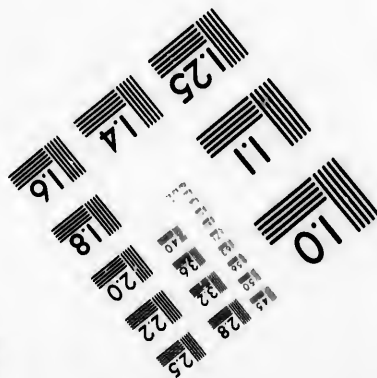
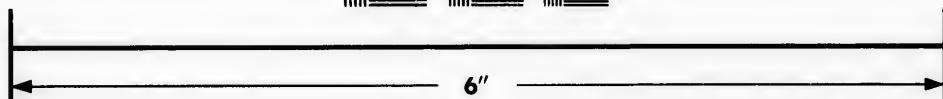
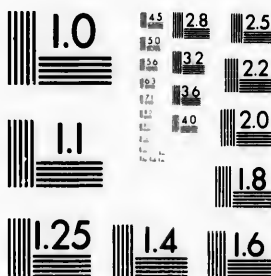


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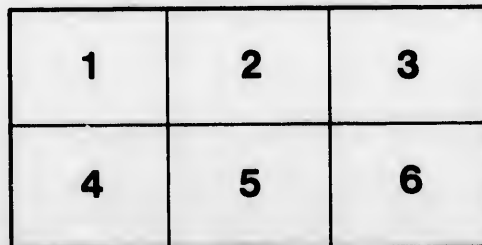
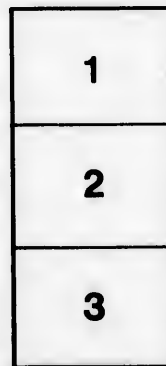
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LUDWIG, THE EMIGRANT.



A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS,

BY

MR. WM. AND LOUISA SCHUBART.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

Casts of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Position
of the Performers on the Stage, and the
Whole of the Stage Business.



TORONTO :
DOUGLAS FORD, PRINTER, 14 LOMBARD STREET,
1896.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, by William and Louisa Schubart,
at the Department of Agriculture.

I
R
R.

LUDWIG, THE EMIGRANT.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.

D. R. C.	C. D.	D. L. C.
R. U. E.	SCENE	L. U. E
R. 3 E.]		[L. 3 E.
R. 2 E.]		[L. 2 E.
R. 1 E.]		[L. 1 E.
R.] R. C.	C.	L. C.] L
	Audience.	

- L. Left. R. Right.
 L. C. Left Centre.
 L. 1. E. Left First Entrance.
 L. 2. E. Left Second Entrance.
 L. 3. E. Left Third Entrance.
 L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance. (wherever the scene may be).
 D. L. C. Door Left Centre.

LUDWIG, THE EMIGRANT.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I—Ludwigs Emigration and Mishaps.

ACT II—His Responsibility and Sport.

ACT III—Trouble and Happiness.

OR

ACT I—Scene I—Roadside Inn. Scene II—(Four years after Scene I),
Miller Harris' Residence. Scene III—Bridget Quinn's Boarding
House. Scene IV—Harris' Mill.

ACT II—Scene I—Mr. Harris' Study. Scene II—Roadside Inn. Scene
III—Forest.

ACT III—Scene I—Mr. Harris' Study. Scene II—Lawyer Emerson's
Office. Scene III—Street Scene. Scene IV—Court. Scene V—
Banquet.

LOCATION—

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Francis Harris.....	A Miller
Felix Harris.....	A Spendthrift
Clarence Harris.....	A Convict
Claude D'Arville.....	A Companion of Felix
Jerry Ryan.....	A Gardener
Judge Davenport.....	
Herbert Emerson.....	Attorney for Prosecution
Roger Simpson.....	Attorney for Defence
Johnny Quinn.....	
Peter Lang.....	An Inn Keeper
Nancy.....	Peter's Wife
Bridget Quinn.....	Johnny's Mother
Madelene Dinsmore.....	Dora's Friend
Dora.....	Harris' Daughter
Ludwig Frankenschneider.....	The Emigrant

Mill Hands, Guards, Peddlers, Travellers.

Ludwig, The Emigrant.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Inn from 2, E. R. H. Fence extending from R. U. E. to L. U. E. with a gate. Peter and two gamblers are playing cards. The morning is very frosty.

Enter Ludwig L. H. U. E. running throwing his carpet-bag over the fence, and jumping over after. He goes to pick up a stone, which is frozen to the ground.

LUDWIG—Vat kind von a countree vas dis? De dogs dey let run, and de stones dey tie fast.

He takes off one of his boots, and throws it after the dogs. The dogs are heard barking and yelping. Ludwig looks at his white stocking foot.

LUDWIG—(laughing), By golly, I made a mishtake! (looking over the fence), I can't get dat any more.

He walks around looking at his foot when he remembers his carpet-bag. Going up to it, he takes out a wooden shoe, and puts it on.

LUDWIG—(laughing), Now I vas alright.

He picks up his bag and enters the inn.

PETER—(coming forward and rubbing his hands), Well sir! What can I do for you?

LUDWIG—I vant some breakfast.

PETER—(calling at the door to the kitchen R. 3 E.), Nancy, come here. See what this fellow wants for his breakfast.

Ludwig sits down by a table. Peter resumes his game, when Nancy enters.

NANCY—Well sir! What would you like?

LUDWIG—Vell, vat hafe you got?

NANCY—Tea, coffee, milk, steak, fish and eggs.

LUDWIG—Vell, I vill hafe sex ecks, and a cup of coffee.

Nancy exits R. 3 E.

PETER—Where did you land from?

LUDWIG—I jus' come von de Ol' Countree.

Re-enter Nancy with tray, coffee, and six boiled eggs, and large table napkin.

Nancy exits R. 3 E.

Ludwig uses the napkin in the form of a bib, stuffs the edges down his neck, and picks at each egg with great relish. He finishes the meal, then slips out and hurries away without being seen.

PETER—(to first gambler), You cheat. Yes you do.

While Ludwig is in the inn, a travelling artist enters the yard of the inn, with his easel and picture partly finished, of the surrounding scenery. While preparing for his work, an Italian girl enters and plays her mandolin, after which she wants money from the artist. The artist refuses.

ARTIST—Money! I have no money. I'll have to finish this picture first to get money. Exit girl through the gate.

ARTIST—My hand is very unsteady this morning. I'll have to get a drink.

He enters the inn just as Peter is quarreling. When in the inn, the Italian girl seeing that he has left his painting, returns and dabs his picture. Exit girl hurriedly.

ARTIST—(in the inn), Here Peter, don't fight, come attend to me.

Enter Nancy from kitchen.

NANCY—Peter, did that man pay you?

PETER—What man? (pointing to artist) This man?

NANCY—No, the other fellow, who got the eggs.

PETER—(turning and looking around for Ludwig), No, didn't he pay you?

NANCY—No, I thought he would want some more drink and would pay you.

PETER—Where did he go to? (to the gamblers), Did you see him go out?

2ND GAMB.—No, it's none of my business. If I were you, I'd see that I got the pay first.

1ST GAMB.—(rising and sneering), I bet I'd get mine.

PETER—(to 1st gambler), You get your money every time that you win, but you're never in a hurry to pay, when you lose. It is all your fault that he got the best of me.

2ND GAMB.—How's that?

PETER—Well, if you two would have gone home and let me go to bed last night, when I wanted to, you wouldn't have got my money and he would't have skipped.

1ST GAMB.—That's not our fault. You're master of yourself.

PETER—Well you've got to help search for him. Nancy you stay here. Peter and gamblers exit R. U. E.

The artist returning to his picture finds it spoilt.

