

Lacy's Acting Edition.

MY WIFE'S BABY.

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MY W

F. E

"The Haresfoot Papers,"
"1

LONDON:
SAMUEL FREN
PUBLISHER,
89, STRAND.

MY WIFE'S BABY.

A Farce.

BY

F. HUGHES, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

"The Haresfoot Papers," "Was there ever such a Rascal?," "Forty Thieves,"
"Poor Little Nell," &c., &c.

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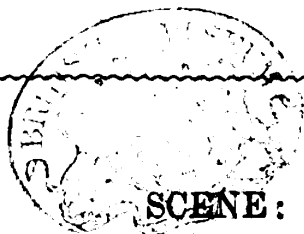
NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
122, NASSAU STREET.

MY WIFE'S BABY.

First performed at the Royalty Theatre (under the management of Mr. W. H. Swanborough), on Saturday, September 7th, 1872.

Characters.

MR. ADOLPHUS JEALOUSHUBBY	...	Mr. JAMES FRANCIS.
MR. HERBERT SILVERTONGUE (<i>his Friend</i>)	Mr. OWEN.
MR. SPENCER (<i>his Uncle</i>)	Mr. JOSEPH ROBINS.
EDWARDS	Mr. SELBY.
MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY	Miss AMY CHARTERIS.
MRS. SPENCER (<i>her Aunt</i>)	Miss E. BURNS.
MARY MITTENS (<i>her Maid</i>)	Miss R. OSTMAN.



APARTMENT IN JEALOUSHUBBY'S VILLA AT FLAMBOROUGH.

TIME—PRESENT.

COSTUMES—MODERN.

(EDWARDS—*Livery*).

[Permission to play this Farce must be obtained of the Author,
Junior Garrick, Club, Adelphi.]

MY WIFE'S BABY.

SCENE.—*Apartment in Jealoushubby's House; practicable window, C., opening on the balcony; doors, R. 1 E., L. 2 E., R. 3 E.; fireplace, R. 2 E.; table, R. C.; sofa, L.; small table, L. C.; well furnished.*

EDWARDS *discovered reading paper.*

EDWARDS. "Grizzle v. Grizzle"—well, this case is settled at last, is it? I think it is about time. What a place this Divorce Court is, why it makes matrimony quite jolly; if you don't like your wife, you're only to go there, and you can soon get rid of her. I expect that's where master will go one of these days when he is in one of his jealous fits. I never saw such a man in my life, if a person only smiles, nay, even looks at Mrs. Jealoushubby, he flies into a passion and accuses her of inconstancy at once; if he's a specimen of married life, hang me if I won't remain single!

Enter MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY, R. 1 E.

MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY. Well, Edwards, is everything prepared for your master's departure this morning to London?

EDWARDS. Yes, ma'am, everything is ready, and I have ordered the fly to be at the door at eleven o'clock.

MRS. J. That's all right. Are there any letters this morning?

EDWARDS. Yes, ma'am, there's one for master, and two for yourself. (*giving letters*)

MRS. J. That will do, Edwards, you may leave the room.

EDWARDS *turns to leave the room, when JEALOUSHUBBY enters, L. 2 E., and runs against him.*

JEALOUSHUBBY. Oh! where the deuce are you running to, you stupid blockhead; you're always in the way. Why don't you look where you're going—you nearly broke my nose!

EDWARDS. Really, sir, I'm very sorry, but—but——

JEALOUS. Don't give me any more of your butts, sir, I've had one of your butts already in my chest, that's knocked all the wind out of me. Go downstairs, sir, and don't let me see any more of your face to-day.

Exit EDWARDS, L. 2 E.—during the last speech, MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY has seated herself at table, R. C., and opened letters.

