

Sporting Intelligence Extraordinary!

A Match is arranged to come off at the Royal Olympic Theatre,

On Tuesday, December 17th, 1861,

Between the UNKNOWN and the SENECA INDIAN,

DEER FOOT.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY

F. C. BURNAND, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

*Dido, Romance under Difficulties, In for a Holiday, Lord Lovel
and Nancy Bell, Villikins and Dinah.*

PART AUTHOR OF

Isle of St. Tropez, Turkish Bath, "B. B." &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden,)

LONDON.

913746

DEERFOOT.

*First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, under the
Management of Messrs. EMDEN & ROBSON,
On Monday, the 16th day of December, 1861.*

Characters.

DR. TOPPS (*Medical Practitioner at Dormiton, Bedfordshire*) ... Mr. H. RIVERS.
SILAS FIXINGS (*an American Trainer*) Mr. H. WIGAN.
CHRISTOPHER CROKE (*anervous Gentleman, in search of a quiet place*) ... Mr. F. ROBSON.
TIM (*Waiter at the Greyhound, Dormiton*) Mr. H. COOPER.
FLYMAN (*from the Railway Station, Dormiton*) ... Mr. FRANKS.
MRS. TOPPS ... Mrs. W. S. EMDEN.

SCENE.—PUBLIC ROOM OF THE GREYHOUND INN,
DORMITON, BEDFORDSHIRE.

TIME.—1861.

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DEER FOOT.

SCENE.—*Public Room in the Greyhound Inn, at Dormiton, Bedfordshire ; doors, R. and L. ; windows, commanding a full view of a level common, road, and country, R. and L. of C. door, which is open on to the road ; tables ; chairs.*

DR. TOPPS *discovered standing at C. door, looking anxiously down the road ;* MRS. TOPPS *is sitting at a table, R.*

MRS. TOPPS. (*sweetly*) Tetherby, dear! Tetherby! (DR. TOPPS *pays no attention*) Dr. Topps! (*sharply, rising*) Dr. Topps, once for all, I ask you, is it worthy of you—is it seemly in you, as a respectable medical practitioner, to pass your whole morning at the front door of a common public-house, when you ought to be calling on your sick people, who may die in your absence?

DR. TOPPS. In my absence there's no chance of that: the only danger is that they'll all get well rather too soon.

MRS. T. (R.) But consider——

DR. T. (L.) I do—I have deeply considered—— (*pulling a handbill out of his pocket, on which is written*)

GRAND MATCH.
DR. TOPPS'S
UNKNOWN
AGAINST
DEER FOOT,
FOR
£600 A SIDE,
<i>Two o'clock,</i>
DORMITON COMMON.

There! Look at that!

MRS. T. I've seen and heard nothing but that for the last six weeks. Ever since that peculiar long-haired individual came down here; by the way, you've had a great deal to do with him, and whenever you've come home after an interview with that man, your coat smells of tobacco to a most dreadful extent.

DR. T. Yes, he does smoke a great deal. He's the American trainer, Mr. Silas Fixings, who's got charge of Deerfoot down here—and precious close he's kept him too, for though the Indian has been down here a week, no one has set eyes on him yet.

MRS. T. Well, doctor, as you have taken to this style of thing, why didn't you "back"—or whatever the word is—why didn't you back this Deerfoot, who is safe to win, instead of——

DR. T. The "Unknown!" For two reasons: I've the best authority for knowing that the "Unknown," called in his own country "Quashiboo, the Prairie Pet," is three times as fast as Deerfoot. The "Unknown" is safe to win, and I pocket six hundred pounds.

MRS. T. And your second reason?

DR. T. To show the sporting world that the Seneca Indian does not run matches "made up," as some people have hinted.

MRS. T. And when do you expect this "Unknown" savage?

DR. T. Every minute—every second. (*train whistle*) Ha, it is—

MRS. T. Is it?

DR. T. No, it isn't. It doesn't stop here.

MRS. T. Talking of that, I shan't stop here any longer. If you lose, doctor, you'll regret not having taken my advice, and attended to your practice.

DR. T. (*at window*) Yes, my dear.

