

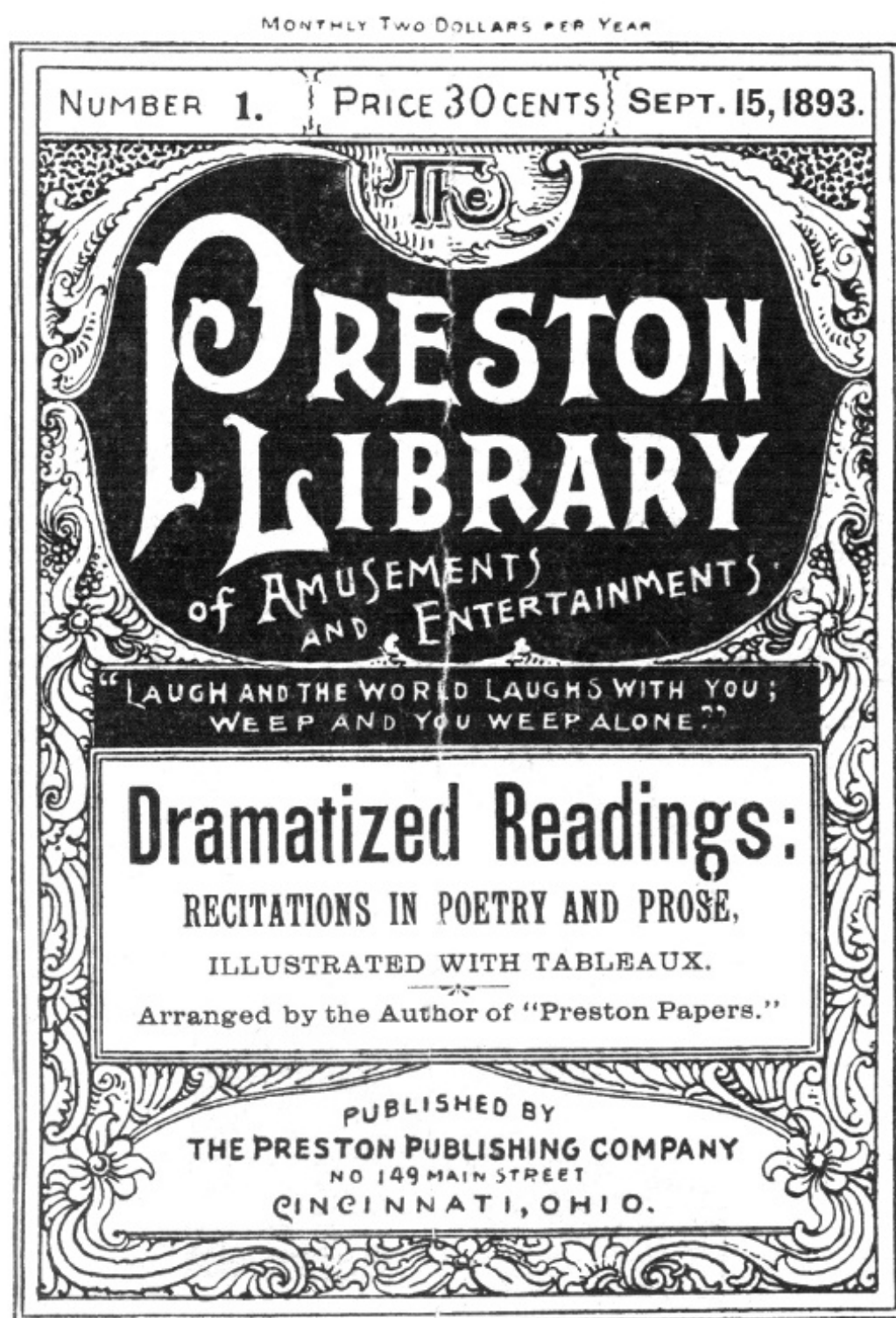
Dramatized Readings: Recitations in Poetry and Prose, Illustrated with Tableaux Preston Library No. 1

Yendes, Lucy A., 1851-

Footnotes have been collected at the end of each chapter, and are linked for ease of reference.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH TABLEAUX.

Arranged by the Author of "Preston Papers."

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRESTON PUBLISHING COMPANY

NO 149 MAIN STREET

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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3

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

In preparing tableaux to illustrate a song, poem or prose reading or recitation, the manager will find that success depends largely upon *promptness*. This requires a thorough knowledge of the part to be rendered, as well as of the places in the reading where tableaux are to be shown, and of the characters and stage settings for each picture.

A full dress rehearsal is indispensable, as many points--insignificant of themselves--will come up for adjustment that

cannot be decided upon at the last minute; and although of itself trivial, the pose or expression of a single character, the misplacing of an article of furniture or ornament, the draping of a costume, etc., will help make or mar a beautiful picture.

A stage manager who will see to all these details and provide himself with intelligent assistants who will *quietly* “set” the stage for one picture and clear it for the next, behind the curtain, in such a manner as not to interrupt the reader in front of it, nor take the attention of the audience, is equally necessary.

Absolute quiet behind the curtain must be insisted upon, and the “characters” not allowed to make it a place for social reunion between the parts.

Two dressing rooms are necessary, even if the characters are all of one sex--as things can be more easily arranged with but few to disturb them.

4All persons not needed behind the curtain must be excluded, as their presence only tends to confusion and delay.

The assistants who manage the furniture and other stage accessories, must know just what is required for each tableau, and when--and have those near at hand that are first needed, storing at the greatest distance those not again required, when clearing the stage.

The tableaux should be numbered, and the requisites for each listed, and a copy given to the stage director and assistants, for their reference and to avoid mistakes and delay.

Look out for the curtain. At the last moment it has sometimes been found that the curtain would not work, or that those appointed to manipulate it did not understand its mechanics, and great embarrassment has resulted. A signal must be determined upon, between the reader and the stage manager, that the curtain may rise *at the point proper to illustrate what has just been read*--not what will follow.

Should there be a lack of side screens, these may be supplied by covering ordinary clothes-horses with cambric, cotton, or cotton flannel, having due regard to the costumes and figures to be shown. A dark back and side for a picture all light and brightness (as a fairy or wedding scene), and light if the picture is a darker one. *Judgment here is valuable.*

5

DIRECTIONS.

Having selected the poem or story you wish to present, make choice of your reader. Get some one *who reads naturally and distinctly*. The tableaux take away all necessity for dramatic action on the part of the reader--if any ever existed--and the entire attention may be devoted to bringing out the thought of the author.

The reader should *practice in the room where the entertainment is to be given*, at least enough to be sure of its acoustic properties and so secure the right pitch of voice,--height and size of room, as well as shape and furnishings, making a great difference.

The reading must be given in front of the closed curtain, that the manager may be having the stage prepared for each succeeding tableau, that it may be presented promptly when desired.

Ordinarily *tableaux should be shown twice*, as few in the audience get more than a glimpse of what they want to see in detail. If elaborate, even a third showing is always acceptable, and as the picture is already arranged it requires but little time, and is better than one long period of showing it.

In making up, use as simple materials as possible; scorched flour for darkening the skin, corn starch for white powder, an ordinary soft lead pencil for outlining eyebrows, etc. Dark wigs may be made of curled hair (such as is used for mattresses) sewed to a cambric “skull” fitted to the head for which it is intended; white ones of cotton batting sewed on in tufts to represent short curls; mustache, whiskers, etc., may be manufactured from coarse linen thread attached to a bit of cloth which again has to be “stuck on” by means of mucilage, court plaster or white of egg.

Foot-lights are essential for tableaux, and if not supplied, a row of small hand lamps at the front edge of platform is easily procured. Candles are good also--but not quite so safe. Shades for either may be made of old tin cans, all the seams unsoldered, top and bottom removed, the tin being turned toward the audience, and *throwing the light on the*

picture. Shade must at least be as high as the blaze. Wings are as difficult to make seem natural as anything, and yet should be easily made and adjusted, by first cutting a pattern of the desired shape and length; cut the wings from cotton flannel, nap running from shoulder to tip; sew stiff bonnet wire around the edges, being sure to make a pretty shape and *not too small*; set them on a piece of cloth three by six inches, also wired. Wings must not be stiff enough to be awkward, nor limp enough to be troublesome; if the latter, additional wiring, lengthwise diagonally, will correct it--and if the cloth is too light in texture it may be used double.

7

THE BIRTH OF THE IVY.

Illustrated with Ten Tableaux, especially arranged for this Publication.

Characters:--“A Ladye of High Degree”; Her Knight; Her Page; Peasants.

Costumes:--In the first two tableaux the Ladye wears any elegant dress that is sufficiently antique, and which can be put on over the white one used in the third and fourth. In the fifth a hat and mantle may be used to change the appearance, but little time being given between the changes of scene; a plain dark gown in the sixth and seventh, over which may be draped something brilliant for the eighth; in the ninth a white or light colored wrapper or simple house dress.

In the second tableau the Knight first appears--and in ordinary dress; in the next in full military costume, as also in the fifth, his “last appearance.”

The Page, who should be a handsome boy of from seven to twelve years old, wears dark blouse waist, dark knee pants, sash of brilliant color, deep lace ruffles at wrist, broad round collar of same, low shoes with high heels; black velvet cap with plume; velvet cape with bright lining for last tableau.

Peasant women’s dress--short, scant skirt of any bright color; plain, round short sleeved; bodice of same or harmonious contrasting color. If an old woman is shown in group, she may wear cap and kerchief of white, the latter voluminous and crossed over chest.

Many and many a year ago

(I’ll tell the tale as ’twas told to me.)

A Ladye dwelt in her own proud hall,

A Ladye of high degree;[\[1\]](#)

And many a Knight came wooing her,

For stately and fair was she;

The fairest, stateliest flower that grew

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.

8Now one of these Knights she loved full well,

And he bowed low at her feet;[\[2\]](#)

“I have wooed thee for three long years,” he said,

“When wilt thou wed me, sweet?”

But she with a light laugh answered “Wait.”

“I will wait one year,” said he,

“And then I shall come to claim your hand

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.”

So off to the foreign wars he went

To fight with an angry horde--

And the whole land rang with the fame of him

And the might of his good sword.

But after a twelve-month back he came,

And again at her feet knelt he.[\[3\]](#)

“Now wilt thou wed me, Ladye fair,

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea?”

But her pride than her love was stronger still;

And lifting her haughty head--

“Wait longer. He who patiently waits

Is never a loser,” she said.

The lover rose with a smothered sigh,

But never a prayer prayed he--

As mounting his steed, away he rode,

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.

9The Ladye frowned, and the Ladye wept

In her love and wrath and pain,

For she had not dreamed he could thus obey

And ride from her side again.[\[4\]](#)

Then twice the seasons came and went

With bird and blossom and bee--

With the summer rose and the winter snows,

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.

And then again to his Ladye’s bower

Strode the Knight with a ringing tread.

“For two long years I have waited, patiently,”

Were all the words he said.[\[5\]](#)

And still in pride that o’ermastered love,

“Wait longer” answered she.

“If I wait, I will wait forever,” he cried--

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.

“Then wait forever,” she coldly said,

And drew her white hand away,

Sure he would fall at her feet again

For his Ladye’s grace to pray;

But never another word he spoke

And never a sign made he,

But mounting his steed he rode away

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.

10How dragged the slow months, one by one!

