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TOM BLOSSOM,

—OR—

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,
IN A PROLOGUE AND FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

W. A. Siegfried,

Author of "Phyllis, the Beggar Girl."

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

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

—O—

PRINTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

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TOM BLOSSOM; OR, THE SPIDER'S WEB.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TOM BLOSSOM.....	<i>In the spiders' web</i>
ADAM ROSSIPP.....	<i>The spider</i>
LUKE DIAMOND }	<i>Of Fernoaks</i>
JACK HAWKINS }	<i>Lighthouse keeper</i>
WILLARD ROSSIPP.....	<i>The spider's son</i>
PROF. CHRISTOPHER SUNSHINE.....	<i>The liver pad agent</i>
SOLOMON ISAACS.....	<i>A very pious man</i>
CARL SCHMIDT.....	<i>The coachman</i>
UNCLE RUFUS.....	<i>An old relic</i>
NELLIE BLOSSOM.....	<i>Tom's wife</i>
CHARM HAWKINS.....	<i>Jack's daughter</i>
BESSIE BLANK.....	<i>A servant in love with the professor</i>
WIDOW LANNIGAN.....	<i>The terror of the community</i>

—x—

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS.

—x—

COSTUMES—MODERN.

—x—

SYNOPSIS.

PROLOGUE. SCENE—Fernoaks' Park. A midnight storm. The Spider's web—"Murder!" A drunkard's oath—Accused. "My wife!" The village clock—The arrest. "He is my husband, and I will protect him!"

ACT I. Scene—Fernoaks, (ten years later) The Professor. The Spider's discovery. "A very pious man." "Wreck the Silver City!" Carl and the Widow. Uncle Rufus—The spider's manly son. A bold stroke. A wife's devotion—The outcast.

ACT II. Scene—Lighthouse, Cape May, N. J. The Spider and the Professor. A false message. "The danger signal!" Charm to the rescue—Off for the wreck.—"He shall not escape me!" Saved from the wreck. The pious man's discovery. "Who is this man?" "Tom Blossom!"

ACT III. Scene—The old cabin. "Home, Sweet Home!" A storm—"The shelter is poor, but the welcome is rich." A sad story. "Tom Blossom!" The recognition—The mystery deepens. The Spider's disguise. "My son!" Tom to the rescue. "She is my wife!" "And my daughter!"

ACT IV. Scene—Fernoaks. The Spider in a rage.—"If this fails, we are lost!" The Widow and Carl. The Professor happy. Tom Blossom.—"The proof of my innocence!" The Spider fails.—"I believe him innocent!" The Spider caught. The mystery solved. A day of reckoning. The living witness. The Spider's last curse. Death. The pious man chained. Tom and Nellie re-united. Fernoaks. Spider's web broken.

TMP96-006782

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

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

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

Tom Blossom; or, The Spider's Web.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE—Wyod—Fernoaks Park, Near Cape May, N. J.—Winter.

Enter, L. 1 E., as curtain rises, CARL SCHMIDT, walking backwards—
muttering to himself.

Carl Schmidt. Py himmel, ven I vas git holdt of dot veller, I vas hit him puty quick! (*looks L.*) Och, I vas mistooken—no, py himmel, it vas dot old laofer! I tinks I hides mineself a leetle vile. (*goes R.*) I tinks I goes me back of dis tree. (*goes back of trees, R.*)

Enter, ADAM ROSSIPP, L. 3 E.

Adam Rossipp. It's a cold winter's night! I think I have taught that heathenish Dutelman a pretty good lesson in manners.

Carl. (*aside*) If Ischust git me von crack at dot old loafer.

Rossipp. Let me see! (*pause*) I have it! Tom and Luke are coming this way on their way home from the reception, thanks to my shrewdness, both on a spree. My plans are to get them to quarreling, and arm Tom with a small knife. (*pause*) In fact, I am bound and determined to be possessor of Fernoaks. When Luke married Clara Blake against his father's wishes, I induced the old man to make me heir to Fernoaks, after Luke's death, which the old gentleman kindly did; now I have determined to get Luke out of the way, and Tom Blossom must be the victim. (*looks off L.*) Both are coming; my plans must be set in operation at once. "The end always justifies the means." (*retires back of stage*)

Enter, TOM BLOSSOM and LUKE DIAMOND, L. 1 E.—quarreling.

—Good!

Tom Blossom. I say, hic, Luke, have you hic got my watch? I hic—I—

Luke Diamond. You're-hic-a liar, Tom! I—I-hic-ain't got your watch.

Rossipp. Good!

(*strikes TOM*)

Enter, PROF. SUNSHINE, L. 1 E.

Prof. Sunshine. 'The devil' What's all the fuss about?

Tom. You have it-hic-for I—

(they struggle near ROSSIPP, who stabs LUKE—drops knife)

Rossipp. *(aside)* There, I triumph!

Luke. *(staggering)* Tom, Tom, what have you done!

(falls—ROSSIPP turns L.)

Prof. Stay and see the end of this, Adam Rossipp!

Rossipp. *(advances)* I shall go.

Prof. You shall not go!

(folds arms)

Tom. *(sees LUKE)* Luke! My God, what have I done? *(gets*

down on one knee and feels LUKE'S head) Dead—no, no! *(rising up)*

Luke dead? *(starts back)* I see it all, now—my senses return!

(looks at LUKE) And am I to be branded a murderer! No, no—I shall not, it must not be!

Prof. *(aside)* I'll return with an officer.

(exit L. 2 E.)

Tom. *(kneeling)* Here on my bended knees, I swear before God,

never to touch another drop of that which steals away man's brains;

that robs them of their homes and their lives. *(looks at LUKE—pause)*

Oh, Nellie! God forgive me, a murderer, but I love you! I should

have taken your advice—not to touch another drop of the damnable

stuff. *(pauses)* What will Nellie say? Nellie, oh, Nellie! lost,

lost to me forever! *(falls on seat, with head bowed in hands)*

Rossipp. *(aside)* Damn that imp! I must silence him this very night.

Carl. *(aside)* If I schust git mine hands on dot old loafer a couple of dimes, I makes him puty sick, puty quick, too!

(exit R. 3 E.)

Tom. *(groaning)* Oh, what a fate awaits me, no one can tell.

Rossipp. *(to TOM)* Tom! Tom! Tom Blossom! *(TOM rises*

quickly) Do you know what you have done? *(TOM gets excited)* Do

you know that you have murdered Luke—

Tom. No, no! My God, am I found out already? Is there no hope of escaping?

