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THE ACTING DRAMA.

No. 133.

UNCLE JACK.

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UNCLE JACK;

OR,

TESTING HEARTS.

A COMEDIETTA,

In One Act,

BY

S. N. COOK,

AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERER'S RETURN," "BROKEN PROMISES," "OUT
IN THE STREETS," ETC., ETC.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST OF
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No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.

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UNCLE JACK ;

OR,

TESTING HEARTS.

—:O:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- MR. CHARLES MONTGOMERY, (*A Wealthy Merchant*).....
- JACK FENTON, (*Named Old Jack—From the West*).....
- CONSTABLE STUBBS.....
- MRS. CHARLES MONTGOMERY.....
- MARTHA BLAKE, (*Her Poor Sister*).....
- WIDOW MCGILL.....
- NANCY MAHONEY.....

Children, &c.

COSTUMES.

- Mr. C. Montgomery.*—Black frock coat, pants, and vest ; stiff white neckcloth.
- Jack Fenton.*—Large pea jacket ; blue woolen shirt ; red neckerchief ; pants tucked into boots ; large felt hat.
- Constable Stubbs.*—Ordinary.
- Mrs. C. Montgomery.*—Grey silk, high in the neck ; small collar ; cuffs.
- Martha Blake.*—Plain brown dress ; black shawl ; bonnet ; &c.
- Widow McGill.*—Flowered silk ; showy dress ; hat ; &c.
- Nancy Mahoney.*—Servants' print dress, with sleeves rolled up ; apron ; bonnet, and shawl, &c ; red shoel wig ; cap.
- Children.*—Poor dresses.

PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Two tables, with covers on each, placed R. and L. of stage. Chairs. Carpet down. Large mirror on flat. Easy chairs R.C. and L.C. Books and lamps on R. table. Handbell on R. table. Long broom for NANCY. An old-fashioned, and well-filled carpet-sack for JACK. Bank-check. Thick cane for JACK. Large, well-filled pocket-book for JACK.

SCENE II.—Nil

SCENE III.—Plain table, L.C. Five old chairs. One stool. Three or four odd plates (empty) on table. A pitcher, two glasses, (all empty) knives and forks. One or two old crusts of bread on table. Ladies' market-basket, covered over, supposed to be filled with provisions.

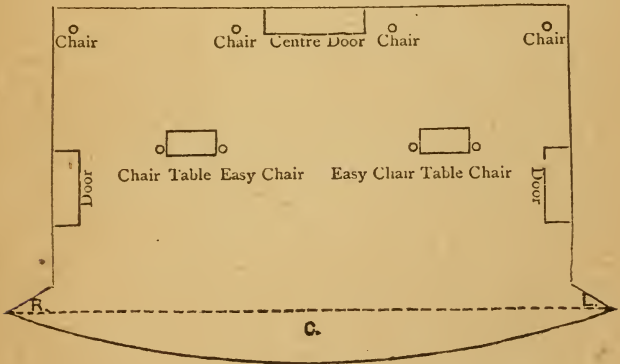
SCENE IV.—Nil.

SCENE V.—Furniture same as in Scene I. An old hair trunk for NANCY. Dress paper for STUBBS.

SCENES.

SCENE I.—

Interior Backing.

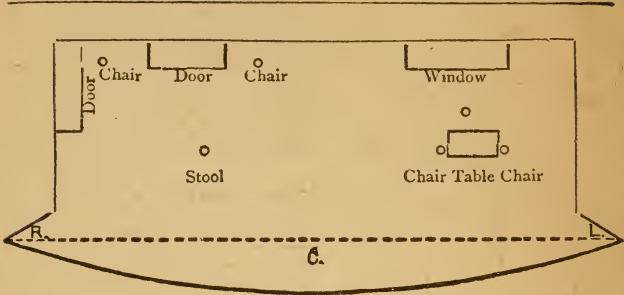


Centre-Door Chamber in third grooves, backed by interior. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L.

SCENE II.—A Front Street

SCENE III.—

Exterior Backing.



Kitchen in third grooves. Window, R.F., and door, L.F.; both to open. Fireplace, U.E.R., with empty grate.

SCENE IV.—A Front Street—Same as Scene II.

SCENE V.—Same as Scene I.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means first entrance right, and right. L., first entrance left, and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

UNCLE JACK ;

OR,

TESTING HEARTS.

SCENE I.—*Centre-Door Chamber, backed by Interior. Doors S.E.B
and S.E.L.*

MRS. CHARLES MONTGOMERY *discovered seated R.C., reading.* MR.
CHARLES MONTGOMERY *seated L.C.*

Mr. Montgomery. No, Mrs. Montgomery, no, indeed. I wish you distinctly to understand, madam, that I cannot comply with your repeated demands for money. It is monstrous! Five dollars here, ten dollars there, twenty-five somewhere else, and now fifty for some other extravagance. Do you take me for a Rothschild? Absurd! But I cannot—I repeat it, I cannot—and what's more, I—will—not!

Mrs. Montgomery. (Very coolly.) Charles Montgomery, you certainly heard me? Did you understand me? I said I must have a check for fifty dollars to-day. Did you understand—to-day!

(Continues reading.)

Mr. M. Oh, yes, I understand you, Mrs. Montgomery, and I hope I expressed myself with equal distinctness as not to be misunderstood by you, madam?

Mrs. M. (Angry and rising.) It is useless, sir, to waste or bandy

words with you. (*Going up to him, c.*) You will oblige me, sir, by giving me the check immediately. No more words, please, but—do you hear—obey!

Mr. M. I cannot, I am short. There are heavy liabilities pressing upon our firm, and, for the present, am compelled to refuse. Therefore, I cannot!

Mrs. M. But you must! M—u—s—t, must!

(*Sits again, R.C., and reads.*)

Mr. M. (*Astonished, and looks at her.*) And pray, what do you want with fifty dollars again to-day?

Mrs. M. I do not know that I am obliged to give a strict account to you, Mr. Montgomery—although you are my husband—of every cent I feel disposed to expend. It is sufficient for you to know, sir, that I want it.

Mr. M. Very well, and it is sufficient for me to know, my dear, that you will not get it. (*Stretches himself.*)

Mrs. M. (*Gruffly.*) Mr. Montgomery, what is the use of your arguing with me all day when I say that I am going to have it? (*Mr. MONTGOMERY yawns—she relaxes, and after a slight pause, speaks more plausibly.*) Although I consider it to be none of your business so persistently to interfere with me in my little monetary arrangements, I could inform you very quickly what I wanted to do with the money. (*She rises, crosses to him, and wheedles.*) The committee, dear, from our church are now soliciting money for the benefit of the poor and needy. They will be here to-day, and I expect, love, to give a larger amount than anyone else in the church. You will not refuse me, I am sure! (*Places her arms round his neck.*) You remember how beautifully the minister spoke last Sabbath about it being the duty of the rich to administer to the wants of the poor, and I think you should feel some pride in knowing that your own loving wife had given more than anyone else.

