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No. 336.

↔ The ↔
Squire's ✦ Daughter.

(DRAMA.)

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↔ THE ↔
Squire's Daughter

A COMEDY DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS,

— BY —

Will L. Walker.

— O —

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

34
A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

— O —

Entered according to act Congress in the year of 1894, by
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— CLYDE, OHIO: —
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THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE HAWKINS.....	Member of Congress.
JOSIAH BROWN.....	From the country.
ALBERT READE.....	Not beyond redemption.
FRED DUDLEY.....	A lawyer.
FRANCOIS.....	A descendant from Napoleon.
MRS. HAWKINS.....	The head of the family.
STELLA BROWN.....	Able to take care of herself.
LILLA HAWKINS.....	The Squire's Daughter.

— X —

TIME.—The Present.

— X —

TIME OF PLAYING—2 HOURS.

— X —

COSTUMES.—Modern.

— X —

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Squire Hawkins—Lilla asleep—Arrival of Mr. Dudley—The rude awakening and apology—Mr. Dudley meets the Squire—Arrival of Stella Brown—Mr. Reade and Stella—Squire Hawkins delivers his speech before Francois—"I wish he would try someone else first"—The insult to Mr. Dudley—"He is in my way"—"I must win Lilla's fortune"—Arrival of Mr. Brown—Francois mistakes him for a tramp—"He's too sassy"—Reade tells Lilla that Dudley has a wife—How Sam Smith shot the mule—Stella discovers Reade's design on Stella—"You are a cowardly roltroon"—Timely arrival of Dudley and Lilla—A shot from Lilla's pistol saves Dudley's life—"Curse you, you have shot me."

ACT II.—Stella and Lilla—He must prove his innocence—Arrival of Dudley—A cool reception—"Did you kiss her when you left, and have they got the measles?"—A misunderstanding—Mr. Brown and the Squire attend a temperance meeting—Reade's escape from the asylum, where he was taken a maniac, after the attempted murder—Lilla in danger—Arrival of Dudley, who mesmerizes Reade and saves the life of Lilla—The proposal—"I have no wife"—Accepted—Return of Mr. Brown and the Squire slightly intoxicated—A game of base ball with a package of dynamite—The Squire explains to Mrs. Hawkins the effect of too much cold water after his speech.

ACT III.—Home of Mr. Brown—Stella and her father—Squire Hawkins and family, with Mr. Dudley, visit Mr. Brown—"God darn it, I'm awfull glad to see ye all"—The Squire exposes his ignorance of farm life—Dudley kisses Stella by mistake—Lilla an observer—"A mistake, I assure you"—"Don't you ever kiss another girl except me"—The Squire airs his views on agriculture, to the amusement and disgust of Mr. Brown and Mrs. Hawkins—"James, you are a fool"—Squire can't get the best of her, but he can't rest until the quarrel is made up—The reconciliation, in which the Squire won't speak first—Reade recovers his reason—"Lilla lost to me"—A happy ending—The betrothal of Stella and Charley, Dudley and the Squire's Daughter.

— X —

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Let'ters for Francois; portrait on wing, R.; bell outside; notes for Squire's speech; book of engravings on table, L.; fan for Lilla; loaded revolver for Brown; revolver and card for Reade.

ACT II.—Checkerboard on table, R.; newspaper on table, L.; book for Lilla package of explosive for Reade.

ACT III.—Bread, butter, apple sauce, sugar, milk, dishes to set table for six; tea pot for Stella; plants on table, L.: high backed old fashioned rocker.

— X —

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E.; [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R. R. C. C. L. C. F.

*. The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

The Squire's Daughter.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Handsome parlor in SQUIRE HAWKINS house—table L., just back of first wing—big easy chair R. of table, having high back and no arms—books on table—small stand R., against flat—sofa R. C., chair L. back—draperies C. D.—placque, banners, etc—portrait R., on wing—LILLA discovered in easy chair, L., asleep and out of sight of C. D.

Enter, FRANCOIS, C. D., with letters—puts them on table, R.

Francois. Nobody here, eh! Faith! it's meself will be axin' the Government for a pension fur me services in carryin' letters from the front door to the table here. Since the Squire has bin elected to Congress, he's had more kowmunications then even me cousin Terry, him that's an alderman in the Fourth Ward; but I suppose—*(bell outside)* Ah! be dad, there goes the bell. *(exit, C. D.)*

Lilla. *(waking up, but still sleepy)* Oh, hum! Some one has been here. Francois I suppose. O! dear, my last night's dissipation has robbed me of my rest. I wonder where father is; I must tel him how Albert Reade annoys me with his attentions. It's a disagreeable subject and I would rather finish my nap, and I guess I will while—I—am—waiting—*(yawns)*—foi—father—*(sleeps)*

Enter, FRANCOIS and FRED DUDLEY, C. D.

Fan. Steph roight in sir! Shure there's no one here at all—at all. Sit down, sir! the Squire will soon be here. *(exit, C. D.)*

Dudley. Thank you, I will wait. I know the Squire will be glad to see me, as he needs my assistance about his business. By the way, I am just a trifle curious to see the Squire's daughter. Ah! but that is indeed a fine portrait. *(gazes on portrait on wing, R.)* She is beautiful; it would not be very hard to fall in love with her, but pshaw! she is far above a poor lawyer like me. Let me step back a bit and get a better view; distance lends enchantment they say, but in this case it would be more enchanting if she were not so far removed from me. I suppose this is as near as I shall ever come to the fair original.

During speech, DUDLEY has stepped backwards to LILL'S chair, and at end of speech, places hand on back of chair and sits in LILL'S lap, eyes on picture.

Dudley. (jumping up) Thunder!

Lilla. (jumping up) Oh!

Dudley. I—l—er—I most humbly beg your pardon, Miss—

Lilla. (sternly) Well, sir! I think you have occasion too; please explain yourself.

Dudley. The facts of the case are these: The servant showed me in here, assuring me the room was unoccupied. The first object which caught my eye, was your portrait, and while gazing at it, I stepped back from it to get a better view, and mechanically sat down in the first chair I touched without looking. These are the facts.

Lilla. And your business here?

Dudley. I am a lawyer and have been sent here by my firm to adjust certain business matters for the Squire, who I am proud to say, is a personal friend of mine. Fred. Dudley at your service.

(bows)

Lilla. (starts) Mr. Dudley, At'y., indeed, father has mentioned your name and always in terms of highest praise. Indeed, I have learned to respect you for the strength and integrity of character, which father has so often told me of.

Dudley. Mercy! I pray you, I only ask to be forgiven.

Lilla. Well, I don't know; are you sure it was my picture you were looking at?

Dudley. Quite sure.

*Lilla. Then, sir! you are forgiven. Ha! ha! ha! I suppose I fell asleep and am in part to blame; but excuse me please, papa will soon be here. *(goes to C. D. and turns—DUDLEY down R.—aside)* I don't think I will say anything to father about Albert Reade, because—*

(exit, C. D.)

Dudley. Distance was annihilated that time. So the Squire has been praising me; well I can't say I like it, although it does sound pleasant when repeated by a beautiful young lady. I shall have to get away from here very soon, if I wish to remain heart-whole.

Squire H. (outs.de) Francois! Francois! Where in thunder can he be!

Enter, SQUIRE HAWKINS, C. D.

Ah!

Dudley. Good morning Squire Hawkins.

Sq. H. Why Mr. Dudley, how do you do? I am delighted to see you.

(they shake hands)

Dudley. Thank you, Squire. I have been sent down to assist you in the business affairs you consulted us about.

Sq. H. Exactly. Are you stopping at the hotel?

(takes letters from table, R.)

Dudley. Yes, sir!

Sq. H. Then I beg you will at once take up your quarters here. I will send for your luggage. It will, I hope, be more pleasant for you, and more convenient for us both.

Dudley. But I am afraid—

Sq. H. Not a word sir! not a word. I always have my own way here.

Dudley. Well then, since you think best, I will do so with many thanks for your kind hospitality.

Sq. H. Exactly! Say no more, for it will—

Enter, LILLA, C. D.

Ah! good-morning my dear.

Lilla. Good-morning, papa. (*sees DUDLEY and is confused*)

Sq. H. Lilla, my dear, allow me to introduce my young friend, Mr. Dudley, of whom you have often heard me speak. Mr. Dudley, my daughter Lilla.

Lilla. We have met before, papa.

Sq. H. Eh!

Dudley. Yes, quite accidentally (*aside*) and forcibly.

Sq. H. O! very well. Mr. Dudley will stay with us some time, Lilla, as I have much business to transact with him, you will excuse both now, as we have to go to my private study.

Lilla. Certainly papa. (*exit, SQUIRE H. and DUDLEY, C. D.*) Well, he is very handsome and clever too. (*sighs*) I feel quite interested in him, and then our very romantic meeting! Ha! ha! Ha! I wonder—O! pshaw, how silly I am—let me see, Stella will be here to-day; it is time now. Dear girl, how I long to see her and she has promised to make me a long visit. (*bell rings*) That must be Stella.

Fran. (*outside*) This way, mum.

Enter, FRANCOIS and STELLA, C. D.

Lilla. O! I am so glad to see you. (*they embrace*) Are you tired out by your journey?

Stella. Not a bit, dear. Just let me remove my things and I shall be quite comfortable and at home.

(*removes them, FRANCOIS takes them off R. U. E.*)

Lilla. Of course dear. Now, how are all the folks at home, and why did not your father come with you? We should have been so glad to see him.

(*both sit R. and L.*)

Stella. I couldn't persuade him to come with me. He is so much of a farmer and a homebody, he hates to go away from home; but he has promised to come later on and carry me back.

Lilla. Well, I'm glad we are to see him. He was so kind to me when I was visiting you, that I love him dearly.

Enter, READE, C. D.

Reade. And whom, might I enquire, is the fortunate individual who possesses your love? (*STELLA has back to him, she starts*)

Lilla. (*colly*) No one you would be interested in, I think.

Reade. Beg pardon, no offense. Perhaps your friend will enlighten me, will you not, Miss—er—

(*all rise and face*)

Lilla. Miss Stella Brown, Mr. Reade.

(*READE and STELLA both start—are confused*)

Reade. I am delighted to meet you, Miss Brown. You are a stranger in this section?

Stella. Yes, I am visiting my old friend, Lilla.

Reade. That is most fortunate. I own the adjoining estate, and take the liberty of an old friend and neighbor to call in quite often.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

[trust we shall have pleasant times. Eh! Miss Lilla?

Lilla. (*coldly*) O! certainly, I hope so.

Enter, FRANCOIS, C. D.

Fran. Av yer plaze, Miss Lilla, yer mother would be after seein' yer in her room. *(exit, C. D.*

Lilla. Very well. Excuse me please. Mr. Reade, I will leave you to the tender mercies of Stella. *(exit, C. D.*

Reade. Stella, I did not expect to see you here.

Stella. Nor did I think to find you here.

Reade. It is surely fate. And now Stella, I am happy indeed to renew our pleasant acquaintance of last summer. Perhaps I may now find favor in your eyes.

Stella. (*looking down*) Perhaps.

Reade. I am content for the present then; shall we walk in the garden, Stella?

Stella. With pleasure. *(exit, both, C. D.*

Enter, FRANCOIS, L., I E.

Fran. O! ho! a foin pair of turtle doves.

(goes to C. and looks out

Enter, SQUIRE HAWKINS, L., I E.

Sq. H. Ahem! (*FRANCOIS jumps and comes down R.*) Francois, attention! I have here a speech, which I shall deliver at the next session. Now I wish to rehearse it here, and you must give me your undivided attention, as I shall consider you the audience, *pro tem.*

Fran. (*aside*) Faith, I wish he would try it on the dog first. *(stands erect*
(aloud) Yis sir!

Sq. H. Exactly. Ahem! "The subject which to-day, I submit to this August body—

Fran. Shure it's July?

Sq. H. Is one which should interest every true son of America. Ahem! (*looks at FRANCOIS*) and Ireland—"

Fran. Erin go braugh!

Sq. H. Shut up! What do you mean, sir! by your silly ejaculations.

Fran. Shure sor! I've no silly relations, except one, and he's in Congress. (*aside*) Blacking boots.

Sq. H. Silence sir!

Fran. I'm dumb.

Sq. H. To continue: "We all respect and love the ladies—particularly the pretty ones—and would do all in our power for them. But do we like to see woman's ambition made manifest by finding her at the ballot box, by aspiring to administrative power? No!

