





SCHOOL & SOCIAL DRAMA.

# THE SPARKLING CUP.

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A Drama.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

T. S. DENISON.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, DE KALB, ILL.

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Address,

**T. S. DENISON,**

De Kalb, De Kalb Co., Ill

# THE SPARKLING CUP.

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A Temperance Drama,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

T. S. DENISON.

*Author of "Odds with the Enemy," "Initiating a Granger," "Set's Greenback,"  
"Wanted: A Correspondent," "A Family Strike."*

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Steam Press of Cushing, Thomas & Co., 170 Clark Street.  
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## CHARACTERS.

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LEDOER, wealthy business man.  
JOHN HEARTSEASE, "The drunkard."  
TRUSTHAM, Temperance reformer.  
STOUGHTON, Proprietor of the "Shades."  
WISHALL.  
CHARLES WINSLOW, Express agent.  
PEWTERMUGG.  
CANTWELL, Temperance reformer.  
BILLY STOUGHTON.  
WALTER WESTON.  
GUZZLE.  
HANS GIPFEL, Hartsease's gardener.  
MRS. HEARTSEASE, } Engaged in temperance work  
MRS. WINSLOW, }  
SUSIE HEARTSEASE.  
KATRINA GIPFEL.  
A policeman, FREDDIE STOUGHTEN, a beggar girl,  
Loafers, etc.

## COSTUMES.

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Any clothing suited to the station of the wearer.

## STAGE EXPLANATIONS.

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R, means right for the actor as he faces the audience; L, left;  
C, center.

# THE SPARKLING CUP.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room in HEARTSEASE'S house, elegantly furnished; pictures, etc.; sofa R; chairs R and L; table C, around which are seated at dinner MR. and MRS. HEARTSEASE, LEDGER WISHALL, WINSLOW, and SUSIE.*

*Ledger.* Dear me, daughter (*To MRS. H.*), how time flies! Here we are celebrating your thirty-seventh birthday, and I begin to realize that I am an old man. Well, I've seen a goodly share of this world's joys, and some of its trials too; but I've had a little the best of it, and I'm good for a round score of years yet.

*Mrs. H.* Certainly, father. You must not think of calling yourself old yet.

*H.* Father, don't mention such disagreeable subjects. Bring naught but light hearts to such occasions as this.

*Winslow.* We can with unfeigned pleasure be light-hearted to-day.

*Ledger.* Quite true, sir! Quite true. I don't know what put such disagreeable thoughts into my head, unless it was the remembrance of the jovial parties that used to meet on your birthday, Hattie. Those were fine old times, but their familiar faces are gone. There! I'm at it again. John, I'll thank you for another glass of that Port. May be that will infuse a little more geniality into my lazy blood.

*Mrs. H.* Dear father, you are always good company, without wine to cheer you. For years you never tasted it, and were then a kind father and a genial friend. You were amiable and—

*Ledger.* Hold! daughter, hold! The virtues I possessed must have been more numerous than the evils let loose by Pandora. Am I depreciating? If so, let me have good cheer, for wine gives life to sociability, just as the October forests show their most gorgeous colors under the gilding of the sun's magic rays. I'm in the October of life. So wine for me, if you please.

*H.* Katrina fill Mr. Ledger's glass.

*Mrs. H.* But, father—

*H.* A little for the stomach's sake will hurt no one, wife.

\* Although this play is more effective when appropriate scenery is used, yet amateurs may put it on the boards with very little trouble or expense. A small bar is necessary. To change the parlor scene into a street scene, merely remove all the furniture and the pictures, etc.

(KATRINA fills LEDGER'S glass.) Winslow, this is the royal juice of the grape, from the sunny hillsides of France. Take a little.

*Winslow.* No, thank you. I never drink any kind of liquors.

*Ledger.* Signed the pledge, eh, and warm up before breakfast with hydrant water? How exhilarating these cold mornings! Have a glass just to honor this occasion.

*Winslow.* No, thank you.

*Susie.* Grandpa, "He that placeth a temptation before another is guilty if that other fall."

*Ledger.* Of course, if Winslow is afraid we'll not insist.

*Mrs. H.* Mr. Winslow is not weak in refusing, but strong. I admire his courage.

*Susie.* So do I. (*Glances at WINSLOW.*)

*Winslow.* With such allies I shall certainly withstand all temptations.

*Wishall.* My best wishes for the man who can utter a good honest *no*.

*Susie.* And mine, too.

*Ledger.* Of course we know, Susie, where your best wishes go. But I'm surprised at you, Hattie. You'il be a crusader next, I believe.

*Mrs. H.* I wish I were one now.

*Ledger.* Ha! ha! Who would have thought it, that my daughter would count the glasses of wine that her guests drink? And even wishes to stand at soloon doors and count those other people drink. Here's to many returns of this day (*Drinks. WISHALL and H. drink.*) Well, now, that's a good joke. Ha! ha! Don't you say so, John?

*H.* Hattie is in earnest. She furnishes the mathematics of life, and I dispense the humor and poetry.

*Ledger.* It's a joke, John, I swear it's a joke. There's a deal of humor about my daughter. She takes it after her father. I'll leave that to Wishall. What do you say, Wishall?

*W.* Sir, I've always thought there was much humor in you.

*Ledger.* Ah, I told you so.

*Mrs. H.* My jest is earnest, father.

*Susie.* Grandpa, humor may be of several kinds.

*Ledger.* Such as jolly humor, genial humor, affectionate humor, dry humor, and sarcastic humor.

*W.* And a deuce of a humor.

*Ledger.* Your addition to the list was evidently suggested by the pangs of conscience. Ha! ha!

*W.* A jest, like a dream, images the heart. So the speeches and features of our friends are but kaleidoscopes in which are phases of ourselves. We see the ever varying patterns, and unskilled, think them things of beauty; but the heart, sometimes more skilful than the eye, discerns what the creature self would gladly hide, and pierces to the motive, and behold the shuffling beads and bits of broken glass. Thus the thoughts and actions of our fellow men reveal us to ourselves perchance embellished, and



perchance distorted; plodding the old familiar paths or threading the mazes of a new delight, or startling us in the toils of a master passion. Your allusion to my conscience is but the echo of your own.

*Ledger.* Which means, I take it, that my old familiar path is bad humor. I admit that I have some mettle at times, in fact, I'm proud of it. It was in our family. To some men, it is not best to be too civil. They grow presumptuous on it.

*W.* Indeed! And some men cherish it as the dearest part of their daily creed never to be civil to *certain* of their friends.

*H.* Civility is a good stock in trade in my opinion.

*Winslow.* And the market is never glutted.

*Ledger.* Some men complain of a want of civility in others, when the real difficulty exists in their own peevish sensitiveness. Mr. Wishall, you are entirely too thin-skinned (*Looks at WISHALL.*)

*W.* But the quills of a social porcupine, or rather an unsocial one, may pierce the thickest skin, Mr. Ledger.

*Ledger.* Social porcupine! Truly an elegant figure. I'll leave it to the company who is the social porcupine on this occasion, yourself or myself, Mr. Wishall.

*Mrs. H.* Father! gentlemen! Let not all this pleasantry be misunderstood.

*H.* (*To WISHALL.*) It's all a jest, of course.

*Susie.* Grandpa will have his say always. But we don't mind him. Mr. Winslow, which do you like best, serious folks or funny people.

*Winslow.* I like to see the two combined, so that the serious vein may be just deep enough to furnish soil to support occasionally an excellent jest.

*Ledger.* A jest, did you say? (*Pours out more wine and drinks.*) Yes: "We'll all be gay and happy." Come, John, give us a song. (*Attempts to rise, and staggers back into his seat.*)

*Mrs. H.* Not at the table! Father, you are ill.

*Ledger.* Ill! who says I'm ill. Never felt better in my life. Well, we can't sing here; I forgot that. John, we'll smoke if we can't sing. (*Attempts to take cigar from his case and drops the case.* *MRS. H. whispers to H.*)

*H.* Father, come to the library, and we'll take a smoke. (*Picks up case, and offers his arm to LEDGER.*)

*Ledger.* Yes, certainly! come Winslow, and you, too, Wishall. I'm of a forgiving nature, come on. I wish we had a drop of that glorious old Bourbon that I sampled for Tipple & Co. as I came up this morning; glorious it was, I tell you. (*Exeunt R, H. and LEDGER, latter staggering and leaning heavily on H.*)

*Wishall.* (*Aside, following.*) Must I endure all the ill-natured taunts of this drunkard? (*Exit R. All rise from the table.*)

*Mrs. H.* Misery! misery! must my father become a confirmed drunkard?

*Susie.* Oh, mother! don't call Grandpa a drunkard! It's terrible to say that of him.

*Mrs. H.* Child, I know it is terrible, but alas! day by day conviction grows upon me. (*Servant shows in TRUSTHAM, L.*) His habit of drinking grows upon him while he imagines himself safe. He would scorn to think that Marcus Ledger, the proud and prosperous merchant, could fall to the level of a common drunkard, and yet I fear the worst.

*Trustham.* Pardon my intrusion, Mrs. Heartsease.

*Mrs. H.* Don't speak of intrusion. I need the counsel of yourself and your fellow-workers.

*Trustham.* Mrs. Heartsease, I heartily sympathize with you. I see every day the sad effects of rum. Its fascination is more potent for its slaves than the fabled charm of the serpent over its helpless victim. If you would save your father and husband remove the wine from your table. "Enter not into temptation."

*Mrs. H.* My husband! May angels guard him!

*Susie.* Mercy, mother! what danger threatens papa? What is it, Mr. Trustham?

*Winslow.* Be calm, Susie. It's nothing.

*Trustham.* Under the Providence of God we'll avert all danger, my child. Mrs. Heartsease, are you willing to make this trifling sacrifice, and remove the tempter far from you? By so doing you will array yourself on the side of temperance and morality.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, I'll do anything, anything you ask, so you may save my loved ones.

*Trustham.* God alone can do that. But you must work. Here is a notice of the temperance meeting this afternoon. (*Hands her notice*) Come, and, if possible, bring your husband and father. Be strong in the right.

*Mrs. H.* (*Rings for KATRINA, who appears R.*) My influence must be exerted for or against temperance. I can no longer remain neutral. I will cast my lot with the temperance reformers.

*Katrina.* Moost I take away te table oond dings?

*Mrs. H.* Yes; remove the things at once. (*KATRINA busies herself about table. Picks up goblet with wine in it and drinks the wine.*) Katrina, we will have no more wine on the table.