ARTIST—I wonder who did this. Oh! (slapping his leg), I bet it was that Italian girl. If I don't catch her, I'll never do any more painting.

He packs up his stuff and goes away, in hunt of the Italian.

SCENE II.—Mansion of the miller in beautiful garden from R.

H. 1. E. to R. H. U. E. Rustic bench under tree opposite 1. E.

L. H. Jerry at work singing.

Enter Dora from 2. E. R. H.

DORA—Jerry has the postman come?

JERRY—Faith no, he will not be here for some toime yit.

Miss Dora will ye's plase accipt this? (offering a bunch of flowers.)

DORA—Oh! thank you Jerry. Are these the first in bloom?

JERRY—Yis Miss. I thought I would surprise ye's.

Dora sings a song, after which she enters the house.

Enter Postman from 2. L. E.

MR. WELLS—Good-morning Jerry. Hard at work as usual?

JERRY—Good-marnin' Mr. Wells. Have ye's a letter fer me from ould Ireland?

MR. WELLS—(ringing door-bell), No Jerry, not this morning.

JERRY—Bad luck to ye's.

DORA—(at the door), Good-morning, Mr. Wells.

MR. WELLS—Good-morning, Miss Harris, only one letter, (handing letter). Exit Postman, L. H. 2. E.

DORA—(coming forward and sitting on a rustic bench), Oh! I wonder who it can be from, and to me, (turning letter around).

Enter Claude, L. 3. E.

He comes up behind of Dora and bends over towards her.

CLAUDE—Dora, (Dora jumps up indignant), O, i've startled you, don't be alarmed Dora, I have come to see if you have come to any decision in regard to my proposal, the other day.

DORA—Sir, you insult me by this intrusion. I gave you my answer last time, and I ask you as a gentleman, to leave my presence.

CLAUDE—(sarcastic), Oh indeed! If it comes to such answers, I can be ungentlemanly. What is your reason for your refusal? I suppose you have received a letter from some other fellow, who is preferred to me. Dora Harris, beware! You shall rue for this refusal, (excitedly). I shall bring your proud soul to repentance. I have brought one brother to the bar, and I can do more. I bid you adieu, and my vengeance on you head.

Exit Claude through the trees.

DORA—Ha, ha, ha! the fool. He thinks he can frighten me into a marriage with him. I don't care for him, besides I will never marry a gambler, and he is a gambler and the greatest villian in all the country. He thinks by marrying me, he will increase his gambling funds.

Claude remains among the trees, where he brandishes his dagger, to prepare for a spring at Dora, when he hears foot-steps and vanishes.

DORA—(taking her letter and turning it over, sees a prison mark), Oh! I wonder if it is from Clarence, (opening letter she reads aloud), Dear Sister Dora, I hope you have not forgotten your brother Clarence. I am praying daily for pardon. Oh! my dear sister, for the sake of the happy days spent together in our childhood, try all means to soften father's heart toward me, that I may be pardoned. Trusting in your love to fulfil this my earnest plea. I remain your brother Clarence.

Enter Felix L. U. E. smoking.

DORA—(crying), My poor brother, Oh! my poor brother, how can I soften my father's heart?

FELIX—(harshly), Well girl, what are you crying about now?

DORA—I received a letter from Clarence.

FELIX—What! from that villian, what the deuce does he want?

DORA—Oh! Felix don't call your brother such a name. You know he is no villian.

FELIX—Well! he had no business to rob father. If he had been allowed his freedom, he would have taken everything and what is father's will be ours someday. (Aside) I bet I'll get my share out of it.

DORA—Well! If father had not been so close and had given him some spending money, it wouldn't have happened.

FELIX—(smoking with great airs), Ten dollars a week is enough for any boy.

DORA—And ten dollars a day is not enough for you. Shame! Felix.

FELIX—(walking away), Ten dollars a day is nothing for me, the eldest son of a rich man.

Enter Mr. Harris from house.

HARRIS—What about ten dollars a day? Ten dollars a day, eh. I'll have to look over my accounts and put a stop to this ten dollar a day business, for a rich man's son. The rich man, who in his youth was only too glad to get ten dollars a month by the sweat of his brow.

Felix exits L. U. E. carelessly.

HARRIS—(approaching Dora), Well! my dear, has he been scolding you? Why! you are trembling, what is the matter?

DORA—I received a letter from Clarence, father.

HARRIS—(harshly), What does the villain want now? A pretty cheek he has to—

DORA—Oh, now father don't be so cross with him, have pity. Here is his letter, (handing it.)

HARRIS—(glancing at it and thrusting it aside), Bosh! with pity or pardon. I'll never pardon him. (walking away).

DORA—But, father take time. Think it over and have mercy on your child. (crying). Oh, father will you not pardon him?

HARRIS—(harshly), Hush ! girl, don't let me hear such nonsense again. A crime like that must be punished, therefore, I will not pardon him. (turning away).

Enter Madelene from house.

MADELENE—Well Dora, what's the matter now ? Your father seems quite out of humor, and you're trembling.

DORA—I have a headache.

Enter Jerry R. U. E. with a broad grin.

JERRY—The breakfast bell has wrung twice and no one has ears but me.

HARRIS—Well ! go ahead, wring the third time, we shall come. Exit all into the house.

Enter Felix and Claude L. 2 E.

FELIX—I can't get any more. You know yourself I do my best.

Enter Jerry from house.

FELIX—Jerry get out of here 'as quick as your legs can carry you.

JERRY—Breakfast is waiting.

FELIX—Well ! that makes no difference, you go to your work.

JERRY—(with profusive bows) Why sartantly your greatness.

Exit Jerry R. U. E.

FELIX—He's gone now. Well ! you know I do my best.

CLAUDE—Well, you must give me \$50 before noon to-morrow, I haven't a dollar.

FELIX—Claude, you know I can't get it.

CLAUDE—Oh, yes you can, just as easily as you say you can't. Ask your father or sister for some, or, if not do worse.

FELIX—I'll do my best.

CLAUDE—Mind you have \$50, I want it for the races.

Exit Claude L. 2 F

FELIX—I wonder who will lend me \$50. I dare not forge and Jacob Cohen charges such a great interest on what he loans, confound him.

Exit Felix L. 3 E.

Dora standing on the doorsteps sees her brother's troubled face and Claude disappearing.

DORA—Ah ! there is that miserable villian again, he, who was the cause of my brother's fall and now, I suppose he is sneaking around to do more mischief. (crying) Oh ! my poor brother if he could only escape.

Enter Ludwig L. H.

LUDWIG—(bowing), Goot-tay, Miss. Is dis de house of Mr. Harris dat has de mill ?

DORA—Yes sir, it is. Would you like to see him ?

LUDWIG—Yes, I vould. I vant to get a job. I heard dat he wants me for a position.

DORA—What is your name ?

LUDWIG—My name? Oh! I vas nearly going to forget it
It is dat handsomest name of Ludwig Frankenschneider.

DORA—(laughing), Oh my! that is indeed a nice name. Have
you ever worked in a mill?

LUDWIG—Yes, I worked in a mill four years. Can I do any
thing for you? You look as if you vas crying.

DORA—Perhaps you could, but, not at present. I shall fetch
my father. You wait here.

LUDWIG—Alright. (Exit Dora into the house). Dat is a nice
young lady, I like her.

Enter Jerry R. U. E.

JERRY—Who are you? What are you doing around here?

LUDWIG—I vant to see de boss.

JERRY—Faith, what koind of a countryman do ye's call yersill?

LUDWIG—I come from Germany.

JERRY—So ye're a Dutchman.

LUDWIG—No, I be no Dutchman, I be a Germanyman,
Deitcherman.

Enter Dora from house.

DORA—Jerry, where is my father?

JERRY—He's gone to the bank, Miss.

Exit Dora L. 2 E.

