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DRAMATIS PERSONAE. Georges Cadoudal, Leader in the Venee War. Michel Le Robine, Sergeant. Foster

brother of Madeleine.

Mehee de la Touche, The Spy,
Peasant soldiers, etc.

Madame, Landlady of the Inn.

Annette, Her Servant. Madeleine des Lieux Saints, Fiancee of Cardoudal.

Time. The war of Vendee.

Place. The principal room of the Inn
of Lokmariaker.

ACT I. Scene.

Summer evening. Window at back with long bench or chairs underneath it. Doors R and L. The Landlady seated in a high-backed chair looks on,knitting all the time. Men in rustic garb with belts and cartridge boxes and side arms, each earrying a gun, come in gradually half a dozen or more. They take off their hats to Madame; they shake hands with each other; they stack their guns in the corner and sit Landlady. They will be here presently. Annette, if the Captain and Mamzelle want to be alone go into the garden and cut lettuces.

Annette. Yes, Madame.
Landlady. The tender lambs! They see so little of each other, Annette.
Annette. Yes, Madame.
Landlady. In case the Captain takes his supper here be ready with a chicken to roast.
Annette. Tes, Madame.
Landlady. Ah me! The poor few worse on the Captain takes his supper here be ready with a chicken to roast.
Annette. Yes, Madame.
Landlady. Ah me! The poor few worse on the Captain takes his supper here be ready with a chicken to roast.

Annette. Yes, Madame.
Landlady. Ah me! The poor few worse on the Captain Georges is a man captain Georges.

Annette to the Captain takes his supper here be ready with a chicken to roast.

Annette to the Captain takes his supper here be ready with a chicken to roast.

Annette Tes, Madame.
Landlady. Ah me! The poor few worse on the captain deorges is a man captain Georges.

The Coral of the Vendean army, attentic (Sings.)

So long as we draw breath we will take the Master is the Master down in two and threes, playing cards, dominoes, ec., at the back. Annette behind bench at R. corner has an earth-

(At the window appears the face of Mehee de la Touche. He wears a sailor's jersey, black hair over his forehead and hanging on his shoulders and a red flannel cap; a pale face. He peers about, steps round to the door and

Mehee. Good morning, madame. Landlady. Good morning, friend. I don't know you. Where do you come Mehee. From Sarziau-on the other

side of Morbinan. My name is Jacques Candenac. Landlady, Well, Jacques Candenac,

Michel. Who is it makes the Blues to break and fiy? The captain! Who leads us on to victory after victory? The captain!

Men. The captain! The captain!
(Enter Madeleine.) Michel. Mamzelle, you are welcome! The place is rough, but the hearts are

Madeleine. Brave soldiers-I come to wish you God speed. Michel. We are all of us your servants, mamzelle, and none more than Michel le Robine—your foster brother. (She holds out her hand. He kisses

Landlady. Annette-cider! (Annette offers pannakin to Made-leine who raises it.)
Madeleine. Friends and brothers all.
(Drinks) To the king!

Men. To the king!
Madeleine. To the captain! (Drinks.)
Men. To the captain! (Drink.)
(Enter Paul, the village fiddler.)

Landlady. Welcome, Paul. You come just in time to give us some music. (Paul sits down and begins to play. Madeleine holds up hand to command Madeleine holds up hand to command silence—steps into the midst.) Madeleine. (Taking stage) Gentlemen of the Vendean army, attention! (Sings.)

doe! Vendee for ever! Yield shall we never; Though the tyrant may have millions at his call.
We hold to the right, and may heaven grant us might,
But our captain, our captain over all! (Paul goes on laying. One or two of the men get up and execute a clumsy

dance.) Madeleine. (To Michel, down stage) There is trouble in your eye, my friend, I saw it when I came in. Michel. The captain has discovered treachery. There are villains abroad, Madeleine, Here? Among our brave tain by the shoulder.) No one knows him captain. adoudal. (To Mehee) Speak—you.

Mehee. For your own ear, captain.
(They come down the stage to the front. Landlady goes on with her knitting. Annette goes on with her shredding. Madeleine behind Mehee. M.chel ting. Annette goes on with her shred-ding. Madeleine behind Mehee. M.chel behind Georges.) Cadoudal. For my own ear? Well—

speak.

Mehee. What I said about Sarziau was not true. I am on secret service from The British government. I bear credentials signed by Pitt. I am here to take over the channel tonight any message or letter you may wish to

message or letter you may wish to send. Cadoudal. Humph! Credentials from Pitt? Do you know, sir, it is a mighty dangerous thing to carry about credentials from Pitt in this country?

Mehee. What I said about Sarziau was thing to lead half armed rebels against the republic. Since it is for the cause—we do not think of the danger. Cadoudal. Well-let me see your cre dentials.

dentials.