Enter, NELLIE BLOSSOM, L. 2 E.

—My wife! Nellie, I have disgraced you and yours forever.

Nellie Blossom. *(going to TOM)* Tom! Tom! *(crying)* What do you mean? *(sees LUKE)* What! Have you done this?

Tom. Don't touch me, Nellie—you don't know what I am! I am branded as a murderer. Oh, Nellie! Teach our daughter to forget and forgive her father.

Enter, PROFESSOR, L. 2 E.—picks up small knife.

Nellie. Oh, Tom, I don't believe you are guilty!

Tom. *(holds out both hands to her—she takes them)* God bless you, Nellie, God bless you for that!

Rossipp. *(to her)* As a representative of the law, I must arrest your husband for this crime.

Nellie. Prove it! I don't believe he is guilty.

(village clock strikes three, slowly)

Rossipp. But, my good lady, I must arrest your husband; then let him prove his innocence afterwards.

Nellie. What business have you with this affair? What are you doing out at three o'clock in the morning?

Rossipp. (*aside*) Curse her! (*aloud*) Madam, this has gone too far. Tom Blossom, I arrest you for the murder of Luke Diamond.

Nellie. Sir, I will never believe it. He is my husband, and I will protect him. (*advances*
(*throws arms about Tom*)

CURTAIN—END OF PROLOGUE.

—X—

A period of ten years is supposed to have elapsed between the Prologue and Act First.

THE DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE—Library at Fernoaks.

As curtain rises, BESSIE BLANK is discovered dusting off chairs, etc., singing.

Bessie Blank. I do wonder what makes Mr. Rossipp so cranky and bad tempered, especially of late, for I declare to goodness he is growling from morning till night and all for nothing. Oh, well, that's a man's way—it's the nature of the beast, you know!

(PROFESSOR appears at window)

Prof. (*outside*) The devil—what a charming damsel!

Enter, PROFESSOR, C.

—Excuse me, madam.

Bessie. You? Who are you? We have nothing for you to eat.

Prof. (*aside*) She takes me for a tramp. (*aloud*) See here, my dear, I want—

Bessie. I am not your dear and we have nothing for you to-day. Who are you?

Prof. Who am I? Why, bless my cork leg, I can soon tell you who I am! I am the first and only son of Jacob and Myrah Sunshine of Sunshinetown, on the Moon river away up yonder. I am the only authorized agent for the new and successful, always curable Liver Pad. (*takes one out of pocket*) It only costs you ten cents and is sure to cure any case of rheumatism, cramps, bunions, pains in the back and guaranteed to purify the blood. Remember it costs you but the small sum of a dime. Do you grasp the situation?

Bessie. No, I don't grasp the situation! (*stamps foot—goes L.*)

Prof. (*frightened*) Oh, Lord! Don't scare the life out of me. Say, my charming lady, does that cook always giggle when she sees a stranger?

Bessie. Oh, yes; she often laughs at nothing.

Prof. (*serious expression on face*) Oh, she does! Thanks for the information. (*goes to window, singing*)

Bessie. Can you sing?

Prof. (coming down c.) I'll promise to sing for you, if you'll chain that dog first.

Bessie. (smiling) Never mind him; if I can help you I will.

Prof. What shall it be?

Bessie. A song.

Prof. Now, I want to see Adam Rossipp. Does he live here? (specialty business)

Bessie. Yes; (going L.) I'll call him. (exit L.)

Prof. Now that's what I call a charming lady, and one which might make a fellow like me feel real comfortable the rest of his natural life. Bless my cork leg, if I don't ask her to hitch up with me, just as sure as there's a bald spot on my cranium. (exit c.)

Enter, ROSSIPP, R.—takes off hat, overcoat and gloves, goes to rack in hallway C., then returns.

Rossipp. I ran across a new coachman to-day and must tell the widow or there'll be war in the kitchen. (rings bell)

Enter, BESSIE, L.

—*Bessie,* tell the widow I want to speak to her at once.

Bessie. Yes, sir.

Rossipp. (seated at table writing) Well, well, I am very glad that Isaacs will arrive to-day. (exit L.)

Enter, WIDOW LUNNIGAN, L.

Widow Lunnigan. Be the howly powers! Sure, an' what the divil did the ould mon sind for me for?

(goes to him and looks over his shoulder)

Rossipp. (turning to her) Well!

Wid. 'Scuse me, sor, but I want to be after axin yer honor a question.

Rossipp. (writing) Well?

Wid. Did yese sind for me?

Rossipp. (turning to her) Yes; I want to tell you that I have a new coachman, and if he comes into the kitchen I want you to treat him civil. Do you understand, widow?

Wid. (going L.) I thinks I do. (aside) Bad luck to yese!

(exit L.)

Rossipp. Well, I am comfortably well situated here as master and possessor of Fernoaks; but I often see that midnight scene in the park. (PROFESSOR appears at window) I dream it all over again. I have often wondered what became of poor Tom Blossom, the victim of my treachery. Oh, well, such is life! Luke was taken to a New York hospital where he died. Nellie and her daughter were sent to some home for such people; but she returned, without her child, who seems to have been adopted by some unknown person. If I could only get possession of that girl. When Solomon comes I shall talk the matter over, and see if some plan cannot be laid by which that child can be put in my power. I always said that the end justified the means. (rising) I'll go and—

Enter, SOLOMON ISAACS, C.

—*Solomon Isaacs!* Why, the very man I was wishing to see.

Solomon Isaacs. Vell, you vas de very von I vant to speak mit, und right avay, so helup me Moses!

Rossipp. Anything wrong, Solomon?

Sol. Vell, just sit down mit me, und I vill tell you. (both sit)

Enter, PROFESSOR, C.—*pauses at door.*

Rossipp. Come, Solomon, don't keep me waiting; you know I'm not a man to be trifled with. Speak—quickly!

Sol. I speak just ven I git ready, und ven I do speak, maybe I speak too much for the good of your health. Adam Rossipp, I tinks murder vas a pooty bad thing for a man of your standing in society, I do, so hellup me gracious! (Rossipp jumps up) But never mind, Adam, don't got excited—sit down here by me; you know I wouldn't hurt a fly. I vas so pious, so hellup me, Moses!

Rossipp. (seated) What brings you to Fernoaks in such a frame of mind?

Sol. Vell, I'll tell you, Adam. I saw Dick Blossom mit a New York lawyer, out in de park. Now vot you tinks of dot?

Rossipp. (rising quickly) What! Dick Blossom here? Solomon, we must find out their mission; how shall we do it?

