Ships that Pass In the Night!

A Drama in Four Acts, founded on the Story of that name

Property

Eunice Goodrich
CAST

Bernardine Holme...EUNICE GOODRICH
Robert Allitzen..............Jack Rall
Wilfred Reffold.............W. H. Van Etten
Rafael d'Rivola.............Dutton Wansor
Augustus Cholmondeley....Paul Bordman
Hawkins.....................Paul Bordman
Winifred Reffold...........Katherine Davenport
Mrs. Merryweather........Miss Blossom
Trixie.....................POTTLE'S BABY

SYNOPSIS

ACT I—Petershof. Corridor of the Kurhaus. The dissatisfied wife. Mrs. Reffold learns her lesson. Robert Allitzen gives Bernardine advice. The husband's return to a deserted home and injured child.

ACT II—Rivola's private residence. Bernard and the disagreeable man save Mrs. Reffold, husband and wife.

ACT III—Six months later. Saloon of the Kurhaus. Trixy learning to spell. The return of the tempter. "'Tis one thing to be tempted and another thing to fail." The disagreeable man in a new light. The one great sacrifice.

ACT IV—Gussie and Fanny. The Ball. Ships that speak each other. The disagreeable man gives up his freedom.

EUNICE GOODRICH was the first to Dramatize and Produce Miss Harraden's celebrated work

A Play with a Moral, Replete with Human Interest!

Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shewn, and a distant voice in the darkness,
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.
A Song of Gold

written expressly for "Sapho" by Beethovens
First Act
Ships that Pass in the Night.

Act 1st.

Table & chairs & sofa to.

Winifred discovered reading t. Trixy runs in with flowers.

Trixy

Look, Look mama-what I have here! (shakes Win.)

How pretty! Yes, I see—but you must not run so fast, you may make yourself ill, and what would poor mamma do, if any thing were to happen to her little pet?

Trixy

Oh! I am not in the least bit tired. Oh, here comes Auntie! (Mrs M. Enters R.) She likes flowers I know as she shall have the best of the bunch. (placing flowers in Mrs. Merryweather's dress) There! does not that look beautiful?

Mrs M. (kissing her.) Thank you, Trixy! (Child runs off at back with flowers) Still in the dumps, whatever is the matter with you? (standing behind armchair)

Mrs M. I cannot tell, except that I am unhappy.

Mrs M. You have no right to be, it is only we poor lone widows who have reason to look doleful—happily married as you are to one of the best husbands in the universe, what excuse can you offer for your very perceptible depression?

Trixy I am afraid, Fanny, that Wil, and I were an ill-mated pair from the first, he always seems plunged in his profession—half his time he spends abroad, the other half in forgetting, or trying to forget, that he has a wife, by involving himself in a whirl of business while at home.

Mrs M. Now, I will not have Wil abused; you accepted him at my especial instigation, and I therefore look on him as my protégé. True he has none of the fine airs and graces of the ideal lover all school girls dream of—and never meet in waking moments. Come, don't put on the airs of a neglected wife!

Trixy I am neglected! Week after week passes, and he never condescends to write; mouth after mouth goes by, and he never thinks of coming back!

Mrs M. You are unreasonable! Does he go to Egypt for pleasure—does he work by day and night for any other object than to accumulate a fortune for you to enjoy? Besides, being of a sentimental turn, you can't understand these things as I can. I believe, had it not been for me, you would at the present moment have been the wife of some interesting pilot, with long hair and a short purse. Poverty, shared with the proprietor of a rolling eye, and of nothing else worth mentioning, may be romantic, but it must be awfully
He is a bear! No wonder he is never spoken of as anything but the disagreeable man.
monotonous. *Entire curious* and I speak in the character of the mother I have been to you since the age of ten. I am by no means sorry that that fascinating foreigner, Rafael di Rivoli, has at last had the good taste to quit Glassine, for his attention to you was becoming too glaring; and as, of course, you couldn’t or wouldn’t see it, I took it on myself to get him out of the way, and I flatter myself I did the job quietly but effectively.

*Fanny, that as I am mistress of this house, you take upon yourself.*

*MRS. M. (coolly) No more than was my duty and no less, considering that a letter may be expected by to-day’s mail from "IL", giving an early date for his return. (by fireplace) Perhaps! the same letter was to have arrived by the last mail or the one before, but of course it never arrived. Meanwhile, I have sent Joseph to meet the postman."

