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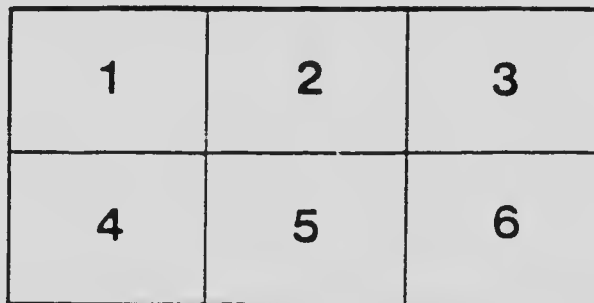
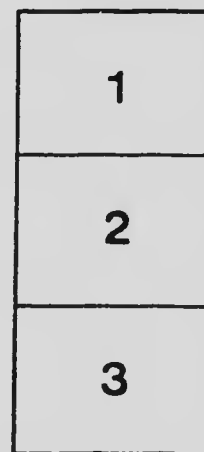
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**A CHARACTER SKETCH
ENTERTAINMENT**

FOR

**Ladies' Aid and Young Peoples' Societies,
Bible Classes, Choirs
and other Church Organizations**

ENTITLED

The Young Village Doctor

BY

CLARA E. ANDERSON

AUTHOR OF

"A Ladies' Aid Business Meeting at Mohawk Crossroads,"

"Afternoon Tea in Friendly Village, 1862,"

"The Minister's Bride."

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OTTAWA
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1915

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CHARACTERS

Dr. Young— A young man of good appearance, possessing strength of character, dressed in ordinary business suit in office: at wedding reception wears black Prince Albert.

Jane Crane— A pretty girl with a bright taking manner, wearing dresses suited to the different occasions; at the reception wears white wedding dress with train. Very tight waisted and hoops and bustle worn.

Mrs. Crane— A rather short middle aged woman, good natured and fussy, very talkative. Wears print dress, big white apron and cap.

Mrs. Frost— Tall and thin, a severe appearance, dressed in tight basque, poke bonnet and carrying large umbrella, poorly rolled up. Wears black and is very dismal in manner and appearance.

Miss Knowing— A nice plain put prettily dressed girl, linen collar and cuffs, hair done smoothly under sailor hat, carries an armful of large books.

Belinda Clinger— Very sentimental in manner and appearance; muslin dress, frilled, sash, large with pink roses and blue ribbon ties, curls hanging over ears, can look as pretty and fussily dressed as possible.

Solomon Wiseacre— A keen sharp looking man, carries purse in pocket which he bores down into very carefully when extricating money.

Mr. Simon Grabbe— A man who shows possibilities of better things, rather shabbily dressed, wears big coon overcoat and fur cap; makes a rough appearance.

Mrs. Grabbe— A down-trodden little woman, looks ambitionless, dressed rather shabbily but neatly and carries herself like a lady.

Widow Ware and Child— A sad looking woman, very pale, dressed in widow's weeds and holding a little boy of about eight by the hand, dressed in an overcoat too big for him.

Mr. Lovejoy— A bright looking young man of rather timid nature, but confidential manner.

Mr. Brief— A bright up-to-date young man, quick, and alert, a gentleman in every turn.

Mrs. Groan— A woman with many imaginary ills, comes in doubled up with ailments, goes out as quickly as a young girl.

The Soldier—Rather worn-looking, wears old-fashioned red regimentals.

Those taking part in the program at the reception can be others than those taking part in play, or if they are talented that way may be some of the number.

As many or as few of the Society as the platform will accommodate can be introduced at the reception, and any military effects desired can be carried out after soldiers' entrance.

The greatest care must be taken in choice of characters. The success of entertainments depends upon the right persons being chosen to represent the different parts.

Be careful to speak distinctly and much louder than in ordinary conversation.

Do not practice parts or repeat speeches before those not taking part.

Interest the public, talk of it everywhere, enthuse

over it, sell tickets yourselves; under no conditions allow children to sell tickets; advertise well, and you will be amply repaid.

All costumes worn should be as unique as possible; wear hoops and bustles where obtainable.

Most important of all—*The Doctor*.

Jane and Mrs. Crane must possess originality, and fill in with their own acting where not stated.

SCENE I.

Scene laid in an old-fashioned village. A young doctor begins practice and rents his office from one of the villagers who is kindly disposed but inquisitive and talkative regarding patients. The parlor is converted into a doctor's office; the furniture consisting of a small old parlor stove that you can put a kettle on, a book-case of many books, shelves of bottles and jars of all sizes and shapes, filled with different colors of water, also pills (round peppermints) a table or desk, a revolving chair, shaded lamps, lounge and a few stiff chairs.

Scene opens with Mrs. Crane laying strips of matting in front of table and lounge and from the door in, and covering sofa with white cloth.

Mrs. Frost sits watching her. (Mrs. Crane sits down, wipes eyes with apron).

Mrs. Crane—Little did I think as I should ever live to see this day, which is enough to make John James turn over in his grave, if so be that he could turn, being always so bad with the rheumatism, as he could hardly set or stand, and taking everything as anybody told him of which was all throwed away on him, as he knows well now, when it is too late (wipe eyes).

Mrs. Frost—Don't take on so, Mrs. Crane, there is others has troubles a plenty too.

Mrs. Crane—And me having to rent my best parlor all along of spending so much money out on

doctor's medicine as never did John James no good (wipes eyes), him not allowing any doctor to keep his meat from him, which he ate three times a day to the last, three rashers of bacon for breakfast, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding at noon and a bit of pin bone beefsteak broiled to a turn for his supper, which same I cooked for him every day regular till he was took.

Mrs. Frost—It is true, then, that you are renting your best parlor to the new doctor. I heard so and stepped over to sympathise with you, for it is when folks is in trouble they want their friends about them to cheer them up.

