

RAGS AND BOTTLES ;

— OR, —

THE TWO WAIFS.

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

By *M. Stewart Taylor*,
By M. Stewart Taylor,

Author of Auld Robin Gray, The Afflicted Family, Aar-u-ag-oos, etc.

PRINTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

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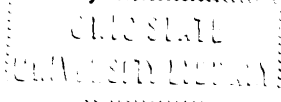
A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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RAGS AND BOTTLES.

—O—

CHARACTERS.

RAGS, }
BOTTLES, } *Two Wild Waifs*
BRISKET, *A Bully Butcher's Boy*
REV. ABRAHAM CLEARSTARCH..... *A Colporteur*
NABBEM *A Policeman*

—O—

COSTUMES—MODERN.

—O—

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—1 1-4 HOURS.

—O—

SCENE I.—Street in 2 grooves.

SCENE II.—c. d. Fancy Chamber in 4th grooves.
Chairs and table, table set.

—O—

PROPERTIES.

Bundle of tracts, butcher's basket, barrel, purse with coin, ring, full lay-out for table, a paper bag, champagne bottle.

—O—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; 2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

. The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

RAGS AND BOTTLES.

—o—

SCENE I—Street.

Enter, REV. CLEARSTARCH, R., a sanctimonious looking individual, with a bundle of tracts.

Rev. Clearstarch. (looking about) Um—aw! Well, where am I? Methinks I have wandered from the straight road. Thinking of the present I bought for my daughter and allowing my mind to dwell on such worldly vanities, I have lost my way. Thus it is, the soul having but the bauble pleasures of this world in sight loses it's way and wanders in forbidden paths. Um—aw, I must retrace my steps ere yet it be too late. (*crosses L.*) Yonder comes a stranger, I will enquire and perhaps he can direct me. But suppose he should be one of those unprincipled ruffians who resort to unlawful means to further their selfish ends. I will venture to address him, however, believing the dignity of my cloth will overawe him and make him respectful—Um—aw!

Enter, BRISKET, R., with basket, they collide and both bow in apology.

Rev. C. My friend, can you tell me how to reach the —house?

Brisket. Yes, I can.

Rev. C. Well, would you?

Bris. Well, I might if you wanted me to.

Rev. C. Then will you, please?

Bris. Well, the nearest way is a roundabout way, but the straightest way is the fartherest.

Rev. C. Um-aw! my friend so it is in our lives. The broad and straight road leadeth over the easiest, yet the narrow and hard road is the best. So, friend, direct me that way.

Bris. Preacher I see by your talk? also your choker and dickey, but it ain't allus a sure sign, for sharpers often take on such tags for a purpose.

Rev. C. Yes, friend, the enemy often assumes the guise of our cloth to accomplish their nefarious designs, but I am glad you have discernment enough to recognize a true man of the gospel.

Bris. Well, I only hope your practice is like your preachin', all straight and true. But as to the way you're to go. Now, you see that tall building to the right?

Rev. C. Yes.

Bris. Well, you turn fust corner beyond that, and keep straight on till you come to a church with a railin' 'round it. Methodist'. Is that your persuasion?

Rev. C. No.

Bris. 'Piscopal?

Rev. C. No.

Bris. Presbyterian?

Rev. C. No.

Bris. Baptist?

Rev. C. No.

Bris. Nothin'?

Rev. C. No—that is, yes—I mean—

Bris. Mormon?

Rev. C. Sir?

Bris. Well, what then?

Rev. C. I am an ordained minister of the Church of Unbounded Charity.

Bris. Oh, yes; well then you turn ag'in to the right, keep on two squares and you're there.

Rev. C. And you keep turning to the right?

Bris. Yes, keep to the right.

Rev. C. Um-aw, as the law directs.

Bris. That's right, and if you don't go right, you'll get left.

Rev. C. Um-aw! yes, but here, my good man is a trifle for your kindness. (offering coin)

Bris. I'm one of those kind what takes nothin' whar I gives nothin'. Keep your charity for some needy person.

Rev. C. Um-aw! then accept my thanks.