MRS. T. (*aside*) I should like to see the Prairie Pet directly he arrives. I'll go and read "The Last of the Mohicans," then I shall know how to address the interesting savage. (*aloud*) Good morning, Tetherby; let me know when this Indian wonder appears, and recollect my advice. *Exit, C. off R.*

DR. T. Women don't understand this sort of thing. I wish to goodness the "Unknown" would arrive!

Enter TIM, C., from L. running.

Seen him?

TIM. (L.) Lor, zur! I ran from the station two minutes under the ten minutes. I bees quite a Deerfoot!

DR. T. (R., *impatiently*) Have you seen my man?

TIM. No, zur. What zort o' a chap be he loike?

DR. T. Well, he's rather brownish looking, with a peculiar run, like this, (*imitates a sort of slouching run*) and he can't speak much English.

TIM. Lor! He be a zort o' King o' the Cannibal Islands, then? I knows 'un. (*whistle without*)

DR. T. There's another train! Be off with you, and look out for the "Unknown." (*gives money*)

TIM. The King o' the Cannibal Islands!—all right, zur. (*aside*) I'll do it under eight minutes this time. *Runs out C. off L.*

DR. T. The "Unknown" is sure to win; and I fancy that the result of to-day will slightly astonish our American cousin, who evidently thinks that there's nothing in the world like—

Enter SILAS FIXINGS, R. C., smoking—he holds a paper in his hand, and comes down, L.

SILAS. (L.) I say, old hoss, you forgot to sign the last article of our covenant and agreement.

DR. T. (R., *looking over paper*—SILAS blows smoke in his nose) I wish you'd put down that unpleasant cigar.

SILAS. Waal, that's a matter of taste. (*sits, L., with legs on table, R.*)

DR. T. I don't know about the taste, but it's a dreadful smell. What's this? (*puts on glasses and reads*) "Article 30. If the "Unknown" is not at the starting place by two o'clock precisely, Dr. Topps, his backer, is to forfeit half stakes, £300, to Mr. Silas Fixings, and vice versa."

SILAS. That's it.

DR. T. He's sure to be there. (*signs*)

SILAS. (*aside, L., lounging on chair and smoking*) Not if I can help it. (*aloud*) Waal, Doctor, I do expect we shall whip you anyhow.

DR. T. Whip us! Are you aware, sir, that the "Unknown," called in his own country "Quashiboo, the Prairie Pet," ran a native sixteen miles in an hour, and won easy!—then, said I, that's the man to run against Deerfoot.

SILAS. And you sent to America to get him?

DR. T. I did; and we'll make your man, Deerfoot, look rather foolish.

SILAS. You're an enterprising 'coon, you are; but it won't do—time's getting on. (*train without*)

DR. T. Here he comes! (*SILAS jumps up*)

Enter TIM, running from L. C., carrying a parcel and a letter.
(*disgusted*) No!

SILAS. (*pleased and resuming his seat*) No!

TIM. A parcel and a letter for Dr. Topps. (*aside*) Done it under seven this time!

DR. T. (*anxiously breaking seal*—SILAS laughs aside—reads) "Dear sir,—The Unknown arrived a week ago from the wilds of North America. Not being sufficiently acquainted with the English language, he has, we fear, lost himself, as nothing has been seen of him since his arrival." Gracious! "I send the dress which you ordered for him to run in. Yours—Cracker."

SILAS. (*aside*) Cracker's done it! (*aloud*) Doctor, you'd better pay up, I reckon.

DR. T. Pooh! I don't believe it—I won't believe it! He'll come—the Unknown will soon be here—I feel a presentiment. (*aside*) It looks very queer! (*aloud*) You don't suppose that all my trouble's for nothing. (*examines parcel*)

SILAS. That's right—never say die.

DR. T. I don't intend to say anything of the sort. (*to TIM*) Tim, there's another train directly. I will run down with the dress all ready for him. If he comes in my absence, come down to me immediately. You recollect what he's like? FREE

TIM. Allright, zur—I'll recollect. (*imitates slouching movement*) LIBRARIER

DR. T. That's it. He's called the "Unknown," but he may give his name here as "Quashiboo, the Prairie Pet." (*whistle*) There's a train! Don't forget—I'm off. *Runs out, C. to R.*

TIM. All zerene, zur.

Exit, L. C.