The Ladye, in sore distress,

Wept night and day in her lonely bower,

Bewailing her haughtiness.[\[6\]](#)

At length she summoned her trusty Page--

“Speed over the hills” said she,

“Go tell my lover I wait for him

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.”[\[7\]](#)

But the Knight came not, nor sent he word,

Save this one short message: “Wait.”

And the sun rose up, and the sun went down,

And the flowers died, soon or late.

At length she summoned her Page again,

And again to him said she:

“Go tell my Knight I wait for him

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.”

The Page came back and doffed his cap,

And these were the words he bore:

“He loses nothing who patiently waits.”

And not one syllable more.[\[8\]](#)

“He remembers well” the Ladye cried.

And in wan despair lived she

Two more long, desolate years,

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.

11“Now go to my lord once more” she prayed--

“Tell him my death is near.

Tell him I wait his face to see,

And I long his voice to hear.”

The Page came back with a lagging pace--

“O, what does he say?” cried she.

“Dear Ladye, he bids you wait for aye,

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.”[\[9\]](#)

“I am well paid,” the Ladye cried,

“And in coin I know too well.

He doth but give me my own again--

So now farewell, my love, farewell.”

And soon she lay in the starlight pale

Under an old yew tree,

With a stone at her head and one at her feet,

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.

But when the springing grass was green

On the grave of her who slept

A plant with wonderful shining leaves,

Out of the darkness crept.

It wandered here, and wandered there,

It climbed up turret and tree,

And from point to point, over rock and rill

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.

12Slowly and surely it onward crept,

That plant so strange and rare.

The peasants whispered, under their breath,

“’Tis the beautiful Ladye Clare.

She seeks the heart that she threw away;

She is creeping on bended knee

To her lover’s castle, that frowning stands,

Where the Rhine runs down to the sea.”^[10]

1. Drawing room scene. Ladye Clare stands in foreground. Furniture should be as elegant as possible.
2. Ladye Clare at left of center, in easy chair; Knight half kneels in front of her; both side-face to audience; Ladye’s hand extended to Knight, who is in the act of raising it to his lips.
3. Ladye stands at right of center, head erect, Knight again kneeling--but in reverse position.
4. Ladye in center, sitting with head bowed on center table, over which her arms are thrown.
5. Ladye at left, half way back on stage; Knight entering with long strides from left of foreground, each looking intently at the other.
6. “Ladye’s bower.” Couch at left, with handsome cushions and spread; vases filled with flowers, bric-a-brac, pictures, etc., adapted to a young lady’s room. Ladye Clare in easy chair at right; handkerchief pressed to her eyes by right hand, while left falls over arm of chair.
7. Same scene--Page entered back of couch, in listening attitude, cap held in hand in front of him, facing Ladye, who waves him away with right arm, hope in her face.
8. Same scene.--Ladye sits on couch; Page stands in center front, with head down, cap held behind him--in full view of audience.
9. Ladye on couch, half reclining, white spread thrown over her; hair hanging loosely (face should be powdered); expression of disappointment; Page stands at entrance, reluctant to intrude or to give his message.
10. Grave in center of foreground, covered with green vines and cut flowers. Peasants at either end, and in background. Stones (boards covered with white paper) may be placed at head and foot of grave.

13

CALLAGHAN’S FAILURE.

Mr. Callaghan was busily engaged in an inspection of silverware that seemed to interest him exceedingly. He examined each object carefully, often stopping long enough to test the particular object with his teeth, or even to bend it. At the same time his actions were quiet, and, one might say, reserved. He did not appear to care to be noticed.^[1]

He was a rather tall young fellow, carelessly dressed, as they say in novels, and he had a pale face, like a student’s. One might, indeed, have thought him a poor student, were it not for his eyes, which, instead of looking tired and dreamy, like a student’s, were exceedingly active and restless. On the whole, his face and his general appearance were not prepossessing. Indeed, the policeman on the beat most frequented by Mr. Callaghan in social life, reported him at the Precinct House as “a general tough--suspicious.”

Mr. Callaghan, although very young, had already learned the value of exceeding caution. Hence, he was almost noiseless; and he inspected the silverware in the very mild light of a half-opened dark lantern. A happy smile played around the corners of his face for a while, for the silverware he was examining proved to be of the finest and newest, and bore the monogram of a famous New York family. For that matter, the entire surroundings of Mr. Callaghan, at that time, were of the richest. The very sideboard at which he labored was worth a small fortune, and the cut glass upon it looked very beautiful in the mellow light. There were rich red tints in some of the glassware, occasioned by their contents, but Mr. Callaghan did not stop to examine them. He did not believe in drinking during business hours. The time was something after midnight.

Mr. Callaghan was aroused from his pre-occupation by a faint click. It sounded very much like the click of the trigger, as a revolver is cocked. ’Twas a trifle startling, but he did not lose his presence of mind. He faced around like a flash, and turned off the rays of his dark lantern. He knew it was almost useless to take the latter precaution, however, for he was well informed, and knew that, in the houses of the rich of to-day, it required but the pressure of a button to turn on a full stream of electric lights throughout an entire floor. The sudden burst of light came, just as he expected it would, and

as it did so, he heard a voice say “Don’t dare to move!”

He was more startled by the voice than he was by the sudden glare of electric light, for it was the voice of a young girl!! Mr. Callaghan blinked a few times, took a good look, and then his thin face broadened a trifle into a smile. At the other end of the room stood a very pale but resolute girl in a pink wrapper. She held a little gold-mounted revolver, of a calibre so small that Mr. Callaghan but for his natural politeness, would have laughed at it outright, and she was biting her lip, for she was apparently rather nervous. The revolver was pointed in Mr. Callaghan’s direction, but alas! the hand that held it was shaking very perceptibly^[2]....

Callaghan grinned. “Isn’t it rather late for you to be out?” he asked her.

15“Don’t dare to move,” she replied; “I know precisely what to do. Papa told me before he went away. I’m going to sound the burglar alarm and have you arrested; then you will be sent to State’s Prison.”

“Well,” almost laughed Mr. Callaghan, “why don’t you do it? I’m waiting.”

“Because,” she answered, hesitatingly,--“because you’re standing in front of it.”

“Oh, am I?” answered Callaghan. “Then I’ll move away, I always like to be polite to ladies.” He moved away a few steps. She frowned a little bit. Then she said “Excuse me. Will you please move a little further away?” “Certainly,” he replied, “anything to oblige a real lady.”

She stepped toward the alarm, which Callaghan had not, until then, perceived, and stretched forth her hand.^[3]

She was about to turn the little handle, when Callaghan said hastily: “Hold on a minute. Do you think that would be a nice thing to do?”

“Of course it would,” she answered.

“Just think about it a moment,” Callaghan continued; “if you did that, I’d be arrested, and sent up for fifteen or twenty years. Fifteen or twenty years, in a little cell, all by myself, with no one to talk to and nothing to do--except break stones for my health. Now, I don’t care anything about it myself, of course; I haven’t done you any wrong. I haven’t got away with the silver, and therefore, there isn’t any wrong done you, is there? I tried to, but you’ve got the best of me, and you’re an awfully brave little girl to do it, too. But just think of 16yourself during the next fifteen or twenty years, if you have me sent up. Every day you’ll be thinking about the poor fellow who’s doing time because you made him; and every night you’ll be lying awake, crying, because you made him suffer so much, for such a little thing; and every time the minister in your church says anything about forgiving your enemies, you’ll be thinking he means you; and,”

She broke in “I think I’ll let you go.” She said it very earnestly.

Callaghan laughed aloud. “That’s right,” he said, “I knew you would, for I knew you were a lady the minute I saw you. I didn’t mean what I said. Probably in a month you’d forget all about me. No one remembers a fellow who’s doing time, but the police and the detectives. I was just trying an experiment. Do you think I was afraid you’d call the police? Nonsense. Do you think I was afraid of your little revolver? Nonsense. I’ve been shot twice by real revolvers. If you’d tried to sound the burglar alarm, do you know what I’d have done? I’d have made a quick jump for you and I’d have my hands about your throat before you could have winked. If you’d fired the revolver, you’d missed me. Girls can’t shoot.”

He said this last almost contemptuously, but he was sorry a moment after, for he noticed that she was growing very white, and very frightened too. Nevertheless, he continued: “And after I’d got my hands about your neck, and you couldn’t scream or struggle or shoot, what do you suppose I’d have done?”

She did not reply. She could not speak. She was trembling 17violently. “I’d have--I’d--,” he was embarrassed, and he actually blushed,--Callaghan blushed--“I’d have kissed you,” he said with an effort, “and then I’d have gone away. But you needn’t look frightened any longer. I ain’t going to hurt you, and I ain’t going to kiss you; for some day you’d be ashamed of it. You’d be ashamed to tell your sweetheart that Rocky Callaghan kissed you; and I ain’t goin’ to take any thing that belongs to this house, although I could, right before your eyes. I’m just going home peaceably.”

He started to walk toward the window by which he had entered.^[4] As he did so, however, he looked at her critically, stopped, and said: “You’re going to hold out just about till I’m gone. Then you are going to faint. I can’t leave you here alone in a faint. I’ll fix it.”

He walked deliberately to the sideboard and poured out a glass of ice-water. “Here,” said he, “drink this, and then go upstairs as quick as you can. I’ll lock the window after I go out.”[\[5\]](#)

She took the water with a frightened “Thank you,” and drank it. Mr. Callaghan turned to leave. “That brings the red back in your cheeks,” he said.... “Now, I’m going, but I want you to remember that I’m not afraid of the burglar alarm nor of your little revolver. I’m not going to rob you because--because you’re so brave and because you’re so pretty. I sort of hate to make a failure of a job, and I guess the boys will guy me a bit for it; but you are too pretty.” Saying which, Mr. Callaghan climbed nimbly through the window and disappeared.

1. Dining-room scene, very scant light. Silverware on table, on which sits half-opened dark lantern; side-board in background; burglar behind table in center, faces audience while examining silverware, face lighted by lantern. (Face may be darkened by scorched flour.)
2. Same scene, brilliantly lighted, with burglar at left end of table; girl in pink wrapper at right end of room, hair down and arm extended holding toy pistol or revolver. (Face powdered white.)
3. Same as second. Girl moved a little to right with arm reached toward burglar alarm.
4. Burglar turned facing girl, back half turned to audience.
5. Burglar passing water, which girl has stretched hand to receive.

MATRIMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

[With Moving Tableaux Arranged for this Publication.]

There were lovers three in the days gone by,
They were healthy, they were wealthy, yet they’d sit and sigh,
Sit and sigh till the window curtains shook,
And all for the sake of a sweet maid’s look.
For they loved her one, and two, and three,
And each one prayed her his bride to be;
Till she cried, “Ah, no, you must surely see,
If I don’t love one that I can’t love three.”
Three sad men, but they loved enough for ten,
And they sighed enough for twenty, these sad young men.[\[1\]](#)

19Then these lovers three in the days gone by,
In their anguish did they languish, and they longed to die.[\[2\]](#)
Longed to die, till a year had passed or more,
And a fourth suitor came to the maiden’s door;
And he knelt so low on bended knee,
As he asked the maid his bride to be,
That the others thought “He will cut out me,”

And their souls were racked with jealousy.[\[3\]](#)

Three stern men, but they frowned enough for ten,

And they scowled enough for twenty, these stern young men.[\[4\]](#)

Then the fourth young swain in the days gone by,

Wooed this maiden so love laden, till she made reply,

Made reply--“You have won my trusting heart,”

And at church they vowed never more to part;

But they quarreled so when they were wed,

That the three young men they smiled and said--

“It’s a lucky thing that he cut out me,

For his wife is a shrew as we all can see.”[\[5\]](#)

Three wise men, but they smiled enough for ten,

And they laughed enough for twenty, these wise young men.[\[6\]](#)

[1.](#) Parlor scene, with lady on one side of the room, the lovers in waiting--each in turn approaching and being rejected, retire to a seat to “sit and sigh.”

