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HALF HOUR DRAMAS



THE
DESERTER

Johnson 1910

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

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	M.	F.
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Case Against Casey, 40 min. (25c)	23
Convention of Papas, 25 min. (25c)	7
Country Justice, 15 min. (25c)	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. (25c)	3

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

THE DESERTER

A DRAMATIC PLAYLET

BY

CHARLES ULRICH

AUTHOR OF

"The Altar of Riches," "A Daughter of the Desert," "The Editor-in-Chief," "The High School Freshman," "The Honor of a Cowboy," "The Hebrew," "In Plum Valley," "The Man from Nevada," "On the Little Big Horn," "The Political Editor," "The Road Agent," "The Town Marshal" and "The Tramp and the Actress."



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

THE DESERTER

P9625
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CHARACTERS.

HORACE SINGLETON *A Federal Cavalryman*
JACK WADHAM *A Spy*
POMPEY *A Colored House Servant*
MYRTLE THORNDYKE *A Virginia Belle*

Priscilla, Benson and a Soldier are heard off stage but they do not appear. Priscilla's lines may be given by Myrtle, Benson's by Pompey and the Soldier's by Horace. These characters are not on the stage at that time.

SCENE—*Room in Thorndyke Manor on the firing line near Richmond, Va., in January, 1865.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

Produced at Olympic Theater, Chicago, August 20, 1906; at Haymarket Theater, Chicago, August 27, 1906; at Majestic Theater, Chicago, September 3, 1912.

PRESS COMMENT.

"A magnificent dramatic playlet, powerfully constructed."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

"One of the best dramatic sketches ever seen in Chicago."
—*Chicago Examiner.*

"Full of intense moments that grip the audience irresistibly."
—*Chicago Chronicle.*

"The playlet roused the audience by its dramatic power."
—*Cleveland Leader.*

"In many respects a remarkable sketch."
—*San Francisco Democratic Review.*

"Made a decisive and deserved hit."
—*New York Dramatic Mirror.*

"A trifle somber but strong nevertheless."
—*Variety.*

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the Publishers.

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STORY.

The scene of the playlet transpires in the living room of a southern mansion near Richmond, Va., just before the surrender. Horace Singleton, a Federal cavalry officer, in search of a deserter, reaches the mansion and seeks to win the promise of Myrtle Thorndyke to become his wife. She tells him that she cannot wed him until justice has been done upon the man who wronged her sister, whom he deserted after their marriage, leaving his wife and child to starve. This sister, Priscilla, had become insane after the death of her child, and Myrtle swears vengeance upon Wadham.

Singleton rejoins his troop upon hearing that traces of the deserter had been discovered, and Myrtle is left alone with Pompey, a colored house servant. Wadham, who is a deserter, climbs through the window in an effort to escape his pursuers and is met and recognized by Myrtle. She tells him of her sister's sufferings and Wadham rushes to Priscilla's bedside, where the latter dies after recognizing and forgiving the man who had wronged her. Myrtle attempts to slay Wadham with a dagger, but relents notwithstanding his plea that she kill him in expiation of her sister's wrongs, and orders him to leave the house.

Meanwhile the cavalry troop led by Singleton is heard coming down the road and Wadham, despite Myrtle's effort to restrain him, jumps out of the window into the roadway. He refuses to halt when ordered to do so and is shot dead. Singleton then returns to the mansion, meets Myrtle and tells her of the deserter's death. She tells him that justice has been done and he realizes the truth. He thus wins Myrtle and the two stand in close embrace, Pompey joyously waving a small American flag as the curtain descends.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

HORACE—A young dashing Federal cavalry officer. He is brave, generous, impulsive, emotional and humorous. He must be played with quiet force and dignity to be effec-

tive. He wears the costume of a major of cavalry of the Federal service.

WADHAM—A ruffianly Confederate trooper about thirty years old. He shows that he has seen better days and that his ruin was accomplished by dissipation and vices of all sorts. He also shows that fallen manhood is capable of the higher impulses, as is shown when he makes his supreme sacrifice in atonement for the great wrong he had done a suffering woman. He wears rough garments, black hat, red handkerchief, blue shirt, brogans much worn, and carries a revolver.

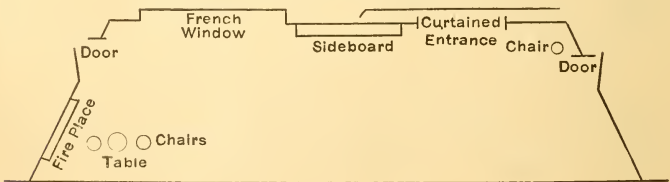
POMPEY—A colored house servant, pompous and dignified, about seventy years old. He is quiet, humorous and superstitious. He wears a faded dress suit, white shirt and choker, white gloves and low shoes.

MYRTLE—A young, handsome woman of about twenty-one years. She is strongly emotional, heroic and brave. She is swayed by love for a wronged sister and the longing for revenge upon the man who drove her sister insane. She wears a light colored gown with flounces such as was in vogue in the South before the Civil War, slippers, short curls, etc.

PROPERTIES.

