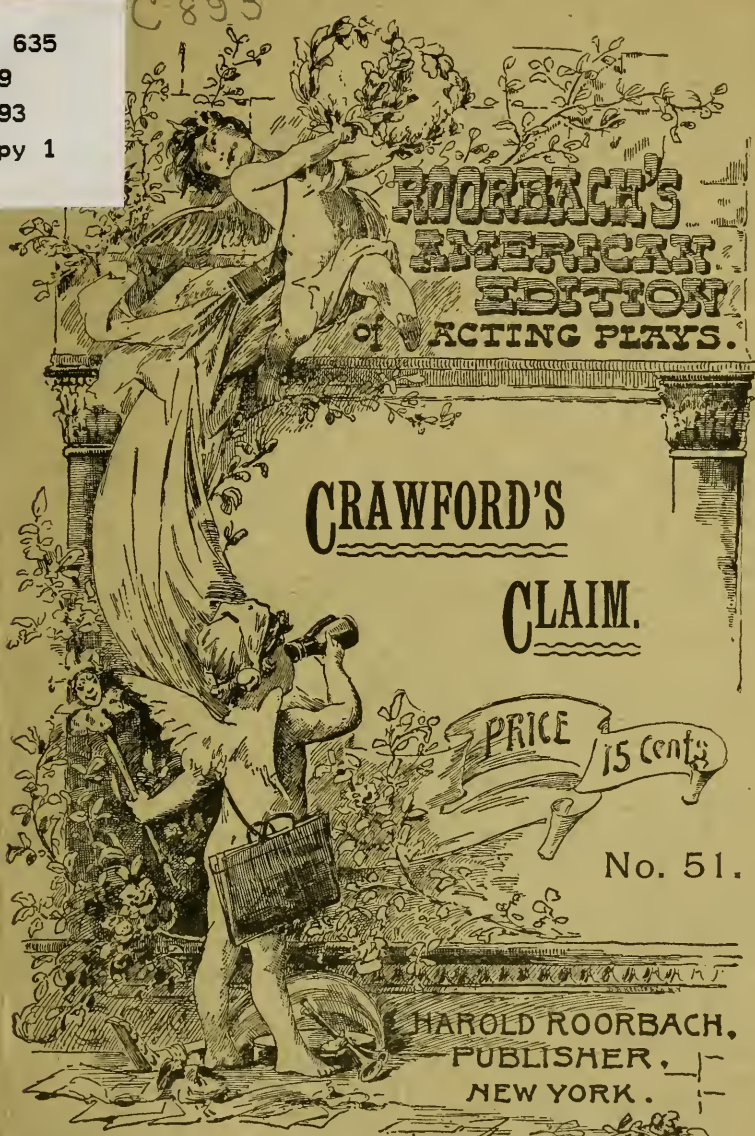


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**CRAWFORD'S**

**CLAIM.**

PRICE 15 CENTS

No. 51.

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23. **MISS MADCAP.** A comedietta in one act. Two male, one female characters. Time, twenty minutes.
24. **THE DARKEY WOOD DEALER.** A farce in one act. Two male, one female characters. Time, twenty minutes.

(OVER.)

# CRAWFORD'S CLAIM

OR

## NUGGET NELL, THE PET OF POKER FLAT

A DRAMA IN PROLOGUE AND THREE ACTS

BY

J. E. COWLEY AND WILSON T. BENNETTE

AUTHORS' EDITION PRINTED FROM THE PROMPT-COPY, WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAMS OF THE STAGE-SETTINGS, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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HAROLD ROORBACH  
PUBLISHER

1890

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# CRAWFORD'S CLAIM

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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### PROLOGUE.

*Broadway Theatre,  
Long Branch, N. J.,  
Feb'y 15th, 1887.*

HERBERT STANTON, <i>an escaped convict,</i>	Wilson T. Bennette.
SIDNEY WOODWARD, <i>a false friend,</i>	Chas. Claik.
MIKE MOORE, <i>a Tombs lawyer,</i>	John D. Griffin.
BILL MULLIGAN, <i>a genius,</i>	S. C. Halpin.
JOE BOWERS, <i>"a broken down actor,"</i>	Chas. Mayo.
BELLA WOODWARD, <i>Sidney's wife,</i>	Ethel Florence.

### DRAMA.

BUDD BUNKEM, <i>a Western sport,</i>	Wilson T. Bennette.
MANUEL LOPEZ, <i>alias Capt. Grip,</i>	Chas. Claik.
"DEACON" CRAWFORD, <i>who owns the "Claim,"</i>	Frank Palmer.
JACK DAVIS, <i>who drove the "extra,"</i>	John L. Sanford.
MIKE MOORE, <i>always on a case,</i>	John D. Griffin.
BILL MULLIGAN, <i>lieutenant to Lopez,</i>	S. C. Halpin.
LING LING, <i>a giddy Celestial,</i>	John W. Gardiner.
JOE BOWERS, <i>always a friend,</i>	John P. Carroll.
JIM SAWYER, <i>the sheriff,</i>	Simon Wade.
NUGGET NELL, <i>the Pet of Poker Flat,</i>	Lizzie Whitehill.
ABIGAIL GREENLEAF, <i>so gushing,</i>	Lola Hartley.
BELLA WOODWARD,	Ethel Florence.

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A LAPSE OF THREE YEARS BETWEEN THE PROLOGUE AND ACT I.

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TIME OF PLAYING.—TWO HOURS AND A QUARTER.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

PROLOGUE.—*Scene 1.* Woodward's home in New York.—The convict's return.—The story of the past.—A cool proposition.—A business appointment. *Scene 2.* A street.—Mike Moore's tribulations.—“All on account of an advertisement.”—Joe Bowers spouts Shakespeare and bids a fond adieu.—A crank and his patents.—The meeting of friends.—Attorney and client. *Scene 3.* Stanton's lodgings.—“Be the powers, we'll bother that Woodward before we get through with him.”—An expected arrival.—“A snug little boodle.”—Baffled!

ACT I.—“The Pilgrim's Rest.”—A giddy Celestial.—Jim Sawyer on the warpath.—The chap in store clothes.—The Pet of Poker Flat.—How the “extra” beat the record from Blazes Bar.—A rat in the soup.—The Greaser's little scheme.—“You attend to your gin-slinging, and I'll look after my dad!”—Joe Bowers turns up again, and Abigail Greenleaf has an adventure.—The deacon stakes his all, and loses.—“The Arkansaw Hand.”—Tableau.

ACT II.—At Poker Flat.—Abigail and the Chinaman.—Joe Bowers to the rescue.—Ling Ling on his muscle.—A search for an heiress.—The story of Lord Percy.—The title deeds.—Woodward and Bella.—“In plain English, your little game is busted.”—A startling discovery.—A Napoleon of finance.—An assassin's hand.—Left in trust.—“My last piece of villainy has been done; from now on I mean to lead an honest life.”—The Greaser's revenge.—A dastardly deed.—Tableau.

ACT III.—Joe's home in Denver.—“Begorra, here's a transformation for ye!”—Abigail puts on her war paint.—Ling in hot water.—Jack Davis' account of himself.—“Great Scott, but I'm just dyin' to sot eyes on that ar gal!”—A fashionable young lady.—The deacon's retreat.—Nell's secret.—“I have come back to claim the woman I love.”—A visitor is announced.—“It means the circus are about to begin.”—Turning the tables.—The deacon drives the nails and Bill Mulligan clinches them.—At the end of his rope.—Dénouement.—Tableau.

## COSTUMES.

HERBERT STANTON.—*Prologue.* Tramp, with crop wig and long boots. Act I. Flashy western suit, top boots, sombrero hat, brace of revolvers in belt. Act II. Mining suit, carries sack coat in arms. Act III. Full-dress.

SIDNEY WOODWARD.—*Prologue.* First dress, full dress. Second dress, same with overcoat and silk hat. Acts I and II. Mexican dress. Act III. Prince Albert suit.

MIKE MOORE.—*Prologue.* Character modern Irish-American. Acts I and II. Western miner. Act III. Smart business suit.

BILL MULLIGAN.—*Prologue.* Smart business suit. Acts I and II. Western miner. Act III. Business suit.

JOE BOWERS.—Broken down actor till last act—then smart business suit.

BELLA WOODWARD.—*Prologue.* Full evening dress. Act II. Walking dress.

"DEACON" CRAWFORD.—Acts I and II. As a miner of clerical appearance. Act III. Quiet dark suit.

JACK DAVIS.—Act I. Western stage driver; long coat, snap-whip, top boots. Act II. Same dress without long coat. Act III. Quaint business suit.

LING LING.—Chinese dress all through.

JIM SAWYER.—Rough western dress, with boots, slouch hat, etc.

NUGGET NELL.—Act I. Ragged dress, *à la* "M'liss." Act II. Neater dress. Act III. Full evening dress, *en train*.

ABIGAIL.—Acts I and II. Prim and prudish calico dresses, old maidish in the extreme. Act III. Neater, but same style.

### PROPERTIES.

PROLOGUE.—*Scene 1.* Handsome curtains. Centre table. Parlor chairs. Two stands of flowers. Pistol. Carpet down. *Scene 2.* Valise. Reticule. Documents. *Scene 3.* Rickety table. Chairs. Candle. Small vial. Old bureau up L. Blackjack. Three revolvers. Wine bottle in paper. Documents.

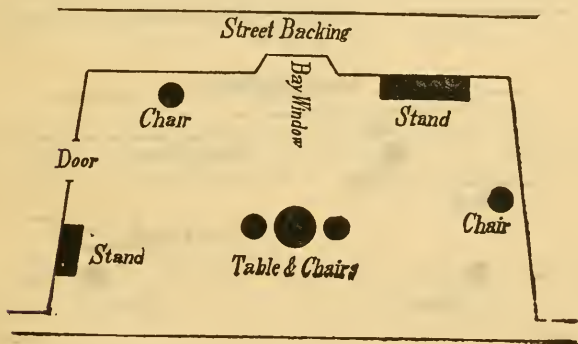
ACT I.—Rough bar with cards, bottles, glasses, syphon, etc., up L. Deal table and two chairs R. 2 E. Table L. Table with ironing materials, up R. Clothes basket. Long whip. Paper money. Two revolvers. Bowie knife. Big rat. Old revolver. Cigarettes. Pie. Documents.

ACT II.—Three tree stumps. Documents. Small rifle. Bowie knives. Sure fire pistol. Two bouquets. Bird's-nest. Knife. Book.

ACT III.—Sofa, R. Curtains. Small desk or secretary up L. Writing materials. Rolling-pin. Documents. Chairs. Books. Carpet down. Visiting card on tray. Note in envelope.

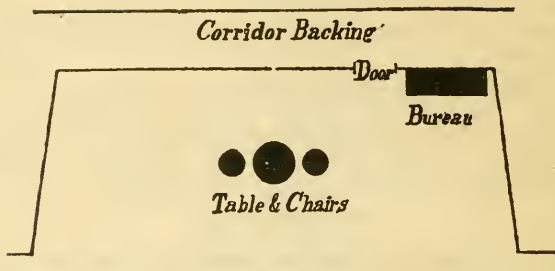
### STAGE SETTINGS.

#### PROLOGUE, *Scene 1.*

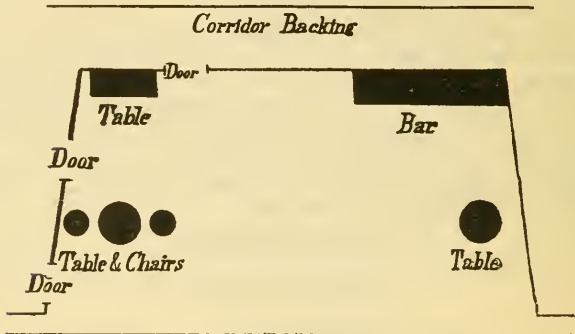


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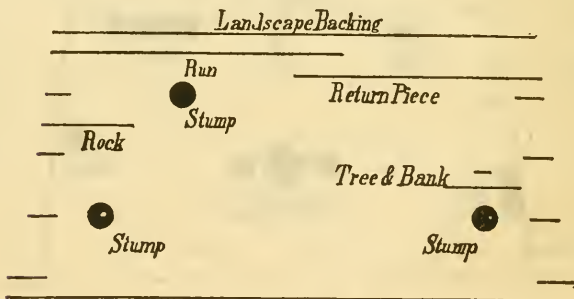
PROLOGUE, Scene 3.



