

G. L. Andrew

PRICE 15 CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 160.)

BLOW FOR BLOW.

A DRAMA,

IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE ACTS.

By HENRY J. BYRON,

Author of "£100,000," "Dearer than Life," "The Lancashire Lass," etc., etc.

AS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE HOLBORN THEATRE, LONDON,
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MISS FANNY
JOSEPHS, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1868.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

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

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No.	M.	F.	No.	M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 3 3	1	3	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts....	7	3	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
93. Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	3	2	13. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	200. Estranged, an operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act..	3	3	103. Faus; aud Marguerite, drama, 3 acts,	9	7
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1 3 1	1	3	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials,		
166. Barde ^{rs} , Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
40. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act....	4	2
179. Breach of Promise., drama, 2 acts..	5	2	74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1 4 8	1	4	53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2
24. Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	73. Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3 11 4	11	4
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		
69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.....	4	1	1 act.....	5	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.10	10	5	131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
55. Catharine Howard, historical play,			28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
3 acts.....	12	5	151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	
80. Charming pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	180. Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5 38 5	5	38
63. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3 9 3	3	9	19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.	3	2	60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3
107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1	64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1
152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act... 1	1	1	190. Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act....	4	1
52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1	191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	4	2
148. Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta,			197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14	2
1 act.....	2	1	18. If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce,		
113. Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts.....	10	4	1 act.....	4	3
199. Captain of the Watch (The), comedi-			116. I'm Not Meself at All, original Irish		
etta, 1 act.....	4	2	stew, 1 act.....	3	2
20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4	129. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3
4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act....	4	2	159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act... 4	4	2
22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3	122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4
99. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act, 4 3	4	3	177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1 4 1	1	4
16. Deaver than Life, drama, 3 acts....	5	5	100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2
58. Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts.....	7	6	139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts... 3	3	4
125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts....	6	4
71. Doing for the Best, drama, 3 acts..	5	3	86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5
142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4	72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

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NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
NO. 33 ROSE STREET.

* This Drama was first entitled "John Denman's Debt," but, upon the announce-
ment, it was changed for fear of reflecting on persons of that name.

1815

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

*Holborn Theatre, Lon-Boston (Mass.) Museum,
don, Sept. 5, 1868. November 30, 1868.*

Josiah Craddock (a Portsmouth Lawyer—first Old Man).....	Mr. LUNT.	Mr. W. H. SMITH.
John Drummond (his Clerk—Character Comedy).....	Mr. J. C. COWPER.	Mr. F. HARDENBERGH.
Charley Spraggs (his Second Clerk—Low Comedy).....	Mr. GEORGE HONEY.	Mr. W. WARREN.
Lieutenant Linden (Juvenile Comedian).....	Mr. HENRY HAYNES.	Mr. L. R. SHEWELL.
Mr. Bolden (of Bolden & Green—Utility).....	Mr. W. ARTHUR.	Mr. J. BURROWS.
Mr. Kenward (a Bank Manager—Utility).....	Mr. WESTLAND.	Mr. C. L. FARWELL.
Sergeant Brent (Utility).....	Mr. BROOK.	Mr. W. KELLEY.
Mildred Craddock (Comedy).....	Miss LYDIA FOOTE.	Miss ANNIE CLARKE.
Kitty Wobbler (Chambermaid).....	Miss E. WEATHERSBY.	Miss ADA GILMAN.

A LAPSE OF FIVE YEARS IS SUPPOSED TO OCCUR.

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

Sir Harry Linden, Bart (formerly in the Navy).....	Mr. HENRY HAYNES.	Mr. L. R. SHEWELL.
John Drummond.....	Mr. J. C. COWPER.	Mr. F. HARDENBERG.
Charley Spraggs (on the Turf).....	Mr. GEORGE HONEY.	Mr. W. WARREN.
Doctor Grace (a Medical Man—Comedy).....	Mr. PARSELLE.	Mr. R. F. McCLANNIN.
Servant to Sir Harry.....	Mr. HARRISON.	Mr. C. H. WOOD.
Alice Petherick (a Widow, Mildred Craddock's Twin Sister).....	Miss LYDIA FOOTE.	Miss ANNIE CLARKE.
Lady Linden (Sir Harry's young Wife—Walking Lady).....	Miss JANE RIGNOLD.	Miss LOUISA MYERS.
Miss Wobbler (a Milliner).....	Miss E. WEATHERSBY.	Miss ADA GILMAN.
Mrs. Moulsey (a lodging-house keeper—Old Woman).....	Miss SALLIE TURNER.	Miss M. PARKER.

BILL FOR PROGRAMMES, ETC.

Prologue.—MILDRED'S LOVERS.

SCENE.—AN ATTORNEY'S OFFICE AT PORTSMOUTH.

Act I.—MILDRED'S SISTER.

SCENE.—ALICE'S LODGINGS.

Act II.—"MY LADY LINDEN."

SCENE.—THE LINDENS' COUNTRY HOUSE.

Act III.

BLOW FOR BLOW!

Scene I.—SIR HARRY LINDEN'S STUDY.

Scene II.—A STREET.

Scene III.—THIRD STORY OF A LODGING-HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'.

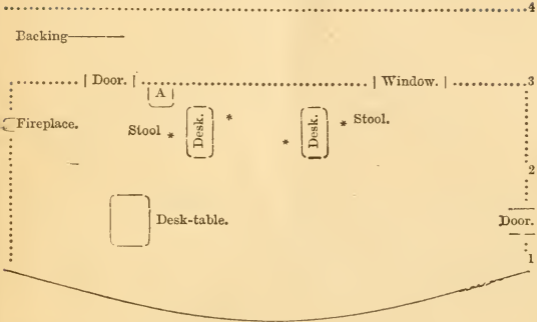
GIFT

EST. OF J. H. CORNING

JUNE 20, 1940

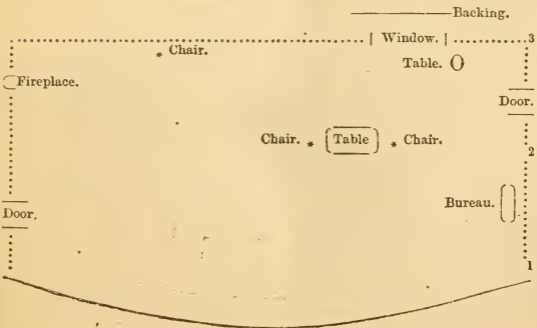
SCENERY.

PROLOGUE.—Interior. Lawyer's Office in 4th grooves.



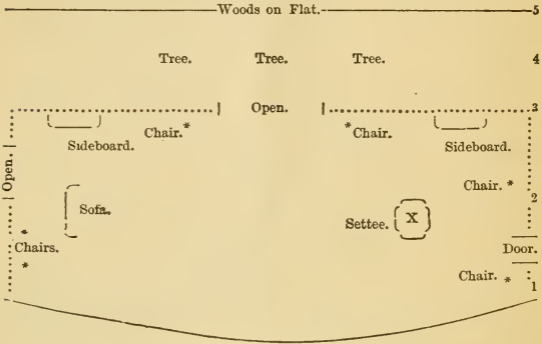
On flat, L. side, wharf, with vessels unloading; daytime; sunlight; closed in n. and L.; the desks up c. are high, double, with rail on top between each slope; stools to suit their height; table R. front; fireplace R. 2 E.; door L. 1 E., and in F.; A, a safe on a stand, with door to open; books on shelf within; on side-sets and flat, calendars, date five years before present year; maps; picture of ships, etc.; R. t. E. corner, a row of pegs over an umbrella rack.

ACT I.—SCENE. Interior. Attic, in 3d grooves.



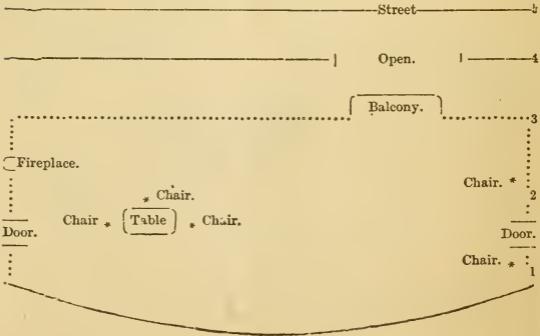
Small square of carpet down under table L. C.; window in r., giving view of London housetops; portrait over fireplace to resemble the lady taking the part of Mildred.

ACT II. SCENE. Interior and Garden in 5th grooves. Summer afternoon.



Set trees on 4th groove in tubs; cloth down in v. e.'s for garden beds and gravel walks; carpet down; n. 2 e., open archway, with curtains; c. in 3 g. flat open, with curtains looped up to each side, framed pictures on walls; statuettes and vases on sideboards.

ACT III.—SCENE I. Library. Interior in 2d grooves; backing of dark wall to D. L. in F., D. R. ! E. and L. ! E. table and two chairs, c. SCENE II. Street in 1st grooves. SCENE III. Room and street in 5th grooves.



Closed in L. and R. and 2 E.'s; in 3d grooves flat, L. C., French window to open, with balcony rail set out in 3d E.; on 5th groove flat, street, the upper stories of houses, to make the stage level to seem to be the third floor; moonlight effect, from B. U. E., upon L. 3 E. corner.

COSTUMES, (English, present day.)

JOHN DRUMMOND.—Hair rather long, with one or two locks straying down upon forehead; small side-whiskers; face lined to give a stern, firm expression about the mouth; aged about forty. *Prologue.* Black suit; coat buttoned up to neck; drab congress gaiters, high hat, old-fashioned; black cotton gloves. *Act I.*: Black high hat gray vest; dark brown pants; black coat. *Act II.*: High-crowned black-felt hat; gray walking suit, black cravat. *Act III.*: Same as in Act II; cigar to smoke.

JOSIAH CRADDOCK.—Aged fifty. *Prologue:* Black coat; gray vest and pants; black high hat; black gloves; sandy hair and side whiskers; collar and cravat, old fashioned, eyeglass with black ribbon. *Act III.*: Dark gray suit; low-crowned dark hat, wig gray, short crop; no whiskers.

CHARLEY SPRAGGS.—*Prologue:* Black walking coat; light gray pants; black hat; black vest; turn-down collar and fancy neck-scarf, with pin. *Act I.*: Walking suit; gray cutaway coat, dark vest; turn-down collar; showy scarf; horse-shoe pin; light pants, with stripe down the leg; chin beard. *Act II.*: English fox-hunter's dress; riding hat; whip with lash; vest very wide at the bosom, to display gaudy silk scarf, which lifts up. three gold studs to his shirt bosom (which are to be shown during business) wig or hair curled extravagantly; flower in coat button-hole. *Act III—Scene II.*: Very ragged black suit; flute, out of tune, to play. *Scene III.*. As in Act I., but more quiet dress.

LIEUT. LINDEN.—*Prologue:* English naval officer's dress, blue jacket and vest with gilt buttons, blue cap with gilt buttons, white trousers. *Act II.*: Gray pants; black coat white vest (may wear moustache). *Act III—Scene I.*: Same as Act II.

DR. GRACE.—Black suit. *Act II.* Fox hunter; black boots.

MR. BOLDER.—Dark suit; light overcoat; hat and gloves.

MR. KENWARD.—Black suit; gray wig; hat and black gloves; side-whiskers.

SERGEANT BRENT.—Black walking suit; hat; side-whiskers; like a London policeman.

SERVANT.—*Act III.*: Dark livery.

MILDRED CRADDOCK.—(Doubles with ALICE PETHERICK, her twin sister, in the play). *Prologue:* Slate-colored silk house dress, trimmed with white cord; white fringe shoulder-ornament; white buttons; earrings; necklace; white cuffs and collar. *Act I.*: (As ALICE) black silk jacket; black hat, to enter with; collar and cuffs; dark dress; face pale. *Act II.*: Same as Act I. *Act III.* Walking dress.

LADY LINDEN.—*Act II.* Handsome house dress. *Act III.*: Walking-dress; hat.

KITTY WOBBLER.—*Prologue:* Striped dress, light; black silk apron, with blue trimmings; white lace cap, with ribbons. *Act I.* red dress, mantle; hat, with showy ribbons. *Act II—Scene II.* Cap; apron; enters carrying a pitcher.

MRS. MOULSEY.—Stuff dress; hair in curls, 1830 style; cap.

PROPERTIES, (See Scenery).

Prologue. Books, papers, inkstands with quills, rulers, etc., for the desks and table; black japanned boxes, lettered "Ship's Manifests," "A. B.," "C. & C.," etc. Umbrellas and coats for B. U. E. corner, on pegs and in racks; maps on flat;

stools; chairs; horsewhip, small, for LINDEN to strike with; handcuffs, to fit CRADDOCK, for BRENT to enter with.

Act I.—Table, chairs, round table, bureau, L. 1 E., with tea things for three; teakettle, a little red fire in fireplace; work-box, with scraps of cloth, spools of cotton, scissors in it, on table; portrait (8 by 10 inches) of the personator of MILDRED, head only, full face; rug to fireplace, with shovel, tongs and poker; small parcel for ALICE to enter with; snuff-box for Dr. GRACE; two small paper packets, about the same size, to be in SPRAGGS' pockets.

Act II.—Handsome furniture; note-book; miniature in case; newspaper for LINDEN.

Act III.—*Scene I:* Table and ten chairs; wine in decanter, wine-glasses, plate of wine-crackers. *Scene II:* Flute (or other musical instrument the representative of SPRAGGS can play), out of tune; pitcher for KITTY. *Scene III:* Table and chairs; lamp, with shade, on table.

TIME OF PLAYING—THREE HOURS; OR, PROLOGUE, THIRTY MINUTES—ACT I., TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES—ACT II., FIFTY MINUTES—ACT III., FORTY MINUTES.

SYNOPSIS.

THE Prologue is devoted to the betrothal of Mildred, daughter of Josiah Craddock, to a young naval officer, Harry Linden, who has a rival in the person of John Drummond, Craddock's confidential law-clerk. The lawyer, having embezzled some money, belonging to an estate, endeavors to replace it through making of a forged check. Drummond questions the genuineness of Linden's passion for Mildred, and is severely chastized by the sailor. In revenge, and to break off the match, Drummond supplies evidence for the conviction of the young lady's father, who is transported for five years. A lapse of time intervenes between termination of the prologue and the commencement of the drama. Linden has married Mildred, who dies in obscurity while he is at sea. Succeeding to a baronetcy, the retired officer marries a lady of rank. Alice, twin sister to Mildred, a childless widow, driven from her father's roof for an unfortunate marriage, is discovered by John Drummond in great poverty. Desirous of revenge upon Sir Harry Linden, this schemer persuades the widow that her sister had died in consequence of neglect and ill-treatment at Sir Harry's hands. Indignant at this cruel fate of a beloved sister, Alice consents to make her appearance as Linden's first wife, which she can readily do on account of the remarkable resemblance of the twins. The imposture is partially successful, when Alice, convinced that she is a mere tool in the hands of a villain, reveals the plot to Lady Linden. Drummond, vexed at failure of his scheme, violently assaults Alice, who is rescued through the opportune arrival of the convict Craddock, and the piece terminates with Drummond's being thrown out of a window.

[For Stage Directions, see page 41.]

BLOW FOR BLOW.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—*Interior in 3d grooves. Lawyer's office.*

Discover CHARLEY SPRAGGS seated on stool at R. desk, reading, side face to Audience, and Mr. BOLDER seated at R. front table, reading newspaper.