*Katrina.* No more wine on te table! Vat you say? Where will we trink him? In te kitchen?

*Mrs. H.* Katrina, we will drink no more wine at all. It is wrong to encourage intemperance.

*Katrina.* No wine at all! Vat an itee? Nopody efer got intemperance by trinkin goot wine oond peer. Pad wiskey gits peoples dair intemperance. (*Laughs heartily*) Vat an itee! Vat peoples te Americans bin! (*Laughs.*) Hans will never work in te garten all tay mit no wine or peer. He would get te sunhstrike.

*Mrs. H.* But wine and beer lead to brandy and whiskey. It is safest not to make the beginning.

*Katrina.* Oond vat will us trink, eh? Shpring wasser?

*Mrs. H.* Yes, pure water supplies man's every want.

*Katrina.* So I moost carry vasser, noting but vasser from te poomp to make dair tea oond coffee, oond to trink raw. Vat an itee! We all ties mit a bad cold, trinken so mooch cold vasser. (*Busies herself at table.*)

*Mrs H.* Don't fear, Katrina; we shall be all the better for it. (*Exit R.*)

*Winslow.* Yes; water is the great life giver in all nature.

*Susie.* I believe Ma is right about wine drinking. But I never thought of it before. Then pure cold water is so refreshing. Wine always makes my head ache. I wish Pa and Grandpa would sign the pledge. (*Exit KATRINA.*)

*Winslow.* It is their duty, I think, and for your sake, Susie, I hope they will.

*Susie.* (*Blushing, drops her eyes.*) I hope they will sign it for their own sakes.

*Winslow.* Yes; they owe it to society. Their influence will aid others, and encourage them to take a decided stand. I feel that I need every good influence, and every possible safeguard.

*Susie.* You, Charles! You, who are above temptation?

*Winslow.* No one is above temptation, Susie. To-day I feel an additional safeguard to my footsteps. When I think of the course you have taken it will nerve me up to walk more determinedly in the only safe path, the path of purity and honor.

*Susie.* I'm glad that my influence can assist anyone. But come to the parlor, Charles. (*Rises and leads to R.*)

*Winslow.* I'm very sorry, Susie, to be obliged to hurry off on this occasion.

*Susie.* What do you mean?

*Winslow.* I have pressing business at the office, which I must see to personally.

*Susie.* You said nothing about it before.

*Winslow.* I didn't know it till this morning.

*Susie.* Well, it's too bad anyway!

*Winslow.* I must be there at four. (*Looks at watch.*) Adieu.

*Susie.* Good day. (*Goes to door L.*) Next time you must not hurry yourself away like this. (*Exit WINSLOW L., SUSIE R.*)

## CURTAIN.

SCENE II. *Parlor in HEARTSEASE'S house, elegantly furnished: table C. Discovered SUSIE seated on sofa R. PEWTERMUGG seated by table C*

*Susie.* Yes, the cause is gaining every day. There will be a temperance mass-meeting to-morrow.

*P.* I hope it will continue pleasant weather for the meeting. I see you are very much interested in the subject of temperance.

*Susie.* I am. I do not see how any intelligent person who has given the subject a thought can fail to be interested.

*P.* I've thought much lately upon the subject myself, and my heart

is with the advocates of temperance. It pleases me to think that *my friends* are on the right side. I am very glad, Miss Susie, that you and your mother have taken sides with the temperance workers. (*Passes to sofa and seats himself beside her.*)

*Susie.* (*Quickly.*) We should not look at it as a matter of *friendship*, but as one of *duty*.

*P.* But friendship and *love* strew *duty's* path with down. Love is a subtle force, but it wields a mighty power.

*Susie.* So you would call the temperance reform movement a work of love?

*P.* Well, yes. But let us talk no more of temperance at present. Miss Heartsease, I wish to say something to you which I have long contemplated saying.

*Susie.* (*Rising quickly.*) Please don't. If it is a secret I shall tell it. You know it is said a woman cannot keep a secret.

*P.* (*Rises.*) You misunderstand me. What I have to say is a secret, I admit. Nevertheless it is something which you can hear only from me.

*Susie.* Please let it pass. My curiosity is dull this evening.

*P.* But it is a matter of moment, and I must speak.

*Susie.* It is quite unnecessary.

*P.* Then some other time I will tell you. I'm in no hurry. Come to think of it, I have an appointment down town. I will call again. (*Passing to L.*)

*Susie.* But in your rounds of temperance work don't come to me with *secrets*.

*P.* Good evening.

*Susie.* Good evening. (*Exit P, L.*) Well, he is a dunce to speak of *love* in that way. If it was not that he is quite respectable, and really a good meaning fellow, I'd cut his acquaintance on short notice. But if he can take a hint he will not mention that subject again. (*Exit R.*)

CURTAIN.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. LEDGER'S *counting-room*. WISHALL seated by a desk writing. Enter LEDGER.

*Ledger.* Mr. Wishall, are those monthly statements finished?

*W.* Yes, sir, and sent by this morning's mail.

*Ledger.* Have the clerks made out the bills of those goods to be shipped to-day?

*W.* They are hard at work at them, sir. They will be ready in due time.

*Ledger.* All right! All right! Nothing like promptitude in business. I made my fortune by it.

*W.* Certainly, sir. A *business* man must attend to business.

*Ledger.* It is the only ladder to success for the beginner.

*W.* Yes, and attention to business is the only security for the old established house.

*Ledger.* Well, that is true in the main. Of course much depends on the kind of subordinates one has. Now I do not give as much attention to my business as formerly because I can leave everything with *you* and depend upon its being done. You have grown up in the business and understand it from beginning to end as well as a boy understands his mother's pantry.

*W.* A business should be managed by its owners.

*Ledger.* I suppose then that I should attend to this business myself, or admit you as a partner, eh?

*W.* You do not doubt my capability?

*Ledger.* No; but why should I admit you as partner into a lucrative business which I have built up myself? An interest is worth money.

*W.* I might ask who owns the ground on which these warehouses stand?

*Ledger.* Well, I believe half of it is yours; or will be, at the expiration of my lease, twenty years from now. Your share is made valuable by the improvements I have put upon it. Besides I pay you a handsome salary, and you should be satisfied.

*W.* You hold the land rent free and reap a golden harvest. Was it equity to obtain the valuable property at a nominal rate by taking advantage of father's necessities?

*Ledger.* Your father gave the lease to satisfy an honest debt. The land was valueless then. If I make money out of it whose business is it?

*W.* But did not father expect that I would be made partner in your business, and that some benefit would accrue to me as a recompense for the sacrifice which he made?

*Ledger.* Oh, my dear sir, men often have extravagant expectations. Have a little patience, and wait.

*W.* (*More decidedly.*) Mr. Ledger, I've waited now twenty years. In twenty years more I shall be an old man. Then riches will do me little good. I ask, is that justice?

*Ledger.* (*More decidedly.*) Wishall, you could have left me at any time and made your fortune elsewhere. I have not detained you. But your insatiable ambition will not let you rest satisfied. You have been promoted step by step to the highest position in the house. Still you are not satisfied. If you were partner you would wish to be the chief. No, sir, no partnership yet. You have hinted often enough about that matter. Let this be the end of it. When I am ready I will speak.

*W.* But don't I deserve it? You know that I have abilities above the average. Have I not really performed the work of a partner?

*Ledger.* Sir, I think you rate your abilities at their full value. Perhaps you do not appreciate mine?

*W.* Mr. Ledger, you are aware that lately you have neglected business.

*Ledger.* (*Warmly.*) Because I paid you for attending to it.

*W.* (*Warmly.*) But sometimes you have not been able to attend to it.

*Ledger.* (*Fumps up excitedly.*) I understand your insinuation, sir. It is not gentlemanly in you to refer to that subject. If I take more wine occasionally than you think is proper for me, that is *my* business; and if I neglect business at times, *that* is my affair, not yours.

*W.* (*Angrily.*) I claim it is not entirely your own affair. Others have the right.

*Ledger.* (*In a passion.*) Stop, sir! I won't be insulted. Let me never again hear of wine or partnerships, or we part at once. Never again, if you please. (*Exit, angrily, L.*)

*W.* Wine is an unwelcome subject to him. Well it may be, for it has soured his temper, dulled his sense of honor, and will soon ruin his fine business, and make him a burden to himself and his friends. (*Goes to work at his desk.*)

*Enter PEWTERMUGG L.*

*P.* Good day, Wishall. Hard at work I see. What a busy old hive this is. No drones here.

*W.* Well, I should say not. Take a seat. And the workers find little honey among the gall.

*P.* Ah, you poor scribblers do have a tough time of it. I couldn't stand it. Wishall, why don't you go into business on your own account? You have a head for business that would make your fortune.

*W.* Well, I had thought of it, but in fact I hoped to do better by remaining here.

*P.* Yes; I understand Mr. Ledger can't spare you; and then his habits of late will soon compel him to relinquish business. Then you will become partner and the head of the house.

*W.* Hold on Pewtermugg. Don't catch your bird till you've made the cage. Ledger intends to be chief here while he lives, fit or unfit.

*P.* But it is only a question of time. (*Leaning toward W.*) Did you know that he had another attack of apoplexy the day after Mrs. Heartsease's birthday dinner?

*W.* (*Starting.*) No! (*Rises and paces the floor.*) is it possible!

*P.* His physician says he is liable to have another any time, and that he can't survive many of them.

*W.* Horrible! Horrible! (*Soliloquizing.*) He may drop off at any time, and then what means have I of obtaining my just dues? But I'll have them.

*P.* The assets will certainly be very large. You are needlessly alarmed, Mr. Wishall.

*W.* (*Recovering himself.*) What was I saying? Something about the estate, I believe.

*P.* Yes; and I remarked you need have no fears. He will leave a large fortune.

*W.* Very large. There are heavy claims, but a large fortune will remain for Mr. and Mrs. Heartsease.

*P.* Excuse me, Wishall. You are solicitous about the management of the business after his death?

*W.* Whether I am or not is my own affair, Mr. Pewtermugg.

*P.* I beg pardon. I meant no offence. I have heard it rumored that Heartsease is a silent partner.

*W.* And suppose he is?

*P.* He would probably become the head of the firm.

*W.* And Charlie Winslow his partner, if I can tell meal from bran.

*P.* Do you really think so? Why do you come to such a conclusion?

*W.* Susie will materially assist in bringing such a state of affairs to pass.

