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A SCALE WITH
SHARPS AND FLATS,
AN OPERATIC
AND
MUSICAL COMEDY,

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

F. L. CUTLER,

*Author of Wanted, a Husband; Old Pompey; Cuff's
Luck; Pomp's Pranks; Seeing Bosting; Actor
and Servant; The Musical Darkey; Lodg-
ings for Two; Lost; or, the Fruits
of the Glass; etc.*

—o—

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

—x—

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

(1878)

A SCALE WITH SHARPS AND FLATS.

—x—

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

LUCY.....*Sharp's Housekeeper.*
MISS SCALE, (LUCY).....*A Musician.*
PROF. SHARP,.....*A Professor of Music.*
CHARLES LEGRAND, (SHARP)*The Lover.*
SAM FLAT.....*A Colored Individual.*

—o—

LIST OF PROPERTIES.

Grip sack with old coat and hat—cornet in grip; music
for Miss Scale.

—x—

Time—One and one-half hours.

—

NOTE.—This play is written to be played by either three
or five characters. If by three, Lucy plays Miss Scale
and Prof. Sharp plays Charles LeGrand.

—o—

COSTUMES.

LUCY. *First dress*:—Large flowered dress, with white apron,
dusting cap. *Second dress*:—As MISS SCALE; modern street suit.
Third dress:—Same as first, without cap; or an entire change can be
made. *Fourth dress*:—Full evening dress, rich and stylish.

SHARP. Modern old man; or, knee breeches, buckle shoes, pow-
dered wig, etc.; must appear quite old.

SAM. Black cutaway coat, black pants, flowered vest, with ragged
coat and hat to put on over suit; put old hat on over good one, so as
to make change on stage.

CHARLES. Modern dress suit; hat and gloves; smooth shaven.

TMP92-009014

A Scale With Sharps and Flats.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—A drawing-room or parlor, with piano, R., table C. F., chairs L. F., and R. F., and at table violin and guitar; table covered with cloth, and music. SHARP discovered, or just entering.

Sharp. As a teacher of music, I am a decided failure, and nothing remains for me to do, but the thing I have had in my mind, for the past two weeks, that is the concert business. If I can get together a troupe of six or eight accomplished musicians, I am satisfied that I can make it a winning venture. My notice in the Clipper will certainly bring applicants, and I will make my own selection from them. But, bye the bye, (*looks around room*) how neat this room looks compared with the way it used to look before I engaged my present housekeeper. This one seems to take pleasure in arranging, and the others in disarranging. Miss Lucy is a valuable addition to my household. If she was only a musician, her face and form would be a fortune to her; but she seems to care nothing for music, and she may, perhaps, be all the more valuable to me. But I must proceed with my arrangements for my concert. (*introduce guitar solo; exit R.*)

Enter, LUCY, L.

Lucy. (*dusting furniture*) What a musical fanatic old Professor Sharp is, to be sure; has never a thought for anything else! Still, at times he seems despondent, and I fancy he has had some serious trouble; and he does not appear like a man who has been accustomed to this mode of living, all his life. Ah, this is a life of ups and downs! Look at my own situation! Who, for a moment, would suppose that Lucy, Professor Sharp's housekeeper,

was, a few short months ago, living in a neat cottage, happy in the love of an affectionate father, and (*very much affected*) another who won my heart from my keeping, and then, through the influence of an aristocratic father—broke it. Little did I think when I gazed for the first time on the face of Charles LeGrand, that he would ever cause me such unhappiness; but misfortune scarcely ever comes singly. I first lost my beloved father and then in a few short weeks—my lover! Oh, Charles, how could you be so cruel as to desert me in my hour of trouble! I should hate him, but I can't, for I—love—him still.

(*drops in chair at table, and sobs*)

Enter, SAM FLAT, R.