BOLDER (*impatiently*). It is very annoying to be kept waiting so long. (*looks towards SPRAGGS*) I say, it is very annoying to be kept waiting so long. (*aside*) That young man seems to be very deeply engaged in the paper he is reading. (*looks at watch*) Half-past-two. I say, sir!

SPRAGGS (*turns round to front on the stool*). It's not my fault, sir!

BOL. This is the second time that I have called and failed to see Mr. Craddock, though he knew that I was coming. It looks as if he was trying to avoid me. I repeat, sir, it looks as if he was trying to avoid me. (*SPRAGGS reads his paper again*) That seems to be an interesting case that you are reading?

SPRAGGS. Yes, sir, it is. It's an action between the Brimstone Bruiser and Tommy Tripper—a most interesting case.

BOL. May I ask in what court it took place?

SPRAGGS. In no court, sir. In the open field, "Home Circuit."

BOL. Ah! who was the judge?

SPRAGGS. Leary Benjamin of Mortlake, sir.

BOL. (*shakes his head*). I never heard of him.

SPRAGGS. Most eminent man of the "public bar."

BOL. The damages heavy?

SPRAGGS. Tre-men-dous! "At the conclusion of the thirtieth round, the phiz of the gallant Tommy looked in want of repairs, while the Bruiser's was but a cracked specimen of the British mug divine."

BOL. Confound it, sir! You have been reading of a prize-fight. (*turns to table, and writes a letter and puts it in an envelope, which he addresses during the following.*)

SPRAGGS (*enthusiastically*). I glory in that sort of thing, sir! You may talk to me of your Timeses and Telegraphs, and Saturday Reviews, and family Heraldses, but what I say is, give me the Weekly Tipster! What's the Reform Bill to me? I don't care whether the Bill is reformed or not. "Foreign Intelligence," indeed! From what I have seen of foreigners, I don't think they have any intelligence! I should like to know what the news from abroad has to do with me. I ain't abroad, am I? Very well, then! Look here, sir! Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, ain't it? and self-preservation is self-defence! Very well, then! The first thing we do when we come into the world is to double up our fistesses! Why does Britannia keep on a triumphantly ruling of the

waves? Because she rolls up her sleeves and hits out with her left like a lady!

BOL. (*carelessly*). You are quite thrilling. May I inquire if you are an adept in the art?

SPRAGGS. Well, sir, I am not so good in the practice, but I am quite expert in the theory. When I get into a row, I square off scientific, but just as I am going to show the way to do it, I get doubled up in no time.

BOL. Ah, sorry to hear it. (*rise, letter in hand*) Tell Mr. Craddock that I called, and for the last time. [*Music, mournful.*]

SPRAGGS. Don't say that, sir.

BOL. I repeat, sir, for the last time.

SPRAGGS. Oh, sir!

BOL. Give this letter to him—and it is the last letter he will have from me. See that he gets that letter. [*Exit D. in F.*]

SPRAGGS. Yes, sir. (*puts letter on desk, gets off stool*) That's something hot for the governor. I'd like to see him talk that way to me! I'd—(*puts up his hands like a pugilist and spars about the stage*) Come on! (*pushes his stool over*) First knock-down blow for Spraggs. (*Music changes to light for KITTY'S entrance.*)

Enter, L. D., KITTY WOBBLER.

Time?

KITTY (L. C.). Time! Time for what? What are you doing, stupid?

SPRAGGS (*picks up stool*). I was only polishing off a foe.

KITTY. I tell you what it is, Master Charley! Your sporting habits will be getting you into trouble some of these fine days!

SPRAGGS. What does the *Life* say in its last number? Why, that "the proper study of mankind is—" muscle! (*feels his arm*) There's muscle!

KITTY. Is there any letters for us this morning?

SPRAGGS (*gives letter*). One.

KITTY. Miss Mildred will be so glad! (*puts letter away in pocket.*)

SPRAGGS. If it was known that I winked at the smuggling of letters between Miss Mildred and her sister, Miss Alice, that's disgraced herself, I should come in for it.

KITTY. Disgraced herself! Nothing of the kind, sir. (*C., SPRAGGS on her right*) To be sure, she threw herself away on a fellow that was not worthy of her, but that is no reason why her own father should drive her away from his door, and forbid her sister, that loves her so dearly, to even write to her. Oh, the flinty-hearted old—But there! there! (*wipes her eyes with apron*) it is not right to call names to the master whose bread one eats.

SPRAGGS. I don't eat any of his bread. He gives me a pound a week, and I dine where I like—often where I don't like! but I'd see him to Jericho before I'd eat any of his bread!

KITTY. Don't, Charley, don't—

SPRAGGS. What do I care for him? I don't owe him anything! I'll soon serve out my articles.

KITTY. And nicely you'll serve them, I'll be bound! Yes, you had better stick to them if you want to come out well, instead of having so much to do with your boat-races, prize-fights, pigeon-matches, cricket-matches, walking-matches.

SPRAGGS (*on her left*). Kitty, there are other matches besides walking matches!

KITTY. Depend upon it, they will bring you to no good. You will be robbing the till next, like young Crosby, that's what you will.

SPRAGGS. Kitty, in the first place, tills are confined to shops. And—

(*passes his right arm around KITTY's waist*) where's the 'arm in it, where's the 'arm?

KITTY. Where? where it oughtn't to be! (*puts SPRAGGS from her*) Don't you be so *formiller*!

SPRAGGS (*earnestly*). If the King of Clubs miss the Derby, you won't find fault with me! Kitty, I know a party as knows a hindividual, who is acquainted with a gentleman that is a cousin of a trainer, and he's put us up to a safe thing. The King's an out-an'-out good 'un! Bless you, they're all on him.

KITTY (*crosses L. c.*). All on him? Why, they'll break his back!

SPRAGGS (*laughs*). Ha, ha, ha! oh, Kitty! come, you did not mean to say that! aha! (*seriously*). There's no mistake about it. I've put every crown on the King of Clubs.

KITTY (*contemptuously*). He can't be much of a king to let you put a crown on him!

SPRAGGS (*laughs*). Ha, ha, ha! that's a joke, Kitty. Now, you didn't mean that! The Navy gent that comes here—(*nods towards L. D. meaningly*) who mixes up with the swells in all the clubs, says I am all right. He ought to be a sporting man, he ought. Hasn't he got a muscle! I wonder what makes such a nob go to sea?

KITTY (*innocently*). Don't you know that the sea is the place for muscles!

SPRAGGS (*in extravagant laughter*). Oh, ho! Kitty, that is a good 'un. But I say, Mr. Linden comes here pretty often, and the young mistress don't seem at all inclined to keep out of his way.

KITTY. Why shouldn't he like Miss Mildred? It's not for her gruff old father he comes! It's only a fortnight that the lieutenant's been a-coming here, but I am sure that they will make a match.

SPRAGGS. But he's heir to a baronetcy—a tremendous swell!

KITTY (*tooses her head*). What of that? Isn't Miss Milly good enough for him?

SPRAGGS. I don't mean to say she isn't! but it will be a rise in the world for her.

KITTY. All the better. But when she marries Lieutenant Linden, I know what she will do first thing—she will go up to London and seek out her sister, Alice, and make her happy, poor, dear thing! all in spite of her cross-grained father. (*going L.*)

SPRAGGS. It'll only be following me, for I am going away.

KITTY (*returns to SPRAGGS*). You a-going away, Charley; what for?

SPRAGGS. Because John Drummond has got old Craddock to discharge me.

KITTY. Don't bear malice, Charley! (*soothingly*.)

SPRAGGS (*warnily*). Why the first day as ever I came here, John Drummond made me look like a fool before them all! and I wasn't telling a lie, neither! Ooh! confound him for a sneak! I'd like to give him a hiding. (*change of manner*) But never mind him now. Kitty, Kitty, give us a kiss! what we legal parties call a refresher!

KITTY (*resists SPRAGGS playfully*). Charley, you have been a-drinking. (*L. c.*)

SPRAGGS. I wish I had! I haven't taken anything to-day!

KITTY. Then take that! (*slaps SPRAGGS' face and goes to L. D.*) There's a proper time and a proper place for everything, and a lawyer's office is not the place to have one's cap rumbled! (*mock courtesy, exit L. D.*)

SPRAGGS (*rubs his cheek*). Oh, hasn't she got a biceps! (*up R. c.*) If John Drummond had only given me that blow, I'd—I'd give his ribs a Drummon'! (*spars about, back to s. in F., wildly*) Now, come on, come on, sir, don't be afraid! don't be afraid!

Enter, D. in F., JOSIAH CRADDOCK, hangs up his hat, R. U. E. corner, comes down to R. front table, SPRAGGS suddenly sees him and runs to jump on his stool at R. desk, nearly falls off, begins writing wildly.

CRADDOCK (*taking off his gloves, standing by table; sternly*). Are you often taken in that way, Mr. Spraggs?

SPRAGGS (*faltering*). It's h'only exercising my limbs, sir—they get so cramped with writing! (*pause, CRADDOCK takes seat at table, SPRAGGS gets down from stool*) Oh, I beg pardon, sir. Here is a letter from Mr. Bolder, Bolder and Green, sir. He was waiting, sir—said he had got tired of waiting—

CRAD. (*takes letter*). Hold your tongue, fool!

SPRAGGS. Yes, sir. (*returns to his desk, seated.*)

CRAD. (*opens letter slowly. Music, mournful. Reads*). SIR:—"I am instructed to inform you that, unless you are prepared to pay us the money entrusted to you by our client, Mrs. Bennett, by next Saturday, we will take compulsory proceedings against you." (*long sigh*) He means it! Bolder never barks without a bite. Curse the old woman and her money! Why did I ever take the care of it? Yet there is a way! one way! (*thoughtfully*) What else can I do? just when everything is going on so well, too, between Mildred and Lieutenant Linden. Mildred will not be degraded like her sister Alice. It was lucky I took the precaution to abstract a check from the book of Captain Jackson, on the eve of his departure for Australia, which he will never live to reach! I had the opinion of Dr. Ring, an eminent authority. Yes—I'll risk it!

SPRAGGS (*aside, looking up*). He ain't got no biceps!

CRAD. (*aside*). Three thousand pounds! I might as soon hope to get a million! Disgrace, ruin! I cannot repay out of my own! Jackson will never come back. (*unlocks drawer and takes out papers. Looks round furtively*) Why do I hesitate? (*writes*) Captain Jackson is well on the way to Melbourne—he will never have missed the blank check. (*aloud*) Spraggs, you know Masterman's Bank?

SPRAGGS (*gets off stool*). Yes, sir.

CRAD. (*with an effort to speak carelessly*). Take this check of Captain Jackson's there and get it cashed.

SPRAGGS (*takes check*). Captain Jackson's?

CRAD. Yes. You know his hand.

SPRAGGS. I know his signature, sir.

CRAD. Of course.

SPRAGGS. Do you think he has got as much as that in the house? (*puts on his hat.*)

CRAD. I dare say. Tell them to give it to you—"short."

SPRAGGS. Short, sir? yes, sir.

CRAD. Why do you look so? Go! be quick! I have to go out.

SPRAGGS. Yes, sir. (*aside, at D. in F.*) I don't like to have so much money about me. Fourteen hundred pounds! Fourteen hundred weeks' salary all in a lump! [*Exit quickly, D. in F.*]

CRAD. (*aside*). How Spraggs looked at the check. I am losing my old nerve just when I most have need of it. Confound it! How one link leads to another. Tempted by Mrs. Bennett's money, I speculated, and lost; tempted by Captain Jackson's check-book, I abstracted the blank to retrieve my losses.

Enter, D. in F., JOHN DRUMMOND.

Ah! who's there? (*nervously looks round.*)

DRUMMOND (*hangs his hat up, comes slowly to L. desk*). Ahem! you are nervous to-day.

CRAD. Bah! (*wipes his forehead*.)

DRUM. You should take a holiday. I begin to think you are wanting a change. I thought you would have fainted the other day when I came in suddenly.

CRAD. What do you mean?

DRUM. The day when you were so awfully pressed for that money entrusted to you; the day when you sent me and Spraggs out for an hour; but when I came back unexpectedly; when you huddled up your papers in the drawer, and left the office. (*CRADDOCK starts*. DRUMMOND, *aside*) That winged him. (*seated on L. stool*.)

CRAD. I don't like to be watched, John Drummond. There is plenty for you to do in the office without prying and peeping about. What about those letters for Mason & Clitheroe? Do them, and send them at once, or you may find me less inclined than before to overlook your doings. (*goes up R. c., gets his hat and exits, with a stern glance at DRUMMOND*.)

DRUM. Hem! (*gets down from stool, stands by desk*). "I don't like to be watched, John Drummond!" I dare say not, Josiah Craddock. Because—because—Bah! What a short-sighted fool you are, Josiah Craddock, what a short-sighted fool. But what a deep dog you are, John Drummond, (*shakes hands with himself*) what a deep dog, my very young friend. Here it is. (*produces folded paper from his pocket*). What would not our dear friend Josiah give for you, my boy John.

(*Voice of MILDRED off L.*) Kitty!

DRUM. (*puts up paper*). She!

Enter MILDRED, L. D.

MILDRED (*speaking as she enters*). Kitty! Kitty! I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Drummond, I thought Kitty was here. (*returns to L. D.*)

DRUM. Don't go. I want to speak to you. Your presence quite lights up the office.

MIL. (*coldly*). You are very complimentary.

DRUM. Perhaps I cannot be so sweet-spoken as some folks, but I can mean a great deal more. (*crosses to L. D.*)

MIL. (R. c.). What are you doing?

DRUM. Shutting the door. Kitty, or some one might overhear.

MIL. Overhear? what do you want? (*comes more front as DRUMMOND comes to c.*)

DRUM. I want to speak to you. Don't run away before I speak. (*much feeling in his tone, but yet to be marked with hypocrisy*) Hear me out—then you can do as you please. Do hear me! Don't make me curse the day when my heart warmed at your bright approach.

MIL. You frighten me, John Drummond! let me go!

DRUM. Mildred, the first time I saw you, I loved you—I loved you so devotedly! Don't be angry, don't curl your lip in scorn, or utter words that you might be sorry for. Mildred, I would go through fire and water for you! I would endure any sufferings—there's nothing in the world that I would not do for you. Don't speak now, if you cannot give me the answer, or say I may hope. I may not be pleasing to you now—but give me time, just a little. I am patient. But don't break my heart by words of contempt! don't spurn my love! Mildred, Milly! speak!

MIL. This is the way you spoke to my twin-sister, Alice, long ago.

DRUM. No, no!

MIL. Yes; and that was what drove her, by you deceived, into the

arms of the first man who would be her guard against you—poor trusting girl!

DRUM. I had not seen you then. You were away. That was but a passing fancy; I loved in her only what made the likeness to you.

MIL. You waste your time, John Drummond. (*he takes her hands*) I have no time for you. Let me go. Let go your hold! (*angrily*.)

DRUM. Mildred!

MIL. Don't tempt me to say all that I would.

DRUM (*through his clenched teeth*). Say it!

MIL. No, don't force me to utter all the scorn and contempt I feel for you.

DRUM. Take care!

MIL. (*crosses to L. of him*). I do not fear you. I hate you too much. It is thanks to you that my sister Alice wandered away and gave her hand to the first handsome, winning scamp that she met in her path; it is thanks to you that she is this day forbidden this house, where her sister is lonely, longing for her.

DRUM. Take care! I know who has come between me and your love.