*MRS. M. You have! Then after all I may have been premature in attempting to arouse you to a sense of your almost dormant wife duty. May the letter bring good news!"

*BEAT. Good news to me?"

*MRS. M. Good news to all of us—news of George’s return!"

*BEAT. (sighing) Ah! (crossing to chair, st.)"

*MRS. M. Another sigh! Something must be done to liven you up! Something must be got to make you laugh. I wish my attention, but inarticulate. Gusie Cholmondeley, would drop in to-day, he’s about as good a cure for the blues as could well be wished for, and really if ever I do take a second plunge into the uncertain sea of marriage, I think it will be with that would-be ardent admirer of mine. Providing, of course, he ever desk words to frame his unutterable adoration into the form of a proposal. If he don’t, I shall have to do it for him!"

*BEAT. As you are so constantly singing the praises of my husband, how does it come about that you so carefully select such a very opposite character for yourself?"

*MRS. M. That’s my beautiful theory! Mix oil with vinegar, and both are improved. Different women want different mates. You are a weak, assertive, easily led little creature, and for one I prescribe a good, manly, honest fellow. Talk other than yourself, to give you the support and protection you need through life, but I profess to be a strong-minded woman, and so for my partner give me a bit of a fool! (sits R.)"

*BEAT. Do be serious! (changing tone, and coming to Mrs. Minneyweather) I want you to promise that if ever anything should happen to me—*
EN ROUTE.

Mrs. M. Good gracious! what’s going to happen to you? You’re (suddenly) I might die.

Mrs. M. What a cheerful companion you are!

Mr. A. If anything should take me away from Trip, I want you to promise to be a mother to her. In good and bad times. You’re simply a mother to me.

Mrs. M. Is that so? I don’t know I could have it any better.

Mr. A. If you will. (reading letter) Dearie, my dear, I’ve been...
must find out who she is and where she comes from.
And, fancy, she has come quite alone, I have no idea
how hopelessly out of fashion she dresses and
what a that

Mrs. M.
I should not take the trouble to speak to her. She
may fasten herself on to you, you know. What a
box that is.

Mrs. M.

Al I can easily unmask one if I wish.
Mrs. M.

Very well please yourself, I'll wait for you
yonder. Come thirty minutes for a jog,
white (exit. Mrs. M. & Thirly, Bernardine,
Bertie E.V.) Mrs. Holme. I had not the chance
to speak to you last night, you retired so
early. I hope you rested after your
journey. You seemed quite worn out.

Ben.

Thank you,
Mrs. M.

But you are not alone, I suppose?

Ben.

Yes, quite alone.
Mrs. M.

But you are evidently acquainted with your
neighbor at the table with Allisdon.
You will not feel quite lonely here.

Ben.

I never saw him before last night.

Ben.

Is it possible? Then you have made a breach
of the disagreeable Mr. Allisdon very far, when
to talk to any of us. I should be quite amused
to know what you did talk about.

Ben.

I dare say, you would,

Mrs. M.

Your father will miss you.
I should think probably not. One is not easily
united with another thing.

Win.

What is your father?

Ben.

I don't know. He was a genius. He is dead.

Win.

I am sorry to hear about him. I am very unfortun-ate, too, about my owndeath. I wish we could be together. I support you are from London?

Ben.

I am not living in London now.

Win.

But you are acquainted there?

Ben.

No, I haven't known a few people and if you have asked all the questions you wish, may I ask one of you? Where does one get the best tea?

Win.

Our favorite is at the little confectionery shop on the other side of town. Good morning (Exit R. Ande) Will open my work.

Ben.

Now I have taught her a lesson not to interfere with me. Why can't people mind their own affairs. But she is very beautiful!

Win.

(Enters L.) Oh I say don't you know, Mrs. Holmes? Am so glad to see you. I mean sorry to see you leaving all. Just heard you were here.

Ben.

Thank you Mrs. Chalmersley. Why are you here?

Win.

Oh dear no, but she came and I couldn't stay away, don't you know.
EN ROUTE,

X Mrs. M. Under & Listens

know we were on the move from the very first day. We were very tired. We were not used to the noise and excitement.

Perhaps the trip was not as we had expected, but it was for the best.

You are sure nice Mrs. Middleweather. She is an old friend of mine. Mrs. Holmes Mrs. Merryweather.

Mrs. M.,

I am pleased to know you.