(FRANCOIS jumps

Enter, MRS. HAWKINS, C. D., unseen by the SQUIRE—FRANCOIS sees her and makes violent efforts to attract the SQUIRE'S notice

We would protect them; they are the weaker sex, and it becomes our noble duty to defend them with our strong manly arms."

Fran. (*schuffle*) Ahem! ahem!

Sq. H. (*to FRANCOIS*) Stop your blamed noise! "It is a duty which we accept! I say accept!"

Fran. Yer said that before.

Sq. H. (*to FRANCOIS*) Will you be quiet, sir? "Therefore I am an enemy of Woman's Rights, so-called, as opposed to the power of man, because she is not a recognized power and cannot coerce the man she would govern!"

Mrs. H. (*advances, takes SQUIRE by the ear—FRANCOIS delighted*) Come James.

Sq. H. (*meekly*) Certainly, my dear! (*exit, both, C. D.*)

Fran. That's what the Squire calls the opposing argument! O! ho! Tra, la, la, la! (*dances off C. and runs into DUDLEY, who enters*)

Enter, DUDLEY, C. D.

Dudley. What the deuce—

Fran. Beg pardon, sor! didn't mean to interrupt the law.

(*exit, C. D.*)

Dudley. The impudent scamp!

(*goes R.*)

Enter, LILLA, L., 1 E.—READE and STELLA, C. D.

Lilla. Ah! Stella, have you and Mr. Reade had a pleasant walk?

Stella. Very pleasant.

Reade. Delightful!

Lilla. Stella, let me present Mr. Dudley. Mr. Dudley, Miss Brown; Mr. Reade, *my friend*, Mr. Dudley. Mr. Dudley is staying with us a while, on business with papa. (*DUDLEY and STELLA acknowledge—DUDLEY presents his hand to READE, who purposely refuses it—DUDLEY starts back and clinches fist at the insult*) Mr. Dudley, I want your opinion on some engravings, please.

Dudley. Certainly, with pleasure, Miss Lilla.

(*both sit back at table*)

Reade. (*READE and STELLA sit front*) You are not tired, I hope.

Stella. O no! indeed, I enjoyed my walk so very much that, I mean—

(*confused*)

Reade. But not more than I. Stella, forgive me, but may I not now hope that you will return my love. Last summer you would not give me an answer, but now have you nothing to say to me?

Stella. What would you have me say?

Reade. That you love me!

Stella. I cannot say that now. Go and give me time to think. A woman does not always know her own heart.

Reade. Very well. I am content, and will go, trusting that fortune will be kind to me. Good-bye.

Stella. Good-bye.

(*DUDLEY goes over to table*)

Reade. Good morning Miss Stella, good morning Mr. er—er—Dudley, yes.

(*exit, C. D.—DUDLEY springs to his feet, but says nothing*)

Lilla. Stella dear, won't you join us?

Stella. No, thank you. I feel tired and fear a headache, so I will go to my room a little while.

Lilla. That is too bad; but I hope you will soon feel better.

(*exit, STELLA, C. D.*)

Dudley. (*sits*) The engravings are very fine, Miss Lilla.

Lilla. Yes, very. Do you know Mr. Dudley, confidentially, I fear Stella is falling in love with that Mr. Reade. They seem very well acquainted for so short a time.

Dudley. With that Mr. Reade! Well, what a pity that girls will fall in love, isn't it?

Lilla. (*demurely*) I suppose men never do—do they?

Dudley. (*quickly*) Yes they do, and being a man I, I er—

Lilla. Well, what?

Dudley. I feel sorry for them.

Lilla. O! sorry for who! The men?

Dudley. Yes. For many a man can never possess the fair woman he loves, by reason of difference in wealth, social position, etc., and often in despair, mates with one he does not love and ends in misery.

Lilla. But lack of success is often due to faint heart, which you know "ne'er won fair lady."

Dudley. True, 'tis as you say. But what of that Mr. Reade, which causes you to fear Stella has fallen in love with him.

Lilla. Well you see; although I dislike to speak ill of a neighbor, I must say I distrust him. He is, I believe rich, but dissipated. I have an instinctive dislike to him. Do not, I beg of you, think ill of me for speaking so confidentially to you, a comparative stranger.

Dudley. No indeed, Miss Lilla, far be it from my mind to harbor such a thought. I am a sort of helper and counselor to your father at present, and you can regard me as the traditional family adviser about sixty years old. Ha! ha!

Lilla. Regard you as sixty years old! Well, I'll try, ha! ha! ha! But Mr. Dudley, you must have noticed, that for some reason or other, Mr. Reade did not treat you as one gentleman should another.

Dudley. Yes I did, but for the presence of ladies, he would have had occasion to repent of his insolence.

Lilla. Can you assign any reason for his enmity?

Dudley. None whatever. Can you?

Lilla. I? Well yes, perhaps I can.

Dudley. Will you kindly do so?

Lilla. O! do not ask me, Mr. Dudley, I cannot really.

Dudley. Eh! Cannot? Well, I shall know some day I suppose, when our villain stabs me in the back, whispers in my ear his object and gloatingly watches me die; then—

Lilla. O! please don't conjure up such horrid pictures, I can't bear them. (*drops fan, both stoop to pick it up—bump heads, both take it and drop it, then DUDLEY picks it up and hands it to her.*) Thank you.

Enter, FRANCOIS, C. D., followed by SQUIRE.

Sq. H. Francois, you concentrated essence of stupidity, why did you show those three tramps into my study, saying they were some of, of my political constituents?

Fran. Indeed thin, how was I to know? They were old enough to vote any way. (*exit, R. U. E.*)

Sq. H. Bah! nothing but beggars, who will spend the money I give them for whiskey, no doubt.

Lilla. (*takes his arm*) O! papa, you dear old bear; you are kind to everyone, and can never refuse aid.

Sq. H. No! I ain't kind either, don't I know? I'm cross and ugly—

Enter, MRS. HAWKINS and STELLA, C. D.

But exceedingly quiet at home! Mrs. Hawkins sit down, and Stella, my dear, make yourself comfortable. You see, Lilla, your mother and I met Stella in the garden, which was a surprise to us, as we did not know she had come.

(all sit but SQUIRE)

Mrs. H. James, did you do my little errand yesterday.

Sq. H. (aside) Now what the deuce have I forgotten? She says I always forget. O! yes! I know; that drapery. Well, I brought that home all right, thank the Lord.

Mrs. H. James, do you hear?

Sq. H. Eh! my dear, I did not quite understand.

Enter, FRANCOIS, C. D.

Fran. Av yer plazz, a gentleman to see the Squire. Will detain yer only a short time.

(exit, C. D.)

Sq. H. Ah! yes, excuse me a moment, please.

(exit, C. D.)

Mrs. H. Lilla, I asked your father yesterday, to call at the Employment Agency and engage a girl for the kitchen, as we really need another. I presume he has forgotten as usual.

Lilla. Papa is always so busy, that he is certainly excusable, if he has.

Mrs. H. But I told him very particularly, and I think that was the only errand.

Enter, SQUIRE, C. D.

Sq. H. The gentleman called in reference to a big political meeting soon to be held, at which I am to speak on temperance.

Mrs. H. Well James?

Sq. H. Well, my dear?

Mrs. H. My errand?

Sq. H. (aside) O! the drapery. *(aloud)* Yes my dear, your errand I performed to the best of my masculine ability. They said, that they guessed they could suit me. I told them I wanted something very nice looking, which would be an ornament to the house; as I was more particular about that than my wife, and—

Mrs. H. James!

Sq. H. (cheerfully) They gave me something very stylish and I was quite delighted, so taking it on my arm, I came home.

Mrs. H. (gasping) Oh! where did you leave—

Sq. H. Leave? O! on the hall table, I think.

Mrs. H. James, are you crazy?

Sq. H. Eh! Am I crazy? Well Madam, I can proudly say I am not.

Mrs. H. The idea of a man engaging a young, nice looking, stylish, ornamental girl for the kitchen, is bad enough; but to parade around the city with her on your arm, considering you've a wife at home, and then declaring you left her on the hall table, is enough to prove any man crazy.

Sq. H. Eh! my dear! my dear! girl what! yes what in thunder do you mean?

Mrs. H. Why I mean the girl you were just telling us you had engaged.

Sq. H. O! Patience on a monument grinning at—at the deuce! I was speaking of the drapery you wanted, which I brought home!

Mrs. H. O! I forgot that. Well, what about the servant I asked you to hire?

Sq. H. (*mocking*) O! I forgot that, my dear, it entirely slipped my mind. Well, better luck next time. Come, Mr. Dudley, I have discovered a new complication in that business of ours, and besides, I see my wife is jealous of our new servant girl. Ha! ha! ha!

(*exit, C. D.*)

Dudley. Excuse me ladies.

(*exit, C.*)

Mrs. H. A very nice young man, that Mr. Dudley. The Squire says, he has no property, but is dependent on his salary, which is a good one, however.

Stella. What if he is poor, "a man's a man for aw that."

Mrs. H. Take care, Stella, you don't fall in love and elope with him.

Lilla. No danger, mother, Stella's eyes look else where.

Mrs. H. We l girls, I'll leave you and go and seek my drapery, or stylish servant, which ever it may be.

(*exit, L. E.*)

Lilla. Ha! ha! papa is such a dear old blunderer. Stella dear, don't you think Mr. Dudley is just the least bit handsome?

Stella. So that is your opinion. Well, no doubt he thinks the same and a good deal more of you.

Lilla. Perhaps he does, but how am I to know, men are so stupid and a girl can't fling herself at a man's head.

(*READE appears at C. and listens*)

Stella. Tell me dear, do you think you would ever care for him?

Lilla. Yes, I do think so, for I consider him a true, honest man; but time will tell. I know that he has some mistaken ideas concerning differences of position, etc. Should he ever care for me, which would be strange, and should I ever care for him, which would not be strange, I would show him the truth as a true woman can do. But I am talking silly; come, let us take a walk.

Stella. With please, dear.

(*exeunt, L. E.*)

Enter, READE, C. D.

Reade. So! 'tis as I thought. She is already beginning to care for this young lawyer. Curse the luck! How will my love making to Lilla prosper? Love! yes love of her money. And so by the way, I must make love to Stella, the simple country girl, so that I may have an excuse to call here and see Lilla. But I must sweep that Dudley from my path, by some means or other. (*looks L.*) Ah! Lilla comes this way alone. I am sure that Stella has told her nothing. Poor fool! Well, here goes for one more chance.

(*goes R.*)

Enter, LILLA, L. E.

Lilla. Where could I have left my hat? Ah! here it is. Why, Mr. Reade, I thought you had gone some time ago.

Reade. No doubt you hoped so; but Lilla, you misjudge me.

Lilla. (*coldly*) Indeed.

Reade. Lilla you know I love and wish you to be mine. And now I see you have a fancy for a beggarly lawyer.

Lilla. Sir! Mr. Dudley is a gentleman, and that is more than you have yet proven yourself to be.

Reade. So! A gentleman is he, to come here and make love with his eyes, if not with his tongue, and yet have a wife at home.

Lilla. A wife!

Reade. Ay! and he neglects her, and that is why I did not treat him as a gentleman. I do not know him personally, but know what I have told you to be a fact, and yet you give me credit for no gentlemanly feelings.

Lilla. If I have misjudged you, forgive me. (*aside*) The wretch!

Reade. And Lilla, will you not give me one word of hope?

Lilla. I have nothing to say to anyone. I want to be alone.

Reade. So be it. But do not leave me out of your thoughts.

(*exit, LILLA, C. D.*)

Reade. Well, for a first-class liar, I think I take the prize. Thanks to my genius. There will be a misunderstanding between Dudley and Lilla, and I will prosper in my suit. As for Stella, I don't care how she takes it. I can break with her and she will be too proud to confide her sorrows to Lilla. Ha! ha! ha! Love! Bah! Money is worth all the love in the world, and I am playing a risky game for that same filthy lucre.

(*exit, C. D.*)

Enter, JOSIAH BROWN, L. E.

Brown. Well, may I be kicked by a spavined calf, but this is the doggondest house I ever was in. Rapped at the back door; nobody there, walked in and found my way in here. I calkerlate this must be the best room.

Enter, FRANCOIS, R. E.

Hello there! what in creation is that. Sho! git eout!

Fran. Sor! Phat do yer want?

Brown. Stella here?

Fran. O! and it's Miss Stella ye want to see? Well thin, she don't rescave tramps!

Brown. (*in a rage*) Tramps! you wall eved heifer you, what do you mean? I ain't no tramp. My name's Brown. Josiah Brown, and I am Stella Brown's father. She here?