MIL. (*scornfully*). My love for you?

DRUM. You fancy you are safe in what he says to you. What does he, with his rank, care for you? He looks upon you as a toy—to trifle with, and then throw away. I know it. I know it by my heart's instinct; for I hate him as much as I love you. He has dazzled you; open your eyes. Why, these sailors have sweethearts everywhere. Oh, do not look so pitiless.

Enter, D. F., LIEUTENANT LINDEN, whip in hand, stops on seeing MILDRED and DRUMMOND, R. U. corner.

MIL. How dare you utter his name?

DRUM. Why should I respect his name? Believe him, and you will curse it, as I do. I tell you, he means to make you the sport of a day. It is a vision—and you will wake from your dream to shame and sorrow. He will deceive you, and then cast you off, as sure as my name's John Drummond.

LINDEN (*comes to c.*). And so your name is John Drummond, is it? (*voice quivers with emotion. DRUMMOND starts, comes down R. C. front. MILDRED goes L.*) You are going to leave us, Miss Craddock? (*sees her to L. D.*) I will see you presently. I have something to transact here.

MIL. (*aside, frightened*). What will he do? [*Exit L. D.*]

LIN. (*playing with whip*). And now, sir, may I ask what right you have to speak of a stranger as you have done of me?

DRUM. I have no time to speak to you. I have my work to do.

LIN. (*preventing him cross up L. c.*) And I have my work to do, Mr. John Drummond, since such seems to be your name. You have taken the liberty to use my name in such a manner that any third person would admit to warrant the very sound th.ashing that I am going to present to you.

DRUM. (*hoarsely*). Mr. Linden, don't you dare to lay a finger on me.

LIN. I am not going to lay a *finger* on you; I am going to introduce your back to my horsewhip, unless you instantly apologize for the affront you have seen fit to make.

DRUM. Pish! (*sneering*.)

LIN. Come, Mr. Drummond—say it was a fit of delirium, the heat of the weather, an early dinner—say you apologize for having passed such insults on a person whom you don't know.

DRUM. No!

LIN. You won't?

DRUM. No!

LIN. Then take that!

} *Quickly.*

(*strikes DRUMMOND with whip; they grapple and struggle; at end DRUMMOND is struck down, up c., and crouches, hiding his face in his hands, till direction to change*) Now, I hope, Mr. Drummond, (*voice trembling with emotion*) that will teach you to keep a civil tongue in you head for the future! I hope the lesson will not be lost upon you, that I have given you. I may tell you now, Mr. Drummond, that Miss Craddock will not wake from what you are pleased to call her dream of shame and sorrow, unless shame and sorrow is to be the portion of the bride of Harry Linden. I've done with you—get up!

DRUM. (*hoarsely, trembling*). Don't come near me! don't come near me! (*rises, goes to his desk and takes seat as before, hiding his face.*)

LIN. (*laughingly*). Not I! not I!

Enter, D. in F., CRADDOCK.

CRADDOCK. Surely I heard—

LIN. (*c.*). Ah! I was just transacting a little unpleasant business with this fellow—I believe your clerk?

CRAD. With Drummond? my confidential clerk.

LIN. (*quickly*). Ah! Then I have given him a lesson that will make him even more *confidential* for the future.

CRAD. What has he done to you? (*seated at table.*)

LIN. Said some idle talk that earned a correction. (*aside*) Now, why should I not have it all out about Milly at once. (*aloud*) Mr. Craddock!

CRAD. Sir!

LIN. Mr. Craddock, you know who I am, and what I am. I shall come in to a good bit of property on the demise of my grandaunt Deborah, and when my dear old dad goes—and may he live, be it never so many years yet! I shall be a baronet. I have seen your daughter Mildred not too long a while, but yet I love her, and—and I believe I may think I am not indifferent to her. You would not have permitted me to visit you so often if I had been intrusive to you. Do you object to me? or rather, the question is, how little do you object to me? how little do you—(*aside*) Confound it! (*playing with his hat nervously*) What a bungle I am making of it! But I never did it before! (*aloud*) I promise you I'll make her a good husband, I will, upon my soul, I will!

CRAD. (*rises, shakes LINDEN'S hand*). I have observed your preference for Mildred for some time, and I am honored by it. If I can read a girl's heart, and I believe I can, she will give her consent. You can take her to Sir Henry, and if you cannot say your bride has a fortune and a title, you can, that she is a lady, as good a girl as any in the land.

LIN. Oh, I thank you sir. I thank you, Mr. Craddock. I feel so happy! Damme, I could even take Drummond by the hand. (*up L. c., i. of DRUMMOND, still keeping his face from audience, leaning on desk*) I say, you, sir, I am very sorry I should have been so hasty with you. Cheer up; one thrashing more or less won't make any difference a hundred years hence. We were both in the wrong, and you the worst. Here's my hand. You'll make it up? You won't? Well! (*turns to CRADDOCK*) I say Mr. Craddock, if your confidential clerk brings an action against me, you'll defend me, won't you? (*opens L. D.*) Milly! (*Exit, calling*) Milly! where are you? (*off L. D.*)

CRAD. What does this mean?

DRUM. (*lifts his head*). Mean? It means that I have been lashed like

a refractory cur. It means that the game, *for the present*, is in the hands of your would-be son-in-law. But we shall see, we shall see.

CRAD. You must have given him some grounds of offence.

DRUM. No doubt. Do you say so?

CRAD. There is something in your sly and sneering manner and look which would be most provocative to a man of Lieutenant Linden's frank and open ways. It will be your stum'ing-block in life, John Drummond. Correct it. (*change of tone.*) Why did you say, "my would-be son-in-law?" He will be my son, for have I not given him my consent to have my daughter?

DRUM. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. How about Mrs. Bennett's money that you have invested so well that it is difficult to call it in? Bolder & Green are getting impatient, and may become very disagreeable if it is not paid.

CRAD. It will be paid! (DRUMMOND *smiles triumphantly*) Before leaving for Melbourne, Captain Jackson left me a sum of money that amply covers that petty trust.

DRUM. Ah, it is lucky that you got it when you did, for if you had waited any longer, he would have died before you asked him. He was only sent on this voyage as a last resort. He will never reach Melbourne alive.

CRAD. I know it. (*pause*) What was the cause of your and Mr. Linden's quarrel?

DRUM. What would you say if we were rivals?

CRAD. Rivals?

DRUM. How if I, the miserable and the lowly, have dared to raise my eyes to the daughter of my employer?

CRAD. Presumptuous fool! You must be mad. You, whom I have taken out of the gutter, because there was something in your sharp speech and eager lies that called for remark. My daughter, Mildred, never gave you cause?

DRUM. Make your mind quite easy. She has repulsed me with a scorn and disgust equal to your own. (*aside, with great feeling*) The greater my triumph when my hour shall have come!

CRAD. I supposed as much! Mildred has a proper pride, and never would have disgraced herself like my daughter Alice. No, Mildred shall be happy with a husband of my choice. (*to DRUMMOND, sternly*) Stick to your work, and let me not hear any more of your rubbish! (*knock D. in F.*)

[*Music, mournful*]

Enter, D. in F., MR. KENWARD, SERGEANT BENT with SPRAGGS, two POLICEMEN. KENWARD comes down R., SERGEANT to C., up

DRUM. (*aside*). Ah, in time:

KEN. Mr. Craddock, may I have a word with you?

CRAD. (*aside*). Kenward the bank-manager! (*confused.*)

KEN. This person, who says he is your clerk, presented a check for £1,400, at our house——

SPRAGGS. Which he had no sooner done than he was collared by a party, with a biceps which——

SERGEANT. Shut up!

SPRAGGS. Ye-es, sir! (*up C.*)

KEN. Was he sent by you?

CRAD. Certainly. He is my clerk. He had the the check, which was given me by Captain Jackson just before he sailed.

KEN. Given to you by Captain Jackson? You are quite sure of that?

CRAD. Quite sure!

KEN. Then I regret to say that it is a—forgery! (*chor*)

CRAD. Mr. Kenward!

KEN. Mr. Craddock, the facts are here; before departing on that long voyage to Australia, which, poor fellow! we all know the captain will not reach, he found, at the last moment, that a check was missing from his book. Captain Jackson is the most methodical of men. He sent to us the name and counterfoil of the check, and ordered that the person presenting it should be taken into custody. You admit having sent your clerk with it, and—

CRAD. Are you advised? Do you not know that this amounts to an accusation of forgery? (*DRUMMOND shows signs of great satisfaction at each sentence.*)

KEN. It may, indeed, amount to that. I have a most painful but important business to perform.

CRAD. And you dare to accuse me on the words of a perhaps dying man? Oh! have you no one to support you in this shameful accusation?

DRUM. Yes, there is one! (*rises. Chord. Gets off stool and comes to c., a little up*) The presumptuous fool! Craddock did forge Captain Jackson's name! (*general emotion, SERGEANT gets handcuffs ready*) Do you remember, sir, (*to CRADDOCK sneeringly*) when I came in, I thought you were up to something when I saw you writing so carefully. You whisked the papers into the drawer and locked it—but you forgot one thing! (*produces folded paper*) When you had gone out, I pounced on the blotting paper, and I tore off this piece with the signature of Captain Jackson still wet upon it. You see, I have sharp eyes, as you have so often said. Now, let Lieutenant Linden, take the forger's daughter to wife and be happy with her shame.

CRAD. Lying scoundrel, I—(*rushes to DRUMMOND who goes up L. C. SERGEANT meets CRADDOCK and handcuffs him.*)

SERGEANT. Sorry for it, sir! Painful duty.*

SPRAGGS (*seeing handcuffs, in great fright*). Oh, oh, my! If I had—oh!

KEN. (*aside*). I always mistrusted the man, but I never thought my suspicions would end like this. [*Music ceases.*]

(*Voice of LINDEN, amid MILDRED's laughter, off L.*). Come along, Milly—come along!

CRAD. (*seated R., by table, aside*). Mildred. Oh, agony!

LINDEN *enters, L. D., holding MILDRED by the hands, playfully resisting; both laughing and very merry.*

LINDEN. Come along. She's said yes, Craddock, but I thought it would be more legal and binding, and all that sort of thing, if—(*sees the pity, etc., of the group, stops c., releases MILDRED, who comes R. of him, amazed.*)

KEN. I am very sorry, Miss Craddock, I regret to say, your father has been arrested under suspicion—only suspicion, mind—of forgery.

LIN. } Forgers!

MIL. }

KEN. (*aside*). This is terrible, poor girl.

LIN. There must be some mistake here. Mr. Craddock—

*POLICE—SPRAGGS.
KENWARD, CRADDOCK, SERGEANT, DRUMMOND.
R. R. C. C. L. C.

DRUM. No mistake.* The evidence is conclusive! You see he dare not meet his own daughter's eyes.

MIL. It is not true. Father, say that it is not true. (*leaning over CRADDOCK, sees him cuff*) Oh! (*in horror, shrinks toward LINDEN, on her left*) See those iron on his wrists. (*hangs her head, wrings her hands.*)

CRAD. (*to KENWARD*). Take me away. This is killing me.

LIN. (*aside*). This seems all a dream; and a few minutes back we were so happy.

DRUM. (*aside*). But the debt I owe you, Lieutenant Linden, is not yet paid.

LIN. Mildred, speak.

MIL. (*firmly*). Mr. Linden, you will not think of me, now that this horrid blow has fallen on me. Forget me—try to forget—and I will try to—(*sobs*) Oh, father, dear father! (*falls on knees beside CRADDOCK.*)

LIN. Forget you, Mildred? no such thing. I will move heaven and earth to clear you father from this fatal charge, but failing that, it will be all the more reason that I should keep my faith with you.

DRUM. (*amazed*). Surely you would not marry the child of a convict?

LIN. I can and I will. She may be a felon's daughter, but (*drawing MILDRED to him*) she shall be an honest man's wife.

Kisses her forehead, she fainting in his arms. CRADDOCK looks up astonished. DRUMMOND looks baffled. Others look at the two in the centre. Music. Picture.

POLICE.*

SPRAGGS.*

KEN.* CRAD.* MIL.* LIN.* DRUMMOND.*

CURTAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Attic, Interior, in 3d grooves.*

Discover DR. GRACE R. of table, MRS. MOULSEY L. of table, C.

DR. GRACE. Yes, as you say, I am afraid there is some strange story connected with your lodger. I assure you, I have seen many romances in my experience as a medical practitioner, in this poor neighborhood.

MRS. M. As I often say to myself, Doctor, if every one was to write a book—Ah, well, there! (*these three words form a saying peculiar to the character.*)

DR. G. The worst of it is, that most people can and do write books, now. The *eccæthes scribendi* is a disease that is very prevalent.

MRS. M. The what, Doctor?

DR. G. The *eccæthes scribendi*, Mrs. Moulsey.

MRS. M. (*shakes her head*). Is it catching, Doctor?

† DR. G. Sometimes. (*smiles*) And very strongly it takes to some people.

* POLICE. SPRAGGS.

KEN.
R.

CRAD. MIL.
R. C. C.

LINDEN. DRUMMOND.
L. C.

MRS. M. I hope that is not what my poor lady lodger is suffering under. Ah, well, there! (*shakes her head.*)

DR. G. Has Mrs. Petherick been staying here long?

MRS. M. It is three months since she came here—a poor place for her, but she does not complain. Ah! that's what I call real genteelity—taking things as they come, and never complaining. It's what my poor Moulsey called philosophy.

DR. G. I know no sadder sight than that of a broken-down lady struggling with adversity. Mrs. Petherick had only the one child?

MRS. M. Which it died since she come here. That seemed to have made her stiller than ever—as if a load was off her mind. She has done nothing since but, when she is not at her work, stay for hours gazing at her picture there. (*points R.*) To see her gaze at that, would make the tears stand in—Ah, well, there!

DR. G. Strange sort of diversion. There are some of us who would not like to have to stare at our own portraits, eh, Mrs. Moulsey?

MRS. M. (*tartly*). Speak for yourself, Doctor! (*pause*) I never had my portrait took but once, and that was at Greenwich Fair, where I was cut out all in black with a pair of scissors, in a frame, looking for all the world like the Empress of Russias, for sixpence, all complete, which Moulsey paid all the more readily because he was took for a cavalry officer by the man.

DR. G. It is a superior work of art. (*R., by mantel*) It looks very like her.

MRS. M. Only more cheerfuller like, Doctor. Mrs. Petherick has no such softness in her eye now, which she has two, and they is piercers, as well I know, from asking her about her relations, when she fired up and said—Ah, well, there!

DR. G. (*to c.*). There is a foot on the stairs. Light enough, poor thing—light enough. (*R. c.*)

Enter, L. D., as if fatigued, ALICE (same character's part as MILDRED, in the Prologue), with hat and mantle on, and small bundle under arm.

MRS. M. Those stairs are very trying, my dear. (*helps ALICE to remove her hat and mantle, etc.*)

ALICE. (*seated R. of table, panting*). I am a little out of breath. It is such a long way from Madame Modovinci's, and I am still very weak.

MRS. M. Let me help you, dear. (*puts parcel on table, etc.*)

DR. G. Sorry to see you looking so fatigued, Mrs. Petherick.

ALICE (*smiles faintly*). Ah, Doctor! you here? (*shakes hands with GRACE*) The sight of your kind face quite revives me.

DR. G.* Thank you for the compliment. I shall tell that to Mrs. G ace, to show her that some of my patients have taste.

