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34	Mistletoe Bough, melodrama, 2 acts, by C. Somerset	7 3

THE WIDOWER'S TRIALS,

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE,

IN TWO ACTS,

—BY—

JAMES M. DOW.

—o—

*Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1884, by
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—o—

JAN 30 1885

2729

—CLYDE, OHIO.—

A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

The Widower's Trials.

—A—

CHARACTERS.

—

COLONEL JACKSON, *the Widower.*

PAT, *an Irishman full of fun and in love with Mollie.*

MR. DIXON, *one of the obliging ones.*

FRANK BROWN, *an incorrigible youth, almost a nuisance.*

EMMA WATKINS, *a loveable young lady.*

BERTHA MORGAN, *not in love with the Colonel.*

MOLLIE, *in love with Pat.*

MRS. COLONEL JACKSON, *the Colonel's wife.*

LITTLE GIRL, *her daughter.*

—O—

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TIME OF PERFORMANCE—THIRTY MINUTES.

PS 635
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The Widower's Trials.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Parlor in Col. Jackson's residence. Col. Jackson discovered reading paper.

Col J. (*laying paper on table*) Well, well, this living a widower's life is getting rather monotonous—it is nearly a year since my dear companion left me, and it is high time that I found some one to fill her place. Of course it will not be a very difficult job to get me a wife, as almost any of the girls would jump at an offer from me. 'Tis true I am well along in years, but I do not show my age so very much, and then, look at the position that I hold. I am Justice of the Peace, Notary Public, Insurance Agent, &c. I have about twenty-five thousand dollars at my disposal, but if I paid my debts with it, I must say I would find myself about twenty-five thousand dollars behind. But let me once get married, and I can place the money in my wife's hands, and they can't collect a cent. I believe that is the easiest way to pay my debts and I think I will do it. Now let me see who had I better have for my wife. There is Emma Watkins, she is a fine appearing young lady, and would make me a good wife, and then old Watkins is pretty well off and if I should happen to get short of funds I could borrow of the old man. I believe that I will take a walk down that way and propose the matter and have it settled at once. (*rings the bell*)

Enter Mollie, L.

—My hat and cane, Mollie.

Mollie. Yes, sir.

Exit, L.—re-enters bringing hat and cane.

—Here they are.

Col J. If any one should call while I am absent, tell them I am away upon some very important business, and may not return till late. (*exit, R.*)

Mollie. Shure an' he will stay till late, an' I believe I'll sind for Pat, and have him come to tay, an' won't it be foine to have the house all to oursilves. An' then I can give Pat some of the Colonel's sherry wine. Och! but won't he think that's a treat. (*looks off R.*) Faith an' there goes Pat now. (*calls*) Here, Pat, Pat!

Pat. (*outside*) An' shure Mollie darlin' did ye spake to me?

Mollie. Yis Pat, come in, the Colonel is away an' we can have the whole house to oursilves.

THE WIDOWER'S TRIALS.

Enter Pat, R.

Pat. An' whin will the old Colonel be back?

Mollie. Shure an' he said he was goin' out on particular business an' wouldn't be back till late. An' now, Pat, sit down while I git the tay riddy.

Pat. But Mollie darlin', hadn't I better go down in the kitchen wid ye?

Mollie. No Pat, we have everything to oursilves to-day, an' I'm goin' to intertain ye in the best of style. An' now Pat, amuse yoursilf lookin' at the pictures an' things, while I fix up a bit an' sit the table. *(exit, L.)*

Pat. Well—now, this is snug indade, I don't git intertained in such a foine manner every day. I wonder where this door goes to. *(opens door)* Faith an' this door goes to a closet—well it may come handy if I should have to hide. Well now, some of them pictures are pirty foine—that one there is pirty nigh as good as the one Mrs. McSpilkins got with the "Farm and Fireside." I'll bet it cost as much as fifteen cents. I wish she would hurry up, for I am gettin' hungry as a whale.

Enter Mollie, L.

Mollie. Come Pat, everything's all riddy, an' I got some of the Colonel's best sherry for ye.

Pat. Sherry did ye say? be jabbers an' I'll be after a thunkin that I am the President of the United States. Och, Mollie but you are a darlin' indeed. *(exit both, L.)*

SCENE II.—Street, 1st. grooves.

Enter Colonel Jackson, R.