Punch bowl, with punch and three glasses. Sword for Horace. Dagger for Myrtle. Revolver for Wadham. Old style revolver and United States flag for Pompey. Round table with several easy chairs for stage setting. Blank cartridges for Wadham. Books, newspapers, lamp, etc., for use on table.

STAGE SETTING.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE DESERTER

SCENE: *Living room in Thorndyke Manor in Virginia, in 4. Setting should be Colonial style. Furniture heavy, dark and upholstered. French window, R. C. in F., with curtains neatly draped. Snow scene backing. Curtained entrance L. C. in F., with wainscot backing. Practical doors R. U. E. and L. 2 E. Mantel and fireplace R. 2 E. Sideboard, decanter and glasses between window and door in F. Round table with two chairs in front of fireplace at R. C. Chairs here and there to suit taste. Floor is carpeted. Candelabra with three or four candles lighted on table. Setting should be rich and tasty of old pattern. Scene well lighted at rise and fire burns in grate. This should be arranged so that when lights are dimmed, a fire glow steals across stage to L.*

At rise discovered POMPEY, in door L. C., with punch bowl in his hand. He comes down C. and sniffs at contents of bowl. Storm whistles mournfully outside.

POMPEY (*as he sniffs*). Golly, but dis smells sweet. My, but white folks knows what's good. (*Puts bowl on sideboard near L. C. in F.*) Bress mah soul, but listen to dat storm. Sounds like de wailing of lost spirits. Ugh, it makes me shake in mah shoes. Golly, but I'se hungry. If dis wah doan soon end I waste away to a shadow. I done lost two pounds last week and I specs I neber get dem back no more. (*Hoofbeats off R. U. POMPEY starts in fear.*) What's dat noise of horses runnin'? Gorillas or cavalrymen? If deys Union men I don't care, kase dey won't harm no colored gemmen like me. Dem rebels, dough, is awful.

HORACE (*off stage, R. U.*) Company, halt!

POMPEY (*runs to window and looks off*). Dat's Captain Singleton's voice. He's a fine Lincoln sojer and I bets my

ole cote he's coming to see Missis Myrtle. I know he lubs her, but I don't know about Missis Myrtle, kase she's peculiar sometimes in sich matters.

HORACE (*off stage, L. U.*). If you see that deserter, shoot him on the spot.

POMPEY (*goes to L. C. in F.*). Mah, dem sojers always talking about shooting somebody. It makes me sick at mah stomach. (*He exits L. C. in F., turning L., and enters immediately, bowing.*) Good evenin', Captain Singleton.

Enter immediately after him, HORACE, L. C. in F.

HORACE (*as he brushes snow off coat*). Good evening, Pompey. Where is Miss Thorndyke?

POMPEY (*laughs*). I done knowed I was right.

HORACE (*astonished*). Done knowed what, you black rascal?

POMPEY (*up stage, R.*): Dat you come to see Missis Thorndyke.

HORACE (*at C., laughing*). Why should I not? Can the moth ignore the flame?

POMPEY (*puzzled*). I don't know about dat, Captain, but I knows Missis Thorndyke done hate you most powerful.

HORACE (*threateningly*). Rascal.

POMPEY (*laughingly*). Like an army mule done hate his oats.

HORACE (*draws sword and points it at POMPEY*). If you raise false hopes in me, Pompey, I'll spit you as I would a pig.

POMPEY (*in mock alarm*). Golly, I wouldn't make no good po'k chops, Captain—I'se too greasy.

HORACE (*puts up sword*). That saves you, Pompey. (*Takes off gloves and looks about.*)

POMPEY (*points L. 2 E.*). Dar comes Missis Myrtle now, Captain. Guess I ain't no good here no more. (*Turns R.*)

HORACE (*restrains him as he looks L. 2 E.*). Is she still a rebel at heart, Pompey?

POMPEY. Lord bless you, Captain, her tongue is for de

South, but her heart is for de North and a sartin sojer who looks jist like you—

HORACE (*shoves POMPEY up to R. U. E.*). Get out or I'll scalp you. (*Exit POMPEY, laughingly, R. U. E.*)

Enter MYRTLE, L. 2 E. As she comes C., Captain advances to her, bowing.

HORACE (*to MYRTLE*). Miss Thorndyke. (*Extends hand.*)

MYRTLE (*surprised*). Ah, you, Captain Singleton? I am delighted to see you.

HORACE. And I'm charmed to meet you. Just think of it. We haven't met in two long weeks. Now that I observe you closely, you do not appear to be just as you ought. There's something on your mind. Out with it—how may I help you? (*Follows her to table, R. C.*)

MYRTLE (*sits R. at table*). You cannot help me, Horace. I have my sorrow and I must bear my burden alone.

HORACE (*leaning over her*). Hang it all, you're a weak, helpless woman, I a strong man. Why do you persist in refusing my aid?

MYRTLE. Because, in the struggle in which you are engaged, in battling for your cause, you have enough to occupy your attention besides adding to your burden the woes of a woman—

HORACE (*interrupts*). Nonsense. Your woes are my woes, your joys mine forevermore. Why do you persist in refusing my aid? If you only knew how much I love you—

MYRTLE (*interrupts*). Come, Horace, you promised not to refer to that subject again until the war is over.

