

*Mrs. Timkins*—Oh !!

*Timkins*—Hillo! What's that?

*Mrs. Timkins*—Hush! Not a word!

*Timkins*—Well, by—

*Mrs. Timkins (in a whisper)*—Not a word!

*Timkins*—Now Maria, I—

*Mrs. Timkins (holds up her finger, and in a whisper)*—Hush! don't move—don't stir; it is Susan; she has been listening at the key-hole; strong draught—made her sneeze; but I'll surprise her. (*Springs to door and partly opens it, looks out and points her finger.*) Ah! you bad girl, I have caught you. (*Returning to Timkins*) Timkins, that girl will not remain another hour in the house. Expecting you were here complaining about her, she has been listening, and her sin has found her out.

*Timkins*—Maria, that girl must have a very bad cold.

*Mrs. Timkins*—A dispensation of Providence.

*Timkins*—A dispensation of snuff. If I hadn't your word for it, I'd swear there was only one person on earth could sneeze like that; namely, our particular friend, Dr. Pills.

*Dr. Pills (looking over screen)*—Oh! dear me!

*Mrs. Timkins*—Timkins, you have Pills upon the brain.

*Timkins*—Much better than somewhere else, my dear.

*Mrs. Timkins*—Timkins, you are unbearable; but, my dear, go and finish your packing; you will certainly miss the first train. Where have you made up your mind to go to, my dear Timkins?

*Timkins*—To relieve General Gordon at Khartoum. (*Exit.*)

*Mrs. Timkins*—Oh, he is mad!

*Dr. Pills (looking out from behind screen, and in a whisper)*—Has he gone?

*Mrs. Timkins*—Dr. Pills, what possessed you?

*Dr. Pills*—Snuff, Mrs. Timkins (*holding out his snuff-box*). The extreme delicacy of my position; the evident danger I was placed in, required me to do something; I took a pinch of snuff; took too much; did my best to control my sensitive nerves, but the consequence was a louder sneeze than usual. Oh, dear me, I thought it was all up with me.

*Mrs. Timkins*—You were very imprudent; but no time is to be lost; he may return. You must not remain here a moment.

*Dr. Pills*—My dear Mrs. Timkins, the sooner I'm out of here the better.

*Mrs. Timkins*—Before you go, what is your opinion of my poor husband?

*Dr. Pills*—That on his return we will obtain the necessary certificate and lodge him in a place where he will do no harm to any one, myself included.

*Mrs. Timkins*—I feared this result; poor Timkins. Come, Dr. Pills, I'll see you safely to the door. (*Exit.*)

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