[2.](#) Shows the young men only; having changed their positions they are doing a general “languishing” business.

[3.](#) The young lady in center of foreground receives suitor No. 4, who comes on “bended knee.”

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[4.](#) Shows the first three young men in center of front, hands in pockets--frowning and scowling.

[5.](#) Shows husband and wife at left end of stage quarreling--young men at right in attitudes of interest, watching the couple.

[6.](#) The three young men in center, front of stage, one smiling, the other two laughing.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen,

With the gambrel roof, and the gable looking toward the green,

At the side towards the sunset with the window on the right,

Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night.[\[1\]](#)

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came,

What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame.

When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,

With its smell of mastic, and its flash of ivory keys.[\[2\]](#)

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy;
For the boy would push his sister and the sister crowd the boy,^[3]
Till the father asked for quiet in the grave, paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult, with the words, “Now Mary, play!”
21For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it o’er sorrow, and had seen its brow grow calm;
In the days of slender harpsichords, with tapping twinkling quills,
Or caroling her spinit with its thin metallic trills.
So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new “Clementi” and struck the glittering keys;^[4]
Hushed were the children’s voices, and every eye grew dim,
As floating from lips and finger, arose the Vesper Hymn.^[5]
Catherine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy red,
(Wedded since, and a widow--something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as never heard before,
Steals from her mother’s chamber and peeps at the open door.^[6]
Just as the “Jubilate” in threaded whisper dies,
“Open it! open it, lady!” the little maiden cries.
(For she thought ’twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard);
“Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the *bird!*”^[7]

- 1. Sitting-room. Piano at right. Piano box just opened, in background at left. Center-table has books and papers.
 - 2. Several children crowding about the instrument in attitudes of eager inspection. Parents a little in background.
- 22
- 3. Boy and girl in foreground, crowding and pushing.
 - 4. Oldest daughter sits down to play, children near front, parents in background.
 - 5. Sing “Vesper Hymn”--if possible, with piano accompaniment.
 - 6. Little girl looking in from opposite side of room, screen door ajar; family grouped as above.
 - 7. She has advanced to center of foreground, side face to audience, but looking toward the mother, the rest watching her.

DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother paces with stately tread
Forward and back through the quaint old room,

Out of the firelight dancing and red,
Into the gathering dusk and gloom;
Forward and back in her silken dress,
With its falling ruffles of frost-like lace,
A look of the deepest tenderness
In the faded lines of her fine old face.^[1]
Warm on her breast, in his red night-gown,
Like a scarlet lily, the baby lies,
While softly the weary lids creep down
Over the little sleepy eyes.
Grandmother sings to him sweet and low,
And memories come with the cradle song
Of the day when she sang it long ago,
When her life was young and her heart was strong.^[2]
23Grandmother's children have left her now,--
The large old house is a shadowed place;
But shining out in the sunset glow
Of her life, like a star, comes the baby's face.
He lies where of old his father lay,
And softly she sings him the same sweet strain,
Till the years intervening are swept away,
And the joys of life's morning are hers again.^[3]
Grandmother's head is bending low
Over the dear little drowsy one.
The steps of her pathway are few to go;
The baby's journey has just begun.
Yet the rosy dawn of his childish love
Brightens the evening that else were dim;
And in after years, from her home above,
The light of her blessing will rest on him.^[4]

¹. Sitting-room with antique furniture. Old lady pacing across stage front, carrying baby in red night-dress.

². Baby in cradle; grandmother near, facing audience, sings "Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber." If Grandmother's

part is taken by some one who can not sing, this may be done by a hidden voice.

3. Same as 2. Sings "Sleep, Baby, Sleep."

4. Grandmother sits quiet--bending over cradle.

24

ANSWERING AN ADVERTISEMENT.

by Frank M. Thorn. (Abridged and Adapted.)

Characters.--Lawyer; Irish woman and son.

Costumes.--Typical.

Place.--Lawyer's office.

Good mornin' til yez, yer honor! And are yez the gintlemon

As advertised, in the paper, for an active intilligint b'y?

Y' are? Thin I've brought him along wid me,--a raal fine sprig iv a wan:--

As likely a b'y iv his age, sur, as iver ye'd wish til empl'y.^[1]

That's him. Av coorse I'm his mither! Yez can see his resimblance til me,

Fur ivery wan iv his faytures, and mine, are as like as two paze,--

Barrin' wan iv his hivenly eyes, which he lost in a bit iv a spree

Wid Hooligan's b'y, which intinded to larrup me Teddy wid aize.

And is it rid-headed ye call him? Belike he is foxey, is Ted;

And goold-colored hair is becomin' til thim that's complicted wid blonde!

But who cares for color? Sure, contints out-vally the rest iv the head!

And Ted has a head full iv contints, as lively as t'hrout in a pond!

25Good timpered? Sure niver a bet'her. The peaceablest, quietest lamb

As lives the whole lin'th iv our st'hrate, where the b'ys is that kane fur a row

That Ted has to fight iv'ry day, though he'd quarrel no more than a clam.--

Faith, thim b'ys 'ud provoke the swate angels, in hiven, to fight onyhow!

Perliteness comes aisy til Ted, for he's had me to tache him the thrick

Iv bowin' and scrapin' and spakin' to show pable proper respect.

Spake up till the gintlemon, Teddy! Whist! Aff wid yer cap first, ye stick!

He's shapish a t'hrifle, yer honor; he's allus been brought up that strict.^[2]

Come! Spake up, and show yer foine bradin! Och! Hear that! "How air yez, Owld Moke?"

Arrah, millia murther! Did iver yez hear jist the aqual iv that?

“How air yez, Owld Moke?” says he! Ha! Ha! Sure, yer honor, he manes it in joke!

He’s the playfulest b’y! Faith, it’s laughin’ at Teddy that makes me so fat!

26Honest? Troth he is that! Yez can t’hrust wid onything. Honest! Does he luk like a b’y that ’ud stale?

Jist luk in the swate, open face iv him, barrin’ the eye wid the wink:--

Och! Teddy! Phat ugly black st’hrame is it runnin’ down there by yer hale!

Mutheration! Yer honor, me Teddy has spilt yer fine bottle iv ink![\[3\]](#)

Phat? How kem the ink in his pocket? I’m thinkin’ he borry’d it, sir;--

And yez saw him pick up yer pin-howlder and stick it up intil his slaive!

And yez think that Ted mint til purline ’em? Ah, wirra! wirra! The likes iv that slur

Will d’hrive me,--poor, tinder, lone widdy,--wid sorrow down intil me grave![\[4\]](#)

Bad cess til yez, Teddy, ye spalpeen! Why c’u’dn’t yez howld on, the day--

Ye thafe iv the world!--widout breakin’ the heart iv me? No. Yez *must* stale!

I’ll tache yez a t’hrick, ye rid-headed, pilferin’, gimlet-eyed flay!

Ye freckle-faced, impident bla’guard!--Och! whin we git home yez’ll squal![\[5\]](#)

1. Lawyer at desk, left of center and a little back; woman in center, faces judge and audience alternately; boy in background.
2. Boy dragged to front by mother, and while she talks, he fusses with desk furnishings.
3. Boy and mother in center--front. (Ink on his light colored pants may be simulated by black cloth sewed on.) Mother points to it.
4. Boy in background--mother side faces audience while addressing the lawyer, wrings hands and weeps.
5. Boy again near front, listening to threats of mother, who shakes him and her fist in turn.

THE BRIDAL VEIL

We’re married, they say, and you think you have won me,--

Well, take this white veil from my head and look on [me.me](#).

Here’s matter to vex you and matter to grieve you.

Here’s doubt to distrust you and faith to believe you--

I am all, as you see, common earth, common dew;

Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue![\[1\]](#)

Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold,

And see if you have me to keep and to hold--

Look close on my heart--see worst of its sinning--

It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning--

The past is not mine--I am too proud to borrow--

You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.^[2]

28We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your praises,

As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies;

That way lies my honor--my pathway of pride.

But, mark you, if greener grass grows either side,

I shall know it; and keeping the body with you,

Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew.

We're married! Oh, pray that our love do not fail!

I have wings fastened down, hidden under my veil!

They are subtle as light--you can never undo them;

And swift in their flight--you can never pursue them;

And spite of all clasping and spite of all bands,

I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me.

I am yours for a lifetime, to be what you make me,

To wear my white veil for a sigh or a cover,

As you shall be proven my lord or my lover;

A cover for peace that is dead; or a token

Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.^[3]

1. Drawing-room scene. Bride and groom in full wedding costume; bride in white, with orange blossoms and veil of tarlatan or lace; both stand near center in foreground, a little apart, facing each other.

2. Husband in act of lifting veil from side front.

3. Both are sitting on sofa--settled and serene.

JIMMY BROWN'S SISTER'S WEDDING

She ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years and has had to refuse lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men. I have wanted her to get married, so that I could go and live with her and Mr. Travers. When I think that if it hadn't been for a mistake I made she would have been married yesterday, I find it dreadfully hard to be resigned.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without waiting any longer. You should have seen what a state of mind she and mother were in. They did nothing but buy new clothes and sew, and talk about the wedding all day long.^[1]

Sue was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridesmaids and six bridegrooms, and flowers and music and all sorts of things. The only thing that troubled her, was making up her mind who to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls; but Sue said they had insulted her and she couldn't bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe! Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boot and one slipper, couldn't be invited; but it was decided that every one else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation.

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite and there was nearly three hundred of them! You would hardly believe it but she told me that I must carry round all those invitations and deliver them myself. Of course I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, so I thought of a plan which would save Sue the trouble of directing the invitations and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

So I got to work with my printing press and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut out a lot of small pictures (of animals and ladies riding on horses) of some old circus bills and pasted them on the wedding bills.^[2] They were perfectly gorgeous and you could see them four or five rods off. When they were all done I made some paste in a tin pail, and after dark went out and pasted them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern and carrying in his hand one of the wedding bills. He handed it to Sue and said: "Susan, what does this mean? These bills are posted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them." Sue read the bill, and then gave an awful shriek and fainted dead away--and I hurried down to the post-office, to see if the mail had come in.^[3]

This is what was on the wedding bills, and I am sure it was spelled all right:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry

Mr. James Travers,

at the church, next Thursday, at half-past seven sharp

All the friends of the family

with the exception of the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson

are invited.

Come early and bring lots of flowers and cake and ice cream.^[4]

31(The wedding as it finally took place will now be shown.)^[5]

1. Sewing-room; Susan, mother and two dressmakers at work, by hand and machine, on the trousseau, "billows" of which appear everywhere. (Properly--Susan should be in duplicate, one for the sewing-room and one for the bridal scene there not being enough time for the bride to dress between the scenes.)
2. Jimmy at work on his big bills.
3. Father holding the poster; Susan in a faint.
4. The "poster" illustrated according to description. (Insert the name of your most prominent local church.)
5. The wedding as it finally took place--a typical scene, with minister, bride and groom in foreground, bridesmaids and attendants on either side; parents and guests in background; pages and maids of honor, if stage is large enough. Costumes should all be elegant and harmonious. (See "Bridal Wine Cup," p. 44.)