Mrs. Crane—Which was good and well meaning of you, I am sure, Jerusha, seeing as some folks has so much more trouble than others not deserving of it either, as I said when John James was took, what would be my next trouble? and here I am a renting of my best parlor as I never thought to see a strange man set his foot on that carpet, as I saved up for myself, it taking ten years to gather eggs enough to buy it with, what with the hens laying estray and having to thraw the necks of so many chickens for John James, him only being able to relish chicken soup with good light dumplings made with eggs and cream—days when he was feeling more miserable and down than ordinary (wipes eyes).

Enter Jane—Oh, how are you to-day, Mrs. Frost, (shake hands), well I hope—

Mrs. Frost—As well as can be looked for in this vale of woe, Jane.

Jane—Oh, dear Mrs. Frost, do turn your face to the sun and your woes will all go behind you.

Mrs. Frost—Easy for you to talk, Jane, wait until you have trouble yourself before you give others advice: you were always so knowing and set in your ways, which same will leave you, Miss Jane, all your days, if you don't change.

Jane—Well, dear Mrs. Frost, it would be so very rude of me to suggest that the addition of Mrs. to your name does not apparently add to your cheerfulness. I intend to be happy regardless of name or condition (Jane dusts books and puts in order).

Mrs. Crane—If Jane here had only took Silas Gold-bones as asked me for her two different times (as nice spoken as human man could be, as is full of faults as the sparks as fly), and offered to settle a nice sum on me for my old age, but no—

Jane—Now, mother, dear, don't say another word, and please don't relate all this to the new doctor when he arrives. I have a good case this time, and go to-morrow with my patient. I shall have to leave you for a few months, but will see you want nothing. I must run out now and make some preparations. I will run over, Mrs. Frost, to say good by before I go.

Mrs. Frost—Do, Jane, for one never knows if you will ever come back safe. (Shake hands). I will step over, Martha, after the doctor comes. I hope he has got his character with him and is not creeping into widows' houses for gain, and going off in the night carrying everything that is not nailed to the floor with him.

Mrs. Crane—Well,, now, Jerusha, you do set one thinking for sure; times I do wish John James was here as he was good at advisin', not being good for much else, poor man, not as he was to blame, being the way he was made, as I often told him the same, days when he was off his victuals, and relishing nothing but chicken with a good dumpling. Well, I will go to the gate with you, it is small comfort I will be having after to-day, what with the smell of doses being mixed and brewed and seeing my best carpet tracked up, I will be wore to a shadow before Jane comes back.

Shows Mrs. Frost out (curtain falls)

SCENE II.

Doctor's office, doctor moving around examining bottles and arranging books, enter Mrs. Crane.

Mrs. Crane—And how are you the day, Dr. Young ?
Not as I need ask, doctors always being able to cure their own pains and achin' bones ; there are them as allows, though, that no doctor takes medicine of his own mixin', which is something I knows nothing about, but you do look wore out this morning, doctor, and no mistake.

Dr. Young—I feel perfectly well, thank you, Mrs. Crane, it must be the responsibility which comes with age reflecting itself in my face.

Mrs. Crane—To be sure, Dr., you are not as young as some, and years is a great weariness to the flesh, as I often told John James as is a layin' out there under that tombstone as cost me \$50.00, \$10 paid down, and the rest to be paid with the money you are giving for using my parlor, that being how I came to rent it.

Dr. Young—This is highly enlightening, Mrs. Crane, and my responsibilities are doubled when I realize my indebtedness to your late lamented husband.

Mrs. Crane—Don't be letting it worry you, Dr., Jane says she will pay everything in time. I do hope, doctor, as you will get some sick folks to dose up, though far be it from me to wish ill to my neighbors. There are those as say

it is too healthy in these parts for a doctor. To be sure, old Dr. Leach lived and practiced here until nearly all the able bodied folks of his time were under the sod, him being the last to go, being that busy helping all the others off as was took before him.

Dr. Young—Well, this is very interesting, but not very encouraging, Mrs. Crane.

Mrs. Crane—Well, Jane says a good doctor is badly needed in these parts and that the right man will get a good practice in time.

Dr. Young—That sounds more hopeful, might I venture to ask who Jane is.

Mrs. Crane—(Sits down). Well now, and to think I never told you of Jane, my own flesh and blood, too, but you would never think so; to be sure she gets her brains from my side, but I never was set in my ways like Jane. I blame the book learnin' some, now she is off nursing folks as her own mother never heard tell of, and refusin' a good chance to settle down on a farm as good as there is in these parts. No, says she, mother, I ain't going to marry a man just because he has money or lands. You can't talk sense into Jane. There is another young fellow here as was trying to keep company with her as has neither farm nor stock, and wont have enough money by him in ten years to keep Jane.

Dr. Young—Indeed, Mrs. Crane, what might be the gentleman's profession or employment? Do you approve of him personally?

Mrs. Crane—Oh, he is a nice soft spoken, civil young man, far as I know, but he spends his time

fussing around making wills for people as is so slow dying there's no money in it, and going to the police courts, speaking for folks to get off as ought to get the law which place I tell Jane is no decent place for a young man to go, lawyer or no lawyer.

(Jumps up) I hear some one coming, I will go and tell them to wipe their feet.)

Dr. Young—Well, the prospects are not very bright, according to the remarks of my loquacious hostess, relict of the late John James, whose monument I am to pay for. (Looks out of window). One thing to be thankful for, the worthy daughter Jane is not under the same roof with her mother—she may stay a year—a consummation most devoutly to be hoped, in Shakesperian parlance.

(Shows in Mr. Wireacre)

Mr. Solomon Wiseacre—You are the new doctor, I believe. I am Solomon Wiseacre, well known in these parts. (Shakes hands.)

Dr. Young—I am pleased to make your acquaintance, sir. Is there any service I can render you ?

Mr. Wiseacre—That is for you to say. I have been ailing a little for some time, but I never have had much use for the medical profession. I went to a doctor once, twenty years ago, I had twinges in my back. Go home, says he, & go out to the pump and drink three dippers water a day and charged me \$1.00.

Dr. Young—And did you follow his advice ?

Mr. Wiseacre—I did, sir, and have lived these twenty

years in comfort, and never been to one since until to-day. I want a straight business deal now, I want you to find out what is wrong with me. (Dives to bottom of purse) Here is 50 cents down and the rest as I improve to the limit of \$5.00, but remember no cure, no pay. Here is the 50 cents.

