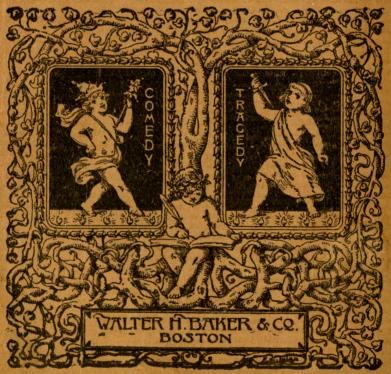
NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.



Ten Nights in a Bar Room



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terior; costumes, modern. This piece is best known in this country through the admirable performance of Mr. John Hare, who produced it in all the principal cities. Its story presents a clever satire of false philanthropy, and is full of interest and humor. Well adapted for amateurs, by whom it has been success. fully acted. Plays two hours and a half. (1892.)

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interiors, not easy. A play of powerful sympathetic interest, a little sombre in key, but not unrelieved by humorous touches. (1892.)

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM,

A DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

Dramatized from T. S. Arthur's Novel of the same name,

BY WILLIAM W. PRATT, Esq.,

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH
AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

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

BOSTON

Waller H. Baher pla

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Original at National Theatre,	New Bowery Theatre,
	New York, Sept. 1858.	New York, May, 1861.
Sample Swichel	YANKEE LOCKE	C. K. Fox.
Simon Slade		MR. PETRIE.
Joe Morgan	A. FITZGERALD	G. C. BONIFACE.
Frank Slade	GEO. EDESON	MR. BEANE.
Harvey Green	J. M. WARD	J. NUNAN.
Mr. Romaine	J. NUNAN	G. C. HOWARD.
Judge Hammond	E. W. THOMPSON	Mr. Wright.
Willie Hammond	R. S. MELDRUM	MR. MARDEN.
Ned Hargrave	MR. PORTER	Mr. PIKE.
Judge Lyman		MR. FERDON.
Tom Peters	Mr. Cheesbrough	Mr. Bradshaw.
Mrs. Slade	Miss Colbourne	Miss L. Eldridge.
Mrs. Morgan	Mrs. J. J. Prior	MRS. G. C. HOWARD.
Mrs. Hammond	Bradshaw	Miss Archer.
Mary Morgan	Miss Plunkett	Little CORDELIA HOWARD
Mehitable Cartrig	chtRosa CLINE	MISS A. HATHAWAY.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES.

PROPERTIES.

Market basket, with vegetables visible; bottles, cigar-boxes, tumblers, four cigars, cards, dice and box, newspaper, wine glasses, liquor bottles; silver sixpence for Morgan; letter for Mehitable; common cup and saucer; trick table.

PROGRAMME OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Exterior View of "Sickle and Sheaf." Interview between Mr. Romaine and the Yankee. Sample's idea of moderate drinking. Return of the landlord. Scene 2—Interior of "Sickle and Sheaf." Ex-miller and happy landlord. The young squire. The landlord's wife. "We shall never again be so happy as we were at the old mill." Poor Old Joe Morgan, the inebriate, Little Mary in search of her father. Departure of the inebriate and his child. Quarrel between Green and Willie. Timely arrival of the Yankee.

ACT II.—The Yankee and the philanthropist. Slade's progress in tavern-keeping. The landlord's enterprising son, Frank. Quarrel between the landlord and his drunken customer. The bottle and the fatal blow. Arrival of little Mary. "Father! father! they have killed me!"

ACT III.—The Yankee and the gambler. Sample's definition of the word "gentleman." The treat. The Yankee's desire for Green's happiness. Scene 2—The drunkard's home. The patient wife by the side of her suffering child. Joe Morgan's promise. Mary's anxiety for her father's good. Frightful delirium of the poor inebriate. "Come here, dear father! this is little Mary's room! nothing can hurt you here!" Affecting tableau.

ACT IV.—The "Sickle and Sheaf." The landlord and his son. Mrs. Slade's account of the interview with Mary. Sample and the young squire on a time. The Yankee's story about Uncle Josh and the poornouse. The fight, and death

of Willie Hammond. Scene 2—Escape of Green. The arrest. Scene 3—Joe Morgan's wretched home. The wife and mother watching by her suffering ones. Little Mary's advice to her father. Despair of the inebriate. The child's dream. The promise. "I'll never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live." The dying child. Death of little Mary.

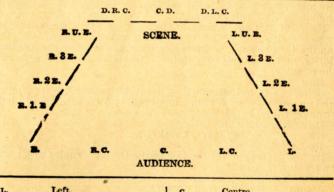
ACT V.—The meeting of Sample and Mr. Romaine, after an absence of five years. Sample a teetotaller. His quaint description of matters and things that have transpired in Cedarville. Scene 2—Appearance of Simon Slade. Wonderful transformation of the once happy miller. Frank's progress in dramdrinking. The quarrel between father and son. Death of Simon Slade. "Frank Slade, you have murdered your father." Scene 3—The happy home of Mr. Morgan. Arrival of Mr. Romaine. The resolution. The wife's joy. sample and his new suit.

"A drunkard now no longer—that is o'er!
Free, disinthralled, I stand a man once more!"

EPILOGUE AND HAPPY TERMINATION.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L.		Left.	C.	Centre.
L.	C.	Left Centre.	R.	Right.
L.	1 E.	Left First Entrance.	R. C.	Right Centre.
L.	2 E.	Left Second Entrance.	R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.
L.	3 E.	Left Third Entrance.	R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.
L.	U. E.	Left Upper Entrance.	R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.
(wherever this Scene may be.)		R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance	
D. L. C. Door Left Centre.		D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.	

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—NIGHT THE FIRST.—Exterior of the "Sickle and Sheaf," sign over the door in first groove.

ROMAINE enters L. 1. E.

ROMAINE. After a long and tedious ride in the stage coach, here I am, in the quiet village of Cedarville. How pleasant is the sight of an inn to the weary traveller, and this, too, looks invit-There is an air of neatness and comfort, at least, about its external appearance, and if the landlord proves agreeable, I shall pass a social night at his house—who have we coming this way? One of those happy, good-natured fellows, evidently, by his appearance, that are found in almost every New England village (SWICHEL enters R. 1 E.) Good day. Can you tell me who is the landlord of this hotel?

SWICHEL. Of this hotel? Landlord? Why, where have you been travelling all your life, not to know Simon Slade. He's the landlord, to be sure, and he's got the smartest wife, the pootiest darter, and the cutest son, and se! the most powerful liquor in

the country.

Rom. Indeed!

Swich. Yes, indeed, and you'll say so yourself, arter you've had an interview with him. But I say, squire, you seem to be a stranger round here?

Row. Somewhat so.

Swich. Collecting taxes, I reckon?

Rom. Not exactly. Swich. Surveyin' for the Cedarville Grand Trunk Carpet Bag and Valise Railroad?

Rom. You're wrong again.

Swich. You ain't a corn doctor?

Rom. No, sir. I'm not.

Swich. Maybe you're distributin' tracts round here?

Rom. You're still in the wrong.

Swich. P'raps its none o' my business.

Rom. Now you are right. Swich. So I s'posed.

Rom. Well, my good fellow, you seem to be well disposed,

and so I will tell you what I am doing.

Swich. Well disposed! You just ask Judge Hammond if I didn't get the premium for being the smartest disposition child in the county; that's the reason they gave me the name of Swichel, because I was weaned on gin and molasses.

Rom. And I suppose you still love that exhilarating beverage? Swich. Well, squire, I guess I do. You ask Simon Slade of his son, Frank, if there's a man in the county that takes his regulars more constant than I do, and I'll defy sin to say that I ever neglected my work, any more than I do my liquor.

Roy. You appeared anxious, a few moments since, to know who and what I was, and I promised to tell you, but your love

for liquor seems to have swallowed up all other desires.

Swich. Well, you see, squire, I don't want to pry into any one's business in particular, only I like to keep a ruoning idea of what's going on in general. You see I keep myself pooty considerable busy up to the big house yonder—Squire Hammond, as fine a man as nater ever made, and as for his son, Willie, there's nothin' proud about him, even if his father is a judge, and rich into the bargain. He's always high spirited and honorable, and I know he'd lose his right hand, rather than be guilty of a mean action. Well, squire, (Crosses L.) I can't stand here talking any longer, 'cause you see it's most time for young Hammond to come home. I have to look after that boy just as careful as I do the judge's old gray mare, and she's so darned contrary lately, that I would give ten dollars for the horse secret to tame her down with. Say, squire, you wouldn't mind saddling the horse for tew drinks before you go, would you?

Rom. No sir. I never use intoxicating drinks.

Swich. You don't. Get eout. I don't want to be rude, but I'll be darned if I'd trust any liquor in your hands, any more than I would a cat over a dish of cream. I'll be dained if I would. Good day, squire.

[Exit, L. 1, E.

Rom. Thus it is. Go where you will, the love for that drink, that destroys all the heart's best energies, prevails. (Goes up.)

Enter SLADE, L. 1. E., with market basket.

SLADE. I flatter myself everything is in apple pie order; my marketing for the week is now attended to, and what with my wife in the kitchen, and Frank behind the bar, I feel provided to meet the wishes of all who may visit the Sickle and Sheaf. (Sees ROMAINE.) Ah! a customer. Good day, sir.

Rom. Good day—are you the landlord of this hotel?

SLADE. Yes, sir—I have that happiness. We've only been open about a month, and yet we are not in thorough working order. It takes time, you know, to bring verything into the right shape. Have you dined yet?

Rom. No, I have not. Everything looked so dirty at the stage house, where we stopped to dine, that I could not venture upon the experiment of eating. How long before your supper will be

ready?

SLADE. In an hour, sir.

Rom. That will do. Let me have a piece of tender steak,

and the loss of a dinner will be forgotten.

SLADE. You shall have that cooked fit for an alderman. I call my wife the best cook in Cedarville, and as for my son and daughter, they are the two smartest children in the county; hough I do say it myself.

Roy. You ought to be a happy man.

SLADE. I am so; I have always been, and always expect to be Simon Slade takes the world as it comes, and takes it easy. I have now everything handy about me. I can leave my house at any time in Frank's care, for he understands how to wait upon the customers, and can mix a toddy or a punch as well as I can.

Rom. But are you not a little afraid of placing one so young

in the way of temptation?

SLADE. No, sir. Temptation! no, sir. The till is safer under his care than it would be in that of one in ten. That boy, sir, comes of honest parents Simon Slade never wronged any one cut of a farthing.

Rom. You altogether misapprehend me. I had no reference

to the till, but to the bottle.

SLADE. Is that ali? Nothing to fear there, I assure you, Frank has no taste for liquor, and might for months pour it out without a drop finding its way to his lips. But come, sir; walk into the house; you will find considerable life in-doors. This way, sir, this way. [ROMAINE follows SLADE into house, L. 1 E.

