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AMES' Series of  
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

No 75.

# ADRIFT,

A TEMPERANCE PLAY

IN THREE ACTS

— BY —

CHARLES W. BABCOCK, M. D.,

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE  
POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DE-  
SCRIPTION OF COSTUME, AND THE WHOLE OF  
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AS PERFORM-  
ED AT THE PRINCIPAL AMER-  
ICAN AND ENGLISH  
THEATRES.

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A grand military allegory in 6 acts, by A. D. Ames and C. G. Bartley, 14 male, 3 female characters, with as many supernumerary ladies and gents as the stage may afford room for. This great play is founded on incidents which actually occurred during the war of the Rebellion—it introduces Ohio's brave and gallant McPherson—the actual manner of his capture and death is shown. It abounds with the most beautiful tableaux, drill, marches, scenes upon the battle field, in Andersonville, etc., and is pronounced by the press and public, the most successful military play ever produced. G. A. R. Posts, Military Companies and other organizations, who may wish something which will *draw*, should produce it. It may not be out of place to add that this play with the incidents of the death of the gallant McPherson, was written with the full consent of the General's brother, R. B. McPherson, since dead, who fully approved of it. Below will be found a synopsis of incidents, etc.

#### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

- ACT 1st. Home of Farmer Dalton. "don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumpter, and call for 75,000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Hot dog." The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting for ever." "Country first and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "poys" that he understands military business. Enlisting. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband, must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please, mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.
- ACT 2nd. Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. "Tenting on the old camp ground." Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly. Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. "A spy." "Do your worst, you cowardly traitor." Pete makes himself useful. "No chance of life." Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front, McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. "I must at once ascertain the cause." The rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."
- ACT 3d. Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.
- ACT 4th. Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for the want of water." Little Willie. The traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.
- ACT 5th. An infernal hell with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. Themasterus of Treach. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of insanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh, brother, don't you know me? I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Victory of St. Clair. The cry for blood. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.
- ACT 6th. News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones. Bummer's march, and beautiful tableau.

Price, 25 cents per copy.

# A D R I F T .

A TEMPERANCE DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS:

—BY—

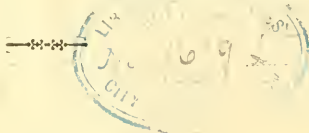
Charles W. Babcock, M. D.,

to which is added,

a description of costumes, characters, entrances and exits; with the stage business carefully marked, etc. Correctly printed from the author's own manuscript.



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[1880]

11

**ADRIFT.**

— PS635  
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*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

GEORGE RENSRAW.....A Merchant  
DR. LANDER.....A traveling physician  
MAT SLY.....A man of mystery  
SHARPWIT.....A lawyer  
OLD JUPE.....A colored servant of Renshaw's  
TIM O'REGAN.....A porter of a hotel  
MRS. RENSRAW.....Wife of George's  
ELLA.....Their daughter  
IDA MAY.....A sewing girl  
PHILLIS.....Wife of old Jape

Citizens and Police Officers.

—  
**TIME—The present.**

—  
**COSTUMES—Modern, to suit the characters.**

—  
TMP92-008574

**TIME OF PERFORMANCE—One hour and thirty minutes.**

# ADRIFT.

## ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*A street near the Brent House.*

*Enter Dr. Lander L. followed by Tim O'Regan carrying a traveler's sachel.*

*Dr Lander.* Where is your hotel?

*Tim.* Jist in sight, sir. You can see it yonder, wid a big sign on it.

*Dr L.* This place has changed very much since I left it ten years ago. That hotel was not there when I lived here.

*Tim.* It was not there at all then, sir, for it was put up last year.

*Dr L.* Who is that gentleman yonder? I really ought to know him, for there is something familiar in his face. It may be one of my old acquaintances.

*Tim.* That is Mr. Renshaw, sir.

*Dr L.* Renshaw! Which one of them? It isn't George Renshaw?

*Tim.* That is the mon, sir, jist the same mon.

*Dr L.* Son of the rich old Renshaw, who lived in the large brick house?

*Tim.* It is, indeed.

*Dr L.* What a difference ten years have made in him! He is well dressed too, and a splendid looking fellow. We were old cronies when I lived here. I must resume my acquaintance with him. I say, Pat—

*Tim.* That is not my name, sir.

*Dr L.* What is it then, if you are so particular?

*Tim.* Tim, your honor.

*Dr L.* Well then, Tim, you may carry my sachel to the hotel, and I will come myself, as soon as I have spoken with Mr. Renshaw. I see that he is coming this way.

*Tim.* I will, sir.

*(Exit R.)*

*Dr L.* How this place has improved! I would not have known it, if I had been set down here suddenly. I wonder if Alice Grey is married yet. If ever a man loved a woman I loved her, but she jilted me, and I left on short notice. If she is not married, her mind may have changed with everything else here, and she may be willing to marry me by this time. Yet she might have changed so in her looks, that I may not wish to marry her, when I come to see her. But here comes George Renshaw, I wonder if he will know me.

*Enter George Renshaw, R. I E.*

*Ren. (R.—aside)* What is that stranger staring at me so for?

*Dr L. (L. c.)* Is your name Renshaw?

*Ren. (haughtily)* That is my name, sir.

*Dr L.* George Renshaw?

*Ren.* Yes, sir.

*Dr L.* (*holding out his hand*) How do you do George?

*Ren.* (r. c.) You have the advantage of me, sir. I don't know that I ever saw you before.

*Dr L.* Oh, yes you have! Don't you remember John Lander?

*Ren.* I certainly ought to, for we were boys together.

*Dr L.* Well, sir, I am John Lander.

*Ren.* Are you John Lander? You are the last man I should take for him. Ten years have made a great difference with your looks.

*Dr L.* Reckon in the whiskers and the mustaches too, they help change a person's appearance.

*Ren.* They have changed you most certainly. Well, I am glad to see you, John, and give you my hand now willingly. (*they shake hands*) Where have you been this long while?

*Dr L.* Oh, I have been around the world. It would take a long time to tell where I have been.

*Ren.* When I meet an old friend so, I am particular to learn his residence and occupation, then I will know where to place him. So you see, John, that is a polite hint for you to tell me where you live now, and what you are doing.

*Dr L.* I have been practicing medicine in St Louis, until within the past year. My health failed me, and I am travelling now, treating certain diseases. Happening to come into this part of the country, I thought I would stop here a few days, but more to see old friends than to show my skill in the healing art.

*Ren.* That is right, John. I must call you John, even if you are a doctor.

*Dr L.* You need not be at all particular, for I shall call you George, as I have always done. Old friends should not stand on ceremony, especially when they have been separated as long as we have been.

*Ren.* Well, I can compromise the matter by calling you Doe, that will be showing some regard for your title.

*Dr L.* I accede willingly to the compromise. (*laughing*) I see you are the same George Renshaw still.

*Ren.* Yes, and follow the business my father did.

*Dr L.* What! is your father dead? I did not know it if he is, for I have not heard from this place since I left.

*Ren.* He died nearly ten years ago.

*Dr L.* That must have been soon after I left.

*Ren.* It was so, Doc, and when the old gentleman's estate was settled, I took the store, and have been a merchant every since.

*Dr L.* Got married of course, become a man of business, and followed in the footsteps of your paternal relative?

*Ren.* Just so, Doc. Come, go home with me to dinner, and get acquainted with my wife; she is always happy to entertain her husband's old friends. After dinner we will take a drive around town in my carriage, so you can see what this place has grown to since you left.

*Dr L.* I accept your invitation with pleasure. But I must go to the hotel first and see to my baggage, then I am yours for the rest of the day.

*Ren.* Well, I will go right along with you. (*they exit R.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A parlor in Renshaw's house, with elegant furniture, pictures hanging on the walls, etc.*

*Enter Renshaw and Lander, L.*

*Ren.* (r. c.) This is my home, Doc, and I am happy to welcome you to it.

*Dr L.* (l. c.) You have a pleasant home here, George.

*Ren.* It suits me. We commenced keeping house here soon after our marriage, and have lived here every since. But take a seat, and make yourself at home. *(sets out chair.)*

*Dr L.* I am glad to see you so pleasantly situated, George, and appreciate your welcome.