Fran. (*aside*) O! holy snakes! (*aloud*) Beg pardon, sor. I will call her at once, take a seat. There, I want after calling yez a tramp, sor; I was only telling yez that she don't rescave tramps, she don't.

Brown. Wall, I didn't suppose she did. (*exit, FRANCOIS, C. D.*) Tramps! If I had that feller to hum, I'd sot him thrashin' wheat, and I guess he would hit the back of his head with the flail about seven times out of six. He's too tarnation sassy, but foreigners allers are.

Enter, STELLA, C. D.

Stella. O! father dear, I am so glad to see you! (*embrace*)

Brown. 'Thar' darter, anyone would think you had'nt seen me for a year

Stella. You must have taken the very next train; I did not expect you for a week yet.

Brown. Are you sure darter, I'll be welcome? If I am't, I'll start my boots tarnation quick.

Stella. Never fear. They are all anxious to see you.

Brown. Wall Stella, they will miss yeou to hum, leastwise one young feller I krow, Charlie Harris.

Stella. O, pshaw! he cares nothing for me I am sure.

Brown. Git out—don't tell me—guess I know.

Stella. Well, he never said so.

Brown. But you never giv' him a chance, you teased him so; but then dearie, it will all come right, I know.

Enter, MRS. HAWKINS and LILLA, C. D.

Lilla. O! Mr. Brown, you dear o'd soul! I'm so glad you have come. *(they shake hands)*

Mrs. H. Mr. Brown, we are delighted to see you. *(they shake hands)*

Brown. Well, that's what I call a hearty welcome. *(all sit)*

Lilla. How is everybody and everything on the dear old farm, and in the sleepy little town?

Brown. O! everything on the farm is about the same. I got a new brindle calf though, and a pair of the all firedest purtiest oxen you ever seed. Was thinking of buyin' a mowin' machine, but you see, Jackson on the next farm got one, and in two months, thirteen men lost an arm, leg, finger or somethin', applied to the government for a pension, and got it for bein' a disabled soldier of the late war. I hed too much respect for my couentry, to hev sech a machine as that around.

Lilla. How dreadful! I think you must have dreamed that, Mr. Brown.

Brown. Haw! haw! haw! Well, maybe I did, but there is somethin' I didn't dream though.

Lilla. What is it?

Brown. About that young Sam Smith, as was dead gone on you. O! I see you remember. Wall, after you left, he looked glum as an owl. Just before I left hum, he borrowed a pistol of me. I noticed he looked more down in the mouth than usual. Here is the pistol, all loaded, but one chamber and that is gone.

Omnes. O! gracious! did he—

Brown. Did he what?

Lilla. Shoot himself.

Brown. No, not much he didn't. He shot an old mule and 'twas the wust shot I ever seed.

Omnes. *(in disgust)* My!

Brown. Yas, he fire l at a squirrel about a yard away, but the shot went too high and killed the mule over the wall. Cost Sam \$20. I brought the revolver along, so none of the folks at hum would go foolin' with it and get shot, 'cause they didn't know 'twas loaded.

Lilla. And what has become of Sam?

Brown. O! he's goin' to marry that cross-eyed gal of Seth Drums, the one that preaches "Woman's Rights."

Lilla. Well I declare, I wish him joy; but you must see papa. I'll call him. *(Exit, C. D.)*

Mrs. H. The Squire is very busy, having just been elected to Congress you know.

Brown. Yes, I know he must have an all-fired lot to do. I know somethin' about it, for I was selectman of our town for six years, and had a little to do. (*goes to table, L., lays revolver on it cocked*)

Stella. Five years' father; but that is decidedly different from being in Congress; I think.

Enter, SQUIRE HAWKINS and LILLA, C. D.

Brown. How'de ye do, Squire. (*shakes*)

Sq. H. My dear, sir! I am indeed delighted to see you here, and I hope you will enjoy yourself as much as I did when visiting at your pleasant home.

Brown. Wall, that's hearty! Seems to me Squire, you ain't lookin' so well as when I seed yeou last.

Sq. H. The fares of the nation, sir! Political duties; they pu'l one down, I tell you. Ahem!

Enter, FRANCOIS, C. D.

Fran. Dinner is waiting.

Mrs. H. Then let us all go. (*exeunt, C. D., but FRANCOIS*)

Fran. Begorra, the idea of me callin' Mr. Brown a tramp. Faith, he's a nice gintleman, and so is Miss Stella and Miss Lilla, bless her purty eyes. O, ho! Oirelands the place for the purty eyes and colleens. Them's the kind for me. It's a bit av a song I'll sing 'o amuse myself. (*Irish song introduced—exit, R. E.*)

Enter, STELLA, C. D.

Stella. I cared not to eat, as I to'd them I had the headache. (*sits in big arm chair, L., out of sight*) This Albert Reade somehow fascinates me now, even as he did when I met him at home. He wished me to say nothing to Lilla of our previous acquaintance. Why? I wonder. Somehow I don't fully trust him, he doe-n't seem honest and sincere like Charley at home. Poor Charley, he loves me. Perhaps, but never mind, Albert Reade wishes me to know him better, and so I will before I decide.

Enter, READE, C. D.

Reade. Ah! the room is vacant; so much the better, as I need a little time for reflection before I see Stella. How shall I break with her. I care less than nothing for her, and I am now pretty sure of winning Lilla and her money, which by the way, is of the most value. If Stella loves me, she will make a confounded scene and bother. If she don't, then all will be easy, as I have made a fool of her all along. As for the very honorable Mr. Dudley, his goose is cooked; the few necessary lies I told Lilla, have fixed him. But enough, I will ell Francois. (*goes to C. and calls*) Francois! Francois! (*STELLA exit, after a glance at him, R. E.*)

Enter, FRANCOIS, C. D.

Fran. Sor!

Reade. Please take my card to Miss Stella. (*exit, FRANCOIS, C. D.*) Now for the struggle, which I don't by any means fancy, but needs must.

Enter, STELLA, C. D.

Stella. Ah! Mr. Reade so soon again?

Reade. Eh! yes, I find I have a rather unpleasant duty to perform and am therefore here. (both sit

Stella. Surely there is nothing unpleasant here, I hope.

Reade. We are all liable to mistakes, think you not, Stella?

Stella. Yes, most assuredly so; in fact, do you know I came very near making the biggest mistake in my life to-day.

Reade. Indeed, is it possible?

Stella. Yes, and the strangest part of it is, that it closely concerns you.

Reade. (aside) Ah! she is going to free me herself—good. (aloud) And what is the mistake?

Stella. (rising) In considering you a gentleman, instead of the coward and poltroon that you are!

Reade. (rising) Furies! Woman, what do you mean?

Stella. This, that I understand your whole game to marry Lilla for her money; that you amused yourself with me for your own interests. Now I say, that I care nothing for you and never did; you fascinated me for a time, but now I see you as you are, a miserable cowardly scoundrel.

Enter, DUDLEY, C. D. and LILLA, L., 1 E.—music quick, but low till curtain down.

Reade. The fiend seize you! Take that for your sharp tongue!

(raises hand to strike STELLA

Dudley. (rushes forward) You refused my hand once, accept it now!

Strikes READE—READE reels to R. corner—STELLA goes L.—DUDLEY turns back on READE and comes toward LILLA at table—READE draws revolver, raises it to fire at DUDLEY'S back—LILLAS'S hand falls on revolver on the table, she grasps it, raises it and fires at READE, who falls—he raises on elbow, stares at LILLA.

Reade. Curse you!

Then drops back—DUDLEY catches LILLA in his arm, half fainting—everybody on at pistol shot.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Same as Act I., checkerboard on table R., newspaper on table, L.

Mrs. H. (knitting) I declare, Mr. Brown, I should be lonesome enough if it wasn't for you. The Squire has gone down town to address a big temperance meeting, and Stella and Lilla are plotting mischief, I presume.

Brown. (R., with book) Wall, thev dew say poor company is better than none, so I suppose I kinder fill in the gap.

Mrs. H. O! don't depreciate yourself in that way. I am sure we shall all miss you so much, when you do feel compelled to return home. But you see, I dislike to be alone at night; since that dreadful night three weeks ago. I have been so nervous, that I see a murderer in every shadowy corner. (BROWN drops book on floor, Mrs. H. jumps and screams) Mercy! what's that?

Brown. O! tarnation! don't be skeart; it's only a book I dropped.

Mrs. H. O! well, I'm glad that's all.

Brown. By the way, Mrs. Hawkins, when is that young Dudley comin' back? He's a likely young feller, and I'll bet it would be hard work for any common man ter cut him out of his swath.

Mrs. H. He went away yesterday on important business for the Squire. We expect him back to-night.

Brown. Glad of it. Guess Lilla will be glad tew; I tell yer what Mrs. Hawkins, those two young people have got to think a good deal of each other. Wall, I shall hev ter git home afore long; got an all fired lot of meadow grass to cut and get in; besides I want to get Stella hum whar' she'll be safe from sech pesky tramps as that ere Reade.

Mrs. H. I fear we have not seen the last of that man, but I hope for the best.

Brown. Do yeon ever play checkers, Mrs. Hawkins?

Mrs. H. Yes indeed, it is my favorite game.

Brown. S'pose we hev a game. I'm reckoned 'bout as good player as there is 'round our parts, although old Hezekiah Wilkins does giv' me a good pull of it sometimes. He's as kinky as a four-year-old colt.

Mrs. H. (get checkerboard, they sit R. and arrange board) I shall be delighted to have a game with so good a player, even if you do beat me.

Enter, LILLA and STELLA, C. D.

Why girls where have you been?

Lilla. Just making a short call, that's all. Have you found an antagonest worthy of your steel?

Mrs. H. No doubt; but we have just commenced to play.

Stella. (who has been reading paper, L.) Oh! Lilla!

Lilla. (goes L.) Why Stella, what is the matter?

Stella. Look! see! in this paper! read!

Lilla. (takes paper and reads aloud) "We are informed that Albert Reade, who was badly injured by a pistol shot in the head, has in a state of delirium, escaped from the hospital, and is now wandering at large, probably crazy." O heaven! he at liberty and crazy! O! I fear him, whether sane or not. I have a horrible presentiment that he will try to harm me. God knows, I had no wish to harm him, but I could not see him murder Fred Dudley. If you could have seen the fierce, terrible expression of hatred and malice in his eyes, as he fixed them on me that night, as he fell, you would not wonder that I fear, as only one can fear, when they are conscious of a nameless and unseen danger ever present.

(sinks into chair and covers face)

Stella. There dear, don't be so nervous; these are not the dark days of the Middle ages, and if they were, you have a brave knight who will soon be here to defend you.

Lilla. (*chiming manner*) Who do you mean?

Stella. Who do I mean! Why, Fred Dudley of course.

Lilla. O! indeed!

Stella. Why, don't you fancy him for a gallant defender?

Lilla. (*spitefully*) No I don't, when he has a wife, and I don't know how many children at home. O! I could scratch her eyes out!

Stella. Why Lilla, you surely don't believe anything that villain Reade told you.

Lilla. Yes I do. He hasn't said anything to the contrary. It's just like a horrid man anyway. But I don't care, (*almost crying*) I don't like him a bit, and he—he—he can be a Mormon if he wants to.

Stella. There dear, I see you don't mean all you say, or believe it either, so don't worry.

Lilla. Well, I'll find out when he returns.

Stella. How?

Lilla. I'll ask him.

Stella. What!

Lilla. Well, I'll give him a good hint anyway; if he is innocent he should be proved so, and if he is guilty—

Stella. Well, what if he is guilty?

Lilla. Then I know she must be homely and ugly and—O! dear, I'm silly and weak, never mind me. When did you hear from home last?

Stella. Yesterday I received a letter from Charley. I shall be so glad to go back and see his handsome honest face made more attractive and dear, by contrast with that wretched man Reade.

Lilla. Yes, Stella, you are right; it is honesty and sincerity we should prize.

Stella. Did you see Mr. Dudley yesterday, before he went.

Lilla. No, he went very early before we were up. Stella, I sometimes think he cares for me, and during the last three weeks, I have learned to love him, and I am not ashamed to own it. When he held me in his arms that eventful night, I was happy and he seemed to be.

Brown. What a darn fool!

Lilla. Sir!

Brown. Why Lilla, I made a most foolish move, and then Mrs. Hawkins beat me easy! Blame it!

Lilla. O! I thought you were refering to something else.

Enter, FRANCOIS, C. D.

Fran. Ahem! Mr Dudley has arrived and will be after payin' his respects prisently.