Bris. Yes, for bein' only words, and words only air, and air only nothin', them don't count nothin'.

Rev. C. Um-aw! then good day.

(exit L., dropping pocket-book)

Bris. He's a queer cove. Talks good, but I'd rather see a man act good. Deeds count more than words with me, if I do leave the bone and fat on till I weighs the steak. But that's only with the rich big-bugs what can stand it, and then I generally gives the suet and bones to some poor widow for a dumpling or a pot of soup. Well, seein' no one about, and not bein' in a hurry I'll just amuse myself a little. *(Specialty may be introduced here. After song he crosses R., looking back L.)* Hallo! here comes that poor little waif, "Rags" they call her. Wild little highway blossom, comin' up like a blade o' grass, uncultured and uncared for in some corner of the street. I wonder if she is hungry, poor thing? She most always is, and devours the bologna I sometimes give her, as ravenously as a starved kitten. I often feel as though I ought to take her and give her a home and good upbringin', seein' I aint got no kids o' my own.

Enter, RAGS, L., stops to pick over rubbish in barrel, suddenly sees purse, and stands as if fixed for a second, she then rushes for it, picking it up, then looks L., and runs off L.

Bris. There, what did she pick up then? Something that looked like a purse. May be it was the minister man's, he just had it out. Like as not he dropped it putting it under his long black coat into his pocket. She *(looks off)* has gone after him, honest little thing! But he's gone out of sight, so here she comes back, I will stand aside and watch her.

(goes R.)

Enter, RAGS, L., running.

Rags. Phew, I'm out 'o wind! I runned arter that man I passed, thinkin' he dropped this, but he'd got out 'o sight. I don't see nobody down this way what could of dropped it. 'Sides findin's keepin'. *(jumps)* Oh, Jiminy,

aint I lucky, this puss is full 'o shiners, I know by the heft of it, but I won't look in till I see Bottles. I wonder where he's gone to! Crickey, don't I wish he was here? Won't he just bug out his peepers when he sees this? Won't he just be tickled to death and come to life ag'in? I think I sees him jump up and down, (*jumping*) happy, oh, happy aren't no name for it—why I feels as if I could hardly keep from dancing myself. (*struts*) No more rags for me—I'm a hairress, I is. Won't the dudes try to mash me and catch on, now that I've got the ducats? (*jumping*) There's no use winking at me now. Well, as Bottles haint come yet, I'll practise that step him and me's learnin', before we goes for a posish on the leg-it-i-might stage, if we aren't stopped by the Prevention of Society for cruelty to the children.

(*Song and dance introduced—exit L.*)

Enter, BOTTLES, R., strutting tragically.

Bottles. Whoop! (*throws up cap*) As the Juke's Motter feller sez, "I'm all here," that is what there is left 'o me. "Methinks was me lady mother, (rest her shade) to see me now, she'd scarce recogmember the sighan of her illustrated line." That's what the actor said. I wish I wuz an actor, a real downright high-toned artist on the hisstry-on-ic board. Wouldn't I jist make the gallery gods yell, and boom it on the high tragic elevated line? you bet. An' why can't I be a A, number 1, O. K. C. O. D., this side up, handle with care, actor, like Ned Booth? I could do a good turn on the variety stage like this—(*song and dance introduced*)—but that aint what I want, I mean one o' them kind what chews soap and tears their hair, and gets off somethin' like this. (*struts up and down, spouts*) "Toby er not toby," them's the words he said. I'm puttin' in my oar what sez that Bottles is jist goin' to make his mark in the hiss-try-on-ic walks. It'll be a cold day when Champagne Bottles, Esquire, gits left. Now for a sample dose o' me galorious gift. (*jumps up on barrel and spouts*) "Right smart and high mighty signurs, that I have skipped the gutter with yer darter, tra-la-loo, surpasses the, toby or not toby." "Ah, ha! there's the rub! If it's better for a world's juke like meself to yank bottles, paltry bottles from the ashes, or fling me heels in the glim o' the theayter, then 'tis more fittin' for genius to let slip her dogs o, war-r-r and nip her

up Eliza Jane." (*holds up bottle*) "This is a pignard in me grip; oft have I carved bologny sassengers with this blade in me father's festive banquet halls on the Rhine. Toby, or not toby, that's the sub' before this September mob. Toby an actor on the mim' stage, or to yank bottles. Shall or shall I not? I wait yer response." (*looks around*)

During the above RAGS slowly enters, L., watching him.

