*) With that amount I might replenish my fallen fortunes, and take a new start in the world. (*looking at letter*) Unhappy sister, mother and friend, Lilly Goldworth. By George! here is a pudding, let's see if there are any plums in it. (*reads*)

“FORDHAM, 1871.

“My Dear Laura:—This is the first time I have been sufficiently composed to indite a note to you since your departure. I do so now, my dear, to let you know of my unhappy situation. You may remember, dear, the evening of your farewell ball, we were speaking of our “loves and our lovers.” (*speaking*) Singular infatuation of most married women; they must have a lover, if it's only a husband. (*reading*) “Our loves and our lovers, and what the future had in store for us. Little did I then imagine I should so soon be made to feel how unstable were the pictures I then drew. That very night I was witness to a scene, which satisfied me I no longer held a place in his heart (however much he may make a show of it), or if I do, it is a divided throne, which I have no desire to share, though Heaven knows I would willingly lay down my life for that man, even in the face of the deceit he has practised on me. Oh, Laura darling, there is no guarding against the inconstancy of man. He whom I have worshipped as a god I find to be as false as water. Heaven help me, I do not know what may be the issue of this, but be it what it may, I will let you know as soon as I am satisfied in my mind

what is the proper course to pursue. Good bye, Laura, and may Heaven guard you and yours from the sorrows of

“Your unhappy sister, mother, and friend,

“LILLY GOLDWORTH.”

(*looks at it carefully a moment, quietly reads a part of it over*) By George, there is not one word to indicate who the lover is; I don't think this letter will go to Italy, not just yet. (*takes a sheet of paper, making a fac-simile, which he leaves on table; the written letter he places in his pocket*) With this I can arouse Goldworth's jealousy and make the house too hot to hold them both. The means employed are rather questionable, to be sure, but desperate cases require desperate remedies.

*Enter MARY, showing on LILLY. MARY crosses, and exits L. 3 E.*

LEVICK. Good morning, Mrs. Goldworth.

LILLY. Good morning. Mr. Goldworth, sir, has not yet returned from the city.

LEVICK. So I have been informed by your servant, madam, and I can hardly say that I regret it, as it procures me an uninterrupted interview with you.

LILLY. Sir! what interview can you desire with me, of which you need fear an interruption?

LEVICK. My dear Mrs. Goldworth, I wished to say to you that I am fully aware of all the circumstances that transpired after you quitted us so abruptly at the ball, and to express my regrets at having been the means of making you realize your true position.

LILLY. Pray, sir, may I ask what you conceive my true position to be?

LEVICK. That of a young and beautiful woman secluded from the gay world, devoting her young life to domestic cares and duties, for a man who might be her father, but who can and does divide his time and love with a rival, and—

LILLY. Sir! whatever may be my position, I beg you to remember, it will not bear your sympathy or interference. If you cannot find employment enough to occupy your time with what concerns yourself, I tell you now and forever, you must not and *shall* not intrude in that which is mine alone.

LEVICK. I beg your pardon, but our pity for the unfortunate is something beyond our control, and I cannot but regret having been the cause of sorrow to one who I so much respect and love.

LILLY (*horrified*). Love!

LEVICK. Yes, love! I did not mean to say so, but now that you know it, I can no longer control my tongue. I love you and with a devotion that is absorbing my very life. How, then, can I see you so young, so lovely, so confiding, devoted, and yet so betrayed, and not express my sorrow for your sad position.

LILLY. Rupert Levick! would you dare to utter those words in the hearing of John Goldworth? Coward, that you are, you were ever received into this house on terms of equality, as a friend of Walter Armstrong. And like a serpent in the Eden of this once happy home, you have scattered the seeds of discord and misery. I was happy in my ignorance. What to me was the deception of this world, so long as I was content, and knew not that I was a victim? But you, you, with your insidious wiles and insinuations, lifted up the veil that I might see, and be wretched. But now you have gone one step too far, and I see it was for your own vile purposes. I have been led to see things as they

were not, and imagination has given shape to circumstances but as you formed them. Fool! fool! that I have been, not to have seen this before, and confided in my husband. One word of John Goldworth's would have let in the light on your dark workings. (*going to table L., taking up letter, tearing it, and throwing it in the fire*) Thus far the misery has been only mine, and others shall not be made unhappy by the deception which has been practised on me.

LEVICK (R.). My dear Mrs. Goldworth, I assure you, you are deceived.

LILLY (*turning*). I know it, sir! I feel it here in my heart, that I am and have been deceived; but I shall be so no longer. My wild jealous nature has blinded me for the moment until I forgot that great good heart that has sheltered me from childhood's earliest years till now; he gave me his heart and home. Look you, sir, this home is his, and I request that you will leave it, and at once, and never let your presence cast its shadow o'er that doorway again!

LEVICK. Believe me, I am sorry you should have so mistaken me, madam.

LILLY. Begone, sir! I am no longer mistress of myself, and may say that for which I would be sorry.

LEVICK. I do not wish to remain longer, madam; since you will not, or cannot, understand me, I will take my departure.

LILLY. Until you do, sir, I shall.

*Going to R. U. E.—meets RUBY, who enters R. U. E., with hat.*

RUBY. Mamma, may I go down the road to meet my papa?

LILLY. Yes, my darling, and I'll go with you. Wait for me until I get a shawl.

RUBY. I'll wait for you at the gate, mamma.

*She takes the child up and kisses it—puts it down and starts R. U. E. RUBY exits C. and off L. during business.*

LEVICK. By Jove, she must not meet him just yet. Stay, madam! What would you say if I gave you further proof? what if I prove to you that your husband's early return to day was not caused by any anxiety to see you, but to keep an appointment, almost under the shadow of your roof, with another woman.

LILLY (*turning on the step*). Man! if you are a man! beware of what you say! do not tempt me beyond endurance. But be you man or devil—give me, if you can, this proof—give it me so clear that there is no room for doubt, and I will leave this house forever. Do not speak—no words, sir! the proofs! give them to me, if you can; but, until you do so, never let me look upon you again. (*calling*) Mary!

*Enter MARY, L. 3 E.*

Mary, attend this gentleman.

[*Exit LILLY, disdainfully, R. 3 E.*

LEVICK (*very coolly*). Mary, I don't think your mistress is very well. By the way, Mary, do you value my silence with regard to the little occurrence of last evening?

MARY. I do not know, sir, why I should; more than that, I am well aware of the folly of one in my position contradicting any rumor started by one in yours; nor do I fear the consequence of such a rumor more than that it might give pain to an honorable man who is shortly to be my husband.

LEVICK. Very well reasoned indeed, Mary; that's not bad for you.



Once stain the reputation of a woman, and let her be poor, no after struggle of her life will remove the suspicion. Now you can insure my silence by strictly obeying my injunction—we will be mutually in each other's power. (*looking at watch*) At half-past three o'clock be in the arbor at the end of the house, closely veiled. A gentleman may approach and speak to you (or he may not); but should he do so, give him this letter. (*taking letter from pocket*) But by no means let him know who you are, or from whom you received it. Should you betray me in this matter, it might result seriously; obey me, and it will be one hundred dollars in your pocket. Will you do it?

MARY. Is this all you require of me

LEVICK. That is all.

MARY. I don't know if I am doing right, but I will undertake it.

[*Exit MARY, L. 3 E.*]

LEVICK. I will leave a note with the station master; I have yet time.

*Takes up his hat and going c.—meets ABEL SWIFT, with bundle of papers.*

ABEL. Bless me, Master Rupert, you here? Why, I thought you were in New York. Is Mr. Goldworth at home?

LEVICK. No; he will be up by the 1:30 train. Why do you ask?

ABEL. Why, your aunt, Miss Betty, sent me over to him with these papers. She wants his advice on the subject. She has more confidence in him than anybody; but I don't think he is half as smart as you are.

LEVICK. Thank you, Abel. Let me look at those papers.

ABEL. But your aunt told me not to give them to any one but Mr. Goldworth, and then into his hands alone.

LEVICK. All right, Abel; I am not going to run away with them. (*looking at them*) Oh, oh, notices that the mortgages are about to be foreclosed. Well, I have been looking for this, and now it has come. So you are to give these into Mr. Goldworth's hands, are you?

ABEL. Yes, and as you say he will be up by the 1:30 train, I will see him at the depot. (*going up c.*)

LEVICK. Wait a moment, Abel. (*sits at table writing—continues writing during speaking*) How is the colt, Abel?

ABEL. Beautiful, beautiful! That linseed poultice I put on her knee has fixed her beautiful.

LEVICK. Do you think she will be fit to work this evening?

ABEL. Well, she's so delicate, I don't like to see her work.

LEVICK. A little gentle exercise in the buggy will not hurt her.

ABEL. Well, if she is not driven fast, or far, she may do pretty well.

LEVICK. I would like to try her for a short drive this evening. Bring the buggy down to the end of the lane at five o'clock—will you?

ABEL. Very well, sir; but you must not hurt her.

LEVICK. Oh, I'll not hurt her. (*coming down—fixing the letter he has been writing in the packet*) Now, Abel, be very sure you give Mr. Goldworth those papers just as they are. Be very careful, mind, and do not forget the buggy.

[*Exit LEVICK, c.*]

ABEL. Very well, sir. I'm not the one to forget anything you tell me, Master Rupert. I think I love that little boy almost as much as I do Betty.

