



### TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

I.

DEJONES—"Farewell, false woman! For you I plunge into the infinite hereafter. Soon all will be over, and when my cold and lifeless corpse shall be discovered, perhaps then you will heave one sigh and say, 'Alas! Why did I despise him because his hair was red?'"

"Farewell—l—l—" (*Jumps.*)

### POTJAG'S PENANCE.

MRS. POTJAG (locutor). *Time 12 p.m.*—And now, Mr. Potjag, that we are alone, I want some explanation as to your diabolical conduct this evening at the Island. You needn't start to snore—but then, that's like you always act when you want to get out of it; but I'm not going to move from this chair till I hear why you flirted with those two young hussies, who ought to have been sent home and spanked into bed, so they ought, right before my eyes, and without any regard for your reputation. *Give you a rest?* No, I won't—you shan't sleep till we come to some understanding about this. Goodness knows, I've worried myself to skin and bone—you needn't laugh; I can hear you under the bed-clothes. What's that?

*You feel more like swearing than laughing?* I dare say you do; that's your brutal nature, your depraved associates, ah—I knew such company would have its effect; but I'm not going, as I said, to wear myself out endeavoring to keep a roof over our heads and then be insulted in broad daylight by you who promised to love and honor me when we were married, more's the pity. No, *I'm not a talking machine, and I'm not wound up either!* That's like you to throw insults at a defenceless woman, who is too weak to retaliate. But there—never mind; one good thing is it cannot last much longer; what with one worry and another I get nearer the grave every day, and—*So does everyone?* I know they do, and it would be a good thing for some people if they'd keep it in their minds, and alter their ways; but it's no use, it's like throwing water on a duck's back to give you good advice. You're too fond of those drunken loafers you go round with to give any heed to what I say.

*Go and bag myself?* No, Potjag, I shall not go and

bag myself, although I don't know what that may mean; some more of your horrible slang, I suppose. I'm shocked, I'm horrified to hear such language from one to whom I've tied myself in this life—heaven save me. It's a pity you can't keep such language at the saloons, where you get it, instead of polluting your wife's ears with it whenever she tries to say a civil word. I want you to understand that *I'm not singing it*, but it's enough to make a saint swear, the way you try to choke me off whenever I say a word. No, *I'm not getting excited*, although I know you'd like to see me that way. You wouldn't care if you drove me to the asylum, through your cruel treatment, not you. What? *You wish I was there already.* That settles it! I knew I should hear something worse before long and it's come at last. I should be ashamed to give voice to such an expression before me, who have nursed and tended you like a very slave. You think it very fine, I dare say, to tell me to *go and chase myself*; but I won't. I'm going to stay right here and tell you what a monster you have become since we were married.

*You ought to have stayed single, then?* Yes, you ought, instead of trying to drag a woman who is too good for you by half, down to your own level. No, I shall not *go and boil myself*, though you'd like to see me lying stark at your feet, I daresay. Potjag, you're a villain, without a grain of manliness in you, and I'm sure I don't know what I ever saw in you to marry you. No, *I'm not talking like a drivelling idiot*, but as sure as heaven is my judge, I'll make an alteration pretty soon or I'll know the reason why. Oh! mother, why did I leave you—and—home—to—go—and—and—and—and—

Here Potjag fell into a sweet deep nightmare.

WATERLOO DICRUSNAME.



### TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

II.

But his cold and lifeless corpse was never found, and when his head was mended they were married and lived happy ever after, etc.