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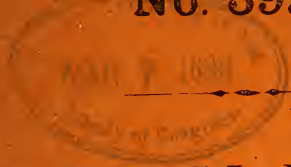
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Pat McFree, the Irish  
Patentee.

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IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

Geo. Perkins.  
"

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—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.

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## Pat McFree, the Irish Patentee.

*SCENE I.—Street scene, set house in L.*

*Enter, WILLIE RYAN, R., 1 E., comes C.*

*Willie.* I left New York about six weeks ago with a full dramatic company, but business was dull and we could scarcely make enough to pay our board and car fare, but we managed to get along until last week, when we reached (*some town*) we went under. I have disposed of all of my people but one, a comedian, and it seems impossible to shake him. I left him up the street a short time ago, and I hope he will find something to do. (*DICK JONES heard singing off R., "I have seen better days"*) Here he comes, I know that voice.

*Enter, DICK JONES, R., 1 E.*

*Dick.* Hello, Willie! Say, won't you give me five cents, I have'nt had a bite to eat since yesterday morning?

*Willie.* Well, neither have I, and the worst of all is, I have'nt a cent, so go away and don't let me see you again.

*Dick.* (*shakes fist*) Willie, I'm getting desperate, and the first fellow that comes along here, I'm going to rob.

*Enter, PAT, R., 1 E., very slowly, whistling, carrying a grip and umbrella.*

*Willie.* There comes your victim.

*Dick.* Oh! I won't do a thing to him.

(*one on either side of PAT, they slap him on back*)

*Willie.* }  
*Dick.* } Hello! Irish.

*Pat.* (*drops grip and umbrella*) Hello! boys.

*Dick.* (*to PAT*) I say, Irish, what have you got in your grip?

*Pat.* Sure and I have a thousand dollars in there.

*Dick.* } (*grab for it*) A thousand dollars!

*Willie.* }

*Pat.* (*pushes them away*) Here, you blackguards, don't get so Indianapolis around here. You see I have'nt exactly a thousand dollars, but I have a patent that will bring me a thousand dollars.

*Willie.* } Oh! we can't eat patents.

*Dick.* }

*Pat.* Well, who the devil said anything about atin' it; yez see it's for moving houses and barns and sich like. (*takes small bellows from grip*) Now give me yer attenshin and Ill explain it to yez. Now, for instance, yez wanted to move a house, jist place the carbon there and the explosive there, and—

(*works bellows*)

*Dick.* } That's fine! (*they slap him on back*

*Willie.* }

*Pat.* Yes, I see it is. Now, if yez want to move a barn or a hog coop, jist place the explosive there and the carbon there and—

(*same as before*)

*Dick.* } That's wonderful, Irish.

*Willie.* }

*Pat.* (*places it back in grip*) Yes, to be sure it is, but say boys, could yez tell me where I could sthay all night?

*Willie.* Could we tell you? Well I should say we can. Do you see this door right here?

(*points to L.*)

*Pat.* Yes sir, I do!

*Willie.* Well, just you go there and rap on the door, and when the lady comes, you tell her that you are a lord, looking for board.

*Pat.* Thin I git in, do I?

*Dick.* } Then you get in.

*Willie.* }

*Dick.* And if that don't work, just tell her you're an' actor.

*Pat.* Thin I do git in.

*Dick.* } Then you do get in (*aside*) nit.

*Willie.* }

*Pat.* (starts) All right boys, I'll see yez down town in the mornin' and buy yez both some candy.

*Dick.* }  
*Willie.* } (at R.) All right.

PAT goes to door, lowers grip and raps on door, LANDLADY appears, broom in hand.

*Pat.* Top the mornin' to yez, and are yez the lady of this place?

*Lady.* Sure and I am.

*Pat.* Well, I'm a lord looking for board.

*Lady.* Well sir! I niver kape lords.

*Pat.* (aside) Oh! she don't kape lords. (WILLIE and DICK laugh) No, no! Landlady, I'm no lord, I'm an actor.

*Lady.* Well, that settles the whole business, for I wouldn't have an actor in my house at all, at all!

(stamps foot and starts to go, but is stopped by PAT)

*Pat.* Hold on Landlady, I'm no actor, them blackguards there told me to say that. (WILLIE and DICK exit, R. F.) I'll tell yez the truth, I'm a patentee.

*Lady.* Oh! so you are a patentee. Well thin you can stay.

*Pat.* Well, how much do yez charge for me bed and me supper.