[*Exit c., arguing the point with himself.*]

## SCENE II.—*A wood in 1st grooves.*

*Enter RUBY followed by GOLDWORTH, L. 1 E., RUBY carrying coat.*

RUBY. Come, papa, what makes you walk so slow; are you tired?



GOLD. Not more than usual, my dear; why do you ask?

RUBY. Because you walk slow, and look weary. Don't you feel well, papa?

GOLD. Yes, my darling; a little sad, perhaps.

RUBY. Sad, papa? what makes you sad?

GOLD. Well, I can hardly say, my pet; but I was just thinking of two children I saw to-day, who will look with anxious eyes for the return of their father, who will never come to them again.

RUBY. Why won't he come back to them, papa? were they bad?

GOLD. No, my dear; but their father was a sailor, and the ship in which he was employed was lost at sea, and but two of all the company were saved.

RUBY. Oh, papa, I'm so sorry; then the poor little children have got no papa?

GOLD. No, my dear.

RUBY. Why don't you bring them home?

GOLD. I fear they would not come.

RUBY. Why?

GOLD. Why? Well, I can hardly tell you, my dear; could you leave your ma to live with a stranger, if anything happened to me?

RUBY. No, papa, no. I love my mamma too well for that, papa. You will not go to sea in a ship, will you?

GOLD. No, my darling. No, no, no.

RUBY. I am so sorry for those little children who have no papa; can you do nothing for them, papa?

GOLD. Not much, my dear; the same misfortune that robbed them of their father, has deprived yours of the means of being of service to them.

RUBY. Why, papa? You were not lost in the ship.

GOLD. No, my pet; but you can scarcely understand the matter yet. But tell me how it is, I find you so far from home?

RUBY. Because you were so late.

GOLD. True, I missed the 1:30 train, and so lost an hour.

RUBY. Ma and I were coming to meet you, and you were so long, and I got so far, I did not want to turn back, and so I came on.

GOLD. But why alone? You said your ma was coming.

RUBY. Yes, I was waiting for her at the gate, but she was talking to Mr. Levick, and I guess forgot you.

GOLD. Oh, oh, oh! Ruby you must not talk like that; something may have occurred to detain her, but she could not forget me.

RUBY. I mean pa, that she forgot me, that I was waiting for her.

GOLD. Well, we must hurry home at once, or she may be frightened at my delay and your absence.

*Enter ABEL, R. I E.*

ABEL. Good day, Mr. Goldworth; I was just going down to the depot to meet you. Miss Levick sent me over to give you these papers, and ask you to look over them, and give your advice on the matter; she says you know more about such things than any one else, even Master Rupert, but, Lor', sir, she don't know him.

GOLD. Nor any one else I fear, and if I may judge by your devotion to him, I scarcely think that you know him. (*looking at paper.*)

ABEL. Not know Master Rupert? Why, I've known him since before he was as big as Ruby there. And such a boy, ah, ah! always up to his eyes in mischief, just like Betty; that's the reason I call her Rupert Betty; they were made for each other.

GOLD. Abel, from whom did you receive this package?

ABEL. From Miss Betty Levick. A gentleman called yesterday and left them. Miss Levick seemed in great trouble about them; she says they are going to take the house away.

GOLD. Take the house away?

ABEL. Well, she says she wont lose it without a struggle, and how she can lose it without them taking it away, is something I don't know.

GOLD. Did any one give you a letter for me?

ABEL. A letter? no, sir; I don't think they did, or I would have it.

GOLD. (*aside*). This is a masculine hand. Excuse me a moment, Abel. Ruby, run along down the road—I will overtake you soon. (*read.s*)

"JOHN GOLDWORTH—Dear sir,—Important papers, seriously compromising the honor of your wife, having come by accident into my hands, I desire they shall be given to you, at half-past three o'clock this evening. A person will be in the arbor at the end of your house, who will deliver them into your hands. Believe me, sir, I am actuated in this matter by a sincere regard for your welfare, happiness, and honor.

"AN UNKNOWN FRIEND."

(*after a moment's reflection, smiles*) An excellent bait to catch some fool. Some needy adventurer this, who wishes to levy a tax on my fear and gratitude; but it will take something more substantial than this to shake my confidence. (*to ABEL*) Tell Miss Levick I will write to her about these papers when I have examined them. (*crossing, r.*) Half-past three, I have yet time, and will see this person; not that I suspect, or to satisfy a doubt, but to silence a slander. [*Exit, r. 1 e.*]

ABEL (*looking after GOLDWORTH*). Well, for an old man, that's the stupidest man I ever saw.

*Enter LEVICK, l. 1 e.*

LEVICK. Abel, was not that Goldworth who left you?

ABEL. Yes, that was him. Do you want him? I'll go and bring him back.

LEVICK. No, no, Abel. Did you give him the papers?

ABEL. Yes, I gave them.

LEVICK. What did he say?

ABEL. Not much. I don't think that man knows enough to say much. He said he would write about them.

LEVICK. Did he seem worried or annoyed at the contents of them?

ABEL. I don't think he read more than one of them.

LEVICK. Oh, he did read one, eh? And then started home?

ABEL. Yes, he started home to write to your aunt about those papers.

LEVICK. That will do, Abel. Do not forget about the buggy; have it at the end of the lane, as I told you, at five o'clock.

ABEL. All right, Master Rupert; Betty will be there and the buggy will be there, and I will be there—damn it, we will all be there!

[*Exit, l. 1 e.*]

LEVICK. I will follow him. If Mary keeps her word, he will be sure to see her, and must speak to her. Should he do so, I will bring his wife to see them, and while the king is being played, it will be hard indeed if the knave and queen do not win the game. [*Exit, r. 1 e.*]

SCENE III.—*Garden scene with villa and arbor.*

*Enter MARY from house, at the opening of scene, heavily veiled.*

MARY. I hope no one saw me leave the house. I do not know why it

is so, this seems like a trifling matter, yet I feel as if I was about to commit a murder. It wants but a few minutes to the time. I will remain until half-past three, and will have performed my part of the bargain. He told me the person might not come. Heaven send they do not! I shall be more content. Hark! some one is coming up the garden walk. It is Master and little Ruby. I must not be seen by them.

[*Exit into arbor, L. 2 E.*]

*Enter GOLDWORTH and RUBY, L. C.*

GOLD. Here we are at home. (*sees MARY—aside*) Oh, oh! a woman! I thought as much. Woman, after all, is woman's greatest foe. (*aloud*) Ruby, run in with papa's coat. I will come to you presently.

[*Exit RUBY in house, R. 3 E.*]

GOLD. (*to MARY*). Madam, I presume you are the person who wrote me this letter.

MARY (*very much frightened*). No, sir.

GOLD. I beg your pardon; I was led to expect a person here at this hour.

MARY. I did not send you a letter, for I am here to deliver one.

*Enter LEVICK, cautiously, C., seeing them. Exits in house; returns to conservatory window with LILLY.*

GOLD. May I ask from whom you received this letter?

MARY. I cannot tell you, sir.

GOLD. Why not?

MARY. I have promised, sir.

GOLD. Pray how much money do you expect to receive for this wonderful act of friendship?

MARY. From you, sir, nothing.

GOLD. Your generosity, madam, is greater than I expected. Please let me have this wonderful paper.

*She hands him the letter; he reads and kisses it, just as LILLY comes into the window; she is about to make an exclamation, when LEVICK admonishes her to silence.*

My poor little Lilly! I see it all. Some viper has misled her judgment in matters which I could not explain without causing her uneasiness. I will go to her at once, and explain all the cobwebs away. (*to MARY*) Remain here a moment till I return. [*Exits into house.*]

*At the same moment LEVICK and LILLY enter from the window, MARY enters from the arbor, L.*

MARY. I have kept my promise, sir, but if evil comes of this——

LEVICK. My good woman, we have been witnesses of your stolen interview, and request that you will leave this place at once.

MARY. But, sir——

LILLY. Whose voice is that?

LEVICK. Go at once, madam, or you will be given in charge of the police as an intruder. [*LEVICK forces MARY off L. U. E.*]

LILLY, *coming up to satisfy herself, is stopped by LEVICK.*

LILLY. Who is that woman? her voice is strangely familiar. I will know who she is.

LEVICK. Why seek to know? I hope you are now satisfied of your husband's infidelity.

LILLY. Silence, sir! do not speak to me of him again. Take me away from this place, take me away; never let me look at it again; this home, once so happy, has grown hateful to me. Take me away.

LEVICK. This way, madam; I have a carriage near at hand, that shall convey you to any place you may desire.

LILLY. Come, let us begone. (*going*) Stay, this property—I will not retain it, or anything that will remind me of the past. It must be given back to him.

LEVICK. Nothing easier when we get to Yonkers; you can give me a power of attorney, and I can make a nominal sale or conveyance back to him. Should you do so he may seek to detain you.

LILLY. Anything, anything; let me get away from here; my reason totters when I look around at scenes where I have been so happy, and yet so wretched. Farewell, my darling little Ruby, and you who I have loved with the whole strength of my woman's heart! You shall find my love, great as it is, has not choked my pride.