Col J. It is only a few steps to her house now—yes I can see it through the trees and shrubbery yonder. Some way I do not feel quite so confident of a favorable reply as I did. She thinks no doubt I am worth the twenty-five thousand dollars, and that together with the fact that I am not so bad looking, will doubtless have an influence in my favor. I declare I do not have as much courage as I thought I had. I am all in a perspiration. However I must face it. For shame, Colonel, for shame—brace up.

(continues as he exits, L.)

SCENE III.—Parlor as before.

Enter Pat and Mollie, L.

Pat. Shure Mollie an' its your precious silf as is fit to intertain a queen.

Mollie. Now Pat, sit down and make yoursilf aisy, while I clear up the dishes. *(exit, L.)*

Pat. Now that girl is a darlin', sure an' its me ownsilf as will be the happiest mon in this blessed counthry, whin we get hitched up in double harness an' travel down through the path of life together.

Enter Mollie, L.

Mollie. Och Pat, an' the colonel is a comin', he is just at the door, what will we do, he'll turn me off I know he will.

Pat. Bejabers an' I'll have to hide, I'll jest step in here. *(opens door to closet)* An' then you sind him after something, an' I'll be after takin' a French leave. *(exit into closet)*

Enter Colonel Jackson, R.

Col J. Mollie, take my hat and cane.

Mollie. Yis, sir. (*aside*) He'll find Pat, I know he will! oh, dear, what shall I do?

Col J. Well I'm surprised—

Pat. (*looking out*) Faith an' so am I.

Col J. Who would have thought that she would refuse me, a man in my position, and then upon my way back, I stopped and saw Miss Jones, but she could not think of getting married at the present, and then I went across the street and saw Miss Smith, but she said that she was too young to get married. In fact, I went all around and they all had some excuse. I suppose I will marry Mollie yet.

Pat. Jerusalem! Then what will I do!

Col J. (*looking out, R.*) Well I declare, if their isn't Miss Morgan going by, she has come home for a visit, and there is still another chance left.

Pat. To get the mitten.

Col J. There goes her cousin, Charlie Dixon, I'll call him in and see what he thinks about the matter. (*goes to door*) Hello, Dixon! won't you come in for a moment? I wish to speak to you upon some very important business.

Enter Dixon, R.

Dixon. Certainly, Colonel Jackson I am one of the obliging sort, and if there is any thing I can do for you, I will do it most willingly.

Col J. There is I can assure you, Mr. Dixon. You see I am in a dilemma and I wish to ask your advice, and perhaps your assistance.

Dixon. Very well, Colonel, as I said before, if there is any thing I can do for you I will do it with pleasure.

Col J. I see, Dixon, that your cousin Bertha Morgan is at home. Is she married, engaged, or any thing of that sort?

Dixon. (*aside*) I wonder if he thinks there is a chance for him. (*aloud*) Well Colonel to the best of my knowledge she is not, but why do you ask?

Pat. (*looking out—aside*) He wants to get the mitten again.

Col J. Well, Dixon, I will tell you. You know that my wife has been dead about a year, and it is about time that I was getting another one. Now I could get almost any of the girls around—

Pat. I guess that's so.

Col J. But you see, I don't intend to stay in this place after I get married, but will go to some one of the cities to live, and I want a wife who can go out in society with me.

Pat. Better take Mollie then.

Col J. And I know that Bertha can do so. So I thought I would ask you what you thought about the matter.

Dixon. Well Colonel, I don't know what cousin Bertha would think. The best way would be for you to call and see her, and find out for yourself.

Col J. Do you think that she will be at home this evening?

Dixon. I think that she will. If you wish, I will tell her that you intend to call.

Pat. (*aside*) I'll bet he'll never call again.

Col J. Thank you, thank you, Dixon, you will oblige me greatly by so doing.

Dixon. Very well, this evening then—but look out that you don't get stuck in the mud, it is fearfully muddy up our way. (*exit, R.*)

Pat. Yis, he had better stay at home.

Col J. Well now, I'll take a nap as I shall be up late to-night without doubt.

Pat. Yis, an' if you ain't, you won't sleep much I'll bet.

(*Colonel Jackson lies down upon a lounge, and is soon asleep.*)

Pat. (*coming from closet*) Be jabers, now is a good time for me to get out of this.