Mr. M. (*Disengages himself from her embrace—he laughs heartily.*) Very worthy motives, indeed! I furnish the money, and you get the credit for it! Not bad! Ha, ha! If there is such a thing as buying up a good stock of religion, and keeping it on hand, wife, you would get it—that is, as long as my money lasted. But, I am afraid, you possess but very little of that other kind of religion which, you seem to me, to affect to admire so much.

Mrs. M. (*Anyry, and walking R.C.*) You are a good one to preach to me about religion, aren't you? You, who never even read a prayer with me, in your life, in church.

Mr. M. (*Rises, and resumes his laughter.*) No, nor could I tell whether Flora McFlimsy, who sat immediately in front of both of us, wore a new bonnet every Sunday, or not! Oh, wife, there are many little short-comings of that kind that I am guilty of. (*Going to door, S.E.L.*) But I'll have the check ready for you. It would be perfectly awful to interfere with purposes so noble. (*Exit S.E.L.*)

Mrs. M. When one tries to do a good act, they never get any

credit for it. (*Sits at R.C. table—rings bell and calls.*) Bridget Bridget!

Nancy. (*Without, c.*) Comin', mam, comin'!

Mrs. M. Well, then, come directly, I want you.

Enter NANCY MAHONEY, c. door—she yawns and stretches herself—she carries a broom in her hand.

Mrs. M. Bridget, I want you.

Nancy. Stop, mam, if you plaze. I've been here wid you now jis' one wake, and you will allers after callin' me names. Shure, my name ain't Bridget. I don't come from that part of Ireland at all. My name's Nancy, mam, Nancy Mahoney, and more power to ye!

Mrs. M. Well, Bridget, or Nancy—it's all the same, so that I can make you understand—what is wanted from you?

Nancy. What, mam! Shure, it's not for the likes o' me to hear mysel' called a Bridget, when I'm a full-blooded Nancy. Nancy Mahoney from Balibriggan, descended from the ancient Balibriggans of dear ould Ireland—my native country, and it's my native name, and my native—

Mrs. M. (*Stops her.*) Be quiet! Nancy, then—

Nancy. Yes, mam, I'll be quiet, and I won't spake another word! Not another word—not one more, if I die for it, for I'm a Mahoney from Balibriggan.

Mrs. M. Nancy, do be quiet, will you? You have no idea how trying it is to one's nerves to have a voluble servant.

Nancy. Valuable servant, is it? (*Pleased—struts.*) Shure, and I am! It's Nancy that allers tries to make herself valuable to them she works for, and Nancy Mahoney of Balibriggan, descended from the ancient Balibriggans of dear ould—(*Mrs. MONTGOMERY stops her*)—well, mam, is a girl as works, and does her work well, and more power to ye; and she don't hev no cousins nor other fellers a follerin' her, an' a eatin' up the preserves when the family's a-bed an' asleep. No, no, you bet! And though Nancy Mahoney is a servant, an' does her work well when she begins at it, an' goes on at it, an' afterwards finishes it, Nancy Mahoney ain't no nigger for all that, you bet! (*Stamps her foot down.*)

Mrs. M. Can I have your attention for a few moments?

Nancy. Shure, you can, mam, if you axes for it, and so perlutely, and I won't say another word.

Mrs. M. Nancy, I said voluble servant, not valuable. And you will please remember that you are here to obey my orders, not to talk me to death.

Nancy. Dear, oh, dear, you are the first lady, mam, that ever said that Nancy Mahoney from Balibriggan was a talker, or any of her family before her, for the Mahoneys of Balibriggan, fair, dear, ould—

Mrs. M. Never mind, Balibriggan, but listen to me! (*Sees th_g*)

broom in her hand.) What are you doing with that broom? Surely you have finished your sweeping? It is late. Have you been lazy? You are not afraid of work, Nancy?

Nancy. Afraid, is it? Div—(*checks herself*)—sorry a bit, mam. I'm so much afraid of it, I'd lay me down and slape alongside of it.

Mrs. M. Well, get you work finished, and put that broom away, and don't be flourishing it about in that absurd manner. You may take my head off. (*Nancy stops.*) That's right, rest quiet, Nancy, for you are a woman of peace.

Nancy. Pace, is it? Bad ses! (*Aside.*) If any man only called me a woman of pace, I'd—d murder him!

Mrs. M. (*Rising and going r.*) Now, Nancy, I want you to be very particular whom you admit to-day. Our church committee will call, and it is only our church committee I will see. Therefore, when they come you will admit them, but I will not be at home to callers. (*Exit s.e.r.*)

Nancy. Not at home to callers, is it? And it's Nancy Mahoney that can do the lyin' for her, is it? Well, well, we'll see! I was never raised to do other people's lyin' for them. It's against the blood of the Mahoney's of Balibriggan! All of us has got enough to do to do our own. Well, now, before the committee come, I'll sit me down here, and rade the love-letter I jus' got from my married sister, Patsie, all across the big salt water ocean, from Balibriggan, in old Ireland. (*Sits, takes out letter, reads.*) "My dear Nancy—Mother sends you six sovereigns to help you along in a strange country, wid-out my knowledge; but, for fear you might not use it wisely—being so young and inexperienced—I have kept back half for me own use, and only send you three!" (*Speaks.*) Och, what a blessing it is to have a mother, and a dear sister, who troubles herself about the absent one. (*Reads.*) "Your mother and I are quite well, except that your little sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other Mahoney girls and the pigs, if Jim had not had it before, and he is the only one left. Father says if you don't get along in America, you are an ass; and your mother and myself remain, your affectionate parents, the Mahoneys."

Enter MARTHA BLAKE, c. door.

Nancy. Power of love, who is this? (*Curtseys.*) Are you one of the committe, mam?

Martha. (*L.*) One of the committee? I do not understand you.

Nancy. (*r.*) Why, there's a committee to get money for the poor a-comin' here to-day.

Martha. I have come to get money for the poor.

Nancy. Oh, yes, that's it. The madam, she's lookin' for you, mam. Excuse me, but I'll go and get her. Nancy Mahoney is a

girl of experience as understands her business, and there's no one calls here to-day, not a blessed one, only them as is on the committee. *(Exit S. E. R.)*

Martha. I fear the poor girl does not understand. She does not know that the poor that I seek aid for are the little children belonging to my own family.

Enter MRS. MONTGOMERY, S. E. R., followed by NANCY.

Martha. Sister!

(Runs to embrace MRS. MONTGOMERY, but stops suddenly, as MRS. MONTGOMERY turns aside from her.)

Nancy. *(Aside.)* She don't seem to know the committee!

Mrs. M. (Aside.) Martha Blake! What brings her here, I wonder? Money, I suppose? *(Whispering angrily to NANCY.)* Nancy! *(NANCY starts.)* I thought you told me the committee were waiting here?

Nancy. Well, there's your committee! *(Points to MRS. BLAKE.)* Ugh, it's no use you a tossing your head up and down like that. If that committee isn't good enough for you, I suppose you want me for to go and make you one?