*At change of music, LEVICK gently forces her off L. C. Enter GOLDWORTH from house.*

GOLD. I cannot find her; she may have stepped out into the garden; my good woman—gone! This seems strange. Why, the place feels as if it were deserted; I suppose I am nervous. Mary! Mary! no answer? oh, perhaps she is with my wife, they will return presently. (*sits on garden chair*) I will occupy myself until they return by looking over these papers for Miss Levick. What's here, a notice of foreclosure of mortgages, executed by Rupert Levick; purchase of second mortgage deeds—same property. Humph! just as I expected, a gamester and a spendthrift. These papers are more entitled to her lawyer's supervision than mine. (*writing with pencil on papers*) I can't imagine how Walter could make a friend of such a man. They are certainly very much unlike each other. Ruby, Ruby.

RUBY (*outside*). What is it, papa?

GOLD. Come here.

*Enter RUBY.*

Take these papers and place them on my desk, and tell your mother to come here, please.

RUBY. Yes, papa.

[*Exit RUBY into house.*]

GOLD. Strange, I cannot help thinking of how silly and absurd of Lilly, to suffer a suspicion of me to make her unhappy. 'Tis not like her; she should have come to me at once.

*Enter MARY from L. and C, veil down, down L. C.*

(*seeing MARY*) Excuse me, my good woman; I wish to inform you that your officious kindness to me and mine is uncalled for. (*MARY throws back the veil*) What! Mary?

MARY. Yes, Mr. Goldworth, I have returned to confess all to you, sir, (*on her knees, L. C.*)

GOLD. Pray proceed, I am at a loss to understand this masquerading.

MARY. For myself, sir, I do not hope or look for your forgiveness, for I have been made the dupe of a villain who has preyed upon my fears until I became an instrument in his hands to undermine your happiness.

GOLD. My nappiness, my poor child? Explain yourself.

MARY. Mr. Levick became aware of my approaching marriage, and by threats and insinuations of what might be the consequence of *his* construction of the fact, I was induced to buy his silence by delivering that letter to you.

GOLD. I see no great crime in all this beyond the deception of disguise.

MARY. Alas! sir, that was one of the conditions; but I was innocent of his design.

GOLD. Pray, what was his grand design that was to be worked out by this deception?

MARY. To prey upon Mrs. Goldworth's jealousy and cause her to abandon you.

GOLD. (*starting forward*). Hush! hush! you are mistaken, you are mistaken.

MARY. Pardon me, sir, I am not mistaken, for the moment you left me they both came from the window there, where they had been watching our interview.

GOLD. (*pauses a moment*). Mary, go into the house and let this be a lesson to you. No great good in life can ever be accomplished by duplicity or deceit. Go in, and wait for your mistress; if she *can* forgive you, I will. (*crossing L.*)

MARY. Alas! sir, I do not think she will return; for after leaving Mr. Maxwell's office, she drove away with Mr. Levick.

GOLD. With him? Oh! no, no, no!

MARY. Alas! sir, it is true! She was pale and weeping, and seemed scarcely conscious of what she was doing—and it was this that brought me back.

GOLD. (*sways as if about to fall, hardly realizing what has been told him*). Mary, go in, but do not speak to Ruby of this; I will go and bring her back.

*Enter RUBY from R. U. E.*

RUBY. I placed the papers on the desk, papa; but I can't find mamma.

GOLD. Can't find her! where can she be? I will look myself. Come, Ruby.

*Going towards house, meets ABEL and MR. MAXWELL, who enter C. Exit MARY, R.*

ABEL. Mr. Goldworth, this gentleman was inquiring about your place, and I thought I'd show him the way.

GOLD. Good evening, sir; will you step into the house?

MAXWELL. Thank you, sir, presently. I've merely called to look at the place.

GOLD. You are welcome, sir; yet this is rather a strange hour to pay a visit for such a purpose.

MAX. Well, sir, I am a man of business, and I never let a good thing slip by me, on a question of time or circumstances.

GOLD. I can appreciate the spirit from a business stand-point; but am at a loss to see how your visit here can effect your business.

MAX. Sir, I am a prudent, as well as business man, and having purchased this place, naturally feel a desire to inspect it.

GOLD. Purchased this place?

MAX. Yes, sir, I may say so; I have advanced five thousand dollars on it; the next payments fall due in six—twelve—and eighteen months.



GOLD. This estate!

MAX. What's the matter with you, sir? This estate, sir, house, household effects, implements, etc., etc., duly specified and set forth in abstract.

GOLD. My dear sir, you must be laboring under some mistake. This property belongs to my wife.

MAX. I am aware of the fact, sir.

GOLD. And did you purchase it from her?

MAX. Indirectly I did; I made the contract with her attorney.

GOLD. Her attorney! and who is the attorney?

MAX. Mr. Rupert Levick, sir.

GOLD. (*stands in a manner paralyzed. RUBY, seeing something is wrong, comes to him, R. C., in front*). Ruby, bring me the small tin box in the parlor. (*Exit RUBY into house, and returns without waiting*) It contains the deeds of this property.

RUBY. Here it is, papa. (*GOLDWORTH takes the box, opens it—it is empty; he lets it fall.*)

GOLD. Gone!

ABEL (L.). Gone! yes, gone, more than two hours ago. Oh, Mr. Goldworth, it is good I came, or I would have forgotten this letter for you.

GOLD. For me! (*reads*) "John Goldworth—I know all. I must believe the evidence of my own eyes. I have left your home forever, and bid you an eternal farewell. LILLY STEADMAN." (*falls, c.*)

RUBY (*running to him*). Oh, papa! dear papa! what is the matter? Here, mamma! here, mamma! mamma!

*She runs in the house calling, which is kept up in the distance, and returning at cue.*

MAX. Here, please help me lift him up. This looks like apoplexy.

GOLD. (*recovering*). I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I am subject to the heart disease. You must excuse me questioning you so closely. My wife did right to sell this property. It—was—done by my advice. You—see, sir, I am in business, and—and accidents—will happen to the most prudent! disaster has come to me in the loss of the ship *Mercury* and the failure of the insurance companies.

*Enter RUBY, from house.*

RUBY (*with MARY on steps*). Oh, papa! I want my mamma! I can't find my mamma. Where is she?

GOLD. I am about to pass through bankruptcy, and so could not sell myself.

RUBY. Papa, I want my mamma!

GOLD. Not now, my darling. And so I wished my wife to sell. You shall have possession at once—if you so desire?

RUBY. Papa, where is my mamma?

GOLD. (*falls on RUBY's neck*). Do not ask me, my darling, for you have no mamma.

MAX. Poor man! he has lost his senses.

ABEL. Well, I never thought the man had much sense to lose.

RUBY. Oh, papa! don't look at me so! Come, let us go in, papa.

GOLD. (*looking wild*). Yes, Lilly, my poor child, I know your papa's gone; but I will be a papa to you, my darling.

RUBY. Come, papa! come, papa! come home!

GOLD. Yes, I know your poor father left you without a home ; but you shall always find one in the shelter of my heart.

*As he staggers up, they try to direct his steps to the house. By this time the stage is dark, and lights are seen in the villas in the distance The moon is just rising ; music sounds from house.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A neat cottage room.*

LILLY *discovered at window, c.*

LILLY. How beautiful the spring opens. All nature seems to rejoice at the bursting of winter's trammels. The very waters, as they kiss the shore and then go hurrying by, seem to laugh for very joy. The white-winged boats go dancing over the rippling waves, as though exulting in their happy freedom—while I, I alone of all nature's works, feel as though I were a curse upon my kind. Every object that I look upon, which should give pleasure to the heart, to me appears a reproach. Oh ! the lifelong misery I have endured is undermining my reason. It is but fifteen short months since that terrible night, and yet it seems like an eternity. My whole previous life gleams a solitary ray of sunshine through the clouds, compared to that little space. The pleasures that were to obliterate the past have turned to ashes on my lips, and my heart yearns for my poor motherless little one—lost, lost to me forever !  
*(her head sinks on the table, weeping.)*

*Enter MRS. SACKET, L. 3 E.*

MRS. SACKET. I beg you pardon, Mrs. Steadman, for intruding. Why, you are crying, my dear ! what is the matter ?

LILLY *(quickly)*. Nothing, nothing that you can understand. *(controlling herself)* What is it you require, madam ?

MRS. S. Well, I am sorry to press you, madam, but I sent my bill up three days ago, and I am pressed for money ; therefore, if you please, I would like you to settle it.

LILLY. Your bill shall be settled as soon as the gentleman I have sent to the city returns.

MRS. S. Excuse me, ma'am, but you told me that when I sent the bill up first. Has he not returned yet ?

LILLY. No, but I expect him at any moment ; should he not return to-day, I will find other means of repaying you.

MRS. S. I hope you will, madam, for I cannot wait. My bills must be paid when they are due, and I must look sharp to have the money to meet them. You must excuse me, madam, but business is business, and mine won't bear trifling with. Good day, my dear—good day. *(going)* Stop a moment. Here's a letter the postman left in our box—I suppose by mistake—and yet this is the house. It is for a Mrs. Goldworth. Do you know such a person ? *(LILLY starts as though to take it. Remembers herself, stops irresolutely c., looking wistfully at letter)* Some acquaintance of yours, I suppose.

LILLY. Yes—yes—a—a—friend. You may leave the letter.

MRS. S. Very well. *(placing it on table, L.)* This looks strange, but it

is none of my business, so I will not meddle with it. You will not forget the bill, ma'am, if you please.

LILLY (*with her eyes on the letter*). No, no; it shall be attended to.