LUDWIG—Say, be Jerry your name?

JERRY—Yes, Jerry Ryan is me name and a right respectibl
gardener I am. What's your name?

LUDWIG—Ludwig Frankenschneider.

JERRY—Be jabbers, if that isn't a name. Come with me I
show ye's the flowers.

LUDWIG—Oh, the pretty little flowers, I like them.

JERRY—Hurry on then.

Exit both R. U. E.

Enter Dora and Harris L. 2 E.

HARRIS—Well Dora, what kind of a fellow is he?

DORA—He is young, (laughing) and awfully fat. He seem
quite honest and is a German. You know, father, you esteem
the Germans.

HARRIS—Well, who is the fellow, what is his name?

DORA—Ludwig Frankenschneider.

HARRIS—Ha, ha, ha! Ludwig Frankenschneider, by Jov
that is a jaw-stretcher. The mill-hands are getting indolent an
need a good foreman, to keep them at work.

DORA—Ludwig come here! This is my father.

LUDWIG—(bowing), Goot morning, Mr. Harris.

Exit Dora into house

HARRIS—Good-morning, have you any references?

Ludwig produces a roll, which is two yards long, and unrolls it.

LUDWIG—Dis, Mr. Harris, is mine reference.

HARRIS—(raising his hands in astonishment), Oh, my! I hope you have enough, that will do. Be at the mill as soon as possible and I shall give you your work.

Exit Harris into house.

Ludwig rolls up his references by means of a small crank, at one end.

Enter Jerry R. H.

LUDWIG—Jerry, do you know of a goot boarding house?

JERRY—Pon me sowl, me Aunt Bridget has the best boarding-house ye's ever set foot in. Bridget is so clane, that she would not even let a poor little bug live in her bed. Oh, she is out of sight.

LUDWIG—Where does dat goot woman liff?

JERRY—In the next road. (pointing), D'ye see that house over there?

LUDWIG—Well, wait a minute. (Opening his carpet-bag, he produces an immense pair of spectacles, placing them on his nose), Oh, yes! I see it now, right in front of us. I will go and see if she will take me.

JERRY—I will be around to see ye's; afther I git me breakfast. Go now, I've got to git me breakfast, or it will git cowl'd.

Exit Ludwig L. H.

SCENE III.—Mrs. Quinn's boarding house from R. 1 E. to C. Fence from R. 3 E. to L. 3 E. A well at L. C. opposite L. 2 E.

Mrs. Quinn enters the house with her apron full of eggs.

MRS. Q.—(going to cupboard and putting the eggs in a bowl), Now I have a nice lot of eggs for dinner. I wonder if Johnny isn't up yit.

She goes up-stairs to call Johnny.

Enter fish-peddler L. H., calling "Fish."

MRS. Q.—(speaking at bed-room door), Johnny git up now, it's toime long ago. Exit Mrs. Q. downstairs.

Fish peddler raps and Mrs. Quinn appears at the door.

MRS. Q.—What d'ye want now?

PEDDLER—(producing his wares), Fish, fresh fish.

MRS. Q.—Naw, git along wid ye. The last fish were so bad, that the cat wouldn't eat them.

In the meantime Johnny enters the room upstairs, then descends, and goes into the room downstairs, where he finds some breakfast in the cupboard. Exit peddler R. H.

Mrs. Quinn goes upstairs and commences dusting, when there is a rap at the door by an Italian, calling "Banana, nice banana, cheap." Mrs. Quinn appears at the door again.

MRS. Q.—O botheration ! wid ye peddlers. What d'ye want ?

PEDDLER—Nice banana, cheap.

MRS. Q.—Naw, the divil git ye peddlers. Ye're always tormentin' me wid yer bad fish or bananas or somethin' I don't want. Git along out o' this now. Exit peddler R. H.

Mrs. Quinn goes upstairs and proceeds to fill a basket with rubbish to scare the peddlers.

MRS. Q.—If I don't make short work of thim thar peddlers I don't know who will.

Johnny, downstairs, is laughing at his mother's wrath.

JOHNNY—Maw is awfully mad this mornin', at them peddlers. I'm going to hide and watch for the next one.

He goes out and hides behind a barrel.

Enter Ludwig L. 2 E., who raps at the door.

MRS. Q.—(looking out of the window above), Faith, if it isn't another of thim confounded peddlars.

Ludwig goes to rap again, when a lot of rubbish comes down on him.

LUDWIG—(looking up), Well ! Vat is de matter ? (looking on ground), I wonder where dis bicyclone come from.

Johnny with excitement and laughter, comes from his hiding-place and sits on the edge of the well.

LUDWIG—I vas hungry and vant some breakfast. (raps again and calls up to the window), Be dere no one liffing here ?

MRS. Q.—Yes thare is someone livin' here and begone from here, (throwing more rubbish).

LUDWIG—Here, vat is de matter ? I tought, dat is such a goot woman.

In the meantime, Johnny had been laughing so heartily, that he forgot where he was sitting and fell backwards with a shriek. Mrs. Quinn, in her hurry downstairs to rescue Johnny, takes a mis-step at the top of the stairs and goes sliding right down out of the door into Ludwig, who is still talking, and rushes to the well. She manages to pull him out, then pulls his ear.

MRS. Q.—Now, you silly little tinker, go and change your clothes and don't git into any more mischief. (Turning to Ludwig), Well ye vagabond, what i' the devil do you want ?

Exit Johnny R. 3 E.

LUDWIG—I be no wagon-band, I vant a boarding house.

MRS. Q.—Oh, indeed ! you do, do you ? And who sint ye's here, to give me all this trouble ? (pointing to the rubbish and the well).

LUDWIG—Dat man Jerry Ryan, dat works in de garden by Mr. Harris.

MRS. Q.—Oh yes, Jerry me boy. Well I'll take ye's now, as I have no other boarder.

LUDWIG—Well, how much must I pay a week?

MRS. Q.—\$4 a week, and that's mighty chape.

LUDWIG—I will stay by you, I vant some breakfast now.

MRS. Q.—Well come in, this way, take a seat. I've got to hurry away and do some shopping.

Exit Mrs. Q., R. 2 E. to kitchen.

Ludwig looks around, places his carpet bag by the window and hangs his coat behind the door.

Re-enter Mrs. Q. from kitchen with a tray holding a breakfast of bread and butter.

MRS. Q.—Seeing ye're such a healthy man, this will do for ye's.

Enter Johnny by front door.

MRS. Q.—Now Johnny I'm goin' to do some shopping. I want you to be a good boy and see that this man don't go spying all through the house. If ye're good, I'll bring ye's a long stick of candy.

JOHNNY—Oh, maw! if you do, I'll be awfully good. Bring a little jumping jack.

MRS. Q.—I'll see.

Exit Mrs. Q., L. H.

Johnny stands sucking his finger and watches Ludwig, until he can manage to slip out with Ludwig's carpet-bag. He takes it and goes upstairs. On opening it, the first thing he gets hold of, is an old-fashioned pipe, then an alarm clock, which goes off. Then almost afraid to touch anything else he finds a dickey, a pair of suspenders, a pair of stockings and a pair of slippers.

Downstairs Ludwig had finished his breakfast and being still hungry, went to the cupboard in search of more. He found the eggs, a bowl of milk and a ham-bone. He sucks out some of the eggs, drinks the cream off the milk and eats the meat off the bone.

Enter Johnny from upstairs.

JOHNNY—Ain't you done yer breakfast yet?

LUDWIG—Yes, I be finished de best breakfast for a long time.

Johnny goes around the room, looking for more fun. He sees Ludwig's coat and in searching through the pockets, gets caught in fish hooks.

Ludwig has been putting away the dishes in the cupboard, and doesn't take any notice of Johnny until he yells.