Rags. Bully for you, Bottles! yer the daisy actor o' this theayter, an' I'm cricket, jedge an' jury as sez so.

(claps her hands)
Bot. (*spouts*) "Avaunt! Thy comin' from the lower regions brings me fell news. What, ho! spectral form of strange garb, dost bring me news from me dad's festive hall? Hast with thee Yarrick's skull? Oft have I seen him caress his downy mustache, which did cling there like the fur on a sick cat's tail. Ah, ha! poor Tom's a-cold—" (*jumps down*) I say, Rags, what have you got?

Rags. Oh, Bottles!

(gives him one hand holding the other behind her)

Bot. Poor little Rags, cold as a lump of ice. Where you been? What you got, an, what you goin' to do with it? If you'se been an' got nuthin', an' can't do anythin', then come with yer guargen, he's got ten cents, an' ten cents 'll buy a cup of coffee an' a plate of fried cakes, kid.

Rags. Bottles, what's the most money yer ever had in all yer life?

Bot. To once do yer mean, Rags?

Rags. Yup.

Bot. Well, let me see, I had—why last thanksgivin' I had as much as one-seventy-five.

Rags. (*lets go his hand*) Yer poor thing! Yer too poor for me to 'sociate with. (*draws her ragged skirt away*)

Bot. See here, Rags, yer's allus been square with yer guargen, yer's got somethin' on yer mind, just tell the hull thing, or—I'll cut yer off with ten cents, not havin' the reg-lar shillin'.

Rags. Feast yer eyes on that. (*holds out purse*)

Bot. (*starts back as he sees purse, then gazes at her as if in reproach*) Rags, hain't I brought you up better nor this? You, you who I picked up out of the gutter. Oh, it's sharper than a snake's tail to have a priggin' darter.

Rags. But I didn't prig the purse.

Bot. (*embraces her*) Ah, spoken like me own dutiful chyild. I say, Rags, is the puss well heeled?

Rags. I hain't looked; it's heavy though, an' it jingles. I only found it just now, I was waitin' for you to open it.

Bot. (*takes purse*) It feels well heeled. I say, Rags, where's the peeler? (*looks around cautiously, crossing R.*

Rags. I passed him a bit ago down at the other end of his beat. (*crosses L.*

Bot. Yer did me observent chyild, 'tis well. Now 'sposen we sits down here an' counts the contents of this puss, Rags. (*they come c.*) I say, kid, we'll have a daisy meal to-day. Did yer know to-day was the day for doin' big feedin'?

Rags. Nixy. (*shakes head*

Bot. It's a regular hollerday an' all us rich coons don't have to do nottin' but enjoy ourselves.

Rags. A hollerday? with the band and the police and fireworks?

Bot. Rags, yer out of yer latitude, as the sailors down to the Hum sez. To-day's Thanksgivin', kid.

Rags. What's that, Bottles?

Bot. The day set 'part fur doin' big feedin'. Sabe?

Rags. Yup.

Bot. I say, Rags, did 'ny one see you pick it up, this puss?

Rags. No, I jist seed it kinder jammed down in a big crack an' I picked it up. A man what had jist gone by I think dropped it. I run arter him, but he got out of sight, so I jist kept it.

Bot. And a purty good lift it was. Rags, that one lift means big feedin' fur you and I 'long with the swells. If there's nuff ducats left we'll get some new togs an' board 'round a spell 'fore settlin' down to biz again. (*about to sit*) Nixey, now there comes somebody.

Enter, BRISKET, crosses stage. BOTTLES walks up and down with hands in pocket whistling. RAGS dives her head in-to barrel and loses balance—falls in, BOTTLES extricates her.

Bot. What yer doin', playin' ostridge? Havin' a starvin' time, as the boys sez, hoopin' her up? Well, he's gone by.