ACT I.

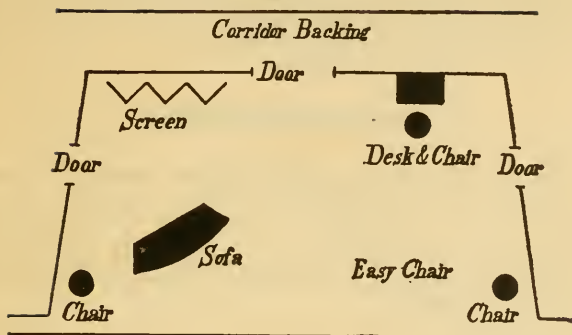


ACT II.





## ACT III.



## SCENE PLOT.

## PROLOGUE.

SCENE 1.—Handsome parlor boxed in 4 G., backed with street in 5 G. Bay window, with curtains, c. in flat. Practicable door R. 3 E. Table c. with chairs R. and L. of it. Chairs L. and up R. C. Flower-stands R. and up L. Carpet down.

SCENE 2.—Modern street in 1 G. Entrances R. and L.

SCENE 3.—Rough chamber boxed in 3 G., backed with corridor in 4 G. Practicable door L. c. in flat. Table and 2 chairs c. Bureau up L. The scene exceedingly dilapidated in appearance.

## ACT I.

Barroom in 4 G., backed with corridor in 5 G. Doors R. 1 E., R. 3 E., and R. c. in flat. Tormentors on. Rough bar up L. Table and 2 chairs opposite R. 2 E. Ironing table, etc., up R. Table opposite L. 2 E.

## ACT II.

Rocky pass in 4 G. Run from R. U. E. across stage, with return piece to c. Set rock R. 3 E. Set tree L. 2 E., with bank in front of it. Tree stumps R., L., and up R. C.

## ACT III.

Fancy chamber boxed in 4 G., backed with corridor in 5 G. Double door C. in flat, hung with curtains. Practicable doors, R. 3 E. and L. 3 E. Small desk or secretary and chair up L. Screen up R. C. Sofa R. Easy-chair L. Chairs R. and L. Carpet down.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

In observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or back scene; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; C. D., centre door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the audience.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.





# CRAWFORD'S CLAIM.

## PROLOGUE.

Scene I.—*Handsome parlor—music at rise—enter SIDNEY, R. 3 E.; crosses to window C., looking out.*

Sidney. Here on my very grounds! Could I have been mistaken, or was it a mere trick of my fancy? (*comes down*)

Enter BELLA, R. 3 E.

Bella. Sidney, why did you leave the ball-room so suddenly? Are you ill?

Sidney. (*sits L. of C. table*) No, Bella; but on going to the window a moment ago, I saw a face gazing into mine—a face I thought was buried in the past forever.

Bella. Sidney, you alarm me! Of whom do you speak?

Sidney. Of the man who, twelve years ago, attempted my life. He was convicted of the attempt and sentenced to prison; but he escaped, and, until a few moments ago, I thought he was dead.

Bella. Surely, you do not mean Herbert Stanton? Oh, it cannot be—you must be mistaken!

Sidney. 'Tis no mistake, Bella. I saw Herbert Stanton's face as plainly as I see yours now. But you must return to the ball-room—our guests will wonder at our strange absence.

Bella. Do not stay here long, Sidney. I shall be anxious until you join me.

Exit R. 3 E.

Sidney. Can it be that he is not dead; but has come to me at this late hour to fulfil the oath of vengeance he swore twelve years ago, when he stood up in the prisoner's dock and denounced me? His words are still ringing in my ears: "You triumph now, but my time will yet come. I will live, (*HHERBERT enters through window C., listening to SIDNEY's words*) to see you meet the fate you so richly merit—the gallows!"

Herbert. (*at C., back of table*) The very identical words, Sid.; how well you remember them. How are you anyway?

Sidney. (*down R.*) Who are you? and how did you enter my house? (*crosses to C.*)

Herbert. The door stood open and I came in on a zephyr. I wanted to look once more upon the face of the man who, under the guise of friendship, led me to my ruin, and after having made a wreck of my life, did concoct and carry out a devilish scheme whereby I was deprived of my liberty and sept to prison for a long term of years. Now do you wonder at the zephyr's bringing me in?

Sidney. You impudent scoundrel! leave my house at once or I will summon the servants and have you thrown into the streets. (*crosses to R. of C.*)

Herbert. Sid, out thar in the mines whar I came from they make it a rule never to wake up a man when he's asleep—it makes him kind o' riled. Now I feel in a sort of somnambulistic state—don't wake me up, Sid; don't wake me up. (*sits L. of table C.*)

Sidney. Do you remember the past? Twelve years ago you made an attempt upon my life. Have you forgotten what that attempt cost you?

Herbert. Yes, perfectly. I was arrested on a trumped up charge, found guilty, and sentenced to Sing Sing prison for ten years. Now one year of that unjust sentence I served—

Sidney. And you again place yourself in my power? I have but to touch yonder button, summon the police, and have you sent back to prison as an escaped convict.

Herbert. You *can* do it, Sid, but you won't.

Sidney. What is to prevent me?

Herbert. Well, this. (*bus.—shows pistol*) Besides, you might not like the police to hear what I have to say about a certain Mary Barton.

Sidney. Curse you! what do you know about her?

Herbert. Sit right down thar, Sid, and I'll tell you all about it. (*music pp—SIDNEY sits R. of table C.*) The Mary Barton of my story was a young, pure and beautiful working girl of the city of Chicago. There she was met by your cousin Harry, who fell madly in love with her, and did eventually marry her, but—mark you—under an assumed name. Shortly after his marriage he came to New York, on the plea that important business demanded his presence in the East, and here he married the banker's daughter. One day he received from wife number one—with whom the scoundrel had been corresponding—a letter, bearing the startling intelligence that Heaven had blessed them with a little daughter, and begging him to come to her side, for she was in a dying condition. He paid no attention to her appeal, but on the following morning set sail for Europe with wife number two, on a bridal tour. Sid, they never reached the other side, for the vessel in which they sailed foundered in a storm, and all on board were

lost. In looking over your late cousin's effects you came across the letter I have just mentioned ; and you at once put the matter in the hands of a certain person with instructions to find the girl, if possible ; and if it were found that she had a legal right to the estate, that she was to be done away with—eh, Sid ?

Sidney. Curse you ! how came you in possession of these—

Herbert. Facts—eh, Sid ? every durned one of them. But to continue my story. One day on returning to my cabin out in Nevada, I found the dead body of a man lying at my door, who met his death, no doubt, by falling from one of the high cliffs above. In searching him, hoping thereby to find some clue whereby he might be identified, I came across a memorandum book in which was written the story I have just narrated. Sid, the man I found dead at my cabin door, way out thar on Mt. Davidson, was the man sent by you to find your cousin's child. Well, I buried him, and having done so, I took up the trail whar he laid it down. And, Sid, I have followed it ever since.

Sidney. And may I ask what you have discovered, my prince of detectives ?

Herbert. Enough to strip you of the heritage you are now enjoying ; for I have in my possession the marriage certificate of your cousin Harry to Mary Barton ; also the baptismal record of their child. And what is more, Sid, I can put my hand on that ar gal at any moment.

Sidney. I understand. You at last have me in your power ; but, like the generous fellow you always were, you will, *for a certain consideration*, forego your revenge.

Herbert. Sid, you've hit the mark plumb dab in the centre the very first time. Revenge to some is sweet, but to me a big fat boodle is a durned sight sweeter. Now you give me \$20,000, and the documents are yours.

Sidney. Twenty thousand devils ! Do you think I am crazy ? On the contrary, I will give you just twenty-four hours to leave this city. If I find you here after that, I'll put the police on your track. My business with you is at an end. Now go !

Herbert. All right, Sid. You're boss of the ranch at present, I reckon ; and as I cannot obtain the sweeter I must be content with the sweet. You'd better think over my offer, Sid ! I'll give *you* until to-morrow night. If I do not hear from you by that time I'll publish to the world the story of your cousin's crime. What do you think your rich old friend Markham will say when he hears how his daughter was made your cousin's dupe ! Sid, I'm stopping at No. 10 Front street, at present, where I hope you'll have the good sense to call and see me.

Exit C.

Sidney. Curse him ! I wouldn't have the news of that Mary Barton affair reach old Markham's ears for the world. There is no other way out of it—I will have to call upon him ; and if he

has the papers in his possession, I must obtain them at any cost. Herbert Stanton, you have entered the lists against me; we will see who comes out the victor. (*at window looking off—close in*)

Scene II.—*Street in first grooves—lively music at change.*

Mike. (*without L.*) I tell you, I don't want it. (*backs on from L. I E.*) Get out, or I'll brain ye! Was there iver a man so bothered in all his life as I am this mornin'? And all on account of an advertisement I put in the morning papers for a good selling patent article that a client of mine wishes to purchase. And be the powers, iver since the papers came from press, the very life has been bothered out av me by cranks and their patents—they brought me iverything from a baby carriage, jumper and nursing bottle all in one. (*still looking off L.*) Arrah! there goes McCarthy, and he's vexed yet; but a madder man I niver saw than he was in coort this mornin', when I got that poor divil, Joe Bowers, out of his grasp for the third time this week. "What," says I to his honor, "what does the poor divil be doing but stand on the corner and shout Shakespeare all day?" "He's insane," says McCarthy. "You're a liar!" screamed the prisoner. "Silence in the coort!" roared the Judge. Howly smoke; but it was hot.

Enter JOE BOWERS R. I E., *carrying a dilapidated carpet bag.*

But I got the poor divil off, and his honor forbade McCarthy iver to bring Joe before him again.

Joe. Ah, my noble, generous friend, how can I ever repay you for all the kindness you have shown me in the past?

Mike. Shure, that's all right; don't say a word about it. I'd do anything to help a poor divil along in the world. But I say, Joe, what are ye doing with the carpet sack? Where are ye going?

Joe. To where fame and glory await me. The advertisement which, many thanks to your kind aid, I have been able to keep in the papers, has at last been answered; and I have this morning received an offer from the manager of the "Golden Gate Combination" to play the leading tragic rôles. I start for the West this very hour to play a long engagement in all the principal cities, so must bid thee a fond adieu at once. Wish me good luck, old friend, and God-speed.

Mike. Shure, and I'll do that same. If there's anything I can do for you, Joe, all you have to do is to say the word.

Joe. I ask for nothing but your good wishes. So good-by, old friend; and if for ever, still for ever, a long, last, fond adieu. (*shakes hands with MIKE—exit L. I E.*)

Mike. There he goes, poor divil. Shure, he'll be back in a week,

bag and baggage. Well, I must be off. But what did I do with those deeds of Clancy's?

Enter BILL, L. I E.

Bill. Ah! the very man I want to see. Mr. Moore, I believe.

Mike. Yis, that's what I'm generally called. Can I do anything for you in my line?

Bill. You advertised this morning for a good selling patent article, did you not?

Mike. I did, and, be the powers, I got more than I bargained for. Tell me, are you another one of those cranks?

Bill. I am Mulligan, sir, the discoverer of the greatest remedy known to the public and the scientific world—"Mulligan's Mastodonian Liniment and Cough Mixture." Has been known to cure extreme cases of paralysis and consumption—is sure death to catarrh—can wrestle victoriously with a broken leg or the toothache—will knock the insides out of the blindstagers, and is made from——

Mike. Pure herbs—the great Indian secret; is known to only two living souls, and one of thim is dead. You can't spring any racket like that on me, young man, for I am there every time.

Bill. Allow me to assure you that you are mistaken, and after you have heard my modus operandi——

Mike. Now I don't want to hear anything about Moses or your operandis either.

Bill. But listen. It is estimated that in the United States alone there are ten million ladies that wear veils. Now we will enter into an agreement with all the veil manufacturers, pay them a royalty, and have stamped on every blessed veil, in white letters—with a fancy bunch of flowers in one corner—this device: "Use Mulligan's Mastodonian Liniment and Cough Mixture. Good for everything. Good for man and beast." All the ladies will read it—the dear creatures, they can't help it, you know, for it will be before their eyes constantly. They will buy a bottle from natural curiosity. Result—ten million bottles sold already.

Mike. Say, young man, are your brothers and sisters troubled with the same disease as yourself?