“Hush! Joanna!

I’ll forgive you!

But it’s certain that the coffee wasn’t strong!

Own your error! Why so stubborn in the wrong?”[\[1\]](#)

“You’ll forgive me? Sir, I hate you!

You have used me like a churl.

Have my senses ceased to guide me?

Do you think I am a girl?”

“Oh no! You’re a girl no longer

But a woman, formed to please.

And it’s time you should abandon

Childish follies, such as these.”

32“Oh I hate you! but why vex me?

If I’m old--you’re older still.

I’ll no longer be your victim

And the creature of your will.”[\[2\]](#)

“But, Joanna; why this bother?

It might happen I was wrong.

But if common sense inspire me,

Still that coffee wasn’t strong.”

“Common sense? You never had it!

Oh, that ever I was born

To be wedded to a monster

That repays my love with scorn.”

“Well, Joanna, we’ll not quarrel;

What’s the use of bitter strife?

But I’m sorry I am married.

I was mad--to take a wife.”

“Mad, indeed! I’m glad you know it.

But if law can break this chain

I’ll be tied to you no longer--

In this misery and pain.”

“Hush, Joanna! Shall the servants

Hear you argue, ever wrong?

Can you not have done with folly?

Own the coffee was not strong.”[\[3\]](#)

33“Oh you goad me past endurance!

Trifling with my woman’s heart.

But I loath you and detest you!

Villain! monster! let us part!”

Long this foolish quarrel lasted

Till Joanna, half afraid,

That her empire was in peril,

Summoned never failing aid.

Summoned tears in copious torrents,

Tears and sobs, and piteous sighs;

Well she knew the potent practice--

The artillery of the eyes.[\[4\]](#)

And it chanced as she imagined--

Beautiful in grief was she.

Beautiful to best advantage;--

And a tender heart had he.

Kneeling at her side he soothed her:

“Dear Joanna! I was wrong.

Never more I’ll contradict you--

But, oh, make my coffee strong!”[\[5\]](#)

1. Scene. Breakfast-room; man and woman at opposite ends of table, side face to audience--she busy cutting her meat and looking down at her plate; he looking at her, cup poised in right hand, on the way toward his mouth.

34

2. Lady has risen, and angrily faces her husband.

3. Man has risen; stands in front of table, looking toward his wife.

4. Joanna, again sitting, weeps.

5. Husband kneeling in front of her.

“IF.”

If, sitting with this little, worn-out shoe,
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie ’twixt Heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.[\[1\]](#)

If in the morning when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and saw but his vacant seat.
I could be glad if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-ache laid away,
I could look west ward to the hidden sun,
And with a heart full of sweet yearnings say:
“To-night I’m nearer to my little one
By just the travel of one earthly day.”

35If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God,
Ran side by side with his, in golden sands--
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.
If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say,
“Bring back again my little boy to me!”

I would be patient, knowing ’twas God’s way,
Although I must not all the wisdom see.[\[2\]](#)

But O! to know the feet once pure and white,

The haunts of vice had boldly ventured in!

The hands that should have battled for the right,

Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin--

And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night,

To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

[1.](#) Home scene. Lady sitting in easy chair, shoe and stocking on lap; room dimly lighted.

[2.](#) Lady weeping.

36

THE WASHER-WOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot,

In a rather quiet spot,

In the suds and in the soap,

Worked a woman full of hope;

Working, singing, all alone,

In a sort of undertone,[\[1\]](#)

“With a Saviour for a friend,

He will keep me to the end.”

Sometimes happening along,

I had heard the semi-song,

And I often used to smile,

More in sympathy than guile;

But I never said a word,

In regard to what I heard,

As she sang about her Friend

Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow, nor in glee,

Working all day long was she,

As her children three or four,

Played around her on the floor;

But in monotones the song

She was humming all day long:[\[2\]](#)

“With the Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end.”

37Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But the spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Saviour and a Friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her Friend
Who would keep her to the end.[\[3\]](#)

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washer-woman’s lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hopes that songs can bring;
For the woman has a Friend
Who will keep her to the end.

[1](#). Kitchen scene, with woman washing in center of stage, side face to audience; clothes baskets, soiled linen, boiler, clothes bars, etc., scattered in the room. The washer-woman sings last two lines, while curtain is raised.

[2](#). Same scene. Woman and tub in background facing audience while she rubs and sings; children on floor in foreground. Sings again.

[3](#). Baby is the most conspicuous part of this picture, and the livelier the better, even to laughing or crying. Woman hums the tune as she works.

THE SMALL BOY'S EXPLANATION.

It was Sunday evening. Angelica had invited her young man to the evening meal.^[1] Everything had passed off harmoniously until Angelica's seven-year-old brother broke the blissful silence that had settled like a rainbow on the family circle, with:

"O, *Ma!* You oughter seen Mr. Lighted last night when he called to take Angie to the drill! He looked so nice, sitting 'long side o' her, with his arm"----

"Fred!" screamed the maiden, quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth.^[2]

"You just ought ter seen him,him," continued the persistent informant, after gaining his breath, and the embarrassed girl's hand was removed; "he had his arm"--

"Freddie," shouted the mother; and in her frantic attempts to reach the boy's ear she upset the tea-pot, sending its scalding contents into Mr. Lighted's lap.^[3]

39"I was just going to say," the half-frightened boy pleaded, between a cry and an injured whine, "he had his arm"--

"You boy," thundered the father, "away to the wood-shed."

And the boy made for the nearest exit, exclaiming as he went, "I was only a goin' to say that Mr. Lighted had his army clothes on, and I'll leave it to him if he didn't."^[4]

1. Dining-room scene. Father at right and mother at left end of dinner table; small boy and Angelica at side facing to audience; young man on opposite side, back to audience; servant in side rear, with glasses on tray.
 2. Angelica's hand is over the boy's mouth, he evidently struggling to get away from it.
 3. Tea pot upset, mother trying to reach the boy.
 4. Boy disappearing through screen door at left rear, but half faces audience.
-

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Ay; but wait, good wife, a minute,

I have first a word to say;

Do you know what to-day is?

Mother, 'tis our wedding day!^[1]

Just as now, we sat at supper

When the guests had gone away;

You sat that side, I sat this side,

Forty years ago to-day!

40Then what plans we laid together,

What brave things I meant to do!

Could we dream to-day would find us

At this table--me and you?

Better so, no doubt--and yet I

Sometimes think--I can not tell--

Had our boy--ah, yes! I know, dear;

Yes, "He doeth all things well."

Well, we've had our joys and sorrows,

Shared our smiles as well as tears;

And--the best of all--I've had your

Faithful love for forty years!

Poor we've been, but not forsaken;

Grief we've known, but never shame--

Father for Thy endless mercies

Still we bless Thy Holy Name.[\[2\]](#)

[1.](#) Aged couple at supper table; woman at end, man at side facing audience; lighted lamp on table--small, so as not to hide man's face.

[2.](#) Heads bowed while blessing is asked.

41

LESSONS IN COOKERY.

Miss Cicely Jones is just home from boarding-school and engaged to be married, and as she knows nothing about cooking or housework, she is going to take a few lessons in the culinary art to fit her for the new station in life which she is expected to adorn with housewifely grace.

She makes a charming picture as she stands in the kitchen door, draped in a chintz apron prettily trimmed with bows of ribbon, her bangs hidden under a Dolly Varden cap, while she gracefully swings to and fro on her French kid heels.[\[1\]](#)

"Mamma," she lisped, "pleathe introduce me to your assistant?"

Mamma said, "Bridget, this is your young lady, Miss Cicely, who wants to learn the name and use of everything in the kitchen and how to make cocoanut rusks and angel-food, before she goes to housekeeping for herself."[\[2\]](#)

Bridget is not very favorably impressed, but as she looks at the vision of youth and beauty before her, she relents a little and says:

"I'll throy."

"Now Bridget, dear," said Miss Cicely when they were alone, "tell me everything, won't you? You see I don't know anything except what they did at school--and oh, isn't this old kitchen lovely? What makes the ceiling such a beautiful bronze color, Bridget?"[\[3\]](#)

"Shmoke," answers Bridget shortly, "an' me ould eyes are put out wid the same."

42"Shmoke, I must remember that. Bridget, what are those shiny things on the wall?"

"Kivvers--tin kivvers for the kittles."

"Oh, yes--kivvers. I must look for the derivation of that word. Bridget, what are those round things in the basket?"

“Sure, thim’s praties. Fur the Lorrud’s sake where hev yez lived niver to hear tell o’ praties? Feth, thim’s the principal mate in the oul’ counthry!”

“Oh, but we have corrupted the name into potatoes. I see. It is such a shame not to retain the idioms of a language. Bridget, do you mind if I call you Biddie? it is more euphonious, and modernizes the old classic appellation. But what is this liquid in the pan here?”^[4]

“Howly Mither! Where wuz ye raised? Feth, that’s millick, fresh from the coo.”

“Millick! That is the vernacular I dare say, for milk; and this thick yellow coating?”

“It’s crame--Lord--sich ignurntz.”

“Crame! Well, well; now Biddie, dear, I must get to work. I’m going to make a cake--all out of my own head, for Henry--he’s my lover, Biddie--to eat when he comes to-night!”

(Aside) “It’s dead intirely he’ll be if he ates it.”

“Now Biddie, I’ve got everything down here on my tablet: A pound of butter, 20 eggs, 2 pounds of sugar, salt to your taste--flour, vanilla, baking powder in proportion as your judgment dictates. Now Biddie, let me have the eggs first. Why! it says, ‘beat them well,’ but won’t that break the shells?”^[5]

43“Feth, I’d brek ’em this time anny how, lest they don’t set well on Mister Henry’s stummick,” said Bridget pleasantly.

“All right. I suppose I can use the shells separately. There they go! Biddie dear, I’ve broken all the eggs into the flour, and you may save the shells to give to some poor people. Now, what next? Oh, I’m so tired! Isn’t housework just awfully hard? But I’m so glad I’ve learned to make cake. Now what shall I do next, Biddie?”

“Axin yer pardon, yez might give it to the pigs, Miss Cicely,” said Bridget, “it’s mesilf can’t say no ither use for it.”

“Pigs! Oh, Biddie!!! You don’t mean to say that you have some dear cunning little white pigs! Oh, do bring the little darlings in and let me feed them! I’m just dying to have one for a pet. I think they are too awfully sweet for anything.”

Just then the bell rang and Mr. Henry was announced. Cicely told Bridget she would take another lesson the next day, and she went into the parlor with her chintz apron on, with a little dab of flour on her nose, and told Henry she was learning to cook^[6]--and he told her she must not get worried nor overheated, and that he didn’t care whether she could cook or not--he didn’t want to eat when he could have her to talk to----and poor Bridget was just slamming things in the kitchen and talking to herself (in that sweet idiom) about “idgits ternin things upsid down for her convanience.”