SCENE II.—Interior of the "Sickle and Sheaf." Set bar L. H. C.—set shelves. Bottles, cigar boxes, tumblers, etc., on shelves. Bottles with cider and vater in them. Table R. C. Two chairs, stool, R. 2 E. Four cigars on shelf, cards on table, dice and box on shelf, chair in front of the bar, newspaper on bar, glasses on bar, chair for Morgan. Green discovered at the table. Frank behind the bar, arranging bottles.

Enter SLADE, with ROMAINE, R. 1 E.

SLADE. Here we are, sir, and everything, you see, inside and outside of my house, is in apple-pie order. Will you have a glass of wine and a cigar to amuse yourself until supper is ready?

Rom. No, sir. I'm obliged to you. The evening paper will

serve me until tea is prepared.

SLADE. Here, Frank. Bring the evening paper for this gen tleman.

FRANK. Yes, sir, as soon as I mix this toddy for Mr. Green. SLADE. Well, be lively. There, sir, is a boy worth having.

FRANK. Here you are, sir.

GREEN. And here's the blunt, my lad. Frank. (At bar.) Newspaper, sir.

WILLIE. (Outside R. 1 E) Landlord! SLADE. Coming! The house is full of customers to-night. Will you excuse me, sir? [Exit L. 1 E.

Enter WILLIE, R. 1 E.

WILLIE. Ah, Frank, my lad! Busy as usual, eh? That's right. Industry must prosper. Ah—my friend Green; how are

you to-night?

GREEN. Quite well, thank you. You're just in time—will you have a drink? Here, Frank—a brandy toddy; he's first-rate at it; I never drank a better in my life. He beats his father that's portain.

WILLIE, I believe he does. Here, Frank, don't belie our praises—do your handsomest!

FRANK. Two brandy toddies, did you say, gentlemen? WILLIE. Exactly; and let them be equal to Jove's nectar.

GREEN. Any news stirring to-night?

WILLIE. No; nothing special—only I have to be a little careful about my visits here, lately. The old governor has got his eves on me.

GREEN. Well, that's clever; just as if you wasn't old enough

to go alone-come, that's devilish good!-ha, ha!

WILLIE. Yes—devilish good!—ha, ha!

FRANK. Yes, and here's your drinks, and if you don't find them devilish good I'm no judge. [Carries drinks—goes to bar.

Enter SLADE, L. 1 E.

SLADE. Supper is nearly ready, sir-we do things on the twoforty principle here. I like to do everything well. I wasn't just raised to tavern-keeping, you must know; but I am one who can turn my hand at almost anything.

Rom. What was your former business?

SLADE. I am a miller by trade; and a better miller (though I say it myself) is not to be found in Bolton county. I got tired of hard work, and determined to lead an easy life; so I sold my mill, bought this house with the money, and find it an easy life, and, if rightly seen after, one in which a man is sure to make money.

Rom. You were still doing a fair business with your mill? SLADE. Oh, yes; whatever I do, I do well. Last year I put by a thousand dollars above all expenses—which was not bad, I can assure you, for a mere grist mill.

Rom. That, certainly, ought to have satisfied you.

SLADE. There you and I differ. Every man desires to make as much money as possible, and with the least labor. Now, I hope to make two or three thousand dollars a year above all expenses at tavern-keeping. A man with a wife and children tries to do as well by them as possible.

ROM. True; but will this be doing as well by them as if you

had kept on at the mill?

SLADE. Two or three thousand a year against one thousand!-

where are your figures, man?

ROM. Consider the different callings and influences; the trades-that of a miller, and that of a tavern-keeper; will your children be as safe from temptation here, as in their former home?

SLADE. Just as safe-why not? I don't see why a tavernkeeper ain't just as respectable as a miller-in fact, more so. The very people who used to call me "Simon," or "Dusty Coat," now say "Mr. Slade." or "Landlord," and treat me in every way more as if I were an equal than ever they did before.

ROM. The change may be due to the fact of your giving evidence of possessing means. Men are apt to be courteous to those

who have property.

SLADE. That is not it—it is because I am advancing the inter tests of Cedarville

Rom. In what way are you advancing the interests?

SLADE. Why, in every way. Since I opened this hotel the property has advanced thirty per cent. all along the whole street. No longer ago than yesterday Judge Hammond—who is the father of one of my very best customers, who is sitting yonder with Mr. Harvey Green—told me that the opening of the "Sickle and Sheaf," had increased the value of his property at least ten thousand dollars.

Rom. Who is this Mr. Harvey Green you speak of?

SLADE. Well, you see, I never inquire much about the business of my guests. He is a visitor here in Cedarville, and seems to like my house. He has plenty of money, and is not at all niggardly in spending it. He says his health is better here than in the South, so he has engaged one of my best rooms for a year. He seems to be deeply interested in all that is going on in Cedarville.

Rom. What is his business?

SLADE. I don't know that, any more than I do your's. When I was a miller, I never asked a customer whether he bought, stole, or raised his wheat. It was my business to grind it—beyond that, it was all his own affair, and so it is here—I mind my own business, and keep my own place.

Enter MRS. SLADE, L. 1 E.

Mrs. S. Husband, the gentleman's supper is ready.

SLADE. Frank, my boy, show the gentleman to the diningroom.

FRANK. (Coming from the bar to L. 1 E.) Yes, sir. This way, sir. This way.

[Exit Frank and Romaine, L. 1 E.

SLADE. That seems to be a nice kind of a man, wife, only I think he's a little too primp in his ideas. Why, do you know, he appeared as anxious about Frank's being led into the tempta-

tion of drinking, as if he was his own son.

MRS. S. If he was concerned about him, and an entire stranger too, judge, then, how I must feel. I do not believe we are as happy as when we were at the old mill. You yourself seem different. You assume a cheerfulness that, in reality, I fear you feel not. Do you not think the habits of these men will exert a bad influence over our dear boy?

SLADE. Well, you might as well turn temperance lecturer at once; you're worse than old parson Slowman. He said last Sunday that rumsellers had no soul; what's come over you, all of a

sudden?

Mrs. S. Forgive me, Simon, I meant not to offend you, I only

spoke for your good, and the welfare of our family.

SLADE. Well, we won't talk any more on this disagreeable subject just now. There, go and see to the wants of our guests.

Mrs. S. Ah, husband, we shall never be as happy again as we

Wrs. S. Ah, husband, we shall never be as happy again as we were at the old mill.

[Exit, L. 1 E.

Slade. Old mill, blow the mill, what the devil is the matter

SLADE. Old mill, blow the mill, what the devil is the matter with me? I've got a touch of the blue devils coming on; I'll just mix me a nice drop that will soon drive them away.

Enter SWICHEL, R. 1 E.

I'm pooty certain that I had a tew-shillin' piece, and I can't find it anywhere; couldn't have slipt through my pockets, 'cause there ain't a hole bigger than a half dollar in 'em. Hallo, neighbor Slade, how do you endure?

SLADE. Ah, Sample, is that you?

Swich. I should say it was. Say, Simon, you are a pooty lucky fellow: I should like to throw the dice with you for tew drinks.

SLADE. Well, I'm agreeable.

SWICH. First throw, or New York grab?

SLADE. First throw, time's precious.

SWICH. Yes, 'tis to me; I'm dryer than a sap-tree in August. Give me the bones. Well, throw first yourself.

SLADE. (Throws dice.) Seventeen. Good throw.
Well here's at you. Twenty-four. Swich. I should say so. Well, here's at you. T How do you like that? Give me a touch of whisky.

SLADE. You are a lucky fellow, Sample. Giving whisky. SWICH. Slightly inclined that way, I think myself. Hallo! I swow if there ain't young Squire Hammond. Say, Willie, ain't

you going home pooty soon?

WILLIE. Not quite yet, Sample. You need not wait for me. SWICH. All right, squire. Its getting so dark out of doors, you can't see your hand before your face, so I'll be trudging home. (Going R. H.) I kinder think I shall watch about here a little while, though, for I don't like the looks of that chap that is talking with the young squire. I'll lay low, and if he comes any of his blarney over Willie, it will trouble the tailor to mend the hole I shall make in the seat of his pantaloons. [Exit, R. 1 E.

SLADE. Come, gentlemen, will you drink with the landlord

this time?

GREEN. To be sure we will. I say, Mr. Hammond, I give our host here the credit of being a shrewd, far-seeing man, and in ten years, mark my word, he will be the richest man in town.

SLADE. You forget Judge Hammond, this young gentleman's

father.

GREEN. No, I do not forget him, nor will I except him, with all deference to young Squire Hammond.

Enter Morgan during last speech, R. 1 E.

Morgan. If he gets richer, somebody will get poorer.

GREEN. If our excellent friend, Mr. Slade, is not the richest man in Cedarville in ten years, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has made the town richer.

WILLIE. A true word that, as true a word as was ever spoken. What a dead and alive place this has been; within the past few months, all vigorous growth had stopped, and we were actually

going to seed.

Mor. And the graveyard, too! (GREEN and WILLIE sit at table, Joe goes to bar.) Come, landlord, mix me a good whisky punch, and do it right, and there's a sixpence towards the fortune you are bound to make. It's the last one left, not a copper more in my pocket. There, take it; I send it to keep company in your till with four others that have found their way into that snug place since morning. They will be lonesome without their little friend.

[Gives coin.]

SLADE. Joe, I'll give you another drink, but its time you were at home. Why can't you be good natured, and behave like the rest of my company?

[Gives Morgan drink.]

Mor. You are a good man to give advice, you are, Simon Slade. Now you've got my last sixpence no more use for me to night. How apt a scholar is our good friend Dusty Coat, in this new school. Well, he was a good miller—no one ever doubted that—and it is plain to see that he is going to make a good landlord. I thought his heart was a little soft, but the indurating process has begun, and in ten years if it isn't as hard as one of his old mill-stones, Joe Morgan is no prophet. Oh, you needn't knit your brow so, friend Slade. We are old friends, you know, and friends are privileged to speak plain.

SLADE. (Coming down L. C.) You know one thing, Joe Morgan, if your senses are not wholly gone, and that is, I have been

a friend to you in days gone by.

Mor. That was before you turned landlord. You know, Simon Slade, that my father owned the mill, where, as boys, we worked together. After the old man's death, when the property came into my possession, you were in my employ. I left all my business in your hands. Bad associates led me into scenes of dis-I neglected my business, while you, in your eager thirst for gain, watched every chance to enrich yourself at my Time rolled on, and, not content with wretchedness myself, I must get married, and cause another fond, devoted heart to suffer. I contracted debts, and I knew not how it was, but at the end of ten years Joe Morgan was no longer the owner of the mill. It came into the hands of his friend, Simon Slade. Dark days then came upon my loving wife and child. all the misery of my earthly lot, that wife has never been anything but a loving, forbearing, self-denying angel, and Joe Morgan, fallen as I am, and powerless in the grasp of the demon, has never hurt her with a cruel word Weeps.