Mrs. H. Very well, Francois.

Fran. (*aside*) Faith, Miss Lilla, will be in high spirits now, as the man said when he fell into a barrel of eight dollar brandy.

(*exit, C. D.*)

Enter, DUDLEY, C. D.

Dudley. Good evening Mrs. Hawkins; how do you do Mr. Brown,

Brown. How de do young man, I'm mighty glad to see you. Went ye to cum' down ter my place and make a long visit and hev a darn good time. Bring yer wife along if ye got one, if yer haint, w'v'er it one. Ha! ha! ha!

Dudley. (*confused, girls watch him*) My wife! Ah! yes. Thanks, I shall be happy to come.

Mrs. H. Mr. Dudley, I am glad you have returned, and I beg you will now excuse me; the young ladies will entertain you till the Squire returns. (*exit, C. D.*)

Dudley. Certainly.

Brown. I've got to go down to the Post Office and get the Brownsville Journal. I hev it sent here every week, while I'm away from hum. Bye! (*exit, C. D.*)

Dudley. I seem to scare them all away. Well ladies, how have you been since I left and what doing? Breaking all the masculine hearts in the neighborhood?

Stella. Pray sir! do you consider that the only legitimate business of woman, to break men's hearts?

Dudley. O! you do it unconsciously. It is not in the nature of man to resist these batteries of bright eyes.

Lilla. Indeed! You invest us with too much power; we are quite in despair at being so very destructive.

Dudley. Regrets are unnecessary. Indeed, man becomes a most willing victim and is fortunate to become the possessor of a true woman's heart.

Stella. Bravo, Mr. Dudley. I admire your generous sentiments.

Dudley. Thanks.

Lilla. Yes, surely we can consider Mr. Dudley a very reliable source of information on this subject.

Dudley. (*aside*) What the deuce is she driving at? (*aloud*) Yes, exactly.

Lilla. How did you leave them all at home, Mr. Dudley?

Dudley. (*cheerfully*) O! very well, thank you, very well.

Lilla. (*spitefully*) None of them have the measles, I hope!

Stella. Lilla!

Dudley. Eh! The measles?

Lilla. (*aside*) I am sure I spoke plainly enough. (*aloud*) And you kissed her good bye, I suppose?

Dudley. Why of course I did. Why shouldn't I?

Lilla. Come Stella, let us leave him with his conscience, if he has one. (*exit, C. D.*)

Stella. Wait Lilla. O! you must excuse her, Mr. Dudley. It is some mistake, which she will explain later, perhaps. (*exit, C. D.*)

Dudley. (*astonished*) Have any of them measles! Well not much. And is it wrong to kiss my mother good bye? The measles! What the deuce! Is Lilla angry, just because my young brother and sister have not the measles? If so, they will no doubt contract the disease just to oblige her. This is not very encouraging; I have made up my mind to tell Lilla of my love for her, the first favorable opportunity, and now—O! these women are hard to understand. (*exit, C. D.*)

SCENE II.—Street.

Enter, BROWN, R. E.

Brown. Wall, I hev got my papper and s'pose I might as well go

up to the house and read it. I'm kinder curis to know if Ed. King hez shingled his barn vet, and when they are goin' ter hev town meetin'—must get back in time for that leastwise.

Sq. H. (outside, L.) There—there young man, don't bother me—here's a dollar, now be off.

B own. Here comes the Squire, darn me if it ain't.

Enter, SQUIRE HAWKINS, L. E.

Sq. H. Ah! Brown, I left you comfortably settled at the house—How come you here?

Brown. O! jes cum down fur my paper. Who was yeou talking to back thar jes now?

Sq. H. O! a poor devil who was hungry or thirsty, or both, so I gave him money, same as I always do—more fool me. But I am going down to address the temperance meeting; I always speak whenever I have a chance; it makes you solid with your constituents you see. Better come along.

Brown. Yes, don't mind, but it will be pretty dry I'm afraid, it's so hot to-night.

Sq. H. Never mind, we can have a glass of cider after the meeting, see? (*winks and punches BROWN in the ribs*) You old rascal! Ha! ha! ha!

Brown. You get eout! Haw! haw! haw! (*exeunt, R. E.*
(*soft slow music till READE exit*)

Enter, READE, L. E., haggard, roughly dressed, bandage around head, crazy.

Reade. So turns the world 'round and 'round, and I must always turn with it. The sound of mighty thunder in my ears, the terrible flash before my eyes! The flash that pierced my brain, whence came it? Ah! I know, 'twas from the depths of perdition, from the fiend himself. Av, but the fiend transformed into a beautiful woman like an angel. 'Tis his deep cunning; but I know that I must seek and destroy her, then will the world stop turning, then too will I rest. But where, where is she? O! something clears from off my brain and I see, yes I see! Ha! ha! ha! The old man who gave me money that I might not starve; 'twas with him she lived! I will seek her and—Oh! God! now again does the universe turn, turn forever! (*exit, R. E.*)

SCENE III.—*Same as Act 1st.*

Lilla. (at table with book) I'm tired of reading. It's the same in every book, love it's foundation and crowning glory. O! what will Mr. Dudley think of me, asking about the measles. The provoking thing to be so cool about it! O! he cannot have a wife I am sure. His eyes say more to me than his lips and I—yes; I do love him! Why will he not see? Why—

Enter, DUDLEY, C. D.

Dudley. Beg pardon, I fear I intrude.

Lilla. Why certainly not. Why do you think so?

Dudley. O! I didn't know but you were afraid of catching the measles, and I did not wish to expose you. Ha! ha!

Lilla. O! you think that a good joke, but it isn't. It is decidedly poor and in bad taste. Suppose your wife or children should die of the measles.

Dudley. Eh! children?

Lilla. Yes!

Dudley. Children! Thunder! Beg pardon, but do you take me for a founding hospital? As I am not so fortunate as to possess either wife or children, the measles dos'nt interest me!

Lilla. Oh! I'm so glad! I mean er—

(confused)

Dudley. Why Lilla, what do you mean?

Lilla. Nothing.

Dudley. Who told you I was married?

Lilla. Albert Reade, sometime ago.

Dudley. The scoundrel! What could have been his object? Ah! yes, I begin to understand. He wished to spoil all my chances of—
(aside) Great heavens! what am I saying! I—I must—I will.
(aloud) Lilla!

Lilla. Yes, Mr. Dudley.

Dudley. I now understand your strange allusions, but now that you know the truth, may I not hope that our short acquaintance has ripened into something warmer? Forgive me Lilla, if I presume, but I love you—I love you. I offer you a true, honest heart. Speak Lilla and tell me I am not mistaken, tell me that you love me!

(puts arm around her)

Lilla. Ay, Fred Dudley, I do love you.

Dudley. Ah! Lilla, you have made me a thousand times more happy than I thought it possible to be. And now my own, give me one kiss, the first of our betrothal.

(about to kiss)

Enter, MRS. HAWKINS and STELLA, L. E., both try to appear unconcerned.

We'll have to postpone it.

Mrs. H. Oh! Mr. Dudley, I am so worried about the Squire, it is so late and he has not returned.

Stella. Yes, and father too, where can he be?

Dudley. O! don't be alarmed. Probably they will come home from the temperance meeting together.

Mrs. H. But it is time the meeting was out.

Stella. O! dear, I wish they would come.

Dudley. Ladies, I will go and hunt them up.

Lilla. That's right; do Mr. Dudley. *(aside)* For my sake you know, Fred.

Dudley. You may trust me to bring the wanderers safely home.

(exit, C. D.)

Mrs. H. How very obliging Mr. Dudley is; I like him more and more every day.

Lilla. *(demurely)* So do I.

Stella. How vain he would be if he knew how much he is appreciated.

Mrs. H. I shall return to my room. Won't you both come?

Lilla. O! mother dear, if you don't mind, I prefer to sit here and finish my book, besides I want to be here to receive the gentlemen. They might be lonesome to find no one here.

Mrs. H. Nonsense!

Stella. I will go with you. Lilla, let me know when they come.
(*xit, L. E.*)

Lilla. Yes, I will. (*sits with book*) How different every thing seems. I am so happy now. Not one unpleasant thing to spoil the sunshine, not one—but I forget Albert Reade! Happy as I am, I can forgive even him and wish him well. And yet I fear him. To think of his being at liberty, to know the hatred he must have for me! Ay, I think I have good cause for fear; but I must not be nervous.
(*reads*)

Enter, READE, C. D.

Reade. There she is alone! Yes, solitude is becoming for fiends such as she! And she shall go to the Silent City! Then will I rest. O! God, the joy of it! I'll not delay. (*steps forward and touches LILLA*) At last! (*LILLA screams*) Be silent! I've searched and searched for you, till I am weary, but I could not die and rest until you were dead, as now you must—

Lilla. O! have mercy, you know not what you do, Albert Reade—

Reade. How! What say you? That name I have heard in ages past, but not now in this life of dark despair?

Lilla. Try to think and let the light of reason—

Reade. Reason! Reason! Ha! ha! ha! Reason is dead and you have killed it. Ay, but you too shall be buried in oblivion! See! not in a common way shall you die; I have here a mixture which, if I throw to the floor, will explode and we will die together! together!

Lilla. O! horrible!

Reade. Nay, not horrible—listen. (*soft music and slow till READE finishes speech*) I dreamt of a far off city, sublime in its grandeur and silence; and a woman rules there alone in that Silent City. 'Tis you who are the queen and I will join you there and find rest forever; but first we must be blown to atoms in the air.

Lilla. Madman! O! what shall I do?

Reade. (*starts to throw package*) Let us go now!

Lilla. Hold! You have not enough. You must have more to be successful. Go and get more and then we will die together.

Reade. More? Yes, you are right, we must have more. I will go, but think not to escape for I will find you out, I will return soon, yes soon.
(*places explosive on table, exit, C. D.*)

Lilla. What shall I do! If I stay here I shall be killed, if I go to mother or outside for help, he may return and blow the house up. I will remain, and may heaven help me and give me strength! Hark! Someone comes.

Enter, DUDLEY, C. D.

Dudley. Ah! Lilla! I couldn't find them, so—

Lilla. O! Fred, listen: That man Reade has been here. He is ery and was going to blow us both up with some explosive, which he left there on the table. I persuaded him to go for more, but he will soon return. What shall we do.

Dudley. You have had a terrible fright, but compose yourself, Lilla. Let me think—yes, I have it. Lilla, I have considerable

mesmeric power, which I have used at times with success. I think I can get Reade into safe custody without harm to us or to him either. Poor fellow, he is more to be pitied than blamed.

Lilla. But I fear for you.

Dudley. Fear not, you stand by the table there and I will take my position back here. I hear him coming.

(stands L. of C. D. and draws drapery over him)

Enter, READE, C. D.

Reade. So you wait for me; but I can find no more; no matter 'tis enough and now is the time. *(steps forward to table)*

Dudley. *(steps forward)* Stop!

Reade. Who dares tell me to stop. I know you not.

Dudley. *(eyes fixed on READE)* I am your master, I command you to stop!

Reade. My—master! I will not stop—*(tries to go to table, but fails—music till exit of READE)* But—I—must.

Dudley. Ay, you must. Come with me. I will lead you where you may rest. Come!

Backs off C. slowly with out stretched hand—READE follows with parted lips and eyes fixed—exit, C. D.

Lilla. Heaven be praised that this ordeal is over. I will go to another till Fred returns. *(exit, L. F.)*

Sq. H. *(outside)* Play ball? Well, I guess; yes, I should so argue.

Enter, SQUIRE H. and BROWN, C. D., both flushed and slightly intoxicated, but not drunk.

Brown. Gosh! I reckon as how me an' yeou kin giv' 'em pints on base ball; the old timers know somethin' yet awh'le!

Sq. H. Talk about Mike Kelly! I beg his pardon, Michael Kelly an' the rest of 'em. The very idea of those fellows down at the meeting telling us we don't know anything about base ball! O! well, I guess, hic!

Brown. The moon-eyed calves! I reckon we would show 'em. Now you know old Hezekiah Wilkins, don't yer, you met down on my farm last summer? Well, he hed the darndest way ov pitchin' a ball you ever seed. Here, I'll show ye. This will do for a ball. *(takes explosive from table)* Now Squire, will yeou ketch?

Sq. H. Er! Will I catch? Will I catch? Let me assure you my worthy friend and esteemed contemporary, hic! esteemed contemporary is good! Notice that, let me assure you, that there is not in existence, a better catcher than myself, me! I! Eyo! Will I catch.