MRS. S. Thank you, my dear. Good day, my dear; thank you.

[*Exit, L. 3 E.*

LILLY. Oh, pride! where are you now? That name pronounced by a stranger, and I stand like a criminal before her. She is gone. Now let me hear an echo from the dear old home. (*takes the letter, places it in her bosom, and goes to door L.; listens a moment, then to the window; lets down the curtains comes to table, R., and reads.*)

“FORDHAM, MAY 26th, 1873.

“My Dear Madam:—I only learned yesterday, through accident, where a letter could reach you, and at once hasten to explain a part of my conduct to you, and so relieve my mind of a heavy charge—for I feel that I am the innocent cause of much of your unhappiness. On the evening previous to your departure, I was walking in the garden, after the family had retired, with the gentleman who is now my husband. Which fact coming to the knowledge of Mr. Rupert Levick, he threatened to expose me unless I would consent to do his bidding, which was to deliver a letter to a person who would call for it at a certain hour in the arbor near your house. Fearing the effect of such a report as he might invent, as I know him to be a man without principle or honor, I consented. I was the woman you saw in the garden, but as Heaven is my judge, I was ignorant of the evil purposes to be effected by my presence. I would have explained all to you then, but was terrified by his threats and resolved to leave the house at once. Your sudden disappearance, leaving no trace behind you, has prevented my making this explanation sooner, which I now do in the hope that you will pardon my share in this unfortunate business. Many changes have taken place since you left. The old home has passed into the hands of strangers; I have prevailed upon Mr. Goldworth to make his home with me so that I might have the care of little Ruby, who never leaves her father now that he has lost his mind, but watches him with the care and tenderness of a woman. I know she grieves for, but never speaks of you, at least in his presence, through fear of awakening memories that would be painful. For he has lucid intervals which are more sorrowful than his simplicity, for then he seems to be happy and only remembers the past. He seems to be living his early life over again, and busy planning a grand future for his darling little Lilly.” (*she crushes the letter to her eyes. Speaking*) Oh, God help me; I can read no more! my heart will break. Oh, tell me, Heaven, why it is that our sex are made so weak, so helpless? no redress for wrongs; why is it that every blow we strike but gathers force to fall upon our own hearts? Oh, Thou Father of the fatherless, Thou strength of the feeble, watch over and sustain them. Let them not be made to feel my punishment. Let me alone be wretched, for I alone deserve Thy wrath.

*Falls with her head on table, weeping. Enter LEVICK, L. 3 E., a little tipsy.*

LEVICK. Good morning, Mrs. Gold—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Steadman. Why, what are you crying for? (*aside*) That's what she was at when I went away; I thought then it was for her diamonds, but she sticks to it. (*aloud*) Lilly, or Mrs. Steadman, I think after such a long winter, a little fair weather would not come amiss. Moisture may be very good for agricultural purposes, but you are not interested in the growing department; you can get along without so much storm.

LILLY. Be not so sure of what you say. There is a something growing here in my heart, that may make you tremble.

LEVICK. Make me tremble? I think I have got pretty well over trembling at anything. The experience of the last two days has pretty well hardened me. (*she is walking to and fro on the stage*) Devil take the cards and women too; there is no understanding either of them. (*goes to the piano R. U. E. Sings.*)

While I think of bygone days  
Strange memory round me plays,  
Of where grew the modest primrose and daisy,  
And the future seemed so bright,  
While our pathway had the light,  
From the eyes of our darling little baby.

(*she stops at table R., listens.*)

But they've laid our darling down  
In the cold, silent ground,  
And nodding o'er her grave blooms the daisy;  
Like a flower gone to rest,  
Asleep among the blest,  
We will see no more our darling little baby.\*

LILLY (*who has fallen in chair during last part of song, starts up*). Man, man! do you wish to deprive me of my reason?

LEVICK. Certainly not; I wish you would come to your reason, and try to look upon the world for what it is worth, and not render the future as miserable as the past.

LILLY. The future be my care, sir; but of the present, did you procure the money for me on those jewels I intrusted to you?

LEVICK. Yes; I got it.

LILLY. Your delay nearly caused me to part with my last memento, to satisfy a demand for debt. Where is the money?

LEVICK. I give it up, as the minstrel says. It has gone with the rest.

LILLY. You, surely, sir, have not appropriated to your own use money which belonged to me?

LEVICK. Not intentionally. I thought I was using my own, until I had no more to use, and then I found I had lost what was yours. Not only that, but five thousand dollars besides, the last payment on a property I sold.

LILLY. A property you sold?

LEVICK. Well, then, not to put too fine a point on it, the property you sold though me.

LILLY. The property I sold though you?

LEVICK. Certainly. Didn't you give me the power of attorney to sell?

LILLY. Rupert Levick, do you mean me to understand that you have converted the property you were to convey back to my h—my child, to other uses than I intended?

LEVICK. You intended I should sell it, didn't you?

LILLY. Yes, back again to them.

LEVICK. Not such a fool, thank you. My name is not Goldworth, but Levick—a man who cannot be made to obey the beck and nod of a woman, like a poodle dog.

LILLY. A dog! What dog could be so lost to every sense of shame as to steal the home from the helpless young? You were not content to undermine the happiness of the mother by duplicity and deceit! but

\* The Music of this song may be procured of Mr. HENRY TUCKER, No. 22 Rose st., New York.



you must add to the catalogue of your crimes by the base robbery of her child of the shelter a provident father had provided.

LEVICK. I must plead guilty. I've a mania for selling; but, you know, as in war, all's fair in love.

LILLY. Silence, sir! dare you speak such a word to me? Think you the memory of my little child, or the teachings of that more than man, her father, could leave room in my heart for such a sentiment, and for such an object as you?

LEVICK. Why then did you give me encouragement?

LILLY. I give you encouragement! For fifteen months, that you have persecuted me, driven me from one home to another, you have received but one answer, and it shall be the same until the end of time.

LEVICK. Why then have you accepted of those attentions? why commissioned me with offices of trust, if not to give me hope?

LILLY. Why did I do so? I needed a servant, and my means would not allow of my employing one!

LEVICK. By Heaven, madam! do you mean you have made a servant of me?

LILLY. No, sir; being a slave to your own base passions, you became so voluntarily.

LEVICK. I believe I am, at last, a slave—to my love for you.

LILLY. You do not know aught of love, save love of self, of drink, and of dissipation. I know you now; would to Heaven I had known you before. I know you are capable of the worst of acts, even to the employment of my very servant for the purpose of deception.

LEVICK (*aside*). The devil you do! (*aloud*) Well, you see what a beautiful thing mutual confidence is; I don't deny it!

LILLY. Heaven help me! I thought I knew your baseness, but I could not dream of villainy like this. My little darling robbed of her home, and they will imagine by me! by me, who would sacrifice my very life to shield her from care or want. Want! my darling in want! If so, my place is by her side, and, though I beg my way from door to door, I'll go to them, and clear myself of this charge of inhumanity, and denounce you, villain that you are, to the outraged law! I do not know what the law may call your deeds, but be assured, if there be justice in this broad land, my little one shall have it! (*taking up shawl from table, R.*)

LEVICK. Lilly, reflect a moment! you would return; to whom and to what? Do you know in what light you now stand in the eyes of the world?

LILLY. The world! what care I for the world? I have never lived for the world. When I thought I was the insulted, degraded wife, I did not ask the world to adjust my wrongs; nor shall fear of its opinion deter me now from defending my child.

LEVICK. Society has adjudged you guilty, and cast you off.

LILLY. And that great Judge of all, who knows my innocence, will acquit me of the charge.

LEVICK. Lilly, have a care how you proceed in this. I am not the man to quietly submit to the exactions of a frantic woman, or be threatened with the vengeance of the law. Be my actions what they may, in the world's eyes my name is pure, and you shall not sully it, if I have to—

LILLY. Kill me? Do! do so at once, and I will die thanking you, for it would be the only kindness I have ever received at your hands.

LEVICK (*getting gradually sober*). I would not willingly harm you; but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and if you dare denounce me, I will kill you without remorse or pity! (*crossing near to R. U.*)

LILLY. Remorse you cannot feel; your callous nature will not allow



you, and, helpless as you may think me, I should feel insulted by your pity! Rupert Levick! I told you there was something growing in my heart, which might make you tremble. It has grown, and is blooming strong and fierce. 'Tis hate! hate for the man who first misled my judgment! hate for the common thief who robbed my little child! May the everlasting curse of the desolate and withered heart follow your footsteps forever and forever!

*Picture.—Close in.*

SCENE II.—*A chamber in 1st grooves.*

*Enter MARY, showing in WALTER and LAURA, L. 1 E.*

MARY. I am so glad to see you home once more, Miss Laura. I beg your pardon, sir, but old habit is strong, and I fear I will hardly be able to bring myself to call her Mrs. Armstrong.

LAURA. Never mind, Mary, what you call me; but tell me of my poor father and Ruby. Where are they?

MARY. They started off early this morning for a ramble in the fields. Oh, Miss Laura, a sad change has come over your father. You would hardly know him now.

LAURA. How was it this misfortune happened? and so soon after our departure! She seemed so happy and contented! I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes when I read your letter.

MARY. Good gracious me! it is a long story and I don't know the half of it; but this I do know—that friend of yours, sir, Mr. Levick, made her believe white was black, and tortured her with doubts and fears until I really think she went mad. Oh, my! what a bad one he is.