*Lady.* Five dollars.

*Pat.* (drops grip and umbrella) Five—

*Lady.* Five—

*Pat.* Dollars.

*Lady.* Dollars.

*Pat.* Sure and I didn't want to buy the house, I jist wanted to sthay all night.

*Lady.* Well that's what I always charge.

*Pat.* Well I guess I'll try it, but I'd like a little supper before I go to roost.

*Lady.* Well, come right in and I'll show you to the dining room.

*Pat.* (picks up grip, etc) All right.

(exeunt into house)

SCENE II.—Table set, bed clothes on floor, back.

Enter, BESSIE, L. E., with supper on tray and places on table—PAT sits at table, busy with grip.

*Bessie.* Tea or coffee sir! (PAT does not hear) Tea or coffee sir!

*Pat.* (looks up) Was you talking to me?

*Bessie.* Yes sir! I said tea or coffee.

*Pat.* Ain't yez got a little whiskey?

*Bessie.* No sir! we don't keep such stuff.

*Pat.* Well I didn't want yez to kape it, I wanted to drink it.

*Bessie.* Well, we haven't any.

*Pat.* Thin I won't drink it, but sit down over there, I want to talk to yez. Say, what's your name?

*Bessie.* That's none of your business.

*Pat.* Say, who named yez?

*Bessie.* My papa did, sir!

*Pat.* Well, couldn't he find a better name than that for yez.

*Bessie.* Ah! I guess you don't know much.

*Pat.* Is that so! Say, Miss, yez don't know me, do yez?

*Bessie.* No, who in the world are you?

*Pat.* I am a poet in disgust. Oh! sure I mane disguise.

*Bessie.* Well, you may be a poet, but your looks don't show it, but if you are a poet, why just you go it. (throws kiss) Ah! there my baby.

*Pat.* (aside) Baby, will yez look at that. (aloud) So yez would like to hear some of my poetry, would yez?

*Bessie.* Yes, sir! it would please me very much.

*Pat.* All right, here she goes: "Poor little Fido, poor little pup, he could sthand on his hind feet if yez would hold his front feet up. Now poor little Fido, don't yez be lonely, for soon yez will be made into balogna." Now there is poetry yez can eat.

*Bessie.* That's very good, give us some more.

*Pat.* (holds hand on stomach) Sure I'll niver say that again while I'm ating.

*Bessie.* And why not?

*Pat.* Kase it spiles me appetite. (picks up napkin) Say Miss, will yez please put that around my neck?



*Bessie.* Why certainly. (*goes behind PAT and places napkin around his neck, meantime PAT fills mouth with crackers from small bowl, BESSIE counts*) One, two, three.

*Pat.* (*jumps up, blows out crackers and napkin*) Say, what the devil yez tryin' to do?

*Bessie.* Nothing at all, sir!

*Pat.* Well, I believe I'll go to bed.

*Bessie.* Very well, I'll go and tell mamma to come and she'll show you where to sleep. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

(*PAT places feet on table, dish in hand and eats very fast*)

*Enter, LANDLADY, L., 2 E., PAT removes feet.*

*Lady.* Did you wish to go to bed?

*Pat.* Yes sir! ma'am, if yez plaze.

*Lady.* Well, I'll make your bed here. (*arranges the bedding*) Now this is your room and I want you to be very careful and not soil any of the furniture. You see, I have here two new chairs, this one cost me five dollars, (*points to chair L.*) and this one cost me twenty-five dollars.

(*points to chair R.*)

*Pat.* That old chair cost yez twenty-five dollars.

*Lady.* Yes sir! it did.

*Pat.* Sure and I have an old chair at home I only paid twenty-five cents for and it's every bit as good as that one.

*Lady.* (*takes duster from wall, goes to chair and dusts*) Yes, but it ain't anything like this one at all. Just you sit down on it once. (*she moves chair, PAT sits on floor*) Oh! I beg your pardon, I was only wiping off the dust. Now try it.

*Pat.* (*gets up*) No, thanks, but I wish yez would wipe off the dust next time before I come in.

*Lady.* Well, we'll try to. (*goes toward bed*) Oh! yes, and here is your bed too. Now please, be very careful and not soil any of the clothing, for you see it has silk sheets on it and they also cost a great deal of money.

*Pat.* Silk shates on the bed!

*Lady.* Yes, sir! it has.

*Pat.* Sure and what kind of a bed do yez call that?