Sam. (*looks around*) Dis mus' be de domicile I'm lookin' for. No. 417, Two Pair Back! an' a man ought ter hab about two pair of backs afore he tries to climb 'em. I's clar done out, but I mus' see dis Professor Sharp, and make an engagement with him for de season. Wonder if it wouldn't be a pretty good idea for me ter play de ignorant niggah on him, an' let him see what I can do in de way ob actin'. Dar don't seem ter be anybody about here. I'll jess slip down and fix myself up an'—

(*discovers LUCY, gets frightened, backs off and exits R.*)

Lucy. (*recovers herself*) I must try and control my feelings better in the future. (*looks at piano*) How I would like to play, if I thought no one would hear me—the professor is out—I'll risk it! (*sits at piano; plays and sings ad lib. Enter PROF. SHARP, R., astonished; listens—smiles—beats time with his hands; at close of song applauds loudly with his hands. LUCY screams, runs L. front, embarrassed*) Oh, Professor Sharp, do forgive me, and I'll—

Sharp. (*coming forward*) Forgive you? I'll never forgive you for—

Lucy. (*wringing her hands*) What have I done?

Sharp. Living in this house as long as you have, without making your musical talent known.

Lucy. (*relieved*) I was afraid you would discharge me.

Sharp. Discharge you! I'll tell you what, Miss, if I were a few years younger, I should be tempted to try and make a permanent engagement with you.

Lucy. (*blushing*) Why, Professor Sharp!

Sharp. It's a fact! But, Miss Lucy, what means this masquerading?

Lucy. I hope you will not blame me, sir, but I have had considerable trouble in the last few months, and, in order to escape from unpleasant memories, I took for myself another name than my own, applied for a situation as housekeeper in a private family. My notice attracted your attention and here I am.

Sharp. But whatever your circumstances were, Miss Lucy, previous to your present situation, you have received a fine musical education.

Lucy. Yes, sir.

Sharp. (*delighted*) Glorious! I see now more plainly than ever, that when I secured your services, I got a treasure; but, my dear Miss Lucy, the little I heard you play, makes me anxious to hear more. (*introduce music ad lib*) That's excellent! Consider yourself engaged as a member of my "Concert Co.," at a good salary. Excuse me a minute while I run down and send a note to the Dramatic Depot. (*exit L.*)

Lucy. The darkest clouds have a silver lining, and methinks I see a glimpse of the silver which is to lighten the gloom of my future. Professor Sharp's words of encouragement have taken a load from my heart, and I feel like a school girl once more.*

Enter, SAM, R.

Sam. (*comes R. front; aside*) Dis Professor Sharp must be a female professor, cause I'se been in here now dese two times and I profess dat I ain't seen any profess but dis one, an' if dat am de professor, he's a mornin' glory, he is! I'll speak to him, any way. (*crosses to LUCY*) How dy do, Professor!

Lucy. (*discovers him*) Oh, my! who's this?

Sam. Why, dis am me!

Lucy. (*recovering herself*) Well, I am sure I am considerably enlightened as regards your identity!

Sam. Yes, ob course you'se considerable light'n dan I is, but dat aint my fault, and as ter de dentistry, I aint posted in dat. Say, am you de Professor Sharp?

Lucy. Professor Sharp!

*Waltzes and goes to organ and sings chorus of "Little Black Mustach," published by A. D. Ames.

Sam. Dat's what I said!

Lucy. You wish to see Professor Sharp?

Sam. Dat's what I do! He's kinder in de musical business, and I'se got a little leanin' dat way myself an'—

Lucy. I see! (*aside*) This colored gentleman is probably an applicant for a situation in the Professor's "Concert Co." The Professor is absent, and why not have a little fun on my own account! he'll never be the wiser—I will—(*aloud*) Well, sir, what can I do for you?

Sam. Is you de professor?

Lucy. I am a professor!

Sam. You don't say! (*aside*) A female professor, by gum! Dat breaks me all up! I thought I was goin' ter hab some fun playin' a joke on some ole crank, an' in place of an ole man, it am a beautiful young dam—sell. But dar's no goin' back on de business now! I'se got ter go ahead now! (*aloud*) Is you engaged—dat is—am you—I mean I'se engaged!—No, dat aint what I mean!—I mean, is you—or does you—does you want anybody?