Visit us in the city. We are in the city.

Thank you.
Why the dearest woman in the world, hasn't
you met her? Mrs. Barry-weather, the most
charming little widow, couldn't always live
in England, even though I lost the meet.

know really! So odd of you to be at home to me.
(Shaking hands with Barrow) I've lost the meet!

Barrow. The meet! What meat! Were you bringing us
a joint?

Gus. (Turning to Barrow) Oh! I say, don't you know,
not butcher's meat—the hounds—Yelpington pack!

Bar. Did it start without you then?

Gus. No! I should say I found the meet, but lost the
Hunt. This is how it was: we started a fox—a fearlessly fast
fox, don't you know—nuisance fast foxes—wish somebody
would invent slow ones—suit me much better, don't you
know. (Again shaking hands with Barrow)

Bar. Taking first he left-hand, then dropping it and taking her
left, then after looking round, shaking her right hand again; (aside)
She's nicer than evah!

Mrs. Barrow. Looking for another hand—sorry I cannot
accommodate you with more than a couple!

Enter Trixy, running in c. From the left.

Trixy. Hello! Mr. Chumney.

Mrs. M. "Cholmondeley," my dear, not "Chumney."

Trixy. It's all the same.

Gus. No! Jove, Miss Trixy, it's not all the same,
don't you know—really! I object to having myself blackened
in that sooty style!

Trixy. Why do you wear a red coat? You are not a
soldier! Good-bye, Mr. Chumney! (Trixy runs off, c.)

Gus. (c.) Oh! this child's too much for me, really!

Turns back to audience, looking after child; then faces
round again, shifting about uneasily.

Bar. I wish you wouldn't stand on one leg and look
like a disappointed pelican, you give me the fidgets!

Gus. (appealingly) Oh! I say, don't you know—really!

Mrs. M. (sealed. n.) Why couldn't you have shown more
activity—been in at the death and brought me the brush—I
long for such a proof of devotion.

Gus. (aside) Wish I'd known that! I'd have bought a
beauty for presentation. (aloud) Must forgive me this
time, but was rather upset before I started!

Bar. What—thrown?

Gus. No! had a shock to my nervous system!

Bar. Is your tailor dead?

Gus. No! tailors never die—they can't afford it, people

(Enter nearly 7 years. If you
are at the place, I can tell you
of you are able to walk, I can show you to some
lovely spots, where you will not be bothered by people
I can take you to a snow fairy land. It is not
all sadness in Petersburg. These wonders have
been a happiness to me. You are not too ill
but that they may be a happiness to you.

Bar. Nothing can be of much happiness to me.
She Who?

Why the dearest woman in the world, haven't you met her? Mrs Merryweather. A most charming little widow. Couldn't stay in England, even though I lost the meet.

But called on my solicitor, old Oliver Murch—know him?

Gus. And a pretty wife—never hold up his head again—she eloped with his managing clerk yesterday!

Ugh! an ill-assorted couple, I expect; poor woman, I pity her!

Gus. (still centre) Pity her? Mustn't pity her, don't you know—pity him! Seemed quite broken-hearted—cried—fancy seeing a lawyer cry—never knew lawyers could cry!

Don't you know—quite made a lump come here in my throat, so awkward when one's collar's tight too—he never spoke a word, and when I took his hand it felt as cold as ice—had been a good husband, I believe, and let her do just as she liked, don't you know. Enough to make any fellow take to the water-cart business, don't you know—really!

Uh—You are perhaps right to side with the rest of the world and sympathise with him—but why should no excuse be allowed for her? the one false step, to which she was perhaps driven in despair at a marriage of misery, can never be retraced—what will become of her?

Gus. Oh, well, I should say she'd dye her hair yellow in a year, drive a spanking pair in the park in two, and about the time everybody knows her and nobody owns to it, she will find herself hated, and soon after forgotten! That's the usual programme in these cases, don't you know—really!

Mrs. M. I'm going down into the village, will you come with me?

Gus. Will I come with you? Oh! I say, don't you know I will—really! (aside) Good idea, Jove, I'll propose! (in boundless admiration) She's nicer than evah! (4)

(Exit with Mrs. Merryweather, R.)

