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822
M546h

THE WORLD ACTING DRAMA

A Husband in Clover.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By H. C. MERIVALE.



THE DRAMA



Original from
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
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PAGE NOT AVAILABLE

A

A HUSBAND IN CLOVER

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

H. C. MERIVALE

CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

A HUSBAND IN CLOVER.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre (under the management of Mr. H. L. Bateman), on Friday the 26th of December, 1873.

CHARACTERS.

Horace	Mr. JOHN CLAYTON
Lydia.....	MISS VIRGINIA FRANC

SCENE—A Breakfast Parlor. Plays Thirty Minutes.

822
m546h

A HUSBAND IN CLOVER.

R. SCENE.—*Breakfast Parlor in a house in London, handsomely furnished. Fireplace and grate with lighted fire, L. J. E.; breakfast table, handsomely appointed, L.; lady's easy-chair and footstool, up L.; couch, up C., with foot towards the audience; small round table, R.; easy chair and foot-stool of it; window, in flat, R., with curtains; Davenport in window with drawer, C.; chiffonier against flat, R.; door, R. I. E.; chairs; pictures; clock.*

873. *Horace* discovered in easy-chair, R., reading newspaper—he is dressed in morning jacket and slippers.

88. **Horace.** Ten o'clock! This quiet life will be the death of me, and it's all Bunbury's fault! A few months ago, I said to Bunbury, "I'm thinking of getting married!" "Go in and win, old boy!" said he, "and take my word for it, it's the best thing you can do." Well, I took Bunbury's advice: I went in and won, and became the husband of Lydia. Well, you know, I'm not sure that I hadn't better have gone in and lost! Not that my wife's bad, oh no; she's rather good, in fact; you'll see her directly, and be able to judge for yourselves. The worst of it is—she don't live—she vegetates. She has no will of her own; she's as mild as a lamb, without mint-sauce. I've married a mint-sauceless lamb. Not that I object to marriage in the abstract. I think it would be a very praiseworthy institution—if it weren't so permanent—if you could get out of it, for instance. But you can't,—at least, not comfortably. If you could, you'd say to your wife:—"My darling, times are hard; let's live upon love!" and then you'd never see any more of her. But nowadays; when you are married, where are you? Why, there you are! [Rises.] Not that all wives are the same. Some of the lambs have a good deal of mint-sauce about them. But I like mint-sauce. Look at Caroline Bunbury; she's in the poetic and sentimental style. I don't know where Bunbury picked her up. Then there's Maria Jolly—consumptive and interesting style; all complexion and no waist. Lydia's health

is positively *rude*! Then, there's Zenobia Masters—fashionable style; all back hair and no bonnet to speak of. Adela Jones—passionate and jealous style; adores her David as husband should be adored, and is as savage as a tigress! But the everybody hasn't Jones's luck. Oh, this quiet life will be the death of me! There's about as much variety in it as in the existence of a bread-crumb at the bottom of a trowsers pocket! Oh, for a row—my kingdom for a row! [Goes to side drawer of Davenport, and unlocking it with a key he carries in his pocket, brings out a MS. book, and sits on chair, L. of Davenport.] Sole relic of my bachelor days! Journal of my life sacredly preserved in my private drawer. Time was, when the events of an evening filled unlimited pages; now, the most eventful day is disposed of in half a dozen lines. [Turning over pages.] No addition to my index now. If there's one thing pride myself on more than another, it's my index, which alphabetically recalls the names and styles of the most fascinating women of my acquaintance. [Rises and advances book in hand—reads.] "Bunbury—Caroline—style, poetic—Hastings—Fanny—style, fashionable," et cetera. "Lydia has no style at all! with her, existence is like a lake without a ripple—sun without a spot—a bed without a crease!" Now, that's no bad; I put that down yesterday in the section of my work devoted to reflections. [Shuts up the book.] A row, a row—my kingdom for a row! Eh? there's my wife's dress on the stairs—with my wife inside it! [Locks book in drawer again putting bunch of keys in his pocket.] Now, she'll come up and say, "Ready for breakfast, my love?" [Throws himself languidly into easy-chair L. of R. table.] Call me a "dear old boy!" and ask if "her Horry isn't going to give his Lydia a kiss?" What an existence! Will anybody provide me with a row?

Enter Lydia, from door, R., she goes behind table round to 1 Horace, leaning fondly over his chair.

Lydia. Ready for breakfast, my love?

Horace. [Aside.] What did I say?

Lydia. [Kneeling by his side, affectionately.] What a dear old boy it is! Isn't Horry going to give his Lydia a kiss?

Horace. [Aside.] I knew it!

Lydia. No! Then his Lydia will give her Horry one [Kisses him, she then sits on stool at his feet in front of him her back to the audience.] I've got a treat for you this

rs—fash—
norning if you're a good boy. I'm going to wait on you
myself.

Horace. Why? Where's the maid?

Lydia. I've given her leave for the day; she's gone to see
her aunt at Aldershott.

Horace. Oh, at Aldershott? Her aunt is probably in a line
regiment! What does she want to go to Aldershott for?
Excitement! I wish I could go to Aldershott.