Brown. Sho! darn me if I knowed ye was so smart; wall then—stand by—easy now, keeful! *(tosses)*

Sq. H. There now, catch it. Well yes, we are emperors, see!

Brown. Ev'ry time! Let her go again, easy now, hic!

Sq. H. All correct. *(tosses)* Ah! O! that's a daisy, hic!

Brown. Wonder what's in the blame thing, anyhow?

Sq. H. Never mind. Once more, ah!

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

Enter, DUDLEY, C. D.

Dudley. Hello! what's up? Why—gentlemen—gentlemen, don't lose that thing about so. O! be careful—do you know—

Brown. Thar'—thar' young man, don't you bust your galluses. We kinder know what we are doin'. (tossing)

Dudley. But I implore you—

Sq. H. Mister Dudley, hic! I am surprised that you should be so ungentlemanly, as to interrupt the progress of modern science, hic! Tell us we don't know any thing about ball? Well, now, hic!

Dudley. (aside) Here are more mad men. Unsteady as they are, they may drop that and blow the whole place up. (aloud) Say, let me join you.

Sq. H. Shirtingly, shirtingly young man. S'pose you get a bat and, hic! we'll have a socia—sociable little game.

Dudley. What?

Brown. Yes, we'll see how your muscle is, hic!

Dudley. (aside) Bat it! well not much! (aloud) Just let me see that first, will you?

Sq. H. I'll—see—throw hard—all right, catch!

Dudley. Easy, I tell you, my hands are tender.

Brown. Regler spring chicken! Hands tender! Gosh, you orter plow over a four acre lot afore breakfast, and then your hands wouldn't be very tender, hic!

Sq. H. Well catch. (throws easy)

Dudley. (catches) All right, thank heaven!

Sq. H. } Wot for, eh?

Brown. }

Dudley. Gentlemen, do you know what this package contains?

Brown. Naw, and don't care a darn!

Sq. H. Brown, I must shay that I am shocked at your profanity. Misher Dudley, we are entirely unacquainted with the contents of the package aforesaid—aforesaid! Now what does it contain, hic!

Dudley. Nitro-glycerine.

Sq. H. } Wot?

Brown. }

They sinks into chairs—tableau—then look at each other and at DUDLEY then rise and go down R., engage in dumb speech and look at DUDLEY—BROWN pushes SQUIRE H. forward.

Sq. H. Ahem! Hic! Misher Dudley, I am sorry, deeply sorry that you should fall into the path of error, hic! We are sorry that you have so fallen as to pre—pre—prevari—

Brown. Yes, we is sorry you is seeh an all-fired liar!

Dudley. Gentlemen, I see you doubt my word. Now to prove that I am right, I will go outside and throw this alleged nitro-glycerine in here, while you two stay here.

Sq. H. O! no! no! certainly not. Not for the world. We are perfectly convinced I assure. Are we not, Brown?

Brown. Wall, ye kin bet all your corn shucks on that. I ain't no hog and am open to conviction.

Dudley. Well, I'm glad to be restored to public confidence once more. And now, don't you think you had better retire, and I will inform the ladies of your return. They have been somewhat worried about you; in fact, I just returned from down street, where I

have been looking for you. This explosive I got to er—er—experiment with and accidently left it on the table. Is there any message you wish to send the ladies before you retire.

Sq. H. (fiercely) Retire! No sir! No! I will not retire! I know enough to go in when it rains, and to go to bed when I get ready, eh Brown?

Brown. Course yeou do. Guess you've bin weaned and kin take keer of yourself, now.

Dudley. But my dear sir, in your present condition—

Sq. H. (roars) Condition! I am in the best possible condition for any man to be in. See here Misher D dley, hic! you will do me a great favor by sending Mrs. Hawkins to me at once, sir! I wish to tell her all about the temperance meetin' and the grand success it was, hic!

Dudley. Send your wife here now! Are you in earnest?

Brown. Course he is. Go ahead and send the old lady in.

Sq. H. By all means.

Dudley. All right, but your blood be on your own head.

(exit, C. D.)

Sq. H. Hic! the idea of his talking so. Seems to me, folks think we don't know anything; but I shay Brown, just back me up when the old woman, hic! ahem! I mean when Mrs. Hawkins comes in

Brown. Bet you a doughnut I will. Hark! She comin'.

(both very dignified)

Enter, MRS. HAWKINS, L. E.

Mrs. H. Why James, I'm so glad you have come. We have been so worried. Did the meeting last so late?

Sq. H. Yes Madam, exactly, hic!

Brown. Jes so, hic!

Mrs. H. O! James, you have been drinking. Tell me this minute—

Sq. H. (aside) Brown, stand by. *(aloud)* Mrs. Hawkins, you do look so shilly, when you talk like that, "Tell me this minute!"

Brown. (aside) Terrible silly!

Mrs. H. O, horror!

Sq. H. There you needn't, "O, horror!" at all. We had a big meeting and many were moved to tears by my eloquence, were they not, Brown?

Brown. (nods and aside) In a horn!

Sq. H. It was very warm there, hic! and after the meeting we drank a great quantity of cold water. Now at times water will affect me in a very peculiar manner. Eh! Brown?

Brown. Certainly Squire, certainly, and darn me, if I ain't subject to the same peculiarity.

Mrs. H. It seems a little strange that water should effect you both in the same way.

Brown. Very strange. but true, by gosh!

Sq. H. Most assuredly sho', hic! Now for your benefit, Mrs Hawkins, I will give you the scientific explanation of the case, for I pity, even though I despise your ignorance, and it is my proud boast that I always enlighten ignorance, wherever I find it.

Mrs. H. James, how dare you talk so to me?

Brown. Now Mrs. Hawkins, do listen to the Squire. I tell yeou he knows what's what.

Mrs. H. The idea! James, I tell you—

Sq. H. My dear, never mind what you tell me, it would not probably amount to anything anyway, but jes' you listen to me. You see, while standing in that heated hall this evening, where it was my proud duty and privilege—privilege to address words of advice and eloquence to the vast assemblage gathered there, my brain became heated as a natural consequence; being thirsty I drank a good deal of cold water. Brown did the same. Now you know that heat expands and cold contracts. The cold water which I drank and bathed my head in, contracted the tissues of my brain to such an extent, that it has crowded out all the ideas and sublime thoughts I had in store. So you see my dear, why I am so talkative and confused like—in fact I told the bar keeper—

Brown. Ahem!

Mrs. H. You told who?

Sq. H. Eh! O! yes, I was about to say that I told the door-keeper, that the water was too cold.

Mrs. H. Well James, I am scarcely satisfied, but—O! James, you would not deceive me?

Sq. H. No, no, not a bit.

Mrs. H. I knew you wouldn't.

Brown. (*aside*) O gosh! What an all-fired old fraud; catch me lyin' like that

Mrs. H. Mr. Brown, does it always affect you so, at such times?

Brown. Yes, yes, allus. (*aside*) O, Lord!

Enter, LILLA. STELLA and DUDLEY, C. D.—LILLA and DUDLEY, SQUIRE II. and MRS. H. converse in pantomime.

Stella. O! father, I'm so glad you've come back.

Brown. Well darter, here I be all right.

Stella. But you are not all right father. What is the matter, are you sick? (*BROWN protests*)

Lilla. Tell me Fred, how did you manage to dispose of that madman. I have nearly died of anxiety.

Dudley. By means of my will power; I kept him under my influence until we came to the nearest Police Station. To-morrow he will be sent from there to the hospital and cared for.

Lilla. O! I feel so relieved.

Dudley. He'll be safe enough now. The explosive proved to be harmless, which the poor fellow imagined to be so dangerous.

Lilla. Well, my alarm was just as great, for I didn't know. Do any of the rest know anything of this affair?

Dudley. No, not one.

Lilla. So much the better.

Sq. H. Lilla, my dear, you look pale and worried—I hope you are not ill.

Lilla. No father, but what in the world is the matter with you—you look flushed and excited?

Mrs. H. It is the effect of drinking too much water at the meeting to-night.

Lilla. Why, how strange; is water so harmful as that, Mr. Dud ev?

Dudley. Eh! O! yes, yes, very bad indeed. I have known people to die from the effects of water. (*aside*) When they were drowned.

Mrs. H. Young folks and old ones too, it is getting late; but before we retire, suppose we sing that dear old song, "Home, Sweet Home."

Dudley. Bravo! Mrs. Hawkins.

Omnes. Agreed.

(music, one verse and chorus)

Enter, READE, C. D.—just at close—all start—music soft and slow till curtain is down.

Reade. Home! Tell me all of you: where is my home. O! God, where! Somewhere in the infinity of space; perchance on the wings of the wind in the blackness of dismal night, may be on the bosom of the ocean—some where—any where—but never, where I may rest; only go, go, go on in my cursed journey forever, and you have done it all. O! may you long for home and rest as I do, and never find it. May—Oh! (gasps and falls—all gather about him and form

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

SCENE I.—FARMER BROWN'S kitchen—table a little L. C., spread for supper—bread, butter, apple sauce, sugar, milk, and necessary dishes for six—fireplace against flat. R.—six chairs around the room—small table, L., with plants—tea pot off R. wing for STELLA—STELLA discovered arranging table.

Stella. Back home again; well, 'tis sweet and pleasant to be here. I feel a sense of security and peace, that can be found in no other place; perhaps it's because Charley is near, that I am happier. Let me see, it's two month's since I returned and—there's father's step, bless his heart—

Enter, BROWN, R. E.

Brown. Wall boss, how de do?

Stella. Well and happy, father.

Brown. Yes, it's easy 'nough tew see that. I rec'on that a sartin young feller in this district kinder helped to bring them roses to yer cheeks. Thar', thar' girl, never mind, he's a good honest lad, and yer do well ter hev him; but ain't it mighty near time our friends 'wuz here?

Stella. Yes, father dear, and how glad I shall be to see them all.

Brown. Yes, and I'm mighty anxious to show the Squire and that young Dudley over the farm. The Squire has seed it afore, but there's sum new things now—hello! here they are.

Enter, SQUIRE and MRS. HAWKINS, LILLA, DUDLEY and FRANCOIS, C. D.—all exchange greetings, STELLA and FRANCOIS take wraps from ladies and carry off R. and return, while BROWN speaks—GENTS lay hats on table, L.

Gol darn glad ter see yer all, every one of yer. Mrs. Hawkin's, yer

lookin' young as a school gal; Squire, how de do; Lilla, my eyes, how yer do dazzle me. Mr. Dudley, I'm right glad ter see ver here. I'll show yer what farmin' is. Take off yer things, all of yer. It does seem good ter—

Stella. Father, father do let some one else have a chance to speak.

Brown. Sartin, my dear, sartin. *(ladies group R., gents L.)*

Sq. H. Ah! Brown, old friend, thanks for your cordial welcome. It is indeed a delightful pleasure, to me at least, to be able to visit the country in this—er ahem! charming season and see Nature in all its er—er—all it's rural simplicity, yes rural simplicity.

Dudley. Yes, certainly I agree, it is beautiful here.

Brown. (reflectively) Er! yes, yes, but I don't kno' by gosh, as we've got eny on hand now. I'll hev ter look over the stock.

Sq. H. Any what?

Brown. Eny rural simpleness.

(SQUIRE H. and DUDLEY look away and restrain a laugh.)

Dudley. Just so. By the way, Mr. Brown, I should like to look over your farm a bit before it gets too dark. It is a large one I should judge.

Brown. O! tolerable, tolerable.

Sq. H. I see, friend Brown, that you have a large number of hens. I noticed several on the pond down there, as we came by.

Brown. Er, what! hens! haw! haw! haw! Wall, I'll be gol darned; them's ducks, hen's don't swim.

Sq. H. Eh! yes, yes, exactly! There is no occasion for such levity, I assure you. I spoke advised y. Now I know that it is the custom of the times to designate those feathered bipeds as ducks, but the old Romans and Greeks always calle'd them hens, making no distinction, whether amphibious or not. Hence my remark.

Dudley. (aside) Well, I'm blest!

Brown. Gosh! Is that so! Wall, it's mighty handy ter hev a good book-barnin'.

Stella. Well, father, our friends must be hungry, so let us have supper.

Brown. Of course, darter. What am I thinkin' of! Draw up yer cheers everybody. *(all come to table and sit)* That's right.

(STELLA gets tea-pot, R.)

Lilla. This is delightful. I do so admire the old farm house kitchen.

Stella. I am glad you do, dear. Have some tea, Mrs. Hawkins? *(pours tea all around, and sits while doing so—all eat)*

Mrs. H. Thank you yes, it is so refreshing after a journey.