LUDWIG—Ha, ha! when I get touched, den you get caught, don't you see? I sew my pockets around mit fish hooks.

Ludwig frees Johnny's hand.

Enter Mrs. Q. from front door.

MRS. Q.—Well! Johnny, were ye's a good boy?

JOHNNY—Yes maw, awfully good. I didn't let him (pointing to Ludwig), spy around, but I spied around for him.

MRS. Q.—(Giving Johnny an immense stick of candy), Well ye's look as if ye's enjoyed yerselves in me absence. I was kept longer than I intended to stay. I'm going to bake a cake, so Johnny go and chop some wood and git the fire agoin?

Exit Johnny into the kitchen.

Mrs. Quinn proceeds with her preparations for baking.

MRS. Q.—(to Ludwig) I say, what is your name? I forgot to ask in my hurry to get away.

LUDWIG—Ludwig Frankenschneider.

MRS. Q.—Oh! for the Good Lord save us, is yer jaw all thare yit?

Enter Jerry by front door from L. 2 E.

JERRY—Aunt Bridget did that fellow come?

MRS. Q.—Yes he came, and a mighty great scramble I had, in taking him for a peddler. (to Ludwig), Now didn't I?

LUDWIG—Yes and nearly killed me, mit de bicycylon.

Mrs. Quinn breaking an egg open at this moment finds nothing. In astonishment she opens another, and finds it also empty. Then she looks for her cream and ham bone.

JERRY—(seeing her astonishment), What's wrong Aunt Bridget?

MRS. Q.—(in a passion), What's wrong! what's wrong! (seizing a broom), I'll let ye's know what's wrong. Git' out o' this both of ye's.

Ludwig and Jerry run out, Jerry in advance. At the door is Johnny with an armful of wood. Just as Mrs. Quinn goes to hit Ludwig, Ludwig picks up Johnny and throws him over his shoulder, scattering the wood in all directions, when the broom comes down with terrible force, it hits Johnny, who yells with the strength of his lungs. Mrs. Quinn takes Johnny into the house.

MRS. Q.—Now you little rascal, it just served you right. What did ye's do in me absence? Where were ye's, that ye's let that blumen Dutchman suck the eggs out, drink the crame and eat that prime ham? A nice dinner ye'll have now for that and a nice cake. (exhausted), Well I declare, that beats the Irish. I wonder where he boarded before. If Jerry learns that thrick, the devil of an egg will I have around the house.

Johnny has been crying.

SCENE IV.—Mill from L. 3 E. to R. C.

Ludwig at work filling bags of corn meal.

Enter Dora, from rear of mill, running and screaming, with Claude D'Arville in pursuit, with a dagger gleaming in his hand. Ludwig advances to the door of the mill, when Claude slinks away among the trees. Dora enters the mill almost exhausted.

DORA—Oh Ludwig beware of that man. I thought he would catch me.

LUDWIG—If he ever touches you, it will be a sore day for him. Who is he? I never saw him before.

DORA—He is Claude D'Arville, the biggest villain in all the country. Ludwig since you have been faithful to us so long, I shall venture to trust you, to keep a secret and help me.

LUDWIG—Why if there is anything I can do for you, I shall only be too glad to do it, and will never tell as long as I live.

DORA—I have another brother besides Felix, of whom you have never heard. He is younger than Felix, his name is Clarence. Well, Clarence was led into horse-racing and gambling, by this Claude D'Arville and through him was induced to forge my father's name for \$2,000. Through this my brother was sentenced to seven years imprisonment, six months of which he has now served. I have received letters from him, begging me to entreat my father to pardon him. This my father will not do, so I must have help to procure his escape. I trust in you to keep my secret and help me.

LUDWIG—Well now, isn't that just too bad and all through that man. If Claude ever touches you Dora, I'll just go and touch him. I shall help you always, but I must have time to think how I can get your brother out of prison.

DORA—Well, I shall have to be going home before the men come back from dinner. Good-bye Ludwig.

LUDWIG—Good-bye Miss Harris. Exit Dora, R. 2 E.

LUDWIG—Well, well, that is too bad, too bad.

Enter Harris from R. H.

HARRIS—What are you doing standing there? Why don't you keep to your work? Fill ten bags with cornmeal, fold the rest and when the wagon comes take them down to the farm.

Exit Harris to rear of mill.

Ludwig rolls the barrels, shakes the bags out that are lying on the ground, then commences to fill the ten bags.

Enter a convict in hurry from rear.

LUDWIG—(unconcernedly), Well my boy, where did you come from?

CONVICT—(clasping his hands), Oh, sir! for mercy's sake give me a hiding-place, I've escaped from prison.

LUDWIG—How did you get there?

CONVICT—My father sent me to college, but I did not care for it and wouldn't stay. He then kept me in his office, as book-keeper at a small salary, just enough to keep me in clothes. I like other young men, wanted pocket money for emergency or luxury. I fell in with a fellow named Claude D'Arville, who

taught me the gambling life. My brother Felix, who was the pet could get all the money he wanted, some days as much as five dollars. One day I made a mistake in the accounts, when, my father in his anger threatened me for my carelessness, at this Claude D'Arville persuaded me to forge my father's name and skip the country. I forged for \$2,000, but was caught, tried and sentenced to seven years imprisonment.

LUDWIG—And you knew dis D'Arville? Who are you?

CONVICT—Clarence Harris. Oh! for mercy's sake hide me before the guards come and find me.

LUDWIG—Clarence Harris! sure I will hide you. Put on these clothes, so that you hide them striped one. (taking some clothes off a peg).

Ludwig looks if anyone is coming.

LUDWIG—Dere are two guards coming mit deir guns.

CLARENCE—If they see me they will shoot me, if not catch me.

LUDWIG—Come quick, jump into dis bag, I shall take you to a safe place in a little while, you will be alright to-night, I shall take you down to de farm mit some more bags. It will be better to be fet to de pigs, than to be killed by de guards.

Enter guards in a hurry from rear of mill and search everywhere.

The bag in which Clarence is hidden, heing tied is moved to one side, then others are filled. The wagon appears and the bags are loaded up.

LUDWIG—Vat do you vant here anyvay, putting your noses into everyting?

1ST GUARD—Did you see a young man with prison clothes on? We will get into trouble on account of his escape.

Ludwig shakes his head, "No."

1ST GUARD—Well, I think he came around here. We must search the mill.

LUDWIG—Alright, go aheat and search.

The guards search around again.

2ND GUARD—You cannot blame anyone but yourself.

1ST GUARD—Well, we must offer the miller a reward, he may give us some information about him, regarding his hiding-place. Ludwig mounts the wagon and prepares to drive away.

1ST GUARD—(calling), Here miller! I will give you one hundred dollars if you will tell us where the convict is hidden.

LUDWIG—I tink more of a man's liberty in dis world dan of de hundred tollars. (driving away).

Guards look dumb-founded at each other.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Study from R. 3 E. to L. 3 E.

Harris is busy at his desk looking over papers.

Enter Felix C. D.

FELIX—Father are you going to Europe at such short notice?

HARRIS—Yes my son. It is business of great importance regarding money matters, which calls me away from home.

FELIX—I suppose you will leave the business in my hands until you return.

HARRIS—No my boy, you have not had experience of any kind in the running of the mill. I could not leave it in your hands at present, it takes a good mechanic as well as a business man. In Ludwig I have found both.

FELIX—Alright father, I suppose you know best. (walking off the stage, aside), Ah! he prefers the Dutchman before his own son. Well! I'll get even. Exit Felix C. D.

Enter Jane L. U. E. with letters on a tray.

HARRIS—Jane send for Ludwig Frankenschneider immediately. Show him in here when he comes. Exit Jane C. D.