HORACE (*annoyed*). It's as good as over, Myrtle. We've got Lee and Johnston and the rest cornered, and nothing will save the South now.

MYRTLE (*sighingly*). I fear it is true.

HORACE. It will be a blessing when this war is ended. You pretend to be a rebel, but I can see in your eyes the reflection of your love for an undivided country, now and forever.

MYRTLE (*laughs*). Well, if you see all that, I'll wear

goggles hereafter. What brings you to Thorndyke Manor on such a stormy night?

HORACE. I'm looking for a deserter who is lurking in this vicinity.

MYRTLE. And if you capture him—?

HORACE. I'll shoot him like the cur he is.

MYRTLE (*shudders*). Poor fellow.

HORACE. Your sympathy is misplaced, for this fellow is not only a deserter, but we have information that he is a rebel spy with important dispatches for General Lee at Richmond.

MYRTLE. What matters that? The cause of the South is lost—the inevitable end approaches. Therefore, let him escape.

HORACE. And be false to my duty—never.

MYRTLE (*rises, goes to window, R. C.*). You soldiers are slaves to duty.

HORACE (*follows her*). Not always, Myrtle. We often are slaves to the women we love.

MYRTLE (*looks out of window*). See how it storms outside.

HORACE. Yes, it's beastly weather. I find it so cozy here that I dislike to face the cold. I had much rather play chess with you as we did in the old days. Do you remember them?

MYRTLE (*shyly*). They were pleasant days, Horace. One's memory lingers upon pleasant dreams.

HORACE. I remember the time just before the outbreak of the war when you and your sister visited our home in Massachusetts near the sea. I was a West Pointer then, you the most charming of Virginia belles. Do you recall the night in the arbor when I whispered to you that you were my destined wife?

MYRTLE (*shyly*). What a lot of nonsense you did whisper on that thrilling occasion.

HORACE. True, but it came like molten gold from my heart. You left us—returned to Virginia. Then came the war and separation. I enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment, and my only prayer was that good fortune would

bring our paths together. My prayer was answered two weeks ago and I rejoiced that you had not forgotten me. Still, you repulsed me, and I now ask you why?

MYRTLE (*goes to table, sits R.*). I merely said that we could not wed till the war came to a close.

HORACE (*sits opposite her at table*). You're hiding the truth from me, Myrtle. There is another reason—you have a secret. What is it?

MYRTLE. Do you remember your college chum—he who resembles you so closely that you often were mistaken for one another?

HORACE. Oh, yes—Jack Wadham.

MYRTLE (*slowly*). Yes, Jack Wadham.

HORACE. Well, I'm sorry to say Jack turned out badly. Got to gambling and all that sort of thing. I lost track of him a year before the war, but heard he had married some southern girl—

MYRTLE (*interrupts*). Say, rather, he betrayed her.

HORACE. Why, what do you mean?

MYRTLE. Simply that the woman he pretended to marry was my sister Priscilla.

HORACE (*starts*). Great Cæsar! Was he as base as that?

MYRTLE (*passionately*). He came into our lives during our trip to the north six years ago, whispered vows of love to Priscilla and won her heart. He induced her to follow him to New York, where he enticed her into a false marriage and deserted her.

HORACE. The hound!

MYRTLE. A child was born. Broken-hearted, disgraced, she returned home to find a refuge on a devoted sister's breast. Thank God, our father did not live to witness his daughter's disgrace.

HORACE. Poor Priscilla.

MYRTLE. The child died and Priscilla lost her reason. Now she awaits his coming trustingly, believing he will bring her happiness. (*Rises, crosses to L. C.*) Ah, let him come—let him come.

HORACE (*follows her to L. C.*). And if he comes—?

MYRTLE (*fiercely*). I shall kill him.

HORACE. Come, Myrtle, this won't do. You'll be in a raging fever next. He may be dead—hanged, perhaps. Trust to me to avenge your sister if he ever crosses my path. Come, I have little time to tarry. Tell me, when will you become my wife?

MYRTLE. When justice is done.

Enter POMPEY, R. U. E. Stands up stage, R.

HORACE (*surprised*). When justice is done, eh? A nice answer to give a fellow who dotes on a girl. Guess I'll go to the firing line and let some Johnny Reb fill me full of holes. (*Goes quickly to R. U. E.*)

MYRTLE (*goes to table, laughingly*). Come, let us talk of other things. Pompey, some punch.

POMPEY (*goes to sideboard*). Yessum, Missis Myrtle.

HORACE. Be lively, Pompey. I'm going to enter upon a career of dissipation. (*Goes to L. of table.*)

MYRTLE. Will you drink a glass of punch with me, Captain Singleton?

HORACE. Why, I'll drink a dozen.

MYRTLE (*laughs*). That would be piggish.

HORACE. I always was a pig—pig-headed, you know. If I am not squealing at something or other, I'm rooting around for deserters.

POMPEY (*coming to table with punch*). Dat's good! Ha, ha, ha!

MYRTLE (*severely*). Pompey!

POMPEY (*puts down glasses*). Excuse me, Missis Myrtle. I hain't seen a pig for so long that when de Captain mentioned de animal, it made my mouth water, and when dat happens I'se got to laugh or bust.