ALICE. I wish, though, that I had strength to work a little more.

DR. G. Cheer up! your only weakness is that founded on your own despondency. You must rouse up—you must evince some energy to shake it off.

ALICE. To what good? At least it will hasten my release.

DR. G. (*aside*). A terrible lack of vital power. (*aloud*) Have you no friends?

ALICE. The unfortunate have no friends.

MRS. M. Oh, ma'am, you forget the two friends that come to see you so often. (*tittering*) That Mr. Spraggs—I do so like him, he's so funny.

* GRACE.
R. C.

ALICE.
C.

MRS. MOULSEY.
L. C.

ALICE (*smiles faintly*). Yes, old friends. They were two of my father's servants.

DR. G. (*aside*). Her father's servants? I knew she was no common person. (*crosses behind ALICE to L. C. up to MRS. MOULSEY*) Mrs. Moulsey!

MRS. M. Yes, Doctor.

DR. G. Will you be kind enough to let your boy Tommy go to my house for a letter?

MRS. M. (*curtseys*). Suttlinly, doctor, suttlinly! (*aside to GRACE*) Don't speak to her of her relations, or if you do—Ah, well, there!

[*Exit, L. D.*]

DR. G. (*seated L. of table*). Mrs. Petherick, I am myself so poor a man; and I have seen so many trials and misfortunes in my own family, that I trust it will not be considered the act of a stranger what I do. I would not for the world be thought intrusive. I am not presuming because of my cares toward your poor child—that has been all paid for—but you appear so much in need of a friend, that I am so bold as to offer myself.

ALICE (*voice full of emotion*). Dr. Grace, my kind friend, I know what you are about to say. I know that I am weak, but I have no one now but myself to work for. I may be growing weaker and weaker every day, but I shall last too long as it is, I shall live on to the end.

DR. G. I do not like to hear you speak so. This is a morbid feeling and should be discouraged. Have you no friends?

ALICE. None that I can seek. My father, angry at my marriage with a man of whom he did not approve, spurned me from his door with a curse upon his lips. That he was right in his opinion, I found too soon, for my husband left me all alone in London, with my child.

DR. G. And he?

ALICE. He, my husband? He was drowned in a storm on the Atlantic. (*rises*) I wonder did he think of his wife and dying child as he passed away in the night? Did he hear (*coming a little forward*) the weak prayer of his deserted wife in his ear as the wild sea swept him to his death! (*pause. Returns to seat*) But all this is painful to me. (*seated*.)

DR. G. I see you have endured hard trials. They must have been hard to have changed you so. That portrait of yours (*points R.*) has a cheerful look.

ALICE. That portrait? That is not my portrait, Doctor.

DR. G. No? It is strangely like.

ALICE. It is that of my twin-sister.

DR. G. Then she—

ALICE. She is dead. (*rises and crosses to R*) We loved each other deeply, dearly. She never suffered a single pain that was not sure to find its fellow-pang in my heart. I loved her far more even, than she knew. My darling, darling Mildred! (*looking at picture, leaning both elbows on mantel, hands clasped*) In her youth dead—dead before she knew all that I would have done for her—for I loved her greater than words can tell—I love her, how she shall know, for—in a little while—I shall be with her again. (*looks upward*.)

DR. G. (*pretends to take snuff, blows his nose, etc., to hide his emotion*.) I did wrong to start her on that topic. (*rises, aside*) I must devise some means of getting the poor girl away from this gloomy place. (*aloud*) Mrs. Petherick, (*ALICE comes to her seat, and takes seat during the following*) I cannot see you for some days. I am going down into Gloucestershire, for my annual visit to an old friend's house; my old friend is dead, rest him! but his son, the baronet, whom, by the way, I assisted into the world, has lately married a charming young wife, and I expect to spend a pleas-

ant—(ALICE is looking front into vacancy) Ah, she is paying no attention to me. Up in the clouds.

Enter, L. D., KITTY, hat and cloak on, stops abruptly.

KITTY. Oh, I didn't know as there was anybody here.

ALICE (*starting, smiles*). Don't go, Kitty. It is my friend, Dr. Grace. (KITTY *curtseys*.)

DR. G. (*aside*). That Kitty, whoever she is, has a most charming face. I say, (*beckons KITTY to him, L. C.*) you come here often and see Mrs. Petherick?

KITTY (*aside to Dr. G.*). I should come here a good deal more oftener, sir, on'y that I can't get out.

DR. G. Your sweet face will cheer her up, my girl. (*goes up c. to speak with ALICE*.)

KITTY (*aside*). What a nice old gentleman. For all the world like father, on'y that he is a deal more sober-looking.

DR. G. (*comes down to KITTY, L. C.*). Mind, you will come see Mrs. Petherick whenever you can. (*chucks KITTY under the chin*) Come often, you know.

Enter SPRAGGS, hat on, L. D., seeing DR. GRACE and KITTY.

KITTY. I will, sir.

ALICE. Don't go, Kitty.

KITTY (*going to c.*). I am not going to.

DR. G. Good-by.

[*Exit ALICE and DR. GRACE, L. D.*]

KITTY. Good-by, sir. (*curtseys*.)

SPRAGGS (*comes down L. C., gravely*). Kitty! Miss Wobbler!

KITTY. Charley! Mr. Spraggs! Oh, begging of his parding—C. Spraggs, Esquire.

SPRAGGS. I don't think you did see Spraggs, Esquire. Catharine, what did that old rhododendron mean by chucking you h'under the chin? I'd punch his 'ead if he wasn't aged.

KITTY. Weep your low observations from the sporting stables to your company.

SPRAGGS. Pre-haps you prefer the company of anybody but me in general, and that of old gentlemen in pertickler.

KITTY. Oh, thank you, very well. I'd have you to know that there is as good fish in the sea as ever come'd h'out of it!

SPRAGGS. What do you know about the sea?

KITTY. Know! Why, I kep' company with a marine once.

SPRAGGS (*scornfully*). Oh, oh! I remember *him*. A marine—neither one thing nor t'other; good for nothing.

KITTY. Yes, he was! (*stamps her foot*) And I should think I ought to know.

SPRAGGS. Pooh! why he had no biceps on his arms.

KITTY (*innocently*). They don't have them till they get to be corporal.

SPRAGGS (*looks puzzled, then suddenly laughs loudly*). Oho! oh, the h'ignorance of the gal. Oh! Well, I would have a sailor or a soger, and not a h'amfibberous animal.

KITTY. Who are you a-calling amfibberous? He was in a profession.

SPRAGGS. So am I. (KITTY *looks surprised*) The turf.

KITTY (*contemptuously*). Call that a profession. (*tosses her head*.)

SPRAGGS. Oh, I've got my irons in the fire. I'm engaged to—

KITTY (*approaching him*). You are h'engaged to me. You ain't a-going to deceive me are you, Charley? (*feelingly*.)

SPRAGGS. I'll see you farther first.

KITTY. Oh, that's all very well, when you know that I'm a h'orphan. (*wipes her eyes*.)

SPRAGGS. First thing, I am engaged to Captain Crasher, to be his racing intelligence clerk; it just fits me—but on'y till the result turns up of the Great Idelburg German Lottery. Oh, I've let that out, and I never meant to say a word on it. If my number turns out a prize, as they do sometimes, won't I cut shop, though?

KITTY. A lottery! oh, what made you think of that?

SPRAGGS. Oh, I was put on it by Jem Gregson.

KITTY. Who's Jem Gregson?

SPRAGGS. A party as you don't know. The luckiest dog! He looks at a horse, the horse wins; he talks ten minutes with a gal, and she falls dead in love with him; he goes down into the country to a party as asked him to give him a call, and the party dies off hand and leaves him all his property. Yes, he's given me the tip and we've gone shares in the lottery ticket—Grand Prize, £5000.

KITTY. £5000! What would you do with £5000?

SPRAGGS. Do? I'd put every blessed penny of it on Jessie Brown!

KITTY (*angrily*). Who is she, I should like to know?

SPRAGGS. The favorite! bless you, she's on h'everybody's lips just at present.

KITTY. I daresay! The hussy! (*stamps her foot*.)

SPRAGGS. She ain't a hussy! she's a hossey! (*KITTY goes up c., fretting*) Now, that's witty! I can't think of these here things when I'm at a meeting of the Sociable Dandelions, and that fellow Sneaksby, gets up a lofty reputation—all with some low riddles, as: Why is a somethink or other—like somethink or other h'else? Bah! call that clever!

KITTY (*comes down c.*) There you go! always talking to yourself, so mysterious-like!

Enter, L. D., ALICE.

ALICE. At it again? (*laughs*) Oh! lovers' quarrels! Do go and get married, and live happy forever afterwards, as the story-book says. (*takes chair R. of table*.)

KITTY. It's Charley, he's so aggerwating! (*goes up c.*)

SPRAGGS. No, it's Kitty, as knags!

KITTY. Nags? More of your hossey-fied language!

SPRAGGS. I suppose marine allusions would be more in your line! You would like me to talk about marlin spikes and salt junk, and old Tom Bowling, and shivering my timbers. (*hitches up his pants sailor fashion*) But I wont! (*ALICE is setting the table but KITTY makes 'er sit down again, and lays it herself*.)

KITTY. No, you must leave me do it. I mustn't play the lady to-day.

ALICE (*laughing faintly*). Then be quick, for I declare I quite want my tea.

KITTY. Oh, I'm glad to hear you say so. (*claps her hands*) It does one good. (*comes down c. to SPRAGGS, at L. c. front*) Now then, where's that tea? (*SPRAGGS gives her paper package from his pocket. She goes up to table, and is about opening it over tea-pot, when she shows disgust. Comes down to SPRAGGS, angrily*) Why, you nasty thing, it's 'bacca!

SPRAGGS (*takes out another paper and takes the other*). Oh, you're so pertickler, you are! Don't be in a n'urry. (*KITTY goes up to table*) One is as strong as the other, I know!

KITTY (*makes tea*). I bought it, and I know it's good, strong Congou.

because I got it at the place where I always go—and there's a young man there, as knows me, with such heyes! (SPRAGGS is interested) and allays gives me an extra pinch. (SPRAGGS starts) We've brought it all for you.

ALICE (smiles). I declare, you quite keep me in tea.

SPRAGGS. And she keeps me in hot water.

KITTY (goes to fireplace, R., to take the kettle). What do you mean by that?

SPRAGGS. What do you mean by talking to me about the young man with a heye! He may 'ave a heye, but he hasn't got a biceps! (doubles up his fist, goes up L., fills a pipe or any other business, during following; seated L. of table.*)

KITTY. No, no! you sit down, dear, and let me do everything. Did the old Doctor say that you were any better?

ALICE. No worse. I should like to be able to work more. I get on very slowly. Ofttimes I find my eyes wandering from my work, and seeing the sights of bygone days. Then I seem to most fully realize my loss, and the ringing of the voices in my ears that I shall never hear in truth again, nearly drives me frantic!

KITTY (kneels R. side of ALICE, and puts her arms up around her neck, lovingly). I know how sad your trials have been, but don't give way like that. You ought to hear how Madame goes on all day. (imitates elderly French woman's accent) "Piznis pad, piznis goin' to rack and ruin! no-pody puyin' anyting! All te pounints a tead loss!" But I say to her: "Cheer up, Madame Modovinci, crying won't mend the matter; it's a long lane that has no turning! when things are at their worst, they will mend." So with you, dear! It can't rain all the time. Misfortune gets tired of hammering at a person, and gives it up as a bad job. Don't grieve, cheer up! Oh, there you go again! (SPRAGGS takes out his handkerchief) Oh! it ain't right of you. (sobbing) If you make me cry, I shall go away and never come again.

ALICE (tearfully). I am ungrateful, but I cannot help it! I must seem perverse to dampen your joy with my continual grief, whenever you come to see me. Why you do come I can hardly tell. I only make you as miserable as myself!

KITTY. Why? do you think I can forget all the kindness you used to show to me? all the cares I had from your dear sister Mildred?

ALICE. Kitty! (weeps, bending over KITTY and embracing her.)

KITTY. I declare, I won't come here again! Don't! Why don't you bear up? Don't, don't, that's a good dear! (rises) You ought to make me happy! (SPRAGGS has his face in his handkerchief, KITTY crosses round table to him) Why don't you make me lappy! (slaps his shoulder.)

SPRAGGS (choking). Oh! why did you strike me when you see I was overcome?

KITTY. You great baby!

SPRAGGS (rubs his shoulder). Ain't you got a biceps, that's all?

KITTY. A great hulking fellow, it's all your fault!

ALICE. Don't mind her! She didn't mean it.

KITTY. Yes, she did mean it! (gets the tea.)

SPRAGGS. She might as well have meant it, while she was about it!

KITTY (seated at head of table, pours out tea, gives cup to ALICE, sweetly) There dear! (gives cup to SPRAGGS roughly) There's your tea, stupid! (SPRAGGS holds the cup back to her) What do you want now?

* KITTY.

ALICE.* : Table. : * SPRAGGS

SPRAGGS. You might as well fill the cup while you are about it.

KITTY (*puts more tea in cup, nearly scalding SPRAGGS' hand holding it*). There! (*SPRAGGS tastes it, offers it again*) What do you want?

SPRAGGS. Sugar, please.

KITTY. I gave you some!

SPRAGGS. Then I should like more! (*KITTY gives more sugar-lumps, some falling on floor, he picks them up and pretends to put them in his cup.*)

KITTY. Now, you will be wanting some bread and butter, I suppose? (*SPRAGGS, spoon in his mouth, nods*) There you are! (*gives slice of bread roughly, SPRAGGS gets up and holding the bread high up, looks all about him, going to L. D.*) Where are you going?

SPRAGGS (*returns*). What do you say?

KITTY. Where are you going?

SPRAGGS. To look for the butter! (*takes his seat, KITTY spreads bread angrily.*)

KITTY. Anything more? (*SPRAGGS' mouthful with bite of bread, shakes his head. To ALICE, pleasantly*) Ain't this nice and cozy? Just as a body would wish it. Oh, I was going to tell you I had such a fright to-day! As I was coming along the street from Madame Modovinci's, I ran up against a person that reminded me of John Drummond! (*ALICE starts and takes an interest in the speech. SPRAGGS looks up and makes signs to KITTY for her to be silent*) It gave me quite a turn! I never could a-bear that man! With a low voice, so innocent-like, but a-sneering at you all the while! and his cold, creeping way of starting up behind your back when you did not know he was even in the room! Oh, he was a willin', that John Drummond, one of your quiet sort, he was! but a-watchin' of you all the while. I remember one day when I came in when he and your sister Mil—

SPRAGGS (*puts cup and saucer on table, and stiffens in his chair as if choking, knees touching, feet turned outwards, hands hanging stiff, head on one side, tongue out*). Ag-gug-gug!

KITTY (*rises, thumps his back*). Where's your manners? What are you choking for? (*business of reviving SPRAGGS, who has spasms, etc.*) You are a nice young man for a small tea party, you are.

SPRAGGS (*aside to KITTY*). You're touching on a tender point. You don't know the history. Don't mention John Drummond's name.

KITTY (*same to him*). Why didn't you stop me?

SPRAGGS. I nearly stopped myself.

KITTY (*in her place, as before*). As I was a-saying: how mistaken one may be. When I looked agin I found it was no more like him than Charley yonder. (*aside to SPRAGGS*) But it was him, as plain as if he was here.