Watches the Colonel as he is edging towards door, stumbles over chairs and wakes him.

Col J. What the deuce! Who are you, and what are you doing here?

Pat. Bejabers I called here on some very important business, but I saw you were asleep, an' so I thought that I would tell it to Mollie an' let her tell it to you whin you woke up.

Col J. Important business did you say? what important business have you, I'd like to know.

Pat. Shure an' Mr. Dixon wanted me to call and tell you that it was all right.

Col J. Did he tell you what it was that was all right?

Pat. He just said, tell the Colonel that it is all right.

Col J. All right my good fellow, here is a shilling for your trouble.

Pat. Thank'ee sir. Thank'ee sir. (*aside*) Be jabers I wonder if he thinks that will pay me for all the trouble I've had. (*exit, R.*)

Col J. (*rubbing his hands in high glee*) Well, I guess I'm all right this time, Dixon has it all fixed up for me, and she is willing or he never would have sent that fellow to tell me it is all right. Oh, my fine girls, you did me a great favor when you refused my offer. I shall now have a wife who can take the shine off from all of you. But I must make ready and away to the house of my future bride. (*exit, L.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Parlor at the residence of Mr. Morgan. Bertha seated upon sofa reading.

Enter Dixon, R.

Dixon. Well, Bertha, I have some splendid news for you, there is a gentleman in the village, who wishes to be united to you in the holy bonds of matrimony, and is going to call this evening to see about the matter, and he wished me to ask you to be at home.

Bertha. Well, Charlie, I must say this is an unlooked for honor. Who is the gentleman, if I may inquire?

Dixon. His name is Colonel Jackson. You know he lost his wife about a year ago, and he thinks you are just the person to fill the vacancy.

Bertha. I feel very much flattered indeed. I wonder if he thinks that I am fool enough to marry a man who is old enough to be my grandfather?

Dixon. I don't know, I'm sure, but it seems that he is going to find out any how.

Bertha. Charlie, I want you to be in the room when he calls, and not leave it until he is gone.

Dixon. Oh, you must get rid of him without any of my assistance.

Bertha. What shall I do? Why didn't you tell him that it would do him no good to call.

Dixon. Because I did not know whether it would or not.

Bertha. You might have known. Oh, dear!

Dixon. Well, Bertha, if you do not wish to refuse him, you must keep him from asking, that is all I have to say. (*exit, R.*)

Bertha. (*covers her face with hands*) Oh, dear, what shall I do, what shall I do!

Enter Frank, L.

Frank. What's the matter now, Bertha?

Bertha. Matter enough I should say. Colonel Jackson is going to call this evening.

Frank. Well, I don't see what there is about that to make you feel bad.

Bertha. (*snappishly*) Well I do if you don't! Say Frank, you love your sister don't you?

Frank. Why, of course I do.

Bertha. And you would help her out of trouble, if you could?

Frank. Why of course I would.

Bertha. Well then, I want you to be in the room when Colonel Jackson calls, and not go out of it until he leaves. You will do that, won't you Frank?

Frank. I guess so, if you want me to.

Bertha. (*looks off, R.*) There he comes now. Now you sit down there and don't you move until he goes.

(*Franks sits in chair—knock, R., Bertha goes to door*)

Col J. Good evening, Miss Morgan. I understood that you were at home, and thought that I would call this evening, and—

Bertha. Oh, certainly, certainly, Colonel Jackson. Pray be seated. Did you not find the walks very muddy?

Col J. It is very muddy indeed, but I rode up in the hack, so you see I did not have it to contend with.

Bertha. Oh yes, I see. Frank if you hear the hack when it goes back you must tell Mr. Jackson, for it would be too bad for him to be compelled to walk back through all this mud.

Frank. All right. I'll listen for it.

Col J. (*aside*) Confound that boy, I wonder if he will sit there all the evening. (*aloud*) Frank, what is the matter with your neck?

Frank. I've got a darned old carbuncle as big as your fist.

Bertha. Frank, you shouldn't say darned, it is not polite.

Frank. I don't care, it hurts like thunder.

Bertha. Hurts very badly, you mean, Frank.

Frank. No I don't. I mean it hurts like—

Bertha. Frank! (*to Colonel Jackson*) Mr. Jackson, you must excuse Frank's impoliteness, he is very much out of humor this evening.