Rags, now fur it. Say, darter, sit close and spread yer skirtycoat so's to kind of hide what I'm doin'. Sabe?

(sits R. C.

Rags. How, so? (kneels R. C., spreading out dress

Bot. (pours out contents of purse) Rags, I reckon there's nuff ducats to buy a nomination.

Rags. What's that? (holds apron so he can count

Bot. Don't know? Well, woman's rights bill hain't passed yet, so no odds. Gosh! I think there's 'nuff to buy a hull house from bottom to cabaza—

Rags. Really, Bottles?

(clapping hands, drops coin on ground

Bot. There, gold's gone down.

Rags. I didn't think.

Bot. Well, yer ought to think. Now fur the count. Ye hear yer guargen talk! I hain't much on the count, but I guess I can strike it within a hundred—jist foller me. Hello! here's sumthin' else in the puss! A ring! Bah! I don't take no stock in them things; can get a hull cart-load just like it at the five cent store for a nickle. Put her on, kid.

Rags. (puts ring on) It jist fits my finger.

Bot. Now for the ducats. Rags, ducats is the root hog or die, an' I'm just porker 'nuff to root into 'em. One, there!—grand and galorious signurs, here's more than ten double buzzards. Them stands for twenty dollars; (piles them up)—two of 'em is forty, and so on xectery. Here goes for a count. One two, three, four, five. That's just an even hundred. Phew! rich is no name for it. Put yer finger on that pile. Rags, yer holdin' down one hundred dollars. Does it burn yer fingers? I'll even up that pile, and, presto! there's two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars and other chicken feed too numerous to mention. (sweeping it all into purse—gets up) Now let's go and buy a brown stone front. (crosses, R.

Rags. But, Bottles, I'm hungry, I want somethin' to eat fust.

Bot. Yer does, eh! Ye poor hungry kid. Well, come along then, an' we'll both have a great and glorious feed—but first, Rags, let's have a step or two. I feel so tickled 'cause we's so lucky, 'sides though yer name hain't Tommy Tucker, yer ought to sing for yer supper—I mean dinner;

and here comes our butcher friend, he'll join in, won't ye?

Enter, BRISKET, R.

Brisk. I'm always in when there's fun.
(*the three sing and dance and exit*)

SCENE II—Restaurant—tables and chairs R. C. and L. C.

Enter, BRISKET, C. D.

Bris. Why, business don't seem to be very lively here to-day. Customers rather scarce, trade falling off I'm afraid. Just as I told him when he started in using flank roasts and chuck steak. These restaurants think to make money by using poor cuts but they lose in the end. Well, I suppose the boss is in the kitchen discussing with the cook how to make chicken salad out of veal, and a church sociable oyster stew out of six oysters. (*looks off*) Hallo! who's that outside, acting as if afraid to come in? Why, I declare if it isn't Rags and Bottles, all dressed up. Come to have the boss feed they talked about; I wish I could watch them—I know, I will get Sweeney to let me personate the waiter, and wait on 'em. (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

Enter, CLEARSTARCH, C.

Rev. C. Um-aw! Surely this is an eating saloon—(*looks about*)—yet I do not see any one here. I am fatigued with my walk, and must take some slight nourishment to refresh me. Um-aw! Here comes the waiter.

Enter, BRISKET, with apron on.

Rev. C. This is a restaurant, I believe?

Bris. Yes, sir, (*aside*) He doesn't know me.

Rev. C. Um-aw! Yes, well then my good man I would like to partake of a slight collation. Having exerted myself somewhat, walking about town, I feel the need of some slight refreshment.

Bris. Dinner, eh, sir? Just ready now. Four courses, fifty cents.

Rev. C. Um-aw! No, a lunch will do, I dine at six at home.

Bris. Very well, sit this way, sir, these tables are for gentlemen accompanied by ladies.

Rev. C. Um-aw, yes. Will you please relieve me of my coat.

Bris. (*takes off coat*) Anything in the pockets, sir?

Rev. C. Only some tracts. One of which I will gladly give you for perusal at your leisure.