SPRAGGS (*aside*). Oh, woman, woman! what lies you can tell; and what a h'innocent look you can wear when you are a-telling of 'em.

ALICE (*thoughtfully*). John Drummond's name awakens feelings that I hoped dead forever. I have not thought for a long while of him.

SPRAGGS (*aside to KITTY*). She don't know that his evidence led to her father's transportation. Oh! (*starts, looks over his shoulder*)

KITTY. What now?

SPRAGGS (*clinking his spoon against his cup, nervously*). I—I—thought I see the door open.

ALICE (*laughing*). The tea is making us all nervous.

SPRAGGS (*laughing forcedly*). Come now, that's a good 'un.

Enter MRS. MOULSEY, with letter, L. D.

I should like to see h'any tea, whether it was sold by the young gent

with the h'eye or not, capable of making me nervous. (MRS. MOULSEY, behind him, taps him on the shoulder. *Intense fright*) Oh, Lor'! (*finely looking down, sees her dress, gradually lifts his eyes, sees her smiling, forces a laugh. All laugh, each joining in until all are laughing very heartily.*)

MRS. M. I beg your parding, Mr. Spraggs, but you're wanted.

SPRAGGS. Wanted? (*paralyzed with fear.*)

MRS. M. A person with this letter.

SPRAGGS (*takes letter*). Oh, from Captain Crasher.

MRS. M. Capting Crasher? Well, he wants you—but he don't look much like a h'officer.

SPRAGGS. Ah! not like a sheriff's officer? Ha, ha! (*opens letter, hesitatingly*) From Jim Gregson. "Charley, my Ancient Briton!" I'm the Ancient Briton. Oh, I can't read it. I've got a presentiment. (*falls into chair.*)

ALICE. Good news?

SPRAGGS. "My old—" Oh, it's too much for me.

MRS. M. Ah, well, there!

[*Exit, L. D.*]

SPRAGGS. Here, Kitty, read it for me. (KITTY *takes letter and comes to L. C., front.*)

KITTY. "Charley, my Ancient Briton, my old look again." His old look?

SPRAGGS. He means luck, luck.

KITTY. "Old luck again." Yes. "The ticket has turned up a prize in the Royal German Lottery; we have pulled a thousand pieces." A thousand? does he mean a pig?

SPRAGGS. A thousand pounds! Now, what do you think of my sporting habits?

KITTY (*reads*). "Come to the King's Arms, where awaits your friend and old pal, Jim Gregson."

ALICE (*comes down*). I congratulate you.

SPRAGGS. Thank you, ma'am. (*to KITTY*) What do you think of Jim now?

KITTY. Why, Jim's a gem'man. What are you going to do with the money?

SPRAGGS. Get it first.

KITTY. He's waiting. Go to the King's Arms.

SPRAGGS. First, you come to your king's arms. (*embraces KITTY*) I say, Kitty, the first thing we must do is, do something for Miss Alice here.

KITTY. Charley, you speak my sentiments exactly. (*SPRAGGS dances up and down L. side in extravagant joy. KITTY goes to get her things and puts them on*) Good-by, dear. I must go with him, or else he'll be for falling under a cab, or throwing himself over a bridge. (*up L. C.*) Good-by, dear. I'll tell you all about it.

ALICE. Good-by.

SPRAGGS (*at L. D., with KITTY on his arm*). You thought Jim was a party as was to be despised; but as the poet so beautifully words it: "Full many a Jim of purest ray—(*KITTY drags him out, he returns a little*) All serene!"

[*Exit with KITTY, L. D.*]

ALICE (*by table*). They are happy. Do I envy them? (*pause*) No. I will try to work. (*takes things from work-box*) I will try to be happy, too. I will endeavor to forget the past, if I can. (*sees a little*) John Drummond! Why should I be afraid at the mention of his name? She said she was mistaken. She may have been. Does time, the great Physician, cure all the wounds of the mind? (*thoughtfully looking front, a attie turned to the right.*)

Enter, L. D., JOHN DRUMMOND.

DRUMMOND (*comes down L.*). There she is. She is alone. How like—how like her twin-sister, Mildred. I have found her! (*goes up to L. side of table*) Alice! (*pause*) Alice!

ALICE (*starts*). Ah! John, John Drummond! (*alarmed.*)

DRUM. Alice, you have not forgotten me?

ALICE. I have forgotten nothing.

DRUM. Nor forgiven me?

ALICE. Long since.

DRUM. I feared I never should find you.

ALICE. Why did you seek me?

DRUM. To have news of you.

ALICE. I live in the past, for I have forgotten nothing. I wish that I could!

DRUM. (*seated L. side of table*). I had given up my searches for you, when I met your old servant, Kitty, in the street, I followed her here. (*ALICE hardly listens*) Have you heard all the particulars of the misfortune to your old home?

ALICE. I have heard little and care less. What do you want with me? To deepen my sorrow and destroy my few dreams of peace? 'Tis useless. Your presence has sufficiently troubled me. I know you, now, remember. You cannot deceive me again.

DRUM. I want you to aid me in a task that must be accomplished—that shall be accomplished, as sure as my name is John Drummond! Do you ever think of your sister, Mildred?

—ALICE (*throwing off her lassitude, and from this out, more and more excitedly*). Mildred!

DRUM. (*aside*). I see that the old love has not lost its charm. (*aloud*) You have not forgotten her?

ALICE (*feelingly*). Forgotten her? I think of nothing else!

DRUM. (*aside*). I knew as much! (*aloud*) Well, I seek you to aid me in a plan of revenge upon our enemy.

ALICE. Our enemy? you and I joined in a plan of revenge. I don't understand how such a thing can be. I have not an enemy in the world that I have not forgiven.

DRUM. (*aside*). My task is more difficult than I had anticipated. I ho'd a trump card though. Shall I play it? (*aloud*) Your sister Mildred married Lieutenant Linden, who took her from me. She died separated from us. Do you know the circumstances?

ALICE. No.

DRUM. (*aside*). That's well. (*aloud*) Alice Petherick, you must remember that he was the heir to a baronetcy, in all things apt to fancy himself above your sphere. Well, when he went away to sea, he was tired of his passing fancy and he left her—he left your sister Mildred—to die among strangers in a foreign land, and when they told him of her death, he asked no further, in his eagerness to enjoy his newly acquired freedom. You say you loved your sister?

ALICE (*frenziedly*). Said I loved her! I would lay down my life for her. (*rises.*)

DRUM. Will you aid me to revenge her wrongs?

ALICE. Her wrongs? Tell me more.

DRUM. What would you do to the gay sailor who left his young and trusting love to die ere months were over? What would you do if I tell you that he drove her to her death by neglect and unkindness, breaking her heart so surely that she was as one dead from the first? What

would you do to him who left her to lie in a distant grave, unmoaned, without her sister's tears upon the mould, without remorse, while he—he the careless villain—conceals the very fact of his youthful misdeed, so that he may the less obstructed, marry another whom he esteemed her, your sainted sister! not worthy to precede? You can repay him for his treachery. Say that you will!

ALICE (*inspire! during the above furiously*). What will I do, John Drummond? What will I do? (*tenderly but with force*) You know—(*sob*) you know how precious my darling Mildred was to me, and you ask me what would I do to repay the wretch who trifled with her pure love? I am no longer weak! Oh, I have found my strength, in the depths of my old fondness for her that is gone. You need not tell me your plan. To be yours, John Drummond, it must be cunning and deep-laid! I will be your slave! Nothing shall divert me from the path! Hand in hand let us seek him! step by step I will follow him, until I have repaid him blow for blow! (*strikes with her right hand, and sets her right foot, planted forward, as if on a fallen body. DRUMMOND looks triumphant.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Villa Interior.*

Enter, in conversation as they enter, D. in F., from L. U. E. DR. GRACE and LINDEN, coming down C.

LINDEN (*laughing*). Ah, my dear Doctor, you will have your joke. Fresh air and exercise sharpen up the wit.

DR. G. (*whip under his arm*). Fresh air and exercise double one's life. Ah! Nature's the true physician after all. Look at Lady Linden! (R. C.) She passes most of her time in the open air.

LIN. (C.) So you approve of my choice, Doctor?

DR. G. Without her I would not give tenpence for your estate, landscape and all; but with her, the prospect is inappreciable. She is generally in the prospect, too.

LIN. I am afraid so.

DR. G. You are afraid so? Why?

LIN. She is so very reckless.

DR. G. Oh, not at all! excitement of the chase.

LIN. Ah! if any accident should happen to her, I don't know what I should do—for I am awfully in love with my wife, Doctor.

DR. G. (*quickly*). So am I! (*confusedly*) No, no, I don't mean that!

LIN. My father was a great stickler for old county families intermarrying, blue blood, main line, and all that kind of thing. And old Lord Lorton could match him. Think of their family. Since it came over with the Conqueror, not a shame or a stain has fallen upon them.

DR. G. Well, I should not think it pleasant to come of such a reproachless stock. If my grandfather had died in a fit of delirium tremens or been a tinker, I don't think I should suffer much by the reflection.

LIN. I'm the happiest man in all the county round, yet there will intrude at times the memory of Mildred, my first wife. Her shadow will fit across my path. Poor girl! her fate was a sad one, she died, you

know, Doctor, while I was away at sea, in good hands—that I do not deny, but they were strangers; there was no one near to mourn over her—hurried to her early grave. Poor Mildred! You are the only one to whom I have told this, Doctor, as my father's friend. He was too proud to have relished my match, not only with one of no rank, but made under distressing circumstances, and I have never thought it well to tell my wife.

DR. G. I do not approve, on the whole, of there being any secrets between man and wife; but I have not told Mrs. Grace everything.

(*Voice of LADY LINDEN, off R. U. E.*). What, sir! I am not to ride Brown George? Don't talk to me. I tell you that I will!

Enters D. in F., DR. GRACE salutes her.

I say, Harry, John says that you gave orders that I am not to ride Brown George to-day. I call it mean, very mean, for any one to give in to any kind of horse because he has a temper. (c.)

DR. G. I think it most ungentle of any horse to—to—(*confused*) not to permit a lady—

LADY L. (*laughs*). You stupid old doctor, you, it's no use your trying—you can't pay a compliment.

LIN. (*laughing*). No, Doctor, it is not numbered among your accomplishments. Suppose I try my hand at it. Lily, dear, you do look—you look like—(*confused*.)

DR. G. (*laughing*). I don't see that you are so much better at it.

LADY L. (*laughing*). What sad bunglers. (*goes up c., laughing*.)

LIN. No, not sad bunglers. Let us be jolly bunglers, at any rate.

DR. G. Jolly bunglers, ha, ha! A good sign for a public house. Put you up on one side and me on the other. I'll go see what horse they will give me to-day. (*goes up c.*) The jolly bunglers! ha, ha!

[*Exit, D. in F., and off L. U. E., laughing.*]

LIN. It does one good to see how the Doctor enjoys himself. How can one pass a life in the smoky confines of the town? My father liked him very much, and I have inherited the fondness. (*takes seat L. front, on settee.*)

LADY L. (*takes seat on footstool by him*) I wish you would consult him.

LIN. About what?

LADY L. About your absurd fits of melancholy. They make me quite unhappy. And you do not want to make me unhappy, do you, Harry? Don't say that you do, because I know better. I don't like to have you looking despondent, as if you suffered from remorse and disturbed conscience, and all that sort of thing. You must tell Dr. Grace, and get him to give you something.

LIN. My dear, Dr. Grace can give me nothing. I have everything I could wish to make me happy.

LADY L. (*lightly, doubtfully*). Oh, I dessay.

LIN. What do you suspect?

LADY L. I suspect nothing much. But you are so mysterious. You haven't done anything very wrong, have you, Harry? For I would forgive you whatever it is. You haven't loved anybody as well as you do me?

LIN. You cannot think that. (*puts his arms round her.*)

LADY L. Because I never loved anybody else. True, when I was seven—

LIN. Seven?

LADY L. (*noisily*). Seven. I fell in love with John, our page-boy—ch,

deeply in love—but it was only the livery, for when he left us and turned into a butcher, I hated him.

LIN. Oh, you wicked little seven-year older! (*playfully threatens her.*)

LADY L. (*rises*). But I have had lots of offers. I might have been a duchess if I chose! The old Duke of Cranbury was awfully spoony on me! (c.)

LIN. I should think so!

LADY L. I understand your sneer, sir. He was a nice old gentleman, everybody said, though he used to fall asleep during dinner.

LIN. Yes! nobody found fault with him for that. The brutes were they who woke him!

LADY L. I suppose you think that smart! But father objected to the Duke; he said, for all his name, he was of common origin, he rather would have had me wed with DeCapias, the brilliant and rising barrister, who was sure to be Lord Chancellor some day. Father said he had blue blood!

LIN. Blue blood? (LADY L. *nods solemnly*) Blue bags more like, he meant!

LADY L. No, he didn't! But I had made up my mind.

LIN. You had—beg your pardon—what?

LADY L. Oh, I see your slur, sir! You mean to say that I haven't got a mind! Oh, I can't talk to you—you have been reading Mill, or somebody!

LIN. Mills, Mills! Mill is grinding on the other side.

LADY L. Let's talk of something you can understand. What is your opinion of—pumps?

LIN. (*rises*). The subject is too abstruse!

LADY L. Then of horses!

LIN. That would carry us too far. What do you say to "tiffs."

LADY L. That reminds one of muffs——

LIN. Oh, naturally!

LADY L. And talking of muffs, I am sure that your friend from London, the cockney, is one.

LIN. What, Mordaunt?

LADY L. Mordaunt? His name is more likely to be Green, or Smith, or Tompkins. You say he is a bold rider? Now, I have watched him, and when his horse is at a jump, he lets him go, and holds on till he's over.

LIN. Not such a bad plan!

LADY L. And I've seen him shut his eyes, and hold on by the back of the saddle. He's no sportsman.

LIN. Oh! we must not be so particular in this dull place. Say what you will, Mordaunt is a plucky horseman and a good fellow, though he does find his words run away with an *h* in their mouths.

LADY L. (*up c.*). What a lovely morning. And what a jolly ride I shall have!

LIN. Do take care, Lily. You quite alarm me at times.

LADY L. How *can* one take care, when one is following the hounds? You had better send me to Richmond Riding-school at once, or to a circus. A circus! Come, I should like that. You shall be clown!

LIN. Clown! so I'm to be clown?

LADY L. (*imitating any clown popular in the locality*). What has the little lady stopped for? what would *Madden-em-wholesale-Marie* like to carry for? Shall I come for to go for to fetch for to carry a pennyworth of thunder, a slice of a Comet's tail, or a yard of green lightning? I'll lay seventy thousand strawberry-baskets against a pound of silkworms, that I'll go and be back in the twinkling of a ten-penny nail! (*sings the air usually played for the hobby-horse entrances in pantomimes*) La, la, la, etc.

[*Exits sideways, as if in a basket-horse, R. D.*]

LIN. (R., *looks after her*). Oh! you light-hearted love! (*music, piano, plaintive*) Was there ever a more enviable man? Healthy, wealthy, with little to trouble my conscience, I ought not to suffer recollections of the past to darken my present (*laughter, SPRAGGS and others off L.*)

LIN. Here's Mr. Mordaunt. Lily's right; he is a bit of a cad.

[*Exit R. D. Music ceases.*]

Enter, from L. U. E., D. in F., SPRAGGS, whip in hand, and DR. GRACE, laughing as they enter.

SPRAGGS (*swaggering down R.*). Oh, ho, ho, ho!