*Lady.* That sir! is a down bed.

*Pat.* Yes, I see it's down on the floor. (*reaches down, thumps bed with his fist and looks at her*) Say, Landlady,

the geese that laid those feathers must have been on the sick list, wasn't they?

*Lady.* Well, as to that I can't say, but I think you will find everything all right, and I suppose you are no doubt tired and sleepy and wish to retire, so I will bid you good-night.

*Pat.* Good-night to yez. (*LADY starts off L.*) Oh! hold on Landlady, (*she stops*) are yez bothered with any musquitoes or skitten scats around here.

*Lady.* No sir! this is a very quiet place in that respect.

*Pat.* (*goes toward bed*) All right, good-night.

*Lady.* Oh! yes, there is one thing, perhaps, I had better tell you before I go, and that is, I have a daughter who is slightly demented.

*Pat.* Dewhoted.

*Lady.* Demented, that is, she is deranged.

*Pat.* De-range—de-range. Oh! yes, de cook stove.

*Lady.* No, no! you don't understand. I will explain it to you. You see, my daughter and I were out riding not long ago, in a carriage, and we had a pair of very high spirited ponies.

*Pat.* Yes, well yez want to be careful how yez give them little critters anything like that—

*Lady.* Like what?

*Pat.* Them spirits.

*Lady.* Oh! no, no, no! I mean they were lively and wanted to play.

*Pat.* What did they want to play, base ball?

*Lady.* No, no! they both got to kicking.

*Pat.* I suppose the little divils wanted to play foot ball.

*Lady.* Well, I don't know what they wanted to play, but they both ran away and threw my daughter out of the carriage, and ever since she has been crazy.

*Pat.* Why, the poor brute.

*Lady.* (*steps toward him*) What's that?

*Pat.* (*steps back*) Oh! I beg your pardon, I mane the poor gerril.

*Lady.* Now she has free access to the whole house, so in case she should wander in here, don't get frightened at her, but just humor her in everything she says. Now she may take you for her little kittie.

*Pat.* Thin I play kittie, do I?

*Lady.* Yes.

*Pat.* Do I have to catch any rats.

*Lady.* Oh! no, certainly not; or she may take you for her little dog, Watch.

*Pat.* What, is he a waterbury watch?

*Lady.* No, he is a waterspaniel pup.

*Pat.* Oh! I'm a rat-terrier when I get mad.

*Lady.* Well I think you will find everything all right, so I will bid you good-night.

*Pat.* (*goes back to bed, starts to take off coat*) Good-night. (*LANDLADY sits in chair L., and takes sewing from apron pocket and sews—PAT looks around*) Will yez look at that now. (*goes to LANDLADY*) Landlady, (*she looks up*) I say, I believe I'll go to bed now.

*Lady.* Very well, any time you like. We'll call you in time for breakfast.

(*she begins to sew, PAT goes back and looks as before*)

*Pat.* Oh! yez blackguard. (*goes to her again*) I say, Landlady, I guess I'll go to bed.

*Lady.* (*busily sewing*) Very well; if you should want anything during the night, just ring the bell.

*Pat.* (*looks at her—aside*) Yes, if yez don't get out of here, I'll wring yer neck for yez. (*she still sews, PAT takes off coat, throws it on floor*) I bet this time I do bring her. (*gets on chair and hollows very loud*) I say, Landlady! (*she looks up quickly*) I'm going to bed!

*Lady.* (*gets up*) Oh! did you wish to go to bed right now?

*Pat.* Well I guess so. I've been sthanding here for the last fifteen minutes saying good-night. (*gets down*)

*Lady.* Oh! very well, good-night. (*exit, L., 2 E.*)

*Pat.* (*at bed*) I guess I'll go to bed like a horse, with my shoes on. (*lays down, pulls sheet over him*) My, Oh! my, this bed lays hard.

*Enter, DELLA, L., 1 E., reading small book, goes to C., drops book.*

(*raises up*) I'll bet forty cents, that's the asylum.

*Della.* (*very heroic*) I hear the sound of a horn, it is a fog horn on a rock bound coast.

*Pat.* She's got water on the brain.

*Della.* I see a gleaming light. Oh! say, what can it be?

*Pat.* (*looks off*) That's an old lantern hanging on a wild cherry tree.

*Della.* (*looks at him*) Why, there's a man, who can it be?

*Pat.* My mamma always called me Pat McFree.

