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# "LA COUNTESS."

C. E. Louis

LUCILE . . . . There is a fatality in deeds.—My past has its insuperable barriers . . . . ACT. III.



"LA COUNTESS."

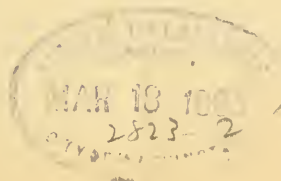
A DRAMA

IN

FOUR ACTS.

*By Charles E. Louis*  
*Source*

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## LIST OF CHARACTERS.

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LUCILE—(*La Countess*,) An Adventuress.

SALOME—Her Sister.

ANNE—Maid to Lucile.

MATILDE—A Nurse.

DUBOIS—Editor of *La Verite*.

MILET—A Banker.

ARNAUD—A Member of the Assembly.

DELEYRE---Same.

MENARD—A Physician.

SWORDS—An Attache of the American Legation.

PAUL—Butler to Lucile.

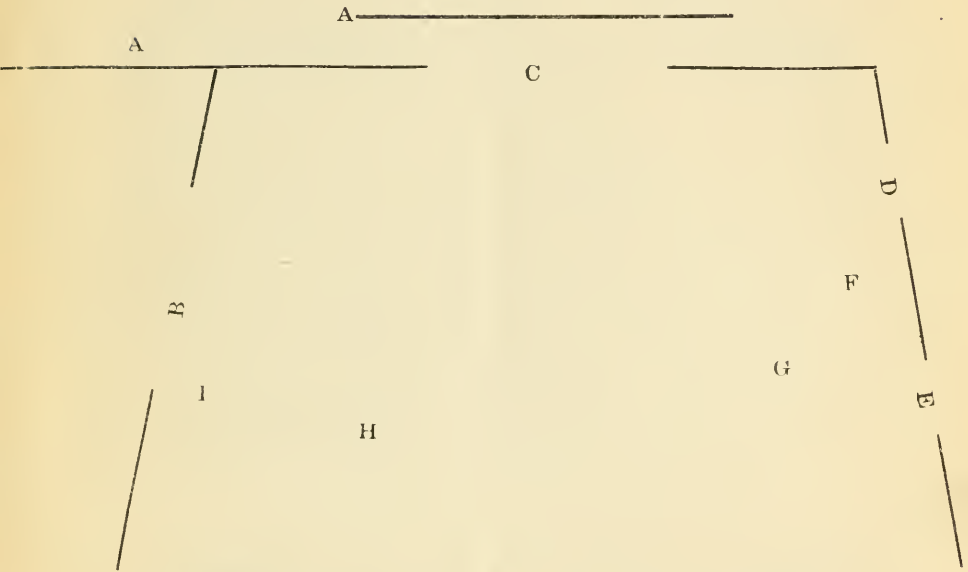
CAPT. LYTTON—Of Her Majesty's Marine.

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Acts I, II and III, transpire in the city of Paris; Act IV in the suburbs.  
Time, present. A fortnight elapses between acts I and II; a day between acts II and III, and eighteen months between acts III and IV.

# DIAGRAM OF STAGE CARPENTRY.

FIG. I. (ACT. I.)

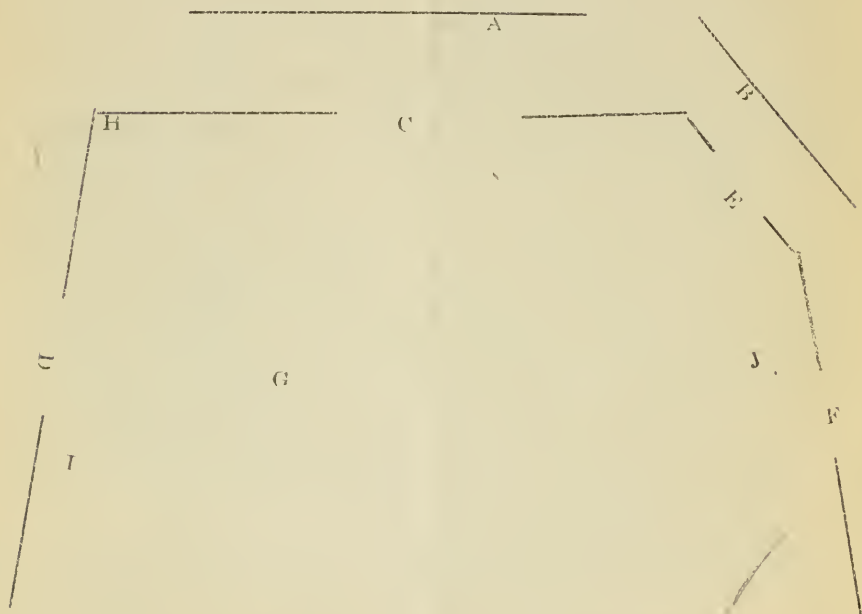


- A. Wall Scene.
- B, C and D. Doors.
- E. Mantel and Grate.
- F. Easel with Portrait.

- G. Table, with Lamp.
- H. Round Table.
- I. Position of Deleyre.

# DIAGRAM OF STAGE CARPENTRY.

FIG. II (ACTS II and III)



A. Wall Scene.  
 B. Street Scene.  
 C and D. Doors.

E. Window.  
 F. Mantel and Grate.

G. Table; position of Lucille.

H. Dressing Case.

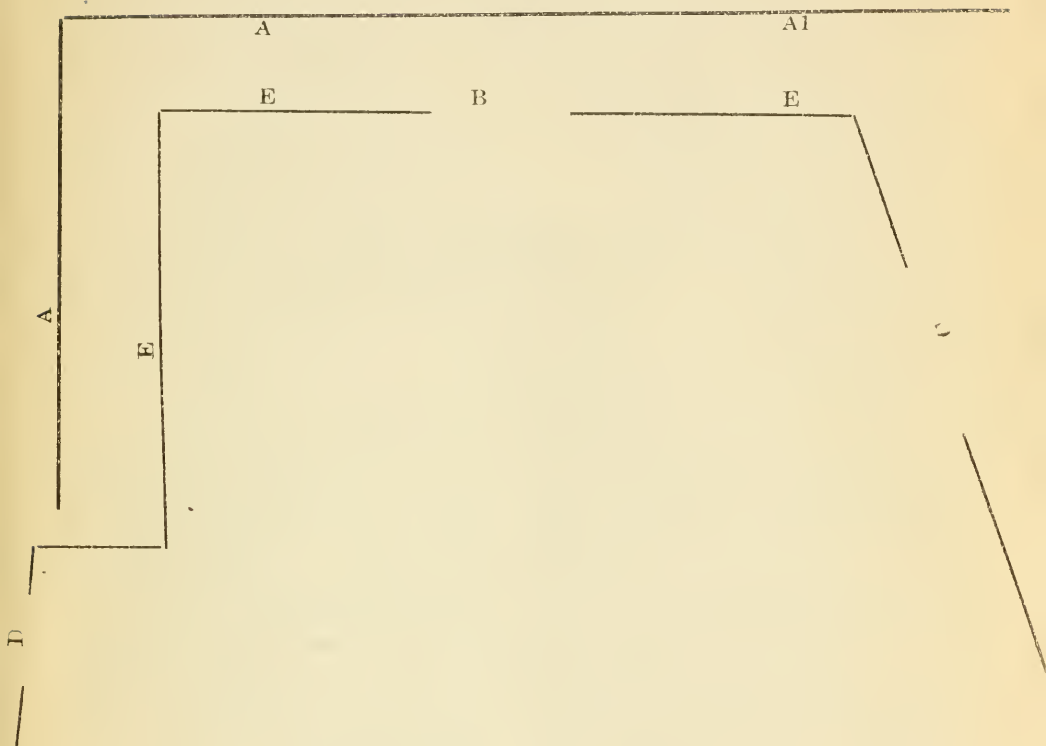
I. Cabinet.

J. Couch.



# DIAGRAM OF STAGE CARPENTRY.

FIG. III. Act IV.



- A. Garden Scene.
- A1. Village Scene.
- B, C and D. Doors.
- E. Glass Walls of Conservatory.

- F. First position of Lucile.
- G. Second " " "
- H. Position of Salome.

Ceiling of Conservatory in panel.

Centre door leads *down* to garden.

[*Right and left* as used in the directions refers to right and left hand looking toward the stage.]

ACT I. — *Coup d'etat*,  
(A stroke of policy.)

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ACT II. — *Coup de grace*,  
(The finishing stroke.)

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ACT III. — *Avise la fin*,  
(Consider the end.)

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ACT IV. — *Comme il faut*,  
(As it should be.)