Mrs. M. (Angrily.) Leave the room, girl.

Nancy. *(Aside.)* Pugh! Puttin' on style and airs, and tryin' to show off afore the committee! *(Bounces out c. door.)*

Mrs. M. Martha, why do you persist in coming here? Are you not aware that your presence is embarrassing to me, particularly if any of my friends were to come, and witness our interview?

Martha. *(Sighs.)* I remember when my presence did not embarrass you, my only sister. I dislike to speak of it, because it seems selfish in me, but I cannot help doing so. Oh, sister, dear sister, think of the days when we were girls, playing together in the old homestead, and of the time when you were sick so long, and the sister, whom you now seem to despise, was the only one that could cool the brow so fevered. During all the days and nights that I sat at your bedside, watching over you and administering to your comforts, you did then—no—not once complain that my presence embarrassed you there!

Mrs. M. (Coldly.) You have said enough, Martha. That story, I guess, is simply a prelude to your usual request, or, I may say, equal to a demand—it is the old tale, I suppose—money!

Martha. *(Struggling with her feelings.)* I must confess, I have come to solicit aid, for you must know how desperate are my needs. That I should come to the sister who despises me, to ask for money is revolting to my feelings, but I have to do it, for the sake of my dear little ones! *(Entreatingly.)* Oh, a little money to keep my children from suffering for food?

Mrs. M. I am sorry that such is the case. Believe me, but Mr. Montgomery, my husband, complains of hard times, and it is with difficulty I can get enough to supply my own wants.

Martha. But you can spare me a trifle? Just this once, and I will never—no, never—ask you more! One dollar only! Think how little such a sum would be to you, and think how many little nourishments it would purchase for my little ones? Oh, sister, you won't refuse. I pray you! *(Weeping.)*

Mrs. M. There, there! I do not want a scene here. I am not in the habit of shedding tears myself, and I do not consider it much of an accomplishment. *(Uses smelling salts.)*

Martha. No, you do not shed tears now, but if you were in my circumstances you would! You would shed them then and many bitter ones, if you had to work for every morsel you ate, and that work, which you depended upon, failed you in your hour of need, and you heard your children crying aloud for bread, and found your only sister treating you with scorn because you were poor. Then you would shed tears—bitter, hot, scalding tears—as I have done, and shall again. You do not act now like the sister I used to love in the old homestead, when father and mother were alive! Ah, you loved me then, sister, and what has changed that love? I will tell you. Money—the love of money! I know the need of it, to my sorrow, but greatly as I want it now, if I thought it would make me so cold and selfish, as I find it has you, I would prefer my present poverty, knowing that in His good time I shall go to that home where there is no cold, no hunger, no sorrow, no tears, but where all is happiness, and love! *(Weeps.)*

Mrs. M. This interview has lasted long enough. *(Curtseys coldly.)* You are at liberty to retire, Mrs. Blake.

Martha. I will go. I need to be ordered from my sister's house but once. *(Curtseys in the same manner, and goes up, c.)* The time will come when you will be sorry for this act. Think to-day when you sit around your table loaded with every delicacy wealth can purchase, think of your sister, Martha Blake, and her loved little ones. Those little ones who have only crusts to eat around our table. But, rest assured, that I, your sister, will never ask aid from you again.

(Exit c. door.)

Mrs. M. Oh, dear, one must be forever annoyed by poor relations! I shall give that girl particular orders not to admit anyone but the committee. *(Exit s.e.b. JACK FENTON sings without, c. door.)*

The heart will beat and throb,
 And the liver jump and bob,
 While the eyes in frenzy are a rolling,
 Then a fellow feels like death,
 And can hardly get his breath;
 It seems as if a dozen bells were tolling!)

Enter JACK FENTON, c. door, while singing the last line.)

Jack. *(Throwing down an old-fashioned and well-filled carpet-sack)*

—*he laughs heartily.*) And that's just how a feiler feels as has been in love. And I ha' been in love—in love for the old home and the loved faces in that home! (*Looks around.*) Wal, now, things is fine here, ain't they? Lor', what grand furni-ture, sure-ly. (*Sits on a spring chair—jumps up suddenly.*) Hold on, thar, hold on, don't shoot! (*Looks—laughs—then feels the cushion of the chair.*) What gimcrack things air these? I ain't seen anything like this 'ere out West, nor on board ship. And what do they call this 'ere (*Treads.*) A carpet, eh? (*Shakes his head.*) Ah, we don't use any o' these 'ere things at the diggins. (*Laughs and looks round.*) An' this is Rosy's house, is it? Whar air they? Don't seem to be any on 'em at home. I could hardly get in at fust. Front door was locked, but I found a side door all right, an' I sailed in. I 'spect thar won't any of 'em know me. Twenty years changes a man amazin'. They wur jest little girls when I left home. Oh, I wur a pikin' them days. It wur a mighty big crop of wild oats as I sowed then. (*Goes to mirror.*) Purty fine lookin'-glass thar ar. Gosh, don't I look rough. Sister Rosy will think it's the same old pill come back here on a jamboree. 'Thar's none of 'em heerd of my streak of luck, an' won't it make their eyes bug out when I show 'em the receipts, or what you call 'em. (*Shakes his sides with suppressed laughter and holds them.*) I kinder enjoy this. I'll pertend I'm poor, jest to see how it'll strike 'em.

Enter NANCY MAHONEY, suddenly, c. door—she starts at seeing JACK.

Nancy. Bad ses to ye! Who are ye? What d'ye want? And how did ye get in? Are ye one of the committee?

Jack. Kem what? Kemmittee? Wal, I hev come here to stay, I don't know as you would call me a kemmittee! Do I look like a kemmittee? (*Laughs.*)

Nancy. Who are you anyway, you bogtrotter, you Jack-o'-lantern!

Jack. No, I'm no Jack-o'-lantern, I'm only Jack Fenton. That's who I am. Who are you?

Nancy. Who am I? I'm Nancy Mahoney from Balibriggan, Ireland, so I am.

Jack. Nancy Mahoney, my jewel, how do you do? Shake! (*He holds out his hand—they shake hands.*) You are a likely-lookin' gal enough. (*He turns her round, and admires her—aside.*) Her head's all in a blaze. You're stayin' here, are you, my honey?

Nancy. You bet I am. But what do you want here, for *you're* not staying here? If you're wanting a place, you'll not get one, for they don't want any more hired servants, so they don't!

Jack. They don't? (*Laughs.*) Wal, now, sis, do you think the old man wants to hire out as a servant? Do I look like a servant?

Nancy. I don't know what else you do look like, though you wouldn't amount to much for that by the build of you!

Jack. You don't know me! Did you never hear Mrs. Montgomery speak of her brother?

Nancy. She only said to-day as how she had a brother as died out West.

Jack. Did her eyes m'isten and look sad when she spoke of him?

Nancy. Did they what? Ugh! Git out o' that! What are you givin' us?