Bris. Thank you, sir; this way, sir. (*exeunt L. U. E.*)

Enter, RAGS and BOTTLES, R., dressed up.

Bot. This is the *rest-your-aunt*. Come on in, Rags, needn't be bashful. We's as good as the rest of the big bears.

Rags. But wait till I gits my Gainsborough hat set straight. (*sets it on one side*) There! (*comes down c., proudly yet ungainly.* BOTTLES *mocking dude.*)

Enter, BRISKET, L. U. E.

Bris. Well, young man, what do you want?

Bot. Hev you tables for ladies, me bud?

Bris. Yes, here. (*showing table L.*)

Bot. Be seated me lady—(*seated at table*) Now, waiter, the William of Ayr.

Bris. The what?

Bot. The *mean yer*, the programme, the price list, the catalogue.

Bris. (*hands him bill of fare*) This?

Bot. Yup. But say, fellow, I left me eye glass on the piano at me hotel. Will you please read this for me?

Bris. What game are you playing, youngster?

Bot. Oh cheese the fine talk. Say, cully, I wants the best lay out you can guv us.

Bris. Can you pay for it?

Bot. Kin we? Say, boss, Rags an' me has had a streak of luck, an' we's flush of the ready, an' we wants a square meal fur onct, somthin' slap up good an' toney, you know—an' here's for yourself. (*gives him coin*)

Bris. What? eh? Oh—all right—an' what will yer lady—Miss—

Bot. Mrs., if you please—Mrs. Longtrail, my friend from Hengland, you know, an' me names Fweddy. My paws rich.

Bris. You ain't *geb-hard*, you're *geb-easy*.

Bot. That's all right—now for the wiands to spread the festive board, guvnor.

Bris. I'll go get them. (*aside*) They do not recognize me, I will serve 'em for the fun of it. (*exit*)

Bot. Do so, an' you Rags, hadn't you better take off your gloves? The high toned ones allus do.

Rags. Yep. (*takes off gloves awkwardly*) But say, just look at that man over there eatin' up the bokay what's on the table.

Bot. Ho, ho, ho! that ain't no bokay, you greeny, that's celery.

Rags. Salary?

Bot. No, not salary, only actors gets that—that is sometimes, when the ghost walks—Sabe?

Rags. Yep. (*stands up and fixes dress, sits down languidly a la lady*) Say, Bottles, here's jig sand on the floor, 'spose while the man's gone I give you a step or two seein' on one's lookin'. (*he pats while she dances*)

Bot. That's good Rags, yer improving. Behold me faithful leige vassal with the banquet wittals.

Enter, BRISKET, with tray of dishes.

Bris. Here ye are, me lord Nibs, five courses, and as good a lay out as this establishment affords, fit for a king.

(*sets table*)

Bot. Well, served, me trusty steward.

Bris. And there's the checks, just a dollar.

Bot. All hunky, me bud, I'll see the cashier later. Now me lady, pitch in an' help yerself. (*helps herself*) Hold on there, no fingers, take yer fork so. (*both eat ravenously*)

Bris. (*aside*) Now if they ain't enjoyin' themselves no one ever did. Well, let them, bless them, poor little wretches, it isn't often they have a square meal and they may never have as good. Just see them eat! I declare it makes me hungry to look at them. Hallo, the tract man has got through, here he comes.

Enter, REV. CLEARSTARCH, L. U. E.

Rev. C. Um-aw! here you are. Waiter, my hat and coat, please.

Bris. Yes sir, help you on with it? (*as he does the tracts falls out*) You dropped somethin'.

Rev. C. So I perceive. Well, I cannot stop to pick them up, so will leave them for you to distribute among your customers.

Bris. You are very kind, but our customers want the substantial food, not the spiritual.

Rev. C. Um-aw, yes. Well, I must go.

Bris. Your check, sir. *(hands it to him)*

Rev. C. Eh? Oh, ah, yes, I forgot, absent minded, I will find the cashier outside?

Bris. Yes.