I must get rid of that servant—he's always knocking something down; it was only the other day that he upset a bottle of ink over that beautiful essay, "The Garotter's Wife," that I had been weeks preparing for the Flamborough Flabbergaster; and then, when I kicked him downstairs, the blockhead knocked Apollo Belvedere into my aquarium, and killed some of my choicest specimens. Dear—dear, what a torment those servants are! Well, my dear, what are you doing? Any letters, eh? (*sits at table, R. C.*)

MRS. J. Yes, dear, here is one I have received from Aunt Spencer. She is coming to stay with us for a day or two.

JEALOUS. Oh, is she! Well then, I hope it will be for a few days only this time; the last time she came, she stayed a few months instead of a few days, and I can't afford it, Mrs. J. But I see you have another letter: who is that from?

MRS. J. Oh! that is from Mr. Silvertongue; he accepts the invitation I sent him to dinner.

JEALOUS. Oh! does he, well then he can't come, I am going out, and so he must put it off.

MRS. J. My dear, he can't be put off now; why, by this time he is in the train, so I must go and give instructions to cook.

Exit, L. 2 E.

JEALOUS. Confound him, so he is. Well, he must go back again, that's about the size of it. I am not going to have him here dining when I'm away. What's to be done? Bless me, here's my own letter I have never opened yet. (*opens letter and reads*) "Dear sir—We have arranged the matter satisfactorily, and are therefore pleased to say we shall not require your presence in town to-morrow.—Trusting yourself and Mrs. J. are well, we are, yours obediently, Vellum and Pendriver."—Ah! this will do then; how very lucky to be sure—a few minutes more and I should have been on my way. (*kicks against a letter which MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY has dropped*) Hallo! why, what's this? It is Mrs. Spencer's letter to my wife. I know the handwriting. I wonder what she says. I have a good mind to open it. Why shouldn't I? I'm her husband, and what's hers is mine. (*opens and reads*) "My dearest Emily—Your uncle and myself will do ourselves the pleasure of staying a few days with you at Flamborough at the end of this week. As soon as you receive this note, you must go down to the railway station to get your little baby, who will be there waiting for you. You had better not say anything of the little affair to your husband, until I come to see you, as I should like to be present when all is explained, for I am sure Mr. Jealoushubby will laugh when he sees your little one.—With best love, I am, your affectionate aunt, Clara Spencer." (*reads letter two or three times*) Can I believe my

eyes? Her little baby! No, no, it cannot be. She, who—and yet this aunt, this execrable aunt, she wouldn't say this without any foundation. I am on fire—I burn! Oh, Emily, what have I done that you should crush me thus? But I have long suspected it; I'll have a divorce; I'll have—but how? I can't get it without I can prove her false. I can prove her so though, of course—this letter! Yet, no, this is not sufficient; I must, like Othello, have the ocular proof. Fool, fool that I have been to throw myself away upon so base a woman, when I could have married Sophonisba Brown; although she was only a cheesemonger's daughter, yet she had £300 a year, and her nose was inclined to look upwards; but then she didn't have a little baby! Oh, agony, I shall go mad—mad. But, I see through it all; it's Silvertongue—that rascal Silvertongue. She invited him here to-day thinking I should be away. I daresay she has often had him here when I have been away. Oh, base young woman! but I'll be revenged; I'll settle you, Silvertongue, my boy. Let me see! my wife thinks I am going to London; she does not know of the letter I have just received; neither shall she, for I'll remain here on the quiet, and watch the guilty pair. Only let me have the proof—a single proof—and then, wise Judges of the Divorce Court, you will have to decide the case of “Jealoushubby v. Jealoushubby.”

Enter MARY MITTENS, L. 2 E.

MARY. Please, sir, fly is at the door.

JEALOUS. The fly be hanged, I want no fly; the only fly I want is to be fly to Mrs. Jealoushubby's manœuvres.

MARY. Law, sir, how wild you look.

JEALOUS. Look! I am wild, Mary; Mary, you're a good girl, tell me has he often been here? Mary, does he often come here?

MARY. He, sir? Who, sir? No, sir.

JEALOUS. Consider, young woman, what you say. Has he been here I again ask you?

MARY. I don't know who you mean, sir.