*Ren.* The latch-string, at my door, hangs on the outside, and my friends will always be welcome. What's the use of standing, Doc? take a seat. I will go and call my wife. *(Exit)* He has no idea who she is, so great will be the surprise, when he sees her. What a laugh we will have over it.

*(Exit R. 1 E.)*

*Dr L.* George has really a fine house here, and lives in style. It is just like him. He always wanted the best of everything, and his father has left him enough to gratify his tastes. This must be their parlor, and it is splendidly furnished. Pictures on the walls too, and some of them very fine. I wonder what that is? *(looks at a picture L.)*

*Enter Mrs Renshaw from door, R. 3 E.*

*Mrs R.* Here I am, George, Biddy told me that you wanted to see me in the parlor. *(Lander turns around, when they both see each other and start.)*

*Dr L.* Alice Grey!

*Mrs R.* John Lander.

*Dr L. (aside)* How came she here?

*Mrs R. (aside)* What brought him here?

*Dr L.* You know me then, Alice? others do not appear to recognize me, I have changed so.

*Mrs R. (laughing)* I should know John Lander in any guise or disguise.

*Dr L.* George Renshaw did not recognize me at first.

*Mrs R.* You took me by surprise too. I did not know you were in town.

*Dr L.* Well, I am really glad to see you, Alice. *(offering his hand)* I offered you this hand once as a lover, which you were not disposed to accept. Now, I present it as a friend, which you will accept I have no doubt, after our long separation.

*Mrs R.* Certainly, sir. *(receiving Lander's hand)* You know I told you at our last meeting, that I could esteem you as a friend, though I did not accept you as a husband. And now I am happy, not only to receive you as a friend, but to welcome you to our home. *(shakes hands with Lander.)*

*Dr L. (aside)* Our home! What does she mean? *(disengaging his hand.)*

*Mrs R.* You have seen Mr. Renshaw?

*Dr L.* Yes, and find him the same impulsive and warm-hearted George Renshaw, as in days gone by.

*Mrs R.* George has not changed any in that respect.

*Dr L.* He invited me home to introduce me to his wife, but I did not expect to meet you here.

*Mrs R. (aside)* I wonder if he doesn't know that I am George Renshaw's wife?

*Enter Renshaw, R. 1 E.*

*Ren.* Ah, here you are, Alice! I suppose you are happy to meet our old friend, John Lander, and have given him a welcome to our home, as I have done already. Now, Doc, you know who my wife is.

*Dr L.* Wife!

*Ren.* Yes, wife of course. You don't suppose that she would be mistress of my home without being my wife?

*Dr L.* Is Alice Grey your wife?

*Ren.* She that was Alice Grey, is now Alice Renshaw.

*Dr L.* Well, that is news to me!

*Mrs R.* Didn't you know it before, Mr. Lander?

*Dr L.* Alice, I did not know that you were even married.

*Ren.* Ha, ha, ha! That is a good one! I thought you didn't know it, Doc, so I said nothing about it in order to surprise you.

*Dr L. (sarcastically)* And you have succeeded admirably.

*Mrs R. (aside)* Ah, that has offended him, I fear! George would not have said it, if he knew that I refused John Lander before we were married.

*Ren.* We have all been boys and girls together, Doc. You were always a good friend to Alice and me, so will congratulate us on our union.

*Dr L.* Oh certainly, George, I congratulate you both. *(aside)* But with a curse instead of a blessing.

*Mrs R. (timidly)* I thank you for your good will, Mr. Lander.

*Ren.* Yes, we both do, Doc. *(to Mrs. Renshaw)* You made a mistake, wife, in calling him Mr. Lander. He has become a physician since he left here, and is Dr. Lander now.

*Mrs R.* Oh, I didn't know that! I hope that Dr. Lander will excuse my blunder?

*Dr L.* Certainly, Mrs. Renshaw. No apology is necessary. How long have you been married?

*Mrs R.* About nine years, Doctor.

*Dr L. (taking significantly at Mrs. Renshaw)* The very next year after, I left here!

*Mrs R. (confused)* Ye—ye—yes, the year after you left here, Doctor.

*Ren.* Doc, you hadn't been gone more than six months before Alice and I were man and wife.

*Dr L. (aside)* It looks very much as though she jilted me for the sake of getting George Renshaw.

*Ren.* What is more, Doc, we have a daughter eight years old.

*Dr L.* Ah, George, such a treasure ought to make you happy!

*Ren.* It does make me happy, Doc, I couldn't spare her. It is our only child, but she makes a houseful. Ah, here she comes now!

*Enter Phillis, leading Ella, R. 3 E.*

*Phil.* Laws, massa George, Miss Ella heard you come, an' she wanted to see her pa.

*Ren.* All right, Phillis, I am glad you brought her.

*Phil.* Old Jupe said you had company, an' I'se afeer'd she might 'trude.

*Ren.* No intrusion, Phillis, for I want this gentleman to see her.

*Phil.* De chile would come, an' I tole her to wait till dinner was ready, an' she might come wid me when I come to call you to dinner. So I fetched her right along.

*Ren.* Then you came to call us to dinner, did you?

*Phil.* De dinner is waitin', sah.

*Ren.* We will come right along.

*Phil.* Den I goes an' gets de dinner on de table. *(exit R. 3 E.)*

*Ren. (to Ella)* Come here, Daisy. This is Dr. Lander, your father's old playmate and your mother's friend. Go and shake hands with him.

*(Lander holds out his hand to Ella, who advances and takes it.)*

*Ella.* I'm glad to see my pa's old playmate. How do you do, sir? *(shaking hands.)*

*Dr L.* Very well, Miss Ella. How do you do yourself? *(shaking hands again.)*

*Ella.* Oh, I'm pretty well.

*Ren.* Ah, you are an angel, all but the wings! *(snatches up Ella and kisses her)* Well, Doc, we will go to dinner. *(kisses Ella again and puts her down)* You wait on Mrs. Renshaw to the dining-room, and I will wait on Miss Renshaw. *(exit R. 3 E. leading out Ella.)*

*Dr L.* As I am to wait on the mother instead of the daughter, this will be the most proper mode of escort. *(presenting his arm.)*

*Mrs R. (passing her arm through his)* This seems to be the authorized mode under such circumstances.

*Dr L.* And seems like old times.

*Mrs R.* I am afraid George offended you a little while ago, Doctor.

*Dr L.* What about?



*Mrs R.* Because he laughed so rudely at your surprise to find me his wife.

*Dr L.* Oh, yes, it did touch me! but no matter now.

*Mrs R.* I never told George that you were my suitor before he married me, so that is some excuse for his ill-timed merriment.

*Dr L.* If he does not know it, I would not tell him of it then.

*Mrs R.* Well, that will probably be the better way. So we will proceed to the dining-room. (exit R. 3 E.)

SCENE THIRD.—*A street before Renshaw's garden—Old Jupe stands looking off to the R.*

*Jupe.* I tell you what it is, boy, if you throw anudder stone at dem apple trees ober in dis garden, you'll smell one ob de bones ob ole hundred. *(shaking his fist)* Ef I hab you here I come out dar, an' I knock bofe ob your two eyes into de middle ob de sofe ob July next. Any way I tell yer fader ob you when I go home. I aint a goin' to hab boys stealin' massa George's apples, an' ef I catch 'em stonin' de trees again, I'll give 'em fits. Guess I'd better set down under de fence till dat boy goes away.

*(sits on ground beside the fence, begins to sing)*

De chipmuck sat on a hickory limb,  
He winked et me an' I winked at him;  
But soon I rouses up my pluck,  
An' I knocks off dat ole chipmuck.

*Enter Mat Sly, L.*

*Mat.* I wonder where Ida is. A long, long time has she been adrift on the billows of life, and vainly have I steered my bark in search of her. Ah, why did she leave me? Better ask the question, why did I give her occasion to leave? Yet had she remained, would I have changed my course? Would not my insane obstinacy——Oh, I cannot think of it! I sometimes fear that I shall go crazy, and be in reality, the mad man which I endeavor to appear wherever I go.

*Jupe. (aside)* Gorra mighty! de feller acts crazy nuff now, widout goin' dar.

*Mat.* I have tracked the villain to this place, and soon will have him safely handcuffed, and on his way back to the scene of his crime. And now if I could only find my Ida, and take her back too in the fetters of matrimony, would it not——

*Jupe. (to Mat)* I tinks dis ole nigger can tell you whar Miss Ida is.