SLADE. Well, well, Joe, don't talk about old times. Let by-gones be by-gones. Maybe my heart is growing harder. I have heard you say, Joe, that one of my weaknesses was being too woman hearted.

Mor. No danger of that now. I've known a good many landlords in my time, but can't remember one that was troubled with the disease that once afflicted you.

Mary. (Outside R. 1 E.) Father! father! where is my father?

Enter MARY—runs to MORGAN.

Oh, I've found you, have I? Now, won't you come home with me?

Mor. Blessings on thee, my little one! Darkly shadowed is

the sky that hangs gloomily over thy young head.

Mary. Come, father, mother has been waiting a long time, and I let her crying so sadly. Now, do come home, and make us all so happy.

Mor. Yes, my child, I'll go. (Kisses her, goes R. 1 E., stops, looks

at SLADE.) You have robbed me of my last penny, Simon Slade, but this treasure still remains. Farewell, friend Slade, Come, dear one, come I'll go home! Come, come! I'll go, ves. I'll go!

[Exit Morgan and Mary, R. 1 E.

GREEN. If I was in your place, landlord, I'd pitch that fellow into the street the next time he came here. He's no business here in the first place, and in the second place he don't know how to behave himself. There's no telling how much a vagabond like him injures a respectable house.

SLADE. I wish he would stay away. GREEN. I'd make him stay away!

WILLIE. That may be easier said than done. Our friend here keeps a public house, and can't say who shall or shall not come into it.

Green. But such a fellow has no business here. He's nothing but a sot. If I kept a tavern I should refuse to sell him any

liquor

WILLE. That you might do. But still he will have liquor as long as he can get a cent to buy it with. He is not a bad fellow, by any means. True, he talks a little too freely, but no one can say that he is quarrelsome. You've got to take him as he is, that's all.

GREEN. I am one who is never disposed to take people as they are, when they choose to render themselves disagreeable. If I was Mr. Slade, I'd kick him into the street the next time he came here. He is a good-for-nothing drunken sot.

WILLIE. That would be cruel (goes down R. H.), and if I was

here it should not be done.

GREEN. (Going c.) What's that, sir?

WILLIE. I presume you heard my words. They were spoken distinctly.

GREEN. Do you mean to insult me?

SLADE. (Comes c.) Gentlemen! gentlemen!

WILLIE. You can construe my remarks in any way you may think proper.

Green. I have only one answer for such striplings as youthis. (Rushes at Willie, struggles, throws him into R. H. corner.

SWICHEL rushes in R. 1 E., knocks GREEN down. Picture.)

Swich. Lay there until the cows come home. Say, squire, I was looking. (Green tries to get up) You lay still. You attempt to get up, and I'll make you remember Swichel as long as breath is left in you rotten carcass.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—NIGHT THE SECOND.—Exterior of "Sickle and Sheaf." Enter Mehitable, R. 1 E., with written letter.

MEHITABLE. I've been to the post-office for Mrs. Hammond, and, instead of getting a letter for her, I've got one for myself! Who would write me a letter, now, I wonder? I shouldn't be

surprised if it was some of them saucy fellows I saw last night, smoking near the hotel. Let me see. (Opens letter-reads:) "To the most beautiful woman in Cedarville—to gaze on you is but to love you. Will you share my lot? Will you be willing to leave these rural districts, and fly far away, where we can revel in the bliss of love together? Answer at once, and relieve your devoted admirer .- H. G." There now, isn't that beautiful? Who knows but some rich landlord wants me to run away with him? Oh, dear!—I shall be stolen away at night—I know I shall! And the fierce banditti will force me to marry one of their numberand I shall be obliged to do it—I know I shall! (Cries.) Oh dear! oh, oh, oh!

Enter SWICHEL, R. 1 E.

Swich. Hallo! what's broke? What's the matter with you, Mehitable? Your eyes sprung a-leak—or have you broken some thing you can't mend?

Меніт. Oh, Sample! Sample! Swich. Well, what of it? Spit it cout!—what is it? Mеніт. Sample, Sample! The Black Knight is coming .o carry me to his enchanted castle!

SWICH. Is he? Well, I'll lick him, I reckon, before any one

can come to his assistance!

MEHIT. With his deep blue eyes-

Swich. Blue? Well, I calculate they'll be black before we part!

MEHIT. And his sabre in his hand— SWICH. Yes; he'll find a cudgel about his head before I get through with him!

MEHIT. He will bear me in his cavern—

Swich. I'll bet ten dollars he don't carry you to a tavern!

MEHIT. And there the holy priest— SWICH. Now, look here, Miss Cartright—I just want to know what in the name of heaven you are talking about?

MEHIT. Read that, you stupid fool! and tell me if I have no cause for tears! Gives letter.

SWICH. Hallo! Got a letter, ain't you? (Reads:) "To the most beautiful woman in Cedarville-to gaze on you is but to love you! Will you share my lot?"-Hallo! he's got a lot! Wonder if it's a corner lot?—"Will you be willing to leave these rural districts, and fly far away, where we can revel in the bliss of love together? Answer at once, and relieve your devoted admirer.—H. G." H. G., H. G.—Holland Gin. No, that ain't it.—H. G., H. G.—High Gals. No, that ain't it. H. G., H. G., H. G.—Let me think—H. G.—oh, now I've got it! See here, Miss Cartright: that ain't no "Black Knight," as you call him; it's that darn'd skunk, Harvey Green, and I'll fix him a dose that will relieve him suddenly!

MEHIT. Don't harm Alphonso! Swich. Who in thunder said anything about "Alphonso?" I'm talking about Harvey Green.

MEHIT. See that not a hair of his head is injured, and I am

yours forever!

SWICH. You are?—all right! Go rite along home—Mrs. Ham-

mond may want you! I'll take care of this letter-don't yell fret about the matter.

MEHIT. Generous man! I fly!—Adieu! [Exit, R. 1 E. Swich. Oh, you get, with your story-book talk! Arter I'vis made a bonfire of all her yaller novels, she'll talk as sensible as any of them decent gals! Young Squire Hammond wants me not to pitch into that Green again; but, if he meddles with my pasture again, he'll find himself planted so far into the ground that his friend Rural Districts can't find him in a hurry! Exit. R. 1 E.

Enter ROMAINE, L. 1 E.

Rom. A year has rolled on in its flight since first I saw this spot. How many times I've thought of the different individuals I met here. I could not forbear paying another visit to ascertain if the landlord and his interesting family were still alive. I shudder when I think of the dangers to which he exposed his children; yet, I cannot but believe there is a basis of good in his character, which will lead him to remove as far as possible those palpable sins that attach themselves to almost every house of entertainment.

Enter SWICHEL, R. 1 E.

Swich. Well, how du do, squire? I'll be hanged if the saying ain't true-thinking of the devil you'll be sure to see his second cousin! It's about a year ago since I met you, on this very spot. You recollect, don't you?—time I took you for a corn doctor?

Rom. Yes, my good friend, I remember, and I am glad to see

you are still alive.

Swich. Alive! I guess you'd thought I was alive if you'd seen me lick that high-low-jack fellow-Green.

Rom. What did you do that for?

Swich. Do it for, why, for nothing, I guess, and I wouldn't mind paying a trifle next time to do it agin. You see, he undertook to strike young Willie, but before he finished, he concluded to let the job out.

Rom. What became of this Green?

Swich. He's round here yet, cuss him, drinkin' up all the good liquor intended for hard-working people. I've got my eye on him, and if he don't leave my young master alone, I'll give him a second dose of Swichel that will operate more powerful than the first.

Rom. Do you still entertain the same opinion in regard to

strong drink that you did a year since?
Swich. Well, to tell you the truth, I don't like to see young Squire Willie swillin' it down so, cause I don't think he can hold out as well as I can. As far as my judgment goes, I feel a darned sight smarter arter drinkin' four or five things full, than I do without them, and the most of it is, squire, if a feller wanted to leave off he couldn't do it nohow. It's under your nose and eyes here in Cedarville all the time, and if I don't think of it myself, somebody will for me, and will say, come, Sample, let's take something-so you see, situated as I am, there isn't much help for it.

Rom. But just now you expressed your fears for your young master's safety. Are you not afraid for yourself—can't you see where it will end?

Swich. End! That's what starts me sometimes a leetle for

I'm afraid it may make an eend.

Rom. Why don't you avoid the temptation?

Swich. It's easy enough to ask that, but how in thunder are you going to do it? Where are you going, now-a-days, where they don't sell liquor? It comes so nat'ral to drop in and take a social smile, that its darned hard work to break off. Why! arter I licked that sarpent Green, old Slade mixed me a drink that made me wish that my throat was a yard long, it felt so good, all the way going down.

Rom. My good friend, you are not yet fully aware of your danger. Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime; all the vices that stain our nature germinate within it, waiting but for a moment, to spout forth in pestilential rankness. When the Roman stoic sought to fix a damning stigma on the author of his sister's shame, he called him neither rebel, blood-shedder, nor villain—no! he wreaked every odium within one word, and that

was-drunkard.

Swich. Say, squire, I'm worried about you. I wish I knew what you was, right out and out; I'll be darned if you don't talk pootier than a pictur book—you don't mean to say there is

any danger of my becoming a regular guzzler, do you?

Row I would have you be cautious both for your

Rom. I would have you be cautious, both for yourself, and your employer's sake, for I tell you, when a man stoops to continual intoxication, 'tis only to drench him well with what he loves, and you may cause him to commit any crime.

Swich. I don't know but what you are about half right. P'raps

you have been through the mill?

Rom. I have.

Swich. Jest as I s'posed—you come out pooty bright.

Rom. Yes, I escaped almost by a miracle; the exertion of friends, after years of suffering, at last caused me to see the dan-

ger in time, and fly from it.

Swich. Well, squire, all people ain't built just alike. what upset you, jest as like as not wouldn't start me a hooter. I've been in the habit of taking my regulars ever since I was weaned, as I told you before. I remember, years ago, when uncle Kreosote Swichel used to bring home the communion gin, taking the tumbler, after he had tasted it to ascertain its quality, running into the corner cupboard, mixing up a good dose of molasses with it, and worrying it down just as natural as ever old Since that time, I've had the most aw-Slade could in his life. ful pain in my interior organs reg'lar about three times a day, and nothin' in natur' ever touches the right spot so quick as a leetle of that self-same medicine. It comes hard to take, but, as the old woman told the eels as she skinned them, you must grin and bear it. Well, squire (Crosses, L. H.), I must be off-I'll manage to see you agin. If that darned skunk Green, or any of his gang, offer to insult you, I'll fight for you as long as there is any white-eye left in old Slade's tavern. Good day, squire. Havit, L.

Rom. How true it is, that experience is the only teacher mankind will believe. I'll enter the house, and see what changes a year has made in its occupants. Exit, D. F.