Dr. Young—(Mrs. Crane announces more arrivals.)

Well, Mr. Wiseacre, I shall call at your house and make a thorough examination and be sure unless I believe I can help you I will not undertake your case. In the meantime, you take the 50 cents.

(Takes it and puts in purse).

Mr. Wiseacre—Well, I will—but remember, it is yours, if you cure me.

(Enter Mrs. Penelope Knowing and Miss Belinda Clinger.)

Miss Knowing—Dr. Young, I believe, let me introduce myself, Penelope Knowing, and this is Belinda Clinger.

Dr. Young—I am very happy to make your acquaintance, I am sure, allow me to offer you seats.
(Belinda arranges skirt, hair and hat).

Miss Knowing—We called to welcome you to the society of the village, Dr.

Miss Belinda—We are so glad you are here, Dr.

Miss Knowing—We belong to a Mutual Improvement Society, both literary and musical. I have the honor of being the President.

At present we are reading Browning from

the standpoint of criticism. We find his literary style leaves much to be desired. We purpose to take up Shakespeare next. We hope after a look into his plays to decide his identity that he may be no longer confused with Bacon and others.

Miss Clinger— We do want you to come with us, Dr. I will call for you to come to the next meeting. You have read Browning, "The Ring and the Rose," I am sure, it is so sweet.

Dr. Young— Well, really, Miss Clinger, I must confess I am a little rusty in literature, grubbing away at anatomy and therapeutics does not develop the aesthetic side of one's nature.

Miss Knowing— You should not neglect the development of your mind, doctor.

Miss Clinger— Oh, dear Doctor Young, you would be so interested in the courtship of Mr. Browning and his adored Elizabeth, it was all so tender and touching, I confess I was moved to tears.

Dr. Young— Oh, yes, I do remember the case now, it was rather pathetic. She was suffering from some disease which for some time baffled the medical profession, but eventually they discovered the seat of the trouble which was located in the spine and effected a cure; quite a triumph for medical science.

Miss Clinger— Oh, Doctor, you do put it so unfeelingly, if you just knew how the poor things suffered, all through love, and you know she left everything for him at last and it was love that cured her.

Dr. Young— A very pleasant cure, I am sure. I would

like to possess such an infallible remedy for my patients, but I must confess to having no personal knowledge of it.

Miss Knowing— I would advise you to administer drugs Dr., the curative properties of which you are assured, having learned them from the most reliable authorities. Come, Belinda. (makes ready to go.)

Miss Clinger— I am so sorry for you, Doctor, you must be so lonely, a lone man is so helpless, no one to lean on in the hour of adversity, as the song so beautifully expresses it. "No one to love, no one to caress, wandering alone through this wilderness." It is so touching. (Wipe her eyes).

Dr. Young— Oh, Miss Clinger, do not take my position so seriously, I assure you I do not realize the hopelessness of my condition.

Miss Knowing— Well, you will come to our next meeting, Doctor. What a blessing Jane Crane is out of town, she does get on my nerves, not that she says so much, either, but she is so strong minded and opinionated.

Miss Clinger— Why, Doctor, she actually said at one of our meetings when the debate was on, whether the single or married state was the happier: that the single might be. Of course she said, under some circumstances, it was all so shocking as she was looking right at Mr. Brief, the new lawyer, as she said it, and he was so confused he hardly knew which way to look.

Miss Knowing— I am not so sure, Belinda, I rather think he has looked that way several times since.

Belinda— Don't you believe it. If I could only tell you—what I know—(covers her face) but, no, I won't tell.

Don't believe it, Doctor, I really don't care for anybody—that is—(looks at Doctor).

Miss Knowing— Come, Belinda, I have some reading to do yet to-day. I am studying Ferri's Criminal Sociology at present. You would be deeply interested in it, Doctor. He states that the "Causal provocation of crime in the born criminal is generally the outcome of an instinct or tendency already existing."

Dr. Young— Evidently a strong advocate of heredity. We cannot shift all responsibility on to the shoulders of our forebears, however.

Miss Clinger— Oh, do come. Penelope, what difference does it make, do come over, Doctor, and we will sing duets. I am sure our voices would unite beautifully. (Good byes).

Dr. Young— Well, this village promises to be interesting. Miss Knowing is a fine bright girl—rather intense. Miss Clinger suggests moonlight nights and a row on the river. Well, to tell the truth, I would rather have a couple of patients desiring my services.

What an altogether objectionable and strong minded creature this Jane must be, anyway.

(Enter Mrs. Crane)

Mrs. Crane— I knowed and could have told you as those two would have called to-day, which is more's the shame, as they are both in health, and not needin' a doctor. They do say as how no man would dare to walk home with Penelope Know-

ing, even from meeting, her having so much book learning, and casting it up to him who mayhaps had only read Robinson Crusoe and the Farmers' Almanac, the latter being the most useful and informin' to my way of thinkin'.

Dr. Young—It was very kind in the young ladies to call and invite me to join their club. I suppose your daughter was a member, Mrs. Crane ?

(Sits down, pulls down apron and prepares for a gossip.)

Well, you see, Dr., Jane is a good girl, and a kind daughter to me, as I must confess, but disappointing. She could have had a farm of her own, and a good hard-working man, saving, and providing well in the house. Says I, it is a good chance, Jane, and you should take it, you might never get another chance of getting a good farm of 100 acres—50 cleared and the rest in good timber, to say nothing of a good man; but Jane is so headstrong and says, "mother, I refuse to marry him if he had forty farms, all cleared, I will marry the man I want if he has only 5 cents, and I have not seen him yet." No, nor never will, says I, feeling that bad to be sure. This was before the law man came looking after her with nothing in his pocket but his watch as was bought by his grandfather.

(Yet Mrs. Crane).

(Rap) Enter Mr. Brief.

Mr. Brief— Dr. Young, I believe, allow me to intro-

duce myself: my name is Brief, it is a pleasure to welcome you to our town.