Lucy. What should I want with anybody?

Sam. (*aside*) Oh, de perspiration is startin' right out ob de pores! (*aloud*) I wants an engagement in your troupe.

Lucy. Why didn't you say so?

Sam. I did, as soon as I could get myself untangled. Yes, I wants a position.

Lucy. A position? Well, sir, just step this way, sir, and I'll give you one. (*places a chair L. front*) Now, sir, take your position on that chair.

Sam. (*astonished*) What's that for? I—

Lucy. (*in a rage*) Will you obey me, sir? I wish you to stand on that chair.

Sam. I'se on de road. (*stands on chair, facing audience*) What's dis got ter do wid a concert company?

Lucy. It has everything to do with it. Now, sir, you must not move or get off that chair until I give you leave, and everything I say to you I want you to repeat after me. Do you understand?

Sam. Yes, I understand, but I don't know what you mean.

Lucy. Now repeat! First, music is a profession.

Sam. First music, is a condemnation, (*aside*) an' dat's what's de matter!

Lucy. And to be proficient one must be—

Sam. On a cheer; dat's me!

Lucy. (*stamps her foot*) Silence, sir! Repeat after me. And to be proficient one must be a hard student.

Sam. An' one ter be propped sufficient must be imprudent.

Lucy. (*starts, listens; aside*) Some one is coming; it must be the professor! (*aloud*) I'll be gone but a minute. (*exit L.*)

Sam. Yes, an' I'll be gone in 'bout two minutes. Say—say—

Enter, PROFESSOR, R., rubbing his hands.

Sharp. Well, well, everything is working favorably.

(*sits and looks at music*)

Sam. Golly, but dat gal's got hoarse since she went out! She ought to be more keerful 'bout cotchin' cold dat way. But I aint tendin' ter business. (*business*)

Sharp. I feel encouraged. Even the sun seems to shine brighter than usual.

Sam. I feels discouraged even de sun beams to shine brighter under a bushel.

Sharp. (*discovers him; astonished*) What's the meaning of this?

Sam. What's de meanin' ob dis?

Sharp. Here, sir, I'll learn you to come into a gentleman's room in this manner!

(*throws him off chair; draws back to strike him*)

Enter, LUCY, L., catches PROFESSOR by the arm, and leads him, R.

Lucy. Professor Sharp, don't be hard on the poor darkey; he is not to blame.

Sam. No, but I'll be blamed if I understand dis business. Dar's a tangle somewhere!

Sharp. Not to blame! How's that?

Lucy. He came to see you, and finding no one present but myself, he naturally mistook me for the person he was looking for, and in order to enliven a dull hour, I did not rectify his mistake. (*goes to piano and sits*)

Sharp. Ah, I see! (*looks at SAM*) My colored friend, it seems you made a slight mistake.

Sam. Yes, it looks dat way, (*aside*) but I'll git even wid dat gal or my name aint "Flat!"

Sharp. Will you inform me of the object of your visit?

Sam. (*business*) Well, sah, you see I come down—dat is, I come down—an' as I is down, I'll git down—to business without any circumlotion or circumnavigation et cetra—etc., or—

Sharp. Nonsense!

Sam. I 'spects dat's it; but as I said before, I wishes to see, an' as I've never been to sea, I see dat it was high time to see, an' I neber see—

Sharp. An idiot that's broken out of some insane asylum!

Sam. No, you're off dar! I broke out ob a smoke house!

Sharp. Who are you, and what do you want? Speak! before I eject you from the premises! (*threatens him*)

Sam. I heard dat you was gittin' up a concert company, and wanted some good heavy men, so I come down.

Sharp. Oh, pshaw! I want none but men of note.

Sam. Dat's me! I'se got em right here!

(*goes to grip and takes out sheet music*)

Sharp. I'll put up with this foolishness no longer! Speak, sir! who are you?