Alone at last! A dozen times I feared to betray the secret gnawing at my heart, while I heard them talk of Murch's wife. No one seems to sympathise with her, all with each other in heaping insult on her name—yet that woman may have left a home of misery to the society of one who could offer her greater happiness than she found here. (aside) Who can fathom the depths of the woman's heart, who has dared to struggle out of the cruel net that enmeshed her life and crushed out her very soul. Punish her—she can bear it; curse her—she can forgive it; but cease to insult her—she does not deserve it!

(she sinks on sofa and buries her face within her hands)

(looks at her) I have been here nearly 7 years, haven't you? Don't tell you; If you are able to walk I can show you some lovely spots, where you will not be bothered by people. I can take you to a snow fairy land. I don't mind all sadness in Petherwood; these wonders have been a happiness to me. You are not too old, but that they may be a happiness to you.

Ben. Nothing can be of much happiness to me, I
You are not the only one who has had to do that. Why make a fuss? Things arrange themselves. A great deal of energy is going to Phase 1, still more energy to the grieving phase 2, less energy to grieving phase 3, no further fulness, what so ever phase 4. You are at phase 1; make a quick journey over the stages. Why come you come here?

Ben,

Probably for the same reason as yourself, to get better or well.

Rot.

You won't get better. I know your type well, you burn yourselves out quickly and—my God! How I envy you.

Ben,

If you have pronounced my doom (laugh without meaning) Listen, because you are hopeless, it does not follow that you should try to make others hopeless too. You have drank deep of the cup of poison, I can see that. To hand the cup on to others is the part of a coward.

Rot.

You are in a fury because your career has been checked. You will learn how many people other than yourself have been put upon the shelf and have to stay there, look about you &

Ben.

It seems so little to ask. I only want to be able to do a few strokes of work.

Rot.

You are a most annoying young woman. What is it you want? You want to have that wonderful brain of yours restored so that you may begin to teach & perhaps
write a book—If every one who wrote books now would be satisfied to dust books already written, what a regenerated world it only become! Then guess that little Amsterdam, how can you go about with her? Do you know she is?

Ber.

Yes, she is the lady who thinks you must be very ill treated because you stalk in meals with your hands in your pocket. She wondred how I could bring myself to talk to you.

Rob.

I dare say many people wonder at that.

Ber.

Ah no, they wonder that you talk to me, they think I must be very clever or very disagreeable.

Rob.

I should not call you clever,

Ber.

My (pensively) but I always think myself clever till I come here, now I am beginning to know better, but it's rather a shock, isn't it?

Rob.

I have never experienced the shock.

Ber.

Then you still think you are clever?

Rob.

There is only one man my intellectual equal in Petershof & he is not back any more. Had four to remember to die; that's the worst of making friendships here, people die.

Ber.

Still it is something to be left here by the intellectual world, precious thought of you in that light (both smile.)

Rob.

Why do you talk with that horrid Sweeney? Have you heard some of his views?

Ber.

One of his views is really amusing—that it is very rude of you to read newspapers.
During meal time and be asks if it is an English custom; I tell him it depends entirely on the Englishman, is the Englishman's neighbor.

Rob.

Why have you come here?

Ben.

Probably for the same reason as yourself to get better or well.

Rob.

You won't get well, I know your type well. You brown yourselves out quickly. Oh my God, how I envy you.

Ben.

So you have pronounced my doom (laughs without merriment); listen. Because you are hopeless, it does not follow that you should try to make others hopeless too. You have drunk deep of the cup of poison. I can see that to hand the cup on to others is the part of a coward (Exo 4:12).

Rob.

'To hand the cup on to others is the part of a Coward!' Well she is right perhaps after all ... And yet if she but knew the thoughts that are burning my very soul out. Her trouble will make her bitter, I can help her and I will. There is one little bit of good I can do in this world and I'll do it. I can cure her of cynicism, she will be shocked at things I say, and all be saved. I'll not have her cut out of me any good, nor her any good and in my state of health what might have I to...
Think: I manage to get back on track.

What I heard the lady say:

"I never thought you'd return.

The current plan is to continue the journey. I trust you can handle it."

I feared:

"Can't forget it haunted me not clear.

Sure, I may admit it's not clear if we can.

I didn't think it would follow that we can.

On the road of the cursed, we must endure it."

(If I were to think, I'd not dwell in it.)
EN ROUTE.
Sirs—Calcutta, November 21st, 1859.

I was under the impression that you were in receipt of my letter of the 14th instant. I am surprised to hear that it has not reached you, and I am, therefore, writing to you again to inquire whether you have received it. I trust that you will reply to this letter as soon as possible.