1. Kitchen scene. Bridget working at table, Miss Cicely entering half-opened door from rear; mother in foreground.

2. Bridget faces audience, eying Miss Cicely in center of foreground; mother at right.

44

3. Miss Cicely pointing and Bridget looking at ceiling. They are alone.

4. Miss Cicely points to a pan of milk on the table at the left, Bridget standing at right side, face to audience.

5. Miss Cicely, tablets in hand, in front of table contemplates her ingredients, and Bridget looks on contemptuously.

6. Parlor. Henry and Cicely discussing matters on a sofa.

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

(Specially Arranged for this Number.)

Characters and Costumes:--Marion, the bride, young and as pretty as possible, in full bridal costume of white; her husband, a little older and as fine looking as he can be made; her father, a man about fifty, gray, portly and dignified, both in full dress; his wife, some younger, in elaborate toilet of dark silk *en traine*, hair powdered; three of six

bridesmaids--as stage and other circumstances will permit--in one color if possible (dresses of cheese-cloth are very pretty in rose, blue or sea-green--and very cheap) if not, in colors that harmonize; the same number of attendants in evening dress; two maids of honor, about five years old, in white, carrying baskets of flowers; two pages, about eight years old in Lord Fauntleroy costume; clergyman, as spirituelle in appearance as can be had--powder if complexion is dark or florid--should be smooth-faced, wears episcopal gown and carries prayer-book; guests *ad lib.* in the background and sides in groups.

(First tableau is announced and shown before the reading begins--as the "staging" is elaborate and should be carefully done.)^[1]

"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey. "Pledge with wine," ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale--the decisive hour had come--she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came 45quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette--in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."^[2]

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Harvey had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits--and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring out a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion.^[3] She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible." "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.^[4] "Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes; "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description, and yet listen, I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowned 46with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brow; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever! One friend stands beside him; nay, I should say, kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws aside his dark curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister--his only sister, the twin of his soul--weeping for him in his distant native land."

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy; hot fever now rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing 47to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.^[5]

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently upon his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister--death is there. Death, and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back--one convulsive shudder--he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what

she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

“Dead!” she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; “and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth--the only son of a proud father, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies--my father’s son--my own twin brother, a victim to this deadly poison. Father,” she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, “father, shall I drink the poison now?”

48The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered: “No, no, my child; in God’s name, no.”

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces.^[6] Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: “Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother’s dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?”

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner, took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy for once and forever from his princely rooms.

1. Bridal party in foreground, ceremony in process; maids of honor and pages in front.
 2. Supper table at left, near which stands the Judge and in center of foreground the bride, who looks at her father; others in groups.
 3. One of the attendants handing a wine-glass (by all means filled with cold tea, or fruit juice) to Marion, on whom all eyes are fixed.
- 49
4. Glass in extended right hand, pointing to it with index finger of left.
 5. Guests seem transfixed with interest in the recital and Marion’s glass has been brought nearer to herself.
 6. The bride has advanced to the front (so as not to spatter the others--and must have practiced sufficiently not to spatter her own gown) and in the instant when the curtain is drawn she dashes the wine-glass to the floor. If this tableau is shown a second time, a second wine-glass must be sacrificed.

GRANDMA’S MINUET.

Grandma told me all about it;
Told me so I couldn’t doubt it,
How she danced--my grandma danced--
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes^[1],

Smiling little human rose!

Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,

Dimpled cheek, too--ah, how funny!

Really, quite a pretty girl,

Long ago.

Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,

Grandma does, and takes a nap

Every single day; and yet

Grandma danced a minuet,

Long ago.

50Now she sits there rocking, rocking,

Always knitting grandpa's stocking^[2]

(Every girl was taught to knit

Long ago);

Yet her figure is so neat,

I can almost see her now

Bending to her partner's bow^[3]

Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,

Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,

Would have shocked the gentlefolk

Long ago.

No--they moved with stately grace,

Everything in proper place;

Gliding slowly forward, then

Slowly courtesying back again^[4]

Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,

Grandma says; but boys were charming--

Girls and boys, I mean, of course--

Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy--

What if all of us should try

Just to feel like those who met

In their graceful minuet,

Long ago?

51With the minuet in fashion,

Who could fly into a passion?

All would wear the calm they wore

Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance

Should tell my grandchild of our dance

I should really like to say:

“We did, dear, in some such way

Long ago.”

MOVING TABLEAUX WITH PIANO OBLIGATO.

(Specially arranged for Preston Library.)

The music continues through the entire reading and should be very soft, player and piano may be hidden. A child eight or ten years old will often be found who can take the part gracefully and keep time to the music, but if not, get a young lady--as the beauty of the tableaux depends largely upon the dancing. The dress should be white and simple.

The Grandmother sits in the background, in ordinary makeup for old lady. The words suggest the appropriate tableaux at the places indicated.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

(Arranged for an Illustrated Reading with Three Tableaux)

“Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase,

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace

And saw, within the moonlight of his room,

Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,

52An Angel writing in a book of gold.[\[1\]](#)

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold.

And to the vision in the room, he said:

‘What writest thou?’ The Angel raised its head

And with a look made all of sweet accord,

Answered: ‘The names of those that love the Lord,’^[2]

‘And is mine one?’ ‘Nay, not so,’

Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low

But cheerily still: ‘I pray thee, then,

Write me as one who loves his fellow men.’

The Angel wrote and vanished, but the next night

Appeared with a great, wakening light,

Showing the names of those whom love of God had blessed,

And lo, Abou Ben Adhem’s led all the rest!”^[3]

Characters and Costumes:--Abou Ben Adhem, on a couch over which an oriental spread is thrown. (If the genuine article is not to be had, substitute one of the most brilliant coloring obtainable.) He should be large and dark-skinned, head enveloped in turban of bright colored cloth or pure white. Angel, tall blonde; must be blonde, even if golden wig has to be rented or made of yellow Germantown yarn; face and arms freely powdered; hair hangs loosely and shows for all it is worth; draping is done most easily by means of two sheets (old,--new ones are too stiff to form graceful folds) as follows: over the ordinary underclothing, which must be sleeveless so far as the lower half of the arm is concerned, fold over a corner to a foot in depth, and place folded part over the chest, pinning drapery to each shoulder, letting it fall easily and full to floor, even trailing; do the same with the second sheet, using it to drape the back of the angel(?) pinning both under the arms in such a way as not to interfere with their free use, nor to cover below the elbow; a white or silver cord and tassel is tied loosely in front just below the waist line, and in such a manner as to allow the drapery above to fall in folds over the girdle; the wings must not be “stingy” nor set too high on the shoulders, 53must nearly touch floor (see directions, p. 6, for making) and are pinned in place before the second sheet is draped; a silver band of pasteboard covered with paper with a star in front confines the hair ever so slightly.

The “book of gold” is any large book covered with gilt paper.

The scroll containing “the names of those whom love of God had blessed” is made of blank white paper, two and a half by five feet, paste-hemmed edge of one inch on sides and lower end, the upper end pasted on a round stick of light wood (the writer has used a curtain roller or broom handle) and the name Abou Ben Adhem in large gilt letters pasted about a foot from the top. The “odds and ends” of gilt paper that are left from this cutting may be used to simulate the other names further down upon the scroll, only Abou’s being intended as readable.

The light for these tableaux should be as yellow and mellow as possible--and in the writer’s opinion nothing is so good for obtaining this effect as kerosene lamps used abundantly, as foot-lights, on brackets, and wherever a place may be found for one--with shades of yellow tissue paper thrown over plain white porcelain or glass ones on as many of the lamps as can be dressed in this way. Gas is next best--but electric light is too white. (See^{(See} “Directions,” p. 6, for making foot-lights.)

1. Sitting-room scene; couch at right of center of foreground, head pointing toward left and a little back. Desk or table at convenient distance on left, where angel writes, facing the dreamer, who has raised his head and watches intently, resting it on his hand. Angel’s look is toward the book of gold.
2. Same as preceding, except that Angel’s head is raised while speaking, and she looks at Abou.
3. Angel stands, holding scroll so that both audience and Abou may see and read his name.

Longfellow’s “King Robert of Sicily” Illustrated with Tableaux.

by the Author of “Preston Papers.”^{Papers.}

(The following is designed for a high-school or academy entertainment.--Author.)

Only “cue” lines from the well-known poem are given. The reader should stand in front of the drawn curtain, reading during arrangement of stage for scenic illustration. *Everything must be in readiness for prompt and silent changes* from one tableau to another, that the poem may be “illustrated,” not spoiled. The entire poem should be read--the tableaux shown at the cue.

“On St. John’s eve, at vespers, proudly sat,
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.”

1. Stage represents church, with dim lights; at left altar, priests chanting; at right, king and retinue in pews. Altar may be fashioned from upturned box, over which showy table-spread is thrown; railing may be made by turning chairs of one pattern, with backs toward pews; king’s crown of pasteboard covered with gilt paper; loose robe of any soft, brilliant color; ermine can be made from sheets of cotton wadding cut in strips three or four inches wide having black spots an inch and a half long, tapering from half inch wide to round point; courtiers’ costumes brilliant with gilt and tinsel.

“And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.”

2. Same scene; lights dimmer; music softer and more monotonous--King sleeping.

“The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls--
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.”

3. Same, but with lights all extinguished save one or two dimly burning; king alone, near door at extreme right.

55“King Robert’s self, in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured by angelic light.”

4. Banquet room brilliantly lighted in the palace; table elegantly equipped with damask, glass (the more beautiful color the better), silver, flowers, etc., people standing in groups; king’s counterpart on dais in background; *real* king in foreground, side to audience, staring at his “other self.”

“And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.”

5. Barren dark room; straw bed in further corner, with king sitting thereon in plain dark robe, disheveled hair, wonder in face, and attitude. *Ape* may be omitted, or “made to order” of dark cloth, on wooden chair or stool in opposite corner.

“He heard the garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.”

6. Same scene; but king kneels, facing audience.

“Across these stones, that lead the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven.”

7. King Robert in the foreground in same garments, bowed head, hands crossed on breast, standing; Angel King on throne in background. (Throne may be improvised from big old-fashioned sofa, or two large chairs without arms, having handsome spread thrown over it, with showy rug in front.)

“Rose like the throbbing of a single string;
‘I am the Angel, and thou art the King.’”

What? Drafted? My Harry! Why man, 't is a boy at his books,
No taller, I'm sure, than your Annie; as delicate, too, in his looks.
Why it seems but a day since he helped me, girl-like, in my kitchen, at tasks.
He drafted! Great God! Can it be that our President knows what he asks?
He never could wrestle, this boy, though in spirit as brave as the best.
Narrow-chested, a little, you notice, like him who has long been at rest.
Too slender for over-much study; why his teacher has made him to-day
Go out with his ball, on the common; and you've drafted a child at his play!
“Not a patriot?” Fie! Did I whimper when Robert stood up with his gun
And the hero-blood chafed in his forehead, the evening we heard of Bull Run?
Pointing his finger at Harry, but turning his face to the wall,
“There's a staff growing up for your age, Mother,” said Robert, “if I am to fall.”
“Eighteen?” Oh, I know; and yet narrowly. Just a wee babe on the day
When his father got up from his sick bed, and cast his last ballot for Clay.
Proud of his boy and his ticket, said he, “A new morsel of fame
We'll lay on the candidate's altar;” and christened the child with that name.*/
O, what have I done, a weak woman? In what have I meddled with harm
(Troubling God only for sunshine and rain, on my rough little farm)
That my ploughshares are beaten to swords, and sharpened before my eyes--
That my tears must cleanse a foul nation, my lamb be a sacrifice?
Oh, I know there's a country to save, man; and 'tis true there is no appeal.
But did God see my boy's name, lying the uppermost one in the wheel?
Five stalwart sons has my neighbor, and never the lot upon one!
Are these things Fortune's caprices, or is it God's will that is done?
Are the others too precious for resting when Robert is taking his rest
With the pictured face of young Annie, lying over the rent in his breast?
Too tender for parting with sweethearts? Too[Too](#) fair to be crippled or scarred?
My boy! Thank God for these tears--I was growing so bitter and hard!
Now read me a page from the Book, Harry, that goes in your knapsack to-night,
Of the Eye that sees when the sparrow grows weary and falters in flight.
Talk of something that's nobler than living; of a Love that is higher than mine;

And a Faith that has planted its banners where the heavenly camp-fires shine.