HORACE. Good gracious! I hate to think what might happen if your mouth failed to open when you desired to laugh, Pompey.

POMPEY (*laughs*). I reckon dar would be a most awful explosion, Captain.

MYRTLE (*laughing*). You may go, Pompey. See that the house is well locked up for the night. (*Turns to fireplace.*)

POMPEY (*goes to R. U. E.*). Yessum, Missis Myrtle. (*He points to MYRTLE and does little comedy work with HORACE. Then exits, R. U. E.*)

MYRTLE (*takes up glass*). A toast, Horace.

HORACE (*at L. of table, takes up glass*). A toast!

MYRTLE. Here's success to President Lincoln and to a united country.

HORACE. Here's success to President Lincoln and to a united country. (*Both drink.*)

MYRTLE (*puts glass on table, pauses in listening attitude, then goes to L. 2 E.*). I must go to my sister. Pray do not leave the house until I return. (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

HORACE (*goes up stage to sideboard*). I ought to be after that deserter. Strange, now that I think of it, the sergeant told me that the chap looked wonderfully like me. Can he be Jack Wadham? If I thought so—well, let the devil take care of his own. When justice is done, eh? What does she mean by that? Hang it all, if she doesn't consent to become my wife, I'll drink myself to death. (*He fills glass and raises it.*)

PRISCILLA (*off stage, L. 2 E., laughs wildly or sings bar or two of "Ben Bolt." This speech may be given by MYRTLE in changed voice.*) Jack! Where are you, Jack?

HORACE (*puts down glass*). Good gracious! That must be Priscilla! It's enough to give one the shivers. Ugh! (*Shivers.*)

BENSON (*off stage, L. C. in F. Knocks at door. This and the following speeches by BENSON may be given by POMPEY in a changed voice.*) Captain Singleton!

HORACE (*goes to L. C. in F., looks off*). Who's there?

BENSON (*off stage*). Benson.

HORACE. What's up, Benson?

BENSON (*off stage*). We've discovered the tracks of a man in the snow leading up to the window of this room. What are your orders?

HORACE. I'll join you in a moment, Benson.

BENSON (*off stage*). Aye, aye, Captain.

HORACE (*goes to table, puts on hat and gloves*). I would like to see her before I leave, but duty before love in times

of war. I must bag this fellow or be courtmartialled. (*He listens at L. 2 E. for instant, then goes to L. C. in F.*) Come along, Benson. (*Exit, L. C. in F.*)

Enter POMPEY, R. U. E. He comes C., looking about.

POMPEY (*as he looks about*). Bress mah soul, dey's gone. (*Hoofbeats off stage. He goes to window and looks R.*) Dars dem cavalry ossifers riding away in de cold. I wonder did Captain Singleton cut bait wid Missis Myrtle? (*Laughs.*) He, he! Dey don't do tings like dey uster when I was a pickaninny on dis plantation. Now, if I was him and lubbed her like I know he do—

Enter MYRTLE, L. 2 E. She comes C.

POMPEY. I'd pick her up as I do dis chair (*he picks up chair*) and carry her to mah castle.

MYRTLE (*surprised*). Have you gone crazy, Pompey?

POMPEY (*drops chair and holds his hat in confusion*). Yaas, Missis Myrtle. I hain't had no sense since I had de measles fifty years ago.

MYRTLE (*laughs as she goes to window*). I'm afraid you are incorrigible, Pompey.

POMPEY (*puzzled*). I ain't shore; but if it ain't ketching, I don't care.

MYRTLE (*looks about*). Where is Captain Singleton?

POMPEY. Gone to Petersburg, I reckon.

MYRTLE (*goes to window and looks R.*). To Petersburg on such a night! I hope he won't come to harm.

POMPEY (*as he fumbles with a flag hidden under his coat*). He's a sojer and he will take care of himself. (*Still fumbles.*)

MYRTLE. What is that you have concealed under your coat, Pompey?

POMPEY (*confused*). Something awful nice, Missis Myrtle.

MYRTLE (*goes to him, C.*). I think I know what it is, Pompey. It's a chicken.

POMPEY (*laughs*). Chicken? Lordy, I hain't seen sich a bird since de war done broke out. Guess ag'in, honey?

MYRTLE. I always was a poor hand at solving riddles. Come, what are you concealing from me, Pompey?

POMPEY. I tole ye, Missis Myrtle. (*Looks about cautiously.*) One night a union sojer cum yar alone and axed me to help him, so I hid him in de woodshed. He wus wounded and most starved.

MYRTLE. Poor man.

POMPEY. Yaas, he wus poor, kase he didn't have a cent. I nussed him a week and when he wus ready to go he gave me what I have here under my coat.

MYRTLE. What is it? Can't you see I am dying to know?

POMPEY. I tole ye by and by. It's something thousands have died for and many thousands will die in future ages as long as dese United States last. I keep it over my heart for I lubs it nearly as much as I does you and Missis Priscilla. (*Takes flag from under coat.*) Yar it is—ain't it lovely? (*He waves flag back and forth.*)

MYRTLE (*takes flag*). My father fought under it at Monterey, my uncle died beneath its folds. (*Kisses flag.*) Noble flag! I'm a woman of the South, but I revere it as my ancestors did. The war soon will end and then it will wave over a united race and country once more. May it wave as the emblem of peace forever. (*Puts flag on table, allowing it to hang over and facing audience.*)

POMPEY. Dat's what it will, Missis Myrtle. It'll wave over white and black till de day of judgment.