# "LA COUNTESS."

## ACT. I.

*Scene: Salon. (See diagram, Fig. 1.) Time; midnight. Curtain discovers Paul asleep before the grate; Anne reading a book. Lights down except lamp upon table at which Anne is reading. The street bell sounds. The clock strikes twelve. After a short pause the street bell sounds again.*

ANNE. (*Looking up.*) Dear me, the stupid fellow is asleep. (*Calling*) Paul, Paul, Paul. (*Paul moves drowsily.*) The bell (*She resumes reading. Paul rises slowly, yawning, etc. The bell sounds long and loud. Paul appears dazed*)

ANNE. O dear, how impatient! (*Looking up.*) Don't you hear the bell, stupid?

PAUL. (*Rushing off.*) It was the bell then! I thought I was dreaming.

(*Exit Centre.*)

ANNE. Surely it cannot be Mademoiselle. She would not return before two, she said. A stranger, perhaps, for Mademoiselle's friends know she attends the *bal* to-night.

DEL. (*Without.*) The rogue has the audacity to say he has been asleep!

ANNE. (*Taking up lamp and retreating to door, right.*) Deleyre?—That is odd!

(*Enter Arnaud, Milet and Deleyre, centre, the latter intoxicated. Exit Anne, right.*)

DEL. Here, turn on the lights, you rogue! Do you show gentlemen into a dark room every day?

(*Enter Paul, centre. He proceeds to turn up the lights.*)

DEL. Asleep, hey? Perhaps you'd like me to mention the fact to Mademoiselle? *Ma foi!* I could box your ears. (*He makes for Paul. Milet steps between them.*)

MIL. Come, Deleyre, you are forgetting yourself. If the truth were told, you are the greater fool of the two.

ARN. (*Stepping up to the easel.*) Ah! here is Mademoiselle's Meissionnier picture. When did it come, Paul?

PAUL. To-day, Monsieur.

(*Milet and Deleyre join Arnaud. Deleyre first scowls at Paul.*)

ARN. Exquisite! What say you, Milet?

MIL. An admirable likeness; but slightly pensive.

DEL. You are both wrong. It is neither exquisite nor pensive. It is a daub. A daub, sure as I live. See! Is that a position? (*Arnaud and Milet laugh.*)

MIL. It is your own ill-fated noddle, Deleyre.

DEL. I say the head is illy poised!

PAUL (*To Milet.*) Mademoiselle—

MIL. We are this moment from the *bal*.—Mademoiselle will be here in an hour. (*Paul bows.*) Bring table and cards, Paul. And say—a sip of brandy. Another for Arnaud.

DEL. And another for *me*, you rogue! Asleep, hey?

MIL. You drink nothing, Deleyre, or you will miss the fun. Brandy for two, Paul.

(*Exit Paul, centre.*)

DEL. (*Calling after Paul.*) Three, you rogue! Milet, you speak as if I were drunk. *Ma foi!* It is enough to anger me. If you were not my bosom friend, and—and my banker, I should tell you a plain truth: that you are the drunkest man in the room. (*Arnaud and Milet laugh.*) I leave it to Arnaud.

(*Enter Paul, with table.*)

No, he is drunk too. (*To Paul.*) Asleep, hey? Do you bring brandy for three, you rogue?

(*Paul appeals mutely to Milet. Deleyre drops into a chair and dozes. Milet waves his hand in assent.*)

(*Exit Paul.*)

MIL. (*To Arnaud.*) He is probably past enjoying the fun now. (*The bell sounds.*) That cannot be Lucile? (*Looking at his watch.*) She is not due;—nor the others. (*Laughing*) He, he! I split my sides thinking of it.

(*Enter Dubois, centre.*)

Dubois! You are just in season; there is some sport in hand.

DUB. So? (*Shaking hands*) I hope I find you well, my dear Milet. (*Greeting Arnaud*) Ah! Arnaud. Rosy as a peach! (*To Milet.*) This is shocking bad for rheumatism!

MIL. You see I am as nimble as a boy. Menard is a great physician.

DUB. (*To Deleyre.*) *Bon soir!* (*All laugh.*) (*To Milet.*) But this sport; what is it? By the way I have news, for you;—but after you. (*Noticing the picture.*) Ah! (*Putting on glasses.*) This is the Meissonnier picture! A gift from Larboureur, I believe? A munificent one, but the money is thrown away. “No fool like an old fool” has found vent in a thousand tongues; at length it is done in colors by Meissonnier. (*Laughing.*) This old fool is bedridden.

ARN. (*To Dubois.*) You are something of an amateur, what think you of the picture? (*Dubois shrugs his shoulders and turns away.*)

MIL. (*With raillery.*) *La Verite* will contain a glowing account of it—nay?

DUB. Why not? It is the fashion to rave at a Meissonnier.

(*Enter Paul with brandy.*)

MIL. (*To Dubois.*) You shall drink to the health of Deleyre with his own wine. He, he! The poor fellow will not miss his nightcap before morning. (*The gentlemen each take a glass from the salver.*)

DUB. (*Toasting Deleyre.*) May your cares never oppress you more. (*To the others*) I wish you, Messieurs, nothing less.

ARN. *Vive la Republique!*

MIL. *Vive La Verite!*

(*They drink.*)

ARN. He shall have a whiff of an empty glass, at least. (*Puts his glass under Deleyre's nose.*)

DEL. (*Drowsily.*) Asleep, hey? You rogue!

(*They laugh.*)

DUB. To-morrow, he will swear that he drank it. But this sport—I am in great humor for sport. What is it? (*Arnaud seats himself at the table and shuffles cards.*)

Arnaud you are an inveterate gambler!

ARN. Nay, I only kill time.

DUB. You should draft a bill, my dear Arnaud! I fear you lack ambition. But it is so with our wealthy members. (*Draws forth a diary.*) *La Verite* will contain a leader on that theme. (*Arnaud and Milet laugh.*) Nay, I am serious for all that. Arnaud, you should draft a bill. Now,

*killing time* should be a capital offense. There is *matter* and an *opportunity*.—Besides, you will have an advantage over our average member—you will *know* whereof you write. (*All laugh.*) But the sport?

MIL. Well, there is recently come to Paris a *young, handsome and dashing*—That is in good form, nay?

DUB. Go on, go on.—~~As we would say,~~ the news will be old ere it be told.

MIL.—A young, handsome and dashing scion of her majesty's navy. —I may as well tell you his name—a certain Lytton—a Captain, I believe (*Arnaud nods assent*)—yes, a Captain. Well. This young, handsome and dashing scion of her majesty's navy, you must know, is a veritable *beau ideal*.

DUB. Ah!

MIL. (*Laughing*) A *decent* fellow, so to speak—Swords introduces him.—He, he! I die laughing when I think of it. Well, to make a long story short, our *beau* hears of Lucile and is *incredulous*.

DUB. Humph!

MIL. It appears that Lytton is enamored of a young virgin in the provinces; and she of him—so the story goes. Well. Now his demeanor being in the nature of a challenge. Lucile, something piqued, resolves to bring him to her feet.

DUB. *C'est fait de lui.* [It is all over with him.]

ARN. O that remains to be seen! He is a champion worthy his adversary.

DUB. Pshaw! He is already at her feet, if *La Countess* has decreed it. What man ever escaped upon whom she got her wiles? (*To Milet.*) Have they met?

MIL. No, they meet to-night for the first time. We are to abet her if necessary.—At any rate we are to look on and enjoy the fun. *Apropos*, it is odd, Dubois, you happen in to-night?

DUB. I heard Lucile would not attend the *bal*.

MIL. She will be here presently with Menard. I forgot to tell you! Lucile and Marlain have quarreled. It is to that good fortune that we owe the enterprise in hand. You do not seem surprised that Lucile and Marlain have quarreled?

DUB. My dear Milet, we news mongers are surprised at nothing. Well, do we play? (*They take seats by Arnaud.*)—Arnaud is impatient. (*To Milet*) About this Lytton.—You have not told me by what *jeu de theatre* [stage trick] he will come on?

MIL. I was about to tell you.—Lucile resolved to leave the *bal*. Swords being present with his *protege*, I suggested that our comedy be put on at once. Thus it is all cut and dried—the mouse has but to put his nose into the trap.

ARN.—And be caught! But you have news for us, you say? (*They begin to play ving-tun.*)

DUB. Yes. An illegitimate child of the late Count de Brescie has asked for a guardian at law, and will dispute the Will under which Lucile inherits.

MIL. AND ARN. Ah!

DUB. A despicable scheme of blackmail, I think. (*The bell sounds.*)

ARN. What odds I cannot name who comes?

MIL. Pay attention to the game. Give me a card. Another. I am content.

DUB. I am content.

ARN. (*Turning his cards.*) I pay twenty. (*Milet and Dubois pass over their money.*)

DUB. You are a lucky dog! I had nineteen?

(*Enter Swords and Lytton.*)

MIL. (*In an undertone to Dubois and Arnaud.*) Act I. Scene I. A trap. Enter a mouse.

DUB. (*Same as above.*) Hercules, Apollo and Mars at once! but I insist: *C'est fait de lui.* [It is all over with him.]

Swo. (*Coming forward.*) Messieurs, I give you good morning. (*Dubois, Milet and Arnaud rise.*) Monsieur Dubois! (*Shaking hands*) We do not meet in months.

