

The Scot being informed that the business would take twenty minutes, at which I sceptically smiled, the hairdresser got ready his lather, his basins, his brushes, and his drying apparatus. It took less than fifteen minutes with the splendid contrivance for drying heavy locks, which the Parisians have, and we were all in waiting, clean and smooth and shiny, when our escort returned. We ended this long, busy, interesting day by inspecting my purchases and having our suppers sent up to my room, where we made merry in very uncomfortable confusion, but with the kindest of feelings to one another. We laughed over the Frenchman at the hippodrome, and had a good chat until twelve o'clock, when we bid good-night for the last time. One more thing I lacked, but I was almost afraid to demand it at so late an hour. However, I took courage, and ringing for "Marie," asked her could I not have a hot bath. "Certainly," she said, politely. "In five minutes I will show madame the way—the bath will then be ready." She was as good as her word, and showed me to a handsome bathroom, where I found a snowy bath robe and soft slippers waiting for me, and where I had a delightful bath, while Marie carried off my clothes and neatly folded them up, and arranged my disorderly room. "I wish I'd remembered to give those things to the wash," I said, as I came hurrying in and found her folding up sundry tossed and tumbled garments. "Would madame send them to-night?" she said. "Oh, I'm afraid to risk it," I said, hesitatingly. "I should want them before noon to-morrow." "Madame can have them," Marie said, confidently. "Shall I do them up?" and she did, and had them back in time, too.