Sol. Dot's just vot I am here for, so hellup me gracious! Adam, Tom Blossom vas left de old country und vas on his vay over here; he left mit der steamer "Silver City" last veek und vill come by der lighthouse home.

Rossipp. What shall we do? Solomon, Tom Blossom must never be seen at Fernoaks—what shall we do? (seated)

Sol. Dot's it, Adam, vot ve do? You know I'm such a pious man, vy I wouldn't hurt a fly, so hellup me, Moses!

Rossipp. I have it!

Sol. Hold on mit it! Vot vas it?

Rossipp. Wreck the "Silver City!" The end justifies the means every time.

Prof. (aside) The devil you say! Go on, Adam Rossipp, I'm listening!

Sol. Oh, mine gootness—you vas such a smart man! Dot vas goot; but how ve do it? Your head vas twice bigger as mine; you just say how, und it vas done, so hellup me gootness!

Rossipp. Solomon, meet me at the lighthouse next Tuesday and I will explain it all.

Prof. (aside) A deuced clever man you are, Adam! I'll be there! (exit c.)

Sol. (rising) My gootness, you vas such a smart man! You ought to be a senator or a congressman; you have got plenty of money—dot's all dot's necessary.

Rossipp. Well, Solomon, until then, good day. (exit L.)

Sol. (looks around) Vell, I tinks dot vas a pooty goot hint for to git out. Vell, I tinks I goes me out, too. (bows politely to chairs and table) Just vait, Adam Rossipp, I vill soon have you by de throat; but then, I'm such a pious man, vy I wouldn't hurt a fly. No, I wouldn't, so hellup me gracious! Goot day! (bows and exit c.)

Enter, PROFESSOR, C.—*clothes all torn and dirty.*

Prof. I walked into the kitchen to see that charming girl, but I met that Irish cook, and look at the result of our first meeting. Oh, Lord, she's a terror to the community! I wonder what I'll look like if I stay around here much longer?

Wid. (outside) Go long, you dirty hathen Dutchmon. I'll be breaking your head, so I will! Do ye moind?

Prof. (shivering) Oh, Lord! Scoot, dutchy, scoot; and I'll fol-
(exit c., hurriedly)
low suit!

Enter, WIDOW, L.

Wid. Now, what in the divil did the ould mon mane whin he brought that dirty Dutchmon home wid him? Bad luck to him—I'll scald him, so I will!

Enter, CARL, C.—singing.

Carl. Hallo—you vas here? Py himmel, I tinks I gits me a rest from you for a vile. Say, I vas gitin' hungry for sumting to eat.

Wid. Bad luck to ye, ye are always atin'! *(exit L.)*

Carl. Dot voman vas a holy fright. I don't know vot to do mit mineself; she doan vas let me alone mit myself. Vell, ven she doan stop puty quick, I schust knocks her down und sits on her mit both feet. *(exit L.)*

Enter, UNCLE RUFUS, C.

Uncle Rufus. I'se dun gone and foted missus Nellie for dat ole man; but he won't hurt her.

Enter, NELLIE, C.

Nellie. Oh, Uncle Rufus, I am so much afraid of that man. I know he means harm. *(goes to R.)*

Enter, PROFESSOR, C.

Prof. Not while I'm around, Miss Nellie! You just keep up your courage, and don't break down; you have lots of help. Here's Uncle Rufus and myself, a whole army—*(aside)*—of cowards! *(aloud)* Hark! The spider comes! *(exit c.)*

Enter, ROSSIPP, L.

Rossipp. *(bowing)* So you have arrived. I sent for you. Rufus, you may go.

Rufus. Yes, sah! I'se a gwine, sah! *(aside to NELLIE)* Don't git skeered, missus Nellie, I'se you friend. *(exit c.)*

Nellie. *(aside)* Poor faithful Rufus! *(advancing toward ROSSIPP)* Adam Rossipp, you sent for me. What do you want?

WILLARD ROSSIPP *appears at window.*

Willard Rossipp. *(aside)* Some more of my honorable parent's devilish work. My father has disowned me, simply because I have determined to marry the old lighthouse keeper's daughter; but I will marry her. *(pauses)* But now I will stay and see what all this means.

Rossipp. *(gets chair)* Sit down, Nellie; make yourself at home.

Will. *(aside)* Although you are my father, you shall *not* insult this helpless woman.

Rossipp. You are aware, madam, that you are depending upon my charity for your existance, and that I can throw you out upon the world at any moment, and—

Nellie. *(rising)* Stop! I am aware of all this. I know, too well, the power you have over me and the misery you have brought upon me. I shall *not* hear any more of it.

Rossipp. (*advancing*) Nellie, I can heal your broken heart in one way only.

Nellie. (*gladly*) And you will do it?

Rossipp. Certainly; I want to make you my wife, and—

Nellie. Sir! I can endure all the misery and torture you have brought upon me, but your insults—never!

Will. (*aside*) Good! It's getting interesting now.

Rossipp. Nellie, don't make me cross! Will you marry me?

Nellie. Me marry you? Not for the whole world!

Rossipp. (*angrily*) Nellie Blossom, do you realize what your refusal means? I will turn you out of house and home—

Nellie. I would rather beg from door to door, and sleep upon the cold earth, than to disgrace myself by marrying such a *thing* as you! I would rather *die* than depend upon *your* charity and gold, which rightfully belongs to some one else! I—

Rossipp. (*seizes her arm*) Have a care, or—

Nellie. Unhand me, villain! (*she screams*)

Enter, WILLARD, C.—parts them.

Will. Stand back! Although you are my father, I shall not stand by and see you insult any helpless woman; a man of your age should set a much better example. Shame upon you!

(*UNCLE RUFUS appears at window—PROFESSOR at door, L.*)

Rossipp. Willard Rossipp, from this hour you are no son of mine! I disown you forever—go!

(*points to C.—WILLARD goes out slowly, C.*)

END OF ACT I.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

— SCENE—Lighthouse—Cape May, N. J.

JACK HAWKINS discovered waving red lantern at large window, C.—thunder, lightning and rain until entrance of *ROSSIPP.*

Jack Hawkins. (*coming down, C.*) This is certainly one of the roughest days I've seen on this coast for many a year. The "Silver City" was wrecked and is being towed in to port.

Enter, PROFESSOR, R.

—Hallo, a stranger in these parts?

Prof. (*smiling*) Well, yes, I reckon I am; never been here before. In fact, never been much farther than Sunshinetown, on the Moon river, up yonder. (*going to JACK and speaking low*) Can you give me a job for a few days? (*smiling*)

Jack. A job? Well, I guess there ain't hardly work enough for us two that's here now, without giving you a job. Say, stranger, (*locking at him steadily*) what's your game?