Mehee. They are here. (Produces leathern pocketbook—takes out letter.) Read what is written, csptain.

Cadoudal. (Reads) "To those whom it may concern. The bearer, Andre Bernard, is a safe and trustworthy person. Letters and information trusted to him are taken over the channel as opportunity may serve. channel as opportunity may serve. Pitt." Signed Pitt! Signed Pitt!! This is very strange. Ha! Mehee. Signed Pitt. What more do

you want? Cadouda:. Madeleine, Michel—help me to judge this case. They step down the stage.) This man shows me a let-ter of recommendation signed by none other than Pitt. Pitt, himself! For a common sailor named Andre Bernard, otherwise called Jacques Candenac wonderful-

wonderful—
Medeleine. (Looking into his face.) I
seem to remember him. I have seen
that face before.
Cadoudal. When I was in London I
saw the Great Man's secretary. I asked him about secretary. It asked him about secret agents. He told me that I must find them for myself; that since the double dyed treachery of one Mehee de la

Madeleine, My cousin. Cadoudal. He would trust no French-man again. There, also, I saw cer-tain documents which were known to me; they were signed by Pitt. Well, the signature that I saw is not this signature. The letter is a forgery. (Bugle, drum and word of command

Michel. In that case, the men are ready, captain, as you hear.

Mehce. The paper is as I received it. I came here, captain, to say that I cross the channel tonight and to ask for letters. Why distrust me? Cadoudal. Because you are proved a liar. Take him out, Michel. Let him

be shot at once. You can search him afterwards.
(Michel seizes him roughly by the coat collar, Cao and wig fall off—disclose a light-haired man.)
Madeleine. (Shricks and clasps her

hands.) My cousin—Mehee de la Touche! Oh! Villain! Michel. The murderer of September! The companion of Danton! The friend of the butcher Tallien! Ah! Mehee. (Looks round, helplessly) MadeleineMichel. (Drags him to the door.) Come,

Michel. (Drags him to the door.) Come, traitor and murderer.
Madeleine. Georges! he must die, of course. \* \* \* And yet \* \* yet \* \* yet he is my cousin, and in Brittany cousinship counts for so much.
Cardoudal. (To Michel.) Stay. Let him go. Send him across the Morbihan to Sarziau. (To Mehee.) You villain, you traitor! For the sake of Madeleine, your cousin, that noble soul whom I have dared to love—I spare you. Live to fill up the cup of spare you. Live to fill up the cup of your iniquities. Go-I give you-life. Mehee. (Walks to door-turns.) A gift which I will never forget-(Aside) nor forgive. (Madeleine sinks on her knees and

clasps the hand of Georges.)

ACT II.

The same. Six months later. Landlady in her chair knitting as before. Annette with a white apron shredding yegetables in an earthenware dish. Annette with a white apron shredding vegetables in an earthenware dish.

Landlady. Annette—Go pick the sorrel for the soup. (Exit Annette.) A dull time. All the men out fighting. When will it end? They are lions, Our brave fellows— But— (Sighs) how will it end? From this corner we are fighting all France. Well—well— The captain is everywhere; he sees to everything—he directs everything—he wins all the victories. (Enter Annette—her apron full of sorrel.) Madame! There is news. There has been a battle. Oh! close by—but five miles away. I heard the cannon firing.

Landlady. How do you know? Who told you?

Annette. Little Jean Kerdac. He was among the soldlers. When the fighting began he lay down behind a big stone—a menhir—and looked on. He says it was beautiful to see the Chouans drive back the Blues. When they were driven out of the wood he came home.

Chouans drive back the Blues. When they were driven out of the wood he

ame nome. Landlady. Two or more such victories and we shall have the British with us -And the captain? Annette. I don't know. (Goes on with

Annette. 1 don't know. (goes on with preparations for soup.)
Enter Madeleine joyous—excited—she has a small gun in her hand.)
Madeleine. Have you heard the news, madame? We have defeated them and put them to flight.
Landlady. How do you know, ma'amcorresponds with the English gov-ernment and sells their secrets to Landlady. How do you know, ma'am-

selle?
Madeleine. I was there, I have just returned from the field of battle.
Landlady. You, ma'amselle? Returned from the field of battle?
Madeleine. Why not? Where our brave Bretons are, there would I be too!
I take good care of myself. Like a



"READ WHAT IS WRITTEN."

wounded and totters. He has a torn jacket; his hand is tied up with a hand-

Landlady. (Springs to her feet.) M'sieu Michel!
Madeleine. (Runs to his assistance.)
Michel. (She helps him to a chair or bench and opens his collar.) Quick, Annette, water! Quick! And cognac, Annette—and a pillow—quick. (She bends over him. He opens his eyes, His head falls back upon the pillow.) Landlady He has fainted.
Madeleine. (Puts her hand on his heart.) The heart beats still. Annette—the cognac! (Pours a little between his lips. He opens his eyes, Madeleine lifts his hand.) Michel, brother, look up—you are better?

