

and you will find the red aeroplane when you wake up in the morning."

Quite satisfied the diminutive client departed, and Keys picked up the comb again—I found I had an important engagement and departed also.

It was close on one o'clock in the morning when I returned, and Keys was still sitting before the fire. With unusual geniality he got up and held out his hand. "Merry Christmas, Whenson." We shook hands. Feeling something sticky, I looked at my right hand, and saw some red paint on it, and then I noticed some white fluff adhering to the front of his coat.

Keys often assumed disguises, but—as Santa Claus!—well, I forgave him the comb.