Dudley. And I quite agree with you, Mrs. Hawkins.

Lilla. (aside) That's right, Fred. Always agree with your mother-in-law that is to be, and you will prosper.

Dudley. (aside) Thank you for the hint.

Brown. Where's Francois? Why ain't he here? Ain't he nungry? Darn style, we ain't mach on it here, but we go in for solid comfort.

Sq. H. O! he is busy unpacking our baggage and will be content to eat later on.

Brown. All right, if you say so. Hev sum apple sarse?

Sq. H. Er, no thank you.

Stella. Will you have some more tea, Mr. Hawkins?

Sq. H. (absent minded) No, a little sherry please—er—yes—yes—yes, some tea by all means. I like tea! I adore tea! And in connection with that, I would say that I have also a great admiration for Chinamen. Why I tell you, it would be the greatest blessing imaginable for this country, if we could have more Chinamen here. We would learn economy, we could then count on the Chinese—American vote, in fact they would give us the cue (que) to many schemes, and moreover—

Mrs. H. James, don't you think you are talking like an idiot?

Sq. H. Eh! yes my dear, no doubt of it.

Stella. Will you have something more. (*Mrs. H. shakes head*) No! What! are you all satisfied? Well then, I guess you were not very hungry.

Brown. Wall, if you've all got enough, all right. But if you feel hungry any time, jest you dodge inter ther pantry and get a doughnut and a hunk of cheese, or anything. *Stella,* you show the women folks their rooms, and I'll take the Squire and Dudley out and let 'em gop round a bit.

Stella. All right. Come Lilla and you too, Mrs. Hawkins.

(*exit, STELLA, R. E., followed by LILLA and MRS. HAWKINS*)

Sq. H. (looking out, c.) That's a fine looking turnip orchard down there. Suppo-e we take a look at it. You see Brown, I am at the head of the Agricultural Department at Washington, and naturally feel interested.

Brown. Yes, I shed think so. Come on.

(*exit, C. D. with SQUIRE H.*)

Dudley. Well, here goes to examine the turnip orchard. Ha! la! ha! I must spend the time somehow till I can see Lilla alone.

(*exit, C. D.*)

Enter, FRANCOIS, R. E.

Fran. Faith, I'm so hungry, I could ate quail on toast, or any other delicate dish. Here goes—

(*helps himself to eatables on table*)

Enter, STELLA, R. E.

Stella. Ah! Francois, hungry I see. Shall I bring you something more?

Fran. (mouthfull) No mum, thank yer.

Stella. Are you sure you have plenty?

Fran. Yis mum.

Sq. H. (outside) Francois!

Fran. Yis sor, comin'.

(*exit, C. D.*)

Stella. A moment to myself. I have left Mrs. Hawkins and Lilla comfortable, and now Charley should be here soon. Dear old boy, how I love him. Why, I have Lilla's shawl on; I must have picked it up by mistake; never mind, I will sit down here and wait. (*sits in old high backed rocker and pulls t're shawl over her head, sits, L.*) Ah! I hear his footsteps, I should know them among a thousand.

Enter, DUDLEY, R. E.

Dudley. Surely Lilla should be here, if she is half as anxious as I

am. Ah! there she is. I can scarcely see her dear face, wrapped up in that shawl, but I recognize that—I'll surprise her.

Stella. He's there I know. He thinks I don't see him, but I do. Dear old Charley! I'll keep still and be surprised.

DUDLEY advances, puts hands over her eyes, bends over and kisses her.

Enter, LILLA, R. E., sees and retires.

Stella. } Charley!

Dudley. } Lilla!

Stella. (*indignant*) Sir! how dare you—how dare you insult me so?

Dudley. My dear Miss Stella, it's all a mis'ake. It was intended as a surprise for—

Stella. Well sir! it was a surprise. But don't make matters worse by misrepresenting things. It's enough to be disappointed without—

Dudley. But Miss Stella, I really thought it was Lilla. Why I had no idea of kissing you; I should never under any circumstances entertain such an idea! I mean—of course it would be a great honor to me—(*aside*) Confound it! How will I ever get out of this. (*aloud*) In short, will you please notice the shawl you wear.

Stella. O! yes, I see it all. It is Lilla's, and you thought—

Dudley. You were Lilla. And that's what all this trouble is about. I expected to meet her here. By the way, who is that handsome young gentleman I met down by the gate. He was standing there beside a very fine saddled horse and—

Stella. Charley! O! I forgive you! (*exit, C. D.*)

Dudley. (*astonished*) Charley! O! I forgive you! Glad to hear it, though whether it's Charley she forgives or myself, it is somewhat difficult to tell. But where can my charming Lilla be?

(*looks off L.*)

Enter, LILLA, R. E. and sits.

She must be here soon. Ah! my darling, I've been longing to see you alone ever since we arrived.

Lilla. (*coldly*) Indeed!

Dudley. Eh! (*aside*) Seems a trifle chilly. (*aloud*) I thought I should never have an opportunity.

Lilla. Never mind. You have consoled yourself.

Dudley. Lilla, what is the matter? What do you mean? I come here expecting a kiss a welcome, and this is what I receive instead.

Lilla. I think sir! there is little doubt but that you received your kiss, though whether it was one of welcome or otherwise, I can't say, as I didn't stop to analyze it.

Dudley. Lilla, are you crazy?

Lilla. No sir! Are you? O! you deceitful hypocrite, to pretend you love me, and I come to meet you and find you kissing another girl with infinite pleasure. Now sir! what have you to say?

Dudley. Ha! ha! ha!

(*laughs*)

Lilla. O! why you wretch!

Dudley. O! there—there Lilla, it was all a mistake. I have had occasion to explain this once before. I came here expecting to find

you, saw a figure in yonder chair with your shawl on an' I thought it was you. I crept up softly and kissed the young lady, who proved to be Stella. She gave me a lecture, and now you have given me another, so you ought to forgive me.

Lilla. Well, I forgive you this once, but don't do it again. Never let me see you kiss a girl again.

Dudley. (about to kiss her) All right.

Lilla. Excepting myself.

Dudley. O! that's different. (kisses her) *Lilla*, we must tell your father and mother, and I must ask the Squire for his charming daughter.

Lilla. Indeed you must.

Dudley. I will seize the first opportunity. But now, let us stroll through the grounds. It is getting late, but there is a glorious moon.

Lilla. With all my heart, and mind, you behave sir!

(*exeunt*, C. D.)

SCENE II.—Street.

Enter, FRANCOIS, R. E.

Fran. Shure the Squire must be sinding me down to the village for de noospapers. Begorra, whiniver shall I have any leisure time for meself, as becomes a gintleman of my position. Faith, now if I want time, I must take it, so here goes for a bit of a song for me own amusement, though the folks 'round here, may think I'm crazy.

(*sings, then turns to go L.—song can be introduced if desired*)

Enter, READE, R. E.—*touches FRANCOIS on shoulder—pale, well dressed, clean shaven.*

(*jumps*) The devil!

Reade. Nay my friend, I was, but am not.

Fran. Oh! It's Reade!

Reade. Can you direct me to Farmer Brown's? I was told it was not far from here.

Fran. Can I? Well I can that! Sure ain't I s'opin' there meself along with the Squire an' the rest of them? But I'm glad ter see yer lookin' better.

Reade. Av, thanks to those from whom I deserved but little. I wish to see them once more, so tell me if you please, where is the house?

Fran. To be sure. Well, thin ye go in a straight line around yonder curve, then turn to the left an' go by four houses, thin turn till ye see the common on foremist ye, and—

Reade. Peace, man! Is it the large white house at the foot of the hill?

Fran. Yes, the very same.

Reade. Thank you. (*goes L.*) Please God, I shall see her face once more.

(*exit*, L. E.)

Fan. Faith I must say, that from bein' an out and out black-guard, he's become quite a dacint young man. And well he moight, after bein' nursed back to life by Miss Lilla and the rest of thim, whin he escaped from the Police Station and had the brain fever, But I must be going, or the Squire will raise the d—oh!

(*exit*, L. E.)

SCENE III.—Same as Act 3rd, Scene 1st.—table cleared off.

Enter, SQUIRE H. and BROWN, C. D.

Brown. Wall Squire, I recon it's 'bout time to gather in doors.

Sq. H. Quite so, friend Brown, although the moonlight has great attractions for the young folks.

Enter, MRS. HAWKINS, R. E., and listens.

Brown. Yes, I guess so. I know it had for me, when I was a young teller and used to walk out evenings with my wife, afore we was married. Poor Mary, and now she is laid at rest these ten year.

(wipes his eyes)

Sq. H. Ah! yes, 'tis sad, and yet the common lot of all. I am prepared. I hope, to be resigned when such a calamity overtakes me.

Mrs. H. James, what is that you say?

Sq. H. (hustily) O! my dear, I was just remarking to Mr. Brown, the beautiful effect of moonlight on the corn fields. Now being greatly interested in agriculture, I looked into this question quite thoroughly. The moon, as you know, has great influence over the tides, and in a like manner tends, I think, to draw the corn out of the ground and promote it's rapid growth.

Brown. Wall, thet maybe, but I doubt it.

Mrs. H. James, I think wtho it exception, that—that is the most absurd theory I ever heard.

Sq. H. Well Madam, you are welcome to your opinion. (aside) I've got her mind off of the other thing anyway.

Mrs. H. James, you shall not be so rude. The truth is, you know nothing of agriculture at all.

Brown. (aside) Darn me, if I don't think she's right.

Sq. H. My dear, you are entirely mistaken. I glory in agriculture and honor the brave sons of toil, who till the land and supply the nation with food! What a glorious life is theirs. Up with the lark, out into the morning air among all the beauties of nature; then off to milk the hens—I mean the cows, and gather eggs. Then to plow the land, sow the grapes, gather potatoes from the vines, in short—

Brown. Haw! haw! haw!

Mrs. H. The idiot!

Sq. H. Well, what the deuce are you laughing at?

Brown. Nawthin' Squire, nawthin'.

Sq. H. Just so. Well please yourself by all means.

Mrs. H. James, can't you see that you are exposing your ignorance in the most ridiculous manner. Why you know no more of agriculture than—than—

Brown. (aside) Than Deacon Perkin's fool knows of political economy.

Sq. H. (in a rage) See here Mrs. Hawkins, I would have you understand, if indeed you are capable of understanding, that there is no subject under the wide canopy of heaven, with which I am so thoroughly at home as agriculture. I am the head of the Agricultural Department at Washington, and now that I am here in the heart of an agricultural community, and have the opportunity to practically expound my views to friend Brown, and do my duty to my country, I am going to do it, and don't let it escape your recollection, Madam!

Mrs. H. James, do you dare talk so to me—to me, your wife, and your guardian spirit, James—

Sq. H. O! you may *James* till the cows come home, to speak agriculturally, but it will avail nothing. I tell you Madam, my long sleeping spirit of independence is aroused, and I will no longer be led 'round by the nose by a woman, and that woman my wife. Woman! I tell you woman would, if she could, tear the reins of government from the hands of man the world over, even as she does now in individual homes, of which case I am a living, miserable example. Woman talks, talks, talks, and were satan to have an argument with her, she would talk him into a fainting fit, and as he lay gasping for mercy, would shout aloud her battle cry, 'Behold the tongue is mightier than the sword!' Woman's tyranny! Bah! I hate it. Yea, I will go and commune with nature! (*exit, C. D.*)

Mrs. H. (*puts handkerchief to her eyes*) O! the monster!

Brown. (*aside*) Darn me, if the Squire ain't riz up in his wrath. (*aloud*) Thar', thar', Mrs. Hawkins, I rec'on the Squire don't mean all he sez. I wouldn't mind if I wuz yeou.

Mrs. H. Don't you dare speak to me! you are just as bad as he is.

Brown. Whew! Guess I'd better climb and commune with nature along with the Squire. (*exit, C. D.*)

Mrs. H. I can't imagine what has got into James. He never spoke to me so before but once, and that was when he came home from that temperance meeting and his brain had been contracted with cold water; but that is not the case this time. Can it be that I am too exacting? Perhaps—I wish I could see James now. I can't bear to have him angry with me, for with all his faults, there isn't a kinder husband and father, than my James.

Enter, FRANCOIS, C. D.

Fran. I've just come from the village; while on my way home, I met Mr. Reade, who said he wished to see ye all, so I towld him the way here; but I guess I have arrovied first.

Mrs. H. Mr. Reade, you say? What can he want?