Prof. Why, bless my cork leg—I don't know what you mean!

Jack. Mean? See here, stranger, around these parts we ain't used to any devilish work, and, if you're up to any you'd better scoot! (*pointing L.*)

Prof. Well, stranger, my name is Professor Christopher Sunshine, first and only son of Jacob and Myriah Sunshine from Sunshinetown on the Moon river, away up yonder. (*quickly*) I am the only authorized agent for the Safety Liver Pad, which cures rheumatism, aches and pains; will remove all corns and bunions, (*JACK falls into chair, L.*) and is guaranteed to cure the grip. Do you cave, do you grasp the situation? It costs you but ten cents and is guaranteed to cure the worst case of hydrophobia. Remember it costs you the small sum of a dime. (*taking out handkerchief and wiping face—aside*) Oh, Lord, if that lie don't make a sale, I'll quit the business! (*aloud*) Can't I supply you with one of my Pads?

Jack. (*rising*) Yes; I'll take one and stop your tongue.

(*goes to window, c.*)

Prof. I'm a heap obliged to you for the compliment; but what's your name?

Jack. (*coming down c., smiling*) My name is Jack Hawkins. Say, Professor, what game are you up to?

Prof. (*seriously*) I rather think it will be more likely to be seven up than anything else I know of just now.

Jack. (*seated on cot*) Professor, you excite my curiosity; what's the matter? If you can't tell me, spit it out and I'll pick it up and put it together.

Prof. (*going to window, c.*) The devil you will! (*whistles*) How very thoughtful of you! (*coming down c.*) Thanks! Well, Jack, I'm going to spit it out now, and I want you to pick it up and put it together. (*laughing*) No boquets, please! Jack, I want you to loan me an old suit. You're going to have a visitor to-day—a devilish tough one, too. I know his game; I'm on to him! Come, Jack, what's your answer?

Jack. I'm agreed! (*rising*) but who is the visitor?

Prof. Adam Rossipp, of Fernoaks!

Jack. (*starting*) What—Adam Rossipp coming here! And for what?

(*goes to L.*)

Prof. Jack, what's the trouble? If you're sick, we'll apply one of my Safety Liver Pads; remember, it costs you only the small sum of a dime.

Jack. Adam Rossipp!

Prof. Why, Jack, why do you speak that way? Do you know him?

Jack. Yes, I once knew him to my sorrow; (*goes L.*) but never mind that now.

Prof. Jack, get me an old pair of boots, trousers, hat and red flannel shirts, for I'm going to see this thing out if it costs me my life. I will—I swear by the ghost of Hamlet, I will!

Jack. In yonder room (*points L.*) you'll find everything you need and plenty of them; pick the best.

Prof. Beggars are no choosers. Thanks!

(*exit L.*)

Jack. (*coming down c.*) Adam Rossipp here—and for what? (*pauses*) 'Tis only too true that the ill-fated "Silver City" is being towed into this port. (*pauses*) I have out my usual danger signal and she will not run this way. But what if she should? Has Adam Rossipp another damnable game to play? Can I doubt it? Can I—no, I do not doubt it! I repent what is past; but if that man tempts me (*looks out of window L.*) I'll throw his worthless body out into the deep blue sea. Hark, someone comes!

Enter, ROSSIPP, R.—disguised.

Rossipp. Sir, as I chanced to pass your humble cottage up yonder, I heard a cry for help. I entered but found nothing wrong, although I was told to hasten to the lighthouse and tell Jack to come home at once. I'll remain here until you return.

Jack. I'm much obliged to you, stranger. *(exit, R.)*

Rossipp. *(taking off disguise)* Now for a thorough investigation of this place. I must secure the secret of the danger signal.

(exit R.)

Enter, PROFESSOR, L., dressed with old hat, boots, trousers and flannel shirt on.

Prof. *(looking at himself)* Oh, what a daisy Liver Pad agent I am! If my charming Bessie could only see me now! *(goes to window c.)* If a fellow would fall out here *(looks out)* he'd surely go to the bottom of the sea, and keep company with McGinty. Look! A ship! a ship!

(exit L., quickly)

Enter, ROSSIPP, R.

Rossipp. All is well! I've run out the safety signal and the "Silver City" is destined. *(exit R.—thunder, lightning and rain)*

Enter, CHARM HAWKINS, R.—hurriedly.

Charm Hawkins. *(excitedly)* Too late! *(runs out large red lantern)* Look! A wreck! *(pacing up and down stage)*

Enter, PROFESSOR, I.—JACK, R.

Charm. Oh, father, look! look! A wreck—the danger signal was not out—and see!

(points)

Jack. Here, professor, bring the rope and I'll go to the rescue!

(puts on rubber boots)

Prof. *(gets rope)* What next, Jack?

Jack. Come quickly, or it will be too late!

(both exit)

Charm. *(at window, c.)* Oh, I am so afraid my father will be lost!

(exit L.)

Enter, ROSSIPP and SOLOMON, R.

Sol. Vot you tinks of dot? Ve vas de divel, so hellup me, Moses! Dot's de vay ve do it over by Baxter street.

Rossipp. Yes, Solomon, we have succeeded, and—

Sol. Vell, I bet you ve have! I vish I may die if ve don't und—

Rossipp. *(going to window, c.)* Solomon, that cursed lighthouse keeper has gone to the rescue! *Curses upon him!* He shall not escape me now, I swear it!

(exit R.)

Sol. By himmel, dot man vas mat, und no mistake about it—so hellup me gootness! I vish I vas down by Chatham street. I guess I don't stay all by meself. I looks a leedle after Adam, perhaps he jumps mit de vater. I wouldn't vant to see him hurt—not for the world! I'm so pious, you kuow! I wouldn't hurt a vorm!

(exit R.)

Enter, PROFESSOR, L.

Prof. Curse such a night! It's raining for all its worth. *(thunder and lightning)* Hark! A noise below! I must see what's up!

(exit R.)

Enter, JACK, WILLARD and PROFESSOR, R., slowly, carrying TOM, followed by SOLOMON and CHARM.

Prof. Hallo, what have we here?

Sol. Yes, my friends, vot you got? Vot's all de troubles about anyhow? *(they lay him on the cot softly, then pull cot L. C.)*

Charm. *(bending over cot)* A man!

Jack. Hush! *He was saved from the wreck!*

ROSSIPP appears at door, R.