JEALOUS. Why, that Silvertongue, that rascal Silvertongue, the destroyer of my domestic peace.

MARY. The destroyer of your what, sir? Well, I certainly never did have much opinion of Mr. Silvertongue; he was always too polite, too palavering.

JEALOUS. Have you seen him do anything peculiar, very peculiar, Mary?

MARY. Law! no, sir. Well, not lately, sir.

JEALOUS. Not lately? Then you have seen him sometimes. What has he done—what has he done?

MARY. Well, one day, I saw him showing something to missus, and I thought it looked very odd, sir.

JEALOUS. Showing something to your missus, Mary! What was it?

MARY. Why, sir, it was a sort of a little Old Bob Ridley—a little doll, sir, like those you get at the Lowther Arcade.

JEALOUS. And did he say anything, Mary?

MARY. Well, sir, she said she thought it would just please him.

JEALOUS. Enough! Toys for the child. I'll hear no more, Mary. I summons you on the trial; you are a most important witness.

MARY. Law, sir, how you are going on!

JEALOUS. Going on! I'm going off! But I hear your mistress coming! Here, go into my study! I must have a long conversation with you.

MARY. But, sir, consider a poor girl's character!

JEALOUS. What's your character to my grief? Go in, Mary! Go in! *Pushes her off door, R.*
Now look to yourself, Mrs. J. *Follows her.*

Enter MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY, L. 2 E.

MRS. J. Upon my word it is rather awkward, Jealoushubby going away just now, but it can't be helped. So I'll make the best of a bad bargain and do what I can to entertain this simpleton, Silvertongue—let me see, it is past eleven o'clock. By this time my dear little husband is in the train, and I'll be bound that Mr. Silvertongue will soon be here. (JEALOUSHUBBY *sneezes without*) Dear me what's that, why I declare someone sneezed in that room. I'll see. Whoever can it be? (*looks through keyhole*) Why, good gracious, can my eyes deceive me? it is Jealoushubby, *tête-à-tête* with my housemaid! Oh! the perfidious wretch. So this is your journey to London, is it, Mr. Jealoushubby? Oh! unfortunate creature that I am, that I should have been so consined! This is my husband, my jealous husband, who lectures me if I dare even look at any one; you shall smart for this, my gay Lothario, I'll be even with you. Oh, that I could but hit on some plan so as to give him a Rowland for an Oliver and give him cause for jealousy. The deceitful wretch, what can I do? I only wish dear Auntie Spencer was here, she'd soon concoct a plan.

(noise of carriage without)

EDWARDS *runs in*, L. 2 E.

EDWARDS. Oh, madam, there is a carriage coming up the lane with a lady and gentleman, and such lots of luggage.

(MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY *runs to window and looks out*)

MRS. J. Why, as I live, it is aunt and uncle; well, this is fortunate. Show them in immediately.

Exit EDWARDS, who returns immediately, showing in MR. and MRS. SPENCER.

My dear aunt, I'm so glad you're come, this is kind! a week before I expected you.

MRS. SPENCER. Well, you see, dear, we had arranged to stay a little longer at Boulogne, but your uncle having business to attend to, we came away all in a hurry, and thought we would give our dear little niece a surprise.

SPENCER. Yes, my dear, we thought we would give you a surprise; and how charming you are looking to be sure! And yet I don't think you seem so merry at meeting us as you used to. Come, come, is there anything the matter? Any little family quarrel? Does Jealoushubby—?

MRS. J. Oh, uncle, speak not of him. I am a cruelly ill-used woman; but, come, aunt, and take your bonnet off, and I will explain all.

Exit, R. 1 E., MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY and MRS. SPENCER.

SPEN. A cruelly ill-used woman! What the deuce can she mean? Jealoushubby can never use her ill; how can he dislike such an angel! I know Jealoushubby is generally an exceedingly simple fellow; he can surely never have turned wife-beater. If he has, egad, I'll give him a lesson. I'll just go and put my hat in the hall, and then I must find out what all this means.