Sam. (*handing SHARP music*) You play dat, an' I'll tole you.

Introduce song; LUCY plays accompaniment; at close SAM bows himself off stage, R.

Sharp. (*to LUCY*) That was well rendered; he wouldn't be a bad addition to my troupe. But I'll question him. (*turns to speak to him; runs R. and L. comes back astonished*) He's gone! what an eccentric genius. (*discovers grip*) He's left his baggage and will probably return soon. (*looks in grip, discovers cornet*) What have we here? (*LUCY runs to see*) There's some mystery here!

Lucy. And, Professor, I also noticed something before you came in; he is well dressed, but has a ragged coat on over his other clothes, and wears a ragged hat. There is some trick being played on you.

Sharp. We'll find him out before we're done with him. He'll be back after his baggage. In the mean time, my dear Miss Lucy, I would like to have you play this Sonatti with me.

Introduce Sonatti; at the close LUCY leaves piano, goes to table. PROFESSOR goes to piano and turns over music.

Sharp. There is a fine Serio Comic song, (*give name*) I would like to hear you sing.

Lucy. I shall be happy to accomodate you.

PROFESSOR plays prelude; LUCY takes stage and sings; at close, exit L.

Sharp. (*walking back and forth across stage*) What a pleasant creature she is! She will make some man a good wife. If my son Charles could only have seen her before we had our trouble. How happy we might be now, but he must go and fall in love with a laboring man's daughter, and want to marry against my wishes. I refused my consent, and Charles, although he would not marry against my wishes, left the country and I have never been able to get any trace of him. Well, we all have to live and learn. If I had my life to live over, I would live it differently. Since that time I have learned that a girl may be of poor and humble origin, and yet be a lady. But this is a world of changes. Who would for a moment think that the once proud and haughty Francis LeGrand, who less than six months ago, would scarcely condescend to speak to one of the laboring class, was today an humble teacher of music. It was lucky for me that I had my musical talent to fall back on, else when the financial crash came, and I lost my all, I should have been stranded on the rock of starvation.

(takes guitar, seats himself, plays a few notes

Enter, LUCY, L., as MISS SCALE.

Miss S. Ahem! I don't wish to interrupt you——

Sharp. (*starts, looks around, jumps up, offers MISS SCALE a chair*) Not at all!

Miss S. I wish to see Professor Sharp.

Sharp. That is my name.

Miss S. Ah! excuse me! I came in answer to your advertisement. There are some recommendations from my last place.

(gives him papers

Sharp. (*examining papers*) I see! You are a soprano singer. I can soon tell whether you will suit me or not.

(introduce song

Sharp. Your singing pleases me, and I will just step down to the telephone and investigate your references. You will please excuse me a minute.

Miss S. Thank you; investigate at your leisure, and I will call on you again to-morrow.

Sharp. Very well! (MISS SCALE bows herself out)

Enter, SAM.

Sam. Say, I jess seed de mos' fun down de street!

(*laughs*)

Sharp. What happened?

Sam. Why, dar was two men havin' a dispute 'bout somefin', an' dey kep' a talkin' louder an' louder, an' right across de street was two policemen a watchin' dem. An' purty soon de two men begin ter fight, an' den yer ought ter hab seed dem run.

Sharp. What, the men?

Sam. No, de policemen! dey run down de alley out ob sight, an' stayed there. An' one ob de men pounded de odder one all ter pieces, an' den run down de street, an' got away. Jess at dat time dem two policemen come a shootin' out ob dat alley, an' rushed across the street, an' gobbled onto dat poor fellow what had jess got whipped an' rested him, an' took him ober in de alley, an' I followed along behin' jess ter see where dey was gwine wid him, an' jess as I turned de corner, de prisoner up an' shot bof ob dem policemen.

Sharp. What! with a pistol?

Sam. No, wid a haf pint bottle!

Sharp. You rascal!

Starts towards SAM, who laughs, and runs off, L.; exit PROFESSOR SHARP, R.

Enter, LUCY, R. front; comes forward with letter in her hand.