Dr. Young—(Thank you). I am pleased to tell you that already you have won the respect of the community.

Dr. Young—I thank you for your encouragement, **Mr. Brief**, a fellow needs a lift when starting his life work along any line.

Mr. Brief— I thoroughly agree with you, doctor, I do not find the practice of law particularly satisfying or remunerative at present, clients do not seem to be alive to the advantages that might be derived from employing my professional services.

Dr. Young—(Laughs) Fellow sufferers, well, we will hope *that time* is on our side anyway, **Mr. Brief**.

Mr. Brief— The difficulty is, Doctor, that you can't take a wife *on time*, as it were, and it is slow comfort for a fellow that would like a home of his own.

Dr. Young—To be sure, I had not thought of that hard luck, old fellow, but I do not doubt your young lady friend will be willing to wait.

Mr. Brief— Well, you see, Doctor (although I do not see why I am telling you this) I never have dared to ask her, as I have no established income and Jane—(confused) my friend has already refused a man who could have made her independant for life.

Dr. Young—Take your chance, old man, and my prophetic soul tells me I shall be the first to congratulate you.

(Exit—)

Dr. Young—(Fine fellow, that Brief, fine fellow, I hope he may win the fair Jane).

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Grabbe).

Mr. Grabbe—I am Simon Grabbe, this is my Mrs. You are the new doctor, aren't you ?

Dr. Young—I am, sir--(show seats) is there anything I can do for you ?

Simon—(Hums and haws) rubs his face with red handkerchief, sits and arranges his feet clumsily. Well, it is just like this: Anne, here, has been ailing and complaining of late; can't see much wrong with her myself, but she takes no thought for the 'butter makin', or pig killin', and would'nt care if every calf on the farm died for want of skim milk; times when the hired man and I come in all beat out for dinner, there aint no victuals ready. I can't afford to hire help for Anne, so I thought if you could give her a bottle of medicine as would liven her up till after harvest, I would'nt begrudge it.

Dr. Young—Oh yes, Mr. Grabbe, I think I understand, but I never prescribe for patients without making a thorough diagnosis.

Mr. Grabbe—Well, I don't know what a diagnosis or whatever you call it is, but I tell you straight if it costs money I won't buy it. I earn my money hard, and ain't going to throw it away on any new fangled ideas. I thought if I could get a bottle as would set Anne up for 25 or 50 cents, I would buy it off you.

Dr. Young—(Rises very indignant). Now, see here, Mr. Grabbe, you are consulting me as a physician on behalf of your wife, who is sadly in need of medical attendance. Anyone can see she is on the verge of physical and mental collapse. I tell you now I am going to treat her until she is well, do you understand ? and you are going to pay for it; if you object, I will hand you over to the authorities for neglecting your wife.

(Wife starts to cry).

Mrs. Grabbe— Oh, do you think you could help me, doctor ? I am so tired.

Dr. Young—Of course I can help you, is there any strong woman in the neighbourhood who can do housework ?

Mrs. Grabbe— —Hesitates—There is Katie Scrubb,—but she wants pay for it.

Mr. Grabbe— Then she won't get it.

Dr. Young— I tell you once more that if you do not follow my advice I will have you up for manslaughter; for you can save your wife's life if you want to.

Have you any friends you would like to visit, Mrs. Grabbe ?

Mrs. Grabbe— —(Excited) Oh, Doctor, if I could only go south for a while, I am so homesick and tired, and I never was very strong.

Mr. Grabbe— A trip like that will cost as much as half the fat cattle will sell for; I will be a ruined man.

Dr. Young—I order you to go, Mrs. Grabbe, no later than to-morrow for six months' rest.

(Simon nearly falls off chair with shock).

Mr. Grabbe— Oh, Doctor, I never could allow Anne to go away all alone on a journey; I have always watched over her so careful, never letting her farther than the barn or back pasture since I took her.

Dr. Young— Well, we'll risk that; you put her on the train to-morrow; I will be there too as her medical adviser to see her off.

Mr. Grabbe— Well, I suppose if I must, I must. It is a great piece of extravagance paying out good money and nothing to show for it. Anne would be all right if she only took interest. Come, Anne.

Mrs. Grabbe— (Shakes hands and thanks doctor with tears).

Dr. Young— That kind of a man makes me tired. I'll make him pay to the last cent, see if I don't. That poor little woman is just a wreck, I declare I begin to think Jane of the strong mind came to a wise decision.

(Door opens suddenly, pretty young girl smartly dressed, enters carrying heavy suit case) calling—mother!—hesitates, then goes up to the doctor smiling, holding out her hand).

Jane— Oh, you are the new doctor I am sure, I am so sorry to have ushered myself in so unceremoniously; I really had forgotten mother had rented the parlor—do pardon me.

Dr. Young—(Much confused).

Do not mention it—I am sorry—then surely you are not Jane—excuse me—Miss Crane, I mean—I did not know—I thought—

Jane— I am indeed Jane, and by the way, you hesitate to tell me what you thought, I know it was not flattering.

Dr. Young—Oh, don't think that, Miss Jane—Crane, I mean, but I was under the impression—that as I understood.

Jane— Now, doctor, do let me help you out, and please do not try to be too disappointed in me. I feel persuaded that mother has poured her woes into your ears, you know just how contrary and disappointing I am—(Both laugh). But do pardon my intrusion. I must find mother. Calls (mother) as she lifts her heavy suit case and goes out. (The doctor stands gazing, never offering to carry it.)

Dr. Young—(Sits down).

Well, of all the blundering, stammering idiots—nothing and worse than nothing to say, and letting her carry out that heavy suit case and never offering to take it. She will think me a perfect boor, and little wonder. I am afraid I am developing symptoms of (feels pulse) deterioration of brain and nerve structure (rubs head), I never was so taken back in my life, to tell the truth, I expected a raw-boned strong-minded amazon—and instead—well, surely, it makes no difference to me, I have seen well set up girls before now. She has rather a taking way perhaps—she will think me a perfect idiot, of course it really is of no consequence—I will go out and take a stiff

walk; *this* confining life is developing symptoms of softening of the brain. (Gets on and coat).