WALTER. Mary, why did you not write to us before, and let us know of these occurrences sooner? We only heard of it at Naples, where your letter reached us.

MARY. Why, bless you, sir, I was married just at that time, and getting married is such a bother, and makes so much trouble for a poor girl, that I had not time. Besides, I did not know where to write to. Charles—that's my husband, miss—he wrote to England some place, but never got a reply. Then we saw in the papers of your being at Mount Vesuvius, and we wrote to you again in care of a great banking house at Naples.

WALTER. That letter reached us, and we returned at once to see after Laura's father.

MARY. Bless you! I see after him; he makes his home here. I persuaded him to do so, that Ruby, the little woman, as I call her, might be near me. Bless her! she's more like a little woman than a child.

LAURA. Mary, you state in your letter that my father has lost his mind; how is it then that he wanders about the country alone and unguarded?

MARY. Oh, he is not unguarded—the little woman takes care of him; besides, he is as harmless as a child, so mild, so gentle and patient, your heart would bleed to look at him. Ruby can do anything with him; he is as obedient as can be to his little Lilly. Do you know, miss, I don't think he has called her Ruby since that terrible night.

WALTER. Have you any knowledge of her—Mrs. Goldworth, I mean? Where did she go?

MARY. Lor' bless you, sir, nobody could find out. I wanted to tell her of the part that wicked man made me play, but I could find no trace of her, or him either, until last week, Charles, that's my husband, you

know, saw him at a club house, where they have boats, you know. So I naturally supposed he lived where she lived, and the day before yesterday, I sent her a letter, and—— (ABEL is heard outside, L.)

ABEL. Yes, yes; I know they have arrived; they told me so at the depot, and I am going to see him.

LAURA. Who is that, Mary?

MARY. Oh, my! it's that old potterer, Abel. We shall be talked to death about that stupid Betty; I declare, I have heard nothing but Betty, Betty, for the last eighteen months. (*crosses R.*) Oh! here he comes.

*Enter ABEL, L. 1 E.*

ABEL. Ah! Mr. Armstrong, I am glad to see you back; how do you do? And Miss Laura, I am glad to see you looking so well,

LAURA. Thank you, Abel; I must congratulate you, also, on your good looks.

ABEL. Yes, I'm pretty well; but I've been sadly worried. Say, Mr. Armstrong, you have been to Europe, ain't you?

WALTER. Yes, Abel; I've been over a great part of it.

ABEL. Well, did you see in your travels Mr. Rupert?

WALTER. No, I am glad to say I did not.

ABEL. Glad! Well, I don't know why you should be glad. I'm sorry, for if you had met him, you might be able to tell me, what he did with Betty. He took her away just as I was getting on so finely with her knee, and I want to——

WALTER. There, that will do, Abel, that will do. Never mind Betty now.

ABEL. Yes, but I do mind her; see here, I will tell you all about it. Betty was in the garden——

WALTER. Yes, yes, I've heard all about that before, Mr. Abel; Mary, can you give me any idea of which way they went this morning?

MARY. No clear idea, more than they most always go in the direction of Yonkers.

ABEL. Yonkers, yes, that's the way they went; they drove that poor little thing down the Yonkers road like mad—and all they left me was the letter.

WALTER. What letter?

ABEL. A letter for Mr. Goldworth.

WALTER. Who gave you the letter?

ABEL. Why, Mrs. Goldworth, when they took away Betty——

WALTER. Never mind the rest. Mary, we will drive over in the direction of Yonkers and look around; should they return before us, do not let them go until we get back. Come, Laura.

MARY. I will show you out; I hope you will have no trouble in finding them; I am sure it will make the poor old man so happy to see you again. (*MARY leads the way, L. 1 E. Exit all except ABEL.*)

ABEL. That's funny—I never thought of that before. If they went to Yonkers, they took Betty to Yonkers. If Betty is in Yonkers, I'll find her in Yonkers—I'll go Yonkers myself. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE III.—*Open country. Music.*

*Enter GOLDWORTH, led by RUBY, R. U. E., who is dressed neat, but plain. GOLDWORTH looks much the same as when seen before, but his hair prematurely gray, and giving evidence of simplicity.*

GOLD. Lilly, my darling, I am so very tired.

RUBY. Yes, I know, papa; here is a nice place, we will sit down and rest. (*she leads him to the back and seats him on bank*) There now, papa, you have a nice place to rest; don't you feel hungry, papa?

GOLD. Eh! hungry my dear? yes, yes, I am hungry.

RUBY. See, papa, I've brought some nice cake in my basket that Mary gave me this morning. There, take some.

GOLD. No, no, my dear; I don't want to eat.

RUBY. Why, papa, dear, you said you were hungry.

GOLD. Yes, yes; I am, I am.

RUBY. Then, it is some water you want?

GOLD. Yes, yes; I suppose so.

RUBY. (*having taken cup from basket brings water from R.*) There, papa, I've got you some nice water; drink now.

GOLD. Eh! (*seeing water, petulantly*) No, no, my child, I do not want water.

RUBY. Oh! papa, dear, what is it you do want?

GOLD. I don't know, my darling—I don't know; something, something that is not here; something I am looking for—I will find it yet, I know—I—know—I will.

RUBY. Come, papa, let us play; let us play at housekeeping, papa, won't you? You be the dear good papa, and I'll be the little mother; do please, papa, won't you to please me?

GOLD. To please you, Lilly? Yes, my dear; you can ask nothing of your father's friend that would please you, and be refused, my dear.

RUBY. Well, you sit there now, and I'll spread the table and fix the dinner. (*she does so*) And you must be very hungry, and scold, oh! so much, if dinner is not ready in time, just like Mary's husband, you know. Ha! ha! ha!

GOLD. Ha! ha! yes, I know, I know—I must scold! ha! ha! Scold you, Lilly? No, no, no, my darling, I must not scold you—not you, my darling. (*patting her head.*)

RUBY. Well, then, you must eat all the dinner.

GOLD. Yes, yes! ha!

RUBY. Everything I put on the table you know.

GOLD. Yes, yes, I know—I know. Ha! ha! ha!

RUBY. And we'll have such fun—ha! ha! Begin, papa; I am fixing the table.

GOLD. Must I eat now?

RUBY. Yes, eat everything as fast as you can, so that the things will be gone when the little mother looks for them.

RUBY *entraps him into play; he eats and laughs; she joins in the laugh, until, overcome by her feelings, she bursts out crying and falls in his lap.*

GOLD. (*looking surprised*). Why, Lilly, my darling, you are crying! What's the matter? You must not cry; did I not play right?

RUBY. Yes, yes, papa.

GOLD. What makes you cry then?

RUBY. I don't know, papa, but I—am—so—so—so—happy—I—I—think—to see you play so.

GOLD. Lilly, my darling, do you want me to play some more? I will do it, I will. For you must soon go to school and learn, while I work, and make such a nice home for you and—and—my other little pet, my little Laura. She is not near so large as you, and when you come home from school, you will have a little sister to play with. You shall play at housekeeping then with her; you will be the little mother and she will be the baby. We will be so happy then, won't we, Lilly?

RUBY. Why, papa, Laura's gone away, you know.

GOLD. Laura gone away? Oh, no, no, my dear; Laura's with her nurse; she's only a tiny little thing yet, but she'll grow, I hope, and be a sister to my darling Lilly.

RUBY. Oh, papa, why do you call me Lilly?

GOLD. Why, that is your name, my love. Yes, that is the name your poor father called you—see, he says so in this letter. (*takes old letter out of pocket*) See—"My darling little Lilly—her tender nature of which her name is a type." You see your name is Lilly.

RUBY. Why, papa dear, you always called me Ruby.

GOLD. Ruby! Ruby! Why, that's the name of—my—Oh—I remember—you are my little treasure—and Lilly—Lilly is the name of—(*looking around*) Where is your mother, my child?

RUBY. You told me, papa, not to speak of her, you know, when she went away.

GOLD. Went away! why did she go? Hush! hush! my child—no word of her—no word of her!

RUBY. Dear papa, why! why must I not speak of my dear mamma?

GOLD. I don't know! I don't know! I don't know! You can't understand, my darling; but, if you speak of her, others may do so too, and so wound your tender little heart.

RUBY. But, papa, I do so love my mamma.

GOLD. That's right, that's right, my darling! love her, for she was always good and kind to you, and loved you, darling, dearly.

RUBY. And don't you love her too, papa?

GOLD. Oh, my child! my child! I cannot tell you how much. I could never tell her, God help me! I did not know myself. (*hides his face*) She was, as a vestal lamp, on the altar of my heart. What I have done to lose her I don't know. But I will find her again, and the fire will burn as brightly as before.

*Enter ABEL, L. U. E., looking around; comes down slowly, L. C.*

I will find her, I know I shall. Come, my dear, we will go and find her. (*going towards L. U. E.*)

ABEL. Find her! what! you? Well, I've been looking for her all over this place, and I can't find her.

GOLD. And were you looking for her too? That is so kind of you. If you find her you will let me know, will you not?

ABEL. Let you know! Well, I didn't think you cared much about it, one way or the other; yet why not? everybody liked her.

GOLD. Yes, everybody.

ABEL. She was such a beautiful creature!

GOLD. Beautiful! Yes, she was lovely in my eyes, lovely!