*P.* Well, I think you are a little off in your reckoning there.

*W.* You are off in your reckoning. Any one could see that the girl likes him, and he'd be a dunce for not loving as fine a girl as Susie.

*P.* Don't be too sure. Time will tell. But we must keep Winslow from getting in here if we can.

*GUZZLE appears L. He stops at door.*

*W.* I don't see that I can do anything honorable in that direction, and as for you I think it is none of your business.

*P.* But it is my business. I tell you I'll put Winslow in the background there. (*GUZZLE gives a knowing shake of the head and comes forward.*)

*Guzzle.* How d'ye do? Hope I don't intrusion!

*W.* Not at all, Guzzle!

*P.* How are the folks up at Heartsease's, Guzzle?

*Guzzle.* I guess that's about what I came in to ask you, Wishall.

*W.* What! Don't you live there now?

*Guzzle.* Well, no. I've found a higher sphere.

*W.* What's the matter? Any trouble? Have you struck for higher wages?

*Guzzle.* Well, you see they had lots of wine the day of the party up there, and it was some new kind.

*P.* Old, you mean.

*Guzzle.* And all-fired strong. The fact is I took a little too much. Mrs. Heartsease didn't like that, an' got to talkin' temperance next day. That riled me, to hear her talkin' that sort of doctrine when her husband hadn't got over *his* drunk yet. I talked back a little, an' that riled Heartsease. He said he wa'nt goin' to have no such feller 'round there sassin his wife, an' told me my resignation would be acceptable. The short of it is I don't chore there any more.

*P.* So Heartsease was drunk, too.

*Guzzle.* Yes; and he's too good a man for that. It's a darned pity. I sometimes think I could sign the pledge when I see him reeling as if he'd the blind staggers

*W.* I'm sorry. You had better go back.

*P.* But what is your higher sphere, Guzzle?

*Guzzle.* I'm assistant to an architect.

*W.* Eh?

*Guzzle.* I carry bricks to the third story, and the architect—lays them. You see I'm rising every day; ha! ha! But how are they up at Heartsease's?

*W.* All well.

*Guzzle.* Glad to hear it. That's an almighty nice family. (*Exit L.*)

*P.* (*Going.*) Wishall, remember what we've spoken of to-day. We will talk it over again. It's too bad to see the way Ledger is rushing to ruin. Heartsease is on the same road. His habits will soon unfit him for business, and that may be to your interests. I'm sorry for Heartsease, too. Guzzle is right. He is too good for such a fate. Now if it were that Winslow, hang him! But he is too cold-blooded to be led very far, though I've seen him take an occasional glass.

*W.* That's nothing to his discredit. I take a little myself sometimes.

*P.* Oh, of course, in a *respectable* way. So do I, though my influence has always been on the side of temperance.

*W.* Ha! ha! ha! Talk of influence. Influence always leaves precept to follow example.

*P.* Has Winslow an appetite for drink?

*W.* If he has I hope he will throttle it forever.

*P.* Suppose it should be for our interest to invite him to join us occasionally in a social glass.

*W.* Our *interest!* Mr. Pewtermugg, two things I will never do. Never will I weaken any soul's faith, or poach on the purity of a human heart.

*P.* Oh, of course not. That would be dishonorable. But if he should indulge in a little youthful folly it's his own matter I suppose. Good day (*Going L.*)

*W.* Good day. (*Exit P. L.*)

#### CURTAIN.

SCENE II. STOUGHTON'S saloon, "*The Shades.*" Seated BILLY and GUZZLE at cards by a table *R.* Two Loafers by another table, *R.* playing checkers. STOUGHTON behind the bar. Enter Loafer who staggers up to the bar.

*Stoughton.* (*In a surly tone.*) Well, what do you want now?

*Loafer.* Old rye.

*Stoughton.* Get out; you've had enough to-day.

*Loafer.* Nate Stoughton, you did not speak to me so when I wore broadcloth and had plenty of money. Then it was, "How do you do, Mr. Thirston? Billy, wait on Mr. Thirston. Be quick; the gentleman's waiting!"

*Stoughton.* Go to the devil!

*Loafer.* Thank you; I will not visit you till you are at home.

*Stoughton.* Get out, before I kick you out! (*Turns and arranges bottles.*)



*Billy.* (*Jumps up.*) Euchred, by Jingo!

*Guzzle.* No; euchred by Guzzle. Set em up?

*Billy.* What 'll you have? (*Advancing to bar.*)

*Guzzle.* A little red-eye.

*Loafer.* I'll take some of that, too.

*Billy.* I heard father tell you to go, some time ago.

*Loafer.* And I'll go, when I get my dram.

*Billy.* See here, old "Nubs," I think you had better go at once. Travel, now—lively!

*Loafer.* I won't do it. (*Squares in attitude of defense.*)

*Billy.* Oh, go. (*BILLY hustles him rapidly out L., scuffling as they go. PEWTERMUGG enters L.*) There! I guess you'll go now. We don't want such low fellows as you here. (*Exit Loafer.*)

*P.* Good evening, Mr. Stoughton.

*Stoughton.* Good evening, Mr. Pewtermugg! Glad to see you.

*P.* What a trial it must be to have such fellows around.

*Stoughton.* Yes; they give a *respectable* place like mine a bad name.

*Billy.* Dad's too easy on 'em. It takes me to settle their coffee. (*Goes behind bar to mix drinks.*)

*Stoughton.* (*Laughing.*) Billy knows how to quiet a rowdy. I'm glad of it, son. It helps me a great deal.

*Guzzle.* And if such a man is *very* drunk, Billy ain't afraid to tackle him.

*Billy.* Come, Guzzle; none of your dry jokes.

*Guzzle.* Hurry up the drinks, then, if you don't want any more dry jokes.

*P.* It is those low fellows who cause all this evil of intemperance, anyway. They know no bounds to their depraved appetites.

*Stoughton.* Aye, that's it, exactly. They have gone to such excesses in drinking that many people, now-a-days, are actually ashamed to take a glass of beer in a saloon. It used to be that a man could take his bitters whenever he pleased. Now it is changed, and my business is nearly ruined. In fact, these low drunkards, with the aid of a few canting temperance fanatics, have made drinking *almost* *disreputable*.

*Enter WALTER WESTON, L.*

*Walter.* Hello! Stoughton. How are you, pard? (*To GUZZLE.*) Whose treat now, Billy?

*Billy.* Mine, Walter,—I'll be generous. Shall I mix another?

*Walter.* Well, yes, seeing it's you.

*Billy.* What'll you have?

*Walter.* Crusaders' terror.

*Guzzle.* Hurry up, Billy; I'm as dry as a hen in a meal-barrel.

*Billy.* Well, here's confusion to the crusaders. (*They drink.*)

*P.* I've always been a temperate man, and I advocate temperance principles, but I will drink when I please, if I choose, and stop when I please; and people may say what they please about it. I'll not sign away my liberty.

*Stoughton.* Ah! I like to see a man of spirit, who don't carefully weigh every trifle before he dares to give his opinion on a subject.

*Enter HEARTSEASE, L. slightly intoxicated.*

*H.* Good evening, gen'lmen.

*Stoughton.* How are you? I hav'n't seen you for some time.

*Guzzle.* By Ginger! He's on another tear.

*H.* A cocktail, Stoughton.

*P.* I thought you had sworn off, Heartsease.

*H.* Well, I did sort of promise those blue ribbon fellows. Hav'n't touched a drop for a week, but I met a jolly old chum down town tonight, and we just took a glass for old times, you know. Have something, Pewtermugg?

*P.* (*Pretends to hesitate.*) Well, yes, seeing it's you. But I seldom drink anything stronger than pale ale.

*Guzzle.* (*Aside.*) Unless you're behind the door.

*H.* Take something, Stoughton. (*They fill and drink. Notices GUZZLE.*) Why! here you are, Guzzle. I'm glad to see you. (*Business shaking hands.*) Mrs. Heartsease wants you to come back and work for us.

*Guzzle.* I'd like first rate to oblige Mrs. Heartsease, but I'm afeerd, since you've took to cold water up there, that we wouldn't never git along together. My stomach's kinder weak, and cold water goes agin it.

*H.* 'S that so? Excuse me—won't you take something now?

*Guzzle.* Don't care if I do.

*H.* Come, boys—all of you. We don't meet often. (*All come forward; in their haste one of the loafers knocks the other and the checkers over the floor.*)

*1st Loafer.* (*On the floor.*) What the devil are you doing? (*Business in getting up.*)

*2d Loafer.* Never mind the checkers; I'm dry.

*H.* Here's to your health, boys! Give it bumpers! I guess the temperance folks won't let me have another spree.

*Stoughton.* "Enjoy the present," is my motto. (*The intoxicated Loafer elbows PEWTERMUGG.*)

*P.* (*Disdainfully.*) Stand back, fellow. (*Aside.*) Catch me drinking with that crowd. (*All drink but P., who slyly throws his liquor into a spittoon.*)

*H.* That's jolly-hic, boys; j hic-olly!

*Enter TRUSTHAM, L.*

*Trustham.* On my life! John Heartsease!

*H.* Dick Trustham! How-hic-are you, old boy?-hic. G-hic-lad to see you. Give us a shake of that old p-hic-paw. (*Business shaking hands.*)

*Trustham.* John Heartsease, this is indeed painful.

*H.* Painful! Sick, eh?-hic. Try a little of Stoughton's pain-killer. (*Others all laugh.*)

*1st Loafer.* I don't want no lectur. Buck, let's go. (*Exit Loafers, L.*)

*Trustham.* Heartsease, think of your family. Spare them. Think of that wife who is now awaiting you at home.

*H.* Waiting for me!-hic. I guess not! She's at-temp-hic-temp-  
rance meeting, and they don't go home till mor-hic-mornin'. Its jolly,  
boys! It's jol-hic-jolly!

*Trustham.* Mr. Pewtermugg, will you escort him home? I am shocked at this. I can't go with him, as I have an engagement.

*P.* Mr. Heartease! Heartsease! Come, let's go home.

*H.* Is it mornin'? Yes, we'll all go home in the mornin'. C'mon, boys! (*He falls over a spittoon. P. and T. assist him to rise. Exeunt P., and H. L, H. staggering, and leaning on P's arm.*)

*Trustham.* How easily man may degrade himself below the brutes, when appetite is his master. Mr. Stoughton, I wish to post a notice here.

