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DICK'S
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**DARKEY
BREACH OF
PROMISE
CASE**



NEW YORK
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DICK & FITZGERALD, 18 Ann Street, New York.

THE DARKEY
BREACH OF PROMISE CASE

A NIGGER MOCK TRIAL

By J. BARNES

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

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THE DARKEY

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.



CHARACTERS.

JUDGE.

CLERK OF THE COURT.

JOSEPHUS JELLYBRAIN The plaintiff.

SERAPHINA SUGARPLUM The defendant.

SNOWBALL The plaintiff's lawyer.

BRASS The defendant's lawyer.

PETER PERIWINKLE A witness.

COURT CRIER.

POLICEMAN.

THE JURY.

Time, forty-five minutes.

COSTUMES.

In burlesque keeping with each character.

PROPERTIES.

Large (pasteboard) inkstand and immense pen and penholder for the JUDGE; writing materials for the CLERK; books and law-papers for the LAWYERS.



THE DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.



SCENE.—*A court-room. The JUDGE seated behind an elevated desk, rear centre; the JURY in raised seats on right; raised chair for WITNESSES on left; a table at left centre, in front of JUDGE'S desk, with JOSEPHUS and SNOWBALL seated at one side, SERAPHINA and BRASS at the other side; CLERK and CRIER seated at a table, right centre, in front of JUDGE'S desk; POLICEMAN standing near witness-chair; PETER seated left.*

JUDGE. Am de jury all dissembled?

POLICEMAN. Dey am, yer washup.

JUDGE. Did yer swear dem all?

POLICE. Yes; dey's all bin swearin' for de last half-hour, some ob dem berry badly.

JUDGE. Call de case.

CLERK. Jellybrain *versus* Sugarplum.

JUDGE. What am dis about?

[Takes up pen, dips it into a large inkstand, and after jabbing the point on the desk two or three times, pretends to write.]

CLERK. Dis am a case ob breach ob promise ob marriage, yer washup, the plaintiff bein' Josephus Jellybrain, an' de defendant Seraphina Sugarplum.

SNOWBALL. I appears for de plaintiff, yer washup.

JUDGE. Does yer? Den dat am a bad job for *him*.

JELLYBRAIN. *[Jumps up]* Eh? What de—

CRIER. Silence!

[JELLYBRAIN collapses.]

BRASS. I am for de defendant, yer washup.

JUDGE. I doesn't happen to be in possession ob yer name.

BRASS. Brass, yer washup.

JUDGE. [*Writes*] I might hab guessed it by yer face. Why, I declare I've left out de fust two letters an' put it down "ass"; but it won't matter. Brudder Snowball, you'd better open your case.

SNOWBALL. [*Rising*] Yer washup, an' gentlemen ob de jury: Dis am one ob de most 'scruciatin' cases dat ebber I remember in all my long susperience ob de outraged laws ob cibilized sassiety—dat ob a lubin', trustin', an' manly buzzum bein' converted into a skatotic mass ob trubble by de act ob a shemale, who, aldough wearin' de form ob a human bein'—

BRASS. I takes objection to de term "human bein'," yer washup; my client am a lady.

SNOWBALL. Den, yer washup, an' gentlemen ob de jury, dis lady, who am *not* a human bein', hab so played upon de feelin's ob my client, Josephus Jellybrain, dat de place where his heart once existed am now a complete vackyum, full ob nuffin' but grief an' despair. He may beat his manly buzzum from mornin' till night, but he can't get no relief.

JURYMAN. Why can't he go to de poorhouse, den?

SNOWBALL. For what—relief? Can relief heal a broken heart? No; it can't eben pick up de bits! Can it renew blighted hopes? No; it can't take blight off a potater! Can it bring back joys dat am forebber flown? No; it couldn't eben clip deir wings! Yer washup, my client had delicate feelin's; he was a poet, but de divine inflatus am now departed, driven from its temples by de rude hands ob Seraphina Sugarplum.

JUDGE. How thankful he ought ter be!

SNOWBALL. He was suspired, yer washup, by de bre'f ob nature's sweetest music; in his buzzum dwelt de spirit ob Parnassus.

BRASS. An' plenty more.

SNOWBALL. Plenty more what?

BRASS. Asses.

SNOWBALL. You's a calumny hater, Brudder Brass. We shall show, by de clearest ebidence, dat my client, Josephus Jellybrain, was a poet ob de finest mold.