Rossipp. *(aside)* Tom Blossom—just as sure as fate! He shall not escape me, I swear it! *(exit R.)*

Sol. Maybe he vas ship-wrecked.

(slow mussc)

Tom. *(raising up—looking around)* Ship-wrecked? Yes, ship-wrecked on the sea of life. Tossed about by the wild waves of treachery; with all the masts of home and love shattered by the winds of bitter recollections; *(excitedly)* and none to rescue me!

(sinks back on cot)

Charm. Poor soul; Heaven bless him! *(to TOM)* Don't despair, sir, there is some one to rescue you, for I shall nurse you back to life again, and when the storm of villiany has passed over, you will be free once more to continue your voyage on the sea of life.

Sol. *(wiping eyes)* By himmel! dot vas the first tear in twenty-five years! I'm such a pious man—vy, I wouldn't hurt a fly!

Tom. *(rising)* There seems no future for me but death. "To be or not to be"—is the very question for me. Shall it be death or shall it be life? Would that I might travel that road from whence no traveler ever returns! Fate—yes, 'tis never to late to confess our sins to Him. Help me now, and in all my trials that are to come—

(falls back)

Charm. *(bending over him)* Come, come! Cheer up, my good man; don't worry. Fortune smiles on all. You need rest. *(to JACK)* Father, let us remove him to the cabin yonder, where we can attend to his wants.

Jack. *(going to cot)* Come on, Willard and Professor!

(taking hold of head of cot)

Enter, ROSSIPP, R.

Prof. *(looking at ROSSIPP)* The devil!

Rossipp. No, not the devil!

Prof. No, not the devil, but one of his angels!

Rossipp. Sir! What do you mean?

Drawing knife—raises it and rushes at TOM—PROFESSOR draws revolver and shoots knife out of his hand—knife falls—ROSSIPP starts back.

—Sir! Who are you? I shall have your worthless life, and now! *(starts forward)*

Prof. Hold on, Adam Rossipp!

*Willard }
Jack } Adam Rossipp!
Charm. }*

Rossipp. I demand of you, who is this man?

(TOM sits up on cot—looks at ROSSIPP)

Prof. Tom Blossom—do you know him? *(tableau)*

END OF ACT II.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE—The old cabin—plainly furnished—Night.

As curtain rises, TOM discovered seated at fire-place, R., in deep thought—CHARM is looking out of window, R. C., singing "Home, Sweet Home."—table set for supper—thunder, lightning and rain.

Charm. This is a terrible night on the coast. (coming down c.) I do wish father and Willard would come. (going to TOM) Come, come, my good friend, don't worry yourself sick again.

Tom. (turning to her) Worry? Oh, what pangs have I endured! Would to God that I had perished with the "Silver City." (goes to window) Hark! Someone approaches! (goes to fire-place) What a terrible night this is. (sits)

Charm. Yes; this is a terrible night. Heaven help those at sea on any night like this.

Enter, WILLARD, C.

Will. (kissing CHARM) This is terrible weather.

Tom. (turning to them) Yes, my friends; "It never rains but it pours."

Jack. (outside) Come on, Professor; never mind that net, you'll get wet.

Enter, JACK, C.

—Hallo! All ready for supper?

Charm. Yes, father; where did you leave the Professor?

Jack. (going to fire) He's fixing an old net, and getting pretty wet, in the bargain.

Enter, PROFESSOR, C., whistling.

Prof. (going to fire) Well, I'll be darned if it ain't raining! (to TOM) Well, old man, how are you?

Tom. I am thinking, "am I safe from the clutches of the demon, fate? Have I been saved from a wreck at sea, only to be lost in another wreck on the sea of villainy?"

Prof. Come now, old man, brace up! We won't allow anything to happen you now.

Jack. Well, supper is ready. Come on, everybody!

Tom. I am thankful to you, kind friends, but I do not care for anything. (goes to table and sits at head)

Jack. The fare is poor, I'll admit; but the welcome is rich.

Will. Come on, Professor! (sits)

Prof. Well, I won't object; you can call this rooster anything you please, only don't call him too late for supper. (sits)

Tom. While you are enjoying your supper, let me tell you my story.

Jack. Why, certainly, friend—go on!

Charm }
Prof. } Yes, do!
Will. }

Tom (slow music) Ten years ago I was a happy man; but fate overtook me, and I—poor fool—took to much of that which robs men of their brains, home and happiness, and killed a bosom friend

during a social spree. Oh, my God—look! (*raising up*) I can see it all over again! Luke! Luke! (*falls heavily in chair*)

Jack. (*rising quickly*) Luke who? Speak! (*going to Tom*)

Tom. Why do you start—did you know Luke Diamond?

Jack. Yes, but never mind now; go on. (*goes back to table*)

Tom. (*slow music*) I escaped and fled from my home, my wife and child, like a mad man. I went across the deep blue sea to seek repentance and fortune. I believe I have both. I have confessed to Him, repented the past and started on my way homeward to see my loved ones; but suddenly I was taken ill, and as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed a dream. I saw the crime repeated—but 'twas not done by me. (*rising*) I believe I am not guilty!

Prof. I know it!

Tom. You know what? Speak—or I shall go mad!

Jack. Never mind now—go on!

Tom. When I recovered I again started homeward. All went well until the wreck of the "Silver City," and why I was saved from that wreck I can not tell.

Charm. Perhaps to find yourself innocent.

Tom. Innocent? Oh, what sounds of joy are in those words! Oh, that I might find her whom I loved, then I could die happy. (*pause*) Happy? No, happiness for me is a thing of the past. For my Nellie and my girl I would die—

Prof. Nonsense, man, don't die for them—live for them and be happy. I know something of you and your life.

Tom. (*rising suddenly*) You, whom I have never seen!

Prof. My name is Sunshine, and your name is Tom Blossom.

Jack. (*rushes at Tom—then catches his hand*) Tom Blossom!

Prof. And Jack, your name is Luke Diamond!

Tom. (*as they embrace*) Innocent, thank God!

Jack. Yes, and Tom, there is your daughter Nellie, whom we call Charm.

Charm. (*going to him*) Father!

Tom. (*kisses her*) My long lost child! God bless you all!

(*falls into chair*)

Jack. Why, Tom, what's the trouble?

Tom. (*looking up*) I thought that joy and happiness for me, was a thing of the past. I can scarcely believe it all.

Prof. (*aside*) I'm in luck! (*exit c.*)

Tom. Luke, Luke! Tell me all! (*pauses*) Who is he, that stands yonder. (*points to WILLARD*)

Jack. 'Tom, that is Nellie's husband, Willard Rossipp!