SILAS. What did he say? The "Unknown!"—"Quashiboo!" I can't help thinking that that doctor is doing me. Waal, two can play at that game, and I began it. I have taken to these Bedfordshire Britishers wonderful! This bringing down Deerfoot to these out o' the way diggins was a cute notion of mine. The people of the place think Deerfoot's been here for the last week; but no one's seen him, and no one ever will, that's more—'cos why?—'cos he's not here. I arranged with Cracker that the "Unknown" shouldn't appear, consequently the doctor will hand me over three hundred pounds. That's no end cute. But, my gracious! if this Cracker should be bought over by t'other side, and the Unknown should come down, or if the doctor should produce the real Deerfoot, my game will be exposed, and I shall be tarred and feathered to a certainty. Waal, I'll cypher and be ready for a bolt. He'll have to get up everlasting early in the morning who wants to get over Silas Fixings.

Exit, L.

Noise of wheels heard without—altercation without between

CROKE and the FLYMAN—CROKE *passes window, L. C., and enter, C., followed by FLYMAN—CROKE is rather sunburnt, appears to be suffering from a tooth-ache, and limps with one foot.*

CROKE. (*R., in a nervous manner, and speaking with difficulty as to be almost unintelligible*) I'll pay when—I get—change. Don't be violent!

FLYMAN. (*L., gruffly*) Eh? Speak up!

CROKE. I can't speak up Oh! (*in pain*)

FLYMAN. Look here! Fust you 'ired me at the station—then you went through the town to the Blue Boar—over the Bridge, where I paid the toll—(*loudly*) I say, where I paid the toll!—

CROKE. I know—I would have paid it—if— (*in pain*)

FLYMAN. Then by the Market Place, up the hill—back again down the hill to the Market Place—stopping at the butcher's, the baker's, the grocer's—

CROKE. And none of them would give me change for my note. I'd pay you if I had change for my note.

FLYMAN. (*quietly*) It's my belief that—

CROKE. Oh! (*noise of wheels*)

FLYMAN. Ha! (*loud*)

CROKE. (*nervously*) Oh!

FLYMAN. (*looking off window, L. C.*) There goes my hoss down the hill! I'll be back in a jiffey! Hi, hi, hi!

Runs off calling, C. off L.

CROKE. Here's a nice situation! I came down here, a suffering specimen of a once noble humanity, to recruit my faded frame in peace and quietness, and this is a nice beginning! For the last eight months such has been the state of my nervous system, that my medical adviser has not allowed me to see any newspaper, or read a single letter, because I get so excited; a police report goes straight through my head, and the account of a large strawberry seen at Wolverhampton on the Thames, sends me into such a state of excitement that I'm fit for nothing for a fortnight. I've been to all the quiet places in England; the last was my own native village of Swashypool, in the north, where I underwent the hydropathic treatment at a new establishment just set up there. I shall never forget it; they tied me up one day in a wet blanket; I was perfectly helpless; shut me up in a cold water-tight sort of room, and forgot all about me until six o'clock the following morning—the only excuse was, they were so busy they hadn't time to attend to everyone. I've never recovered it; since that day I've never been without either rheumatics in my toe, or high nervous fever in my tooth, or both at once. I'm a nervous wreck—a mere wreck stranded upon the shore of a tottering humanity. If anyone knows what it is to suffer from a two and a tooth—I mean a toe and a tooth—they'd pity me. So, hearing that Dormiton was the quietest place possible, I settled to come to Dormiton; and arranged to go on my old plan, not to let my name be known even at the post-office, or I should be swarmed with letters. But I must give my name at the very beginning. I've got nothing but notes in my pocket; I can't pay the flyman until I get change; and being unknown here, not a single person will give me change unless I write my name at the back. But I won't. I'll have another try; it is so awkward being unknown in a place. (*rings bell on table, R.—softly*) Waiter!

Enter TIM, C.

TIM. (L.) Yes, zur! (*comes to L. of CROKE*)

CROKE. (C.) I wish to ask—that is, I'm sure you'll—— (*TIM goes up, R. C., and looks out of door*) I was going to say, I—— (*turns to L., expecting to see WAITER*) Dear me! Waiter!

TIM. (*coming down, R. of CROKE*) Yes, zur!