Bill. That don't seem to strike you favorably, does it? Well, here's another—regular peaches and cream! You've no doubt seen those fancy cards they hang up in parlors, bedrooms, Sunday-schools—in fact, everywhere. Well, we'll get up a corner in them. We'll get them up something after this style: "God bless our Home, if we only use Mulligan's Liniment." "What is a home without a Mother and a bottle of Mulligan's bang-up Cough Mixture." "A long life and a merry one, if we only use Mulligan's infallible remedies." "Mother-in-law is tamed by a few

applications of Mulligan's Mastodonian Liniment and Cough Mixture." That will fling the article broadcast over the land, and in six months you will have six horses to drive and a colored man to wait on your door. Now, how is that?

Mike. Darned, cursed, infernal foolishness.

Bill. I'll never give up. The secret of success lies in tombstones.

Mike. Tombstones? Be heavens, he'll be after grave diggers next.

Bill. Yes, sir, tombstones. Now we will get up a monopoly on them—we will give them away free. Every bereaved family in the land will scoop in a tombstone. We will put on them the name and age of the defunct, free of charge, right alongside of the figure of a crying angel, and underneath in big, black letters: "This man or woman"—as the case may be—"would not be lying here now if they had only used Mulligan's Infallible Remedies. Good for everything—only twenty-five cents a bottle—sold at all druggists?" How is that? A regular A No. 1. ain't it?

Mike. No, it ain't. It's stuff, idiocy. What do you take me for anyhow—an addle pated idiot? I have something else to do besides listening to the ravings of an escaped lunatic.

Bill. Now *this* may sound like the ravings of an escaped lunatic. We'll catch all the flies in America—paint them green, and let them go again. People will notice it. Scientific men will take it up, it will get into the newspapers—free advertisement, sir, free advertisement. Then the question will arise: "What made the flies green?" That will be the greatest conundrum of the age. Then we will come out boldly and say: "'Twas Mulligan's Mastodonian Liniment and Cough Mixture did it.'" Then all the people will flock to you, and they'll—

Mike. (*bus.*) Take you this way and that way. (*runs BILL off L. I E.*) Be the powers, for the man that invents a patent bouncer there's a fortune before him. (*runs against HERBERT, who enters R. I. E.*) Arrah, get out of me way. There's another one of those cranks.

Herbert. What, Mike Moore, don't you know me?

Mike. Be the powers, if it's not Mr. Stanton! Shure, I heard of your escape from prison some years ago, but not learning anything of you since, I thought you were dead. But where have you been, and what are you doing around here now?

Herbert. Well, Mike, after my escape from prison, I went out West, part of the time working a claim I own out there, and part of the time searching for the young heiress of the Woodward estate, for I am sure that somewhere in the mining camps such a person is to be found. Mike, I may need your help.

Mike. Faith, anything I can do that will help you to get even



with that blackguard of a Woodward, you are welcome to. What is it you want me to do?

**Herbert.** Mike, I have given Sidney Woodward to understand that I have in my possession the marriage certificate of Mary Barton to his cousin Harry, and the baptismal record of their child. Mike, I need those papers; can you help me?

**Mike.** Yis, but hould on a bit, me bye, till I cross examine ye. Ye want a certificate of marriage and a record of baptism. I'm an honest man, Herbert, and may Heaven pardon me if I will resort to any practices but *legal* ones—though I'd do anything for a friend. Now, if ye had these documents, to fwhat use would ye put them?

**Herbert.** Primarily, to dispose of the forged papers in order to make *him* feel more secure in his usurped position. I do not require the money I shall attempt to get from him in exchange for these papers, but to gain time to prosecute my search for this lost heiress. With those documents in his possession, he will fancy himself secure from the law, and will not put any more dogs on the scent to run this heiress down. I have spent a large sum of money already on this case, but should I lose my life in the endeavor to accomplish my desire, I would gladly give it, in order to be revenged upon him for having me imprisoned on a false charge.

**Mike.** I believe ye, me bye, and there's me hand on it. Now let's see! I can get a marriage certificate easily enough, but the record of baptism will bother me like the devil, for I niver saw one av thim drawn up.

**Herbert.** Won't the supposed simple statement of a clergyman answer?

**Mike.** Arrah, but you've hit it. So let us go down to my office and then to your room. I have an ould certificate of my aunt's that I think I can fix up for you.

**Herbert.** Then let us go at once, for time is precious.

Exit L. I E.

**Mike.** Faith, I have the makings of a judge in my composition—only I'm such an honest man.

Exit L. I E.

**Scene III.** *Rough chamber.* MIKE and HERBERT discovered at table C.

**Mike.** And so the blackguard had two wives; arrah, what innocent creatures these women are to be sure. But, be the powers, we will bother that Woodward before we get through with him. And there you are! Faith, but the acid has made the paper look plenty old enough, and as Sid has never seen the original writing he will be unable to detect the fraud we have practiced upon him.

**Herbert.** Thank you, Mike. You have done a good piece of work, and I'll not forget you for it.

Mike. Arrah, whisht! say nothing. But I must be off. Pat Bolan nearly killed his mother-in-law this morning and he wants me to defend him; so I'll just step down and see what sort of a defence he's got. But, Herbert, my boy, if that Woodward comes—squeeze him—my boy, squeeze him.

Exit D. F.

Herbert. Squeeze him? Never fear, Mike, I'll bleed him like a leech. (SIDNEY *knocks at D. F.*) Come in.

Enter SIDNEY, D. F.

Sidney. Good-evening, Herbert. No doubt you are surprised to see me here so soon.

Herbert. I expected you; but sit down, Sid. You see, I am not living in such grandeur as in days gone by. But I'm glad you showed so much respect for the inevitable. Have you decided to give me the price I asked for the papers? (SIDNEY *is seated L. of table*)

Sidney. I shall pay you nothing until I have examined them.

Herbert. Oh! very well, I will get them for you. (*rising*)

Sidney. We have ample time, sit down. I want to have a long, friendly talk with you. I confess that I haven't treated you fairly in the past, and this evening I mean to explain certain acts I was forced to commit against you. And thinking talking rather dry work, I stopped in the hotel on my way up and brought with me a bottle of your favorite brand—Green Seal.

Herbert. Hold on thar, Sid; not a drop of liquor passes my lips to-night. Sid, fourteen years ago, when I was yet a mere boy, you and I were firm friends. I trusted you fully in all things, little dreaming that my guileless nature was being imposed upon; and from one step to another, you lured me on to inevitable ruin. The banking house in which we both were employed, was being systematically robbed; and one night, when my brain was crazed with liquor, you poured your bellish scheme into my ear—to plunder the bank. You placed the keys in my hand, and then, scarcely conscious of my actions, I entered the bank, only to find myself in the clutches of the law. By the aid of marked money found on my person, and *which you swore you had placed in your private drawer several days before*, I was indicted by the grand jury; but on my trial, through some technicality of the law, I was acquitted. Maddened, infuriated, at the disgrace my good name had sustained, I rashly assaulted you, which you swore was an attempt upon your life; and I was convicted and sent to prison. Now, Sid, before we proceed further in this matter, tell me what object you had in thus persecuting me?

Sidney. I was insanely jealous of the attentions you paid the lady who is now my wife. But let bygones be—

Herbert. Stop! enough. I *will* overlook the past for the sake of

my present necessities; and \$20,000, is quite a snug little boodle, eh, Sid? And now, I will get you the papers.

*Music*—HERBERT crosses to old bureau up L.—SIDNEY saturates handkerchief from small vial, creeps behind HERBERT, about whom he throws his arms and applies handkerchief to his nostrils—they struggle—SIDNEY throws HERBERT across table, strikes him over head with billy—HERBERT drops.

Sidney. (*rifling HERBERT'S pockets*) So! The fool wouldn't drink, eh? Well, no matter, so long as I get what I came for. (*takes pistol from HERBERT'S coat*) He goes well armed. The papers must be in yonder bureau. (*goes to bureau, finds documents—examines them*) He spoke the truth after all. I'll examine these more at my leisure. Now, then, to summon the police and have him returned to prison.

Exit D. F., HERBERT slowly returns to consciousness—*music pp.*

Herbert. (*slowly getting up—bus.*) Oh! no you don't Sid;—\$20,000, and the documents are yours—Oh! no, Sid.; I'm too slick for you this time.—Ha! take your hands off—let go your hold, I say—take your hands off my throat!—Oh! my head—my head.—*Blood? BLOOD!* Oh! where am I?—I remember now—Sid was here—he drugged me—(*feels for pistol—looks at bureau*) robbed me of my papers; and now has gone, no doubt, to bring the police and have me sent back to prison. But I must escape while yet I have a chance. (*crossing up to D. F.*)

Enter SIDNEY and OFFICER, D. F.

Sidney. Arrest that man!

Herbert. Hold! The first that approaches me, I swear steps to his death!

Sidney. Heed not the braggart, he is unarmed. Once more, Herbert Stanton, I hold the winning hand.

Herbert. Yes, you hold a good hand, Sid, but I *scoop the trick.* (*bus.—pulls brace of pistols from his boots—levels them at SIDNEY and OFFICER L. of C., HERBERT R.*)

## QUICK CURTAIN.

### ACT I.

Scene.—Office and barroom of "The Pilgrim's Rest."—*lively music at rise of curtain*—LING discovered ironing at table up R.

Ling. Bill no come—chockee full last night. Have lots big

Melican fun. Chinaman have some funny business allee same like Bill. (*goes to bar L. and drinks—BILL yawns without R. 3 E.*) Bill comee—Ling gettee. (*irons at table*)

Enter BILL, R. 3 E., yawning.

Bill. Hello, Ling, you yaller imp, why didn't you wake me up sooner?

Ling. Me go to your homee—me say gettee up—you no gettee up—you chockee full last night. Sleep allee samee like hog.

Bill. Anybody been here?

Ling. Allee men go hunttee Cap Glip.

Bill. Well, I hope by this time Jim Sawyer is satisfied Cap Grip can't be caught. He's been searching for him for the last six months and hasn't succeeded in locating him yet. (*noise without*) Hello! here come the boys now!

Enter JIM SAWYER and others, D. F.

Bill. Why, hello, Jim, I hear you've been hunting Cap Grip. Have you found him?

Jim. Wal, no, I ain't exactly found him, but I reckon I know who the durned cuss are.

Bill. Who might he be, Jim?

Jim. Why, it's no one but that durned greaser. But, come, Jim, trot out yer pizen. We're holler, clar down to our boots. (*goes to bar and drinks*)

Bill. So you think the greaser's the man, do you?

Jim. Wal, I ain't exactly positive, Bill; but if you remember, Cap Grip was never heerd on until after that durned greaser came into this yer camp, and I make bold to declar that if ever Cap Grip, the road agent, are found, you'll find that durned greaser purty nigh the same spot. We have more of his kind around hyar than are good for our health, and I move we drive every durned greaser and card sharp out of the place.

Bill. It's all well enough to talk, but how are you going to do it?

Jim. The same as we did in Californy when we were thar. Just organize ourselves into a vigilance committee, and when the durned critters find it out they'll vamore purty durned quick. And, pards, I move we do that very same thing.

Jack. (*without*) Whoa, thar! steady!

Jim. Hello! thar's the stage. But it can't be Hank Adams, for he ain't due yet for three hours. It must be an extra—let's go see. (*about to cross up R.*)

Enter JACK, D. F.

What! Jack Davis! Why, you consarned old critter, whar'd you come from?

Jack. Right from Blazes Bar, Jim, and I've beat the best record by an hour and a quarter. But, Jim, I want to introduce my new friend and pardner,

Enter, HERBERT, D. F.; *takes R. C.*

Mr. Budd Bunkem. Pard, Jim Sawyer, the sheriff.

Jim. (*shakes hands with HERBERT*) Glad to meet you, stranger. Any friend of Jack Davis's will always meet with a hearty welcome here. Hope you've come to stay, for you couldn't find a healthier place to locate this side o' Frisco. Poker Flat are but an infant yet, but she are the healthiest cub you ever seed. And, pard, you can take the word of Jim Sawyer for it every time.

Herbert. (C.) I have no doubt of the truth of your statement, for I've always heard Poker Flat spoken of in the very highest terms; and I am sure her praises have been sung none too highly. But, come, you and your friends join me in drinking to her success. (*goes to bar L.*)

Jim. Stranger, the boys *never* refuse a drink. Come, Bill, (*goes to bar*) trot out your very best; the stranger are settin' 'em up. (*lively music—enter NELL D. F.; hides behind LING, watching HERBERT*)

Herbert. Gentlemen, here's to Poker Flat, the garden spot of the Colorado range; may her future be as bright as the gold that is dug from her soil. (*all shout and drink*)

Jim. Thar, pards, is a gilt edged toast that makes the pizen glide down your throats as though it war greased.