Col J. (*aside*) You'd better send him to bed then. (*aloud*) Oh well, I suppose that carbuncles are not very pleasant things to have, and I don't know as I blame him.

Frank. If you ever have one as big as mine, you'll think every time you move that your darned old head's comin' off.

Bertha. Frank! You must not talk so.

Frank. I don't care. He will—

Col J. (*aside*) That's right, keep it up my boy, and your sister will send you out the first thing you know.

Bertha. I understand, Colonel Jackson, that you have lost your wife, since I went away, and I must say, that you have my sympathy.

Col J. (*aside*) She is all right, but confound that boy, why don't she send him out. (*aloud*) Miss Morgan, I am happy to know that there is one, who sympathizes with me in my affliction. It was a hard blow to have my dear companion taken away from me, and I don't know as I ever will get over it. I have been advised to get married again, but there are few, if any, who can fill the place of the departed.

Bertha. (*aside*) I suppose I am one of them. (*aloud*) Oh, well, Colonel Jackson, perhaps you can find some one, who can make the remainder of your life happy. I hope so at least.

Col J. (*aside*) Well, I must say that looks favorable. (*aloud*) Perhaps I can, but they are few indeed. (*aside*) I must get that boy out some way. (*aloud*) Frank, where is your father?

Frank. Oh, he's out in the kitchen, makin' sausages.

Col J. Won't you please tell him, I wish to see him before I go?

Frank. Oh, he said before you came, that he would come in as soon as he got the sausage made.

Col J. Oh, very well. (*aside*) Is there no way to get rid of that boy? (*aloud to Bertha*) As I said before, there are few who can fill her place. And then, there is no objection to my getting married again. I should not want to stay in this place, but would want to go to some one of the large cities to live—you know, one can support a wife in good style, in the city upon twenty-five thousand dollars.

Bertha. (*aside*) Oh, what an inducement!

Frank. (*aside*) He ain't worth twenty-five cents. (*aloud*) Say Colonel Jackson, there's the hack a comin'.

Col J. (*aside*) Confound that boy, confound him! (*aloud*) Is it? I wonder where I left my rubbers. (*o. as around for them*)

Frank. There they are, upon the door mat.

Col J. Oh, yes, so they are. (*aside*) Curse that boy. (*puts on rubbers, and goes to door, R.*) Well now, that is too bad—the hack has gone.

Bertha. Oh, I'm so sorry, it is such bad walking, and you will be all tired out.

Col J. (*sitting down again*) Well, I suppose that I will have to make the best of it.

Mr. M. (*looks in, L.*) Colonel, you will have to excuse me, as I am very busy making sausage.

Col J. Oh, certainly, certainly, I am doing very well as I am. (*aside*) If it wasn't for that infernal boy.

Col J. (*to Bertha*) As I said before, there are very few who can fill my dead wife's place. In fact, I know of but one, and that one—

Frank. Oh, say, Bertha, won't you play that new waltz for Colonel Jackson? I know he would like to hear it.

Bertha. Certainly, if he wishes me to.

Col J. Indeed, Miss Morgan, I would be delighted to hear it. (*aside*) And I would be delighted to wring that boy's stiff neck for him.

Bertha goes to organ and plays a waltz. Colonel Jackson looks savagely upon Frank.

Frank. There Colonel, ain't that boss, would'nt you like to hear another?

Col J. Very much indeed, Frank, but really it is so late that I must be going. (*rises and takes hat*) Good evening, Miss Morgan, perhaps I may call again before you go back.

Bertha. Good evening, Mr. Jackson, I am very sorry you have so far to walk in the mud.

Col J. Oh, I will live through it, never fear. (*aside*) Why don't she ask me to come again? (*bows, and exit, R.*)

Bertha. Thank goodness he's gone, and he must not come again.

(*exit, Frank and Bertha, L., change to*)

SCENE II.—Street.

Enter Dixon, R., and Brown, L.

Brown. Hallo, Dixon! (*they shake hands*) Have you heard the news?

Dixon. No, I have heard of nothing so very wonderful. What might it be?

Brown. Why, Colonel Jackson expects to receive an appointment as Governor of one of the Territories, and has gone to Washington to see about the matter. He has been gone for several days, and should be back by to-night or to-morrow I think.

Dixon. (*aside*) Oh, Bertha, Bertha, what have you lost! (*aloud*) Utah I suppose where it is not such hard work to get a wife.