CROKE. (*falling against him*) Oh, how you do startle me! (*walks away from him towards chair*)

TIM. (*aside, observing his walk*) Why, that be the zort of walk! (*seeing his face*) and he be a little brownish like.

CROKE. (*aside*) He seems a good sort of creature. I'll get him to change my note. (*aloud*) I was going to say that, having only just arrived here, and being quite unknown—oh! (*very indistinctly, with toothache*)

TIM. Unknown! That be he! The King of the Cannibal Islands. (*sings*) "Hookey pokey winkey fum!"

CROKE. (*regarding him with astonishment*) If this is a specimen of a Bedfordshire waiter, the sooner they're all put into strait waistcoats the better.

TIM. You—Unknown—come to— (*imitates running*)

CROKE. (*aside*) What on earth's he wearing out his boots in that awkward manner for? (*aloud*) Young man, when you've finished those gymnastics—

TIM. Oh, ee does speak English—does ee?

CROKE. Does he? Well, I flatter myself, I speak it better than that; look here, I want change for a five-pound note.

TIM. Ees, Mr. Unknown; but ee'll be good enough just to write your name on the back, if he can?

CROKE. If I can? But if I do, 'twon't be any good, because in this town being unknown—

TIM. That's it; put that on the back o' un.

CROKE. What?

TIM. Unknown, to be zure—that'll do.

CROKE. Will it? (*aside*) If this is the Dormiton way of doing business, it's most extraordinary. (*sits at table, R., about to write*)

TIM. (*suddenly hitting table*) Oh!

CROKE. Good gracious!—you made me blot it all over.

TIM. On second thoughts, zur—

CROKE. That's it; second thoughts are best.

TIM. You'd better put "Quashiboo."

CROKE. I didn't exactly catch—

TIM. Quashiboo, it's safer than the other.

CROKE. Is it? I can't say much for your second thoughts. (*aside*) As I said before, it's a most extraordinary way of doing business. (*writes*)

Enter FLYMAN, C. from L., comes down to back of table, R.

FLYMAN. Oh, here he is. (*hitting table*) Now—

CROKE. (R.) Oh!—there's another blot! (*hands note to TIM*)

TIM. Here be the money, zur. (*gives change*)

FLYMAN. I wants fifteen bob.

CROKE. There you are. (*gives money*)

FLYMAN. Let's see if they're good 'uns; for what I says is—

TIM. (*bringing FLYMAN down, C., and whispering to him*) It's Dr. Topp's man—the Unknown.

FLYMAN. (L.) Why, you don't—

TIM. Ees, I do!

FLYMAN. (*to CROKE*) Considering the honour o' driving you, sir, I'll only take my fare—two and sixpence, and something to drink your health. (*hands back money*)

CROKE. Thank'ye! (*aside*) This must be the individual who sends unpaid income-tax to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

FLYMAN. And if you'd only allow me to see you to-day, sir, from the top of the wall, or a back window in the Sun—

CROKE. Oh, anything, anything! (*aside*) Look at me from the top of the wall! He's been in the sun.

TIM. (*who has been talking to FLYMAN*) Then you'll drive me down to fetch the doctor?

FLYMAN. Yes.

CROKE. The doctor?

TIM. Yes, you must see the doctor at once. Come on! (*to FLYMAN*) Come along!

BOTH. Success to you!

TIM. Hokey pokey winkey fum?

BOTH. Success to you!

They imitate running, and exit, C., going off, L.

CROKE. Now, really, that is very kind of 'em. The drunken party with the fly is going to drive the eccentric waiter down to the doctor's—they'll never get there safely. Why should they all try to wear out their boots like fowls? (*imitating*) It's very odd! Then why should I write Quashiboo on the bank note? Oh, p'raps it's the name of the banker. These old Saxon families have such remarkable names. I dare say the original Quashi came over with the Conqueror and married a Boo. I've heard somewhere of Prince Lee Boo. This must be a very Princely Boo, for his name down here seems as good as the Bank of England. Well, it really does appear a nice quiet place—bracing air, too!

Enter DR. TOPPS, observing, C. from R.

My rheumatism seems almost to have left me. I do believe I could run. (*tries to run, but limps in pain*) No go!