DUB. It is *your* fault, my dear Swords.—We are in our sanctum early and late, and never too busy to greet a friend.

Swo. Thanks, I shall make amends. My dear Milet. (*Greeting each.*) Ah! Arnaud, I saw you at the *bal*, but you were too much engrossed with the little dark-eyed beauty. Who was she, pray? Oh! never mind, since you blush. Messieurs, allow me

- to present a friend. Captain Lytton, of her Majesty's navy, Messieurs. Captain Lytton, Monsieur Dubois, the affable and noted editor of *La Verite*.
- DUB. (*Taking Lytton's hand.*) I thank Monsieur Swords for his lavish compliment; but more for the pleasure he affords me in meeting his friend, Monsieur—Captain Lytton.
- LYT. You are kind, sir.
- Swo. Monsieur Arnaud you will find any day at—(insert the place of assembly of the French legislature)—where he serves his country with dignity and credit.
- ARN. (*Taking Lytton's hand.*) If Monsieur Swords did not *mean* well, I should have cause to feel hurt at his compliment. Should Captain Lytton do me the honor to present his card at the—(same as above) I will be happy to accord him every courtesy.
- LYT. I thank you heartily.
- Swo. And should you at any time need the services of a broker, I am happy to recommend my friend Milet—Monsieur Milet.
- MIL. (*Taking Lytton's hand.*)—(insert a street and number,) Monsieur Lytton. (*Lytton bows to him*)
- Swo. (*Placing his hand upon Arnaud's shoulders.*) What a pity my friend Arnaud, here, is not an American! His *tout ensemble*—no reproach to my friends Messieurs Milet and Dubois!—and, moreover, his extreme passion for cards, fit him for our highest diplomatic service.
- (*All laugh.*)
- DUB. My dear Swords, I protest against seducing any Frenchman with these prismatic reflections upon your Eldorado—much less my friend Arnaud, who, unfortunately, is so susceptible.
- (*All laugh.*)
- (*To Swords and Lytton*) Will you join us?
- Swo. My friend does not play. But pray go on with your game, Messieurs.
- DUB. You will excuse us? (*Lytton bows. Dubois, Milet and Arnaud resume play.*)
- Swo. (*To Lytton.*) Come, I will show you some rare antiques (*Noting the portrait*) Ah! this is the much talked of portrait. Here is a likeness of *La Countess*, Lytton. And an excellent one it is! (*Lytton starts.*)
- DUB. (*In an undertone.*) A good beginning! He is smitten with the face.
- ARN. (*Same.*) "A good beginning makes a poor ending," you know.
- DUB. (*Same.*) A poor ending for *him*, yes.
- LYT. (*Aside.*) An absurd fancy! Yet it resembles Salome.
- Swo. (*Who has been examining the picture closely*) Well, Lytton.
- LYT. Do you know if Mademoiselle has relatives?—I fancy somewhere to have met a resemblance.
- Swo. I never heard that she had. Perhaps Dubois will know.
- LYT. No no, do not disturb him. It is a mere fancy; now that I look again it is dispelled
- (*Enter Lucile, followed by Menard. Lytton is presented to Menard. Swords, Menard and Lytton remain in a group.*)
- LUC. (*Coming forward.*) Messieurs, you are comfortable? (*They rise.*) No no. Oh, Dubois? (*Giving her hand.*) To what do I owe such an unexpected pleasure?
- DUB. You chide me?
- LUC. No, you come often enough. (*Arnaud and Milet laugh.*) Good friends, wait.—You come oftener than I deserve. Arnaud, (*with a sigh of ennui,*) you come often enough. (*Dubois and Milet laugh.*)
- MIL. Well, fair executioner, my head is upon the block. Let the ax fall—I suffer from suspense.
- LUC. Then I shall be haunted with your spirit! No, (*resignedly,*) I prefer you, Milet. (*They laugh.*) Pray, Messieurs, do not be disturbed! (*She crosses to the mantle and touches the bell. D., A. and M. resume play.*) (*Calling.*) Menard.
- (*Menard bows to Swords and Lytton and goes over to Lucile.*)
- MEN. Command me, Mademoiselle.
- LUC. (*In an undertone to Menard, whom she engages in some service.*) At a convenient opportunity take Monsieur Lytton into the adjoining room. The illumination—you understand!
- (*Enter Ann.*)
- (*To Menard.*) *Voila tout.* (*Menard joins Swords and Lytton.*) (*To Anne, handing her mantle, hood, &c.*) You are sleepy, poor girl—go to bed.

ANNE. I have a good book, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Well, then, wait up for me. I am tired (*flinging herself into a chair*)—and unhappy. (*Rising*) I am a baby! (*She takes up a cabinet photo from table and tears it in temper, throwing fragments on floor.*) (*Swords comes forward.*) How good of you, Monsieur Swords, not to speak to me at the *bal*.

Swo. Pardon me, Mademoiselle, I sought your eye a dozen times without avail.

LUC. Oh! that was unfortunate.

Swo. We were spectators only.

LUC. I know, I know.—It has been forgotten, Monsieur. (*In an eager tone*) Your friend is handsome.

Swo. May I introduce him?

LUC. (*Affectedly.*) Certainly.  
(*Swords brings Lytton forward.*)

Swo. Mademoiselle, I have the honor to present a friend, Captain Lytton. (*Lucile and Lytton courtesy. She takes Swords' arm and leading him away to the portrait, appears to whisper something amusing. Lytton is at first abashed; then aflame with anger.*)

MEN. (*Coming up and putting his arm through that of Lytton, who suffers himself to be led off.*) I have a rare sight to show you, Monsieur. The illumination—(complete this speech appropriately; or insert another, and make Lucile's speech above, conform.) It may be seen to excellent advantage from yonder window.

(*Exit Lytton and Menard left.*)  
(*The instant they disappear Lucile rapidly approaches the table where Dubois, Milet and Arnaud are at play. During the introduction they had been covertly watching, Dubois now and then touching the hand of Arnaud.*)

LUC. (*In an undertone to Milet, indicating the exit of Lytton and Menard.*) Does Dubois know? (*Milet nods assent.*) Good (*Speaking rapidly and in an undertone.*) (*Swords joins the group.*) Here is the plan: An effort to fire him with indignation; an opportunity to resent it he cannot forego; I am incensed; but *disclaiming*, he must apologize. Thus the first act. (*To Swords.*) Go, now,

quickly, and relieve Menard. Whatever happens, appear his friend. Go.

(*Swords bows and exit.*)

I miss one. Where is Deleyre? (*Noting him, Lucile raises her hands.*) That is too bad. He is hot-headed and might be useful.

DUB. I compliment you, Mademoiselle, upon your *coup d'etat*.

LUC. (*Moving away.*) Oh, save your compliments, save your compliments, Monsieur.—I may fail.

ARN. (*This, and two following speeches in undertone.*) I wager a thousand francs she does.

DUB. Are you a friend?

(*Arnaud p'aces his hand upon his breast.*)

DUB. Milet, it is a wager.

(*Enter Menard, holding his sides with suppressed laughter. All gather about him.*)

MEN. I never saw a man so incensed in all my life. He threatens to leave the house at once.

LUC. To your places, Messieurs. Come, Menard. (*Dub., Mil. and Arn. resume play. Lucile takes Menard's arm and saunters off right as Lytton and Swords enter left.*)

Swo. (*Coming up to the table.*) A pardon for interrupting you, Messieurs—we are about to leave.

DUB. (*Rising.*) You are not serious? (*Lytton bows assent.*) (*Arn. and Mil. rise.*)

DUB. (*To Lytton, giving his hand.*) Well, *bon soir*. We shall meet again?

LYT. I hope so.

DUB. By all means.

(*A chorus of salutations between Dub., Mil and Arn.; and Swo. and Lyt.*)

(*Lucile and Menard are stationed at the door, as Lytton and Swords retreat.*)

Swo. (*To Lucile*) *Bon soir*, Mademoiselle. (*To Menard.*) *Bon soir*, Monsieur.

LUC. No, you are not going? (*Swords bows.*) Well—if you must. Come again. *Bon soir*.

LYT. (*To Menard.*) Good night, Mon-

sieur. (*Menard bows, and Lytton, taking Sword's arm, turns away. Lucile starts, then comes rapidly to the front.*)

LUC. *Serait-il possible?* [Is it possible?] (*Dub., Arn. and Mil. rise in consternation. Deleyre Awakens. Swords and Lytton turn.*)

MIL. (*To Deleyre in an undertone.*)  
The fun is on; be discreet.

LUC. (*Agitated.*) Messieurs, I have been grossly insulted in my own house.

Swo. (*Coming forward.*) Pardon me, Mademoiselle, my friend onlyresents a graver offense! It is more to be *offended* in one's own house.

LUC. (*With surprise.*) *Offended in one's own house?* (*With naivete.*) Have I offended any one?

Swo. Will you permit me to remind you, Mademoiselle, that you took my arm—on presenting my friend.