DR. GRACE (R. C. *front*). Well, I do not profess to know much of horses. I do not go beyond a doctor's turn-out.

SPRAGGS. Ha, ha! I know them! Boy in a suit of livery never made for him, harness rusty, vehicle musty, horse dusty, and looking as if he had been sitting up all night with another horse. General *tout ensemble* (*pronounce tout onsembull*) fusty!

DR. G. (*aside*). Vulgar creature! But it is my turn-out to a T. (*up c.*)

Enter, R. D., LINDEN.

SPRAGGS (*in the affected drawl of the Dundreary type, exaggerated*) Haw, Sir 'Arry! good—aw mawning! I hope I see you! (*shakes hands with LINDEN*) Pretty good biceps, eh?

DR. G. Biceps! What do you know about biceps? Talk about horses, I dare say you do understand them; but, hang it! don't meddle with anatomy.

SPRAGGS (*aside*). I should like to meddle with *his* anatomy. What do they want with a doctor here among horses. He ought to keep to his hospital.

LIN. So, Mr. Mordaunt, you are going to "witch the world with noble horsemanship?"

SPRAGGS. Yaas, aw, yaws! (*aside*) "*Which* the world?" Now, how can you *which* a world? Shocking bad grammar for a baronet.*

LIN. You're very fond of the sport, Mordaunt. Been accustomed to a rough country?

SPRAGGS. Aw, yaws, yaws! I've seen a good many ups and downs—rather more of the downs than the hups—(*LINDEN catches his eye, he is confused, quickly*) ups, ups! (*LINDEN goes up to converse with DR. GRACE, SPRAGGS L. C. front, aside*) I wish I could master my h's better. Sometimes they come too many for me. I go over them every morning, Holloway, Ha'iburton, Hingston, and Highgate; but I generally come to grief about Hampstead. It all comes from associating with people like Kitty Wobbler.

[*Exit DR. GRACE, D. in F.*]

LIN. Have you seen Captain CHAMBERS?

SPRAGGS. Aw, Chawmers? yaws, yaws—

LIN. I'm going to dress. If you see Lady Linden, tell her you know—

[*Exit, R. D.*]

SPRAGGS. Aw, yaws—I. ah! (*aside*) "Tell Lady Linden." Oh, crikey, ain't I going it! all amongst the regular nobbs; hand and glove with landed property, and quite familiar with wested interest! Mother always said I was cut out for the hupper crust. What would she say to see me now? I shall marry some snug old dowager and stick to my elevated position. Oh, I don't m'nd them being old—or even infirm—as long as

LINDEN.
E. C.

GRACE.
up c.

SPRAGGS.
L. C.

they've got a tidy sum. They must be rich. Bless old Jim Gregson and the Idelberg Lottery. I'm wallowing in bank-notes. I never shall forget the morning after my raise. I come down to the office rather late, where I see Captain Crasher awaiting for me. "Is this," he says, "is this your idea of keeping time?" says he. With that I looked at him from his boots, which is polished, being paytent leather, to the top of his head, which is likewise polished, being bald. I drew myself up to my full height, (*attitudes to correspond with his speech*) and with a look, cold, but contemptuous, sneering and yet severe, I said, "Captain Crasher," said I, "I resign from further service under you." This had its effect on Captain Crasher. He put his 'and in his pocket, with the intention to hand me a week's salary, but with a graceful wave of the 'and, I said to Captain Crasher, "I want none of your money. Keep your money, Captain," I said. "Keep your money—you may want it to purchase your *majority!*" Seeing as the gallant captain's off leg was getting restive, and as he has a biceps, I own, I made a somewhat precipitate retreat. But, when I came to myself—which I did in the nearest public-house—I resolved that I had behaved myself admirably under difficult circumstances, and left the court without a stain upon my character.

Going up c., meets DR. GRACE, coming in. Business, SPRAGGS is afraid to face DR. GRACE, and finding him in the way comes down R. C., whistling, and comes over to L. front, nervously.

DR. G. (*aside*). I am certain that that fellow is a "do." No sportsman, surely; he rides like a tailor to begin with! (*stroll's about stage, but is always between SPRAGGS and D. in F.*) That's the way of the world; because this fellow chuses to risk his neck by taking a jump that others shunned, he is looked upon as the lion of the county. So is a fool's single act of extravagant folly exalted, while modest merit's steady labor is overlooked. (*goes up c.*) I'll watch him! it will amuse me and won't hurt him, to vary the old story of the blacksmith's wife. [*Exit R. U. E. by D. in F. looking over his shoulder at SPRAGGS.*]

SPRAGGS. Ah! (*long-drawn breath in relief*) He's gone. I don't like the expression of that Dr. Grace's left eye. He evidently suspects something. The fact is, and there's no use concealing it, I am going about under false pretences. By a lucky accident, I have gained the reputation of what the poet calls a "Hardy Norseman," while I am not a Norseman, and not hardy by no means. Because my rawboned animal of a Copernicus—though who the devil called him Copernicus, and who Copernicus is when he is at home, I couldn't say in a week—because I says that brute chose to risk his knees and my neck in an impossible jump over an impassable hedge, without a thought whether I should get the £1000 from the Casualty Insurance Company, while I was a triumphantly holding on his mane with one hand and the saddle with the other—why all these things should be, and why I should be made a hero of against my inclinations—I cannot say. I am a hero, and it is not for me to come down from my pedestal. But that I shall come down, and a pretty considerable of a cropper too, I have no doubt at all! And wouldn't Kitty Wobbler come down on me if I should be reduced to her level again, neither! (*L. c. front.*)

Enter, DR. GRACE, D. in F.

DR. G. (*aside*). I have seen this fellow's face before, I am certain (*comes down c.*) Mr. Mordant!

SPRAGGS (*starts*). Aw! yaws! that's my name.

DR. G. That's your name? Exactly, yes!

SARAGGS (*aside*). I don't like his manner. Weight's agin me, but I think I could polish him off!

DR. G. You have not been long in this neighborhood?

SPRAGGS. No, not long. (*yawns*.)

DR. G. Haven't got house yet?

SPRAGGS. No, not yet. You see I want such large stables.

DR. G. I should say so. You've got a stud?

SPRAGGS. A stud! I've got three. (*lifts up his neck-scarf and shows studs in his shirt-bosom. Attitude.*)

DR. G. (*turns away, amused*) Oh! (*aside*) I knew he was a swindler. (*aloud, returning*) That's a fine animal of yours—but a little lean.

SPRAGGS. Oh, yaws, a little lean. So you noticed that? Yaws, but I like them lean.

DR. G. How many feeds do you give him a day!

SPRAGGS. Eh?

DR. G. I ask, how many feeds does he have a day?

SPRAGGS. Oh, yaws (*aside*) How many feeds do you give a horse? I take four meals myself, and a horse would eat three times as much as a man. (*aloud*) Well, I tell my fellah—my, my fellah, you know—to give him twelve feeds a day.

DR. G. Twelve! (*represses his laughter*) Is that all?

SPRAGGS (*aside*). I have told him too little. (*aloud*) That's only for experiment. I don't keep him so low as a rule.

DR. G. I wouldn't.

SPRAGGS. I say, fifteen or sixteen, if I work him hard. (*aside*) Why didn't I master the rudiments before I attempted the talk? I've put my foot in it.

DR. G. (*aside*). There's no doubt of it, but I will try him again. (*aloud*) You will pardon me, but I fancied I noticed some slight symptoms of grease about your horse's off forefoot.

SPRAGGS. Oh, you noticed that, did you? (*laughs*) ha, ha! I saw that, and I inquired. The fact is, they were singeing him, and it was rather, my fellah, got (*stammering at seeing Dr. Grace eye him severely*) a tallow candle and dropped some—eh? I—

DR. G. (*laughs*). Ha, ha! (*sternly*) Mr. Mordaunt, you are an impostor!

SPRAGGS (*defiantly*). Do you think so? (*grasps his whip*.)

DR. G. I do!

SPRAGGS. It's lucky everybody ain't of your opinion.

DR. G. Mrs. McHuggins, for instance, whom you are courting for her money.

SPRAGGS. Why not?

DR. G. Everybody's eyes shall be opened.

SPRAGGS (*shakes whip*). You take care somebody's eyes ain't closed.

DR. G. Do you dare to threaten me, sir?

SPRAGGS (*cowers*). N—no. (*aside*) There it is again. I'm in *Wiltshire*. I talk about muscle and pluck, when I am totally deficient in both articles. (*aloud*) There's no occasion to be hard on a poor fellow, Dr. Grease.

DR. G. Grease? Grace you scoundrel! Say, "Grace!"

SPRAGGS (*confused*). "For what we are about to receive—"

DR. G. (*bursts out into laugh*). Oh, oh! So you confess that you have imposed on my friend Sir Henry Linden?

SPRAGGS. Ain't all of us that ain't born with a silver spoon in their mouths imposters?

DR. G. What are you going about calling yourself Mordaunt for? *Mordaunt*, indeed! you are not very biting.

SPRAGGS. Because it's my na—

DR. G. Ah, ah!

SPRAGGS (*crying*). Why do you want to persecute a fellow?

DR. G. I have no desire to persecute you! I have no interests here in Gloucestershire. My place is in Finsbury Square.

SPRAGGS. More like Finsbury Round.

DR. G. For all I care, you may go on and risk your neck—which you are likely to do, in any line you adopt—

SPRAGGS. Thankye!

DR. G. But I'll expose you if you say one word more to the rich widow. And remember, there are horseponds handy!

SPRAGGS (*aside*). And the farm servants about here have got such biceps! (*aloud, humbly*). Well, I admit it, I am a do! But I am not a deep do!

DR. G. Oh! I never said you were!

SPRAGGS. I assure you—

DR. G. (*going up c.*). I don't want to hear anything, Mr. Mordaunt. *Au revoir!*

[*Exit, D. in F.*]

SPRAGGS (*puzzled*). *Pas de beaucoup!* (*pronounce "Par dee bo-koop!"*) Whew! I'm cornered! (*comes down*) The doctor is not a bad nest after all! It's my idea that he has got a h'eye on Mrs. McHuggins himself!

Enter, LINDEN, D. in F.

LINDEN. Has Lady Linden been here?

SPRAGGS (*aside*). He don't know anything about it! (*aloud, affected voice*). No, no, not yet, not yet!

LIN. Some gentlemen from London are going to join us. They were looking at that ditch and hedge. They can't believe you cleared it.

SPRAGGS. Oh, oh! We'll show them how to do it, eh, Sir 'Arry?

LIN. (*smiling*). You can, you can!

SPRAGGS (*flourishes whip*). We'll put them up to a thing or two, we'll give these town-birds a show! (*L. c. front.*)

LIN. Not a doubt of it.

SPRAGGS. By the way, what's the—the—aw fellow's name?

LIN. Captain Crasher! (*goes up R. c.*)

SPRAGGS (*suddenly sits down on his spur, having had his foot upon cushion of settee behind him*). Crasher! oh! (*in pain, limps out D. in F.*)

LIN. (*comes down R. c., seats himself at table R. c., takes up newspaper, lays it down thoughtfully*). It is strange. (*music, plaintive*) I cannot throw off this despondency on me to-day! I must endeavor to rouse myself. Feelings I thought dead forever, arise again. Thoughts of Mildred! Were I superstitious, I should fear it was some premonition of danger hanging over my head. Poor girl! Have I done your memory injustice by concealing the fact of our union from my young wife, for fear she would suspect my whole fidelity to her. Ah! I sometimes think it would have been better for you had you never come across my path. You might have been living now. (*minutaire in hand.*)

Enter LADY LINDEN, R. D., stops and looks over LINDEN'S shoulder, perplexed by his manner.

My eyes fill with tears as I gaze upon your portrait, and I hear your sweet voice as I see your gentle face again! Did I leave you to die alone, for strangers to place you in your cold grave—you who were the first to move my young blood with passion. And yet that was but a weak and fleeting fancy, compared to the deep and earnest love I feel for

Ethel! (*closes miniature-case*) What rubbish poets write about first love! The impulse of early life is the fancy of a boy, but lasting devotion is the love of a man's life!

LADY L. (*aside, playfully*). What is he saying to himself? I should like to frighten him, the dear old muff!

Taking a step forward, sees JOHN DRUMMOND, hat on, cane in hand, enter L. U. E., and D. in F., remaining there.

LADY L. Ah! (*terror*.)

LIN. Oh, what's that? (*chord, slurred*)

LADY L. Nothing. This man frightened me. (*panting*.)

LIN. (*rises*). What do you mean? (*up c.*) How dare you trespass here? There is another door for tramps to beg at!

DRUM. (*coldly*). Don't, sir! (*music, mournful, till curtain*) Don't raise your hand on me. Don't strike me again! You did it once before—and that has not yet been repaid. (*comes in c. a little*.)

LADY L. Oh, Harry, have you done anything? (*L. front.*)

LIN. I? I never saw you before. You must be mad! (*c. front.*)

DRUM. I am not mad. Don't you remember Portsmouth—Josiah Craddock's office—his clerk—his daughter! Ah! I see that you begin to recollect. You have a most convenient memory, Sir Henry Linden. Great man here in Gloucestershire, but in the remembrance of certain persons living, only a naval captain who—

LIN. (*hoarsely*). Peace! I'll give you anything to be silent. (*R. c. line of 21 E., DRUMMOND c., up, LADY LINDEN L. front.*)

DRUM. As I thought. (*aside*) My debt will be paid.

LIN. (*crosses to LADY LINDEN*). My darling, you will leave us. This fellow has something to tell me. Not that I have any secrets from you, love, but—but he might have some delicacy against speaking before you. (*leads her to L. D.*)

LADY L. Harry, my husband, I did not hear—

LIN. Hear! you did not hear—what?

LADY L. Nothing, then. Harry, I may trust in you—

LIN. (*pretending to laugh*). If you go on so, I shall have to send Dr. Grace to you, Lily. Come, have your old faith in me. Say that you trust me. (*embrace.*)

LADY L. I do, Harry, I do!

[*Exit, L. D.*]

DRUM. (*aside*). He loves that innocent girl—she does not know of Mildred's fate.

LIN. (*to DRUMMOND, fiercely*). And now, sir! have you so far forgotten the thrashing I gave you that you come for a repetition of the same?

DRUM. Forgotten it! no! Sir Harry Linden, I have not forgotten what you gave, nor yet what you took away!

LIN. What do you mean?

DRUM. I mean that I loved Mildred.

LIN. Mildred! In all the past and gone, she never said one word that would lead me to suppose that she ever cared for you.

DRUM. She might not have loved me; but she never despised me until you came. Josiah Craddock saw few visitors, and none of them younger or better favored than myself. I should have won her in time. But you came, with your dashing sailor ways, with your baronetcy in the background, and had an easy conquest. I hated you from the first day when I heard her laugh at one of your small jokes. I detested you, and I told her of the fate she was bringing upon her. For that you beat me. For that beating, I transported her father, and gave you a felon's daughter for your bride. You could not present that to your noble father. You

sent her aboard, while you were away, and when the cunning old couple, to whom you had entrusted her, told you she had perished one night, when she had wandered forth without shelter in her raving—you too readily believed them, rejoiced in your release, and hastened home to make a more brilliant match. Oh, you are titled, you have riches—wait a little! wait a little, and there is not a laborer on your estate for whom you would not change your lot.

LIN. (L.). I give you rope enough, fellow. I will hear you out.