*Stoughton.* (*Ironically.*) Certainly you may. What queer ideas of right you temperance people have! You come in here with the Bible in one hand, and a tract in the other, preaching charity and good will to men, while your errand is to destroy your neighbor's business and ruin him.

*Trustham.* Mr. Stoughton, it is not against you that we wage war, but against the nefarious traffic you are engaged in.

*Stoughton.* Who is hurt when you take the bread from my family?

*Trustham.* Think of the families whose bread has gone over your bar.

*Stoughton.* I don't ask 'em to buy, and I pay a license to sell.

*Trustham.* No government can make right what God has made wrong

*Stoughton.* Well, I don't propose to argue with you. I never wrote tracts nor lectured. (*Steps behind the bar.*)

*Trustham.* (*Turning to the boys.*) Young men, you are all cordially invited to our meeting.

*Guzzle.* I cal'clate we'll be there. We attend meetin's reg'lar.

*Trustham.* Mr. Weston, will you come? Think of that mother who is daily praying for you.

*Walter.* I believe I think of her about as often as any one does. She's the best mother in the city.

*Guzzle.* You're right there, unless it's Mrs. Heartsease. If I had such a mother, I b'lieve I'd quit drinkin' jest for her sake. But, then, I cal'clate I'm a fixture here for some time.

*Trustham.* Mr. Weston, think what your mother suffers. Don't break her heart.

*Billy.* Hearts will stand a good deal of stretchin', and I s'pose Mrs. Weston's is like other people's, pretty tough.

*Walter.* (*Warmly.*) See here, Billy, you and I are friends; but I don't allow anybody to make such remarks about my mother.

*Billy.* It seems to me you're mighty techy!

*Guzzle.* Keep cool, boys.

*Trustham.* Will you go to the meeting, to-morrow evening?

*Walter.* May be if everything is lovely. But I don't *sign*, under stand. I don't see such a terrible harm in an occasional *smile*. Governor says it never hurt him.

*Trustham.* And yet it may be destruction to you. "Enter not into temptation."

*Stoughton.* Trustham, isn't it enough for you to come in here, sticking up your bills, without meddling with my customers? I prefer that you do your talking somewhere else.

*Trustham.* Certainly, if you prefer it, I will not talk here. Good evening, gentlemen. (*Exit L.*)

*All.* Good evening.

*Walter.* Come, boys, let's take a look round town.

*Billy.* All right. (*Exeunt L. Stoughton behind bar, arranging glasses, etc.*)

### CURTAIN.

SCENE III. HEARTSEASE'S house. *Present, seated, HEARTSEASE, L of table; MRS H., R of table; SUSIE on sofa, R; TRUSTHAM L; HANS and KATRINA standing L.*

*Trustham.* Mrs. Heartsease, this is indeed encouraging. Five hundred signers to the pledge in one week!

*Mrs. H.* And then you have met with so much encouragement and sympathy from those who have heretofore stood aloof. I wish I could take a more active part in the work.

*Trustham.* Mrs. Heartsease, there is much that you can do. Encourage the fallen ones socially. In that direction lies the secret of our strength. Make them think they are worth saving, and then it will be easier to save them. They need sympathy and kindness more than lectures and advice, though they will need these. Mr. Heartsease, I always carry a pledge-book with me. Will you not sign to day? (*Rises and places book on the table.*)

*Mrs. H.* Do, husband! Please, do not longer delay. At this time there should be no room for doubt. (*With tears.*) Remember poor father's last words. Shall that terrible death-bed scene be forgotten in a few weeks? We saw, alas too late, the evils of intemperance.

*Trustham.* It will strengthen your resolutions, and prove a guardian, should temptations assail you.

*Susie.* Yes, father; I have signed, and you are left alone.

*H.* Where my family goes, I go. (*Signs.*)

*Mrs. H.* Thank God! saved at last!

*Trustham.* Be ever vigilant. Even pledges have failed in the hour of need.

*Susie.* Father will never break his pledge, I know. His honor is sacred.

*Hans.* (*Aside.*) Vell, I dond know; somedimes dot bledge-baper tears pooty easy. (*Aloud.*) Is dair wine put down in dot bledge?

*Trustham.* It includes all intoxicating liquors.

*Hans.* Schnapps?

*Trustham.* Yes.

*Hans.* Oond cider?

*Trustham.* Yes, sir.

*Hans.* Oond gin?

*Trustham.* Certainly!

*Hans.* Oond lager?

*Trustham.* Certainly, sir. *All alcoholic beverages.*

*Hans.* Gott in himmel! I signs no bledges. I coot sign a *prandy* oond *wisky* bledges, shoost to blease dem demperace beoples. Dunder und hagelvetter!—vat coot a man drink, mit his pretzels? Oond no vinegar on his sauerkraut, maype? Katrina, don'd you sign no bledges.

*Katrina.* We don'd need no bledges to keep demperance, ven de wine is dook from de table off.

*Hans.* Wine from de table away! So! Oond I bin feelin bad ofer since Ach! himmel! Man nefer hear of de like of dot in a shentleman's house in faterland. Say, Meester Heartease, moost I hoe, oond trim de vines in de garten all tay, oond trink vasser?

*Mrs. H.* We can't encourage intemperate habits, Mr. Gipfel, in our servants. They should save their money, and preserve their health.

*Hans.* Oond vat is helts eef a man must be always *dry*? Mine lager cost me ten cent in de forenoons day, oond ten cent in de after day, if you dakes de wine away. Zwanzig cent I pays efery tay. Ist dot de vay to encourage a poor mans? Dot brakes me alltotedder oop. (*Exeunt HANS, R, and KATRINA L.*)

*Trustham.* This man foolishly spends for lager twenty cents a day, no inconsiderable item for a poor man.

*Mrs. H.* And gets for it nothing in return.

*Trustham.* Nay, worse than nothing; for even this seemingly harmless lager dulls the intellect, deranges the stomach, bloats the body, deadens the senses, and makes the hapless devotee play the clown to every caprice of a perverted appetite.

*H.* Too true. Alas! too true. (*Exit H. and T., L. MRS. H. and SUSIE, R.*)

## CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A street. Enter, meeting WISHALL L, PEWFERMUGG R.*

*P.* Good evening, Wishall. This is lucky. I've been looking for you.

*W.* Well, what is it? I'm in a hurry just now.

*P.* Oh, don't be in a hurry. It is only a little matter of business.

*W.* Blow it, I've no time now to talk business. (*Attempts to pass P.*)

*P.* (*Crossing before him.*) Wait a minute. You remember our conversation some time ago in regard to Winslow?

*W.* I do, and I gave you my answer. I'll be no party to such baseness.

*P.* Have you met him in a convivial way?

*W.* Yes; but not in the way you suggested, and I never will.

*F.* Don't make any rash assertions, for you may change your mind. You are aware that the firm of Ledger & Heartsease paid out several large sums of money to various parties the day before Ledger's death, and *the day of his death*.

*W.* Well, what of it, Mr. Pewtermugg?

*P.* We shall see soon enough. Give me a little time. One check of \$5,000 was paid to you, I believe.

*W.* (*Starting.*) How did you find that out?

*P.* That you will learn in due time. You received the money?

*W.* I did.

*P.* For what did Mr. Ledger pay you so large a sum at once?

*W.* (*With dignity.*) That is my business, sir!

*P.* It *may* be the business of some one else too.

*W.* Ledger *owed* me, of course, Pewtermugg.

*P.* Yes; in justice, but not in law.

*W.* (*Warmly.*) What do you mean sir?

*P.* Keep cool! Keep cool! You see I know considerable more about some things than you give me credit for.

*W.* (*Starting.*) What! (*Recovering.*) Yes, by impertinent meddling!

*P.* It is better for us to be *friends*, Wishall, so keep cool. You know my brother is cashier in the Merchants, National Bank, and what he knows of course I'm not entirely ignorant of.

*W.* (*Greatly agitated.*) Stop! For heaven's sake say no more.

*P.* We might as well have a clear understanding. I refer to that check.

*W.* Does the Bank suspect anything?

*P.* *Suspect!* They know all. Through the intercession of a friend the matter is hushed up and the check paid.

*W.* I'm a ruined man! Oh that fatal step! Why did I not trust to the generosity and justice of the new firm.

*P.* Hush, man! It is a clear case of forgery, but you are not ruined. As I said a friend has made everything right.

*W.* Thank God for that! Pewtermugg, give me your hand. (*They shake hands.*) I can not express my gratitude to you for this. (*Enter GUZZLE unobserved L.*) But I did not know you had so much ready money. You must have wronged yourself in doing this. I'll make it right with you.

*P.* Oh, I—don't mention it—I—Yes, I have a little money. Shall we be friends?

*W.* (*Hesitating.*) Yes.

*P.* *Good!* You have influence with Winslow. If he should form intemperate habits, Heartsease will soon see that he is not the man for a partner, or son-in-law either. Heartsease has already badly crippled his business. You are a necessity there, and he knows it. He must soon admit you as partner. When I am a member of his family of course I will stand next in succession.

*W.* Yes, if there's anything left by that time.

*P.* You must look out for that. Keep an eye on Winslow, (*Gang L.*) and be jovial in his company. (*Exit L. Exit W. R.*)

*Guzzle.* Oho! What's old Pewterpot up to now, I wonder? Settin' up some job on Winslow I'll bet. Darn my socks if Winslow aint the best of the two, by a long chalk, if he does take a dram now and then without goin' behind the door to drink it, as Pewterface does. I guess I'll jest keep an eye on this ere job. (*Exit R.*)

SCENE II. *A street. Enter HEARTSEASE R, CANTWELL L, meeting.*

*H.* Good evening, Mr. Cantwell.

*C.* Good evening, Mr. Heartsease. How do you do?

*H.* Quite well, thank you. How are you progressing in the temperance work? All goes well, I hope?

*C.* (*In a tone of canting piety.*) With God's grace, it does. This is the Lord's work, and I have never before felt the burden of serving Him so light as at present. It is blessed to give good counsel, and strengthen the doubting one. I really believe I shall take a short trip, delivering lectures in the neighboring villages, if the committee can see the way clear toward paying my expenses. They have it under advisement now. Really, it would be a nice little trip for me.

*H.* And you expect the Lord to advance cash to meet current expenses, while you are tilling his vineyard?

*C.* Certainly, if I *donate* my time. The Scriptures say the "Laborer is worthy of his hire."

*H.* Let's look at that passage in a business point of view.

*C.* The *Bible* is the only safe guide in business or out of it.