DR. T. (*aside*) That's the style. (*aloud, coming down suddenly*) Don't tire yourself. (*puts him into chair, L. C.*) I'm the doctor. How d'ye do?

CROKE. (*L. C., shakes hands*) I'm glad you've come. (*indistinctly*) I'm very bad.

DR. T. (*R., aside*) I can't understand a word he says. I wish I spoke his language. I have it. (*pantomimes*)

CROKE. (*aside*) He's trying to mesmerise the nerves. (*aloud*) It's better now—it's no good!

DR. T. Eh? (*loud, in broken English*) I—am—sore-eye—to say—tat—I—can't—spike—like—you.

CROKE. I wish you could with all my heart.

DR. T. (*half catching what he says—loudly*) Eh?

CROKE. What lungs! My dear sir, if you want to scream, go home and do it.

DR. T. Excellent! Why, you can talk English.

CROKE. Well, if it wasn't for this horrid——

DR. T. I know—I feel for you.

CROKE. I wish you did.

DR. T. It is difficult for you to catch up our tongue.

CROKE. Our tongue?

DR. T. Well, I mean *my* tongue.

CROKE. (*retreating*) My dear sir——

DR. T. I am a good hand at that sort of thing—and I think I could get hold of your tongue pretty quickly.

CROKE. (*aside*) What a horrible practice.

DR. T. Well—I'll go and see after your room. (*going towards R.*)

CROKE. Thank ye. (*aside*) Here's another kind creature.

DR. T. Let me see. You'll want blankets—brushes—hot water—cold water—towels—flannels— Are you generally rubbed all over after— (*imitates running*) By the way, you don't wear this sort of thing when you're at home? (*pointing to his trousers*)

CROKE. (*astonished*) My dear sir—you won't wish me to appear without them?

DR. T. How you must regret the scenes of your happy childhood, and those days when you bounded out with your "whoop." I say—you'll start with a whoop, won't you?

CROKE. Well, if you advise it— (*aside*) What an infantile style of exercise!

DR. T. Well, I think it as well to keep up national customs. You'll be ready at two o'clock to go with me to the post——

CROKE. Post! Can't you take your own letters?

DR. T. And then you'll shew the swell there (*pointing off, C.*) a clean pair of heels. (*imitates running*)

CROKE. That depends upon the state of the roads.

Enter SILAS, L., observing.

DR. T. What grace! what action! I shall call you the young Deerfoot. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be back directly. Good bye, young Deerfoot. (*imitates running, and exit, R.*)

SILAS. (*aside*) Deerfoot! This must be the genuine article. I'll observe.

CROKE. (*recovering from his astonishment*) Deerfoot! It is painful! if I could only get on a pair of slippers. (*limps towards table, R.*) Where is my carpet-bag? Now, where is my carpet-bag? (*in leaning towards table he upsets chair on his toe, and cries out*) Oh!

SILAS. (*aside*) That's kind o' like the war whoop!

CROKE. What pain! Oh, here it is. I don't much like that doctor's style of treatment. Now shall I go? My nerves won't allow me to decide. I'll toss up—heads, I do! tails, I don't! (*tosses quietly—shilling drops*) There, now I've lost it; and I've

got such a rheumatism I can hardly stoop to find it. (*stoops with difficulty and begins to look for it*)

SILAS. (*aside*) It is Deerfoot; he's scented me out! I know the Indian style. (CROKE *crawls, trying to find the shilling*) He's tracking me. I'll put a bold face on the matter, and speak to him in his own language.

CROKE. (*trying to straighten his back*) It's no good. I—hollo! (*meets SILAS face to face*)

SILAS. (*brings him down, speaking the Indian language*) Wurra! wurra! wurra! wurra!

CROKE. Well, I dare say it is; but I didn't quite catch—

SILAS. I've forgotten the accent. But those sounds were once dear to you.

CROKE. They're dear at any price.

SILAS. Now look ye here. I want three words with you—I'm a buster. I am a lamb when smoothed the right way, but rile me or raise my dander and I'm an everlasting alligator. I know you—you've come down here to blow upon me.

CROKE. My dear sir, what nonsense.

SILAS. No it ain't—it's darned cunning. You can walk over the course as easy as a rattlesnake can swallow a rabbit. What then? I lose. What then, you say—

CROKE. No, I don't.