Jack. Did she cry?

Nancy. The devil a bit! I guess he was one o' those wild uns she didn't feel very proud of.

Jack. You don't say!

Nancy. (*Imitates him.*) Yes, I do! Are you from the West, young man? "Young man, go West!" (*Laughs.*)

Jack. I am from the West, and no error!

Nancy. Did you know her brother?

Jack. I did! Ah! (*sighs*) he used to be a wild cuss!

Nancy. They say he was a bad egg! But he's dead and gone now, I s'pose?

Jack. Not eggsactly! (*Laughs.*) I happen to be that individual!

Nancy. What, you? You, her brother? And you're not dead? Then why ain't you dead? (*Pinches him.*)

Jack. Ha, ha! Satisfy yourself on that p'int, feel all over me, sis, and you'll find I'm not altogether spiritual.

Nancy. Now that bates the world. And you are her brother, and you've come back, and never told 'em you wasn't dead. But if you were dead, why didn't you write? Ha, ha, ha, ha! This is just like my ould Uncle Ebenezer of Balibriggan. He was a Mahoney from Balibriggan, descended from the ancient Balibriggans, near Balibriggan castle in dear ould Ireland, my native country, and you must know that's my native name, so it is. I am Nancy Mahoney from Balibriggan, descended from the ancient Balibrig—

(*JACK laughs, with his back to her, during this.*)

Mrs. MONTGOMERY, followed by Mr. MONTGOMERY, have entered during the above, from S.E.R. Mrs. MONTGOMERY interrupts NANCY in her description, who looks up surprised.

Mrs. M. (*Pointing to c.*) Leave the room!

Nancy. (*Aside.*) In other words, "git!" (*Aloud to Mrs. MONTGOMERY.*) I git! (*Exit c.*)

Mr. M. (*R.C.*) Here is your check!

(*Handing the check to Mrs. MONTGOMERY—he sees JACK, L., who turns—Mrs. MONTGOMERY, c.*)

Jack. (*Aside.*) Two checks, we might say! (*Aloud.*) How

d'ye do, boy and gal? Snakes, don't know me? I'll perceed to interjuce myself! Jack Fenton, from Calavaras, ladies and gentlemen.

Mrs. M. (Aside.) Brother Jack! Oh, horrors!

Mr. M. (Bows coldly.) Mr. Fenton, happy to meet you, sir.

Jack. (Stares at them with both hands in his pockets.) Ain't you though! You both look like it! *(Laughs.)* I've seed men look jes' as happy as you that was goin' to be hung! Wal, sister Montgomery, how are you? Shake! *(He seizes hold of her hand, shakes it, and nearly wrings it off.)* Wasn't expectin' to see the old boy jes' yet, was you?

Mrs. M. No, we thought you were dead. *(Shakes her hand—aside.)* O-h!

Jack. Yas! But I don't feel like a dead un, do I? You hain't been a wearin' mournin' for me, I reckon?

Mr. M. When did you return, Mr. Fenton?

Jack. Wal, I jest drapt in to-day.

Mrs. M. And—and—where is your home now.

Jack. Just wharever I set my carpet-sack down. Here 'tis, y'see! I've been roughing it for some time now, and I am going to spend the rest of my days with my sisters, Patty and Rosy! Eh, Rosy?

(Offers to shake hands again—she turns away.)

Mrs. M. Jack, I see by the looks of you that you've not made much improvement in your manners in the years that have passed. We may as well come to an understanding at once. Your sister Martha is very poor, and needs help. It is your duty to do all you can for her. Come now, be a man, get something to do for yourself, and help her. Make your home with her, for—much as it pains me to say it—it cannot be here.

Jack. Ah, you don't want old Jack Fenton round here, then?

Mrs. M. We cannot have you here, that is all. It is not convenient!

Jack. You say Martha is poor? Don't you help her any?

Mrs. M. (Wincing.) Ah! We have assisted her, but you know we cannot be forever supporting Martha and her entire family. It is out of the question!

Jack. Ah! You think I ought to help Martha then, do you?

Mrs. M. Well, I think you should do your best. Don't you consider it your duty to do so?

Jack. (With vigor.) Yas, I do, and darn me, if I ai'n agoin' to do it!

Mrs. M. Hush, hush! Don't swear!

Jack. Oh, durned to the swearing. It's my way, an' I allers do when I once get excited. It's the way we diggers have far out West. But, I am obleeged to you for your advice—good sisterly advice. Advice is the cheapest thing in the market, now-a-days, only when you get it from the lawyers, and then it's dear enough. But you've been liberal with your advice, and I'll take it. I will help Martha,

and rough fellow as I am, I'll try to make her happy. I'm not wanted here, I can see that, but before I go I've a few words as I'm going to say afore parting. I see you're ashamed of your old brother. I see that as plain as the nose on your fece. But, bless you, it ain't the old clothes that'll be the making of a good man. It's the heart! (*Strikes his breast.*) Well, it's all right, I suppose? I ain't agoin' to trouble you—not I? Old Jack has been a pike in his day—on many a drunk, and in many a fight—but he'd never go back on a pard in trouble, or a woman in distress. You pretend to be a Christian, eh? (*Laughs.*) You go to your church, read your prayers, sigh, and moan, and groan, and look solemn; give money for the heathen, make a spread of your charity abroad, but let your own sister starve to death—and not offer to help her—at home! Charity? Ha, ha! Charity be darned! (*Snaps his fingers.*) That kind o' Charity don't come from this caboose. (*Strikes his breast.*)

Mr. M. I will not listen to you talk to my wife in that manner, you fellow.

Jack. All right, go out, then, where you can't hear the fellow!

Mr. M. I shall eject you from the house, you ruffian!

Jack. Dang ye, try it on! (*Strips off his coat.*) Lay a hand on me, and I'll crack your empty head with my cane. The fust thing you know you'll get me mad, and there will be—something to pay. Old Jack is agoin'. (*Goes up c.*) He's agoin' to help Martha. Mark that down. Two hundred thousand dollars will go a good ways in an economical family, and that's what old Jack can show the documents for any day. Ha, ha! It ain't all down on paper either. Jest you stub your toe agin that carpet-sack? (*Kicks it.*)

Mr. M. Two hundred thousand? Why, Mr. Fenton—my dear brother!

Jack. Oh, bother!

Mrs. M. But, Jack, dear Jack! Don't you see?

Jack. Oh, fiddlededee! Well, I s'pose I can stay now? Oh, no! I fixed up in these old duds a purpose, to try my friends. These are the scales as I take to weigh my friends. Old clothes in one scale—(*Kicks the sack*)—friends in t'other. (*Shows a large and well-filled pocket-book.*) And the fust friends I weighed flew up darned quick. (*Going c.*)

Mrs. M. (R.C.) But Jack, we did not know—we supposed.

Jack. (*At back, c.*) Yes, you supposed—wal, you know now, and you don't need to be fixin' it up. Jest save your soft-soap. You gave me my walkin' papers once, and now I'll keep 'em. I leave Rosy here—(*Points to Mrs. MONTGOMERY*)—and I'm goin' to sister Patty there!