SCENE II.—Interior of SLADE'S Tavern.—SLADE discovered at

SLADE. This is a dull day, sure enough—nothing going on. I thought Willie Hammond would have been in before this time. I had a hard time of it to get him and Harvey Green to become The fact is, Willie is a stubborn little fellow. He's not half so easy to persuade as Green is. As I live, here comes my stranger friend, who was here a year ago.

Enter ROMAINE, R. 1 E.

Ah! Good day, my friend! It is about a year since you were here?

Rom. Yes. How is the "Sickle and Sheaf" flourishing? As well as you expected?

SLADE. Better. Rom. You are satisfied with your experiment?

SLADE. Perfectly. You couldn't get me back to the old mill if you were to make me a present of it!

Rom. How does the present owner come on?

SLADE. Not doing very well. How could it be expected. Why, he didn't know enough of the milling business to grind a peck of wheat right. He lost half of the custom I transferred to him in less than three months; then he broke his main shaft, and it took three months to put in a new one. Half of his remaining customers discovered by this time that they could get far better meal from their grain down to Harvey's mill, and so they didn't care to trouble him any more. The upshot of the whole matter is-he broke down next, and had to sell the mill at a heavy loss.

Rom. Who has it now?

SLADE. Judge Hammond is the purchaser. Rom. He is going to rent it, I suppose?

SLADE. No; I believe he intends turning it into a distillery. He'll make a fine thing of it. Grain has been too low in this section for years, and there is altogether too much of it wasted for bread. The advantages of the mill for grinding corn will be a mere song, compared to the profits resulting from an extensive distillery.

Rom. That is your opinion, and I'll not attempt, at this moment, to dispute it. This Judge Hammond is one of your richest men

-is he not?

SLADE. Yes; the richest man in the county—and what is more, he's a shrewd man, and knows how to multiply his riches.

ROM. How is his son, Willie, coming on? SLADE. Oh, first-rate, I believe.

Rom. What is his age now?

SLADE. About twenty.

Row. A critical age, landlord.

SLADE. So people say—but I didn't find it so.

Rom. At his age you were, no doubt, daily employed in hard

SLADE. You are right: I was, and no mistake.

Rom. It might not be with you as it is now, had leisure and freedom to go in and out when you pleased been offered at the age of nineteen.

SLADE, I can't tell as to that. But I don't see as Willie Hammond is in any special danger. He's a young man with many good qualities, and has wit enough, I take it, to keep out of harm's way.

GREEN. (Outside, R. 1 E.) Landlord!

SLADE. Ah, there's Mr. Green's voice! He's one of my best cus-

tomers; you must excuse me.

Rom. Certainly; and, as I am in no humor for company, if you will show me to my room, I will retire.

This way, sir. SLADE. With pleasure.

Exit ROMAINE and SLADE, R. 1 E.

Enter GREEN, with WILLIE, R. 1 E.

GREEN. So, then, that ends all animosity between us. WILLIE. To be sure. I'm the last man to bear malice. Here. Frank! Frank!

Enter Frank, L. 1 E. Goes to bar.

Frank, mix up a couple of drinks, will you?

Frank. Yes, sir, in a twinkling.
WILLIE. (Green and WILLIE sit at table, R.) I say, Green, my
boy, I'm deuced dry. How much wine do you suppose myself and three jolly fellows murdered last night? You can't guess. Well, we sat down to a cool two dozen.

GREEN. The deuce you did. Well, as you sat down gentlemen, under what character did you arise? Ha, ha, ha!
WILLIE. Come, that's good! But I say, Green, I am beginning to go it a little too steep. I'll reform; I'll give it up! That's what I said last night at the conclusion of the fifth bottle. Says I, Gentlemen, this is too bad; I'm afraid we're getting drunk; but this is the last. But we'll give it up; yes, Green, I forswear it!

FRANK. (Carries drinks to table.) Drinks ready for you, gentle-

men.

WILLIE. Yes, and we're ready for the drinks.

GREEN. You are! Why, you this instant forswore wine!

WILLIE. So I did. That is, wine as wine; but this I (drinks) take as medicine.

GREEN. Drink hearty, old boy. I say, Frank, fine girl, that sister of yours-fine girl.

FRANK. Yes, sir. GREEN. I must try and find her a good husband. I wonder if she wouldn't have me?

FRANK. You had better ask her.
GREEN. I would if I thought there was any chance for me. FRANK. Nothing like trying-"Faint heart never won fair tady."

GREEN. You're a fast boy, Frank. I shall have to speak to your father about you. You're getting on too fast. You must be put back in your lessons.

FRANK. I guess I'll do.

GREEN. Yes, I think you will!

[WILLIE and GREEN play cards.

Enter MORGAN, R. 1 E.

Mor. Here I am. In spite of my good resolutions, I find myself once more in the "Sickle and Sheaf." What hope is there left for poor Joe Morgan? Every sixpence I get only makes me the more anxious to reach this house, to obtain that which will keep me from thinking of my miserable home—my heart-broken wife, and angel child. Here, Frank, give me some rum. There there is more money for you-take it.

FRANK. Father told me not to let you have any more liquor

unless you keep quiet.

Mor. Well, I'll keep quiet. I'll not disturb the gentlemen yonder. Give me my glass; I'll sit here by myself (Sits, R. H.) Yes, yes; so it is: let a man once fall—no matter when, no matter where, no matter how much he may have suffered—the good people of this world raise their hands, set up the long, loud cry. and the poor inebriate dies—when a timely hand might have saved him. No matter—no matter!

Frank. I forgot to tell you, Mr. Hammond, that your father

was here this evening to inquire for you.

WILLIE. Indeed! The old governor needn't have troubled himself. Neighbor Green and myself were enjoying a social game of cards in his room. There was no gambling.

Mor. No gambling-of course not-no danger. Oh, no-only a glass of wine and a game of cards; but it doesn't stop there,

and well your father knows.

WILLIE. Perhaps he does; I remember he has warned me often about gaming. But I think I am now capable of taking care of myself.

Mor. So I thought once myself. But your father is a good man, and knows well the lurking snares that beset all who visit He himself has had woful experience of the past.

WILLIE. That's true, and I don't see as it has done him much He sowed his wild oats, got married, settled down into a good, substantial citizen. He had his pleasures in early life; why not let his son taste of the same agreeable fruit. If I had met my old dad after me here, I should decidedly have told him to go about his business.

GREEN. Good blood, Willie-Good blood! You would have served him right. Exit FRANK. L. U. E.

Enter SLADE, L. 1 E.

SLADE. (To GREEN and WILLIE.) Good evening, gentlemen. I am glad to see you all looking so sociable, this evening. (Sees JOE.) Joe Morgan, what the devil brings you here, like an evil star to mar our happiness?

Mor. Oh, yes : I know I am an unwelcome guest! My presence displeases the refined miller-I beg your pardon-landlord.

He has become ashamed of his old friend!

SLADE. Off with you, Joe Morgan! I won't put up with your insolence any longer! Leave my house, and never show your face here again. I won't have such low vagabonds as you here. If you can't keep decent, and stay decent, don't intrude yourself here.

Mor. You talk of decency !—a rumseller's decency. Poh! You was a decent man once, and a good miller into the bargain, but that time is past and gone. Decency died out when you exchanged the pick and facing hammer for the glass and muddler. Decency-poh! How like a fool you talk; as if it were any more decent to sell rum than to drink it!

SLADE. I've heard enough from you. (Goes to bar-takes up a

glass.) Now, leave my house!

Mor. (R. H.) I won't!

SLADE. Won't you?—take that, then!

Throws glass—it passes Morgan out R. 1 E.—Mary screams runs in R. 1 E., forehead bloody-falls C.

MARY. Father! dear father! They have killed me!

Enter Mrs. Slade, L. 1 E.

Mrs. S. It's Joe Morgan's child, Oh, Simon! Simon! Has

it come to this already? Who struck her?

Mor. Who?—curse him!—Simon Slade! Villain, your career of landlord shall be short; for here I swear, by the side of my murdered child, you shall die the death of a dog! (Piano music. Morgan seizes Slade—they struggle. Morgan throws him into L. H. corner-rushes to get stool, and raises it to strike Slade—is held back by Willie and Green.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Landscape. Enter Sample, L. 1. E.

SWICH. I've been looking for young Squire Hammond everywhere and can't find him; maybe he's down to the hotel, along with that skunk-Green. I do wish he'd drop him; speaking of dropping-I dropped him once, and I'll do it again, and heavy, too, if he troubles my calico doings any more. That fellow hain't got any more principle about him than old Josiah Wilkins, and he was so alfired mean that he took his wife's coffin out of the window, for fear he'd rub the paint off the bannisters. Wal, I do believe he's coming—'tis he, by chowder! Now, if he don't tell me where Willie Hammond is, he'll wish he'd never been introduced to the oldest surviving member of the Swichel

family. (Enter Green.) Say, neow, don't be in such a hurry, I want to talk to you. Stops GREEN.

GREEN. I've no time to waste on fools.

Swich. Fools! Shew! You don't say so. Wal, since you are so darned wise, I want to get a little information from you.

GREEN. Some other time; I've business to attend to.
Swich. Pshaw! You don't tell; I thought you'd retired from business long ago, and set up thieving on your own account.

GREEN. What's that you say ?

SWICH. Oh, you needn't swell up, as though you were going to burst; you can't frighten me, any more than you could uncle Talking of uncle Josh's bull, now I look at you I'll Josh's bull. be darned if you don't resemble him-wa'n't any relation, was vou ?

GREEN. How dare you insult a gentleman?

Swich. A gentleman! Do you call yourself a gentleman? Old uncle Kreosote used to say that a gentleman was a man of money, wit, and manners. Now, I don't think you have got either. Say, what did you write that letter to my Mehitable for?

GREEN. I didn't write any letter to your Mehitable.

SWICH. Yes, you did; you and that other fellow there, Rural Say, where's my young master—Willie Hammond? GREEN. I don't know, I ain't seen him in a couple of hours.

Swich. That's a lie, I know.

GREEN. What! Do you mean to tell me I lie? SWICH. To be sure I do—you've seen him within an half an hour, I'll bet. Now, if you don't want to get yourself into trouble, you had better tell the truth for once in your life.

GREEN. I can tell you one thing-if you don't go about your business, and cease to interfere with mine, you will be sorry for it.

SWICK. So I hear you say. Say, Green, I don't know whether you believe in a hot place, that's kept up in good shape, waiting for the arrival of such no-souled critters as you, but I do, and if old clubfoot don't treat you to a brimstone bath before long, he will neglect his business most confoundedly.

GREEN. I give you timely warning-from this (Crosses, R. H.) time forth, if you ever cross my path again, I'll level you to the earth, and spit upon you, as a debased, degraded menial, beneath the notice of a gentleman. [Exit, R. 1 E.

Swich. Sheow! You get. Well, you'd better get a spittoon big enough to hold the whole of your miserable carcass, for you'll find yourself stuck up in the middle of it, an awful warning to tobacco chewers. I wish I could find the young squire-I must hunt him up somewhere. Now, my friend Green, he worries me al le about his future accommedations. If there was any way of telegraphing to a certain friend of his, that I've read about, he should have the hottest corner in the lower part of his house, that could be found, whenever he made his final journey in that direction. He should, by thunder!