Exit, L. 2. E.

JEALOUSHUBBY *looks cautiously from door, then enters, beckoning MARY.*

JEALOUS. Come, come, "if 'twere done when 'tis done 'twere well 'twere done quickly." I must have the proof—the ocular proof. Go, Mary, try all you can; put everything in their way, Mary. Silvertongue will soon be here, and I must keep a good watch so as to obtain a proof—a single proof—and then, Silvertongue, you may strike off as many impressions as you please; for, Mrs. Jealoushubby, I have done with you for ever. Go, Mary, go.

MARY. Yes, sir; but won't you take anything before you explode, sir.

JEALOUS. Oh, that's a good thought of yours, Mary; send me up a strong cup of tea—gunpowder tea.

MARY. Yes, sir.

Exit, L. 1. E.

JEALOUS. Blow the lid off! Oh, woman—woman, what misery bring you on to man! To think that I should be so swindled, so done, as to think that she loved only me. It's that Silvertongue; but I'll pay him—I'll go into training. I wonder where Flinn lives. I've a good mind to apply to him,

to have a few lessons, and then give Silvertongue, a public challenge in Bell's Life; it would read well, the Champion's Novice. Yes, egad, I think I should be a novice though, for I only fought once in my life, and that was with a sweep when I was at school; we only had one round, for he pulled the sootbag over my head at the finish, and nearly finished me. Duelling too, has gone out of date, or else we might have had a duel in the dark after the heavy Spanish style; that would have been tolerably safe, for I could have had it in my own room, and have got behind a screen, and popped him off without fear. I have it, Mrs. Jealoushubby shall know of my not going to London. I will not stay here in secrecy, and I'll settle Silvertongue after the style of Lucrezia Borgia, openly. I'll dine with him, laugh with him—ah, ah! and finally settle him with a bottle of bad sherry. *Exit L. 1 E.*

Enter MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY and MRS. SPENCER, R. 1 E.

MRS. S. Now, dear, let's sit down, and you shall tell me all your little troubles.

MRS. J. Oh, aunt, would you believe it, but that wretch, Jealoushubby, he to whom I've given my hand, my heart, and, alas, my fortune—he to whom I am so devotedly attached, has proved inconstant.

MRS. S. Nonsense, my dear, you must be dreaming, poor little Jealoushubby is the last person in the world who would be so unkind, why he was always so desperately jealous of you.

MRS. J. So he was, Aunt; but there, you see, I suppose as you know what they say about guilty conscience, he was judging me by himself.

MRS. S. Well, and who, pray, is the object of his affections.

MRS. J. I am ashamed to say, but it is, alas, my housemaid.

MRS. S. Ah, ah! this is too absurd—a man forsake his wife for his servant!

MRS. J. Why, aunt, I'm told it's often the case.

MRS. S. Well, my dear, you must have made some great error, for I'm sure your husband is the last man in the world who would be inconstant, but I'll soon find out who is in the right. He suspects you, and you suspect him, now, the only way to discover the truth, is to give him a cause for jealousy, and by a little artifice which I will concoct, this may easily be done. Mr. Silvertongue is coming here to day, and when he asks you to take wine with him, do so, with a shy smile, at the same time looking despondingly at your husband, heave a sigh; then after dinner take a walk in the grounds with Mr. Silvertongue, chat with, coquette, and pay attention to him; there'll be no harm with such a simpleton, and I warrant we shall soon find out who is in the wrong.

MRS. J. I'll do exactly as you tell me, aunt, and trust we may discover our error; so now if you will step with me into my room we will arrange how to commence our little artifice.

Exit, R. 1 E.

Enter MARY, L. 2 E., showing in SILVERTONGUE.

MARY. Missus will be here directly, sir, if you'll sit down and read the paper. Master's at home also, sir, he'll be very pleased to see you. You didn't expect to see him, did you, sir? *(aside)* Oh, the wretch! he's got the very look of Don Juan in his face.

Exit, L. 2 E.