(*Points off, c.* MR. and MRS. MONTGOMERY, R.C. Tableau.
Closed in.)

SCENE II.—A Front Street.

JACK FENTON sings without, *L.*, the nigger melody—

“My father he bought a bottle of gin,
Of sugar he'd a pound.
He bought a spoon to mix it in,
And a bowl to stir it round.”

Enters laughing, L., carrying his sack, which he throws down c. of stage, and then falls sitting upon it.

Jack. My old sack is getting too heavy, so together we'll take a rest. (*Laughs afresh.*) Only to think now, that the old man has come all these miles to see them ar gals—that one sister wouldn't ha' anything to do wi' him, or his old clothes, and his old sack! Ha, ha, ha! She's N. G. (*Winks.*) No gold for nary gal. *No good!* (*Laughs.*) I wonder what they think of old Jack now? They'll say that I played it on 'em pretty fine. That I was awful cunnin'! It does hurt 'em to know that I struck pay dirt out thar, and that they kind of staved me off 'fore I made 'em know the particulars of the thing. Now we will see how Martha—my dear little Patty, as I allers called her—will take the old man's coming back. She was always a little better natured than Rosa. (*Rises, and scratches his head.*) And she used to talk to me awful solemn when I got full—talk to me solemn fust, and then she'd cry arter. Martha would cry and Rosa would scold; but I always hated the cryin' wust. (*Shoulders his sack.*) Wal, I shall soon see how she will receive the old man, and if it's the right kind of a reception, why I'll permote her precuniary respects as it wur. (*Sings.*)

“I'se gwine away to leabe you,
Good-bye, Rosa mine! (*Looks off, L.*
If you git dar afoah I do,
Oh, Gabriel, blow your horn! (*Exit R.*)

SCENE III.—A Poor Kitchen. Window, &c. Door in *R. flut.* Window backed by exterior. Firepiece on *U.E.R.*, empty grate. Slow music at opening.

MARTHA BLAKE, and her two Children, discovered seated near the empty grate.

Child. Oh, mother, mother, I am so hungry!

Martha. My poor darlings, I cannot bear to see you suffer; yet I

have nothing to give you. Now we must either beg or starve. I can never ask your aunt again for help, she ordered me from her house, and looked upon me—yes, she looked upon her own sister—as a common beggar.

(JACK FENTON sings without U.E.L., as before—"My Father, &c."
—at the end, he opens the window, and appears, laughing.)

Jack. Anybody at home? (*Puts his head through window.*) What cheer, my hearty? Ah, not very good cheer here. And no one in-doors, that seems very hearty! Never mind, I'll comfort you! I see you! (*Aside.*) I can do it, I've got the stuff!

(*Shuts window.*)

Martha. Who can this be? Run and see, child!

(JACK opens door, R.F., and looks in.)

Jack. How de do, mam? Can I come in? (*Enters.*) Any entertainment here for man and beast? (*Throws down sack—aside.*) Jack and his pack!

Martha. (*Bowing.*) Will you be seated, sir?

Jack. Wal, I don't keer if I do, for I'm mighty tired. Know me, mam?

Martha. I do not recognise you, sir. I guess we are strangers! (*JACK shakes his head.*) No? We have met before. Will you be kind enough to inform me where, and why I am indebted for this call? I have no desire to purchase anything.

Jack. Ha, ha, ha! You're not indebted at all, mam, and I ain't a pedlar. I never charge nothin' for callin' on my rounds, mam; and I want nothin' from you. But it seems you don't really know me, then?

Martha. I do not, sir. (*Shakes her head.*)

Jack. (*L.C.*) Well, now that's odd! Look at me, marm. Please, do! (*Turns his back to the audience and confronts her.*) Look me right square in the gills, marm. I mean the face. Ah! (*Sighs.*) You used to know Jack Fenton, didn't you?

Martha. (*Rising, and excitedly.*) Jack Fenton was my dear brother.

Jack. Dear? Why he never cost you anything, did he?

Martha. No, no! I mean—not in that way. But he was dear to me. I loved him dearly!

Jack. Did you though? Wal, that's pleasant! Yas, he often spoke of his sister, Martha—Patty, as he used to call her! (*Sighs.*) But that wur many years ago!

Martha. Yes, yes, I know! Poor Jack is dead!

Jack. (*Aside.*) Is he? Wuth a good many dead uns yet, I reckon. (*Chuckles aside.*)

Martha. And you knew brother Jack, did you, sir?

Jack. You bet, I knew him. He was an old cuss, I tell you. I know'd him well. We war pards together.

Martha. Sir, I want you to tell me of my poor brother, but you

must not speak of him with disrespect. Tell me of his memory, but do not upbraid him for his past faults.

Jack. Disrespect—upbraid him? You didn't know drunken old Jack Fenton, did you? *(His feelings almost giving way.)*

Martha. He was my brother, sir. He had his faults, poor Jack had, but no one had a kinder heart. And he died there among strangers, no one to care for him. Oh, if he could only have come back to us.

Jack. Would you really have cared to see the old duffer?

Martha. *(Angry.)* Silence, sir! Speak of my brother with respect, or leave my presence.

Jack. He said as how his sisters was both ashamed of him, but I guess you—yes, you—must have loved the cussed old—

Martha. Stop! *(Pause—moved.)* Loved him? Yes! He was always good, always kind to me! He had one fault, he—he—

Jack. He drank.

Martha. Yes, poor Jack; that was his weakness.

Jack. He's quit, sworn off. If he ain't, may I be—

Martha. Do no talk so! You know that poor brother Jack is dead!

Jack. *(Speaking quickly.)* Lord, Martha, don't you know me? Don't you know that I am old Jack, your long-lost, supposed dead and gone brother?

Martha. Oh, Jack, brother, brother! Can it be? *(Embrace.)*

Jack. Are you so glad to see me, Martha?

Martha. You know I am. And here are some strangers who will be glad to see you, too! Look, look, children, here is my dear, long absent brother, your Uncle Jack!

(The Children run and embrace him, calling him by name, which he returns—kissing them.)

Jack. Bless your little souls, how do you do? Put your little paws right in thar, *(offers hand)* and shake. Oh, this is a different kind of a greeting than I received at Montgomery's to-day.

Martha. Have you been there, Jack, and were they glad to see you?

Jack. *(Laughing.)* If they wus, they had a darned funny way o' showing it. They—*(MARTHA stops him from swearing, and points to the children.)* Oh, ah! Children? *(Claps his hand over his mouth.)* Wall, then, sis, it didn't appear that way to me. When I told them that I'd come home to spend the rest of my days with my sisters, they said that I wasn't wanted thar, and that I should make my home with you. And now, Martha, can you give old Jack a home?

Martha. Yes, Jack. Although I have nothing to offer you—we are even suffering for food—yet your coming back has cheered me up, and we will try again, and work for one another; and you shall stay with us!