Exit, R. 1 E.

SCENE II. - MORGAN'S HOUSE. - Couch and bed clothes, c. -table L. H.—stool, chair, R. H.—cup, R. 1 E., ready—cup and saucer on table, L. H.-Joe, L. H., putting on his coat.-MARY on couchhead bound up-Mrs. M. trying to restrain Joe from going out-Scene, an old kitchen.

Mrs. M. Don't go out to-night, Joe. Please don't go.

X. MARY. Father! father! Don't leave little Mary and poor mother alone to-night, will you? You know I can't come after you now.

Mor. Well, well, I won't go out.

MARY. Come and sit near me, dear father. Mor. (Goes to couch.) Yes, dear Mary.

MARY. I am so glad you won't go out to-night.

Mrs. M. How very hot your hand is. Does your head ache? MARY. A little, but it will soon be better. Dear father—Mor. Well, love?

* Mary. I wish you would promise me something.

Mor. What is it?

MARY. That you will never go into Simon Slade's bar-room any more ?

Mor. I won't go there to-night, dear; so let your heart be at

MARY. Oh, thank you! I'll be well enough to get out in two or three days. You know the doctor said I must keep very still. Mrs. M. Yes, my dear. That is to avoid your having a fever.

Husband, you feel better for the promise you have given our

darling child, I know you do.

Mor. Yes, Fanny. But my constitution is broken, as well as I feel now each moment, as I stand near that suffering child, as though my reason was leaving me. It is now five hours since I have tasted liquor, and I have been the slave so long of unnatural stimulants, that all vitality is lost without.

Mrs. M. (Takes cup from table) Here-here-drink this. coffee. I cannot, dare not give you rum, even though you should die for the want of it! (Gives him cup-his hand trembles as he

drinks.)

Mor. Thank you, dear one! Oh, God, what a wretched slave have I become! Fanny, I could not blame you were you to

leave me to die alone!

Mrs. M. Leave you-no! Though you have banished relatives and friends from your door, though you have drawn the contempt of the world upon your wretched head, though you are a mark for the good to grieve at, and the vain to scoff at, still, still I will never desert you. The name of husband is not lost, though it be coupled with that of-

Mor. Drunkard! Yes, end the sentence-'tis too true.

Mrs. M. Oh, think how I have suffered, to see you day by day sink from your once exalted station, until you have reached the wretched footing of the outcast. Your temper broken by that infatuation which my heart sickens to think of, and my lips refuse to name. (Knock, D. F.) Try and compose your feelings, Joe. Come in!

Enter MRS. SLADE, D. F.

Mrs. M. She is not so well, I fear, to-night.

Mrs. S. Indeed! Oh, I am sorry! What a dreadful thing it was! You don't know how it has troubled me.

MRs. M. It came near killing her.

Mrs. S. The very thought makes me shudder. MARY. Mother, I see him! there he is, now!

Mrs. M. (Going to couch.) Her mind at times wanders. What is it, my child ?

Mrs. S. Has the doctor seen her to-day?

MRS. M. No, he has not.

Mrs. S. He should see her at once. I will go for him, and should you need my services, pray send for me. I will do any-[Exit, R. D. F. thing in my power to assist you.

MARY. Remember, you have promised me, father. I'm not well yet, you know. Oh, don't-go !-don't! There, he has gone! Well, I'll go after him again! I'll try and walk there! I can sit down and rest by the way! Oh, dear, how tired I am! Father! father! Oh, dear!

Mor. Here I am, my child. I have not gone and left you. Mary. Oh, I know you, now! It is my father! Stoop down to me. I want to whisper something to you-not to mother. I don't want her to hear it—it will make her feel so bad.

Mor. Well, what is it, my child?

MARY. I shall never get well, father; I am going to die.

Mrs. M. What does she say, husband?

MARY. Hush! father. Don't tell her; I only said it to you. There, mother; you go away-you've got trouble enough. only told him, because he promised not to go to the tavern any more until I got well—and I'm not going to get well. Oh! Mr. Slade threw it so hard; but it didn't strike father, and I'm so glad! How it would have hurt him! But he'll never go there any more, and that will be so good, won't it, mother? [Sleeps.

Mrs. M. Do you hear what she says, Joe.

Mor. Yes. Her mind wanders, and yet she may have spoken the truth.

Mrs. M. If she should die, Joe?

Mor. Don't! oh, don't talk so, Fanny She's not going to die;

it's only because she's a little light headed.

Mrs. M. Yes; why is she light-headed? It was the cruel blow that caused this delirium. I'm afraid, husband, the worst is before us. I've borne and suffered much. I pray heaven to give me strength to bear this trial, also. She is better fitted for heaven than for earth. She has been a great comfort to me and to you, Joe, too-more like an angel than a child. Joe, if Mary should die, you cannot forget the cause of her death, nor the hand that struck the cruel blow?

Mor. Forget it ?-never! And if I ever forgive Simon

Slade-

Mrs. M. You'll not forget where the blow was struck, nor

your promise given to our dying child?

Mor. (In delirium.) No, no! Wife, wife! My brain is on fire! Hideous visions are before my eyes! Look! look!see !-- what's there ?-- there--in the corner ?

Mrs. M. Oh, heavens! 'Tis another symptom of that terrible

mania from which he has twice escaped. There's nothing there,

Mor. There is, I tell you! I can see as well as you. Look a huge snake is twining himself around my arms! Take him

off! Take him off!—quick! quick!

Mrs. M. It's only fancy, Joe. Try and lie down and get some rest; I will get you a cup of strong tea; you're only a little nervous. Mary's sickness has disturbed you—there—I'll return in a minute. [Exit, R. 1 E.

Mor. There! look for yourself! Don't go! don't go! Oh, you've come for me, have you? Well, I'm ready! Quick! quick! How bright they look !- their eyes are glaring at me! And now they are leaping, dancing, and shouting with joy, to think the drunkard's hour has come. Keep them off! Keep them off! Oh! horror! horror! [Rushes; throws himself behind couch.

MARY. Oh, father! is it you? I'm so glad you're here.

Enter Mrs. Morgan, hastily, R. 1. E., with cup.

Mrs. M. Not here? Gone? Joe! husband!-where are vou ?

MARY. Here he is, dear mother. Mor. Keep them off, I say! Keep them off! You won't let them hurt me, will you? (Clings to MARY.) There they are, creeping along the floor! Quick! jump out of bed, Mary! See, now—there—right over your head!

MARY. Nothing can hurt you here, dear father.

Mor. No, no; that's true. Pray for me, my child; they can't come in here, for this is your room. Yes, this is my Mary's room, and she is an angel. There—I knew you wouldn't dare to come in here. Keep off! keep off! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

(Falls C .- MRS. MORGAN kneels over him-MARY sits in bed, with her hands raised in prayer-soft music.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I .- Interior of "Sickle and Sheaf."

Enter SLADE, R. 1 E.

SLADE. It does seem to me as though I had the devil's own That's just the way, when a man tries all in his power to get an honest living, something is sure to turn up to injure him.

Enter GREEN, R. 1 E.

GREEN. Ah! Landlord! how are you, to-night? Well and jolly as ever, I suppose. Your particular friend, Joe Morgan, hasn't given you his usual call yet?

SLADE. No; and if he'll just keep away from here, he may go to the devil on a hard trotting horse and porcupine saddle, as

fast as he pleases. He's tried my patience beyond endurance, and my mind is made up, that he gets no more liquor at my bar. I've borne his vile tongue and seen my company annoyed by him, just as long as I mean to stand it. Last night decided me. Suppose I had killed that child.

GREEN. You'd had trouble, and no mistake.
SLADE. Wouldn't I? Blast her little picture, what business has she creeping in here every night?

GREEN. True enough. She must have a queer kind of a

mother.

SLADE. I don't know what she is now-heart-broken, I suppose. But there was a time when Fanny Morgan was the loveliest woman in Cedarville. What a life her miserable husband has caused her to lead.

GREEN. Better he were dead, and out of the way.

SLADE. Better; yes, a thousand times better. If he'd only fall down some night and break his drunken neck, it would be a blessing to his family.

GREEN. Yes, and to you in particular. SLADE. You may be sure it wouldn't cost me a large sum for mourning, ha! ha! ha!

Enter Frank, L. 1 E., dressed gaily, cane, and smoking.

Ah! Frank, that you! Where's your mother?

Frank. (Swaggering.) I don't know. Gone out somewhere. SLADE. Where? Frank. I don't know.

SLADE. How long has she been away?

FRANK. I don't know, I tell you. I've been gunning with Tom Wilkins. I ain't seen her these three hours.

SLADE. Didn't she say where she was going?
FRANK. No, she didn't. I asked her no questions, and so of

course she told me no lies.

SLADE. Didn't she. Hark you, Mr Frank. You've become mighty impudent lately. Don't let me hear any more from your mouth. Go and fix up the bar; I expect customers here every minute.

FRANK. (Going up to bar.) Oh, you dry up.

[Drinks with GREEN. Exit, L. U. E.

Simon. Here comes wife at last. Ann, where have you been?

Mrs. S. Where I wish you had been with me. SLADE. Where was that?

Mrs. S. To Joe Morgan's. SLADE. The devil you have.

MR. S. Ah, Simon! If you don't have this child's blood clinging through life to your garments, you may be thankful.

SLADE. What do you mean by that? Mrs. S. All that my words indicate. Little Mary is very ill. The doctor says she is in danger. Oh, Simon, if you had heard what I did. She talked about you so pitiful, told how good you used to be to her when she came to the mill; how you took her upon your knee, stroked her hair, and kissed her. I shall never forget her pale, frightened face, nor her cry of fear, when

Simon! Simon! if she should die. she spoke of you. SLADE. Die!

Mrs. S. If we were only back to the old mill.

SLADE. There, now, I don't want to hear that again.

made a fool of myself long enough listening to such talk. would think, by the way you talk, I had broken every command-

ment in the Decalogue.

Mrs. S. (Crosses L. as she speaks.) You will break hearts as well as commandments, if you keep on for a few years as you have done, and ruin souls as well as fortunes. Do think of this, Simon, before it is too late, and let us go back to our old calling. I will work night and day, and stare poverty boldly in the face will live content on one meal a day, to see you once more a man! Exit, L. 1 E.

SLADE. What the devil's the matter with everybody? Grumble, grumble! A woman is never contented. When I was a miller she grumbled because I worked too hard, now she grumbles because I don't work hard enough. Well, her mind, like all the rest of her sex, changes every ten minutes, so that's some comfort.

Enter WILLIE and SWICHEL, R. 1 E., somewhat intoxicated.

WILLIE. Here, we are, my jolly old trump! here we are! I say, Sample, what's the matter with you? You don't stand steady.