MYRTLE. You must retire now. It is growing late. Is all safe?

POMPEY (*goes to R. U. E.*). Yaas, Missis Myrtle. I've got de manor locked up tighter'n a drum. Don't you be afraid, kase ole Pompey is a-watchin' over you. Good-night. (*Exit, R. U. E.*)

MYRTLE. Good-night. (*She stands at table facing audience.*) He left me without a parting word and he vowed he loved me and asked me to become his wife. Ah, cannot he read my heart? Does he not see the letters of fire glowing there—I love you—I love you! And yet, I cannot answer him as I would until my sworn duty has been performed.

When this man Wadham has ceased to be—when justice has been done upon the wrecker of my poor sister's happiness, I shall know how to act. (*Goes to L. 2 E. and looks off.*) My poor sister! She sleeps. Alas, it is better so—one forgets sorrow in sleep. (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

Enter WADHAM through window R. C. in F. He is in rough clothing, ill-kempt and dirty. He carries a revolver in his hand and looks about as he comes down C. to table.

WADHAM (*looking about*). I would have sworn it was Horace Singleton who passed me just now and rode away with that troop of cavalry. What if it was he—I care little now. He and I are quits. I owe him much. Perhaps he may exact the penalty some day. In the old place at last. (*Looks about.*) It was in this room where, six years ago, we plighted our troth—Priscilla and I. (*After pause.*) Away with gloomy thoughts. I have my own preservation to consider now.

Enter MYRTLE, L. 2 E. She comes C.

WADHAM (*sees her, points revolver*). Hands up, there!

MYRTLE (*starts*). Who are you and what do you want?

WADHAM. An unfortunate soldier seeking refuge.

MYRTLE (*aside*). That voice! (*To WADHAM.*) Do you hope to find it here?

WADHAM. I certainly do, madam. I'm pursued by relentless human wolves, but with your help I hope to outwit them yet.

MYRTLE (*at L. C., aside*). It is he; but how changed. At last justice dawns.

WADHAM (*goes to her, L. C.*). What are you whispering about there? You must secret me. (*Looks at her, then starts violently.*) You here, Myrtle?

MYRTLE. Why should I not be here, Jack Wadham?

WADHAM (*at C.*). They told me you had sold the old place and left the South.

MYRTLE. It was a lie as black as your own heart.

WADHAM (*angry*). No heroics with me, Myrtle. I have no time to bandy words with you.

MYRTLE. Nor I with you. Why are you here?

WADHAM. I am here playing a hideous game with death—that's all. I am a spy in the service of the South.

MYRTLE. A spy? You mean you are a deserter of women as well as your own regiment. Are there more depths of iniquity to which you have not sunk?

WADHAM (*laughs*). I see I can't deceive you—

MYRTLE. No. You deceived my sister and broke her heart. That should satisfy such as you.

WADHAM (*angrily*). I did not deceive her—she was my wife.

MYRTLE. That is why you deserted her like the coward you are, I presume.

WADHAM. Faugh! I am being pursued and here I bandy words with a fiery woman when every minute may be my last. You must help me—

MYRTLE (*goes up stage, R.*). Say, rather, I shall denounce you to Captain Singleton.

WADHAM (*at L. C.*). Where are you going?

MYRTLE (*at R. U. E.*). To rouse my servant.

WADHAM. Why?

MYRTLE. So that I may send him after Captain Singleton's troop.

WADHAM (*aside*). I was not mistaken. It was Horace. (*To MYRTLE.*) You would not doom to death the husband of your sister?

MYRTLE. I would doom to death the betrayer of my sister—visit punishment upon the wretch who basely deceived her, who robbed, then deserted the woman who had intrusted her honor to his keeping.

WADHAM (*laughs*). Very well, be it so. (*After pause.*) Well, why do you stand there like a statue? Are you afraid of the night shadows? Shall I go with you? Ah, woman, thy name is weakness.

MYRTLE (*comes down to table*). It is not a question of weakness, but of honor. I cannot betray a hunted man—a being who once was my guest and whom I termed friend, guilty though he be.

WADHAM. How considerate of your ladyship. (*Looks*

about.) You must hide me somewhere beneath this roof.

MYRTLE. You expect me to help you—you of all men?

WADHAM. Yes, I expect it for Priscilla's sake—poor, dead Priscilla.

MYRTLE. Who told you she was dead?

WADHAM. A comrade—a year ago.

MYRTLE. It is false.

WADHAM (*starts*). False?

MYRTLE. Yes.

WADHAM (*joyously*). She lives? Where is she? Take me to her?

MYRTLE. Wherefore? She would not recognize you.

WADHAM. True. Perhaps she has cause to hate me, but—

MYRTLE (*interrupts*). Priscilla is mad!

WADHAM (*starts*). My God—mad! (*Goes to her threateningly.*) Prove to me that you speak the truth, for if you are sporting with me—(*He takes her by the throat with a sudden movement, then at her scream releases her.*) Bah! I am a hunted man, desperate, ready to kill or be killed, as the devil may say, it doesn't matter much which, but I must see her. For God's sake, send me to her!