BRASS. Yes; his poetry was berry moldy.

JUDGE. Dese interruptions am berry unseemly.

SNOWBALL. We shall show dat de fust meeting between my client an' de unprincipled shemale defendant, who has wrecked his happiness and ruined his appetite, was caricatured by lub at first sight, when, struck by the extinguished appearance ob de defendant at a

cake-walk, he gabe vent to his feelin's in de follerin' beautiful couplet, which he placed in her hand, written on a motto-wrapper:

“De moon am shinin' bright;
Can I see yer home to-night?”

If dis, yer washup, isn't a proof ob lub at fust sight, I should like to know what am? Den what did she reply? I'd like yer, gentlemen ob de jury, to pay 'ticklar attention to it. Catchin' de divine inflatus from my 'complished client, she quickly returned de sugared missive, wif de addition:

“De stars am shinin' too,
So I don't mind if yer do.”

Now, yer washup, can any sane pusson doubt de signiferance ob dis exchange ob sentiments? Here am a distinct engagement in writing, entered into by bofe parties, deliberately, an' wivout malice aforethought! De eyes ob de defendand had kindled in my client's breast dose flames which nuffin' can distinguish an' against which dar am no insurance; for a little later we finds him penning de follerin' beautiful confusion:

“In a deep vale, shut out by old pine-treeses,
Near a big pond, whar floats de ducks an' geeses,
Whar hickory-nuts an' sweet potatoes grows,
An' de essence ob de sunflower greets de nose,
In our log hut we'd pass de happy hours,
An' murmur what a jolly life was ours;
We 'd breave our lub unto the stars an' moon,
An' eat our supper off a roasted coon.”

But perversity, gentlemen ob de jury, dwells in all shemale buzzums! Josephus Jellybrain's dream ob hot cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smokin' coffee, well-buttoned shirts, redeemed stockin's, bootjacks, an' happiness faded into de past, into a future ob cold sheets, frozen bones, heelless socks, gutta-percha biscuits, tough steaks, corns, coughs, rhubarb, aloes, an' misery! De pictur' am too appallin' ter dwell upon, an' I 'll not harrow yer minds by doin' so; but dis wreck ob all human hopes hab been brought about by Seraphina Sugarplum. Gentlemen, yer might as well try to ladle a ribber dry wiv a teaspoon, to twist yer heel inter de toe ob yer boot, remember whar yer's left yer umbrella when it's rainin', or anyfing else dat's considered impossible, as to coax a woman to do somefing

when she says she won't. Yer washup, I shall now place my client in de witness-chair. Call Josephus Jellybrain.

CRIER. Josephus Jellybag!

POLICE. Peter Jellyfish!

JELLY. [*Goes into witness-chair*] I's here—what's left ob me. [*During the whole of the evidence the JUDGE now and then dips his pen in the inkstand, jabs the point on the desk, and pretends to write.*]

SNOWBALL. Your name is Josephus Jellybrain?

JELLY. I allers thought so.

JUDGE. No lebbity, sir; answer de squestion; yes or no?

JELLY. Yes—or no.

JUDGE. What do yer mean by dat?

JELLY. I's tryin' to answer as you want me to do.

JUDGE. Am you de plaintiff in dis action?

JELLY. Yes, sar. It am a berry *plain tiff* between me an' de lady, sure enuff.

SNOWBALL. How long hab yer known de 'fendant?

JELLY. 'Bout as long as she am now. She nebber was any longer.

SNOWBALL. You fust met her at a cake-walk?

JELLY. Dat am kerrect.

SNOWBALL. An' she struck you at once—

SERAPH. Dat am an untroof. I nebber struck him at all.

CRIER. Silence!

SNOWBALL. But you was struck wiv—

JELLY. I nebber was struck wiv anyfing at all.

SNOWBALL. You beheld her in astonishment, den?

JELLY. No; it was in de ball-room.

SNOWBALL. I suppose you addressed her?

JELLY. No; she was ready dressed—at any rate, what dey call "full-dressed."

SNOWBALL. But was dar any solemn engagement between yer on dat ebenin'?

JELLY. No; dar was nobody between us at de time. I nebber seed him at all.

SNOWBALL. Saw who?

JELLY. Solomon Gagement!

SNOWBALL. Did yer indite any poetry to de 'fendant on dat occasion?