I hope I don't meet that idiot of a Bri if he was worth his salt he would have hustled up a practice before this to have won that girl. I wonder if she cares—no I wonder nothing of the kind, it is absolutely none of my business—I will take a dose to-night and go to bed. Let me see—(looks at bottles and writes prescription)—

6 drams of amonia,

40 drops of sweet nitre,

10 grains citrates of potash,

and 80 grains of tanium.

That ought to set me up and knock the non-sense out of me.

(Exit) Curtain falls.

SCENE III.

DR. YOUNG IN OFFICE WITH JANE.

Jane— Dr. Young, Mrs. Ware and her second little child are here to see you; poor thing, she has had so much worry and trouble! Shall I just show them in?

Dr. Young— Thank you, Miss Crane, I will see them now.

(Enter Mrs. Ware and child).

Mrs. Ware— I am Mrs. Ware, Dr. Young. I am sorry to trouble you, doctor, but I am in great distress. My little boy at home is very ill. I have done all I can for him and I hesitated to come to you, for I am not in a position to pay for the attendance of a physician.

Dr. Young— Mrs. Ware, I hope you will not mention any such obstacle as that. It is the pride of the medical profession to relieve suffering and distress. I am only too happy to be of service to you, and I hope you will never mention the other side of the question again, if I can assist you at any time I am always at your command.

Mrs. Ware— Oh, how can I ever thank you. I hate to have you go; the roads have drifted up so and it is very cold.

Dr. Young— Oh, I will never notice that. I will get my heavy coat and the robes and be back in a minute.

(Exit.)

(Enter Jane with plate of cookies for child
He fills both hands and Jane fills his pocket.)

Mrs. Ware— Oh, thank you so much; say thanks to the lady, Tommy. (Tommy fills his mouth more instead).

Oh, the doctor is that good, Miss Jane, he knows I have nothing to pay him with, and yet he treats me as if I were as rich as the best off in the town.

Jane— I am sure you will find him most kind and sympathetic, as well as clever and capable. During the six months since my return I have had occasion to know it. (Mrs. Ware goes out to get her shawl). (Doctor appears from other room at same minute).

Dr. Young— Thank you, Miss Crane, that is a much kinder criticism than I had dared to hope for. Pardon me, I did not mean to overhear it.

Jane— (Confused) Why, I thought that you had—I supposed—well, after all, it is only what all the old women in the village say.

Dr. Young— The kindly remarks of all the old ladies in the village would not impress me so strongly as the kind criticism of one particular young lady.

Jane— (Confused and annoyed) such talk is perfectly ridiculous. Need I warn you that your would-be patient is in a most critical condition.

Dr. Young— No more critical condition than his medical adviser is in at present.

Jane— (Confused) but regains composure — How very sad. Do I diagnose your case correctly

when I conclude you are afflicted with hardening of the arteries of the heart, a quite incurable and hopeless disease. (Doctor laughs). (Mrs. Ware has entered).

Dr. Young—I hope you and the child are warmly clad, Mrs. Ware, it promises to be a rough and stormy night, and it is snowing and blowing very hard. Allow me to put my great coat on you. (Mrs. Ware protest, but he insists).

Jane— Oh Mrs. Ware, how thoughtless I am. Let me get you a shawl. Can you spare your warm coat, doctor? Pardon me, but it is so very cold driving in the country, you might get your death of cold.

Dr. Young—(Laughs) Would you advise me to call at Mr. Brief's office and make out my last will and testament?

Jane— You and Mr. Brief can just suit yourselves.

Dr. Young—I am not just sure that we *both* can suit ourselves.

Jane— Now, dear Mrs. Ware, the doctor is ready.

Dr. Young—Come on, old man (take boy by hand (carrying robes) the horse and cutter are ready—(loud sounds of sleigh bells).

(Exit all).

Night in office. Clock points at 2—lamp burns low. Jane comes in, in long kimona and slippers, hair hanging in braids—looks at clock.

Jane—“2 o'clock. How very late, and the doctor not home yet!”—(Stirs the fire). (Lamp or

electric bulb in stove for light)—looks out of window.

What an awful night! He should easily have been home by twelve. (Looks out again). "I can't hear any bells"—(puts little tea pot on stove)—goes and brings in a tray with cup and saucer, pie and sandwiches arranged on it and puts it on desk). Puts a piece of wood in stove and pokes it well and looks out again.

Oh, how frightfully cold and wild it is, and he gave his heavy coat to Mrs. Ware and I never thought to offer her mine—(looks in tea pot)—the drifts will be awful—if he should have been thrown out. Listen, I thought I heard—(sleigh bells clearly heard and sighted!) but Jane has run out of the room.

Doctor enters covered with snow or (insel or battan) stamps feet and shakes it off of him) very cold, rubs his hands together, rubs his ears, gives the fire a poke and sets his feet on the stove (notices the tray, jumps up delighted).

Dr. Young—Gifts of the gods—may every blessing rest upon the head of my devoted Mrs. Crane! May her tongue be loosened unto greater eloquence May I ever be found drinking at the fount of her wisdom, after this display of forethought and consideration! (Eats ravenously).

Well, the child will pull through, but I had hard work. (Drinks tea) — Privations had undermined—(eats pie)—the poor mother's gratitude was really embarrassing—grand profession—great pie this! I wonder if Miss

Crane meant what she said to-day ! (yawns), 3 o'clock, eh! I saw that idiot of a Brief to-day. Not a bad soul, but no horse sense. I wonder Miss Crane don't see it. Well, I'm off to bed. There is some satisfaction in trying to do your bit in the world to relieve suffering and sorrow—(yawns). What is that verse ?—Oh, yes—

Look up, not down—
 Look out, not in—
 Look forward, not backward—
 And lend a hand.

(Blows out light and goes)

(Mrs. Crane tyding office, Jane looking for book, doctor enters). (Good morning).