MYRTLE (*points to L. 2 E.*). She lies in that room, helpless.

WADHAM (*starts, goes to L. 2 E., looks off*). I shall go to her. Perhaps she may forgive me. (*Exits, L. 2 E.*)

MYRTLE (*aside, C.*). What shall I do? This uncertainty is killing me. (*Goes to L. 2 E. and looks off.*) He kneels by her side. He kisses her hand. So, then, he is not wholly depraved. I had sworn to kill him, and now in the crucial hour my weak woman's heart fails me. (*Goes to L. C. in F.*) I must have time to think. Ah, if Horace were here to give me counsel and aid. (*Exit, L. C. in F.*)

Enter POMPEY, R. U. E., carrying a revolver before him in one hand and lighted candle in other. He has a night-cap on his head and shows he had been in the act of retiring when disturbed. He comes C. slowly, looking about.

POMPEY (*as he looks about*). Nobody yar, and yet I

heard somebody talking. I'se gitting to be like old Mandy wus—allus hearing things in her sleep. If any gorillas come in yar now, I shoot 'em full of holes like I would a jack-rabbit.

PRISCILLA (*off stage, L. 2 E. This and the following speech by PRISCILLA may be given by MYRTLE in changed voice.*) Jack—Jack!

POMPEY (*at C., starts in fear*). Who's dat? Ghosts? Lordy, I ain't ready yit to cross the ribber Jordan. (*Looks at L. 2 E.*) Somebody in dat room. You'se got to trow him out de window. It jess has to be done, you ole sinner, Pompey. (*Goes to L. 2 E. and looks off with start.*) Bress mah soul, if dar ain't Massa Wadham. Missis Priscilla look at him strange like—mah goodness! She am hugging him. (*Looks excitedly.*)

PRISCILLA (*off stage, L. 2 E.*). Jack! At last!

POMPEY. She done got her reason back, for sure. (*Looks about.*) Wha's Missis Myrtle. If she done see Wadham here dar's gwine to be trouble. (*Looks off L. 2 E.*) Lordy, she done gone dead, sure. Yar comes Wadham. Guess I better get to mah room before I hurts him. (*Looks off L. 2 E., then hurries to fireplace and hides behind table, flourishing his revolver.*) He better not fool wid me kase I done hurt him wid dis popgun.

Enter WADHAM, L. 2 E. He stands at door and looks off tremblingly.

WADHAM (*aside, as he looks*). My cruelty has broken her heart. I am a wretch who richly deserves death. I must avenge this poor girl upon myself. (*Turns C. and sees POMPEY—to POMPEY.*) Where is your mistress, nigger?

POMPEY (*indignantly*). Who you callin' nigger? I'se a respectable colored gemman and a deacon of de Baptist church.

WADHAM (*angrily*). I'll teach you. (*Runs to table.*)

POMPEY (*puts up revolver into WADHAM'S face*). I'se too old to go to school any more, Massa Wadham. (*Flourishes revolver.*)

WADHAM. Bah! (*Turns up stage to window. Hoof-beats off R.*) It is Horace's troop. Shall I give myself up to him? It means certain death, and ah, how sweet is life to the strong. It must be done. My manhood has not yet deserted me—my honor is redeemed!

Enter MYRTLE, L. C. in F. She comes down C. and sees WADHAM.

MYRTLE (*to WADHAM*). You have seen her?

WADHAM. Yes.

MYRTLE. Are you satisfied?

WADHAM. Yes—to die.

MYRTLE (*goes to him*). What would you do?

WADHAM (*opens window*). See justice done—farewell. (*He throws aside MYRTLE when she attempts to restrain him and exits.*)

MYRTLE (*at window*). Return, I say! They will kill you.

POMPEY. Don't carry on so, Missis Myrtle. He ain't worth a single tear from your eyes, kase he's a wolf.

SOLDIER (*off stage, R. This and the following speeches by SOLDIER may be given by HORACE in changed voice.*) Halt!

MYRTLE. See, he runs into the face of death. They will slay him before our very eyes.

POMPEY. Golly, if dey shoots him when he's on de veranda, dey'll spile de paint I put dere yisterday.

MYRTLE (*looking R.*). They aim their weapons—they are about to fire.

SOLDIER (*off stage, R.*). Halt, or we fire.

WADHAM (*off stage*). I shall not halt. I will show you how a brave man can die.

MYRTLE (*in agony*). He betrays himself—he is lost!

POMPEY (*looks off R.*). Bress mah soul, dey's gwine to fire real bullets. I hopes none of dem will come dis way.

MYRTLE. Oh, Pompey, how can we save him?

POMPEY (*taking her arm and leading her down L. C.*). Don't look no more, Missis Myrtle. You're too tender. Massa Wadham is in de hands of God, but I specs de

debbil will kotch him in de end way down dar. (*Points to floor.*)

SOLDIER (*off stage, R. U. E.*). Fire! (*Two shots fired.*)

MYRTLE (*in horror at L. C.*). They have killed him!

POMPEY (*at table, turns up lights*). God receive his poor, sinful soul. Tain't worth much, dough.