Brown. Ha, ha, Dixon, I had not thought of that, but I guess that you've hit it just about right, for they say that he's tried all the girls in town.

Dixon. Yes, poor fellow! I can't help feeling sorry for him.

Enter Pat, R.

Pat. Shure Mr. Dixon, an' there's goin' to be a big time at the Colonel's house this evening.

Dixon. Why Pat, what is going on?

Pat. Faith an' the Colonel's comin' home, an' is goin' to bring a wife wid him, an' the folks are goin' to give him an inception.

Dixon. Reception you mean, Pat.

Pat. Well, it is somethin' of the kind, an' everybody is invited. (*exit, L.*)

Dixon. Well, Brown, I guess we will have to attend.

Brown. Oh, yes, we will have to go of course. I am very anxious to see the bride, in fact I am always anxious to see handsome young ladies you know, and the Colonel wouldn't get any other kind for a wife.

Dixon. Well then I will meet you there, so for the present, adieu.

(exit, Brown, L., and Dixon, R., change to

SCENE III.—*Parlor in Colonel Jackson's residence Dixon and Emma Watkins seated, R., Brown and Bertha Morgan L., Frank, C., others seated talking.*

Dixon. (*looking at watch*) Half past eight, surely the train must be in by this time.

Brown. It should have been here a half an hour ago.

Frank. What was that? I heard some one drive up. (*runs to door*) It's them. They've come.

Brown. I wonder if she's handsome.

Dixon. Brown, that is all you think of.

Brown. Oh, pshaw, Dixon, I very often think of other things, still I will confess that there is nothing I so admire as a beautiful young lady.

Frank. By thunder she's got a little girl, he's married a whole family, I guess.

Bertha. Perhaps its her sister, Frank. Now do go and sit down.

Frank. I shan't do it, I have got just as good a right here as you have, and I'm goin' to do just as I please.

Enter Colonel Jackson, R., with wife and little girl, followed by Pat and Mollie—all rise.

Dixon. (*shaking hands with Colonel*) Colonel Jackson we welcome yourself and wife, and wish you a life of happiness and peace.

Colonel introduces his wife and shakes hands with all except Frank

Col J. Kind friends, this warm welcome was wholly unexpected, and I hardly know how to thank you.

Brown. Never mind the thanks, Colonel, we don't ask them.

Pat. (*aside*) Unexpected did he say? Be jabbers an' the old sinner wrote to Mollie to ax 'em to come.

Frank. Look here Colonel, I guess you didn't see me. Give us a shake of your paw.

Col J. (*aside*) That devilish boy again. (*aloud*) Well, well, Frank, I did not notice you, how do you do? (*shakes hands*)

Frank. First rate Colonel, the next time you want me to go out of the room, I'll just skip.

Col J. Never mind Frank, we won't talk about that now.

Frank. It was all right anyhow, wasn't it Colonel. (*pokes him in the ribs—to audience*) It is with you, is it not kind friends, and if any of you should happen to be afflicted with boils, please to remember that

Go where you will,

Carbuncles and biles,

Are nothing at all,

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This drama is a great success, and is published now for the first time, from the author's original manuscript. There has been a demand for a play which could be used by Grand Army Posts, Military Companies, etc., which would be effective, and yet not difficult to represent. This want Hal Hazard will supply.

It has eight male characters and three female. A few soldiers, both U. S. and C. S., may be used, but there is no elaborate drills or difficult stage business to try the patience of the manager. It takes from 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 2 hours to present it.

The leading character is a double one. "George Clarendon," who assumes the character of "Old Hal," a very deaf and shrewd old man, who is equally at home in the Confederate or Federal Camp. As the Spy he is always on hand at the proper time, and always comes out ahead in all places where his services are needed. The other characters are all good, consisting of a Captain and Lieutenant in the U. S. Army, and four Confederates. Generals Sherman, Stoneman and Garrard are represented, but may be omitted if desired. There is also an excellent Leading Lady, Old Woman and Negro Comedy Woman.

We think those who order and produce this play will be more than pleased.

AMES' PLAYS—Continued.