Fran. Shure mum, I don't know. He didn't take me into his private confidence.

Mrs. H. Well, thank heaven, we have nothing to fear from him now, as he seemed to have changed during his sickness at our house. Inform me when he arrives.

Fran. Yis mum.

(*exit, C. D.*)

Mrs. H. (*looks out c.*) O! I wish James would come back. I can't be happy until we have an understanding. O! there he comes, I musn't let him see that I am eager to meet him. (*sits in chair, L.*)

Enter, SQUIRE H., C. D., goes down, R.

Sq. H. (*aside*) She is there. I'm a blamed fool, but unler existing circumstances, I can't commune with nature with any degree of satisfaction whatever.

Mrs. H. (*aside*) He's there; I may be in the wrong, but he has got to make the first advances just the same.

Sq. H. (*aside*) Wonder what she's mumbling about.

Mrs. H. (*aside*) What's he talking to himself for,

Sq. H. (aside) I've just got to inaugurate a grand reconciliation scene here, but with judicial firmness and forethought. I confess that I know nothing of agriculture, and that woman is God's best gift to man. Yes, I confess it, to myself, not to her. O, no! It would never do to make so great a concession to the enemy.

Mrs. H. (aside) Well, he doesn't seem inclined to begin, so I suppose I must. *(aloud)* Ahem!

Sq. H. (quickly) Ahem! *(aside)* That's encouraging.

Mrs. H. Ahem!

Sq. H. Ahem! Mrs. Hawkins, er—

Mrs. H. (coldly) Sir!

Sq. H. (aside) Well, that's rather discouraging; the opposition holds a determined front, but "once again dear friends, to the breach." *(aloud)* Er—my dear, there is no occasion for that utterly frigid and uncompromising reception of my well meant overtures; and if indeed, there be such occasion, if there be an existing cause, I am ready to remove it, to dissolve it in the—in the dim gloom of the past, yes, gloom of the past; in short my dear, if I have offended, I am ready to make reparation.

Mrs. H. (more warmly) Well James, you did do wrong; you talked to me as if I were a—a—a Chinaman instead of your wife.

(weeps)

Sq. H. There, there my dear, don't, *don't* let me see tears, tracing lines of sorrow, down those cheeks, which yet are young and fair to see. *(aside)* I flatter myself, that was a blamed good stroke of diplomacy.

Mrs. H. (pleased) Well James, I do think that I don't show my years as much as some.

Sq. H. (aside) Ah! I'm progressing. I will continue. *(aloud)* Er—my dear, I was hasty perhaps, but you must excuse me, if in the violence and heat of argument, I did forget myself.

Mrs. H. Yes, James dear, and perhaps I was a little, just a little in the wrong.

Sq. H. (aside) Is it possible! A few more well balanced remarks will win the day. *(aloud)* My dear, I have too much regard for your feelings, and too much affection for yourself, to permit any misunderstanding between us to exist, so I beg your forgiveness, and acknowledge that I might perhaps, take a few lessons in agriculture with great benefit, and that woman is a blessing—*(aside)* In her proper place. Ahem!

Mr. H. O! James, I'm so glad. Yes, I freely forgive you, and will try and be less tyrannical in the future.

Sq. H. 'Tis well! The wound is healed and we are one, once more, my dear!

Mrs. H. James!

Sq. H. Come, come to the protecting shelter of these manly arms.

Mrs. H. I come.

(embrace)

Enter, BROWN, C. D., looks on.

Brown. Wall, the Squire is communin' with natur' in a new fashion. Ahem!

(coughs)

(exit, C. D.—SQUIRE and MRS. H. jump. but don't look

Sq. H. (*rapidly*) You see dear, this cow was endeavoring to climb onto the roof of the barn, and just then—in fact my dear and my friend also—(*looks around*) you will see—Eh! well I don't see. There's no one here.

Mrs. H. We must have imagined it, James.

Sq. H. Well perhaps, but that cough stretches the imagination a trifle.

Enter, LILLA and DUDLEY, C. D.

Dudley. Yes, my own, I will ask the momentous question—you talk with your mother and I will engage the old gentleman.

Lilla. All right Fred, and good luck. (*goes to Mrs. H., L.*

Dudley. Er—Mr, Hawkins, I have something of importance to say to you.

Sq. H. All right, young man. (*aside*) He is going to ask for Lilla, and he shall have her, but I'll astonish him first.

Dudley. Er—Squire—I—er would like to—ahem—ask you—ahem—(*aside*) How the deuce shall I do it—(*aloud*) That is—

Sq. H. O! certainly, young man, certainly, anything I can do. What is it? A loan of money, a position under the government, or what?

Dudley. Really sir! you are most kind; but I want neither money or situation.

Sq. H. So! Well, what the deuce do you want?

Dudley. I er—I er—I er—I want Lilla.

Sq. H. (*yells*) What! you want Lilla? (*all start*

Dudley. Yes sir! I love her, she loves me and refers me to you.

Sq. H. (*assumed rage*) Why sir! do you know what you ask? You a young lawyer, comparatively poor, seek the hand of my daughter; I, who am a Senator of these United States! The idea sir! Why' my very blood boils at the insult, and every feeling in me protests at such a mesalliance. (*goes up in high indignation*

Dudley. (*stares*) Squire, what do you mean?

Mrs. H. James, are you crazy?

Lilla. Father, if you don't give your consent, I'll dispense with it and defy you! So there!

Sq. H. Ha! ha! ha! ha! There, there, I was only in fun. That's the way we act in Congress, sometimes say what we don't mean and advocate what we don't believe in. Here, Lilla and Fred. (*joins hands*) Take her my boy, she's a good girl. You are a noble and a true man, and that's all I ask. God grant you will both be happy. You have my consent and my blessing.

Mrs. H. And mine too. (*kisses LILLA*

Dudley. (*shakes hands with SQUIRE*) Thank you a thousand times, sir!

Sq. H. Well, well, say no more; and now I know you two would prefer to be alone to talk it all over, eh? O! I know how it is, for I've been there, (*to Mrs. H.*) Eh! my dear?

Mrs. H. Well James, I don't think we are so old, that we have forgotten our courting; but let us go now.

Lilla. Well, if you really must go, why er—

Dudley. Er, yes, if you really must—

Sq. H. Exactly. Come my dear, come.

Mrs. H. Yes, or they will surely urge us to stay.

(*exit, SQUIRE and Mrs. H., C. D.*

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

Du ley. How very considerate they are.

Lilla. Very. O! Fred, I'm so happy; it seems as though my life was all sunshine now, with never a cloud.

(sits L., DUDLEY bends over her)
Dudley. And I hope the clouds will never come. Happy! I am more happy than I deserve to be, I'm afraid. But I feel at peace with every one now, and could forgive my worst enemy. By the way, I wonder what has become of Albert Reade.

Lilla. I know not. As soon as he fully recovered from his sickness, he left the house early one morning, without a word to any one.

Enter, READE, C. D., and listens.

Dudley. 'Tis like him judging from the past. Albert Reade knows not the meaning of gratitude.

Reade. You lie!

Lilla. Mr. Reade.

Dudley. *(steps toward READE)* Sir! you shall—

(rises)

Reade. Stand back! *(motions with hand, DUDLEY stops—calmly)*
 Pardon me, Mr. Dudley and you Miss Lilla, 'twas but a touch of the old unruly spirit; but you say, I know not what gratitude is, and that is false.

Dudley. I am glad if it is so.

Lilla. O! never mind gratitude. Mr. Reade, we are sincerely glad to see you have regained your health.

Reade. Thank you. Yes, I have regained my bodily health, but my peace of mind I have not, and 'twill be many a weary day before I do.

Dudley. Let us hope not.

Reade. Mr. Dudley and Lilla, listen to me: I have come here to speak my mind and ease my heart, if can be. I left your house without a word. My heart was too full to speak and my thoughts too confused. During my delirium and sickness, you watched and nursed me like an angel of mercy. Am I a man, think you, capable of human emotions? Ay, I found I was, for my heart melted, all the evil in my nature seemed to flee from me and only the bitter memory of it remained. Even though it was your hand which struck me down: I blessed you for it and in that time, I grew to love you Lilla, with a great and mighty love. In this I trespass not on your right, nor intrude myself on Lilla.

Lilla. I am sorry it is so, for I cannot bear to give pain to any one, and—

Reade. Pardon me. You misunderstand me. I have no wish that you should feel even the slightest shadow of regret for me. I am going away to begin life again in a new land, and I wish that you would give my heartfelt thanks to your father and mother, for all their kindness. And now will you both give me your hands? 'Tis a small request, but it means much to me, for I shall know I am forgiven.

Dudley. With all my heart.

(gives hand)

Lilla. And I too. 'Tis noble in you to acknowledge your fault and I honor you for it

(gives hand)

Reade. God bless you both. You will be happy, for you are worthy of each other. And now I will go. I have no wish to see

the others. If in the midst of your happiness you can find room in your hearts, to shelter one kindly thought of me, it seems as though I should feel the reflection of it in my own heart, and it would be like a beautiful oasis in the desert of my future life! I owe you eternal gratitude. Farewell.

Lilla. O, no! Stop with us!

Reade. No! it is best as it is. Kismet! I am content, for the bitterness of memory will now be sweetened by the recollections of this hour. Again farewell! (*goes to C. and turns—LILLA goes to table and sits, head on table—DUDLEY stands R., arms folded, head bowed—aside*) Lilla! O! my God! Lost to me forever!

(*exit, C. D.*)

Dudley. Lilla, if ever man was redeemed, Albert Reade has been. He has been me good, ay noble, and I wish him good fortune.

Lilla. Peace go with him.

Enter, BROWN and STELLA, C. D.

Brown. So Charley has gone, hez he? Wall, when is the happy day to be?

Stella. O! I don't know, but I thing Charley wants to see you to-morrow. O! Lilla, have you enjoyed yourself this evening?

(*talk in pantomime with LILLA*)

Dudley. Mr. Brown, it's a beautiful night outside?

Brown. Fine, young man, fine. Say, did you ever see one of those new threshin' machine? (*pantomime talk*)

Lilla. Why Stella dear, we will be married the same day.

Stella. Won't that be splendid. And so many arrangements we shall have to make for such a grand occasion.

Enter, FRANCOIS, R. E.

Sq. H. (outside) Come on dear, come on.

Enter, SQUIRE and MRS. H., C. D.

Hello! everybody here?

Brown. Wall Squire, bin communicin' with natur' agin?

Sq. H. Ahem! Well not exactly. Just been strolling about, breathing the free air of heaven and gathering ideas to disseminate in Congress.

Mrs. H. O! James, do let Congress drop for a while.

Sq. H. All right my dear, although it may endanger the country. By the way Brown, I want you to know that my daughter and Mr. Dudley are to be married very soon.

Lilla. O father!

Brown. Sho! yer don't say! Wall my darter and Charley Harris are tew foller suit, I rec'on. By gosh, we'll hev a double weddin'.

Dudley. That would be agreeable.

Lilla. Very.

Stella. A very nice arrangement.

Mrs. H. And I will superintend the whole affair.

Mr. H. Well everything seems pleasant and satisfactory. I intend very soon to study up agriculture, although I shall devote considerable time to the consideration of "Home Rule in Ireland—"

Fran. Hooray!

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

Sq. H. Silence sir! You must not interrupt this flow of eloquence. My friends, and especially you young people, who are about to be married, observe the power of love, and young men, or rather young man, as the other one is absent, obey and bow down to that power of love, to a certain extent, but don't, *don't* loose your brains and let the woman boss the house—*don't*—

Mrs. H. James!

Sq. H. Coming my dear! Coming!

R.

MRS. HAWKINS AND FRANCOIS.

L.

BROWN AND STELLA.

LILLA AND READE.

SQUIRE HAWINS, F.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

THE ADVENTURESS;

—OR,—

LADY EVELYN'S TRIUMPH

A drama in 4 acts by W. Bert Emerson, for 8 male and 6 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of performance 1 hour and 40 minutes.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Home of Sir Harold Courtily.

Evelyn, Sir Harold's second wife. A happy home. "I'm the happiest man in all England." The letter from Calcutta. "Oh! Heaven's, it is from Louisa, my wife whom I supposed was lost in that steam boat accident, three years ago." "My poor Eva, this is maddening." Susan and Pete overhears Sir Harold reading the letter. "We'll help Lady Evelyn." Arrival of Frank Foster, the new Secretary. The soliloquy. "I'll have no mercy."