MYRTLE. Priscilla is avenged.

POMPEY. I hopes dat paint ain't spiled. (*Scratches head.*) Golly, I jist remember now.

MYRTLE (*surprised*). Remember what, Pompey?

POMPEY. Dat Massa Wadham owed me four dollars good Uncle Sam's money and I done lose it all now.

Enter HORACE, L. C. in F. He comes down C.

HORACE. It looked like a case of suicide to me. He refused to halt and we were forced to fire.

POMPEY (*at R. C. near table*). Is he dead, Captain Singleton.

HORACE. Yes. He sprang from this window as we rode up to the manor. (*To MYRTLE.*) Who was he?

MYRTLE. Ask me not, Horace—justice has been done.

HORACE (*starts*). Ah, I see it all now. It was Jack Wadham. (*Goes to MYRTLE with outstretched arms.*) Now you are mine, Myrtle.

MYRTLE (*falls into his arms*). Yours forever, Horace.

POMPEY (*lifting up punch glass at table*). I allus knew de North and South would be united (*waves flag*) under one flag. (*For recall add*) Here's to deir future generation.

CURTAIN.

A Daughter of the Desert

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy-drama of the Arizona Plains, 4 acts; 6 m., 4 f. Time, $2\frac{1}{4}$ h. **Scenes:** 2 interiors. Easy to set. **Characters:** Harold Morton, a railroad surveyor. Clarence Ogden, a rancher. Samuel Hopkins, a land speculator. Pedro Silvera, a Mexican renegade. Jim Parker, a gambler. Bill Jones, a sure-fire sheriff. Ruth Arlington, a daughter of the desert. Mrs. Mary Ogden, a widow. White Bird, an Apache Indian girl.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Clarence and Lucy have an adventure. "How dare you kiss a helpless girl, sir?" Silvera's charge. Your father was killed by Charles Morton. The avowal of love. Hopkins dotes on custard pies. The Apache outbreak. "If I die, clear my father's name."

Act II.—"It's not my stomach, but my heart, papa." Clarence wounded. The arrest of Morton. White Bird's avowal. "We shall bring the guilty to justice."

Act III.—How Silvera got a scar on the back of his hand. "I put it there with my sticker!" "I am a man of honor and my word is my bond." The rescue of Morton by cowboys. Ruth has the upper hand. Off to the Mexican line.

Act IV.—"My husband ate two lemon pies and died." White Bird clears up the mystery. "Silvera shot him in back." Jones and Parker take a hand in the game. Ruth the richest girl in Arizona. Everybody happy.

The Lonelyville Social Club

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy, 3 acts; 10 f. Time, $1\frac{1}{2}$ h. Exceedingly lively and humorous.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Time hangs heavily on the hands of Mrs. Jack Newlywed and Magda Peachblow, and they resolve to form a social club. The representative ladies of the village make a 9 o'clock general call.

Act I presents Lonelyville's "four hundred." The stormy session of the benefit society. Gladys is both seen and heard. General confusion.

Act II.—Mrs. Newlywed attempts to form the social club. Mrs. Purse Proud on her track. Discovered. A stormy scene. The determination to present "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Act III.—The town hall has been converted into a theater for the occasion. Gladys raises a row. Mrs. Steps and Mrs. Proud settle old scores. Ellen makes a show of herself. The performers are guyed by the "audience" and the performance cut short in disgust. The windup of the "Lonelyville Social Club."

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All A Mistake

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 4 m., 4 f. Time, about 2 h. **Scenes:** Easy to set. Lawn at "Oak Farm" and drawing-room. **Characters:** Capt. Obadiah Skinner, a retired sea captain. Lieut. George Richmond, his nephew, who starts the trouble. Richard Hamilton, a country gentleman. Ferdinand Lighthead, who falls in love don-cherknow. Nellie Richmond, George's wife. Nellie Huntington, a friend. Nellie Skinner, antiquated but still looking for a man. Nellie McIntyre, a servant.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The arrival of George and his bride. A friend in need. The old maid and her secret. Ferdy in search of a wife. George's jealousy. The sudden appearance of a most undesirable party. George's quick wit prevents discovery.

Act II.—The plot thickens. Cornelia in search of her "Romeo." The downfall of Ferdy. Richard attempts to try the "soothing system" on a lunatic. George has a scheme connected with a fire in the furnace and some pitch tar. Richard runs amuck amid general confusion.

Act III.—The Captain arms himself with a butcher knife and plans revenge. Nellie hopelessly insane. The comedy duel. "Romeo" at last. "Only one Nellie in the world." The unraveling of a skein of mystery, and the finish of an exciting day, to find it was "All a Mistake."

A Busy Liar

By GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. **Scenes:** Easy to set, 1 exterior, 2 interiors. **Characters:** Simeon Meeker, who told one lie. Judge Quakely. Senator Carrollton. Macbeth, a hot-headed Scotchman. Dick, in a matrimonial tangle. William Trott, a recruit. Job Lotts, another one. Mrs. MacFarland, everybody's friend. Tennie, with a mind of her own. Janet, a Scotch lassie. Mrs. Early, a young widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Off to the war. A paternal arrangement of marriage. Janet of the Macbeth clan. Some complications. Meeker and the Widow. A lapse from truth. Meeker made captain. "You are afraid to go." "Afraid? Never!"

