

‘A mad doctor, here!’ gasped Sir Midas.

‘Yes. The Princess, the Chevalier, McFeckless, and even my mother were all patients of his on the dahabiyeh. He believed, don’t-cherknow, in humouring them and letting them follow out their cranks, under his management. The Princess was a music-hall artist who imagined she was a dead and gone Egyptian Princess—and the queerest of all, ‘Arry Axes, was also a music-hall singer who imagined himself Chevalier—you know, the great coster artist—and that’s how we took him for a Frenchman. McFeckless and my poor old mother were the only ones with any real rank and position—but you know what a beastly bounder Mac was, and the poor mater *did* overdo the youthful! We never called the doctor in until the day she wanted to go to a swell ball in London as Little Red Ridinghood. But the doctor writes me that the experiment was a success, and they’ll be all right when they get back to London.’