*Mat.* Ha! what voice is that? Who spoke then?

*Jupe.* It was dis nigger, down under de garden fence.

*Mat. (turning around, discovers Old Jupe)* What are you chattering about there, you old blackbird?

*Jupe.* Ise chatterin' 'bout nuffin, sar.

*Mat.* What were you doing then?

*Jupe.* Ise only observin'.

*Mat.* Well, what were you in your wisdom observing, my sable Solomon?

*Jupe.* My name isn't Staple Solomon, sar!

*Mat.* What is it then?

*Jupe.* Ise known in dis community as Ole Jupe.

*Mat.* Well, you are a mighty particular individual, Old Jupe. Perhaps you would condescend to repeat what you were observing. You spoke the name of a long lost friend, and may possibly know her, so that you could tell me where she is.

*Jupe.* Ise de gemman dat's willing to condescend, sar. When you come just now, you axed whar Miss Ida was, an' I 'spectfully 'formed you, I knowed whar dat young lady is.

*Mat.* It cannot be my Ida. You may know some other Ida, but not the one I mean. Not the one adrift on the world's wide ocean, and through my own obstinate folly.

*Jupe.* I knows nuffin 'bout dat, sar. All I know is, dat Miss Ida come from de west wid massa George long time ago, and lib wid him ebber since.

*Mat.* Who is massa George?

*Jupe.* Massa George Renshaw, sar.

*Mat.* George Renshaw? yes that is the name of the gentleman with whom they said that Ida came east. But I never could learn the place of his residence, so of course knew not where Ida was. Where does George Renshaw live?

*Jupe.* In dat big house dar.

*Mat.* And you say there is a young lady living with him by the name of Ida?

*Jupe.* Yes, sar, an' a nice gal she is too. She makes nuffin ob comin' to see Phillis, (dat is my old waman) when she hab de rheumatiz. An' she is berry kind to ebery body dat is sick and poor. Miss Ida is de nicest kind ob a gal, sar.

*Mat.* What is her other name besides Ida?

*Jupe.* I doesn't know, sar. I and Phillis call her Miss Ida. But de ladies dat comes to massa George's, allus calls her Miss May.

*Mat.* Ida! Miss May! Put those three names together, and they make Miss Ida May. She must be my long lost Ida.

*Jupe.* (looking off R.) Dar comes de carriage wid massa George an' de doctor.

*Mat.* (looking in the same direction) Yes, and they have alighted from the carriage, and one of them beckons to you.

*Jupe.* Gor a mighty! massa George wants old Jupe to put de hoss and carriage in de barn, so dis nigger must seud. (runs out R.)

*Mat.* Yes, I see who massa George has for company, and the less he has to do with such a fellow, the better it will be for him. It is doctor Lander, the traveling physician. He is little aware who has followed him from St Louis, and watched his performances in every place, where he has stopped between here and there. Neither does he know who was on the train with him coming here, or who got off when he did and will watch him while he stays. But I must not forget that I pass for a crazy man, so must keep up my character for such, until I bring the scoundrel to justice. (exit L.)

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#### SCENE FOURTH.—A street before the Brent House.

*Enter Dr. Lander, L.*

*Dr L.* Well, I have dined with George Renshaw. We had our ride in his carriage to see the improvements of the place, and here I am on my way back to the Brent House. George is a capital fellow, but he married Alice Grey. "I like not that," as Iago says. Iago! Now I think of it, our cases are parallel. Othello married the woman Iago loved, and George has married the one I loved. But Iago took his revenge by exciting Othello's jealousy to such a pitch, that he murdered Desdemona. Shall I carry out the parallel, and play Iago to the last act? I might possibly arouse George's suspicions of his wife by telling him of our former intimacy, and I could pay her such little acts of courtesy, as she would naturally return to the friend of her husband, yet be of a nature to confirm his suspicions. It might lead to a separation, for good natured persons like George are terrible, when their suspicions get fully aroused. Would not Alice Grey get her pay then for jilting John Lander?

*Enter Sharpwit, L., and slaps Lander on the shoulder.*

*Sharp.* How is doctor Lander?

*Dr L.* (*rubbing his shoulder*) Gracious goodness!

*Sharp.* And goodness gracious! Why, man, what is the matter with you? You started up as though I had caught you plotting some mischief.

*Dr L.* Why, Sharpwit, is that you?

*Sharp.* "Sharp is the word," as our set used to say in St. Louis.

*Dr L.* That was so, especially when we were out on a bum. Where did you come from?

*Sharp.* From my office.

*Dr L.* Your office? Where is that?

*Sharp.* Three doors east of the Brent House, where it has been for a year and a half.

*Dr L.* Have you been practicing law here that length of time?

*Sharp.* Every since I left St. Louis, eighteen months ago.

*Dr L.* Well, I have missed you for some time, but didn't know where you had gone.

*Sharp.* When did you come to town?

*Dr L.* I came this morning.

*Sharp.* Did you stop here at the Brent House?

*Dr L.* I did.

*Sharp.* I board here myself, but I didn't see you at dinner.

*Dr L.* I took dinner with George Renshaw. He lives in style, doesn't he?

*Sharp.* He will not live in style much longer, if he does not mind his P's and Q's.

*Dr L.* Why so?

*Sharp.* George Renshaw has become so dissipated, that he is on the eve of bankruptcy.

*Dr L.* Is that so?

*Sharp.* (*sadly*) I am sorry to say that it is even so.

*Dr L.* (*laughing*) Why, Sharpwit, you show a great deal of sympathy for a lawyer.

*Sharp.* Because I am a lawyer, it is no reason that I should be inhuman. George Renshaw is a noble fellow, and entitled to some compassion for his errors.

*Dr L.* Oh, you are not alone in sympathy for Renshaw! I hope his financial embarrassment will not end in a failure.

*Sharp.* His creditors have already taken legal measures against him, but allow him to continue in business and occupy his house, just so long as he keeps sober. I am their lawyer in this matter, and persuaded them to make this arrangement with Renshaw, that he might have a chance to do better. But the moment he gets intoxicated, I am instructed to close on him without delay.

*Dr L.* And you will do so?

*Sharp.* I shall obey my instructions to the letter.

*Dr L.* So if a person wished to ruin George Renshaw, all that is necessary would be to get him drunk.

*Sharp.* (*sneeringly*) Certainly, if that could be any person's motive. Do you think of getting him drunk?

*Dr L.* (*aside*) Curse the fellow, I wonder if he suspects me! He is as sharp and keen-witted as ever.

*Enter Tim O'Regan, L.*

*Sharp.* (*making a mock bow*) Ha, here comes my occasional mercury, right from Cork! The top of the morning to you, Paddy.

*Tim.* Yer jist the mon I'm looking for, Misther Sharpwit, leaving all jokes asiae.

*Sharp.* And what will you have, Paddy, now you've found me?

*Tim.* A gentleman wants to see ye.

*Sharp.* Why didn't you send him to my office?

*Tim.* He went to your office, sir, but didn't find ye.

*Sharp.* And where is he now?

*Tim.* He is in the Brent House here, waiting for ye. I told him I'd look for ye, he was in such a hurry to see ye.

*Sharp.* I will go and see him at once then. Doctor, excuse me, I will see you again. *(exit Sharpwit and Tim O'Regan, R.)*

*Dr L.* Somehow I was always afraid of that Sharpwit. He is so keen to penetrate a person's motives, yet so blunt to speak out his conjectures, that it seems like exposing what you wish to keep a secret. But I thank him for telling me about George Renshaw, and he may rely upon it that I will get George drunk, as soon as I can have an opportunity. I have now found out how I can have my revenge on his wife without playing Iago. *(exit R.)*

### CURTAIN.

### ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*A street in front of a Store, fourth grooves. Mat Sly stands on a dry-goods box, with a book open in his hand, and is surrounded by a crowd of men, among whom are Old Jupe and Tim O'Regan.*

*Enter Renshaw and Lander, L.*

*Mat.* Ho! ye that are wise, come and hearken to my words!

*Dr L.* What is going on here?

*Ren.* Ah, it is that crazy man! Let's stand here awhile, and we'll see some fun.

*Mat.* Life is a great book, my friends, which every one should study. It is not a romance, though full of stories, for the stories are all true. Some are startling, and some are quiet. Some harrow the soul, and some are pleasing as the summer cloud. The table of contents is a catalogue of joys and woes, of hopes and fears. Happiness beams on one page, and misery darkens another, while every page is written by the pen of Time. Come, ye that are wise, and read the book of life. And as ye read, pause and ponder, ponder and pause!