Act II.—In camp. Captain Meeker and strict discipline. The Widow, the Judge and the Senator court-martialed. The Widow wins. Another lie and more complications. An infuriated Scotchman. "You held her in your arms." "She is my wife."

Act III.—The ball. "Not military matters, but matrimony." "Another of Meeker's fairy stories." The Captain in kilts. "The funniest thing I ever saw." The Widow untangles a tangle of lies. A lass for every lad. Peace proclaimed. Meeker remains "at the base of supplies."

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The Heiress of Hoetown

By HARRY L. NEWTON AND JOHN PIERRE ROACH.

Price, 25 Cents

A rural comedy, 3 acts; 8 m., 4 f. Time, 2 h. Scenes: 2 exteriors. Characters: Jimmie Blake, a physical culturist. Jack Wright, a civil engineer. Ezra Stonyboy, the postmaster. Count Picard, waiting at the church. Corporal Cannon, a veteran. White Blackstone, dealer in titles. Congressman Drybottle, a power in politics. Doolittle Much, constable and proprietor of the village hack. Mary Darling, an heiress. Jane Stonyboy, with ideas. Tillie Tung, the village pest.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Borrowing a screen door. Blackstone, a dealer in titles. Mary comes back home. Blackstone wants Jimmie to travel for his wealth. "One hundred thousand dollars as expense money." "No, I am going to a strawberry festival and that's worth more to me." The lost necklace. The proprietor of the village hack discovers something. "She's a fine gal, she is."

Act II.—The Strawberry Festival. Blackstone schemes a quick marriage. A busy time for Doolittle Much. "Search that man, Constable!" The necklace is found on the wrong man. "Any man caught with no visible means of support can be arrested as a common vag." The Count is "pinched."

Act III.—The siege of Hoetown. The Count works out his fine on the highway. "Shark, you're a liar!" The financial panic and the loss of Mary's money. The Count and Blackstone get "cold feet" and hike for old Broadway. Mary loses her home. "Come on, kid, I've got carfare."

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By SOPHIE HUTH PERKINS.

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A Female Minstrel entertainment. A complete ladies' minstrel show, full of novel ideas for costumes, finalé, etc. Contains new jokes, gags, cross-fires, monologues and stump speeches. Ending with a most laughable farce, "Mrs. Black's Pink Tea," for 10 female characters, which is a gem of humor. Those that have "put on" female minstrels and know the difficulty of obtaining suitable material, will be delighted with this book. It is highly humorous, yet refined enough for any audience.

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Price, 25 Cents

A female burlesque initiation; 12 f. and any number of members. Time, about 40 m. Scene: Any lodge room. Characters: Head Officer, Instructors, Assistants, Marshal, Doorkeepers, etc. It is unique, as it can be used as an initiation for any society or lodge or as an entertainment. Brim full of fun and action, yet not too boisterous. Will please all women.

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By MAYME RIDDLE BITNEY.

Price, 25 Cents

Entertainment; 9 m., 14 f. Time, 1 h. 30 m. Can be played with a less number of people when desired. A most clever idea, supposing to show the interior of a railway coach. It can be easily set on almost any platform, and full description with illustrations, showing the manner of arranging the stage are given. The passengers produce the real fun, while the coach is of secondary importance. A most amusing cast of characters. The farmer and family, grandpa and grandma, woman with bundles, Susie Olson; a Chinaman, the old maid and many others. The passengers getting on and off, their excitement, their haste, their bundles and other incidents, which always fills a journey with rare comedy, are depicted with surprising skill. It has been presented by the author with great success, and it is recommended for any club, church or society.

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A Black Heifer

By W. C. PARKER.

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Rural comedy-drama, 3 acts; 9 m., 3 f. Time, about 2 h. **Scenes:** Yard of Swampscott Holler farm house, "settin' room" of same, best room of same. **Costumes,** city, country, tramp, etc. **Characters:** Leading man, farmer, Uncle Josh type. Heavy villain. Juvenile. Stuttering farm hand. Tramp. Detective. Leading lady. Character woman, deaf. Country maiden. Character, soubrette.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Swampscott Holler. 'Squar Brown's black heifer is lost. Carleton woos Arabella for her money. Carleton decides that George must be "put out of the way." Scraps, the girl tramp. She recognizes Carleton. A shower of snuff adds to the fun. Scraps is accused of stealing the black heifer. Eph adopts the waif. The murder of 'Squar Brown. Rube accuses George. Carleton, the "eye witness."

Act II.—Eph has a "heart-to-heart" talk with George. "I believe ye." Willie and his first cigar. Betsy jealous of Scraps. Doughnuts and cider. The fiddler and the old-fashioned "hoe down." Willie's new suit of "store clothes." The robbery. Carleton accuses George.

Act III.—"The fatal day has arrived." Carleton plays his last card. Scraps as a "real lady." The stranger, "Why, it's George!" Laughter and tears. Weary has a word to say. Scraps captures the villain. The "huskin' bee." Reparation and joy.

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Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	6
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	12
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Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
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Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	3
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
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Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
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Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	1
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
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Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	2
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Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	2
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
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