Lucy. What creatures women are! A few minutes ago, I was one of the most miserable creatures in existence, and now (*holding up letter*) I am one of the happiest. Charles is coming back! He writes me that he lost all trace of his father since his failure, and believes he is dead, or has emigrated to some foreign country, and Charles is (*clasping letter to her bosom*) coming back to me. (*looks at letter*) And he will be here to-day!

I must make haste and write him a note, telling him where to find me. (*exit R.*)

Enter, SAM, L.

Sam. Dar don't seem ter be anybody heah, but dat don't make any difference. I'se got ter fix up some plan ter git eben wid dat gal, fo' dat trick she played on me. Nebber was sold so in all my life! Now, le's see——

Enter, PROFESSOR SHARP, R.

Sharp. (*discovering him*) Ah, you're back, are you?

Sam. No, dar aint nuffin' de matter wid my back!

Sharp. I mean, you have returned!

Sam. Ya'as! (*in tragic tones*) Now kill the fatted calf!

Sharp. By the way, let me examine your lips, if you please; they have rather a peculiar appearance.

Sam. (*shows lips*) Dar's nuffin' 'culiar 'bout dem fellahs!

Sharp. (*examining*) Ah, just as I thought! My friend, you're a cornetist.

Sam. How do yer know dat?

Sharp. By your mouth.

Sam. (*aside*) Dar it is again! Dat mouf ob mine always does gib me away. (*sees cornet in grip*) Eh! I see! de ole coon's dropped ter de racket, an' he's playin' me. (*aloud*) Dat's one on me, Professor! I jess thought I would come in an' play de greeny on you, an' let yer see what I could do in de way ob actin', but de ting ain't worked jess as I 'spected. (*takes off ragged coat and hat; takes cornet*) Allow me ter introduce myself—de honorable Sam Flat, late ob de Opera House orchestra, at your service.

Sharp. Another surprise!

(introduce cornet solo; exit SAM, L.)

Sharp. (*looks around*) What, gone again! He's a good musician, but a natural curiosity.

Enter, LUCY, R.

Lucy. (*very much affected*) Professor Sharp, while looking for some writing paper, in the desk I found this bunch of letters (*shows letters*) addressed to "Francis LeGrand," and——

Sharp. Give them to me. (*affected*) They are of no consequence, my dear; give them no further thought.

Lucy. But, Professor Sharp, the name of LeGrand is borne by one who is dearer to me than life itself.

Sharp. (*aside*) What means this? (*aloud*) And his name; speak quickly!

Lucy. Charles!

Sharp. My son, my son!

Lucy. And you are——

Sharp. Francis LeGrand, the late millionaire, but who, shorn of his wealth, and deserted by his only son, and his so-called friends, is trying to earn an honest living as an instructor of music; and you——

Lucy. I am Blanche Atwood!

Sharp. Charlie's old sweetheart!

Lucy. Yes, his old and new! I have just received a letter from him, in which he states that he will be in the city to-day, and call on me. The letter was forwarded to me to my present address, and I immediately answered it, and told him where to find me. You separated us once; but Charles writes me that he cannot live without me, and is coming back to marry me, with or without your consent. (*louder*) Yes, sir! we are going to take the matter in our own hands, (*speaking very loud*) and, sir, you can——

PROFESSOR SHARP *shrinks away from her, goes into a spasm; gesticulates, twists himself into all sorts of shapes.* LUCY *stops, looks at him, screams; runs off L.*

Enter, SAM, R., on the run.

Sam. What's de matter in heah? (*sees SHARP*) Hi, golly! what's de matter wid de ole man? Dar's got ter be sumffin' done wid him! (*business*) Say, how long yer been dat way? (*SHARP strikes out with arm; almost hits SAM, who takes stage and spars, etc.; general business*) When it comes ter dat, I'm your man! Where'll you hab it? (*stops; looks at him*) Dar's sumffin' wrong wid him. If he was well, he wouldn't ac' dat way. I belebe I'd better git him sumfin ter take. (*runs off, R.*

SHARP *slowly recovers; sits up; looks around.*

Sharp. What means this——where am I——Oh, I remember—I was talking to Lucy about Charles. (*jumps up quickly*) I must see Charles at once! I shall never rest easy a minute until he forgives me for the misery I have caused him.