I am, Sirs,
Yours faithfully,
[Signature]

P.S. I am enclosing a copy of the letter that I sent you on the 14th instant, which you may have missed.

---

Margaret Brown: On sleeping out.

Rev'd. Mr. Smith,

You have been kind enough to send me your letter of the 10th instant. I am extremely glad to hear from you, and I shall be happy to see you when you come to town.

I am, Sirs,
Yours sincerely,
[Signature]
Riv. What news?

Riv. (after reading) So he will be back after all! At once, perhaps to-day—the respite we hoped for is not to be given. I dare not meet him!—dare not!—I will not!—the grave shall hide my agony and forever silence my woe.

Riv. Pause before you think of suicide, for your death would drive me mad, and I swear to hold him responsible for it. He should not survive you long, nor would I!—No! no!—would you lay two deaths at my door? Oh, God! How one sin grows and grows until it becomes a monster too terrible to face!—What can I do?

Riv. Obey the instincts of your heart and follow me! My place is but a short drive hence, and from there we could start for the Continence to-night and leave our wretchedness behind us.

Ann. But my child!

Riv. Would not your sister be left to care for her?

Ann. She swore she would if I died, and dead I surely should be to all the world but you!

Riv. Trust me never to forget your confidence.

Riv. My brave girl!

(trix's voice outside)

'Ann. She is coming! (enters Trixxy) My darling!

Riv. (takes his hat from sofa, also Trixxy's cloak, goes up c. and looks off)

Trix. Oh! mamma, I have had such a chase after a butterfly and followed him until he flew on to the old balustrade of the lumber-room. I wish I could go up to see where he's hiding himself.

Ann. Kiss me, darling.

Trix. (kneeling) (on mother's shoulder) What is the matter, mamma?

Ann. Nothing! But, dearest, if ever you were to lose me— if I were to die or go away—far away where you could never see me, would you still remember, still pray for me?

Trix. Yes, dear mamma! Always!

Neve. Never let anybody prevent you doing that, never let anybody speak ill of me now. Remember this day as long as you live, and that these kisses of mine are warm from my very heart. (weeping) Go, darling, go back to your playthings and your butterflies, and may you never suffer as your mother has suffered, and does suffer now.

(she kisses child again and again, Rivola comes down, takes her hand, leading her off L, still looking back at Trixxy)

Trix. (at door) Oh! mamma! I cannot bear to go away. Mamma! If I were to die— I will die, mamma!—I love you! (rises off c. toerris e.)

Mrs. M. (Engines, R.V.) Humph! Humph! Humph! Where are you, dear? Such news! Wilfrid has returned. The Carrier has come looking for this letter. (Sees letter) A letter! Addressed to me! (open it) Remember your promise about my child! If any thing happens to me, I dare not face him. Adieu, former Wilfrid! Is this all a dream? Here is at such a hour (sees on bench L, Bernardine Entre

Ber. What is it? Are you ill?

You! You! Can I and you—

You and a stranger to me—

For all that I've suffered so much, I can feel for others.

Mrs. L. You have a noble face, I can trust you.

Read this. — Ber.

She has gone; left her child!

Mrs. L. As you see...

Wilfrid

(without) Take care of my child! Take care.

Mrs. M. Her husband! (Crash! Child's cries)

Ber...
Something has happened. The child has fallen from the old balcony beneath. She must be dead.

Mrs. M. 

Oh no, no! I don't say that. Where is she?

(Wilf, carrying child) Oh heavens that I should return at such an hour as this, where is Ethel?

Mrs. M. 

(at Ber.) Will she linger? I cannot.

Must I tell her the terrible truth? (Mrs. M. gives her letter.)

Will.

What is it? Why do you sit there, looking like death, and not answer me?

Ber.

Read this. (gives letter.)

Wil.

Gone! Ethel gone! He

Ber.

I will follow & find her, when she knows of this, she will turn back. She must. She shall!

Bernardine

Mrs. M.

Wilfred
Act 2nd

Door Chamber

En Route

HAWK. (discovered at table with cigar-box) I wish master wouldn't buy these Vevy Fins, I much prefer Manillas, however, they'll do for a makeshift! (he pockets one or two) Hallo! a dagnabbit driving up in a daze of a hurry—visitors! Well, as the governor isn't here to do the honours, I must...

Knock heard at door, he opens it, enter hurriedly

BER. Is your master at home?