SILVERTONGUE. Well, here I am at last, after travelling twenty miles in those second class carriages. I feel just as though I had been riding on horseback. Now, I put on these new trowsers on purpose to appear nice, and I declare the oscillation of that horrid railway carriage has nearly worn them out already. Two gentlemen would persist in smoking, and above all things I detest smoking, it is most obnoxious; they must have seen I looked very pale, but they still kept on puff, puff, puff! But, however, I am here at last, and I am very glad of it, but I certainly don't quite understand my reception, there seems to be an air of mystery about every one I speak to. I'm afraid something is going to happen, but I mustn't be afraid, but recollect what my late respected tutor used to tell me, that if ever I got into any danger to think of the old motto—"Nil Desperandum."

Enter MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY.

MRS. J. Oh! Mr. Silvertongue, I am delighted to see you, I thought we should never look upon your smiling face again.

SILVER. My dear madam, you flatter me, I assure you. It is certainly a long time since I paid a visit to my old friend Jealoushubby, but he has always been in my thoughts.

MRS. J. Well, now you have come, Mr. Silvertongue, let's sit down and talk over old times and the happy days we used to spend together. *(SILVERTONGUE takes a chair and sits a long way off MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY)* Do you prefer that end of the apartment, Mr. Silvertongue?

SILVER. Oh! dear no—that is—not exactly—I think it is as cool as any other part.

MRS. J. Well, perhaps you're right. *(takes chair close to him—JEALOUSHUBBY is seen through window—business)* Oh! Mr. Silvertongue!

SILVER. Madam! *(MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY bewitchingly drops her handkerchief)* You've dropped your handkerchief! *(stoops to pick it up, whilst he is kneeling JEALOUSHUBBY looks through window and drops down—crash)*

MARY. (*rushes, L. 2 E.*) Ma'am, ma'am, master's been and gone and fell right through the conservatory.

JEALOUS. (*without*) Ah, ah! Assure you, not hurt in the least.

JEALOUSHUBBY *rushes in with coat torn, &c.*

Ah, my dear Silvertongue! very happy to see you! Rum chap, ain't I? Only one of my little larks. I thought I'd frighten you; got on conservatory—in eagerness to meet you—Ha, ha! fell through; didn't hurt myself, and like the Duke's motto has it, "I am here."

SILVER. My dear sir, I am very pleased, I assure you, at the meeting, but you've hurt yourself.

MRS. J. Yes, love, you've hurt—

JEALOUS. No, no—not at all! (*sits down but instantly arises, discovering a piece of glass on his chair*) Don't be alarmed, only a little piece of the conservatory. I'm jolly, very jolly! Look at me! Don't I look jolly? (*business*) You look jolly too, Silvertongue; the life you carry on seems to agree with you, eh? Been pretty well?

SILVER. Well, thank you, nicely.

MRS. J. Don't you think he looks so, dear? Why, I declare, Mr. Silvertongue, since your last visit you have made considerable improvement in your looks. You are the *tout ensemble* of elegance.

JEALOUS. (*aside*) He looks to me more like the "Cure."

SILVER. Mrs. Jealoushubby, you flatter me.

MRS. J. No, truly; but, come, are you fond of flowers? If so, and you will take a walk round the garden, I can show you some of the choicest specimens of the passion flower and heartsease you ever saw!

SILVER. I shall be delighted.

MRS. J. Come along, then! (*taking his arm*) Bye-bye, Hubby! We shall soon be back.

Exit with SILVERTONGUE, L. 2 E.

JEALOUS. Well, if ever I saw such cool effrontery in my life! Before my face—under my own roof! but, calm! calm! Down palpitating heart and swelling bosom, down! down!

Enter SPENCER.

SPEN. Well, Jealoushubby, my boy, how are you? You look frightened.

JEALOUS. Uncle Spencer, I am pleased to see you, very pleased, I may not look so, but nevertheless I am; I know I don't look pleased, I never shall again. In me you see an animated statue. I have the appearance of humanity but I am stone, my heart is marble; I have no feeling, no love, no

animation left. Look at me well, am I not fitted to fill one of the vacant corners of Trafalgar Square? Look at me, uncle, look at me!