JELLY. No; it was on a motto-paper.

SNOWBALL. An' had you any reason to fink dat she partook ob de same spirit as yerself?

JELLY. Oh, no! dar was no spirits in de place.

SERAPH. [*Jumps up*] How dar' you say I had any spirits!

CRIER. Silence!

SERAPH. I sha'n't silence! I ain't a-gwine to hear deformations ob character said about me.

JUDGE. Yer mustn't interrupt de court, defendant. De learned counsel am referrin' to de spirit ob poetry—de genius ob romance—

SERAPH. Dar was neider gin nor rum ob any kind at de walk, an' if dar was, I hadn't any!

CRIER. Silence!

CLERK. De learned judge didn't say so. Yer mus' suppress yer flow ob animal spirits.

SERAPH. Dar! Spirits again! I tell yer, dar was none. It's a berry great unroof.

JUDGE. [*Bangs his fist on desk*] Silence, or I'll kemit yer!

[SERAPHINA *sits down very much fluttered.*]

BRASS. Consider, yer washup, the delicate feelin's ob my unprotected client. [*Soothes her and fans her with his brief.*]

SNOWBALL. Now, Mr. Jellybrain, we'll presume de ebidence. Did yer accompany de 'fendant home dat night?

JELLY. Yes, I did, sar.

SNOWBALL. Wiv her own consent?

JELLY. Certingly.

SNOWBALL. Dar, dat will do. I needn't question yer as to de little endearments which usually takes place under such suckamstances. I only wanted, yer washup, an' gentleman ob de jury, to 'stablish de fact ob a mutual agreement. Yer may sit down, Mr. Jellybrain.

[*As JELLYBRAIN is about to leave the chair, BRASS rises.*]

BRASS. Stay a little, witness. I have a question to put. When yer saw my client hōme on dat night, was dar any casualty on de road?

JELLY. Annie who?

BRASS. Any casualty; surely yer know what dat means.

JELLY. Dar was nobody else on de road at all.

BRASS. Den, I suppose, whilst walking along wiv her yer naturally fell into a reberie?

JELLY. No, I didn't; dar was no riber dar; but I fell into a ditch.

BRASS. Dat would cubber you wiv vexation an' disappointment, wouldn't it?

JELLY. It cubbered me wiv mud an' slush.

BRASS. What did de lady do den?

JELLY. She went away an' lef' me by myself.

BRASS. Den yer went into a rage, didn't you?

JELLY. No; I went into de next saloon to scrape de mud off my clothes.

BRASS. And you had a glass of liquor in de interim?

JELLY. No; I had it in de bar-room.

BRASS. You's berry obtuse.

JELLY. What does yer mean by dat?

BRASS. You must hab been born incorrigible.

JELLY. Dat statement am not correct. I was born in Ohio.

BRASS. You can sit down.

[*They both sit down. SNOWBALL rises.*]

SNOWBALL. Call Peter Periwinkle.

CRIER. Peter P'riwinkle!

POLICE. Peter Periwinkle, come into court.

Enter PETER PERIWINKLE. POLICEMAN escorts him to witness-chair.

SNOWBALL. Yer name's Peter Periwinkle?

PETER. It am, sar.

SNOWBALL. Do yer know de 'fendant, Miss Seraphina Sugarplum?

PETER. I does, sar, berry well.

SNOWBALL. Does she foller any special employment?

PETER. Yes, sar.

SNOWBALL. Ob what nature is it?

PETER. She am de servant at de Darktown Hotel.

SNOWBALL. Does she bear a good character?

PETER. Oh, yes, sar. Yer should see her workin'. She gets up before daylight, sweeps out de place, washes all de dishes, an' makes all de beds afore anybody else gets up in de morning.

SNOWBALL. Am you employed at de same hotel?

PETER. Yes, sar. I am de gentleman dat cleans de boots.

SNOWBALL. Well, had yer eber any reason to serpose dat any 'tickular engagement was suspended between de plaintiff an' Miss Seraphina Sugarplum?

PETER. Oh, yes; berry often.

SNOWBALL. Did dey eber conduct demselbes when dey were alone in any way to lead udder people to fink so?

PETER. I nebber was wiv dem when dey was alone.

SNOWBALL. When yer say dat you had reason to fink dey was engaged, what makes yer fink so?