*H.* But you will at least allow a man to interpret the Scripture in a business-like way.

*C.* (*Somewhat petulant.*) Bother to interpretation! Plain English is not hard to interpret. The good Book says, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and that is enough for me.

*H.* Very good. It also says, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." Now, Mr. Cantwell, you will admit that drunkards are mostly *poor* men.

*C.* Yourself, for instance!

*H.* (*Sarcastically.*) *Myself!* So you set me down as a drunkard!

*C.* Oh, not now, certainly. I do not for a moment doubt the sincerity of your reform. I beg your pardon. I meant no offense.

*H.* Then don't use offensive language. If you are going to bring up everybody to *your* stiff-necked notions of propriety you will find that your work as a reformer will be a miserable failure.

*C.* Really, Mr. Heartsease, I beg pardon. I do not wish *every* man to conform *at once* to my ideas. I am willing to go *down* to them, and *counsel* with them, and *comfort* them.

*H.* Counsel and comfort are sweet to a starving man! How

much did you subscribe to the Library Association fund?

*C.* (*Suddenly drops his canting tone.*) Ahem! ahem! Well, as soon as that is really set on a secure basis, I will help it liberally.

*H.* As soon as its success is assured you are willing to help. I'm sorry I could not give it five times the amount I did subscribe, for I think it will prove one of the most effective agents in the temperance work.

*C.* Mr. Heartsease, I certainly am willing to help any laudable enterprise, or any person who really needs help, and is worthy of it. (*Resumes canting tone.*) I am only the steward of what the Lord has placed in my hands.

*H.* I am glad you have said so, for I happen to need a small loan myself.

*C.* (*Feigns surprise.*) You need a loan! a rich man like you!

*H.* Rich men are sometimes embarrassed.

*C.* Do you speak seriously?

*H.* Seriously.

*C.* How much do you need?

*H.* I need four or five thousand dollars. One thousand, with some collections I hope to make, would pull me through.

*C.* Really, I keep very little money deposited on call. I have made some investments. Now, Shaver would let you have it in a minute. He keeps money for such purposes.

*H.* Oh, I see; with your endorsement. Thank you. That will do as well as the cash.

*C.* (*Quickly.*) No! no! you misunderstood me. I made a solemn vow years ago that I would never endorse for any man.

*H.* Then I advise you to keep your vow. (*Turns toward L.*) Good evening.

*C.* Good evening, Mr. Heartsease. (*Exit H.*)

*H.* I knew before I asked him that he would refuse. If it is so hard for a man of means and good social position to reform, what must it be for the poor miserable outcast! Many of my old and tried friends treat me coolly because of the stand I have taken, and because my wife is an active temperance worker. Most of my new friends look on me much as they would on some dangerous wild beast they had just captured. It's well enough to use soothing words, backed by formidable quotations, but don't get too near the dangerous beast. Without help, I must go to the wall. I can't stave this off much longer, the way they are pushing me now. (*Starts toward L.*)

*Enter PEWTERMUGG L, meeting H.*

*P.* Good evening, Mr. Heartsease.

*H.* Good evening, Mr. Pewtermugg. Glad to meet you.

*P.* And I'm glad to meet you. How's Susie?

*H.* Quite well. Pewtermugg, I'm in a hurry. I must raise some money before ten to-morrow. Do you think I could arrange it with your brother?

*P.* How much do you need?

*H.* I must have a thousand.



*P.* You know I have a little money. I believe I could let you have that amount for a few days.

*H.* Hello! You're the man I want. When can I have it?

*P.* I'll give you a check now, and you can get it cashed in the morning. Let's go into the "Shades," across the street, and I'll write it out.

*H.* I'd rather not go in there. I've signed the pledge.

*P.* Tut, man! We're not going in to drink.

*H.* I know, but some of my old chums will be sure to be there.

*P.* What of that? You are not afraid of them. Set them an example of total abstinence. Can't you trust yourself?

*H.* I guess I can. I must learn to resist temptation.

*P.* You're right there. Come! (*Aside.*) This loan will bind him to me. I'll secure an interest in the business, and then the girl is mine. (*Exeunt L.*)

## CURTAIN.

SCENE III. *Interior of the "Shades."* Seated by table *R* WALTER WESTON and GUZZLE at cards. LOAFERS *R* and *L*, BILLY behind the bar.

*Enter L*, WISHALL and WINSLOW, latter slightly intoxicated.

*Winslow.* (*Advancing to bar.*) What'll you have, Wishall?

*W.* I'm not particular.

*Winslow.* I am. I want something that will invigorate the system this cold evening. We'll take a little "death on the doorstep."

*W.* No; not for me. I'll take a julep.

*Winslow.* Of course you want something mild. You have to look after your palpitation a little, old boy. I don't. I've a clear conscience, a light heart, a thirsty throat, and——

*Guzzle.* (*Aside.*) And an empty head.

*Winslow.* But here goes. There's no time for long stories. (*They drink.*)

*Enter L*, HEARTSEASE and PEWTERMUGG.

*Winslow.* Hello, old pard! (*Shakes H.'s hand. Staggeres slightly.*) How are you? I haven't seen you for a long time. (*P. writes at the bar.*)

*H.* That's so. Why don't you come up sometimes? We should be glad to see you.

*Winslow.* Confound it! I—— Fact is, I'm too deuced busy. Have a smile?

*H.* No; I've signed the pledge!

*Winslow.* Bully for you, old boy.

*H.* Winslow, hadn't you better go home?

*P.* (*Aside.*) He'll soon be a confirmed drunkard! Then for my plans.

*Winslow.* Home! Did you say? (*Tries to sing "Home, sweet home," fails.*)

*Billy.* See here, we can't have this racket in here. Winslow, you'd better go home. They're crusadin' to-night, an' I want it quiet.

*Winslow.* Zat so? Let em crusade! Say, Jack, old boy, smile, won't you? (*Noisily*) Set em up, Billy. Set em up.

*P.* (*Hands H. check he has written on the counter.*) Here's your check, Heartsease. Why what ails you, man?

*H.* I don't feel well. The smell of the liquors has affected me. My God! why did I risk myself in here! What will wife say? I'm sick, help me home! (*Sinks into a chair.*)

*Winslow.* I say John, old boy, you don't feel well. This is glorious brandy. It will revive you. Your pledge says nothing about medicine. (*Puts glass to H.'s lips. He drinks.*)

*Wishall.* Winslow, for shame, desist.

*Walter.* I say, Winslow, that's too bad. You've ruined that man.

*P.* He hasn't violated his pledge yet. He's sick.

*Guzzle.* I cac'late he *will* break that pledge of his'n in two minutes, more or less, when that tiger's milk touches bottom. I've felt jes' so, and it always takes more of the same stuff to set a feller right. Cut for deal.

*H.* (*Looking wildly around.*) Where am I? I remember now. What ails me? My veins are bursting. Brandy! Give me brandy? That will ease my pain. (*Rushes to counter and gulps down a glassful.*) There! now I feel better. Glorious brandy! Ah, it lifts a man from the dull earth to soar among the fleecy clouds.

*Guzzle.* To fall into the gutter kerchunk when he lights!

*H.* I'm better now. Great God, my pledge! My honor! Oh, it will kill Hattie! I'm ruined!

*Wishall.* His words are prophetic.

*Winslow.* You're all right, old boy!

*H.* I'm ruined; give me drink. (*Billy pours out another glass of brandy.*)

*P.* (*Aside.*) The fool will ruin himself, and spoil my plans. You've had enough, Heartsease. Let's go home. (*Attempts to prevent him from drinking.*)

*H.* I *must* have it. (*Seizes the glass and swallows its contents. Rushes ut R, followed by P. and WINSLOW.*)

*Wishall.* Another man gone to ruin! He's too noble by far for such a wretched fate. He is the very soul of honor, and when he realizes that he has broken his pledge I fear the consequences will be terrible. Curse the fates that throttle men with the demon of drink. And I've stood by and seen these men dragged to ruin. Nay, worse, I have drawn them into the pit by my presence and example, arrant coward that I am. It would take the tongue of a Cicero to heap upon me the scorn of honest men did they know me. The reckoning for this must be terrible. (*Exit L.*)

*Guzzle.* I guess it won't though; nothing but a splitting headache and a curtain lecture.

*Billy.* Yes; you can bet on the lecture when that old woman of his'n finds it out. She's a reg'lar old stump speaker.

*Guzzle.* Billy Stoughton, there haint no nicer woman in the town than Mrs. Heartsease, nor a better man than John Heartsease.

*Walter.* That's so.

*Guzzle.* She's helped me out of many a scrape, and the fellow who runs her down to my face has to be a better man than me, that's all.

*Billy.* Humph! didn't you talk about her?

*Guzzle.* That's my business, not yours.

*Billy.* And it's my business what I say. My tongue's my own.

*Guzzle.* And the darndest, meanest piece of property ever a man owned.

*Billy.* Guzzle, you're drunk.

*Guzzle.* (*Jumps up, and advances toward the bar.*) See here, young man, if you know when your pulse is steady, you'll just close that slit under your proboscis, or I'll close it quicker than a steel trap.

*Billy.* If you're too drunk to behave, get out.

*Walter.* (*Rises, and advances to bar.*) Boys, this has gone far enough.

*Enter STOUGHTON R.*

*Stoughton.* What's all this row? (*To Walter.*) Get quiet. Put away those cards. The crusaders are coming.

*Walter.* Not if I know it, I don't. I won't act hypocrite for anybody.

*Stoughton.* Devil take the luck! I wish they would stay at home and attend to their own business.

*Enter L MRS. H. and MRS. WINSLOW.*

*Mrs. H.* Mr. Stoughton, we have come to visit your place on our rounds.

*Stoughton.* Very well.

*Mrs. W.* Have you any objection to our leaving some tracts on your tables? We have done so at other places.

*Stoughton.* I guess there'll be no objection.

*Mrs. W.* As secretary of the County Bible Society, I wish to leave some copies of the Bible in your place.

*Billy.* Oh, yes; Charlie will need them.

*Stoughton.* Boy, remember you are talking to ladies.

*Mrs. H.* Mr. Stoughton, I particularly wish you to read this tract on the "Evils of Intemperance."

*Stoughton.* I know enough of them already.

*Mrs. H.* I daresay; but read the views of others; and you, too, Mr. Guzzle. (*Gives him a tract.*)

*Guzzle.* Thank you, Mrs. Heartsease.