Talk of Something that tenderly watches, while the shadows glide down in the yard,

That shall go with my soldier to battle--and stand, with my picket, on guard.

Spirits of loving and lost ones! Watch softly o'er Harry to-night--

For to-morrow he goes forth to battle! Arm him for Freedom and Right.

59(The effectiveness of the above poem will depend mainly upon the reading. The words are a constant outburst of emotions that find relief only in vocal expression--and unless the reader can fully enter into sympathy with the various feelings displayed by the widowed mother when she learns that her only remaining son is drafted, its rare qualities will be lost on the audience. The tableaux are but a mere accompaniment.)

First Stanza. Scene. Ordinary sitting-room; lady in widow's weeds, knitting near table--having books, papers and work on it--in center of foreground. She rises to greet army officer in uniform, who enters at left, carrying hat in left hand, and in his right, official paper which he passes to lady who reads and turns to him as the reader (who is concealed) pronounces the first words. Her face expresses surprise and incredulity during first half of first line; then expostulation and entreaty. At the words: "Great God," she drops back into her chair, overwhelmed by the thought.

Second Stanza. Without rising, she again turns to the officer, and argues the case with special resistance on the last half of the last line.

Third Stanza. She is roused to dispute the officer's charge that she is not a patriot, and there is defiance in her attitude as she calls up the memory of Robert's enlisting.

Fourth Stanza. Her manner changes as her recollection goes back to Harry's babyhood, and she grows tender in the thoughts of her dead husband.

Fifth Stanza. Reflecting on what seems great injustice, her head bowed on her hand.

Sixth Stanza. She turns her face to the officer again, to answer his arguments, her face first expressing the helplessness she feels, then doubt.

Seventh Stanza. Still addressing the officer she becomes hard in her despair. At the words "My boy" she turns from the officer, holds out both arms to Harry, who has just entered from rear and advances to meet his mother, who embraces him, weeping. Officer retires slowly and quietly, from rear, wiping his eyes. Harry brings a low stool and sits upon it, his elbow on his mother's chair--she caressing him.

Eighth Stanza. Harry takes big Bible from table and turns leaves slowly, until he finds what he wants. Mother leans back in chair, with closed eyes, one hand on Harry; countenance calm, expressing resignation.

Ninth Stanza. Harry kneels near mother, who, in last two lines, with clasped hands and uplifted face makes her petition. Curtain falls on this tableau, after the last word of the poem.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

(Tableaux Illustrating This Poem, Arranged Especially for the "Preston Library.")

Only the "cue" lines are given for each tableau, the well-known poem being found in various collections, and space forbidding an entire reprint.

Characters and Costumes:--The old man, who is speaking; the artist, who may be a young man, in sack coat or cardigan jacket, with fez or smoking cap; the mother in quaint old style dress, hair parted on forehead; two small boys in roundabout and long pants, such as were worn thirty years ago.

First scene, cue lines:

“O good painter, tell me true,

Has your hand the cunning to draw

Shapes of things that you never saw?”

Artist’s studio; pictures on walls and easels; bric-a-brac on what-not or chiffonier; artist paints at easel in center front of platform, side face to audience; customer enters from left, hat in hand, facing audience, looking earnestly at artist.

Second scene, cue line:

“At last we stood at our mother’s knee.”

Sitting room, rather plainly furnished with old style chairs, sofa, etc.; mother at left of front center; boys standing at her knee, grouped with three-quarter faces toward the audience; mother looking very grave; boy having bird’s nest stands so that nest may be seen.

Third scene. Studio again.

61

MY SISTER’S PHOTOGRAPHS.

(Adapted and Abridged Expressly for this Publication--with Tableaux Arranged by the Author of “Preston Papers.”)

Characters:--Geordie, a boy about twelve years old; Miss Watson and Geordie’s three sisters, all fashionable young ladies; a foppish young man, a clerk, with an exceedingly long mustache; Peters, red-haired and freckled; Mr. Courtenay, a lawyer, who carries his head away up in the air.

To-day I was let set up in a arm-chair, tucked up in a quilt.^[1] I soon got tired o’ that, so I ast Betty to git me a glass o’ ice water to squench my thirst, an’ when she was gone I cut an’ run, an’ went into Susan’s room to look at all them photographs of nice young men she’s got there in her bureau drawer.

The girls was all down in the parlor, ’cos Miss Watson had come to call. Betty she come a huntin’ of me, but I hid in the closet behind a ole hoop-skirt. I come out when she went down stairs, an’ had a real good time. Some o’ them photographs was written on the back like this:

“Conseated fop!”

“Oh, ain’t he sweet?”

“A perfick darling.”

“What a mouth!”

“Portrait of a donkey!”

I kep about two dozen o’ them I knew, to have some fun when I get well--’n’ then shut the drawer, so’s Sue wouldn’t know they’s took.

I couldn’t bear to go back to that nasty room, I was so tired of it, ’n’ I thot I’d pass my time playin’ I’s a young lady. 62I found a lot o’ little curls in the buro, wich I stuck on all around my forehead with a bottle o’ mewsilage. Then I seen some red stuff on a sawser, wich I rubbed onto my cheeks.^[2]

Wen I was all fixed up I slid down the bannisters, plump agin Miss Watson, wot was a sayin’ good-by to my sisters. Such a hollerin’ as they made!

Miss Watson she turned me to the light, an' sez she, as sweet as pie: "Geordie, where did you get them pretty red cheeks?"

Susan she made a sign, but I didn't pay no 'tention to it.

"I found some red stuff in Sue's buro," sez I--'n' she smiled kind o' hateful 'n' said:

"O-o-o-h!"^[3]

Wich my sister says she is a awful gossip, wot'll tell all over town that they paint, wich they don't, 'cause that stuff was just to make red roses on card-board, wich is all right.

Sue was so mad she boxed my ears.

"Aha, Missy," sez I to myself, "you don't guess about them photographs wot I took out o' your buro!"

Some folks think little boys' ears are made o' purpose to be boxed--my sisters do. If they knew how it riled me up they'd be more careful.

I laid low--but beware to-morrow.

This morning they let me come down to breakfast.

I've got all those pictures in my pockets, you bet your sweet life.

"Wot makes your pockets stick out so?" ast Lily, when I was a waiting a chance to slip out un-be-known.

63"Oh, things," sez I--'n' she laughed.

I got off down town, an' had piles o' fun. I called on every one o' them aboriginals of them photographs.

"Hello, Geordie! Well agen?" said the first feller I stopped to see.

Oh, my! when I get big enuff I hope my mustaches won't be waxed like his 'n! He's in a store, 'n' I got him to give me a nice cravat, 'n' he ast me, "Was my sisters well?" so I fished out his photograph and gave it to him.

It was the one that had "Conseated Fop" written on the back. The girls had drawed his mustaches out twict as long with a pencil, 'n' made him smile all acrost his face. He got as red as fire, 'n' then he scowled at me.^[4]

"Who did that, you little rascal?" "I guess the spirits done it" I said, as onest as a owl--'n' then went away real quick 'cause he looked mad.

The next place I come to was a grocery store, where a nuther young man lived. He had red hair, an' freckles, but he seemed to think hisself a beauty. I said:

"Hello, Peters!"

He said: "The same yourself, Master George. Do you like raisins? Help yourself."

Boys wot has three pretty sisters allers does get treated well, I notiss. I took a big handful o' raisins, 'n' a few peanuts, 'n' sot on the counter eating 'em, till all at onst, as if I jest tho't of it, I took out his photograph an' squinted at it, an sez:

"I do declare it looks like you."

64"Let's see it," sez he.

I wouldn't for a long time, then I gave it to him. The girls had made freckles all over it. This was the one they wrote on its back: "He ast me, but I wouldn't have him." They'd painted his hair as red as a rooster's comb. He got quite pale when he seen it clost.^[5]

"It's a burning shame" sez I, "for them young ladies to make fun o' their bows."

“Clear out,” sez Peters.

I grabbed a nuther bunch o’ raisins ’n’ quietly disappeared. I tell you he was wrathy.

Mister Courtenay he’s a lawyer ’n’ got a offis on the square by the court-house. I knew him very well, ’cos he comes to our house offen. He’s a awful queer lookin’ chap, an’ so stuck up you’d think he was tryin’ to see if the moon was made o’ green cheese, like folks says it is, the way he keeps his nose up in the air. He’s got a deep, deep voice--way down in his boots. My heart beat wen I got in there, I was that frightened; but I was bound to see the fun out, so I ast him:

“Is the ‘What is It’ on exabishun to-day?”

“Wot do you mean?” sez he, a lookin’ down at me.

“Sue said if I would come to your offis I would see wot this is the picture of,” sez I--given’ him his own photograph inscribed “The Wonderful What is It.”

It’s awful funny to see their faces wen they look at their own cards.

In about a minute he up with his foot--which I dodged just in time.^[6]

65Well, sir, I give them cards all back afore dinner time. I expect there.’ll be a row. I’ve laughed myself almost to fits thinkin’ of the feller wot I give the “Portrait of a Donkey” to. He looked so cress-fallen. I do believe he cried.

Wen I got home they wuz teazin’ ma to let ’em give a party next week. I don’t believe one o’ them young men ’ll come to it; the girls have give ’em dead away. I don’t care, worth a cent. Wot for makes ’em box my ears ’f they want me to be good to ’em?

1. Boy’s room. Geordie in an arm-chair wrapped in a quilt.

2. Girls’ room. Geordie, fixed up as described, stands in center of foreground--grinning self-consciously.

3. Parlor. Miss Watson and Geordie in foreground, side face to audience; sisters scattered in rear and at sides.

4. Clothing store; counters, shelves, etc., may be simulated by tables, boxes and what-nots, on which clothing may be piled. Clerk and Geordie in front, clerk scowling--Geordie as innocent as it is possible to look.

5. Grocery store. Boxes and barrels standing around, Geordie sitting on one and just in the act of handing the picture to Peters.

6. Lawyer’s office. Desk and chairs in rear and side of room. Table with books at opposite side. Lawyer at right and Geordie at left of center, the former in the act of administering a kick, which Geordie wards off with his hand.

(Illustrated by Tableaux Arranged Expressly for the Preston Library by the Author of “Preston Papers.”)

Characters and Costumes:--Irene in Nun’s dress, with silver cross, and ring, as suggested in the poem; she should be tall, slight, and pale, with black hair--which is covered by a white wig for the last tableau; the wounded officer, in regimentals for first tableau, on a cot after that (any soldier uniform with gilt lace and epaulettes will do;) the valet, an old man in servants’ livery; the doctor, in a business suit; the postman, in uniform, with mail-bag.