SILAS. Yes, you do; and quite natterel, too. Then, when the populace see you—the genuine article—true grit—they'll say my man's an imposition; that's true, anyhow. What then, you say? Well then, just this! (*drawing out bowie-knife suddenly*) I knives you—slick.

CROKE. Oh, be quiet, sir!

SILAS. And if that's not enough—

CROKE. But it is—quite enough!

SILAS. Then I'll try this—(*producing a revolver*)

CROKE. Oh, my nerves!

SILAS. Now, captain, we'll avoid all that unpleasantness—

CROKE. By all means.

SILAS. And I'll tell you how. Sell the doctor!

CROKE. I can't. He's not mine; if he was, I'd give him to you with pleasure.

SILAS. Then this—(*produces another knife*)

CROKE. Put it down! He's a walking armoury! Very well, I consent. (*aside*) I'm sure it's illegal.

SILAS. Now it's no use your looking skew. What's your figure?

CROKE. About five foot.

SILAS. Deerfoot, you mean, I calculate. But joking apart, name your own price, sirée!

CROKE. (*aside*) I wonder what the doctor's worth! (*aloud*) A couple of pounds?

SILAS. (*astonished*) Eh, why—
CROKE. (*aside*) That's too much, evidently. (*aloud*) I'll split the difference—say fifteen and six?

SILAS. I guess this joking won't do no how.

CROKE. (*aside*) Doctors are evidently a drug in the slave market. (*aloud*) What will you give?

SILAS. Well, a hundred—just.

CROKE. A hun—done—he's yours. Shall I send him to your house, or will you pack him up and take him with you?

SILAS. (*gives money*) There. But if you don't stick to your bargain—mind—I'm all here, every bit o' me. Remember, I'm to have it all my own way; you mustn't go to the post at all, or if you do, (*going—returns*) you'll find me threshing round like a short-tailed bull in fly time. *Exit, C. to R., threatening.*

CROKE. Let me collect my scattered senses! What a fearful creature that transatlantic slave dealer is to be sure. Goodness gracious! I've sold a fellow creature to a slave dealer! I who wouldn't hurt the hair of a fly's head—who cried over Uncle Tom—who attended lectures on "Ain't I a man and a mother—I mean brother!"—I—I have sold a fellow creature! What'll his friends say? What'll he say? I shall hardly be able to look him in the face. He's of rather weak intellect, but I fancy the intelligence will slightly astonish him!

Enter DR. TOPPS, R., with sherry and biscuits.

(*aside*) Look there! he's a kind-hearted creature! What a slave he'll make!

DR. T. I've just brought you the slightest drop of sherry and a biscuit.

CROKE. (*regarding him affectionately*) Thank ye, doctor!
(*aside*) Yes, there's a brand upon his brow.

DR. T. You'll just take a biscuit.

CROKE. Not at present, doctor: by the way—what's your name?

DR. T. You've forgotten? Topps.

CROKE. (*aside*) There's servitude in every letter! (*aloud*) Topps, have you any family?

DR. T. Yes, a wife and daughter—Margaret—they want to be introduced to you.

CROKE. (*aside*) This is touching! I must get Mr. Fixings to buy the lot cheap.

DR. T. My daughter Margaret has worked you a belt.

CROKE. Worked me a belt?

DR. T. Poor Peggy! She's enthusiastic about the sort of thing.

CROKE. (*aside*) The blow must fall! (*aloud*) Topps, what's your opinion of the slave trade?

DR. T. Hush!

CROKE. I know. I say—it's very hard to be taken from your family, isn't it? How would you like to be torn from Mrs. Topps and Peggy Topps?

DR. T. Well, there isn't much chance of that!

CROKE. (*aside*) Happy ignorance! I can't break it to him!

DR. T. (*shakes him by the hand*) Well, just take a small glass—keep yourself very quiet—I'll go and make your preparations—all right! *Shakes hands, imitates running, and exit, R.*

CROKE. Poor fellow! How they will whip him! And what letters there'll be in the *Times* about him. Poor fellow!

Enter MRS. TOPPS, C., from R., with a book, basket, &c.