Tom. (*rising—looks at CHARM, then at JACK*) Rossipp! Rossipp! I hate the sound of that infernal name.

Jack. But a nobler man than Willard never lived—for I am told he has saved your Nellie from the claws of his iron-hearted father time and again.

Tom. (*reaches for WILLARD'S hand*) God bless you, my noble son!

Will. I ask for no thanks. I simply did my duty.

Jack. Tom, that's the talk of an honest man.

Tom. Yes, and may God bless you both!

Charm. Father, you need rest; come, and I will fix you comfortable.

Tom. Yes, I am tired, nervous and excited, and need rest.

(*both exit L.*)

Enter, PROFESSOR, C.

Jack. Now what's the matter with the Liver Pad fraud?

Prof. Thanks! Keep quiet—Adam Rossipp is coming.

Will. What, my father? *(exit R.)*

Prof. Jack, are you armed?

Jack. Yes; are you?

Prof. Bet your sweet existence I am!

Enter, ROSSIPP, C., disguised as an officer.

Rossipp. *(coming down C.)* I am an officer of the law and must search this property.

Enter, CHARM, L.

Charm. You shall not!

Jack. What do you want?

Rossipp. I am here to arrest Tom Blossom.

Prof. On what charge?

Rossipp. Murder!

Jack. Murder of whom?

Rossipp. For the murder of Luke Diamond of Fernoaks!

Prof. *(pulling off ROSSIPP'S beard)* You lie, Adam Rossipp!
There stands Luke Diamond! *(points)*

Rossipp. You lie, you scoundrel!

Enter, WILLARD, R.—CHARM goes to him.

—My son!

Will. No—your son no longer!

(SOLOMON appears at window, R. C.)

Rossipp. *(going to WILLARD and raising knife quickly)* Who is this woman?

Will. Don't touch her—she is my wife!

Enter, TOM, quickly—rushes at ROSSIPP, catching his arm.

Tom. And my daughter! *(throws him on floor—tableau)*

END OF ACT III.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE—Fernoaks. Same as Act 1st.

ROSSIPP discovered seated at table L., writing in a small diary.

Rossipp. *(rising)* By jove! Just ten years ago this very night! I've kept a full account of this damnable affair, even up to this date. *(picks up book and reads)* "Jan'y 10, 18—Afternoon. Went to the old cabin, accompanied by Solomon, demanded arrest of Tom Blossom. Met my son Willard, who is married to Tom's daughter; met Blossom, face to face. Professor has positive proof against me—" Oh, pshaw! *(throws book on table, carelessly)* Now for the last chance. If she refuses me—ah, well! *(calls)* Rufus!

Enter, RUFUS, C. L. E.

Rufus. (coming down c.) Yas, sah! I'se heah!

Rossipp. Don't you suppose I see you? You're big enough and black enough and ugly enough for any one to see you. (goes R.)

Rufus. Yes, sah; I thought 'case you been out mighty late last night, you wouldn't a seed me on account ob your big head. Dat's all, massa, dat's all! (PROFESSOR appears at window)

Rossipp. That's all, is it? Rufus, I sent for Nellie Blossom about two hours ago; she has not put in an appearance yet; you go down to her and see what detains her.

Prof. Some more of the spider's web. I'll be right here when it takes place and I'll save Nellie Blossom from his clutches, if I have to burst my suspender! (disappears)

Rufus. (going up c.) Yes, sah! yes, sah! (exit L.)

Rossipp. Now then, she must yield! I have striven to become master of Fernoaks for these many years; I'm not to be trifled with. The end always justifies the means.

Enter, SOLOMON, C. L.

—Solomon! Just the very man I most desired. (going L.)

Sol. (coming down c.) Vell, vat's up now? Some more tricks of your smart head? Vell, I vas here, und so hellup me Levi! I vas used de joker to hellup you out. (PROFESSOR appears at window)

Rossipp. Solomon, I am going to force Nellie Blossom to marry me, and you—are to be the minister!

Prof. 'The devil you say! Rossipp, your time on earth is short—make good use of it!

Sol. Me? Vy, I wouldn't hurt a fly so hellup me Moses! You know I vas such a pious man.

Prof. Another fool who will aoon be behind the bars. Go on, gentlemen, I'm a listening!

Sol. You wants me to act as minister. Adam, dot vas a big head of yours to think of all dot thing. Vy, goodness gracious, Levi, I vas the very man for dot thing you know—I vas such a pious man; but if dot fails, vot next?

Rossipp. If this fails, we are lost! (going up stage)

Prof. Good! I'll see that it does fail. (disappears)

Rossipp. Solomon, come with me for a short stroll into the park. (hands him a cigar—both light them)

Sol. Thanks—vy, certainly, so hellup me Moses!

Rossipp. Now for a short rest, then for work! (exeunt C. L.)

Enter, WIDOW, C. R., with bandboxes, packages, etc.

Wid. Ov all the saints in Ireland! (looks about) Howly St. Michael—if I had that hathen Dutchman, I'd brain him, so I would, bedad! Makin' a dacint Irish gal loike meself carry the loikes ov all these bundles home from town, about five miles, so it was! bedad and I'll scald him, so I will! (goes L.)

Enter, RUFUS, C. L.

Rufus. Dot you, you ole wind bag?

Wid. (drops boxes, etc., rolls up sleeves) Git out ov here, you dirty nager! I'll be after crackin' your black head! (throws books at him as he exits C. L.) Do you moind the loikes of that dirty black

trash? Bedad an' I'll scald him, so I will! (*picks up boxes—business*) Howly St. Murphy! Sure an' I had a good time last night. I wint down to O'Mulligan's raffle; thin I wint over to O'Flaggerty's dance; thin I came up to McGinnes' party and thin I wint over to Muldoon's wake and Paddy Mulcahy fotched me home and we had a divil ov a time gittin' here! (*business of boxes dropping—CARL sings outside, "My Name Vas Heinrich Hans"*) By the powers! (*drops everything*) I'll brain that Dutch hathen, so I will!

Enter, CARL, L.

Carl. Hallo! You vas here, und py himmel, I vas hunt you all over, und I vas puty glad I don't find you.

(*picks up boxes—throws them at her, out of door R.*)

Wid. Bedad, I'll git even wid you, so I will! (*exit, R.*)

Carl. Oh, py himmel! dot vidder used makes me crazy mit foolishments. I used vants to ask your attention for a couple of years, vile I sings you a leedle song.