Lydia. Does that mean that you're afraid I shan't make you
comfortable? Don't be alarmed! Mary got everything ready
before she started. You've got a good fire, you see.

Horace. [In a melancholy tone.] I always have.

Lydia. And I hope your breakfast will be to your taste.

Horace. [Still more melancholy.] It always is.

Lydia. There's a perfect mutton chop for you—just as you
like it. [Rises.] It must be about ready. [Crosses to fire-
place, where the chop is on the hob, covered in dish.]

Horace. [In despair.] The old, old story! For three
months I have been doing nothing else but eat mutton chops.
I don't escape from this life of torture—[Rises, and crosses
to R. chair at breakfast table, yawning as he goes.]

Lydia. Here it is, by the fire; and you never saw it, you
know, that blind old darling! [Places it before him, removing the cover.]

Look—under-done, just to the right turn!

Horace. Under-done—I should think it was! [Aside.] I'll
try and get up a row.

Lydia. Isn't that as you like it? [Pouring out tea, etc.]

Horace. What!—raw? Do you take me for a boating un-
dergraduate or a tiger from the Zoological Gardens?

Lydia. [L., at table—aside.] If he'd said a bear, now!
[Aloud.] Well, never mind, darling—I'll put it on the fire
again, and watch it myself—[Rises—goes round behind table,
and sits on his knee] while you go and dress!

Horace. [Sulkily.] I suppose I must dress? [Aside.]
What an existence!

Lydia. If the old man doesn't dress, and pretty quickly,
he'll be late for his office.

Horace. As if anybody ever could be late for my office.
They say time was made for slaves; and government clerks are
slaves, but it certainly wasn't made for them, in any offensive
sense. There's no earthly use in my being at my office before
one, except on Saturdays, when "Bell's Life" comes in. How-
ever, I may as well go and dress. [Rises and crosses to R.]
Fancy having to dress every morning all the rest of my life!

Lydia. [L. C.] That's right, darling ; the chop shall be all right, and I'll keep your tea warm for you. Now, don't be lazy but go along, and we'll have the coziest of *tête-à-tête* breakfasts.

Horace. [Aside.] Oh ! I must escape from this life of torture. [Exit **Horace**, door R.]

Lydia. [C.] He's crosser than ever, this morning. Something new in the "journal of my life" I should think. Take care, take care, Master Horace, my stock of patience is very nearly at an end. [Takes a key from her pocket and unlocks drawer in Davenport.] No secrets between husband and wife so, with your leave, I'll study the latest efforts of your literary genius. [Produces his book and sits on chair, L. of table, R., reading.] "Damn Bunbury." [Stops suddenly as if shocked, looks round.] Oh, never mind, there's nobody here, so by all means damn Bunbury. [Reads.] "Lydia doesn't live, she vegetates. Do I ? Not a bad plan for animating me, Master Horace" [Reads.] "Sometimes I think she is like a stuffed woman"—a stuffed woman ! [Reads.] "My life is like a lake without a ripple, a sun without a spot, a bed without a crease ; I feed like a bread-crumb at the bottom of a trowsers pocket." [Shuts the book with a bang, rises and locks it in drawer—speaks as she does so.] And I cared about this man. But he shall see he shall see. I have tried for some time if I couldn't bring him round to my view of woman's proper character, now he shall realize his. [As she crosses to table.] You want sentiment—passion—jealousy, do you ? You shall have it, oh ! you shall have it. Your chop not cooked enough, isn't it ; I'll cook it for you. [Throws it on the fire.] Ripples on your lake, spots on your sun, creases on your bed, you shall have enough of them. And if I am a stuffed woman, you shall see how the stuffing tastes. Here he comes. [Sits L.]

Enter **Horace**, door R., dressed in morning dress.

Horace. [Aside, R.] My shirt was clean, aired, and laid out, there were buttons on both my wristbands ; my boots were blacked, and my hot water was hot. What an existence ! Now I begin to understand what drives men to suicide. [Aloud sniffing.] What an odd smell of burning. [Going to table, L.] Now, Lydia, as to that chop.

Lydia. [Rises, takes chop from fire with the tongs.] Here dear. [Extending it towards him.]

Horace. [Amazed.] Eh ! What's the joke?

Lydia. [At top of table.] There's no joke ; I've cooked

hall be **a** little more; that's all. [Holding it under his nose, then dropping it on plate before him.]

Horace. You've cooked it a great deal more. Why, it's a cinder!

Lydia. [Comes down, L., holding the tongs in her hand and assuming a sentimental tone and manner.] Cinder! no doubt! like the ashes of a wasted life! [Crosses to C., tongs in hand.] For what is life but a fire that burns out? [Aside.] Poetic and sentimental style—Caroline Bunbury!

Horace. [Turning round on his chair in amazement.] What in the name of—?

Lydia. [Speaking in an assumed tone as before.] Horace, do you believe in the immortality of the soul?

Horace. Of course! Put down the tongs.

Lydia. [Dreamily, R. C.] Oh! for the existence of a soul—bodiless, infinite! To be a passing cloud! a puff of smoke! To have wings like a swallow!

Horace. [Rising.] What are you talking about?