LUC. (*Incredulously.*) Oh, if I did so I meant no offense. (*Distractedly.*) I am not myself to-night.)  
(*Lyt. starts, and comes forward.*)

DEL. (*Wildly.*) Let me at the puppy! Does he think because he sails a raft under the dirty English flag—  
(*Mil. puts his hand over Del's mouth and draws him away. Lytton looks at him defiantly a moment then, turns to Lucile.*)

LYT. (*With condescension.*) I entreat your pardon, Mademoiselle.

LUC. With all my heart, Monsieur.  
We are the best of friends.

(*Lytton bows.*)

LYT. (*To Deleyre.*) Monsieur, I have not the honor to know you?

MIL. Monsieur Deleyre—

LYT. (*With mock civility.*) Monsieur Deleyre.

(*Tableau.*)

(*Curtain.*)



## ACT II.

(Scene: Boudoir. See Diagram, Fig. II. Time, evening.)

(Enter Deleyre, centre.)

DEL. Milet, Milet! Are there traps in this house that one can vanish so? He is not here. ~~I must look further.~~

(Exit centre.)

(After a brief pause, enter through door, left, Milet, followed by Dubois, the former convulsed with laughter.)

MILET, He, he! Yes. ~~He, he! I must tell you.~~ Well, Lytton of course picks upon Swords for his second, and I being second to Deleyre—~~he, he! I being second to Deleyre,~~ it is easily arranged that the pistols be charged with blanks. ~~He, he! Well.~~ You should have seen Deleyre as we approached the field. He, he! I think the poor fellow contemplated jumping from the carriage, and making for the woods. ~~Such a woe begone countenance! Thus.~~ He, he! "Is there no way of abridging this matter?" he says. "None," said I, "none in the world that is honor-

able." "Will I," said he, "for the sake of honor—a mere bauble—consent to be shot down like a dog?" ~~He, he!~~ "Deleyre," said I, "honor is no mere bauble; it is dearer than life." He, he! "Besides," said I, "you had the choice of weapons." "Would I choose harpoons?" says he.

DUB. Ha, ha!

MIL. He, he! "Would I choose harpoons?"—says he—"I chose pistols because there is some chance he will miss me. ~~If he were as big as a whale,~~" says he, "I should never hit him." He, he! Well. We are finally on the grounds, and all is in readiness. Lucile is there, admirably disguised as a surgeon. At the word, both pistols are discharged. Well, what happens? Deleyre, with an unearthly yell, falls to the ground.

DUB. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho!

MIL. He, he, he, he! "Where are you hit, Monsieur?" says Lucile. ~~"Here, here, here," (touching different portions of his person)~~ "No? Where am I hurt, good surgeon?" says he. ~~(Both laugh boisterously, embrace~~

~~each other and fall exhausted into separate chairs.~~ "Where am I hurt, good surgeon?" (*Both laugh some thing as before.*) Well, Deleyre declines to stand again, and of course the matter ends. ~~"Where am I hurt, good surgeon?" He, he!~~

DUB. ~~Ha, ha!~~ "Where am I hurt, good surgeon?"  $\wedge$

MIL. But mark! the time has not come to open upon Deleyre. First the *coup de grace*. [~~The finishing stroke.~~] Lucile has promised that to-night she will bring Lytton to her feet; and we will observe the sport from yonder room (*pointing to door left.*) Lytton, you know, has been calling oftener than becomes so *decent* a fellow.

DUB. Arnaud says she is smitten with him.

MIL. Pshaw! do not believe Arnaud. He is a visionary. Besides, he has a thousand francs up with you, which he is sure to lose, and he is but repairing his bad judgment. No, no; trust me, Lucile knows better than to make a *butt* of herself. Here is the plan: Lytton calls to night as usual; Lucile is indisposed; the instructions ~~are that~~ he is to be shown up at once. She has never received him in her boudoir. See?  $\wedge$  Let us join Arnaud and Deleyre—the mouse will soon appear. He, he! I dare say he will receive a rare and profitable lesson.

DUB. For which he will not thank us, however.

MIL. He, he! I must tell you! Swords-wears he will have no further hand in the affair. It was only by dint of the ~~utmost~~ persuasion that he was prevented from exposing the trick.

DUB. The Americans are too conscientious!

MIL. He, he! I wonder what has become of his fair inamorata—the virgin—she of the provinces?

(*Excunt, centre, arm in arm, laughing.*)

(*As they go out, Lucile, attired in a negligé, puts aside the curtains of door left, and enters wearily. She sighs, and going to the dressing case, contemplates herself for a moment in the mirror.*)

LUC. (*Touching bell.*) So, Arnaud thinks I love him. (*She laughs incredulously, but checks herself suddenly.*)

(*Enter Anne, center.*)

LUC. (*Seating herself.*) Take down my hair, Anne. Wait; give me that book. (*Anne hands her a book, then proceeds to take down her hair. Lucile opens book, looks at it a moment, then lowers it to her lap.*) You have read this, Anne?

ANNE. Yes, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Is it good?

ANNE. ~~Oh! charming,~~ Mademoiselle.

LUC. There are lovers in it!

ANNE. And ~~not~~ such lovers, Mademoiselle. Jannet—

LUC. Do not tell me the story—I will have no desire to read it.  $\wedge$  Did you ever love, Anne?

ANNE. (*Blushing.*) I—I don't know, Mademoiselle

LUC. Tell me all about it.

ANNE. You will not be angry, Mademoiselle?

LUC. Not if you are happy, child.

ANNE. Oh, I am so happy, Mademoiselle.

LUC. What is it like?

ANNE. ~~What, Mademoiselle?~~

LUC. ~~Being happy?~~

ANNE. Oh, Mademoiselle, were you never happy?

LUC. ~~Oh, yes, a score of times.~~ I ask to confirm my own feelings.

ANNE. Well, Mademoiselle, (*blushing,*) I cannot tell exactly, but there is such a strange feeling here, (*touching her heart.*)

LUC. ~~Where?~~

ANNE. (*Coming around.*) Here, Mademoiselle. (*Lucile sighs*)

LUC. Who is he?

ANNE. Paul and I, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Paul and you?

ANNE. Oh, Mademoiselle, do not be angry.

LUC. I am not angry. Paul is a good fellow, but he has nothing.

ANNE. Oh, Mademoiselle, you do not know. Paul is very careful, and has already two thousand francs in bank.  $\wedge$

LUC. ~~Indeed!~~

ANNE. ~~And I have a little of my own, Mademoiselle—about a thousand francs.~~

LUC. ~~You have two, Anne.~~

ANNE. ~~Indeed not, Mademoiselle.~~

LUC.  $\wedge$  Who is your banker?

ANNE. Paul, Mademoiselle. He keeps it with his own.

LUC. Come here. Do you trust him?

ANNE. Oh, Mademoiselle, I would trust him to the end of the world.

LUC. ~~So. Is there not a purse in yonder drawer? Bring it to me. (Anne hands her a purse). That is yours. (As though saying it is not mine.)~~

ANNE. Indeed not, Mademoiselle. See, this has a diamond.

LUC. Still it is yours—I have given it to you.

ANNE. Oh, Mademoiselle, thanks, thanks. ~~(Kissing her hand.)~~

LUC. You may go now. ~~(Calling her back.)~~ Anne.

ANNE. Yes, Mademoiselle.

LUC. ~~(Drawing Anne down by her side.)~~ You are truly happy?

ANNE. Very happy, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Will you kiss my lips? ~~(Anne does so, passionately.)~~ God bless you.

ANNE. Oh, Mademoiselle, that is my prayer every night—God bless my dear good Mademoiselle.

LUC. ~~(Waving her off, and with suppressed emotion)~~ Leave me. ~~(As Anne goes out she shakes her head ruefully.)~~

(Exit Anne.)

(Lucile rises and paces the floor in mental anguish.)

Enter Lytton.

Whom she encounters abruptly.)

LUC. Oh! Monsieur Lytton.

LYT. I was told you wished to see me here—that you were ill?

LUC. You were good to come. I am not ill,—not abed you see—more *ennui*, perhaps, than indisposition. ~~(She scats herself.)~~

LYT. I hope your indisposition is but slight, yet *ennui*, I fear, is worse—it saps the heart.

LUC. Do you think so? There should be none left of mine then.

LYT. Perhaps you have the happy faculty of smiling at grief?

LUC. Yet you would not say I emulate Patience?

LYT. You might, indeed, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Oh Monsieur!—Let us change the subject. Did you enjoy the Matinee? Has not—[insert a noted tenor] a wonderful voice?

LYT. I fancied—[insert a noted soprano] more.

LUC. Ah, she is a woman!

LYT. And—[insert tenor as before]

LUC. We will not quarrel. Since our first meeting I fear to quarrel with you. You have such a temper, Monsieur. Did you ever kill any one?

LYT. Hundreds, Mademoiselle. ~~(She affects to start)~~ Not in passion, in the service of my country, Mademoiselle

LUC. Oh! You are so good to frighten one!