(*sings "Dere Vas Ein Leedle Deitcher Maid"—exit*)

Enter, RUFUS, C. R.

Rufus. I done tole missus Nellie. I golly I's afraid de ole man means mischief to dat chile. I 'clare to goodness I belebe massa Tom's gwine to come home agin. I tell you dey doan hurt missus Nellie while dis ole chile am live and feelin' well! (*exit C. L.*)

Enter, PROFESSOR and BESSIE, L.

Prof. Yes, Bessie, I've come back, with plenty of good news—and a new stock of Safety Liver Pads, that will make you so happy. Bessie, I come back to—to—to—yes, that's it! (*going L.*)

Bessie. What, Christopher?

Prof. To make you my—my—my cook.

Bessie. (*horrified*) Your cook?

Prof. No; did I say cook? Darn it—I meant my wife. If you are willing, come to my arms.

Bessie. That's business, Christopher! (*they embrace*)

Enter, UNCLE RUFUS, C. L.

Rufus. (*looking on with delight*) Hallo! What's de mattah, Bessie, can't you git youse'f loose?

Prof. Oh, Lord! (*exit L., hurriedly*)

Bessie. Rufus, you're always in the way! (*exit L., quickly*)

Rufus. Allus in de way, eh? Well, dis chile's gwine to be in de way ob Rossipp. P'se gwine to sabe missus Nellie if I'se done git killed for it! (*exit R.*)

Enter, TOM, C. L.

Tom. Fernoaks once more! The end of my long unhappiness is near at hand. (*coming c.*) Adam Rossipp, when once in my power your future is dark; but what if he should escape! I will hunt him out and kill him! (*pauses*) Nellie, once more we'll meet! (*goes to table, picks up ROSSIPP'S diary—reads—throws up hands, excitedly*) My God—the proof of my innocence! Adam Rossipp, if I had you now I would kill you! (*pauses*) Hark! (*puts book in pocket*) Adam Rossipp, beware! The hand of justice will soon overtake you.

(*exit L.*)

Enter, NELLIE, C. L.

Nellie. (*pacing up and down stage*) Oh, what shall I do? Will this misery and suffering never end? (*TOM appears at door L.*) When will the hand of justice stop this brutes insults and threats?

Tom. (*aside*) My God! My wife!

Enter, RUFUS, C. L.

Nellie. Uncle Rufus, I am so glad you're here; you have been so faithful to me. Help me to escape, for pity's sake—for the sake of the love you once bore Tom!

Rufus. Hush—Tom is not dead!

Nellie. Thank God! Tom!

Rufus. Hush! De massa am comin'! I seed massa Tom in a dream las' night and you'se gwine to see him before long. Be ob good cheer, I'se not far away. (*exit L.*)

Tom. (*aside*) Noble Uncle Rufus! He has been a true friend to both. Caught at last!

Enter, ROSSIPP, C. L.

Rossipp. So you are here?

Nellie. Yes, to demand justice!

Rossipp. (*lays hat and gloves on table*) And you shall have it. Be my wife, and—

Nellie. Never! I would rather die than marry such a man as you!

Rossipp. Have a care, my dear Nellie, or—

Nellie. Don't call me your dear! I can bear your threats, but not your insults! I shall call an officer (*turns*)

Rossipp. I shall allow no one to enter my house. You must become my wife—and now. (*seizes her*)

Enter, TOM, L.—catches ROSSIPP by the arm, and throws him back.

Tom. She must not become your wife! Nellie!

Nellie. (*rushes to his arms*) Tom!

Rossipp. Tom Blossom! (*PROFESSOR appears at window*)

Tom. Yes; you are caught at last! (*quickly*) Adam Rossipp, ten years ago you tried to murder Luke Diamond in order to become possessor of Fernoaks, fastened the murder on me, and—

Rossipp. It's a lie!

Tom. (*taking dairy from pocket*) Here's the proof!

Rossipp. My God—lost!

Enter, PROFESSOR, L., with knife.

Prof. Yes; you are lost, for I saw it, and here is Adam Rossippi's knife.

Enter, LUKE, C. L.

Luke. And I am the living witness!

Rossipp. It's all a lie! I'll—

Enter, CARL, R.

Carl. No, it vas no lie! I vas dere und I see it, too—und, py himmel, you vas der feller vot kicked me ten years ago! Dere's von more man vot I vant und I git him. (*exit C. L.*)

Tom. Friends, leave us! (exit PROFESSOR and LUKE, L.
Nellie. Oh, Tom, come home with me!

Tom. Nellie, go! (pointing—she exits L. C.—to ROSSIPP) Now, sir, are you prepared? (hands two revolvers) Take your choice!

Rossipp. (takes revolver) A duel?
(business—shooting—ROSSIPP falls C.
(drops revolver

Tom. There!

Enter, NELLIE, BESSIE and PROFESSOR. C. L.—LUKE at door, L., and WIDOW, R.

Omnes. Dead?

Rossipp. (rising) I curse you—curse—you! (falls back dead)

Enter, CARL, C. L., with SOLOMON.

Carl. Here he vas! Vot I do mit him?

Prof. Throw him in the sewer!

Carl. All right—come on, you pious man! (both exit R.

Luke. And now let happiness reign at Fernoaks.

Enter, WILLARD and CHARM, L.

—I make you a present of Fernoaks. (hands her deed

Tom. Nellie, this is our daughter!

Nellie. My child! (they embrace

Tom. (coming to C., with NELLIE) This seems to me like a dream but then, my whole life seems a dream. I thank God for this day, and I hope and pray that from this hour, I shall cease to be in the "Spider's Web." (RUFUS appears at door C., with uplifted hands

THE END.

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—The songs used in this play are for sale by Ames' Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

NEW PLAYS.

Following are the Plays recently added to the list of
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PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

Pheelim O'Rooke's Curse.

An Irish Drama in 4 Acts, for 15 male and 4 female characters ; doubles in cast so that it can be produced by 7 males and 3 females. The author, Geo. A. Simms, is rapidly coming to the front as a play writer, and in this piece he seems to have displayed his talent in a marked degree. In this piece abounds fine situations, unlooked for developments, etc. ; can be produced by amateurs.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I. *Scene 1st*—Laurel Court, England. The appeal and refusal. The whip. Threat. Curse of Pheelim O'Rooke. The hunting party. Hugh Carlton. A dangerous servant. Song, "Bryant Olin!" The accident. Mrs. Carlton and Olin. *Scene 2d*—Pheelim O'Rooke. "Revenge is sweet!" *Scene 3d*—Death of Lord Carlton. "Pheelim O'Rooke it was!"