Yes I think the trip will do me good, I'll start away to-day. Ludwig has been faithful so far and I think I can trust him entirely. (opening letters), More orders, eh? Well, Ludwig will be kept busy with all these orders.

Enter Ludwig C. D.

LUDWIG—You sent for me sir?

HARRIS—Yes Ludwig, (rising), I am going away to Europe for some months. I shall leave you in charge of my business, for you have been trustworthy and I can depend upon you doing your duty, while I cannot on others. You will have charge of the whole business and full privilege of my study in my absence. I shall not forget you on my return. I shall start within an hour so I say good-bye. (going to the door). Oh, I forgot, (pointing), there are some orders, which you had better take note of. Good-bye.

LUDWIG—Good-bye sir. I shall not leave de business. Pleasant journey. Exit Harris R. U. E.

Ludwig looks over the letters and puts the orders in his notebook.

LUDWIG—I shall be kept busy mit all dese orders.

Enter Dora R. U. E.

DORA—Ludwig do you know that father is going away? He made up his mind quite suddenly.

LUDWIG—Yes, he told me dat he is going and gave me charge of de whole business.

DORA—How will it do, if you manage the business and I do the banking?

LUDWIG—Well, if money comes in, den it is alright.

DORA—And if none comes in, it will also be right.

LUDWIG—I tink I saw a letter here among dese for you.

They both look among the letters.

DORA—Here it is, I have it. I wonder who it is from. (opening it), Why ! it is from Clarence, my brother, where can he be now ?

LUDWIG—Dat vas de poor boy I took away in de bag. I tink he is getting on alright now.

DORA—(reading letter aloud), “My dear sister, the new man in the mill has saved me from being captured as I suppose he told you. He took me out into the conuntry, where I have work and a good home. I would like very much if you would come out and see me. I remain, your loving brother, Clarence.” Now Ludwig, we mustn't let father know at anytime, that we know Clarence has escaped or know where he is. Father doesn't want to know anything of Clarence, so we shall not tell him.

LUDWIG—No, we shall not tell him anything.

DORA—After this good news, I feel quite happy. Come Ludwig, let us sing ?

LUDWIG—Alright, my dear.

DORA—Did I ever cost you anything ?

LUDWIG—No, but I may cost you something before I die.

Enter Jerry C. D.

Dora sings, Ludwig and Jerry join in the chorus. After the song Dora sits at the desk.

JERRY—Oh ! that was foine. Say Ludwig, Mr. Harris has gone, now we shall play boss.

LUDWIG—What ! you play boss ? No, you stay in de garden, pull weeds, and pick de potato bugs.

JERRY—(aside), Did ye's ever see the likes o' that Dutchman ? He's on'y six months in the country and now boss o' the mill.

LUDWIG—If you would hafe a little more wit, you would be in the police force before now.

JERRY—(angrily), The gall o' you. I have the wit but faith where's me size ?

DORA—You had better go to your work Jerry, and pull out all the weeds you have neglected.

LUDWIG—Yes, we must keep him to his work.

Exit Jerry, C. D., with grimace, scratching his head and muttering vengeance.

DORA—(laughing), He has his temper up now.

LUDWIG—When your papa comes back and finds dat I hafe managed de business well he will be pleased. Don't you tink so ?

DORA—Yes, I'm sure he will. Now that father is away, will you promise to take me for a drive out in the country to see Clarence?

LUDWIG—No, my dear.

DORA—Ludwig, did I ever cost you anything that you say I'm dear?

LUDWIG—(confused), No, no, not dat. I don't mean dat. Your papa gave de business in my charge and I promised him, dat I would not leave it. I shall stay and no one will find fault mit me.

DORA—But no one will find fault.

LUDWIG—Ah, ah! you can't tell who may be watching me, perhaps Claude D'Arville, and would tell your papa on me, den he will get angry mit me, so I shall do my duty.

DORA—Well, do your duty and keep to the best side of father.

LUDWIG—I shall and when he comes home, finds everyting right and is pleased, den I shall ask him for de greatest favor dat he could confer on me.

DORA—What is that?

LUDWIG—A priceless jewel.

DORA—(in surprise), A jewel, what kind?

LUDWIG—Yourself, dear.

DORA—What! me, suppose I refuse?

LUDWIG—(putting his arm around her waist), I don't tink you would cause me so much misery and break my heart.

DORA—Do you love me?

LUDWIG—I do. I love you better dan my life, for I will freely giff dat to protect you from all harm.

Felix, Claude and Jerry enter, C. D., and make remarks.

FELIX—I think he is mashed on the girl.

CLAUDE—And the girl mashed on him.

JERRY—And I am left out in the cold.

Dora and Ludwig sing a duet and then exit through R. U. E.

CLAUDE—Jerry, if you can manage to persuade that Dutchman to go for a hunt in the forest I will give you ten dollars.

JERRY—Alright. I will try him. You are quite generous sir.

CLAUDE—(to Felix), How is it Felix, that your father didn't give you charge of his business instead of that Dutchman?

FELIX—I suppose he thought he could not trust me. I am a high flyer like yourself and he knows it.

JERRY—Well, if he had given you charge of the business, faith it would fly like that, (snapping his fingers), at the Brooklyn handicap.

Felix, Claude and Jerry sing a song of the races, with imaginary performances of horses running.

SCENE II.—Inn, same as first, but in summer time.

Peter, Felix and Claude are playing cards.

Enter Ludwig and Jerry L. U. E.

LUDWIG—Which way do we go now?

JERRY—Be jabbers, I don't know mesilf. (turning round and surveying the place).

LUDWIG—Well, I tink you said you knew de way.

JERRY—(reading the sign), "The Roadside Inn," well, I've been here before, but the place is changed. Let us go in and see how far we are from the forest.

Peter, Felix and Claude are having a dispute over the cards at this moment, Felix raises his chair to strike Peter, while Claude has his dagger.

Ludwig and Jerry enter the inn. Jerry catches a leg of the chair, just as it is aimed at Peter, but Claude conceals his dagger without it being seen.

JERRY—Fie! the gall o' you. For shame! Master Felix. If I were ye's, I'd niver strike a man with a chair in his own house, but sit on it and keep peace. Think ye's now what the consequences might have been if ye's had struck that blow. Ye're no man at all, ye're a coward. If there is any stricking for me, I always use me fist.

LUDWIG—Dat is vat I vould do.

FELIX—Why! Jerry, why are you stopping? You would make a fine preacher. Keep on, what about using the fist?

JERRY—Always think twice before ye's strike at all.

CLAUDE—That will do Jerry, I don't like preaching, it wearies me. You can do lots of talking, with guns for protection.

JERRY—If we had no guns with us, we wouldn't be afraid aether.

PETER—Come on boys, never mind, I'm alright. You two (meaning Ludwig and Jerry), came in time anyway. Where are you two going?

JERRY—We are goin' bear huntin', but I forgot the way, so we came here to ask and to remain until midnight.

LUDWIG—Yes, we want to shoot a bear. I want to show him how goot I can shoot. How far is de bush from here?

PETER—About four miles.

LUDWIG—Four miles yet!

JERRY—We want to git thare, when the bears come out for thare breakfasts.

PETER—You can remain as long as you like and go when you like.

JERRY—Accipt me gratitude. Why that's the best invitation I've recaeved since I left me ould father's home.

PETER—Are you sure of getting a bear?

JERRY—Indaed we are. Faith, that is the reason why we will shtart at midnight.

PETER—I tell you what I'll do. You can have all to eat and drink that you like while you are here, if you promise to give me the bear-skin.

JERRY—(hiting the counter and turning around), It's a bargain I'll do it.

LUDWIG—Don'd you be too quick. We don'd know if we get a bear.

PETER—I'll risk it, I'm sure you're a good shot. I shall depend upon success.