Rev. C. Um-aw! I see. *(passing the waifs)* Why, what a strange couple. They look like street children, yet how strangely attired, and the girl has a diamond ring on—how very odd to be sure. *(exit looking at them)*

Bris. As waiter I suppose I shall have to clean up the parson's leavin's,—not much you bet, no scraps to help make to morrow's stew. They won't leave much either. Heaven help them, they'll never forget this day. *(exit L. U. E.)*

Bot. I say, Rags, hain't this just old scrumptious?

Rags. Yep. *(stuffing her mouth with bread)*

Bot. See here, kid, don't be wastin' yer catittes on sich common grub as bread. Sail into the beans—an' salad—an' ham—an' eggs—an' cranberry—an' sass—an' turkey. Turkey is the galorious bird of freedom to-day.

Helping her and himself to some of each as he names them, then holds up turkey leg—Rags getting her fingers all jelly she licks them.

Bot. Hold up, Rags, don't lick yer fingers. Haven't I learnt you better nor that? Use yer napkin.

Rags. This? *(takes up napkin)*

Bot. Yep, fix it around yer neck, so.

(takes up corner of table cloth)

Rags. So? *(doing so)*

Bot. I'm goin' to make a lady of you, kid, an' I'm bound to have you git on to them small items.

Rags. All right, Bottles, I guess yer right, I ain't up in sich eatin' as this, an' yer must exsqueuse slips.

Bot. Here's the wine list. Do we want Mumm?

(passing over bill of fare)

Rags. Nixy. 'Tain't for sich as us, Bottles. 'Sides you'n I has started out in the temperance racket, an' it hain't the thing for us to use budge.

Bot. Yer speakin' in a right toot now, Rags, I only mentioned the fact for fun. Can't you smuggle one of them tails, Rags?

Rags. Hain't it stealin'?

Bot. Not if the court knows hisself, I paid for all that comes to this table in the way of grub. I own all but them dishes, spoons, forks and sich, an'—but hold up, I'll go put a flea in the fellow's ear who takes the checks, an' pay my bill. *(rises, pulls table cloth, almost drags dishes off)*

Rags. Hold on, yer fast.

Bot. So I am, too fast—that's what comes of bein' rich, now I'm all right, wait till I come back. *(exit, c.)*

Enter, REV. CLEARSTARCH, slyly, he steals up behind RAGS who holds up and admires her ring.

Rev. C. (aside) 'Tis the very ring I lost in my purse; she must have picked my pocket. I will go for an officer. *(exit, c.)*

Enter, BOTTLES, with paper sack.

Bot. It's all right, Rags, I told him as how I reckoned we'd have to make this feedin' last till next Thanksgivin', also that we wasn't bloated bankers, an' had hard diggin' for grub. He gave me this bag an' said I could take all we couldn't eat. Hain't it slick?

Rags. Well, I should smile—Here's two jam tarts. *(stuffing them in)*

Bot. Hold on Rags, put the solids in fust, or ye'll smash 'em an' then they would be jam tarts. *(they put in all the leavings)* Now ready, Rags?

Rags. Yep. Let me git my gloves on, an' my op'ra hat set square. *(she takes his arm and sailing down stage, switches her train, knocking BOTTLES down)*

Bot. Was that you?

Rags. No, it was my train.

Bot. Well, look out how you switch it, or you'll run over me.

Rags. Never mind, Fweddy, your paws wich

Bot. Come along me Jersey cabbage.

Offering his arm—while she is fixing her train, POLICE enters and steps between, and takes hold of them.

Police. Kids, I want you.

Bot. You don't mean us? I say, boss, you've got the wrong party. We hain't done nothin', have we, Rags?

Rags. No, boo, hoo, hoo! (*crying*)

Bot. What's the racket, boss?

Police. Lifting a purse. Come on. (*go up stage c.*)

Enter, BRISKET, L. U. E.

Bris. Hold on, officer. (*they stop*) Say, what are you takin' those youngsters up for?

Police. Stealing a purse.

Bris. Ah, that's a serious charge—

Bot. But, sir—'taint—

Bris. Never mind my little man, your turn will come. Who said they stole it?

Enter, REV. CLEARSTARCH, C.

Rev. C. (*stepping forward*) I did.