Enter, LUCY, L.

Lucy. What! recovered already? I was nearly frightened to death, and have sent post haste for a doctor!

Sharp. Never mind the doctor! I have something to say to you, miss. (*walks close to her; raises his hand*) I shall never forgive you and my son Charles—(*LUCY screams and almost faints*) until I see you married.

Lucy. Oh, (*goes to him, takes both hands*) Professor Sharp—I mean Mr. LeGrand, do you really mean that?

Sharp. I certainly do.

Lucy. Then you take that!

(*throws both arms around his neck, and kisses him*)

Enter, SAM, R.

Lucy. And that! (*kisses him again*)

Sam. (*running R., front*) Oh, de Lawd! I wish somebody would do me dat way!

LUCY and SHARP start back; SHARP threatens SAM, who runs off, L.

Sharp. The impudent rascal!

Lucy. Mr. LeGrande, like myself a few short minutes have made a great change in your feelings. We are beginning to see——

Enter, SAM, L.

Lucy. The silver lining in the dark cloud that has just passed us.

Sam. (*aside*) Dat mus' hab been me!

Sharp. You black rascal, leave the room!

Sam. Ya'as, sah! (*exit R.*)

Lucy. Now, Professor, in order to while away the time until the one comes that we are both waiting for so impatiently, let us have some music.

(*introduce violin solo, or singing*)

Enter, SAM, R.

Sharp. (*discovering him*) Sam, in order to assist us in passing a dull hour, and to let me see what you can do, please favor us with a song and dance.

Sam. I'm at you're service, sah!

(*introduce song and dance; exit LUCY, L.*)

Sharp. Sam, recent changes in the situation, makes it somewhat doubtful whether or not I shall take the road, with my concert company. Still I may; if I do, I want you and until I know, you can stay here and make yourself at home.

Sam. All right, sah! (*exit SHARP, R.*) I'se got ter git even wid dat gal, if it takes all summer, fo' dat joke she played on me. I don't jess know what's ter be done, but I'll figur. it out, an' don't yer forgit it! Yer see——

Enter, LUCY, in evening dress, L.

Sam. De Lawd! who's dat? (*runs R.; LUCY crosses to piano*) I'spec's dis niggah's got no business in here.

(*starts off*)

Lucy. Sam, come here! I wish to speak to you.

Sam. (*astonished*) Am dat you? If I hadn't seed yer, I wouldn't hab knowed yer. When did yer git dem clothes?

Lucy. Sam, I'm expecting company, and I want you to attend the door, and if any one comes, show them up. If you will, I shall consider it a favor.

Sam. (*aside*) If she keeps a talkin' like dat an' lookin' at me wid dem eyes ob her's, I would jump off de top of Mount Etna-survious, if she told me ter. (*aloud*) I'll attend de doah wid de greatest pleasure. [*exit R.*]

Lucy. How long the minutes seem when one is waiting. An hour is an age, but there is an end to all things Charles will soon be here, and from this on life, shall pass as a pleasant dream.

Enter, SAM, hurriedly, R.

Sam. (*excited*) Say, dar was de funniest thing hap-pened out dar jess now yer eber seed!

Lucy. What was it? Speak, quick!

Sam. Why, de ole professor had anodder one ob dem spells, an' while I was a workin' wid him, tryin' ter bring him to, dar was a man come in an' helped me, an' when de ole man begin ter git a little better, we laid him on de lounge, an' den de man axed me ter show him where yer was, so I bringed him up, an'——

Lucy. Oh, it must be Charles!

(*almost faints; staggers to extreme L.; SAM C., back*)

Enter, CHARLES, R.

Lucy. Oh, Charles!