*Dr L.* Who is that fellow, George?

*Ren.* You have me now, Doc, for I don't know myself. He is a crazy fellow, who has been around here two or three days.

*Dr L.* In every place I stoped between here and St Louis I saw this same fellow, and now I find him here. It looks very singular.

*Ren.* It does look a little queer, Doc, that is a fact.

*Dr L. (aside)* I hope it is no detective dogging me around. I must watch him.

*Mat.* There is another book, which all may read, who will. It is the book of nature, and the letters are so plain, that no one need miss them.

*Tim.* That's a fact!

*Jupe.* What does you know 'bout it, Paddy from Cork?

*Tim.* Whisht, you nagur! The gentleman is going to spake agin.

*Mat.* The small words are the stones, the grass, the bushes and the flowers. But the rocks and the hills, the rivers and the valleys, the plains and the mountains, are the large words in this book; and we have to study them some time, before we can understand or pronounce them. So in the book of life, children are the short words, men and women the common words, and persons of distinction are the words printed in capitals.

*Ren.* That is a good idea, Doc. He doesn't talk like a crazy man.

*Dr L.* He talks more like a street preacher than anything else. "There is method in his madness."

*Ren.* I don't know how that is, but I like to hear the fellow talk. There is some sense in his logic after all.

*Jupe.* Wat book is dat massa holds in his hand?

*Mat.* I hold in my hand the book of life, my friends. Herein are recorded crimes committed by persons, who suppose that no one knows of them but themselves.

*Dr L. (aside)* Plague on his book of life! He may read something in it that I have done.

*Tim.* Do you find anything in there about me, sir?

*Mat.* I will turn to the index, and see if your name is there, Tim O'Regan.

*Tim.* Be jabbers, and how did you know what my name is?

*Jupe.* Gor a mighty, anybody might know dat. You're allus 'round, whar folks ken see you, and 'quire who you is. Dar's no great trick in dat at all.

*Dr L. (laughing)* The darkey is sharper than the paddy.

*Ren.* Yes, Old Jupe is cute. An Irishman must rise early in the mornin' to get ahead of him.

*Mat.* I have found your name in the book of life, Tim O'Regan, and now listen. It is recorded on the six million, five thousand, four hundred and thirty-second page—

*Jupe.* Gor a mighty! Who'd a thunk dat leetle book hab so many pages?

*Mat. (to Old Jupe)* Keep quiet, my sable hearer. I will do the talking.

*Tim.* Yes, why the devil can't ye kape yer black tongue still, and let the mon spake?

*Mat.* It is recorded on the page just cited, that Tim O'Regan went home drunk last Saturday night, that he whipped his wife, tipped over the cradle and spilt out the baby *(laughter in the crowd.)*

*Ren.* That was an awful catastrophe, Doc, spilling out that baby.

*(they both laugh.)*

*Mat.* What have you got to say to that, Tim O'Regan?

*Jupe.* I 'spect he's got nuffin to say.

*Tim.* Be gorrah, and who towld ye that, sir?

*Jupe.* Nobody told him, stupid! Didn't ye hear him read it out ob dat book?

*Tim.* And how the divil did it git in the book? I didn't think any one knew it but Peggy, and she'd be the last one to tell of it, for she knows she'd get another bating if she did.

*Mat.* You should not drink at all, Tim O'Regan, then you would not do such things. For "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

*Dr L.* I hope the fellow isn't going to give us a temperance lecture.

*Ren.* If he is, I don't want to hear him. Let us go and take a glass of beer.

*Dr L.* Yours truly, George, I am with you. *(aside)* Isn't this a lucky proposal? He has just opened the way for me to get him drunk without my seeking occasion. *(exit Renshaw and Lander, L. Scene closes.)*

SCENE SECOND.—*A street in front of a drinking saloon, second grooves.*  
*Enter Sharpwit L., and goes c., stands before the door, looking into the saloon.*

*Sharp.* These screens are very convenient for tipplers to skulk behind, when they want to take their tea. But they do not prevent those passing by from hearing the inmates of such a place, if they talk as loud as I hear George Renshaw talking in there now. He has forgotten his promise to his creditors, if he really is there. The voice sounds like his, but it may not be Renshaw after all. *(shifts his position before the door)* Now I can look

behind the screen, and sure enough Renshaw is at the bar. And who is it with him but doctor Lander? If they two touch glasses together, as I see them doing now, I know how it will end. A little will upset Renshaw, while Lander can drink like a fish, and appear none the worse for it. Well Renshaw knows the consequences if he gets drunk, and I shall not worry any more about him.

*Enter 1st Police Officer, in disguise, L.*

*1st Officer.* Have you got track of him yet, Simpson?

*Sharp.* You are mistaken in your man. My name does not happen to be Simpson.

*1st Officer.* So I discover, when I come to see your face. Do you know, sir, where I could find this traveling doctor, that's lately come to town? I believe his name is Lander.

*Sharp.* Yes, you can find him in this saloon here. He has taken a patient in there to give him some medicine.

*1st Officer.* Perhaps he'll take some of the same medicine himself. *(laughing)* It is an honest physician, that will take his own medicine.

*Sharp.* Doctor Lander is honest enough for that. He will do it to encourage his patient, if for no other purpose. *(aside)* And I fear that he has no good purpose in visiting this saloon with George Renshaw.

*1st Officer.* Well, I'll step in and see if the doctor is in here. There is a person in town, who is very anxious to see him. *(exit in saloon.)*

*Sharp.* I have not the least doubt of it, and that person is a detective like yourself. I have watched you and the man that came into town with you yesterday. I have also watched that crazy man, and am satisfied that he is not as insane as he pretends to be. If he is not a detective, and those two fellows are not police officers, then I am a Dutchman. But that is none of my business. *(exit B.)*

*Renshaw rushes out of the saloon.*

*Ren.* What spirit of evil has prompted me to do this? In my thoughtlessness I invited Lander to drink a glass of beer with me for old acquaintance's sake, and that one glass has aroused my cursed appetite for strong drink, until I am even now on the verge of intoxication. Ah, there is no such thing as tampering with the intoxicating glass, but in total abstinence will be my only salvation! Can it be possible that I should forget so soon my promises to my creditors? If I get drunk again, they will have no mercy on me, and I cannot blame them. I must get home without any one seeing me, and have a chance to sleep it off; then no one will be any the wiser, and I will be careful not to get into such a scrape again.

*As Renshaw goes out, L., he is met by a second Police Officer, who stands and watches him.*

*Enter first Police Officer, from the saloon.*

*1st Officer.* Hello, Simpson, you've got around!

*2d Officer.* Have you found him?

*1st Officer.* He is in here holding some conversation with a queer looking customer.

*2d Officer.* Are you on the right track?

*1st Officer.* I am. But let us go where we will not be overheard, and where he cannot see us when he comes out. *(they step one side.)*

*2d Officer.* Are you sure it is Tom Pool?

*1st Officer.* Just as sure as I know you to be James Simpson.

*Dr L. (within the saloon)* Hello! what has become of Renshaw?

*1st Officer.* That's his voice, he misses the fellow he's been drinking with, who came out of the saloon while he was talking. He'll be out soon.

*2d Officer.* Let us watch here until he comes. *(they watch awhile.)*

*Enter Lander, from the saloon. 1st Officer indicates by signs to the other who Lander is, and they follow him out unperceived, L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*A street before a store, fourth grooves—Renshaw lying on the ground, &c., dead drunk—Ella is kneeling by his side, trying to arouse him.*

*Ella.* (s.) Come, pa, wake up! you must not sleep here on the ground, you will take cold.

*Enter Lander, L.*

*Dr L.* (L.) Hollo! what's here? Why, here's Renshaw now. He has probably started for home, and was too drunk to get there. I knew he was half seas over before he left, but I did not know that he was so drunk, as to fall down in the street.

*Ella.* Come, pa, don't lie here! Get up and go home.

*Dr L.* What child is that? It must be his little girl, his little Ella, who gave me such a pretty welcome to her father's house, when I took dinner there.

*Ella.* O, pa, do wake up and go home with me.

(*weeps.*)

*Dr L.* (*approaching Ella*) What are you doing here, sis?