DRUM. I waited for you. I waited, the better to bring the shame and sorrow on the name of her you love.

LIN. You mean Lady Linden? My wife?

DRUM. Of her who is called Lady Linden, the young girl whom you have deceived. I hurl my vengeance in one bolt: your wife, Mildred, lives!

LIN. Mildred lives! No, no. (R. c. front.)

Enter, L. D., LADY LINDEN.

LADY L. What are these high words? Oh, Harry, you have heard some bad news.

LIN. No. But you must go. I wish to speak to this man. Go at once.

LADY L. I shall not go. My proper place is here, by my husband.

DRUM. Not so. Your proper place is not by his side, not in this house; you—

LIN. Silence!

LADY L. No! I bid you speak.

DRUM. (*sneeringly*). I am bound to obey the lady. Madam, before that man married you, he had wedded—a little fact that he studiously kept from you. He too readily believed in a story that she died abroad. Who told him so, lied. And you, poor young lady, daughter of a noble house that has never known the slightest shade of dishonor, you are but his mistress.

LIN. Liar!

DRUM. Not so. I am not lying.

*Enter, D. in F., ALICE in (MILDRED'S dress of Prologue), remaining up c.**

LIN. Mildred! (*chord*.)

LADY L. Who is this woman?

DRUM. Mildred! Lady Linden! the lady whose place you have usurped; who returns to the home of your wronger—of my wronger. Deny it, if you can. (LINDEN falls into chair, R. c., hiding his face.)

LADY L. (*tearfully*). This is not true. Harry! (*pause. Proudly*) Sir Henry Linden!

LIN. (*lifts his head*). Lily—I—(MILDRED puts her hand out as if to part them, taking a step forward. He drops his head.)

LADY L. Is this true? (*pause*) Oh! (*faint scream, falls in faint from c. towards LINDEN. LINDEN is about to lift her up, when ALICE advances one step and waves her hand for him not to do so. He sinks back confused. ALICE looks at him contemptuously and triumphantly. DRUMMOND rubs his hands triumphantly. Picture.*)

*LINDEN.

*ALICE.

*LADY L.

*DRUMMOND.

SLOW CURTAIN.

* LINDEN. LADY L.
R. C.

ALICE.
C., up.

DRUMMOND.
L. C., up.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Library, interior, 3d grooves.*

Discover, seated, DR. GRACE L. of table, LINDEN R. of it.

DR. G. I think, my dear friend, that I perfectly understand you, and I will carry out your instructions to the best of my ability.

LIN. I am sure you will, Doctor.

DR. G. Thanks to you, I have obtained the appointment, and it makes a comparatively rich man of me.

LIN. Oh, no thanks. I wanted employment. In my state of mind, brooding over my troubles would have maddened me. You found me some employment to do, and so it is I who am grateful. I think I shall go off to America or Australia. On the continent, there is not a town or a scene that is not a well-remembered spot, and will not remind me of—

DR. G. No doubt. (*aside*) I had better change the subject. (*smiles*.)

LIN. You are laughing, Doctor?

DR. G. Yes, I could not help thinking of that fellow, Mordaunt, as he called himself—what was his name? Maggs—Braggs—Spraggs—Spraggs would have been more to the purpose. I suspected him from the first, and so did Lady Linden.

LIN. (*sighs*). Lady Linden! (*forcibly gay tone*) And how old Mr. Houghton used to stare when Mordaunt spoke of “wenison” and “sparrow-grass!” Ha, ha!

DR. G. (*drinking wine*). I wonder what became of him?

LIN. Well, the last I heard of him, he had lost all his money through backing a screw which he had been told would win the Chester Cup—but it didn't. And he tried to borrow half a crown of Rogers, my stud-groom.

DR. G. Ah! I know of nothing more painful than after a short season of great happiness to be sunk in distress—(*aside*) I'm putting my foot in it again!

LIN. Yes, memory bars the pang. What does Tennyson say? “In the longing after-time, past well-remembered joys are a crown of sorrows.”

DR. G. Bother the poets! They always have something apropos when there is any misery about.

LIN. You have not seen my wife Mildred?

DR. G. No, when I had finished my attendance on Lady Linden, I found your—your—

LIN. My wife, Doctor, my wife! Give the poor girl the right title. Mildred is little changed, and I only remark in her a sternness that I never noted in her gentle moods, but that may be accounted for. Strange that she should have quitted the place so suddenly.

DR. G. After she had broken up your home and done her utmost to wring that young heart, I cannot make it out. It looks like the accomplishment of some vindictive design, some deep-laid plan of vengeance. I suspect some evil play.

LIN. (*miniature out*). And yet there lurks no such strong passion in this gentle face. Look, Doctor.

DR. G. (*takes miniature, starts*). I know that face. (*excited*.)

LIN. You have never seen her!

DR. G. I remember it. I have a good memory for faces.

LIN. (*laughs*). My dear old friend, you are misguiding yourself.

DR. G. I tell you I am not deceived! I have seen this face before. (*rises, goes excitedly to L. front, looking at miniature.*)

LIN. Don't get excited, Doctor.

DR. G. Excited! I never was more cool in all my life! It's the face of a patient of mine. (*pause*) By Jove it's—it's——

LIN. What an ebullition from my grave old Doctor! ha, ha!

DR. G. (*aside*). I wonder if she can have anything to do with it? Mrs. Petherick spoke of abandonment by her husband, whom she believed lost at sea. She left her lodgings soon after the visit of a strange man. A few days after, there is the advent here of the dead Mrs. Linden—oh——

LIN. (*laughs*). You'll gain nothing by your mare's nest hunting, Doctor; it's unprofitable, and you are too good a sportsman——

DR. G. I am too good a sportsman to give up the scent, once I have taken up the running. I am not such a fool as I look, sir! not such a fool!

Enter D. in F., SERVANT.

Confound it! I—(*to SERVANT*) What the devil do you want, sir? (L. C., SERVANT *on his L.*)

SERVANT (*to LINDEN*). If you please, sir, there's a person of the name of Drummond, who wants to speak to you. I did not let him up, because he seemed a little the worse for drink.

LIN. Drummond! the man who brought my wife back to me, as open manifestation of his satisfied spite.

DR. G. (*to SERVANT*). You say he is drunk?

SERVANT. No, sir, not drunk; but excited, like you, sir.

DR. G. What do you mean? how dare you—(*change of tone to less passionate one*) Pardon me, you are right—you are severe but just. (*to LINDEN*) You can preserve your equanimity better than I, Sir Harry, though you are a young man, and I a sober medical practitioner. (*to SERVANT*) I say, young man, a sober medical practitioner. Show him up. (*exit SERVANT, D. in F., with bow*) Hear all that this fellow has to say, and leave the rest to me. I will listen.

(*Voice of DRUMMOND at back*). "Admit him?" of course he will.

DR. G. (*crosses R*). Most interesting case, most interesting. [*Exit R. D.*]

Enter, D. in F., JOHN DRUMMOND, drunk.

DRUM. Good-day, sir, (*puts hat and cane aside*) good-day! They were not for letting me up.

LIN. (*aside*). I will follow the Doctor's advice. (*aloud*) I had given strict orders that nobody was to be admitted.

DRUM. Well, I'm nobody, and so I came up. (*takes L. chair at table*) Dry weather. I have got something pertick'lar to say to you. (*grasps the decanter.*)

LIN. I feel languid. I'll join you. (*offers his glass for DRUMMOND to fill it.*)

DRUM. You will? Come, that's hearty. What reason have you to bear me? On the contrary, I have been at it already this morning. (*drinks*) What's this, brandy? Prime stuff! the worst of it is, that when I once begin, I can't stop.

LIN. Well, you want to speak to me?

DRUM. It must be hard to live with the sword of Damocles suspended over one's head by a single thread, ready to drop at any moment. It makes life a miserable existence. (*drinks*) Famous brandy this!

LIN. You forget the sword has descended in my case; the thread that suspended it has broken and the blade has fallen.

DRUM. Not to inflict a wound that can't be cured. No, no, no!

(*drunkenness increased, speech very thick*) There are mortal wounds which kill, and there are flesh-wounds which will heal.

LIX. Don't talk to me of such definitions—I have no care to follow you in such over-refinement.

DRUM. I have not come for nothing. See here, I have had so large a slice of my debt that I might forego the remainder. Mind, I don't say I would, but that I might.

LIX. Speak plainer, man. I am in no mood for doubtful suggestions. (*aside*) What can he mean?

DRUM. If I were a rich man, I should go abroad. It lies in your power to make me so.

LIX. Suppose it. But you don't drink—

DRUM. Thank you. (*drinks*) I will. And if I went abroad, I would take her with me.

LIX. Do you dare to propose to me such a thing?

DRUM. I dare do anything—when I have been drinking. But that's not enough for you. Perhaps I can do more than you fancy. And perhaps I can't do anything! You have suspicions that she would not remain abroad and that I would annoy you again, if I chose. Never fear! I want to be rich, like you, to have others subjected to my will, to be afraid of me, dependents who would cower at my word! Pah! you rich men don't know how to enjoy your wealth! If I were a wealthy country squire, I should grind the common herd to the dust! Sir Henry Linden, baronet, what if I showed you the certificate of her death?

LIX. Is it in cold blood that you dare to hint to me such an intention?

DRUM. I mean a certificate dated six years back?

LIX. (*rises*). What do you say?

DRUM. (*rises, looks LINDEN in the eyes*). Eh? (*effort to sober himself*) I don't know, I don't know.

LIX. (*aside*). There is some mystery at the bottom of this. (DRUMMOND sits down trying to recover himself) That was about the time I thought my wife died. (*seated as before*) Can you speak of doing that? What security should I have in a forgery?

DRUM. Eh? what does this mean? (*shakes his head*) Curse the drink! It's made me loosen my tongue.

LIX. Supposing I closed in with this proposition, and I chose to make you a rich man—could you show me any means of enabling me to prevent the lady now known as my wife, being attacked by the faintest shade of dishonor.

DRUM. Not the slightest shade of it.

LIX. You were saying that not only could I be spared the consequences of my ill-judged act, but that the scandal could be put off by—the—the—

DRUM. The what? What mare's nest is this? (*aside*) I have said too much! I will say no more. (LINDEN pushes decanter to him) No, no more drink! keep it for the fools who have secrets to sell. That loosens the tongue like a precious charm. I'll not have any more of it. (*rises, unsteady of foot*) You, Sir Henry Linden, meant what you said, and I am prepared to hear you say more at your earliest convenience. Perhaps I can sell you peace of mind—and perhaps I can't sell you anything! Perhaps I can bring back the blush of happiness to the blanched cheek of the girl you married, and perhaps I can't do anything of the kind. That's my direction. (*throws card on table*) You will find me there. (*gets hat and cane*) Good-day!

[*Exit, D. in F.*]

LIX. Good-day. (*sadly*) The Doctor was wrong. It's all drunken vapor and bluster. He can do nothing.

Enter, R. D., DR. GRACE.

DR. GRACE. The Doctor is right, and he can do everything. That fellow has given me the clue I wanted. Trust to your father's old friend, and we shall lick the varmint yet! (*LINDEN rises to shake his hand*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*Street in 1st grooves.*

Enter, R., SPRAGGS, playing "My pretty Jane," on flute, as he enters.

SPRAGGS. Well, if there is a more miserable instrument than the German flute, and a more thorough-going scoundrel than Jim Gregson, my name is not Charley Spraggs! I hardly know that my name is Spraggs, I have had so many *aliases*. I have soared as high as Montmorency, and sunk as low as Splodgers. But in my most hy-po-chon-dri-ac-al moments, I never imagined that I should have come down to the German flute. (*c.*) In the first place, it's a thing I always despised, a sort of I-throw-myself-on-the-mercy-of-the-world feebleness in its notes. Now, there's the cornet—that sounds noble, and if you blow the wrong note, it's bold and brassy, and when it's out of tune, there's a blowed-if-I-care sound about it that lifts it from obscurity. And the trombone. I know a party who was in the habit of blowing his sorrows down a trombone, and yet he brought up a family quite respectable. A harp is the only instrument capable of rescuing the flute from total insignificance, but, left to itself, it takes a deal of wind, and hasn't got anything to show for it. Never mind, it was my Kitty's favorite instrument, and I've stuck to it for love of her. I used to serenade her *evens*, in happier days—or rather, happier nights. Twice was I took up; three times was I deluged with cold water; four times was I called names that cuddled my blood; and on one occasion I received a violent blow on the nose. But fifty thousand blows would only be *flutile*—I beg your pardon, futile, to stifle my prosecution of music under difficulties. My dear Kitty lives at No. 6 in this street, and I'll fetch her out if I blow myself into an early grave. (*going L.*) "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!" (*plays flute, a bar or two*) Eh? I see her! it can't be? yes; she is coming up the airey. (*plays "My pretty Jane."*)

Enter KITTY, L., pitcher in hand.

KITTY. Get out of my way, do; what do you want?

SPRAGGS (*doefully*). Don't you know me, Kitty? (*c.*)

KITTY. Oh, lor, no! I don't know you. (*R. c.*) And now that I *do* know you, I knows you still less.

SPRAGGS. Oh, Kitty, don't you go to turn your back on me. If you do, I don't know what I shall do.

KITTY. Don't delay me. Master's very pertickler and can't abide loiterers. I am going for the supper beer.

SPRAGGS. The supper beer! What's supper beer to a blighted heart?

KITTY. Way, werry consoling. But George is a-waiting, and he's that impatient—

SPRAGGS. Gee-horge! and who is Gee-horge?

KITTY. A young man who makes hisself werry agreeable, a sensible young man as don't have any airs above his station.

SPRAGGS (*contemptuously*). Which I presume is a police-station!

KITTY. Thank you. I've not come down to a policeman yet. George

is in a h'office, where there is clerks, and messengers, and books kep'. Pride seems to have had a fall!

SPRAGGS. Kitty, pride has had a cropper. Pride has come down by the run. Pride has smoothed down the dust with its back. Pride has been reduced to embracing the German flute and struggling ineffectually with "My pretty Jane" outside the public houses. Pride in the person of Charles Spraggs knows what it is to ask help from every chance-comer, and not to get it, except in the shape of a kick—to help him along. Oh, Kitty! Kitty rhymes with pity—and pity, the poet beautifully says, is akin to love.

KITTY. What's become of your grand sporting acquaintances, and your fine friend Jim Gregson?

SPRAGGS. My friend Jim Gregson! (*strikes out pugilistically*) Mr James Gregson is now staying at the famous all-around-the-year resort of Cold-bath Fields, where he is bountifully supplied with clothes of a plain but substantial cut, and a regular quantity of food by the care of a parental government, which likewise sees that his back hair does not run to ringlets.

KITTY. In prison! Why what did he do?

SPRAGGS. *What did he do? what didn't he do?* or, rather, who didn't he do? To serve his old friend and pal so; he took my last penny.

KITTY. I knew you would not keep your money.

SPRAGGS. Ah! I lost it foolishly. Since me and you last parted, Kitty, I have moved in the upper circles of society—I have mingled with the brilliant throng and trod the gilded *salloon*—and my opinion is, looking at it all coolly, society is a humbug. Give me the friend that sticks to you through thick and thin, not him as is all so affable to you in the 'unting-field, and looks over your 'ead when he meets you in Piccadilly. When I was in my bloom, I was accounted a good fellow—a little eccentric, but no more—but, when I lost my money, every one turned from me, and kicking was too good for me. I haven't any one now to look to, if you turn from me, Ki'

KITTY (*tearfully*). I didn't say as I was a-going to turn from you.

