

*Simkins*.—Could I purchase that timepiece?

*Porter*.—Don't know; ask the Station Master.

*Simkins*.—Young man, you were made for better things than a Railway

Porter; take my valise till I get my ticket.

(*Porter touches his hat and takes valise.*) (*Exit SIMKINS.*)

*Porter*.—Well, here's a go! (*holding out a valise in each hand.*) Now, I'd like to know which is which (*places them on platform, moves them about one at a time, from one place to another*); like as two p's. and I'm blowed if I know which valise belongs to which gentleman; no mark, no name, and they do make valises so much alike now-a-days.

*Enter SIMKINS.*

*Simkins (looking at clock)*.—Three minutes before the train goes. Ah! just time to look at Jones's letter once more (*fumbles in his pockets*). What a joke—what a lark! In search of my counterpart; and, then, my old grandmother she must give me a clock, a hundred years old she said, and desired me to get it mended while I was in London. Now, what's the use of mending a thing a hundred years old—one would think its time had run down; but, there it is in my valise and it must be mended. (*Pulls letter from pocket.*) Ah, here it is! let me read this extraordinary document again. (*Produces letter and reads aloud.*)

“My Dear Simkins,

“I have frequently written to you about the astonishing resemblance you bear to a certain Mr. Timkins who resides at No. 0, Russell Road. You two ought certainly to meet each other. Unless it is the mole under your right arm——”

*Simkins*.—Ah! *Smith and I once bathed together, hence his knowledge of my little imperfections.* (*Continues reading from the letter.*)

“You and Timkins are exactly alike. I never saw such a resemblance. Some day one of you will be taken for the other, which may cause an unpleasantness, and I therefore think you and Timkins should meet and have an explanation. Come to London; present yourself at his house unannounced; break in upon him like an apparition; the effect will be everlasting. You have his address, take my advice.

“Ever yours,

“TIMOTHY JONES.”

*Simkins*.—Now did you ever hear of such a thing? Timkins and Simkins; only a letter dividing us; so near and yet so far apart. Well, I'm taking Jones's advice; I'll burst in upon this Timkins; I'll astonish him; I'll unravel this mystery. My counterpart and I must certainly come to an understanding; it is necessary that I should see this Timkins with my own eyes. Ah! here is the train. Porter, my valise! (*Porter, who in meantime has been puzzling himself over the resemblance of the two valises, hands one to Simkins.*)