LUDWIG—Well, if you'll risk it, it is alright. It suits me. (sitting down). Exit Peter, R. 3 E.

Felix and Claude are engrossed in a game between themselves.

JERRY—He thinks he will haye the best of us.

LUDWIG—We may have de best of him if we get nothing. I had de best of him when I got de ecks and coffee.

Ludwig and Jerry settle back in their chairs and fall asleep, while Felix and Claude plot to steal their cartridges and bullets.

CLAUDE—Yes, I'll take the cartridges, while you take the bullets. Oh! they will be wild with anger when they get to the forest and have no cartridges or bullets.

They steal the cartridges and bullets, then go outside, leaving Ludwig and Jerry still sleeping.

CLAUDE—Here is half of the cartridges, (handing them), now give me half of the bullets. (he gets them). Ha, ha, ha! won't they be wild? Felix you go ahead, I shall meet you in a few moments. Exit Felix, L. 2 E.

Claude goes back to the inn and looking through the window he finds the two still asleep. He enters on tip-toes and empties the contents of a vial into Ludwig's glass of beer.

CLAUDE—There now, you scheming fool, if that does not put an end to your plans I will find other means.

Exit Claude from inn through L. 2 E.

Enter Peter from kitchen R. 3 E.

PETER—Here, what kind of sports are you? If you want to sleep, you better get a bed, so that I get a little profit.

LUDWIG—We just had a little doze, we are tired after walking all afternoon.

PETER—I think I saw you four years ago.

LUDWIG—I tink so too.

PETER—Didn't you come in one morning when I and those two fellows were playing cards, get six eggs and a cup of coffee and then slip out without paying for them?

LUDWIG—Yes, I did. You see dat time I vas poor, but now I hafe some money.

JERRY—And a sweet-heart.

PETER—Who may the young lady be?

JERRY—Miller Harris' daughter. He, (pointing to Ludwig), is going to get married to her.

LUDWIG—I vant to pay you dat bill, Mr. Lang. (pulling out his money bag). How much vas it?

PETER—Oh, never mind. Don't trouble. I'll send it to you. I have to look it up in my book.

LUDWIG—Alright, you can send it.

JERRY—Well Ludwig, we'll have to shtart for the forest soon. (to Peter) Give me another glass of whiskey.

LUDWIG—I tink you hafe enough, Jerry.

Jerry drinks his whiskey.

JERRY—Ludwig, drink yers up.

LUDWIG—No, I don't want any more.

JERRY—Well, come on, we'll have to hurry.

They get ready to start.

PETER—I will send you the bill in a few days.

Ex t Ludwig and Jerry from house, and R. U. E.

PETER—I'll send you a bill my fine Dutchman, and a big one at that. You're a rich man now, are you? Well I'll make you pay for those eggs and see if I can't become a rich man too.

SCENE III—Forest of entire stage.

Enter Ludwig and Jerry R. 2 E.

JERRY—Well, what about the eggs?

LUDWIG—When I vas coming across de field, I came to an inn, which I entered. Three fellows vere playing cards. I asked for sex ecks and a cup of coffee, because I vas hungry. I ate de ecks and drink de coffee. De boss was playing yet, so I got up and went away without paying him.

JERRY—Well, he didn't find out the thrick I played on him. The toime the nearest house to him was built, I helped build it, ye's understand! Well I went to ould Peter with two quart bottles. In one pocket I had a bottle full of water, and in the other pocket I had an empty one. Well I gave him the empty one and axed him for a quart of gin. He filled it, I put it in me pocket and said it was for Pat Rooney, the man as was buildin' the house. He said he didn't do that koind of business, and that he wanted the money or the gin back. Faith, I wasn't agoin' to give him the gin back, so I gave him the bottle of water and he poured it back into the measure. He had the wather and I had the gin. Ha, ha, ha!

LUDWIG—Dat vas pretty goot. You vasn't so dumb as you outlook. Well, dis is de place, we must watch for de bears.

JERRY—But I want to have a little smoke first. Wait till I loight me pipe.

Growls of a bear are heard in the distance. Ludwig hears them and looks in every direction.

LUDWIG—Here is a big bear coming Jerry, load your gun quick, dat we catch him.

JERRY—(looking for cartridges can't find them), Faith, they're gone, they're gone! My cartridges are gone, did you take them Ludwig?

LUDWIG—No, I got my own, (feeling for his), Jerry, mine are gone too. (growls of bear nearer), Get your bullets den quick we musn't lose dis big bear.

JERRY—(looking through his bag for his bullets), Confound it I can't find them aether, (growls still nearer). Faith, what'll we do and there's the bear? (in frantic desire) Where in the devil will I hide?

LUDWIG—Crawl up de tree.

JERRY—(climbing the tree), What will ye's do?

LUDWIG—I stay here, I want to hear what he has to say. (Ludwig lies on the ground just as the bear appears).

The bear smells all around, then around by Ludwig and runs away in fright. Ludwig rises.

LUDWIG—Jerry, where are you?

JERRY—(peering down through the branches of the tree), Here, are ye's alive yit? Faith, I thought ye was dead. Where's the bear?

LUDWIG—Yes, I am alright. I lay down and hold my breath. He came up and tink me dead and runs away. It vas a close shafe.

JERRY—What did he say to ye's?

LUDWIG—Oh, dat if we want to go bear hunting, you mustn't drink up de skin, before we get de bear.

JERRY—Indeed! Say did you take my cartridges or bullets?

LUDWIG—No, mine are gone too, we may go home now. It is no use to stay here, as we have nothing to shoot with.

JERRY—Well, I'm tired, I want to have a rest, (sitting on ground against a tree). I think that when we were sleeping, those bums at the inn must have stolen them. Be jabbers it is a sell on us that our cartridges and bullets were stolen, and that we lost the bear. What in the devil will the inn-keeper think of us?

LUDWIG—He will hafe a laugh at us because we were left.

JERRY—Why will he have a laugh at us?

LUDWIG—(sitting down beside Jerry), Because we were afraid of de bear.

JERRY—No, we will have the laugh at him, because we had the drinks at his expince. Well I'm tired, I'm going to have a sleep.

Jerry settles down for a sleep and Ludwig follows his example.

Claude has been lurking in the back-ground. He watches until they are asleep, then comes forward. Just as he makes an aim at Ludwig's heart, with his dagger, sounds are heard, Claude, for fear of being seen retreats. The sounds come nearer, which are distinguished as the groans of some animal.

Enter bear L. 3 E., with right forepaw swelled up to an enormous size. He goes up to the two sleeping men and begins to paw at them.

JERRY—(waking first), The divil, Ludwig, the divil has come, (starting to climb the tree again).

LUDWIG—(waking), What's de matter? (seeing the bear bending over him), Y-u! (turning on his face).

The bear resumes his pawing.

LUDWIG—(looking around in fear), What's de matter, Mr. Bear? (seeing the bear's swollen paw), Oh, you have a sore, (taking the bear's paw).

JERRY—(up in the tree), Oh, law save us! It must be a countryman of his.

LUDWIG—(calling), Jerry, Jerry, where are you?

JERRY—(from the tree), Faith, I don't want to have the pleasure of an introduction.

LUDWIG—(looking up), Jerry come down here. De bear won't hurt you, he's got a sore paw. Come on down and get this cup full of water at dat little spring. (pointing L. U. E.)

Jerry comes down from the tree very cautiously, takes the cup and gets the water. Meanwhile, Ludwig examines the bear's paw and in probing finds a thorn quite a way up the paw. He pulls the thorn out with his nippers, and then washes the wound out nicely, after which the bear trots away.

JERRY—Well I never. (angrily), Confound that bear, if he didn't nearly sind me sowl to Holy Mary.

A crackling is heard up in the branches of a tree.