Soon as her lover to the war had gone,

Without [tearstears](#) or common-place despair,

Irene de Grandfief, a maiden pure

And noble-minded, reassumed the garb

That at the convent she had worn--black dress

With narrow pelerine--and the small cross
In silver at her breast; her piano closed.
Her jewels put away--all save one ring.
Gift of the Viscount Roger on that eve
In the past spring-time when he had left her,
Bidding farewell, and from Irene's brow
Culling one silken tress, that he might wear it
In gold medallion close upon his heart.^[1]
Without delay or hindrance, in the ranks
He took a private's place. What that war was
Too well is known.
Impassible, and speaking
Seldom as might be of her absent lover,
67Irene daily, at a certain hour,
Watched at her window till the postman came
Down o'er the hill along the public road,
His mail-bag at his back.^[2] If he passed by,
Nor any letter left, she turned away
Stifling a long-drawn sigh; and that was all.
Then came the siege of Paris--hideous time!
Spreading through France as gangrene spreads, invasion
Drew near Irene's chateau. In vain the priest
And the old doctor, in their evening talk,
Grouped with the family around the hearth,
Death for their constant theme before her took.
No sad foreboding could that young heart know.
Roger at Metz was, with his regiment, safe,
At the last date unwounded. He was living;
He must be living; she was sure of that.
Thus by her faith, in faithful love sustained,
Counting her beads, she waited, waited on.
Wakened one morning, with a start, she heard

In the far copses of the park shots fired
In quick succession. 'Twas the enemy!
She would be brave as Roger. So she blushed
At her own momentary fear; then calm
As though the incident a trifle were,
Her toilet made; and, having duly said
Her daily prayer, not leaving out one Ave,
68Down to the drawing-room as usual went,
A smile upon her lips.
It had, indeed,
Been a mere skirmish---that, and nothing more.
Thrown out as scouts, a few Bavarian soldiers
Had been abruptly, by our Franc-Tireurs,
Surprised and driven off. They had picked up
Just at that moment, where the fight had been,
A wounded officer--Bavarian was he--
Shot through the neck. And when they brought him in,
That tall young man, all pale, eyes closed, and bleeding,
Stretched on a mattress--without sigh or shudder
Irene had him carefully borne up
Into the room by Roger occupied
When he came wooing there,^[3] Then, while they put
The wounded man to bed, she carried out
Herself his vest and cloak all black with blood;
Bade the old valet wear an air less glum,
And stir himself with more alacrity;
And, when the wound was dressed, lent aid,
As of the Sisterhood of Charity,
With her own hands.^[4]
Evening came on apace
Bringing the doctor. When he saw the man
A strange expression flitted o'er his face,

As to himself he muttered: “Yes, flushed cheek;

Pulse beating much too high. If possible

69I must arrest the fever. This prescription

Very oft succeeds. But some one must take note

Of the oncoming fits; must watch till morn,

And tend him closely.”

“Doctor, I am here.”

“Not you, young lady! Service such as this

One of your valets can”----

“No, doctor, No!

Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,--

Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require

As does this officer, I would he had

A German woman for his nurse.”

“So be it,”

Answered the doctor, offering her his hand.

“Give him the potion four times every hour

I will return to judge of its effects

At daylight.”^[5] Then he went his way, and left

Irene to her office self-imposed.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge,

When the Bavarian, to Irene turning,

With eye half-opened looked at her and spoke.

“This doctor,” said he “thought I was asleep,

But I heard every word. I thank you, lady;

I thank you from my very inmost heart--

Less for myself than for her sake, to whom

You would restore me, and who there at home

Awaits me.”

70“Hush,” she said, “Sleep if you can

Do not excite yourself. Your life depends

On perfect quiet.”

“No,” he answered, “No!

I must at once unload me of a secret

That weighs upon me. I a promise made,

And I would keep it. Death may be at hand.”^[6]

“Speak, then,” Irene said “and ease your soul.”

“The war,---- oh, what an infamy is war!

It was last month, by Metz, ’twas my ill fate

To kill a Frenchman.” She turned pale, and lowered

The lamp-light to conceal it.^[7] He continued:

“We were sent forward to surprise a cottage,

Strengthened and held by some of yours. We did

As hunters do when stalking game. The night

Was clouded. Silent, arms in hand, in force,

Along the poplar-bordered path we crept

Up to the French post. I, first, drove my saber

Into the soldiers’ back who sentry stood

Before the door. He fell, nor gave the alarm.

We took the cottage, putting to the sword

Every soul there.”

Irene with her hands

Covered her eyes.

71“Disgusted with such carnage,

Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air.

Just then the moon broke through the clouds and showed me

There at my feet a soldier on the ground

Writhing, the rattle in his throat. ’Twas he,

The sentry whom my saber had transpierced.

Touched with compassion sudden and supreme,

I stopped, to offer him a helping hand--

But, with choked voice, ‘It is too late,’ he said,

I must needs die----you are an officer--

A gentleman, perchance’[perchance](#)’, ‘Yes; tell me quick;

What can I do for you?' [you?](#) 'Promise--that you

Will forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching

A gold medallion hanging at his breast,

Dabbled in blood, 'to'--then his latest thoughts

Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's name,

Mistress or bride affianced, was not told

By that poor Frenchman.

Seeing blazoned arms

On the medallion, I took charge of it,

Hoping to trace her at some future day

Among the nobility of France,

To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift;

Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear

That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill

This pious duty in my place."

72 Therewith

He the medallion handed her; and on it

Irene saw the Viscount's blazoned arms.

Then--her heart agonized with mortal woe--

"I swear it, sir!" she murmured. "Sleep in peace,"

Solaced by having this disclosure made,

The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,

Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame

Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.^[8]

Yes, he is dead, her lover! Those his arms;

His blazon that, no less renowned than ancient;

The very blood stains his! Nor was his death

Heroic, soldier-like. Struck from behind,

Without a cry or call for comrade's help,

Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies

The man who murdered him!

Yes; he has boasted

How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
And now he sleeps, with drowsiness oppressed,
Roger's assassin; and 'twas she, Irene,
Who bade him sleep in peace! And then again,
With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme,
She from this brow must wipe away the sweat!
She by this couch must watch till dawn of day,
As loving mother by a suffering child!
She must at briefest intervals to him
Administer the remedy prescribed,
So that he die not! And the man himself
73Counting on this in quiet,--sheltered, housed
Under the roof of hospitality!
And there the flask upon the table stands
Charged with his life. He waits it: Is not this
Beyond imagination horrible?
What! While she feels creeping and growing on her
All that is awful in the one word "hate,"
While in her breast the ominous anger seethes
That nerved, in holy scripture, Jael's arm
To drive the nail through Sisera's head! She save
The accursed German! Oh, away! Such point
Forbearance reaches not.
What! While it glitters
There in the corner, the brass-pommeled sword,
Wherewith the murderer struck--and fell desire,
Fierce impulse bids it from the scabbard leap--
Shall she, in deference to vague prejudice,
To some fantastic notion that affects
Human respect and duty, shall she put
Repose and sleep, and antidote and life
Into the horrible hand by which all joy

Is ravished from her?

Never! She will break

The assuaging flask.

But no! 'Twere needless that.

She needs but leave Fate to work out its end.

Fate, to avenge her, seems to be at one

With her resolve. 'Twere but to let him die!

74Yes, there the life preserving potion stands;

But for one hour might she not fall asleep?

Then, all in tears, she murmured "Infamy!"

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,

Roused by her deep groans from his wandering dreams,

Moved, ill at ease, and, feverish, begged for drink.

Up toward the antique Christ in ivory,

At the bed's head suspended on the wall,

Irene raised the martyr's look sublime;

Then, ashen pale, but ever with her eyes

Turned to the God of Calvary, poured out

The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand

Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.

And when the doctor in the morning came,

And saw Irene beside the officer,

Tending him still and giving him his drink

With trembling fingers, he was much amazed,

That through the dreary watches of the night

The raven locks, which, at set of sun,

Had crowned her fair young brow, by morning's dawn

Had changed to snowy white.^[9]

Scene only changes from reception room to chamber, and the poem suggests the characters for each, and the surroundings. *Look out for the details mentioned in the poem.*

“What is that, my dear? A trip into the country? Why, certainly. Go and enjoy yourself. Stay as long as you like. Take the children with you and give the domestics a holiday. Don’t hurry back on my account. I shall get along well enough. I guess I haven’t forgotten all my old bachelor ways and means yet. Besides, I don’t believe in all this fuss and nonsense about housekeeping being burdensome. It all depends upon the amount of intellect you bring to bear upon the matter. Of course, women have no idea of ‘system’ such as a man uses in his business--but I know that it can be carried into the domestic economy with very good results, and I shall be glad of a chance to show you the effect of a little brain power in the kitchen.”^[18]

Mrs. Brown was a very indulgent wife who never found it necessary to proclaim superiority to her liege lord, even in the domestic lines where he now seemed really anxious to test his ability--besides, she really wanted a summer in the country for the children’s sake (or the children’s ache, as it proved later), so she smiled sweetly at his ready acquiescence to her suggestion and immediately set about preparations for departure.

She wanted to retain at least one domestic, as a reserved force in case of emergency; but Mr. Brown scouted the idea, and upon reflection she decided to let him have his way, knowing that he could exist upon restaurant fare if worse came 76to worst, and he was not so successful in his culinary experiments as he hoped.

So in three days the house was left in solitary possession of its sanguine head, who had gone to the suburban station with his family, bag and baggage, at noon.^[18]

Being in business for himself, Mr. Brown could not drop his work, as his clerks did, regardless of importance, when the clock pointed to the hour of five--and on this particular day he had been in close consultation with one of his out of town drummers, and in planning the fall campaign of business the time had sped so rapidly that he was surprised to find it half past six when the commercial man left him--and as he left the street car he half wished he had kept the cook for a day or two until he was fairly initiated, for he was hungry--very--and did not want to wait to cook a dinner. But thinking: “I’ll broil a steak and make some coffee,” he walked up the steps and into the house with a tolerably light heart. Once within, he had to whistle and talk to himself, to prevent the feeling of utter loneliness that would steal over him in spite of his weighty intellect.^[18]

Mr. Brown was orderly, even in haste, so when he took off his coat he hung it up with usual care--and put on his slippers before descending to the dining-room, which he found very dark. He opened the blinds wide, and as the light from the [settingsetting](#) sun flooded the room he took fresh courage. “Oh, this isn’t half bad, as our English cousins would say”--and he smiled with gratitude at Maria’s tender thoughtfulness (which just then struck him as better “pound for pound” than intellect 77or system) in having left the table already set, and with bits of her very choicest China, too.^[18]

“She’ll trust me with her hand-painted ware, if she doesn’t Bridget”--and he smiled again with pardonable pride as he thought of his own worthiness to be thus exalted beyond a mere drudge, while he proceeded to the kitchen.

The range was polished to a degree--for Maria was a good housekeeper and her domestics well trained, even without that mighty “intellect” and that forceful “system” on which Mr. Brown was at times prone to expatiate--but it was also dark and cold, and he didn’t want to stop and kindle a fire. As he turned to the gas stove, thinking he would use that, he remembered that he hadn’t brought any steak!