PETER. I saw dem once at de Zuluogical Gardens, an' she ordered him to frow his cigaret away, an' he did it wivout de slightest hesitation, jus' as if dey was married.

SERAPH. It wasn't for dat; don't you fink it.

CRIER. Silence!

JUDGE. De defendant will hab de opportunity ob gibing her ebidence at de proper time.

SNOWBALL. Did de plaintiff display any eccentricity ob manner at any time on de subject?

PETER. Plenty ob tricks in his manner.

SNOWBALL. I mean any aberrations ob mind—any tokens ob de hard struggle goin' on wivin'?

PETER. No; it was hard-boiled eggs.

SNOWBALL. What kernection was dar bitween hard-boiled eggs an' Miss Seraphina Sugarplum?

PETER. He ate a perdigious number ob hard-boiled eggs, because he said he wanted 'em to lie heabby on his stomach, so dat he should forget de weight ob his heart.

SNOWBALL. An' do yer consider he was berry pointed in his attention?

BRASS. I objects to dat squestion bin' put, yer washup.

JUDGE. On what ground does yer object?

BRASS. It am no business ob my learned brudder's to inquire inter de points dat was put to my client. Dis case am not turnin' on points; it am dependin' on facks, an' facks am stubborn fings.

SNOWBALL. Den you's a fack.

BRASS. An' you's anudder.

SNOWBALL. Dar's gwine ter be trubble ober dis case. Yer mus' be de biggest fool in dis yere court to make such an objection!

BRASS. An' you must be de biggest fool in de court to put such a squestion—

JUDGE. Genelmen! Yer forgets dat I's here. I allows der squestion ter be put, but I'll take a note ob de objection.

SNOWBALL. Den I'll repeat it. Did yer notice any pointed or special attention dat he paid to de lady?

PETER. Yes, sar. He berry often pointed to her. He was like one ob dem comperses dat salers uses; he wanted to show his points on ebery side at once.

SNOWBALL. Did she nebber speak ter you about her matrimonial prospecks?

PETER. Yes, sar; she said she was gwine ter hab a fine house wiv a garden, an' a summer-house wiv a big culprit on de top—

SNOWBALL. I presumes yer means a cupola?

PETER. Oh, yes; I knows what I means. An' she said dat de garden was ter be laid out in turpentine walks—

SNOWBALL. Serpentine!

PETER. Yes; and dar would be lemonades all round de sides for de illustrated visitors, which would shed—would shed—

SNOWBALL. Well?

PETER. Dar was nuffin' else. She nebber got any furder dan dat wood-shed.

SNOWBALL. Well, dat am sufficient to show to de satisfaction ob de court dat de defendant contemplated de subjeck of matrimoney wif my client. I shall now purceed to put de 'fendant into de witness-chair. Call Seraphina Sugarplum.

[PETER is led out by POLICEMAN.]

CRIER. Syrupina Pluggerthumb!

[SERAPHINA rises; but POLICEMAN not being there to conduct her to the witness-chair, JELLYBRAIN comes forward and gives her his arm.]

SNOWBALL. Yer name am Seraphina Sugarplum?

SERAPH. Yes, it am; an' I ain't 'shamed ob it.

SNOWBALL. Answer wifout comments, please. I believe you am bound by a solemn contrack to de plaintiff?

SERAPH. All contracks between me an Josephus Jellybrain is off.

JUDGE. You mus' be aware ob de serious nature ob engagements ob dis kind. Do you eber attend church?

SERAPH. Yes, I does, berry often—sometimes—now an' den.

SNOWBALL. An' what am your object in goin' dar?

BRASS. [*Rising*] I submit ter yer washup, dat am no business ob dis court, an' such an impertinent squestion hab not any right to be asked.

SNOWBALL. I sha'n't insist on de answer, Brudder Brass. People goes to church sometimes for berry equivercal purposes, an' if de witness likes ter leabe herself open to anyfing ob dat kind, she may do so.

BRASS. Why, what does people allers go to church for?

SNOWBALL. Sometimes for fishin'.

BRASS. Fishin'!

SNOWBALL. Yes—for husbands.

BRASS. I hopes my learned brudder doesn't insinevate dat my client, a lady ob her 'spectability, hab any sich motib?

SERAPH. Don't you fink it. I nebber go fishin' wiv spoon-bait. I goes to church because I likes de *hims*.

BRASS. An' de *hims* go 'cos dey like de *shes*.