HAWK. No, madam—there.

BER. When was he here last?

HAWK. About twelve o'clock, madam; he went out sketching in the woods as usual.

BER. (aside) Thank God we are here before them.

HAWK. Can I get you anything, madam, if you intend to wait? We keep a nice bottle of sherry—quite a lady's wine—and master gives me strict instructions always to look after any visitors in his absence—especially lady visitors?

BER. Yes! yes! anything you please! (X N H.)

ROBT. Well what does all this mean? You rush to the dark room just as I am finishing my negatives, when I least want to be disturbed. Beg me to bring you here to this man's home, then you refuse to know what it all means?

BER. It means that I am striving my hardest to avert a blow falling on an innocent head. Mrs. Reffold has left her home with this man, her child is at the point of death. It is her duty to return.

ROBT. I don't see what business you have to point out to Mrs. Reffold her duty. I dare say she knows it quite well enough though she may not choose to do it. Everyone knows
EN ROUTE.

What brings me here that we shall not give a passing word of comfort to those who are suffering near us, if it is no more than a signal as ships that pass in the night.
his own duty and it's his own affair whether he does it or not.

Ben: I wonder if you are right, but her act has exasperated me.

Rob: Why should you be exasperated about other people's affairs and why interfere?

Ben: How can I stand quietly by and see that child suffer when perhaps a word might save her? If I am determined to go on with what I have commenced, I want assistance. Will you help me, yes or no?

Rob: My negroes will be ruined.

Ben: Negroes! What right a selfish man you are.

Rob: You are right I am selfish. If you have the misfortune to linger on as you will know that it is perfectly legitimate to be selfish in small things if one has made the one great sacrifice.

Ben: And what may that be?

Rob: If one—no, not me. I'll not tell you now, go on with your idiotic schemes, I'll help you if I can, but if those negroes are ruined—what do you want me to do?

Ben: Wait here till I come back. Keep your eyes open, let nothing move you from this place. If Reinafa returns, keep up my conversation till you see me again.
EN ROUTE.

[Handwritten text not legible]
Conversation! What conversation? What shall I talk about?

Rob.

Any thing! Everything! What would I not do to help you, Bernadine, my Bernadine, yes she is my very own, I love every thing about her! (Looks at picture) What would you say dear, if you knew that I had stolen your picture? Has clever you care! Though I often make fun of what you say yet I have treasured many of your sayings in my memory. Many of your words I have repeated to myself, until they seem to represent my own thoughts, specially what you said about God having made us lonely so that we might be obliged to turn to him. For we are all lonely, you yourself often spoke of being lonely. Oh my own little one! I know loneliness is nothing compared to mine, for often I could have told you that

(goes off to sleep murmuring to himself)

This speech to be spoken in disjointed sentences, and in strongly affected tone; his position sunk low down in the arm-chair is such that he cannot be seen by characters on the stage without coming close to him.

END Rivoli, c., door in flat.

Riv. (strikes bell on table, calling) Hawkins! At last my long and ardent protestations have succeeded! At last I have induced her to fly from the man I know she must hate, who, by his indifference, deserves to lose the treasure I hope to know better how to appreciate! (Enter Hawkins, r.)

Pack my things, I start for the continent to-night!

Hawk. To-night, sir?

Riv. Yes! Come, be quick!

(he is in great hurry all through this scene)

Hawk. Certainly, sir! By the way, there's been some visitors to see you, I thought they were going to wait, but I suppose they—

Riv. Never mind what you suppose. I have no time now either to see or hear of them. Hawkins, I shall give you your months' money before I start, and if I write from abroad and say I shall not want you again, you must look out for another place.

Hawk. Discharge me, sir? I hope——!

Riv. I can't help your hopes—you shall not have cause to complain—now be off and get my trunk packed! (Exit Hawkins, r.) I promised her not to be longer than I could help. It was too dangerous to bring her here, a place over—
EN ROUTE.

Mrs. W. W. What have we here, my dear, out of curiosity and for nothing more. I have never been to a state that I remember none of them and none of my acquaintances.

Mrs. (sighing). I feel I know what shall I talk about, dear mother.

Mrs. W. W. Let me know what you are saying, dear one.

Mrs. W. W. (looking at the photo). Well, my dear, I feel I know what I am saying. Remember.

Mrs. W. W. (looking at the photo). Well, my dear, I feel I know what I am saying. Remember.