Bris. And you said these children stole your purse? How do you know they did?

Rev. C. Why, I know, that is, I think they did.

Bris. Well, you're a blamed—

Police. Come, none of that. Mr—let's see, your name?

Rev. C. Clearstarch. The Rev. Mr. Clearstarch.

Bris. Good heavings! (*laughs*)

Police. Keep quiet. Well, Mr. Clearstarch, you can state your case.

Rev. C. Um-aw! yes sir. This morning I purchased a diamond ring for my daughter, I put the ring in my purse and the purse into my pocket. After walking several streets I came here for some refreshments. Upon wishing to pay my bill, I found my purse gone. I looked in all my pocket but to no avail. Previous to that in passing this girl I saw a diamond ring glisten on her finger. I thought I recognized it, but after missing my purse, I returned and looked closely at it and recognized it positively, and knew she must have taken the purse. The girl picked my pocket.

Police. Sure of that, Mr. Clearstarch?

Rev. C. She must have done so; how else could she have got the ring?

Police. And the ring and purse—

Rev. C. The ring is on the girl's finger, and the purse I believe the boy has.

Bot. Here they both is, boss, but you're wrong about Rags prigg'in' 'em.

Police. This seems a bad case. Now, my little man tell your story.

Bot. If you please, sir, I'm only a boy, rough an' all that, sir, I swear sometimes an'—an' may be you wouldn't b'leve me. She'll tell all about it, you see she's only a girl what hain't got no friends in all the world but Bottles; Bottles is me, sir. Rags is her name, she never swears an'—she never picked his pockets—I knows that 'cause I'm her guargen, you see—*(turns toward her)* Now, Rags, tell it all. The gospel shark can't hurt you.

Rags. *(steps forward wiping her eyes)* Please, mister perlice man, I hain't never done nothin' bad, Bottles he knows as how I didn't, an' Bottles allus was good to me, sir. He's gin me lots to eat when he hain't had nothin' himself so he has.

Bot. But teil the hossifer how yer found the puss an' the boodle.

Rags. Yer see I was pickin' rags down on Water street an' I seed sumthin' lyin' in a crack of the sidewalk. Thinkin' as how it might belong to a man what had jist passed I picked it up an' runned arter him, but he'd got out of sight. So, thinkin' it might get lost for good if I put it back I kept it, an' Bottles said as how 'twas mine, an' as how it was a streak of luck seein' we was both hungry, an' we could have a joily feed an—an—an—that's all.

Police. It seems to me the girl tells the truth.

Bris. Of course she has told the truth, the whole truth and nothin' but the truth, so help me bob, and that I'm willin' to swear to.

Police. What do you know about it, man?

Bris. I knows, and I kin swear that this unfortunate girl has told it just as it was.

Police. How do you know this?

Bris. Well, I saw her when she picked it up, saw her run to find the owner, saw her give it to her boy friend, and saw them both start off to get a good feed as she calls it. Furthermore I stand here and say from the bottom of my heart that I know both of them to be honest, square and

upright. They are unfortunate children of the street who make an honest living. They are poor, but poverty is no crime. Officer, I am givin' it to you straight.

Police. Then, Mr. Clearstarch, it appears you are wrong.

Rev. C. Um-aw! Perhaps so.

Bris. Perhaps so? Gol dumb you, don't you know so? Why don't you own you were mistaken, like a man? Dumb it, I wouldn't give much for your religion if that's the way you practice it. I'd work charity and benevolence before I'd profess it.

Police. Do you withdraw the charge?

Rev. C. Yes.

Police. Then here is your ring and purse. You will not find the whole amount in, but of course having recovered your property you will be willing to donate that dinner for charity's sake as a reward for their finding your valuables.

Rev. C. I suppose I will have to, perforce.

Bris. Yes, and say, Mr. Minister, before you go, give us one of your tracts on charity and benevolence.

Rev. C. My duty calls me elsewhere. *(going)*

Bris. All right—good day to you. Call again when you can't stay so long.

Rev. C. (aside) Um-aw! Deliver me from the Philistines. *(exit C., with OFFICER)*

Bris. And now I have an offer to make you children. If you'll have me for your daddy, and promise to behave yourselves, I'll give you a home and do the square thing by you.