SPEN. Well, when I come to look at you you are something like the images I saw in the New Road. Well, what's the matter. Come, explain. Since I have arrived here there has been nothing but mystery—Emily, your wife, in tears.

JEALOUS. Stop, you *tears* my heart!

SPEN. Her eyes were red.

JEALOUS. Oh, if you *read* her eyes, such wickedness in them!

SPEN. And yet she seemed very wretched, and when we mentioned your name she seemed quite overcome.

JEALOUS. Uncle, I could a tale unfold that would cause your hair—well, what remains of it—to stand on end.

SPEN. I had it cut by machinery last night.

JEALOUS. Well, they've cut it to the bone. Listen: "Once upon a time,"—but, ah, she comes! Let's fly, and in the silence of my study I will recount to you the history of my wrongs.

Exeunt, R. 3 E.

Enter MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY.

MRS. J. I think it's beginning to work. Oh, dear! to think I should have been so basely deceived. But never mind, I must not be a simpleton. Things may not be so bad as they seem. I hope we soon shall find out the truth, as I fear my courage will not hold out much longer.

Enter MRS. SPENCER, R. 1 E., and SILVERTONGUE, L. 2 E.; EDWARDS brings luncheon, which he spreads on table, and exits.

MRS. S. Well, Mr. Silvertongue, so you think the flowers do my niece credit, do you?

SILVER. Yes, madam, I deem them beautiful, especially the yellow ones and the black ones. (*aside*) I wish Jealoushubby would come back. Upon my honour I begin to feel quite uncomfortable, being left all alone with the ladies; I'm not used to it.

MRS. S. Do you like the country, Mr. Silvertongue?

SILVER. Oh, exceedingly, especially London!

MRS. J. Ah, I see Mr. Silvertongue does not like it so well as town, neither should I, were it not for the visits that I so much look forward to of those I love. Ah! (*sighs*) I have long been wishing for you to come, Mr. Silvertongue.

SILVER. (*aside*) It's getting very oppressive, upon my honour!

Enter SPENCER and JEALOUSHUBBY.

JEALOUS. Well, here we are altogether, quite jolly. Jolly, I said. Silvertongue, you're jolly, ain't you?

SILVER. Oh, very!

SPEN. Oh, Mr. Silvertongue, I hear sad accounts of you in town, you are spoken of quite as a gay Lothario, making sad havoc amongst hearts.

JEALOUS. (*aside to SPENCER*) Draw it mild, uncle, or I shall never be able to keep myself corked up.

MRS. J. Come, gentlemen, luncheon is ready, shall we commence?

SPEN. With all my heart. (*they sit at luncheon*)

MRS. J. Now, Mr. Silvertongue, can I help you to a little chicken?

SILVER. Thank you, a very little piece.

JEALOUS. (*aside*) A very little peace you'll have one day.

MRS. S. Why, Jealoushubby, you don't look well; have a little wine.

JEALOUS. Thank you, I will. (*takes three or four glasses*)

SILVER. You're not so talkative as you used to be. Jealoushubby, what ails you?

JEALOUS. Oh, nothing. I'm all right, quite amiable.

SPEN. Come, Silvertongue, you're not drinking.

SILVER. Thank you, I imbibe very little, but, however, as you're so pressing, Mrs. Jealoushubby, I shall be happy to take wine with you.

MRS. J. I shall be delighted.

JEALOUS. Now, hang it, this is too much. No, vile miscreant, you don't! (*knocks glass out of SILVERTONGUE'S hand—all rise*) Now, look here, I've stood it pretty well, but I shan't stand it any longer, so harkye, Mr. Silvertongue, if you don't quickly make your exit by that door, I shall in the politest manner possible throw you out of the window. (*beginning to take off coat*)

MRS. J. Good gracious, my dear, what are you going to do?