ABEL. Now I like to hear you talk that way. I never thought you noticed her much.

GOLD. Why should I make a display to the thoughtless world of my regard for her?

ABEL. Very true! Do you know, I love to talk to any one who was fond of her. What a splendid way she carried her head!

GOLD. And yet so gentle, so kind and loving.

ABEL. Kind? Well, when the fit was on her, not quite so gentle as you might think; at least I didn't find her so.

GOLD. Ah, that was because you did not know her.

ABEL. Not know her? What, me? Why, I've known her since before she was as high—as—as little Ruby, there.

GOLD. Did you? Why, then, you must have known her father.

ABEL. Know her father! I should say so. Why, I attended him for years.

GOLD. Ah! then, you must know she was not, not so bad, not quite so bad, as those people say she was.

ABEL. Why, that's just what I always said; who could look at her, that knew anything about it, and say she was bad?

GOLD. Or look into her soft, tender eyes, beaming with love and kindness.

ABEL. Stop, there; there I must disagree with you. Much as I respect your judgment, I must say there was a malicious twinkle in her eye, at times, that it was just as well to look out for.

GOLD. No, no, 'twas the natural fire of youth; health, and spirits that will shine and sparkle in the eyes; why, then, find fault with nature's greatest gifts?

ABEL (*aside*). I never thought so before, but this is a remarkable man. (*aloud*) Mr. Goldworth, you are the only man I ever heard give so unprejudiced an opinion about her.

GOLD. I am the only man you ever saw, who loved her so.

ABEL (*surprised*). You loved her?

GOLD. With all my heart and soul; aye, and she loved me, and does so still. I know it, I know it.

ABEL (*regarding him with contempt*). Why, you stupid old ass! What are you talking about?

GOLD. About her, about her—my wife—my poor, misguided Lilly.

ABEL. Your wife?

GOLD. Yes; when you find her, bring her to me. Tell her not to fear.

ABEL (*looks disgusted, goes to L. 2 E., turns and looks at him*). Darned old fool; don't know a horse from a woman. He'll find her! if he does he won't know it. [Exit ABEL, L. 2 E.

GOLD. I knew we should find her, I always knew it, but said nothing. Come, Lilly, my child, we will follow him; when he finds her we will be there. Come, my child, we will find her, I know. I feel it, I feel it; come, come. [Exit GOLDWORTH and RUBY, L. 3 E.

*Enter WALTER and LAURA, R. 1 E.*

LAURA. Are you sure, Walter, we are following the right directions?

WALTER. I think so, my dear; they told us to follow this path to the river, and here we are at the river. They were seen in this neighborhood, and cannot be far off.

LAURA. I tremble to think what may have happened to a silly old man, and helpless child; so near a river too.

WALTER. Give yourself no uneasiness, my dear; he has been here often they say, and the river can have no new attraction for him. I am more annoyed at the letter Mary sent than anything else.

LAURA. Why so, Walter?

WALTER. I think she did wrong to communicate with her at all.

LAURA. She wished to exculpate herself from any complicity in the matter. You surely do not censure her for that?

WALTER. No, my dear, not for that; but she may have said something which might be construed into a hope for a pardon, and so cause her to return.

LAURA. Would that be a misfortune, Walter?

WALTER. I think it possible; it might result unfortunately.

LAURA. I do not understand you.

WALTER. My meaning is this, Laura. If, as Mary says, your father has lost his mind, it is an evidence of dotage, in which case, he forgets



her conduct and his sufferings. Revive not the subject, and the balance of his days may be passed in comparative happiness, but open the old wound, and who can tell the fatal effects which may follow?

LAURA. Would it not be better for all, were she to return?

WALTER. My dear, that is a question which only those concerned can answer; I believe your father's love to be such as to make him forgive the erring cause of his unhappiness; still I think his pride would revolt from sharing the dishonor.

LAURA. Walter, if you knew her heart as I do, and I have known it from childhood, you would not charge her with dishonor.

WALTER. The charge is not mine, dear; her own action in abandoning her home, has given the world the right to judge her, and you know, my dear, the world is only too ready to pronounce a woman guilty.

LAURA. Wayward and thoughtless, jealous and revengeful she may be, but my heart, conscious of her honor, vouches for her purity.

WALTER. Be that as it may, my dear, you cannot make him or the world believe you; hence any revival of the past will only add to his misery.

*They retire up in discussion. Enter LILLY, L. 1 E., looking back; she has a veil over her face.*

LILLY. I cannot tell why I think so, but I am sure I have been followed, and should he overtake me he may execute his threat. If Heaven only spares me to reach them, and clear myself of this new charge, then welcome death, for I have lived long enough. (*seeing WALTER, who has his back to her*) I beg your pardon, sir, I wish to reach Fordham. Can you inform me where I can obtain a conveyance?

WALTER. Yes, madam; you are welcome to a seat in my carri—great Heavens! it is Lilly.

LILLY. Walter! and Laura! (*turning to run L.*)

WALTER. Stop, Mrs. Goldworth!

LAURA (*crossing, and catching her*). Stay, Lilly, dear Lilly; 'tis I, your friend and sister.

LILLY. Sister! Laura, you know not what you say; I did not think to see you—to ever see you more this side the grave.

LAURA. But now we have met, you will not repulse me, dear sister?

LILLY. Laura, do not add to my torture by your kindness; one so good and innocent as you are, can have no thought in common with such a wretch as you must think me.

LAURA. Dear Lilly, I think you pure and good, as I have ever known you, for I know your heart; from the happy olden days when, with a mother's care and sister's fond affection, you tended my childish waywardness. To me you are still the same, and though the world may turn from you, you shall ever find a friend in me.

WALTER (*who has been up stage, comes down to LAURA*). Laura, I will leave you to yourselves a moment; but make this interview as brief as possible.

LILLY. I understand you, sir. (*Exit WALTER, L. 3 E.*) Heaven support me; my punishment is more than I can bear. I had armed myself, I thought, to meet his angry eye, confess my folly, and die, but not your kindness, Laura; tell me of them, of him, of my poor motherless child!

LAURA. I cannot; I have not seen them yet. I only came home yesterday, and we are now looking for them. They have been seen in this neighborhood.

LILLY. Ruby then is with him?

LAURA. Oh, yes! she never allows him to go out without her.

LILLY. Oh, that I could see her! once more clasp her to my aching heart and ease this pain which is killing me.

LAURA. Lilly, why not return, and confess your folly? My father, I am sure, would open his arms to receive you.

LILLY. But would the world receive me? The empty, heartless, callous world! would it believe the story of my wrongs? No! and would you have me ask that noble man to share my burden? I could not. I am here only to have justice done my child, and denounce the robber who stole away the home her father gave me.

LAURA. Why, Lilly, dear, who could be so base as to rob your child?

LILLY. That fiend, who first entrapped my judgment, and then plundered my little one! Heaven! when I think of all the deceptions which have been practised on me, it seems my brain must burst. Oh! Laura, you cannot know the torture of a doating wife, when she is led to doubt. Falsehoods, resembling truth, presented to her eyes for proof, until in her madness, she barter for revenge the eternal jewels of her mind, and makes all her future life a chaos. (*crossing to E.*)

*Enter WALTER, L. U. E., down to LAURA.*

WALTER. I see Ruby, and an old man coming this way; you had better send her out of the way. Send her to the hotel for a conveyance, and we will drive to the city with them. (*WALTER retires up stage.*)

LAURA. Lilly, Walter says you can obtain a carriage at the hotel, to take you to Fordham.

LILLY (*aside*). There is proof of what the world will think. When he thought me a stranger, I was welcome to a seat in his carriage. (*sees LAURA looking off L. Aloud*) Laura, you too are deceiving me. They are near me; you said you were looking for them. You have found them? Speak! speak! Are they near us?

LAURA. Yes, Lilly dear; but Walter thinks it best that you should not see them. At least, not just yet.

LILLY. Oh, Laura! Laura! Would you prevent me seeing my little darling? It may be for the last time on earth.

LAURA. No, Lilly! not I; but Walter fears the consequences of such a meeting.

LILLY. Oh! Laura, darling, plead for me. (*kneels to her*) Plead for me by the memories of the past—one—word—let your woman's heart speak, not for the wife; but for the mother—the mother who asks to see her only child. I will not seek to look at him, but her; to kiss the image of the father in the child, and then hide myself forever from your sight. (*weeping at her feet.*)

LAURA. Oh, Walter! look at her; grant her prayer for my sake!

WALTER. Laura, I can refuse you nothing; still I do not approve of the step. I will occupy the old man's attention, and send Ruby to you.

[*Exit WALTER, L. 3 E.*]

LAURA. Courage, Lilly, courage! she is coming; you must hide your grief from her, for though she knows there is a sorrow, she does not comprehend its nature.

LILLY. Trust me! I will be strong; only let me hold my darling in my arms, and I will be strong. (*RUBY, speaking outside, L. U. E.*)

RUBY. Oh, sister Laura! Come back to us again?

*Enter RUBY, L. U. E.*

Dear Laura, I am so glad! kiss me, Laura, again. Come and see papa;

he will be so pleased. (LILLY has been standing R., struggling to control herself; but stretching out her hand wisely towards RUBY.)

LAURA. In a moment, Ruby, dear; here is another lady wanting to see you.