Lydia. [Still in her assumed tone.] To be above all earthly needs. No butchers! no bakers! To be reckless of the price of meat! indifferent as to the exhaustion of coals! To be a soul, in short, with wings, wings, wings! [Extends her arms in the air, and goes R. and back to C.]

Horace. [Aside.] She must be flying in her sleep!

Lydia. [C., in same tone.] Horace, what do you call the bird with wings of heavenly blue?

Horace. Which?—a blue bottle?

Lydia. [Contemptuously.] Man! I mean yon little flutterer, that haunts the willows by the murmuring stream, that floats—floats—floats!

Horace. A parrot! [Lydia moves away with a contemptuous gesture—Horace puzzled.] Not a parrot? Why do you ask? I want my breakfast. [Sits and begins to break an egg.]

Lydia. [Crosses to top of table quickly.] Horace!

Horace. My child!

Lydia. [Behind him at head of table.] Won't you have your chop? [Places tongs on edge of table.]

Horace. No, thank you.

Lydia. [Sweeping his egg away from him.] I'm sorry you won't have any breakfast! [Horace rises in disgust and sits in chair, R.] Come and sit by me. No, stop! I shall sit here by you. [Crosses and sits on stool at his feet.] So; let me rest my head upon your bosom, and count the beatings of your

heart. [Rests her head on his breast, then abruptly.] If I died, should you marry again?

Horace. [Aside.] What a disjointed style of conversation. [Aloud.] Why do you ask such an extraordinary question?

Lydia. What did you say was the name of those birds?

Horace. Oh! damn the birds!

Lydia. Don't say that, because it's not only wrong, but absurd. What a strange thing is life! [Sighing.]

Horace. Look here, Lydia, if this is a joke, it's time to drop it. I don't see the fun of it.

Lydia. The fun of life? Nor do I, which reminds me of death. Oh! this pain—this pain! [Places her hand to her right side, and sinks on ground at end of couch, so that her head rests on it—aside.] Consumptive and interesting style; Maria Jolly.

Horace. [Concerned.] Are you in pain?

Lydia. No, the pain's in me. Ah, here, in my heart! [Her hand on her right side.]

Horace. No, no; excuse me. Anatomically speaking, that's your liver. Don't be fanciful.

Lydia. My liver? How vulgar! but no doubt you are a better judge of the liver than of the heart. Ah!—I've broken something, I know—something internal.

Horace. See a doctor.

Lydia. [Sadly.] A doctor. It's too late far that; yesterday he might have been in time, but now—[Rises languidly, while Horace rises and sits on end of couch, as she goes to her own drawer in the Davenport, and produces an account book.] But don't be uneasy, Horace, I have left my accounts in excellent order. Look at them. [Extends the book towards him.]

Horace. I don't want to look at them.

Lydia. [Stamping her foot.] I wish you to look at them. It is my last dying request.

Horace. Oh, very well. [Takes book, aside, touching his forehead.] I begin to suspect where the something broken is. Let's see. [Opens book and reads.] "Eighteenth, radishes, fourpence; Twentieth, spring chickens, four shillings and eightpence halfpenny; Twenty-first, a horse!" A horse? What, to eat?

Lydia. No, to ride. A capital bargain; go on.

Horace. "Twenty-third, pepper; twenty-fourth, a saddle!" What—of mutton?

Lydia. No. Leather.

Horace. Yes; but they often call it mutton.

then abruptly.] **Lydia.** Nonsense ! go on—a saddle—

Horace. "And harness !" What do you want with a saddle and harness ?

(dinary question) **Lydia.** For the horse, of course. You don't suppose I ride of those birds? barebacked ?

Horace. [Enraged—rises, and crosses, R.] I've had enough only wrong, but of this. I don't choose you to ride at all—barebacked or otherwise. I can't afford it.

(it's time to dr) **Lydia.** [c.] What a mean huckster is man ! But never mind that [Assuming a fast manner] my pippin ! I'll afford it for you. [Aside.] Zenobia Masters—masculine style ! *her hand to Shan't I look the cheese in the park ?*

(uch, so that k interesting st night !) **Horace.** [R., Horrified.] Pippin ! cheese ! This is intolerable ! I must have changed my wife in the cloak room last

y heart ! [B have a turn-out in the Row, the better, old boy ! [Digging his ribs.] My tit's a spanker ! I give you my honor ; a real stunner, and no mistake ! Won't we make the dust fly, unless the bobbies run us in ! [Aside.] I don't think I know any more.

—I've broke **Horace.** [R.] Here, drop it, drop it ! [Advances, with his hand extended.] I can't stand it any longer !

Lydia. [L. C.] Ah, he wants to strike me !

Horace. Good gracious !

Lydia. Mamma ! Where's mamma ? [Going up, L.]

Horace. [C.] She doesn't happen to be in the house, for a wonder. Listen, Lydia ! You have sworn to obey me !

Lydia. When ?

Horace. At the Hymeneal altar, of course.

Lydia. At the fiddlestick ! I never swore to obey you in my life.

Horace. Not to—"love, honor and obey ?"

Lydia. Not I ! The clergyman did mention something of the kind, but my wreath was scratching me at the time, and I wasn't attending. Obedience, indeed ! Other women may obey, I shan't.