Herbert. Now, landlord, I'll go to my room.

Bill. Ling, show the gentleman to number two.

Exit LING R. 3 E., *followed by HERBERT—NELL watches him off, standing at door.—the others all laugh—NELL turns and sees JACK.*

Nell. What, Jack Davis! Whar'd you come from?

Jack. (*shakes with NELL*) Right from Blazes Bar, Nell; and guess what I've done—beat the best record by an hour and a quarter.

Nell. Bully for you, Jack. I always said you'd do it. But I say, Jack, is *that* (*pointing off R.*) what they sent the extra along for?

Jack. What?

Nell. Why, that mother's darling chap in store clothes and a biled shirt?

Jack. Mother's darling chap! (*laughs*) Well, that's the worstest name I ever heerd.

Nell. Tell me all about it, Jack. Whar did he come from and what's his name?

Jack. Why, the Super sent him along on the extra, and his handle's Budd Bunkem. But, great catamount, gal, that ain't no name for him, for if it hadn't been for that mother's darling chap, store clothes and all, the extra would never have reached Poker Flat, and the boys at Five Forks would have been out a whole year's arnings.

Nell. Jack, if thar's been a racket, and I not thar, I want you to tell me all about it. Say, boys, Jack's got a story to spin about the stranger.

NELL, R.; JACK C.; JIM C., and others L.

Jack. Well, pards, this was the way of it. You see, the money to pay off the boys at Five Forks having arrived at Blazes Bar, the Super intended to send it along by Hank Adams in the morning, but fearing that perhaps the road agents might have got wind of its arrival, and be *waiting* for him, he concluded to send it by me on the extra, by way of Eagle Head Pass—and let Dan Brown deliver it in the morning. Wal, I started and got along all right till I reached the head of the Pass—you know the place, Nell?

Nell. You bet I do! You stopt thar to look at your horses' fastenings, for they say the grade on the other side is 1600 feet to the mile. But go on, Jack, you're a tellin' of this.

Jack. Wal, pards, I stopped for just what Nell said, and finding everything all right was just about to start again, when I found myself surrounded by about fifty derved agents.

Nell. And the leader with a bead drawn on you, and crying: "Hands up, Jack Davis, and kick down that dust-box instanter!" Oh! I've been thar. But go on, Jack, and I'll not chip in again till yer thro'.

Jack. Well, pards, Nell has hit it again, and my hands went climbing up into the air until they couldn't go no further, and I was just on the p'int of kicking down the box, when I heerd a shooting, and looking over my shoulder saw that the stranger had jumped from the stage and had opened fire on the varmints. He took 'em by surprise, and the next moment he was up alongside of me a shouting—"Drive on, Jack Davis, I'll cover you. Remember the boys at Five Forks. Thar hopes and inspirations lie in that box at your feet!" Boys, the very horses seemed to understand what he said, for they started down the grade at a lightning speed, and then commenced the most terrific drive in all my twenty years' experience.

Nell. Oh! Jack. I can see it all. The horses with flashing eyes and distorted nostrils, their flanks covered with foam, went madly tearing down the mountain path, while close upon their

heels, in hot pursuit, came the blood-thirsty road agents. You urge the horses onward with whip and cry—while thar, with one foot firmly pressing the brakes, and the other upon the dust-box, stood your pard, a covering you and a shooting all that came within range of his rifle. You pass Devil's Run, cross Owl's Head Pass, turn Horse Short Bend—

Jack. And thar, gal, not ten yards away, sat another durned agent upon his horse, with a bead drawn upon me. Pard, I felt my chips war called for. The horses went tearing along at the same mad pace. I couldn't have stopped them if I would, and by the eternal, I wouldn't if I could. (*all shout*) Then my pard turned, and with the same cry, "Drive on, Jack, I'll cover you," he threw himself once more between me and the varmints. The action balked the critter's aim, and before he could recover we were upon him; and the hearse striking his horse, they were both hurled into the canyon below. (*all shout*) Well, after that everything was all right. I delivered the box into Dan Brown's hands and then drove hyar. But if it hadn't been for that cyclone that calls himself Budd Bunkem, the extra would never have beaten the best record by an hour and a quarter, and the boys at Five Forks would never have seen the color of their dust. (*all shout*)

Jim. Say, boys, what do you say to making this pard of Jack's captain of the vigilance committee? (*all shout*)

Jack. Well, if you do, pards, and he accepts, I'll go my pile he'll drive every agent over the range in less than three months.

Nell. Boys, you've all had your say, now listen to me.

Jack. Let her shiver, gal, what is it?

Nell. Why, I want you boys to go out to them tired horses and fill their mangers full of oats, for if it hadn't been for them neither Jack nor Jack's biled shirt pard would ever have reached Poker Flat alive. (*JIM and others, exeunt D. F., shouting*)

Jack. By gum, gal, I could kiss you for them ar words.

Nell. Put on the brakes, Jack, or you'll go all to smash. (*puts up her foot to stop him*)

Jack. Well, I'll forgive you this time, you minx. But I'll tell you what I will do; I'll hunt up that stranger and I'll tell him that I know a gal that's a dying to get introduced to him.

Nell. If you do, Jack, and I find it out, I'll never speak to you again.

Jack. And I'll tell him you called him the worstest name I ever heard—a mother's darling chap. Exit D. F.

Nell. (*after bus.*) Say, Bill, has dad been here, to-night?

Bill. Not yet, Nell, but it's pretty near his time.

Nell. If dad comes to-night, I don't want you to give him a single drop to drink.

Bill. Why, what's the matter, Nell?

Nell. Ah! I don't know. He came home last night and com-

menced raving about three of a kind, jack pots, and full hands. I don't know what to make of him. But if he comes here to-night, don't give him anything stronger to drink than water—do you hear?

Exit, D. F.

Bill. Well, I ain't def! Well, I guess if the deacon comes here to-night and wants anything to drink, and can pay for it, he can have all he wants. Now there's Jim Sawyer, the biggest cheat that ever flipt a card in this camp, and crying for a vigilance committee. And they all wonder how Cap Grip gets his information. They'd be very much surprised to know who Manuel Lopez, the man who runs this hotel, really is. All right, Jack Davis, organize your vigilance committee, and place Budd Bunkem at the head—and I'll bet Cap Grip will come on top every time.

*Hurry music*—LING rushes on D. F. and hides under table down R.  
—MIKE enters D. F. with pistol in one hand and big rat in the other.

Mike. Where is the yaller nagur?

Bill. Hello, Mike, what's the matter?

Mike. Where's the Mongolian thafe of the world? Where's the haythen spalphane that gave me the dish of rat soup? Be the powers, if the government can't get rid of them I'll start up a private exodus on my own account. (*sees LING.*) Come out av that ye almond eyed nagur! (*bus.*)

Bill. Mike, what are you going to do with Ling?

Mike. Faith, I'm going to put him through the culinary degree.

Ling. What is that, Ilish?

Mike. You'll soon find out, me flower that blooms in the spring, tra la. You are cook of this establishment, I believe.

Ling. Me velly nice cookee. Makee nice beef stew—roast chicken—beef stew—roast pork—beef stew—ham eggs—beef stew—nicee—nicee.

Mike. Begorra, beef stew seems to be your best hold. But will you be after tellin' what kind of mate you call that?

Ling. Nicee piecee rattee.

Mike. And how the divil did that nicee piecee rattee get into my stew?

Ling. Me go into kitchen—me see rattee on table—me say shoo, shoo! allee same like Melican woman driving hen. Rattee he jumpee up and fall in the soup.

Mike. Thin why didn't you pick him out again, instead of leaving him there to perish?

Ling. Beefee all gone—rattee make nice beef stew.

Mike. Howly smoke, do you hear that? An ould rat wid whiskers on him a yard long making nice beef stew. Haythen, the great Richelieu has said that when the lion's skin falls short, eke



it out with the fox's. But this is the first time in the whole course of my life, and mind you I have eaten some very questionable dishes, but this is the first time I ever heard of the soup kettle being replenished with damnable ould rat mate. Ouch! I'll niver get the taste av it out av me mouth. Haythen, I'll give ye one chance for your life. Efflex the taste of your damnable decoction from my mouth by an inflex of Mulligan's best whiskey, and I'll forgive ye. Will ye do it?

Ling. Allee lightee. Have nicee rumee punchee. (*goes to bar; is about to drink out of bottle on it*)

Mike. Here, hould on. You foreigners are gettin' too forward—wait till gentlemín drink. Haythen, join me in this toast: "Here's that the angels above may send down a dove, with wings as sharp as razors, and cut the throat of every haythen Chinee that tries to cut down the laboring man's wages." There, drink that, and may it choke ye. And now, haythen, I'm ready to down you at a game of forty-fives.

Ling. No likee 45—me play poken.

Mike. Divil a poker. I played poker with you last night, and you kept poking nothing but deuces and trays at me every time you dealt. I'll play you 45s or nothing.

Ling. All light, Ilish. Me play you 45. (*crossing*)

Mike. (*pulls him back*) But, mind you, if I find you renaging I'll pop you, sure as my name's Mike Moore, And don't ye hold out the ace of hearts or the five fingers on me either.

Exuent LING and MIKE R, 1 E.

Enter SIDNEY, as MANUEL LOPEZ, *smoking cigarette, from D. F.—he walks leisurely to table L. and sits upon it—he uses Mexican dialect.*

Bill. Hello, Cap, I was just thinking of you. Have you heard the news?

Sid. Yes, they organize a vigilance committee to hunt Captain Grip. Well, leta them. They may finda Captain Grip a hard man to fool with. If this new arrival roba me of my prize I'll maka him pay dearly for it. Has the Deacon come yet?

Bill. No, but Nell was here and ordered me not to give him a drop to drink. By the way, Cap, how is your little scheme progressing?

Sid. Oh! excellanta—excellanta. The fool, he no see I play with him. Last night he came here and hold a big hand, and win \$10,000. To-night he come to give me my revenge. If he bring the deed of the claim with him I will show him a little trick. If he no sell me the deed it may be won from him—Oh! here he comes now. (*crosses to table R.*)

Enter DEACON D. F.; *comes on very slowly as if weak.*

Bill. Hello, Deacon, what is it to be?

Deacon. (*bus.*) A little whiskey, Bill; just a little, though. I can't stand it as I used to.

Bill. Well, here—help yourself.

DEACON *is pouring out liquor into glass and about to drink—enter NELL, takes glass, and bottle from him, placing them on bar.*

Nell. Why, dad, what are you about to do? Didn't you give me your word that if I let you come here to-night you wouldn't touch a single drop? And now I find you drinking, just as though you never made me a promise! Oh! you naughty, naughty dad!

Deacon. Yes, I know I did, gal—I know I did. But I'm not as strong as I used to be. I'm getting old, gal—I'm getting old. (*sits at table*)

Bill. Say, Nell, why don't you let the old man alone. After a hard day's work on the claim a little whiskey won't harm him.

Nell. You just mind your own business. I guess I know what's best for my dad. Whiskey makes another man entirely of him. And then he's sick and acts strange at times, and hardly able to work. And I have to go around to the different saloons to sing and dance in order to make a living. You attend to your gin slinging, and I'll look after my dad. (*NELL talks with LING, up*)

Sid. (*R., to DEACON*) Vera well, if you so decide—but I warn you, you will have to bet high; it will take the dust to see my hand.

Deacon. The higher the better. Luck is sure to be with me to-night. Besides, I have that with me which will enable me to see you dollar for dollar. Exit R. 3 E.

Sid. Good! He has the deeds of the claim with him. He will losa them. Exit R. 3 E.

Enter ABIGAIL and JOE, D. F.—*they enter with extravagant strides, and are burlesqued by NELL and LING.*

Abigail. Generous sir, are you sure we are safe from pursuit?

Joe. Fear not, gentle maiden. The cowardly ruffians will trouble thee no more. Didst notice how they flew before my advance? They stood not on the order of going, but went at once. Did they rob you of your valuables? And may I ask how one so beautiful as thou art came to be so far from camp unattended?