LYT. ~~(rising and going over to the grate.)~~ Do I, then, look blood-thirsty?

LUC. ~~(testily.)~~ You will not indulge me at all! Really, I had hoped we should be good friends,—the best of friends.

LYT. ~~(coming forward.)~~ Do you mean it Lucile?

LUC. There you are incredulous again! ~~(Lytton sighs, turns, and sits down near the grate, moodily.)~~

LUC. ~~(Aside.)~~ He wants a little more coaxing. They ~~(indicating with her head the adjoining room)~~ wonder if I will succeed. ~~(She takes up the book and opening it appears to read. After a moment he rises and comes over to her, standing behind her chair.)~~

LYT. Lucile, you would have me believe you think well of me? I am going away—how long will you remember me?

LUC. Not forever, but while I live.

LYT. Lucile!

LUC. But you are not going? That grieves me.

LYT. Then—then you love me?

LUC. That is quite another thing Monsieur.

LYT. Lucile, I love you!

LUC. Ha, ha!

LYT. Lucile, love is a sacred thing.

LUC. And you make a jest of it.

LYT. ~~(Kneeling)~~ Nay, I swear I love you. ~~(A chorus of derisive laughter in adjoining room.)~~

LYT. (*rising quickly and flushing.*)

Lucile, what does this mean? ~~Answer me.~~ <sup>(With anger.)</sup> ~~Answer me~~ Lucile. You knew; you contrived this humiliation? <sup>(Oh I am rightfully served. (Turning at the door.)</sup> I do not complain. (*He bows with mock civility.*)

(*Exit.*)

(*Dubois, Arnaud, Milet and Deleyre enter through door left, all laughing. Milet and Deleyre fall into chairs.*)

DUB. I congratulate you, Mademoiselle. It was well done; upon my soul, admirably done. ~~(Lucile has been pacing the floor in agitation.)~~

LUC. (*With anger, to Dubois*) O, *Dorer la pilule! Dorer la pilule!* [*Gild the*

~~pill! gild the pill!~~]—It is *I* that have to take it. (*To all*) Ye rob me of my joy, then mock me? (*To Deleyre and Milet.*) Hold your tongues! (*All are hushed and contemplate each other in consternation Arnaud touches Dubois on the shoulder.*) O, leave me! ~~Leave me, I say!~~ Ye have abetted me to my own destruction—I love him; now he is gone from me forever! Leave me! Leave me! (*She sinks into a chair and covers her face with her hands.*)

(*Curtain.*)

(*On the curtain rising Lucile is discovered alone. She lies upon the floor, her head resting upon the couch, her hands clasped above her head.*)

(*Curtain.*)

## ACT III.

Scene:—Same as Act II. Time; afternoon.

(Curtain discovers Anne arranging the dresser.)

ANNE. Well I never saw the like: such a change as has come over Mademoiselle! She always was good, bless her soul! O, I'll bet that Count turns over in his grave lots of times. What if he did give her this house and lots of money? Money don't make people happy when they are wrong here and here. (*touching her heart and head.*)

(Enter Menard, centre.)

MEN. Well Anne, how is Mademoiselle by this time?

ANNE. A great deal better, Monsieur Doctor.

MEN. Good, good.

ANNE. She wouldn't lie abed though, and an hour ago I had to dress her.

MEN. (*In consternation.*) What! Up and dressed? *Cela est impossible?* [It is impossible.]

ANNE. Indeed, Monsieur Doctor.

MEN. *Cela est inoui.* J'en suis de-solé. [It is unheard of. I am quite vexed about it.]

ANNE. I couldn't help it—she would get up.

(Enter Lucile in a morning dress, door left.)

MEN. (*going forward to her.*) Mademoiselle, really I am vexed with you. (*leads her to a chair.*)

LUC. My dear Menard, I took your awful physic without a grimace; but I could not lie abed longer.

(Exit Anne.)

MEN. You do not wish to get well.

LUC. (*Sighing.*) Perhaps that is so.

MEN. You talk like a child, Lucile.

LUC. Yes? ~~What reason have children to talk so?~~

MEN. Bah! this is folly.

LUC. Well, life is all a folly is it not?

MEN. Lucile, I am not a moralist, but as a friend and physician I say abandon this house; ~~abandon this life.~~

LUC. (*motioning him to silence.*) You mean well, Menard.—You mean well, but don't talk so to me.

MEN. Then as your physician I command it. You will not live six months;—nay not three in your condition of mind.

LUC. Menard, you tell me good news. Only three months! (Menard is writing a prescription at some distance, and pays no attention to Lucile's last words. After a brief pause.)

LUC. (Calling.) Menard.

MEN. Yes Mademoiselle. (continues writing.)

LUC. You pass my attorney's, do you not?

MEN. (impatiently.) What on earth are you going to do now? I tell you Mademoiselle, you must not transact business.

LUC. My dear Menard, you are cultivating such a temper. Do be patient. Sit here; I will tell you. I want to tell you (He sits near her.) You know I received from Count de Brescie something like eight hundred thousand francs. (a pause.) He always told me he had no worthy relation. (a pause.) It transpires there is an illegitimate child.

MEN. My dear Lucile, I know all about the case.—Its my opinion the child is an imposter.

LUC. Well, what I was about to say I want the matter investigated, and if it should prove true—

MEN. My dear Lucile, even in that event you will not have to surrender a sou.

LUC. If the claim should prove true, Menard, I will surrender every sou.

MEN. (Astonished.) Lucile, are you losing your mind?

LUC. No. I am just coming to my senses.

MEN. (rising.) Well.

LUC. Will you call, Menard?

MEN. Certainly, if you request it. In that event, what amount will you retain?

LUC. Oh there will be enough for me. (With bonhomie.) And you too, Menard.

MEN. (taking up his hat.) You are incorrigible—You will put your friends to the sword when you die

LUC. Oh Menard! Am I so depraved? Nay, believe me, I will forgive them. I will even forgive you, Menard, your bad temper and your awful physic.

MEN. (bowing himself out.) Adieu, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Adieu, Menard.

(Exit Menard.)

(Lucile laughs slightly; then sighs. She goes over to the window and looks down upon the street. Turning away and going to the mantel, she picks up the prescription; looks at it; sighs and rings bell.)

(Enter Anne.)

LUC. (giving her the prescription.) Take this to the apothecary, Anne.

ANNE. Yes, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Anne. (as she is going out.)

ANNE. Yes, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Tell him if it is nasty, I will not take it.

ANNE. Yes, Mademoiselle.

LUC. (as above.)—And Anne.

ANNE. Yes, Mademoiselle.

LUC. When do you and Paul talk of getting married?

ANNE. Oh dear Mademoiselle! we are to speak to you about that.

LUC. Choose your own time, dear child.

ANNE. (embarrassed.) Well, Mademoiselle, we thought about Christmas time, if you—

LUC. Christmas time.—It is settled. You shall have a nice wedding, Anne.

ANNE. Oh Mademoiselle, (bursting into tears.) you are so good—so kind. I do not deserve this.

LUC. There, there, do not cry. You deserve more. (Turning away, and with emotion.) You must let me do these things, Anne for my heart's sake. Oh! it is such a heavy heart.

ANNE (imp'oringly.) Oh good Mademoiselle, do not—do not say that.

LUC. (taking Anne in her arms.) Do you feel for me?—Do you pity me, Anne? (Putting her away.) No, no, do not pity me—that I cannot bear. Go Anne to the apothecary.

ANNE. Yes, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Stay—there is no hurry for the medicine—I may need you. (Pacing the floor, thoughtfully, then stopping before the grate and pensively.) Did I ever tell you, Anne, that I have a sister?

ANNE. No, Mademoiselle.

LUC. Nor a mother?

ANNE. No, Mademoiselle.

LUC. In the under cabinet there you will find an ebony case—bring it to me. (*Anne does so*) (*Lucile takes it, contemplates it a moment, is about to unclasp it, then hands it to Anne with a sigh.*) Look at it, Anne.

ANNE. It is very much faded, Mademoiselle.

LUC. (*Pressing her heart.*) Faded! (*Grasping it and going to the window*) Oh! (*Tottering to a chair, she sinks into it.*) Anne, that is an omen.

ANNE. No Mademoiselle—I cannot think it. The type is old, and you know they fade. (*Lucile raises the picture to her lips; then presses it to her heart.*)

LUC. Then you do not think it an omen, Anne?

ANNE. Indeed not, Mademoiselle.

LUC. (*Rising and going to the window*) Which is myself, Anne?

ANNE. (*Taking the picture and looking at it closely for a moment.*) Oh this is you, Mademoiselle,—I would know you if I saw this in Siberia.