Michel. No. Madeleine, I am worse. I had something to say.
Madeleine. What is it, Michel? Do not mind it now. Think of yourself.
Michel. I had something to say—what was it? I forget it. It was important—I have lost it. Madeleine, I am dying. Bring the cure—I must confess. Madeleine. The cure is with the army. Oh, what shall we do?
Annette. There is a Dominican friar—a Black friar—who has been about the village for two or three days. I will bring him. (Exit Annette.)
(Enter Cadoudal.)
Madeleine. Georges!

Madeleine. Georges! Cadoudal. Where is Michel? I heard

(bending over him with back to audience; slight pantomine of examination. Turning round to others.) It tion. Turning round to others.) It is but too true. It is internal bleeding. Nothing can save him. Madeleine, Georges, what has hap-

Cadcudal. The enemy are in full flight.

They are disposed of for a week—
what do I say?—forever! Michel, my dear comrade, is this your fate? Michel. Everyone in his turn, captain. Who could ask for a better way? Cadoudal. (Kneels beside him.) True

is in the doorway looking out.)

Madeleine. He is not dead, Georges!

His heart was beating but a moment

ago, and his voice was strong to ask

for the priest. He may yet recover. Cadoudal. No—not with that look in his face. How often have I seen that look. Madeleine, it means but one

thing.
Michel. Lift me up, Madeleine. So-Let Michel. Lift me up, Madeleine. So—Let me look once more through the door. There is the sea of Morbihan; there are the islands where we sailed and played. The sunshine is on them always—I think—Ah! I shall carry with me—wherever I go—the memory of Morbihan—there can be no better place. Farewell, my captain, my captain. Stay (Starts) there was one thing I had to tell you. Captain, there is treachery. The Blues are upon you!

you!
Cadoudal. Where? How?
Michel. Here. In the village. They
are on you even now. Captain! I have
done my duty. Long live the king!
(Falls back and dies.)
Cadoudal. What we have feared has
happened. Jacques—Charles—take
him out—and may God send me myself so good an ending! (Body taken
out.)
(The Dominican steps outside and
blows a whistle.)

blows a whistle.) Madeleine. That whistle! It means



YOUICK ANNIETTE WATER!

comrade! loyal friend! faithful sol-dier! There is no better way. Else in the name of heaven how could one see these things daily and yet go on? Is there anything I can do for mischief-Fly, Georges! Fly! He who was just carried out told you the Blues were on you. Cadoudal. The Blues! Why, I have scattered them to the winds. There

must be treachery afoot!
(Enters company of soldiers followed by the Dominican and an officer.) Michel. (Faintly.) Nothing—except to send for the priest. (Enter Annette, with Mehee disguised as a Dominican, with black hood over his head. Leans over Michel. Made-Dominican. There is your prisoner.
The other one is dead. (Throws back his hood, shows himself as Mehee de la Touche) I promised you, captain, that I would never forget.
Madeleine. My cousin!
Officer. Surrender Citizen Georges! leine kneels and supports Michel's head. One hears the murmur of the confes-

One hears the murmur of the confes-sion: "Mea culpa; mea culpa; mea maxima culpa." These words grow fainter. Pretended Dominician mur-murs in ear of dying man. Cadoudal, Annette and Landlady stand with fold-ed hands and bowed heads. The con-fession is finished. The friar crosses the forehead of the dying man. Made-leine lays his head upon a pillow. Then all gather round him. The Dominician is in the doorway looking out.) Officer. Surrender, Citizen Georges! Cadoudal. (Giving up his sword) I surrender.
Madeleine. (While their attention is

Madeleine. (While their attention is occupied thus, draws a pistol from her belt.) They shall take me with you, Georges! And for you, good cousin, you shall not go without the wage of treachery! Shoots Mehee, who falls dead on the spot.) (Amid the general start, Madeleine puts her hand in Cadoudal's.) Curtain.



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directly. ien. (All together.) The captain. Captain Georges!
Michel. Well spoken, men! There's
no captain like Captain Georges—not
one in the world.
Men. Not one! Not one!

makes notes.) Annette, come here

(Enter Second Soldier.)

Second Soldier. Good morning, madame. (Puts his musket behind

(Enter three more soldiers.)

(Mehee returns.)

Eoldiers. Good morning, madame.
Landlady. Good morning, friends.
Annette, cider. Three.
(The men drink about and sing.-The Blues are on their way, They think of yesterday; They think of what to plunder and to borrow—
They do not count the cost
Of what must be won and lost
When the reckoning shall come upon the
morrow!