SPRAGGS. What! you are going to give me a little hope!

KITTY. Yes.

SPRAGGS. You are a dear. (*about to pass arm around her waist*) But I am a-keeping of you away from Gee-horge.

KITTY (*smiles*). What if there wasn't any George, Charley?

SPRAGGS. She calls me by my Christian name! I become a man once more.

KITTY. I knew you would come back—if you could not have faith in me, I could in you, Charley, and I waited for you. Not as I had no offers. There is Perkins, who—

SPRAGGS. Don't harrow up my feelings with a Perkins. Perkins, a fellow that had no more biceps than a blue-bottle. Kitty, you are a h'angel, you are. But, I say, couldn't you give us just one kiss?

KITTY. Oh, Charley, I don't like.

SPRAGGS. But I do. (*kisses KITTY*). There, do you like it now, dear? That's better than the German flute. Do you want another—

KITTY. There's somebody a-looking. (*looks off R.*)

SPRAGGS. Where? Let 'em look and—Hullo! do you see who it is?

KITTY. Come back after these a-many years! My!

SPRAGGS. We must go and speak to him. (R.)

KITTY (R.). Yes, dear. One moment. What have you been living on all this while?

SPRAGGS. On my wits.

KITTY. Ah! you look as if you had very poor nourishment.

[Exit R., with SPRAGGS, his arm around her waist.

Scene changes to

SCENE III—*Parlor Interior in 4th grooves.*

Discover ALICE, R. front; LADY LINDEN C.

ALICE. I am sorry, but there is nothing in my action of revenge to you.

LADY L. Yet you force me into silence to weep alone. What need was there to make me so unhappy?

ALICE. No, poor lady, it is but for him.

LADY L. So it is for him that I plead. He always regretted you, and he will make up to you for the past, if you will permit it. Do not leave him utterly alone, in his anguish, without a single feeling heart nigh.

ALICE (*aside*). My sainted Mildred!

LADY L. You have been led to think he deserted you. No, he is incapable of such deceit. He is now eager to repair all the griefs he may have given in his ignorance—I am sure you will not repent listening to the good impulses in your heart. I do not fear to tell you the truth; why I entreat you not to leave him to his misery. I loved Harry, and, though it may be a sin to love him now, I cannot help it.

ALICE (*aside*). Poor girl, poor girl! in every nerve I feel for her, but though I would relent, I see the eyes of my lost Mildred fixed on me, and I will be stern.

LADY L. Oh, woman, woman! how can you be so cold and pitiless to me? You will return to him?

ALICE. That can never be.

LADY L. I see; you dread that, because of me, you would not again be dear to him. Abandon that fear! He always sorrowed over your loss, and his melancholy—while deepened when he thought himself beyond my loving watch—was apparent to others around us. His father's old friend, the dear, kind physician, who tended me while I was recovering from the shock of your sudden return, informed me of the true cause of the gloominess I had surprised in him. Oh, I have had my load of grief, in the thought that he loved you more than me.

ALICE. Is this true? I need not ask you, for on your face I can read but truth. Tell me more.

LADY L. That fatal day I came into the room suddenly where he was, and found him bending over your portrait.

ALICE (*aside*). Mildred's portrait?

LADY L. Engrossed in the past, he did not notice me; and I heard him mutter of his early love, and when he looked up the tears were in his eyes.

ALICE (*aside*). Does she speak the truth? Can I have been deceived?

LADY L. The very man who guided you to our happy home, was one whom Harry had severely beaten because he had been doubting of the love which you so wrongly scorn.

ALICE (*aside*). A light breaks in on me! I have been the dupe of that smooth-tongued villain. (*aloud*) Lady, do not give up hope that all, all the past may not be renewed as if never interrupted.

LADY L. I see symptoms of relenting on your face. I see you are not so hard-hearted as you would have appeared.

(*Voice of DRUMMOND off L.*) Will you never know who I am?

ALICE. You must not meet John Drummond here! Go into this room

(to R. D., with LADY L.) and wait till he is gone. (exit LADY L., R. D.) I have been the instrument of this man's vengeance so far, but I will turn on him like a rod transformed into a serpent in his hand! (R. C. front.)

Enter, DRUMMOND, smoking cigar, L. D.

DRUM. Good evening, Alice. Pshaw! Mildred I mean. (goes up window) How the right name will pop out. (sits on balcony. *Let him see that all is ready for the throwing over*) It's all right! we shall have the money!

ALICE (aside). He has deceived me! He has played on the love I bear for Mildred to gain his bad ends. I thought to do my darling justice, and I have only inflicted cruel pain on him who treasures her memory worthily, and on an innocent girl. Oh! (wrings her hands.)

DRUM. It's all right! the baronet's coming with the money.

ALICE. Keep your money! I want it not! I'll touch none of it.

DRUM. (comes down c. a little) Hallo, what do you mean?

ALICE. It means, John Drummond, that I know all! It means that there will never be enough time for me to repent that you and I ever joined hands together to work mischief. (up c. on DRUMMOND'S R.)

DRUM. What fool's talk is this? Are you mad?

ALICE. I have recovered my senses. Your plot is discovered. Our compact is at an end.

DRUM. (throws away cigar). Discovered?

ALICE. Do you think I shall have one peaceful moment after having brought the worst sufferings of conscience upon the good and true? Can I look back on the misery I have inflicted, though recalled as soon as I saw my error, and hope there will be no sorrow and pain, no suffering for me!

DRUM. You say you have confessed it all?

ALICE. Al! And I shall go at once and lay the whole plot before Sir Henry Linden, and implore forgiveness. But where shall I seek for forgetfulness?

DRUM. Do you think I can let my plans be checked just at the moment of triumph? Because you have grown weak of purpose, do you think I am the man to let my schemes be broken off at the points of success? Do you think I will consent to be baffled as I am about to secure the reward? Alice Petherick, do you believe I will let you go to denounce me?

ALICE. This house is mine. Leave the room, sir. Spare your violent words. I am not afraid of you. (music.)

DRUM. That we shall soon see. (seizes ALICE. *Struggle.*)

ALICE. Release me. Oh, help!

Enter, R. D., LADY LINDEN.

LADY L. (screams). Oh! (falls in a faint into chair, R. C.)

ALICE. Help!

Enter, L. D., JOSIAH CRADDOCK. He releases ALICE and seizes DRUMMOND.

ALICE. Father! (L. C.)

DRUM. Josiah Craddock! (grapples with him.)

CRAD. Yes villain! returned to punish you at last.

DRUM. Take your hands off my throat! (ALICE runs about stage and to L. D., screaming "Help, help! murder!" during the struggle) I have beaten off a better man than you. (forces CRADDOCK up c. to balcony) Take your hands from my throat! (on balcony, forces CRADDOCK half over rail.)

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107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical			67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 sce.	6	0
Ethiopian burlesque.....	6	2	4. Eh? What is It? sketch.....	4	1
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scene	7	1	98. Elopement (The), farce, 1 scene	4	1
79. Barney's Courtship, musical			52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.	10	1
interlude, 1 act.....	1	1	25. Fellow that Looks Like Me, in-		
42. Bad Whiskey, sketch, 1 scene.	2	1	terlude, 1 scene.....	2	1
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel,			51. Fisherman's Luck, 1 scene....	2	0
negro piece.....	4	0	88. First Night (The), Dutch farce,		
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene	3	0	1 act.....	4	2
11. Black-ey'd William, sketch, 2			106. Gambrius, King of Lager		
scenes.....	4	1	Beer, Ethiopian burlesque 2		
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene..	4	0	scenes.....	8	1
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes	5	2	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch		
89. Bogus Talking Machines (The)			1 scene.....	2	2
farce, 1 scene.....	4	0	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy,		
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1			sketch, 1 scene.....	3	0
scene.....	2	0	17. Ghost (The), sketch, 1 act....	2	0
103. Charge of the Hash Brigade,			58. Ghost in a Pawnshop, 1 scene.	4	0
Irish musical sketch.....	2	2	31. Glycerine Oil, sketch.....	3	0
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, negro			20. Going for the Cup, interlude..	4	0
sketch, 1 scene.....	6	0	82. Good Night's Rest, 1 scene... 3	0	
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes... 8	1		85. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene....	3	0
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene	3	0	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch....	3	0
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque,			61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
2 scenes.....	5	1	23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1		
63. Darkey's Stratagem, 1 act.... 3	1		scene.....	5	1
110. De Black Magician, Ethiopian			3. Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
comicality, 1 scene.....	4	2	48. High Jack, the Heeler, 1 scene	6	0
111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian			68. Hippoheatron, sketch.....	9	0
extravaganza, 1 act.....	6	1	71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene... 2	0	
50. Draft (The), sketch, 1 act.... 6	0		33. Jealous Husband, sketch.... 2	1	
64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene... 4	1		91. Julius, the Snoozer, 3 scenes . 7	0	

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA (Continued).

No.	M. F.	No.	M. F.
103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene.....	1 2	89. Wanted, a Nurse, 1 scene.....	4 0
1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch..	3 1	75. Weston the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene.....	7 1
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.	6 1	93. What Shall I Take ? farce, 1 act	8 1
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes... 4	1 1	29. Who Died First ? 1 scene.	3 1
60. Lost Will, sketch.....	4 0	97. Who's the Actor ? farce, 1 scene.	4 0
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes... 3	2 2	93. Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes.....	2 2
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene.. 3	0 0	85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene.	3 0
109. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes.. 4	0 0	112. The Coming Man, sketch, 1 act	3 1
19. Malicious Trespass, 1 scene.... 3	0 0	113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7 0
96. Midnight Intruder (The), farce, 1 scene.....	6 1	114. One Night in a Medical College, sketch, 1 scene.....	7 1
101. Nollie Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene.....	1 1	115. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene.....	5 1
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes	4 0	116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene.....	5 0
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 sec.	3 0	117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 scene.	
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 scene.....	2 0	118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque.....	6 0
22. Obeylug Orders, sketch 1 scene	2 1		
27. One Hundredth Night of Hamlet, sketch.....	7 1		
30. One Night in a Barroom, sketch.....	7 0		
76. One, Two, Three, 1 scene.....	7 0		
87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene.....	2 1		
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene	7 0		
57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 scenes.....	6 0		
65. Porter's Troubles, 1 scene.....	6 1		
66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch	2 1		
91. Painter's Apprentice (The), farce, 1 scene.....	5 0		
92. Polar Bear (The), 1 scene.	4 1		
14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.	5 0		
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 scene.....	6 0		
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 scenes.....	4 2		
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 scene.....	2 0		
51. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.	3 0		
26. Rival Tenants, sketch.....	4 0		
15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act..	2 1		
59. Sausage Makers, 2 scenes.....	5 1		
80. Scenes on the Mississippi, 2 scenes.....	6 0		
21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes	6 3		
84. Serenade(The), sketch, 2 scenes	7 0		
38. Siamese Twins, 2 scenes.....	5 0		
74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes	3 0		
46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.	6 1		
69. Squire for a Day, sketch.....	5 1		
56. Stage-struck Couple, 1 scene..	2 1		
72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene... 1	2 2		
7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene	2 0		
13. Streets of New York, 1 scene.	6 0		
16. Storming the Fort, 1 scene....	5 0		
47. Take it, Don't Take It, 1 scene	2 0		
54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.	3 0		
100. Three Chiefs (The), 2 scenes ..	6 0		
102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes.	3 1		
34. Three Strings to One Bow, sketch, 1 scene.....	4 1		
2. Tricks, sketch.....	5 2		
104. Two Awfuls (The), 1 scene....	5 0		
5. Two Black Roses, sketch.....	4 1		
28. Uncle Eph's Dream, 2 scenes..	3 1		
62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene	6 1		
32. Wake Up, William Henry....	3 0		

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS (Continued).

No.	M. F.	No.	M. F.
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 5 acts.	12 3	61. Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts.	7 2
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.	3 2	138. Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1 act.	10 3
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.	11 5	110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1 act.	3 6
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.	7 2	50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.	8 2
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.	14 5	59. Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.	5 3
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act.	3 2	95. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce, 1 act.	3 10
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2 4	181 and 182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.	38 8
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.	4 3	157. Quite at Home, comedieta, 1 act.	5 2
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.	6 6	196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	1 1
109. Locked In, comedieta, 1 act.	2 2	132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.	10 10
85. Locked In with a Lady, sketch, 1 act.	1 1	183. Richelieu, play, 5 acts.	16 2
87. Locked Out, comic scene.	1 2	38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.	10 2
143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act.	4 2	77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts.	8 4
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.	12 4
163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.	10 3	194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.	7 4
154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.	8 6	195. Rosemi Shell, travesty, 1 act, 4 scenes.	6 3
63. Marriage at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	5 3	158. School, comedy, 4 acts.	6 6
39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act.	4 2	79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1 act.	7 5
7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.	5 3	37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.	3 2
49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.	8 2	35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.	2 1
15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.	4 2	43. Sisterly Service, comedieta, 1 act.	7 2
46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.	5 2	6. Six Months Ago, comedieta, 1 act.	2 1
51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.	3 2	10. Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act.	1 1
184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.	17 3	26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.	16 5
108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3 3	78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7 3
188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3 3	31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.	3 3
169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4 1	150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedieta, 1 act.	1 2
130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3 1	120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2 1
92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2 2	146. There's no Smoke Without Fire, comedieta, 1 act.	1 2
193. My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	83. Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.	6 1
140. Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.	3 4	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3 acts.	8 5	27. Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	7 5
2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.	8 3	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4 2
57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.	4 4	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.	2 1
104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.	7 5	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act.	3 2
112. Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3 3	29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.	5 3
185. Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14 3	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.	4 2
84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10 6	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.	6 3
117. Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama, 3 acts.	5 4	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.	3 3
171. Nothing Like Paste, farce, 1 act.	3 1	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.	4 4
14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and prologue.	13 6	193. Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	3 1
173. Off the Stage, comedieta, 1 act.	3 3	162. Uncle's Will, comedieta, 1 act.	2 1
176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1 2	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6 2
90. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.	2 2	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.	3 3
170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4 2	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.	6 6
33. One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2 3	91. Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.	7 2
3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8 4	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3 3
97. Orange Blo-soms, comedieta, 1 act.	3 3	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.	5 4
66. Orange Girl, drama, in prologue and 3 acts.	18 4	105. Which of the Two? comedieta, 1 act.	2 10
172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.	6 3	98. Who is Who? farce, 1 act.	3 2
94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.	7 5	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.	4 4
45. Our Domestic, comedy farce, 2 acts.	6 6	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque.	8 2
155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts.	24 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	6 6
178. Out at Sea, drama in prologue and 4 acts.	16 5	161. Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths, 4 acts.	10 4
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.	11 5	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2 acts.	4 4
156. Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	1 1	54. Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1 act.	3 3
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.	12 4		
127. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.	3 10		
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, in one act.	15 24		
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.	3 2		

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221. Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 act, 5 acts.....	3 2	249. Marriage, a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts.....	3 4
222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act, 3 acts.....	2 2	250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1 act.....	4 3
223. Betsy Baker, farce, 1 act.....	5 3	251. Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts.....	9 3
224. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.....	2 1	252. Idiot Witness, melo-drama, 3 acts.....	7 2
225. Ici on Parle Francaise, farce, 1 act, 3 acts.....	5 2	253. Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act.....	5 2
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