Horace. I tell you that you owe me obedience.

Lydia. Oh, and honor ?

Horace. Yes, and honor ! [Sits R. of table L.]

Lydia. Ah ! It's about the only honor you'll ever get ; and as to the owing obedience, I suppose the best thing I can do is imitate my husband in all things, is it not ? [Sits at table, L.]

Horace. Certainly, a most excellent sentiment.

Lydia. Very well. Then I'll do as *you* do when you o
anything.

Horace. What's that?

Lydia. Shan't pay it!

Horace. Then I shall exercise the rights of a husband, a
compel you. Where's your horse?

Lydia. Where the deuce should he be? In his stable, to
sure.

Horace. I shall dispose of him to the nearest cabman.

Lydia. You will?

Horace. *I will!*

Lydia. Quite done—have you? [Horace nods—she snar
her fingers.] There, *that's* my answer. I expect my hor
here directly.

Horace. I am glad of it; for I shall tell him my mind.

Lydia. *That* won't take long!

Horace. [Enraged.] You *shan't* ride—you'll ruin us both!

Lydia. I *shan't*! I've got a capital seat.

Horace. Yes; but you can't keep it.

Lydia. Bah!

Horace. Booh! Look here—I can't afford a horse; and
won't!

Lydia. How mean! Your country pays you two hundred
pounds a year!

Horace. How far do you think we can go on that?

Lydia. I don't want to go any further than the Park. Then
look at your private means.

Horace. Yes; exceedingly mean, and peculiarly private
so private, that nobody knows anything of them!

Lydia. Then, think of mamma's allowance to *me*.

Horace. Generous mamma! Thirty pounds a year—*un
paid!*

Lydia. And you talk of not having money! It's lucky fo
you mamma's not here!

Horace. Well, it *is*—unusually lucky!

Lydia. Don't abuse my mother!

Horace. I won't.

Lydia. And pay for my horse.

Horace. I *shan't*! Money or no money, I've none for you
[Rises to R. C.]

Lydia. [With a scream, advancing to L. C.] Ah! he
acknowledges it!

Horace. Acknowledges what?

Lydia. You've got some for somebody else. Horace, you're

in love with another woman ! [Aside.] Adela Jones—passionate and jealous style.

Horace. Stuff and nonsense, one is quite enough.

Lydia. You are ! you are ! a little bird told me that you were deceiving me.

Horace. [Crossing to corner, L.] Then I wouldn't give much for the chance of that little bird in a future state.

Lydia. [L. C.] That's the second time you've damned a bird to-day. It is too silly. [Horace crosses towards door, R.] Where are you going ?

Horace. To my office.

Lydia. [Running up to door, R., placing her back to it.] Not yet. It isn't near one, and there's no "Bell's Life" to-day.

[**Horace** in despair crosses to chair at breakfast table, and drops into it—following him up, and in a tone of great severity.] You came home late last night, after leaving me at Lady Glossop's. Where did you go ?

Horace. [In chair, L.] I went to the club.

Lydia. Easy to say that. We know what that means. What things men are !

Horace. I tell you I went to the club ! I played a couple of games at billiards with Bunbury—a hundred up.

Lydia. Show me your purse.

Horace. What for ?

Lydia. Show me your purse, and be quick about it.

Horace. Very well—there !

[**Lydia.** There were five and twenty shillings in it last night, [**Examines it.**] Now—there are—twenty-two ! [With great solemnity.] What have you done with those three shillings ?

Horace. Well—I—

Lydia. Don't descend to prevarication, and think before you speak.

Horace. I tell you I played two games.

Lydia. And lost, of course. You haven't even the merit of winning at your games of chance.

Horace. Billiards is not a game of chance.

Lydia. Do you mean to call it a game of skill ? In Bunbury's case it may be, but not in yours. Well, two games, one shilling ! Isn't that right ? What then ?

Horace. Then—

Lydia. [Sharply.] Make haste !

Horace. Well—sixpence for a brandy and soda.

Lydia. No doubt ; I know your partiality for intoxicating drinks.

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Horace. Brandy and soda is *not* an intoxicating drink.

Lydia. Then you must have taken something else besides Well?—then—

Horace. Then—then—I—let me see. [Lydia stamps her foot impatiently.] Then I gave threepence to a beggar as I left the club.

Lydia. Threepence to a beggar, and grudges his own wife a horse! What things men are!

Horace. Well—

Lydia. [Vehemently.] That makes one shilling and nine-pence; there is still one and threepence to account for. *What did you do with THAT?*

Horace. Hang me if I remember.

Lydia. You don't remember? Horace! you gave it **to** the woman you love! [Goes R.]

Horace. [Rises.] Lydia! [Approaches her.]

Lydia. Don't come near me, vile betrayer! Is the creature pretty?

Horace. [Goes up to fire.] There is *no* creature!