MRS. T. (*aside, coming down, L.*) Oh, here he is! I've been reading up Fenimore Cooper's novel. Now to address the Indian in a proper manner, and implore him to do his best to win the race. (*comes down close to him*) The child of the prairie will not disdain the offerings of the squaw of the great medicine man. (*looking aside at book*) That's all right!

CROKE. (R.) I didn't quite catch——

MRS. T. I am the wife of Dr. Topps—you understand? I am called Topps's squaw.

CROKE. Indeed! (*aside*) Well, it's not a pretty name!

MRS. T. First, of course, we have a pipe of peace. (*produces pipe*)

CROKE. A pipe a piece?—if you wish. (*aside*) What an un-ladylike habit!

MRS. T. There! (CROKE *puts the end to his lips, she puts a fuzee to the bowl*) That's it!

CROKE. Well, that isn't so bad! (*puffs*)

MRS. T. (*taking it from him*) Now I! (*puts it to her lips*)

CROKE. But I say——

MRS. T. A mere form! But hear me. The pale face loves the redskin—I allude, of course, to you and the doctor.

CROKE. (*aside*) She calls the doctor a redskin. Well, he is rather port-winey about the nose.

MRS. T. Poor unenlightened man! We are all brothers.

CROKE. (*looking at her*) Excuse me, some of us are sisters.

MRS. T. You've placed your foot upon our soil, but your soul (CROKE *looks at his feet*) is still in the wigwam, in the trackless desert, where the sun never sets.

CROKE. How tired he must be!

MRS. T. I ask you a favour! (*referring to book*)

CROKE. My dear Mrs. Squaw.

MRS. T. You are naturally fond of finery?

CROKE. No. I——

MRS. T. You don't know the value of money as yet.

CROKE. Well, I think I do.

MRS. T. But here—here—“(producing from her pockets and basket, strings of beads, small ornaments, balls, &c.) Here—these are what you like—take them—they are real—(looking at book, *aside*) What’s the word for treasure? They are real Wampum to you.

CROKE. Wampum? (*aside*) It must be a kind of sweet-stuff they sell in Bedfordshire. (*aside*) What am I to do with these?

MRS. T. Keep them. And now, in return, all I ask is, that you’ll do your best for the Doctor. Don’t—excuse the expression—don’t sell him! You will not?

CROKE. (*aside*) This is touching. But I can’t get at my pocket handkerchief. (*his hands are full of the beads, toys, &c.*)

MRS. T. You hear me? And you will go to the post?

CROKE. Must I? Then I will.

MRS. T. Thanks—thanks. He comes. Not a word—not a word. (*she gives an Indian yell*) The daughter of the pale face thanks the son of the desert. *Exit cautiously, c., off. r.*

CROKE. If my friend with the bowie knife has heard that interesting conversation, my situation will be pleasant. Bother these things. (*puts them on table*) Pen and ink. I’ll drop a line to Mr. Fixings, and settle the matter. (*writes*) “Citizen of a free country, I refuse to sell the doctor, with whom I must go to the post—yours truly—” He doesn’t know my name, so I needn’t sign it. I think he said his was Fixings, or Fixtures. There. (*directs*) “To —Fixings, or Fixtures, Esq.”

Enter DR. TOPPS, R.

DR. T. Now, you said you would follow my advice, so come to your room and take rest for a few minutes.

CROKE. Well, I don’t object.

DR. T. That’s right. Come and take off your clothes.

CROKE. Oh, that’s part of your system, is it? Well, anything for quiet.

DR. T. I see you are prepared. (*pointing to beads*)

CROKE. You are perfectly welcome to them. (*puts end of long chain round DOCTOR’S neck*)

DR. T. Come along—come along!

CROKE. No—I—

Going L.—DR. TOPPS has opened door, R., and drags him off with chain, R., like a dog in a string—as they go off, R., enter SILAS, L.

SILAS. They’ve gone to prepare. (*looks through keyhole*) The doctor’s taking off his boots—now he puts on a dressing-gown—now he lies down to rest. I don’t half like the look of this. ’Twas precious cute of the doctor to bring down the real Deerfoot. (*sees letter*) Hallo! Tarnation! As I thought—the

Seneca Indian has changed his mind—that's darned sly! He'll appear on the course at two o'clock, and I lose £300. I do wish kniving was an institution of this darned old country.
(*murmurs heard without*)

Enter TIM, C., from L.