Abigail. You see, sir, although a woman, I am largely interested in the mines hereabouts. And this afternoon, while overlooking operations, your heroic actions won my everlasting gratitude. Had it not been for your timely arrival I might have fared badly at the hands of those ruffians. For your generous, noble action you have

won my undying affection—my life is henceforth thine. (*is about to throw herself into JOE'S arms, but embraces NELL, who steps in quickly—JOE does the same with LING—JOE and ABIGAIL throw them off, and NELL and LING exeunt D. F., laughing*)

Abigail. Oh! that horrid girl!

Joe. Oh! fair one, thou dost me too much honor. That I were the humble instrument chosen to rescue from the foul hands of ruffians one so young, so beautiful, so innocent, fills me with joy unspeakable. But you tremble still.

Abigail. My poor nerves are all unstrung. But if you will excuse me, I will retire to my room and try to forget the startling events of this morning.

Joe. Allow me the pleasure of seeing you to the foot of the grand stairway which leads to your boudoir.

*Bows ABIGAIL off, R. 3 E.—re-enter MIKE, R. 1 E.*

Mike. Well, well, I downed the haythen clane as a whistle. I razood him! (*sees JOE*) Hello! who the divil's that making love to Abigail Greenleaf? Be me soul! it's Joe Bowers. Thim actor chaps would make love to the divil himself.

Joe. (*bus.*) By the ghost of Hamlet! if it's not my old friend, Mike Moore.

Mike. Ah! Joe, so you remember me, eh?

Joe. When Joe Bowers forgets the friend that stood by him in his adversity, then may the gods annihilate me. But where's Stanton? And what brings you to Poker Flat?

Mike. Sh! Don't spake that name here. You see, we came out here to look for a little child, the heiress to a large property in New York, and prevent her, if possible, from falling into the hands of one Sidney Woodward, whom we believe to be none other than the notorious Capt. Grip, the road agent. But tell me, Joe, who is that young lady that just left you?

Joe. No doubt you have seen the posters announcing my appearance to-morrow night at the Golden Gate, in select readings. Well, among them will be one from the beautiful romantic drama, entitled "Minnie, the Peanut Vender, or the Bologna Sausage-Maker's Love." Well, I was out on the bluff this evening rehearsing my scenes, in which I use a revolver, which is carried in my hand, when it accidentally exploded; at the same time I heard a piercing scream, and starting towards whence it came I saw lying prone upon the ground the body of Miss Greenleaf. To reach her side was but the work of a moment, but when I attempted to raise her she cried out, "Spare, oh! spare my life, Mr. Robber, but take all my money!" Like a flash a scheme to get better acquainted with this female bonanza crossed my mind, and stepping back I hastily discharged the other chambers of my revolver in rapid succession,

at the same time shouting: "Avaunt, robbers! quit my sight!" I then assisted the lady to her feet and was rewarded by an invitation to accompany her to the hotel where she is stopping. The rest you know. But, Mike, if I do not win this fair maiden's love, there is no art in acting.

Re-enter JACK and others, D. F.

Mike. But here come the boys.

Jack. Whar's Nell?

Re-enter NELL, eating pie, D. F.

Nell. Here I am, Jack. What's wanted?

Jack. Why, the boys want you to sing some of those highfolutin songs of yours, won't yer?

Nell. Oh! I can't, Jack. I've been pie-eating all day, till I'm chock full. (*specialties may be introduced, after which all retire to bar*)

Re-enter DEACON, R. 3 E.

Deacon. Lost—ruined! My God! What have I done? By my cursed infatuation I have ruined my little gal. Miserable wretch that I am, I will not live to see her suffer. (*pulls pistol to shoot himself—NELL grasps his hand*)

Nell. Oh, dad, what were you about to do?

Deacon. See! she is looking at me. She holds the little one up. I promised to be a father to it as long as the Lord let me live.

Nell. (*bus.*) Oh! dad, dad, what do you mean—what has happened? My God! he has lost his reason. Oh! won't some one take dad home for me?

Joe. Why, certainly. Come, old man, let us get out of here. (*is about to lead DEACON off—SIDNEY enters, smoking cigarette, passes in front of DEACON very coolly and goes to bar*)

Nell. Take him to the cabin. I'll be there soon. Poor old dad! (*bus.—exit JOE with DEACON, D. F.*)

Mike. That's just like an actor. They're the most despised of all people, but the very first to lend a helping hand. (*NELL looks off after DEACON*)

Jack. That durned greaser's at the bottom of this, I'll bet. No doubt he played a stocked hand on the old man. If he has, and I find it out, 'twar better he war in the clutches of a grizzly bar. (*down R.*)

Sid. Come, gentlemen, take a drink with me.

Jack. No, durned if we will!

Sid. Oh! vera well, please yourselves. Now, gentlemen, I bida you good-night. (*crosses up stage*)

Nell. Stop, Manuel Lopez, what have you done to my dad?

Sid. I win from him the deed of Poker Flat claim, that is all. If you doubt my word, there is the proof. What you say now?

Nell. That you didn't do it squar, and you can't make me believe it. Poor dad thought he could win a fortune for his little gal quicker and easier than he could dig it from the soil, so he ventured his all and lost. I say, boys, he must have played a stocked hand, and who among you will lend me a stake, and with it I'll try to win back dad's claim from this cheat.

Jack. Here, Nell, are \$1,500—it's all the money I have in the world, gal, but you're welcome to it, every durned cent.

Nell. Thank you, Jack, I'll not forget you for this. Now then, Manuel Lopez, see if you can cheat me as easily as you did my poor old dad.

Sid. Not now—some other time.

Jack. See here, greaser, you'll give that gal a chance right here and now—if you don't, by the eternal, I'll drop yer whar yer stand. (*covers him with pistol*)

Sid. Vera well; Bill, another deck of cards. (NELL and SID. sit at table, R., and shuffle cards—MIKE and LING are down L.)

Mike. Haythen, I'll go you two bits Nell downs the greaser.

Ling. No likee gleaser, no bettee,

Mike. Faith, ye're as greasy as he is. Well, I'll go two bits the greaser downs Nell.

Ling. All light. Me bettee on Nell allee time.

Nell. Greaser, I'll go you \$500.

Sid. I'll see your \$500 and raise you \$2,000.

Nell. Oh you cowardly cayotte, I could kill you.

Re-enter HERBERT, R. 3 E.

Herbert. Why, hello, my little bantam, what's the matter? Who is it that you want to kill?

Nell. This cowardly cayotte, who has cheated my dad out of his claim. The boys loaned me a stake in hopes that I might win it back, but in my haste I forgot to make a limit, and the coward has bluffed me on my first raise. (HERBERT looks at her cards)

Herbert. That's all right, little one. Sit right down thar and play yer hand, and I'll back yer for every dollar I'm worth.

Sid. Who are you that dare interfere in the game, and champion this woman?

Herbert. Greaser, whar I come from they call me Budd Bunkem. The name was taken from a sort of fence built by the farmers in the New England town I was born in. It was considered horse-high, bull-strong and pig-tight, and I ain't a going back on that ar fence. The title of woman's champion is one I glory in, Greaser;

my mother was a woman, and if for no other reason than that, there isn't a woman on this broad continent of America but what has a claim on me. That's why I say the little one here shall have a fair chance to win back her dad's claim—and you just make a note of it. Here, little one, is \$10,000. Use it, and when that's gone thar's more whar it came from.

Nell. Thank you, stranger. I take back all I said against yer. If I win I'll pay yer back. If I lose I can give you nothing but my prayers.

Herbert. And I'm sure they'll be listened to *thar*, (*pointing up*) and do me more good than all the gold in Colorado. So sit down, little one—play yer hand out—and don't let the money trouble you one durned bit.

Sid. Come, Nell, what are you going to do?

Nell. Oh! I'm going for you, Greaser. I see your \$2,000 and I raise you. Greaser, a short time ago you offered my dad \$9,000 for the claim. I have just that sum by me, and I raise you that amount—the price you set upon the deeds you hold.

Sid. I see through your little ruse, but it won't work. You think in order to see your hand I'll have to put up the deed of Poker Flat claim. Oh! no. There—that makes the bet even. But since you are so anxious to win back the claim, I will give you a fair chance. 'Tis true I did offer your father the sum you mentioned, but since the Poker Flat claim has been in my possession, mining stocks have gone up. I now value it at \$150,000. I raise you that amount. Now, backa down.

Herbert. Not by a darned sight, Greaser! (*drives bowie-knife thro' money and documents on table*)

Nell. Oh! sir, don't bet any more, I might have known how it would end.

Herbert. That's all right, little one, we ain't beat yet. The greaser's given us a pretty fair bluff, I'll admit. Boys, did you ever hear tell of the Little Giant claim up in Nevada?

Jack. Certainly, pard; and it's claimed to be the richest mine in the whole West.

Herbert. Well, I'm the owner of that piece of property, and thar's my right to it. (*shows document which he gives NELL*) I value it at a much higher figure than the Poker Flat claim, but I give it all to my little pard here, to do with, just as she likes.

Nell. And I place it against that Poker Flat claim and call him. What have you got?

Sid. Four kings.

Nell. Boys, I've got him!

Sid. Curse you! what do you hold?

Herbert. An old Arkansaw hand, Greaser.

Nell. Four aces! (*holds up cards*)

Sidney. Caramba! (*seizes knife stuck in table and turns on HERBERT who has drawn two six-shooters and points them at SIDNEY*)  
Herbert. And a pair of sixes!

## QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

Scene—*Poker Flat; a rocky pass.*

Enter ABIGAIL, R. I E.

Abigail. What beautiful flowers! and what exquisite taste he shows in the arrangement of this beautiful bouquet. Not a flower in it but breathes a tale of love. How artlessly he tells me in these few impassioned lines the depth and fervor of his admiration. Ah! Abigail, what a happy girl you should be. But let me read these lines again, that they may become more firmly impressed upon my heart. (*reads poem*)

Enter LING R. I E., *with a bouquet of flowers; kneels by ABIGAIL with bouquet.*

Ling. Chinaman mashed on Melican woman's shape. Bling bouquet allee same likee Melican man. (*bus.*)

Abigail. What is this? Ling at my feet with an offering of flowers. Are these flowers for me, Ling?

Ling. Chinaman mashed on your shape. Bling flowers to you.

Abigail. And what is thy—poetry?

Ling. Yes, Chinese poetry—me read him to you. Two pair stockee, three skirtee, t'oo shirtee.

Abigail. Oh! you wretch! my laundry bill.

Ling. Washee washee cost you fivve d'ollor. Mally me, washee cost you nothing.

Abigail. Marry you, you wretch! I'll scratch your eyes out. (*makes a pass at his face; LING falls back and against JOE, who enters L. I E., and throws LING to L.*)

Joe. Hence, Mongolian varlet! Get thee to a laun-dry. (*catches ABIGAIL—who is about to faint*) Look up, my love, 'tis I.

Abigail, (*reclining in JOE's arms*) Is it you, my life? Then let me die.

Joe. No, sweet one, say, rather, live, to make me the happiest of men. Come, love, let us hie to yonder shady nook, and there

I will in fancy paint for thee such a picture of future bliss that the very angels will hide their heads in envy.

Exit with ABIGAIL, R. I E.

LING runs to R. watching off—enter MIKE L. U. E.; sees LING.

Mike. (*bus.*) Now, what the divil is that jumping-jack doing there? Say, haythen, look here; what did you want to run away for?

Ling. Me no run away—me stay here all the time.

Mike. But what the divil have you done with my shirts?

Ling. Me no gottee shirt—shirt on your back.

Mike. I know there's one on my back—and it's been there ever since you took the others to wash—and divil hide nor hair have I seen of them since. Come, tell me what you've done with them or I'll break every bone in your body.

Ling. You no gottee shirtee—shirtee mine.

Mike. Well, damn me, if he hasn't the cheek of a horse. So the shirts are yours, eh?

Ling. You rememb'r you bettee me gleaser beatee Nellie play pokee. You no pay butee—Chinaman keep shirtee.

Mike. Well, if that ain't a haythen all out. So, you dirty mane little yaller scut! for the sake of two-bits you'd deprive a gentleman of a change of linen. (*bus.*) Faith, I'll take the worth of thim out of your hide. Do you wrestle?

Ling. Chinaman wrestle.

Mike. Do you know Dan Downelly in Ireland?

Ling. Don't know the Ilish.

Mike. Well, I lived next door to him. (*bus.*) What's the little yaller divil looking at? (*1st round*) Faith, I near had him that time.

Ling. Chinaman no fool!

