

*Mrs. Alljoy*—Poor Timkins !

*Dr. Pills*—Poor devil ! (*Aside*) I can't say I am sorry for him.

(*Dr. LOONEY pull aside panel, and Dr. PILLS looks through.*)

*Timkins* (*perceiving him*)—Pills ! you double-dyed, snuff-taking scoundrel !

(*Gesticulates and apparently talks excitedly to SIMPKINS. Dr. PILLS shuts panel hastily, and seizing Dr. LOONEY by the arm, draws him to one side.*)

*Dr. Pills*—Dr. Looney, what is the meaning of this ? You have two patients in there.

*Dr. Looney*—Dr. Pills, you are mad !

*Mrs. Timkins*—What on earth is the matter now ?

*Mrs. Alljoy*—I don't know, but the doctors appear to be at logger-heads.

*Dr. Pills*—The matter is, madam, that you have two husbands in there.

*Mrs. Timkins* (*screams*)—Oh ! you wretch !

*Mrs. Alljoy*—Good gracious !

*Dr. Pills*—I think it is about time for me to leave ; there is evidently something wrong. (*Exit.*)

*Dr. Looney*—Very extraordinary ! but I will see for myself (*pushes panel aside and looks into room, shuts it again hastily*).

*Dr. Looney* (*to Mrs. TIMKINS*)—Madam, some dreadful mistake has happened ; there are certainly two patients in there when there should be only one. Perhaps you had better see for yourself (*pushes panel aside and points to opening*).

(*Mrs. TIMKINS looks in.*)

*Timkins*—Great guns, Maria !

*Mrs. Timkins*—My poor Timkins !

*Timkins*—I should say so ; very poor (*looks at his torn clothes*)—miserably poor ! I hope you are satisfied, Mrs. Timkins.

*Mrs. Timkins*—But, Timkins, who—who is that ?

*Simkins*—Simkins, madam, at your service.

*Mrs. Alljoy* (*pulling Mrs. TIMKINS by the dress*)—Please, Mrs. Timkins, may I have a peep ?

*Mrs. Timkins* (*leaving panel*)—Dr. Looney, what is the meaning of all this ?

*Dr. Looney*—I fear some dreadful mistake has happened.

*Mrs. Alljoy* (*looks through panel*)—Oh, dear !

*Simkins*—Great Cæsar ! Mrs. Oh-be-joyful !

*Mrs. Alljoy*—How funny !