LUDWIG—What's dat Jerry? (looking up in the tree in fear), A shnake, a shnake, take care, run.

Each picks up his belongings in a hurry and runs.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I—Study from R. 3 E. to L. 3 E.

Mr. Harris sitting at his desk rings the bell for Jane.

Enter Jane C. D.

HARRIS—Send for Ludwig Frankenschneider. Exit Jane C. D.
Yes, Ludwig is an honest fellow, better than my own sons.

Enter Ludwig C. D.

HARRIS—I have examined my books and find that you have controlled my business as well as I could have done, had I been here myself. Now that you have been faithful to me, you shall have whatever your heart desires, considering that it is in my power to grant it.

LUDWIG—I think you are very kind to grant me these privileges.

HARRIS—There is nothing on my mind, but to grant you these privileges and to know your wishes.

LUDWIG—(bashfully), Oh, I'm afraid you will refuse.

HARRIS—It does not make any difference. I repeat, that, if it is in my power to grant, you shall have it. Now speak out.

LUDWIG—It is the hand of your daughter, Dora, the one and only one I love on this earth.

HARRIS—I am pleased to hear this. She shall be yours with my blessing, if she returns your love. (rings bell for Jane).

Enter Jane C. D.

HARRIS—(to Jane), Send for Dora. (Exit Jane C. D.) (to Ludwig), You will please retire to the next room, until I hear Dora's opinion. Exit Ludwig R. U. E.

Enter Dora C. D.

HARRIS—Dora, I would like your opinion in regard to the love which Ludwig offers you. Do you return his love?

DORA—Father, I do.

HARRIS—(calling), Ludwig, come here. (Enter Ludwig R. U. E.) Dora returns your love, with my consent. My blessings are upon you both; may you live long and be happy. I shall retire from business, leaving the mill in your name, the business of which you may continue on your own account.

Enter Jerry C. D. while Dora and Ludwig are bowing and murmuring their gratitude.

JERRY—Mr. Harris, when shall we kill the fat calf?

HARRIS—We shall leave that to be decided by the young people. Exit Dora and Ludwig C. D. Exit Harris R. U. E.

JERRY—Well I'll be damned, did ye's ever see the likes o' that Dutchman? Only four years in this country and gits the hand of a miller's daughter and the mill.

Enter Felix and Claude.

JERRY—What do ye's think? While I was standing behind o' the door, I heard yer father give his consent, that Ludwig could marry Dora.

FELIX—Is that so? I expected it to end up in that way. Now I shall expect to be slighted.

CLAUDE—Well he got the best of me, for which I will have revenge one of these days.

JERRY—Ye's can't help but be revengeful to him.

FELIX—I'll see that a Dutchman, won't get ahead of me.
Jerry go to your work.

Exit Jerry C. D.

Exit Felix and Claude L. U. E.

Enter Harris from R. U. E.

HARRIS—Now, that my daughter is betrothed to Ludwig, I must keep the transferring of the mill to them, a profound secret from Felix, my son, or he will lay some plot of vengeance for not prefering him before another.

Enter Jane with a tray holding letters, one of which is a large registered, business-like letter.

HARRIS—More money letters, what can this be? (taking the large one). Exit Jane C. D. (reading aloud), To Mr. Harris and Ludwig, eh? A bill, for goodness, gracious! what does this mean?—\$20,000 for six eggs and a cup of coffee, \$50 for beer and whiskey or bear skin. (angrily). What does this mean anyway? It must be a mistake. I never had any eggs and coffee amounting to \$20,000, or anthing else in this ridiculous bill. But perhaps Ludwig did, (ringing bell), I'll ask Ludwig what it means.

Enter Jane C. D.

JANE—(standing waiting), What is wanted sir?

HARRIS—Send for Ludwig immediately. Exit Jane C. D.

HARRIS—No! I'll pay no such bill.

Enter Ludwig C. D.

HARRIS—Ludwig, what does this mean? (showing bill), I received a bill here for six eggs and a cup of coffee costing \$20,000, and for beer and whiskey or bear-skin \$50.

LUDWIG—Holy shmokes! You don't mean to say so. I'll go and punch him.

HARRIS—(severely), Well, what does it mean? You appear guilty of this debt.

LUDWIG—Before I came here, I stopped at an inn. I was very hungry, so I had six eggs and a cup of coffee. De inn-keeper took no notice of me, being engaged in playing cards, so away I went without paying him, because I had no money anyway.

HARRIS—Why didn't you tell me about the debt? Why didn't you go and pay him when you had money?

LUDWIG—Because I forgot all about it.

HARRIS—What about this other account for \$50?

LUDWIG—While you were away to Europe, Jerry wanted me to go bear-hunting, so we went. We stopped at de same inn where I got de eggs. Jerry drank whiskey and I drank beer. Jerry told de innkeeper dat we were going bear hunting. We bargained to giff him de skin for as much to drink as we wanted. He knew me yet and when I wanted to pay him he said "Never mind," dat he would send de bill.

HARRIS—Well you are as straightforward as ever. I shall go and see the lawyer, for this bill is something ridiculous. Fancy any man eating \$20,000 worth of eggs, and drinking \$50 worth of drink. They must have lost their senses, sending such a bill. Ludwig I accept you explanation.

SCENE II—Scene from R, 2 E. to L. 2 E. Office from R. H. to C.

Mr. Emerson at his desk.

Enter Harris from L. H.

LAWYER—Good-day, sir.

HARRIS—Mr. Emerson, I presume, I received this bill from you. I've come for an explanation.

LAWYER—Yes, I sent it.

HARRIS—What do you mean by \$20,000 for six eggs and a cup of coffee?

LAWYER—Why the eggs that Ludwig Frankenschneider, who is in your employ, had and didn't pay for.

HARRIS—Well, then it has nothing to do with me.

LAWYER—You are both good for the amount.

HARRIS—How can you charge that price, if I'm good for it or not?

LAWYER—You must understand that the eggs were game and that every egg counts for a chicken. Every chicken lays a certain number of eggs, which, when hatched are chickens and multiply as the years go by. These eggs were eaten four years ago. If he had not gone to the inn, how many chickens do you suppose Mr. Lang would have now, through those six eggs and the four years gone by?

HARRIS—According to your explanation, they were game eggs. I shall never pay for them anyway, game eggs or not.

LAWYER—Well if you don't I shall have to issue a writ.

Exit Harris L. H. in rage.

Enter Peter R. H.

PETER—Good-morning Mr. Emerson. Has Mr. Harris settled yet?

LAWYER—No. He has just been here for an explanation, and left in a terrible rage. He says he will never pay that bill.

PETER—We shall see. Issue the writ.

SCENE III—Street scene from R. to L.

Enter Ludwig from R. H. looking very downcast.

LUDWIG—Oh! what a disgrace, what a disgrace I've brought on myself and home. How can I get out of it? They have left everything to me and now we will all be disgraced and ruined. Why didn't I pay for dem eggs long ago? What shall I do? Who is dis coming? (looking along the road), It is a strange face.

CLARENCE—(entering with false beard and mustache, from R. H.), Hello! old boy, (slapping Ludwig on the shoulder), What's your trouble? You look quite low spirited. Can I do anything for you? You know a good turn always deserves another.

LUDWIG—Why what do you want me to do for you?

CLARENCE—I don't want you to do anything for me. You have done so much already, that I don't know how to thank you. What can I do in return?

LUDWIG—Who are you? I don't know you. I never did anything for you.

CLARENCE—(looking along the road both ways, then in a loud whisper), Why don't you remember Clarence Harris, the escaped convict, who you sent away in a bag to the farm?

LUDWIG—Oh yes, so I do. Shake hands, how are you?

CLARENCE—Oh, I'm alright, but what about you?