Lydia. And my life is given to this man! What a piece of work is man, as Hamlet says. He marries you against your will—

Horace. [Suddenly approaching her, L. C.] Come, I say—

Lydia. Don't interrupt me; and ten months afterwards, he wastes all the wealth which a liberal country pours into his lap, in quarterly payments, in diamonds which shine—who knows where—on satins which adorn who knows whom? While to the wife who sits at home to mend his shirts, and guard his honor, he brings home—at two o'clock in the morning—the “Pall Mall Gazette!” [Goes R. then turns quickly on him.] Horace, what have you done with that one and threepence?

Horace. This is unendurable. [Crosses to L. corner, suddenly making a bolt for the door, R.] Good-morning!

Lydia. [Rushes up behind table to R., and confronts him.] You are going to see Aurelia! [Falls on her knees, clasping his hands.] Do you love Aurelia well?

Horace. [Walking backwards to L. C., as Lydia follows still on her knees.] I don't know anybody of the name.

Lydia. [Still on her knees, imploringly.] What has she done to make you worship her so? Tell me, tell me! that I may turn her own arms against her—that I may learn from my rival how to win you back again. Never go to her any more, and I will forgive you the past, and never ask her for that one

and three ! Send back her letters. Where are her letters ? [Puts her hands into his breast coat pocket, takes one out, and crosses to L. corner.] Ha, here is one !

Horace. [Goes up to couch, and sits.] Read it, for goodness' sake, and satisfy yourself.

Lydia. I will. [Opens letter and reads.] "Be a good fellow, and lend me that blue frock coat of yours.—Yours, Roderick."

Horace. There, you see !

Lydia. [L.] Roderick ! nobody is called such a name now. I see it all ! she writes to you under an alias, to guard against accidents, and disarm suspicion.

Horace. I assure you, Roderick is a fellow in our office. How can he be a woman, and want a blue frock coat ?

Lydia. She means to follow you in the disguise of a man. Perhaps she will try to enter this house as a butler ! Oh ! the craft of that woman ! [Sits crying, R.]

Horace. [Crosses to her.] Now look here, Lydia, as a gentleman, and a government clerk—I give you my word of honor—[**Lydia** sobbing hysterically.] I repeat I give you my sacred word. [**Lydia** crying.] Lydia—I—oh ! confound it. [Crosses in a passion to his chair at table, L.] If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is a jealous woman !

Lydia. [Sobbing.] Who—oo—oo—ever would have thought this co—co—could happen when I married you.

Horace. [L.] Who-oo-oo, indeed ? I wish somebody had told us. Your parents said you were an angel ; and they may be right, for I never saw one, only if they are, the idea of that article in which I have been brought up is singularly imaginative, that's all. It strikes me that your parents let me in for it.

Lydia. [Sobbing, R.] That's right. Insult the mother in the daughter's presence. Heartless !

Horace. [Smashing an egg.] Go on. Don't mind me.

Lydia. [Rises quickly.] I don't. Do I bore you ? [Crosses over to L., behind screen.]

Horace. Well—you do rather.

Lydia. [Behind him.] You are thinking of Aurelia ?

Horace. [Turning around on her.] I am, there !

Lydia. He confesses and glories in his shame. [Fiercely—as she seizes the tongs from table.] And shall I leave him to this woman ? Never ! [Brandishes the tongs above her head.]

Horace. [Rises precipitately to R.] Come, I say, no practical jokes.

Lydia. [Taking L. corner, flourishing the tongs.] Ha, ha ! coward ! He's afraid to die.

Horace. [R., shouting.] Put down the fire irons !

Lydia. [Throwing them down, up C.] Live then, Heliogabalus. [Crosses to C., as if going R.] I shall go home to my mother.

Horace. [Going up, and meeting her behind table, R.] Do, do !

Lydia. Now you want to turn me out of doors.

Horace. Good gracious, no ! Stop if you like.

Lydia. Likely, isn't it. [Very calmly.] With my nerves, it is unmanly to torture me in this way. [Going to fire.]

Horace. [C.] Say it's me.

Lydia. I will ! [Suddenly screaming.] Oh ! my head, my head ! [Throws herself into easy-chair up L.] Give me some vinegar ! Get me some sal-volatile, and Aurelia's address. Ah !

Horace. [In consternation, rushes towards her over to L. of the chair, bending over her.] Lydia, my darling ! [Frantically giving her all sorts of things to smell, the mustard, pepper, etc.] Try and command yourself, and I'll do anything you like. Ha ! she's fainted ! Good heavens ! [Gloomily] Perhaps it's just as well.

Lydia. [In chair, recovering.] Where am I ? Was it a dream—a hideous dream ? [Sitting upright, and gazing into his face.] Horace, of what have I accused you ? What right had I, of all people, to accuse you of infidelity ?

Horace. What on earth are you talking about ?

Lydia. [Rising dreamily.] Nothing, nothing. [Crosses slowly to C.] You have deceived me.

Horace. [Advances to L. C.] Never !

Lydia. [R. C., reproachfully.] Don't say that—the woman called Roderick, you know. Don't speak ill of me to Roderick when you see her this afternoon ; for you have a good heart at the bottom, and would regret it when you returned and found me—Ah, I am rightly punished !

Horace. [Uneasily, going towards her.] What for ?

Lydia. [Mysteriously.] Hush. [Embracing him, R. C.] Good-bye, Horace. Let us part friends. Good-bye, for ever ! Let me look my last upon those dear eyes—that open brow—that shapeless nose. You see, I smile. Farewell, farewell ! my brother ! [Exit romantically, door, R.]