*Della.* (*laughing*) Why, that is Charlie—no you ain't Charlie.

*Pat.* No, of course I ain't.

*Della.* I know who you are now.

*Pat.* Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun if I do.

*Della.* You are the man that stole my child. Oh! give me back my child. (*DELLA on knees, arms out*) See me on my knees, I employ you.

*Pat.* I ain't got your kid—you can search me.

(*turns his pockets inside out*)

*Della.* (*rises to her feet*) No, you ain't the man that stole my child, you're my little cousin Willie. (*goes to him*)

*Pat.* Here is where I play Willie.

*Della.* What's the matter, Willie, are you ill?

*Pat.* Yes, I don't think I'll live till morning.

*Della.* Well, sit down and I'll get you a drink of water. (*PAT sits down, DELLA exits R., 2 E., and Re enters at same with large funnel, which is stopped up in bottom, also pitcher of water, places funnel in his mouth, pours in water*) Wait a moment, Willie, and I'll get you some more.

(*exit, R., 2 E.*)

*Pat.* No, thanks, if you bring any more, put it in my trunk and I'll drink it in the morning. I'm going to bed now. (*to audience*) So good-night.

(*gets in bed, covers up*)

*Enter, BROWN and SMITH, R. E.—both sing—while singing, march to R., 1 E., to L., 1 E., up back of bed at end of song.*

*Brown.* |

*Smith.* |

Here we are two undertakers, we know our business well, we've come to measure you for your coffin and send you down to—boon-ta-ra-dum, boom-ta-ra-dum, boom—ta—ra—dum.

*Pat.* Boom ta-ra-dum.

*Brown.* (*measures PAT with rule*) Two feet.

*Smith.* (*writes in book—aloud*) Two feet.

*Pat.* (*lifts up his feet*) Two fate.

*Brown.* (*as before*) Four foot ten.

*Smith.* (*as before*) Four foot ten.

*Pat.* (*looks up*) Four foot tin.

*Brown.* (*very loud*) What will you have gold or silver handles on your coffin?

*Pat.* Oh! I don't care what, put on some old ropes and get out of here, I want to go to sleep.

*Smith.* (*loud*) Which do you prefer, white or black horses to your hearse?

*Pat.* Oh! I don't care, put on an old team of mules if you want to, I want to sleep.

*Brown.* } (*start out R., singing*) Your funeral will

*Smith.* }

be to-morrow, your funeral will be to-morrow—here we are, two undertakers, we know our business well; we've come to measure you for your coffin and send you down to—

(*crash outside, both exit R. E.*)

*Pat.* (*to audience*) I wonder what will come next. (*noise outside*) Here comes a black poll-parot.

*Enter, SAMBO BLACK, R., 2 E., with coal skuttle, whistling, goes to foot of bed, lifts up covers and picks up coal, throws in skuttle, walks clear around stage, exits R., 2 E., still whistling.*

*Pat.* (*sits up*) I'm a son-of-a-gun if I knew I was sleeping in the coal house all this time. (*lays down*)

*Enter, JAMES WALLACE, R., 1 E., flashes large sword or knife.*

*James.* One more victim and then my revenge is complete. The Irishman next. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Exit, JAMES, L., 1 E., long steps—PAT gets up, grabs coat, tries to put it on upside down.*

*Enter, LANDLADY, L., 2 E.*

*Lady.* What in the world is all of this noise about?

PAT takes bellows from grip and blows at her, she throws up hands, screams and exit, L., 2 E.

*Enter, DELLA, R., 2 E.*

*Della.* What's the matter, Willie?

(PAT repeats the same, she screams and exit, R., 2 E.)

*Enter, BESSIE, L., 1 E.*

*Bessie.* Say, old man, have you got snakes?

PAT does same with her, she screams and exit L., 1 E.—PAT lays patent down, starts to put on coat when curtain starts, he drops coat, picks up patent, gets under curtain and blows it and it rises. He should do this two or three times, the curtain getting lower each time, finally getting so low that PAT lays down on back and works bellows until curtain reaches stage.

*SLOW CURTAIN.*

THE END.

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ACT II.—Susan's explanation.—"Slang Debolishers Union"—"You'd better begin at home!"—A widower—"Good land! if I could not get something better than a widower, I wouldn't feel fit to soar to the land of milk and honey!"—Sam Sly, Polly's lover, who is a widower.—"If he does not propose, I will!"—Susan and Sam Sly.—Love scene between Polly and Sly, which Susan discovers. Her anger, and fall.—Susan and Sly loose their wigs.