JUDGE. An' berry proper, too. Yer can get along, Brudder Snowball.

SNOWBALL. Yer say dat your 'gagement wiv my client am off?

SERAPH. Off! Clear off, an' no mistake!

SNOWBALL. What reason does yer allege for de breach?

SERAPH. For de what?

SNOWBALL. De breach. Breaches ob promise am common enuff.

SERAPH. His was tweeds.

SNOWBALL. His what?

SERAPH. His—hem! Dem he had on when we went ter de Zulu-ogical Gardens.

SNOWBALL. Yer washup, I can get nothin' out ob de obstrusity ob dis witness. I can't get a straight answer.

BRASS. [*Rises*] Suppose I tries to do de same wiv her.

SNOWBALL. You's welcum. [*Sits down.*]

BRASS. Now, Miss Sugarplum, will you tell me your candid erpinion ob de plaintiff?

SERAPH. He am a young man ob great promise.

BRASS. In what particular?

SERAPH. He hab promised to marry half ob de girls in Darktown.

BRASS. Was he in de habit ob writing poetry to dem all?

SERAPH. Mostly—some ob dem. He wrote some beautiful verses to Dinah Black las' week.

BRASS. Was he making lub to her at de time?

SERAPH. Yes, he was; an' half a dozen beside.

JUDGE. Can you repeat dose lines?

SERAPH. I fink so:

“Her neck am like de ostrich,
Her froat am like de swan;
Her face am like a pumpkin
Wiv de sun a-shinin' on.

“She went to de beach for bathin';
Her complexion den got spiled.
Her cheeks all peeled, and her nose went red
Like a lobster when it's b'iled.”

JUDGE. Der am plenty ob force an' expression in de poetry. It am ebident de plaintiff am a jennyass.

BRASS. Yer mentioned a certain visit to de Zuluogical Gardens. Was it de same visit mentioned by de last witness, when yer made plaintiff frow his cigaret away?

SERAPH. It was, sar.

BRASS. An' why did yer insist on his doin' so? Is it because yer objects ter tobacker, as ladies often does?

SERAPH. No; I doesn't object ter tobacker, but I faught he'd be teachin' de rest ob de monkeys bad habits.

BRASS. What occurred in de conduct ob de plaintiff ter cause yer ter break off wiv him?

SERAPH. A great many fings.

BRASS. Can yer give us somefing tangible to lay hold ob?

SERAPH. Well, yer might fink ob layin' hold ob his mustache, if it wasn't so much like a cricket-match.

JUDGE. Why am it like a cricket-match?

SERAPH. Why, dar's only eleben a side.

SNOWBALL. [*Rising*] Is dat all de objection to my client?

SERAPH. Oh, no. He was allers stealin' kisses.

SNOWBALL. But yer cannot call dat an objection from yer own intended husband.

SERAPH. Can't I, when he allers stole 'em from udder girls?

SNOWBALL. Oh, ah—um!

[*Sits down.*]

BRASS. Dat am quite conclusib. Has he ebber behaved bad to yer on any special occasion?

SERAPH. Yes. When we was at de gardens, I asked him ter pin a flower on my buzzum, an' he did it wif such a flourish ob his arm dat he stuck de pin into de end ob my nose, an' made it bleed berry much.

SNOWBALL. But dat was only an accident; yer couldn't say dat was a piece ob bad conduct.

SERAPH. But when he took de label from a spool ob cotton which he had in his pocket, and put it on de end ob my nose to stop de bleeding, and made my nose read, "Warranted 200 yards long," it was enuff to disgust de sensibilities ob any lady in de world.

SNOWBALL. Dat am no justifercation for breaking off an existin' engagement, an' blightin' de life ob my client—a paltry nose scratch.

BRASS. I takes objection to de remark "paltry" as applied ter my client's nose. Dar am nuffin' paltry about it.

SNOWBALL. Her nose am as paltry as her conduct.

BRASS. You's anudder!

JUDGE. Silence!

BRASS. You's a feller, Brudder Snowball!

SNOWBALL. An' I repeats it.

JUDGE. Will yer be quiet?

[*Throws his inkstand at them. The COUNSEL begin to strike each other with their papers. SERAPHINA faints in the arms of the plaintiff, who takes her to her seat. The JURY come out of their seats and gather round fighting COUNSEL.*]

JUDGE. [*Coming down from bench*] If dat's de way you's gwine to settle dis case, I shall abjourn de court for luncheon.