Swich. (Staggering.) Stand stea-hic-dy! It's tough work for

me-hic-to stand anyhow.

WILLIE. Ah, Green, my boy, how are you? Glad to see you. Here is Sample. I know you don't agree very well; but I've been telling him what a tip-top fellow you are, and how we have been arranging our business matters together; so you'll find him ll right now.

Swich. Say, Green, I forgive you for all the compliments you bestowed on me at our last meeting, 'cause Squire Hammond told

me you sold him that fast horse dirt cheap.

WILLIE. Slade, have you heard the news? The man with the poker is after one of your customers.

SWICH. Yes, shovel, poker, tongs and—hic—all.
SLADE. What do you mean?
WILLIE. Who? Why, Joe Morgan. It's the second or third chase, and he'll be likely to catch him this time.

Swich. He may catch Joe Morgan, but I kalkelate I could out

run him.

GREEN. Don't you be too sure of that.

SWICH. (Staggers, crosses to GREEN.) Tho said anything to you? WILLIE. Sample! remember, we are all friends here now.

SWICH. All right, squire. (Staggers up c., and crosses back to former place.)

WILLIE. I say, Simon, that was a devilish lucky thing for you. They say the child is going to die.

SLADE. Who says so? WILLIE. Dr. Green. SLADE. What! he wasn't in earnest?

WILLIE. Yes, he was. They had an awful time there last night. Joe had the delirium tremens, and I don't know but what he is dead by this time.

SWICH. Poor fellow. I'll be darned if I don't pity him. GREEN. I don't see anything to pity about such a miserable wretch as he is. But I pity his family.

SWICH. (Staggers across to GREEN.) You be blowed. You don't know what pity is.

WILLIE. Sample!

SWICH. (Staggering back behind WILLIE to position.) All right. squire, I'll give him my idee of what pity is at some future time.

WILLIE. I heard some strong suggestions over to Lawyer Philip's office to-day, and if that child dies, you'll probably have to stand trial for manslaughter.

GREEN. No, he won't. Girl-slaughter! Ha! ha! ha!

SWICH. (Staggers across to GREEN.) Shut up, you miserable skunk, or I'll-

WILLIE. Sample! Sample!

Swich. (Crossing back as before.) Jest as you say, squire.

SLADE. It was only an accident, and all the lawyers in Christ-

endom couldn't make anything more of it.

WILLIE. Hardly an accident, for our worthy landlord did throw a heavy tumbler at her father's head. The intention was to do an injury, and the law will not stop to make any nice discrimination in regard to the individual upon whom the injury was wrought.

SLADE. Any one who intimates that I meant to harm that

girl, is a liar.

SWICH. (Staggers, crosses L. H. to SLADE.) What's that? You call Squire Willie a liar? Now, look here, old Slade, throwing tumblers, I kalkelate, is about the meanest kind of business ever invented, though it appears to be a favorite sport of yours. if you call Willie Hammond a liar again, I'll embellish that ugly demijohn looking countenance of yours with more cuts than you an find in Frank Leslie's Pictorial.

WILLIE. Keep cool, Sample.

Swich. Keep cool! You jest let me have my own way-I'll ix him so they'll have to pack him in ice, to keep him cool, or not anyhow.

SLADE. (Going to bar.) Come, gentlemen, we're old friends here, you know-don't let's have any hard feelings-come, drink with

me.

WILLIE. Yes! We'll drink with the landlord. [Goes up. Swich. Jest as you say, squire—I'll be darned if my throat don't feel as if a leetle white-eye would ease it. (Goes up during speech.) I hain't been so dry since Noah sent round notices for the cattle to hurry up and get into the ark.

SLADE. Prosperity—gentlemen—p.osperity. [All drink. Green. Now, Mr. Hammond, if you are agreeable, we will finish that little game of amusement we were at last evening. They sit at table and play.

WILLIE. Just as you say—I'm agreeable.

SLADE. I hope you are not offended at me for my remarks-I had no intention of insulting young Willie. He is a young mass for whom I entertain a great respect-come, fill up again.

SWICH. (Drinks.) Sartin. I don't bear no malice. (Getting

drunk.) I say—that's rale old white-eye, ain't it?
SLADE. Yes; I don't mean to keep anything but the best. But I have had to suffer a good deal lately on account of the stringent laws in regard to the sale of liquor. Where are our liberties, I should like to know, if all guarantees are gone? Why, the next thing you know, we shall have laws to fine a man if he takes a chew of tobacco! Come, take another drink? Swich. Jest so! Yes, I guess I will. (Aside.) I swow! old

Slade's a first-rate fellow-hic-arter all-hic. (Aloud.) You're right there-hic-there, neighbor Slade, if you never was before in your life! There's no telling what-what-telling-what they will do; now, there's old uncle Josh Wilkins, who's been keeper of the almshouse these ten years. Well, these darn'd temp'rance skunks are going to turn him out, if ever they get the upper hand

in Bolton county.

SLADE. "If;" that word means a good deal. We must not let them get the upper hand. Every man has a duty to perform t his country in this matter, and every one must do his duty

What have they got against your uncle Josh?
Swich. Nothin' in natur'; only they say they're not going to have any poorhouse in the county.

SLADE. Going to turn the poor wretches out of doors, 1 suppose?

SWICH. No, not that; these temperance people say if they carry the day there'll be no need of poorhouses, and I'll be cursed if I don't believe there's something in it; for I never knew a man to go to the almshouse that he hadn't rum to blame for his poverty. You see, I'm interested in this matter. I go in for keeping a poorhouse, for I think I'm travelling that road at a mighty fast gait myself, and I shouldn't like to reach the last mile stone and find no uncle Josh there to greet me. the rummies. Hurra for uncle Josh. He's safe for one vote, anyhow. Hurra! hurra!

GREEN. (At table.) That's my trick !

WILLIE. No, sir—mine.

GREEN. You are a cheating scoundrel!

Rushes down L. C. WILLIE rushes down R. C.

WILLIE. Call me a cheating scoundrel! Me, whom you have followed like a bloodhound? me, whom you have robbed, cheated and debased from the beginning! Oh, for a pistol, to rid the earth of the blackest-hearted villain that walks its surface! I have lost all I possessed with you. I have nothing left to care for; disgraced and ruined, I dare not return to my home. Let me do society the service of ridding the earth of this monster before I die! (Music, forte-seizes Green-they struggle-Green draws knife-stabs WILLIE, and rushes out R. 1 E.-WILLIE falls in SIMON SLADE'S arms. SWICHEL slaps his hat on his head, and staggers out, R. 1 E. after, GREEN.

SCENE. II.—Landscape—Wood—Enter Green hurriedly, R. 1 E.

GREEN. What shall I do? Escape seems impossible. Already

they are on my track. Could I but once manage to elude their vigilance, I would leave this accursed spot, and never again return. Fool, to let my passion get the better of my reason! His money was already mine, and he himself so completely the slave of habit that he was wholly in my power.

SWICH. (Outside, R. 1 E.) Where is the darn'd skunk? Where

is he? Let me find him, and he'll see thunder and rain.

GREEN. Ah! some one comes-I must manage to conceal myself. Retires, L. 1. E.

Enter Swichel, running—falls c.

Swich. I'm here, I guess, at last! I thought I should fetch up somewhere, and I have! My head feels as if it had apartments to let! Wonder if I've the nightmare, and fallen out of bed? No; I'remember all about it, now. That darn'd skunk, Slade, filled me up fuller than a Medford rum barrel! And poor Willie Hammond killed by that darn'd blackleg, Green. (Toodles business in getting up.) Only let me find him, and I'll bug him closer than a western bar ev r did a Kentucky hunter! (Noise,

L. 1 E.) Hallo! what's the reeping around there?

GREEN. (Rushes out R. 1 E. and instantly returns.) Ah! Discovered? Die!

[Snaps vistol.

SWICH. (Catches his arm.) Couldn't think of such a thing. no. how! You'd better go home and load up, fust!

GREEN. Let go of me, or you'll follow your master! Swich. I rather guess you'll see him afore I shall! Your

game is 'bout up, so you'd better pass in your checks !

[Struggles. GREEN. Release me, I say! Swich. Guess not; sha'n't never let go my hold of you until I've locked you safe in your room, and given the key to the sher-Tain't safe to let you go round loose any longer. If I had my own way, I'd make something exhibiting you; but now I've got my fingers on you, and about ten quarts of genuine rumstrength added to my nat'ral heft, I kinder kalkelate I'm fireproof! (GREEN struggles.) Oh, you needn't kick round here; you've got to dance a dance without any music, pooty soon, and if I don't have a crowd to see you double shuffle off your mortal coil, I ain't no judge of Italian fandancy, I can tell you. (GREEN struggles.) Keep quiet; we ain't quite ready for the jig yet! You'll have due notice, and I've got your quarters ready to receive you when you arrive—come along! (Pulls Green R. 1 E.) You needn't hold back, for there won't be any fun going on until you get there! Come along, I say! Come along! Exit, pulling GREEN, R. 1 E.

SCENE III.—Morgan's house—Morgan on floor, R. H. of couch— Mary on couch, asleep—Mrs. M. watching her-Slow music.

Mrs. M. Throughout the long, long night have I watched my suffering ones. Heaven only knows what is in store for me; yet I cannot bring my mind to believe that all that is truly noble, truly deserving in his nature should be destroyed. My poor child; how anxiously have I watched every movement of that sweet face. How I have longed for the morning sun to usher in its beams, and bring a gleam of joy to this almost broken heart!

MARY. (Waking.) Mother! Oh, how long have I been asleep!

See if father's awake?

Mrs. M. He is still asleep, dear.

Mary. Oh, I wish he was awake—I want to see him so much. Won't you try and wake him, mother?

MRS. M. My dear child, father has suffered very much, and I

was obliged to give him opium.

MARY, I am sure he's been asleep a long time. Father!
MOR. That voice! Where am I?

[Awa [Awakes. MRS. M. You have been very ill, husband.

MARY. Oh, father, I'm so glad you're awake. I was afraid

you were never going to wake up again.

Mor. What can I do for you, my dear child?
MARY. Nothing. I don't wish for anything, I only want to You've always been good to little Mary.

Mor. Oh, no! I've never been good to any one.

MARY. You haven't been good to yourself, but you have always

been good to me. Y s; and to poor mother, too.

Mor. Don't, Mary! Don't say anything about that-say that I've been very bad. I only wish that I was as good as you are: I'd like to die then, and go right away from this wicked world. I wish there was no liquor to drink—no taverns—no bar-rooms— I wish I was dead.

Mary. Father! I want to tell you something more.

Mor. What is it, Mary?

MARY. There will be no one to go after you any more.

Mor. Don't talk about that, Mary—I'm not going out in the evening any more, until you get well. Don't you remember, I promised.
MARY. Yes, I know, but—

Mor. What, dear?

MARY. I'm going away to leave you and mother; our Heavenly

Father has called me.