LUC. (*Gleefully*) Yes, yes. (*Glancing out of the window; then clutching the curtains.*) Put it away, Anne!—Leave me! (*Anne returns the case to the cabinet and exit left*) (*Lucile remains at the window, holding on to the curtains, her back toward the room. After a brief pause Lytton appears at the door. He stands there motionless for a few moments; then Lucile turns and comes forward. The appropriate pantomime of these few moments will be suggested to the actors by what has preceded and what follows.*)

LYT. (*Taking a step forward*) Mademoiselle, you know why I am here.—In answer to your entreaty. You wished to see me—to explain.

LUC. Will you be seated?

LYT. No—Mademoiselle.

(*Lucile waves her hand resignedly.*)

LUC. It was considerate of you, Monsieur, to come.

LYT. It was more than courtesy that brought me. (~~*Lucile clutches a chair.*~~)

LUC. I am sorry, Monsieur, for what has happened. (*He sneers.*)—Believe me, I am.

LYT. (*Stepping up to her.*) Will that repair the humiliation?

~~LUC. (*Shaking her head.*) No.~~

LYT. Then your regrets, if sincere, avail nothing.

LUC. I know, I know Monsieur. (*Imporingly*) But you will forgive me? (*She holds out her arms.*)

LYT. (*Turning away, and jeeringly.*) Oh Mademoiselle—your artifice is well understood now. Perhaps there was not sport enough last night! Perhaps even now your accomplices are yonder, (*Pointing to door left*) prepared to witness a repetition of that scene.

LUC. Oh Monsieur!—see for yourself.

LYT. No, no.—What transpires to-day they may witness. That is all you ~~have to say~~, Mademoiselle? (*She looks at him imploringly; then casts down her eyes.*)

LUC. Yes.

LYT. Then, Mademoiselle, ~~I have only to say, au revoir.~~

LUC. (~~*Calling.*~~) Monsieur Lytton.

(*A pause. He waits attentively, yet haughtily.*)

LUC. Monsieur, you said last night—

LYT. Forbear to speak of that.

LUC. I must—I must—Oh let me speak. You said—you said you loved me.

LYT. ~~What of that?~~ That was last night.

LUC. And now you bate me? Oh no, no, no—do not hate me, Monsieur—do not hate me.

LYT. (*Sneeringly.*) Are you done?

LUC. (*Falling upon her knees.*) Monsieur, I implore—do not hate me—I love you.

LYT. (*Turning away.*) Ha, ha, ha! Oh you are a clever actress! Ha, ha, ha!

(*Lucile throws herself upon the floor with a moan; after a moment, during which he contemplates her first with derision, then impassively, next with concern, he approaches her.*)

LYT. Lucile! (*she moans.*) Lucile! (*Raising her, and after a moment folding her to his breast.*) Is it true, Lucile, that you love me so? (*They look into each others eyes.*) My darling! (*Kisses her.*)

LUC. (*Writhing*) Oh!

LYT. Forgive me—I did not dream it was so. You love me?—Tell me that again.

LUC. As I never loved in all my life (*Caressing his face.*) Is it possible that you are mine? Is this real? (*He kisses her.*) Oh I am so happy—so happy! What bliss has Heaven reserved for me! We will go to the country, nay my darling?—Far, far away from Paris. I hate Paris now!

LYT. Lucile, I am glad to hear you say you hate Paris; for it is my wish of wishes to take you far away from its sins and crimes.

LUC. Yes, yes my darling—we will go—we will go at once. We will go to some quiet, sleepy place. Oh, that is what I long for so much! ~~But darling—I must tell you—(a pause)—We will not be so very rich.~~

LYT. Give every sou away, ~~and let me provide for you,~~ Lucile. I shall ask, and receive, I know, a two years furlough.

LUC. (*Embracing him more closely*) Oh, what happiness! And after that 'Gene?

LYT. ~~Oh well, that is far enough—~~ ahead—we need not worry—

LUC. Oh I am sure I will never let you quit my side!—I shall be jealous. (*He smiles.*) And you will love me, ever?

LYT. Ever. In my love, Lucile, you will never know a pang. We are a world to ourselves. ~~Amenable, only.~~

LUC. (*Drawing away.*) You—you do not mean to marry me?

LYT. I have thought of *nothing else*, Lucile.

LUC. Oh! (*First enraptured, she clings to him passionately; next she contemplates him for some moments with anxious concern; then she draws away and shakes her head ruefully.*)

LYT. (*Approaching her.*) Lucile, you will marry me? (*She continues to shake her head ruefully.*) (*Half reproachfully.*) And you love me?

(*Lucile with a cry of despair sinks into a chair.*) Oh Lucile! you break my heart.

LUC. (*Rising, and with forced calmness*) No Monsieur, do not tell me that *It must not be.* Do you know what you would do?—I am—Oh God! (*Turning away in anguish.*)

LYT. You are a woman of noblest heart—that is character; you *love me ardently.* That is enough!

LUC. No Monsieur, that is not enough. ~~Think!~~

LYT. Lucile, I *care not* what the world says—

LUC. (*Interrupting*) There is a moral in what the world says, that we *must heed.* (*The interpretation of this speech is that of the calm and sublime. The incentive of ennobling duty and sacrifice is greater than the emotion due to self abnegation.*) But 'tis not what the world will say of us—it is *what our hearts will say unto ourselves.* ~~In a word, it is more impossible than unholy.~~ There is a fatality in deeds—My past has its insuperable barriers! (*Moving a step away, then turning, and ardently.*) Return to that pure love from which I alienated you. (*He starts.*) Yes; it was told me. (*With emotion.*) Some time when you hold her in pure embrace—no no, do not think of me then!

(*A pause; he hangs his head; she moves away; he approaches; takes her hand, and is about to raise it to his lips; she, without withdrawing her hand, intercepts the act.*)

LUC. ~~We should not encroach upon the past, even with so pure a seal. Monsieur, it is better so.~~

(*She withdraws her hand and moves toward the door, left; stops on reaching the door, and puts aside the drapery with her right hand. After a moment, Lytton takes a step forward, then fatters.*)

Curtain.

As curtain lowers, Lucile glides secretly through door, left.)



## ACT IV.

*Scene; Interior of Conservatory. (See diagram, Fig. III.) Time; morning. Curtain discovers Lucile at 1st position (See diagram), attired in a white negligee, and occupying a large reclining chair, so stationed that a quarter-profile of her face can be seen.*

*(Enter Salome, centre; attired in black, a chip hat hanging about her shoulders, and carrying cut flowers.)*

SAL. *(Coming up to Lucile, and kissing her.)* Precious, did you ever see such lovely roses at this season? Here is one I cut on purpose for your neck. Isn't it sweet! *(Fastening it.)* There! Wait, I'll get a glass. *(She holds a mirror before Lucile.)*

LUC. How pale I am, Salome.

SAL. *(Taking down the glass.)* Well, Precious, you have been very, very ill. Did you know that it was eight weeks to-day that you were thrown from the carriage? *(Lucile nods assent.)* You keep such strict account of time, don't you? I forget all about dates.—I only remember this because I wrote it down. Poor mamma was the same way. *(Putting the remain-*

*der of the flowers in a vase upon the table.)* I wonder if the doctor will let you go for a drive soon? I mean to ask him when he comes this morning. *(Returning to Lucile.)* And oh! what grand times we will have when you get strong. I have found some of the *cunningest* nooks, where we can talk, and read, and *all that*. Precious, shall I read the paper? *(Lucile nods assent. Salome goes over to the settee for it and returns.)* Isn't there a little too much draft for you here? I'll have nurse move you. *(Going to the door, left.)* Matilde! Oh! I came near forgetting. The little son of the lady you waited on down at the village came up this morning to ask how you were. Poor little fellow! The tears were streaming down his cheeks. He says his mother is very ill.

*(Enter Matilde, left.)*

SAL. *(To Matilde.)* I fear there is too much draft here, Matilde. *(Matilde moves Lucile to 2d position, turning chair so that a three-quarter-profile of her face can be seen. In bringing the chair forward she should draw it, then turn it as on a pivot.*

MAT. Can I do anything for Mademoiselle?

SAL. I think not. (*Appealing to Lucile, who shakes her head negatively.*) No, Matilde, thanks.

(*Exit Matilde*)

Are you comfortable, Sweet? (*Salome seats herself, and taking up the paper.*) A noted banker of Paris is dead—Milet. (*Lucile raises her hand.*) Did you know him?

LUC. Yes, read it dear.

SAL. (*Reading.*) "As we go to press the intelligence reaches us of the sudden death of M. Francis Milet, the well-known banker of (insert street and No.) We are unable to furnish details, other than the deceased was about entering his carriage in company with friends, after partaking of a late supper at the (insert a fashionable and noted restaurant,) when the fell stroke came. In M. Milet the community loses one of its most loved and estimable citizens. He was widely known and esteemed for his piety, benevolence and strict integrity."

(*Lucile raises her hand as if saying that is sufficient.*)

SAL. Dear! he must have been a good man.

LUC. Yes: I believe he was.

SAL. (*Reading.*) A member of the Assembly has resigned.

LUC. Who?

SAL. The name is somewhat blurred—Deleyre, I think it is.

