
SCENE I.

Drawing-room in TIMKINS'S House. Mr. and Mrs. TIMKINS discovered.

Mrs. Timkins—Timkins, my dear, you are far from well. Now, now! you need not deny it. You cannot deceive me. I have been observing you very closely of late.

Timkins (aside)—The deuce you have! I wonder if she suspects——

Mrs. Timkins—Oh, no! Timkins, you are far from well.

Timkins—Never was better in my life. Have you any particular reason, Mrs. T., that I should be sick? Now, out with it! Tell the truth and shame the——ahem!

Mrs. Timkins—Timkins, are you mad?

Timkins—No, Mrs. T., I am not mad. (*Aside.*) But I soon shall be if this sort of thing continues.

Mrs. Timkins—Ah! I see. I fear it is a mental rather than bodily ailment with you. (*Timkins starts.*) Dear Timkins, why will you not tell your own wife what is the matter with you?

Timkins—Matter! why nothing is the matter with me, I tell you. (*Aside*) Oh, Jupiter! if she only knew the truth.

Mrs. Timkins—Well, dear Timkins, since you will not confide your troubles to me—because, of course, there is no use denying you are in trouble.

Timkins (excitedly)—Trouble! Who told you? Who said so? Who said I was in trouble, Mrs. Timkins?

Mrs. Timkins—My dear, if you go on in this absurd manner, I will certainly think you have lost your senses.

Timkins (aside)—Oh, great guns! I thought she was going to say "lost your money"; it would have been nearer the mark.

Mrs. Timkins—Now, don't interrupt again, Timkins, until I have finished.

Timkins (aside and in despair)—Great guns! when will she stop?