Mor. What shall we do when you are gone? Let me die, too. MARY. You are not ready to go with me yet—you will live longer, that you may get ready. Haven't I tried to help you oh! so many times, but it wasn't any use. You would go out! You would go to the tavern. It seemed almost that you could not help it—maybe I can help you better, father, after I die. I love you so much, that I'm sure the good angels will let me come to you, and watch over you always. Don't you think so, mother?

MRS. M. My dear child, you are not going to leave us.

MARY. Oh, yes I am! I dreamed something about pa while I slept; I thought it was night, and I was still sick—you promised not to go out again until I was well, but you did go out, and I thought you went over to Mr. Slade's tavern. When I knew this I felt as strong as when I was well, and I got up and dressed myself, and started out after you—at last I came to Mr. Slade's tavern, and there you stood, father, in the door, and you were dressed so nice. You had on a new hat, and a new coat, and your boots were new and shined ever so bright; I said, Oh!

father, is this you? and then you took me up in your arms and kissed me, and said, Yes, Mary this is your real father, not old Joe Morgan, but Mr. Morgan, now. It seemed all so strange; for there wasn't any bar-room there any longer, but a store full of goods, and over the door I read your name, father. Oh, I was ever so glad that I awoke, and then I cried all to myself, for it was only a dream.

Mor. That dream, my dear child, shall become a reality; for here I promise that, God helping me, I will never go out at night

again for a bad purpose!

MRS. M. Do you indeed promise that, Joe?

Mor. Yes, and more.

MARY. What?

Mor. I'll never go into a bar-room again!

MARY. Never?
MRS. M. Do you indeed promise that?

Mor. Yes; and what is still more, I will never drink another

drop of liquor as long as I live.

Mrs. M. Oh, husband, this is indeed happiness! Look! look at our dear child! Her eyes are fixed-she is dying!

MARY. Yes, mother; your Mary has lived long enough—the angels have heard little Mary's prayer! Father won't want any one to follow him, for he will be good, and sometime we will all be together. Don't you remember the little hymn you learned me? It all comes in my mind now, although I had not thought of it before for a long time. Everything looks so beautiful around me; I don't feel any pain now. Good-bye, father; I sha'n't have to ask you to be good to mother now (Kisses him.) Good-bye, mother. (Kisses her.)

We shall meet in the land where spring is eternal, Where darkness ne'er cometh—nor sorrow nor pain; Where the flowers never fade—in that clime ever vernal We shall meet, and our parting be never again.

(MARY dies-Morgan falls on the couch .- Mrs. M. sobs over the body-Slow music.)

ACT V.

SCENE. I.—Landscape.—Enter Romaine, L. 1 E.

Rom. Ten years have elapsed since I visited this spot. years passed away, and are numbered with the things that were. Curiosity has again led me into this locality. The acquaintances that I formed during my different visits here have created a desire to learn more of their history.

Enter SWICHEL, R. 1 E.

Swich. Wal, I guess I've got down about as fur towards the

foot of the ladder as I intend a goin'. Why! How do you do, squire?

Rom. Can this be possible. Is your name Swichel? Swich. 'Tain't nothin' else. Say, squire, you look jest like you did ten years ago, when I took you for a corn doctor.

Rom. I'm sorry I can't return the compliment.

SWICH. No, you couldn't very well, unless you lied some, could you?

Rom. Have you had all the experience in dram-drinking yet,

that you desire?

Swich. I should say I had. I knocked off the critter, squire.

Rom. How long since.

Swich. Well, 'tain't a great while, that's a fact. But long enough to brush up my idees and see where I am. I'll be darned if I touch another drop of liquor as long as I live. I give that promise to Squire Morgan not more than a half an hour ago.

Rom. And who is this Squire Morgan?

SWICH. Who is he? Why, he's one of the most likely men

we've got in Cedarville.

Rom. I don't remember such a fellow. There was a poor degraded wretch here, on my former visit, by that name but

Swich. That's the same critter. Arter his child died, he came out right side up, and he never drank a drop since.

Rom. What became of Green?

Swich. He played a game of seven-up with the law, and as soon as he found out the sheriff held the ace and deuce, he dealt from the bottom, and turned up jack, and shot himself.

Rom. And Slade, the tavern-keeper, where is he?

Swich. Where's he? Where he always is, now-a-days, by the side of a barrel of new rum from morning till night. tried him for killing Joe Morgan's child, but most of the jury was old Slade's customers, so they couldn't agree on a verdict, and they let him off. Since that time he's been pooty busy tryin' to kill me, but I guess he'll have to let the job out on a venture, for I've made up my mind to stop it. Mr. Morgan has given out orders for me to have a new suit of clothes, and I'm going to work for him in the mill.

Rom. That's right; you are on the right road now, and you'll

be sure to prosper.
Swich. I believe so myself, squire. Things are altered a little since you came around here, I can tell you! You wouldn't hardly know old Slade now; and as for his son, Frank, he takes to drink just as nateral as can be. Between the two of them they've broke the old woman's heart, and sent her up to the deranged 'sylum. They had another room there waiting for me, out I gin orders to let it, if they could get a week's pay in advance.

Rom. I have a great curiosity to make one more visit to the

"Sickle and Sheaf" before I leave the county.

Swich. Well, you can if you choose. I have discontinued my visits, unless I have some special business, and then I go in and out jest like a telegraph dispatch! The fact is, every time I look at old Slade, I'm afraid of spontaneous combustion, and I don't want to be around when he delivers up his papers!

Rom. You have only to remain firm in the good resolutions you have formed, and you can defy temptations. I must leave you now to make the call I spoke of, but shall endeavor to see you again before I leave the village. Good day [Exit R. 1 E.

Good day. That's a fust-rate chap, anyhow! I wish I'd minded what he said ten years ago; I should not have looked so cussed shabby as I do now. No matter—when I get that new suit of clothes I'll shine up brighter than a pewter spoon! I'll be darn'd if Mehitable Cartright ain't comin' this way. I should like to ascertain if she's inclined to Swichel herself into the matrimonial noose —I'm in the market now! I've knocked off rum, and as it's the nature of the Swichels to be in some mischief, I might as well spread myself and get married as quick as possible!

Enter MEHITABLE, R. 1. E.

MEHIT. Sample! Sample! where have you been? I've been

looking all over the world for you!

SWICH. You travel faster than the telegraph, then, for it ain't more than an hour since I left you pealin' onions, and cryin' as if

you'd lost your aunt!

MEHIT. Mr. Morgan sent me after you. He wants you to go and find that man-you know who I mean-the one that has been round here two or three times; the man Mr. Morgan saw down to the "Sickle and Sheaf" years ago. He has heard that he is again in the village, and he wants you to go and find him, and invite him to stay at his house while he remains in Cedarville.

SWICH. I've given up goin' to the tavern, but I shall do jest

as Mr. Morgan says. Say, Mehitable, you know what I was hinting to you about, last night?

Mehir. Yes, I do; and much good may it do you! What have you done with all my books? Where's my "Fair one of the Golden Locks"?

Swich. I spread her all over with strengthening plaster, and

put her on the back of Mr. Morgan's one horned cow!

Mehit. So, you great clumsy brute, you've destroyed all my

books, have you?

Swich. Say, Mehitable—what's the use of your making such a cussed fool of yourself? Why can't you take example by me, and be something?

MEHIT. Be something! You're a nice one to talk! You are drinking rum from morning to night! You're a disgrace to

everybody!

SWICH. No such a thing: I've knocked off. Now, jest give up all your old novels, and I'll give up all the rum, and we shall be better able to come to some mutual understanding. see, I want you to assist me in a little enterprise I'm goin' into.

MEHIT. What is it, Sample.

SWICH. I've been talking to old Justice Smith a good deal lately about improving the stock in this vicinity. Old Slade has managed to kill off about two thirds of the population. Now I'm going to do my share towards building up the town, and I want you to go into a joint stock partnership with me. MEHIT. Pshaw-how foolish you talk.

SWICH. That's your opinion, is it? Well, you needn't fret out it. 'Tain't no matter. I've fooled away my time about long enough, and I've made up my mind to get married; and if you won't have me I'll go down to Sam Walker's house, and make love to his old black cook. I've got to stay home nights now, and I'll be cussed if I'm goin' to stay alone.

MEHIT. I didn't say I wouldn't have you.

Swich. No; and you didn't say you would. What's the use tormenting a poor fellow to death before you get spliced. I should like to know where you could get a better, handsomer, and more durable article than I am, warranted to wear, rum-proof, and will stick to you through life, closer than a bee to a honey-comb. Spit it eout—will you become Mrs. Swichel, or not?

MEHIT. Law, Sample, you know I couldn't refuse. Swich. That's the talk. Let's cut off a remnant to bind the bargain (Kisses her.) Hold on a minute. A remnant ain't enough. I'll take a half a yard. (Kisses her.) By chowder! I should like to measure off a whole cotton factory in the same way.

MEHIT. Now, Sample, I must return. Mrs. Morgan is to have a party at her house to-night, and you know I shall be busy. Going, R. H.

You go and do your errand, and return. [Going. Swich. Hold on a minute—you've forgot something. MEHIT. (Returning.) What is it?

Swich. A skein of thread to sew that pattern together.

Kisses her. MEHIT. I should be ashamed. Exit, R. 1 E.

Swich. If her breath ain't sweeter than eau de cologne I ain't no judge of liquor, that's all. I should like to have six yards more of that same piece of calico. I feel a darn sight better since I settled matters with her, and better since I've bid farewell to brandy, gin and toddies. 'Twas hard work to part with I've writ a few lines, and as we seem to be all alone I don't mind stretching 'em out a little.

SONG.

AIR-" Yankee Doodle."

Farewell! Farewell! a long farewell To brandy, rum, and toddy, Old Slade may buy, old Slade may sell
And ruin soul and body,
Of brandy tods I've had my fill, Of whisky, rum, and gin, sirs; I leave them all with right good will, And a temperance life begin, sirs.

II.

The best advice I give to all, Of every clime and nation, is, take a wife, short or tall, 'Twill prove your sure salvation. Leave brandy toddies, rum, and gin, And be sure that you start right, sirs. Commence at once, this night begin. With me and Miss Cartright, sirs.

III.

When time rolls on, pray call around, And happen in to meet me, Five little Swichels will be found To straighten up to greet you, And now, I bid a fond adieu, To all good topers here to-night, And when again we next may meet, I hope to find you've whisky beat.

[Exit R. 1 E.

SCENE. II—Interior of "Sickle and Sheaf," everything in a dilaptdated condition—bottles gone, cigars out, boxes, chairs upturned, trick bottle on bar—Slade, in this scene is bloated, and one eye gone clothes much worn—Frank is seedy, beard uncut, dirty shirt on, and is smoking.

Enter SLADE, L. 1 E.

SLADE. Frank! Frank! Where the devil is that boy-he's turned out just like everything else—all gone to ruin together. There never lived a man that has tried harder to get an honest living than I have, and yet everything has worked against me. What the devil's the use of trying to be honest—it's all humbug. If I had my life to live over again, I'd cheat, steal, lie, do anything that would better my condition.