(Enter Michel le Robine.) Michel. Steady, boys, steady. Not too much cider. (Shakes hands with the Landlady.) The captain will be here the traitors!

"I DON'T K NOW HIM." what is your business? Have you been in the king's navy?

Michel. Traitors creep in everywhere. The captain's plans have been betrayed. We shall move on at once-this evening. The rendezvous has Mehee. No—in fact—Hush! (Points to Annette.)

Landlady. You needn't mind Annette.

In this art of the world we are all true. You ought to know that, if you are a good Breton.

Mehee. Well—the fact is, we've got as fast a boat as runs across the obar.

whom the captain suspects. But, mamzelle, people speak but ill of your cousin—M. Mehee de la Touche. Madeleine, Alas! that I have to own that cousin. Wherever he goes treachery and murder follow in his track. What of him? (With a tone of anylous terror). Mehee. Well—the fact is, we've got as fast a boat as runs across the chan-nel, and we load her with brandy— Now you know.
Landlady. Well, there's no harm in that. And what are you doing here?
Mehee, I want to join Georges Cadoudal. He is in the village, is he not?
Landlady. Perhas he is—perhaps he is not. of anxious terror.) Michel. The captain has been told that Mehee had left Paris on a secret

is not.

Mehee. I cross the Channel tomorrow. I can take letters for him.

Landlady. Well—sit down. (Aside)

Humph! I don't like your looks, Jacmission hither. Madeleine. He would not dare. Michel. He does not want for daring of that kind. He has been an agent for the emigres and betrayed them. He had been agent for the French republic and betrayed them, too. He ques Candenae. (Mehee goes to the door, looks up and down the road curiously — takes out pockettook,

the French.

Madeleine. Why should he come here?

Michel. To get hold of the captain's intentions; to inveigle the Chouans to their destruction; to learn where the army of the emigres will land. There is a great deal, mamzelle, for your cousin to do.

your cousin to do.

Madeleine. Well—he wilf be discovered
—and then—

Michel. Short work. His back to a
wall. A platoon in front of him.
Men. (All jump to their feet.) The
captain! The captain!
Enter Georges Cadoudal, about five
and twenty—military bearing and
dress, carrying cutlass and pistols.
Looks around, salutes the men.)
Cadoudal. Good. There are more outside. The village has done well.
Michel. Not another man left in it.
captain.

"ANTONE THERE NAMED JAC-QUES CADENAC, CONTRA-BANDIST?" captain.
Cadoudal. All men of Lokmarlaker!
Landlady. I know them all, captain.
Good men and true—except that
white faced man in the corner. I

child. You know Sarizau—is there anyone there named Jacques Candenac—contrabandist? don't know him.

Michel. Ah! Come out—you white-Annette. No, madame. No one. Landlady. Then hold your tongue. faced fellow. (Steps over and lays hands on his shoulder and brings him before the captain.) Mehee. A cup of cider, madame, if you Cadoudal. So, sir, who are you? Landlady. He says that he is named please.
Landlady. Annette, cider.
(Enter First Soldier.)
First Soldier. Good morning, madame.
(Puts his musket in corner behind door.)
Landlady. Good morning. Annette,

Jacques Candenac, from Sarziau. There is no one of that name known adoudal. Indeed! Landlady. Says he's a smuggler. They are all smugglers in Sarz'au, but th re is no Jacques Candenac among them. Cadoudal. Show him to the men, Mi-chel. See if they know him. (They all look at him and shake their heads. all fook at him and shake their heads. Cadoudal. (Down stage with Madeleine.) My dear, all promises well. There will be a descent in a week or two by the English fleet with 5,000 emigres. This time we shall give a final account of the Blues. Hoche will find the Chouans too much for him.

him. Madeleine. Five thousand emigres? Madeleine, Five thousand emigres?
Oh! It is splendid!
Cadoudal, But, sweetheart, there is treachery abroad. At every point I learn that troops are gathered in numbers that show design, not accident. If I could only lay my hands on the trainers!

the traitors!
Madeleine. Courage, Georges. A traitor is always found, sooner or later.
Cadoudal. Meantime, the mischief may be done.
(Outside bugle and roll of a drum. Men all jump up, take muskets and go out.
Voice of command heard.)
Michel. (Bringing Mehee to the cap-

coward woman I hide behind stone But I watch the battle. Oh! They are scattered—they are flying. My Georges is splendid. The bullets strike men down to right and left of him; but Georges they never touch. He is the captain and the conqueror. Why he will sween France through Why he will sweep France through from end to end. (Enter Michel Le Robine. He is

Landlady. (Springs to her feet.) M'sieu

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