Mike. Faith, ye haven't sinse enough to be a fool. (*tickle bus.*) Here, sthop yer tickling—sthop it. Com on. If I catch him under the ucksters, I'll step on his neck and break his ankle. (LING gets MIKE down; puts his foot on him)

N. B. *This wrestling scene is ad lib. and can be arranged to suit the performers between themselves.*

Ling. When the shamrock he fade in the fall, t'la. You dead, Ilish?

Mike. No, but I'm spacheless. Haythen, you downed me fair and square, and if ever you need a friend, call on Mike Moore. Be gorra, if I can't down yer inemies with me fist I can with me tongue.

Ling. All light, Ilish. Your flendship worth more than shirtee—  
come along, me give you shirtee.

Exit R. I E.



Mike. Be the powers, when you want to down a Chinaman give him soap and plenty of it.

Exit R. I E.

Enter HERBERT, *down run*.

Herbert. Not here! She told me she'd meet me here. I wonder where she can be? Hiding, no doubt, to play some of her pranks. Oh! Nell, Nell!

Enter JACK, R. U. E.

Jack. Hunting after Nell, eh? Why, as I come down the trail I saw her climbing up Crows' Cliff. And do you know, Budd, she don't look a bit bigger than when I first sot eyes on her.

Herbert. How long ago was that, Jack?

Jack. Well, as near as I can remember, it's fifteen years since the old man came to Blazes Bar. She was no bigger than that (*bus.*) but just as purty as a picture. A day or two after Joe Scott found the big nugget—he said the little gal kicked it up with her little foot—he offered the Deacon half on its value, but the old man said it was found on Joe's claim and he would not take a cent's worth of it. But the boys found it out, and thar and then they christened the little Nugget Nell, and the name has stuck to her ever since.

Herbert. Jack, have you ever had any doubt as to the Deacon being the real father of Nell?

Jack. Nary a doubt, unless he might have been her mother. Why do you ask?

Herbert. Because she bears such a close resemblance to the family in whose interest I am working. I meant to have spoken to the Deacon regarding her parentage, but now—by the loss of his reason—I am in doubt as to whether I am on the right track or not.

Jack. Well, I can't say the Deacon is Nell's dad, but I know she has a powerful influence over him, and he's made a right pert miss of her. Do you know, she can read and write just like a schoolmarm? But, say Budd, I come near forgetting what I came here to tell you. I've been commissioned by the boys a committee of one to inform you that this morning they nominated you for the position of Mayor, hoping you'll accept the same at their hands.

Herbert. Jack, I see your hand in this, but I cannot accept the honor the boys would confer upon me. I am searching for a child, the heiress to a large estate in the East. I have sworn to find her, and Jack—would *you* have me break my oath?

Jack. No pard, not for all the durned mayors in the country. But the boys won't let you off on that score. Why, lord bless you, if it's only to find a gal, the boys will turn out and search—

every camp for miles around. (NELL *laughs, without*) Why, here she comes now, just like a bird.

Enter NELL, *down run, with bird's nest, and kneels by* HERBERT *on bank.*

Nell. Oh! Budd, Budd, see what I've got—look, Jack.

Herbert. What have you there, you little minx?

Nell. Don't you remember the bird I told you of that had built her nest on top of Crows' Cliff? Well, Bill Mulligan shot her this morning, and as I came along I thought of the poor little chips awaiting the breakfast that would never more be brought to them—so I just went up and got them. Ain't they cunning?

Herbert. But my dear child, what will you do with them?

Nell. I'll just have you to understand I'm no child, am I, Jack!

Jack. Not a bit of it, gal!

Herbert. But what can you do with them?

Nell. Why, I'll dig worms, and I'll catch spiders, and flies, and I'll—

Jack. Never you fear for the birdies, pard. It's just as natural for that gal to be mother to them yer birds, as it is for the stream to flow down yonder mountain—for ain't she a little singing bird herself? But give me the nest, gal. I'll hunt up Ling, and I'll make him dig up worms and find spiders, and we'll fill em chock up. And say, Nell, I'm a standing in with you on this hand—I'm to be their godfather, you know.

Exit R. 3 E.—HERBERT *crosses to R.*

Herbert. Well, Nell, I must be off to the mines.

Nell. Going so soon! Won't you finish that story first? It's so interesting, and I want to hear it ever so much.

Herbert. Very well. (*takes book from coat pocket, turns over pages, and then sits on bank—NELL at his side*) Let me see—where were we? We had got to the last page, had we not? Yes, here we are. Now, listen. "The curtains parted, and Lord Percy stood before her. With a glad cry she sprang into his outstretched arms, and there, with her golden head pillowed on the breast of the man she loved—let us write—finis!"

Nell. Is that all?

Herbert. Yes. How did you like it?

Nell. Bully! That Leonora was a regular sticker, wasn't she? She stuck like a burr to the man she loved.

Herbert. Would you do the same to the man you loved?

Nell. You just try me and see. Well—you see—you know—she—you see—she heard something about her lover's past life that made her miserable. My dad often told me that all men have secrets in their past lives.

Herbert. And would you like to know something of your lover's past life?

Nell. No; if he was leading a square one when I learned to love him, I would leave his past just whar it was—behind him.

Herbert. (*aside*) Oh! if I only dare tell her. Pshaw! Well, good-by, Nell. I must be going. If any one calls, send them down to the mines. Good-by. (*bus.—exit L. U. E.*)

Nell. (*bus.*) I don't mind admitting it to myself, but I'm awfully mashed on Budd, and I came near letting out on myself. I wonder if he understood. I guess not. Men never do.

Enter MIKE, R. U. E. *with bouquet, which he gives to NELL.*

Mike. (*bus.*) Ah! there you are, me darlint. Faith, you're looking fresh and fair as these flowers I've brought ye.

Nell. What pretty flowers, Mike! Where did you get them?

Mike. Faith, I got them from the Chineseman. I met him as I was coming along. "Where are you going with them flowers?" says I. "Give 'em to the Melican woman," says he. "And faith there is but one Melican woman in these parts worthy such flowers," says I. "Who am she?" says he. "Nugget Nell," says I. And with that I whipped them out of his hand, and there they are.

Nell. Oh! thank you, Mike.

Mike. Don't thank me, me darlint; you're as welcome to them as the morning breezes. Shure, they cost me nothing but a scrap with the Chineseman. But tell me, where's Budd?

Nell. He's gone down to the claim.

Mike. Then I must be off at once.

Nell. Here, hold on, Mike; I want you to tell me something.

Mike. Faith, but you're always wanting me to tell you something. What is it?

Nell. Why does Budd wear two heads of hair? Oh! you needn't look that way. I saw you and Budd talking together down at the pass this morning, and I saw Budd take off his top scalp. Bill Mulligan saw him too. Now what does it all mean?

Mike. Me darlint, that's a secret I can't tell to a living soul. There's a dark cloud hanging over the poor boy's life. But, by the powers, we'll soon have the author of all his wrongs by the heels. And if Bill Mulligan saw what you said I must tell Budd, and I can't be any too quick. Now, that's every blessed word I can tell ye. So kape a still tongue in your head, or ye may spoil all our plans.

Nell. Heaven be with you, Mike.

Enter DEACON, *on run—coming down.*

But see, Mike, here comes poor old dad hugging his deeds to his breast, as though he was a miser.

Mike. Ain't you afeerd he'll lose them, Nell?

Nell. No, he won't let them out of his sight. They are his all in all, though I sometimes think if he never owned Poker Flat, he would still be the hale hearty man he was ten years ago, and his mind be as strong as yours or mine.

Mike. Well, cheer up, darlint, maybe it will be all fixed some day. Look on the bright side, and it may all come right in the end.

Exit, L. U. E.

Nell. (*crosses up to DEACON*) Come, dad—come along. Sit down here, dad, there you are. But what brings you down here, dad?

Deacon. Sh! I was just going up the claim. You know the one, Nell—the one that has never been worked. Gold, gold, Nell—big nuggets—and *all* for my little gal.

Nell. (*aside*) Poor old dad, his mind is wandering again. (*seats DEACON on stump up R. C.*)

Deacon. And I've got the deeds, here, Nell, see!

Nell. Yes, but you should be careful, dad; you might lose them.

Deacon. No, no. I'd sooner lose my life, my soul—my mind—Nell. Nell, where is it? It's gone—gone!

Nell. What is gone, dad?

Deacon. I had it just now—just now—Nell.

Nell. What was it, dad, why don't you speak? Oh! you old dad, you—it's your pipe, ain't it? You must have dropt it on the road. You just stay here, dad, and I'll go look for it. Don't go away now. I'll be back in a few moments.

Exit *up over run*, L.

Enter BELLA and SIDNEY, L. 2 E.

Bella. Sidney, are you sure this ruse will be successful?

Sid. Yes, there is no other way. Once let me unite Gold City, Poker Flat and Nugget Plain into one, and I will get the position of Mayor—then I can snap my fingers at the rest of the world.

Bella. But are you certain of getting the nomination?

Sidney. There can be no doubt of my success. My only rival is that Budd Bunkem, curse him! My lieutenant, Bill Mulligan, has everything arranged. I am positive of success!

Bella. Let us give up this life and return to our home in New York. What motive impels you to remain out here in such a disguise, among such rough and lawless people, when in New York we can have all that heart could wish for?

Sidney. What motive? I will tell you, Bella. The night I went to call upon Herbert Stanton to purchase those papers I was accompanied by the law, but the fellow was armed to the teeth and escaped us—but not without my obtaining the documents; which, on investigation, I discovered were forged. Bella, I can no longer

disguise the truth ; I am, and have been for years, a ruined man—living off the income derived from the estate left by my cousin Harry, which rightfully belongs to his daughter, if living. From information I gleaned from Stanton's remarks on the evening in question I am convinced that this girl is located somewhere in Colorado. In view of these facts I shall leave no stone unturned to find her, and, if successful, assume a guardianship over her which will enable us to still continue the life of luxury which we have enjoyed in the past.

Bella. But, Sidney—

Sidney. Hush! do not call me by that name. Here I am known as the wealthy Mexican, Manuel Lopez. I have gone too far to turn back at this late hour, especially when all I have schemed for is ready to drop into my outstretched hands. But here comes the man who is to bring me news of my nomination. Return to the hotel. I will join you there shortly. *Exit BELLA, R. I E.*

*Enter BILL L. I E.*

Ah! Bill, you bringa me news of my-a nomination?

Bill. Nary a nom., Cap.

Sidney. Whata you mean—speak!

Bill. Well, ain't I speaking? In plain English, your little game is busted.

Sidney. But you told-a me you have every-a-thing arranged!

Bill. So I did. Some of the people kicked because you are a greaser; but I soon brought them around all right, and was just about going into the caucus, when along came Jack Davis and made a speech in favor of Budd Bunkem. That settled the whole business. He just scooped in the entire board, shavings and all.

Sidney. Did you not do anything to stop him?

Bill. Well, did I? You just ought to have seen me spread myself all over that room. I thought we had everything our own way, so I called for a showing of hands. The only hands that went up in your behalf, were those belonging to the gang.

Sidney. Curse him! he is my Nemesis. He roba me of my prize—I will make him pay dearly for it.

Bill. But, Cap, I've made a wonderful discovery! The man you are longing to see is found.

Sidney. What! you finda Herbert Stanton?

Bill. In plain English I have. Herbert Stanton and Budd Bunkem are one and the same person.

Sidney. Good! To-day you prove-a yourself my-a friend. But I have one more piece of work for you to perform. I have lost the nomination, but Poker Flat—that-a may yet be mine. If we had the deeds of it, we could develop its great wealth and realize a fortune for ourselves as well as for Nugget Nell.

Bill. But how are we to get those papers?

Sidney. The old man sits yonder; he always have the deeds with him. You talk-a to him. Try to buy—offer him-a big money.

Bill. But suppose the old man's sharpness prevents him from selling—what then?

Sidney. Tell-a him you will work hard to develop the claim for him—that you will care for the girl and see she is provided for.

Bill. That's all very well, Cap, but suppose he won't listen to the proposition?

Sidney. When every other plan fails—*kill him!*

Bill. Hold on, Cap! 'Tis true, I've shared with you the plotting and planning of many a stage robbing; but when it comes to a case of downright—*murder*—I won't. (*crosses, L.*)

Sidney. You forget you are in my power. One little word from me and your future years would be passed behind bars and bolts. I have a paper you forged in my name. Did you think I had destroyed it? Refuse to do my work, and you go to prison. Bill, just think of the mine of wealth that lies hidden beneath Poker Flat! It should be the world's—ours! Do as I bid you, and there will be no limit to your pleasures—no curb to your ambition.