Horace. [Advances, C., looking after her.] Well, this life of excitement will be the death of me. Oh, Bunbury, Bunbury !

was it for this I married? I, who hoped to find in marriage a life of calm and blissful monotony—a tranquil existence, without storm or ripple. [Noise off, R.] That comes from the kitchen. Lydia, I suppose, is engaged in destroying the cooking utensils. I wonder what she meant by *being punished?* I begin to think it wasn't for nothing that Mary was sent to see her aunt in the line. I must find out the truth of this, and I will! Ah, here she comes. She shall think I am gone out. [Hides behind curtain of window.]

Enter Lydia, her hair hanging down, and a white wrapper over her—she carries a cup in her hand.

Lydia. [Aside.] Impassioned and romantic style! I see you, behind that curtain! [Advances, c.] If I don't give you passion and romance enough to last you the rest of your life! [Aloud, and in a tragic tone.] All this must end! [Horace puts his head out—looking wistfully at her.] Grant me courage, heaven! Where is the teaspoon? [Goes to chair, R. of table, L.]

Horace. [Rushing forward, c.] Lydia, what are you doing?

Lydia. [Coolly.] Still here? I thought you had joined Roderick!

Horace. [c.] What is the meaning of all this? tell me!

Lydia. [At table.] Certainly! [Stirring the liquid with the spoon.] I am going to poison myself—I love another!

Horace. [Bewildered.] Yes, of course—I'm another.

Lydia. [Dreamily.] You're another! No, no, I loved him before I married you—before ever I met you.

Horace. And you never told me.

Lydia. I forgot. [Puts cup and spoon on table.] There are so many things to think of when you get married. [Rises.]

Horace. His name?

Lydia. [As she crosses in front to R. corner.] Alphonso!

Horace. What a name! His profession?

Lydia. A professor of ordnance!

Horace. Of what?

Lydia. Ordnance! Cannon! He's a billiard-marker. He was young, beautiful, and I loved him. [Crosses over to L.]

Horace. [c.] A young and beautiful billiard-marker! How degrading!

Lydia. He would have given you forty-nine points in fifty, and you wonder why I loved him. [In a melancholy tone.] He

is gone—gone to America, to make a name and cannons ; while I am bound to another. At this moment, perhaps, he lies lost, is dying in the boundless desert, in the grip of the hyæna, or the mountain ape !

Horace. [R.] I sincerely hope he does.

Lydia. My place is by his side. [Goes towards **Horace**, now up R., behind table.] Give me gold that I may follow him. What shall I do for gold ? Ah ! my jewels will give me the means. [Going R.]

Horace. [Intercepting her.] My presents to you !

Lydia. You taunt me with your paltry gifts. There is no reasoning with passion, no *meum* and *tuum* in love. Do you mean to let me poison myself ?

Horace. No. You shan't stir from this room.

Lydia. Then I will poison myself : first lodging a complaint against you for the offence with the nearest magistrate.

[**Horace** moving from door, crosses in front of table to C.—
Lydia up R.] Ha ! you recoil. Then I am free !—free to re-join Alphonso ! [Exit romantically by door, R.]

Horace. [c. lost in bewilderment.] Oh ! all this is Bunbury's fault. There is no use in getting a character with your wife. No woman could have brought a better than she did. If I had known Alphonso, I might have referred to him, but I didn't. Let me examine the situation calmly. Lydia loves Alphonso, a professional gentleman, whose social status depends on the frequent and careful enunciation of the sentence, "Yellow or red—green's your player." As a duellist, a degrading adversary ; as a co-respondent, an insolvent one. What is to happen to me ? Now, for the first time, I feel what it is that drives men to suicide. And only this morning I was so entirely happy, so contented with my lot in life. [At this moment **Lydia** appears at door, R., as at first.] Ah, well ! if I could only hear Lydia say as she used—[Sighs.]

Enter **Lydia**, and comes round to his side quietly as at commencement.

Lydia. Ready for breakfast, my love ?

Horace. Eh ? [Starts in astonishment.]

Lydia. [Kneels as at first.] What a dear old boy it is. Isn't Horry going to give his Lydia a kiss ? No ? then I shall give you one. Why, you haven't had a morsel to eat, and it's so late. [Rises and goes up to chiffonier, R. as **Horace** rises, and crosses to L., rubbing his eyes, bewildered.] Have a glass of sherry and a biscuit before you start for your office. Ah ! what

a goose I am. Mary has got the key of the cellaret, and I don't expect her till dinner, so there's no sherry for you.

Horace. [L., aside.] It strikes me I must have drunk it all.
[Goes to L. corner.]

Lydia. Never mind, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go up the river and have a little dinner at Richmond.

Horace. At Richmond? By Jove, I've been dreaming the oddest dream!

Lydia. Haven't you money enough? Get it from your drawer there, and if you haven't got your key, take mine.
[Showing it—goes to drawer and holds up the M.S. laughingly.]