Mrs. Crane—Oh, dear doctor, just to think you were out all night in such a storm as has'nt blowed since the winter of '65, being the very year as Jane here had the measels and whooping cough, and John James was bed fast all winter, and no doctor could get through the drifts as was piled over the fences—Jane(mother, dear) to help the sick folks as is all dead and might have been living hale and hearty, as I often said to John James as is a lving out there with only ten dollars owing on his tombstone now. (Wipes eyes).

Jane—Mother, we will go, the doctor is really not interested in our personal affairs.

Dr. Young—On the contrary, I am deeply interested —(to Jane), but Mrs. Crane, I must thank you for the good supper which was in the office when I came in last night.

Mrs. Crane—(Much taken back)—which same I never laid out for you, as is more the shame for me, never thinking of you. I am glad as Jane did well by you. (Jane rather confused).

Dr. Young—(Looks at her earnestly) I thank you, Miss Crane. I appreciate your thought for me.

(Confused, then laughs) Why don't mention it, Dr. Young, be assured I would have done the same for my worst enemy, a bitter night like last night.

Dr. Young—I would count it a favor to be served by your hands in the capacity of either friend or foe, but preferably—very much preferably the former.

Jane— I will say for you, that you are developing a wonderful facility for speech which I never would have suspected at our first interview. (Both laugh).

(Mrs. Crain bustles in).

Mrs. Crane— Well, I hope, Jane, you are not talking back and being disrespectful to the doctor, as you have been to all the other men folk, some wanting you and again others (like the Dr. here) not a wantin' of you. (Dr.)—that will be for me to say (low voice). I will say if you had took Silas Goldbones as would have gave you every comfort, and not be so set against men as your mother never was, taking the first one as wanted her, asking no questions for conscience sake—for as one never knows whether there would be a second, and was a good faithful wife, looking well to his

comfort and victuals and six pairs of three-
ply yarn socks always awaiting him, as no man
ever set foot in—knit with my own hands—
(Wipes eyes).

Jane— Mother, dear, do come, the doctor is busy and
here comes a patient—I trust you are none the
worse for your cold drive.

Dr. Young—(Comes nearer)—If so, the knowledge
that you were awake thinking of my comfort
would have cured me for all time.

(Jane runs out) (rap) (enters Mr. Soft-
ways—greetings).

Mr. Softways— I have come to consult you upon a most
delicate matter, doctor—one which is weigh-
ing heavily upon my mind, and I feel I need
counsel.

Mr. Brief— Well, if it is in my line, I shall be happy
to give advice.

Mr. Softways— Well, you see, it is this way. There
are two young ladies in the village that I am
interested in, and in all modesty, I have reason
to believe the interest in both cases is reciprocated. Now, I want your advice about which
one is the one I should take.

Dr. Young— I am afraid this is a complicated case and
requires a specialist, something in the nature
of a compound fracture of the heart, I should
conclude. When did you suffer the first frac-
ture ? Is it of long standing ?

Mr. Lovejoy— Well, I have liked the first young wom-
an for many years. I respect her most highly,
and appreciate her many good qualities. I
have reason to believe she is a good house-

keeper and would make a most worthy and excellent wife.

Dr. Young—Just so—now the second fracture.

Mr. Lovejoy— Well, here is where the trouble comes in. I do not know much about her. I hear she has little knowledge of house-wifely art, but am sure she could learn quickly. I just wish you could meet her. She is bright and has a way that kind of takes a fellow off his feet, and if you could hear her sing—if it was only a wife a man wanted he'd know pretty quick which one to choose without consulting a physician.

(Laughs and claps him on shoulder).

And what more does any man want ?

Your case is easy to diagnose, old fellow. The first is not a fracture, merely a slight bruise, the latter is so serious that it is beyond the aid of a physician; you require the constant presence of a nurse. I would advise that without delay, you secure the services of the young woman, with the way—and mighty lucky you can count yourself if some other fellow is not in ahead of you.

Mr. Lovejoy— (Disturbed)—Is that so ? I never—thought of that—I'm off—(Gets his coat.)

Dr. Young— (Laughing) Do not exert yourself, in your serious condition it might prove fatal.

Mr. Lovejoy— Not if I secure the right nurse.
(Enter Mrs. Crane).

Mrs. Crane— Well, that do beat all. Samuel Lovejoy here to see the doctor, and him as well as mortal man can be, they do say as how he is look-

ing for a wife, but won't be satisfied with what he can git, being as he wants them as he can't git. Well I do declare, here comes Belinda. (Ring). (Goes out.)

Dr. Young—Come in, Miss Clinger. I trust you are well. (Belinda blushes and acts very confused).

Belinda—Oh, yes indeed—at least, I feel better now I am here. Oh, how upset your office looks, Doctor (smiles at him). It lacks the loving womanly touch. I can see where I—where one who really cared—could make a paradise out of it.

Dr. Young—Why, I had not noticed, it struck me as being most comfortable. Mrs. Crane is most kind and attentive.

Belinda—I guess Miss Jane is pretty attentive too. They say she wants you the worst way and can't get you, so has to take Mr. Brief instead; that is, if he is willing.

Dr. Young—(Indignant)—I hold Miss Crane in the highest esteem, Miss Clinger, and would not presume to discuss her personal affairs.

Belinda—Oh, I hope I have not introduced an unpleasant subject. I would not grieve you for worlds, doctor—you of all men. I am sure you believe that Jane is always such an unpleasant subject.

Dr. Young—(Rises)—You really must excuse me, I have an appointment to meet at 4 o'clock and I have some reading up to do, as the case is complicated.

Belinda—Oh, certainly. Do not let me intrude, but do come over this evening and we will have a nice homely chat over the fire. (Goes out as Mrs. Groan enters.)

Mrs. Groan—(Lame and doubled up)—Oh, doctor, doctor, do help me! Oh, I'll just go off suddenly, like a kettle of boiling water. (Doctor assists her to chair, asks after health).

Mrs. Groan—Oh, I am just beat out, doctor, and every bone in my body aching all at once, and the same time (sits down with great difficulty).