Bill. Yes, but look here; while I don't mind tripping my feet to the music at a fancy ball, I can't fancy having a ball attached to my leg and dragging behind me. Besides, murder! oh, no. It's jumping from Maine to Mexico in pretty short order.

Sidney. Well, either you go to prison as a forger, or hold up your head as a millionaire—respected by all for your great wealth. Now is your time, Bill. The Deacon is there, and alone. Come, decide quick. I will leave you here with him and shall return in half an hour to see what you have done. (*crossing to L. I E.*)

Bill. But Cap—

Sidney. I shall return in half an hour. Exit, L. I E.

Bill. Well, here's a pretty mess. How am I to manage it?

Deacon. (*looking at documents*) Nell! Nell!—gone! But they're *mine*, and I'm keeping 'em all for her, for my little Nell.

Bill. (*creeping upon DEACON*) There he is now. Why, hello, Deacon!—now don't be afraid. It's only me, Bill Mulligan. You know me.

Deacon. Yes, I know, I know. I thought it might be some one come to rob me of my papers.

Bill. It's all nonsense to think that. Why, I don't think any one could have the heart to rob you of your papers. You know I'm solid. You can trust to my friendship.

Deacon. Friendship! friendship! ah! ha! ha! No, no—I know, I know. The world is full of thieves—thieves.

Bill. You're about right, Deacon. Do you know, I was thinking this morning that you ought to have some one whom you could trust to take charge of your claim for you—to work it up, and get

out of it all they could. And while we're talking of it, why not let me do it? Why, I'd have that claim in working order in less than a jiffy. You don't know me!

Deacon. No, I *don't* know you—I don't know you—but I know the wealth that lies under Poker Flat. And it's all mine, mine, and my little gal's.

Bill. Then you're foolish not to bring it to the surface, Deacon. You let me have the papers, and I'll work the claim for you. Come, what do you say?

Deacon. Give up my papers! Give them up to you! I'd rather part with my life, my soul, my brains!

Bill. Oh, come, give over with that nonsense. Let me have the papers, do you hear? Give them to me. Give them up to me, I say, or I'll—(*draws knife, seizes DEACON, throws him down on his knees and is about to knife him, when NELL enters up L., and comes between them catching BILL'S hand*)

Nell. Why, Bill, what were you about to do? You were going to rob this old man of all he had in the world—the deeds to his claim. You would have killed him.

Bill. Well, he's crazy. What good are they to him?

Nell. What good would they be to him if he were dead? Bill Mulligan, have you a father? If so, picture to yourself this poor, helpless old man, weak in mind and body—strong in nothing save love for his child—thrown to the earth by an assassin's hand raised to strike him dead. Bill Mulligan, are *you* that man?

Bill. Nell, Nell, for Heaven's sake, say no more. I was not myself. I was under the influence of—of the devil. In a moment of weakness I was about to commit a crime I would have repented all my life. But be careful, Nell, for there are those here of whom your father is in constant danger of his life.

Nell. Bill, what do you mean?

Bill. Simply that there are those who are plotting for and determined to gain possession of your father's claim, and they will stop at nothing to gain their point. But now that you have shown me what a miserable coward I am, I will try and be a friend to you and your father.

Nell. Bill, you make me frightened for the first time in my life. I must go and find Budd and the boys, and get them to protect me and dad. Bill, can I trust you with him now?

Bill. Can you trust me, Nell? Were he my own father of whom you spoke but a moment ago, his life would not be more sacred. Would that I could make you believe it!

Nell. I do believe you, Bill, and I will trust you. (*shakes BILL'S hand*) You watch dad, and I'll soon be back with the boys.

*Exit over run, L.*

Bill. What is a world of wealth compared to a clear conscience?

I begin to feel like a new man. My last piece of villainy has been done! From now on I mean to lead an honest life. (*down R.*)

Re-enter SIDNEY, L. I E.

Sidney. Well, has the deed been done? Have you the papers? where are they?

Bill. Where they belong—in the hands of their rightful owner; and, by the help of Heaven, they shall stay there.

Sidney. What do you-a mean?

Bill. That I refuse to do any more of your dirty work. A few minutes ago I was about to murder a poor old man, but Heaven stayed my hand. And now, Manuel Lopez, no harm shall come to that old man while I am here.

Sidney. So, you would turn protector, eh?

Bill. Yes, if need be, with my life.

Sidney. Then *I* will kill him. (*draws pistol*)

Bill. You'll have to kill *me* first. (*crosses up C.*)

Sidney. Vera well, so be it. (*shoots BILL who falls*) So, the fool would turn traitor! He has paid dearly for it. Now then to secure the papers, and silence this witness to my crime. (*draws knife, and springs upon DEACON—enter HERBERT, L. U. E.*)

Herbert. What would you do, coward? Strike down in cold blood this old man? (*sees BILL*) Bill Mulligan dead! Who has done this?

Sidney. That old-a man did it—I saw him!

Herbert. Liar! he is as innocent of the crime as myself. You are the guiltier of the two, and as captain of the vigilance committee, I arrest you for the crime. (*moves toward SIDNEY*)

Sidney. Arrest me! Do so, and that moment I will denounce you as Herbert Stanton, convict and felon. (*speaks in natural voice*)

Herbert. That voice! Sidney Woodward!—At last we meet on equal grounds. Here, under the blue arch of Heaven, it must be either your life or mine. I have suffered the tortures of imprisonment, borne the life of an exile, endured the loss of home and friends—all through you.

Sidney. Let us not waste words, for I see your object. You hope to keep me here till your friends arrive to save you. Coward, defend yourself!

*Knife combat, at the end of which, SIDNEY gets HERBERT down and is about to knife him—enter NELL down run with rifle which she points at SIDNEY.*

Nell. (*half down run*) Back, Manuel Lopez, or I'll fill you full of holes.



Enter JACK, MIKE, JOE, LING, *etc.*, from L. U. E., down run.

Omes. What's the matter?

Sidney. (*down R.*) It means this old-a man kill Bill Mulligan. I leave-a them together. When I return in half an hour the old-a man stand over Bill with the pistol in his hand.

#### POSITIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
SIDNEY	HERBERT.	NELL. DEACON.	JACK. LING.	MIKE. JOE.

Nell. Oh, dad, dad, you didn't do it, did you?

Sidney. He thinks everabody wants to rob him of his deeds. He's a maniac, a—

Nell. Yes, but not a murderer, Manuel Lopez. This crime will come to light some day, and the only witness to it will not judge the guiltless.

Sidney. There was no witness!

Nell. Yes, there was—*up thar!* (*points*) before whom, some day, you will have to stand face to face!

#### PICTURE.

#### QUICK CURTAN.

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#### ACT III.

Scene.—*Handsome chamber*—JOE discovered reading book on sofa  
R.—MIKE discovered at desk up L.

Joe. Thou art right, Shakespeare; this world is but a stage on which man plays many parts. Three years ago I was but an humble follower of thy histrionic art, and now—here I sit in my own home, rich, influential and honored; the beloved spouse of a woman whose head for business makes her the envy of every speculator in the land; while I possess almost enough of the filthy lucre to buy up every theatre on the American continent. (*rising*) Mike, I am about to take my diurnal peregrination. Should any one desire to ascertain my whereabouts impart to them the desired information, with my compliments. (*strides off R. 3 E.*)

Mike. Begorra, here's a transformation for yer. From a sore-

footed, ill dressed, empty stomached rag-a-muffin av a miner, I'm changed into a well fed, iligantly dressed son of Erin, and Lord High Guardian av the prettiest little girl in the mountains—Nugget Nell. Sure, it's a fine job, this. Joe gives me his orders in the morning, and I give them in return to the different servants. Sure it's glad I am for Nell, for the goold we found in "Crawford's Claim," on Poker Flat, put the ould man in a good Asylum, where he is rapidly coming back to his senses again. And then the changes I've seen since I kem from New York! The day the ould man was accused of killing Mulligan the greaser escaped and hasn't been seen since. The ould man disappeared for a week afterwards, and so did the body of Bill Mulligan. We all thought the Deacon had been killed by the road agents, but one day he walked in talking about his papers, just the same as ever. And poor Budd! We received news that he had been shot down from behind by the greaser, and his body lost. Well, well, well, how time does bring about many, many changes. But I am a bit better for the transformation. I'm boss av the house, guardian of Nugget Nell, chief av the kitchen, and general mogul av the whole establishment. But talking av changes, mine is nothing compared to Nell's—Heaven bless her. From a little brown faced, mountain climbing child av the Sierras, she has grown into a city belle, with trains to her dresses a yard long. Faith, she's a little angel, so she is. But if I'm not an angel, begorra, I'm a regular Irish gintleman of leisure. (LING *rushes on crying*, C. D.) What the divil are you making all that racket about? Will you niver larn to behave like a gintleman?

Ling. (R.) Me allee blokee up.

Mike. Thin go git a hammer and some nails and mend yourself. Go out into the backyard, or the kitchen, and don't come around here blathering. What's the matter with you any way? What did you run against?

Enter ABIGAIL, C.

Abigail. This! (*brandishing rolling pin*—LING *runs behind sofa*, R.)

Abigail. He was down in the kitchen upsetting everything with his nasty disagreeable ways. I can't stand it any longer, and I won't—there!

Mike. (*suppressing laughter*) See here, haythen, why don't you, come from behind the sofy and listen to the lady?

Ling. Me hear allee same. No likee pie club.

Mike. What's he been doing, Mrs. Bowers?

Abigail. What's he been doing? What hasn't he been doing? I don't see what earthly use he is anyway. He actually came into the kitchen and insisted on my allowing him to make the beef stew.

Mike. Stop the procaydings! Oh! you yaller Mongolian thafe av the world, you. Mrs. Bowers—Mrs. Bowers, on your word of honor as a lady, tell me—did he succeed?

Abigail. No, I put a stop to *that* just in time.

Mike. Thank Heaven! the country's saved—no, I mean the stew is saved. Say, haythen, I thought you had given up your evil ways?

Abigail. What do you mean, Mr. Moore?

Mike. Sure, we've had a narrow escape. Let that Chinaman do anything in the world, but as you value your life, kape him away from the stew pot.

Abigail. Why, Mr. Moore?

Mike. Sure, I once set down to a stew av that Chinaman's making, and right in the middle av the dish, what do you think I found?

Abigail. What?

Mike. The remains av an ould rat! And when I asked the haythen for an explanation, he said the beef was all gone, and that the ould rat meat was just as good.

Ling. Allee samee—allee samee!

Mike. Do ye hear that? He's not converted yet, the haythen!

Abigail. Miss Elena said he could iron, so I gave him the material and set him to work, and the first thing I knew he was sprinkling water from his mouth all over our clean table linen.

Mike. Oh, that's nothing, Mrs. Bowers, when you get used to it. They all do that!

Abigail. They sha'n't do it in this house, while I'm its mistress, and that has to be understood, and don't you forget it. (LING *laughs*) Oh, you needn't giggle, I mean it!

Mike. We assume the fact of your proprietorship, and I'll not argue the question. But is that the full extent av your grievances, Mrs. Bowers?

Abigail. No, that is *not* all. I made him leave the ironing alone. I then went to change, preparatory to doing the ironing myself, and when I returned to the kitchen I found him drawing my picture on the kitchen wall with a piece of charcoal. When I inquired what he meant, he had the audacity to tell me he was mashed on me.

Mike. Begorra, he ought to get six months!

Abigail. Mr. Moore!

Mike. That is, for presuming to delineate with charcoal the faytures av so a charming a lady. (*bell rings without L.*) Ling, attend to that bell.

Exit LING, C. to L.

Abigail. Mr. Moore, I am astonished to think that you, in the presence of that beastly Chinaman, would endeavor to sting me with your sarcasm.

Mike. Divil a bit av sarcasm, Mrs. Bowers. You certainly are

a charming woman. Your conversational powers are something wonderful, and you never could be downed in a debate. In talking you're almost aquil to myself. Now why shouldn't we——

Abigail. What, sir?

Mike. Why couldn't we arrange—to——

Abigail. What, sir?

Mike. Arrange to unite our conversational and argumentative abilities, and make—a—a——

Abigail. What, sir?

Mike. A H. T.—a whole team, or a—a holy terror?