*Mrs. H.* Mr. Guzzle, you are degrading your manhood in

resorting to such places; and you, too, Mr. Weston. Come to our meeting, and sign the pledge, won't you? (*Gives him a tract.*) Your father has signed.

*Walter.* Hello! The governor's surrendered at last! That will do for him, but boys like fun.

*Mrs. H.* Seek other amusements. I wish I had time to talk to you, boys.

*Billy.* Better go home and talk to your drunk husband.

*Stoughton.* Billy, confound you. Keep a civil tongue!

*Mrs. H.* (*Greatly agitated.*) Oh, what is the matter? Something dreadful!

*Billy.* He went home drunk to-night, was all.

*Mrs. H.* Merciful Father! must I drain again this cup of shame and bitterness!

*Mrs. W.* Don't despair! There must be some mistake. Let us still hope.

*Billy.* No mistake at all, Mrs. Winslow. Your son Charles can tell you all about it. He was in the same boat.

*Mrs. W.* Alas, my son! Has he yielded again, despite a mother's warning!

*Mrs. H.* Some traitor has betrayed my husband. He never would voluntarily break his pledge. We must go to them at once. (*Exeunt L.*)

*Billy.* I guess that puts an end to their preachin' and singin' for a few hours.

*Guzzle.* (*With anger.*) Bill Stoughton, you're a low, dirty skunk, and if ever you talk about them ladies agin, and I hear it, I'll tan your skunk skin for you. Mind that.

*Loafer.* Go it greasers! You're a trump, Guzzle.

*Guzzle.* Darn me if I wouldn't sign that pledge now, just to help them women along.

*Billy.* You're a healthy specimen to talk about signin' the pledge. You be.

*Guzzle.* I cac'late I *am* healthy. Want to heft me? Sing out if you do.

*Stoughton.* Mr. Guzzle, I don't wish any disturbance here. I don't allow such talk about any member of my family in my presence.

*Guzzle.* Come on, Walter. (*Going L.*) I can't stay here for fear I'll be tempted to slap that consarned mean puppy. Let him insult a woman! It's safe to do that I calc'late. (*Exeunt WALTER and GUZZLE L. Scene changes.*)

SCENE IV. *A street. Enter PEWTERMUGG, L, with an old express pouch under his arm.*

*P.* So Winslow has signed the pledge, and reformed. Well, I suppose his reformation will last about as long as Heartsease's did. But Winslow can't shake off the bad odor of his late revels all at once, I assure him. (*Enter GUZZLE, unobserved, L.*) The old adage,

"Give a dog a bad name, and you might as well hang him," will hold good in his case, I guess. His gaming will not help him in case of trouble. The Express Company know of his weakness, and will spot him at once. I took care that they should not remain in ignorance. I've worked up a case for them. This is a glorious night for the trial of my plan. Wishall the coward, wouldn't join me, but his tongue is tied on that little check business of his. To-morrow I shall be in possession of \$25,000, and Winslow will be in a felon's cell. Then Miss Susie may prate about her heart's being another's, and John Heartsease, the bankrupt, may go to the devil. Susie will be welcome to her jail-bird. He'll have plenty of time and good quarters, to reform in. Now for revenge, and fortune at the same time. It's a bold strike, and the stakes are fortunes and reputations. But I've never failed yet. Heartsease and Winslow have snubbed me like a dog, but I'll be even with them yet. If I scent danger, a turn in Europe will be good for my health. Ha! ha! (*Exit R.*)

*Guzzle.* (*Coming to C.*) Well! *Jerusalem Crickets!* If that don't beat snake-fightin', as we used to say, down where I was raised. What the tarnation is old Pewterpot up to? Darn me! if he don't run his ugly mug into something too hot for pewter, I'll treat. (*Exit R.*)

## CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Interior of the "Shades." Card-playing at table, R; at L, seated around a table, WALTER, HANS and HEARTSEASE at cards. At left of bar a large placard, containing in large letters, "\$5,000 Reward!—Robbery of the American Express Co."*

*Walter.* (*Throwing down cards.*) Ha! ha! It's your treat, Hans! Hurry up! Dutchy, my mouth waters for one of Billy's famous cocktails.

*Hans.* My dreat? How ist dot? I don'd understhand him.

*Walter.* Set 'em up, Sauerkraut, and no music!

*Billy.* That's all fair, Hans; you lost.

*H.* And don't be so confounded slow making up your mind, Old Kraut Tub!

*Hans.* Vell, vat you hafs, shentlemens?

*Walter.* Old bourbon!

*H.* I'll take brandy, straight. That cuts the red wood every time.

*Hans.* Ein glass lager. (*All laugh.*)

*Walter.* Try Saratoga water, Hans. That's good for a weak stomach.

*Hans.* Ach! you fellows tink you are long-headed; but I am tick trou de eyes.

*Billy.* Through the skull, you mean.

## THE SPARKLING CUP.

*Hans.* Yaw! yaw! trou de eyes. De prandy burns oop te stomachs oud, oond der lager keeps der indernal arrangemendts cool.

*Walter.* Dutchy, let's have a song.

*Hans.* I sings no songs.

*H.* Come, Hans, a song-hic for auld-hic lang syne.

*Hans.* I nefer trinks dot! Vat ist dot?

*Enter GUZZLE, L.*

*Walter.* Hello, Guzzle! where have you been? I've not seen you for two whole hours.

*Guzzle.* I've had a little private cipherin' to do to-day.

*Walter.* Got something on the string?

*Guzzle.* Yes!

*H.* Boys, let's take something. (*Fumbles in his vest pocket.*) I've just five dollars left, but that will last till my friends ante again. Jolly good friends I have-hic. There's Dick Trustham-hic. He gave me this. Jolly old boy, Dick is. Come!

*Walter.* My motto is never refuse wine in Paris.

*Guzzle.* Nor whiskey in Cork!

*Loafer.* (*Looking up from cards.*) The divil ye say! Bad luck to ye.

*H.* What'll you have, boys? (*Beckons to Loafers in R.*) Come on, and be social. (*All rush up eagerly, and drink.*)

*Walter.* Heartsease, give us a song.

*H.* By Jove! I will. Why didn't I think of that sooner? (*Sings in a boisterous manner.*)

"When I was single I made the money jingle,  
And the world went so easy with me then, O then."

*Billy.* See here, Jack Heartsease, if you are going to make a night of it, go somewhere else, and don't disturb a decent neighborhood.

*Walter.* Ha! ha! Let's drink to the virtues that flourish under the roof of the "Shades."

*1st Loafer.* See here! That point is mine.

*2d Loafer.* No it ain't—the last trick was mine!

*1st Loafer.* You 'nigged!

*2d Loafer.* Your'e a liar!

*1st Loafer.* You're a cheating blackguard! (*They begin to fight.*)

*Walter.* Go it, plug-uglies?

*Billy.* Look here! you knock-kneed mule-drivers! I won't have this row. (*Separates them.*)

*Enter C NTWELL, L.*

*C.* What a shocking sight for the eyes of an enlightened generation!

*Guzzle.* Of vipers! Won't you take something?

*C.* Young men, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." "Flee from the wrath to come." I come to you on a mission of mercy, in the name of temperance.

*Walter.* A lamb among wolves! (*All laugh.*)

*C.* Young men, this levity is indeed dreadful among those who are hanging on the brink of such a fearful precipice. Listen to the voice of truth, and follow the light of reason.

*Billy.* Old man, give us a rest on your preachin'. I guess the light of *your* reason is nothin' but a tallow dip in a tin lantern.

*C.* Alas! are the sacrifices of myself and Mr. Trustham in your behalf all in vain?

*Guzzle.* Don't mention your efforts in the same breath with Dick Trustham's. His are at a premium, but your pesky old paper is protested long ago. You like scripture,—I'll give you a text. "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers." You know the rest. Hadn't you better lower your rents before you talk temperance? Reform like charity begins at home.

*C.* (*Groans.*) Oh, Lord. "They are a perverse generation." Pity these poor blind worms.

*Walter.* Deacon, we've heard that about the worms before.

*Billy.* Don't worry the poor reptiles and cast up their blindness. They were made blind on purpose so they could'nt see the sins of a preverse generation. Tell us about the wolf in sheep's clothing. This is an experience meetin'.

*C.* (*Groans.*) Ripe for destruction! (*Exit L.*)

*Enter PEWTERMUGG, L.*

*P.* Heard the news, boys?

*H.* News? Yes-hic; the 'Spress Co-hic-ompany was robbed last night.

*P.* Fudge! Do you call that news? They've found out who did it!

*H.* Hic-I knew that at first.

*P.* What! Who did you think it was?

*H.* The thief, of course! Gimme 'nother c'nundrum.

*P.* Pah! dolt!

*Walter.* Who was it, Pewtermugg?

*P.* Charlie Winslow!

*All.* Charlie Winslow!

*H.* It's too bad. Charlie was a brick at readin' tracts, after he signed.

*Walter.* I don't believe it. Winslow was proud of his honor.

*P.* And honor requires a man to pay stakes lost.

*Billy.* I'm not surprised. Winslow gambled freely. I wouldn't trust him.

*P.* Nor I.

*Guzzle.* Bill Stoughton, you're a liar and a coward. But it's jest like your sneakin' natur', to strike a man when he's down or drunk.

*Billy.* (*Blustering.*) What's that you say?

*Guzzle.* Oh, don't bluster! I said you lied, and I'll prove it, if you want me to.

*Billy.* Look out, Guzzle! Don't aggravate me, or you'll rue it. I've seen him gamble, and I'll leave it to Weston. He seen him.

*P.* I've seen him lose.

*Walter.* I never saw him lose very heavily.

*Guzzle.* There! Billy Stoughton, I told you you lied. You are always stickin' in your short spoons where they don't belong.

*Billy.* Do you call me a liar?

*Guzzle.* Don't fizz over like a pop-bottle. Of course I did.

*Enter* STOUGHTON, *leading* FREDDIE, *L.*

*Stoughton.* Boys I won't have this row. I keep a respectable house.

*Guzzle.* The devil prides himself on respectability. Nothin' *low* about him.

*Stoughton.* What do you mean? Is that an insult?

*Guzzle.* No, no. I was only givin' the devil his due. That's all.

*H.* Why! here's Freddie. How are you-hic, bub? Your visits here are like hic angels'.

*Stoughton.* Yes; his mother don't allow him to come to the saloon. She's afraid it will spoil him. One of her notions, you know. I humor her in it, for Freddie's *her* boy, and Billy's mine.