Belle and Leo. "A father's trouble." Sir Harold and Lady Eva. "No one shall part us." Pete thinks it time to help Sir Harold. Pete steals the Calcutta letter and gives to Lady Evelyn. Her resolve and plan to unmask the plotters. Frank Foster comes to Lady Evelyn's aid and sends for his brother Charley.

ACT II.—A Plainly Furnished Room at a Hotel.

Joe Rice and Rose, the Adventuress, who passes herself off for Harold's first wife. Joe's soliloquy. "So I am to impersonate Dr. Murphy." Interview between Sir Harold and Dr. Murphy. Rose as an eaves-dropper. Susan and Pete overhears the plot to ruin Lady Evelyn. Eva's note to Sir Harold, "I have read the Calcutta letter." Susan and Pete. Pete nearly talked to death by an old maid. Leo and Belle's suspicions of Louisa—"She is not our mother." Frank Foster discovers in Lady Louisa his lost wife—I'll be revenged for all the misery she has caused me.

ACT III.—A Reception Room.

Arrival of Lady Evelyn disguised as Charley Foster. Meeting of Sir Harold and Charley—"Thank God he did not recognize me." The quarrel between Susan and Pete, in which Pete comes off second best. Dr. Murphy and Rose, the midnight appointment. Frank Foster overhears the plotters—"I will give you the merriest surprise you ever had."

ACT IV.—Woods Scene.

Midnight. Joe awaits the coming of Rose, who surprises him. Arrival of Charley—"Lady Louisa, your game is up, I know you as Rose, the Adventuress." An attempt to murder Charley, frustrated by Pete. Sir Harold, Leo, Belle and officers arrive on the scene. Rose and Joe prisoner's. Charley throws off disguise—"Harold, don't you know me." Frank Harris confronts Rose, his wife. "Lost! lost! but the Adventuress will die game." Death of Rose. The double wedding. Susan and the Policeman. A happy ending, as Lady Evelyn triumphs over Rose, the Adventuress.

Price 15c.

A Matchmaking Father.

A Farce in 1 act by Shettle and George, for 2 male and 2 female characters. The matchmaking father has two daughters who are expensive in dress, etc., and it seems to be the only desire of his life to get them "off his hands." He at last succeeds, and the farce tells how he does it. Costumes modern. Time—30 minutes. Price 15c

↔ OUR ✦ KITTIE. ↔

A Comedy Drama in three acts by Minnie Polson, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Costumes easily obtained. Time of performance 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Major Hart—Rosemond and her uncle—A letter from Col. Gordon—"Be a father to my letter girl"—"Oh! these females, I detest them"—The telegram—"I'm coming"—Arrival of "Our Kittie"—"A regular cyclone in petticoats"—"Our Pet"—"Ho! hal! hal!"—Mrs. Carter's tright—Kittie rides the Major's race horse, Firefly—"O! these females, they will be the death of me"—Christopher Columbus—Mr. Warbler, of Warblersville—"Way down Barnum cage it"—Kittie snubs the Warbler—"She comed from de West, she did"—Kittie and her guardian—Col. Davenport—A former lover of Kittie's mothe—"Gold Dust Arthur's arrival"—"Look out Guardy, you'll explode!"

ACT II.—The interrupted proposal—Is it Kittie or Rose, I love—Arthur and Kittie's proposal to Kittie—How Kittie accepts it—Mrs. Carter and Christopher.

ACT III.—The ruined home—Mrs. Carter and Christopher have a disagreement—Gold Dust Arthur has ruined us—Notes not worth the paper they are written on—Kittie's resolve—Rosemond's appeal to Col. Davenport, a failure—\$5,000 for you Kittie, if you will be my wife—I accept it and the condition—"God help me to bear this new sorrow—"Guardy, here is the money which will save you—A heart within a Hart—"Col. Davenport comes here as my future husband—Kittie's fortune comes one hour late—Arthur's despair at Kittie's rash act—Col. Davenport discovers Kittie in Arthur's arm; the explanation by Warbler—The Col. releases Kittie and presents her with the \$5,000 as a wedding present—Christopher discovers Major Hart and Mrs. Carter's love affair—"Our Kittie it was who has saved us"—Happy ending, and six of a kind.

Price 15c.

↔ OLIVET; ↔

—OR, A RARE—

Teutonic Specimen.

A Farce in one act by J. E. Crary, for 3 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time 25 minutes.

SYNOPSIS.

Curtain rises on a room at Madam Dear's Seminary for girls. Olivet conveys the sad news to her lover Maxmillian, that they must part. Three years previous to this time, a wealthy bachelor saw Olivet singing on the street, he sends her to school, providing she will become his wife at the end of three years. The time has expired and August Monson, the wealthy bachelor, comes for his affianced. By mistake, Gus Monson, the rare Teutonic Specimen, comes into Madam Dear's house and is taken for Monson, the bachelor. It is discovered that he is not the wealthy Mr. Monson, the young people dress him up as Olivet, to fool Monson. Madam schemes to get Monson to propose to her, which he does and forgives all deceptions played on him. Happy ending.

Price 15c.

The Miller's Daughter; OR, Bound in Honor.

A drama in 4 acts by H. Jay Gibbs, for 8 male and 6 female characters—can be doubled to play with 5 male and 4 female characters. Costumes easily obtained.

Time of performance 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—The Miller's Cottage—A mortgaged Home—"Elsie must marry Squire Thornton and save our home"—Mrs. Davenport's doubts—Beauty and Dickey—"I won't be tagged"—Flirtation of the heart—"A bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck"—Basil Lawrence and Elsie—The secret marriage—"My story's told in the falling water of the old mill stream"—Beauty and Basil—"The wager—"Are you nasty nice?"—Dickey's picture and the chocolate drops—The telegram—"Beauty, be a friend to Elsie—Beauty and the Squire—Dickey interferes—Elsie refuses to marry Squire Thornton—Driven from home, with a father's curse.

ACT II.—The mountain Witch—Squire Thornton secures her assistance—Basil and his mother, Countess Harrington—The demand—"I am married"—"A miller's daughter"—A mother's resolve—"You are a minor, the marriage is illegal"—The railroad accident, in which Basil is injured—Dickey's letter—attempted abduction of Elsie—Beauty on hand—Rescue of Elsie—"Die you villain"—Death of Squire Thornton—"Oh heaven! he died with a lie on his lips."

ACT III.—Home of Countess Harrington—The ball—Isabel and the Countess—"My one wish is that you become my son's wife"—Basil can't recall the past year—"It is only a dream"—Elsie as Mlle Cerani, attends the ball—Meets Basil—"My husband"—He tells her of his dream—The flower—Isabel and Mlle—"You are an Adventuress"—"No, I am Basil Harrington's deserted wife."—Beauty and Dickey—Lord Hyde proposes to Beauty—The old song, awakened memories—"Elsie, Elsie, my wife!"—Countess Harrington declares the marriage void—Despair of Elsie—"I choose my wife, Elsie"—"Mother, I leave you forever."

ACT IV.—The Miller's cottage—Beauty at home—Beauty tells Elsie's story to her father—"I curse her"—The vengeance of heaven—Return of Elsie—Beauty and Dickey—The unexpected caller—Dickey on his knees—Elsie and Basil—"My wife, our marriage was legal—Dickey proposes—"Do I crowd?"—The curse revoked, and Elsie and Basil are now "Bound in Honor."

Price 25cts.

The Old Wayside Inn.

A drama in 5 acts by J. E. Crary, for 9 male and 6 female characters. Time of performance 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The Wayside Inn. Storm on the Moor. Arrival of Lady Arley and infant daughter. Lill Beckwith warns her. "It is death to remain longer." Arrival of Jack Beckwith. Murder of Lady Arley. Lill saves the child.

ACT II.—A lapse of fifteen years. Lill and Gypsy. The dying woman. "I am not your mother." The secret revealed. Jack arrives. A death bed. Jack's despair. Gypsy discovers her mother's papers, which reveals her mother's history. Bart Juan and Jack meet. "I know your secret." "My silence is, the hand of Gypsy." Bruce Stillwell. Lost on the Moor. Seeks shelter, and is warned by Gypsy. His escape. Jack's oath at his wife's grave. Murder of Jack and abduction of Gypsy, by Bart Juan and his men. Bruce discovers Jack in time to learn of the abduction. Death of Jack.

ACT III.—The Irish and Dutch Detectives. "Ish dot so?" Home of Lady Stillwell. The compact between Bruce and his mother. "I love Gypsy Beckwith." Pat and Fritz. Cave of the Robbers. Washington dances at the point of a revolver. Gypsy's escape. Oath of vengeance.

ACT IV.—Bruce discovers Gypsy as an Actress. I shall never marry my cousin Gerty. Bart Juan and Bruce. The duel, in which Gerty meets her death.

ACT V.—Lady Stillwell's attempt to discover the heiress. Bruce and Gypsy. The proposal. Happy ending.

Price 15cts.

↔ LITTLE GOLDIE; ↔

OR,

The Child of the Camp.

A Western Comedy Drama in Four (4) Acts for 11 male
and 3 female characters, by

MR. CHARLES O. WILLARD.

Little Goldie is a strong Western drama. It is replete with startling situations, thrilling incidents and interesting from the beginning to the end. Dutch, Irish and Negro characters for the comedy parts.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—The picnic near the "Black Hawk's" cave. The lawyers and Mike. Little Goldie has fun with the Judge. Mike makes love to Matilda. The Judge is appealed to. Matilda and the Judge. Joe arrived late. The Captain of the Black Hawks shows up. Tells the gang a story. Old Jones is rich. The plot. Peter's meets old Jones. The struggle. Little Goldie to the rescue, backed by the Judge and his "cannon." "It wouldn't do in this glorious climate of Colorado."

ACT II.—The Col. and the Maj. lament the escape of the Black Hawks. The Judge gets drunk. Mike tells some news. The boys "lay" for the school teacher. The school teacher arrives. A female. The Judge makes a speech. Joe drops in and cuts them all out. Matilda and the Judge. Mike gets mad. The Capt. of the Black Hawks again. Little Goldie at her pranks—has trouble with Godfrey. Joe interferes. The Col. and Maj. get in their work. Judge tries to escape from Matilda. Mike helps him out. The recognition. The story. I will be there. The quarrel. "Drop that knife, or I'll fill you full of holes."

ACT III.—The home of Edith. Matilda tells a little gossip and departs. Joe calls and tells Edith of his love. The Judge hears him refused. Joe departs. The Judge tries his hand. Matilda unexpectedly returns. The Judge in a fix. Little Goldie again. A new baby. Godfrey calls on Edith. The promise. "So will I." The Col. and Maj. Mike happens along. The Judge takes a hand. Little Goldie looking for Joe. Handsome Harry. "I'll play this alone if I die for it." Near the Black Hawk's retreat. The Black Hawks. Godfrey waiting. Edith's arrival. Edith arrives. "Never." "Then go where you belong." Handsome Harry to the rescue. "Defend yourself." Harry is overpowered. The fate of a traitor. Goldie to the rescue. The terrible fall of Godfrey.

ACT IV.—Bummer Jones' (George Winfred) home in Denver. Mike Flynn in command. The reformed Bummer. The letters. The letter from the nephew. The nephew arrives. Godfrey as a "Missionary." The uncle writes a letter dictated by the nephew. The arrival of the Judge. The murder. The Col. and Joe. Godfrey's claim. Mike tells what he heard. Godfrey accused of murder. "His child and the heiress is dead." The heiress found is Little Goldie. Handsome Harry. Godfrey cheats the law. Edith and Joe. Unexpected arrival of Matilda. Happy finale.

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		171	4 3
		180	0 0
		267	2 0
		309	5 4
		48	1 1
		138	0 5
		115	3 3
		55	2 2
		232	4 2
		241	2 2
		270	5 0
		1	5 2
		137	1 1
		252	3 3
		315	3 2
		40	2 2
TRAGEDIES.			
16	6 3		
FARCES & COMEDIETTAS.			
129	2 1		
132	1 1		
316	3 3		
289	0 0		
12	2		
303	3		
166	4 6		
30	7 5		
169	2 4		
286	4 2		
80	4 3		
320	3 3		
78	3 3		
313	2 2		
31	4 2		
21	3 3		
123	3 1		
0	3 2		
175	2 2		
8	5 2		
86	4 2		
22	3 3		
84	3 0		
287	1 1		
225	4 4		
317	5 1		
249	9 1		
49	1 1		
72	5 1		
19	4 3		
42	1 1		
188	3 0		
220	3 0		
148	3 1		
218	4 0		
224	2 1		
233	2 1		
154	4 2		

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