Enter ROMAINE, L. 1 E.

Rom. Ah, landlord! You're still alive.

SLADE. Yes, I'm alive, and that's about all—I'm glad to see you once more, although I'm not just—not just—well, how are you, any how?

Rom. I am well, I thank you. Can I get accommodations

here for a day or two?

SLADE. I suppose so—Frank will be in soon. Since his mother died, you see, he's attended to everything himself.

Rom. Things look dull with you here.

SLADE. Yes, rather.

Rom. Not doing as well you were?

SLADE. No, these 'ere blamed temp'rance folks have ruined everything.

Rom. Indeed !

SLADE. Yes; Cedarville ain't what it was when you first came to the, "Sickle and Sheaf." I—I—you see—cuss the temp'rance people, they've ruined me. Here's my son, he'll wait upon you.

Enter Frank, R. 1 E., smoking.

FRANK. Look here, old man, what are you loafing about here for? Go and cut some wood—I want to build a fire in the front room. (Sees Romaine.) Hallo! I remember you. How do you flourish?

Rom. I am well, I thank you. I intend remaining two or three days with you. Your father recommended me to you.

FRANK. Well, you'll have to put up with such as you can get; these are dull times; they won't let us get a living, nohow.

Old Squire Hargrove was here this evening, and threatened to prosecute us if we sold his son any more liquor.

Rom. Well, then, I should refuse to sell him any, and thus

avoid the prosecution.

SLADE. That would be smart; why, it's my trade to sell liquor. Rom. I wish, with all my heart, you had a more honorable calling.

FRANK. Look out, old covey; if you insult my father I'll

knock vou down!

Rom. I respect filial devotion, meet it where I will; I also wish

it had a better foundation.

FRANK. What! Do you think you can come here and insult us without provocation? (Takes R. H. C.) Take that!

[Rushes to hit Romaine.

Enter Swichel, quickly, as he goes towards Romaine, and throws him round into R. H. C.

Swich. No, you don't! Now, you jest take two steps to the rear—double-quick, open order, march! You lay your hand on that gentleman, and I'll wring your neck off quicker than you can make a gin cocktail!

FRANK. Damnation!

Swich. Oh, you can swear to your neart's content—it won't hurt any one but yourself. You'll spoil soon enough without swearing.

Rom. I thank you, Sample, for this manly interference. It is

no more than I should have expected from you.

Swich. I never suffer a young man to strike an older one, any how; apart from that, I like you, squire; and when I told Mr. Morgan you were here, he sent me right arter you. He's going to have a little sociability up to his house to-night, and he wants you to come up and stay with him jest as long as you stop in the village.

Rom. He is very kind, and I shall accept his hospitality.

SLADE. Yes, that's it; if I get a customer, some miserable drunkard like Joe Morgan is sure to invite him to his house, and away he goes. A respectable man has no chance here to get a living. It's just as I told you; every one for himself, and the

devil for us all!

Swich. Wal, I guess you can have my share of the devil, old Slade. I have dissolved partnership with you, and your amiable son here don't amount to a piece of fiddlers' rosin, in my estimation! (Frank takes up a chair.) Now, jest you drop that! Oh, it's no use, Mr. Frank, of your puttin' on any of your big looks at me! Your old daddy's rum has been oozing out through my veins long enough. My nat'ral strength has come back, and with it a large assortment of genuine Yankee courage, which would soon knock that Dutch spunk of yours further than five glasses of your father's fifty-cent rum! Squire, I'm going up to Mr. Morgan's, so do you follow on. Don't stay here any longer with these two demijohns! Good-by, old Rum and Brandy! You're a splendid specimen of the march of improvement, ain't you? You look more like a portable beer-barrel! Come along,

SLADE. I hope you are not offended at Frank?—he means well enough.

Frank. Who cares whether he's offended or not?-I don't!

You needn't put in your oar, old man.

SLADE. Come, come-none of your insolence to me; I won't put up with it!

FRANK. Well, then, don't interfere with my affairs, and I won't with yours-that's all! Takes up trick bottle.

SLADE. You have drank enough already to-day. Put up that brandy bottle!

FRANK. I can't do it, my amiable friend. SLADE. Put it up, I say!

FRANK. I won't!

SLADE. Put it up, I say! You're drunk as a fool now. Put Goes to FRANK. it up.

Frank. Keep off, I say! Keep off, or I'll knock you down! (SLADE seizes him—Frank throws him into L. H. C.—SLADE starts towards him-Frank throws him off, and hits him on the head with the trick bottle—Slade falls, L. C.—Frank appalled—Music.)

Rom. Frank Slade, you have killed your own father!

SCENE III.—Exterior of "Sickle and Sheaf."

Enter ROMAINE, R. 1 E.

Rom. Yes; after I call at Mr. Morgan's house, I will at once leave this part of the country. The contemplation of such scenes as I have just witnessed are enough to sadden the stoutest heart. Who now could enter yonder tavern, and see the misery that there exists, and not use all his efforts to redeem those who have lost all control of themselves? I will hasten to Mr. Morgan's, and inform him of the terrible calamity that has befallen the wretched Simon Slade. Exit L. 1 E.

SCENE LAST.—An elegant chamber or parlor in Mr. Morgan's house-Chandelier C., lighted-Tables R. and L.-Sofa C. and back—c. doors open, backed by garden—Guitar on flat, books on table-Flowers on table-Joe and Mrs. M. discovered seated on lounge, C.

Mor. Dear wife—have I not faithfully kept the promise given to our angel child?

Enter ROMAINE, R. 1 E.

MRS. M. Yes, you have, and the years that have passed since she was taken from us have rolled by like some sweet dream, adding every day some new joy to our happy home.

Mor. (To Romaine.) You are welcome, sir. It is some time since we met. This, sir, is my wife. Believing you would be more comfortable during your stay in our village here, than at the "Sickle and Sheaf," I sent Sample to invite you here.

Rom. You were very kind, for an event has happened which is the anticipated end that I so long feared of Simon Slade.

Mor. Can it be possible?

Rom. It is too true.

Mor. Wife! wife! I shudder when I think of the dangers to which I have been exposed. Ten years ago there was not a happier spot in Bolton county than Cedarville. Ten years ago, there was a kind-hearted miller in Cedarville, liked by every one, and as harmless as a little child; now his bloated corpse lies in a lonely room in a house that he himself has made wretched. Ten years ago Judge Hammond was accounted the richest man in Cedarville--to day he is the unmourned occupant of a pauper's What is the cause of all this? A direful pestilence is in the air-it walketh at night and wasteth at noonday-it is slaving the first-born in our houses, and the cry of anguish is swell ing on every gale. Is there no remedy?

Enter Sample with Mehitable, L. 1 E.

SWICH. I should say yes—sartin there was. Rom. You are right—there is, Sample, a remedy. But you must cut off the fountain, if you would dry up the stream. we would save the young, the innocent-we must cover them from the tempter, for they can no more resist the assaults, than the lamb can resist the wolf. They are helpless if you abandon them to the powers of evil. Let us, then, one and all, resolve this night that the traffic shall cease in Bolton county. A large majority of the people, I am convinced, will vote in favor of such a measure. Look at Simon Slade, the happy, kind hearted miller, and Simon Slade, the tavern-keeper. Was he benefited by the liberty to work harm to his neighbor? In heaven's name, then, let the traffic cease.

Swich. That's just my opinion, exactly. I've formed myself into a committee of one to put down the trade all that's in my 'Taint long ago, squire, since I was arguing with you on the subject. I thought moderate drinking was all right. Wal, I s'pose it was all well enough, until I got to swillin' the stuff down for a livin, then I found it pooty tough. I tried to to get rid of all the liquor I could, to prevent any further mischief; but as fast as I managed to empty one barrel, old Slade would fill up another. I worked faithfully for seven years to worry it down, and I've found there was always a little left, so

I concluded to knock off, and call it half a day.

Mor. Sample, you, like myself, have been freed from a ter-I have lived to see and suffer all the evils that cling around the drunkard's home. I have lived to see hearthstones deserted, men shorn of their manliness, women from whose white cheeks sorrow has crushed the roses, children across the go'den thresholds of whose lives trails the black shadow of a parent's shame. I have seen frightful death-bed scenes, where the frothing lip and the bloodshot eye, the distorted features and the delirious shrieks, told the fierce agony of the departed soul, and as my shuddering glance takes in but a feeble outline of the revolting spectacle, I know how much of the great sea of human crime, and want, and woe, pour through the slender channel of that one word-Drunkard.

Mrs. M. Words cannot describe the joy I feel, to see you thus redeemed. I could have knelt above your grave, and blessed Him who took you from me, rather than had you continue in your old habits. How, day by day, have I looked forward, with a shuddering and dread at my soul, as I have seen you sinking, day by day, away from me! But that is past. You are now free once more, and able manfully to stand up and breast the temptations with which the coming years are crowded. There will be no more hindrances, no more hands stretched out to drag you down. If love can shield you, you are safe; for my heart will, for your sake, ever prove constant.

Rom. Yes, years of happiness are in store for us all. And the

Rom. Yes, years of happiness are in store for us all. And the results of the past few years will serve always as a beacon to warn us of the dangers and temptations that constantly beset the

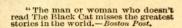
pilgrim in his voyage through life.

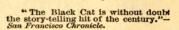
Mor. Restored once more to happiness, let us hope that others may learn a useful lesson from our past experience, and that none will regret deducting from the calendar of their lives the

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM.

As some poor stranger, wrecked upon the coast. With fear and wonder views the dangers past, So I with dreadful apprehension stand, And thank the powers that brought me safe to land; A drunkard now no longer—that is o'er, Free, disenthralled. I stand a man once more.

- Mrs. M. A wife's fond heart with grateful prayers ascend
 To Him who proved the drunkard's only friend;
 Our angel child, sweet spirit hovering near,
 Will bless this hour—this hour to all so dear-While friends beholding this, our happy home,
 Greet us with smiles, and with kind wishes come.
- MEHT. Please, ma'am, may I, now you've spoke your spoke. Say just one word? Nay, 'tis no joke;
 To see you happy, fills my heart with glee,
 And Sample's happy, too, as well as me;
 He's named the day when he'll be mine,
 Then, goodness gracious, won't we shine?
- Rom. Our Drama's ended, but the lessons taught Are with truthful warnings deeply fraught, So wisely ponder and resolve while you can—
- Hold on a minnit, squire, till I try my hand:
 While all around us will rejoice,
 Shall not Sample meet with one encouraging voice
 To cheer him while the road is dark and misty,
 And help to keep his emancipation from bad whisky?
 Who'll j'ine my cause? Will you?—or you?
 You will ?—'nuff sed; we'll put her through.
 I'll raise my standard—spread it bold and high:
 Own with rummies—' root, hog, or die"!





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