As they meet to embrace, SAM steps in between them, and she embraces him instead; sees her mistake, starts back.

Sam. (laughs) Dar, I guess I'se eben wid yer now!

SAM starts forward; CHARLES gives him a push which sends him sprawling, L. front; LUCY throws herself into CHARLES arms. Picture.

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—To make an affective ending the last two pages must be played very fast.

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| FARCES CONTINUED. | | | | | | | |
| 72 | Deuce is in Him..... | 5 | 1 | 23 | Thirty-three Next Birthday.. | 4 | 2 |
| 19 | Did I Dream it..... | 4 | 3 | 142 | Tit for Tat..... | 2 | 1 |
| 42 | Domestic Felicity..... | 1 | 1 | 213 | Vermont Wool Dealer..... | 5 | 3 |
| 188 | Dutch Prize Fighter..... | 3 | 0 | 151 | Wanted a Husband..... | 2 | 1 |
| 220 | D.atchy vs. Nigger..... | 3 | 0 | 5 | When Women Weep..... | 3 | 2 |
| 148 | Eh? What Did You Say..... | 3 | 1 | 56 | Wooing Under Difficulties..... | 5 | 3 |
| 218 | Everybody Astonished..... | 4 | 0 | 70 | Which will he Marry..... | 2 | 8 |
| 224 | Fooling with the Wrong Man | 2 | 1 | 135 | Widower's Trials..... | 4 | 5 |
| 233 | Freezing a Mother-in-Law.. | 2 | 1 | 147 | Waking Him Up..... | 1 | 2 |
| 154 | Fun in a Post Office..... | 4 | 2 | 155 | Why they Joined the Re- | | |
| 184 | Family Discipline..... | 0 | 1 | | becca..... | 0 | 4 |
| 209 | Goose with the Golden Eggs.. | 5 | 3 | 111 | Yankee Duelist..... | 3 | 1 |
| 13 | Give Me My Wife..... | 3 | 3 | 157 | Yankee Peddler..... | 7 | 3 |
| 66 | Hans, the Dutch J. P. | 3 | 1 | ETHIOPIAN FARCES. | | | |
| 116 | Hash..... | 4 | 2 | 204 | Academy of Stars..... | 6 | 0 |
| 120 | H. M. S. Plum..... | 1 | 1 | 15 | An Unhappy Pair..... | 1 | 1 |
| 103 | How Sister Paxey got her | | | 172 | Black Shoemaker..... | 4 | 2 |
| | Child Baptiz d..... | 2 | 1 | 98 | Black Statue..... | 4 | 2 |
| 50 | How She has Own Way..... | 1 | 3 | 222 | Colored Senators..... | 3 | 0 |
| 140 | How He Popped the Quest'n. | 1 | 1 | 214 | Chops..... | 3 | 0 |
| 74 | How to Tame M-in-Law..... | 4 | 2 | 145 | Cuff's Luck..... | 2 | 1 |
| 35 | How Stout Your Getting..... | 5 | 2 | 190 | Crimps Trip..... | 5 | 0 |
| 47 | In the Wrong Box..... | 3 | 0 | 27 | Fetter Lane to Gravesend.... | 2 | 0 |
| 95 | In the Wrong Clothes..... | 5 | 3 | 230 | Hamlet the Dainty..... | 6 | 1 |
| 11 | John Smith..... | 5 | 3 | 153 | Haunted House..... | 2 | 0 |
| 99 | Jumbo Jun..... | 4 | 3 | 24 | Handy Andy..... | 2 | 0 |
| 82 | Killing Time..... | 1 | 1 | 235 | Hypochondriac The..... | 2 | 0 |
| 182 | Kittie's Wedding Cake..... | 1 | 3 | 77 | Joe's Vis it..... | 2 | 1 |
| 127 | Lick Skillet Wedding..... | 2 | 2 | 88 | Mischievous Nigger..... | 4 | 2 |