Jack. (*Laughs boisterously.*) Hear the woman talk! We'll work for one another! Ha, ha, ha!

Martha. Yes, Jack, we're so poor, and I have failed to get anything to do whereby I could earn money. But I will try again.

Jack. Martha, shut up, or you'll make me bawl like a buffaler bull, an' that'll be a caution, I can tell ye! (*Laughs.*) I'll frighten you out of your senses, and the children out of the house! (*Cheers her.*) But come now, cheer up, sis; you'll not look for work, you won't. This day ends your sufferin' for food, this day begins a year of jubilee for you, never to end till they ring down the curtain of your life for good.

Martha. (*Excited.*) Why, what do you mean, brother? Speak!

Jack. Yes, I will speak, and I mean that I have enough for us all. Jes' you stub your toe agin that carpet-sack. (*Kicks it and laughs.*) And that's only a little prospectus of what's to come. My hard life out thar in the diggin's wur not fur nothin'. I struck pay-dirt out thar big, and you and your children, Marthy, air a-goin' to share it with me. I thought—wal, I knew—no one here had heerd of my streak of luck at them ar diggin's, and I didn't calculate they should, so I rigged myself up in these old duds, gal, just to see who my true friends war, and I found 'em, Martha, found them here—here, gal—where you had no food, no shelter, nothin' o' any kind to offer a long absent brother! No, nothing but kindness.

(*Embrace.*)

Martha. (*Wiping her eyes.*) Oh, this is happiness that I never expected to enjoy again on earth, (*The Children cry silently apart and together.*) And I can never be thankful enough to the Giver of every good gift for your safe return, dear brother, and this good fortune to me and mine in time of direst need.

Jack. That is jes' so, Martha. But here we stand palaverin', and them ar childer a-wantin' something to eat all this while. How would turkey strike you as being some'nt good, and with oysters inside of that ar turkey, and celery, and cranberry sass outside to help it down with? (*The Children rapidly brighten up, and display various indications of joy at the mention of savory food.*) Lord, see them childer's eyes bug out, and them mouths water, when a feller only says turkey. (*Laughs.*) Wall, these things ar comical, ain't they? Jack is commissary of this ar mess, and he's a-going to draw rations for the full regiment. If thar's any drays standin' round thar, (*throws open the window*) they'll get something to do now sudden, right off.

Child. Are we going to have anything to eat, mother?

Martha. Yes, my darlings, right away.

Jack. And I a-talkin' all this ar time, and them poor childer a-hollering for food. Here, sis, (*takes out pocket-book*) take what you require out of that ar, and lay in a full stock. Let the little bars go wi' ye. 'Twill make thar hearts jump to see you buying what is

a-goin' to do them good. Mamma's goin' to buy you a cake, childers.

Children. Oh, I'm so glad! (*They clap their hands—delighted.*)

Martha. Come with mamma, darlings, come along!

(*The two Children take MARTHA'S hand.*)

Jack. That's jes'so, Martha! My heart is now a-jumpin' alongside o' the childer's, to know thar is a likewise jumpin'. It does an old fellow's heart right good to see so much true happiness where thar has been so much poverty. (*MARTHA about to speak.*) Thar, no words, till they've had some'ut to eat. (*MARTHA hurries the children out door R.F., first pressed by JACK.*) I am now jes' right alongside o' bein' happy. No fine coach, no fine house, no fine turni-ture, nor chairs to sit down upon as thar was thar. (*Indicating the other house, and illustrating the sitting down afresh in the spring-chair, and laughing outright.*) But truth, love, and honesty among its inmates here, although humble, poor, and starving! But not for long. (*Sees sack on floor.*) Snakes, how I'd like to stub my ar toe agin that carpet-sack. (*Kicks it, and laughs.*)

Enter WIDOW MCGILL, door R.F.

Widow McGill. Is Mrs. Blake not at home? Marcy on me, what a noisy laugh. Pardon me, mister, but are you—

Jack. I'm Jack Fenton, the long-absent and new-found brother of Mrs. Blake. Who may you be? No offence.

Mrs. McG. None howsomdever! (*Garrulous.*) I'm a friend of your sister's—poor, but honest, as the saying is—Parthenia McGill by name, Lictor as used to be, afore I married the late Peter McGill. Ah, my Peter! He's gone to rest his soul, and I'm a forlorn widder in the absence of my poor dead and gone husband as used to be!

Jack. Old McGill's gone, eh?

Mrs. McG. Mr. McGill is at rest, sir, and is now quiet. (*Sighs.*)

Jack. You're struck the right sentiment thar, at last, old lady. There's lots of these ar married fellers 'ud give the best pair of boots they had to be at rest.

Mrs. McG. (*With dignity.*) Mr. Fenton, my departed husband and myself lived very happily together. Those storms that wrecked so many hearts and homes had no effect on our shores. Calm and serene were the days we spent together, serene and calm were his closing hours.

Jack. Pretty much the same feelin' all through, eh, old lady?

Mrs. McG. 'Tis true he had the rheumatiz, which some people said was gout, and his pains at times was awful, but his face was always placid, and his expression most serene! It was beautiful!

Jack. You don't say! Ah!

Mrs. McG. Yes, he was always tranquil, and when he felt the worst, I always felt the best, for I talked to him, and my talking seemed to soothe him and calm his ruffled spirits!

Jack. You don't say! Ah!

Mrs. McG. You are a very eccentric man, Mr. Fenton. (*Giggles.*) But I don't object, oh, dear, no—I rather like it!

Jack. I am a what, mam?

Mrs. McG. An odd man, sir. But you cannot understand these little secrets of conjugal bliss. You never were married?

Jack. I'm happy to state that I never got in that fix.

Mrs. McG. Sir! You don't know anything about it! The happiest days of my life were spent with my departed husband. We would talk of the early days of our life together, of his approaching departure, and our meeting again higher up far there where the balloons go to.

Jack. (*Laughs aside.*) And how did he take that?

Mrs. McG. Well, he didn't take it at all. In fact, he didn't like it. But I will not weary you with my story. You did not know the poor, dear man, and so—

Jack. Not during life! But I've got a right smart acquaintance now with the old man since his death. (*Laughs aside.*)

Mrs. McG. He was not an old man, sir. Only forty-one when he departed, and went up in a balloon. I mean when he went above! He was four years my senior, and three years have passed away since that time. Oh, dear, it's so long, and I feel so lonesome. (*Sighs.*) I do indeed, Mr. Fenton.

Re-enter MARTHA, door R.F., with a basket filled with provisions.

Martha. Has brother been entertaining you, Mrs. McGill? You've become acquainted in my absence, I perceive? (*JACK laughs aside.*)

Mrs. McG. He is a very eccentric man, do you know?

Martha. Old bachelor's generally are. (*Laughs.*)

Mrs. McG. Yet we got along very nicely, didn't we, Mr. Fenton? (*Looks sideways at him.*)

Jack. Yes, considerin'—

Martha. Have I interrupted a pleasant tête-à-tête? Oh, I'm so sorry.