Dr. Young—I am sorry to see you so poorly, Mrs. Groan. Is there anything I can do to help you?

Mrs. Groan—There is nothing nor no one as can help me in this world. I have took everything as was ever told me by my neighbors, not to mention as many patent medicines as you can't get through the back shed for bottles (groans). I have indigestion of the stomach, leaking of the heart, one lung wanting entire, jaundice, and spinal column all the time (groans), not to speak of others as keeping coming and going.

Dr. Young—You certainly are painfully afflicted.

Mrs. Groan—Yes, and Mrs. Wicks was setting up to be worse than me, and lying up in bed, and no more ailing her than lumbago or some such thing as is only a pin prick to what I suffer continual (groans, oh, dear, dear) and doing no complaining neither, except when they all get going at once as happens at times (groans).

Dr. Young—Well, Mrs. Groan, I shall have to put you upon low diet for a few days, and have you go

to bed. I will come at the end of the week and make a thorough examination.

Mrs. Groan—(Annoyed—sits up straight)—Which thing I won't do. I want a bottle of doctor's medicine home with me, which was what I come for, and what I am going to have. Low diet, indeed—and it near Christmas, and four turkeys and three geese already hung, not to speak of sausage and head cheese. If you are worth your salt, you could give me a dose as would set me up.

Dr. Young—Well, Mrs. Groan, that would be unfair to you.

Mrs. Groan—(Jumps up)—Out of this office I go this minute. I will find a doctor as will give me medicine. (Rushes out).

Dr. Young—(Laughs)—An attitude of mind, I fancy.

Mrs. Crane—Well, that do beat all. They do say as how old Mrs. Groan has took as many bottles of patent medicine as would lay a road from here to Louisville, being twenty-five miles, as the crow flies, and none the worse of it far as I see, being twenty years older nor I am, and setting up to three meals a day regular. (Enter Jane).

Jane—Excuse me, doctor. Mother, Mrs. Frost wishes to see you. (Exit Mrs. Crane). Oh, I must thank you so much, doctor, for the loan of your book.

Dr. Young—It is my greatest pleasure to serve you in any way, Miss Jane. I hope you know I mean that.

Jane— (Confused)—and laughing)—Certainly I do, doctor. But I am in possession of such a supply of rude health that I do not require your services, but if ever I need the attendance of a physician, I will certainly call you.

Dr. Young— Well, I hope you will call me soon, Jane— for, be assured—*I will come when you call— and lose no time.*

Jane—(Runs out with hands over face).

Dr. Young—I don't believe she ever gives a thought to me, but I will win her—yes, I will win her yet. (Goes out).
(Jane comes in with darning basket and sits by fire.)

Jane— There is not the slightest chance of his return until night, as it is a ten miles drive and the roads are bad—so I shall content myself here—sings and hums while darning—door opens—great confusion. Mr. Brief and Mr. Lovejoy bring in doctor, who has been hurt and lay him on couch. (Jane startled).

Mr. Lovejoy— The Dr. was badly injured in a runaway, Jane. (Jane already kneeling, rubbing hands and head (lovingly)). Jane—oh, I am so sorry. What shall I do. (Mr. Brief looks on, surprised).

Mr. Lovejoy— Can you look after him, Jane, we will have to go for a doctor. It will take an hour, anyway.

Jane— (To Mr. Brief)—Oh, go—go—if you value my friendship—lose no time—lose no time. Oh save his life. Jane (composes herself and is the nurse again).

Mr. Brief— I understand, Jane. I understand now. I have been blind. I will do all I can for his sake and for yours—so help me—(goes out).

Jane— Mr. Lovejoy, will you get me some hot stove-lids for his feet—applies cold cloths to head, forces medicine down throat (gets it out of case).

Jane— (Oh, I do wish mother was at home, oh what if he should never come to—he gains consciousness.

Dr. Young— Where am I ? Oh, yes, the horse—

Jane— Hush, doctor, do not talk, you are not well.

Dr. Young— Never was better, Jane (goes off).

Mr. Lovejoy— Give him a few drops more, Jane. I wish the doctor was here—looks out of window. I'll go and see if he is coming.

Jane— (Rubbing his hands)—Oh, I know he is badly injured. Oh, what shall I do ?—what shall I do ? He was so good and kind and I was so hateful—and I never meant it—wipes her eyes and sobs. Oh, if some one would only come—if he could only speak again I would tell him the truth.

Dr. Young— Where is that idiot of a Brief ? (Excited).

Jane— Oh, hush, he is gone for the doctor, don't excite yourself, oh, please don't.

Dr. Young— Fine fellow after all, don't wonder Jane cares for him.

Jane— But I don't—I don't—Oh, do wake up again—(Some time elapses).

Dr. Young—Is that you, Jane, or am I in heaven ?

Jane— Oh, no, no, don't go to heaven. Stay with me. Won't you ?

Dr. Young— (Feebly reaching out hand). That will be heaven for me, Jane.

(Mrs. Crane bustles in).

Mrs. Crane— Well, well, this do beat all to be sure. I heard all about it down the road, and could'nt get here no faster. I do hope as how you are not bedfast, doctor. Oh, here is the doctor now, and the lawyer man with him, that will be to make the doctor's will before he goes.

Jane— Mother—you set me crazy.

(Doctor enters, shakes hands)

Well, I hope we have nothing of a serious nature here—just place a screen around bed, nurse. I will call for you if necessary.

(Jane and Mr. Brief alone).

Jane— Oh, Mr. Brief—he must get better (wrings her hands).

Mr. Brief—I sincerely hope and trust he may, Miss Jane—shakes hands and goes out handkerchief to eyes.

Mr. Brief— Well, that ends it—it was a square deal, and the doctor won out—well, he is worthy of her, if any man is—tough on a fellow, though—sits down with hands over eyes for a while. (The doctor, rubbing hands), comes out, (Jane enters).

Well, I am glad to say there are no internal

injuries. A bad shake-up—a narrow escape. He wants good nursing and care and in a short time will be as good as new. We have prescribed a tonic for him—that, with complete rest, will soon restore him.