TIM. (L.) The people wants to 'ave a look at Mr. Deerfoot!

SILAS. (R.) Do they? (*aside*) I have it! (*aloud*) Well, I can't show him; he's changed sides, and going to run for Dr. Topps.

TIM. Bees he, zur? Oh, aint that good, neither!

SILAS. (*aside*) Waal, that's one way of doing 'un. But a 'possum in top boots ain't more puzzled how to proceed than is Silas Fixings.

Exit, L.

TIM. Deerfoot be going to run for Dr. Topps!

Enter DR. TOPPS, R., with CROKE'S clothes.

Brayvo, Doctor! Lor'! I'll go and tell all the people.

Exit C., off L., hurraing

DR. T. A few minutes' repose will be a good thing. I've put all his dress ready for him directly he wakes. How pleased he'll be. (*shouts without* "Deerfoot for ever!") "Brayvo, Dr. Topps!") This is a great day for Dormiton.
(*puts clothes on chair*)

CROKE. (*without, R., putting his head in*) My clothes!

Enter MRS. TOPPS, C., from L.

MRS. T. Our carriage has driven up to the Stand, and the people are all excitement.

CROKE. (*without, R.*) Hallo! Hi! My clothes!

DR. T. He's awake! Just time for him to dress. *Exit, R.*

MRS. T. This is an anxious moment. (*shouts of* "Brayvo, Doctor!" Brayvo, Deerfoot!")

Enter TIM, C., from L. PEOPLE appear outside window and door, C.

TIM. I zav, missus! Deerfoot's guv up the Yankee, and going to run for Dr. Topps! Hooray!

MRS. T. I'm delighted. (*people shout* "Brayvo!")

TIM. Here he comes in full fig. (*immense cheering*)

Enter DR. TOPPS, pulling in CROKE, in full Indian costume, R.

CROKE. What a horrid noise! What are all these people? I shall go. (*trying to return to room, R.*)

DR. T. (*stopping him*) Patience!

CROKE. (*looking at people*) Patients! What a large establishment! I say, I can't be seen like this! And these bells! I'm going about like a paralytic muffin man!

DR. T. Just do a little run.

ALL. Do 'ee run.

CROKE. Run! No!

Enter SILAS, L., CROKE sees him.

There's the revolver! I'm off!

Runs up to C. D.

ALL. There's the step! Beautiful! (CROKE *pauses at C. door*)

SILAS. My three hundred pounds is going. Hi!

(runs after him—CROKE runs away, C. door, and is seen to pass the window, L.—the PEOPLE shouting "Brayvo, Deerfoot!")

DR. T. *(calling after him)* Don't tire yourself! Carry him back!

ALL. Hooray!

CROKE is carried back, and brought in C. door, down C.

DR. T. (R.) You shouldn't exert yourself.

SILAS. (L.) It doesn't matter now, Doctor. You're tarnal cute and spry—I own you've done me.

DR. T. Eh?

SILAS. You saw I was hoaxing you—I'm very sorry. I pay my stakes to you for not appearing at the post, and apologize. *(gives notes)*

DR. T. But——

CROKE. (C.) Say no more—that's quite enough. America apologizes.

DR. T. But what does he mean?

SILAS. That no one whom I can bring can run against the real Deerfoot! *(pointing to CROKE)*

DR. T. *(to CROKE)* Why, aren't you the "Unknown—the Prairie——"

CROKE. *(aside to him)* I'm any one you please, my little dear, but don't say a word; pocket your money. He said that he'd try to hoax you, and he's hoaxed himself—that's all.

DR. T. Well, I don't know—it's all a mistake. Isn't there to be a run after all?

CROKE. Yes, when you've cured me of my rheumatism and toothache. Or stay!—*(to Audience)* After all, it rests with you—and if they approve of the humble representation of the great perambulator of the day; why, then, we may look forward to a pretty considerable run *(nightly)* for the Unknown and the Seneca Indian—DEERFOOT.

MOB.

CROKE.

MRS. TOPPS.

DR. TOPPS.

TIM.

SILAS.

R.

L.

Curtain.