| 228 | Lunderbach's Little Surprise | 3 | 0 | 128 | Musical Darkey..... | 2 | 0 |
| 106 | Lodgings for Two..... | 3 | 0 | 90 | No Cure No Pay..... | 3 | 1 |
| 139 | Matrimonial Bliss..... | 1 | 1 | 61 | Not as Deaf as He Seems.... | 3 | 0 |
| 231 | Match for a Mother-in-Law.. | 2 | 2 | 234 | Old Dad's Cabin..... | 2 | 1 |
| 235 | More Blunders than one..... | 4 | 3 | 150 | Old Pompey..... | 1 | 1 |
| 69 | Mother's Fool..... | 6 | 1 | 109 | Other People's Children..... | 3 | 2 |
| 1 | Mr. and Mrs. Pringle..... | 7 | 4 | 134 | Pomp's Pranks..... | 2 | 0 |
| 158 | Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt.... | 1 | 1 | 177 | Quarrel-some Servants..... | 3 | 0 |
| 23 | My Heart's in Highlands.... | 4 | 3 | 96 | Rooms to Let..... | 5 | 0 |
| 208 | My Precious Betsy..... | 4 | 4 | 107 | School..... | 2 | 1 |
| 212 | My Turn Next..... | 4 | 3 | 133 | Seeing Bosting..... | 3 | 0 |
| 32 | My Wife's Relations..... | 4 | 4 | 179 | Sham Doctor..... | 3 | 3 |
| 186 | My Day and Now-a-Days..... | 0 | 1 | 94 | 15,000 Years Ago..... | 3 | 0 |
| 44 | Obedience..... | 1 | 2 | 25 | Sport with a Sportsman..... | 2 | 0 |
| 33 | On the Sly..... | 3 | 2 | 92 | Stage Struck Darkey..... | 2 | 1 |
| 57 | Paddy Miles' Boy..... | 5 | 2 | 10 | Stocks Up, Stocks Down.... | 2 | 0 |
| 217 | Patent Washing Machine.... | 4 | 1 | 64 | That Boy Sam..... | 3 | 1 |
| 165 | Persecuted Dutchman..... | 6 | 3 | 122 | The Select School..... | 5 | 0 |
| 195 | Poor Pilicody..... | 2 | 3 | 118 | The Popeorn Man..... | 3 | 1 |
| 159 | Quiet Family..... | 4 | 4 | 6 | The Studio..... | 3 | 0 |
| 171 | Rough Diamond..... | 4 | 3 | 108 | Those Awful Boys..... | 5 | 0 |
| 180 | Ripples..... | 2 | 0 | 4 | Twain's Dodging..... | 3 | 1 |
| 48 | Schmapps..... | 1 | 1 | 197 | Tricks..... | 5 | 2 |
| 138 | Sewing Circle of P riod..... | 0 | 5 | 198 | Uncle Jeff..... | 5 | 2 |
| 115 | S. H. A. M. Pinafore..... | 3 | 3 | 170 | U. S. Mail..... | 2 | 2 |
| 55 | Somebody's Nobody..... | 3 | 2 | 216 | Vice Versa..... | 3 | 1 |
| 232 | Stage Struck Yankee..... | 4 | 2 | 206 | Villkens and Dinah..... | 4 | 1 |
| 137 | Taking the Census..... | 1 | 1 | 210 | Virginia Mui mah..... | 6 | 1 |
| 40 | That Mysterious B'dle..... | 2 | 2 | 203 | Who Stole the Chickens.... | 1 | 1 |
| 38 | The Bewitched Closet..... | 5 | 2 | 205 | William Tell..... | 4 | 0 |
| 131 | The Cigarette..... | 4 | 2 | 156 | Wig-Maker and His Servants | 3 | 0 |
| 101 | The Coming Man..... | 3 | 1 | GUIDE BOOKS. | | | |
| 167 | Turn Him Out..... | 3 | 2 | 17 | Hints on Elocution..... | | |
| 68 | The Sham Professor..... | 4 | 0 | 130 | Hints to Amateurs..... | | |
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