ACT II. *Scene 1st*—Bryant Olin and Hugh. A perilous undertaking. Hugh in danger. *Scene 2d*—Attempt to kidnap Hugh frustrated by Bryant. A cowardly blow. *Scene 3d*—Mrs. Carlton at home. News of Hugh. Despair. The promise. *Scene 4th*—On the coast. Bryant Olin as a detective; disguises as a fiddler, and meets the gang. *Scene 5th*—Biddy McGee, the "Island star." Hugh and Pheelim. "Caged at last!" The idiot boy. The wreck. Bryant Olin finds Hugh, and is discovered by Biddy, who gives the alarm. *Scene 6th*—Woods. Escape of Bryant.

ACT III. *Scene 1st*—America. Hugh as newsboy. Ira Colton, a friend. *Scene 2d*.—Office of Ira Colton. Hugh as Peter Donelli. Olin in America, in search of Hugh." *Scene 3d*—The den. Pheelim and Peter. Peter tells his adventure. *Scene 4th*—Grogshop. Peter and Bryant. Bar-room fight. *Scene 5th*—The den. Peter and O'Rooke. Capt. Lennox. Peter's illness. Suspicions. Trouble ahead. A plan. O'Rooke drunk. Capt. Lennox carries off Hugh. Bryant in search of Hugh. "Too late!" Mrs. Donneyhue. The curse.

ACT IV. *Scene 1st*—Club room. News of Hugh's escape. Lennox and Clement to the rescue. *Scene 2d*—Hugh escapes from window. Capt. Lennox and Clement. The arrest of Capt. Lennox. *Scene 3d*—Capture of Hugh by O'Rooke. *Scene 4th*—The den. The bargain. Song. Rescue of Hugh. Death of O'Rooke. Meeting of mother and son. End of the Curse of Pheelim O'Rooke.

THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER.

A Drama in 3 Acts, by Thorn Melross, for 6 male and 2 female characters. This piece is immense. It is printed from the author's original manuscript, and has been produced with great success by the American Theatre Co.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Home of the late Richard Marlow. Interview between Frank Ross and Lawyer Dudley. The pious deacon and Verda Miller. Reading the will. Joe's dog collar. Richard Marlow, the false heir. The child of the Dark Continent in trouble. Three villains. "Ten thousand to silence my tongue!" Zadio, the deserted wife of John Dudley. An attempted murder. Joe's little "barker" interferes. Deacon and Joe. Frank and Verda; his resolve to become a "Commercial Drummer." Zadio gives Verda a home. Mr. Dudley's proposal to Verda, and the misunderstanding. Murder of Deacon Foote, and Frank accused. The struggle, "life or death!"

ACT II. Zadio, Verda, and the tramp. "Painted benches." "My kingdom for some soup!" Booth and Zadio. Attempted murder of Zadio; Ashtor, the tramp interferes, and makes Dudley hand over a "William." Booth and the Indian. Too much beer. The stolen will. Joe in the barrel. Target shooting. Verda's refusal to marry Dudley. Abduction of Verda, and Joe knocked down.

ACT III. Ashtor and Booth. Corn plasters; "There's millions in them!" Olie, the Swede. Zadio, the Census taker. Two "bummers!" Rescue of Verda by Zadio. Frank discovered by Richard, as Booth. "He must die!" A job for Olie. "In the soup!" Hot and cold boxes. Olie and Booth to the rescue of Zadio. Explanations. A new version of McGinty. A love scene. Capture of Verda. Supposed death of Booth. Fright and death of Dudley. Capture of Richard. Frank and Verda secure the fortune at last. Zadio avenged and the "Commercial Drummer" sells corn plasters no more.

THE Intelligence Office.

An original Ethiopian Sketch in 1 Scene for 3 male characters—as produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House. This sketch is extremely ludicrous—costumes modern—time in representation 15 minutes.

HAUNTED BY A SHADOW; —OR,— Hunted :- Down.

A Drama in 4 Acts for 8 male and 2 female characters, by Geo. B. Chase. Costumes modern, characters excellent; and amateurs can easily produce it.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Scene 1st*—Home of Judge Dean—Mrs. Warren meets her son, Will Warren, (*alias* Frank Hayes) whom she has not seen for years—Nora and her boy lover—Interview between Ralph Monksly and Frank—A plan to get rid of Mrs. Warren—The “shadow”—Nora and Frank—The “ghost.” Caesar Orangeblossom—Lost papers—Felix Bolton, the detective, on the trail. *Scene 2nd*—Caesar visits the office of Ralph Monksly—The drugged wine—“Caught in his own trap”—The quarrel—Dr. Radcliff—The bargain closed.

ACT II. *Scene 1st*—Judge Dean and the detective Bolton—Frank’s villainy exposed to the Judge. *Scene 2nd*—The lunatic asylum—An answer to the advertisement—“H-a-n-k Hank F-i-n-n Finn—Hank Finn—Hank and the dog—Mrs. Warren, an inmate of the asylum—The brutal doctor—Rescue of Mrs. Warren by Hank.

ACT III. *Scene 1st*—The proposal—Judge Dean’s request of Nora—Nora refuses Frank—His anger and threat—Legal papers—An English fortune—Mrs. Warren’s decision—Abduction of Nora—The detective to the rescue. *Scene 2nd*—Nora in the asylum—Escape of Nora—Death of Dr. Radcliff—Papers found.

ACT IV. *Scene 1st*—Barney O’Toole in possession—He discovers a plan of robbery—The detective as a Dutch peddler—Frank and Ralph recognize him, capture and confine him in trunk—Barney releases him—The robbery—Death of Ralph—“I have kept my oath!”—*Scene 2nd*—Frank’s villainy exposed—Barney, the rightful heir and son—Shadowed—The criminals to justice—Happy ending.

Two Aunt Emilys; or, Quits.

A Farce in 1 Act, by Martie E. Tibbets, for 8 female characters. This is an excellent little farce, consisting of light comedy, easy acting, racy dialogue and a good moral.

SYNOPSIS.

Quarrel between Dinah and Biddy. Aunt Emily, whose money the girls are trying to get. Mrs. Morton and the telegram. Dismay of Helen and Grace. Dinah lays down the law. Onions and cayenne pepper. Arrival of Belle Morton and her teacher, who is the rich Aunt Emily. Belle’s joke on Aunt Emily. The long unheard of sister found. Belle’s joke on the girls discovered. The poor Aunt Emily secures a home. Belle gets even and calls it “Quits.”

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