*P.* That accounts for their difference in taste.

*Loafer.* Here, Freddie, have a drop of my toddy.

*Freddie.* Thank you, sir; but mamma says I mustn't taste strong drink.

*P.* Better take her advice, sonny.

*Loafer.* Niver a bit will it hurt ye.

*Guzzle.* Curse the man that will tempt a child with whiskey!

*Loafer.* Faith! an' it's yersilf that's badly fuddled, or ye wouldn't make sich an uncivil spache.

*Guzzle.* Would you have him like yourself and myself—objects of contempt to decent people? I'd a darnation sight rather bury him, if he was my boy.

*Walter.* Why! what ails you, Guzzle? Blow me! if you don't make a good temperance lecturer. You need something to steady your nerves. Set 'em up, Billy. Come, Heartsease, and Pewtermugg.

*Guzzle.* Guess I will. Maybe it will help to smother the devilment I feel in me to-night, bigger'n a dray-mule. Gimme red-eye.

*H.* Sheet iron lockjaw!

*P.* A little whiskey-sour!

*Walter.* I'll take brandy straight. Here's to the genial proprietor of the "Shades!" (*They drink, H.'s hand trembles so that he cannot bring the glass to his mouth. He takes his handkerchief, holds one end in the right hand, puts the other round his neck, draws up the glass, and drinks.*)

*Billy.* There's a trick worth knowin'! Sleight-of-hand!

*Walter.* Necessity is the mother of invention.

*H.* I don't feel just right. My nerves ain't steady-hic. I felt so once before. It's almighty queer.

*Loafer.* (*Aside.*) Snakes in his boots!

*Guzzle.* Let me take you home.

*P.* Better take care of yourself first.

*Guzzle.* Oh! I can take care of myself, and some other people I know, too.

*Enter* LITTLE GIRL, *who sings.*



## SONG.—Air, "The Beggar Girl."\*

Over the pavements, and in at each door,  
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;  
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,  
And she grieves for the days that will never return.

Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,  
Cold blows the wind and the storm rages on;  
Give me some alms for my mother for charity;  
Give me some alms, and then I will be gone.

Call me not vagabond; wine the defiler,  
Darkened the home that was happy and bright,  
Poor father! he followed the artful beguiler.  
Lonely and weary I'm begging to-night.  
Pity, kind gentlemen, etc.

Think, while you revel so careless and free,  
Secure from the wind, and well clothed and fed;  
Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be  
To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.  
Pity, kind gentlemen, etc.

*Freddie.* Little girl, let me pass round and collect for you. Papa, mayn't I put in the quarter Ma gave me to buy candy? (*Drops<sup>s</sup> quarter into his hat, and starts around the room.*)

*Stoughton.* A penny is quite enough, my son. Don't be extravagant, even in your alms.

*Freddie.* But she needs it, Papa—she's so poor. I'll do without candy. (*A few throw in pennies, which FREDDIE hands to her.*)

*Little Girl.* Thank you so much! You'r so good.

*Billy.* Her old daddy will have plenty of punch to-night.

*Little Girl.* Please, sir, my father is dead.

*Billy.* We've heard that story before, you little reprobate. Now get out.

*Walter.* Let her stay, Billy.

*Billy.* (*Comes from behind the bar, and pushes her toward door, L.*) Get out!—this is no tramps' lodging-house.

*Stoughton.* She'll go directly, Billy.

*Billy.* She'll go now. If I've got to keep bar here, I'll keep it quiet. If you don't like that, old boss, just keep your own bar. (*Pushes her toward door.*)

*Guzzle.* Touch that girl again, and I'll knock you into Jamaica, you white-livered coward, you! (*Steps before Billy.*)

*Freddie.* (*Rushes between Billy and the Little Girl.*) Please don't, Billy.

*Billy.* Guzzle, we'll soon see who's boss here—you or me! (*Seizes bottle from counter, and attempts to strike GUZZLE. Latter wards off blow, and strikes Billy, who staggers, and wildly strikes at GUZZLE, but hits FREDDIE with the bottle. FREDDIE falls, crying, "BILLY, I'm killed—don't hit her!"*)

[\*] Adapted, from "The Beggar Girl," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.

*Stoughton.* (*Rushing forward.*) Rash boy! What have you done?  
*Billy.* It wasn't my fault. I didn't see him.

*Stoughton.* (*Kneels on the floor, C; draws FREDDIE'S head upon his knees.*) Speak, darling! Are you hurt? My God!—he has ceased to breathe! He is dead! *Killed by his own brother!* Heaven pity his mother! Oh! wife was it for this that we reared children—to fall by each other's hands? (*Rises, and lays the body carefully upon the floor.*) My sins cry out against me! Oh, God! why have you struck him, instead of me? I deserved it. (*Wrings his hands.*) Oh, this is too hard to bear!

*Guzzle.* The fruits of Rum! God forgive me, and I'll never drink another drop!

### CURTAIN.

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SCENE II. *Room in HEARTSEASE'S house. Windows in flat, L and R; furniture scanty and mean, indicating great poverty: sofa R: table C; chairs R and L; MRS. H. and SUSIE sitting by table sewing.*

*Mrs. H.* Oh, when will your father return? Will nothing restore him to his senses? Alcohol has maddened him, and nightly he adds to the burden of shame which has blasted his once fair name, and sunk us into the lowest depths of poverty. Verily, strong drink is a demon which possesses the soul and enslaves the body of its victims.

*Susie.* Dear mother, is there no hope for father?

*Mrs. H.* Alas! I see none. His business has passed into other hands, his property scarcely sufficed to meet the demands of his creditors. Everything went wrong, after your grandfather's death. Had it not been for Mr. Wishall's good management, we should not have even this house—robbed, as it is, of all that makes home pleasant, and shared by those who were formerly our servants.

*Susie.* (*At window, L, looking out.*) I cannot hear him yet.

*Mrs. H.* He is later than usual, to-night. I fear something has happened. To-night he is reveling on the generosity of Mr. Trustham. I fear our few remaining friends will be obliged to abandon us to our fate. But I shall never cease to labor in the cause of temperance.

*Enter KATRINA, L.*

*Katrina.* Ist Meester Heartsease home yet?

*Mrs. H.* No. Why do you ask?

*Katrina.* Hans has been home more as an hour. I'll ask him if he saw your husband. (*Exit L.*)

*Mrs. H.* Oh! that I could persuade him to turn from his ways. Arguments that I daily use upon others, avail naught with him. His only answer is, "My honor's gone, and a man without honor is not worth saving."

*Enter H. L; he stares around the room, then advances toward C.*

*H.* (*Staring at Mrs. H.*) Are you ready, Hattie? I've kept you waiting, have I? Forgive me, won't you? But get your bonnet and shawl. We must go.

*Mrs. H.* Go where?

*Susie.* What ails you, father?

*H.* Hurry up! They're pursuing us.

*Mrs. H.* Lord help us! He has the delirium! There's nobody pursuing you, John.

*Susie.* Be quiet, father! No one shall harm you.

*H.* There! I told you they would get me! (*Glares under sofa, R.*) See that fire! (*Points.*) See it! SEE! There's a firey serpent in it! He's come for me! His master's coming, too! They're coming! See! (*Points.*) See that demon! His head is a ball of fire! His arms are large snakes! (*Retreats a step.*) Save me, wife! Susie help me! They've got me! (*Drops on the floor, and writhes in agonies.*) Take them off! They're strangling me! (*Clutches at his throat, as if pulling off a foe.*) (*MRS. H. at door, L, calls, "MR. GIPFEL!"*)

HANS and KATRINA rush in, L.

*Hans.* Mine Gott! Schnakes in his poots!

*Susie.* Help him, Mr. Gipfel!

*Hans.* Ach! He gets himself better pooty quick! (*H. sits upright on the floor.*)

*Mrs. H.* There, you're better, John!

*Susie.* Poor father! We will protect you. They are gone now.

¶SLOW CURTAIN.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Room in H.'s house, same as in last scene of Act IV; seated, MRS. HEARTSEASE, R of table: TRUSTHAM, L of table; HEARTSEASE standing before Trustham, C.

*H.* Mr. Trustham, I can never express my gratitude for what you have done for me.

*Trustham.* Pooh, John Heartsease! I have done very little, and that was my duty. Thank your wife for your return to reason.

*H.* Yes, dear wife, I do indeed owe it to you that I am still alive, and within reach of hope. I never can repay the devotion that you and Susie have lavished upon me.

*Mrs. H.* My reward is great, a husband saved.

*H.* Wife, daughter, I've been your unkindest enemy. I've made you beggars. I've ruined my prospects, and alienated my friends. But, thank God! my best friends, a loving wife and a dear daughter,

are still spared to me. Mr. Trustham, let me at least thank you for your untiring interest in my behalf, even when I heaped insult upon you. (*Takes TRUSTHAM'S hand, weeps.*) I have even wasted, for drink, money which you gave my dear wife to buy our bread. Can you forgive me?

*Trustham.* It's all forgiven. Try to forget that, and let your mind dwell on the future. There is much in store for you yet.

*H.* I will do as you ask. Last night's horrid delirium has aroused me to a sense of my awful danger. If that terrible scene is ever repeated, I am lost forever. Ugh! It makes me shudder to think of it.

*Mrs. H.* Husband, will you pledge yourself again?

*H.* Yes, dear wife; to-night I will publicly sign the pledge, and take a stand for sobriety again. I know, alas! my weakness, now, and I also know who are my friends. I trust I may stand firm this time.

*Trustham.* I trust you may. Friends are ready to assist you. I shall meet you at the temperance rooms this evening. (*Exit L.*)

*Mrs. H.* Oh, husband! my joy is greater than I dared to hope.

*Susie.* Father, I'm so glad!

*H.* I have most reason to be happy, for what joy is greater than seeing the happiness of loved ones! (*Clasps them in his arms; soft music. "Home, Sweet Home."*)

## SLOW CURTAIN

SCENE II. *Temperance reading-room: long reading-table, R, with books and papers: files of papers on walls: President's stand rear: small table front of it, with ink, pens, etc.: appropriate temperance mottoes on the walls: standing round small table, as curtain rises, MRS. H., SUSIE, H., TRUSTHAM, and PEWTERMUGG.*

*P.* So you have concluded to lead a new life, I hear, Mr. Heartsease.

*H.* I am determined to try, and will sign the pledge this evening.

*P.* That's right! I'm glad to see the good work go on. We need it. God speed it!