LUDWIG—Well, as I see you're a frient, a brother to Dora, I shall tell you. Four years ago I stopped at an inn and had six eggs and a cup of coffee. Now Peter Lang, de innkeeper, sent such a big bill as will ruin us.

CLARENCE—How much is the bill?

LUDWIG—\$20,000 and because we won't pay, dey issued a writ.

CLARENCE—How do they get that amount, for only six eggs?

LUDWIG—De lawyer said dat de eggs would have brought chickens and chickens, and dat now dey would have \$20,000 worth of chickens, if I never would have come and ate dem six eggs.

CLARENCE—Were the eggs cooked or raw?

LUDWIG—Dey was boiled.

CLARENCE—Have you engaged a lawyer yet?

LUDWIG—Yes, we have Mr. Simpson.

CLARENCE—What time will your case come off?

LUDWIG—At ten o'clock.

CLARENCE—I shall come as a witness and protect you. I shall be late so as to keep the court waiting, but I will come. You tell the judge that you have an important witness and that he should wait. I shall come in, in a great hurry and give my excuse. If you lose the case, I will pay the bill. Don't say anything to my

father about me. I haven't much time, I must be going, so good-bye.

LUDWIG—Goot-tay, mine frient.

} Exit Clarence L. H.
} Exit Ludwig R. H.

Scene rises.

SCENE IV—Court from R. 3 E. to L. 3 E.

Court assembled and each in his place.

JUDGE—What is the first case?

CLERK—That of Ludwig Frankenschneider.

EMERSON—Your Honor, I have the case for non-payment of a bill for \$20,000, for six eggs and a cup of coffee. I shall ask Mr. Lang to step into the witness box and explain the case.

PETER—Ludwig Frankenschneider came into my inn four years ago, asked for six eggs and a cup of coffee, for which he did not pay. The eggs, which were game, were valued at 40c. per dozen. The six eggs, which were 20c., would have brought chickens, which would have multiplied, and through the past four years would have amounted to \$20,000 worth of chickens.

JUDGE—Well this is the most peculiar case I ever heard.

SIMPSON—(to Peter), What is your business?

PETER—None of yours.

SIMPSON—Before I get through with you it will be some of mine. What is your occupation?

PETER—I am an innkeeper on the roadside.

SIMPSON—On which side?

PETER—(angrily), On the outside, and when I am in, it is on the inn-side.

SIMPSON—Which way does the road run?

PETER—(angrily), It certainly runs the long way, not the broad way.

JUDGE—(pounding the desk), Silence! these questions are not answered, to my satisfaction.

EMERSON—Your honor, Mr. Lang answered just as he was questioned.

JUDGE—Not to suit me at all.

SIMPSON—Don't you think you over-charge for six eggs?

PETER—No, they were game eggs.

JUDGE—I think they were gamey at that price.

LUDWIG—Your Honor, if you will please wait, I have an important witness, who hasn't come yet.

JUDGE—We cannot wait for witnesses. The court is now open and must proceed.

SIMPSON—Your Honor, in some cases it is difficult for a witness to appear at the opening of a case.

Enter Clarence in great hurry from L. H.

CLARENCE—Your Honor, I hope I haven't kept you waiting. You must excuse me, if I am late.

EMERSON—No excuse can be taken. The court has a specified time.

JUDGE—(to Clarence), What is your excuse?

CLARENCE—Your Honor, I had to boil a pot of beans for my man to sow.

EMERSON—Why boiled beans won't bring any fruit.

CLARENCE—And boiled eggs won't bring any chickens.

The court is excited.

HARRIS—(to Ludwig), Who is that young man defending you, Ludwig?

LUDWIG—I'll tell you later.

JUDGE—I'm astonished to hear a case of this kind being tried in my court. Making out that \$20,000 worth of chickens can be had out of six boiled eggs. Dismissed without cost.

EMERSON—(to Peter), Why didn't you tell me that the eggs were boiled?

PETER—Well, I didn't know.

SIMPSON—You must pay all costs, so that you find out next time.

JUDGE—What is the next case?

CLERK—That of Ludwig Frankenschneider and Jerry Ryan for bear skin or \$50 for beer and whiskey.

EMERSON—Mr. Lang values the bear skin at \$50. It was promised to him in return for as much to eat and drink as they desired. They gave no bear skin so he demands the \$50.

LUDWIG—Jerry paid for the drinks.

JUDGE—Where is your receipt?

LUDWIG—We couldn't find it.

EMERSON—(aside), Guess you had none to find.

Enter Jane from L. H. with a paper.

JANE—Your Honor, (bowing), I found this paper. It may be of some use in the case against Ludwig and Jerry, (handing paper to Judge).

JUDGE—Why! this is the receipt.

EMERSON—(to Jane), Where did you find it?

JANE—In Jerry's room.

SIMPSON—Mr. Lang, who gave the receipt?

PETER—(looking at paper), My wife, she never told me that it was paid.

JUDGE—Well, the drinks were paid for, so that claim is also settled. Dismissed.

JANE—(waving her hand and dancing), Hi! we'll roast the hind quarter of the fat calf in honor.

SCENE V—Parlor from R. 3 E. to L. 3 E., with folding doors or draperies at C. D., which, when opened or drawn aside, the dining-room is seen.

Harris and Dora together in the parlor.

HARRIS—It is ridiculous for a man like Peter Lang suing to get a fortune out of a poor German emigrant, who is climbing the ladder of success.

DORA—Never mind him father, he always has been a rogue. He keeps a gambling-house to entice young men as long as he gets their money.

HARRIS—I wonder if Felix ever goes there.

DORA—Yes father, Felix and Claude D'Arville go there very often.

HARRIS—D'Arville might have been the downfall of my son Clarence, who is now in prison.

DORA—Yes father, he was the cause, and he will bring Felix there also if you don't put a stop in advancing him so much money.

HARRIS—I must investigate this matter before Felix is ruined.

DORA—Well, the trouble about Ludwig's debt is over and he will know better next time not to leave his debts unpaid.

HARRIS—I wonder who that young man is, who defended Ludwig.

Enter Ludwig and Clarence L. 2 E.

HARRIS—Who have I the honor to thank for our preservation from ruin?

CLARENCE—(removing his disguise), Clarence, your son.

HARRIS—My God! is it you Clarence? Where did you come from?

Ludwig walks over to Dora.

CLARENCE—From the farm, after boiling a pot of beans.

HARRIS—You have now won the craved for pardon.

Enter Jerry C. D. from dining-room, leaving the draperies parted behind him.

JERRY—Let us sing a song before we dine. (looking at Ludwig and pointing to his diamond), Be jabbers, I found one like that one day on the sidewalk. It was so strong that it drew wather.

LUDWIG—How do you know that it drew water?

JERRY—Because the sidewalk was wet.

LUDWIG—What did you do with it?

JERRY—I picked it up and put it in me pocket.

LUDWIG—Have you got it yet?

JERRY—No, it melted.

LUDWIG—Oh, dat was a piece of ice.

All laugh at Jerry's mistake, then sing a song.

Enter Claude L. 2 E. with a dagger in his hand.

CLAUDE—(walking towards Ludwig), You have taken the girl I love and her wealth from me, and I swear I will have revenge, now or never, (springing at Ludwig).

Ludwig knocks Claude down with his fist.

DORA—How can that villain come into our presence and venture to commit a crime?

JERRY—You coward, hands up. (pointing a revolver at Claude's head).

Exit Harris L. 2 E. and re-enter with policeman.

POLICEMAN—(handcuffing Claude), You are my prisoner.

JERRY—Ludwig I think you are a Jonah, you are always in trouble.

LUDWIG—And you, Jerry, had a full hand.

POLICEMAN—I'll take the rake off.

DORA—It never rains without it pours, so let the sun shine forever.

CURTAIN.



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