[*Exit JUDGE. COUNSEL and CLERK follow. JURY are about to follow when POLICEMAN, reëntering, stops them.*]

POLICE. Hold on, dar. Dis court don't allow no luncheon for jurymen. Yer mus' return to yer places till de case am concluded. I ain't allowed ter let yer go away for a minute. De plaintiff an' defendant am opshunal.

[*JELLYBRAIN and SERAPHINA come forward, as JURY retire into their chairs again, and shyly approach each other.*]

SERAPH. [*Coyly*] Josephus Jellybrain, how can yer look me in de face?

JELLY. [*Sentimentally*] Seraphina, why hab yer broken my heart?

SERAPH. Couldn't even chip it. Why did yer leave off comin' to our house, Josephus?

JELLY. Because you began to learn de piano, Seraphina. A poetic soul can stand a great deal, but to listen to a young lady learnin' de piano am above human endurance.

SERAPH. I's giben it up, Josephus.

JELLY. Den return me my presents, Seraphina.

SERAPH. You nebber gave me any, Josephus.

JELLY. What! am all my kisses forgotten—all dose confessions ob a divine inspiration?

SERAPH. De kisses yer can hab back—yer ungrateful man—any time yer like ter come for them.

JELLY. Well, habin' arranged dat to our mutual satisfaction, we'll adjourn for lunch. [*Offers his arm. Exit, arm in arm.*]

POLICE. Now, genelmen ob de jury, I shall lock de court-room door, an' leabe you to consider de verdict. [*Exit POLICEMAN.*]

[*JURY come out of their chairs, and sit about stage.*]

FOREMAN. What does you say? Shall we bring dem in guilty ob manslaughter?

FIRST JURY. What for?

FORE. For not gettin' married.

SECOND JURY. De plaintiff am guilty.

FORE. What ob?

SECOND JURY. Ob not knowing when he's well off.

THIRD JURY. I say de woman am de worst.

FOURTH JURY. An' I say it's de man. It's allers de man in dese cases.

FIFTH JURY. Dat am an unroof.

FORE. Now, gentlemen, I shall fine yer all for mutiny an' insubordination.

SIXTH JURY. I don't care what yer does; I's not gwine to hear de women run down.

THIRD JURY. An' I'll not hear de men belied.

FOURTH JURY. [*Throws a law-book at him*] Dat soon settles de squestion.

[*Here they begin to throw the papers and books from the tables at each other. In the midst of the confusion the POLICEMAN enters.*]

POLICE. Stop! stop! De case am settled. De plaintiff an' defendant hab eloped togedder, an' his washup invites yer all ter luncheon.

[*They all rush to the door, and after a deal of pushing and struggling for precedence, they all get out.*]

CURTAIN.

PLAYS.

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A MOST UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION. A comic interlude in one act by John Maddison Morton. Two male characters only. Scene, a parlor. Time, about thirty-five minutes. It shows how a personally unknown nephew, by the most ludicrous and eccentric conduct, manages to obtain from his uncle the hand of his niece and a fortune besides.

A PAIR OF PIGEONS. A domestic sketch in one act by Edward Stirling. One male and one female characters. Scene, a parlor. Time, about thirty minutes. A very amusing matrimonial scene in which a wife cures her husband of unwarrantable jealousy.

A TERRIBLE SECRET. A spirited farce in one act, by J. Stirling Coyne. Two male and two female characters. Scene, a furnished parlor. Time, fully an hour. In which Mr. Henpecker is the victim of a harmless hoax which involves him in a lot of imaginary troubles and funny perplexities, until the secret he struggles to conceal is shorn of its fancied terrors, and Mrs. Henpecker consents to be appeased.

AN ELIGIBLE SITUATION. An eccentricity in one act, by Thomas Archer and J. C. Brough. Four male and six female characters. Time, about forty minutes. A medley of philanthropy, jealousy, inquisitiveness, clandestine love-making, burglary and final happiness.

FAIRLY TAKEN IN. A comic interlude in one act by Mrs. Charles Kemble. One male and one female characters. Scene, an apartment. Time, about twenty-five minutes. A suspicious lover's stratagem to test his betrothed is met by stratagem, and he is taught a lesson for groundless mistrust.