(Enter Jane quickly)

Jane— He is not seriously hurt, doctor ?

Doctor—Oh, no, he just wants a tonic and good nursing.

Jane— Oh, I am so thankful. I am a nurse, doctor, let me care for him.

Doctor—Certainly—you may omit the tonic—his recovery is assured. (Bows and says farewell. Jane goes with him).

SCENE IV

The Doctor's office. The Doctor and his bride stand up receiving guests (some are seated quietly playing games).

(Enters Mrs. Frost).

Mrs. Frost— Well, Dr. Young and Jane, I wish you much joy in this vale of tears—which is more than I ever had, not but what I have a good man—but one never knows what is going to happen and it is best to be prepared for the worst.

Jane— Oh, dear Mrs. Frost, I am so happy and I only wish you could face toward the light—don't worry dear, just enjoy your husband while you have him

Mrs. Frost— Oh, it is easy to talk, Jane, wait until you are as old as I am.

Doctor— Well, I shall do my best to make her happy, Mrs. Frost.

Mrs. Crane— Which no mortal man ever can do, being only human and having faults like other folks.

Miss Knowing— Congratulations, doctor. I am glad to see you are married, Jane. I would advise you to read a book just published: "How to be happy, though married." A very clever production. (Both smile and agree to).

Mr. and Mrs. Grabbe— (Mrs. Grabbe dressed prettily, bright and happy)

Mrs. Grabbe— I felt I must come to-night, Mrs. Young. I owe everything to your husband. I am so well and happy.

Doctor—Is it possible, Mrs. Grabbe. I am delighted to see you looking so well.

Mr. Grabbe— She certainly is a different woman, doctor, and you did me good as well as my wife. You set me thinking. I did not realize how the course I was following was warping myself and wearing out my wife. She will never have cause to complain again. I know a little of her value. He finds her a comfortable chair and puts pretty wrap on shoulders.

Miss Belinda—(Introduces Mr. Softly). Do let me introduce Mr. Softly, Dr. and Jane. He sings and recites divinely and has such a great tender heart. We have so much in common.

Jane— We will be so pleased to hear yourself and your friend sing for us later on, Belinda. (Enter Mrs. Ware and child.)

Mrs. Ware—(Kisses bride). You should be one of the happiest women in the world, Mrs. Young. I owe everything to your husband. Just look at Johny. (Jane exclaims).

Doctor—(Shakes hands cordially)—(takes up little fellow and gives him a quarter.) This is one of the satisfactions we have in the medical profession, being able to play a little part in restoring health and strength. (Others crowd around mother and child).

Mr. Wiseacre— Well, Doctor, I dropped in a minute to congratulate you. I hope you won't charge me for the call if so, I'll cut it short.

Doctor—(Doctor laughs)—Oh, no, you are safe to-day.

Mr. Wisacre—Your husband is as straight as a string, Mrs. Young. No cure, no pay, I said. He cured me for 2.00, and took it out in oats.
(Have mixture of onions, sage and pork, roasting on top of hot lid outside, also coffee grains burning.)

Mrs. Crane—(Big white apron, sleeves rolled up, excited.)

Now sit down and have some music and speaking before supper, which is most ready, the goose being done to a turn, which same you can smell, the pudding bein' riz that high, I had to set the kitchen irons on the lid to hold it down. Now, Belinda, you folks as can play and sing, give us some music. (Goes out).
(All sit quietly. Doctor asks Miss Belinda to sing.)

Belinda—Oh, I am so out of practice, Dr., but I will try. (All urge her).

(Sings some old sentimental selection—(Ben Bolt), instrumental, (Evergreen Waltz).

(A very touching recitation given).

Jane—Now, Belinda, you and Mr. Lovejoy must sing that duet for us. (They demur, but rise and sing, "When ye gang awa Jamie—acting it).

Mr. Brief—Doctor and Mrs. Young, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that the evening should not pass without hearty congratulations and best wishes being tendered to the bride and groom of the evening. The doctor is a fortunate man—he has won our deepest respect and confidence.

He is ever ready to respond to the cry of suffering—and—and he plays fair. I feel I am expressing the feelings of all here. I will take my seat and ask Mr. Brook to say a few words. (Clapping—hear, hear).

(Get up, John—make a try).

Mr. Brook—(Much confused)—Tries to speak. Ladies, gentlemen, friends—I mean Doctor—it affords me—it affords—(What can't you afford, John ? I'll lend you a quarter—go on).

John— It affords—I mean—in agony (mops face). No use, I can't make a speech—sits down and rises partly. I must say, Jane, you are a mighty lucky girl. The doctor is straight goods.

Jane— (Goes up and shakes hands)—Why, John, that is just the loveliest and truest speech I have heard to-night. Now, do sit down—you do look warm and uncomfortable, John—have a drink of water—do.

(Enter Mr. Brave, returned soldier, very pale and old red regimentals shabby. All rush over and welcome him except Miss Knowing. Who at sight of him is shocked and nearly faints.

Jane— Why, Penelope, what is wrong (gets her drink).

Miss Knowing—Oh, I thought I saw a ghost.

Jane— Why no, dear—it is only Tom Brave—home from the war—he sees her and comes over—(others look away. Forgive me, Penelope—have you a welcome for me ?

Penelope— Oh, I thought you were dead—I am so happy—I was in the wrong. (Shakes hands).

Some one calls Mr. Brave to sit in the centre, while they sing patriotic selection—"Red, White and Blue" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching". (Any patriotic recitations and effects can be introduced here).

Mrs. Crane— Come folks, the goose and turkeys are all a settin' on the table with their wings pointing heavenward, as is quite fitting they should be, seeing as this is a wedding feast and them a knowing what is expected of them.—

Come, Jane; come Doctor, singing and speaking is alright in its place, but it gets wearin' with no good victuals backing it up.

Mr. Brief— Thank you on behalf of all of us, Mrs. Crane, but let us have a song first. (Puts the bridegroom and soldier in centre), and join hands around while they sing a verse of "They are Jolly Good Fellows," "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the King."

(Curtain falls).