Mrs. McG. Spare my feelings—pray do!

Jack. Heavens, yes, and spare my feelings, too!

(*Smothers a laugh aside.*)

Martha. My brother is an uncivilized old bachelor, and to tell you, the pretty widow, he greatly needs a wife! Take pity!

(*Laughs.*)

Jack. Martha, hav'n't I had it rough enough through life? Don't you want the old man to rest in peace?

Mrs. McG. I must leave you, Mrs. Blake. Your conversation quite overcomes me. (*Simpers.*) Mr. Blake, you appreciate the delicateness of my situation. (*Exit door R.F.*)

Martha. There is your chance, Jack.

Jack. Martha, no widders for me. They know too much. Their

first husbands were all too good, and the second one allers suffers by—what I've called it—comparisons!

Re-enter Mrs. MCGILL, door R.F.

Mrs. McG. Oh, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Blake! *(Excited.)*

Martha. What's the matter? The children?

Mrs. McG. No, nothing the matter with them. But your brother-in-law—your sister—

Martha. What of them?

Jack. What of her? Speak!

Mrs. McG. Ah, just like 'em. When they sow the whirlwind, this is how they reap the hurricane! *(Runs about.)* Who'd ha' thought it?

Jack. What's the matter? Anybody hurt?

Mrs. McG. Yes!

Martha and Jack. *(Together.)* What, speak?

Mrs. McG. Montgomery & Co. have gone up!

Jack. Busted?

Mrs. McG. Busted, like a balloon! I never did like them air balloons. They never did do nobody any good!

Jack. Sarves him right! Let him go!

Martha. No, no, don't say so, Jack. Rose is our sister. Two wrongs won't make one right.

Jack. That's all well enough to preach, but not good enough to practice. How did they treat you?

Martha. Let us return good for evil, dear brother. Brotherly love, you know. *(Coaxes him.)* Come, come!

Jack. What would you have me do?

Martha. Save them, Jack. You can do it.

Jack. And suppose I say I won't?

Mrs. McG. Ah, but you ain't a-goin' to say it. For, if you do, you'll never go where my poor, dear, dead and gone husband is looking down upon us. *(Sings in a squeaky voice.)* "Up in a balloon, boys."

Martha. Do, Jack, for your own peace of mind.

Jack. I'd lose mine to sacrifice theirs.

Martha. For mine, then, Jack? Do, will you?

Jack. *(Looks lovingly at his sister.)* Martha!

Martha. And my little ones? Ah!

Jack. That settles it! Patty, you have got the best o' the old man. For your sake, and your little ones, I'll do anything.

(Shoulders his sack and goes up.)

Martha. Come along!

(They exeunt door R.F.)

Mrs. McG. *(Skips after them, singing.)* "Up in a balloon, boys, &c."
(Exit after them, door R.F. Closed in.)

SCENE IV.—*A Front Street.*

Enter JACK FENTON, R., with carpet-sack, followed by MARTHA BLAKE.

Jack. I'm goin' under protest. What do I want to help them for, seein' how they've treated you?

Martha. Let that go, Jack. By helping them you'll heap coals of fire upon their heads, and make 'em repent.

Jack. Ef I must, I hope the coals will scorch 'em like thunder!

Martha. That is not a good or Christian feeling, brother.

Jack. You'll have to do all the Christian business as is to be done in our family. I am nothing but an old heathen as don't soon forget a kick.

Enter Mrs. MCGILL, R., skipping over to L.

Martha. Mrs. McGill we are going to Montgomery's. Will you accompany us?

Mrs. McG. Of course—yes! That's what I've come to do! (*Sings.*) "Up in a balloon, boys!"

Jack. They've busted, have they, with all their cussed pride? And they want old Jack to help 'em settle things up? But I won't—I—

Martha. (*Prevails upon him again.*) I feel that it is our duty to go to see them, now that they are in trouble. So do you, don't you, Jack?

Jack. Come along, then, if you want to do as you please, for you are doing as you please with me! But if you'd like to see the old man straightenin' things up there, come, let us be goin' and not stand gaping here in the street like a lot of foreigners tryin' to read signs. Come right along. We'll bring up the forlorn hope.

(*Exit JACK, with sack, L., followed by MARTHA. Mrs. MCGILL skips after them, singing.*)

SCENE V.—*Same as Scene I.*

Enter MR. and MRS. MONTGOMERY, S.E.R.

Mr. M. I see no way out, Rosa. We may make up our minds to accept as graciously as possible what the fates have decreed for us. The blow has been sudden, but not altogether unanticipated. We are ruined!

Mrs. M. All that we have left to us, then, is our home?

Mr. M. We will not have even that ere long.

Mrs. M. Why, Charles, it is not possible that we shall have to give up that, will we?

Mr. M. Yes, everything! Everything I have will have to go to satisfy the claims of our creditors.

Mrs. M. I do not understand it! How did this catastrophe occur?

Mr. M. It is supposed that Lester Stuart decamped with a large amount which lately came due, 'This money, which he went after and should have returned with two days since, was to have been used in liquidating some heavy claims against us which had just fallen due also. Without this I was unable to meet those demands. The consequence is, we are gone, unless Stewert comes back to-day with the money.

Mrs. M. And we must leave our home, discharge our servants, and become regular nobodies once more. I cannot—will not—do it!

Enter NANCY MAHONEY, *c. door, carrying an old trunk.*

Nancy. (*c., crying.*) There's a couple of spalpeens below a-hammering away at the knocker, an' the blackguards are wanting to get in, an' I don't want 'em in, an' I won't let 'em! Mr. Montgomery, sir, I am a good dacent girl, so I am, and as I heerd a jabberin' that there was to be some movin' done, why, Nancy Mahoney packed her trunk at once. But I ain't a-goin' to lave you, sir. For when you go this trunk goes with the rest o' the luggage, for it isn't the likes of Nancy Mahoney ever to desert her colors in the hour of danger or distress. No, sir, and mam. Here's twenty-two dollars and twenty-five cents as I have saved up. It may help to git you out o' your trouble, so it may. Why, I'll lend it to you at a powerful sight less than ten per cent. There's two dollars an' a shillin' comin' to me yet for wages; but niver mind that. You can strike a divvy, balance your books, an' call it square with Nancy.

(*Sets her trunk c. of stage.*)

Mrs. M. You are a good girl, Nancy, and shall have all that is coming to you, and although I thank you for your offer, your money would do me no good. We are sorry to part with you, but cannot help it!

Nancy. Look here, Mr. Montgomery, sir, I am a girl as don't put on much style, nor I don't have much to say, but when I'm wanted right bad, I can generally be counted on. There is my private effects and personal property in that trunk, and when you move out of this house, Nancy Mahoney and her Balibriggan trunk goes out wid ye, so we do! There!

(*Goes up.*)

Enter CONSTABLE STUBBS, *c. door.*

Stubbs. Mr. Montgomery, I have come to levy on your household goods not exempt by law. Here is my authority. (*Shows papers.*)

Mrs. M. (*R.*) Oh, dear, the disgrace.