LUC. Read that, dear.

SAL. (*Reading.*) "The Assembly was thrown into something like consternation yesterday, at the unexpected resignation of M. Deleyre. No cause is assigned, other than that private enterprise renders it inconsistent for him to take active part in the sessions."

(*Enter Matilde.*)

MAT. (*Coming up to Lucile.*) Here is a letter for you, Mademoiselle, It was left this moment by a messenger.

(*Salome looking at newspaper appears suddenly agitated, unnoticed by Lucile, who is contemplating the address.*)

SAL. (*Coming forward. Pressing her heart in an agitated aside.*) Monsieur Lytton in Paris! (*Reads,*

*aside.*) "Captain Eugene Lytton, commanding her Majesty's ship Crimea, arrived in Paris yesterday." (*Pressing her heart*) Oh! I must not let Lucile see me. (*Going over to on diagram, and looking out.*)

LUC. I do not recognize the hand: Open it, Matilde, and tell me whom it is from. (*Matilde opens the letter.*)

MAT. It is signed Eugene Lytton, Mademoiselle. (*Lucile starts and grasps the letter. Matilde attends her anxiously. Lucile quickly recovers herself, and pointing to Salome, who is oblivious of this action, by signs indicates that secrecy is to be observed.*)

SAL. (*Without turning.*) Lucile dear, I see a little girl at the gate—I'll go down and see what she wants. (*Lucile indicates to Matilde that Salome is to go.*)

MAT. (*To Salome.*) Mademoiselle, your sister says, very well.

SAL. (*Still without turning.*) I'll be back in a few moments.

(*Exit Salome, centre*)

LUC. (*Handing Matilde the note.*) Read it—not aloud.—Tell me, is it good news or bad?

MAT. The gentleman begs you to receive him to-day at eleven.

LUC. (*Excitedly.*) What o'clock is it?

MAT. Ten, Mademoiselle. But Mademoiselle, I must beg that you will be calm. You are doing yourself irreparable injury. Remember you have internal wounds that may bleed, and that is very dangerous.

LUC. Yes, yes, I will—I will. Oh what shall I do? What shall I say?

MAT. There was no answer waited for Mademoiselle. Truly, Mademoiselle, you must let me decide for you. I judge from your agitation that you should not see the gentleman.

LUC. Oh I must—I must—I must.

MAT. As you love yourself, be calm, Mademoiselle.

LUC. I will—I will. But Matilde, I must see him.

MAT. The gentleman. I am sure, will wait until you are safe for such an interview. I judge, Mademoiselle, he would wish it so, if he knew your condition. Please, Mademoiselle, let me decide for you—I know what is best.

LUC. (*Calmly.*) Now see, good nurse, how very calm I am. You see it was only a moment's agitation. There ~~was truly no reason why I should have acted so.~~ I can see him, good nurse? (*Drawing Matilde down and caressing her.*)

MAT. Monsieur Doctor will be here in half an hour, let him decide, Mademoiselle.

LUC. No no no. Do not mention it to him. He is so cross, and denies me everything.

MAT. Mademoiselle, you must pardon me, if I say the responsibility is too great for me to assume. You know I mean for your good. If I thought it would do you good to see Monsieur—

LUC. (*Interrupting.*) It will, good nurse—it will

MAT. I shall see then how calm you are while the Doctor is here. If he does not notice that you have been agitated, I think I may trust—

LUC. Yes, yes good nurse, you may trust me. Oh I feel stronger already, that I have hopes of seeing him!

MAT. What shall I do with the letter, Mademoiselle?

LUC. Burn it—No no. Let me wear it next my heart. It will help me to be strong—~~Believe me, good nurse, it will.~~ (*She puts the letter in her bosom.*)

(*Salome, without, sings a fragment of a bar*)

LUC. She must be sent away.

SAL. I understand. Leave it all to me—

(*Enter Salome, centre.*)

LUC. (*In an undertone.*) I will send her to you in a few moments.

(*Exit Matilde.*)

SAL (*Coming forward.*) Poor little thing! Her papa is out of work, and there is no bread in the house. (*Sighs.*) It must be awful to be so poor—It makes me quite blue to hear of so much poverty. Truly, Lucile, you must have been disheartened when you would go the rounds of the poor in the city. Wasn't it awful?—But I must not have you talk so much. I am so forgetful.—I think, from seeing you up, that you must be well.

LUC. I am much better, Salome.

SAL. (*Kneeling beside Lucile.*) Oh I am so happy to hear you say so! You are always so downhearted—I believe if you were cheerful, you would get well in half the time. Won't you try, Precious, for my sake—you don't know how much I love you!

LUC. (*Smiling.*) I will try.

SAL. I am so happy to hear you say that! I *could not* love you more!

LUC. I have long since ceased to fear there might be a barrier to our love. But Salome dear—suppose you want to marry?

SAL. Oh Precious! don't *think* of that. I will *never* marry—I would not be happy to leave you.

LUC. But love is a strange thing, Salome. You may, almost unawares, love some worthy gentleman, and—

SAL. I would not marry anyone, who loved me less because you are my sister.

LUC. No child, that is not the thing—He might love you *with all his heart and soul*—

SAL. You would say, because you are my sister, he would not marry me? (*Lucile nods assent.*) Then, Lucile, I should *spurn his love*, as unworthy of my trust.

LUC. Are you sure?

SAL. Sure as there is a God.

LUC. (*After a pause.*) Salome, did you ever love?

SAL. (*Somewhat embarrassed.*) No—not very much anyway.

LUC. Then you *have* loved?

SAL. Indeed Lucile—(*Lucile's look checks her.*) Really, I do not think it was love.

LUC. Tell me about it, Salome.

SAL. Oh Lucile, it is *such* a silly affair—You will laugh at me.

LUC. No, I promise you.

SAL. Now truly, Precious, you are leading me to think there *was* something in the affair! It was just a little bit of silly flirtation. The gentleman never said he liked me.

LUC. What did *your* heart tell you of *yourself*? How did he look at you?

SAL. Well I don't think he looked at me, queer, at all.—Just like all men look at women.

LUC. How did you feel when he was about?

SAL. Just the same as ever. (*Lucile holds up her finger.*) Honest! Honest! Well maybe just a little different.

LUC. And when he was *not near you*, what did your heart say?

SAL. *It went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat*, just as it always does.

LUC. Always does? (*Salome casts down her eyes.*) Salome, you loved him dearly. (*Salome bursts into tears and hides her face in Lucile's lap.*) Suppose you had been affianced; then learning all, he should refuse to marry you—what would your heart say *then*? (*Salome weeps loudly*) You see—I was right. (*After a pause.*) Salome, tell me all.

SAL. I will, Lucile. (*A pause.*) I met the gentleman at a party—it wasn't much of an affair. He was perhaps a little partial to me, and then I met him twice again.

LUC. Go on, dear.

SAL. I don't know what else there is to tell. I was a little fond of him.

LUC. Go on, dear.

SAL. What else is there to tell, Lucile?

LUC. He never said aught to you?

SAL. Not a word, Lucile.

LUC. Is he rich?

SAL. I don't know. I don't think he is. Officers hardly ever are, are they?

LUC. Is he an officer?

SAL. Yes, a Captain in the English navy; and *oh! so handsome*.

LUC. (*With great agony.*) Oh!

SAL. Lucile! Lucile! (*Rising.*) I must call nurse.

LUC. No no. (*Calming.*) I am better. I had such a pain at my heart. What did you say was his name, Salome?

SAL. Oh, you frightened me so, Lucile! His name?—why—Lytton.

(*Lucile receives the information without emotion—rather as in confirmation of her conjecture.*)

LUC. (*After a pause.*) I wish, dear, you would fix up a little. A gentleman will call upon me presently—a friend, who has been very kind to me, and I may want you to meet him before he goes away. But remain close in your room, dear, until Matilde calls you, for if I should not mention you, and he should chance to meet you in the garden or elsewhere, he would think it very strange,—and perhaps be very much offended.

SAL. I understand, dear, but you are talking too much.

(*Salome kisses her.*)

LUC. Send nurse to me, Salome.

(*Exit Salome.*)

(*Lucile appears as in reverie.*)

(*Enter Matilde.*)

LUC. (*To Matilde.*) She will remain in her room—I have arranged it so—and perhaps meet the gentleman before he goes away. Should I put my hand here (*at her throat*) you will send Salome to me. Sit here, Matilde; I wish to indite a letter.

MAT. Mademoiselle are you equal to all these tasks? (*Seating herself at the table and getting writing material into shape.*) The Doctor is late this morning.

LUC. I hope he will not come at all. (*Matilde reproaches her with a look.*) No.—He will only irritate me, for I feel I do not want him. But write, Matilde! It is to my faithful Anne. Say her letters please me *very much*; but she has offended me in one thing—naming her baby after me. Say that the doctor has promised me speedy recovery, and that I shall expect a visit from her soon.