*Ella.* I'm trying to wake up my pa.

*Dr L.* Is he asleep?

*Ella.* He's gone to sleep on the ground here, and I'm afraid he'll take cold. (*shakes Renshaw*) He won't wake up.

*Dr L.* You will not awaken him very soon.

*Ella.* Why? He isn't dead, is he?

*Dr L.* Yes, dead drunk.

*Ella.* Drunk? My pa don't get drunk. He got tired, and lay down here, and went to sleep. O, pa, pa!

(*weeps.*)

*Dr L.* (*aside*) Probably the child never saw her father drunk before. I wish Alice Grey could see her husband lying drunk in the streets, and their child crying over him, while the lover she jilted is a spectator of the scene.

*Ella.* Pa, pa, do wake up?

*Dr L.* Sis, your pa is too sick to get up. Go and tell your ma to come here, and she will know what to do for him. (*aside*) Oh, wouldn't I like to have Alice Grey come here just now?

*Ella.* My ma is sick, and can't come here.

*Dr L.* Well, then go home and tell your ma where your pa is, and she can send Old Jupe to bring him home. (*aside*) Wouldn't it gall Alice Grey's pride to see her husband brought home by a nigger?

*Ella.* I can't leave my pa.

*Dr L.* I will stay and watch him while you are gone. I was your pa's old playmate when we were boys, you know, and I'll be sure to take good care of him.

*Ella.* Will you? Then I'll go, I won't be gone long.

(*exit l.*)

*Dr L.* So far, so good. Now that Renshaw has got drunk, his store and house go for certain. Will not Alice Grey's pride have a fall? Perhaps she will wish that she had married John Lander instead of George Renshaw. Ha, there is Sharpwit! He has just turned the corner from another street, and is coming with railroad speed in this direction. He will see Renshaw lying drunk here, and must fulfill the instructions of Renshaw's creditors. It does seem as though some good devil was bringing around every thing in accordance to my wishes.

*Enter Sharpwit, L.*

*Sharp.* Doctor Lander, we meet again. (*discovers Renshaw*) Ha! what have we here? George Renshaw lying drunk in the street! I am sorry!

*Dr L.* What are you sorry about?

*Sharp.* To see the condition to which the love of strong drink has brought a noble squire. Sad indeed! Sad, sad!

*Dr L.* You seem to be in for a temperance lecture, Sharpwit. You used to take a horn yourself when you lived in St Louis.

*Sharp.* And it was only when I lived in St Louis, Dr. Lander. I never drank a drop of anything that would intoxicate, until I joined your set after I came to St Louis. The habit began to grow upon me, and I soon discovered what a fascinating hold strong drink would fix upon those, who work with their brains as we are compelled to do in the professions. This I saw was the cause of so many doctors and lawyers becoming tipplers or drunkards, who might otherwise fill honorable and useful stations in life, and I resolved not to add to the number. To get rid of my drinking companions I left St Louis. I have not drank a drop of liquor since, and by God's help I never will.

*Dr L.* Well, what do you propose to do in Renshaw's case now he's got drunk? Will you close on him according to orders?

*Sharp.* I shall fulfil the instructions of his creditors, and I hope it will be the means of his reform.

*Dr L.* I hope so too. George and I were bosom friends when I lived here.

*Sharp.* Then I see no reason why you should cause his ruin, when you come back here on a visit.

*Dr L.* What do you mean?

*Sharp.* I mean just what I say, Dr. Lander, and there is no use in your getting angry, for I shall not scare worth a cent. I know what you were in St Louis. There was none of our set that liked to take a nip quite so often as Dr. Lander. And when a person of such appetite meets with a friend, who has the habits of George Renshaw, they are more than likely to take a glass together for old acquaintanee's sake, and it generally winds up in a spree.

*Dr L.* Do you mean to insinuate that I got George Renshaw drunk?

*Sharp.* You needn't put on airs with me, for I am not a child. I saw you in a saloon drinking with George Renshaw——

*Dr L.* Well, he invited me to take a glass of beer with him.

*Sharp.* You were not obliged to accept of the invitation. And, if you are as good a friend to him as you profess to be, you would have refused after I told you what I did about him. You would not have encouraged him in the way to ruin.

*Enter Old Jupe and Ella, L.*

*Jupe.* Dar's massa George, flat as a dead possum.

*Ella.* Yes, and he's still asleep.

*Jupe.* (*aside*) Blessed chile! she don't know what kind ob a sleep her fadder's in, but I won't tell her. Dis isn't de fust time nudder.

*Sharp.* You had better wake him up, Jupe, and take him home.

*Jupe.* Dat's jist what I'se come fur, massa Sharpwit.

*Ella.* I couldn't wake him up.

*Jupe.* I guess dis ole nigger can wake him up. (*shakes Renshaw until he awakes*) Come, massa George, get up an' go home.

*Renshaw rises on one elbow and looks around—Lander dodges out of his sight, then steals away unperceived by the rest.*

*Ren.* What—who—where am I? Oh, now I see—lying drunk in the street! I did not reach home then to sleep it off before they knew it? Ha, Ella here too—my little daughter? She finds her father in the gutter! I never thought it would come to this! (*falls back and weeps.*)

*Sharp.* Take hold of that arm, Jupe, and I will take this, and we'll lead him home. It will not do to leave him here.

*Jupe.* Dat am a fact, massa Sharpwit.

(*they lift Renshaw to his feet and lead him out L. followed by Ella.*)



SCENE FOURTH.—*Sitting-room in Renshaw's house. A table in the c. with a chair at each end of the table. Ida May sits in the chair at r. of table sewing.*

*Enter Renshaw, L.*

*Ren.* Adrift like a ship driven out of a harbor, to be tossed by the merciless waves upon the ocean.

*Ida.* What's adrift, George?

*Ren.* (*discovers Ida*) Ha, you here, Ida? I didn't know that any one was near to overhear my complaints.

*Ida.* You must not come then where I am, George, if you don't want me to listen to your soliloquies. (*laughing*) This is my usual seat, when I use the needle, you know.

*Ren.* There is no harm done if you should hear my soliloquies, Ida. We are sister's children, and you are more like a sister than a cousin to me, so Alice and I have never hesitated to bring you into our family confidences.

*Ida.* Well then, if our relationship places us on such terms of confidence with each other, will my cousin George tell me what he means by talking to himself when he is alone, as he has done so often lately? For this is not the first time that I have heard you. Tell me what is adrift, like a ship driven out of its harbor.

*Ren.* Myself, and the little bark I command, will soon be adrift.

*Ida.* How can that happen, George, when you are in a prosperous business?

*Ren.* (*sadly*) "Ay, there's the rub!"

*Ida.* There is something going wrong with you, George, and I have seen it for a long time. Sit down and let us talk it over. I can give you my sympathy, if nothing more; and sympathy is a cordial, that revives the drooping heart.

*Ren.* You would be very different from what you had been, if you could not even give me good advice, Ida. (*sits in chair at the other end of table.*)

*Ida.* Well then, tell me what is the matter, so that I can give you some of my good advice. (*looks at him with a smile.*)

*Ren.* Your smile at any time is enough to revive a drooping heart. O, Ida, you have been such a comfort to Alice and myself since you lived with us, and now to think of sending you adrift—— (*falters.*)

*Ida.* Adrift, George? I cannot be more adrift than I have been for years, though you have harbored my bark for a season. I am an orphan, depending on my needle for a livelihood, but you have kindly given me a home——

*Ren.* (*interrupting her*) Say nothing about that, Ida! Do you suppose that I would see a female relative homeless and unprotected, while I was rolling in wealth?

*Ida.* No, my dear cousin, it would not be like your noble self! Words cannot express my gratitude to you and to Alice for your kindness since I have been here. So tell your grateful cousin all your present troubles, if it is proper for her to inquire.

*Ren.* I am a bankrupt, Ida! My store passed into other hands this very day. To-morrow my house and furniture will go too, and my wife and child will be turned adrift. (*wceps.*)

*Ida.* That is sad news indeed, George, and you have my deepest sympathy.

*Ren.* I deserve no person's sympathy. Waste no tears over a wretch like me, but reserve your sympathy for the wife and child, whom I have deprived of a home. Oh, I alone am the guilty cause of the woes, that soon will alight upon them!