Horace. Phew!—your key—my drawer—the journal of my life! Caroline!—Maria!—Zenobia! I have not been dreaming. Where are the tongs? [Picks up the tongs, takes the M.S. from her with them and puts the book on the fire, then throwing them down, advances to C.] My darling, what can I do to show my penitence?

Lydia. [C.] Have something to eat, then go and do your duty to your country.

Horace. [Holding out his arms.] Lydia!

Lydia. [Embracing him.] Horace!

Horace. I've had a lesson that I shan't forget.

Lydia. Unlike most lessons that you've learned as yet.

Horace. A happier couple nowhere shall be found;

Lydia. And deeper than did ever plummet sound
We'll drown the journal.

Horace. Willingly! I vow
To offer no more kingdoms for a row;
The newest of new leaves here to turn over,
And live as Husbands ought to live—

Lydia.

In Clover!

CURTAIN.

THE OUTCAST'S DAUGHTER.

DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By MARION EDDY.

Price, 5 cents.

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Play, two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of fire arms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Carl Faber.....	<i>An ex-convict</i>
Howard Ross.....	<i>A manufacturer</i>
Dennis Hogan.....	<i>Servant to Ross</i>
Abel.....	<i>Gardner to Ross</i>
Judge Havens.....	<i>Of the police court</i>
Recorder.....	<i>Of the police court</i>
Lettner.....	<i>Clerk of police court</i>
Second Court Clerk.....	<i>Clerk of police court</i>
Two policemen.....	
Little Hugo.....	<i>Agatha's child</i>
Agatha Steme.....	<i>Ross' book-keeper</i>
Ida Rhenhold.....	<i>A retired singer</i>
Mrs. Wilmuth.....	<i>A washer woman</i>
Katie.....	<i>Factory girl</i>
Frances.....	<i>Factory girl</i>

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Act 1. Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

Act 2. Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I would lie, if I say she was anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms we have never used. If you will take them—" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

Act 3. Ross' Garden. "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

Act 4. A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It was dark and Mrs. Steme was that scared, she was faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you." "Am his wife. Do not condemn him."

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CHARACTERS.

RUBEN RODNEY, (Uncle Rube) Justice of the Peace, School Trustee, and a Master hand at "swappin' hosses"	Character lead.
SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain	Character heavy.
MARK, his son, a promising young rascal	Straight heavy.
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artist	Juvenile lead
UPSON ASTERBILT, an up-to-date New York dude	Character comedy.
IKE, the hired man. "I want ter know!"	Eccentric.
BUB GREEN, a comical young rustic	Low comedy.
BILL TAPPAN, a country constable	Comedy.
MILICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher"	Juvenile lady.
MRS. MARIA BUNN, a charming widow	Character comedy.
TAGGS, a waif from New York	Subrette
TIME.—Mid Autumn.	PLACE.—Vermont.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS.

- ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.
ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.
ACT III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.
ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

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Seven male, three female characters. Plays two hours. For intense dramatic action, thrilling climaxes, uproarious comedy and a story of absorbing romantic interest, actors, either professional or amateur, will find few plays to equal "A Woman's Honor." With careful rehearsals they will find a sure hit is made every time without difficulty.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

General Mark Lester. A Hero of the Cuban Ten Years War.....	<i>Lead</i>
Pedro Mendez. His half brother.....	<i>Heavy</i>
Dr. Garcia. Surgeon of the Madaline.....	<i>Straight</i>
Gilbert Hall, M. D. In love with Olive.....	<i>Juvenile</i>
Robert Glenn. A Wall Street Banker.....	<i>Old man</i>
Gregory Grimes. Lester's Private Secretary.....	<i>Eccentric Comedy</i>
Ebenezer. Glenn's Butler.....	<i>Negro Comedy</i>
Olive \ Glenn's }.....	<i>Juvenile lead</i>
Sally J Daughters }	<i>Scoubette</i>
Maria. Wife of Pedro.....	<i>Character</i>

NOTE.—Glenn and Garcia may double.

- Act 1.** The Glenn Mansion, New York City.
Act 2. The Isle of Santa Cruz, off San Domingo. One month later.
Acts 3 and 4. Lester's home at Santa Cruz. Five months later. Between Acts 3 and 4, one day elapses.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act 1. Handsome drawingroom at Glenn's. Sally and Ebenezer. "I isn't impertinent, no, no, Missy." "Papa can't bear Gregory Grimes, but I'm going to marry him if I feel like it." "Going away?" "I was dizzy for a moment, that was all." "This marriage is absolutely necessary to prevent my disgrace." "General Lester, you are a noble man and I will repay my father's debt of honor." "Robert Glenn is dead."

Act 2. Isle of Santa Cruz. "Mark brings his American bride to his home today." "You and I and our child will be no better than servants." "How can I help but be happy with one so good and kind?" "It means I am another man's wife." "Dat's mine; don't you go to readin' my lub lettahs in public."

Act 3. Sitting-room in Lester's house. "What has happened? Is my husband safe?" "Break away, give your little brother a chance." "To tell the truth, my heart is breaking." "Debt of duty! and I was fool enough to think she loved me."