ACT III.—Joshua Pratt.—Susan's fear of men.—"Help! help!" Discovers Joshua—Ridiculous love scene between Susan and Joshua. "There's nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream."—Rats. "Help! thieves!"—"It might run up my leg!"—The rescue—Susan announces her engagement and determination to go home and get married.—The departure.

ACT IV.—Home of Susan Tabitha—Sallie—Discovery of Joshua's poverty—Susan's anger and disappointment—"Can we get up?"—Susan cuffs Joshua's ears—Dinner—"Can we eat dinner?"—Susan relates her experience to Sallie—Telegram—Arrival and cool reception of Charles Westfield and wife—Joshua sleeps—Susan knocks over his chair, pulls his hair—A bank check—Susan's promise.—Happy ending.



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# Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M. F.	NO.		M. F.
146	Our Awful Aunt.....	4 4	8	Better Half.....	5 2
53	Out in the Streets.....	6 4	86	Black vs. White.....	4 2
51	Rescued.....	5 3	22	Captain Smith.....	3 3
59	Saved.....	2 3	84	Cheek Will Win.....	3 0
102	Turn of the Tide.....	7 4	287	Cousin Josiah.....	1 1
63	Three Glasses a Day.....	4 2	225	Cupid's Capers.....	4 4
62	Ten Nights in a Bar-Room...	7 3	317	Cleveland's Reception Party.	5 3
58	Wrecked.....	9 3	249	Double Election.....	9 1

## COMEDIES.

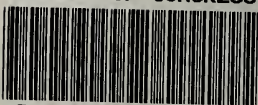
324	A Day In A Doctor's Office...	5 1	49	Der Two Surprises.....	1 1
136	A Legal Holiday.....	5 3	72	Deuce is in Him.....	5 1
168	A Pleasure Trip.....	7 3	19	Did I Dream it.....	4 3
124	An Afflicted Family.....	7 5	220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3 0
257	Caught in the Act.....	7 3	188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3 0
243	Captured.....	6 4	42	Domestic Felicity.....	1 1
178	Caste.....	5 3	148	Eh? What Did You Say.....	3 1
176	Factory Girl.....	6 3	218	Everybody Astonished.....	4 0
207	Heroic Dutchman of '76.....	8 3	224	Fooling with the Wrong Man	2 1
199	Home.....	4 3	233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law..	2 1
174	Love's Labor Not Lost.....	3 3	154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4 2
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt...	1 1	184	Family Discipline.....	0 1
149	New Years in N. Y.....	7 6	274	Family Jars.....	5 2
37	Not So Bad After All.....	6 5	209	Goose with the Golden Eggs..	5 3
237	Not Such a Fool as He Looks	6 3	13	Give Me My Wife.....	3 3
338	Our Boys.....	6 4	307	Hallahahoola, the Medicine	4 3
126	Our Daughters.....	8 6	66	Hans, the Dutch J. P. ....	3 1
265	Pug and the Baby.....	5 3	271	Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5 0
114	Passions.....	8 4	116	Hash.....	4 2
264	Prof. James' Experience		120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1 1
	Teaching Country School...	4 3	50	How She has Own Way.....	1 3
219	Rags and Bottles.....	4 1	140	How He Popped the Quest'n.	1 1
239	Scale with Sharps and Flats..	3 2	74	How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4 2
221	Solon Shingle.....	14 2	35	How Stout Your Getting.....	5 2
262	Two Bad Boys.....	7 3	247	Incompatibility of Temper..	1 2
87	The Biter Bit.....	3 2	95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5 3
131	The Cigarette.....	4 2	305	Jacob Shlaff's Mistake.....	3 2
240	\$2,000 Reward.....	2 0	299	Jimmie Jones.....	3 2