Mr. M. I do not blame you, sir, but whoever sent you must have been a villain, in such sharp practice.

Stubbs. Oh, I am not to blame, but you will not move anything here, as I must take an inventory of this property.

(Places his hand on NANCY'S trunk.)

Nancy. *(Coming down suddenly from c., and seizing her trunk.)* No, by Jabers, you don't. That little bit o' hair trunk property's mine, and if you come any o' your terrier funny business over that, I'll show you what a Nancy Mahoney, all the way from Balibriggan, can do for you? Take your hands off it, you spalpeen, or I'll murder ye!

(Drags her trunk away from him.)

Enter MARTHA BLAKE, c. door, persuading and half dragging in JACK FENTON. MRS. MCGILL following, skipping, but silent.

Nancy. *(Looks at JACK.)* Ah, I knew he'd come. He's an old darlin', that's what he is, so he is!

Jack. *(c., throwing down his sack.)* Mr. Montgomery, once more I am a visitor as wasn't sent for. But I did not come to talk of the past, but to straighten things up for you. I've come to assume your liabilities, or whatever you may call 'em. *(Referring to STUBBS.)* Who is this gentleman?

Nancy. *(R.C.)* It's Mr. Constable, that's come to levyander on things 'round here. I don't like to see girls too forward, but it wouldn't take much for me to give him a piece of my mind, an' all the way from Balibriggan. *(Strikes fist in palm of L. hand.)*

Jack. Wal, that's no levying to be done har. I'm standin' good for everything.

Stubbs. *(R.C.)* I don't know you, and your appearance don't recommend you.

Jack. Wal, if you've anything to say agin my appearance, my name is Jack Fenton.

Stubbs. That is nothing to me. You might be Jack Fenton, or Jack Robinson, or any other Jack-o'-Lantern. I am going to do my duty,

Jack. *(Coolly.)* Did you hear me drop a remark just now that there was no levyin' to be done?

Stubbs. I heard you, but that don't make any difference, I told you,

Jack. You concentrated essence of ignorance and impudence, if you touch one of those things, you'll hear something drop.

Nancy. And I'll stick him with a Balibriggan pin!

(Makes the same motion.)

Stubbs. I'll arrest you all for resisting an officer of the law.

Jack. You will? You'll play "Hail, Columby," won't you? What do you want of those things? If it's money you want, sing it out. How much is it? Mebbe you think I'm blowin'? Just stub you toe agin that carpet-sack.

Mrs. McG. (*Comes down L.C.*) Come, Mr. Stubbs, you know me. I can vouch for Mr. Fenton; he will do as he says.

Stubbs. All right, madam; I don't want to make any trouble.

(*Goes up R.C.*)

Jack. (*Laughs.*) I'll bet two to one he's a widower!

Mrs. McG. Oh, Mr. Fenton!

Nancy. Mr. Fenton, you're my style of a man after all, so you are; and if I was a gal as wanted to get married, old as you are, do you know I'd—

Jack. Wait till I asked you.

Nancy. You bet!

(*All laugh—She goes up R.C.*)

Enter Boy, c. door, with a telegram—he gives it to MR. MONTGOMERY, and then exits.

Mr. M. (*Tearing away the envelope, and reading it.*) Saved! saved!

Mrs. M. What is it, husband?

Omnes. What is it?;

Mr. M. A telegram from Lester. Everything is right, the firm is safe!

Jack. (*Sadly.*) Then ain't you busted up at all?

Mr. M. No, all is right, money is safe. Lester will be back to-night! (*To STUBBS.*) Are you satisfied, sir? Go back to those hungry creditors of mine, tell them their claims shall be attended to to-morrow.

Stubbs. With pleasure, sir.

(*Exit c. door.*)

Jack. Martha, I can't do any good here; I'm a-goin'!

Mr. M. Not yet, Mr. Fenton. Our treatment of you upon your return was not such as would lead us to expect aid from you. Although we do not now need what you have so kindly offered, yet from my heart I thank you.

Jack. Don't thank me, Martha is the one. She's the Christian. There's no goodness about me. I would not have come, but for her wheedling.

Martha. Yes, you would. But let us not talk of that. We must forget and forgive, knowing that in the future we shall love each other so that the memories of the past shall fade away like an ugly dream.

Mrs. M. Can you forgive the sister who so deeply wronged you?

Martha. The grave of the dead past is covered up.

Jack. And the mantle of the dead is Charity.

Mr. M. Mr. Fenton, I would be glad to have you one of the firm of Montgomery, Stewert & Co.

Jack. (*Shakes his head.*) I guess not. I'm set in my ways, and my ways ain't new-fangled nor fine. I'm thankful just now that your supposed difficulties, brother, have brought this family circle round again. (*To MR. and MRS. MONTGOMERY.*) You thought you were

proud, but you were not. It was the false notions of society in which you mixed, which lent you for the time artificial ways. Natur', natur', sister Rosa, is the only sure thing after all. I've tested your hearts, and finds them sound. Nancy of Balibriggan, and our good-natured widow—two friends in need—have proved friends indeed, having been tried in the scale and not found wanting; whilst Martha here—(*Shakes her hand heartily—much moved*)—the least said, soonest mended! But this I must say; I have probed your heart to the quick, dear girl, and I know how to treasure a jewel when I find one. Now let's away to supper, where we'll drink success to the diggins, this old sack—

(*Kicks it.*)

Martha. And "Uncle Jack!"

Disposition of Characters.

MRS. M.
E.

NANCY.
B.C.

JACK.

C.

MARTHA.

MRS. MCG.
L.C.

MR. M.
L.

CURTAIN.

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| 3 Little Silver Hair and the Three Bears. | 23 Ingomar (Burlesque). | 46 The Last Drop. |
| 4 Robin Hood; or, the Merry Men of Sherwood Forest. | 24 Money Makes the Man. | 47 The Wine Cup. |
| 5 Little Red Riding Hood. | 25 The Happy Dispatch. | 48 Out in the Streets. |
| 6 The Frog Prince. | 26 An Eligible Situation. | 49 Mothers and Fathers. |
| 7 Blue Beard; or, Female Curiosity. | 27 The Pet Lamb. | 50 Taken In and Done For. |
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| 12 Wearing of the Green. | 32 The Girls of the Period. | 55 Lord Dunderreary's Visit. |
| 13 The Result of a Nap. | 33 Matched but not Mated. | 56 My Peter. |
| 14 Monsieur Pierre. | 34 Penelope Anne. | 57 The Cream of Love. |
| 15 Virtue Victorious. | 35 A Woman will be a Woman. | 58 The Babes in the Wood. |
| 16 Love (Burlesque). | 36 Caught in His own Toils. | 59 Closing of the "Eagle." |
| 17 Afloat and Ashore. | 37 Cousin Florence. | 60 Don't Marry a Drunkard to Reform Him. |
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