Act 4. "The illness of the general has an ugly look." "The gossips have it she would rejoice to be rid of her husband." "The Gilbert Hall I loved is dead." "Standing on the brink of the grave, my vision is clearer." "Forgive, and I will devote my life to making you happy in order to repay the debt I owe you—a debt of honor."

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BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

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Eight male, four female characters. Plays two hours. Modern costumes. This is probably the strongest drama written of the modern romantic style. It is a pure love story and its sentiment and pathos are of the sterling, honest kind which appeals to every man and woman with a human heart. The stage business will be found extremely novel, but easily accomplished. The climaxes are all new and tremendously effective. One climax especially has never been surpassed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Imogene Courtleigh. Wilful, wayward and wealthy.....	<i>Juvenile lead</i>
Ginger. A Gypsy waif.....	<i>Soubrette</i>
Nance Tyson. Her supposed mother.....	<i>Character</i>
Prudence Freeheart. A poor relation	<i>Old maid comedy</i>
Horace Verner. An artist and accidentally a married man.....	<i>Juvenile lead</i>
Dink Potts. His chum and incidentally in love with Ginger.	<i>Eccentric comedy</i>
Ira Courtleigh. Imogene's guardian.....	<i>Heavy</i>
Buck Tyson. A Gypsy tinker.....	<i>Character comedy</i>
Elmer Van Sittert. Anglomaniac, New Yorker	<i>Dude comedy</i>
Major Duffy. County Clerk and Confederate veteran	<i>Irish comedy</i>
Squire Ripley. A Virginia landlord.....	<i>Character old man</i>
Lige. A gentleman of color.....	<i>Negro character</i>

Note: Squire Ripley and Van Sittert may double.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

Act 1. "The George Washington," a country tavern in old Virginia. An impromptu wedding. "When I was on the boards at old Pott's the-ayter—" "Horace has fallen in love and has done nothing but rave about her ever since." "The marriage ceremony performed, I depart, and you will make no attempt ever to see me again." "Except at your own request, never!"

Act 2. Lover's Leap, a Blue Mountain precipice. A daring rescue. "Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady." "Do you ever feel the need of a faithful friend?" "I do, I do, I'm thinking of buying a bulldog." "Look at the stride of him, and Imogene sitting him as if he were a part of herself." Within twenty feet of certain death. "Gone? Without even my thanks for such a deed of desperate heroism?"

Act 3. The Courtleigh Place. A woman's folly. "And you say his father was a gentleman?" "I have already refused to sign the document." "Stand back, she is my wife."

Act 4. The "Mountain Studio." "You're too good to let that French girl get you." "I struck him full in the face and the challenge followed." "You will not meet this man, dear love?" "It shall, at least, be blow for blow." "I release you from your promise. Fight that man." "I'm the happiest man in old Virginia, because you love me."

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TOMPKIN'S HIRED MAN.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

Author of "Diamonds and Hearts," "A Pair of Artists", "Through a Matrimonial Bureau," "Their First Meeting," "Comedies for Children," "Socials," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm-house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

CHARACTERS.

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.

Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.

John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.

Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.

Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.

Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.

Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.

Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

PLAYS ABOUT TWO HOURS.

SYNOPSIS:

Act 1. Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll just give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

Act 2. Chopping mince-meat. The letter. Louisa faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you? You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh have a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never give my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two propositions." Curtain.

Act 3. Dixey builds the fire. "Things haint so dangerous when everybody's got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh drove her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetle gal, an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic.....
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun.
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother.....
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....
DR. BURTON, a young physician.....
SAMMY, the darky bell-boy in the Halstead house.....
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough.
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF.....

Time of playing, two hours.
Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

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CAPT. RACKET

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

BY
Charles Townsend.

PRICE 25 Cents.

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CHARACTERS.

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time.....	Comedy Lead.
OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea,".....	Comedy Old Man.
TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money and is sorry for it.....	Juvenile Man.
MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, a jolly old cove.....	Eccentric.
HOBSON, a waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion.....	Utility.
CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful".....	Comedy Lead.
Mrs. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit.....	Old Woman.
KATY, a mischievous maid.....	Soubrette.
TOOTSY, the "Kid," Tim's olive branch.....	Props.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: The same. Time: Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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Dr. Harrison, Red Cross H.S.	In love with surgery	<i>Straight old man</i>
Elmer Walton, banker.	In love with Spanish bonds.....	<i>Character old man</i>
Philip Bassett, his stepson.	In love with Ysobel.....	<i>Juvenile</i>
Fernando Diaz, Walton's cashier, afterwards S. A.	In love with Cora..	<i>Heavy</i>
Beverly Brown, Walton's butler, afterwards Red Cross H. S.	In love with chickens.....	<i>Negro Comedy</i>
Cornelius Dwyer, Walton's coachman, afterwards U. S. A.	In love with "Naygurs"	<i>Irish Comedy</i>
Antonio Carlos, a Cuban planter.	In love with Spain.....	<i>Character old man</i>
Cora Bassett, Walton's stepdaughter.	In love with Oscar.....	<i>Juvenile</i>
Bess Walton, Walton's daughter.	In love with Milton.....	<i>Ingenue</i>
Ysobel Carlos, Antonio's daughter.	In love with Phillip.....	<i>Juvenile</i>
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