NO.		M. P.
69	Mother's Fool, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	6 1
1	Mr. & Mrs. Pringle, farce, 1 act, by Don T. De Treuba Cosio.....	7 2
23	My Heart's in the Highlands, farce, 1 act.....	4 3
32	My Wife's Relations, comedietta, 1 act, by Walter Gordon.....	4 4
90	No Cure No Pay, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin.....	3 1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2 0
37	Not so Bad After All, comedy, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve.....	6 5
44	Obedience, comedietta, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambla.....	1 2
81	Old Phil's Birthday, drama, 2 acts, by J. P. Wooler.....	5 2
33	On the Sly, farce, 1 act, by John Madison Morton.....	3 2
109	Other People's Children, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. N. Field.....	3 2
126	Our Daughters, society comedy, 4 acts, by Fred L. Greenwood.....	8 6
85	Outcast's Wife, drama, 3 acts, by Colin H. Hazelwood.....	12 3
83	Out on the World, drama, 3 acts.....	5 4
53	Out in the Streets, temperance drama, 3 acts, by S. N. Cook.....	6 4
57	Paddy Miles' Boy, Irish farce, 1 act, by James Pilgrim.....	5 2
29	Painter of Ghent, play, 1 act, by Douglass Jerrold.....	5 2
114	Passions, comedy, 4 acts, by F. Marinaduke Dey.....	8 4
18	Poacher's Doom, domestic drama, 3 acts, by A. D. Ames.....	8 3
51	Rescued, temperance drama, 2 acts, by C. H. Gilbert.....	5 3
110	Reverses, domestic drama, 5 acts, by A. Newton Field.....	12 6
45	Rock Allen the orphan, drama, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	5 3
96	Rooms to Let without Board, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2 1
59	Saved, temperance sketch, 1 act, by Edwin Tardy.....	2 3
48	Schnaps, Dutch farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton.....	1 1
107	School, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	5 0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore, burlesque, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	5 3
55	Somebody's Nobody, farce, 1 act, by C. A. Maltby.....	3 2
94	Sixteen Thousand Years Ago, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3 0
25	Sport with a Sportsman, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2 0
79	Spy of Atlanta, military allegory, 6 acts, by A. D. Ames, 25 cents.....	14 3
92	Stage Struck Darkey, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2 1
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2 0
62	Ten Nights in a Bar Room, temperance drama, 5 acts.....	7 3
64	That Boy Sam, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	3 1
40	That Mysterious Bundle, farce, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla.....	2 2
38	The Bewitched Closet, sketch, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla.....	5 2
87	The Biter Bit, comedy, 2 acts, by Barham Livins.....	5 2
101	The Coming Man, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	3 1
67	The False Friend, drama, 2 acts, by George S. Vantrot.....	6 1
97	The Fatal Blow, melodrama, 2 acts, by Edward Fitzball.....	7 1
119	The Forty-Niners, or The Pioneer's Daughter, border drama, 5 acts, by T. W. Hanshaw.....	10 4
93	The Gentleman in Black, drama, 2 acts, by W. H. Murray.....	9 4
112	The New Magdalen, drama, pro. 3 acts, by A. Newton Field.....	8 3
118	The Popcorn Man, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	3 1
71	The Reward of Crime, drama, 2 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	5 3
16	The Serf, tragedy, 5 acts, by R. Talbot.....	6 3
68	The Sham Professor, farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	4 0
6	The Studio, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3 0
102	Turn of the Tide, temperance drama, 3 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	7 4
54	The Two T. J.'s, farce, 1 act, by Martin Beecher.....	4 2
7	The Vow of the Ormani, drama, 3 acts, by J. N. Gotthold.....	8 1
28	Thirty-three next Birthday, farce, 1 act, by M. Morton.....	4 2
108	Those Awful Boys, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	5 0
63	Three Glasses a Day, temperance drama, 2 acts, W. Henri Wilkins.....	4 2
105	Through Snow and Sunshine, drama, 5 acts.....	6 4
4	Twain's Dodging, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	3 1
5	When Women Weep, comedietta, 1 act, by J. N. Gotthold.....	3 2
56	Wooring Under Difficulties, farce, 1 act, by J. T. Douglass.....	4 3
41	Won at Last, comedy drama, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve.....	7 3
70	Which will he Marry, farce, 1 act, by Thomas E. Wilks.....	2 8
58	Wrecked, temperance drama, 2 acts, by A. D. Ames.....	9 3
111	Yankee Duelist, farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	2 2

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