FIRESIDE DIPLOMACY. A comedietta in one act, adapted from the French by Charles Smith Cheltnam. Two male and two female characters. Scene, an elegant parlor. Time, about forty minutes. A well-arranged domestic comedy in which a woman who henpecks her husband strives to create discord between a happy couple, and not only fails, but gets a wholesome lesson herself.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS. A comic interlude in one act by H. A. Y. Five male characters only. Scene, a parlor. Time, about one hour. The fun begins with two gentlemen taking the same apartments, ordering the same supper, and each supposing the other an intruder, but finally discover that they are partners in the same enterprise.

HIS FIRST BRIEF. A comedietta in one act by Sidney Daryl. Three male and two female characters. Scene, a sitting-room. Time, about an hour. A medley of love, jealousy impudence and eccentricity, in which the characters are all at cross purposes, getting tangled up in the most ludicrous "situations," but with ultimate most satisfactory results.

JACK OF ALL TRADES. A rollicking farce in one act, adapted for six male characters. Scene, apartment of a scientific student. Time, about forty-five minutes. The versatile and absurd performances of a fickle young man, who is everything in turn and nothing long, to the aggravation of his father, but turns up sensible at last.

MONEY MAKES THE MAN. A parlor drama in one act by Arthur Sketchley. Four male and three female characters. Scene, a parlor. Time, about fifty minutes. A scheming, avaricious father tries to separate two loving young couples in order to profit by a supposed inheritance, which turns out quite differently from his calculations. Matters are settled happily, and the schemer thwarted by the old invalid gentleman to whom his daughter was to be sacrificed.

MRS. WILLIS'S WILL. A comic drama in one act, adapted from the French of Emil Souvestre, for five female characters. Scene, a room in a farm-house. Time, about an hour. A drama in which avaricious hopes are not realized, the humble are exalted, and haughty pride is held up to ridicule.

POISONED. A ludicrous farce in one act by Vincent Arcott. Four male characters. Scene, a sitting-room in disorderly confusion. Time, about thirty-five minutes. Showing the vicissitudes in the love affairs of a young bachelor who is poor but has expectations, the pranks of his man, and the realistic effects of imaginary poisoning. Mrs. Priggit is a very characteristic Irish Washerwoman, played by a male.

SLIGHTED TREASURES. A petite comedy in one act by William Suter. Four female characters only. Scene, a sitting-room. Time, about thirty-five minutes. A cleverly worked-out contrast between true and heartless girls, and sterling merit and frivolous aspirations, in which merit is triumphant over jealousy.

THE DUCHESS OF MANSFELDT. A comic drama in one act adapted from the French of Souvestre for six female characters only. Scene, interior of a village inn. Time, about forty minutes. The Duchess visits her newly-acquired duchy incognito, and in several funny ways finds nobility in disguise may invoke ridicule through ignorance of village manners. She learns a lesson and profits by it.

THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST; or, All Right. An original farce in one act by S. Barry. Five male and two female characters. Scenes, a sitting room, and a street-thoroughfare. Time, about forty-five minutes. Introduces a tyrannical wife, a hen-pecked husband, a stupid Dutchman, and other comic characters.

THE STAGE-STRUCK CLERK; or, The Office in an Uproar. A laughable farce in one act. Six male and three female characters. Scene, a lawyer's office. Time, about thirty-five minutes. An over-smart lawyer's clerk, always getting into scrapes which he evades by assuming the name of an innocent fellow clerk. His genius for inventing excuses help him out, but bring retribution at last.

THE STUDENT'S FROLIC. A farce in one act, by T. S. Robinson. Three male and two female characters. Scene, a sitting-room. Time, about forty-five minutes. The perplexing situations and subterfuges of a rollicking student in his endeavor to elude pursuit after a supposed murder; with a climax.

THE TRAIN TO MAURO. An amusing interlude in one act, by S. A. Frost. Characters, one male, one female, and a little boy. Time, about fifteen minutes. Scene, the waiting-room of a railroad station. The loquacious Mrs. Buttermilk and her *enfant terrible* nearly miss their train through a misunderstanding in regard to "to-morrow" and "to Mauro."

TWO GENTLEMEN AT MIVART'S. An interlude in one act by J. Palgrave Simpson. Two male characters only. Scene, an ante-room in Mivart's Hotel. Time, about twenty minutes. A very entertaining duologue in which an old and a young gentleman are mutually objects of disdain, jealousy and rivalry, only to find out that they are father and son.