*Ida.* How are you the cause of their coming woes? Tell me frankly, my dear cousin. This is one of those cases where open confession is good for the soul.

*Ren.* By my tipping, *Ida*, by my frequent sprees, by wine-drinking at my own table and at parties! These have gradually brought on unsteady habits and neglect of business, until my goodly heritage is gone! I see it all when it is too late! And now you, cousin *Ida*, as well as my family, are turned adrift through a drunkard's folly!

*(smiles his forehead, starts up, and paces the floor.)*

*Ida.* This will not be the first time, that I have been turned adrift by such folly. It was by the obstinacy of one, who preferred the indulgence of his beastly appetite to my heart and hand, that I am a dependent on your kindness.

*Ren.* You, *Ida*? I never knew that before!

*(stops walking and stares at her in surprise.)*

*Ida.* Because I have never told it to any one, for I never had the occasion. But now I will impart it, though it should expose a secret sorrow.

*Ren.* Secret sorrow! No one ever supposed that you had sorrow of any kind, you have always been so cheerful every since you lived with us.

*Ida.* When you came west, and offered me a home if I would come east with you, it was not for the sake of a home that I complied, for I was earning a comfortable livelihood, was pleasantly situated among kind friends, and needed not to make any change.

*Ren.* What was it then that made you come, if I may not be deemed inquisitive?

*(sits down as before.)*

*Ida.* You remember, cousin *George*, that after both of my parents died, I went to live with aunt *Martha*, where you found me. In that place was a rich young bonker, who happened to take a fancy to *Ida May*, the orphan. I need not tell you, *George*, of the rich, dashing and accomplished young ladies, daughters of the elite and wealthy of that town, who were proud to receive the young banker's attentions. Neither will I stop for particulars, but say that he passed all these by, and paid his attentions to the poor sewing girl, niece of the poor but respectable widow *Baldwin*.

*Ren.* A noble fellow!

*Ida.* He was a noble fellow, *George*, and his kindness to the poor orphan won not only my gratitude, but what would naturally follow in a woman under such circumstances, my heart. So, when he at last surprised me with the offer of his hand, I willingly accepted it not only for the love I bore him, but because I knew my love was as truthfully returned.

*Ren.* What, then, sent you adrift?

*Ida.* He loved the social glass, and would have his sprees. I tried to reform him, but with no avail. His obstinate folly led him on, until I saw him lying drunk near a saloon one day, when I gave him up in despair. Then it was that I accepted your offer to live with you, for that little village was no longer the paradise it had been.

*(weeps.)*

*Ren.* And now the same cursed folly will turn you adrift once more!

*Ida.* *(wiping her eyes)* Have you told your wife of this, *George*?

*Ren.* *(falters)* No, *Ida*, for I have not the courage to do it.

*Ida.* Do you intend to wait until the sale, and let it come upon her like a thunder-bolt? That is unmanly as well as cruel. Come, let us go together, and we will break it gently to her.

*Ren.* You are an angel, cousin *Ida*.

*(they exit R)*

### ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*A room in Old Juy's house, third grooves. Mrs. Renshaw is lying upon an old lounge, R., and weeping, while Phillis stands at a respectful distance watching her.*

*Phil.* Laws, missus, dar's no use a cryin'. You isn't de fust one dat's ebber been turned out o' house an' home.

*Mrs R.* But, *Phillis*, to think that none of my old acquaintances invited

me home, and I should have lain all night in the streets, had it not been for you. So unfriendly, so ungrateful, so cruel ———

*(she is interrupted by her own sobs.)*

*Phil.* Nebber mind, honey, you wont nab to lie in de streets, an' you wont starve nudder. Ole Jupe an' I'se laid up heaps o' money we earnt o' you an' massa George, an' you an' massa George an' miss Ella shan't die fer want o' nuffin. So don't cry any more.

*Mrs R.* You must not expect that we would live on you, Phillis. Yet what shall I do? What can George do? Where shall we go?

*Phil.* Go nowheres, missus, but stay right here. And when all de money's gone, Ole Jupe an' I'll work an' get more. *(a knocking without, L.)* Dar, somebody knockin' at de door. I'll go an' see who's come. Wipe your eyes, honey, an' don't let 'em know you'se been cryin'. *(exit L. 2 E.)*

*Mrs R.* Yesterday in a mansion, and to day in a hovel. One day in affluence, the next day in poverty. What a change! And all this in two days, two short days! It seems like a dream, and the thoughts of it will make me crazy. To be reduced so suddenly from plenty to want—Oh, it is too much!

*Buries her face in her hands, and bowing down upon the lounge, lies there and weeps.*

*.Enter Phillis and Ida May, L. 2 E.*

*Phil.* Dar's de bressed darlin', and eryin' ez if her heart would break. I'se been tryin' to comfort her, but what I says seems no account. May be you can say sumfin, dat'll make her feel better, Miss Ida.

*Ida.* Mrs. Renshaw!

*Mrs R.* *(looking up, discovers Ida)* Is that you, Ida? You are sent adrift too with the rest of us.

*Ida.* That is nothing new to me, as I have told you before.

*Mrs R.* But it is new to me, and I cannot endure it.

*Ida.* Nonsense! Do you intend to give up, and weep over your misfortunes, without trying to do anything? Be a brave woman, Alice, and not a child.

*Mrs R.* Is that the sympathy you give to those who befriended you and gave you a home for years? I did not expect such ingratitude from you.

*Ida.* This is no ingratitude, my dear cousin. It is the love and gratitude I feel toward you, that prompts me to arouse you from this repining helplessness, and have you meet the changes of life with a brave heart. Where is Mr. Renshaw, Phillis?

*Phil.* He's gone away wid Ole Jupe, an' Ella's gone wid him. Laws, here comes de chile now!

*Enter Ella, L. 2 E.*

*Ella.* O, Miss May, I am so glad to see you! *(running to Ida May)*

*Ida.* And I am glad to see you. *(kisses Ella)* Alice, here is an incentive for you to arouse yourself. You have something to do and care for in this child.

*Phil.* Where has you been, Miss Ella?

*Ella.* Oh, I've been where they are sawing wood.

*Phil.* Who's you been to see saw wood, chile?

*Ella.* Old Jupe is sawing wood for Mr. Benton, and my pa splits it as fast as he saws it, and he does it real nice too.

*Mrs R.* Is your father working with Old Jupe, Ella? Working at Mr. Brenton's? Are you sure?

*Ella.* Yes, he is, ma, for I just came from there.

*Mrs R.* Good heavens! Has it come to this, that George Renshaw is cutting wood?

*Ida.* Is there any disgrace in it, Alice? George has seen the evil he has done, and like a brave soul endeavors to repair that evil. And if you had

the heart of a woman, you would try to assist your husband, and not wilt down here in this place. You encouraged him in the habits which led to this downfall, and now you should encourage him in his efforts to reform and to support his family.

*Mrs R.* Encourage him in his habits! How have I done so, I would like to know?

*Ida.* By having wine at your evening parties, and on your table when your friends dined with you, and at your receptions on New Year's day.

*Mrs R.* Well, George always wanted it on such occasions.

*Ida.* You could have persuaded him from doing so, for George was a loving husband, and would have done anything to please you. It was an easy thing to point out the consequences of such a practice, while his own good sense would have led him to see it, and your own influence would have caused him to abandon it. But instead of doing this you even took wine yourself on such occasions. It is true you never drank enough to show the effects, yet your own example was an encouragement to your husband, whose temperament would not allow him to drink with your moderation.

*Mrs R. (sadly)* It may be so. I never thought of it before.

*Ida.* There's where the shoe pinches. You have continued in this thoughtless way, until you now suffer the consequences. Bear your own share of the blame, my dear cousin, and not lay it all on your husband.

*Mrs R.* Oh, what shall I do? (*bows down upon the lounge and weeps.*)

*Phil.* Laws, you needn't do nuffin, missus. You kin jest stay right here an' Ole Jupe an' I'll work for ye.

*Ida. (sarcastically)* That would be an admirable arrangement for a lazy person, or for one who has no spirit or womanhood in her nature. Do you accept of such a proposal, Alice?

*Mrs R. (speaking amidst her sobs)* I don't know what to do.

*Phil.* No, she don't know what to do, poor darlin'. She nebber done no work all her life, Miss Ida.