## TRAGEDIES.

16	The Serf.....	6 3
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## FARCES & COMEDIETTAS.

129	Aar-u-ag-ooos.....	2 1	323	Johanes Blatz's Mistake.....	4 3
132	Actor and Servant.....	1 1	99	Jumbo Jum.....	4 3
316	Aunt Charlotte's Maid.....	3 3	82	Killing Time.....	1 1
289	A Colonel's Mishap.....	5 0	182	Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1 3
12	A Capital Match.....	3 2	127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2 2
303	A Kiss in the Dark.....	2 3	228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3 0
166	A Texan Mother-in-Law.....	4 2	302	Locked in a Dress-maker's	3 2
30	A Day Well Spent.....	7 5	Room.....	3 0	
169	A Regular Fix.....	2 4	106	Lodgings for Two.....	3 0
286	A Professional Gardener.....	4 2	288	Love in all Corners.....	5 3
80	Alarmingly Suspicious.....	4 3	139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1 1
320	All In A Mud Pie.....	3 3	231	Match for a other-Min-Law..	2 2
78	An Awful Criminal.....	3 3	235	More Blunders than one.....	4 3
313	A Matchmaking Father.....	2 2	69	Mother's Fool.....	6 1
31	A Pet of the Public.....	4 2	23	My Heart's in Highlands.....	4 3
21	A Romantic Attachment.....	3 3	208	My Precious Betsey.....	4 4
123	A Thrilling Item.....	3 1	212	My Turn Next.....	4 3
20	A Ticket of Leave.....	3 2	32	My Wife's Relations.....	4 4
329	A Valets, Mistake.....	5 4	186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0 1
324	A Day in a Doctors Office.....	5 1	273	My Neighbor's Wife.....	3 3
175	Betsey Baker.....	2 2	296	Nanka's Leap Year Venture..	5 2
			259	Nobody's Moke.....	5 2
			340	Our Hotel.....	5 3
			334	Olivet.....	3 2
			44	Obedience.....	1 2
			33	On the Sly.....	3 2



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# Ames' Plays

NO.	M.	P.	NO.
57	5	2	
217	4	1	
165	6	3	
195	2	3	
159	4	4	
171	4	3	
180	2	0	
267	2	0	
309	5	4	
48	1	1	
138	0	5	
115	3	3	
55	3	2	
327	2	2	
232	4	2	
241	2	2	
270	5	0	
1	5	2	
326	3	3	
339	2	2	
137	1	1	
328	3		
252	3	3	
315	3	2	
40	2	2	
38	5	2	
101	3	1	
167	3	2	
291	4	4	
308	4	2	
285	5	2	
68	4	0	
295	7	6	
54	4	2	
23	4	2	
292	5	0	
142	2	1	
276	3	1	
263	6	2	
7	3	1	
281	0	8	
312	4	3	
269	6	2	
170	2	2	
213	5	3	
332	3	3	
151	2	1	
56	5	3	
70	2	8	
135	4	5	
147	1	2	
155	0	4	
111	3	1	
157	7	3	

## GUIDE BOOKS.

17	Hints on Elocution.....
130	Hints to Amateurs.....
<b>CANTATA.</b>	
215	On to Victory.....

## ETHIOPIAN FARCES.

234	Academy of Stars.....	6
325	A Coincidence.....	8
65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3
15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1
172	Black Shoemaker.....	4
98	Black Statue.....	4
22	Colored Senators.....	0
214	Chops.....	0
145	Cuff's Luck.....	2
190	Crimps Trip.....	5
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2
153	Haunted House.....	2
230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6
103	How Sister Paxy got her Child Baptized.....	2
24	Handy Andy.....	2
236	Hypochondriac The.....	2
319	In For It.....	3
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3
77	Joe's Visit.....	2
88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4
256	Midnight Colic.....	2
128	Musical Darkey.....	2
90	No Cure No Pay.....	3
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3
244	Old Clothes.....	3
234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2
150	Old Pompey.....	1
246	Othello.....	4
109	Other People's Children.....	3
297	Pomp Green's Snakes.....	2
134	Pomp's Pranks.....	2
258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....	5
177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	3
96	Rooms to Let.....	2
167	School.....	5
133	Seeing Bosting.....	3
179	Sham Doctor.....	3
34	15,000 Years Ago.....	3
243	Sports on a Lark.....	3
25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2
92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2
238	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2
64	That Boy Sam.....	3
253	The Best Cure.....	4
282	The Intelligence Office.....	3
122	The Select School.....	5
118	The Peopern Man.....	3
6	The Studio.....	3
108	Those Awful Boys.....	5
245	Ticket Taker.....	3
4	Twain's Dodging.....	3
197	Tricks.....	5
198	Uncle Jeff.....	5
216	Vice Versa.....	3
206	Villkens and Dinah.....	4
210	Virginia Mumr.....	6
203	Who Stole the Onickens.....	1
295	William Tell.....	4
156	Wig-Maker and His Servants Happy Franks Songster.....	3

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