(*The door bell sounds.*)

MAT. (*Rising.*) That is the doctor, Mademoiselle, or—

LUC. It is Monsieur Lytton—my heart tells me so. (*Giving her hand to Matilde.*) Am I not calm? You shall be by and see that I will not disappoint you.

MAT. I pray not, Mademoiselle.

(*Exit, Matilde, right.*)

(*Lucile remains motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the door, right. Matilde ushers in Lytton, who stops a moment at the door, then comes forward.*)

LYT. Lucile—let me call you so—welcome me.

(*She gives him her hand.*)

LUC. I am happy to see you, Monsieur Lytton, upon *one condition*—that you assure me you are, what you appear. (*Matilde, who has been noting Lucile at a distance, now glides out of the room, door left.*)

LYT. If I *love* you Lucile, it is with the warranty of Heaven—as the angel of my better peace.

LUC. Then you may sit down. (*He brings a chair near her.*) Now tell me all about yourself.

LYT. I *only* arrived in Paris yesterday, after a long cruise, and heard for the first time of your accident. How did it happen, Lucile? Ah, I know—I have heard—you were upon a mission of mercy. But tell me, what says the doctor? I am deeply, *deeply* concerned in that?

LUC. That I will recover; but oh! it will be weeks ere I can go out into the air.

LYT. It will not seem so long if I may come to you now and then? Trust me, Lucile! If ever a man received an unwavering impulse to wholesome duty, that man was I; and you, Lucile, were the inspiration.

LUC. I am indeed happy to hear you say that. I have in my heart never doubted it. But blessings were not given to *you alone*. I owe to you a new God, a new life.

LYT. (*Kissing her hand.*) Oh bless you for such words!

LUC. Let us speak more of yourself. Where have you been?

LYT. To the Indies.

LUC. And tell me—I should like to know—we may talk of such things, for I shall prize your joy—tell me, are you fancy free?

LYT. Yes, I believe I am.

LUC. Let me ask, Monsieur—there need be no restraint between us?

LYT. It is a voucher of our good faith, Lucile. Ask me what you like.

LUC. I agree with you, it is a voucher of our good faith. What I was about to ask—are you not then reconciled to the young girl you loved when we first met?

LYT. It was not so much of an affair as you imagined, Lucile. I met the young woman but two or three times. There was no troth between us—I never spoke to her of my love—I do not know, indeed, that she *loved me*.

LUC. I will not prolong the matter if it is distasteful? I *am* interested. Tell me what was she like?

LYT. Well, a rather demure little miss, with frank blue eyes and light brown hair—nothing particularly striking. I do not know *why* I should have achieved a fancy for her, except that she was one of those little souls that nestle themselves closely at a man's heart, and strive to make it what God meant it should be—a pasture of earth's sweetest joys.

LUC. Monsieur Lytton, *I think you love her yet*.

LYT. Oh, perhaps I do. Perhaps, if I should meet her again, and she were, as I, fancy free, I *might* speak of my love.

LUC. Why do you not visit her? You see—I am bound to know everything.

LYT. I answer, Lucile, as freely as you ask. I will tell you *why*—I do not feel worthy of such a woman.

LUC. If you say that, we will resume our old habit of quarreling. At least, *I* will quarrel with you. Where does she live? Is she rich? Oh, I know you attach no weight to such things. Is her father, too, in the service?

LYT. No; Salome is an orphan. The family consist only of mother and daughter.

LUC. Salome? That is a *pretty* name. Is the family *old*, and—that is, are there no taints? Such a thing might be, you know, that an uncle, or a great, great grandfather, perhaps, had been led to the guillotine.

LYT. (*Rising.*) Do you think, Lucile, it would matter to me, if I loved a woman, and marriage was consistent between ourselves, what was her rank, what her family, or what ignominies the past or present contained?

LUC. To a certain extent, *no*. I believe, though, from what you tell me to-day, that there might be *one* barrier.

LYT. *Not one*, Lucile.

(*Lucile puts her hand to her throat—the agreed signal.*) But I am afraid this subject is painful—

LUC. No Monsieur. Heaven has thrown such a halo about my heart, that I do not shrink from contemplating my past. I have learned that there are equivalents for all the misfortunes of life, if we but know *where to look*, and *how to persevere*. Heaven has been good to me.—Besides you; besides my good Anne; besides my own heart, it has reserved yet a blessing for me—that of a close kin—a sister. Did I ever mention her? *No?* She has done what few women can do—*forgive a woman her follies*. There are no unhappy restraints between us, Monsieur—we can look into each others eyes. Here she comes—I'll present you.

(*Enter Salome.*)

(Lytton raises his eyes as Salome's eyes meet his. Both start. Salome casts down her eyes and appears much embarrassed.)

LYT. (To Lucile, in an undertone.) Does she love me, Lucile? (Lucile nods assent.) (Laying his hand upon hers.) Then I thank you with all my heart. (Going over to Salome and taking her hand. Salome, this meeting, I know, is a surprise to both. To me it is a happy one. Will you not say as much?)

SAL. (After a pause.) If—  
(Lucile coughs violently. Both hurry to her) Lucile! Lucile, darling! (She hurries to door left.) (Calling.) Matilde! Matilde! (She hurries back to Lucile's side) Oh Lucile! Darling!

(Enter Matilde.)

(Lucile becomes quiet, but gasps for air.)

(The bell sounds.)

MAT. That is the doctor, make haste.

(Salome hurries off, right.)  
LUC. (To Lytton.) When—will—you—be—married?

LYT. Soon, soon Lucile—Salome shall name the day. (She takes his hand and smiles.)

(Enter Menard.)

(Coming up to the group, he looks at Lucile, then taking Lytton's arm leads him a step away. Salome falls upon her knees at Lucile's side.)

SAL. (Crying despairingly.) Lucile! Lucile! Lucile!

MEN. (To Lytton.) She bleeds internally. Lucile is dying!

LUC. Comme—il—faut.

(Lucile expires.)

(Curtain.)

# SUPPLEMENT.

## ACT I.

- A. Insert "half"
- B. For "got" read "set"
- C. Vingt-un or Twenty-one. See Hoyle's Games.
- D. For "nineteen" read "eighteen"

## ACT II.

- A. For "of course" read "so"
- B. Insert "(Both laugh)"
- C. Insert "Come."
- D. For "the utmost" read "much"
- E. For "Oh! charming," read "Oh indeed!"
- F. Insert "(A pause)"
- G. Read "(Shyly) Can't you guess, Mademoiselle?"
- H. For "careful" read "prudent"
- I. Add, "And I have about a thousand francs of my own, Mademoiselle."
- J. Insert "Indeed!"
- K. Read "(Lucile looks at her with mingled awe and incredulity.)"
- L. Insert, "(After a pause—abstractly.)"
- M. Insert "as"
- N. Insert "(Archly)"
- O. Insert "(Interrupting.)"
- P. Insert "(Archly.)"
- Q. For "blood-thirsty" read "so savage"

R. Insert "(Regretfully)"

S. Insert "(A pause. He glares fiercely at her. She appears unmoved.) (Moving off and remorsefully.)"

T. Read "(Lucile appears somewhat distracted; approaches the window, but turns as Dub. and others enter)"

U. Insert "(She rises and moves off.)"

## ACT III.

- A. For "with" read "at"
- B. For "in your condition of mind." read, "at this rate"
- C. Insert "(After a pause—musing)"
- D. Insert "(After a pause.)"
- E. Insert "(Reverently.)"

F. Read "(Lucile shakes her head regretfully.)"

G. Insert "quite"

H. Read "But 'Gene—May I not call you 'Gene? (He smiles assent.)"

I. Insert "We shall not *want* means; nor leisure for our love—"

J. Read "(A pause.)"

K. Insert "Into our quiet sphere none shall intrude; no, not even to mark the flow our pure love."

L. Insert "*à visé la fin.*"

M. Read "We part, Monsieur, to *forget.*"

## ACT IV.

A. and B. Note.—The chair should be set at an angle of about 45°. At first position seen from rear; at second position seen from *front*.

C. Insert "more"

D. For "*happy*" read "*thankful*"

E. Read "(Laughing) It went *thump, thump,*"

F. Read "(Lytton takes Lucile's hands between his, presses them warmly and raises them to his lips.)"

G. Read "(Exit Salome, right, hurriedly.)"

Luc. (To Lytton, taking his hand,) When—will—you—be—married?

Lyt. Soon, I hope, Lucile—Salome shall name the day.

(She smiles.)

Luc. *Comme—il—faut.*

(Enters Menard, closely followed by Salome. Coming up to the group he looks at Lucile, then taking Lytton's arm, leads his a step away.)

Sal. (Falling upon her knees at Lucile's side and crying despairingly.)

Lucile! Lucile!

Luc. (After a brief pause.) I am—better.

Men. (To Lytton.) She bleeds internally. *Lucile is dying!*

Luc. (Faintly.) I am—better—

\* \* \* \* \*

(Lucile expires.)

(Curtain.)







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