

Monsieur Hector waited a few moments until the shampooing should begin to soften down some of the hard crystals of brain trouble from which Tom was suffering, and then he tried again.

"I trust milady recovers herself from the dreadful shock."

Tom screwed his soapy head round, to stare in the bland, unruffled countenance of Monsieur Hector, who bowed, and gently returned his client's head to its proper position.

"What the deuce do you know about my lady's shock?" growled Tom.

"Monsieur forgets that I am the confidential attendant of the family," said Monsieur Hector, with dignity.

"So I did, and of Mademoiselle Justine too. But I smell a rat. You hatch plots here."

"Aha, monsieur knows?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I know. Could you manage me an organ if I wanted to go to play to a lady—say in Portland Place?"

Monsieur Hector smiled and tripped to a drawer, out of which he took a black wig and full beard to match.

"If monsieur will entrust himself to my care, I will in ten minutes change his complexion and his appearance so that her ladyship should not know him."