*Enter WINSLOW and MRS. WINSLOW.*

*H.* Mrs. Winslow, I shall redeem my promise.

*Mrs. W.* Heaven be praised for that! It lightens somewhat my own great grief.

*Susie.* Mr. Winslow, I'm so glad to see you. (*Offers him her hand.*)

*Winslow.* Thank you. To hear you say so, is joy to one in despair.

*Trustham.* Cheer up, Charles; all may yet be well. You have good friends.

*P.* Can I do anything? I'm willing to try.

*Susie.* Thank you, Mr. Pewtermugg! Thank you.

*Winslow.* I don't see how you can do anything. You did not see anybody take the express pouch last night. It's a dark case for me. I presume I shall be arrested before morning.

*P.* (*Aside.*) Ha! you're in the toils to stay.

*Mrs. H.* To think that my boy should be accused of robbery! Oh, the disgrace!

*H.* It is a sad affair, but let us hope for the best!

*Trustham.* Mr. Heartsease, you may now inscribe your name in this book. I will read the pledge. (*Reads.*) "I do solemnly promise to abstain from all use of all intoxicating liquors all the rest of my life. Lord help me."

*P.* Mr. Trustham, I have never signed this *new* pledge. I will do so now. I wish to contribute my mite of influence toward the good cause.

*Trustham.* Certainly, Mr. Pewtermugg. By all means, sign it. (*As PEWTERMUGG is about to sign, enter POLICEMAN, followed by GUZZLE, WISHALL, and HANS. MRS. WINSLOW lays her hand on the POLICEMAN'S arm, entreatingly.*) You have come to arrest him. Please have mercy. Do not blast his fair name. I plead not for myself. He is young, and has all his life before him.

*Officer.* Madam, I must do my duty.

*Guzzle.* Mrs. Winslow, I reckon you've made a slight mistake. *This* is the chap the policeman's lookin' for. (*Points to P.*) Well, I swow! What's he up to now? 'Taint no use, old boy! I calc'late they'll put you where there'll be no temptation to drink anything stronger than Adam's ale. Reckon they'll keep you *tight* enough, without whiskey.

*P.* (*Greatly agitated.*) What do you mean, fellow?

*Officer.* It means that you are charged with robbing the American Express Company of \$25,000.

*P.* (*Pretending coolness.*) This is all gammon! I suppose you are at the bottom of it, Wishall. Remember, I can play at that too, on a little account of yours.

*Wishall.* I suppose you refer to my business relations with the late Mr. Ledger. I shall settle that with his partner. John Heartsease, I owe you \$5,000. Pardon an erring man!

*P.* Fool! what do you mean? Put yourself behind a grating, if you choose.

*H.* Mr. Wishall, I understand it all. Mr. Ledger informed me that he intended to pay you the amount you name. He died before doing so. A check purporting to be drawn by him was presented by you for payment, and proved, on close examination, to be a forgery. I declined to push the matter, because you had, by years of faithful labor, earned far more than that paltry sum. It is yours, and you are welcome to it, though your course was so wrong that I could not admit you as a partner, as I intended doing.

*W.* (*With feeling.*) And he is the *friend* who concealed my crime, instead of yourself, base wretch!

*P.* Wishall, are you not equally a base wretch, in betraying what you acceded to? Traitor!

*W.* I revealed nothing. Should I reveal one-tenth part of your villainy the world would stand amazed.

*P.* (*Draws a pistol.*) Then you will *never* reveal it. (*OFFICER and GUZZLE seize him and handcuff him; women scream.*)

*Hans.* Py himmel! dot bistol might shoot himself off pooty quick.

*Guzzle.* (To P.) Now Boss, I guess we're even! I'll not let Wishall have all the credit of this little job. I've had a crow to pick with you ever since you turned my father and mother out of one of your shanties into the winter's storm. You struck me, because I said you were mean. It ain't always safe to strike a boy, because you can.

*P.* What's that to do with the present?

*Guzzle.* Oh, I haven't finished yet! Maybe you would like to know how I found out that you hired a boy to steal an old express pouch from the office? An' p'raps, you'd like to know why I followed you up to the depot, that dark night, when the night express came in? I wa'n't far away when you jumped into the express wagon along with Charlie Winslow, and gave him a nice Havana, to pass away time, an' then threw out the sack in the dark, and slipped your old stuffed one in on the seat beside Charlie. You're darned cute, Mr. Pewtermugg; but, remember that Guzzle's head has something in it, beside the effects of forty-rod whiskey!

*Officer.* Come. Mr. Pewtermugg, I must escort you to prison.

*P.* Better death, than such disgrace! Ruined forever! (*Exeunt L.*)

*Mrs. H.* Can this be true, or is it a dream? Mr. Pewtermugg was a man of such exemplary morals and excellent habits, that his fall has made me distrustful of—I had almost said, all mankind.

*Trustham.* After all, I always half suspected him to be a sly, canting hypocrite.

*Mrs. W.* Oh, Charles, what a narrow escape you have had!

*Winslow.* And it seems I am indebted to Guzzle for deliverance.

*Susie.* Mr. Guzzle, we will never forget that service!

*Guzzle.* To serve you, Miss Susie, is reward enough, without thanks.

*W.* Winslow, forgive me for being an accomplice in the plot for your ruin, for I was an accomplice, in not warning you and advising you to beware of the allurements of wine, and the villainies of Pewtermugg.

*W.* I forgive you! I was most to blame. I thank God, I have escaped destruction! I shudder at the dark plot, which my imprudence has made possible. Never again will I taste intoxicating liquors! (*Signs the pledge.*)

*Hans.* Meester Trustham, I p'lieve I signs dot bledge! Dese Yankee trinks make me feel so schtupid, oond, would you p'lieves it? Last night I dreamed of schnakes, oond I told Katrina dees morgens dot I signs dot bledge eef she would. (*Signs.*) We'll trink frish vasser for a shpell.

*Enter L, WALTER WESTON and STOUGHTON.*

*Stoughton.* I've come to sign the pledge.

*Trustham.* Nobly said! Stoughton, you're too much of a man for such a vile traffic.

*Stoughton.* An accursed traffic! It has ruined my family. One of my poor boys lies to-day in his coffin, and the other, alas! is worse off. Rum was the destroyer. I'll never sell another drop, or encourage a human being to partake of the cruel poison. (*Signs the pledge.*) Walter, take my advice—stop in time. (*Exit L.*)

*Trustham.* There is the pledge for all. Who else will sign?

*Walter.* Guzzle, I'll sign it if you will. I think we've drank enough. If murder and villainy follow wine, I will not follow it in their company.

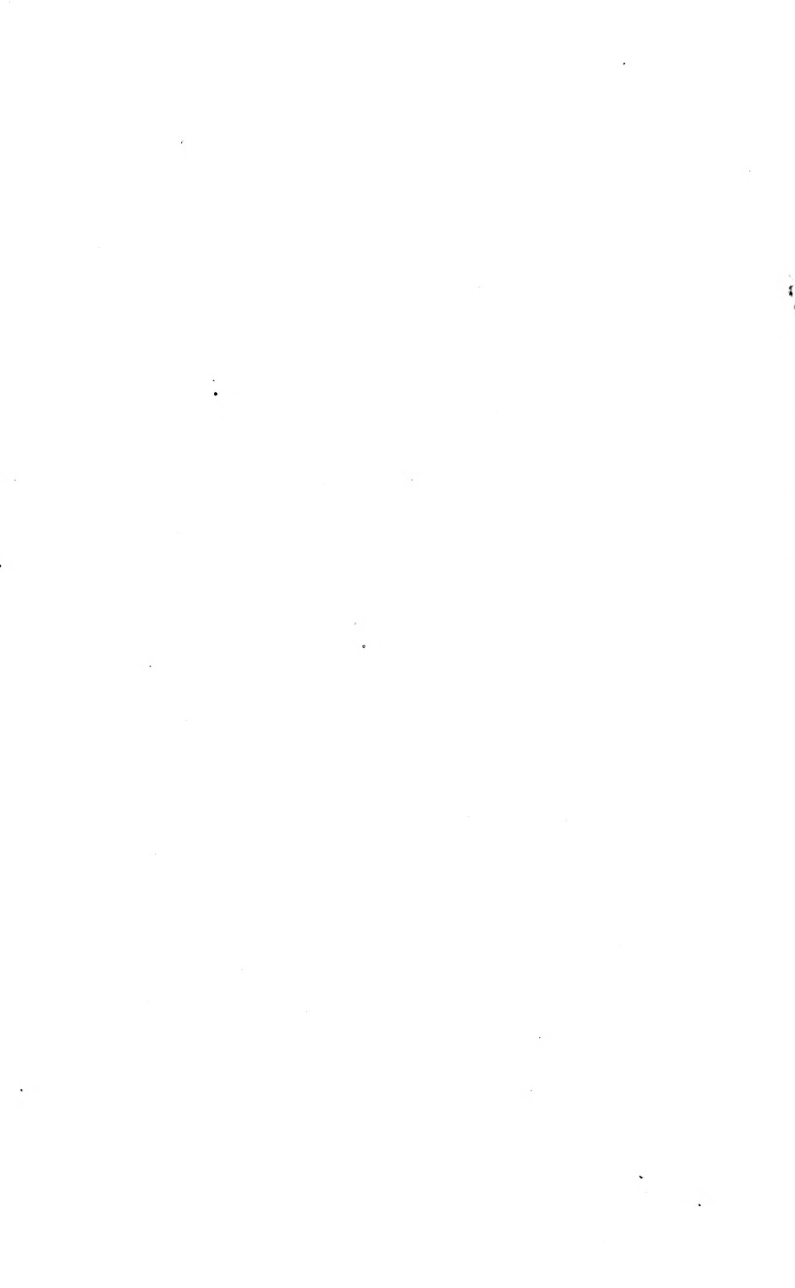
*Trustham.* There is no fitter time to turn to the right.

*Guzzle.* I've made up my mind to sign the pledge, Walter, and I'm glad you have, too. (*WALTER and GUZZLE sign.*) I guess this crowd has sowed about enough wild oats to get up a reputation. I'm goin' to be a man, or sell out my canoe and quit. (*All sign.*)

*Mrs. H.* Guzzle give me your hand! (*They shake hands.*)

*H.* (*Signs.*) Would that this stroke of the pen were a release from the memories of the past! Let us stand united against the tempter in the future, and strive to rescue the perishing.

MUSIC—SLOW CURTAIN.









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