*Ida.* Well the time has now come when she had better work than do nothing. Alice, you have been kind to me since I lived with you, and now I intend to show my gratitude in your reverses. I am going to aid George in his efforts to reform and to support his family. Wil! his wife join in the struggle?

*Mrs R. (rising from the lounge)* I will, Ida. You shall not appeal to me in vain.

*Ida.* There now you act like your own self, Alice. The womanhood has aroused, that I knew was in you.

*Mrs R.* It should have aroused before, Ida. I am ashamed of myself, and am ready to aid in any scheme, which you devise.

*Ida.* Well, I have taken two dresses to make, and want you to assist me, and we will share the profits together. I left them in the next room, and you can be sewing on one of them, while I go to get some shirts to make for Mr. Benton.

*Mrs R.* O Ida, you are an angel!

*Phil.* Yes, Miss Ida'd be de bressedest kind ob an angel, if she hab on a white dress an' two big wings. (*they exit severally, R. & L. Change to*

SCENE SECOND.—*A street in the suburbs, 1st grooves.*

*Enter Dr. Lander, L.*

*Dr L.* Well, the thing has come to a focus. George Renshaw's family has been turned out of house and home, and are obliged to take up their temporary quarters with Old Jupe, because none of their acquaintances were charitable enough to give them shelter. As far as George is concerned pity him, but for his wife I have not one spark of compassion. Oh, how

lucky that I came here just in time to witness her downfall! And, if I could have a chance to tell her what I did to aid it, my vengeance would be complete. But it will not be safe for me to stay any longer in town, for I have been watched the past two days by a couple of strangers, who appear too much like detectives to make me feel contented here. If I get on the cars in this town they will surely nab me, so I have engaged Tim O'Regan to drive me in a carriage to the next station, where I can take the train in spite of detective or police. How lucky it was that I let my trunks go on when I stoped here, so I have no baggage here but my sachel, and that can be got away without exciting suspicion. Ha, there comes the Irishman now!

*Enter Tim O'Regan, R.*

*Tim.* The carriage is waiting, sir!

*Dr L.* Where is it?

*Tim.* Jist the other side o' them ere tall bushes you see yonder.

*Dr L.* How did you get away without exciting suspicion?

*Tim.* I told the boss I wanted to go to see my sick sister. And, by my soul, I told no lie.

*Dr L.* Good for you, Tim. And did you get my sachel?

*Tim.* I did, sir, and put it under the seat, where no one could see it.

*Dr L.* You are a brick, Tim, and I will pay you well, when we get there. So, let us be going.

*Lander turns to go R., and finds himself face to face with Mat Sly, who enters just at that moment, R.*

*Mat.* You are my prisoner! *(putting his hand on Lander's shoulder.*

*Dr L.* Not yet! *(drawing a pistol, presents it at Mat Sly.*

*Mat Sly hits the pistol, which goes off into the air. Then he draws a revolver and points it at Lander's head.*

*Mat.* Two can play at the same game.

*Enter 1st. Police Officer, R., grasps Lander's arm, points a revolver at him.*

*1st Officer.* So can three!

*Enter 2d. Police Officer, L., who seizes the other arm, and levels a revolver at Lander.*

*2d Officer.* So can four!

*Dr L.* What does all this mean?

*Mat.* Why, it simply means that, when an arch rogue, like Dr. Lander attempts to resist the officers of justice, he will find that they are prepared for him.

*Dr L.* What do you arrest me for, I would like to know?

*Mat.* You know well enough, or you would not have drawn a pistol, when I declared you my prisoner. There is reason to believe that you were the ringleader in a recent bank-robbery in St. Louis.

*Dr L.* I do not see how you can implicate me. The papers state that the notorious Tom Poole was the ringleader in that robbery.

*Mat.* And I have come to the conclusion, after watching you in St. Louis and following you here, that Tom Poole is none other than Dr. Lander.

*Dr L. (aside)* Just what I suspected all the while, that this fellow was some detective on my track.

*Mat.* Bring him along, for you must be off with him on the next train.

*(Exit Mat Sly and the Police Officers, with Dr. Lander as a prisoner.*

*Tim.* Be jabbers, an' if that wasn't done the natest I ever see anything done. If I ever rob a bank, I hope I'll have jist sich perlice officers to take me, for they do it so nate an' so quick. But divil burn me, where is the

five dollars the docther was going to give me? Och, I'll hev to go an' see my sick sister now widout gitting my pay fur it! (exit R.)

SCENE THIRD.—*A street before Renshaw's garden, second grooves.*

*Ida May rushes in L., with a shriek.*

*Ida.* Help! Help! *(sinks upon the ground, and covers her face with her hands)* Oh, is there no one to protect me from this crazy man?

*Enter Mat Sly, L.*

*Mat.* This crazy man will not hurt you. Don't be frightened, ma'am, I only want to talk with you.

*Ida.* I don't want to talk with you, nor hear anything you have to say.

*Mat.* You may be glad, that you heard what I have to say, before we get through talking.

*Ida.* Surely that voice sounds very familiar!

*(uncovers her face with a look of surprise.)*

*Mat.* And this face may look familiar, if you will allow me to disclose my real features to you.

*Ida.* I don't want to see your face. You look like a fright every time I have seen you. *(covers her face again with her hands.)*

*Mat.* Well, then look at this handkerchief, *Ida May*, and see if you you know whose it is. *(takes handkerchief from his pocket.)*

*Ida.* How do you know that my name is *Ida May*?

*Mat.* If you will examine that handkerchief, you may guess how I came to know your name. *(drops the handkerchief into her lap)* It lies in your lap, *Ida*, so you can see it without getting a view of the horrid old crazy man.

*Ida.* *(taking her hands from her eyes, she discovers the handkerchief)* It is my handkerchief! How came you by it?

*Mat.* I will tell you, *Ida May*, if you will have the patience to listen. I once loved a young lady, whom I thought to be perfection. I loved her better than myself, aye, better than I did my God, and that was the reason he took her from me. I had the happiness to know that my affection was returned, and then earth became a paradise, for I wanted no better heaven.

*Ida.* Ha! Did you love like that?

*Mat.* I did, *Ida May*, and even the remembrance of it is blsss. But I had one bad habit, which, like the forbidden fruit, cast me out of that paradise.

*Ida.* And what was that?

*Mat.* I would tipple a little every day, and go off occasionally on a spree. When this came to *Ida's* knowledge, she endeavored to win me from these habits, by fond persuasion and gentle admonition.

*Ida.* Like the angel that a woman should be to the man she loves.

*Mat.* She was an angel, *Ida*! She would have been my guardian angel, and led me into a path of roses, if I had been willing to follow her. But I was headstrong and persisted in my course, for I thought she was meddling with what did not concern her. Then she told me to consider our engagement broken, for she would not run the risk of having a drunkard for her husband.

*Ida.* Just as every young lady should do under such circumstances.

*Mat.* This maddened me so, that I grew more wilful, and drank harder than ever. I would even get intoxicated in the day time, and lie drunk where every one could see me. One day I lay in a drunken sleep beside a saloon, where the sun shone fully into my face. How long I lay there I know not, but when I awoke my face was covered by the handkerchief which now lies in your lap. I inquired if any one knew how it came there,

and was told that a young lady, who was passing by, took her handkerchief from her reticule, and spread it over my face. I examined the handkerchief, and saw upon the corner, *Ida May*. Then I knew who had seen me lying there, and had covered my face with her own handkerchief, to shield it from the glare of the sun.

*Ida.* Yes, I remember well the time.

(*weeps.*)

*Mat.* You weep, *Ida May*, but yours are not the tears of regret, that mine were at this act of kindness in my darling *Ida*. It was like the parting deed of mercy to a wilful sinner, before his guardian angel takes its final flight. And yet it seems to be a token of encouragement, that my guardian angel could be induced to stay her flight. So I resolved to see her, and swear in her presence nevermore to drink a drop of alcoholic liquors, if our engagement could be renewed. But when I went to see her, I found that she had suddenly left town, and no one could tell whither she went.

*Ida.* She would not have gone had she known all this.

*Mat.* I kept her handkerchief as a parting gift, and placed it near my heart. There has it lain as a talisman to keep me from the same evil habits from which my guardian angel sought to reclaim me when she was by my side. Though she had left me I vowed nevermore to drink a drop of ardent spirits, and that handkerchief always reminded me of my pledge, whenever the appetite aroused within. I have not drunk a drop since the day my guardian angel fled, and I shall abide by my resolution, though she should never come again to be my guide.

