

*Mrs. Timkins*—In the first place, my dear Timkins, you require change of air; you must go into the country. Take a holiday; it will do you good. Go to the North, go to Wales, go to Brighton, go anywhere; but don't stay here moping, or you will certainly be laid up.

*Timkins (aside)*—There, now! There's feminine energy for you! But what's her motive? Why does she want me away? What's up, I'd like to know? (*Aloud*) *Mrs. Timkins*, have you any particular reason for wishing me away. Now, out with it? Tell the truth and shame the—ahem!

*Mrs. Timkins (aside)*—I declare the man is certainly mad. (*Aloud*) Mr. Timkins, you forget yourself.

*Timkins*—No rival Timkins—eh, Mrs. T.?

*Mrs. Timkins*—Timkins!!

*Timkins*—Quite sure?

*Mrs. Timkins*—I will not endure this. I'll leave the room. To be insulted, and by my own husband, too. (*Walks towards the door.*)

*Timkins*—Don't go, Maria. I apologise. I'll go to the country to please you.

*Mrs. Timkins (returning)*—It is not for my pleasure, but your good. Ah! Timkins, if you could only see yourself as others do.

*Timkins (aside)*—If we all could. (*Aloud*) Ah, well! Maria. I'll go. I'll start at once. I'll take the first train.

*Mrs. Timkins*—Where to, Timkins?

*Timkins*—Anywhere—that is where you told me to go to—ta! ta! Maria (*kisses Mrs. T.*); I'll let you know when I get there.

*Mrs. Timkins (holding up her hands) (aside)*—Bless me! I fear there is no hope for him.

*Timkins (aside)*—By Jove, I'll take her at her word! I'll go—Timkins, my boy; you and I will have a lark—a regular time of it. I'll drown dull care, and if I don't I'll drown myself. (*Aloud*) Ta! ta! Maria. (*Exit laughing.*)

*Mrs. Timkins*—Poor Timkins!

*Enter SUSAN.*

*Susan*—The doctor's come, ma'am.

*Mrs. Timkins*—Very well, Susan; I will see him here—but stay, Susan; your master is going away for a few days—go to him, see that his valise is properly packed, that he has everything for his comfort; but above all things do not let him enter this room while the doctor is present without first acquainting me. I am consulting Dr. Pills about my husband's state of health.

*Susan (aside, holding up her hands)*—Poor master! (*Exit.*)