RUBY. Where? Oh, it's my dear mamma! (*running to her*) Dear, dear, mamma. Oh, mamma! why did you stay away so long?

LILLY. My darling little baby, I couldn't help it.

RUBY. Oh, Laura! I'm so glad you brought me back my mamma.

LILLY. Yes, my treasure, I am here with you again: kiss me, my darling.

RUBY. What makes you cry, mamma? Are you not glad to be back again with Ruby?

LILLY. Oh, my child! don't, don't ask me! don't ask me. (*kissing her*) Did you miss me then so much, my pet?

RUBY. Oh, so much, dear mamma! but now you are back again, you will not go away any more, will you, mamma?

LILLY. My darling, you must forget me. I cannot remain with you long; your love would kill me. For, like a bad mother, I abandoned you without a cause and lost the right to love you.

RUBY (*putting her hand over LILLY's mouth*). No, no! you are a good mother—papa says so. Only this day he said I must always love you, for you were a good mamma, and loved me dearly.

LILLY. Oh, Heaven! why cannot I die now with forgiveness from an angel's lips sounding in my ears? Ruby, my darling, when I am gone, do not forget me, but pray, pray for your unhappy mother. My darling, farewell! my heart which breaks at parting. (*aside*) But it will soon be at rest.

LAURA (*coming forward*). Lilly, I see him! he insists on coming this way.

RUBY. Papa, papa! come here. Here is mamma.

LILLY (*catching her, and bringing her back*). No, no, no! he must not see me here. (*takes RUBY in her arms*) Farewell, my darling! Heaven in its mercy watch over and guard my poor motherless child.

GOLD. (*outside*). I know, Walter, I know the shock may startle her—but I must see her.

LAURA. Quick, Lilly! they are coming.

LILLY (*kissing RUBY*). Good bye, my dearest. God bless you and him forever. (LILLY going R., RUBY catches her dress, and holds her still.)

RUBY. No, no, mamma! you shall not go. See, here is papa.

*Enter GOLDWORTH and WALTER. LAURA goes up to her father and in the embrace turns him with his back to the R. WALTER seeing LILLY remaining, crosses over and stands between her and GOLDWORTH.*

GOLD. Laura, my darling, Walter did not want me to come to you. You have come back to the old man at last. Oh, I have been so lonely without you. Every one had gone, and I felt as if I had outlived my kind, and was only waiting for the day to come that would let me rejoin them in the grave. But you are here again, and we shall be happy now.

LAURA. Dear father, why did you not write to us, and let us know of your trouble? And we would have returned sooner.

GOLD. Why should I pour an old man's cup of sorrow into your first draught of pleasure? No, no! my dear; I alone should suffer, for I alone was to blame. I withheld my troubles from her, and she felt the want of confidence, I know—I know her heart. Her head may have erred, indeed; but her heart, I know is pure and good. (LILLY sobs and covers her face) Hark! what was that? Again it falls upon my heart

like the fragment of an old familiar air. (*he turns, looking around the stage; motions WALTER out of the way, who takes RUBY up stage very tenderly*) Oh, you have come back to me! I knew you would—I— —I—know you—you are my little Lilly. Oh! do not turn away from me, my child. A father stretches forth his arms to receive his wanderer back again. I—know—you—you are the bright-eyed child of Charles Steadman—he who gave an aim and purpose to my life—I know that like the prodigal, your feet have wandered from the parent fold, and like the prodigal, the door stands open to receive you.

LILLY (*falling on her knees before him*). Oh, John! husband! father! can you forgive me?

GOLD. Forgive you, Lilly? What is there the child of Charles Steadman could ask of John Goldworth, and he refuse it?

LILLY. Oh! John, do not speak to me in kindness, if you would not kill me; I cannot bear it. Curse me, John, for I have blighted your life.

GOLD. Blighted? No, you have blessed it, Lilly; and let me now bless you in return.

LILLY. I do not deserve it, John. I have be—(*looking at him*) Oh! Heavens! what a change! (*weeps.*)

GOLD. Yes, Lilly, the old tree is withered now, but there is strength enough left in its branches to protect and shelter you.

LILLY. Oh, John! the shelter you once provided, I basely abandoned; and you must think I robbed you and my little one of your home.

GOLD. Hush, Lilly! no word of that; the home was yours, not mine. To give you pleasure I procured it; and if it served that end, it did all I wished it.

*Enter LEVICK on rock, R. U. E.*

LILLY. And that I should have been basely robbed of it.

WALTER. By whom?

LILLY. Oh, that man—that man! who was to return it to them—and treacherously sold it.

GOLD. Let it go, my child; let it go. I will make you another after this troubled scene—where you may forget the past. (*taking her up, passing her in front of him, timing the action to the words of LEVICK, so as to place himself, without seeming to do so, in the line of fire.*)

LEVICK. She is telling them, and I'm too late. Lilly, I told you what you might expect. (*fires and Exits R.*)

*The shot brings on a BOATMAN or VILLAGER, who gives chase at the word.*

WALTER. Pursue him! Let him not escape. (*GOLDWORTH, who has been shot, is caught by WALTER, who lays him c.*)

RUBY. Oh, my papa! my papa!

LILLY. John, John, this is my work!

LAURA. Dear father, are you hurt?

WALTER. Mr. Goldworth, are you hurt, sir?

GOLD. Hurt? No, no! all the pain at last is gone.

(*speaking simultaneously.*)

*Enter VILLAGER, R.*

WALTER. Have you secured him?

VILLAGER. No, sir; he leaped into the river, and was drowned.

WALTER. Well, it is no great loss.

GOLD. (*mind wandering*). Yes, I will care for her; she shall never feel his loss—I will be a father to her. Come—come—come—we must to

work, work, if we would repair the damage; work, and make a home for our little birds to sing in.

LILLY (*weeping*). Oh, Walter! he is dying.

LAURA. Father, dear father! speak to us.

RUBY. My papa! my dear papa!

GOLD. Who calls?

LILLY. It is I, John—your erring Lilly. Dear John, say that you forgive me.

GOLD. Forgive you, Lilly? yes. As your father sheltered me, may that great Father of all, who is in Heaven, pardon and shelter you. (*dies.*)

CURTAIN.

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PROGRAMME OF INCIDENTS FOR SMALL BILLS.

**ACT I.—The Setting!**

A Happy Home—The Confession—The Marriage Ball—An Elegant Misfortune in a New Friend—Chicago on Fire—The Merchant Settling Accounts—Love's Queries—News from Europe—A Listener—The Father Superior to the Man—The first Shade of Doubt—Confirmation of Disaster—The Husband and Father Satisfied.

**ACT II.—Jealousy!**

The Tempter—The Wife—A New Postman—The Gamester—The Father and Child—A Husband's Confidence—The Cards in Hand—The Dupe—The Interview—The Watchers—The Elopement—Misplaced Confidence—Awaking to Facts—A Child's Devotion—Broken Jewels.

**ACT III.—Remorse!**

A Wasted Life—Recrimination—Nature Uprising—A Woman's Scorn—Return from Europe—The story of "The Little Woman"—Wandering Fragments—A Change of Places—Cross Purposes—An Inside View of Private Life—The World's Opinion—Woman's Friendship Superior to Public Prejudices—The Wanderer—Mother and Child—A Father's Welcome to the Prodigal—Memories of the Past—The Sacrifice—*Cast back to Earth.*

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STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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

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







# De Witt's Acting Plays—Continued.

- No.
49. **The Midnight Watch.** Drama. 1 Act. By John M. Morton. 8 Male, 2 Female Characters.
50. **The Porter's Knot.** Serio-Comic Drama. 2 Acts. By John Oxenford. 8 Male, 2 Female Characters.
51. **A Model for a Wife.** Farce. 1 Act. By Alfred Wigan. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
52. **A Cup of Tea.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By Charles Nuttner and J. Derley. 3 Male, 1 Female Characters.
53. **Gertrude's Money-Box.** Farce. 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
54. **The Young Collegian.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
55. **Catherine Howard; or, The Throne, the Tomb and the Scaffold.** Historic Play. 3 Acts. By W. D. Suter. 13 Male, 5 Female Characters.
56. **Two Gay Deceivers; or, Black, White and Gray.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male Characters.
57. **Noemie.** Drama. 2 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 4 Male, 4 Female Characters.
58. **Deborah (Leah); or, The Jewish Maiden's Wrong.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Chas. Smith Gheblnam. 7 Male, 6 Female Characters.
59. **The Post-Boy.** Drama. 2 Acts. By H. T. Craven. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
60. **The Midden Wadd; or, The Gray Lady of Porth Vennon.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 5 Male, 5 Female Characters.
61. **Plot and Passion.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 7 Male, 1 Female Characters.
62. **A Photographic Fix.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
63. **Marriage at any Price.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
64. **A Household Fairy.** A Domestic Sketch. 1 Act. By Francis Talfourd. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
65. **Checkmate.** Comedy Farce. 2 Acts. By Andrew Halliday. 6 Male, 5 Female Characters.
66. **The Orange Girl.** Drama. In a Prologue and 3 Acts. By Henry Leslie. 18 Male, 4 Female Characters.
67. **The Birth-place of Rodgers.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Hollingshead. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
68. **The Chevalier de St. George.** Drama. 2 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 9 Male, 3 Female Characters.
69. **Caught by the Cuff.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 1 Female Characters.
70. **The Favourite Fish Wife.** Farce. 1 Act. By Charles Selby. 3 Male, 1 Female Characters.
71. **Doing for the Best.** Domestic Drama. 2 Acts. By M. Raphino Lacy. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
72. **A Lame Excuse.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
73. **Fettered.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Watts Phillips. 11 Male, 4 Female Characters.
74. **The Garrick Fever.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. R. Planche. 7 Male, 4 Female Characters.
75. **Adriance.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Henry Leslie. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
76. **Chops of the Channel.** Nautical Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
77. **The Roll of the Drum.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Thomas Egerton Wilks. 8 Male, 4 Female Characters.
78. **Special Performances.** Farce. 1 Act. By Wilmot Harrison. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
79. **A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.** Domestic Drama. 1 Act. By Tom Taylor. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.