Bot. Will ye? honor bright, cross yer heart. Rags do you hear that? Our butcher friend offers to 'dopt us as his own.

Rags. Hain't he foolin'?

Bot. No, I guess not—Say, boss, you ain't playin' it on us, ain't givin' us taffy?

Bris. No.

Bot. All right, pop, Rags an' I's willin', an' you'll never hev reason to be sorry fer yer kindness, if I do so say it myself. Hoop, Rags, I feel like spoutin' agin'. *(struts)*

Rags. I feels happy too. *(dancing)*

Bris. Well, then, since you both feel happy, suppose

you sing and dance one of your pieces I see you practicing on my door step so often.

Bot. All right, pop, we'll do it to please you, an' also our other friends in front, whom we wish to always think kindly of the two wild waifs, RAGS AND BOTTLES.

(all dance and sing)

CURTAIN.

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ACT II.—Home of Mr. Johnson—Return of Mrs. Johnson, a desperate woman—Mr. Johnson's arrival with peace offerings—"Nothing but a full confession."—His confession—"She was only a pock-marked music scholar," and swears they only got as far as "do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, me, re, do."—A cyclone in the bedroom—Adonis Montague arouses Mr. Johnson's jealousy—Medical students arrive—"Mr. Johnson!"—"Scoot, brother, scoot!"—Mr. Johnson locks his wife in the house, not aware of the students being hid in the rooms, and departs for the ball, as he leads the orchestra—Mrs. Johnson and students escape through window and start for the ball.

ACT III.—Dr. Boliver's ball—A mistake of Flip's, the usher. Arrival of Mrs. Don't-bother-me, New York Clipper and the Water-mellon brothers—The dance—Mr. Johnson recognizes Mrs. Don't-bother-me as his wife—"No more music unless she stops dancing!" She does not know that "shabby fiddler"—"Put him out, he is drunk!"—Out he goes—Return of Mr. Johnson disguised as a waiter—The threat—Mrs. Johnson angry and decides to run away—Mr. Johnson relates a funny story of a repentant lobster—He attempts suicide—He is forgiven—Advice of a repentant lobster.

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ACT II.—SCENE 1st.—News of cousin Charlie, an old lover of Millie's—Gyp and Siah's soda water, an amusing scene—Priscilla, her horror of being kissed by "a man"—Millie vindicates herself by revealing the secret of her life to Charlie, which is heard by Daville—Gyp—Meeting of Millie and Daville—Daville reveals Millie's secret to Isadore, his betrothed—Comic scene between Gyp and Siah.

ACT III.—SCENE 1st.—Evil designs of Daville and Isadore—Millie, the child of old Harriet, the slave—Meeting of Isadore and Harriet, her threat, "You are my child"—Isadore attempts her murder by pushing her over the cliff; she is rescued by Daville—Isadore reveals her love for Fred, which Millie and Charlie overhear—Millie's anguish and final blow—"No wife, a slave!"—Quarrel of Daville and Charlie—Isadore's search for the body of old Harriet. SCENE 2d.—Escape of Charlie—A piece of Priscilla's mind—Her promise to Millie—Oath of Isadore—Millie's flight. SCENE 3d.—Daville gives an account of the shooting and supposed flight of Millie with Charlie—Priscilla on her mettle—Supposed suicide of Millie—A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

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ACT V.—SCENE 1st.—Southern Plantation—Priscilla discovers Sister Agnes, as Millie—Her anger at being kissed by a nigger—Daville threatens Isadore with slavery—Attempted murder of Priscilla—Scene between Gyp and Siah. SCENE 2d.—Millie a slave—Daville offers her marriage—Millie tied to the whipping post—Her rescue by Gyp. SCENE 3d.—Millie and Gyp in the swamp—Attempted capture—Rescued by Charlie—Old Harriet clears the mystery of Millie and Isadore's birth—"There is but one way left, death"—Arrest of Daville—Death of Charlie—Reconciliation of Fred and Millie, who is freed from bondage.



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