Abigail. Why, Mr. Moore, I *am* surprised!

Jack. (*without L. of C.*) In this room, Ling?

Ling. (*same*) Yah. First door lightee.

Enter JACK, C. *from L.*

Mike. What! Jack Davis!

Jack. Why, hello, Mike! How are you, my boy?

Mike. First rate, Jack. How are you, and where did you come from?

Abigail. Mr. Moore, who is this person?

Mike. Don't you know? This is Jack Davis—Jack Davis, of Poker Flat.

Jack. Pow'ful glad to see you again, mum. (*crosses; shakes hands with ABIGAIL*)

Abigail. You're just as rough as ever, you old bear! (*going up*)

Jack. Don't run away, mum, don't run away. You needn't be afeerd.

Abigail. Oh, I'm not afraid. (*looks off C.*)

Mike. Jack, I understand you've been abroad.

Jack. Yes. I've been clar to England and back.

Mike. To England, have you? Well, how's Ireland?

Jack. Oh, she's thar yet.

Mike. Faith, she always will be, Heaven bless her. But, I say, Jack, ain't you back in a hurry?

Jack. Wal, you see, I had an estate left me over thar, so I went to look arter it; but finding things kinder dull I sold out the hull affair and started for here again. But while in New York, I stopt over a few days on a little affair of Budd's.

Mike. Poor Budd! It was a murderin' shame that he came to an untimely end, and all through that miserable greaser.

Jack. Wal, that derved greaser was just about as black as they make 'em, warn't he? Will you excuse me for a moment, Mrs. Bowers, while I whisper in Mike's ear? (*whispers to MIKE.*)

Mike. Powers av marcy! You don't tell me! (*going up C.*)

Jack. It's the truth, Mike. But don't leave me here alone with Mrs. Bowers. She might get hugged by this old bear. (*NELL laughs without, R of C.*) Great catamount, Mike what ar that?

Mike. That's Nell. Don't ye know her voice?

Jack. Wal, I orter. (*going up C.*)

Abigail. (*stops JACK*) Here, you can't see her now, Mr. Davis, she's trying on a new dress.

Jack. Wal, consarn it! I want to see the new dress, too.

Abigail. She is invisible until she enters this room. I will go and inform her she is wanted in the parlor. Exit, C and R.

Jack. Great Scott! but I'm just a dyin' to sot eyes on that ar gal!

Mike. Faith, you wouldn't know her. She's just returning from the seminary, and I tell ye what it is, Jack, she has blossomed into a fashionable young lady. But, ould boy, you've taken us by surprise, so I'll just go and see there's a room got ready for ye. (*NELL laughs*) Here she comes, the darlint. You just hide behind there, Jack, and give her a bit av surprise.

Exit MIKE.—*JACK gets behind screen up R.*

Enter NELL, C. D. *from R., in train dress that gets tangled in her feet; in trying to get free from train, she gets much confused.*

Nell. (L.) Gracious! how am I to get out of it?

Jack. (*appearing*) Why, jump out, gal!

Nell. Jack Davis, you old darling, where did you come from? (*going up to him*)

Jack. (*puts up one foot, stopping her*) Put on the brakes, gal, or you'll go all to smash.

Nell. Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Mike said you'd gone to England!

Jack. So I did, gal, but I found most of my old chums dead and gone. Besides, I missed the one bright face thar, gal, without which things seemed kind of dark and dreary.

Nell. Bless you, Jack.

Jack. (*sits on sofa, NELL beside him*) And since the old man's mind left him, it occurred to me as how you orter to have some one near you to whom you could look up to like a father—and who had a better right than old Jack Davis?

Nell. Thank you, Jack. But poor old dad will soon be better or worse, dear friend. I have recently received a letter from the asylum where he has been for treatment, saying that he is perfectly rational, and nearly well enough to be restored to liberty, so I have written to have him sent here to this house, for I feel that whatever care he may now need can best be given by the little girl he loved so dearly.

Jack. You did just right, Nell, and I'll be tickled to death to see the old man again. But great catamount, gal, what a beautiful young lady you've grown to be! You must be the happiest woman in the hull world!

Nell. No, no, Jack, not that. I was happy and contented until I learned to know——

Jack. What love was, eh, gal? Oh, I guessed your secret. So you did love poor Budd arter all. I thought so. It war too derved bad he war shot, warn't it?

Nell. Don't, don't, Jack, I can't stand it!

Jack. Thar, forgive me, gal. I wouldn't pain you for the hull world. But suppose Budd warn't shot arter all, but was only playin' possum on the greaser?

HERBERT *appears at C. D.*

Nell. Jack, what do— (*sees BUDD—rushes into his arms*) Oh, Budd, Budd, is it really you?

Herbert. Yes, it is really I, for, as you see, I was not killed by the cowardly shot fired at me by Manuel Lopez, but like Lord Percy, in the story of Leonora, I have come back to claim the woman I love. As Jack says, I was only playing possum on the greaser. But to-night, in this house, I will stand face to face with the man who has so basely wronged me; and I have proofs enough to fully exonerate me.

LING enters C., *with card on tray, which he presents to NELL.*

Nell. Budd, what does this mean?

Jack. It means the circus are about to begin. Budd, you just go in that room thar. (*BUDD retires, L. 3 E.*) Now, Nell, let Ling show the varmint in here, and I'll step aside so's I kin keep an eye on the critter. (*retires behind screen*)

Nell. Show the gentleman in, Ling. (*exit LING, C. D.*) There is a crisis in my life approaching—I feel it. (*down L.*)

Enter LING C. D., *bowing in* SIDNEY, *who gives LING his hat, coat and cane which are donned by LING who struts out C.—NELL turns toward SIDNEY.*

Sidney. (*starts*) Nugget Nell, by all that's holy!

Nell. To what am I indebted for the *honor* of this visit?

Sidney. I received a note this morning asking me to call at this house. You, no doubt, will recognize the handwriting. (*gives NELL note*)

Nell. No, sir, I do not recognize it.

Sidney. (R.) Then who could have written it?

Herbert. (*appearing*) I did!

Sidney. Herbert Stanton, alive!

Herbert. Yes, alive. I was not killed by the cowardly shot you fired. Instead, I have followed you like a sleuth hound ever since.

I have eaten at the same table, slept beneath the same roof, and yet you knew me not. Disguised as a mountain guide, I stood by when you sent your unsuspecting wife to an untimely grave—'twas I who laid her lifeless body at your feet. Sidney Woodward, you once sent me to prison for a crime of which I was utterly innocent. I now turn the tables, for I have evidence enough in my possession to hang you.

Sidney. You have woven your web well, but it won't do. Where are your proofs?

Enter MIKE, C. D.

Mike. Is it proofs the blackguard wants? Faith, we've barrels av thim, with big lumps av ice on each barrel to kape it fresh. Shure, we've proofs enough to flood the court house.

Sidney. Well, Herbert Stanton, or whatever your name may be, this is a very cleverly concocted scheme. But denounce me if you dare. In return, I will denounce you as an escaped convict—a felon!

Jack. (*comes down*) Wrong again, Greaser, and this document proves that I speak the truth. (*gives document to HERBERT*)

Herbert. What is this—a pardon?

Jack. Wal, that's about the size of it. You see, when I was in New York, I saw the Governor, and after a little talk about you, he remembered of a pardon having been granted one Herbert Stanton, based on the confession of a prisoner, who had died at Sing Sing. So he hunted up the pardon, gave it to me, and I've kept it for just this moment.

Herbert. Jack, how can I ever repay you?

Jack. By saying nothing about it. (*talks aside with MIKE, L.*)

Sidney. And now, I suppose, you have discovered the real heiress to the estate?

Herbert. I have. Allow me to present her to you in the person of Nugget Nell.

Sidney. 'Tis false as hell!

Enter DEACON, C. D.

Deacon. 'Tis true as Heaven!

Nell. Dad! and in his right mind! (*runs into DEACON'S arms*)

Deacon. Yes, my darling, reason has returned, and I am a man again. Sidney Woodward, it was I who married poor Mary Barton to one Harry Wilson, otherwise Woodward; and when Mary found herself a deserted wife, and about to die, she sent for me, and placing in my arms this dear girl—then an infant but a few weeks old—asked me to be a father to her. I promised her I

would, and in all the years that have come and gone, I have been a good faithful friend to her.

Sidney. The scheme works admirably, but I defy you all. Who will take the word of this old imbecile, whose hands are stained with the blood of Bill Mulligan?

Enter BILL, C. D.

Bill. Hold on thar, Cap, you're a little too fast.

Sidney. Alive! The devil! I thought you dead.

Bill. Your shot was a pretty close one, but a week's nursing from the old Deacon, and the aid of Mulligan's infallible remedies, soon restored me to health again.

Jack. (*crossing to SIDNEY*) Wal, Greaser, your time is up.

Mike. I should say it was run down.

Herbert. We are sorry to be deprived of your charming society.

Enter TWO OFFICERS, C. D.

Sidney. And it pains me to know you are all feeling so well. I bid you farewell, and am sorry you are not going in the same direction as myself. (*points down and exit C., with OFFICERS*)

Mike. (*looking off C.*) Take care of him, for he has a slippery tongue and a slippery heel. There's one good job off our hands. But now, Deacon, that everything's explained, and the mystery surrounding Budd and Nell cleared up, the marriage tie is next in order.

Deacon. Nothing would give me greater pleasure.

Herbert. But what are we to do with our friends here?

Nell. (*to audience*) We'll ask them to our wedding, and you'll come too, won't you? You'll always find a hearty welcome awaiting you at Poker Flat.

#### POSITIONS .

JACK.	BUDD.	NELL.	DEACON.	MIKE.
R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

CURTAIN.





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ACT II. SCENE AS BEFORE; time, night.—Dark clouds gathering.—Changing the jackets.—Father and son.—On duty.—A struggle for fortune.—Loved for himself.—The divided greenbacks.—The agreement.—An unhappy life.—The detective's mistake.—Arrested.—Mistaken identity.—The likeness again.—On the right track.—The accident.—"Will she be saved?"—Latour's bravery.—A noble sacrifice.—The secret meeting.—Another case of mistaken identity.—The murder.—"Who did it?"—The torn cuff.—"There stands the murderer!"—" 'Tis false!"—The wrong man murdered.—Who was the victim?—TABLEAU.

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ACT II.—St. Clare's elegant home.—The fretful wife.—The arrival.—Little Eva.—Aunt Ophelia and Topsy.—“O, Golly! I'se so wicked!”—St. Clare's opinion.—“Benighted innocence.”—The stolen gloves.—Topsy in her glory.

ACT III.—The angel child.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's mischief.—Eva's request.—The promise.—pathetic scene.—Death of Eva.—St. Clare's grief.—“For thou art gone forever.”

ACT IV.—The lonely house.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's keepsake.—Deacon Perry and Aunt Ophelia.—Cute on deck.—A distant relative.—The hungry visitor.—Chuck full of emptiness.—Cute and the Deacon.—A row.—A fight.—Topsy to the rescue.—St. Clare wounded.—Death of St. Clare.—“Eva—Eva—I am coming”

ACT V.—Legree's plantation on the Red River.—Home again.—Uncle Tom's noble heart.—“My soul ain't yours, Mas'r.”—Legree's cruel work.—Legree and Cassy.—The white slave.—A frightened brute.—Legree's fear.—A life of sin.—Marks and Cute.—A new scheme.—The dreadful whipping of Uncle Tom.—Legree punished at last.—Death of Uncle Tom.—Eva in Heaven.

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ACT II.—Winter quarters.—Colonel Hastings and Sergeant Tim.—Moses.—A message.—Tim on his dignity.—The arrival.—Playing soldier.—The secret.—The promise.—Harry in danger.—Love and duty.—The promise kept.—“Saved, at the loss of my own honor!”

ACT III.—Drawing-room at Falconer's.—Reading the news.—“Apply to Judy!”—Louise's romance.—Important news.—Bertha's fears.—Leamington's arrival.—Drawing the web.—Threatened.—Plotting.—Harry and Bertha.—A fiendish lie.—Face to face.—“Do you know him?”—Denounced.—“Your life shall be the penalty!”—Startling tableau.

ACT IV.—At Uncle Toby's.—A wonderful climate.—An impudent rascal.—A bit of history.—Woman's wit.—Toby Indignant.—A quarrel.—Uncle Toby's evidence.—Leamington's last trump.—Good news.—Checkmated.—The telegram.—Breaking the web.—Sunshine at last.

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