There was no help for it, he must go back down town for his dinner, as he had told Maria to be sure and have the cupboards cleared out, as he didn’t “want to live on cold victuals” and all the markets near were closed now. He locked up carefully, got on the next street car that came along, and went to a club-house that he had patronized in the beautiful long ago.

Apprehensive of more loneliness on his return home, he went out to a news stand and purchased a copy of Stockton’s latest story, for evening company. The house seemed darker than ever when he again entered it, and the silence was almost oppressive. He could hear his watch tick and his heart beat--and it seemed as if both said “Alone, alone, alone,” with provoking iteration, while he groped for a match.

Until then Mr. Brown had not known how much of his happiness depended upon light--light and sound. How still 78it was, even after the gas had made the house brilliant! What would he not have given to hear even one of Maria’s commonplaces about household matters! How he did wish Ben were here, his sturdy ten-year old Ben, who was so manly and yet so boyish!! The girls, of course, ought to be with Maria; but he and Ben would have been capital chums. Why had he not thought of it?

Even Stockton was dull alone--and he had sometimes had double fun with his favorite author, because in reading aloud he would have to stop and explain a joke that to him seemed bare. He put away the book, lighted a cigar and took up the daily newspaper--but now he missed Maria more than ever, for usually while he smoked, she billed and cooed and admired him in the most lavish way imaginable. That didn't seem to be the product of any cast-iron system, nor to require any great intellectual effort; but Mr. Brown liked it, was accustomed to it, and he missed it from among the home comforts and luxuries by which he was surrounded.^[18]

A happy thought struck him, and he prepared to write a letter to his family. Now that was a sacrifice of self, for if there was anything Mr. Brown detested it was correspondence of any kind; but as he wrote he forgot himself and poured out some of his finest feelings in his letter to his wife and little ones, writing on and on, page after page--until he was not surprised next day to have to pay a sixteen cent tribute to Uncle Sam for carrying the precious missive.^[18]

The morning found him up early, having received an inspiration about breakfast, before going to bed. He would 79cook some rice! The baker's man would come with hot rolls, which he had ordered the day before, and with the strawberries (which he heard the grocer's boy bringing even now) coffee, and eggs, he would breakfast like a king. Also, he would bring Ed Nash home to dinner, and to stay all night, for spend another evening by himself he would not--if he could help it.

After a careful toilet Mr. Brown began a search for the rice, rightly judging that it would require longer to cook than coffee or eggs. That was premeditated intellect. What followed was neither premeditated nor--strictly speaking--intellect, for when it came to a matter of judgment regarding quantity, he simply hadn't any; any judgment, I mean; the quantity was there--so far as the rice was concerned--and with a hasty "I'll be sure to cook enough, so I can have some left for griddle cakes," he washed a quart and put it on to boil in a tiny farina kettle, with just enough water to keep it from sticking, while he looked after the other things.

Something ailed that rice. That was certain; and as he looked at the hard, shiny grains after having put the coffee and eggs to boil, in real systematic shape, he brought his great, massive, masculine intellect to bear on the rice and its nature. "It needs more water"--and he covered it, feeling encouraged at the evident effect of mind over matter, and proceeded to hull the strawberries and give them a liberal powdering with sugar.

Then Mr. Brown looked at the rice again. Dry and hard as a stone! No evidence of ever having had a drop of water!! 80More meditation. The kettle was full--no room for water--rice must have swollen--get a larger kettle! Eureka!! And he got the larger kettle, and again flooded the rice, hoping it would be done by the time he had arranged his breakfast on the table. It had been cooking half an hour, and he had often heard Maria say that half an hour of quick boiling was enough--more spoiled it. To be sure this had not been "quick," but "the extra length of time ought to compensate," he reasoned, and with a very good show of logic.

But the law of compensation didn't work, and all Mr. Brown's logic left him helpless in the presence of that rice, when, after getting everything else on the table he again looked at it, only to find it as hard as possible, dry again, and up to the very edge of the second kettle!

"Well, I can have it for dinner. It will save cooking fresh;" and he again emptied it into a still larger kettle and sat down to a really good breakfast of which rice was not a component. Under the exhilarating influence of the coffee he grew facetious, and sustained all sides in a family conversation--to keep up a flow of spirits during the meal--varied by calls to an imaginary Bridget, whom he assured in a very good imitation of Maria's blandest tones, "Mr. Brown will bring company to dinner to-night, so be prompt."

He read the morning paper, while indulging in his third cup of the delicious beverage---then decided to put the dishes in the sink, unwashed, as there were so few soiled and plenty of fresh ones.

"Besides," he reasoned with masculine forethought, "maybe 81Ed will help me wash them to-night"--which no one who knew Ed's innermost would ever have suggested, as he had no genius for housekeeping, no intellectual craving for its drudgery, and a horror of anything about it except its most fastidious results. However, Mr. Brown did not know this, when he banked on Ed's company and help--and when Ed was invited home to dinner "and to stay all night" he accepted with alacrity and with no thought of what was in store for him.

Mr. Brown dismissed himself from his office promptly at five this time, hoping to surprise Ed with a properly-served and really elegant dinner, having made elaborate preparations by telephone orders for steak, vegetables and fruit; and he hurried home happy in the consciousness of having demonstrated "intellectual capacity as a necessary adjunct of good housekeeping." As he opened the door, an odor of something burning offended his somewhat delicate olfactory organs,

but he proceeded with deliberate precision to divest himself of his street garb before descending to the kitchen, where he saw, oh, horrors! Rice on the range, on the floor, and everywhere, in great abundance; boiling, burning and dry, and that large kettle standing there full to the brim of a solid mass, dry and hard, the fire nearly out, having burned all day without a damper.

Mr. Brown was somewhat discouraged, but went bravely to work to rescue the range and floor from another inundation of rice and to clean up what had overflowed; but long before through the work of restoration the bell rang. He made no change in his looks before going up stairs, rightly thinking Ed would size up the joke in good shape and they would enjoy the whole thing in royal masculine style. He even forgot to drop the little shovel with which he had been scooping up the rice--his intellect was too weighty to suggest the use of a broom--so it now and then dropped a tear of rice on the carpet as he went to the door.

"Glad to see you, old fellow (fumbling at the night latch) at least I will be as soon as I get this measly door open", and he fairly beamed at the prospect of company to dinner.

Mr. Brown's face and attitude would have been a study for an artist when the door finally opened--and instead of Ed Nash, he saw an elegantly dressed young lady whom he did not know, but who smiled brightly, and said:

"Cousin George, I believe?"

No reply. Mr. Brown might have been petrified, for all the emotion he betrayed. He was dazed. After waiting two or three seconds the brilliant creature laughed outright, and asked:

"Didn't Maria get my telegram? I don't believe you were expecting me."

Then he gasped, "Maria is out in the country. I thought it was Ed Nash."

She laughed again, and that laugh reassured him, and as she said: "My name is Edna, but I was never before saluted as 'old fellow'", he opened the door wide and said:

"Come in and stay for dinner. I am here alone just now, but Ed is coming."

Miss Russell hesitated but for a moment. She was only to be in the city between trains, and had telegraphed Maria that she would call--but the messenger had found no one at home and was just too late to find Mr. Brown at his office. She must get to the 8:30 train and "Cousin" George must go with her. So she declared, while taking off hat and gloves, at the hatrack.

Here was a dilemma. Dinner must be hastened; he must leave her in the library to entertain herself while he again went below stairs to reduce chaos to a semblance of civilization. Just then the bell rang again. This time it was Ed, and Mr. Brown received him with visible embarrassment--but kept him in the hall while explaining the situation before taking him into the library to present to Miss Russell--who, even yet, did not know that the house was being run by a one-man-power, else she would have gone down stairs at once and relegated Mr. Brown to the office of entertainer while she officiated as Bridget.

It was with an air of humility that our hero finally invited his guests to a dinner of which the fruit and coffee were by far the best part. Then they learned of his struggles, and together they laughed and ate, both gentlemen finally going to the train with Miss Russell, leaving the dinner table to stand until their return.

Here the writer will draw the veil of obscurity--referring you to Ed Nash for details as to what happened on their return--and leaves you to judge of the next six weeks' doings by the dialogue that was heard the day following Maria's return from the country:

84"George, what is my garden-fork doing out there in the kitchen? It looks as if it had been burned. 'You used it to broil steak on? You couldn't use the broiler because the fat all ran down into the fire?' You should have used your intellect, my dear.

"And this sticky stuff in the soup tureen; what is it? 'You thought you would make a pie or two, but as the flour and water stuck to your fingers you ate the apples raw?' A pie-ous plan, I am sure.

"And these dishes; why is all this China piled into these tubs and barrels? Upon my word, they look dirty. What's the trouble? 'Oh, you got tired of washing dishes, and it made your hands sore?' You should have had a little more system,

dearest, then it would have been all right.

“And this soiled linen? Why was it not given to the washerwoman, or sent to the laundry? ‘Oh, you kept using the clean and when that was gone you bought more?’ That was hardly good domestic economy, but if you have been buying so long you must have a good supply on hand, darling.

“How about the beds? I see that none of them are made. What! ‘You took turns, sleeping in each, to save the trouble of making?’ Well, that was ingenious, even if slightly tainted with inertia.

“What is all this broken bric-a-brac out in the coal scuttle? ‘You attempted to dust the what-not and knocked the whole blamed thing endwise?’ George, your language is positively shocking, and is only equaled by your want of knowledge of some of the commonest truths in gravitation. You know that 85to maintain an equilibrium”--but here Mrs. Brown’s pretty mouth was closed by George’s larger one, who emerged from the oscular demonstration with a profession of profound respect for anyone who can run the household machinery with or without “system” and by bringing intellectual weight into it or leaving it out entirely.

The tableaux will suggest themselves at the places indicated; and during the last part of the reading the curtain should remain drawn from “George, what is my garden fork doing” until he kisses her, while she points to everything of which she speaks.

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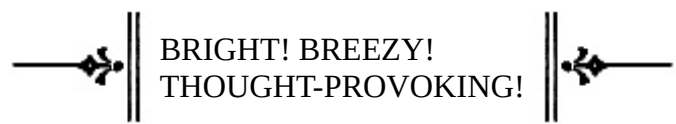
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Most readings are accompanied by a numbered set of 'tableaux', or stage directions, which appear at the end of each text, and act as footnotes. In the first two readings, the final tableau (nos. 10 and 5 respectively), had no corresponding reference in the text. These have been added at the end of each reading.

Some readings, while there are references in the text, have no directions in the 'Tableaux' section following them.

Errors deemed most likely to be the printer’s have been corrected, and are noted here. The references are to the page and line in the original. The following issues should be noted, along with the resolutions.

[14.22](#) so small that Mr. Callaghan[’s] but for his natural politeness Removed.

[14.25](#) The revolver was pointed in Mr. Callaghan[’s] direction Added.

[27.15](#) from my head and look on me[.] Added.

38.22 “You just ought ter seen him[,]”	Added.
53.21 [(]See> “Directions,” p. 6 , for making foot-lights.)	Added.
54.3 by the Author of “Preston Papers.[”]	Added.
54.12 (“cue” line.[”])	Removed.
58.6 To[o] fair to be crippled or scarred?	Added.
66.13 Without [or]tears or common-place despair,	Removed.
71.11 A gentleman, perchance[’]>, ‘Yes; tell me quick;	Added.
71.12 What can I do for you?[']	Added.
76.25 the light from the s[i/e]tting sun	Replaced.