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80. **A Charming Pair.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 4 Male, 3 Female Characters.
81. **Vandyke Brown.** Farce. 1 Act. By A. C. Troughton. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
82. **Peep o' Day; or, Savanahna Dheelisk.** (New Drury Lane Version.) Irish Drama. 4 Acts. By Edmund Falconer. 12 Male, 4 Female Characters.
83. **Thrice Married.** Personation Piece. 1 Act. By Howard Paul. 6 Male, 1 Female Characters.
84. **Not Guilty.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Watts Phillips. 10 Male, 6 Female Characters.
85. **Locked in with a Lady.** Sketch from Life. By H. R. Addisow. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
86. **The Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride.** (The Fichter Version.) Play. 5 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 10 Male, 3 Female Characters.
87. **Locked Out.** Comic Scene. 1 Act. By Howard Paul. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
88. **Founded on Facts.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
89. **Aunt Charlotte's Maid.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
90. **Only a Halfpenny.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Oxenford. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
91. **Walpole; or, Every Man has his Price.** Comedy in Rhyme. 3 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 7 Male, 2 Female Characters.
92. **My Wife's Out.** Farce. 1 Act. By G. Herbert Rodwell. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
93. **The Area Belle.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Brough and Andrew Halliday. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
94. **Our Clerks; or, No. 3 Fig Tree Court Temple.** Farce. 1 Act. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
95. **The Pretty Horse Breaker.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Brough and Andrew Halliday. 3 Male, 10 Female Characters.
96. **Dearest Mamma.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By Walter Gordon. 4 Male, 3 Female Characters.
97. **Orange Blossoms.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 3 Male, 8 Female Characters.
98. **Who is Who? or, All in a Fog.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
99. **The Fifth Wheel.** Comedy. 3 Acts. 10 Male, 2 Female Characters.
100. **Jack Long; or, The Shot in the Eye.** Drama. 2 Acts. By J. B. Johnston. 5 Male, 1 Female Characters.
101. **Fernande.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Victorien Sardou. 11 Male, 10 Female Characters.
102. **Foiled.** Drama. 4 Acts. By O. W. Corralsh. 8 Male, 3 Female Characters.
103. **Faust and Margueritte.** Drama. 3 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 9 Male, 7 Female Characters.
104. **No Name.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Wilkie Collins. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
105. **Which of the Two.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By John M. Morton. 2 Male, 10 Female Characters.
106. **Up for the Cattle Show.** Farce. 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 6 Male, 2 Female Characters.
107. **Cupboard Love.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 2 Male, 1 Female Characters.
108. **Mr. Ferragins.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Hancock. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
109. **Locked In.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
110. **Poppleton's Predicaments.** Farce. 1 Act. By Charles M. Rao. 3 Male, 6 Female Characters.
111. **The Liar.** Comedy. 2 Acts. By Sam'l Foots. Altered and adapted by Charles Matthews. 7 Male and 8 Female Characters.



# De Witt's Acting Plays, Continued.

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 112. **Not a Bit Jealous.** A Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male, 3 Female characters  
 113. **Cyril's Success.** Comedy, in 5 Acts. By H. J. Byron. 9 Male, 5 Female characters.  
 114. **Anything for a Change.** Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Shirley Brooks. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.  
 115. **New Men and Old Acres.** Comedy, in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 8 Male, 5 Female characters.  
 116. **I'm not Meself at all.** An Original Irish Stew. By C. A. Maitby. 3 Male, 2 Female characters  
 117. **Not Such a Fool as he Looks.** Farical Drama, in 3 Acts. By H. J. Byron. 5 Male, 4 Female characters.  
 118. **Wanted, a Young Lady.** Farce, in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 Male characters.  
 119. **A Life Chase.** Drama, in 5 Acts. By John Oxenford. 14 Male, 5 Female characters  
 120. **A Tempest in a Tea Pot.** Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 2 Male, 1 Female characters  
 121. **A Comical Countess.** Farce, in 1 Act. By William Brough. 3 Male, 1 Female characters  
 122. **Isabella Orsini.** Romantic Drama, in 4 Acts. By S. H. Mosenthal. 11 Male, 4 Female characters  
 123. **The Two Poets.** Farce. By John Courtney. 4 Male, 4 Female characters  
 124. **The Volunteer Review.** A Farce. By Thomas J. Williams, Esq. 6 Male, 6 Female characters  
 125. **Deerfoot.** Farce, in 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand, Esq. 5 Male, 1 Female characters  
 126. **Twice Killed.** Farce. By John Oxenford.— 6 Male, 3 Female characters  
 127. **Peggy Green.** Farce. By Charles Selby.— 3 Male, 10 Female characters  
 128. **The Female Detective.** Original Drama, in 3 Acts. By C. H. Hazlewood, 11 Male, 4 Female characters  
 129. **In for a Holiday.** Farce, in 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand, Esq. 2 Male, 3 Female characters  
 130. **My Wife's Diary.** Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson, 3 Male, 1 Female characters  
 131. **Go to Putney.** Original Farce, in 1 Act. By Harry Lenon. 3 Male, 4 Female characters  
 132. **A Race for a Dinner.** Farce By J. T. G. Rodwell. 10 Male characters  
 133. **Timothy to the Rescue.** Original Farce, in 1 Act. By Henry J. Byron, Esq. 4 Male, 2 Female characters  
 134. **Tompkins the Troubadour.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Messrs. Lockroy and Marc Michel.— 3 Male, 2 Female characters  
 135. **Everybody's Friend.** Original Comedy, in 3 Acts. By J. Stirling Coyne, Esq. 6 Male, 5 Female characters  
 136. **The Woman in Red.** Drama, in 3 Acts and a Prologue. By J. Stirling Coyne, Esq. 6 Male, 8 Female characters

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 137. **L'Article 47;** or, Breaking the Ban. Drama, in 3 Acts. By Adolphe Belot. 11 Male, 5 Female characters  
 138. **Poll and Partner Joe;** or the Pride of Putney, and the Dressing Pirate. New and original Nautical Burlesque. By F. C. Burnand.— 7 Male, 6 Female characters  
 139. **Joy is Dangerous.** Comedy, in 2 Acts. By James Mortimer. 3 Male, 3 Female characters  
 140. **Never Reckon your Chickens.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Wybert Reeve. 3 Male, 4 Female characters  
 141. **The Bells;** or, **The Polish Jew.** Romantic Moral Drama, in 3 Acts. By Henry L. Williams, Jr. 9 Male, 3 Female characters.  
 142. **Dollars and Cents.** Original American Comedy, in 3 Acts. By L. J. Hollenius, Esq. 10 Male, 4 Female Characters.  
 143. **Lodgers and Dodgers.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.  
 144. **The Lancashire Lass;** or, **Tempted, Tried and True.** Domestic Melo drama, in 4 Acts and a Prologue. By J. Byron. 12 Male, 3 Female characters.  
 145. **First Love.** Comedy, in 1 Act. By L. J. Hollenius, Esq. 4 Male, 1 Female characters.  
 146. **There's no Smoke Without Fire.** Comedietta, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 1 Male, 2 Female Characters.  
 147. **The Overland Route.** Comedy, in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 11 Male, 5 Female characters.  
 148. **Cut off With a Shilling.** Comedietta, in 1 Act. By S. Theyre Smith. 2 Male, 1 Female characters.  
 149. **Clouds.** An Original American Comedy, in 4 Acts. By Fred Marsden. 8 Male, 6 Female characters.  
 150. **A Tell-Tale Heart.** Comedietta, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 1 Male, 2 Female characters.  
 151. **A Hard Case.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Thos. Picton. 2 Male characters.  
 152. **Cupid's Eye-Glass.** Comedy, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 1 Male, 1 Female characters.  
 153. **'Tis Better to Live Than to Die.** Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 2 Male, 1 Female characters.  
 154. **Maria and Magdalena.** Play, in 4 Acts. By L. J. Hollenius, Esq. 10 Male, 5 Female characters.  
 155. **Our Heroes.** Military Play, in 5 Acts. By John B. Reuault. 25 Male, 5 Female characters.  
 156. **Peace at Any Price.** Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 1 Male, 1 Female characters.  
 157. **Quite at Home.** Comedietta, in 1 Act. By Arthur Sketchley. 6 Male, 2 Female characters.  
 158. **School.** Comedy, in 4 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 6 Male, 3 Female Characters.  
 159. **In the Wrong House;** or, **No. Six Duke Street.** Farce. By Martin Becher. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.  
 160. **Blow for Blow.** Drama, in a Prologue and 3 Acts. By Henry J. Byron. 5 Male, 4 Female characters.