*Ida.* May heaven give you aid!

*Mat Sly* takes off his hat, and false whiskers and moustache, and holds them behind him.

*Mat.* I have told you where I got that handkerchief, *Ida May*, and now are you willing to see my face?

*Ida.* (*Looks up*) *Matthew Sly!* But where——(*rising*) What has become of the crazy man?

*Mat.* Here he is, *Ida*.

(*puts on his hat and false beard.*)

*Ida.* *Matthew*, what does all this mean?

*Mat.* Simply a disguise assumed to follow a rogue, who has been robbing our bank. I have succeeded in his arrest, and now I am ready to doff my disguise, and appear in my real character. And I consider myself doubly rewarded in finding my runaway *Ida*. Then here has been your hiding place all this long while? The orphan has not been without a home, though she fled from the one which I would have made her own.

*Ida.* Yes, my cousin, *George Renshaw*, offered me a home with him as long as I would stay, and has treated me more like a sister than a dependent and needy relative.

*Mat.* Blessed soul! He shall have his reward, *Ida!*

*Ida.* O *Matthew*, *George* can no longer give me a home! He has become so dissipated, that his business has suffered. His house and store have been sold to pay his debts, and his family is turned adrift.

*Mat.* And you are turned adrift too, *Ida*. Oh, let me lift you out of this want, and give you the comforts my riches can bestow! You are one of the waifs sent adrift by your cousin's misfortunes, and I stretch out my hand to save it. (*offers his hand*) Once more I offer you my hand. Will *Ida May* accept the gift?

*Ida.* (*takes his hand*) I do, *Matthew!*

*Mat.* Then let us seal this compact by the marriage rite without delay.

*Mat.* It would be well under the circumstances, *Matthew*, provided we leave town as soon as we are married.

*Mat.* Certainly! I intend that we shall leave on the first train going west after the ceremony is over.

*Ida.* The first train going west will be fifteen minutes past seven this evening.

*Mat.* Well, that will give us sufficient time to have the knot tied, and for you to say good bye to your friends here, and for me to make certain business arrangements, before the train arrives.

*Ida.* But we must not be married in this plight, Matthew, for neither of us have on the wedding garment.

*Mat.* Oh no, Ida, not as we are now. You return to your boarding house and array yourself as you please for the occasion. In half an hour I will call for you as Mr. Sly from St Louis, and not as the crazy man which the people here think me to be. Then we will proceed to the house of some clergyman, and my dear Ida shall no longer be adrift, no more a waif on the ocean of life.

*Ida.* But, Matthew, my cousin George and his family—Oh, I cannot forsake them in their afflictions, when they have been so kind to me in mine!

*Mat.* I have thought of all that, Ida, and have devised a way to reward Renshaw for his kindness to you. You will know it in due time and be satisfied. Good bye till I call for you. *(exit severally.)*

SCENE FOURTH.—*A room in Old Jupe's house as before. Phillis is putting things in order about the room, and Ella, in her childish way, is trying to assist.*

*Phil.* I must hab ebry ting put to rights, for dey'll be here from de weddin'. Miss Ida said dey'd come right here soon as de weddin' was ober, an' stay here till dey go off on de cars. Laws, who'd a thunk Miss Ida'd be married so soon, an' a rich gemman come from St Louis, an' to take her right away 'fore any body know'd it?

*Ella.* *(holding up a footstool)* Where'll I put this?

*Phil.* Put it right down whare your mudder allus sets, chile. She'll want it when she comes back.

*Ella.* Where has ma gone?

*Phil.* She's gone wid your par to see Miss Ida married to de gemman dat's come from St Louis. Dey'll be back soon.

*Enter Old Jupe, L.*

*Jupe.* De weddin' is ober, ole woman, an' Miss Ida's married.

*Phil.* Dey is married den fur shuah?

*Jupe.* Shuah's you an' I is married, honey duck.

*Phil.* Laws, how berry lubbin you is all a sudden, Ole Jupe. One ud tink you wanted to be married agin yourself.

*Jupe.* Hurry up fast as you ean, ole woman, an don't stan dar talkin'. De weddiners'll be here 'fore you'll git tnings put to rights.

*Phil.* Don't you see I'se hurryin' fast as I can? An' don't you see who's helpin' me? *(points to Ella and laughs.)*

*Jupe.* Yes, de darlin' chile, she's helpin' ole Phillis put things to rights.

*Old Jupe snatches up Ella and kisses her, then sets her down again upon the floor. Ella rubs the cheek, which he kissed, with her sleeve.*

*Phil.* Laws, ef de chile aint tryin' to rub de brack off where you kissed her. Dat's a complemernt to you, ole nigger. Yah, yah, yah! De brack neber comes off dat nigger's mouf, chile, it's dyed in de skin.

*(Ella wets her fingers in her mouth, and rubs her cheek with them.)*

*Jupe.* Look a dar, ole woman. *(pointing to Ella)* See what de chile's doin' now. She's 'terminated to git de brack off whar dar aint none. Yah, yah, yah!

*Phil.* Nebber mind, honey. Ye can't git off what isn't on. Yah, yah, yah!

*Ella.* Oh, there comes ma and Miss May!



*Enter Mrs. Renshaw and Ida May, L.*

*Mrs. R.* Here's my Ella. Has she been a good girl, Phillis, since I have been gone?

*Phil.* Laws, she's been de bestist kind ob a girl, missus. She staid in de house all de time, and help me put de tings to rights, smart as any body.

*Ella.* Oh, Miss May has come too! I am so glad. *(running to Ida.)*

*Phil.* I s'poses she isn't Miss May no longer, chile.

*Mrs. R.* No, Ella, she is not Miss May now, but she is Mrs. Sly.

*Ella.* Well, she is just as good anyhow.

*Ida.* Yes, I shall always be the same to you, Ella. *(kisses Ella.)*

*Jupe.* Here comes massa George wid dat Mr. Sly, talkin' togedder as ef dey didn't see nobody.

*Mrs. R.* Yes, George and Mr. Sly became so deeply engaged in conversation, that we came on ahead, and left them to take their own time to get here.

*Enter George Renshaw and Mat Sly, L., as if in close conversation. Mat Sly does not wear his disguise, but is neatly dressed.*

*Ren.* I shall never drink another drop of ardent spirits, Mr. Sly. Already have I drank the price of a store and a fine house, and I think that ought to satisfy one man's appetite. As far as I am concerned, I deserve the consequences of my folly, but the dear ones, who are dependent on me—  
*(falters and weeps.)*

*Mat.* I trust these are the tears of true repentance, and that you will hold fast to this determination.

*Ren.* I shall try, sir, God being my helper. In Him is my trust.

*Mat.* If such is your trust, you cannot fail.

*Jupe.* *(aside)* Dem is de sentiments of dis nigger perzactly.

*Enter Tim O'Regan, L., with a long package, he runs against Old Jupe.*

*Phil.* What you 'bout dar, you keerness Irisher? Do you want to kill Ole Jupe?

*Jupe.* Who's dat run aboard dis nigger? *(rubbing himself.)*

*Tim.* Be gorra, I didn't know there was any nagur in my way.

*Jupe.* What d'ye want to 'trude on a weddin' party for widout an invitation?

*Tim.* I come to bring this to that gintlemon. *(nodding to Mat Sly.)*

*Mat.* Take the package, Jupe, and after we are gone, you can examine it at your leisure. It is a present to you and Phillis.

*Jupe.* What dat for? *(takes package from O'Regan, who exit, L.)*

*Mat.* For giving shelter to the Renshaw's, when they were turned adrift.

*Jupe.* Gor a mighty, I—I— *(chokes with emotion)* Dis nigger can't say nuffin.

*Mat.* And to you, Mr. Renshaw, I am greatly indebted for giving that dear girl a home, *(points to Ida)* when my own folly sent her adrift. In our bank we have a vacant office, which you shall fill, as long as you abide by the resolution just declared.

*Ren.* Thank you, my dear sir! *(shakes Mat's hand)* If industry and honesty will secure the position, intemperance shall never again send my dear ones adrift.

*Mat.* *(to the audience)* And to you, we tender our thanks for your kind attention, and trust you will learn a lesson from the follies, which turn so many ADRIFT.

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