JEALOUS. Don't call me dear, you base degraded woman!—I am no dear to you, there stands your dear.

SILVER. My dear sir—

JEALOUS. Don't dear sir me, you Don Juan—you destroyer of my domestic peace—you. Come, are you going, or are you waiting for me to kick you out? I'm small, but I'm strong, and I'll pretty quickly do it!

MRS. S. Don't, Mr. Jealoushubby. Your conduct is quite audacious!

JEALOUS. Don't talk to me, aunt-in-law, you are as bad as they are, worse in fact, for you—you have been guardian of the offspring of their infamy.

MRS. S. } Mr. Jealoushubby!
MRS. J. }

JEALOUS. Don't talk to me—go!

MRS. J. Uncle, can you explain?

SPEN. Unfortunate young woman, I pity you.

MRS. J. Pity me? Oh, what is the meaning of this mystery?

JEALOUS. Mystery, I wish it was—but no, go, both of you, guilty pair, and leave the brokenhearted Jealoushubby. Go, “go to a nunnery, go!” (*aside*) He'll make a good monk. And take your little baby with you.

MRS. J. Little baby—what little baby?

JEALOUS. Oh, it's all very well, you're not a going to bounce me. I know all about it, look here, I got the letter.

MRS. J. What letter?

JEALOUS. Why, this letter!

MRS. J. Why, that's *aunt's* letter!

JEALOUS. I know it *arn't* any other letter.

MRS. J. Why, you silly goose—— (MRS. SPENCER and MRS. JEALOUSHUBBY *laugh*)

JEALOUS. Oh, that's right at me. I daresay you'd like to have it home.

MRS. J. Have it home?—why, it's here.

JEALOUS. What, the baby?

MRS. J. No, the dog. I'll go and fetch it.

Runs off and re-enters with dog.

JEALOUS. That's all very fine, but that don't satisfy me.

MRS. S. Let me give a few words of explanation. All this trouble has been through me. When I was over in Boulogne I purchased this little animal to make a present to my niece, who has so often longed for one, and that is the letter telling her to fetch it from the station. Don't you think it is a pretty little baby, you little jealous man?

Enter MARY, L. 2 E.

MARY. If you please, mum, may I ask, is that young gentleman going to remain here?

MRS. J. Mr. Silvertongue, Mary?

MARY. No, mum—the other puppy; 'cos, if he is, I gives a month's warning—for he's been a howling all the morning in the area, so as no parties whatsumever could come down unbeknown.

MRS. J. Never mind, Mary; for the future, the little darling shall live in the drawing room.

MARY. Bless his little heart! (*aside*) If the little devil comes down stairs, he'll know it. I'll keep my eye on Mr. Silvertongue; perhaps he's not such a fool as he looks.

JEALOUS. Now is this a fact, or is it humbug?

MRS. S. Do you doubt the word of a lady?

JEALOUS. Well, but, uncle, do you know anything about it?

SPEN. I think we're the victims of an error.

JEALOUS. All very well; but perhaps, Mrs. Jealoushubby, you'll explain why all those delicate attentions were paid to Mr. Silvertongue?

MRS. J. Then, perhaps you will explain why you were closeted in that room with the servant?

JEALOUS. Why, when I found that letter I became frantic, and had a private conversation with Mary about your conduct?

MRS. J. And I, seeing you at your *tête-à-tête*, in my turn, became jealous, and aunt concocted this *ruse*, to find out who was in the wrong.

JEALOUS. Then you don't love Silvertongue?

MRS. J. Only as a friend.

JEALOUS. Oh, what a fool I've been! Oh, aunt, you have caused a considerable deal of domestic misery!

SILVER. Well the domestic misery and this domestic are about to end together.

JEALOUS. That's one to you, Silvertongue. You'll forgive my conduct, won't you, old chap? There is now only one more forgiveness—(to the audience) that is yours, for inflicting on you this tissue of absurdities caused through—MY WIFE'S BABY.

Curtain.



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