WANTED A YOUNG LADY. A laughable farce in one act, by W. E. Suter. Two male and one female characters. Scene, a room in a Country-house. Time, about fifty minutes. A very bright Farce in which disguises, intended to deceive, are paid back in their own coin. It is "diamond cut diamond," introducing continual droll complications.

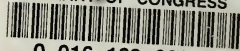
ACTING PLAYS

15 cents each.

MALE AND FEMALE CHARACTERS.

	<i>M. F.</i>
A Household Fairy, How she got him and kept him	1 1
A Kiss in the Dark, Kissing on the sly and the results	2 3
All at Sea, A brilliant little comedy	3 2
A Medical Man, Blunders, deception and happiness	2 1
An Eligible Situation, Love, burglary and bliss	4 6
A Pair of Pigeons, Groundless jealousy cured	1 1
A Silent Protector, Ludicrous effects of a portrait	3 2
A Terrible Secret, A harmless hoax with roaring effects	2 2
Betsy Baker, A little plot for wife-cure	2 2
Cinderella, Fairy-tale with songs and music	3 6
Fairly Taken in, Funny cure for jealousy	1 1
Fireside Diplomacy, Cure for a henpecking wife	2 2
Freezing a Mother-in-law, An eccentric farce	3 2
From Punkin Ridge, A rascal unmasked, dialect characters	6 3
His First Brief, Love-making accidentally; very bright	3 2
Jumbo Jum, Introducing a funny blundering nigger	7 3
Love Under 'Obstacles, Practical parlor pantomime	3 3
Money Makes the Man, Love triumphs over Avarice	4 3
Paddy Doyle; or, A Mutual Friend, Paddy is great	4 2
Pat's Dilemma, The troubles of an Irish emigrant	4 3
Popping the Question, Everyone at cross-purposes	2 4
Ten Nights in a Barroom, A great temperance drama	7 4
That Rascal Pat, His troubles under two masters	3 2
The Billet Doux, How she tamed her father-in-law	4 1
The Dutchman's Ghost, Squelching a dunderhead Dutchman	5 2
The Obstinate Family; or, A Family Fix, Obstinacy cured	3 3
The Philopena; or, Jealousy, How she cured her jealous husband	2 1
The Rival Lodgers, Adapted from "Box & Cox"	2 1
The Stage-Struck Clerk, Innocence triumphs over guilt	6 3
The Student's Frolic, Lots of funny situations	3 2
The Train to Mauro, Fussy old lady and terrible boy	2 1
"Wanted, A Young Lady," "Diamond cut diamond," nobody hurt	2 1
Who is Who? All tangled up at cross-purposes	3 2
Won by Strategy, A farce full of absurdities	3 1

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ACTING PLAYS

15 cents each.

MALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

	<i>M. F.</i>
A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion, How he won her.....	2
An Army of Applicants, Dude, sport, bumper, Pat, etc.....	6
A Spanking Legacy, A vendetta, with comical terrors.....	5
A Sudden Arrival, Consternation and general rumpus.....	7
Furnished Apartments, Rival lodgers and fun.....	5
Jack of all Trades, Very funny cure for fickleness.....	6
My Next Door Neighbor, Character sketch.....	5
Old Cronies, Character comedietta. Funny throughout.....	2
Poisoned, Funny, but he didn't die.....	4
The Musical Bore, The musical neighbor nuisance.....	3
Two Gentlemen at Mivart's, Strangers; rivals; a discovery.	2

FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

A Slight Mistake, Odd effects of a German lottery prize ticket	5
Mrs. Willis' Will, Girls at loggerheads and lots of fun.....	5
Slighted Treasures, Girlish jealousy and spite exposed.....	4
The Duchess of Mansfeldt, Fun in a village.....	6

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Darkey Breach of Promise Case, Nigger mock trial.....	20 1
De Trouble Begins at Nine, Nigger interlude.....	2
Kerfoozlem; or, The Quack Doctor, Ludicrous nigger act.....	3
Never Mine de Why en Wharfo', Darkey interlude.....	2 1
Nigger Boarding-House, Farce; female part played by male.....	6
The Stage-Struck Darkey, A female part played by male.....	3
The Virginia Mummy, Screaming nigger farce.....	6 1

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